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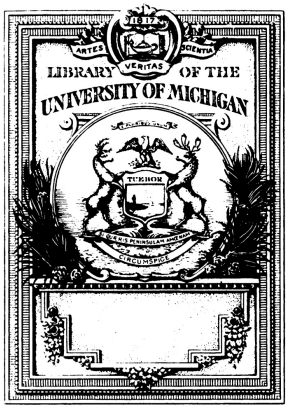
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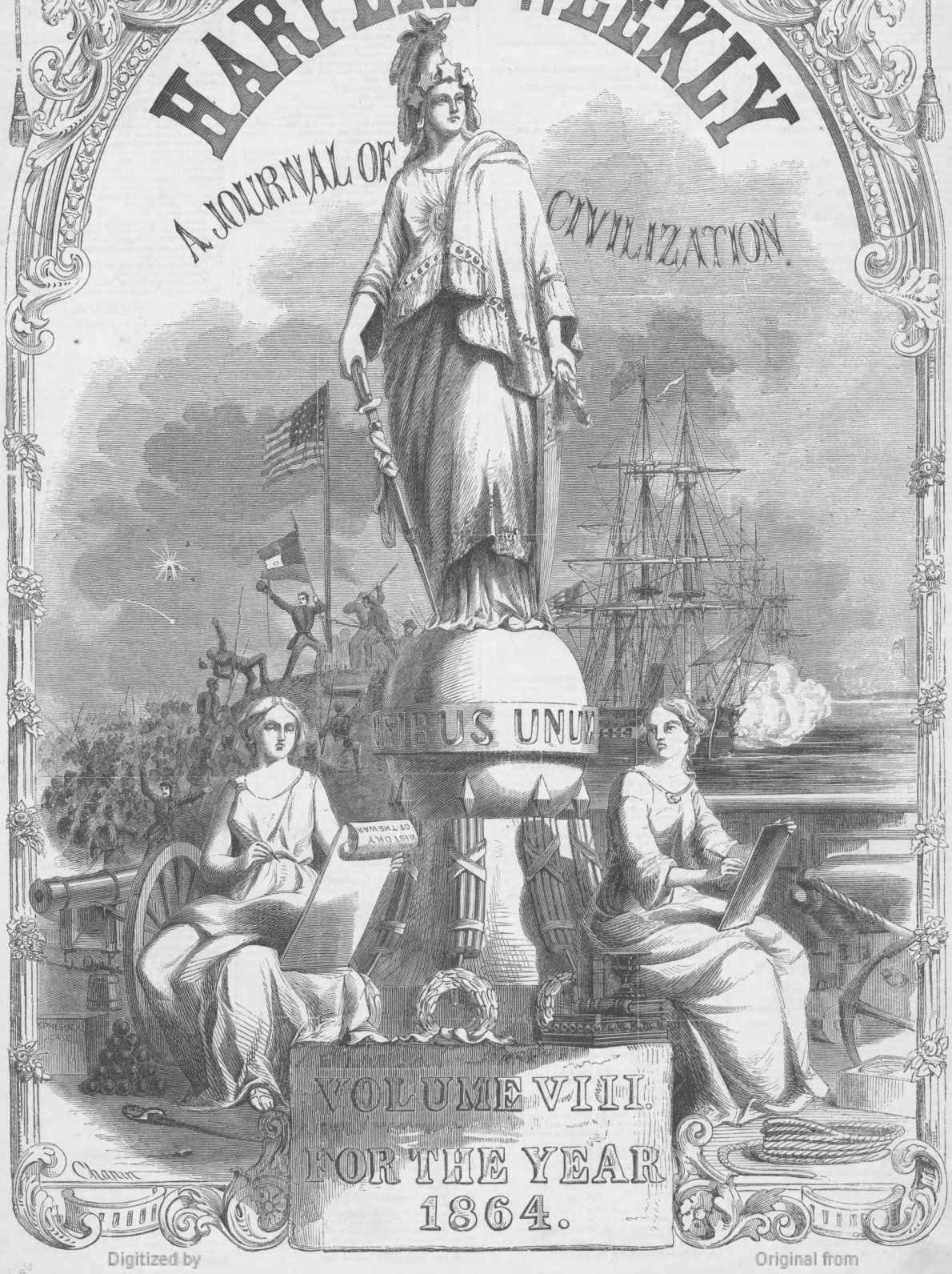
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HARPER'S WEEKLY FOR 1864.—VOLUME VIII.

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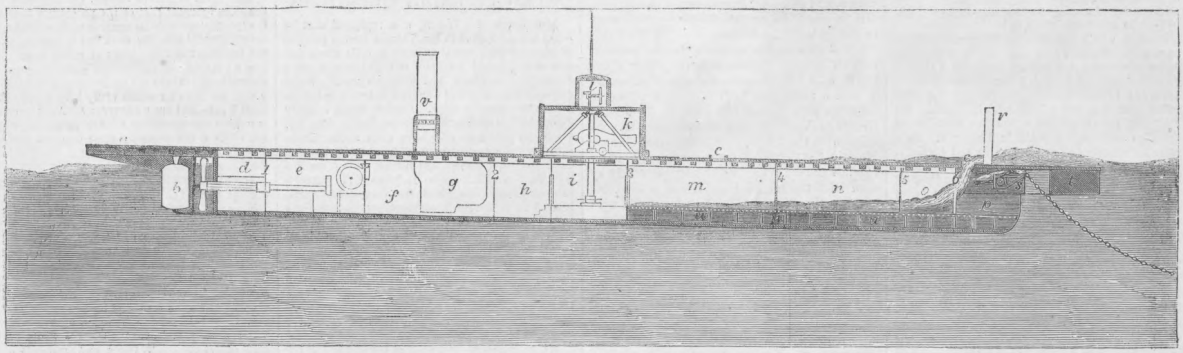
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a. Overhang protecting Propeller.—*b.* Rudder.—*c, c, c,* Hatches.—*d.* Engineer's Store-Room.—*e.* Engine-Room.—*f.* Fire-Room.—*g.* Boilers.—*h.* Coal-Bunker.—*i.* Turret-Chamber.—*k.* Turret.—*l.* Pilot-House.—*m.* Men's Quarters.—*n.* Officers' Quarters.—*o.* Captain's Cabin.—*p.* Anchor-Chamber.—*r.* Ventilator.—*s.* Anchor-Well.—*t.* Ram.—*u, u.* Lockers for Stores.—*v.* Smoke Stack.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Water-tight Bulkheads.

DIAGRAM OF MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN," SUNK IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, DECEMBER 6, 1863.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



FREDERICK VII., LATE KING OF DENMARK.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



CHRISTIAN IX., PRESENT KING OF DENMARK.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE "WEEHAWKEN."

THE Diagram on page 1, for which we are indebted to Mr. Ericsson, shows the interior of the *Weehawken*, and explains the cause of her loss, which, it will be seen, implies no want of adaptation for the purposes for which the vessel was designed. Lying at anchor in thirty feet water, during a storm, she shipped a heavy sea forward, which entered the fore-hatch, *c*, open at the time, filling the cable and anchor-rooms, *p* and *s*. She immediately began sinking by the head, the rolling of the vessel preventing this from being perceived by the officers and men, whose quarters were nearly amid-ships, and so went down before those on board were fairly aware of their danger.

THE DANISH KINGS.

ON page 1 we give portraits of FREDERICK VII., the late King of Denmark, and of his successor, CHRISTIAN IX., the present monarch. For more than four centuries the Danish kings have upon their accession assumed alternately the names of Christian and Frederick, laying aside, if necessary, their original names. Thus the late king's name was really Christian, but his father having been Christian, he took the title of Frederick. The name of the present king being Christian, he was under no necessity of making a change. On page 3 will be found a statement of the question of the Danish succession, which threatens to give rise to a European war. We here give a few points in the biography of the two monarchs. Frederick VII. was born in 1808, and ascended the throne upon the death of his father in 1848. Shortly after the commencement of his reign the Schleswig-Holstein war broke out, and the conduct of the king made him at the time extremely popular in Denmark. As a ruler he appears to have been able and patriotic. His personal character, however, was notoriously bad. He had been twice married and twice divorced before he became king. In 1850 he married "with the left hand" a woman who had been a governess, and opera dancer, and at last a milliner. He created her a baroness, and this affair lost him most of the popularity which he had won. He died on the 15th of November. Years ago it was evident that he would leave no legitimate children, and by treaty, to which the great European powers were parties, the proper heirs to the throne were passed over, and the succession vested in a remote kinsman, Prince Christian, who has now ascended the throne. The present king, who is father of the Princess of Wales and of the newly-elected King of Greece, was born in 1818. All accounts agree in representing his character to be every way admirable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

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☞ *Title-Page and Table of Contents* for Volume VII. can be had gratuitously from the principal News-Dealers.

PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

THE gentlemen whose accession to political power depends upon the salvation of slavery are already casting about for available Presidential candidates. A year ago the nomination of Mr. Horatio Seymour was a foregone conclusion. But his obsequiousness to a murderous mob alarmed the most substantial of his supporters. They hate Abolitionism; but a civil magistrate who calls the most reckless and brutal criminals his friends appalls them. Mr. Seymour, so long as he made dull speeches merely, was to have been nominated as "a Conservative statesman." But Conservative statesmanship in practical operation during the days of July was a little too repugnant to the popular common-sense. The Conservative statesman committed political suicide upon the steps of the City Hall. His alternate, if circumstances should require a military candidate, was General M'Clellan.

Poor General M'Clellan! Charles Lamb tells an excellent story of the man at table who preserved a dignified silence and solemnity, which greatly impressed the company, until suet dumplings were brought in. Upon which the dignified silence was broken by the earnest exclamation, "Them's the jockeys for me!" So General M'Clellan patiently kept silence while the mob cheered for him and Jeff Davis, and while Mr. Cox, the special advocate of Vallandigham, extolled him as the hope of the future. He held his tongue while every friend of the rebels praised him and every loyal man looked on in painful doubt. But when the Pennsylvania election came, and the rebel papers prayed for the success of Woodward, and Lee moved to support his chances, and the lackeys of slavery and rebel partisans strained every nerve for Woodward, and every loyal Union man in the land knew that his election would be equivalent to a victory over the Army of the Potomac, then the late leader of that army chose to break his long silence by declaring that Woodward was the candidate for him. Poor General M'Clellan! His letter was as fatal to his political hopes as Governor Seymour's speech. And he should hold his managers to strict account, for he not only threw himself but the enemies of the Government with whom he allied himself off the track. He left them without a tolerable candidate.

The moment General M'Clellan subordinated his military conduct to his political aspirations he was doomed. A more tragical campaign than his upon the Peninsula history does not record. Not three volumes of a thousand pages each can explain away the prolonged horrors of the Chickahominy swamps. "Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." It was the penalty of not comprehending the war. He thought he could fight without hurting the enemy much; for it would not do to exasperate one's natural political allies. He would try fighting with one hand and waving the olive branch with the other. He was a well-meaning Captain of Engineers, of no remarkable military capacity, utterly spoiled by the touch of political intriguers who hoped to make him their tool.

Does any body suppose that the same game can be played with General Grant? General Grant is a soldier who does not believe in olive branches but in unconditional surrender. He is a citizen who comprehends the scope of the war, and knows and frankly says that liberty, Union, and peace are henceforward inseparable. His politics are the overthrow of the rebel army in the field, and the destruction of the cause that sends it there. He supports the Government and its policy. Would *he* have written a letter to help the election of Judge Woodward? Would a rebel mob in New York ever couple *his* name with that of Jeff Davis? Would the friends of Vallandigham, and of peace by submission to the rebels, ever count upon him *or* Horatio Seymour for their candidate? The revolutionary Tories in Connecticut would as soon have nominated Israel Putnam for Governor as the Copperheads of to-day would wish General Grant for President. And from whom then is his support to come?

Certainly not from the friends of the Government: for hearty and unconditional as is their admiration for General Grant's military services, they have no less regard for the civil services of Mr. Lincoln. No man at this moment has so sure a hold of the national heart as the President. It would as soon think of removing General Grant from command of his great army, because he is conquering the rebel host, as it would of setting aside Mr. Lincoln because his administration is restoring the Union. If the Presidential election took place next week, Mr. Lincoln would undoubtedly be returned by a greater majority than any President since Washington. And unless he is deserted by his great sagacity, or some huge military disaster befalls the country, or some serious blunder is committed by the Union men in Congress, his election is as sure as the triumph of the nation over the rebellion.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

IT must make an English nobleman wince a little to answer a letter in which such a man as Louis Napoleon calls the Queen "my sister;" and the fine society of London can hardly help stealing a curious glance at Leicester Square, and wondering which of the queer figures there is next to turn up as an Emperor and King, and step from chaffering with his washer-woman to embracing the Queen at Windsor Yet the response of Earl Russell to Louis Napoleon's invitation to a European Congress is the best state paper he has written for a long time. It is clear and conclusive, and dextrously eludes the French snare.

The invitation sets forth with the assertion that the Treaty of Vienna is destroyed, as well as modified and menaced But the Englishman extorts the concession from the French minister that the treaty is still substantially in force, and then very strongly argues that although there are now, as always, disputed European questions, yet there is no reason to suppose that they could finally be settled by a Congress. He proceeds to the chief questions in detail—shows, for instance, that what the diplomatic concert of the three Powers has not been able to extract from Russia their union in a Congress can not effect. On the other hand, if the Congress demands and Russia refuses, as of course she will, what remains but humiliation for the Powers concerned or war? And how is that a peaceful solution of the question? With the same simplicity and force Earl Russell disposes of the Italian question.

If a mere expression of opinion would settle disputed points, a Congress would be desirable; but as that is an idle supposition, the plan becomes at once dangerous, instead of serviceable, to the public peace of Europe.

England has certainly no great reason to congratulate herself upon the part she has played in international congresses. The humiliation that followed the signing of the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, by Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke was renewed by the Treaty of Fontainebleau a half century later, when Lord Bute was minister. In the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, Lord Castlereagh took the high Tory strain, and cast the influence of England against the people of Europe; while in 1823 Mr. Canning reluctantly sent his representatives to Verona, who in vain protested against the Holy Alliance which carried out its policy by war. As Lord Russell truly says, the proposed Congress would, upon any really difficult point, very soon be brought in full view of the alternative of nullity or war.

Great Britain declining, and Russia standing aloof, the Congress is already an abortive scheme. If Russia's policy in Poland is to be changed, it must be by war. If Austria is to release Venice it must be by compulsion. If the great neighbors of Europe are to reduce their armaments, it must be by sudden conversion to the doctrine of non-resistance The whole plan is but a transparent device of Louis Napoleon to establish a new prestige of power. He feels that he must retrieve what Mr. Cobden calls his greatest mistake—the invasion of Mexico. For as the Holy Alliance which made war upon Spain then intended to settle the Spanish and Mexican question upon this continent by armed intervention, and were restrained only by the Monroe declaration, supported by Great Britain, so Louis Napoleon unquestionably meant to propose to his Congress to sanction his little Mexican episode, if not to suggest a settlement of our war.

A FEW FRIENDLY QUESTIONS.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD, who regretted that he could not send arms to Mr. Toombs for the purpose of overthrowing the Government, calls the assertion of the lawful authority of that Government a "bloody, destructive, and inhuman war." Some fifty-seven members of Congress vote not to lay his resolution upon the table. Do they think it justly describes this struggle? Do gentlemen like Mr. Odell, for instance, who have most unflinchingly supported the war—who have spoken for it—who have used their influence to recruit soldiers for it—who have persuaded sons to leave their parents, husbands their wives, and lovers their sweet-hearts, to fight for their country—sincerely believe the war to be inhuman? On what ground did they sustain an inhuman war? By what arguments did they persuade mothers to send their sons to an inhuman war? How do they justify their votes appropriating money to prosecute a bloody, destructive, and inhuman war? Is this struggle less sacred than that of the Revolution; and can these gentlemen imagine Washington and his friends describing the war they waged as destructive and inhuman?

Mr. Fernando Wood's view of the war and of the doctrine of State rights was set forth at Bergen. Do such gentlemen as Mr. Odell acknowledge the leadership of a man holding those views? Mr. Wood declares that the Government has no right to prosecute the war, because it has no right to coerce States. That is the philosophy of his proposition for Commissioners to Richmond, and it is also the ground taken by Davis and the conspirators. Do the gentlemen of whom we speak regret their support of the war? Do they believe that States have the right to secede? If not, why do they vote not to lay upon the table a proposition which means just that, and which comes from a man who believes it?

It is hardly an answer to say that they merely voted not to lay it upon the table, and might have voted against it directly; for so infamous a proposition should be rejected in the most decisive way, and to lay it upon the table is to treat it with instant and merited contempt.

There are times in which every man's vote is strictly scrutinized to see whether he prefers the unconditional surrender of the rebels or of the Government. There is no middle ground. Wood's plan is to ascertain what Davis wants, and then to give it to him. The plan of the people of this country is to make Davis submit unconditionally to the authority of the United States. If a sincere Union man tries to stand with his old party he will inevitably find himself, as every one of the fifty-eight did, many of them intentionally, voting aid and comfort to the rebellion.

WHAT WE FIND IN THE PAPERS.

IN a late speech by Mr. John M'Keon, as reported in the newspapers, we find these words: "I see the coming storm, and believe sincerely to-day that when the knife is taken from the throats of the Southern people it will be turned to the throat of every Catholic in the North."

In a late resolution offered at Mozart Hall by Mr. Fernando Wood, as also reported in the newspapers, we find these words: "The first [M'Keon] is a noisy little brainless demagogue."

HALIFAX HEROES.

OUR blue-nosed neighbors in Halifax have been enjoying high sport. A party of pirates, having gone upon an American steamer secretly armed, rose against the defenseless passengers, seized the ship, and murdered the engineer, and having put into a British port, were captured and brought to Halifax. Thereupon the inhabitants can not conceal their admiration for such gallant heroes, and mobbing the officers, release these brave men, and carry them off in triumph.

Really, upon a fair view there seems to be nothing very heroic in an armed band of desperadoes overpowering unarmed passengers and killing an engineer. But there is no accounting for tastes. If these mere pirates who had killed only one man and stolen a ship are so honored by the Blue Noses, what an ovation they would have given Hunt, who lately murdered his wife and two children in a cab in London! Hunt's murder was much the more heroic of the two, for he did it in the midst of a crowded street at evening. The passengers and crew upon whom the *Chesapeake* pirates rose were equally defenseless with Hunt's wife and children; but there was no possible help at sea, as there was in a street.

The Halifax heroes are said to have produced some commission of Mr. Jefferson Davis. What then? Suppose they had set upon the engineer in Broadway at midnight, and had shot him there instead of on the deck of the *Chesapeake*, upon the ground that Jefferson Davis was at war with the citizens of the United States, would Davis's commission have saved their necks from the halter? Is poor Halifax so sadly short of heroes that any man who under any circumstances murders another is enough to excite its enthusiasm, provided only the crime be done in the interest of human slavery?

"Prominent citizens" held the officers of the law while the criminals were carried off. They were British citizens, and they defied the British law. If British law can not vindicate its authority we, of course, have no remedy. The Extradition Treaty gives us the persons of criminals. But if the authorities can not find them, or if they suffer them to be concealed without inquiry, we can not compel another power to enforce its own municipal law. But it did not need this bald outrage to prove the hatred with which the Blue Noses regard us. We wish them joy of their heroism and their heroes.

A FICTION.

THE great argument against emancipation with the more ignorant part of the people has been that the free States would be overrun with colored laborers who would take the work out of the hands and the bread out of the mouths of white men. It is now a year since the policy was proclaimed and the slaves freed. There are thousands of poor fugitives within our lines for whom every kind heart will do what it can—but are we overrun? Are laborers of any kind too numerous? Are wages hopelessly low? Is it not perfectly clear that the assertion of danger to the laboring interest at the North was the merest political fiction.

It was part of that policy to which the rump of a great party has been reduced, the policy of attaining and securing power by appeals to the prejudices and passions of the most ignorant citizens.

The only distinctive and true democracy is that which asserts the original American principle, that every man is born with certain rights which society is bound to respect. But the faction which still calls itself the Democratic party is distinguished chiefly by its frank contempt for human rights. Its chief effort is to inflame Irishmen against negroes. What a lofty endeavor! What a noble party! How secure the honor, peace, and prosperity of the country would be were they only confided to such hands!

A BAD HABIT.

MUCH of the value of public meetings in the city of New York is lost for two reasons. The first is, that nobody believes the speakers who are announced will really address the meeting; and the other is, that every body knows half of the gentlemen whose names are used as vice-presidents, in order to give weight to the proceedings, have never been consulted upon the subject. It is no excuse to say that a man is known to sympathize with the object of a meeting. So he might be known to be generous enough to subscribe money for that object. But what should we say of the friend so confident of his generosity as to forge his name to a check? To use a man's name without his permission is always a kind of forgery.

A famous popular orator—we think it was Mr. Beecher—whose name had been announced without his permission as a speaker at a meeting, went quietly to the church and took a back seat. After some time the chairman rose and said that he regretted extremely that Mr. Beecher, who had been expected, was not present. Upon which a voice called out from the neighborhood of the door, "Mr. Beecher *is* present. But he was not expected, for he was never asked." He then proceeded to castigate the committee and the practice, and having made a speech rather different from that set down in the programme, took his hat and departed. It would be a useful corrective of a bad habit if gentlemen who are advertised without permission to address meetings would publicly announce before the meeting took place that they had not been invited and would not speak.

A NOBLE PRECEDENT.

THERE has been a great deal of sharp and contemptuous censure of the late Lord Mayor of London, who complained to Lord Palmerston that he had not been ennobled, as having been the civic chief at the time of the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales by the City of London. He contended that it was one of the perquisites of his office, and implied that he could not overlook the slight lest it should prove a precedent for future insults to the city. The papers were very humorous about it. "It is not for services of china," said one, "but for another kind of service that the Queen ennobles her subjects." "Indeed," says another, naming certain noblemen famous only for being dependents of lords in the Government, "and what, pray, are the services for which they have been favored?"

But the late Lord Mayor has distinguished precedents beyond the city. When Lord George Germain, who was American Secretary during our Revolution, was compelled to resign by the surrender of Cornwallis and the failure of the war, the King asked him if he could do any thing to show his gratitude for his services. Upon which Lord George answered very promptly that if his Majesty would raise him to the peerage it would be a very pretty reward. The King assented, and Lord George, in for a penny in for a pound, added that since his Majesty was so gracious, he would perhaps allow him to say that he would like to be created a viscount. The King smiled, and assented again, asking him what title he would choose. Lord George,

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prepared for every contingency, replied that he had already settled upon the Viscountcy of Sackville and the Barony of Bolebrook. The King immediately sat down, wrote the titles, and sent them to the Chancellor to have the business perfected. After which the gentleman, who had conducted the war which lost Great Britain her fairest colonies, retired from the royal presence a peer of the realm, and presently took his seat as Lord Sackville.

If Lord George Germain was made a viscount for such services, why might not the Mayor of London be made a baronet for his politeness to the Princess Alexandra?

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

LET nobody be deterred from reading the following extract because it is long. It is from a private letter of one of the most conspicuous of our friends in England, who has maintained our cause with a courage, ability, and fidelity which will be forever honored in this country:

"I wish you to know that although the opinions of the *Times* are the opinions of a frightful number of our gentry and journalists, there are, nevertheless, many among us by whom the sentiments and tone of our press, and of what we call 'society,' touching your great struggle, are regarded not only with regret, but with wonder and with shame.

"That the news of a dissolution of partnership between the free and the slave States should have been received with satisfaction in England was intelligible and natural. It seemed to be like the removal of a diseased member,—throwing away the worser part to live the purer with the other half. The free States, we thought, would thenceforth be free to become uncompromising antagonists of slavery, instead of accomplices; would still occupy a portion of the globe of extent enormous to our insular ideas, and certainly, both large enough and rich enough to employ all their energies for centuries to come; would be strengthened, not weakened, by compression; and in casting the slave States loose would cast off the burden of every one of the graver imputations which lay upon the national morals, manners, and policy. This view—and this I think was the view most generally taken at first—may have been short-sighted, but it was in conformity with all our English feelings, opinions, and habits of thought, and compatible with a sincere respect for all those features in the character of the United States which belong properly to the North. Seen in this light, the policy of a war for the preservation of the Union was a question fairly debatable; and if there are not among yourselves many persons who took the same view, it must, I think, have been because the question involved elements known to you, and not known to us. But that, the war having broken out, and the two parties being actually in conflict, any Englishman, not commercially interested in the issue, should wish the South to win, is a thing which I should have thought impossible beforehand, and which I can not now understand or explain. That having taken up a position so absurdly false, they should have endeavored to support it as they have done, is less surprising; though the amount of partiality, misrepresentation, arrogance, and ignorance which has been exhibited by these anonymous censors-general of the universe in treating of your affairs, must have been amusing to you—or would have been so, if the matters at issue had been less tragical. I have nothing to say in excuse, and my only hope is that the excess will carry the cure; and that instead of resenting, you will be content with despising them. So treated, it will be found, I think, that all this apparent animosity has no real mischief in it; it is only froth, and has no force for operation. It neither indicates nor tends to induce any national action, either administrative or popular.

"The Government means to stand neutral, and is put under no pressure by it. The laboring classes, who have suffered most, can not be persuaded that a war in which all the slave interest takes one side, and all the free interest the other, is not a war about slavery, nor yet that it is good for laborers to be slaves, and their sympathy has all along been with the North. So, I believe, is that of the middle class, in whose hands are the issue of elections; and if there should be a general election now, turning on the question, 'Federal or Confederate?' I am persuaded that the Federal cause would carry it by a great majority. Emigration seems to be flowing toward the Northern States almost as usual, scarcely checked or diverted. The *Times* thunders away, but nothing happens in consequence. False prophecies and unjust criticisms will be detected and exposed by the course of events, till the credit of the prophet is in danger. Then, as the *Times* never stands by a cause which is expected to lose the day, one or two leading articles will prepare for a change of mind. A new special correspondent (or the old one with new instructions) will send home a new story. Every thing that has been abused will be praised; every thing that has been praised will be abused, as a matter of course, and just as if it had always been so. For about a week some of its readers will wonder, some look grave, most laugh; but before a fortnight is over they will be following its lead just as credulously as they are doing now—judging as it judges, expecting what it foretells, believing what it reports. And then the state of feeling which is expressing itself at present in so many voices that it sounds to you like the voice of the nation, will pass away, and leave (on this side of the Atlantic) no trace at all; provided only that you, on your side, have pride or magnanimity enough to treat it with the contempt which it really deserves. The only result which, in my opinion, is to be seriously apprehended is this: that, being mistaken for an evidence of *national* hostility and ill-will, it may provoke some retaliatory act of hostility on your side, assailing *our* national sense of honor, an act which might certainly lead to a dangerous quarrel. For it must not be forgotten that the classes which are most in sympathy with you in your present struggle are quite as touchy and chatlaus on the point of national honor as the fashionable classes are; that they were never more loyal to the Crown and all its belongings—never better friends with the aristocracy—never less disposed to let pass an affront to the nation, or ready to go farther in resisting or resenting it. Any quarrel taken up by the Government in vindication of the rights and dignities of England would at this moment be supported enthusiastically by people of all classes; and a miserable thing it will be if any such quarrel should again arise between you and us. That we should have parted, a century since, enemies instead of friends, is probably the greatest misfortune that has happened to the world in modern times, considering how much good would have come to both through a more cordial intercourse with the other, and in how large a degree the future of humanity depends upon our several characters and principles of action. I had hoped that the remains of the hostile spirit was rapidly disappearing on both sides. I do trust that a mistaking of the sentiments of the *Times* for the sentiments of the English people may not lead to any revival of it."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*December* 16. By Mr. Wade, memorials from ladies for law emancipating all persons of African descent.—By Mr. Saulsbury, memorial from clergyman asking to be exempted from draft; the Senator said that clergymen who attend to their spiritual duties should be exempt, but that political parsons should be placed in the front ranks and made to fight till the war was over.—By Mr. Wilson, memorial from officers of colored regiments, asking for the same pay and bounty as given to other troops.—Mr. Wilson reported back joint resolution of thanks to General Grant and his army, recommending its adoption: adopted.—By Mr. Lane of Kansas, resolution of inquiry relative to treatment of our Kansas prisoners; he said that there had been seen seven Kansas prisoners in irons, among others not ironed, and that it was averred they were to be put to death: adopted.—By Mr. Hale, bill amending enrollment act.—Mr. Wilson reported back, with amendments, bill respecting back pay and bounty.—By Mr. Sumner, bill to satisfy claims of American citizens by reason of French spoliations.——*December* 17. Mr. Hale rose to a question of order. It had been charged that he had been guilty of bribery in accepting fees for defending prisoners charged by the War Department with offenses. The Senator explained the transactions. He had acted as friend and counsel of Dr. Bliss, Superintendent of Armory Square Hospital. The result of the trial was that the accused was acquitted, and recommended to be restored to his place. Subsequently he was requested to act as counsel for Mr. Hunt, with an offer of $1000 as a retaining fee; after consultation with his friends, among whom was Senator Johnson, of Maryland, Mr. Hale accepted the work, and received $1000. He asked for a Committee to inquire whether he had been guilty of conduct inconsistent with his duty as a Senator: agreed to.—By Mr. Wade, that the Secretary of the Navy furnish the dispatches connected with the various actions of our iron-clad vessels, and other matters pertaining thereto: agreed to.—A Message was received from the President, informing him that the Committee representing the Freedman's Aid Societies of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The President submitted the matter to Congress, with an urgent recommendation that it should receive the most careful attention.——*December* 18. Mr. Grimes asked to be excused from service on the Committee on Naval Affairs; he was on two other Committees. Mr. Hale, the Chairman of the Committee, said that the services of Mr. Grimes would be very important, and the matter was laid over.—Memorials were presented desiring the prohibition of slavery in the States and Territories. The Committee on Military Affairs reported back the Bounty law, with amendments; other amendments were proposed, which were ordered to be printed.—A resolution, offered by Mr. Sumner, that to the rules of the Senate should be added that every Senator should, before entering upon his duties, take in open Senate the oath prescribed by the Act of July 2, 1862, came up for consideration. Mr. Saulsbury, of Maryland, said that his colleague, Mr. Bayard, was the only Senator affected by the resolution; there was nothing in the oath itself which he or his colleague could not take, but the constitutionality of requiring it was doubtful. A long debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Bayard said that he could not without a decision of the Senate voluntarily take the oath, though there was nothing in it to which he objected. His past life should be a guarantee against any suspicion of disloyalty; but the oath referred to civil officers, and Senators were not civil officers. Mr. Saulsbury moved that the question be referred to the Judiciary Committee: this motion was lost by a vote of 26 to 15.—The Senate went into a brief executive session, and then adjourned to Monday.——*December* 21. Various petitions were presented, among which were, that ministers of the Gospel should be considered non-combatants, that slavery should be wholly abolished; that tobacco rations should be furnished the army.—Mr. Wilson gave notice of a bill making it illegal for members of Congress to serve as counsel in any case in which the United States is interested.—Mr. Morgan submitted resolution calling for names of officers and soldiers who have resigned or deserted: adopted.—Mr. Sumner's oath resolution was further discussed.—The bounty and pay bill then came up, and several amendments were proposed and rejected, the main point being as to the payment of large bounties.—Mr. Fessenden opposed this, and said the true principle was that no man had a right to refuse his services when called for; the Government could enforce the demand, and should do so. Mr. Wilson was in favor of bounties and the commutation clause. Mr. Lane of Indiana said our armies could not be filled from conscripts alone; 3,000,000 were subject to draft, of whom, under this law, only 426,000 could be brought into the field, of whom 20,000 or 30,000 would be deserters.

HOUSE.—*December* 16. The Speaker announced Select Committees, of which the Chairmen were: Pacific Railroad, Stevens; Emigration, Washburne of Illinois; Rebellious States, Davis of Maryland.—By Mr. Grinnell, resolution that Confederate prisoners have been treated with humane consideration, while our prisoners at Richmond are suffering unto death for food and clothing, and that the enemy had refused to continue to receive food and clothing forwarded to our prisoners; and that this conduct is at war with the sentiment of the age, and deserves execration: adopted.—By Mr. Sloan, that the Committee on Roads and Canals inquire into the expediency of constructing a canal around the rapids of the Mississippi, commencing at Keokuk, Iowa: adopted.—By Mr. Cole, that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the expediency of increasing the list of provost marshals: adopted.—By Mr. Sloan, that the Committee on Roads and Canals inquire into the expediency of a through line of railway from New York to Washington: laid on the table.—By Mr. Cole, resolutions of California legislature urging a reduction of the tax on wine.—By Mr. Spaulding, bill to construe the word volunteer in Enrollment Act to include sailors as well as soldiers: referred to committee.—By Mr. Kenney, delegate from Utah, that Government needs all its regular soldiers; there are many now in Utah, removed from usefulness; and that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the reasons for stationing a standing army among that peaceful and loyal people: rejected.—By Mr. Rollins, resolution in favor of a hearty support of such measures for overcoming the rebellion as will not subvert the Constitution; that the present war has been forced upon the country; that Congress will banish all feelings of resentment, and recollect only its duty to the whole country; that the war is waged for no conquest, or to interfere with the constitutions of the States, but to maintain the Constitution and the dignity and equality of the States; and that when these objects are attained the war should cease: the motion to lay this resolution on the table was negatived by 115 to 52; debate arising, it was laid over.—By Mr. Loan, resolution declaring that the act suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* does not apply to cases arising in consequence of the action of any State Government to compel military service: referred.—By Mr. Kasson, that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the treatment by the enemy of our dead, wounded, and prisoners: adopted.—By Mr. Longyear, that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the expediency of amending the Enrolling Act, so that the right of aged and infirm parents to select one son for enrollment shall rest on the fact that the parents are dependent for support on the labor of their sons.—By Mr. M'Clung, to provide for the deficiency in the pay of troops in the Western Department of Missouri.—By Mr. Kasson, resolution that the Committee on Claims inquire into the delays in the payment of disabled and deceased soldiers.——*December* 17. The Committee on Naval Affairs reported the joint resolution of thanks to Captain John Rodgers, Mr. Cox moving in vain an amendment of thanks to Admiral David D. Porter.—On motion of Mr. Wilson of Iowa the Military Committees were instructed to inquire into the legislation necessary to secure pensions to the widows and children of those who die in the service; and to enable those in the naval and military service to have the benefit of the Homestead Law.—By Mr. Price, resolution respecting the enlargement of the Illinois canals, so as to connect the navigation of the Hudson and the Mississippi with the Great Lakes.—Mr. Rogers gave notice of a bill to increase the pay of soldiers, and to refund to States and municipal corporations the sums paid to volunteers.—Mr. Harrington presented a series of resolutions censuring the course of the Administration in regard to its action in suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, and instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill in accordance with these declarations: laid over by 89 to 67.—On motion of Mr. Morrill, the Secretary of the Treasury was required to furnish documents showing the operation of the Reciprocity Treaty.—Mr. Edgerton offered resolutions censuring the President's Proclamation of Amnesty, and denouncing the invasion or occupation of any State for the purpose of changing its laws or institutions: laid on the table by a vote of 90 to 66.—Mr. Smith of Kentucky offered a series of resolutions favoring a vigorous prosecution of the war, and opposing any armistice so long as there is a rebel in arms; ignoring all party lines, and recognizing only patriots and traitors. A motion to lay these resolutions on the table was negatived by 100 to 60, and they were passed by a vote of 93 to 64.—A vote then came up on resolutions previously offered by Mr. Smith, in the following words: "Resolved, *That we hold it to be the duty of Congress to pass all necessary bills to supply men and money, and the duty of the people to render every aid in their power to the constituted authorities of the government in crushing out the rebellion*;" agreed to by 153 to 1; and "Resolved, *That our thanks are tendered to our soldiers in the field for their gallantry in defending and upholding the flag of the Union, and defending the great principles dear to every American patriot*:" agreed to by 160 to 1.—Mr. Harris, of Maryland, being the only member voting against these two resolutions.—The House then adjourned to Monday, 21.——*December* 21. Letter from the President respecting Freedmen's Aid Society referred to Committee on Emancipation.—Message received from the President signing resolution offering thanks to General Grant and a gold medal, being the first completed act of the session.—Mr. Blow, from Committee on Ways and Means, reported bill appropriating $700,000 for paying Missouri troops; Mr. Cox opposed the consideration of the bill at present: debate arising the matter was laid over till next day. Mr. Yeaman, of Kentucky, offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the Confederate conspiracy does not extinguish the rights of any States, but that their citizens can resume their civil government on the only condition that their government is republican, and that it is sufficient for those who are loyal and qualified by the election laws of the States to assume their State Government, and that this is sufficient evidence of loyalty; referred to Committee on Rebellious States.—Mr. Spaulding moved for Select Committee on a National Bankrupt Act; motion to lay on the table lost by 69 to 86; resolution adopted.—After some minor business Mr. Miller offered a resolution requesting the President to instruct those having in charge the exchange of prisoners to exchange white man for white man, leaving the question of negro prisoners to be disposed of hereafter; a motion to lay this on the table was refused, 85 to 73; when Mr. Washburne offered as a substitute a resolution approving of the course of the Administration in the matter of the exchange of prisoners, and recommending that it be pursued, to secure a fair and just exchange of all our prisoners: the substitute was adopted, 85 to 63.—The bill appropriating $20,000,000 for bounties, etc., to volunteers came up, the House being in Committee of the Whole. After some debate the bill was reported. Mr. Harding offered an amendment that no part of the money should be expended in arming or paying negro soldiers: lost, 145 to 41; the bill was then passed without a dissenting vote.—After some unimportant business, Mr. Cox offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Enrolling Act of March 3, 1863, and in lieu of it to report a bill calling forth the militia to execute the laws and suppress insurrection, providing for the arming of the militia, and reserving to the States the appointment of officers and the authority for training; or, if that be not expedient, that the Committee inquire into the expediency of repealing the $300 exemption clause: debate arising on this resolution, it was laid over.

OUR ARMIES.

There are no reliable accounts of any important military operations during the week. In Virginia the rebel guerrillas have made several bold dashes, attended, however, with no important results. The siege of Charleston still goes on, and General Gilmore has on several days reopened fire upon the city. If Southern accounts are to be relied upon, little damage has been done. The storm during which the *Weehawken* went down was supposed also to have swept away most of the obstructions in the harbor, and to have left Charleston open to our fleet. Richmond papers of December 19 contain the following telegram from Charleston: "The *Ironsides* and three Monitors, while attempting to pass the obstructions, became entangled. The *Ironsides* will probably have to be abandoned. Two of the Monitors were also badly disabled." We must await our own accounts before we can judge of the accuracy of this statement.——The most reliable accounts from Tennessee represent the army lately commanded by Bragg, now by Hardee, to be in the neighborhood of Dalton, Georgia, greatly demoralized. The positions, movements, and designs of our army under General Grant are carefully concealed.——Of the Confederate army, under Longstreet, nothing definite is known after the retreat from Knoxville. Another battle probably bring us important intelligence from our forces in the West and Southwest.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "CHESAPEAKE."

The *Chesapeake* was captured on the 17th of December by the gun-boat *Ella and Annie*, Captain Clary, in Sambro Harbor, not far from Halifax, Nova Scotia. The vessel had dodged around in the British waters for some days. During this dodging she went into Lahave River, where a portion of the cargo was sold to the inhabitants, sugar bringing three cents a pound, and flour three dollars a barrel. The vessel was finally taken into Sambro Harbor by a British pilot. By this time the purpose must have come up with the *Chesapeake*; the captain and nearly all of the crew escaped, and the vessel was taken. The capture having been made in British waters, the vessel was transferred to the British authorities for adjudication. When the crew was landed at Halifax a great excitement arose. The prisoners, apparently in spite of the government officers, were rescued by the crowd and put on board a boat, which sailed down the bay. Thus the entire gang of murderers are at liberty. The conduct of the people and authorities of Halifax in this matter must receive close investigation from our Government.

CONFEDERATE FINANCES.

The report of Mr. Memminger, the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, presents a gloomy picture of Southern finances. The leading figures, stated in round millions, are these: From January 1 to September 30 the expenditures were 519 millions, of which 378 millions were for the War Department. The nominal receipts were 601 millions, of which taxes produced a little more than 4 millions, and customs a little less than 1 million. These 5 millions were all the real revenues of the Confederate Government, the remainder being paper, of one kind and another, issued by it. The entire public debt of the Confederacy, represented by its paper, is 800 millions, the amount of Confederate currency now in circulation, which Mr. Memminger considers to be five times the amount demanded by the wants of the South. The estimates for the present year bring this debt to 1427 millions. The consequence is that one dollar in Confederate currency is now worth from eight to ten cents. Mr. Memminger presents an elaborate scheme to remedy this evil; it is in effect simply a repudiation of the existing debt of the Confederacy, the holders of its notes being left to bear the loss. Unless something of this kind is done, he says, the Confederacy must succumb.

CONFEDERATE CONSCRIPTION.

The new conscription bill reported some days since, and probably now passed, provides that all white men between 16 and 55 shall be in the military service; that those between 16 and 18, and between 45 and 55, shall belong to the reserve; the remainder, that is, those between 18 and 45, to be in the field; as soon as those below 18 reach that age they are to be transferred from the reserve to the army in the field; persons liable to duty in the reserve, and failing to report, to be conscribed to the field; no person to be relieved from the operations of this law by reason of having been discharged from the army, unless quite physically disabled, or by having furnished a substitute; all laws granting exemptions to be repealed; the only exemptions hereafter allowed being those physically unfit for military service, ministers of religion, superintendents of asylums for deaf, dumb, blind, and insane, one editor for each newspaper, the employés in newspaper establishments, and physicians and apothecaries. If this law can be carried into effect, it will be the nearest approach that has ever been made to an absolute levy *en masse*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE DANISH QUESTION.

THE question of the Danish succession—or rather, of the succession to certain territories for a long time connected with Denmark, has suddenly come up, and threatens to occasion a European war. The details are so complicated that the most astute diplomatists seem incapable of understanding them. The essential points are, however, quite comprehensible. The Danish kingdom has for some generations comprised two portions, with a population distinct in race, language, and affinities. These are Denmark proper, and certain duchies on the German side of the Sound, chief among which are Schleswig and Holstein. These duchies also belong to the cumbrous organization known as the Germanic Confederation, and are represented in the Diet. The people of the duchies have long wished to be free from their connection with Denmark. Some fifteen years ago this desire seemed on the point of accomplishment. By the laws of Denmark proper the succession passes in the female as well as in the male line; by the Salic law, recognized in the duchies, it passes only in the male line. As it was morally and physically certain, about 1846, that the heir to the crown, who afterward became King Frederick VII., just deceased, would leave no heirs, upon his death the duchies would become separated from Denmark, just as Hanover was from Great Britain upon the death of William IV., Victoria, by English law, succeeding to the British crown, and her father's younger brother, by German law, to that of Hanover. Hoping to prevent this dismemberment of his dominions, the Danish king then reigning (Christian VIII., father of the late Frederick VII.), not long before his death issued an edict establishing a uniform law of succession in all his dominions. Frederick VII., not long after, upon the death of his father, succeeded by an unquestioned title to all of his dominions. This took place in 1848, the "revolutionary year." The new law of succession, which during the life of Frederick was practically inoperative, formed the pretext for an uprising in Holstein. The Germans mustered their kinsmen of the duchies, moved partly by sympathy of race, but likely more by the desire to have possession of Kiel, the best port on the Baltic. Some sharp fighting took place, and at length England and Russia intervened, and undertook to settle the question of the Danish succession. The King failing of issue, the family next in succession was that of Augustenburg. They were of German stock, and nearly all of them had opposed the union of the duchies with Denmark. They were therefore unpopular in Denmark, while greatly in favor in Holstein. There was, however, a younger cousin, named Christian, whose poverty, and perhaps his inclinations, had kept him apart from politics. He and his heirs were pitched upon as successors to the Danish crown, the head of the family, the Duke of Augustenburg, formally resigning his claims in consideration of the payment of a couple of millions of dollars. This arrangement took the form of a treaty formally sanctioned by all the Great Powers of Europe, and at length confirmed by the Danish Parliament. It seems, however, that the duchies were not represented in this Parliament; that the German Confederation, as such, was not consulted, though Austria and Prussia, its principal members, guaranteed the treaty; and that there were some provisions made in favor of the duchies. Yet, notwithstanding these possible drawbacks, Prince Christian was generally recognized as heir-presumptive of the Danish crown, and though as yet only a quiet country gentleman of limited means and with a large household to support, he and his were adopted into the royal families. So when the Prince of Wales was willing to finish sowing his wild oats and take a wife, a daughter of Christian was considered quite eligible for the place; and when the Greeks, having expelled their Bavarian monarch, wanted a king, and having vainly tried to obtain one royal youngster after another, fixed upon a son of the heir-presumptive to the Danish crown, their choice was ratified by the monarchs of Europe. The choice, moreover, had several other sons and daughters of marriageable age, who might, in case of need, become husbands or wives to European princes and princesses, whose choice was sadly limited, unless they dared follow the example of Louis Napoleon, and marry whom they pleased. This apparent blessing of a large and promising family proved a trouble to the Prince of Denmark when he became king upon the death of his predecessor, at the middle of last November. The people of the duchies saw that there was no reasonable prospect of a failure of the direct male line, which would set them free from Denmark. No sooner was Christian IX. proclaimed King of Denmark than Prince Frederick, the heir of the elder branch of the House of Augustenburg, put in his claims as Duke of Holstein, which the people at once acknowledged. Several of the minor German princes have recognized these claims. The new Danish king has been making preparations to enforce his authority in the duchies; they are preparing to resist, expecting to be supported by the German Confederation. There is no dispute as to the right of Christian IX. in Denmark proper. The question is as to the duchies. England has formally asserted that his right here is perfect. Austria declares that it depended upon certain conditions which have not been executed, the nonfulfillment of which may invalidate his claim. The Prussian Government remains, as usual, non-committal to the last possible moment. If, said the Prussian Minister, Denmark had carried out the provisions of the treaty, much as we may regret that we entered into it, we must have recognized the sovereignty of Christian IX. over Holstein; but as these provisions have not been carried out, the Government of Prussia is free to decide whether it shall consider itself absolved from the London Treaty. In the mean while the people of Prussia, as represented in the Chamber of Deputies, seem to have no doubt on the question. In the 18th of December, by a vote of 291 to 63 it was declared that "the honor and interests of Germany demand that all the Germanic States should support the rights of the hereditary Prince Frederick to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein." Next after the question of Russia and Poland that of Denmark and Holstein was the most important one proposed for discussion in the Congress to which the French Emperor invited the European Sovereigns.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE army has lost one of its most efficient and worthy officers in the death of Major-General BUFORD. General BUFORD was a graduate of West Point, and was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers on the 27th of July, 1861, when he received the command of a cavalry brigade under General POPE. Afterward he was assigned to the command of the regular cavalry brigade of the entire Army of the Potomac, which he held until the cavalry corps was organized in three separate divisions, when he was placed in command of the First Division. Through the past ten months, in all the severest campaigns, he has served with the most distinguished gallantry. Two or three days before his death he was ordered to the command of the cavalry in the Army of the Cumberland. He died at Washington of typoid fever, December 15, forty years of age. Just before his death he received from the President his commission as Major-General, which was dated from July 4, 1863. BUFORD was held to be the best field cavalry officer in the army, and the whole country will regret his loss.

For the past two weeks recruiting in this city has gone on quite rapidly, over one hundred per day having enlisted under the new call.

General ROUSSEAU has recently been appointed commander of a portion of the Army of the Cumberland.

A new command, it is said, is soon to be given to General CURTIS, the President having concluded that the charges against him, in connection with the alleged cotton speculations, are utterly unfounded.

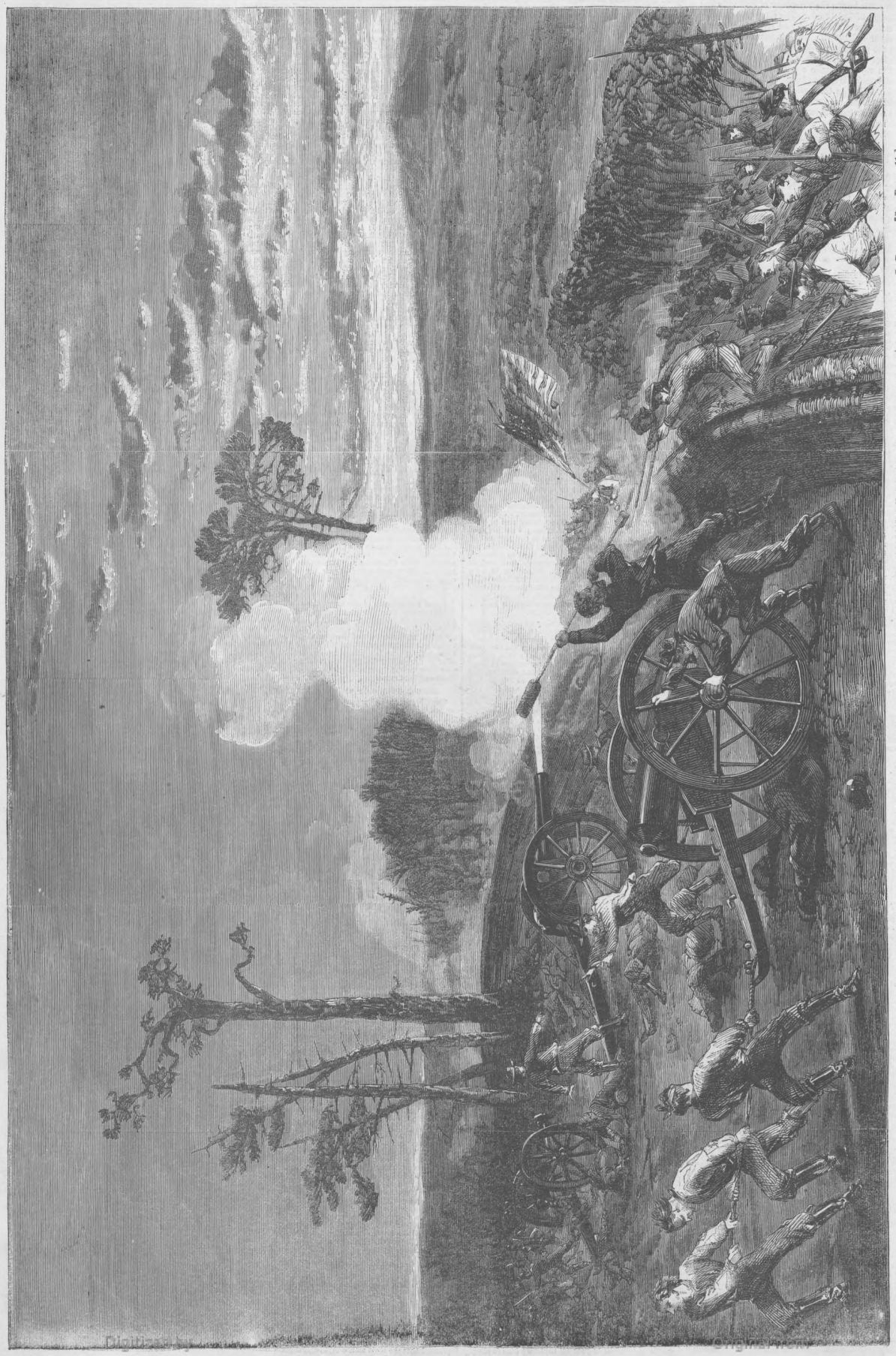
Commodore VAN BRUNT, of the United States Navy, died last Friday (December 18) at Dedham, Massachusetts.

The *G. O. Bigelow*, recently captured by the transport *Fulton*, and then abandoned, has been retaken and destroyed about thirty miles southward from Beaufort.

The probabilities are that the price exemption will be increased instead of being entirely withdrawn from the Bill of Enrollment.

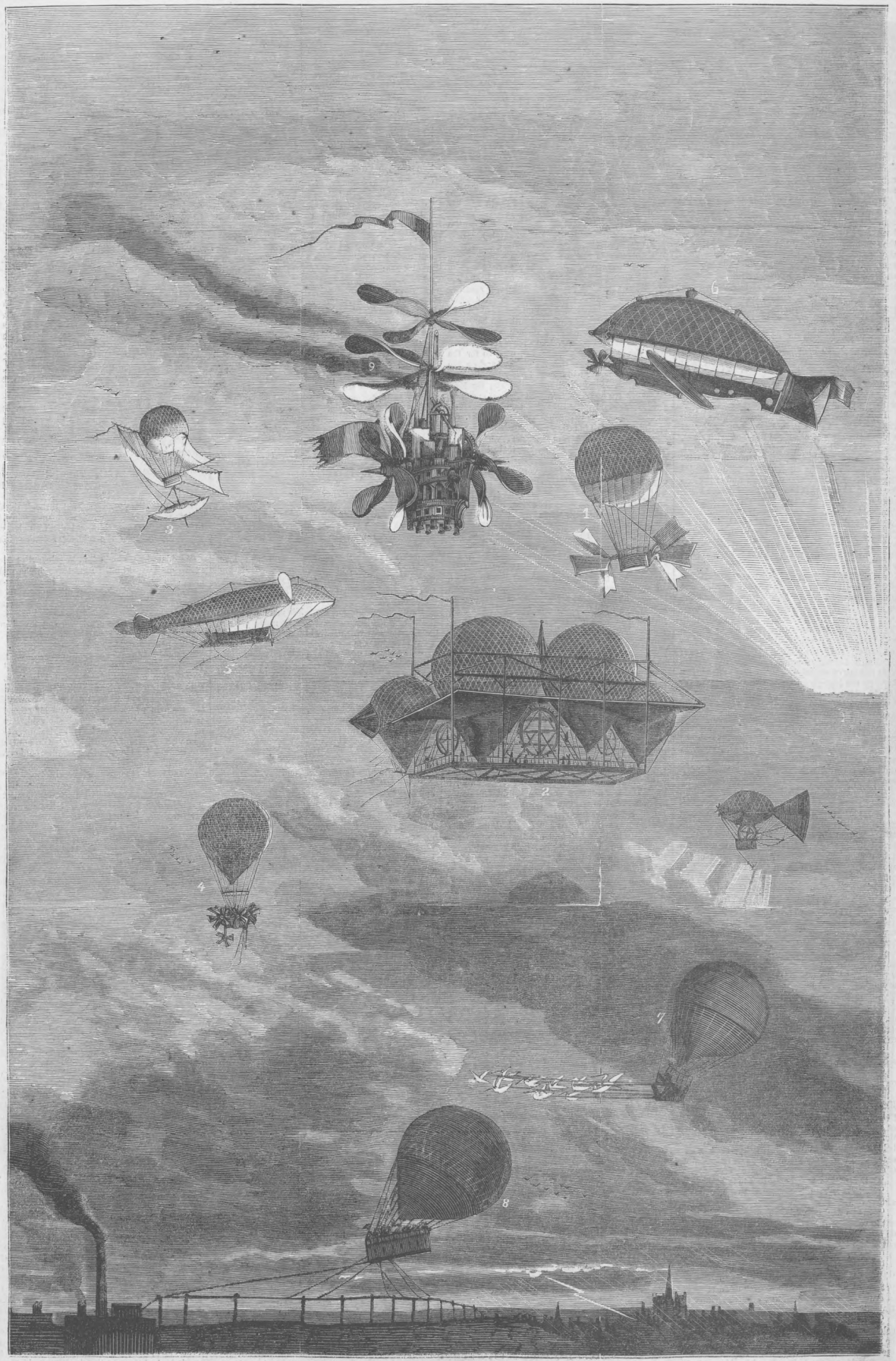
The *Morning Star*, from New Orleans, brings a report of a piracy similar to that involved in the case of the *Chesapeake*. The schooner *Joseph L. Gerety*, bound from Matamoras, November 16, to New York, was captured the second day out by a party of persons, six in number, who shipped as passengers for New York from Matamoras. The officers and crew of the schooner were confined on board eight days, when they were put into a small boat, and after ten days' floating about they landed at Sisal, from whence the captain and supercargo got passage to Havana.

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THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—GENERAL BAIRD'S DIVISION CAPTURING THE REBEL GUNS ON THE LEFT OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

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1. Alban's System.—2. Petin's System.—3. Henin's System.—4. Helle's System.—5. Julien and Sanson's System.—6. Jarcot's System.—7. Telot's System.—8. Moreau-Seguin's "Captive Balloon."—9. Nadar's System.

DIFFERENT SYSTEMS OF SAILING IN THE AIR.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

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THE TWO GENERALS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE WAR.

NEAR to the little State capital of Frankfort, Kentucky, there lived at Christmas-time of 1860, an old man, Major Reckenthorpe by name, whose life had been marked by many circumstances which had made him well known throughout Kentucky. He had sat for nearly thirty years in the Congress of the United States, representing his own State sometimes as Senator, and sometimes in the lower House. Though called a major he was by profession a lawyer, and as such had lived successfully. Time had been when friends had thought it possible that he might fill the President's chair; but his name had been too much and too long in men's mouths for that.

Upon the whole he had been a good man, serving his country as best he knew how, and adhering honestly to his own political convictions. He had been and now was a slave-owner, but had voted in the Congress of his own State for the abolition of slavery in Kentucky. He had been a passionate man, and had lived not without the stain of blood on his hands, for duels had been familiar to him. But he had lived in a time and in a country in which it had been hardly possible for a leading public man not to be familiar with a pistol. He had been known as one whom no man could attack with impunity; but he had also been known as one who would not willingly attack any one. Now at the time of which I am writing he was old—almost on the shelf—past his duelings and his strong short invectives on the floors of Congress; but he was a man whom no age could tame, and still he was ever talking, thinking, and planning for the political well-being of his State.

In person he was tall, still upright, stiff and almost ungainly in his gait, with eager gray eyes which the waters of age could not dim, with short, thick, grizzled hair which age had hardly thinned, but which ever looked rough and uncombed, with large hands, which he stretched out with extended fingers when he spoke vehemently; and of the Major it may be said that he always spoke with vehemence. But now he was slow in his steps, and infirm on his legs. He suffered from rheumatism, sciatica, and other maladies of the old, which no energy of his own could repress. In these days he was a stern, unhappy, all but broken-hearted old man; for he saw that the work of his life had been wasted.

And he had another grief which at the Christmas of 1861 had already become terrible to him, and which afterward bowed him with sorrow to the ground. He had two sons, both of whom were then at home with him, having come together under the family roof-tree that they might discuss with their father the political position of their country, and especially the position of Kentucky. South Carolina had already seceded, and other Slave States were talking of secession. What should Kentucky do? So the Major's sons, young men of eight-and-twenty and five-and-twenty, met together at their father's house; they met and quarreled deeply, as their father had well known would be the case.

The eldest of these sons was at that time the owner of the slaves and land which his father had formerly possessed and farmed. He was a Southern gentleman, living on the produce of slave labor, and as such had learned to vindicate that social system which has produced as its result the war which is still raging at this Christmas of 1863. To him this matter of secession or non-secession was of vital import. He was prepared to declare that the wealth of the South was derived from its agriculture, and that its agriculture could only be supported by its slaves. His father, he said, was an old man, and might be excused by reason of his age from any active part in the contest that was coming. But for himself there could be but one duty—that of supporting the new Confederacy, to which he would belong, with all his strength and with whatever wealth was his own.

The second son had been educated at West Point, and was now an officer in the National army. A large proportion of the officers in the pay of the United States leagued themselves with Secession, but Frank Reckenthorpe declared that he would be loyal to the Government which he served; and in saying so, seemed to imply that the want of such loyalty in any other person would be disgraceful.

"I can understand your feeling," said his brother, who was known as Tom Reckenthorpe, "on the assumption that you think more of being a soldier than of being a man; but not otherwise."

"Even if I were no soldier, I would not be a rebel," said Frank.

"How a man can be a rebel for sticking to his own country I can not understand," said Tom.

"Your own country!" said Frank. "Is it to be Kentucky or South Carolina? And is it to be a republic or a monarchy; or shall we hear of Emperor Davis? You already belong to the greatest nation on the earth, and you are preparing yourself to belong to the least; that is, if you should be successful. Luckily for yourself, you have no chance of success."

"At any rate I will do my best to fight for it."

"Nonsense, Tom," said the old man, who was sitting by.

"It is no nonsense, Sir. A man can fight without having been at West Point. Whether he can do so after having his spirit drilled and drummed out of him there, I don't know."

"Tom!" said the old man.

"Don't mind him, father," said the younger. "His appetite for fighting will soon be over. Even yet I doubt whether we shall ever see a regiment in arms sent from the Southern States against the Union."

"Do you?" said Tom. "If you stick to your colors, as you say you will, your doubts will soon be set at rest. And I'll tell you what, if your regiment is brought into the field, I trust that I may find myself opposite to it. You have chosen to forget that we are brothers, and you shall find that I can forget it also."

"Tom!" said the father, "you should not say such words as that; at any rate, in my presence."

"It is true, Sir," said he. "A man who speaks as he speaks does not belong to Kentucky, and can be no brother of mine. If I were to meet him face to face, I would as soon shoot him as another; sooner, because he is a renegade."

"You are very wicked—very wicked," said the old man, rising from his chair—"very wicked." And then, leaning on his stick, he left the room.

"Indeed, what he says is true," said a sweet, soft voice from a sofa in the far corner of the room. "Tom, you are very wicked to speak to your brother thus. Would you take on yourself the part of Cain?"

"He is more silly than wicked, Ada," said the soldier. "He will have no chance of shooting me, or of seeing me shot. He may succeed in getting himself locked up as a rebel; but I doubt whether he'll ever go beyond that."

"If I ever find myself opposite to you with a pistol in my grasp," said the elder brother, "may my right hand—"

But his voice was stopped, and the imprecation remained unuttered. The girl who had spoken rushed from her seat and put her hand before his mouth. "Tom," she said, "I will never speak to you again if you utter such an oath—never." And her eyes flashed fire at his and made him dumb.

Ada Forster called Mrs. Reckenthorpe her aunt, but the connection between them was not so near as that of aunt and niece. Ada, nevertheless, lived with the Reckenthorpes, and had done so for the last two years. She was an orphan, and on the death of her father had followed her father's sister-in-law from Maine down to Kentucky; for Mrs. Reckenthorpe had come from that farthest and most strait-laced State of the Union, in which people bind themselves by law to drink neither beer, wine, nor spirits, and all go to bed at nine o'clock. But Ada Forster was an heiress, and therefore it was thought well by the elder Reckenthorpes that she should marry one of their sons. Ada Forster was also a beauty, with slim, tall form, very pleasant to the eye; with bright, speaking eyes and glossy hair; with ivory teeth of the whitest, only to be seen now and then when a smile could be won from her; and therefore such a match was thought desirable also by the younger Reckenthorpes. But unfortunately it had been thought desirable by each of them, whereas the father and mother had intended Ada for the soldier.

I have not space in this short story to tell how progress had been made in the troubles of this love affair. So it was now that Ada had consented to become the wife of the elder brother—of Tom Reckenthorpe, with his home among the slaves—although she, with all her New England feelings strong about her, hated slavery and all its adjuncts. But when has love staid to be guided by any such consideration as that? Tom Reckenthorpe was a handsome, high-spirited, intelligent man. So was his brother Frank. But Tom Reckenthorpe could be soft to a woman, and in that, I think, had he found the means of his success. Frank Reckenthorpe was never soft.

Frank had gone angrily from home when, some three months since, Ada had told him her determination. His brother had been then absent, and they had not met till this their Christmas meeting. Now it had been understood between them, by the intervention of their mother, that they would say nothing to each other as to Ada Forster. The elder had, of course, no cause for saying aught, and Frank was too proud to wish to speak on such a matter before his successful rival. But Frank had not given up the battle. When Ada had made her speech to him, he had told her that he would not take it as conclusive. "The whole tenor of Tom's life," he had said to her, "must be distasteful to you. It is impossible that you should live as the wife of a slave-owner."

"In a few years there will be no slaves in Kentucky," she had answered.

"Wait till then," he had answered; "and I also will wait." And so he had left her, resolving that he would bide his time. He thought that the right still remained to him of seeking Ada's hand, although she had told him that she loved his brother. "I know that such a marriage would make each of them miserable," he said to himself over and over again. And now that these terrible times had come upon them, and that he was going one way with the Union, while his brother was going the other way with Secession, he felt more strongly than ever that he might still be successful. The political predilections of American women are as strong as those of American men. And Frank Reckenthorpe knew that all Ada's feelings were as strongly in favor of the Union as his own. Had not she been born and bred in Maine? Was she not ever keen for total abolition, till even the old Major, with all his gallantry for womanhood and all his love for the young girl who had come to his house in his old age, would be driven occasionally by stress of feeling to rebuke her. Frank Reckenthorpe was patient, hopeful, and firm. The time must come when Ada would learn that she could not be a fit wife for his brother. The time had, he thought, perhaps come already; and so he spoke to her a word or two on the evening of that day on which she had laid her hand upon his brother's mouth.

"Ada," he had said, "there are bad times coming to us."

"Good times, I hope," she had answered. "No one could expect that the thing could be done without some struggle. When the struggle has passed we shall say that good times have come." The thing of which she spoke was that little thing of which she was ever thinking, the enfranchisement of four millions of slaves.

"I fear that there will be bad times first. Of course I am thinking of you now."

"Bad or good, they will not be worse to me than to others."

"They would be very bad to you if this State were to secede, and if you were to join your lot to my brother's. In the first place, all your fortune would be lost to him and to you."

"I do not see that; but of course I will caution him that it may be so. If it alters his views I shall hold him free to act as he chooses."

"But, Ada, should it not alter yours?"

"What—because of my money? or because Tom could not afford to marry a girl without a fortune?"

"I did not mean that. He might decide that for himself. But your marriage with him under such circumstances as those which he now contemplates would be as though you married a Spaniard or a Greek adventurer. You would be without country, without home, without fortune, and without standing-ground in the world. Look you, Ada, before you answer. I frankly own that I tell you this because I want you to be my wife and not his."

"Never, Frank; I shall never be your wife, whether I marry him or no."

"All I ask of you now is to pause. This is no time for marrying or for giving in marriage."

"There I agree with you; but as my word is pledged to him I shall let him be my adviser in that."

Late on that same night Ada saw her betrothed, and bade him adieu. She bade him adieu with many tears; for he came to tell her that he intended to leave Frankfort very early on the following morning. "My staying here now is out of the question," said he. "I am resolved to secede, whatever the State may do. My father is resolved against secession. It is necessary, therefore, that we should part. I have already left my father and mother, and now I have come to say good-by to you."

"And your brother, Tom?"

"I shall not see my brother again."

"And is that well, after such words as you have spoken to each other? Perhaps it may be that you will never see him again. Do you remember what you threatened?"

"I do remember what I threatened."

"And did you mean it?"

"No; of course I did not mean it. You, Ada, have heard me speak many angry words; but I do not think that you have known me do many angry things."

"Never one, Tom—never. See him, then, before you go, and tell him so."

"It will be better that we should not meet again. The truth is, Ada, that he always despises any one who does not think as he thinks. If I offered him my hand he would take it, but while doing so he would let me know that he thought me a fool. Then I should be angry, and threaten him again, and things would be worse. You must not quarrel with me, Ada, if I say that he has all the faults of a Yankee."

"And the virtues too, Sir, while you have all the faults of a Southern ——. But, Tom, as you are going from us, I will not scold you. I have, too, a word of business to say to you."

"And what's the word of business, dear?" said Tom, getting nearer to her, as a lover should do, and taking her hand in his.

"It is this. You and those who think like you are dividing yourselves from your country. As to whether that be right or wrong I will say nothing now, nor will I say any thing as to your chance of success. But I am told that those who go with the South will not be able to hold property in the North."

"Did Frank tell you that?"

"Never mind who told me, Tom."

"And is that to make a difference between you and me?"

"That is just the question that I am asking you. Only you ask me with a reproach in your tone, and I ask you with none in mine. Till we have mutually agreed to break our engagement you shall be my adviser. If you think it better that it should be broken—better for your own interests—be man enough to say so."

But Tom Reckenthorpe either did not think so, or else he was not man enough to speak his thoughts. Instead of doing so he took the girl in his arms and kissed her, and swore that whether with fortune or no fortune she should be his, and his only. But still he had to go—to go now, within an hour or two of the very moment at which they were speaking. They must part, and before parting must make some mutual promise as to their future meeting. Marriage now, as things stood at this Christmas time, could not be thought of even by Tom Reckenthorpe. At last he promised that if he were then alive he would be with her again, at the old family house at Frankfort, on the next coming Christmas-day. So he went, and as he let himself out of the old house Ada, with her eyes full of tears, took herself up to her bedroom.

During the year that followed—the year 1861—the war progressed only as a school for fighting. The most memorable action was that of Bull Run, in which both sides ran away, not from individual cowardice in either set of men, but from that feeling of panic which is engendered by ignorance and inexperience. After that the year was passed in drilling and in camp-making—in the making of soldiers, of gunpowder, and of cannons. But of all the articles of war made in that year the article that seemed easiest of fabrication was a general officer. Generals were made with the greatest rapidity, owing their promotion much more frequently to local interest than to military success.

Before the end of 1861 both Major Reckenthorpe's sons had become general officers. That Frank, the soldier, should have been so promoted was, at such a period as this, nothing strange. Though a young man, he had been a soldier, or learning the trade of a soldier, for more than ten years, and such service as that might well be counted for much in the sudden construction of an army intended to number seven hundred thousand troops, and which at one time did contain all those soldiers. Frank, too, was a clever fellow, who knew his business, and there were many generals made in those days who understood less of their work than he did. As much could not be said for Tom's quick military advancement. But this could be said for them in the South—that unless they did make their generals in this way, they would hardly have any generals at all; and General Reckenthorpe, as he so quickly became—General Tom, as they used to call him in Kentucky—recommended himself specially to the Confederate leaders by the warmth and eagerness with which he had come among them. The name of the old man so well known throughout the Union, who had ever loved the South without hating the North, would have been a tower of strength to them. Having him, they would have thought that they might have carried the State of Kentucky into open secession. He was now worn out and old, and could not be expected to take upon his shoulders the crushing burden of a new contest. But his eldest son had come among them, eagerly, with his whole heart; and so they made him a general.

The poor old man was in part proud of this and in part grieved. "I have a son a general in each army," he said to a stranger who came to his house in those days; "but what strength is there in a fagot when it is separated? of what use is a house that is divided against itself? The boys would kill each other if they met."

"It is very sad," said the stranger.

"Sad!" said the old man. "It is as though the Devil were let loose upon the earth; and so he is; so he is."

The family came to understand that General Tom was with the Confederate army which was confronting the Federal army of the Potomac and defending Richmond; nevertheless, he kept his engagement with Ada, and made his way into the gardens of his father's house on the night of Christmas-eve. And Ada was the first who knew that he was there. Her ear first caught the sound of his footsteps, and her hand raised for him the latch of the garden-door.

"Oh, Tom, it is not you?"

"But it is though, Ada, my darling!" Then there was a little pause in his speech. "Did I not tell you that I should see you to-day?"

"Hush. Do you know who is here? Your brother came across to us from the Green River yesterday."

"The mischief he did. Then I shall never find my way back again. If you knew what I have gone through for this!"

Ada immediately stepped out through the door and on to the snow, standing close up against him as she whispered to him, "I don't think Frank would betray you," she said. "I don't think he would."

"I doubt him—doubt him hugely. But I suppose I must trust him. I got through the pickets close to Cumberland Gap, and I left my horse at Stoneley's, half-way between this and Lexington. I can not go back to-night now that I have come so far!"

"Wait, Tom; wait a minute, and I will go in and tell your mother. But you must be hungry. Shall I bring you food?"

"Hungry enough, but I will not eat my father's victuals out here in the snow."

"Wait a moment, dearest, till I speak to my aunt." Then Ada slipped back into the house and soon managed to get Mrs. Reckenthorpe away from the room in which the Major and his second son were sitting. "Tom is here," she said, "in the garden. He has encountered all this danger to pay us a visit because it is Christmas. Oh, aunt, what are we to do? He says that Frank would certainly give him up!"

Mrs. Reckenthorpe was nearly twenty years younger than her husband, but even with this advantage on her side Ada's tidings were almost too much for her. She, however, at last managed to consult the Major, and he resolved upon appealing to the generosity of his younger son. By this time the Confederate General was warming himself in the kitchen, having declared that his brother might do as he pleased; he would not skulk away from his father's house in the night.

"Frank," said the father, as his younger son sat silently thinking of what had been told him, "it can not be your duty to be false to your father in his own house."

"It is not always easy, Sir, for a man to see what is his duty. I wish that either he or I had not come here."

"But he is here; and you, his brother, would not take advantage of his coming to his father's house?" said the old man.

"Do you remember, Sir, how he told me last year that if ever he met me on the field he would shoot me like a dog?"

"But, Frank, you know that he is the last man in the world to carry out such a threat. Now he has come here with great danger."

"And I have come with none; but I do not see that that makes any difference."

"He has put up with it all that he may see the girl he loves."

"Pshaw!" said Frank, rising up from his chair. "When a man has work to do, he is a fool to give way to play. The girl he loves! Does he not know that it is impossible that she should ever marry him? Father, I ought to insist that he should leave this house as a prisoner. I know that that would be my duty."

"You would have, Sir, to bear my curse."

"I should not the less have done my duty. But, father, independently of your threat, I will neglect that duty. I can not bring myself to break your heart and my mother's. But I will not see him. Good-by, Sir. I will go up to the hotel, and will leave the place before daybreak to-morrow."

After some few further words Frank Reckenthorpe left the house without encountering his brother. He also had not seen Ada Forster since that former Christmas when they had all been together, and he had now left his camp and come across from the army much more with the view of inducing her to acknowledge the hopelessness of her engagement with his brother than from any domestic idea of passing his Christmas at home. He was a man who would not have interfered with his brother's prospects, as regarded either love or money, if he had thought that in doing so he would in truth have injured his brother. He was a hard man, but one not willfully unjust. He had satisfied him-

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self that a marriage between Ada and his brother must, if it were practicable, be ruinous to both of them. If this were so, would not it be better for all parties that there should be another arrangement made? North and South were as far divided now as the two poles. All Ada's hopes and feelings were with the North. Could he allow her to be taken as a bride among perishing slaves and ruined whites?

But when the moment for his sudden departure came he knew that it would be better that he should go without seeing her. His brother Tom had made his way to her through cold, and wet, and hunger, and through infinite perils of a kind sterner even than these. Her heart now would be full of softness toward him. So Frank Reckenthorpe left the house without seeing any one but his mother.

Of course General Tom was a hero in the house for the few days that he remained there, and of course the step he had taken was the very one to strengthen for him the affection of the girl whom he had come to see.

Ada Forster and her aunt were passionately Northern, while the feelings of the old man had gradually turned themselves to that division in the nation to which he naturally belonged. For months past the matter on which they were all thinking—the subject which filled their minds morning, noon, and night—was banished from their lips because it could not be discussed without the bitterness of hostility. But, nevertheless, there was no word of bitterness between Tom Reckenthorpe and Ada Forster. While these few short days lasted it was all love. Where is the woman whom one touch of romance will not soften, though she be ever so impervious to argument? Tom could sit up stairs with his mother and his betrothed, and tell them stories of the gallantry of the South, of the sacrifices women were making, and of the deeds men were doing, and they would listen and smile and caress his hand, and all for a while would be pleasant; while the old Major did not dare to speak before them of his Southern hopes. But down in the parlor, during the two or three long nights which General Tom passed in Frankfort, open secession was discussed between the two men. The old man now had given away altogether. The Yankees, he said, were too bitter for him. "I wish I had died first; that is all," he said. "I wish I had died first. Life is wretched now to a man who can do nothing." His son tried to comfort him, saying that secession would certainly be accomplished in twelve months, and that every Slave State would certainly be included in the Southern Confederacy. But the Major shook his head. "Nothing good can come in my time," he said; "not in my time—not in my time."

In the middle of the fourth night General Tom took his departure. An old slave arrived with his horse a little before midnight, and he started on his journey. "Whatever turns up, Ada," he said, "you will be true to me."

"I will; though you are a rebel, all the same for that."

"So was Washington."

"Washington made a nation; you are destroying one."

"We are making another, dear; that's all. But I won't talk secesh to you out here in the cold. Go in, and be good to my father; and remember this, Ada, I'll be here again next Christmas-eve, if I'm alive."

So he went, and made his journey back to his own camp in safety. He slept at a friend's house during the following day, and on the next night again made his way through the Northern lines back into Virginia.

After that came a year of fighting, and General Tom Reckenthorpe remained during that time in Virginia, and was attached to that corps of General Lee's army which was commanded by Stonewall Jackson. It was not probable, therefore, that he would be left without active employment. During the whole year he was fighting, assisting in the wonderful raids that were made by that man whose loss was worse to the Confederates than the loss of Vicksburg or of New Orleans. And General Tom gained for himself mark, name, and glory—but it was the glory of a soldier rather than of a general. No one looked upon him as the future commander of an army; but men said that if there was a rapid stroke to be stricken, under orders from some more thoughtful head, General Tom was the hand to strike it. Thus he went on making wonderful rides by night, appearing like a warrior ghost leading warrior ghosts in some quiet valley of the Federals, seizing supplies and cutting off cattle, till his name came to be great in the State of Kentucky, and Ada Forster, Yankee though she was, was proud of her rebel lover.

And Frank Reckenthorpe, the other general, made progress also, though it was progress of a different kind. Men did not talk of him so much as they did of Tom; but the War Office at Washington knew that he was useful—and used him. He remained for a long time attached to the Western army, having been removed from Kentucky to St. Louis, in Missouri, and was there when his brother last heard of him. "I am fighting day and night," he once said to one who was with him from his own State, "and, as far as I can learn, Frank is writing day and night. Upon my word, I think that I have the best of it."

It was but a couple of days after this, the time then being about the latter end of September, that he found himself on horseback at the head of three regiments of cavalry near the foot of one of those valleys which lead up into the Blue Mountain ridge of Virginia. He was about six miles in advance of Jackson's army, and had pushed forward with the view of intercepting certain Federal supplies which he and others had hoped might be within his reach. He had expected that there would be fighting, but he had hardly expected so much fighting as came that day in his way. He got no supplies. Indeed, he got nothing but blows, and though on that day the Confederates would not admit that they had been worsted, neither could they claim to have done more than hold their own. But General Tom's fighting was in that day brought to an end.

It must be understood that there was no great battle fought on this occasion. General Reckenthorpe, with about 1500 troopers, had found himself suddenly compelled to attack about double that number of Federal infantry. He did so once, and then a second time, but on each occasion without breaking the lines to which he was opposed; and toward the close of the day he found himself unhorsed, but still unwounded, with no weapon in his hand but his pistol, immediately surrounded by about a dozen of his own men, but so far in advance of the body of his troops as to make it almost impossible that he should find his way back to them. As the smoke cleared away and he could look about him, he saw that he was close to an uneven, irregular line of Federal soldiers. But there was still a chance, and he had turned for a rush, with his pistol ready for use in his hand, when he found himself confronted by a Federal officer. The pistol was already raised, and his finger was on the trigger, when he saw that the man before him was his brother.

"Your time has come," said Frank, standing his ground very calmly. He was quite unarmed, and had been separated from his men and ridden over; but hitherto he had not been hurt.

"Frank!" said Tom, dropping his pistol-arm, "is that you?"

"And you are not going to do it, then?" said Frank.

"Do what?" said Tom, whose calmness was altogether gone. But he had forgotten that threat as soon as it had been uttered, and did not even know to what his brother was alluding.

But Tom Reckenthorpe, in his confusion at meeting his brother, had lost whatever chance there remained to him of escaping. He stood for a moment or two looking at Frank, and wondering at the coincidence which had brought them together, before he turned to run. Then it was too late. In the hurry and scurry of the affair all but two of his own men had left him, and he saw that a rush of Federal soldiers was coming up around him. Nevertheless he resolved to start for a run. "Give me a chance, Frank," he said, and prepared to run. But as he went—or rather, before he had left the ground on which he was standing before his brother—a shot struck him, and he was disabled. In a minute he was as though he were stunned; then he smiled faintly, and slowly sunk upon the ground. "It's all up, Frank," he said, "and you are in at the death."

Frank Reckenthorpe was soon kneeling beside his brother amidst a crowd of his own men. "Spurrell," he said, to a young officer who was close to him, "it is my own brother." "What! General Tom?" said Spurrell. "Not dangerously, I hope?"

By this time the wounded man had been able, as it were, to feel himself and to ascertain the amount of the damage done him. "It's my right leg," he said; "just on the knee. If you'll believe me, Frank, I thought it was my heart at first. I don't think much of the wound, but I suppose you won't let me go."

Of course they wouldn't let him go, and, indeed, if they had been minded so to do, he could not have gone. The wound was not fatal, as he had at first thought; but neither was it a matter of little consequence as he afterward asserted. His fighting was over, unless he could fight with a leg amputated between the knee and hip.

Before nightfall General Tom found himself in his brother's quarters, a prisoner on parole, with his leg all but condemned by the surgeon. The third day after that saw the leg amputated. For three weeks the two brothers remained together, and after that the elder was taken to Alexandria as a prisoner, there to wait his chance of exchange. At first the intercourse between the two brothers was cold, guarded, and uncomfortable; but after a while it became more kindly than it had been for many a day. Whether it were cold or kindly, its nature, we may be sure, was such as the younger brother made it. Tom was ready enough to forget all personal animosity as soon as his brother would himself be willing to do so; though he was willing enough also to quarrel—to quarrel bitterly as ever—if Frank should give him occasion. As to that threat of the pistol, it had passed away from Tom Reckenthorpe, as all his angry words passed from him. It was clean forgotten. It was not simply that he had not wished to kill his brother, but that such a deed was impossible to him. The threat had been like a curse that means nothing, which is used by passion as its readiest weapon when passion is impotent. But with Frank Reckenthorpe words meant what they were intended to mean. The threat had rankled in his bosom from the time of its utterance to that moment, when a strange coincidence had given the threatener the power of executing it. The remembrance of it was then strong upon him, and he had expected that his brother would have been as bad as his word. But his brother had spared him; and now, slowly, by degrees, he began to remember that also.

"What are your plans, Tom?" he said, as he sat one day by his brother's bed before the removal of the prisoner to Alexandria.

"Plans," said Tom. "How should a poor fellow like me have plans? To eat bread and water in prison at Alexandria, I suppose."

"They'll let you up to Washington on your parole, I should think. Of course I can say a word for you."

"Well, then, do say it. I'd have done as much for you, though I don't like your Yankee politics."

"Never mind my politics now, Tom."

"I never did mind them. But at any rate, you see I can't run away."

It should have been mentioned a little way back in this story that the poor old Major had been gathered to his fathers during the past year. As he had said himself, it would be better for him that he should die. He had lived to see the glory of his country, and had gloried in it. If further glory or even further gain were to come out of this terrible war—as great gains to men and nations do come from contests which are very terrible while they last—he at least would not live to see it. So when he was left by his sons, he turned his face to the wall and died.

"I suppose you will get home?" said Frank, after musing a while, "and look after my mother and Ada?"

"If I can I shall, of course. What else can I do with one leg?"

"Nothing in this war, Tom, of course." Then there was another pause between them. "And what will Ada do?" said Frank.

"What will Ada do? Stay at home with my mother."

"Ah, yes. But she will not remain always as Ada Forster."

"Do you mean to ask whether I shall marry her; because of my one leg? If she will have me, I certainly shall."

"And will she? Ought you to ask her?"

"If I found her seamed all over with small-pox, with her limbs broken, blind, disfigured by any misfortune which could have visited her, I would take her as my wife all the same. If she were penniless it would make no difference. She shall judge for herself; but I shall expect her to act by me as I would have acted by her." Then there was another pause. "Look here, Frank," continued General Tom; "if you mean that I am to give her up as a reward to you for being sent home, I will have nothing to do with the bargain."

"I had intended no such bargain," said Frank, gloomily.

"Very well; then you can do as you please. If Ada will take me, I shall marry her as soon as she will let me. If my being sent home depends upon that, you will know how to act now."

Nevertheless he was sent home. There was not another word spoken between the two brothers about Ada Forster. Whether Frank thought that he might still have a chance through want of firmness on the part of the girl; or whether he considered that in keeping his brother away from home he could, at least, do himself no good; or whether, again, he resolved that he would act by his brother as a brother should act, without reference to Ada Forster, I will not attempt to say. For a day or two after the above conversation he was somewhat sullen, and did not talk freely with his brother. After that he brightened up once more, and before long the two parted on friendly terms. General Frank remained with his command, and General Tom was sent to the hospital at Alexandria, or to such hospitalities as he might be able to enjoy at Washington in his mutilated state, till that affair of his exchange had been arranged.

In spite of his brother's influence at head-quarters this could not be done in a day; nor could permission be obtained for him to go home to Kentucky till such exchange had been effected. In this way he was kept in terrible suspense for something over two months, and mid-winter was upon him before the joyful news arrived that he was free to go where he liked.

Disturbed as was the state of the country, nevertheless railways ran from Washington to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Pittsburg, from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to Frankfort. So that General Tom's journey home, though with but one leg, was made much faster, and with less difficulty, than that last journey by which he reached the old family house. And again he presented himself on Christmas-eve. Ada declared that he remained purposely at Washington, so that he might make good his last promise to the letter; but I am inclined to think that he allowed no such romantic idea as that to detain him among the amenities of Washington.

He arrived again after dark, but on this occasion did not come knocking at the back door. He had fought his fight, had done his share of the battle, and now had reason to be afraid of no one. But again it was Ada who opened the door for him. "Oh, Tom! oh, my own one!" There never was a word of question between them as to whether that unseemly crutch and still unhealed wound was to make any difference between them. General Tom found before three hours were over that he lacked the courage to suggest that he might not be acceptable to her as a lover with one leg. There are times in which girls throw off all their coyness, and are as bold in their loves as men. Such a time was this with Ada Forster. In the course of another month the elder General simply sent word to the younger that they intended to be married in May, if the war did not prevent them; and the younger General simply sent back word that his duties at Head-quarters would prevent his being present at the ceremony.

And they were married in May, though the din of war was going on around them on every side. And from that time to this the din of war is still going on, and they are in the thick of it.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

OUR correspondent with this army furnishes us with a series of illustrations of the recent operations of the Army of the Potomac, which we reproduce on pages 12 and 13. They require only a few words of explanation. The centre illustration on page 12 shows the rebel earth-works at Germania Ford, which were abandoned on the approach of Meade. The illustration at the bottom of page 12 shows Warren's troops attacking and carrying Robertson's Tavern, an old Virginia hostelry. The illustration at the top of page 12 shows the rebel line in front of Sedgwick at Mine Run. The illustrations on page 13 show the positions on Mine Run. At the top is the centre of both armies, Arnold's battery on the left; in the centre is Roe's Farm, with the Pennsylvania batteries F and G in the fore-ground; Clark Mountain in the distance at the right; this being the strong point in the enemy's position. The bottom cut on page 13 shows the cutting on the railroad opposite Warren's last position on our extreme left. The centre cut on page 13 shows the passage at Germania Ford on our return from this expedition. The remnants of the bridge on the plank road appear in the sketch.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—One evenin', as I was a sittin' by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the sticking p sez I, "Heiy, if a feller was to ask you to marry h what wud you say?" Then she laughed, and sez s "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez "Suppose it was Ned Willis?" Sez she, "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you." That kinder staggered me; but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I agen, "Suppose it was me?" And then you orter see her pout up her lip, and sez she, "I don't take no supposes." Well now, you see there was nothin' for me to do but touch the gun off. So bang it went. Sez I, "Lor, Hetty, it's me. Won't you say yes?" And then there was such a bulla-balloo in my head, I don't know 'xactly what tuk place, but I thought I heerd a yes whisperin' somewhere out of the skirmish.

An old Scotch parson, who was not only a preacher but a parson, and who on week days returned the visits which his people made to him at the kirk on Sundays, once came to the house of a parishioner, where his gentle knocking could not be heard for the noise within. Upon this he lifted the latch and walked in, saying, in a majestical way, "I should like to know who is the head of this house?" "Weel, Sir," said Sandie, "if ye bide a wee we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for Janet and I are just trying to settle that point."

Foote, sitting at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, took it up, intending to cut a slice from it. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, Sir," replied Foote; "I protest I took it for the loaf."

WE THINK THEY MAY.—May not "sweet children" of Hebrew parentage be appropriately called little *Jew*-jubes?

SWEET BREAD.—Loaf sugar.

A young Cambridge student once contended with Johnson, whom he met at Boswell's, that prosaic poetry and poetical prose must be equally good. "No, Sir," replied the Doctor; "a man may like brandy in his tea, though not tea in his brandy." The student was asked afterward what the thought of Dr. Johnson. "I think," said he, "that he is the great bear of conversation—his diction is all contradiction."

ODD.—May a large fee given to a physician be looked upon as a medical *haul*?

One of the fair daughters of Northampton was recently singing a fashionable air at a high pitch of voice, when an Irishman, who was passing by, rushed in with a look of astonishment, and exclaimed, "Sure, and I thought some one was being murthered!"

A TOUGH QUESTION AND A LUCID ANSWER.

Question. If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew be to my older brother's first cousin's son-in-law?

Answer. As your mother's mother is to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law, so is my mother's sister's aunt to your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew. Divide your mother's mother by my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law, and multiply my mother's sister's aunt by your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew, and either add or subtract—we forget which—and you will have the answer—"in the spring."

The *Baptist Chronicle* says: At an examination of girls for the rite of confirmation, in the Episcopal Church, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" the reply of a bright little theologian was, "The baby, Sir!"

"WOULD ANY GENTLEMAN *oblige* A LADY?"—Certainly not; he would endeavor to *persuade* her.

A GHOST WE SHOULD LIKE EXCESSIVELY TO SEE.—The Ghost of Crinoline.

Kansas City is a gay place, and they have queer specimens of humanity down there. If you don't believe it, read the following from the *Journal*, about a woman of doubtful loyalty, who was recently before the Provost Marshal: "She gave as an evidence of her loyalty that her husband had been killed in the One Hundred and Sixth Illinois Regiment. 'When did your husband go to Illinois?' 'About three years ago.' 'That was before the war, was it not?' 'Yes.' 'Why did you not go with him?' 'Well, I didn't like to go off so far with a man I wasn't much acquainted with.' 'You don't mean to say that your husband was so much of a stranger that you did not like to go with him?' 'Yes, I do. I had only been married to him about a year, and I wasn't going to leave my folks and go off to Illinois with a man I didn't know more about.'" What could he do but discharge her?

A thief having stolen a cup from a tavern was pursued and a great mob was raised around him. A bystander was asked what was the matter. "Nothing," was the reply; "only a poor fellow has taken a cup too much."

A ONE-DROUS PUZZLE.—Why is Big Ben an hour after noon like a startling fact?—Because it strikes one.

A *Purr*-VERSE CREATURE.—A stubborn cat.

The principal of a public school has been sending circulars to the parents, asking for a written authority to "inflict such punishment, corporal or otherwise," as may in his judgment be proper. The following answer proves that one of the parents, at least, was pleased with the idea: "Dear Sir,—Your flogging cirklar is duly receaved. I hopes, as to my sun John, you will flog him jus so often as you like. Hees a bad boy is John. Although I've been in the habit of teaching him miself, it seems to me he will never larn anithink—his spellin is speshally ottragusly deficient. Wallup him well, Sur, and you will receave my hearty thanks.—Yours, Moses Walker.—P.S. Wat accounts for John being sich a bad scoller is that he's my sun by my wife's first husband."

People often make use of the expression, "where last year's snow is." After mature consideration we have come to the conclusion that its *nowhere*!

A SEEMING CONTRADICTION.—A suitable name for a man of no energy and fickle mind would be *Mr. Percy Veer—Mr. Persevere.*

The *Christian Advocate* says: Meeting with a sick man the other day, we asked him what was the matter. "I've got the *miasma*." "Ah, indeed! And what are you taking for it?" "Oh, nothing but Cherry's *Pictorial*."—The man had the asthma and was using Cherry Pectoral; but Mrs. Partington herself could not have hit upon happier words to tell the disease and the remedy.

A gentleman who took the occasion on Sabbath last to doctor some cider, so as to keep it sweet, was taken to task by his good wife for laboring on the Sabbath. His reply was that no good Christian ought to find fault with his work on that day, as he had been doing his best to prevent his cider from *working*.

When Lord Lauderdale laughed at one of Sheridan's jests, and promised to repeat it, Sheridan begged him to refrain from doing so; "for," said he, "a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter."

Dr. Johnson was in company with a very loquacious lady, of whom he took but very little notice, and in pique she said to him, "Why, Doctor, I believe you are not very fond of the company of ladies." "You are mistaken, Madam," he replied; "I like their delicacy, I like their frivolity, and I like their silence."

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

SERGEANT SAUNDERS thought it prudent to let the emotion subside before opening the defendant's case: so he disarranged his papers, and then rearranged them as before: and, during this, a person employed by Richard Hardie went out and told him this last untoward piece of evidence. He winced: but all was overbalanced by this, that Skinner's evidence was now inadmissible in the cause. He breathed more freely.

Sergeant Saunders rose with perfect dignity and confidence, and delivered a masterly address. In less than ten minutes the whole affair took another color under that plausible tongue. The tactician began by declaring that the plaintiff was perfectly sane, and his convalescence was a matter of such joy to the defendant, that not even the cruel misinterpretation of facts and motives, to which his amiable client had been exposed, could rob him of that sacred delight. "Our case, gentlemen, is, that the plaintiff is sane, and that he owes his sanity to those prompt, wise, and benevolent measures, which *we* took eighteen months ago, at an unhappy crisis of his mind, to preserve his understanding and his property. Yes, his property, gentlemen; that property which, in a paroxysm of mania, he was going to throw away, as I shall show you by an unanswerable document. He comes here to slander us and mulct us out of five thousand pounds; but I shall show you he is already ten thousand pounds the richer for that act of ours, for which he debits us five thousand pounds, instead of crediting us twice the sum. Gentlemen, I can not, like my learned friend, call witnesses from the clouds, from the United States, and from the grave, because it has not occurred to my client, strong in the sense of his kindly and honorable intentions, to engage gentlemen from foreign parts with woolly locks, and nasal twangs, to drop in accidentally, and eke out the fatal gaps in evidence. The class of testimony we stand upon is less romantic: it does not seduce the imagination nor play upon the passions; but it is of a much higher character in sober men's eyes, especially in a court of law. I rely, not on witnesses dropped from the clouds, and the stars, and the stripes—to order, nor even on the prejudiced statements of friends and sweet-hearts, who always swear from the heart rather than from the head and the conscience; but on the calm testimony of indifferent men, and on written documents furnished by the plaintiff, and on contemporaneous entries in the books of the asylum, which entries formally describe the plaintiff's acts, and were put down at the time—at the time, gentlemen—with no idea of a trial at law to come, but in compliance with the very proper provisions of a wise and salutary Act. I shall also lay before you the evidence of the medical witnesses who signed the certificates, men of probity and honor, and who have made these subtle maladies of the mind the special study of their whole life. I shall also call the family doctor, who has known the plaintiff and his ailments, bodily and mental, for many years, and communicated his suspicions to one of the first psychological physicians of the age, declining, with a modesty which we, who know less of insanity than he does, would do well to imitate—declining, I say, to pronounce a positive opinion unfavorable to the plaintiff, till he should have compared notes with this learned man, and profited by his vast experience."

In this strain he continued for a good hour, until the defendant's case seemed to be a thing of granite. His oration ended, he called a string of witnesses: every one of whom bore the learned counsel out by his evidence in chief.

But here came the grand distinction between the defendant's case and the plaintiff's. Cross-examination had hardly shaken the plaintiff's witnesses: it literally dissolved the defendant's. Osmond was called, and proved Alfred's headaches and pallor, and his own suspicions. But then Colt forced him to admit that many young people had headaches without going mad, and were pale when thwarted in love, without going mad: and that as to the £14,000 and the phantom he *knew* nothing, but had taken all that for granted on Mr. Richard Hardie's word.

Dr. Wycherley deposed to Alfred's being insane and abnormally irritable, and under a pecuniary illusion, as stated in his certificate: and to his own vast experience. But the fire of cross-examination melted all his polysyllables into guess-work and hearsay. It melted out of him that he, a stranger, had intruded on the young man's privacy, and had burst into a most delicate topic, his disagreement with his father, and so had himself created the very irritation he had set down to madness. He also had to admit that he knew nothing about the £14,000 or the phantom, but had taken for granted the young man's own father, who consulted him, was not telling him a deliberate and wicked falsehood.

Colt.—In short, Sir, you were retained to make the man out insane, just as my learned friend there is retained.

Wycherley.—I think, Sir, it would not be consistent with the dignity of my profession to notice that comparison.

Colt.—I leave defendant's counsel to thank you for that. Come, never mind *dignity;* let us have a little *truth.* Is it consistent with your dignity to tell us whether the keepers of private asylums pay you a commission for all the patients you consign to durance vile by your certificates?

Dr. Wycherley fenced with this question, but the remorseless Colt only kept him longer under torture, and dragged out of him that he received fifteen per cent. from the asylum keepers for every patient he wrote insane; and that he had an income of eight hundred pounds a year from that source alone. This, of course, was the very thing to prejudice a jury against the defense: and Colt's art was to keep to their level.

Speers, cross-examined, failed to conceal that he was a mere tool of Wycherley's, and had signed in manifest collusion, adhering to the letter of the statute, but violating its spirit: for certainly, the act never intended by "separate examination," that two doctors should come into the passage, and walk into the room alternately, then reunite, and do the signing as agreed before they ever saw the patient. As to the illusion about the fourteen thousand pounds, Speers owned that the plaintiff had not uttered a word about the subject, but had peremptorily declined it. He had to confess, too, that he had taken for granted Dr. Wycherley was correctly informed about the said illusion.

"In short," said the judge, interposing, "Dr. Wycherley took the very thing for granted which it was his duty to ascertain: and you, Sir, not to be behind Dr. Wycherley, took the thing for granted at second-hand." And when Speers had left the box, he said to Sergeant Saunders, "If this case is to be defended seriously, you had better call Mr. Richard Hardie without further delay."

"It is my wish, my lud; but I am sorry to say he is in the country very ill; and I have no hope of seeing him here to-morrow."

"Oh, well; so that you *do* call him. I shall not lay hearsay before the jury: hearsay gathered from Mr. Richard Hardie—whom you will call in person if the reports he has circulated have any basis whatever in truth."

Mr. Saunders said, coolly, "Mr. Richard Hardie is not the defendant," and flowed on; nor would any but a lawyer have suspected what a terrible stab the judge had given him so quietly.

The surgeon of Silverton House was then sworn, and produced the case book; and there stood the entries which had been so fatal to Alfred with the visiting justices. Suicide, homicide, self-starvation. But the plaintiff got to Mr. Colt with a piece of paper, on which he had written his view of all this, and cross-examination dissolved the suicide and homicide into a spirited attempt to escape and resist a false imprisonment. As for the self-starvation, Colt elicited that Alfred had eaten at six o'clock though not at two. "And pray, Sir," said he, contemptuously, to the witness, "do you never stir out of a mad-house? Do you imagine that gentlemen in their senses dine at two o'clock in the nineteenth century?"

"No. I don't say that."

"What *do* you say, then? Is forcible imprisonment of a bridegroom in a mad-house the thing to give a *gentleman* a *factitious* appetite at *your* barbarous dinner-hour?"

In a word, Colt was rough with this witness, and nearly smashed him. Saunders fought gallantly on, and put in Lawyer Crawford with his draft of the insane deed, as he called it, by which the erotic monomaniac Alfred divested himself of all his money in favor of the Dodds. There was no dissolving this deed away; and Crawford swore he had entreated the plaintiff not to insist on his drawing so unheard-of a document; but opposition or question seemed to irritate his client so that he had complied, and the deed was to have been signed on the wedding-day.

All the lawyers present thought this looked really mad. Fancy a man signing away his property to his wife's relatives! The court, which had already sat long beyond the usual time, broke up, leaving the defendant with this advantage. Alfred Hardie and his friends made a little knot in the hall outside, and talked excitedly over the incidents of the trial. Mr. Compton introduced Fullalove and Vespasian. They all shook hands with this, and thanked them warmly for the timely and most unexpected aid. But Green and a myrmidon broke in upon their conversation. "I am down on Mr. Barkington, alias Noah Skinner. It isn't very far from here, if you will follow me." Green was as excited as a fox-hound when Pug has begun to trail his brush; the more so that another client of his wanted Noah Skinner; and so the detective was doing a double stroke of business. He led the way; it was dry, and they all went in pairs after him into the back slums of Westminster: and a pretty part that is.

Now as they went along Alfred hung behind with Julia, and asked her what on earth she meant by swearing that it was all over between her and him. "Why, your last letter was full of love, dearest; what could you be thinking of to say that?"

She shook her head sadly, and revealed to him, with many prayers for forgiveness, that she had been playing a part of late: that she had concealed her father's death from him, and the fatal barrier interposed. "I was afraid you would be disheartened, and lose your first class, and perhaps your trial. But you are safe now, dear Alfred; I am sure the judge sees through them; for I have studied him for you. I know his face by heart, and all his looks and what they mean. My Alfred will be cleared of this wicked slander, and happy with some one—Ah!"

"Yes, I mean to be happy with some one," said Alfred. "I am not one of your self-sacrificing fools. You shall not sacrifice me to your mother's injustice nor to the caprices of fate. We love one another; but you would immolate me for the pleasure of immolating yourself. Don't provoke me, or I'll carry you off by force. I swear it, by Him who made us both."

"Dearest, how wildly you talk." She hung her head, and had a guilty thrill. She could not help thinking that eccentric little measure would relieve her of the sin of disobedience.

"I'll do it too," said he. "I'm not a man to be beat."

After uttering this doughty resolution he was quite silent, and they went sadly side by side; so dear, so near, yet always some infernal thing or other coming between them. They reached a passage in a miserable street. At the mouth stood two of Green's men, planted there to follow Skinner should he go out: but they reported all quiet. "Bring the old gentleman up," said Green. "I appointed him six o'clock, and it's on the stroke." He then descended the passage, and striking a light led the way up a high stair. Skinner lived on the fifth story. Green tapped at his door. "Mr. Barkington."

No reply.

"Mr. Barkington, I've brought you some money."

No reply.

"Perhaps he is not at home," said Mr. Compton.

"Oh yes, Sir, I sent a sharp boy up, and he picked the paper out of the keyhole and saw him sitting reading."

He then applied his own eye to the keyhole. "I see something black," said he, "I think he suspects."

While he hesitated, they became conscious of a pungent vapor stealing through the now open keyhole.

"Hallo!" said Green, "What is this?"

Fullalove observed coolly that Mr. Skinner's lungs must be peculiarly made if he could breathe in that atmosphere. "If you want to see him alive, let me open the door."

"There's something amiss here," said Green, gravely.

At that Fullalove whipped out a tool no bigger than a nut-cracker, forced the edge in, and sent the door flying open. The room or den was full of an acrid vapor, and close to them sat he they sought motionless.

"Keep the lady back," cried Green, and threw the vivid light of his bull's-eye on a strange, grotesque, and ghastly scene. The floor was covered with bright sovereigns that glittered in the lamp-light. On the table was an open book, and a candle quite burned down: the grease had run into a circle.

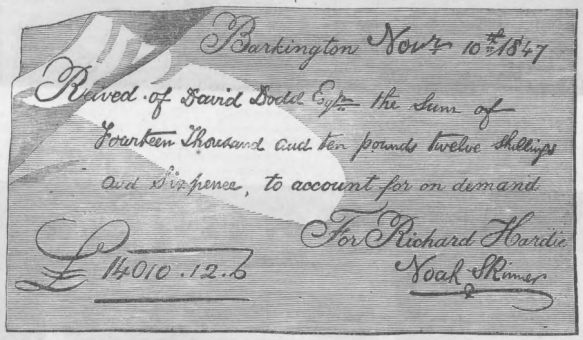
And as was that grease to the expired light, so was the thing that sat there in human form to the Noah Skinner they had come to seek. Dead this many a day of charcoal fumes, but preserved from decomposition by those very fumes, sat Noah Skinner, dried into bones and leather, waiting for them with his own Hard Cash, and with theirs: for, creeping awe-struck round that mummified figure seated dead on his pool of sovereigns, they soon noticed in his left hand a paper: it was discolored by the vapor, and part hid by the dead thumb; but thus much shone out clear and amazing, that it was a banker's receipt to David Dodd, Esq., for £14,000, drawn at Barkington, and signed for Richard Hardie by Noah Skinner. Julia had drawn back, and was hiding her face; but soon curiosity struggled with awe in the others: they peeped at the Receipt; they touched the weird figure. Its yellow skin sounded like a drum, and its joints creaked like a puppet's. At last Compton suggested that Edward Dodd ought to secure that valuable document.

"No, no," said Edward: "it is too like robbing the dead."

"Then I will," said Compton.

But he found the dead thumb and finger would not part with the receipt; then, as a trifle turns the scale, he hesitated in turn: and all but Julia stood motionless, round the body that held the Receipt, the soul of the lost Cash, and yet still, as in life, seemed loth to part with it.

Then Fullalove came beside the arm-chair, and said, "I'm a man from foreign parts; I have no interest here but justice: and justice I'll dew." He took the dead arm, and the joint creaked: he applied the same lever to the bone and parchment hand he had to the door: it creaked too, but more faintly, and opened and let out this:



A stately foot came up the stair, but no one heard it. All were absorbed in the strange weird sight, and this great stroke of fate; or of Providence.

"This is yours, I reckon," said Fullalove, and handed it to Edward.

"No, no!" said Compton. "See: I've just found a will, bequeathing all he has in the world with his blessing, to Miss Julia Dodd. These sovereigns are yours, then. But above all, the paper: as your legal adviser, I insist on your taking it immediately. Possession is nine points. However, it is actually yours, in virtue of this bequest."

A solemn, passionless voice seemed to fall on them from the clouds,

"NO; IT IS MINE."

CHAPTER LVII.

JUST before noon next day, on board the *Vulture*, the bell on which the half hours are struck was tolled slowly to collect the ship's company; and soon the gangways and booms were crowded, and even the yards were manned with sailors, collected to see their shipmate committed to the deep. Next came the lieutenants and midshipmen and stood reverently on the deck: the body was brought and placed on a grating. Then, all heads being uncovered below and aloft, the chaplain read the solemn service of the dead.

Many tears were shed by the rough sailors, the more so that to most of them, though not to the officers, it was now known that poor Billy had not always been before the mast, but had seen better days, and commanded vessels, and saved lives; and now he had lost his own.

The service is the same as ashore, with this exception: that the words "We commit his body to the ground, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," etc., are altered at sea, thus: "We commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come." At these words the body is allowed to glide off the grating into the sea. The chaplain's solemn voice drew near those very words, and the tears of pity fell faster; and Georgie White, an affectionate boy, sobbed violently, and shivered beforehand at the sullen plunge that he knew would soon come, and then he should see no more poor Billy who had given his life for his.

At this moment the captain came flying on deck, and, jumping on to a gun, cried sharply, "Avast! Haul that body aboard."

The sharp voice of command cut across the solemn words and tones in the most startling way. The chaplain closed his book with a look of amazement and indignation: the sailors stared, and for the first time did not obey an order. To be sure it was one they had never heard before. Then the captain got angry, and repeated his command louder; and the body was almost jerked in board.

"Carry him to my cabin; and uncover his face."

By this time nothing could surprise Jackey Tar. Four sailors executed the order promptly.

"Bosen, pipe to duty."

While the men were dispersing to their several stations, Captain Bazalgette apologized to the chaplain, and explained to him and to the officers. But I give his explanation in my own words. Finding the ship quiet, the purser went to the captain down below, and asked him coolly what entry he should make in the ship's books about this William Thompson, who was no more William Thompson than he was. "What do you mean?" said the captain. Then the purser told him that Thompson's mess-mates, in preparing him last night for interment, had found a little bag round his neck, and inside it a medal of the Humane Society, and a slip of paper written on in a lady's hand; then they had sent for him; and he had seen at once that this was a mysterious case: this lady spoke of him as her husband, and skipper of a merchant vessel.

"What is that?" roared the captain, who hitherto had listened with scarce half an ear.

"Skipper of a merchant vessel, Sir, as sure as you command her Majesty's frigate *Vulture:* and then we found his shirt marked with the same name as the lady's."

"What was the lady's name?"

"Lucy Dodd; and David Dodd is on the shirt."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" cried the captain.

"Didn't know it till last night."

"Why it is twelve o'clock. They are burying him."

"Yes, Sir."

"Lucy would never forgive me," cried the captain. And to the purser's utter amazement he clapped on his cocked hat, and flew out of the cabin on the errand I have described.

He now descended to the cabin and looked: a glance was enough: there lay the kindly face that had been his friend man and boy.

He hid his own with his hands, and moaned. He cursed his own blindness and stupidity in not recognizing that face among a thousand. In this he was unjust to himself. David had never looked *himself* till now.

He sent for the surgeon, and told him the whole sad story: and asked him what could be done. His poor cousin Lucy had more than once expressed her horror of interment at sea. "It is very hot," said he; "but surely you must know some way of keeping him till we land in New Zealand: curse these flies; how they bite!"

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The surgeon's eyes sparkled; he happened to be an enthusiast in the art of embalming. "Keep him to New Zealand?" said he contemptuously. "I'll embalm him so that he shall go to England looking just as he does now—by-the-by, I never saw a drowned man keep his color so well before—ay, and two thousand years after that, if you don't mind the expense."

"The expense! I don't care if it cost me a year's pay. I think of nothing but repairing my blunder as far as I can."

The surgeon was delighted. Standing over his subject, who lay on the captain's table, he told that officer how he should proceed. "I have all the syringes," he said; "a capital collection. I shall inject the veins with care and patience; then I shall remove the brain and the viscera, and provided I'm not stinted in arsenic and spices—"

"I give you carte blanche on the purser: make your preparations and send for him. Don't tell me how you do it; but do it. I must write and tell poor Lucy I have got him, and am bringing him home to her—dead."

The surgeon was gone about a quarter of an hour; he then returned with two men to remove the body, and found the captain still writing his letter, very sorrowful: but now and then slapping his face or leg with a hearty curse as the flies stung him.

The surgeon beckoned the men in softly, and pointed to the body, for them to carry it out.

Now, as he pointed, his eye following his finger, fell on something that struck that experienced eye as incredible: he uttered an exclamation of astonishment so loud that the captain looked up directly from his letter; and saw him standing with his finger pointing at the corpse, and his eyes staring astonishment. "What now?" said the captain, and rose from his seat.

"Look! look! look!"

The captain came and looked, and said he saw nothing at all.

"The fly; the fly!" cried the surgeon.

"Yes, I see one of them has been biting him; for there's a little blood trickling. Poor fellow!"

"A dead man can't bleed from the small veins in his skin," said the man of art. "He is alive, captain, he is alive, as sure as we stand here, and God's above. That little insect was wiser than us; he is alive."

"Jackson, don't trifle with me, or I'll hang you at the yard-arm. God bless you, Jackson! Is it really possible? Run some of you; get a mirror; I have heard that is a test."

"Mirror be hanged. Doctor Fly knows his business."

All was now flutter and bustle: and various attempts were made to resuscitate David, but all in vain. At last the surgeon had an idea. "This man was never drowned at all," said he: "I am sure of it. This is catalepsy. He may lie this way for a week. But dead he is not. I'll try the douche." David was then by his orders stripped, and carried to a place where they could turn a water-cock on him from a height; and the surgeon had soon the happiness of pointing out to the captain a slight blush on David's skin in parts, caused by the falling water. All doubt ceased with this: the only fear was lest they should shake out the trembling life by rough usage. They laid him on his stomach, and with a bellows and pipe so acted on the lungs that at last a genuine sigh issued from the patient's breast. Then they put him in a warm bed, and applied stimulants; and by slow degrees the eyelids began to wink, the eyes to look more mellow, the respiration to strengthen, the heart to beat: "Patience, now," said the surgeon, "patience, and lots of air."

Patience was rewarded. Just four hours after the first treatment, a voice, faint but calm and genial, issued from the bed on their astonished ears, "Good-morning to you all."

They kept very quiet. In about five minutes more the voice broke out again, calm and sonorous.

"WHERE IS MY MONEY? MY FOURTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS."

These words set them all looking at one another; and very much puzzled the surgeon: they were delivered with such sobriety and conviction. "Captain," he whispered, "ask him if he knows you."

"David," said the captain, kindly, "do you know me?"

David looked at him earnestly, and his old kindly smile broke out, "Know ye, ye dog," said he, "why you are my cousin Reginald. And how came you into this thundering Bank? I hope you have got no money here. Ware land sharks!"

"We are not in a Bank, David; we are on board my ship."

"The deuce we are. But where's my money?"

"Oh, we'll talk about that by-and-by."

The surgeon stepped forward and said, soothingly, "You have been very ill, Sir. You have had a fit."

"I believe you are right," said David, thoughtfully.

"Will you allow me to examine your eye?"

"Certainly, doctor."

The surgeon examined David's eye with his thumb and finger; and then looked into it to see how the pupil dilated and contracted.

He rubbed his hands after this examination; "More good news, captain!" then lowering his voice, "*Your friend is as sane as I am.*"

The surgeon was right. A shock had brought back the reason a shock had taken away. But how or why I know no more than the child unborn. The surgeon wrote a learned paper, and explained the whole most ingeniously. I don't believe one word of his explanation, and can't better it, so confine myself to the phenomena. Being now sane, the boundary wall of his memory was shifted. He remembered his whole life up to his demanding his cash back of Richard Hardie: and there his reawakened mind stopped dead short. Being asked if he knew William Thompson, he said, "Yes, perfectly. The man was a foretopman on board the *Agra*, and rather a smart hand. The ship being aground, he came on to sea on a piano: but we cut the hawser and he got safe ashore." His recovered reason rejected with contempt as an idle dream all that had happened while that reason was in defect. The last phenomena I have to record were bodily; one was noted by Mr. Georgie White in these terms: "Billy's eyes used to be like a seal's: but now he is a great gentleman they are like yours and mine." The other was more singular: with his recovered reason came his first gray hair, and in one fortnight it was all as white as snow."

He remained a fortnight on board the *Vulture*, beloved by high and low. He walked the quarter-deck in the dress of a private gentleman, but looking like an admiral. The sailors touched their hats to him with a strange mixture of veneration and jocoseness. They called him among themselves Commodore Billy. He was supplied with funds by Reginald, and put on board a merchant-ship bound for England. He landed, and went straight to Barkington. There he heard his family were in London. He came back to London, and sought them; a friend told him of Green; he went to him, and of course Green saw directly who he was. But able men don't cut business short; he gravely accepted David's commission to find him Mrs. Dodd. Finding him so confident David asked him if he thought he could find Richard Hardie, or his clerk, Noah Skinner; both of whom had levanted from Barkington. Green, who was on a hot scent as to Skinner, demurely accepted both commissions, and appointed David to meet him at a certain place at six.

He came; he found Green's man, who took him up stairs, and there was that excited group determining the ownership of the receipt.

Now to David that receipt was a thing of yesterday. "It is mine," said he. They all turned to look at this man, with sober, passionless voice, and hair of snow. A keen cry from Julia's heart made every heart there quiver, and in a moment she was clinging and sobbing on her father's neck. Edward could only get his hand and press and kiss it. Instinct told them Heaven had given them their father back mind and all.

Ere the joy and the emotion had calmed themselves, Alfred Hardie stepped out and ran like a deer to Pembroke Street.

Those who were so strangely reunited could not part for a long time, even to go down the stairs one by one.

David was the first to recover his composure: indeed, great tranquillity of spirit had ever since his cure been a remarkable characteristic of this man's nature. His passing mania seemed to have burnt out all his impetuosity, leaving him singularly sober, calm, and self-governed.

Mr. Compton took the money and the will, and promised the executrix Skinner should be decently interred and all his debts paid out of the estate. He would look in at 66 by-and-by.

And now a happy party wended their way toward Pembroke Street.

But Alfred was beforehand with them: he went boldly up the stairs, and actually surprised Mrs. Dodd and Sampson together.

At sight of him she rose, made him a low courtesy, and beat a retreat. He whipped to the door, and set his back against it. "No," said he, saucily.

She drew back astonished, and the color mounted in her pale face. "What, Sir, would you detain me by force?"

"And no mistake," said the audacious boy. "How else can I detain you? when you hate me so?" She began to peep into his sparkling eyes to see the reason of this strange conduct.

"C'way from the door, ye vagabin," said Sampson.

"No, no, my friend," said Mrs. Dodd, trembling, and still peering into his sparkling eyes. "Mr. Alfred Hardie is a gentleman at all events: he would not take this liberty with me, unless he had some excuse for it."

"You are wonderfully shrewd, mamma," said Alfred, admiringly. "The excuse is I don't hate you as you hate me; and I am very happy."

"Why do you call me mamma to-day? Oh doctor, he calls me mamma."

"Th' audacious vagabin."

"No, no, I can not think he would call me that unless he had some good news for us both."

"What good news can he have, except that his trial is going well, and you don't care for that."

"Oh, how can you say so? I care for all that concerns him: he would not come here to insult my misery with his happiness. He is noble, he is generous, with all his faults. How dare you call me mamma, Sir! Call it me again, my dear child: because then I shall *know* you are come to save my heart from breaking." And with this, the truth must be told, the stately Mrs. Dodd did fawn upon Alfred with palms outstretched and piteous eyes, and all the cajoling arts of her sex.

"Give me a kiss then, mamma," said the impudent boy, "and I *will* tell you a little bit of good news."

She paid the required tribute with servile humility and readiness.

"Well, then," said Alfred, and was just going to tell her all, but caught sight of Sampson making the most expressive pantomime to him to be cautious. "Well," said he, "I have seen a sailor."

"Ah!"

"And he is sure Mr. Dodd is alive."

Mrs. Dodd lifted her hands to heaven, but could not speak. "In fact," said Alfred, hesitating (for he was a wretched hand at a fib), "he saw him not a fortnight ago on board ship. But that is not all, mamma, the sailor says he has his reason."

Mrs. Dodd sank on her knees, and said no word to man, but many to the Giver of all good. When she arose she said to Alfred: "Bring this sailor to me. I must speak with him directly."

Alfred colored. "I don't know where to find him just now."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly: and this excited her suspicion: and from that moment the cunning creature lay in wait for Master Alfred. She plied him with questions, and he got more and more puzzled how to sustain his story. At last, by way of bursting out of his own net, he said, "But I am sorry to say his hair has turned white. But perhaps you won't mind that."

"And he hadn't a gray hair."

"It is not gray, like the doctor's; it is white as the driven snow."

Mrs. Dodd sighed; then suddenly turning on Alfred, asked him, "Did the sailor tell you that?"

He hesitated a moment and was lost.

"You have seen him," she screamed: "he is in London: he is in the house. I feel him near me:" and she went into something very like hysterics. Alfred was alarmed, and whispered the truth. The doctor sent him off to meet them, and recommended caution: her nerves were in such a state a violent shock, even of happiness, might kill her.

Thus warned, Julia came into the room alone, and while Dr. Sampson was inculcating self-restraint for her own sake, she listened with a superior smile, and took quite a different line. "Mamma," said she, "he is in the town: but I dare not bring him here till you are composed: his reason is restored; but his nerves are not so strong as they were; now, if you agitate yourself you will agitate him, and will do him a serious mischief."

This crafty speech produced an incredible effect on Mrs. Dodd. It calmed her directly: or rather, her great love gave her strength to be calm. "I will not be such a wretch," she said. "See I am composed, quite composed. Bring me my darling, and you shall see how good I will be: there now, Julia, see how calm I am, quite calm. What, have I borne so much misery, with Heaven's help, and do you think I can not bear this great happiness, for my dear darling's sake?"

On this they proposed she should retire to her room, and they would go for David.

"Think over the meeting, dear, dear mamma," said Julia, "and then you will behave well for his sake, who was lost to us and is found"

Husband and wife met alone in Mrs. Dodd's room. No eye, even of the children, ventured to witness a scene so strange, so sacred. We may try and imagine that meeting; but few of us can conceive it by the light of our narrow experience. Yet one or two there may be; the world is so wide, and the adventures and emotions of our race so many.

One by one all were had up to that sacred room to talk to the happy pair. They found David seated calmly at his wife's feet, her soft hand laid on his white hair, lest he should leave her again: and they told him all the sorrow behind them; and he, genial and kindly as ever, told them all the happiness before them. He spoke like the master of the house, the father of the family, the friend of them all.

But with all his goodness he was sternly resolved to have his £14,000 out of Richard Hardie. He had an interview with Mr. Compton that very night, and the lawyer wrote a letter to Mr. Hardie, saying nothing about the death of Skinner, but saying that his client, Captain Dodd, had recovered from Noah Skipner the receipt No. 17 for £14,010 12*s.* 6*d.*, and he was instructed to sue for it unless repaid immediately. He added Captain Dodd was mercifully restored, and remembered distinctly every particular of the transaction.

SAILING IN THE AIR.

IF we may believe the poets and fabulists, the idea of sailing in the air is no new one. Every school-boy knows the story of Dædalus and his son Icarus, and the wings made of feathers stuck together by wax, with which they attempted to fly over-sea from Crete to Sicily. These, it is said, worked well, only too well in the case of Icarus, for taking an upward flight he approached so near the sun that the wax melted, the wings came apart, and the son fell into the sea and was drowned, while the father, keeping nearer the earth, made good his flight. The story is a fable, upon the explanation of which sundry learned treatises have been written. But sometime in the eleventh century Oliver de Malmerburq, an English Benedictine, undertook to play the part of Dædalus; he fitted himself with a pair of wings with which he flew a hundred yards, but came down breaking his thigh. "This accident would never have happened," he said, "if I had only thought of putting on a tail." However, he did not try the experiment again, with or without a tail. Toward the close of the eleventh century Jean-Baptiste Dante, a French mathematician, tried the same thing with the same result—a broken leg. About the time of the Restoration the Marquis de Bacqueville fixed wings to his legs and arms, and launched himself from the balcony of his hotel, situated on the quay at Paris, intending to fly to the Tuileries. He came down upon a washer-woman's boat in the river, and also broke his leg. So much for wings fixed to the body.

Meanwhile another kind of aerial apparatus had been invented by Besnier, a French shoemaker. It consisted of a couple of poles, with a frame-work covered with silk at each end; these were strapped to the shoulders, and moved up and down by the hands and feet. The *Journal des Savants*, for 1678, relates that he went above the roofs of the houses, but says nothing of the sad fall which he got.

In 1809, Degen, a German residing in Paris, invented a complex machine, consisting of a kite, a balloon, and an inclined platform to resist the air and give a working place for the aeronaut. He tried this in the Champ-de-Mars, and got for his pains a sound cudgeling from the spectators, who thought themselves humbugged by the would-be aeronaut who could not raise himself an inch from the ground.

In 1772 the Abbé Desforges made an aerial machine, consisting of a boat with wings hinged to the sides and moved by a crank. On the day of trial he tugged away at his crank, the wings flapped vigorously, but the boat would not budge. It remained immovable on the top of the tower where the experiment was performed.

In 1777 the brothers Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier, of Annonay, in France, having read Priestley's work on "Different Species of Air," conceived the idea of sailing in the air. They made a balloon of paper, which was inflated by a fire lighted within, which rarefied the air in the balloon, making it specifically lighter than the surrounding atmosphere. The first ascension was made about the close of the year 1783. The balloon carried up Pilatre de Rosiers and the Marquis d'Arlande, who thus made the whole circuit of Paris. On the 1st of December following the art of aerostation was fairly created. M. Charles, a clever physician, in company with one of the brothers Robert, went up in a balloon of silk, coated with gum, and inflated with hydrogen gas. They reached a height of some 15,000 feet, descending several times during the voyage. The descents and ascents were accomplished by letting off gas and throwing over ballast.

The balloon invented by Montgolfier, and improved by Charles, having given the power of ascent and descent, men began to hope that means could be contrived for directing the passage through the air. Oars were first tried. On the 2d of March, 1784, Blanchard went up in a car suspended from a balloon, furnished with oars and rudder, and was seen voyaging backward and forward. He boasted that he had sailed against the wind; but it was demonstrated that he had only availed himself of different currents at various elevations. Sundry other experiments to the same purpose are on record. Among these was that of Alban (shown in Figure 1). His plan consisted of a number of rotary oars, not unlike the sails of a wind-mill. This worked tolerably in calm weather. However, the French Academy pronounced the idea impracticable, and ceased its experiments.

We come to the systems which are now actually proposed. First is that of Petin (Figure 2). This consists of four balloons mounted on a large platform. The floor of this is made like a Venetian shutter, so as to offer more or less resistance to the ascent. Sails and "screws" are the means of propulsion. This plan has never been actually tried.—Mr. Henin's "reversed parachute" (Figure 3) has only sails fixed to the balloon and car. The parachute below the car is designed to moderate the rate of ascent, and to aid the action of the wind upon the sails, which are managed as on a vessel.—The system of Mr. Helle (Figure 4) is a combination of "fans" and "screws," moved by a couple of men below the car.

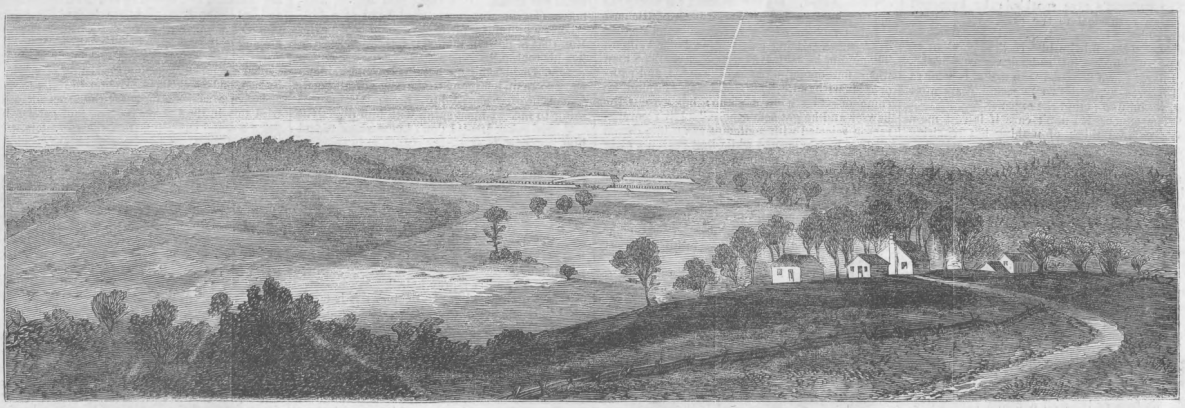
M.M. Julien and Sanson have given up the spherical form of the balloon as presenting too large a surface, and offering too great resistance to the wind, and have adopted (Figure 5) an elongated shape, something like that of a fish. In Julien's balloon the "screws" are placed not under the car, but at the centre of resistance, beneath the balloon. A little balloon of this kind, in which the "screws" were moved by clock-work, was put in operation at the Hippodrome some years ago. It moved against the wind, and seemed to demonstrate that the fish-form was the one for aerial navigation; and many competent judges thought that with adequate motive power Julien would be able to overcome the currents of the atmosphere. Jarcot's system (Figure 6) has not, we believe, been tried practically. M. Teisol's project of a balloon drawn by birds (Figure 7) is ingenious. If it succeeds, we shall be happy to record the fact. M. Moreau-Seguin has projected a "captive-balloon" (Figure 8), the object of which is to give timid persons the advantage of an air voyage. This is to be moved by a locomotive on land. Who knows whether this may not turn out a profitable speculation in somebody's hands?

M. Le Vicomte de Ponton d'Amécourt, finding in the great surface of a balloon the chief obstacle to aerial navigation, has propounded a system of which M. Nadar is the expounder. His design (Figure 9) stands at the head of our picture. Nadar's "Helicoptère" is composed of two screws placed horizontally on a vertical axis. When revolving, the wings strike the air obliquely, and send the machine up. For steering there is the third screw placed horizontally, with the axis perhaps oblique to those of the vertical screws. The motive power is furnished by a steam-engine specially designed for the purpose. M. Nadar, in order to raise funds to try this system practically, is now making the tour of Europe with his monster-balloon. If he raises the funds, we shall not be sorry; if he raises the machine, we shall be more than delighted.

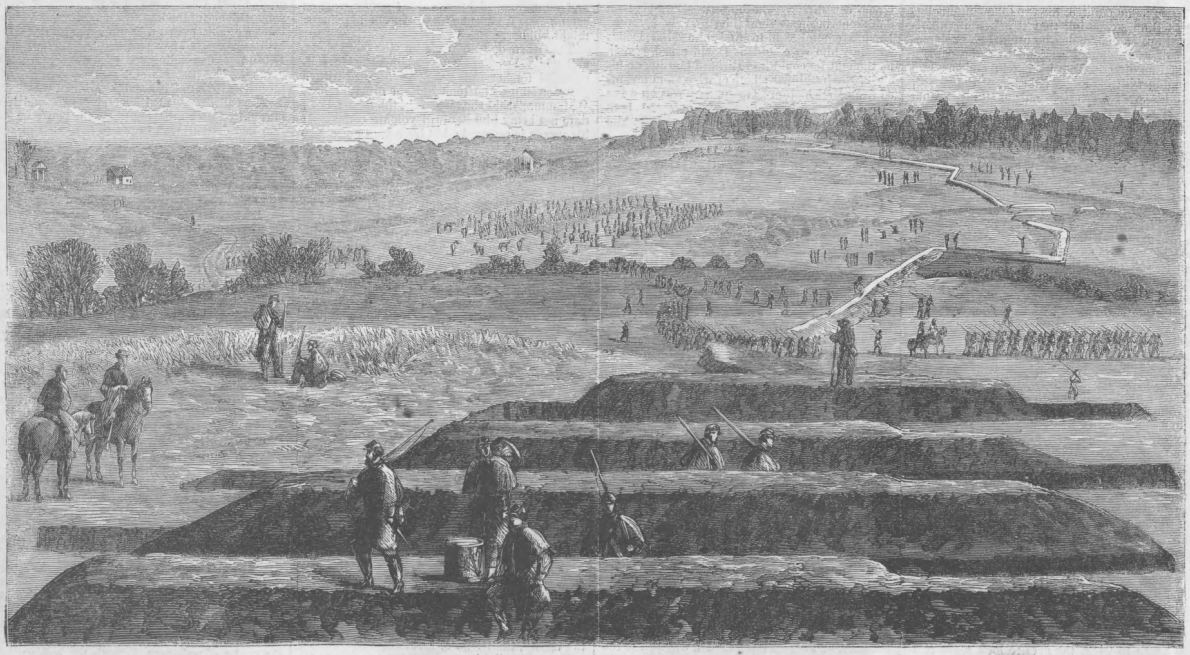
ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

PAGE 4 contains an illustration from a drawing by our correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the affair, of GENERAL BAIRD'S DIVISION CAPTURING THE REBEL GUNS AT MISSIONARY RIDGE. Our artist writes that "the twilight was just perceptible as this gallant division gained the crest, Baird's right joining Wood's left. The ridge is steep, and was only carried by the most determined gallantry. After gaining the crest the division swept to the left, where the fight lasted till long after dark, the rebels making desperate but unavailing efforts to carry off their guns."

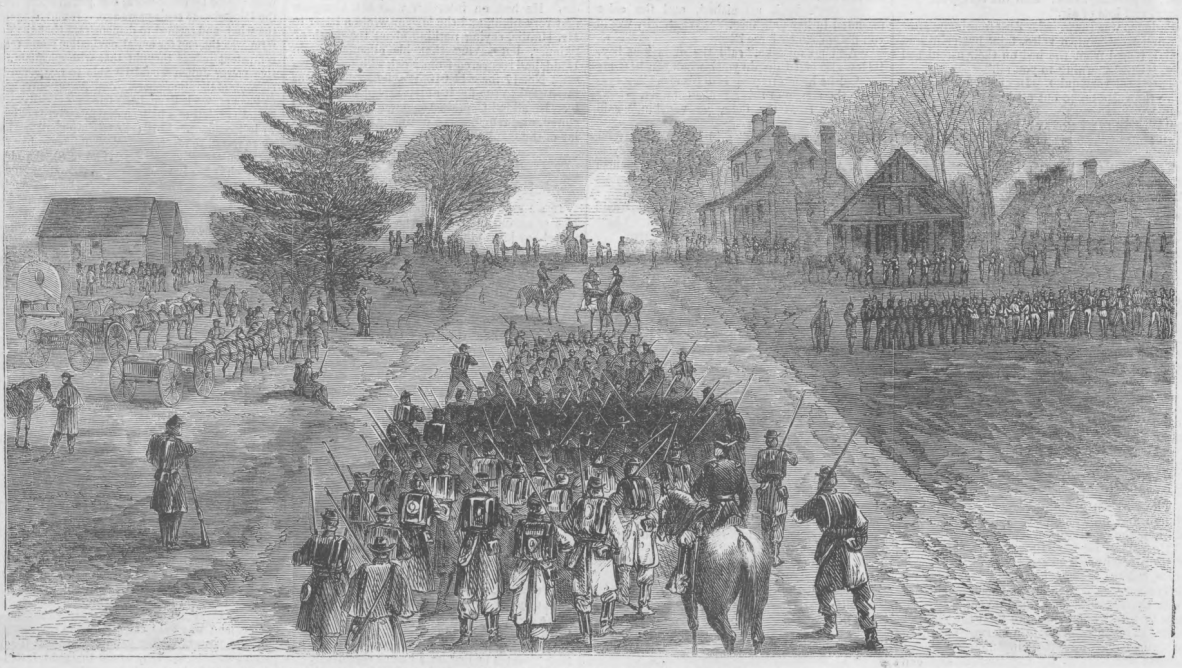
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THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT MINE RUN—REBEL LINE IN FRONT OF GENERAL SEDGWICK.

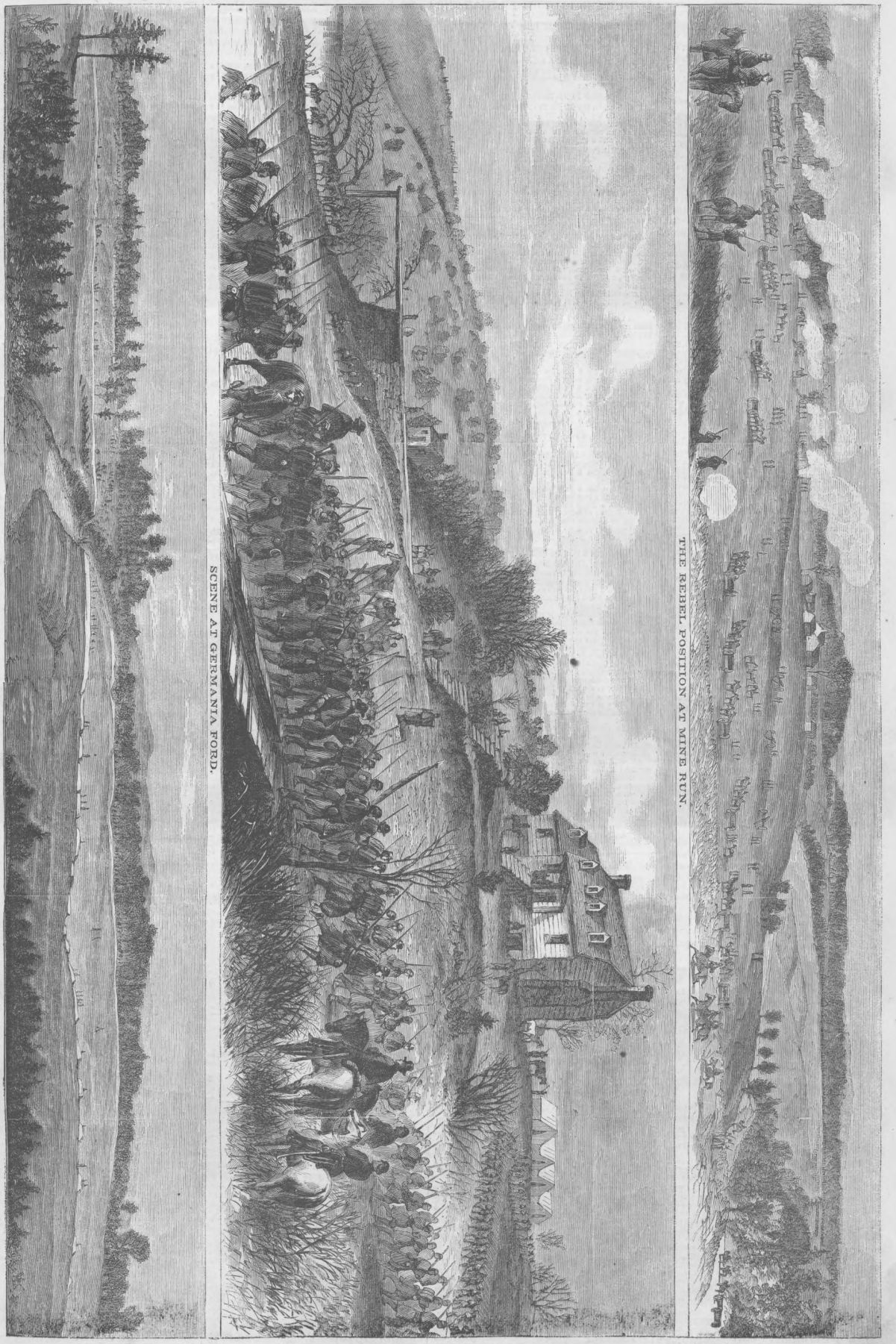


THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT MINE RUN—REBEL EARTH-WORKS COMMANDING THE PASSAGE AT GERMANIA FORD.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT MINE RUN—GENERAL WARREN'S TROOPS ATTACKING.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD. [SEE PAGE 7.]

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THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—REBEL LINE AT MINE RUN, OPPOSITE GENERAL WARREN'S LAST POSITION—SKETCHED BY A. E. WARD—[SEE PAGE 7.]

SCENE AT GERMANIA FORD.

THE REBEL POSITION AT MINE RUN.

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MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

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For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

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We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Aneres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

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H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES,** Ropes, **CORDAGE,** and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP,** Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Loom Cord and Sargeants Paper Writing and Wrapping **PAPER,** Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

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THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,

MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description,* viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $13, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
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SMOKING CASE.



A Beautiful Holiday Gift.

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case,* containing *Pipe* and *Stem,* Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case.* It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved.* Nothing can excel its *Comfort, Utility,* and *Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. FOR THE SOLDIER OF ALL RANKS, *in Camp or on the March,* IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders,* with commendation from all points IN THE ARMY, daily attest this fact.

Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**

Of *superior quality and flavor,* in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking, $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and SUTLERS invited to *call* and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail, *paid,* on receipt of *price* and 25 cents.

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Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 202 Fulton St., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

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Boiling—Frying—Stewing—Steeping—with the flame that lights the room.

* * * * By the flame of a common lamp, at the cost of a cent's worth of oil, a very comfortable breakfast can be cooked. * * * *N. Y. Tribune.*

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* * * Fish's Lamp is one of the most popular novelties of the day, * * * the utility of it is unquestionable, a great saving is made in heating and cooking small articles, and can be made to cook meals for a great many persons, which is actually done on the ambulance cars which carry the sick soldiers. * * * *Scientific American.*

* * * * *For family use, hospital, tent, barrack, picnics, fishing, nursery or sick room, it is an article of comfort begond all proportion to its cost.* * * * * *Hall's Journal of Health.*

* * * I have tried the Apparatus, and my wife and I proclaim the same a most valuable and indispensable article, and we now wonder how we could have so long done without it. * * * *Editor Coal Oil Circular.*

* * * *An economical contrivance for getting up heat at short notice for nursery and general household purposes,* * * * * *one important point is the saving in cost over coal fires.* * * * *N. Y. Evening Post.*

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CAPACITY FROM ONE TO FOUR QUARTS.

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Arranged for Kerosene or Coal Oil or Gas.

A Descriptive Pamphlet of thirty pages furnished gratis.
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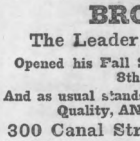
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Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera,* and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

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The Leader of Fashions!

Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.,

And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.

300 Canal Street, New York.

STERLING GOODS FOR THE HOLIDAYS
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Gold and Silver Watches,

And fine Gold Jewelry of every description. Staple Goods for the Holidays, and Lasting Tokens,
AT LOW PRICES.

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AMBROSIA

is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles. DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor, Depot No. 493 Broadway. For sale by all druggists.

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Soldier's Head-Quarters.

Rare Chance for AGENTS, Head-Quarters for Army Corps Pins.

Any one wishing to become my Agent, or wishing to purchase any thing in the Jewelry or Gold Pen and Pencil line, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale circular with full instructions and Premiums to Agents either a fine Gold Pen, with Extension Case and Pencil, or a fine engraved Spring Locket or Bracelet, or California Diamond Seal Stone Ring, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a beautiful set of Jewelry. Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin, or the Kearney Cross Pin, with your Name, Regiment, and Co. handsomely engraved upon it. 15 per ct. allowed Agents on Corps Pins.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

$200! $150! $100! $50!

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To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus,* or *Concentrated Potash.*

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

B. T. BABBITT,
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Oct. 22d, 1863.

To B. T. BABBITT:

SIR: Observing your Premium advertisement in *The Scientific American,* I concluded to state, in a few words, what I knew of the merits of your soap, having used it enough to conscientiously say that it is all that it is represented to be.

I wish to ask you if it is necessary to write my name in full under the article, should I put it in one of the New Haven papers.

If the article, which is on the next page, is of no account, please say so, and that will end the matter; if it is acceptable, it will appear in the paper immediately.

J. D. W.

Bright, golden day that ever gave
Delight world a man who cares to save
Comforts the toil of womankind.
Woman with an ingenious mind
Bestows a real gift to us;
Because experience proves it thus.
In every way its claims to aid,
Here's none but true assertions made.
And thus to affirm the truth we're bold,
Since using *this* we are not sold;

Saving our time and patience too—
Our friends will find this statement true.
A single trial, and you can
Perceive that BABBITT is the man.

J. D. W.



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CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

TO THE DEBILITATED AND THE DECREPID.—For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the fire of life seems to be absolutely dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty restorative seems, as it were, to lift the sufferer out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and re-invigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old farmer, in the Valley of the Monongahela, writes thus to Dr. Hostetter; "I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a rain after a long dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the meadows starts the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have started a second crop of life and spirits in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Ladies of weak constitution, or whose strength has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful tonic, and it is administered with great success in marasmus or wasting of the flesh, to young children. In fact, it is a much safer and surer cordial for the nursery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 470 BROADWAY.

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100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

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OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'td Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

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Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen $10 25
Or 3 dozen for 25 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
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$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners,* and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

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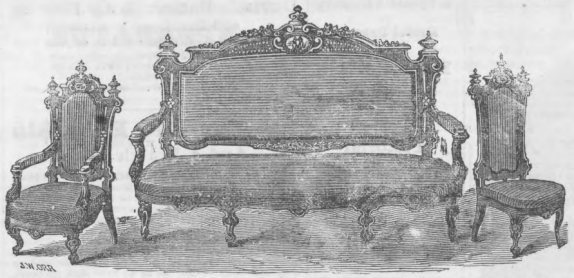


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USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, and ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. METTAM & CO., No. 420 Broadway, N. Y. Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 50 cents additional.



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New and elegant Designs, of superior Workmanship, at reasonable prices, manufactured of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, under the supervision of the firm, whose reputation has been established seventy years. Every description of Furniture manufactured to order and executed promptly. Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

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THE YANKEE GIRL. By the Editor.
AFTER LONG YEARS. By Julia Eugenia Mott.
LINES FOR AN ALBUM. By the Editor.
STELLA. By Harriet W. Stillman.
TO IDA. By T. J. C[illegible]bers.
MARY DARLEY. By Virginia F. Townsend.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 367.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

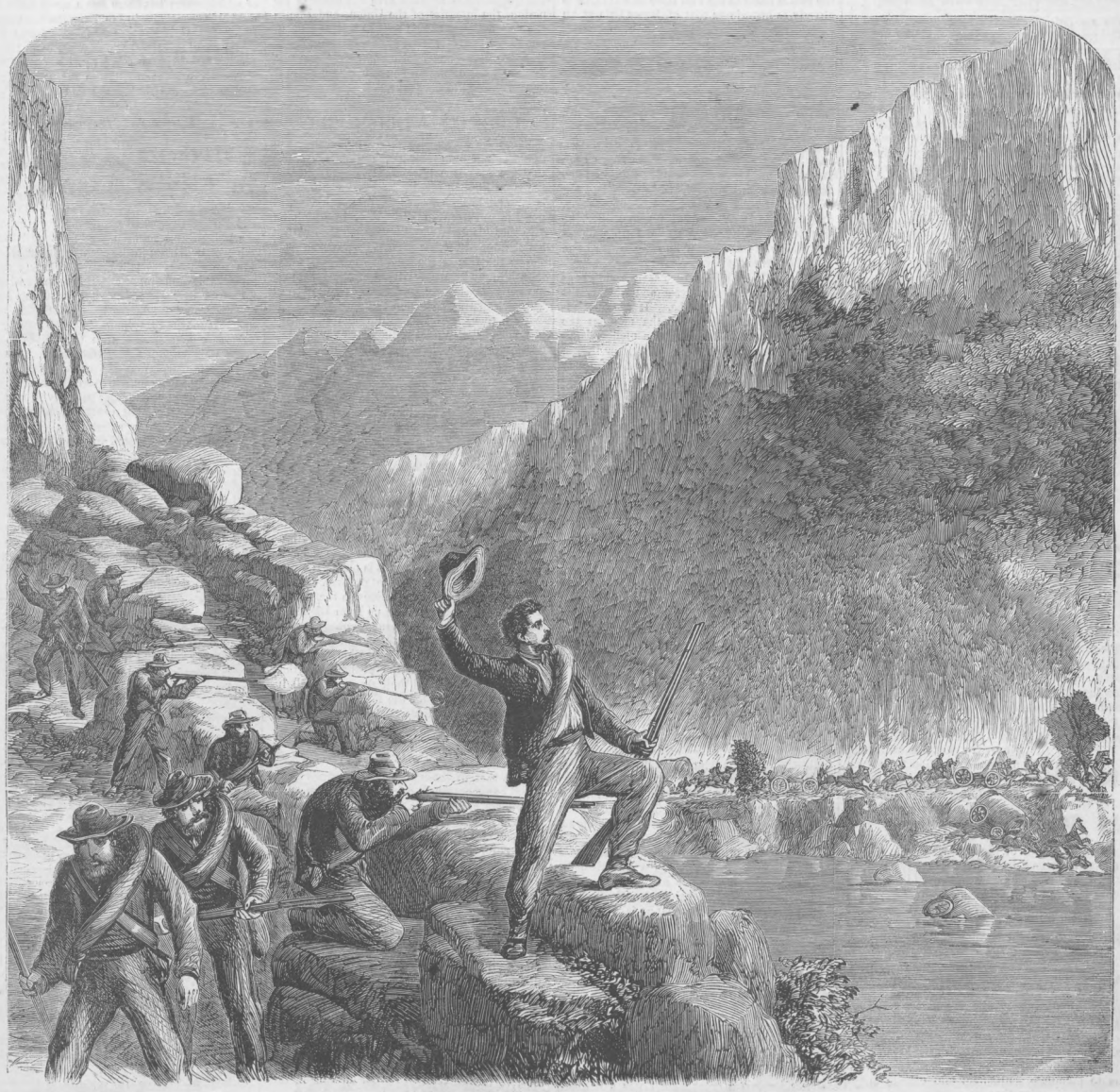
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THE REBELS FIRING ON OUR SUPPLY-TRAIN.

ON this page we give a graphic sketch of an attack made by rebel sharp-shooters upon our supply-train on the banks of the Tennessee. After the battle of Chickamauga, when our army had retired to its strong-hold at Chattanooga, it was the chief object of the rebels to disturb our communications, and if possible to break up its supply-trains. Of the particular instance given in the sketch the artist was an eye-witness. Upon the crags of Raccoon Mountain, and overlooking the river, were posted a small force of picked men of Longstreet's corps, armed with Whitworth rifles. The position was twelve miles in the rear of our works at Chattanooga, and was unguarded. Captain Goree had charge of the attacking party. The only way of reaching the position chosen for attack, and avoiding our scouts, was by taking the Indian trails through the forest heights. No sooner had the position been gained than the rumbling of the approaching train was heard along the river-bank. Thus when the train came up the gorge, preceded by a small infantry escort, and had fairly filled the open space of the road in front of the rebel sharp-shooters, it was entirely at the mercy of the latter. Then the word was given to fire, and a score of deafening reports leaped from crag to crag; and close upon the fire followed the confusion of a stampede. The teams in front were crippled by dead mules; and those behind, thus blocked in and unable to move forward, were equally cut off from retreat by the inextricably confused wagons in the rear. The escort, after firing a few shots, fled panic-stricken, leaving the train in the hands of the enemy.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

ON page 28 we give an illustration representing the effect produced by one of Gilmore's shells bursting in the streets of Charleston. When Gilmore first began to shell the city it had more noncombatants in it than it has now; it was not believed that the city was within range until the actual reality brought conviction. The illustration is designed to represent the first occasion upon which the city was shelled, and depicts the overwhelming surprise of the citizens. The shelling commenced at midnight, but did little harm beyond terrifying the ladies left in the city. Only a single house was set on fire. In the particular scene presented by the artist a fireman is running through the streets giving the alarm, and a watchman, thoroughly overcome, is taking leave of his senses and his staff in the fore-ground. The gun burst after a few discharges. The distance was over four miles. At latest dates General Gilmore had recommenced shelling the city, having destroyed twelve buildings, killed one man, and seriously wounded some eight or ten persons. We give also on the same page an illustration representing the interior of Fort Sumter after a continuous bombardment by the batteries on Morris Island. The bombardment was from 200-pound Parrott guns, and every gun of the fort was dismounted, leaving the garrison to be passive spectators of the gradual demolition of the walls. Nearly the whole parapet of the fort was swept away. The gorge-face presents one mass of ruins, and the casemates scarcely afford shelter to the garrison. Beauregard, it is said, is determined to hold the fort till the last; by the bayonet, if need be.



LONGSTREET'S SHARP-SHOOTERS FIRING ON A FEDERAL SUPPLY-TRAIN.—[SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

THE NEW YEAR.

WE have the right to wish our friends a HAPPY NEW YEAR, for a year never opened more full of promise for the country and the cause, dear to all faithful hearts. No man who truly comprehended the magnitude of our war, or who has thoughtfully studied its development, could have expected that we should stand at this time with so firm a hold upon the future as we have. Forced to learn to fight while we were fighting, we have patiently learned our lesson, amidst the doubts of friends and sneers of foes, until at last the fidelity, tenacity, and courage of the people begin to tell against their enemies, and the great experiment of free popular government, victorious in domestic as it has always been in foreign war, was never surer of its triumphant vindication than on New-year's Day eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

This confession is extorted from the bitter lips of our steadiest enemies at home and abroad. Directly, by its words, the British aristocratic jealousy of a republic concedes that, without foreign intervention, we shall prevail in the contest; and, indirectly, by their acts the rebels allow the desperation of their cause. The late law of the rebel Congress compelling every private soldier, non-commissioned officer, and musician to serve for the war, regardless of the conditions of enlistment; the law forcing those who have supplied substitutes to take place in the ranks by their side, the demand that the rebel currency shall be reduced by force, the terrible revelations of Memminger's report, with the wild rancor of abuse in the message of that "accomplished statesman," Jefferson Davis, and the resolutions offered by Foote in the rebel Congress—all these are signs that the greater resources and unquailing energy of the American people directed in the interest of humanity, civilization, and law, against a colossal conspiracy of crime and anarchy, begin already to be successful.

Surely the year may be hailed as happy that opens upon such a prospect—happy though a thousand hearts ache, and America, like Rachel, weeps for her children, who shall return no more. But dead, they yet speak, and shall speak forever. Unseen they hold as fast in love and honor to the holy cause for which they fell. The young, the brave, the true, who by night and day, through summer and winter, on land and sea, have died that we may live, have consecrated us all to their own heroic fidelity. The land mourns—it is full of graves; but what the President so simply and solemnly said of Gettysburg is true also of the country: "The world will not note nor long remember what we say here, but will never forget what they did here."

The year that begins brings us nearer to the end of great military operations, and to the settlement of the war. Standing upon its threshold, with hearts saddened for those who are gone, and hopeful for those who are to come, let us take care through this year and through all years, to stand as fast for the victory our brothers in the field have won as they stood firm in winning it.

MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH.

THE late speech of Mr. Wendell Phillips has naturally provoked a great deal of censure. His sharp and direct criticisms upon men and measures can not fail to exasperate the friends of both, and his sarcasms, while they sparkle, sting. We do not agree with Mr. Phillips in his estimate of the President, of Mr. Seward, or of Mr. Chase; and we certainly do not acknowledge the justice of a criticism of the public action of public men which takes no account of circumstances. Statesmanship is no more the doing, or the attempt to do, what the statesman may individually think to be abstractly right, without regard to the conditions that surround him, than seamanship is laying a course and persisting in it, spite of the wind. In fact, the wind will control the ship, and public opinion the statesman.

Probably no man in the country would more heartily assent to this than Mr. Phillips; and the apparent injustice of his criticism of public men arises from the fact that he always regards the man instead of the officer. If the attainment of the end desired depended solely upon the will of the man, the work would always be easy enough. But when the cardinal condition of success is the consent of other men, the work is plainly difficult and gradual. If Mr. Phillips made the point clearer, not that the President ought to do this or that, but that the people ought to wish him to do it, and insist upon his doing it, he would be juster to what we suppose to be his real view.

For it should be borne in mind always, that there is but one key to all the discourses of this eloquent orator. A true Democrat, with the fullest faith in the people, even in "the pavement," as he expresses it, his constant purpose is to stimulate, enlighten, and elevate public opinion, in order that its servants, the magistrates, may obey it. Mr. Lincoln, he says, is a good man; he will do what the people wish; therefore the people must be made to wish the best thing. That is certainly fair enough. But when he adds that the President is a growing man, because we, the people, constantly water him, then, as it seems to us, the orator misapprehends the case. It is not the convictions of Mr. Lincoln, but the executive action of the President, that we water. A few years since Mr. Phillips called Mr. Lincoln the slave-hound of Illinois, and yet, three years before, this slave-hound had made the plainest statement of the vital and radical conflict between slavery and liberty in this country. Mr. Lincoln has learned upon that point nothing new. His convictions about slavery are substantially now what they have always been. So his view of his military power over it was exactly the same when he nullified the orders of Generals Frémont and Hunter that it was when he issued the final order of January 1, 1863. But his convictions as a man, and his power as a magistrate to fulfill them, are entirely different. He had no doubt, as appears from his letters to Generals Frémont and Hunter, that he had the right to emancipate slaves as a military measure, and he certainly had no doubt that slavery was the root of the rebellion. But he did not, for that reason, think it wise to begin the war by emancipation. For he was acting not upon his own convictions as to slavery and its relation to the war, but upon his conviction of what was wisest to be done under all the circumstances. Had he acted otherwise he might have been a very good man, but he would certainly have been a very poor officer.

It is not, therefore, the President who is growing, but the popular conviction upon the subject of slavery. And we certainly know no man who has more faithfully and copiously watered that than Mr. Phillips. His work in arousing the public mind to the real issue of our times is already as historic as that of James Otis at an earlier day. Like him he has been, of course, hated and defamed by the interest he attacks, and also, like him, has often outrun the sympathy and tried the patience of many friends of the cause he serves. But in censuring him his critics should understand exactly his position. It is that of a man who will not be content with any thing done so long as any thing remains to do; who believes that selfishness is always alert, and that the only way for men and nations not to go backward is to go forward. But to go forward they must be incessantly urged, and the urging must often be sharp and stern. While, therefore, he is glad of every step gained, he leaves to others the part of sitting down and congratulation. For himself he steps forward and asks, What next?

Now this is the spirit which saves society. It is not genial, however sweet and friendly the man inspired by it may be. It must be always in the minority; for the moment the path is accepted and popular the pioneer is already far out of sight, demolishing new impediments. It seems often rough and unfeeling; for sleepers can not be always or wisely roused by gentle taps and soothing tones. The office of this spirit, of which the career of Mr. Phillips is our most complete illustration, is to discover in good things how they may be made better; how men may become more manly, and America more American. The President, for instance, can supply reasons enough for what he has done. Mr. Phillips would supply public opinion with reasons for asking him to do more. These reasons may be good or bad; but a man whose purity of life and nobility of character, no less than his genius consecrated to human progress, class him among the truest Americans, is not to be disposed of as a scold or a professional caviler. For it is precisely such men as he who have kept the sacred fire of liberty burning in this country, while other men sneered and slept.

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

AT length General M'Clellan is first in the field. More unfortunate in his friends than in his enemies, he has been formally nominated for the Presidency by a knot of gentlemen in Philadelphia, of whom—to make an intelligible bull—the only one who is publicly known has been long ago forgotten. For the Hon. Amos Kendall is only remembered with scornful pity as the Postmaster-General of the United States, who tampered with the mails at the bidding of the master of the men who are now rebels. That he should preside at a meeting to nominate or to ratify the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency who, since his letter to Judge Woodward, must be considered a Copperhead of the clearest type, shows that he is of the same mind still, and that his age worships the dreary old idol of his youth.

Alas! when we think of two years ago, when, amidst universal acclamation, General M'Clellan was called to the head of our armies, with the hope and faith of a nation lavished upon him in advance, with thousands and thousands of our best and bravest soldiers committed joyfully to his charge, with the President, his only superior officer, resolved to give him every chance, with the national determination that he was a great soldier because a great soldier was a national necessity—when we think of all that fond and persistent blindness in which we shared, and of all that has followed since down to the letter urging the election of Judge Woodward—it is hard not to hang the head with sorrow for the soldier and shame for the nation. But when from that letter we descend, although logically, to this nomination, the tragedy becomes farce, and it is impossible not to explode with laughter.

For granting that he is a very great man, is this the body of politicians who have ever shown any true perception of the public sentiment? Did this knot of gentlemen, by whatever name they choose to call themselves, ever do more than make themselves politically ridiculous? When they nominated Mr. Fillmore in 1856, and Mr. Bell in 1860, they intended to help the slaveholders as they do now. They were in the political market, but they never pretended, as now, to lay hands upon the prize beef and spoil it by handling. They offered their flabby little veal chops, and knew that the great beef dealers would buy them up. But this time they put their label upon the prime sirloin, upon the baron itself. Do they seriously expect the Copperhead Convention to take a candidate from them?

General M'Clellan will perhaps thank Mr. Amos Kendall and his friends for this expression of their good-will, but will await a more emphatic indication of the public desire. Or he may delay, and give time for that outburst of popular enthusiasm which we have been constantly assured was to follow the presentation of his name to the country. Or, again, he may accept the nomination upon the platform of his Woodward letter. Or he may let the whole matter go by default. But it is useless to consider what he may do with this nomination, when we remember, as every man will, that all the friends of Vallandigham, all the apologists of the rebellion, all the Copperheads in the country will ratify it. And can any man, or any course, which the Copperheads approve save the honor of the nation, the integrity of the Union, and republican government? You may be a loyal citizen, and may think that justice has not been done to General M'Clellan; but you can not evade that searching question, and you can give it but one answer.

OUR MEN AT RICHMOND.

THAT the rebels give the best food they can to our prisoners in their hands may be true, but the best food is neither plenty enough nor of the right kind to support life. We know of a letter of late date from General Neal Dow, at the Libey Prison in Richmond, in which he says that his fare is a little flour mixed with a little water—in other words, flour paste. Of course the fate of the private soldiers is worse than his; and an eye-witness of the return of our starved prisoners to Annapolis describes to us their suffering condition as incredible.

This, then, is the way in which the rebels make good their threat of the black flag. They do not massacre their prisoners outright, but drag them away to starve in loathsome dungeons. For, as we have before said, it is no excuse that there is no better fare to give them. If the rebels can not treat prisoners honorably they have no right to take them. If, taking them, they persist in such inhuman conduct, it is manifestly the duty of the Government to set aside prisoners for retaliation—not in kind, of course, but by punishment. When it shall be clearly proved that our captive soldiers have been put to death by torture, by starvation and exposure, the retribution upon rebel captives should be swift and sure. Terrible as it is to retaliate, when the safety of our own men can be secured in no other way, it is one of the most imperative necessities of a state of war.

Do not let us become callous to the tales of horror which come wailing up from Richmond merely because they are incessant. Let the hapless prisoners who are there, and the soldiers in the field who have that possible fate before them, understand that the people hear their sighs and comprehend their fears, and will insist that in this matter the rebels shall be held to the sternest account.

SOLDIER'S PAY.

NOW that, in obedience to the demands of national common-sense, colored men are enrolled as soldiers, every citizen ought to insist that they shall have exactly the same treatment, chance, and pay as other soldiers. Hitherto they have been paid, under a general law regulating the labor of contrabands, ten dollars a month. This sum was offered to the freemen of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, the first colored regiment raised in the Free States, and they declined it. The State of Massachusetts then resolved to pay the soldiers the difference, and Major Sturgis was sent with the money to Morris Island. But they declined that. Was this unreasonable upon their part? Let us see.

These men, free citizens of the United States, were enlisted in Massachusetts under the express written guarantee of the Secretary of War to the Governor of Massachusetts that they were to stand exactly upon the same footing with all other soldiers. Every body who knows the feelings of the Secretary of War in this matter knows that such was his wish. With that solemn assurance the men were mustered in, and have proved themselves as heroic and docile and patient as soldiers can be. And they simply decline any thing less than bare justice. They do not mutiny. They make no trouble whatever. They say simply that the United States Government pledged its honor, and they will wait the fulfillment of the pledge.

Is this unreasonable? Would any white regiment do otherwise? And have we a right to require of men, whom we are so ready to call less than men, more than our own average manhood?

The remedy is immediate and thorough. Instead of wasting time in abusing men who merely claim what we all confess that we owe, let us urge upon Congress the passage of a law to pay these soldiers of the Union army exactly what other soldiers are paid. For if we reproach those who ask the same wages that others get for the same service, what shall we say of ourselves who hesitate for a moment in agreeing to the demand? The Secretary of War has recommended the passage of the necessary law. Is it unreasonable in the soldiers concerned quietly to await its passage?

A NOBLE PUBLIC INTEREST.

THERE has been another illustration of the generous manly art of self-defense. The London papers give copious details. The news is transmitted across the sea as an affair of public interest. The story has large headings in our own papers. But what is it? Simply that one man has tried to squeeze the breath out of another and failed, while the other pommeled the squeezer to a jelly. There are several columns of the story. There are editorials in the *Times*, in the *Saturday Review*, in almost all of the great papers. It is very fine, it is very noble, it is very manly, and full of the heroic art of self-defense; but there was a much more remarkable occurrence in London a few weeks ago, which has most lamentably failed of that universal popular interest which waits upon the reduction of a big man to a jelly.

A man in London called a cab at a railway station just after dark. He and his wife and two children stepped in and the driver drove as directed. On the way the cabman is told to stop at a public house for some porter. It is drunk by the passengers and the pot handed out. By-and-by the gentleman calls to the driver to let him out, but to drop the lady and children at a certain point. The gentleman moves off; the cab drives away, and when it reaches the point and cabby alights and opens the door he sees the woman and children dead; murdered in a cab quietly driving in the evening through London streets. Here is a matter infinitely more remarkable and important than the beating a man to a jelly; but alas! it has had no large headings, and doubtless many a reader now knows it for the first time.

If two men should train themselves to lift heavy weights, and then strike each other with sledge-hammers, it would be much the same thing as hardening their muscle to iron and then fighting with their fists. But why is it manly? Why is it any thing but a melancholy dehumanizing of men? Why should any body feel a livelier or more elevated interest in it than in the butting and goring of prize bulls? Of course we do not deny that there is the profoundest interest. But why is that particular form of brutality, and utter want of every distinctive manly trait, so fascinating that it must be elaborately reported, and telegraphed, and commented upon? The persons who congregate to see the show are bullies, blacklegs, sharpers, the dregs of human society. Their haunts are the dens of ignorance, bestiality, and infamy. The encounter is an outrage upon the law and common decency. Why, then, should respectable papers do more than chronicle the fact, as they do all other events painful or pleasing, elevating or disgusting? Would there be the public interest which they plead in justification if they did not pander to it?

A MYSTERY.

THE rebels resolved some time since that all our colored troops taken in war should be handed over to the State authorities and their officers hung. Since then we have heard of the hanging of such officers and men in Arkansas, and we know of the probable capture of others. How true is the Arkansas story, and what is the fate of such prisoners? The President promptly and righteously declared that he should retaliate for any ill-usage they might receive. But is care taken to ascertain their precise condition? We have already a colored army. The examinations for commissions in it are properly careful and strict. The officers are men of character and conviction, as well as of military skill and personal courage. They are among the best and noblest in the land, and they face peculiar perils. Does the Government know at this moment how many such officers, with their men, are prisoners, and what their treatment is? If not, is it not especially bound to ascertain? When it invites young men to peculiar peril, does it mean to surround them with less than ordinary care?

We ask the questions not supposing that there is neglect, but because of the singular mystery which overhangs the whole subject. Of every officer, for instance, who fell or was captured at the assault upon Fort Wagner we have accounts, except of

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Captain Cabot Russell of the colored regiment. Had he fallen, the space was so small and the struggle so brief that the death of an officer of his rank would have been surely known and reported. But to General Gilmore's request to know if he were taken Beauregard returned answer that there was no such prisoner.

If the resolution of the rebels has been carried into effect, and any of these men have been sold into slavery or put to death, the duty of the Government is plain enough. But can it do nothing to solve the terrible doubt?

MY LORD HARTINGTON AGAIN.

IT will be remembered that a young English gentleman, known as Lord Hartington, was in this country last winter, and signalized his visit by insulting all faithful American citizens by wearing a rebel badge in the drawing-rooms of Mr. August Belmont, for which he was not reproved by his host, but was called to account by a young Union officer. The fact is not a private one, for it was the subject of universal public comment at the time.

This promising sprig of the British aristocracy does not seem to have learned from experience the danger of meddling with edged tools. He has lately been making a speech abusing this country, and especially New England. He also referred to Mr. Cobden's late speech at Rochdale. Upon which his lordship received the following letter:

MIDHURST, 9th Dec., 1863.

MY LORD,—You will, perhaps, be good enough to take an early opportunity of correcting, publicly, your recent—I had almost said reckless—perversion of the remarks which fell from me on American affairs at Rochdale.

While with my pen in hand, permit me to add, that, with better opportunities than your lordship of studying the system of popular education and the state of society in the New England States, I did not recognize much greater accuracy in what you stated to the Haslingden meeting on those subjects than in what you said of myself. I have the honor to be, etc. R. COBDEN.

The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, M.P.

There is a punishment known in infant schools as sitting down hard. Perhaps the Marquis of Hartington knows something about it.

WESTERN STUDENTS.

THE University of Michigan, the leading college of the West, has some eight hundred students. Thirty-five of them—the fair general proportion of Copperheads to true men in the free States—lately went to see Vallandigham, and were regaled with rebel sympathy. They put their performance in the papers. It echoed through the country. The young men, then, are traitors, and accept Vallandigham as a leader, and abuse of their country and Government as their doctrine? So many a man wondered, but the students of the University have answered the question for themselves. They held a meeting and passed this resolution, with others of the truest tone:

Resolved, That we feel deeply concerned and justly indignant that the University of Michigan, whose unflinching support of the Union has been so proudly attested by its long "army list" and the untimely sacrifice of many

its noblest and most promising sons, should be brought under the unmerited censure of the press of other States by the ill-concerted holiday freak of thirty-five adventurers, seeking notoriety through such disloyal demonstrations; and who represent neither the honor, intelligence, nor patriotism of the eight hundred men who constitute its membership.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*December* 22. Petitions presented for exemption of clergymen from draft. Mr. Sumner gave notice of bill for codifying the statutes, and submitted resolution requesting the Postmaster-General to report whether legislation is necessary for new railroad line between Washington and New York.—Select Committee on Pacific Railroad appointed.—Mr. Wilson introduced bill prohibiting Members of Congress from acting as counsel where the United States are concerned.—Mr. Howe submitted resolution granting to Wisconsin five per cent. of the amount of sales of public lands in that State.—The Enrollment bill then came up: various amendments proposed by the Committee were adopted; that exempting clergymen from draft was rejected by a vote of 33 to 8. Mr. Hendricks proposed amendment that the national forces be divided into two classes, the first to include unmarried persons between the ages of twenty and forty-five; the second class, to include all others, not to be called into service until the first class had been called: lost.—The joint resolution from the House appropriating $20,000,000 for bounties, advance pay, etc., of enlisted men, was taken up. On motion of Mr. Fessenden a proviso was adopted that no part of this be paid to men enlisted after the 5th of January, and that after that date no bounty be paid except such as is now provided by law: the proviso adopted by 25 to 9; the resolution then passed unanimously.—Joint resolution from the Houses offering thanks to Captain John Rodgers of the *Wechawken*, was passed.—Mr. Trumbull offered resolution directing the Secretary of War to furnish the Senate with information as to the number of generals now without commands equal to a brigade, etc., and whether it is necessary that officers of this rank be employed in subordinate posts.——*December* 23. Various petitions presented and referred.—Mr. Wilson introduced bill for uniform system of ambulances in the army.—Mr. Wade introduced bill prohibiting, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and disqualification for office, any member of Congress from acting as counsel or agent in any case, before any tribunal, in which the United States is directly or indirectly a party, or from receiving any compensation for services, in any such case, before any department, bureau, office, or Naval or Military Commission: referred to Committee on the Judiciary.—Mr. Sumner introduced his Codification bill.—Mr. Wilson offered resolution directing the Secretary of War to inform the Senate whether persons held to service or labor in Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri have been enrolled in the army, according to the law of March 3, 1863; and if not, why such enrollment has not been made: adopted.—Mr. Trumbull's resolution of inquiry as to generals without a command equal to a brigade, etc., was taken up and adopted.—After going into executive session the Senate adjourned till January 5.

HOUSE.—*December* 22. After minor business bill appropriating $700,000 for payment of men called out for home defense in the Missouri Department was passed.—The bill making appropriation for the Military Academy was passed.—Mr. Johnson offered resolution that as the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania had decided the conscription to be unconstitutional, it is the duty of the Executive either to acquiesce or to bring the question before the Supreme Court of the United States: laid on the table by 80 to 43.—The Senate amendments to the $20,000,000 bounty bill were concurred with: bill passed.——*December* 23. Select Committee on National Bankrupt Law appointed, Mr. Spaulding Chairman.—The Secretary of War sent in General McClellan's report of his operations while General-in-Chief and commander of the Army of the Potomac.—Mr. Fenton, from Committee on Military Affairs, reported bill to facilitate the payment of bounties and arrears due to deceased soldiers.—Mr. Schenck, from the same committee, reported bill to create a Bureau of Military Justice; and also bill repealing part of the Enrollment bill, designed to unite the two classes of enrolled men; debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Ancona offered a preamble and resolution declaring the Enrollment Act unjust and unconstitutional, because it takes from the States the control of their own militia, and instructing the committee to bring in a bill for the repeal of the act, and the substitution of some constitutional and just bill for immediately filling up our armies; Mr. Schenck said that the committee would not report a repealing bill, but were considering amendments to make it more effective.—Mr. Myers introduced a bill reducing the excise tax on coal oil, repealing the clause which permits the exportation free of duty, and classifying coal oil distilled: referred.—Mr. Morehead introduced resolution requiring inquiry into the improvement of the navigation of the Ohio River.—The House adjourned to January 5.

VIRGINIA.

No important movements by either of the Armies of the Potomac are reported. General Meade has issued an order granting a furlough of 35 days to soldiers who have re-enlisted, and also directing that when three-fourths of a company or regiment re-enlists that portion may go home in a body, taking its arms and equipments. Appearances indicate that the two armies will remain in winter-quarters near their old positions—ours upon the north side of the Rappahannock and Rapidan, the enemy upon the south.

AVERILL'S EXPEDITION.

A brilliant cavalry expedition, planned by General Kelley, who commands in Western Virginia, has been executed, the object of which was to cut Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, the chief line of communication between the Confederate armies in Virginia and Tennessee. Several feigned movements were made, with the object of misleading the enemy, all of which were successfully executed. The command of the final expedition was given to General Averill. On the 8th of December he started from New Creek, near the Maryland border, with four mounted regiments and a battery, marching almost due south, which brought him almost directly between the Confederate armies in Virginia and Tennessee. On the 10th he struck the line of the railroad at Salem, and begun the work of destruction. The telegraphic wire was cut, three depôts with a large amount of stores destroyed, and the track torn up, bridges and culverts destroyed for a space of 15 miles; this was the work of a few hours. The enemy in the mean time had learned of his position and operations, and sent out six separate commands, under their ablest generals, to intercept him on his return. They took possession of every road through the mountains which was thought passable. One road, which crossed the tops of the Alleghanies, and was thought impracticable, remained. By this Averill made his escape, carrying off all his material with the exception of four caissons, which were burned in order to increase the teams of the pieces. His entire loss in this raid was 6 men drowned in crossing a river, 4 wounded, and about 90 missing. He captured about 200 prisoners, but released all but 84, on account of their inability to walk. In his report General Averill says, "My march was retarded occasionally by the tempest in the icy mountains and the icy roads. I was obliged to swim my command and drag my artillery with ropes across Crog's Creek seven times in twenty-four hours.....My horses have subsisted entirely upon a very poor country, and the officers and men have suffered cold, hunger, and fatigue with remarkable fortitude. My command has marched, climbed, slid, and swum 355 miles in 14 days."—General Kelley says of this exploit that it is "one of the most hazardous, important, and successful raids since the commencement of the war." Its importance is not to be measured by the loss actually sustained in accomplishing it, but by the fact that it has severed the direct communication between the armies of Lee and Longstreet.

TENNESSEE.

Nothing of definite importance is reported from the armies in Tennessee. General Joseph E. Johnston has been appointed to the command of the rebel army formerly commanded by Bragg, and temporarily by Hardee, which is reported to be in the neighborhood of Dalton, Georgia. Longstreet, in his retreat, was come up with on the 14th of December by a portion of our troops in pursuit at Bean's Station, he turned, and after a sharp fight, as reported through Southern sources, our troops fell back. The Confederate report says: "After a stubborn resistance the enemy retreated toward Knoxville; we captured seventy wagons loaded with stores and some prisoners. Our loss in killed and wounded was 800; 275 prisoners have come in." The Union loss in this affair is not given.

CHARLESTON.

The report of disaster to the *Ironsides* and "Monitors" proves to be without foundation. The siege of Charleston continues to be carried on. A fire took place in Fort Sumter, in which ten or a dozen lives were lost. Sharp firing is exchanged between the batteries; and General Gilmore at intervals sends shells into Charleston, inflicting considerable damage. The latest accounts, coming down to December 21, are from Southern sources. On the 20th and 20th 130 shells were thrown into the city. On the 22th a fire broke out, which, from our own shells is not stated, destroying ten or twelve buildings, and killing and injuring several persons. The firing was from three guns at Fort Gregg, one at Cumming's Point, and one from a mortar battery. There was an engagement on the 20th between our gun-boats and the Confederate batteries on Johnson's Island. The Southern accounts represent it to have been a drawn battle; they lost, they say, one killed and five wounded. On the night of the 26th four shells were thrown into the city. General Gilmore is erecting new batteries on Cumming's Point, which the enemy are trying to prevent by a heavy fire from their batteries.

ARKANSAS.

A strong Union feeling is being developed in Arkansas. Seven thousand persons have taken the oath of allegiance. The reports of the abandonment of the rebel cause by the Indians in Arkansas are fully confirmed by dispatches from Fort Smith, stating that the Choctaw chieftain, M'Curtain, with other rebel leaders, came into our lines and surrendered themselves to General M'Neil. They have abandoned the rebel allegiance, and profess a desire to avail themselves of the President's Amnesty Proclamation. The question of modifying the Amnesty Proclamation, so as to embrace the case of these Indians, is now being mooted in Washington.

THE "ALABAMA."

The *Alabama* has turned up in the Eastern seas. In October she left the Cape of Good Hope, and at the close of the month made her appearance at the port of Madras, but did not enter. At latest intelligence, date not given, but apparently early in November, she had captured and burned two American merchantmen off the Island of Java. One was the *Amanda*, bound from Manilla to Cork, the other the *Winged Racer*, bound from Manilla to New York.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

It was supposed that arrangements had been made to secure an exchange of prisoners, man for man. General Butler, to whom the matter has been committed, sent 500 Southern prisoners, and an equal number of ours were sent back. The rebel Government then refused any further exchange, unless all the questions are given up about which our Government has been contending, and their laws in regard to officers and soldiers in negro regiments are recognized. They also refused to receive a flag of truce from General Butler, or to negotiate with him on the subject of exchange, because of Jeff Davis's proclamation outlawing General Butler last year. They have also refused to receive any further supplies for our suffering prisoners.

PASSPORTS FROM NEW YORK.

An order has been issued by Government prohibiting any vessels from putting to sea from the port of New York until they, their crews, and passengers, have been examined by the authorities; all suspicious persons will be arrested, and the transmission of arms and munitions of war will be prevented. It is said that the existence of a considerable trade with the enemy in these articles has been discovered, and several arrests of prominent merchants on this account have been made. The general plan has been to send revolvers, percussion caps, and similar articles, in barrels purporting to contain provisions, apparently to California. Arriving at Panama, the goods are taken off, by orders from the shippers, and sent through Mexico to the Confederate States.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

The Confederate Congress has passed a new Military bill, which enacts that "All musicians, privates, and non-commissioned officers now in the armies of the Confederate States, by virtue of volunteering, enlistment, or conscription into the military service of the Confederate States, be, and the same are hereby retained in the said service for and during the existing war with the United States, and no longer."——A bill has been passed imposing a tax of ten per cent. upon all the crop of sweet-potatoes in the entire South.——A resolution has been adopted confiscating the notes of all the banks in the Confederate States held by alien enemies; the same principle is to be applied to all cotton and other paper negotiable by delivery.

The Richmond papers contain statistics from which they argue that the State of Virginia within the Confederate lines contains provisions sufficient to support the whole army of the South, besides the population of the State.

Governor Clarke, of Mississippi, has issued a proclamation notifying all aliens between 18 and 45 to enlist or leave the State before the 1st of March. Those below or above the military age are liable to do militia duty the same as citizens.

Wilmington, North Carolina, has for some time been the only Confederate port with any considerable trade; this port, as is shown by dispatches in captured vessels, may now be considered effectively blockaded. According to the *Journal*, published in that city, the whole amount of cotton shipped thence during the year is less than 50,000 bales; less than this has been shipped by blockade-runners from all other ports east of the Mississippi; the whole sent abroad by all means is put down at less than 150,000 bales, against more that 4,000,000 exported the year before the rebellion.

General Forrest, commanding at Atlanta, has issued an order directing arrest and confiscation of property against all who refuse to take Confederate money.

The Legislature of Texas has refused to pass a resolution requesting Congress to declare Confederate Treasury notes a legal tender.

The Richmond *Inquirer* says that in case colored soldiers are "sent to the field and put in battle *none will be taken prisoners*—our troops understandwhat to do in such cases. If any negroes have been captured during the war as soldiers in the enemy's ranks we have not heard of them. We do not think such a case has been reported."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A PRIZE fight between Heenan, an American, and King, an Englishman, which came off on the 8th of December, absorbed attention for a time, to the exclusion of politics. The fight was for £2000. King was victorious, after a terrible contest, which lasted about half an hour.

The British Government seem to be determined to prevent the building of war vessels in Great Britain for the Confederates. Besides the rams heretofore seized, the steamer *Pampero* was seized at Glasgow on the 10th of December, by order of the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Hostilities, apparently of no very serious character, have broken out in India. Some of the Hill Tribes attacked an English position, drove in a picket, but were repulsed. Two British officers were killed and five wounded; 128 British and native troops were killed and wounded.—Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of India, died on the 20th of November. He is to be succeeded by Sir John Lawrence.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

Several of the European Powers have replied formally to the proposal of the French Emperor for a general Congress. As noted in our last number, Great Britain definitely declined to take part.

The reply of the Czar is cordial in terms, and professes a readiness to join in the scheme on certain conditions. "I should be happy," he writes, "if your Majesty's proposition lead to a loyal understanding between the sovereigns; but for this to be practically realized it can only proceed from the consent of the other Great Powers. It is indispensable for your Majesty to define the questions upon which an understanding should be arrived at, and the basis upon which it would be established." Now, as the Polish question is the leading one, it is assumed that the reply of Russia amounts to a refusal.

The King of Prussia is quite ready to take part in a Congress, but thinks that the Ministers of the different States should prepare the proposals to be submitted for consideration; but declares that the Treaties of Vienna must continue to form the foundation of the European political edifice. The reply is thoroughly non-committal.

The Emperor of Austria, in his reply, wished to know the programme of the deliberations. To this the Minister added a dispatch, insisting that the French Government should define its position with more distinctness; then the Austrian Government could decide upon the advantage of joining the Congress.

The Pope assents to the proposal, and declares that he shall "specially demand the re-establishment in Catholic countries of the real pre-eminence naturally appertaining to the Catholic religion as being the true faith." Spain, Italy, Denmark, and Greece assent to the proposal in the most unhesitating terms.

The King of the Belgians answers dubiously. "It would be desirable," he says, "if by the effect of a definite agreement the existing causes of anxiety in Europe could be settled;" but gives no definite answer beyond declaring that his Government "would be quite inclined to join in it, so far as it could do so." The Germanic Confederation, in its reply, lays down certain conditions and precedents, and says that "it will be disposed," as a body, to respond to the invitation, and take part in the Congress, by sending a special Plenipotentiary, who would be there with the members of the Confederation who had received individual invitations.

MEXICO.

In Mexico every thing appears to be in utter confusion. The French are reported to have met with some reverses. General Comonfort was killed on the 13th of November, whether by a party of imperialists, or by a band of robbers, is a matter of doubt.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

For many months a war has been going on between the States of Guatemala and Salvador, the advantages being on the side of the former, until General Barrios of Salvador was, about the close of September, shut up in the capital, and closely besieged. The siege had lasted about a month, when Barrios resolved to cut his way through the beleaguering troops. The attempt was made with the small forces capable of action. Most of these were killed or captured during a long march through a hostile country; but the General with a few followers at last succeeded in reaching the coast, where he was received on board an American vessel, which conveyed him to Panama, whence he took passage for New York.

Troubles have broken out between Ecuador and the United States of Colombia, the precise grounds of which are obscure. The Ecuadorian General Flores has marched into New Granada, and a naval expedition from Guayaquil has seized the small port of Tumaco. Mosquera, the President of Colombia, has gathered forces to oppose Flores. Unless there is a revolution at home it would appear that the forces of Colombia are far superior to those of Ecuador.

Honduras is likely to be agitated by a dispute as to the Presidency. It seems that when Guardiola was assassinated, a couple of years ago, the Presidency was assumed for the remainder of his term by the Senator Medina. At the recent election Medina was defeated by General Nataneh. Medina then summoned the Congress to meet in February, expecting that this body would declare him elected, upon what grounds we do not know.—Nicaragua is in some way involved in the quarrel between Salvador and Guatemala. Costa Rica seems to be the only Central American state which remains tranquil.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MICHAEL COCORAN died on Tuesday, the 22d of December, at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, from injuries received by a fall from his horse. General COCORAN was born in Curronkeel, Sligo County, Ireland, on the 21st of September, 1827, and emigrated to this city in 1849. In the summer of 1859 he became Colonel of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. He was being court-martialed for his refusal to take part in the reception given to the Prince of Wales when the rebellion broke out. His regiment was needed, and he was allowed to take command of it. At the first battle of Bull Run he was wounded and taken prisoner, and remained in confinement for thirteen months. He was released in August, 1862, when he returned to this city, upon which occasion he was honored with one of the most brilliant ovations which New York ever gave. He then received his rank as Brigadier-General and commenced the organization of the "Corcoran Legion," which he has since led on the battle-field.

A few days ago JOSEPH LUMB, *alias* JOHN KENDALL, a conscript or substitute in the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, was shot at Morris Island for desertion.

Major-General BUTLER has been to Point Lookout on a tour of inspection among hospitals and prisons. There had been some rumor of an intention on the part of some rebels to release the prisoners confined at that point, and of a tendency to revolt among the prisoners themselves. This was doubtless the occasion of his mission.

On Christmas-day the Russian fleet arrived in Hampton Roads at noon, saluting our flag. The *Minnesota* replied.

The steamer *New York* left City Point on the 25th with five hundred prisoners for exchange.

A few days ago the New Orleans steam-ship *George Cromwell* was seized by Marshal MURRAY, and a large quantity of powder and percussion caps were found on board. Several passengers who presented a suspicious appearance were arrested. The shipment of the materials of war—which were supposed to be intended for the rebels—was traced to a certain prominent house in Cortlandt Street. The main facts of the case have been concealed by the authorities—no doubt for good reasons—and it is therefore enveloped in some mystery for the present.

The famous prize *Peterhoff* has been put in commission at the Brooklyn Navy-yard as a thorough man-of-war, having gone through the process of "conversion" in the most successful manner. She will in a few days be ready for active service.

Captain WILLIAM W. BADGER, who was dismissed from the One Hundred and Forty-fifth New York Volunteers in August last, for an alleged insult to his colonel and lieutenant-colonel, has been honorably reinstated by President LINCOLN, and has been appointed a captain in the Ironsides Regiment (the One Hundred and Seventy-sixth), now in Louisiana. In the mean time the offended colonel and lieutenant-colonel have been dismissed from the service on dishonorable charges. Captain BADGER leaves for New Orleans quite vindicated.

It is stated that the Confederacy has sent Commissioners to Ireland to recruit clandestinely for the rebel army. At least so says a Captain in the United States army lately returned from Richmond. The plan is said to be as follows: Advertisements will be inserted in country journals stating that 200 or 300 laborers, 100 mechanics, 50 clerks, etc., are required for immediate and lucrative employments. The applicants are told that their passage will be paid free to America, and that the employment promised will be guaranteed there. Blockade-running steamers are to call at Cork for orders, and take the entrapped recruits to their destination.

Four hundred and eighteen rebels have, within the last few days, been released from the Old Capitol and allowed to go North upon taking the oath of allegiance. Over a hundred remain who have expressed a desire to do likewise.

The Senate have postponed the period at which the three hundred dollar bounties are to cease from the 5th of January to the 1st of February; and the draft will probably be put off for the same length of time.

Private JOHN TEAGUE, Company A, Fifth Vermont, and Private —— BLOWERS, Company B, Third Vermont Regiment, having been tried before a general court-martial for desertion and found guilty were executed on December 19.

Commodore MONTGOMERY will relieve Commodore HARWOOD of the command of the Washington Navy-yard on the 1st of January. At the same time the popular executive officer of the yard, Commander F. A. PARKER, will assume the command of the Potomac flotilla.

After the 1st of January the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron will be relieved from duty in the Chesapeake Bay, north of York River, by the gun-boats of the Potomac flotilla.

On Wednesday evening, December 23, General BURNSIDE arrived at his home in Providence. Governor SMITH met him at the dépôt, and a Major-General's salute was fired.

In the skirmish which took place a short time ago at Bean's Station, the enemy admit a loss of 800 in killed and wounded.

All the officers, soldiers, and sailors, captured at Galveston in January last have been paroled, and are on the way to New Orleans.

The probable number of re-enlistments into the Veteran corps from the Army of the Potomac is estimated at ten thousand.

The Soldiers' Relief Bazar of Boston will pay over one hundred and forty thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission.

The United States steamer *Massachusetts* arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 27th ult. She had on board sixteen rebel prisoners, and also a portion of the obstructions in Charleston harbor, forwarded to Washington by Admiral DAHLGREN.

Private WILLEY, Company B, Second Cavalry, was accidentally killed by the discharge of his own revolver while lying in his bunk.

The first New York regiment which has re-enlisted is the Sixth New York Cavalry, Colonel DEVINS. It has left for home on furlough.

Brigadier-General ROBERT O. TYLER has been relieved of his command and put at the head of the Irish Legion, lately commanded by COCORAN.

The duty of superintending the exchange of prisoners has been transferred from General MEREDITH to General BUTLER, and a new *régime* will be at once established.

Several officers and soldiers of the rebel army have come into the Union lines at Newbern, North Carolina, and taken the new oath of allegiance, and accepted the pardon offered by Mr. LINCOLN'S recent Proclamation. They report that a number of others are about to do the same thing.

On December 23 COLLINS and M'KENNA, two of the *Chesapeake* pirates, were arrested and brought before the police magistrate at St. John.

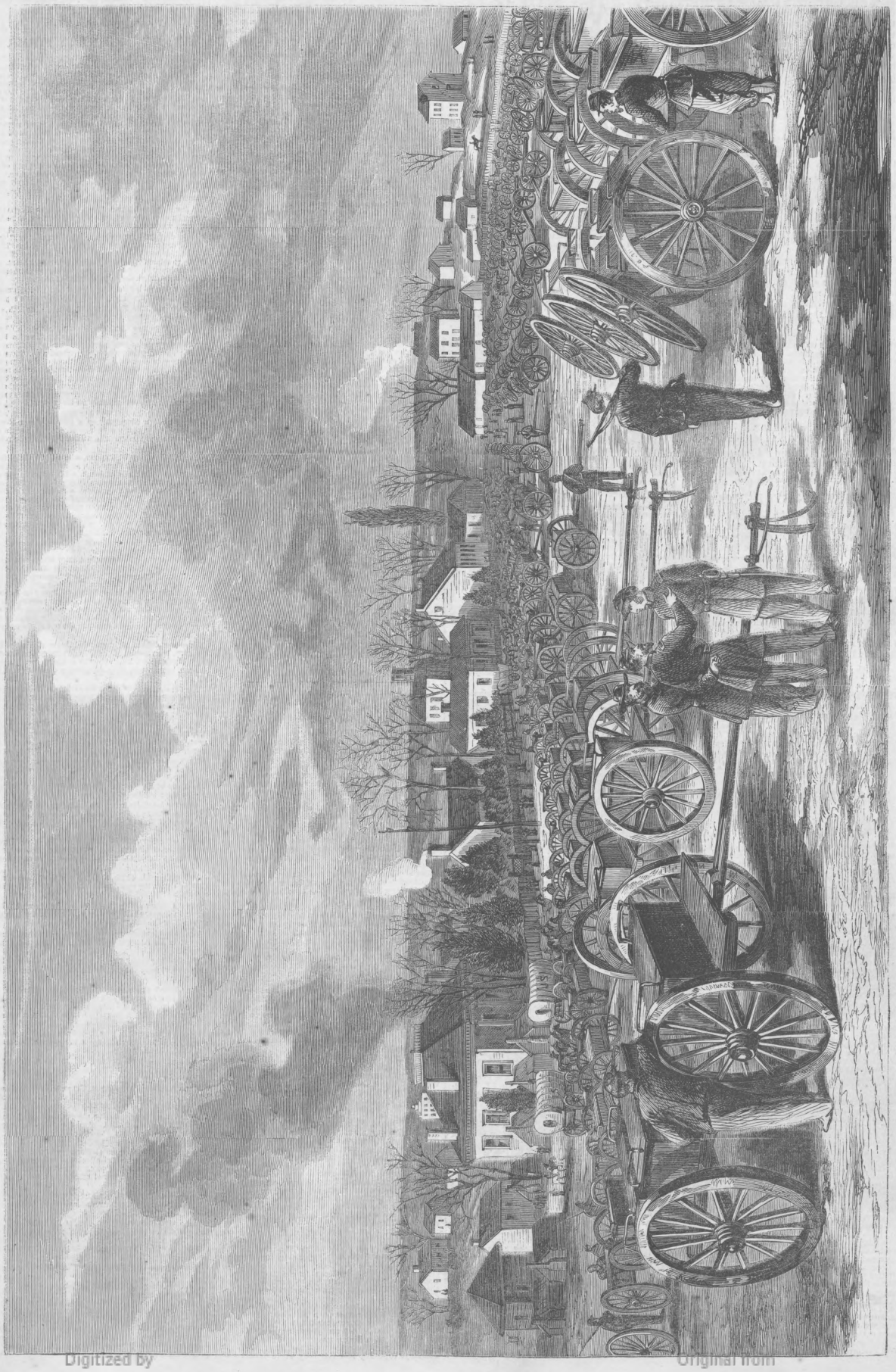
Lieutenant-Commander M'CUNN, of the gun-boat *Kennebec*, has captured a rebel schooner, the *Marshal J. Smith*, laden with cotton and turpentine, and bound from Mobile to Havana. Her cargo, it is supposed, includes two hundred and sixty bales of cotton.

The Richmond papers are despondent over the effects of General AVERILL'S late raid.

A new cemetery, called the Chattanooga United States Cemetery, has been established in order that every soldier who has fallen in the vicinity of Chattanooga may not only be properly interred but in such a manner as to secure most readily his identification by his friends.

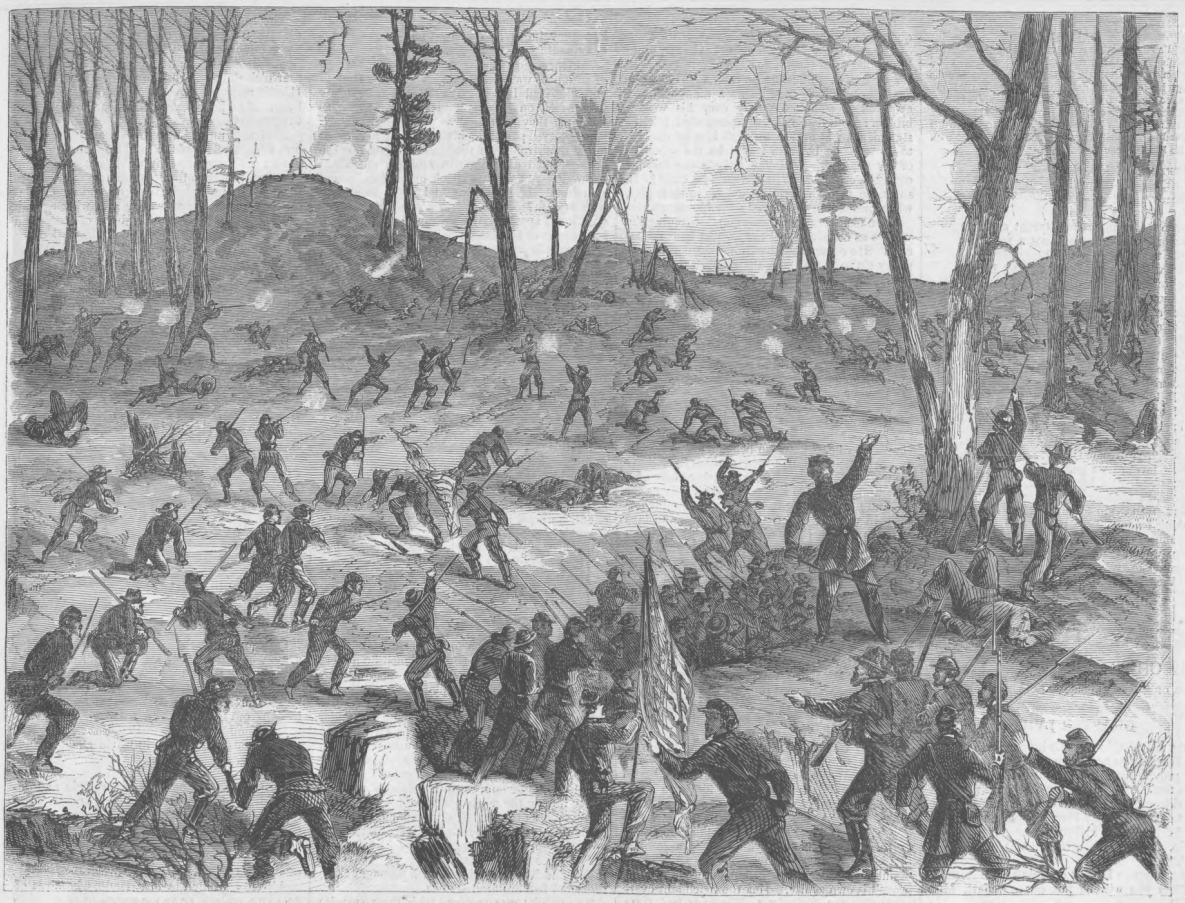
The frauds in the Quarter-master's Department at Alexandria will foot up millions. The Secretary of War has taken the matter in hand. These frauds have been in progress seven months.

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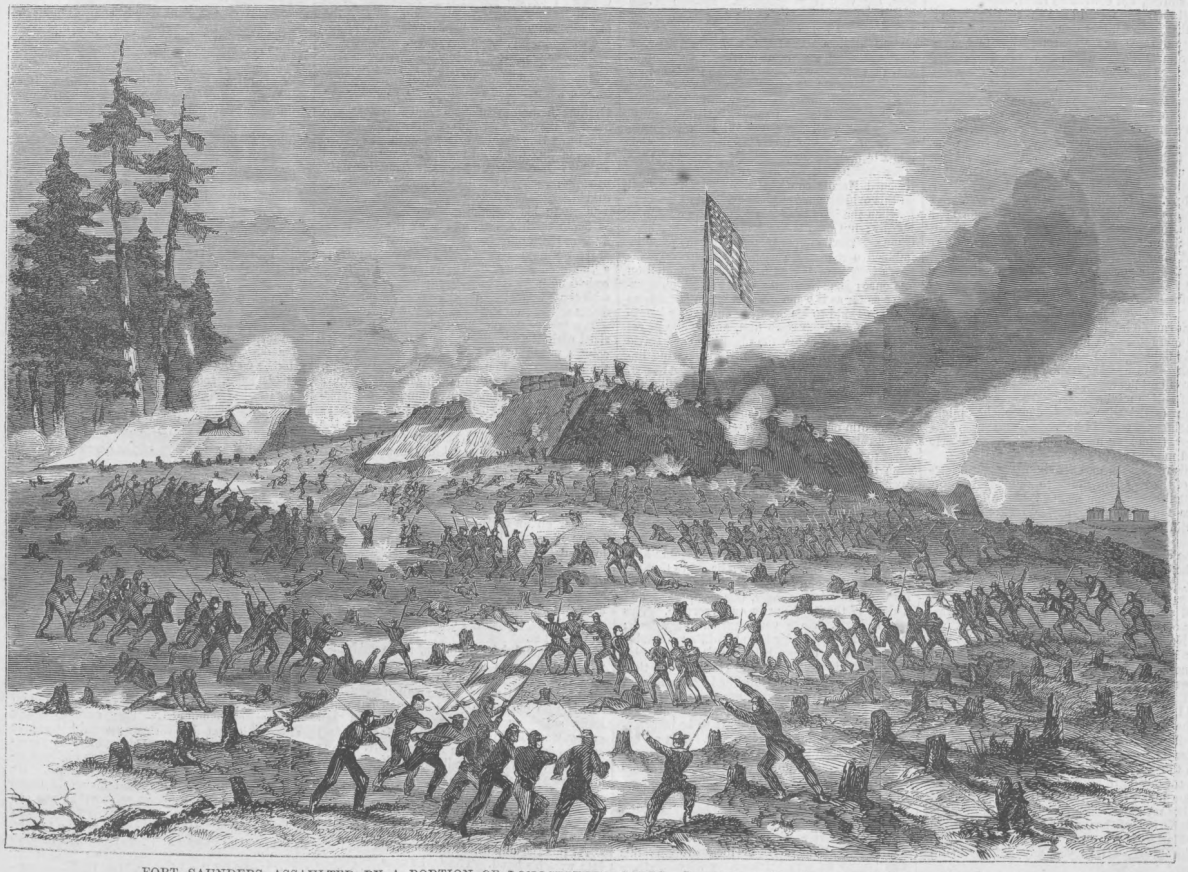


HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS—THE CAPTURED CANNON.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 21.]

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CHARGE OF COLONEL CREIGHTON'S BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF RINGGOLD.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 23.]



FORT SAUNDERS ASSAULTED BY A PORTION OF LONGSTREET'S CORPS.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 23.]

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LOOKOUT.

[The following stirring poem was sent by Dr. Meigs, of Philadelphia, father of General M. C. Meigs, whose vivid description of the "Battle in the Clouds" has become classic, to his son, with a note, in which he says: "If my verses were worthy of being presented to General Hooker I should be glad to give them to him, with the blessing of an old man, who has many a time prayed to God in his behalf, and is now thankful and proud for the honor with which his life has been crowned."]

LEFT, right! left, right!—
Left, right!—March!
Steady, men! so—
For silent we go
To rescue our country from tyrant and foe.
Not a word, my good men—not a sound,
Save the tramp of your tread,
Till you win the mountain's topmost head,
Where trenches and bulwarks stand circling them round.
Not a shout! no hurrah!
Not a musket-shot,
Nor the scream of a shell,
As nearer you draw;
Not a trumpet's blare
Nor a bugle's note,
Till, blind with the daze
Of your bayonets' blaze,
Your loud hurrah shall sound their knell.
Left, right! left, right!
Steady, ye freemen!—So!
Now forward we go,
Rushing o'er abattis, breast-work, and wall,
Victorious, in triumph o'er slavery's fall,
Shouting pæans. Io to our glorious stars!
Hurrahing loud anthems to the Red, White, and Blue,
As they fly with their bright constellation of light,
Proclaiming to traitors and tyrants in flight
That "Victory the Wingless" dwells ever with you.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THEY all thought in their innocence that Hardie v. Hardie was now at an end. Captain Dodd could prove Alfred's soi-disant illusion to be the simple truth. But Compton let them know that this evidence had come too late. "What, may we not get up and say here *is* papa, and it is all true?" cried Julia, indignant.

"No, Miss Dodd, certainly not, our case is closed."

"But suppose I insist on doing it?"

"Then you will be put out of court, Miss Dodd."

"Much I care, Mr. Compton."

He smiled, but convinced them.

Well then they would all go as spectators, and pray that justice might prevail.

They did go: and all sat together to hear a matter puzzled over, which had David come one day earlier he would have set at rest forever.

Dick Absolom was put in to prove that Alfred had put two sovereigns on the stumps for him to bowl if he could; and after him the defendant, Mr. Thomas Hardie, a mild, benevolent, weak gentleman was put into the box, and swore the boy's father had come to him with story after story of the plaintiff's madness, and the trouble it would get him into: and so he had done for the best. His simplicity was manifest, and Saunders worked it ably. When Colt got hold of him, and badgered him, he showed something more than simplicity. He stuttered, he contradicted himself, he perspired, he all but wept.

Colt.—Are you sure you had no spite against him?

Deft.—No.

Colt.—You are not sure, eh?

This candid interpretation of his words knocked him stupid. He made no reply, but looked utterly flabbergasted.

Colt.—Did he not provoke you? Did he not call you an idiot?

Deft.—He might.

Colt (satirically).—Of course he might (Laughter). But did he?

Deft. (plucking up a little spirit).—No. He called me SOFT TOMMY.

This revelation, and the singular appropriateness of the nickname, were so highly relished by an intelligent audience, that it was a long time before the trial could go on for roars. The plaintiff's ringing laugh was heard among the rest.

The cross-examination proceeded in this style till the defendant began to drivel at the mouth a little. At last, after a struggle, he said, with a piteous whine, that he could not help it: he hated signing his name; some mischief always came of it; but this time he had no option.

"No option?" said Colt. "What do you mean?"

And with one or two more turns of the screw, out came this astounding revelation:

"Richard said if I didn't put Taff in one, *he* would put *me* in one."

The Judge.—In one what?

Deft. (weeping bitterly).—In one mad-house, my lord.

In the peal that followed this announcement Colt sat down grinning. Saunders rose smiling. "I am much obliged to the learned counsel for making my case," said he: "I need not prolong the sufferings of the innocent. You can go down, Mr. Hardie."

The Judge.—Have you any defense to this action?

"Certainly, my lord."

"Do you call Richard Hardie?"

"No, my lord."

"Then you had better confine yourself to the question of damages."

The sturdy Saunders would not take the hint: he replied upon the whole case, and fought hard for a verdict. The line he took was bold; he described Richard Hardie as a man who had acquired a complete power over his weaker brother: and had not only persuaded him by statements, but even compelled him by threats, to do what he believed would be the salvation of his nephew. Will you imitate the learned counsel's cruelty? Will you strike a child? In short, he made a powerful appeal to their pity, while pretending to address their judgments.

Then Colt rose like a tower, and assuming the verdict as certain, asked the jury for heavy damages. He contrasted powerfully the defendant's paltry claim to pity with the anguish the plaintiff had undergone. He drew the wedding party, the insult to the bride, the despair of the kidnapped bridegroom; he lashed the whole gang of conspirators concerned in the crime, regretted that they could only make one of all these villains smart, but hinted that Richard and Thomas Hardie were in one boat, and that heavy damages inflicted on Thomas would find the darker culprit out. He rapped out Mr. Cowper's lines on liberty, and they were new to the jury, though to nobody else: he warned them that all our liberties depended on *them*. "In vain," said he, "have we beheaded one tyrant, and banished another, to secure those liberties, if men are to be allowed to send away their own flesh and blood into the worst of all prisons for life and not smart for it, in those lamentably few cases in which the law finds them out and lays hold of them." But it would task my abilities to the utmost, and occupy more time than is left me, to do any thing like justice to the fluent fiery eloquence of Colt, Q.C., when he got a great chance like this. Tonat, fulgurat, et rapidis eloquentiæ fluctibus cuncta proruit et proturbat. Bursts of applause, that neither crier nor judge could suppress, bore witness to the deep indignation Britons feel when their hard-earned liberties are tampered with by power or fraud, in defiance of law; and when he sat down, the jury were ready to fly out at him with £5000 in hand.

Then rose the passionless voice of "justice according to law." I wish I could give the very words. The following is the effect as *I* understood it. Lawyers forgive deficiencies!

"This is an important, but not a difficult case. The plaintiff sues the defendant under the law of England for falsely imprisoning him in a mad-house. The imprisonment is admitted, and the sufferings of the plaintiff not disputed. The question is, whether he was insane at the time of the act? Now, I must tell you, that in a case of this kind it lies upon the defendant to prove the plaintiff's insanity, rather than on the plaintiff to prove his own sanity. Has the defendant overcome this the difficulty? We have had from him hearsay and conjectures of respectable persons, but very little evidence. Illusion is the best proof of insanity: and a serious endeavor was certainly made to fasten an illusion on the plaintiff about a sum of £14,000. But the proof was very weak, and went partly on an assumption that all error is hallucination: this is illusory, and would, if acted on, set one half the kingdom imprisoning the other half; and, after all, they did not quite prove that the plaintiff was *in error*. They advanced no undeniable proof that Mr. Richard Hardie has not embezzled this £14,000. I don't say it was proved on the other hand that he did embezzle that sum. Richard Hardie suing Alfred Hardie for libel on this evidence might possibly obtain a verdict: for then the burden of proof would lie on Alfred Hardie: but here it lies on those who say he is insane. The fact appears to be that the plaintiff imbibed a reasonable suspicion of his own father's integrity; it was a suspicion founded on evidence; imperfect, indeed, but of a high character as far as it went. There was a letter from Captain Dodd to his family, announcing his return with £14,000 upon him, and, while as yet unaware of this letter, the plaintiff heard David Dodd accuse Richard Hardie of possessing improperly £14,000, the identical sum. At least, he swears to this, and as Richard Hardie was not called to contradict him, you are at liberty to suppose that Richard Hardie could not contradict him on oath. Here, then, true or false, was a rational suspicion; and every man has a right to a rational suspicion of his neighbor, and even to utter it within due limits: and, if he overstep those, the party slandered has his legal remedy; and, if he omits his legal remedy, and makes an attempt of doubtful legality not to confute but to stifle the voice of reasonable suspicion, shrewd men will suspect all the more. But then comes a distinct and respectable kind of evidence for the defendant; he urges that the plaintiff was going to sign away his property to his wife's relations. Now, this was proved, and a draft of the deed put in and sworn to. This taken singly, has a very extraordinary look; still you must consider the plaintiff's reasonable suspicion that money belonging to the Dodds had passed irregularly to the Hardies, and then the wonder is much diminished. Young and noble minds have in every age done these generous, self-denying, and delicate acts. The older we get, the less likely we are to be incarcerated for a crime of this character. But we are not to imprison youth and chivalry because we have outgrown them. To go from particulars to generals, the defendant on whom the proof lies, has advanced hearsay and conjecture, and not put their originators into the box. And the plaintiff, on whom the proof does not lie, has advanced an overpowering amount of evidence that he was sane at the time of his incarceration: this was proved to demonstration by friends, strangers, and by himself." Here the judge analyzed the testimony of several of the plaintiff's witnesses.

"As to the parties themselves, it is curious how they impersonated, so to speak, their respective lines of argument. The representative of evidence and sound reasoning, though accused of insanity, was clear, precise, frank, rational, and dignified in the witness-box. The party who relied on hearsay and conjecture was as feeble as they are; he was almost imbecile, as you observed; and looking at both parties, it seems monstrous that the plaintiff should be the one confined as a lunatic, and the defendant allowed to run wild and lock up his intellectual superiors. If he means to lock them all up, who is safe? (Laughter.) The only serious question, I apprehend, is on what basis the damages ought to be assessed. The plaintiff's counsel has made a powerful appeal to your passions, and calls for vengeance. Now, I must tell you you have no right to make yourselves ministers of vengeance, nor even to punish the defendant in a suit of the kind: still less ought you to strike the defendant harder than you otherwise would, in the vague hope of hitting indirectly the true mover of the defendant and the other puppets. Let me solemnly warn you against that unfortunate suggestion of the learned counsel's. If the plaintiff wants vengeance, the criminal law offers it. After benefiting by your verdict, he can still indict the guilty party or parties. Meanwhile he comes *here*, not for vengeance, but for compensation, and restoration to that society which he is every way fitted to adorn. More than this—and all our sympathies—it is not for us to give him. But then the defendant's cause went too far the other way. His client, he says, is next door to an idiot, and so forsooth his purse must be spared entirely. This is all very well if it could be done without ignoring the plaintiff and his just claim to compensation. If the defendant instead of being weak-minded were an idiot, or a lunatic, it would protect him from punishment as a felon, but not for damages in a suit. A sane man is not to be falsely imprisoned by a lunatic without full compensation from the lunatic or his estate; à fortiori, he is not to be so imprisoned by a mere fool without just compensation. Supposing your verdict then to be for the plaintiff, I think vindictive damages would be unfair on this feeble defendant, who has acted recklessly, but under an error, and without malice or bad faith. On the other hand, nominal or even unsubstantial damages would be unjust to the plaintiff, and perhaps leave in some minds a doubt, I am sure you do not entertain, as to the plaintiff's perfect sanity during the whole period of his life."

As soon as his lordship had ended, the foreman of the jury said their minds were quite made up long ago.

Si—lence in the court.

We find for the plaintiff, with damages three thousand five hundred pounds.

The verdict was received with some surprise by the judge, and all the lawyers, except Mr. Colt, and by the people with acclamation; in the midst of which Mr. Colt announced that the plaintiff had just gained his first class at Oxford. "I wish him joy," said the judge.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE verdict was a thunder-clap to Richard Hardie; he had promised Thomas to bear him blameless. The Old Turks, into which he had bought at 72, were down to 71, and that implied a loss of five thousand pounds. On the top of all this came Mr. Compton's letter, neatly copied by Colls: Richard Hardie was doubly and trebly ruined.

Then in his despair and hate he determined to baffle them all, ay, and sting the hearts of some of them once more.

He would give Peggy his last shilling; write a line to Alfred, another to Julia, assuring them he had no money, and they had killed him. And with that leave them both the solemn curse of a dying father, and then kill himself.

Not to be interrupted in his plan, he temporized with Mr. Compton; wrote that, if the Receipt was really signed by his agent, of course the loss must fall on him; it was a large sum, but he would sell out and do his best, in ten days from date. With this he went and bought a pistol, and at several chemists' shops a little essential oil of almonds: his plan was to take the poison, and if it killed without pain well and good; but if it tortured him, then he would blow his brains out at once.

He soon arranged his worldly affairs, and next day gave Peggy his £500, and told her she had better keep it for fear he should be arrested. He sent her on an errand to the other part of town: then with his poison and the pistol before him on the table, wrote a brief but emphatic curse for his son, and Julia; and a line to Peggy to thank her for her fidelity to one so much older than herself, and to advise her to take a tobacconist's shop with his money: when he had done all this, he poured out the fragrant poison and tasted it.

Ere he could drink it, one of those quidnuncs who are always interrupting a gentleman when he has important business on hand came running in with all manner of small intelligence. Mr. Hardie put down the glass and gave him short, sullen answers, in hopes he would then go away and let him proceed to business. And at last his visitor did rise and go. Mr. Hardie sat down with a sigh of relief to his fragrant beverage.

Doesn't the door open, and this bore poke in his head? "Oh, I forgot to tell you: the Old Turks are going up to-day like a shot." And with this he slammed the door again, and was off.

At this the cup began to tremble in the resolute wretch's hand. The Old Turks going up! He poured the poison back into the vial, and put it and the pistol, and all the letters, carefully into his pocket, and took a cab to the City.

The report was true; there was an extraordinary movement in the Old Turks. The sultan was about to pay a portion of this loan, being at six per cent.; this had transpired, and at four o'clock the Turks were quoted at 73. Mr. Hardie returned a gainer of £5000 instead of a loser. And he locked up the means of death for the present.

And now an ordinary man would have sold out, and got clear of the fatal trap: but this was not an ordinary man: he would not sell a share that day. In the afternoon they rose to 74. He came home, unloaded his pistol, and made himself some brandy-and-water, and with a grim smile, flavored it with a few drops of the poison—that was a delicious tumbler. The Turks went up, up, up, to 82. Then he sold out, and cleared £49,000, and all in about ten days.

With this revived the habits of his youth; no more cheating: nothing could excuse that but the dread of poverty. He went to his appointment with Mr. Compton; asked to see the Receipt; said "Yes; that was his form, and Skinner's handwriting; he had never personally received one farthing of the money; Skinner had clearly embezzled it; but that did not matter; of course, Captain Dodd must not lose his money. Send your bill of costs in Hardie vs. Hardie to *me*, Mr. Compton," said he, "they shall not be taxed: you have lost enough by me already."

There was an air of dignity and good faith about the man that imposed even on Compton. And when Mr. Hardie drew out the notes and said, "I should be grateful if you would forgive me the interest; but for a great piece of good fortune on the Stock Exchange, I could never have paid the whole principal," he said, warmly.

"The interest should never be demanded through *him*."

He called in Colls, delivered up the Receipt, and received the £14,010, 12*s.* 6*d.* from Mr. Hardie.

O Immortal Cash! You, like your great inventor, have a kind of spirit as well as a body; and on this, not on your grosser part, depends your personal identity. So long as that survives, your body may be recalled to its lawful owner from Heaven knows where.

Mr. Compton rushed to Pembroke Street and put this hard, hard Cash in David Dodd's hands once more.

Love and Constancy had triumphed: and Julia and Alfred were to be married and go down to Albion Villa to prepare it for the whole party: tenants no more: Alfred had bought it. The Commissioners of Lunacy had protected his £20,000 zealously from the first: and his trustees had now paid the money over.

Alfred, consulted by Mrs. Dodd, whose pet of pets he now was, as to the guests to be asked to the wedding-breakfast, suggested "none but the tried friends of our adversity."

"What an excellent idea!" said Mrs. Dodd, naïvely.

Dr. Sampson being duly invited asked if he should bring his Emulsion.

This proposal puzzled all but Mrs. Dodd. She was found laughing heartily in a corner without any sound of laughter. Being detected and pointed out by Julia, she said, with a little crow, "He means his wife! Yes, certainly, bring your Emulcent"—pretending he had used that more elegant word—"and then they will all see how well you can behave."

Accordingly he brought a lady, who was absurdly pretty to be the mother of several grown young ladies and gentlemen, and two shades more quiet and placid than Mrs. Dodd. She quietly had her chair placed by Dr. Sampson's, and, whenever he got racy, she put a hand gently on his shoulder, and by some mesmeric effect it moderated him as Neptune did the waves in the Æneid. She was such a mistress of this mesmeric art that she carried on a perfect conversation with her other neighbor, yet modulated her lion lord with a touch of that composing hand, in a parenthetical manner, and while looking another way.

This hand, soft as down, yet to all appearance irresistible, suppressed the great art of healing, vital chronometry, the wrongs of inventors, the collusions of medicine, the Mad Ox, and all but drawing-room topics, at the very first symptom, and only just allowed the doctor to be the life and soul of the party.

Julia and Mrs. Dodd had a good cry at parting. Of course Alfred consoled them; reminded them it was only for a week, and carried off his lovely prize, who in the carriage soon dried her eyes upon his shoulder.

Then she applied to her new lord and master for information. "They *say* that you and me are one, now," said she.

He told her triumphantly it was so.

"Then from this moment you are Julius and I am Elfrida," said she.

"That is a bargain," said he, and sealed it on the sweet lips that were murmuring Heaven so near him.

In this sore-tried and now happy pair the ardor of possession lasted long, and was succeeded by the sober but full felicity of conjugal love and high esteem combined. They were so young and elastic that past sorrows seemed but to give one zest more to the great draught of happiness they now drank day by day. They all lived together at Albion Villa, thanks to Alfred. He was by nature combative, and his warlike soul was roused at the current theory that you can not be happy under the same roof with your wife's mother. "That is cant," said he to Mrs. Dodd; "let us you and I trample on it hand in hand."

"My child," said poor Mrs. Dodd, sorrowfully, "every body says a mother-in-law in the house bores a young gentleman sadly."

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"If a young gentleman can't live happy with *you*, mamma," said he, kissing her, "he is a little snob, that is all, and not fit to live at all. Delenda est Cantilena! That means down with Cant!" They did live together: and behold eleven French plays, with their thirty-three English adaptations, confuted to the end of time.

Creatures so high-bred as Mrs. Dodd never fidget one. There is a repose about them; they are balm to all those they love, and blister to none. Item, no stranger could tell by Mrs. Dodd's manner whether Edward or Alfred was her own son.

Oh, you happy little villa! you were as like Paradise as any mortal dwelling can be. A day came, however, when your walls could no longer hold all the happy inmates. Julia presented Alfred with a lovely boy: enter nurses, and the villa showed symptoms of bursting. Two months more, and Alfred and his wife and boy overflowed into the next villa. It was but twenty yards off; and there was a double reason for the migration. As often happens after a long separation, Heaven bestowed on Captain and Mrs. Dodd another infant to play about their knees at present, and help them grow younger instead of older: for tender parents begin life again with their children.

The boys were nearly of a size, though the nephew was a month or two older than his uncle, a relationship that was early impressed on their young minds, and caused those who heard their prattle many a hearty laugh.

"Mrs. Dodd," said a lady, "I couldn't tell by your manner which is yours and which is your daughter's."

"Why they are both mine," said Mrs. Dodd, piteously.

As years rolled on Dr. Sampson made many converts at home and abroad. The foreign ones acknowledged their obligations. The leading London physicians managed more skillfully; they came into his ideas, and bit by bit reversed their whole practice, and, twenty years after Sampson, began to strengthen the invalid at once, instead of first prostrating him, and so causing either long sickness or sudden death. But, with all this, they disowned their forerunner, and still called him a quack while adopting his quackery. This dishonesty led them into difficulties. To hide that their whole practice in medicine was reversed on *better information*, they went from shuffle to shuffle, till at last they reached this climax of fatuity and egotism—

THE TYPE OF DISEASE IS CHANGED.

Natura mutatur, non nos mutamur.

O, mutable Nature and immutable doctors!

O, unstable Omniscience, and infallible Nescience!

The former may err; the latter never—in its own opinion.

At this rate, draining the weak of their lifeblood was the right thing in Cervantes's day: and when he observed that it killed men like sheep, and said so, sub tit Sangrado, he was confounding his own age with an age to come three hundred years later, in which coming age depletion was *going* to be wrong.

Molière—in lashing the whole scholastic system of lancet, purge, and blister as one of slaughter—committed the same error: mistook his century for one to come.

And Sampson, thirty years ago, sang the same tune, and mistook his inflammatory generation for the cool generation unborn. In short, it is the characteristic of a certain blunder called genius to see things too far in advance. The surest way to avoid this is not to see them at all; but go blindly by the cant of the hour. Race moutonniere, va!

Sampson was indignant at finding these gentry, after denouncing him for years as a quack, were pilfering his system, yet still reviling him. He went in a towering passion, and lashed them by tongue and pen: told them they were his subtractors now as well as detractors, asked them how it happened that in countries where there is no Sampson the type of disease remains unchanged, depletion is the practice, and death the result, as it was in every age?

No man, however stout, can help being deeply wounded when he sees his ideas stolen, yet their author and publisher disowned. Many men's hearts have been broken by this: but I doubt whether they were really great men.

Don't tell me Liliput ever really kills Brobdignab. Except of course when Brobdignab takes medical advice of Liliput.

Dr. Sampson had three shields against subtraction, detraction, and all the wrongs inventors endure; to wit, a choleric temper, a keen sense of humor, and a good wife. He storms and rages at his detracting pupils; but ends with roars of laughter at their impudence. I am told he still hopes to meet with justice some day, and to give justice a chance he goes to bed at ten, for, says he,

Jinny us, jinny us,
Take care of your carcass,

and explains that no genius ever lived to ninety without being appreciated.

"If Chatterton and Keats had attended to this, they would have been all right. If James Watt had died at fifty he would have been all wrong; for at fifty he was a failure: so was the painter Etty, th' English Tishin." And then he accumulates examples.

His last distich bearing on Hard Cash is worth recording. "Miss Julee," said he, "y' are goen to maerry int' a strange family—

Where th' illit puts the jinny us
In—till a mad-hus,"

which, like most of the droll things this man said, was true: for Soft Tommy and Alfred were the two intellectual extremes of the whole tribe of Hardies.

Mrs. Archbold, disappointed both in love and revenge, reposed her understanding and soothed her mind with Frank Beverley and opium. This soon made the former deep in love with her, and his intellect grew by contact with hers. But one day news came from Australia that her husband was dead. Now, perhaps I shall surprise the reader if I tell him that this Edith Archbold began her wedded life a good, confiding, loving faithful woman. Yet so it was: the unutterable blackguard she had married, he it was who labored to spoil her character, and succeeded at last, and drove her, unwilling at first, to other men. The news of his death was like a shower-bath; it roused her. She took counsel with herself, and hope revived in her strong head and miserable heart. She told Frank, and watched him like a hawk. He instantly fell on his knees, and implored her to marry him directly. She gave him her hand and turned away, and shed the most womanly tear that had blessed her for years. "I am not mad, you know," said poor Frank; "I am only a bit of a muff." To make a long story short, she exerted all her intelligence, and with her help Frank took measures toward superseding his Commission of Lunacy. Now, in such a case, the Lord Chancellor always examines the patient in person. What was the consequence? Instead of the vicarious old Wolf, who had been devouring him at third and fourth hand, Frank had two interviews with the chancellor himself: a learned, grave, upright gentleman, who questioned him kindly and shrewdly; and finding him to be a young man of small intellectual grasp, but not the least idiotic or mad, superseded his commission in defiance of his greedy kinsfolk, and handed him his property. He married Edith Archbold, and she made him as happy as the day was long. For the first year or two she treated his adoration with good-natured contempt; but, as years rolled on, she became more loving, and he more knowing. They are now a happy pair, and all between her first honest love and this her last, seems to her a dream.

So you see a female rake can be ameliorated by a loving husband, as well as a male rake by a loving wife.

It sounds absurd, but that black-browed jade is like to be one of the best wives and mothers in England. But then, mind you, she had always—Brains.

I don't exactly know why Horace puts together those two epithets, "just" and "tenacious of purpose." Perhaps he had observed they go together. To be honest, I am not clear whether this is so on the grand scale. But certainly these two features did meet remarkably in one of my characters—Alfred Hardie. The day the bank broke he had said he would pay the creditors. He now set to work to do it by degrees. He got the names and addresses, lived on half his income, and paid half away to those creditors; he even asked Julia to try and find Maxley out, and do something for him. "But don't let me see him," said he, trembling, "for I could not answer for myself." Maxley was known to be cranky but harmless, and wandering about the country. Julia wrote to Mr. Green.

Alfred's was an up-hill game; but fortune favors the obstinate as well as the bold. One day, about four years after his marriage with Julia, being in London, he found a stately figure at the corner of a street, holding out his hand for alms, too dignified to ask it except by that mute and touching gesture.

It was his father.

Then, as truly noble natures must forgive the fallen, Alfred was touched to the heart, and thought of the days of his childhood before temptation came. "Father," said he, "have you come to this?"

"Yes, Alfred," said Richard, composedly: "I undertook too many speculations, especially in lands and houses; they seemed profitable at first too; but now I am entirely hampered: if you would but relieve me of them, and give me a guinea a week to live on, I would forgive all your disobedient conduct."

"Come home with me, Sir," said the young man.

He took him to Barkington, bag and baggage; and his good Christian wife received the old man with delight; she had prayed day and night for this reconciliation. Finding his son so warm, and being himself as cool, Richard Hardie entrapped Alfred into an agreement, to board and lodge him, and pay him a guinea every Saturday at noon; in return for this Alfred was to manage Richard's property, and pocket the profits, if any. Alfred assented: the old man chuckled at his son's simplicity, and made him sign a formal agreement to that effect.

This done he used to sit brooding and miserable nearly all the week till guinea time came; and then brightened up a bit. One day Alfred sent for an accountant to look after his father's papers, and see if matters were really desperate.

The accountant was not long at work, and told Alfred the accounts were perfectly clear, and kept in the most admirable order. "The cash balance is £60,000," said he: "and many of the rents are due. It is an agent you want, not an accountant."

"What are you talking about? a balance of £60,000?" Alfred was stupefied.

The accountant, however, soon convinced him by the figures it was so.

Alfred went with the good news to his father.

His father went into a passion. "That is one side of the account, ye fool," said he, "think of the rates, the taxes, the outgoings. You want to go from your bargain, and ruin me on the world; but I have got you in black and white, tight, tight."

Then Alfred saw the truth, and wondered at his past obtuseness.

His father was a monomaniac.

He consulted Sampson, and Sampson told him to increase the old man's comforts on the sly, and pay him his guinea a week. "It's all you can do for him."

Then Alfred employed an agent, and received a large income from his father's land and houses, and another from his consols. The old gentleman had purchased westward of Hyde Park Square, and had bought with excellent judgment till his mind gave way. But Alfred never spent a farthing of it on himself: all he took was for his father's creditors. "All justice is good," said he, "even wild justice." Some of these unfortunate creditors he found in the work-house; the Misses Lunley that survived, were there alas! He paid them their four thousand pounds, and restored them to society. The name of Hardie began to rise again from the dust.

Now, while Richard Hardie sat brooding and miserable, expecting utter ruin, and only brightening up on guinea day, Julia had a protégé with equally false views, but more cheerful ones. It was an old man with a silver beard, and a machine with which he stamped leather into round pieces of silver, in his opinion. Nothing could have shaken that notion out of his mind. Julia confirmed it. She let it be known that she would always cash five pieces of round leather from Mr. Matthew's mint per day, and ten on Friday, when working men are poorest.

She contrived this with diabolical, no, angelical cunning, to save the old man from ridicule, and to do his soul much good. All souls were dear to her. What was the consequence? He went about with his mint, and relieved poor people, and gratified his mania at the same time. His face began to beam with benevolence, and innocent self-satisfaction. On Richard Hardie's all was cordage: and deep gloom sat on his ever-knitted brow.

Of these two men which was the rich man; he who had nothing, yet thought he possessed enough for himself and his neighbors: or he who rolled in wealth, and writhed under imaginary poverty?

One reflection more. Do not look to see Providence dash the cup of prosperity from every dishonest hand; or you will often be disappointed: yet this, if you look closer, you shall often see: such a man holds the glittering cup tight, and nectar to the brim; but into that cup a shadowy hand squeezes some subtle ingredient, which turns that nectar to wormwood.

Richard Hardie died, his end being hastened by fear of poverty coming, like an armed man, and his guinea a week going. Matthews met with an accident, and being impervious to pain, but subject to death, was laid beside his poor mistress in St. Anne's church-yard. Julia buried him, and had a head-stone put to his grave; and, when this was done, she took her husband to see it. On that stone was fresh carved the true name of the deceased, James Maxley.

"I have done what you told me," said Julia, solemnly.

"I know it," said Alfred, softly. "I saw who your Matthews was; but I could not speak of him, even to you. You have done right my good Christian wife. I wish I was like you. My poor little Jenny!"

Richard Hardie's papers were all in order; and among them an old will leaving £14,000 to Edward Dodd.

On this being announced to Edward, he remarked that it was a fraud. Alfred had been at him for a long time with offers of money, and failing these had lost his temper and forged a will, in his, Edward's, favor.

This scandalous defense broke down. The document was indisputable, and the magic sum was forced down Master Edward's throat, nilly willy. Thus rose the Hard Cash once more from the grave.

All this enabled the tenacious Alfred to carry out a deeply-cherished design. Hardie's late bank had been made into a shop; but it belonged to Mrs. Dodd; he bought it of her, and set up the bank again, with Edward as managing partner. This just suited Edward, who sadly wanted employment. Hardie and Co. rose again, and soon wiped out the late disgraceful episode, and hooked on to the past centuries of honor and good credit. No creditor of Richard Hardie was left unpaid. Alfred went in for politics; stood for Barkington, was defeated by seventeen: took it as a matter of course; told his friends he had never succeeded in any thing at first; nor been beaten in the end; stood again, and became M.P. for Barkington, whence to dislodge him I pity any one who tries.

For a long time Mrs. Dodd was nervous, and used to wake with a start at night, and put out her hand to make sure David was not lost again: but this wore off.

For years the anniversary of that fatal day, when he was brought home on a stretcher, came back to them all as a day of gloom: but that wore off.

Sometimes the happiness of her family seemed incredible to her, remembering what they had all gone through. At first, their troubles were too terrible and recent to be discussed. But even that wore off, and they could talk of it all; and things bitter at the time became pleasant to remember.

One mid-summer day they had all dined together rather early, at Albion Villa, and sat on the lawn with Mrs. Dodd's boy and Julia's boy and girl playing about these ladies' knees. Now after a little silence, Mrs. Dodd, who had been thinking quietly of many things, spoke to them all, and said: "If my children and I had not been bosom friends, we never should have survived that terrible time we have passed through, my dears. Make friends of your children, my child."

"Ah, that I will!" said Julia; and caught up the nearest brat, and kissed it.

"It wasn't only being friends, mamma," said Edward; "it was our sticking together so."

In looking back on the story now ended, I incline to the same conclusion. Almost my first word was that Mrs. Dodd and her children were bosom-friends; and my last is to congratulate them that it was so. Think of their various trials and temptations, and imagine what would have become of them if family love and unity had not abounded. Their little house was built on the sure foundation of true family affection: and so the winds of adversity descended, and the floods came, and burst upon that house, but could not prevail against it; it was founded on a rock.

THE END.

THE UPPER AND LOWER RIVER.

I stood by the young, glad river
That watered the prairies wide,
And held the hues of their golden blooms
Enshrined in its crystal tide:

And I asked of the dimpled water
Its secret of happiness,
And it answered full from its heart of joy,
"I am blessed; I learn to bless."

Its voice was lost in the singing
That rose from the wheat-fields near,
And the full-cropped quail to the settler's chil
From the opening whistled clear.

I stood by the old, sad river
That threatened the lowlands wide,
And the shade of the dying Spanish beard
Held in its poisoned tide:

And I asked the stream the secret
Of its misery to rehearse,
And it answered deep from its heart of woe,
"I am cursed; I learn to curse."

Its voice was lost in the clanking
Of chains in the cane-fields damp,
And a hungry buzzard, gaunt and still,
Flapped off to the cypress swamp.

THE BATTLE OF RINGGOLD.

THE charge of Colonel Creighton's brigade at the battle of Ringgold, a gallant though disastrous assault, which ended the series of battles lately fought by the different commands of General Grant, is presented to our readers on page 21.

Colonel Creighton, killed at the very front of his men, with his last breath gave them, "Three cheers for the First Brigade, and God save the Union!" Nearly every officer of his regiment, the Seventh Ohio, was either killed or wounded, and the loss in the brigade was great.

The warm feeling between the divisions of Generals Geary and Osterhaus, engendered by their mutual gallantry in their side-by-side struggle for our cause, was a gladdening sight to witness.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS.

IN front of the head-quarters of General Thomas, a sketch of which is given on page 20, are now parked the greater portion of the cannon captured in the late battles.

Each day numbers of the soldiers and officers may be seen gathered about the spot, and if space could be given their stories of the manner in which each battery or gun was taken would be of exceeding interest to their many friends who are readers of the *Weekly*. To them the thought that they may look at the same scene that their soldier friends daily view must be gratifying.

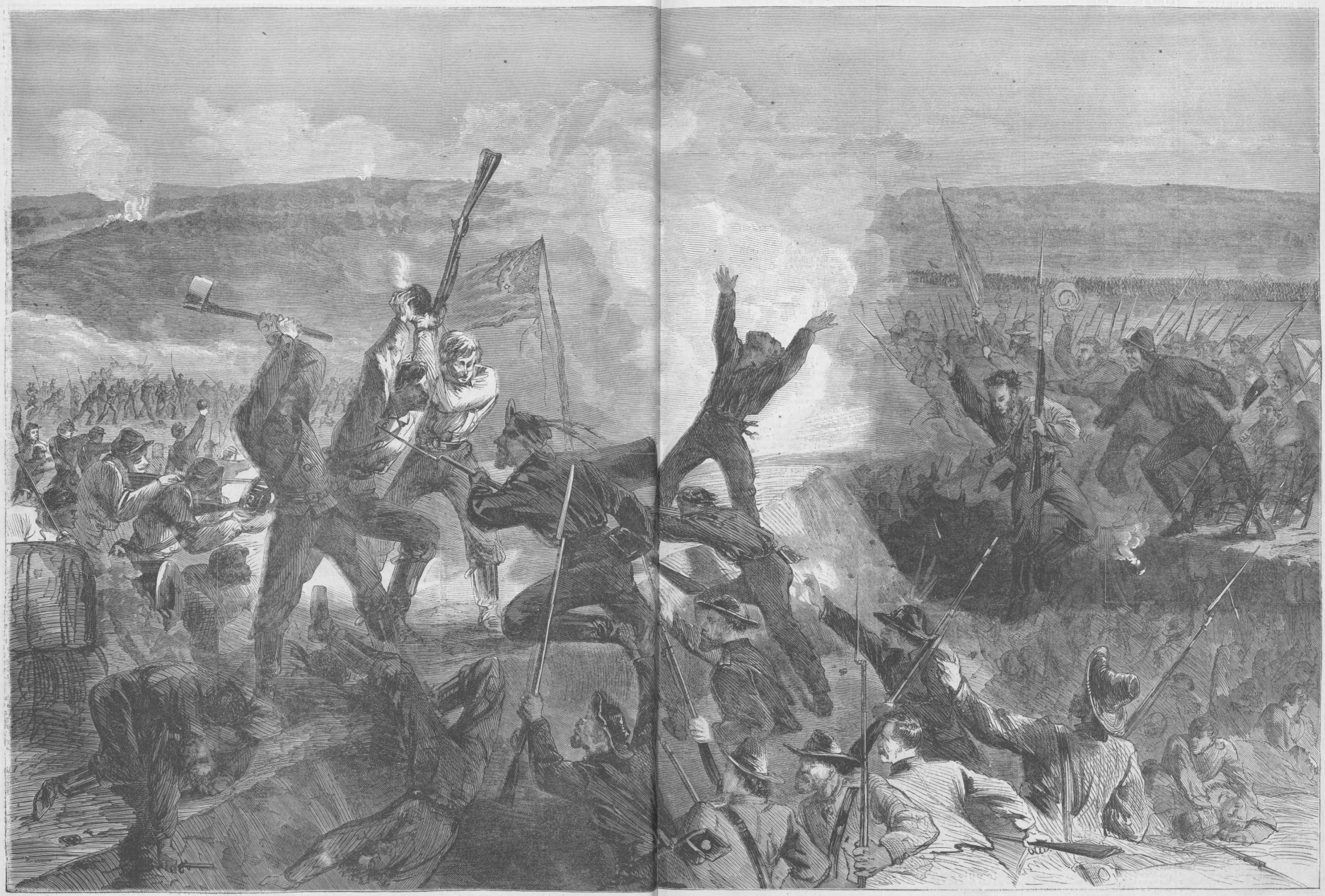
ASSAULT ON FORT SAUNDERS.

ON pages 21, 24, and 25 we publish sketches representing the ASSAULT MADE BY THE REBELS ON FORT SAUNDERS, November 29. The siege of Knoxville had lasted two weeks, and tidings had come of the defeat of Bragg's army by Grant. Knoxville, if taken, therefore, must be taken at once. Fort Saunders was believed by the enemy to be the key to the whole position, and accordingly a forlorn hope was organized out of the choicest spirits of Longstreet's corps to carry the fort by assault, their success to be the signal for a general assault.

At early dawn the assaulting column moved up to the attack over the slope in front of the fort, as seen in the illustration on page 21. This slope was covered with stumps, among which was woven a net-work of wire. This and a galling fire from our rifle-pits, into which the men were crowded, threw their column into confusion. But they struggled on. As soon as they came within easy grape-shot range the guns of the fort opened upon them with great effect. Around the fort was a deep ditch, twelve feet wide, upon which the enemy had not calculated. The parapet was high and steep. The fighting at this point is represented in the illustration on pages 24 and 25.

The enemy, staggered by the fire, stumbling through the wires, at last reached this ditch, and sprang for the parapet. Unseen wires caught and threw them. The ditch was full of them. Shells, with fuses cut short, and lighted, were thrown over the parapet among them. A few struggled to the top of the parapet, but were killed or captured. Half a dozen, who made their way into one of the embrasures, were blown to atoms by a discharge of grape from the gun at whose muzzle they stood. This work lasted for half an hour, when, broken and terribly punished, the enemy withdrew. The ditch around the fort, as well as the slope, was full of the bodies of the slain and wounded. In the ditch they were piled eight and ten deep—a most horrible sight. The rebel loss in killed and wounded exceeded a thousand, besides two hundred prisoners. Our loss did not exceed *ten*. With this attempt the siege of Knoxville practically ended.

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THE REBEL ASSAULT ON FORT SAUNDERS—THE FIGHT OVER THE DITCH.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis—[See Page 29.]

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THE SCOUT'S NARRATION.

IT was in the bleak mountain country of East Tennessee; the evening was growing late, and the camp-fire was smouldering lower and lower, but we still sat around it, for the spell of the scout's marvelous gift of story-telling we were none of us willing to dissolve. Captain Charlie Leighton had been a Lieutenant in a Michigan Battery at the commencement of the war, but a natural love of excitement and restlessness of soul had early prompted him to seek employment as a scout, in which he soon rose to unusual eminence. He is a man of much refinement, well educated, and of a "quick, inventive brain." The tale I am about to relate is my best recollection of it as it fell from his lips, and if there is aught of elegance in its diction as here presented it is all his own. He had been delighting us with incidents of the war, most of which were derived from his own experience, when I expressed a desire to know something of his first attempt at scouting. He willingly assented, took a long pull at my brandy flask, and commenced his yarn; and I thought that I had never seen a handsomer man than Charlie Leighton the scout, as he carelessly lounged there, with the ruddy gleams of the dying camp-fire occasionally flickering over his strongly-marked intelligent face, and his curling black hair waving fitfully in the night wind, which now came down from the mountain fresher and chillier.

It happened in Western Virginia, said he. I had been personally acquainted with our commander, General R., before the war commenced, and having intimated, a short time previous to the date of my story, that I desired to try my luck in the scouting service—of which a vast deal was required to counteract the guerrillas with which the Blue Ridge fairly teemed at that time—one night, late in the fall of the year, I was delighted to receive orders to report at his head-quarters. The General was a man of few words, and my instructions were brief.

"Listen," said he. "My only reliable scout (Mackworth) was killed last night at the lower ford; and General F. (the rebel commander) has his head-quarters at the Sedley Mansion on the Romney road."

"Very well," said I, beginning to feel a little queer.

"I want you to go to the Sedley Mansion," was the cool rejoinder.

"To *go* there! Why it's in the heart of the enemy's position!" was my amazed ejaculation.

"Just the reason I want it done," resumed the General. "Listen: I attack to-morrow at daybreak. F. knows it, or half suspects it, and will mass either on the centre or the left wing. I must know *which*. The task is thick with danger—regular life and death. Two miles from here, midway to the enemy's outposts, and six paces beyond the second mile-stone, are two rockets propped on the inside of a hollow stump. Mackworth placed them there yesterday. You are to slip to F.'s quarters to-night, learn what I want, and hurry back to the hollow stump. If he masses on the centre, let off one rocket; if on the left, let off both. This duty, I repeat, abounds with danger. You must start immediately, and alone. Will you go?"

Every thing considered, I think I voted in the affirmative pretty readily, but it required a slight struggle. Nevertheless, consent I did, and immediately left the tent to make ready.

It was nearly ten o'clock when, having received a few additional words of advice from the chief, I set forth on my perilous ride. The country was quite familiar to me, so I had little fear of losing my way, which was no inconsiderable advantage, I can tell you. Riding slowly at first, as soon as I had passed our last outpost, I put spurs to my horse (a glorious gray thorough-bred which the General had lent me for the occasion) and fled down the mountain at a breakneck pace. It was a cool, misty, uncertain night—almost frosty, and the country was wild and desolate. Mountains and ravines were the ruling features, with now and then that diversification of the broomy, irregular plateau with which our mountain scenery is occasionally softened. I continued my rapid pace with but little caution until I arrived at the further extremity of one of these plateaux. Here I brought up sharply beside a block of granite, which I recognized as the second mile-stone. Dismounting, I proceeded to the hollow stump which the General had intimated, and finding the rockets there, examined them well to make sure of their efficiency—remounted, and was away again. But now I exercised much more caution in my movements. I rode more slowly, kept my horse on the turf at the edge of the road, in order to deaden the hoof-beats, and also shortened the chain of my sabre, binding the scabbard with my knee to prevent its jingling. Still I was not satisfied, but tore my handkerchief in two and made fast to either heel the rowel of my spurs, which otherwise had a little tinkle of their own. Then I kept wide awake, with my eyes every where at once in the hope of catching a glimpse of some clew or landmark—the glimmer of a camp-fire—a tent-top in the moonlight, which now began to shine faintly—or to hear the snort of a steed, the signal of a picket—any thing, any thing to guide me or to give warning of the lurking foe. But no: if there had been any camp-fires they were dead; if there had been any tents they were struck. Not a sign—not a sound. Every thing was quiet as the tomb. The great mountains rose around me in their mantles of pine and hoods of mist, cheerless and repelling, as if their solitude had never been broken. The moon was driving through a weird and ragged sky, with something desolate and solemn in her haggard face that seemed like an omen of ill. And in spite of my efforts to be cheerful I felt the iron loneliness and sense of danger creep through my flesh and touch the bones.

None but those who have actually experienced it can properly conceive of the apprehensions which throng the breast of him, howsoever brave, who knows himself to be alone in the midst of enemies who are *invisible*. The lion-hunter of Abyssinia is encompassed with peril when he makes a pillow of his gun in the desert; and our own pioneer slumbers but lightly in his new cabin when he knows that the savage, whose monomania is vengeance, is prowling the forest that skirts his clearing. But the lion is not always hungry; and even the Indian may be conciliated. The hunter confronts his terrible antagonist with something deadlier than ferocity. The hand that levels and the eye that directs the rifled tube are nerved and fired by "the mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark," which, in this case, is indeed a "tower of strength." And the settler, with promises and alcohol, may have won the savage to himself. But to the solitary scout, at midnight, every turn of the road may conceal a finger on a hair-trigger; every stump or bush may hold a foe in waiting. If he rides through a forest it is only in the deepest shadow that he dares ride upright; and should he cross an open glade, where the starlight or moonshine drops freely, he crouches low on the saddle and hurries across, for every second he feels he may be a target. His senses are painfully alive, his faculties strained to their utmost tension.

By way of a little episode, I knew a very successful scout, who met his death, however, on the Peninsula, who would always require a long sleep immediately after an expedition of peril, if it had lasted but a few hours, and had apparently called forth no more muscular exertion than was necessary to sit the saddle. But, strange as it may seem, he would complain of overpowering fatigue, and immediately drop into the most profound slumber. And I have been informed that this is very frequently the case. I can only attribute it to the fact that, owing to the extreme and almost abnormal vivacity—I think of no better word—of the faculties and senses, a man on these momentous occasions lives *twice or thrice as fast* as ordinarily; and the usual nerve-play and wakefulness of a day and night may thus be concentrated in the brief period of a few hours.

But to resume: I felt to the full this apprehension, this anxiety, this exhaustion, but the knowledge of my position and the issues at stake kept my blood flowing. I had come to the termination of the last plateau or plain, when the road led me down the side of a ravine, with a prospect ahead of nothing but darkness. Here, too, I was compelled to make more noise, as there was no sod for my horse to tread on, and the road was flinty and rough in the extreme. But I kept on as cautiously as possible, when suddenly, just at the bottom of the ravine, where the road began to ascend the opposite declivity, I came to a dead halt, confronted by a group of several horsemen, so suddenly that they seemed to have sprung from the earth like phantoms.

"Why do you return so slowly?" said one of them, impatiently. "What have you seen? Did you meet Colonel Craig?"

For a moment—a brief one—I gave myself up for lost; but, with the rapid reflection and keen invention which a desperate strait will sometimes superinduce, I grasped the language of the speaker, and formed my plan accordingly. "Why do you return so slowly?" I had been sent somewhere, then. "What have you seen?" I had been sent as a spy, then. "Did you meet Colonel Craig?" Oho! I thought, *I* will be Colonel Craig. No, I won't: I will be Colonel Craig's orderly. So I spoke out boldly:

"Colonel Craig met your messenger, who had seen nothing, and advised him to scout down the edge of the creek for half a mile. But he dispatched me, his orderly, to say that the enemy appear to be retreating in heavy masses. I am also to convey this intelligence to General F."

The troopers had started at the tones of a strange voice, but seemed to listen with interest and without suspicion.

"Did the Colonel think the movement a real retreat or only a feint?" asked the leader.

"He was uncertain," I replied, beginning to feel secure and roguish at the same time; "but he bade me to say that he would ascertain; and in an hour or two, if you should see one rocket up to the north there, you might conclude that the Yankees were retreating; if you should see two, then you might guess that they were not retreating, but stationary, with likelihood of remaining inert for another day."

"Good!" cried the rebel. "Do you know the way to the General's quarters?"

"I think I can find it," said I; "although I am not familiar with this side of the mountain."

"It's a mile this side of the Sedley Mansion," said the trooper. "You will find some pickets at the head of the road. You must there leave your horse, and climb the steep, when you will see a farm-house, and fifteen minutes' walk toward it will bring you to the General's tent. I will go with you to the top of the road." And, setting off at a gallop, the speaker left me to follow, which I hesitated not to do. Now, owing to their mistake, the countersign had not been thought of; but the next picket would not be likely to swallow the same dose of silence, and it was a lucky thing that the trooper led the way, for he would reach them first, and I would have a chance to catch the pass-word from his lips. But he passed the picket so quickly, and dropped the precious syllables so indistinctly, that I only caught the first of them—"*Tally*"—while the remainder might as well have been Greek. *Tally, tally, tally* what? Good God! thought I, what can it be? *Tally, tally*—here I am almost up to the pickets!—what *can* it be? Tallyho? No, that's English. Talleyrand? No, that's French. God help me! *Tally, tally*—

"TALLAHASSEE!" I yelled, with the inspiration of despair, as I dashed through the picket, and their leveled carbines sank toothless before that wonderful spell—the Countersign.

Blessing my stars, and without further mishap, I reached the place indicated by the trooper, which was high up on the side of the mountain—so high that clouds were forming in the deep valley below. Making my bridle fast, I clambered with some difficulty the still ascending slope on my left. Extraordinary caution was required. I almost crept toward the farm-house, and soon perceived the tent of the rebel chief. A solitary guard was pacing between it and me—probably a hundred yards from the tent. Perceiving that boldness was my only plan, I sauntered up to him with as free-and-easy an air as I could muster.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

I advanced as near as was safe, and whispered "Tallahassee," with some fears as to the result.

"It's a d—d lie!" said the sentry, bringing his piece to the shoulder in the twinkle of an eye. "That answers the pickets but not me." Click, click, went the rising hammer of the musket.

I am a dead man, thought I to myself; I am a dead man unless the cap fails. Wonderful, marvelous to relate, the cap *did* fail. The hammer dropped with a dull, harmless thug on the nipple. With the rapidity of thought and the stealth of a panther I glided forward and clutched his windpipe, forcing him to his knees, while the gun slipped to the ground. There was a fierce but silent struggle. The fellow could not speak for my hand on his throat; but he was a powerful man, with a bowie-knife in his belt, if he could only get at it. But I got it first, hesitated a moment, and then drove it in his midriff to the hilt; and just at that instant his grinders closed on my arm and bit to the bone. Restraining a cry with the utmost difficulty, I got in another blow, this time home, and the jaws of the rebel flew apart with a start, for my blade had pressed the spring of the casket. Breathless from the struggle, I lay still to collect my thoughts, and listened to know if the inmates of the tent had been disturbed. But no; a light was shining through the canvas, and I could hear the low murmur of voices from within, which I had before noticed, and which seemed to be those of a number of men in earnest consultation. I looked at the corpse of the rebel remorsefully. The slouched hat had fallen off in the scuffle, and the pale face of the dead man was upturned to the scant moonlight. It was a young, noble, and exceedingly handsome face, and I noticed that the hands and feet were small and beautifully shaped; while every thing about the body denoted it to have been the mansion of a gallant, gentle soul. Was it a fair fight? did I attack him justly? thought I; and, in the sudden contrition of my heart, I almost knelt to the ground. But the sense of my great peril recurred to me, stifling every thing else, however worthy. I took off the dead man's overcoat and put it on, threw my cap away and replaced it with the fallen sombrero, and then dragged the corpse behind an outhouse of the farm that stood close by. Returning, I picked up the gun, and began to saunter up and down in a very commendable way indeed; but a sharp observer might have noticed a furtiveness and anxiety in the frequent glances I threw at the tent, which would not have augured well for my safety. I drew nearer and nearer to the tent at every turn, until I could almost distinguish the voices within; and presently after taking a most minute survey of the premises, I crept up to the tent, crouched down to the bottom of the trench, and listened with all my might. I could also see under the canvas. There were half a dozen rebel chieftains within, and a map was spread on a table in the centre of the apartment. At length the consultation was at an end, and the company rose to depart. I ran back to my place, and resumed the watchful saunter of the guard with as indifferent an air as possible, drawing the hat well over my eyes.

The generals came outside of the tent and looked about a little before they disappeared. Two of them came close to me and passed almost within a yard of the sentry's body. But they passed on, and I drew a deep breath of relief. A light still glimmered through the tent, but presently that, too, vanished, and all was still. But occasionally I would hear the voice of a fellow sentry, or perhaps the rattle of a halter in some distant manger.

I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock—would be five before I could fire the signal, and the attack was to be at daybreak.

Cautiously as before, I started on my return, reaching my horse without accident. Here I abandoned the gun and overcoat, remounted, and started down the mountain. "Tallahassee" let me through the first picket again, but something was wrong when I cantered down the ravine to the troopers to whom I had been so confidentially dispatched by Colonel Craig. Probably the genuine messenger, or perhaps the gallant Colonel himself had paid them a visit during my absence. At any rate, I saw that something unpleasant was up, but resolved to make the best of it.

"Tallahassee!" I cried, as I began to descend the ravine.

"Halt, or you're a dead man!" roared the leading trooper. "He's a Yank!" "Cut him down!" chimed in the others.

"Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" I yelled. And committing my soul to God, I plunged down the gully with sabre and revolver in either hand.

Click—bang! something grazed my cheek like a hot iron. Click—bang again! something whistled by my ear with an ugly intonation. And then I was in their midst, shooting, stabbing, slashing, and swearing like a fiend. The rim of my hat flopped over my face from a sabre cut, and I felt blood trickling down my neck. But I burst away from them, up the bank of the ravine, and along the bare plateau, all the time yelling "Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" without knowing why. I could hear the alarm spread back over the mountain by halloos and drums, and presently the clatter of pursuing steeds. But I fled onward like a whirlwind, almost fainting from excitement and loss of blood, until I reeled off at the hollow stump.

Fiz, fiz! one, two! and my heart leaped with exultation as the rushing rockets followed each other in quick succession to the zenith, and burst on the gloom in glittering showers. Emptying the remaining tubes of my pistol at the nearest pursuer, now but fifty yards off, I was in the saddle and away again, without waiting to see the result of my aim. It was a ride for life for a few moments; but I pressed as noble a steed as ever spurned the footstool, and as we neared the Union lines the pursuit dropped off. When I attained the summit of the first ridge of our position, and saw the day break faintly and rosily beyond the pine-tops and along the crags, the air fluttered violently in my face, the solid earth quivered beneath my feet, as a hundred cannon opened simultaneously above, below, and around me. Serried columns of men were swinging irresistibly down the mountain toward the opposite slope; flying field-pieces were dashing off into position; long lines of cavalry were haunting the gullies, or hovering like vultures on the steep; and the blare of bugles rose above the roar of the artillery with a wild, victorious peal. The two rockets had been answered, and the veterans of the Union were bearing down upon the enemy's weakened centre like an avalanche of fire.

"So that is all," said the scout, rising and yawning. "The battle had begun in earnest. And maybe I didn't dine with General R. when it was over and the victory gained. Let's go to bed."

A VOICE FROM BELLE ISLE.

"Sick, and in prison."

POOR Tom's just gone! I closed his eyes.
He died in muttering low the text
That says, "They never hunger more."
I lie and wonder who'll go next.
So many waiting at Death's door—
To some it opens Paradise.

Oh help! oh help! We'll all go mad!
The dreadful, gnawing hunger-pain
Comes back, and with a giant's grasp
Holds life and reason in its clasp:
It works like hell-fire in the brain;
If Death would come we could be glad.

Once we had friends and country too.
Did all die starving? tell me, Jack!
Where's mother? where's the dear old flag?
Hurrah! I'll fight while there's a rag.
Off boys! why do you keep me back?
Stand by the old Red, White, and Blue!

Ah, is it death? I can not see!
I had a dream. Oh help! Be quick!
Come mother, Ruth! (Don't say I died
With Tom, poor Tom! dead by my side.)
Who says, "*I was in prison sick,*
And yet ye came not unto me."

"*I was athirst, and hungered too.*"
Ah then He knows our agony!
Read, Jack, how cunning Satan tried
To tempt Him! I'd be satisfied
To die ten deaths, Jack, just to see
Our army marching here for you!

How many, Jack, are on the floor?
Poor fellows! There is little Jim!
How can they starve a child to death?
Cry, Jack, out *loud!* My dying breath
Must bring our boys to rescue him
And all the thirteen thousand more.

Why don't they come? How could we see
Them starving, prisoned here? I'd choke
At food until I'd raised a band
Who'd vow with steadfast heart and hand
To dare and die until we'd broke
Their prison-doors and set them free.

But, Jack, no matter! We won't flinch
From *death* by *starving*, if the Lord
Do suffer this. But this I know!
I'd slay my country's deadly foe
In honest battle with my sword,
But *not in prison, inch by inch.*

Oh, Jack, come close! I'm going fast!
If you get home tell mother this:
I died for love of Right and Truth.
God bless her and my little Ruth!
Dear Jack, give mother my last kiss.
Good-by. Our boys will come at last!

All's over with that faint "Good-by:"
Oh, brothers, comrades, is that all?
His mute lips still cry out of wrong—
The martyr's wail, "How long, how long?"
And thrill us with the trumpet-call,
"Help, help! before the thousands die!"

THE SHADOW.

I WAS traveling toward evening on one of those great moors, covered with low gorse and scattered stones of granite common enough in Cornwall. The gorse was covered with snow, and the huge granite rocks that rose here and there, pushing their way out of the earth from the stratum below, looked dazzling in their white covering. I was on foot. I had come a long way, and was weary. It was, then, a matter of great anxiety to me when, after an hour's walking, I discovered I had lost the track. It had never been more than a bridle-road, and it was quite choked up now with snow: it was easy to lose it. The inclement weather, so rare in Cornwall, had evidently deterred any traveler from choosing this shorter route, and the great bleak ridge lay now before my eyes in unbroken whiteness, unmarked by step of man or beast.

In vain I turned to the right and left, seeking to recover the lost path, or at least to find some blessed footprint that should speak to me in accents clear as human voice of help and shelter. None such met my view. If any wayfarer had lately passed that solitary waste, the fast-falling snow had effaced his steps with the white covering that hid my own track almost as quickly as my weary feet marked their way.

I stood still in despair and gazed around. As far as I could see stretched one wide waste of snow,

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dotted here and there by the rugged granite that uprose in solid masses from the earth. The snow fell thickly, blinding me as I looked; but I fancied in the dim distance I could define the form of a solitary tree. I stood patiently waiting till some momentary lull should quiet the sharp wind, which was now whirling the blinding snow into my face, and thus enable me to judge whether this indistinct object were a tree or not. In a short time such a lull occurred: the snow ceased suddenly to fall, and I felt convinced there was a tree, being also equally certain it could not be growing on the common itself. This inhospitable soil, scarcely an inch thick, resting on the primeval granite, could not shelter the roots of a tree. Here, then, were the limits of the moor. By the tree I should at least find a more hospitable country—meadows, roads, perhaps a village. I determined to steer straight for this point, abandoning all hope of reaching the place for which I had set out. By this means only could I hope to escape from this interminable waste, which, perhaps, stretched miles on either side of me. Shading my eyes with my hand, I looked at my landmark, and judged it to be about three miles off; and with cheerful courage, counting the distance but little in my new hopes, I started at a brisk walk in spite of my weariness.

Night fell suddenly around me as I sped on, but the moon had risen early in the afternoon, and her bright light enabled me to keep the tree constantly in view. I soon discovered that I was right in my conjecture when I supposed it to lie beyond the moor. The changed character of the ground sufficed to prove that I was approaching the outskirts of the common. The gorse grew thicker and wilder, and here and there a little corner, inclosed by a low hedge of loose stones, showed that cultivation was encroaching on these desolate borders. These little patches in the great waste, covered as they were with snow, had an inexpressible, dreary look, making me feel the solitude more acutely from their very association with life and labor.

I plodded straight on, ever keeping the tree in front, while an oppressive sense of loneliness, weariness, and cold weighed heavily on me, added to an indefinable feeling, more painful still, that made my flesh creep and shiver. Suddenly I found myself obliged to halt before a steep embankment rising like a snowy ridge on the plain. As it wound its length to some extent on either side of me, I scrambled up its side in order to see if I might not, by crossing the inclosure, avoid the detour of skirting it. On reaching the top I perceived it inclosed the workings of an abandoned mine. The yawning shaft was still there—a black spot in the white snow telling of depth and darkness. The ruins of buildings lay in dreary snow-covered heaps; fragments of walls, piles of rubbish scattered here and there, glittered in the moonlight with dazzling whiteness; while through it all ran a dark stream, not bound up in frost, but brawling over stones and rocks in a precipitous descent, till it reached a cliff, where, in a shower of foam mingled with driving snow, it descended into some unknown valley lost to me in the darkness.

I stood for some moments contemplating this scene. Drear it would have been at all times; but now, in the silence of this winter night, clad in its snow garment, with that cold, still moon lighting up its chill desolation, it had to me something appalling in its ruin. The fear of some hidden shaft, or open adit, deterred me from crossing this place, and determined me to skirt the embankment, which indeed scarcely deserved this name, as it was in fact but heaps of stones and rubbish flung here from the mine.

The great shaft lay almost at my feet. By the light of the moon I could see some way into its depths, and mark where the snow speckled its dark sides. At the edge of the yawning pit lay a pile of heavy stones covered with snow. Against this the moonlight shone brilliantly. I was about to turn and descend, when I was struck by the strange appearance of my shadow on this pile. It had its arms folded as I had, it gazed into the pit as I did, it was not larger, or colder, or grayer than other shadows, and yet it filled me with an indescribable sensation of strangeness. I do not know what possessed me to do it, but I flung my arms into the air, and as the figure did the same, there was such an expression of measureless despair in the action that, unable to bear the sight, I turned and fled.

In this flight, which had a *fear* in it that words can not express, I lost my footing in the treacherous snow, and fell heavily. As I arose from the ground I fancied I heard a cry, like the sound of a human voice, arise from within the embankment, mingle with the rush of the stream, and die away in the roar of its fall. I stood still and listened, but all was silent save the dash of waters; and then reassuring myself, I essayed to continue my journey. The moon lay at my right hand, the wall of stones on my left, and on its glittering surface of snow my shadow stood out distinct and clear. For a moment *my* shadow only; but in an instant I saw, with a sensation that lifted every fluttering hair on my head, the shadow that had stood on the brink of the shaft, creeping stealthily behind *my* shadow, mocking every motion of mine, and of it, even to the terror that my own feelings impressed on this gray image of myself.

I had been a spectre-haunted man all my life long; but the shadow that had ever followed me had come in the shape of a murdered woman, sometimes accompanied by a pale sweet face I knew too well. But this was strange, unlooked for; so, with bewildered, fascinated gaze, I turned and faced my tormentor.

This shadow I thought was none of my raising. In the sharp outline of that haggard profile there was no likeness to *my* spectres. The pointed beard, the old-fashioned dress, the waving curls, spoke of a by-gone period. I marked it well, as for a moment the shadow and I stood face to face; then, setting my steps toward the dim tree, I strode resolutely forward.

The thing followed. In vain I turned and faced it, or in despair dashed rapidly to the right or the left. It was always behind me, always mocking my movements. I gathered up snow and flung at it; in horrid mockery it repeated my action. Then nerving myself for the effort, I sprang on it and tried to grapple with its impalpable form. I only grasped the cold snow, while it stood by with its unchanging face, ever expressing that one look of dire, boundless despair.

In face of this thing I was powerless, and, feeling this, I resolved on flight; but when, on turning my head, I saw it gliding on, without apparent movement, and yet close to me, I lost my self-possession, and ran hither and thither on the moor, till sense failed me, and I fell headlong on the snow. When I recovered myself, the shadow still stood over me like a sentinel: the same despair in the sharp lineaments, the same strange appearance of *life* in its gray form.

I arose sick and numbed with cold. I began to feel that if I could not soon reach some human habitation I should die. In this new fear I almost ceased to regard the spectre: was I not used to strange sights hidden to others?

All my energies were concentrated on reaching the tree, whose snow-laden branches gleamed distinctly before me. I had a small flask of brandy in my pocket; putting it to my lips, I drank all it contained, and then, less pallid, less numbed with cold, I walked on with a surer step.

Often I turned to look at my companion. Some new demon surely possessed it: a thousand wicked lives were in it. On that haggard profile, with its deep lines of despair, a new malignity sat triumphant. It mocked no motion of mine now; it had a hundred of its own. It seized my shadow, and seemed to shake it, as it laid its thin long hand, of which I marked the bony fingers, on its shoulder, making my flesh creep at the touch, though it was not on me that gray hand rested, but only on the dim similitude of myself on the snow. Sometimes it flung its arms upward with that same gesture of measureless despair that I had marked when I first saw it standing by the old shaft.

I went steadily on, an inexpressible feeling of relief stealing over me as I neared the gaunt tree. For hours its rugged branches had loomed before me, as an object to be reached by an effort. A thousand fancies had sprung up round its figure—hopes of rest and refreshment, visions of ruddy fires, of kind, helping hands, cheery voices, and merry faces—all, in my loneliness and pain, appearing to me with a beauty and happiness that mere homely life had never before worn for me.

I reached the borders of the moor. The tree stood out against the sky; so distinct every snow-laden branch that I could have counted them. It was straight before me. I hurried on, with a step that had something of unreason in it, so eager and fierce had it become. A low fence now alone separated me from the object I had so long striven to reach. I leaped it with a glad cry, and found myself in a narrow lane directly fronting the tree, which was planted precisely at the point where four roads met. I rushed rather than ran toward it, so eager was I to clasp the gnarled trunk, and feel that this thing, that for so many hours had seemed to mock my endeavors to reach it, was no phantom like that gray shadow lying on the moor. Quick though I had been, this creature of my spectre-haunted brain was quicker. I reached the tree to see it lying beneath the branches, stretched on the snow—the shadow of a dead man!

It was impossible to mistake the sharp outline of death in the cold profile, the rigid position of the limbs, the stony look, and immovable calm of the prostrate figure. A moment before it had stood erect, and a thousand evil lives had been in it, as it tormented me on the dreary heath; now it lay beneath the leafless tree—stiff, rigid, motionless, dead, and yet only like the *shadow* of death.

With one arm round the trunk of the old weird tree, I stood regarding it till I grew frantic. In my frenzy I determined to cover it up, and hide it from my sight in the snow. I flung armfuls on it; I gathered snow around me in shining heaps, and dashed on it—always in vain. It lay there still, ever on the surface, in immovable calmness, more hideous a thousand times than the demon antics with which it had haunted my path on the moor.

Exhausted, I ceased these strange exertions, and drops of anguish fell from my forehead as I essayed in vain to leave this haunted place. Some invisible chain—some horrible attraction—kept me there, in spite of all the efforts made by my will and my reason to resist the spell. This struggle between me and the viewless power that held me was terrible: the sweat stood on my brow, and the veins in my temples swelled like cords. I felt myself giving way, when a little wooden cross standing just at the head of the shadow arrested my attention, and in spite of that horrible presence I stooped to regard it more earnestly.

By the light of the full moon I read this inscription in deeply-cut letters:

To the Memory of Reginald Caerhydon.
May God have mercy on the self-murderer!

I started back. I stood, then, on the grave of the suicide. And this phantom—what was it?

I was not afraid of such things; from an early period of my life I had been shadow-haunted; but I hated the peculiar trance-like, benumbed, powerless state into which I was thrown, either by the visions themselves, or by some power which, through this state, then enabled me to see them. I wiped the sweat from my brow, and, with one arm clinging to that strange tree that had beckoned me on for so many miles to this grave, I concentrated all my faculties in the one sense of listening. A human sound—the faintest echo of any human life—reaching me there, would, I felt, break the spell whose horrible chain bound me to this spot. Gradually on my strained ear came the ripple of running waters: gratefully, pleasantly, it fell, bringing a new sense of power—a feeling of recovered strength. I unwound my arm from the deadly tree and stood upright. Another moment, and the bark of a dog, mingled with the cheerful, hearty whistle of some rustic, broke like music on my ear. With a cry of joy—released, free!—I bounded from the accursed spot—from that shadow of some unseen dead man, and, rushing on at headlong speed, found myself by the side of that little brook the sound of whose rippling waters had come to me like a holy whisper of heaven in an evil place. I sprang across the stream; and whether its clear springs had a power of their own to change the current of that magnetic or spiritual influence that had held me, I know not; but the moment I had crossed I felt myself free, calm, and with full power to perform my own will in any thing on which I might resolve: in a word, I was master of myself.

A CRY FROM THE ARMY.

A CRY from starving Ireland
Was borne across the sea,
And many hearts were melted by
That wail of agony.
Soon white-sailed vessels, outward bound,
Laden with bread were seen;
And plenty reigned in that fair land,
Where famine late had been.
And there lives no true Irishman
Who will not proudly say,
Whene'er he hears this story told,
"God bless America!"

On Britain's isle, not long ago,
Gaunt famine reared its head;
And parents wept, as round them rose
Their children's cry for bread.
Again our Western land sent forth
A messenger of peace—
A noble ship, whose noble freight
Made cries of hunger cease;
And Albion's sons will ne'er forget
Until Time's latest day
The ship which brought her starving poor
Bread from America.

Another cry is heard to-day;
It comes not o'er the main;
And God forbid that earnest cry
Should e'er be made in vain!
It comes from those true men and tried,
Who felt such stern delight,
With Thomas, Garfield, Whitaker,
In Chicamauga's fight;
Who in that dark and bloody hour
Rolled back the tide of war;
Who bear the tokens of that field
In many a glorious scar.

It comes from the Potomac's side—
From Rappahannock's flood,
Whose waters clear so oft are dyed
With true and traitor blood;
From far Arkansas, Tennessee,
And from that noble host
Which Gilmore leads to victory
On Carolina's coast:
From that proud bulwark of our land,
Who guard us with their lives,
The cry comes, "Watch you well, we pray,
Our mothers, children, wives!"

Men of the rich and fertile West,
Your lives and lands you owe
To those brave men who stand between
Your firesides and the foe.
And while they face the battle-storm,
For all the heart holds dear,
Can you refuse that earnest cry,
They utter now, to hear?
While fathers, brothers, husbands, sons,
Bleed for the nation's weal,
Shall mothers, wives, and children dear
The pangs of hunger feel?

No!—hands which oft have *strangers* fed,
And thus the heart have shown,
Will not withhold when such a cry
Arises from our *own*.
No!—in our nation's history
It never shall be read,
That soldier's mother, wife, or child
Have ever lacked for bread.
No!—when our noble boys come home,
And we around them stand,
They shall have reason to cry out,
"God bless our native land!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE "MYSTERY" OF PARIS—Napoleon.

THE GREATEST SWELL OUT OF LONDON—Nadar's Géant.

WHY ARE QUACKS LIKE RAILWAY ENGINES?—Because there's no getting on without puffing.

ADVANTAGES OF SMOKING TOBACCO.—We have often heard it stated that a Pipe assists one much in arriving at a correct solution of a difficult problem. This arises no doubt from its giving one a Birdseye-view of the whole question.

A CALEDONIAN GEM.—A Scotchman, upon being informed by one of his fellow-countrymen of the name of the inventor of the *Giant* balloon, said it was precisely his own case; because, if he were asked to go up in it, he should not hesitate to say "Nae-dare."

THE OUT-SCIETS.—In a recent bankruptcy case it transpired that one of the dresses for which the petitioner, a lady, was indebted to one of her creditors, had in it fifty-two yards of silk. Stringent measures must be adopted to prevent our fair ones from going such lengths—or to speak mile-dly, such distances—in dress. When the wife's dress covers an amount of space which we rood-ly estimate as deserving a rod for its perch-ase, we may be pretty sure that the husband's waistcoat will sooner or later cover an *acre* in the region of his heart.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen. When a farmer has bad crops does he generally make a *rye* face?

A "CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."—For the Atlantic to become Pacific.

A POZER.—If a man swears roundly to a falsehood can he be found guilty of flat perjury?

When a clergyman denounces the age may he be said to "speak against time?"

The editor of the Kinderhook *Rough Notes* says he shall not raise the price of his paper for the present, because he is not able, as a general rule, to raise more than half of what he charges now.

When Archbishop Laud was on trial, he was told that if he had not committed one great act of treason, he had perpetrated so many small crimes, taken together, made him a traitor. "I never knew," said the Archbishop, "that one hundred black rabbits made up a black horse."

"ANOTHER BLOW FOR LIFE"—Eight hours at the seaside during the equinox.

A CONSOLATION.—"The money-market is easy."

What will probably be the last language spoken on earth?—The Finnish.

"Is Mr. Jones in?" asked an Irishman of the porter in a hotel. "No," was the reply; "will you leave your name?" "Och, do you think I'd be after going home without a name?"

"What a pity, mamma, that papa wore his best coat today." "Why, my dear?" "Why, because he said that ill-natured Mr. Crabstick did nothing but pick holes in it."

Constant motion is the first law of Nature; nothing being stationary except pen, ink, and paper.

The evils from which a morbid man suffers most are those that don't happen.

A debating society has under consideration the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The result is expected to be, "No! but impossible."

Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick why Love was always represented as a child? "Because," said the great actor, "he never reaches the years of wisdom and discretion."

Politeness is like an air cushion: there may be nothing in it, but it eases you wonderfully.

A certain Scotchman, who is not a member of the Temperance Society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica rum, drily answered, "To tell you the truth, Sir, I canna say I'm very fond o' rum; for if I tak mair than sax tumblers it's very apt to gie a body the headache."

WHY is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer?—Because he raises stories.

Not more than a hundred years ago an artist painted a portrait of Mr. Jenkins, who was noted for his frequent libations. The artist invited the gentleman's friends to see it, and they inspected it and pronounced it excellent. One of them, however, who was rather near-sighted, complained of the light, approached it to change its position, when the artist exclaimed—"Don't touch it; it isn't *dry*." —"No use of looking at it then," replied the gentleman. "It can't be my friend Jenkins."

A ship belonging to a gentleman named Heaven, sailed from the port of Greenock recently for Canada with a cargo of coals. Shortly before she left it was ascertained that the owner had not sent down sufficient lading for the vessel, and the agent startled his clerk by the order, "Telegraph to Heaven for more coals!"

Mrs. Partington says that Ike, who has just returned from France, "speaks French like a Parishioner."

Lord Kenyon's housekeeping was not liberal, nor his temper good, and Jekyll summed up both facts by saying, "It is Lent all the year round in his kitchen, and Passion Week in his parlor."

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a darkey, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes; "it takes hold first-rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

THE PEAL OF BELLS.—The Chapter of Worcester Cathedral are making an appeal to raise a peal of bells, as a compliment to Dr. Peel, their dean, which has given rise to the following *jeu d'esprit:*

When Government to deanship raised a Peel,
They set a pattern that might well be worse;
And now, to keep the first one's memory green,
To raise another peal the chapter's not averse.

Peel and the peal should unlike be and like—
The bells must be, the dean must not be, hung—
And, though both voices should be loudly heard,
The dean must still be right, the bells must still be rung.

And long may they together work for good,
Each a fair share of duty undertake;
Thus, when for charity the dean will preach,
The peal must peal a peal ere Peel appeal can make.

Musicians are often hard to get along with; they are a crotchety people.

The young fellow who engaged himself to half a dozen young women is undoubtedly a bean of promise.

Jones writes to a friend and closes by saying, "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

A young gentleman, visiting his intended, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and, wishing to insult him, inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but I can tell you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

Why is a plow-boy like a lady's cloak?—Because he is a man tiller.

A CURIOUS FACT.—Though twelve dozen make a gross twenty doesn't make a grocer.

"John, how do you like to have your tea?"—"My tea? Strong."

"Hear, hear!" continually exclaimed an enthusiastic individual at a late political meeting. "There is mighty little hear here," dryly remarked a wag standing close by.

"I'll hide you, my boy!" exclaimed an angry father. "I don't think you will," replied the mother, "for I have helped him to hide himself."

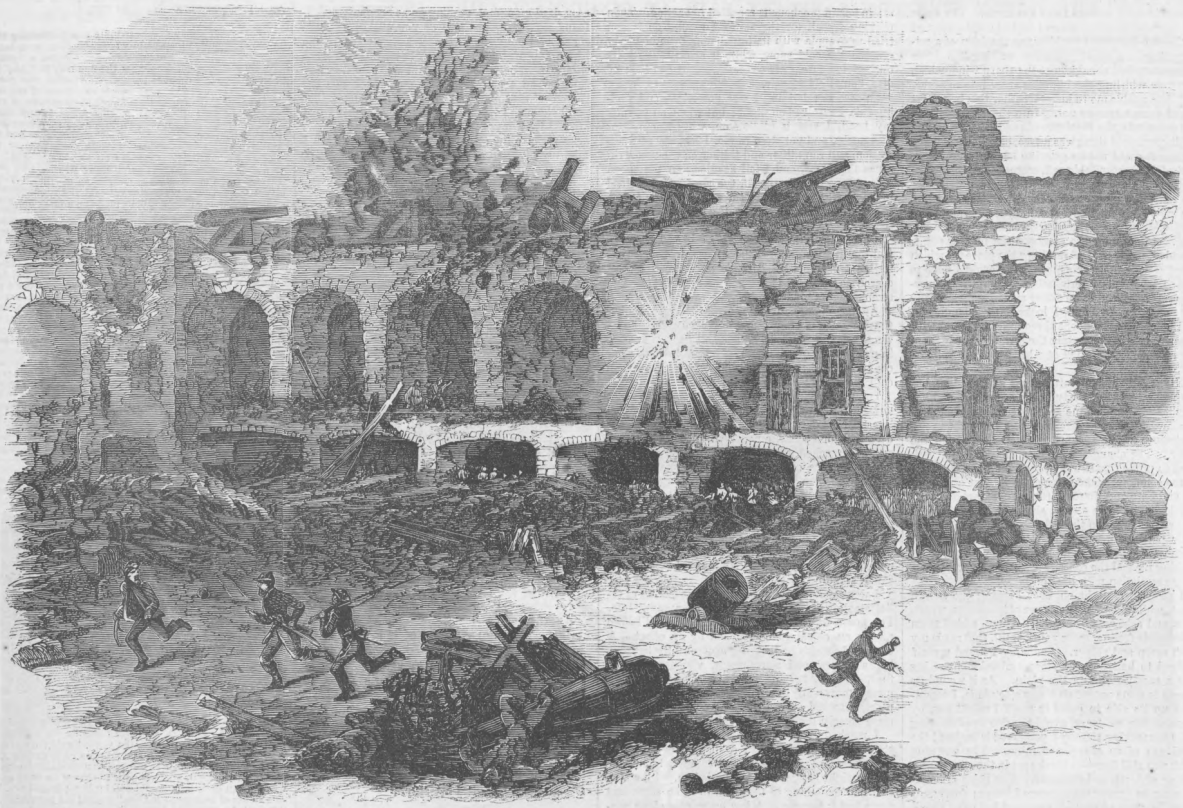
Dr. Thompson, a celebrated physician in his day, and equally remarkable for the slovenliness of his person, could not endure the sight of muffins, and in his medical capacity always spoke of them as very unwholesome. On his breakfasting once at Lord Melcombe's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins was introduced, when the Doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently called out, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, "take away the ragamuffins!"

When is a luggage-van like a forest?—When it is full of trunks.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

The look that is sometimes forced—Wedlock.

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INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER AFTER BOMBARDMENT FROM MORRIS ISLAND.

SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 17.]

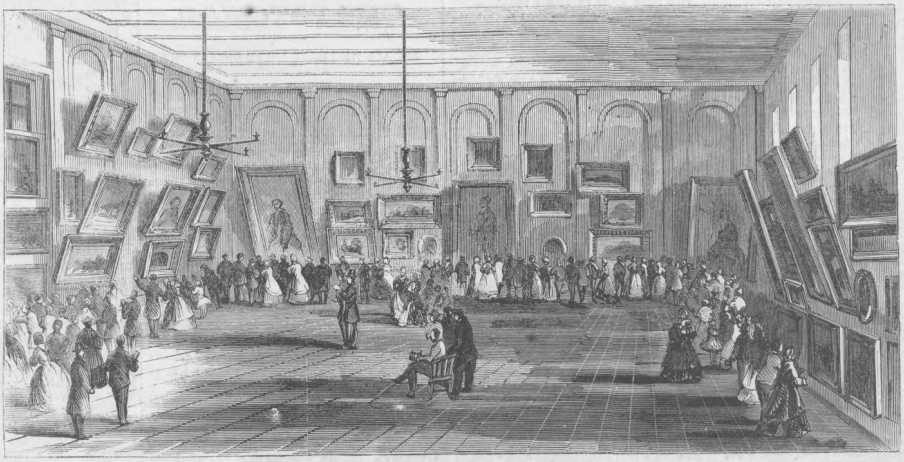


BURSTING OF A SHELL IN THE STREETS OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

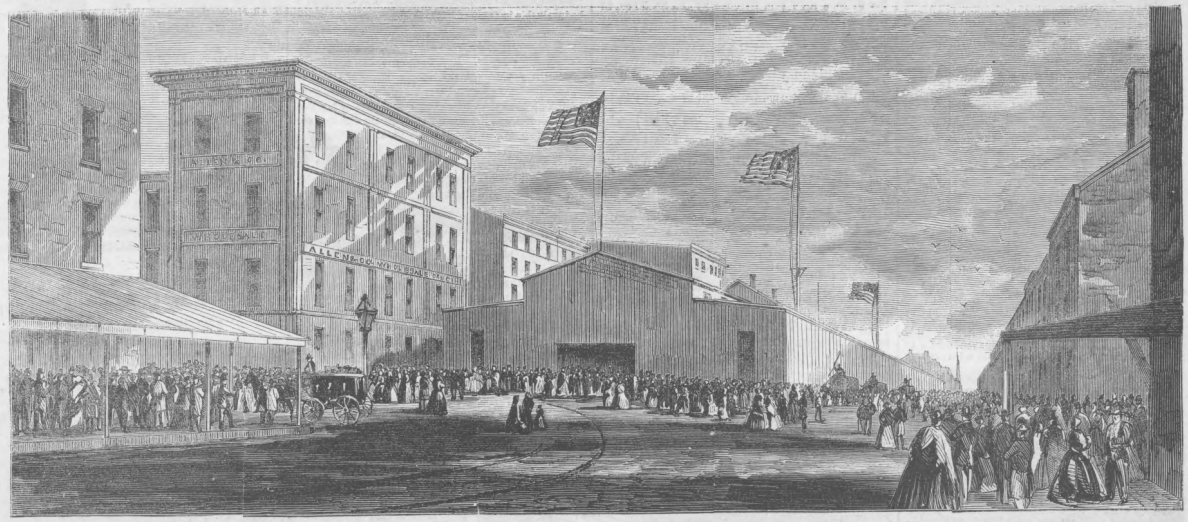
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THE GREAT WESTERN SANITARY FAIR AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



"The different departments of this Fair," writes a correspondent, "occupy several large buildings, two of which were built expressly for this occasion. One of these, the Ladies' Bazar, would furnish comfortable barracks for a division of soldiers. It is fortified with 'works' thrown up by the hands of the ladies of Cincinnati and thereabouts. Any one who attempts to carry these works is met by a determined 'charge' from their defenders, by which 'Greenbacks' without number are captured. These 'Greenbacks,' I am assured, are, by a process of exchange, to be available for the benefit of soldiers who are or have been employed in the capture of 'Graybacks.'—In another large building is a collection of memorials of the war, curiosities, and paintings. In the Art Gallery, under the charge of W. P. Brennan, the author of the famous 'Harp of a Thousand Strings,' are many admirable works of Art. The 'Floral Collection' at Greenwood Hall found admirers not a few, and a Promenade Concert held there was a most decided success.—The Refreshment Hall was a delightful place—at least I found it so after a long course of rough experiences with the Army of the Cumberland. In a pecuniary point of view I could not help thinking that this might have been better managed. When a 'plate,' the like of which I had not seen for months, was placed before me by one of the fairest of the daughters of Cincinnati, I felt almost like a swindler in paying the solitary quarter for that and the privilege of looking at the temporary 'waiter-girl.' I compromised with my conscience by giving only one look, and then addressing myself to my food. I would gladly have given twice as much for two looks without the food. I could then appreciate the sentiment of the honest sailor at the great Boston Fair for the blind, years ago. He stopped for a moment before a table presided over by a lady, gave one glance at her, laid down a gold eagle, and was on the point of passing on. 'My good friend,' said the lady, 'will you not take something for your money?' 'Nothing more, Madam, I thank you,' said Jack, stealing another look at the lady. 'I've had mor'n twice my money's-worth already.'—Any one who did not think he got more than twice his money's-worth in the Refreshment Room at Cincinnati—not counting the refreshments at any thing—must have a high idea of the value of a quarter."





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These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 3 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true consideration) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

Fish's Patent Lamp Heating

APPARATUS.

Boiling—Frying—Stewing—Steeping—with the flame that lights the room. THREE ARTICLES COOKED AT ONE TIME WITH ONE BURNER. *Arranged for Kerosene or Coal Oil or Gas.*

A Descriptive Pamphlet of thirty pages furnished gratis.

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AGENTS WANTED. 206 Pearl Street, N. Y.

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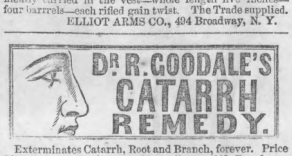
For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., six cents. Adams Press Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y., and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.



Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled grain twist. The Trade supplied.

ELLIOT ARMS CO., 494 Broadway, N. Y.



Exterminates Catarrh, Root and Branch, forever. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot, 612 Broadway, N. Y. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents.

Sixty Voices
FROM ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

LET ALL WHO HAVE LOVED ONES IN THE ARMY READ.

BRANDRETH'S Pills protect from the arrows of disease, usually as fatal to Soldiers as the bullets of the foe.

THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM SIXTY RETURNED VOLUNTEERS,

Places Brandreth's Pills in so strong a light, as a remedy for our soldiers, that it is to be hoped President Lincoln and Surgeon-General Hammond will give it the attention it merits. For soldiers, no medicine can be compared to Brandreth's Pills, because they are as innocent as bread, and yet unfailing as a remedy in all cases where a purgative can effect a cure; and the field is wide, as the following testimony sufficiently shows:

NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1863.

DR. B. BRANDRETH:

SIR,—I noticed in the New York *Herald* of this date, a letter from the surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth Regiment N. Y. S. Vols., extolling your valuable pills, which I fully and freely indorse, having been in command of the company from the third day of August, 1861, until the 2d of June, 1863, when the company was mustered out of the service and discharged, in this city. The percentage of men reported sick during that time was much less than in any other company of the regiment, owing, as I fully believe, to the free use of your pills, which were not supplied to the other soldiers. I believe them to be invaluable in camp or in the field.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN VICKERS, Capt. Co. F, 17th Regt. N. Y. V.

SING SING, Oct. 26, 1863.

We, the undersigned, surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, hereby certify that we have used Brandreth's Pills during our two years' service, and to them we attribute the fact that our constitutions are uninjured by the necessary hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In costiveness, colds, chills, diarrhœa, dysentery, and typhoid fever, their prompt use cured us in a few days. Our health was often restored without having been entered on the sick list; in fact, a single dose of four or five pills usually cured what, under the regular treatment, would have been a serious sickness. Others, who appeared to be sick in no respect different to us, but who used the remedies prescribed by the regimental surgeon, either died or were sick for weeks in the hospital.

When we left Sing Sing, in June, 1861, you gave us a supply of these Pills, and we feel sure, from our experience, that if every soldier was supplied with this medicine, the general health of the army would be greatly improved. For ourselves, it is our sole remedy, answering all our wants in the way of physic, and we have known and tested it from our childhood, and our parents before us.

John Vickers, *Captain*, Patrick Cullen, *4th Sergeant*,
J. L. Smith, *1st Lieutenant*, Benj. F. Brown, *1st Corporal*
William See, *1st Sergeant*, Wm. Mathers, *2d Corporal*,
G. H. Dearing, *3d Sergeant*, Noah W. Miller, *3d Corporal*,
Dennis Shay, *3d Sergeant*, Theo. Crofut, *Drummer*,
Geo. B. Coe, *Drummer*.

PRIVATES.

Francis J. Jennings,	Lewis B. Cox,
William W. Campbell,	Albert Lane,
William J. Charlton,	Ellis Jones,
Albert Wesley,	Wm. Van Wart,
John W. Griffin,	James B. Crofut,
William Holmes,	Roscoe K. Watson,
William W. Rider,	Frederick Hunt,
Martin See,	William Tuttle,
George Ackerley,	Jotham Carpenter,
Hiram Seagle,	Charles Wright,
Alfred Wilkins,	Sanford Olmstead,
William Griffin,	Fuller Carpenter,
George Ayles,	Jamas Bentley,
William J. P. Hewett,	Robert W. Westcott,
John L. Brandenburgh,	Jacob H. Dyckman,
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Henry Hannah,	James N. Dines,
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John Conover,	Warren Wright,
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T. B. Lane, *1st Lieut.*, 38th N. Y. Vols.
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LET THE AILING READ.

A gentleman had been ailing for some weeks; his stools had become light colored, showing the bile was retained in the blood, and rendering an attack of Jaundice or Typhoid Fever probable. He was nervous and irritable; sleep-confused; acid stomach; dizzy; absent-minded; memory failing; pains in the limbs; bowels costive. At length a severe diarrhœa set in, which lasted for two days. When this stopped, severe pains of the bowels came on—"dry gripes," as he called it. Up to this time he had done nothing but now and then take a single Brandreth Pill; but now he understood that the case admitted of no delay, and he at once took five Brandreth's Pills, and partook plentifully of oat-meal gruel. The pills, in about six hours, operated well, and he thought the difficulty removed. This was not so, for in less than two hours the pains in the bowels returned with great violence, accompanied with a sinking feeling, and he thought he was going to die. He immediately swallowed two more pills and some warm broth. The pain soon abated, and he slept for several hours. The pills brought away pitchy-looking stools, and he had no more severe pain in his bowels. For three more days he took five pills at night, and his secretions became natural, and his health fully restored by less than a box of Brandreth's Pills.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

The First Grade has the name
AMERICAN WATCH CO. engraved on the inside plate.
The Second Grade has the name
APPLETON, TRACY & CO. engraved on the inside plate.
The Third Grade has the name
P. S. BARTLETT engraved on the inside plate.
All the above grades have also
AMERICAN WATCH CO. painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.
The Fourth Grade has
WM. ELLERY engraved on the inside plate, and has not the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial.

All of these grades of Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



A Beautiful Holiday Gift.

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case.* It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved.* Nothing can excel its *Comfort, Utility*, and *Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. FOR THE SOLDIER OF ALL RANKS, *in Camp or on the March*, IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders*, with commendation from all points IN THE ARMY, daily attest this fact. **SKATERS** *will appreciate this Case.*

Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**
Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking, $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and SUTLERS invited *to call* and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail, *paid*, on receipt of price and 25 cents. Also half-pound Package of this *fine Tobacco*, full weight, sent (carefully put up) *by mail, paid*, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
OFFICE 429 BROADWAY, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.

Attention, Soldiers!



In solid 14 k. gold, $7 50.

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the ARMY a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.
N. B.—All kinds of Corps and Co. Pins, Enameled, in Red, White, and Blue, by the one, 100, or 1000.

A. I. ROOT, Manufacturer of Pure Coin Silver Chains and Rings. Goods by mail as follows; Chains from $1 50 to $15 00, according to weight and design. Plain Rings, fine finish, 13 cts., 25, 50, and 75, and so up to $2, according to weight. Fancy Top Rings, chased and engraved, from $1 to $3 (give size on slip of paper). Also Silver Keys, Chain Bars, Hooks, Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c. Liberal discount to dealers. Address

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J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

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OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$100 00 each.
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200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	35 00 each.
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3000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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6000 Plain Rings.....	2 50 to 5 00 each.
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6000 Lockets.....	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

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Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen..... $10 25
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Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
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$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents, that retail for $2, urgently needed by every person, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Cavalry Badges

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.



Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

ANY WIDOW, or Parent, or Orphan, or Brother, or Sister of any Soldier, Sailor, Marine, killed, or who has died in the service of the United States, who desires Ninety-six Dollars ($96) a year Pension, FROM ONE TO FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS ($100 to $400) Cash Bounty and all the arrears of pay due him, should call at once or write to JOSEPH E. DEVITT & Co., No. 427 Walnut St., Philadelphia. Also state pay, if there is any due.

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USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, and ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. METTAM & Co., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y.

Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

Look. Look. Look.

RICH, RACY, AND INSTRUCTIVE.—An excellent number. For portraits, character, and biographies of Gen. BANKS, Lord LYNDHURST, etc., with portraits of many beautiful women, Egyptian mummies, Sioux Indians, Love, Courtship, and Marriage, Wild Men and Beasts, Children, How Miss K. got a Husband, A Woman's Experience, The Secret of Beauty, Love-Signs in the Face, The Beard—Its Significance, Dreams, Causes and Effect, see the January number PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, now ready. 15 cents, or $1 50 a year. New volume. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

IMPORTANT to the PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.—Any Soldier of the Pennsylvania Reserve Regiments, who may have been discharged, or who is in the city, can hear something greatly to his advantage by calling upon or sending his address to JOSEPH E. DEVITT, No. 427 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., the Military and Naval Agency.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Malden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES**, Ropes, **CORDAGE**, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Loom Cord and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

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BRODIE'S Great Clearing Sale.

The Entire Winter Stock Will be Sold without regard to Cost,

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The Leader of Fashions!

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American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards.

National Emblems.



Nine of Eagles.

The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. Colonel in place of King; Goddess of Liberty for Queen; Major for Jack.

The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine American Cards ever produced, and as they are entered according to Act of Congress, they can be manufactured only by the American Card Company.

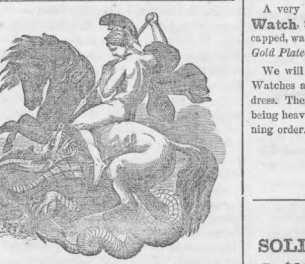
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In playing with these Cards, they are to be called by the names the emblems represent, and as the emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American Republic, they can be used as readily the first occasion as cards bearing Foreign emblems.

The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive card ever made. They are produced in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and then in handsome dozen boxes for the trade.

Two Sample Packs in Card Cases sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1.

Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, or 165 William St., N. Y.



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CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

TO THE DEBILITATED AND THE DECREPID.—For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the fire of life seems to be absolutely dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty restorative seems, as it were, to lift the sufferer out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and re-invigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old farmer, in the Valley of the Monongahela, writes thus to Dr. Hostetter: "I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a rain after a long dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the meadows starts the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have started a second crop of life and spirits in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Ladies of weak constitution, or whose strength has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful tonic, and it is administered with great success in marasmus or wasting of the flesh, to young children. In fact, it is a much safer and surer cordial for the nursery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 476 BROADWAY.

Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.



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Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their cheapness.—*N. Y. Weekly*, July 23d.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

Prettiest, best and cheapest time-pieces ever offered.—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial*, and *fancy cut hands*, in *good running order*, by the half dozen, $66; postage, $2 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

☞ TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
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Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N. Y.

$8 Watch and Chain. $8

$11 Watch and Chain. $11

A Beautiful Engraved *Gold-Plated Watch and Chain*, fine Swiss movement, handsome dial and hands, warranted a perfect time-keeper, for **8 Dollars**. Engraved **Silver**, same as above, chain included, **8 Dollars.**

A very heavy **Hunting Cased Solid Silver Watch**, full jeweled, and fine English movement, silver capped, warranted a perfect time-keeper, and a handsome *Gold Plated Chain* included, for **11 Dollars.**

We will send, on receipt of the money, one of our Watches and a Chain, by mail, postage paid, to any address. These Watches are especially adapted to the Army, being heavily cased and perfect time-keepers, and in running order.

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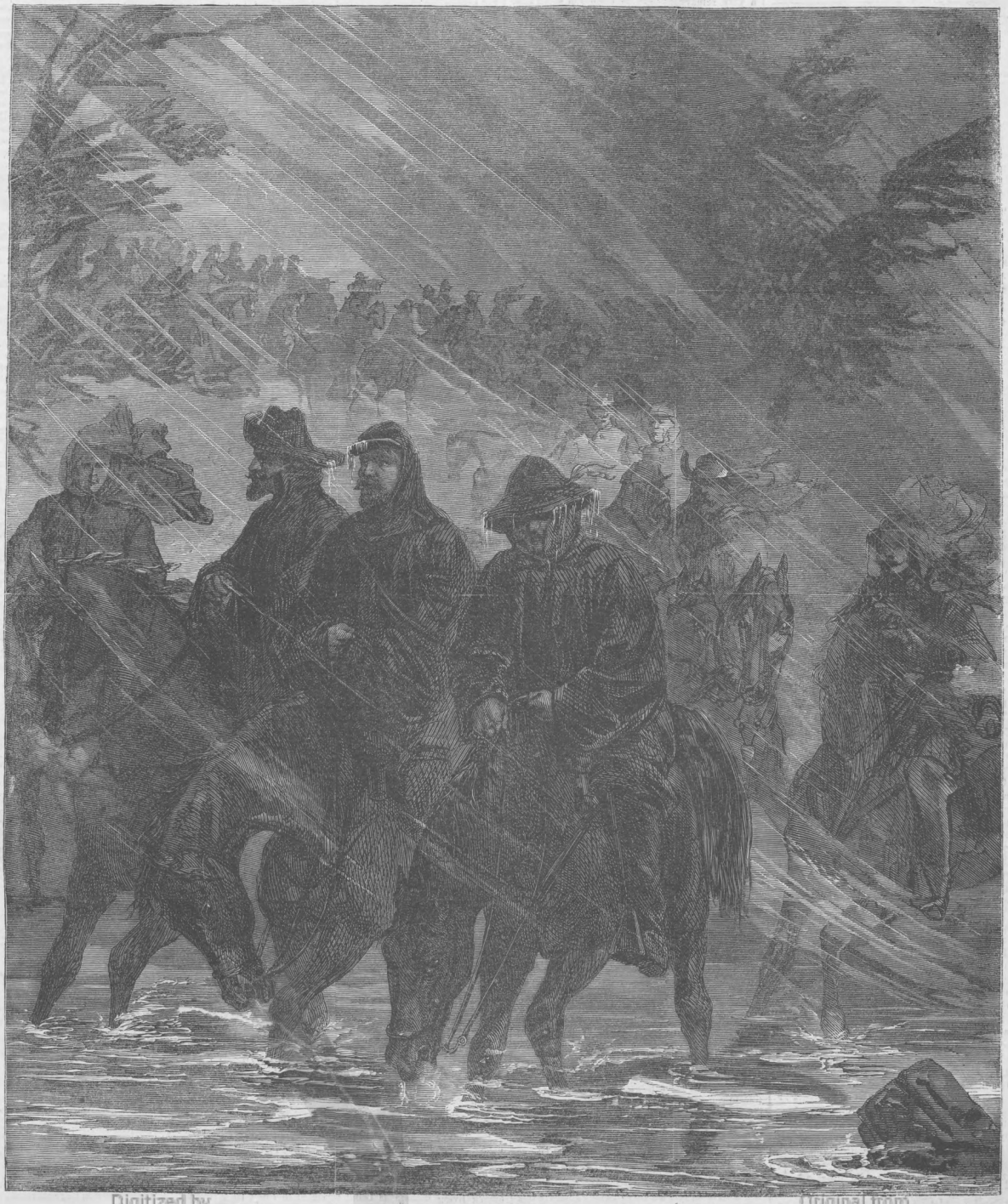
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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AVERILL'S RAID.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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AVERILL'S RAID.

WE give on page 36 the portrait of GENERAL AVERILL, whose dash upon the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad is "one of the most hazardous, important, and successful raids since the commencement of the war." We must defer to a future time a sketch of the services of General Averill. The best account of his raid is contained in his own dispatch, the essential points of which will be found in our Number of January 9. Our sketch presents an instant in this expedition, which is thus described by a correspondent of the press: "All of the columns suffered severely from cold and hunger; but the severest suffering was attached to Averill's command. The nights were bitter. It rained, snowed, and hailed. Imagine the gathering of clouds, the twilight approaching, the wearied soldier and foot-sore horse climbing and scraping up the steep mountain roads; then the descending of the storm, the water freezing as it touched the ground, the line winding its way up one side and down another, entering passes that seemed to be the terminus of these mountainous creations, and then emerging upon open lands but to feel the fury of the storm the more severe, and he can form but a mere idea of what was the scene on this trying occasion."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE POLICE.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR has removed the Metropolitan Police Commissioners upon the ground that their report of the riots of last summer is sectarian and partisan. The passage of the report upon which he bases this objection is as follows:

"These violent proceedings had a political design and direction, and received encouragement from newspapers and partisans of influence and intelligence. The Board of Police had been threatened with summary removal, which was expected to occur immediately. Members of the force desired the removal, and there were not lacking instances of insubordination—the fruit of the expected change. A large portion of the force were of the same nationality and political and religious faith of the riotous mob."

Certainly there could be no simpler or calmer statement of the facts than is here presented. Is it "partisan" to say that the riots received encouragement from newspapers and partisans of influence and intelligence? But Governor Seymour has surely not forgotten his own speech at the Academy of Music on the 4th of July, about ten days before the riots, in which, after sneering at the war and the Government, he warns the latter that mobs can play at necessity as well as a Government. Governor Seymour surely knows, what every other man in the country knows, that the riots sprang from the bitter hostility to the Government and the war, and the incessant denunciation of the law of the land which distinguished the speeches of Vallandigham, Brooks, and other men at the regular meetings of Mr. Luke Cozans's Democratic Association, Mr. Cozans, as is well known, being a particular friend of Fernando Wood. Governor Seymour surely knows, what no law-obeying citizen has forgotten, that not only did the mob and its abettors count upon his passive cooperation; but that he stood at the City Hall, the chief civil magistrate sworn to execute the laws, and told the rioters, reeking with innocent blood and raving in outrage of every law human and divine, that he had asked the Government to suspend the operation of the law, which they put forth as their excuse for arson and massacre.

These are facts of history. Is not Governor Seymour a "partisan of influence and intelligence," and is it an offense incapacitating men for public office to tell the truth of him as of all other instigators of the mob?

Or is it any less true that influential papers in the city spoke of these bloody and murderous mobs as "an uprising of the people," hoping that they would lead to some signal and fearful embarrassment of the Government in prosecuting the war? And will any honest man read the daily issues of a single paper, *The World*, for a fortnight before the outbreak, and not say that it gave "encouragement" to the rioters? Is it, then, "partisan" to say so? Does a man cease to be fit for Police Commissioner because he thinks that the course of such papers was destructive of the public peace?

It seems also that it is "sectarian" to say that a large part of the police force were of the same religious faith with the mob. It may be a mistake, but how is it "sectarian?" Is it perhaps liable to that charge because it implies that the mob were of one religious faith? But can any fact be more notorious than that the mob was mostly composed of Irish, and that the Irish are generally of one faith? Why else did the late Archbishop Hughes summon them to his house, and address them as their spiritual head, and beg them not to disgrace the name of Irishmen and Catholics? To mention these facts, without which their report would be enormously incomplete and unfaithful, shows, according to Governor Seymour, that the Commissioners have departed from the impartial and dispassionate position of public officers, and have lost their usefulness.

It will be plain enough to every attentive reader of these reasons for the removal that Governor Seymour lends himself to the pitiful attempt of Mr. M'Keon to excite a religious rancor in this country. Do these gentlemen not know that they are playing with edged tools? that to excite such a feeling is to annihilate those for whose support it is a bid? Much may be pardoned to the desperate political extremity of Mr. Seymour. A year ago his prospects were unclouded for the nomination and support of the "Conservative" party for the Presidency. This year even the rump of the old Whig party passes him by for M'Clellan, and a man would be laughed at who should name Mr. Seymour as a candidate. Mr. Seymour knows why. It is his conduct as "a partisan" during the riots, and his futile struggles to perplex the Government and the war. Much may be pardoned to his extremity. But when he tries to excite religious hate, it is an effort which shows his own consciousness of his desperate position.

THE TRUTH CONFESSED.

THE Richmond *Inquirer* of December 18 has a very remarkable article upon the rebel conscription, in which it states plainly the political philosophy of the leaders in the rebellion. It is exactly that of Mr. Calhoun. It is that which every honest supporter of slavery must logically hold. And when the mass of the people in the Southern States are once able to comprehend the intentions of the leaders they now so blindly follow, the retribution will be terrible and deserved.

The argument for the universal conscription, says the *Inquirer*, is based upon the equality of every man, from which it is inferred that every man ought to go to the field. It then asks: "*Is not our war based on the principle and fact, which all history has demonstrated as a truth—the inequality of man—for policy we say of races.*" In other words, the rebellion is a reaction against the Declaration of Independence. Men have *not* equal rights, and although we do not yet quite dare to say so, that is what we mean.

The great need of the Southern people is a leader. Some man who would show them that, under pretense of holding colored men in slavery, the real purpose of the aristocracy is that capital shall own labor of every kind; and that, if secession could be accomplished, an immediate reorganization of society upon a strictly aristocratic basis would follow. Such a leader would show the people that the scriptural argument for slavery upon which the slaveholders rely, is an argument for the enslaving of white men, for the old Hebrew slaves were not black; and that, in fact, they are fooled to their own destruction by the men for whom they fight so bravely. It was the knowledge that, if the right of free speech, guaranteed by the Constitution, were tolerated in the South, slavery would be destroyed by the common-sense of the Southern people, which made Calhoun and all his school insist upon suppressing it. Consequently, in its most important provision, the Constitution has been a dead letter in every slave State for more than thirty years.

Meanwhile as the rebel leaders are all slave-drivers, and bound by a common purpose and peril, and as the people have neither the habit of free thought nor discussion, but, being ignorant, are the easy victims of appeals to prejudice and the baser passions, it will be yet a long time before they fairly understand their condition, and see that they are fighting merely to rivet their own chains. But some day we shall hear that in some remote corner a few men have made a stand against the sweeping conscription. There will not be available force to compel their obedience. Successful disaffection will spread; and once emancipated from the iron control of the great slave-drivers, these men will see that their interest, their prosperity, their peace and progress, lie in the total overthrow of a system which makes a great slave-driver like Jefferson Davis the direct and overpowering rival of every poor artisan or laborer in the South who lives by the work of his own hands.

"OUR OWN."

MR. CHARLES MACKAY, the correspondent of the London *Times*, has returned to this country and to his vocation. When he left for England in the autumn it was supposed that he had been recalled on account of the ridiculous position into which his reports of affairs and opinions upon this side of the water had thrown the *Times*. The Chevalier Galenga, more generally known as Mariotti (a family name), who filled the post of correspondent *ad interim*, was a man of very much greater ability than Mr. Mackay, but of a disappointed and bitter feeling, which rendered all his comments upon our affairs sharp and cynical.

It seems that it was a mistake to suppose Mr. Mackay recalled. He has resumed the duties of his post. It is not a pleasant one, and he has our sincere commiseration. To reside in a country for the purpose of finding fault with it; to supply information about it derived from its enemies; to live in New York, and to wish the rebels at Richmond to succeed, when success in Richmond would be anarchy in New York; and to do all this in exile, must be as dreary a business as the New Year is likely to see.

Let us, then, offer a word of friendly advice to this correspondent. We advise him to turn to his letters of last summer, in June and July—letters in which he plainly said that the loyal Union men had virtually given up the contest, and in which he announced that the riots were the beginning of the counter-revolution—and then consider whether it is worth while to suppose that the Copperheads are the true representatives of public opinion in this struggle, or that General Lee, who has not had a solitary success since Stonewall Jackson died, is the only "great captain" on this continent.

If he wishes to leave the London *Times* the least reputation for intelligent criticism or sagacious prophecy, let him consult other oracles than those which are inspired by the hope of attaining political power by the failure of the Government. He has hitherto made himself the mouth-piece of a faction; retailing all their venomous wishes as probabilities, and their foolish gossip as the substance of public talk. He has imbibed their frantic hate of what they call Abolitionism, and rails at the Herculean effort of a great nation to maintain its unity and civil existence, as if it were a mad ebullition of fanatic zeal. If henceforth he will try to understand that a clique of New York Copperheads are not the country, and that their hopes, and beliefs, and expectations in regard to this war are no more valuable than his own, he may succeed in writing letters which will not, indeed, be friendly or true, but may be less conspicuously and absurdly wide of the mark than those he has been in the habit of writing.

THE SANITARY FAIRS.

THE call for the great Metropolitan Fair of the Sanitary Commission is issued. New York is behind her sister cities, and ought to bring up the rear with a metropolitan magnificence. Chicago made eighty thousand dollars, Boston a hundred and forty thousand, Cincinnati is making, let us hope, two hundred thousand, and New York should continue with not less than three hundred thousand dollars. Meanwhile Rochester has done nobly, Portland also: Albany is preparing, and in every town and city we hope to hear of the Sanitary Fair.

For what purpose more humane and lofty can busy the brains and the fingers of all loyal men, women, and children in the land than the continued care of the soldiers in the field? There they are—encamped by river and sea-side, on hills and in valleys, our friends, our brothers, our sons, our lovers, and as they turn their eyes and hearts and hands toward us at home, what joy so great, what cheer so encouraging, as to feel our hands outstretched and our hearts beating in response?

The Sanitary Fairs which enlist the industry, the thought, the interest of the country, hold us all closer together. It is a common cause, a common toil, and, please God! a common victory. And so long as the war lasts the work of the Commission is unending. Its means of succor for the sick and wounded—its vast supplies for hospital, and camp, and field—its agents, transports, and dépôts—must be constantly maintained, replenished, and renewed. It is not an institution which, when once started, goes of itself. When the kind hands of the country stop giving, and the kind hearts of the country lose the desire or thought of giving, then the great work stops, and the son and husband and father languishes in the field uncared for. As he, the soldier, can not and must not rest, but is always ready for the summons, armed and equipped, so must all the rest of us be ready at all our posts with the supports which they have a right to expect.

MONUMENT TO ROBERT FULTON.

IT is incredible that in this age and country of steam, in his own city, washed by the waters of the river on which his great experiment triumphed, in the city which that river, by means of that triumph, has so enriched, no monument has yet been built to Robert Fulton. Of a genius peculiarly American, and whose great victory was achieved within the memory of living men, the personality of Fulton is less familiar to us than that of any equally illustrious American.

It seems that there is a Fulton Monument Association which is now engaged with this subject. They are understood to have selected a site in Trinity church-yard, near Broadway, where Fulton is buried. Henry K. Brown, the sculptor, has made a design for a monument. It is a structure of Portland stone, resting on massive arches and supporting figures representing American lakes and rivers. Above these are other figures representing the four quarters of the globe, the whole crowned, at the height of forty feet, with a colossal statue of Fulton, sitting, and holding in his hand the model of a steamboat which he offers to the attention of the world. A photograph of the design may be seen at the Pacific Insurance Company's office in Trinity Building.

It is undoubtedly imposing, and what Mr. Brown does would be nobly done, but we fear lest at the height of forty feet the face of the statue should be lost. The object of such a work is not merely to commemorate the fame, but to familiarize posterity with the face and form of a benefactor, or hero, or statesman. If this can be successfully done at that height, the simplicity of the remainder of the design commends the whole. In any case, we hope to know before long that the work is to be done, and that above the clouds and smoke, and stately movement of the myriad steamers which fill the river, the traveler to the city may see, sitting enthroned, the figure of Robert Fulton from whose brain they sprang.

LITERARY.

DR. DRAPER'S "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" (Harpers), which has just passed to a second edition in this country, and by its extensive scholarship and vigorous thought has already justly given its author so high a place among living authors, is being reprinted in England by Messrs. Bell & Daldy in two splendid octavo volumes, with a steel portrait of the author. The work is also being translated into Italian, and will be published at Turin in April.

Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" is now issued complete by the Harpers. Mr. Dickens, who is now engaged upon his new story, declares that it is the master-piece of the author; and those who have read it as it has appeared from week to week are aware that to the usual attractions of his style this work has a peculiar value as a vivid picture of the working of the lunatic system in England; doing, in fact, for the Lunatic Asylums the service that his "Never too Late to Mend" did for the Penitentiary system. It is a tale of a great variety of interest, and of a much broader, firmer grasp than some of Mr. Reade's later works.

"Dream Children." (Sever & Francis, Cambridge.) The author of "Seven little People and their Friends," published a year ago, has written another book, which, following Charles Lamb, he calls "Dream Children," and which is one of the most perfectly printed and completed little books of the year. At first glance the book seems to address itself to children; but it is really no child's book; it is too full and complex. It has something in it for every one who has not lost his childhood; who has not so matured himself as to have left out of his appreciation the finest effects of imagination and humor. This little volume will make an audience of its own, and for that audience there are no other books of the kind. The book is made up of short stories, having a vein of romance running through them, without any thing which we are in the habit of calling sentiment. All of the stories are characterized by a peculiar humor—not a broad humor like Dickens's, but nevertheless an exquisite, delicate humor. The author, in the elaboration of his work, has shown an artist's skill and taste, with a great degree of enthusiasm, as if his working formed a part of his life. The effect of the stories upon the imagination and upon the undercurrent of moral sentiment in advanced children is of the highest and purest character.

Professor Henry Drisler, of Columbia College, has attacked Bishop Hopkins's positions upon the Bible view of slavery and routed him from every one. His brief but most comprehensive and learned criticism is issued by the Loyal Publication Society, No. 863 Broadway, and is No. 39 of their publications. The surprising misstatements, inconsistencies, and inevitable conclusions of the Bishop's letter are unsparingly exposed. The special force of Professor Drisler's pamphlet is that it meets the Bishop upon his own ground. It follows him into the Bible history and into Biblical exegesis, and shows that whatever the nature of Hebrew slavery may have been, it constitutes no more excuse for African slavery than the polygamy of the Patriarchs for the Mormon sealing of wives. So of the New Testament argument: if it proves any thing it proves that captives in war may be enslaved; it certainly does not legitimate the African slave-trade. Unquestionably there has been slavery in society before ours; and undeniably, if the fact is evidence of the divine approval, it is approved. But then crime of every kind has always abounded; and this fact is as equally conclusive of the divine approval of crime. Moreover every nation as it emerges from barbarism into a higher civilization abolishes slavery. Dahomey, Turkey, and the African tribes that Captain Speke discovered, cherish slavery. But Western Europe and Northern America discard it. Bishop Hopkins pronounces for Dahomey, barbarism, and slavery. The human heart and conscience and the religion of Christ declare for civilization and liberty. That is the end of the matter. Mr. Hopkins will defend his position to the last; but he will see by a late English work that in that he is still following the King of Dahomey. Professor Drisler, in his sober, earnest, searching, and conclusive little pamphlet, has done the good cause good service.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WE have no sentimental tenderness for a miscreant, native or foreign; but we think that after a man is hanged he might be let alone. Not so, however, think the colonial authorities, according to the *Tarranaki Herald*, which says,

"The trial of the half-caste prisoner, Hori, on the two charges of having taken part in the murders at Waitara, and on the attack on Lieutenant Waller, was concluded on Monday. He was found guilty of both charges, and was sentenced to be hanged for the first offense, and imprisoned for life for the second."

"I suppose," said a gentleman—pointing to one of those huge perambulating photographic vans that go rolling about the country, and which was then stationary on the common—"that thing is the fellow's parlor, kitchen, bedroom—in short, his every thing?" "Yes, his drawing-room included," replied his witty companion.

A VERY CLEVER DISTINCTION.—A Lover is a Suer—a heiress-hunter a purse-suer.

Why is a balloonist like a man disinherited?—Because he is an heir-o'-naught.

When is an earman like a herring?—When he has a hard roe.

"Where shall I go?" as the bullet said to the trigger.

To what color does flogging change a boy's complexion?—It makes him *yell—O!*

"I prefer being foremost," as the hare said to the hounds.

Why should turtles be pitied?—Because theirs is a hard case.

A West Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro-boy who was in waiting observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashy eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw it alight on his master's nose, and instantly fly off again. "Yah, yah," he exclaimed, with great glee, "me berry glad to see you burn your fut."

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, "we find the man that stole the mare not guilty."

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"A LITTLE HELP IS BETTER THAN NONE."

An auctioneer, while engaged in his vocation, thus exalted the merits of a carpet—"Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels, but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself."

An abbé having a violent cold on his return from Rome, where he had been unsuccessfully soliciting the rank of cardinal, it was observed that the malady was easily accounted for, as he had come all the way home without his hat.

Pat was a volunteer, and he got sick. The first question the surgeon asked him was, "Pat, are your bowels regular?" "No, Sir; be jabers, I'm a *volunteer*!"

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to "lave his ould mother an orphan."

A friend in California writes us that they have fire-flies so large in that State that they use them to cook by. They hang the kettles on their hind-legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot-hooks.

A new mode of dispersing a mob has been discovered, which is said to supersede the necessity of a military force: it is to pass round a contribution-box.

One of the German Kings wanted his army instructed in the use of the Armstrong gun. He accordingly got one, but was obliged to ask leave of the next king to have the target put up in his kingdom, his own not being big enough for the Armstrong range!

Sometimes a girl says no to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means yes. The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her nose.

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

When you are running from a mad bull to be slow isn't to be sure.

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said a person to Hook. "No," replied Hook; but if you go over you'll be *tolled*."

It is said that some babies are so small that they can creep into quart measures. But the way in which some adults can walk into such measures is very astonishing.

The reason, no doubt, why people don't like to set down thirteen to dinner is because, under those circumstances, they must necessarily be "at *sixes* and *sevens* with each other."

If an elephant can travel eight miles an hour, and carry his trunk, how fast could he go if he had a little page to carry it for him?

"Ah!" said a Sunday-school teacher—"Ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal—"I suppose, mum, as I should ha' been a horphan."

When Jackson was President of the United States, Jimmy O'Niel, the porter, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which were offensive to the fastidiousness of Colonel Donelson, and caused his dismissal on an average of about once a week. But on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was invariably reversed by the good-nature of the old General. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offense, and was summoned before the highest tribunal at once. The General, after stating the details of the misdeed, observed, "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years, in spite of all complaints; but in this act you have gone beyond my powers of endurance." "And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the General; "I have just heard it from two Senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty Senators say about you, it's little I'd think you are fit to be President." "Pshaw! Jimmy," concluded the General; "clear out, and go on duty, but be more careful hereafter." Jimmy remained with his kind-hearted patron not only to the close of his Presidential term, but, accompanying him to the Hermitage, was with him to the day of his death.

"Talk about women talking!" says a lady of our acquaintance, herself by no means deficient in eloquence; "why, look at the debates, the public dinners, the vestry meetings; and, above all, the gossip, gossip, gossip at those horrid clubs! You talk more in a week than we do in a year; though, to be sure, what we do say has got some sense in it!"

An officer, who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, yer Honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" "Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

"You have not a drop of the great Napoleon's blood in your veins," said testy old Jerome one day in a pet to his nephew the Emperor. "Well," replied Louis Napoleon, "at all events I have his whole family on my shoulders."

A lady that would please herself in marrying was warned that her intended, although a good sort of a man, was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

An old lady, who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked with emphasis that the likes of the moon's being inhabited was incredible. "For," says she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon when there is nothing but a little streak left of it?"

"Pat," said the captain of a ship to an Irishman who was a passenger on board, and who sometimes used to sleep twenty hours in succession, "how do you contrive to sleep so long?" "How?" cried Pat; "why, I pay particular attention to it."

"Patrick," said a Judge, "what do you say to the charge: are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faix, that is difficult for your Honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

"Have you read my last speech?" said a vain orator to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE avail ourselves of the space gained by the adjournment of Congress from December 27 to January 5 to present a list of the members of both Houses of Congress, with an attempt to designate their political *status*. The former appellations of "Republican" and "Democratic" are wholly out of date, many members who were elected as Democrats voting with the Republicans. We have classified the members as "Administration," denoted by "A," and "Opposition," denoted by "O." In the House this classification is comparatively easy. All the members who voted for Mr. Colfax as Speaker are marked "A." Those who voted for Messrs. Cox, Dawson, Mallory, and other Opposition candidates, are denoted by "O." The whole number of votes cast for Speaker was 181, of which 101 were cast for Mr. Colfax. The entire number on our list is 186. We have classed those who were not present according to our best knowledge of their position. Our list contains several names not inserted on the official lists. The right of these gentlemen to seats is disputed. Supposing them to be confirmed, according to our estimate the Administration has 105 votes; the Opposition 81. It must be borne in mind, however, that several members whom we have classed as "O." vote with the Administration upon the essential questions concerning the carrying on of the war.—The Senate, by the official lists, consists of 50 members, among whom are two from "Virginia" and two from "West Virginia." In this body no strictly test vote has come up, and in classifying the Senators as "A." or "O." we have been guided partly by our knowledge of their antecedents, and partly by an examination of their votes thus far. With these explanations, we think that our list will be found nearly correct.

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE.

Anthony, H. B.	R. I.	A.	Howard, J. M.	Mich.	A.
Bayard, James.	Del.	O.	Howe, Tim. O.	Wis.	A.
Brown, B. Gratz.	Mo.	A.	Johnson, Reverdy.	Md.	O.
Bowden, L. J.	Va.	O.	Lane, Henry S.	Ind.	A.
Buckalew, C. R.	Penn.	O.	Lane, Jas. H.	Kansas.	A.
Carlile, John S.	Va.	O.	M'Dougall, J. N.	Cal.	O.
Chandler, Zach.	Mich.	A.	Morgan, E. D.	N. Y.	A.
Clark, Daniel.	N. H.	A.	Morrill, Lot M.	Maine.	A.
Collamer, Jacob.	Vt.	A.	Nesmith, J. M.	Oregon.	O.
Conness, John.	Cal.	A.	Pomeroy, S. C.	Kansas.	A.
Cowan, Edgar.	Penn.	O.	Powell, Lazarus.	Ky.	O.
Davis, Garrett.	Ky.	O.	Ramsay, Alex.	Minn.	A.
Dixon, James.	Conn.	A.	Richardson, W. A.	Ill.	O.
Doolittle, Jas. R.	Wis.	A.	Saulsbury, Wm.	Del.	O.
Fessenden, W. P.	Me.	A.	Sherman, John.	Ohio.	A.
Foot, Solomon.	Vt.	A.	Sprague, Wm.	R. I.	A.
Foster, L. S.	Conn.	A.	Sumner, Chas.	Mass.	A.
Grimes, Jas. W.	Iowa.	A.	Ten Eyck, J. C.	N. J.	O.
Hale, John P.	N. H.	A.	Trumbull, Lyman.	Ill.	A.
Harlan, James.	Iowa.	A.	Van Winkle, P. W.	Va.	R.
Harding, B. F.	Oregon.	O.	Wade, Benj. Ohio.		A.
Harris, Ira.	N. Y.	A.	Wilkinson, M. J.	Minn.	A.
Henderson, J. B.	Mo.	O.	Willey, W. T.	W. Va.	A.
Hendricks, T. A.	Ind.	O.	Wilson, Henry.	Mass.	A.
Hicks, Thos. H.	Md.	O.	Wright, Wm.	N. J.	O.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

Allen, James C.	Ill.	O.	Lazear, Jesse.	Penn.	O.
Allen, William J.	Ill.	O.	Le Blond, F. C.	Ohio.	O.
Alley, John B.	Mass.	A.	Littlejohn, D. C.	N. Y.	A.
Allison, Wm. B.	Iowa.	A.	Loan, Benj. F.	Mo.	A.
Ames, Oakes.	Mass.	A.	Longyear, J. W.	Mich.	A.
Ancona, S. E.	Penn.	O.	Long, Alex.	Ohio.	O.
Anderson, L.	Ky.	A.	Lovejoy, Owen.	Ill.	A.
Arnold, Isaac N.	Ill.	A.	Mallory, Robert.	Ky.	O.
Ashley, Jas. M.	Ohio.	A.	Marcy, David.	N. H.	O.
Bailey, Joseph.	Penn.	O.	Marvin, Jas. M.	N. Y.	A.
Baldwin, J. D.	Mass.	A.	M'Allister, A.	Penn.	O.
Baldwin, A. C.	Mich.	O.	M'Bride, J. R.	Oregon.	A.
Baxter, Portus.	Vt.	A.	M'Clurg, Jos. W.	Mo.	A.
Beaman, F. C.	Mich.	A.	M'Dowell, Jas. F.	Ind.	O.
Blaine, Jas. G.	Me.	A.	Mindoe, Wm.	Wis.	A.
Blair, F. B., Jun.	Mo.	A.	M'Kenney, J. F.	Ohio.	O.
Blair, Jacob B.	Va.	A.	Middleton, Geo.	N. J.	O.
Bliss, George.	Ohio.	O.	Miller, Saml. F.	N. Y.	A.
Blow, Henry T.	Mo.	A.	Moorhead, Jas. H.	Penn.	O.
Boutwell, G. S.	Mass.	A.	Morrill, Justin S.	Vt.	A.
Boyd, S. H.	Mo.	A.	Morrison, Wm. R.	Ill.	O.
Brandegee, A.	Conn.	A.	Morris, Jas. R.	Ohio.	O.
Brooks, Jas.	N. Y.	O.	Morris, Daniel.	N. Y.	A.
Broomall, J. M.	Penn.	A.	Moorhead, J. K.	Penn.	A.
Brown, Jas. S.	Wis.	O.	Myers, Amos.	Penn.	A.
Brown, Wm. G.	Va.	A.	Myers, Leonard.	Penn.	A.
Chanler, J. W.	N. Y.	O.	Nelson, Homer A.	N. Y.	O.
Chandler, L. H.	Va.	A.	Noble, Warren P.	Ohio.	O.
Clarke, R. D.	Kan.	A.	Norton, Jas. S.	Ohio.	A.
Clark, A. W.	N. Y.	A.	Odell, Moses F.	N. Y.	O.
Clay, Brutus J.	Ky.	A.	O'Neill, Chas.	Penn.	A.
Cobb, Amasa.	Wis.	A.	O'Neill, John.	Ohio.	O.
Coffroth, A. H.	Penn.	O.	Woodbridge, S.	Ind.	A.
Corning, Cornelius.	Cal.	A.	Patterson, J. W.	N. H.	A.
Colfax, Schuyler.	Ind.	A.	Pendleton, G. H.	Ohio.	O.
Cox, Samuel S.	Ohio.	O.	Perham, Sid.	Maine.	A.
Cravens, Jas. A.	Ind.	O.	Perry, Nehemiah.	N. J.	O.
Cresswell, J. A. J.	Md.	A.	Pike, Lewis.	Maine.	A.
Davis, H. Winter.	Md.	A.	Pomeroy, T. M.	N. Y.	A.
Davis, Thos. T.	N. Y.	A.	Price, Hiram.	Iowa.	A.
Dawes, H. L.	Mass.	A.	Pruyn, J. V. L.	N. Y.	O.
Dawson, J. L.	Penn.	O.	Radford, Wm.	N. Y.	O.
Deming, H. C.	Conn.	A.	Randall, S. J.	Penn.	O.
Denison, Chas.	Penn.	O.	Randall, Wm. H.	Ky.	A.
Dixon, N. F.	R. I.	A.	Rice, Alex. H.	Mass.	A.
Driggs, John F.	Mich.	A.	Rice, John H.	Maine.	A.
Donnelly, J. Ph.	Minn.	A.	Robinson, Jas. C.	Ill.	O.
Dumont, E.	Ind.	A.	Rogers, And. J.	N. J.	O.
Eckley, E. R.	Ohio.	A.	Rollins, Ed. H.	N. H.	A.
Eden, John R.	Ill.	O.	Rollins, James S.	Mo.	O.
Edgerton, Jos. K.	Ind.	O.	Ross, Lewis W.	Ill.	O.
Eldridge, G. A.	Wis.	O.	Schenck, R. C.	Ohio.	A.
Eliot, Thos. D.	Mass.	A.	Scofield, G. W.	Penn.	A.
English, Jas. E.	Conn.	O.	Scott, John G.	Mo.	O.
Farnsworth, J. F.	Ill.	A.	Segar, Joseph E.	Va.	
Fenton, R. E.	N. Y.	A.	Smith, Green C.	Ky.	A.
Finck, Wm. E.	Ohio.	O.	Shannon, T. B.	Cal.	A.
Frank, A. N.	Y.	A.	Sloan, Ithamar.	Wis.	A.
Ganson, John, N.	Y.	O.	Smithers, Nath. R.	Del.	A.
Garfield, Jas. A.	Ohio.	A.	Starr, John F.	N. J.	A.
Gooch, Dan. W.	Mass.	A.	Spaulding, R. P.	Ohio.	A.
Grider, Henry.	Ky.	O.	Stebbins, H. G.	N. Y.	O.
Grinnell, J. B.	Iowa.	A.	Steele, John B.	N. Y.	O.
Griswold, J. A.	N. Y.	O.	Steele, Wm. G.	N. J.	O.
Hale, Jas. T.	Penn.	A.	Stevens, Thad.	Penn.	A.
Hall, Wm. A.	Mo.	O.	Stiles, John D.	Penn.	O.
Harding, Aaron.	Ky.	O.	Strouse, Myer.	Penn.	O.
Harrington, H. W.	Ind.	O.	Stuart, John T.	Ill.	O.
Harris, Chas. M.	Ky.	O.	Sweat, L. D. M.	Maine.	O.
Harris, Ben. G.	Md.	O.	Thayer, M. R.	Penn.	A.
Herrick, Anson.	N. Y.	O.	Thomas, Francis.	Md.	A.
Higby, William.	Cal.	A.	Tracy, H. W.	Penn.	A.
Holman, Wm. S.	Ind.	O.	Upson, Charles.	Mich.	A.
Hooper, Samuel.	Mass.	A.	Van Valkenburg.	N. Y.	A.
Hotchkiss, G.	N. Y.	A.	Voorhees, D. W.	Ind.	O.
Hubbard, A. W.	Iowa.	A.	Wadsworth, W. H.	Ky.	O.
Hubbard, J. H.	Conn.	A.	Ward, Elijah.	N. Y.	O.
Hulburd, C. T.	N. Y.	O.	Washburne, E. B.	Ill.	A.
Hutchins, W. A.	Ohio.	O.	Washburn, W. B.	Mass.	A.
Jenckes, Thos. A.	R. I.	A.	Webster, E. H.	Md.	A.
Julian, Geo. W.	Ind.	A.	Whaley, K. V.	Va.	A.
Johnson, Philip.	Penn.	O.	Wheeler, Ezra.	Wis.	O.
Johnson, Wm.	Ohio.	O.	White, W. A.	Ohio.	O.
Kalbfleisch, M.	N. Y.	O.	White, J. W.	Ohio.	O.
Kasson, John A.	Iowa.	A.	Wilder, A. C.	Kansas.	A.
Kelley, Wm. D.	Penn.	A.	Williams, Thos.	Penn.	A.
Kellogg, F. W.	Mich.	A.	Wilson, Jas. F.	Iowa.	A.
Kellogg, O. N.	Y.	A.	Windom, Wm.	Min.	A.
Kernan, Francis.	N. Y.	O.	Winfield, C. H.	N. Y.	O.
King, Austin A.	Mo.	O.	Wood, Fernan.	N. Y.	O.
Kitchen, B. M.	Va.	A.	Wood, Benj.	N. Y.	O.
Knapp, Antony L.	Ill.	O.	Woodbridge, F. E.	Vt.	A.
Law, John.	Ind.	O.	Yeaman, G. H.	Ky.	O.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 5. A message was received from the President, recommending that the payment of bounties to veteran soldiers be continued until the 1st of February; accompanying this were letters from the Secretary of War and the Provost Marshal General in favor of the bounty system as opposed to that of drafting: referred to Committee on Military Affairs.—The Secretary of the Navy sent in a list of naval officers who have left the service and joined the rebels.—Several petitions were presented and referred.—Mr. Powell offered a bill prohibiting army and navy officers from interfering in State elections: referred to Judiciary Committee.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill restoring the $400 bounty to veterans and $300 to volunteers until February 15, and offering $100 bounty to persons of African descent residing in States now in rebellion.—Mr. Ten Eyck moved the reference to the Judiciary Committee of that part of the President's Message relating to the reconstruction of the States; he spoke at length in favor of the President's plan: agreed to.

HOUSE.—*January* 5. Mr. Smith introduced a bill providing for paying bounty and pensions to soldiers from Ohio and Kentucky.—A Message from the President urging the extension of the time for paying bounties till February 1 was received and referred to Military Committee.—Mr. Fenton gave notice of a bill indemnifying loyal citizens for damages inflicted by the troops of the United States.—Mr. Coffroth proposed a resolution inquiring into the services rendered and compensation received by Jay Cooke & Co. in the sale of public securities: adopted.—Mr. Harrington gave notice of a bill paying bounties to soldiers who, having served less than three years, have been honorably discharged. Several unimportant subjects were also introduced.

VIRGINIA AND TENNESSEE.

Our two great armies are enjoying a season of rest. Beyond isolated raids and reconnoissances there is no intelligence from the Potomac or the Tennessee.—The barbarous treatment of our prisoners at Richmond, and the refusal of the enemy to treat with General Butler in relation to exchanges, have excited intense indignation, and it is reported that measures are to be taken which must induce the authorities at Richmond to alter their course.

FIGHT IN THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY.

We have unofficial reports of an engagement on the 18th of December, near Fort Gibson, between 1000 rebels under Quantrell and our forces under Colonel Phillips, resulting, after several hours' fighting, in the complete defeat of the enemy, who scattered in all directions.

TEXAS.

All accounts represent that the expedition to Texas is meeting with great success; but the details are indefinite. We present a few items from rebel sources:

Governor Lubbuck, in his message, urges the enrollment of all males between the ages of 16 and 60. He sees no reason why able-bodied old men should not be required to defend the State. Texas has furnished 90,000 men to the army, while its highest vote was 63,727. He estimates that the number of men between 16 and 60 in the State is not more than 37,000, and of these a large proportion had since been drawn into the army. He urges that officers should be obliged to enter the ranks whenever their companies fall below the minimum number.—Indians on the frontier are troublesome; they murder and steal horses, instigated, the Governor thinks, "by our barbarous Yankee enemies, and the renegade whites among them." These Indians must be severely chastised.—Aliens residing in Texas must be forced into the army equally with citizens.—Refugees from Arkansas and Louisiana come to Texas with their slaves. They should be welcomed. "It is better," he says, "to receive them than that they should fall into the hands of our abolition enemies, to be used against us. The refugee who seeks the last foot of soil unpolluted by the Yankees is far more entitled," says Gov. Lubbuck, "to our respect, sympathy, and protection than the wretched cravens and traitors who remain within the enemy's lines taking the oath of allegiance in the vain expectation of preserving the property they have not the courage or patriotism to defend."—Texans sometimes desert, and it is recommended that deserters be sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary.—Distilleries ought to be closed; they use up grain, and demoralize the people and soldiers.—Nobody capable of bearing arms should be allowed to leave the State.—Confederate notes are at an enormous discount; something must be done to raise their value: the best thing is for the Government to take the control of the entire trade in cotton, tobacco, and naval stores.

General Magruder, under date of November 27, announces to the citizens of Texas that a formidable invasion is attempted. Banks had taken possession of the Lower Rio Grande, captured Brownsville, and Corpus Christi Passes, and was advancing upon Saluria. The proclamation of President Lincoln left no room for hope for any one to save his property, "especially his negroes," by submission. Moreover, the enemy had "brought with him from 5000 to 10,000 muskets with which to arm the slaves against their masters." General Magruder therefore recommends that all citizens residing upon navigable streams, or within fifty miles of the coast, should, at any cost, send their able-bodied male slaves to the interior. "Lose your negroes, he says, "and your lands will become comparatively worthless."

General E. Kirby Smith, commanding in the Department, finds the impressment of cotton an absolute military necessity. He has placed the matter in the hands of a Committee, whose plan is to buy one half of the cotton, and pay for it in Confederate bonds or stocks, and give certificates exempting the remainder from impressment. Any planter delivering to the Government one half of his cotton, at any recognized dépôt, upon these terms, will be allowed to remove and sell the other half to the best customer he can find. All cotton, the Committee say, "attempted to be moved without the protection of an exemption from this office, will be liable to impressment for Government purposes; and any interference with the Government transportation by the holder of an exemption or by any of his agents, either by attempting to forestall the hiring of teams, or by offering or giving a higher rate of freight than proposed by this office, will cancel said exemption."

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR.

The Legislature of New York convened on the 5th of January. The National Administration have a decided majority in both branches: 78 to 50 in the House. The Message of Governor Seymour is in a great measure devoted to an attack upon the policy and measures of the National Administration. The Governor also has summarily removed the Police Commissioners of New York; basing this action mainly upon the ground of a paragraph in their Report, in which they imply that a majority of the rioters of last July were Irishmen and Catholics. The old Commissioners deny the right of the Governor to remove them without a formal trial, and until this point is legally decided remain in the exercise of the duties of their office. The new Board appointed by the Governor have organized, but have taken no measures to assume the direction of the police force.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM Europe there is little of importance. The English papers discuss at length the Messages of Presidents Davis and Lincoln. They think the plans of the latter to be impracticable; while the tone of the former shows no indications of yielding.

In the French Senate there has been sharp debate, in which the foreign policy of the Emperor was called in question; but the usual complimentary address was carried, and the Emperor replied in a conciliatory manner.

No definite changes have taken place in regard to the three great European troubles: the Polish insurrection, the Danish question, and the Congress of the rulers.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

It is now affirmed that the Archduke Maximilian will not accept the crown of Mexico; this report, however, rests upon no authenticated grounds. Meanwhile the position of the French army of invasion and occupation grows daily more perplexing.

The troops of Ecuador, under General Flores, who invaded the States of Colombia, have met with a serious defeat. Mosquera, the President of Colombia, having succeeded in gathering about 4000 men, attacked Flores, who had 6500, and routed him after a sharp action, killing and wounding, according to report, 1500, and taking 2000 prisoners. This action occurred on the 6th of December.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE following Union officers have died at Camp Grose, Texas, while prisoners in the hands of the rebels:

Lieutenant FRANK BARTLETT, Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, of dysentery, August 22, 1863.

Surgeon A. J. CUMMINS, Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, September 5, 1863.

Lieutenant JESSE W. HUMSEY (formerly a compositor in the New York *Herald* office), One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York Volunteers, October 11, 1863.

Lieutenant MATHIAS HAYES, One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York Volunteers, October 16, 1863.

Colonel J. F. PIERSON and Captain J. A. SCRYMSER, selected by the Sub-Committee appointed at the recent meeting held at the Cooper Institute, to visit the Army of the Potomac to explain to New York regiments the matter of bounties, etc., have left for the army. The total bounty to those who re-enlist will not be less than $777. Of this $402 will be paid by Government; $300, and in some counties more, by county, and $75 by the State. Each man re-enlisting should receive from his mustering officer a paper showing to what town, city, and county he is to be credited. The State and county bounties will be paid when the men come home on furlough.

It has been ordered that but one passenger train shall hereafter leave Washington daily for the Army of the Potomac—namely, at a quarter before ten in the forenoon. Other trains are exclusively for freight. Sutlers can accompany their goods, provided their passes have been countersigned the previous day.

Fifty of FORREST'S guerrillas, under Colonel, Major, and Chaplain, were captured by General DODGE'S mounted infantry, near Pulaski, Tennessee, on the 25th, three of them in chains, charged with the murder of Federal soldiers last summer. The skulls of the murdered men, placed as ornaments on the mantle-piece, were found in their room.

The enlistments in this city under the last call have been 2167. In order to put a stop to the speculation of enlistment-brokers, who enlist men here for other States, Governor SEYMOUR has issued the following order:

ALBANY, *December* 15, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 261.—The Judge-Advocate-General is directed to take legal measures for the arrest and punishment of all persons who may, in violation of the laws of this State, procure volunteers in the city of New York to be recruited and credited elsewhere. By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

JOHN T. SPRAGUE, Adjutant-General.

A dispatch from Chattanooga states that seven members of the Sixth Ohio Battery have been captured by the rebels, near Tullahoma, and brutally murdered. They were tied to trees, shot, and their bodies thrown into the river.

Captain THOMAS WILSON has been appointed Chief Commissary of the Army of the Potomac in place of A. H. CLARK, who has been relieved and ordered to report at New York. He is the son of JOSEPH L. WILSON, Chief Clerk of the Land Office.

The official rebel loss at Chicamauga is stated as follows: Killed, 2299; dangerously wounded, 4780; slightly, 10,500; missing, 1900.

The value of the prizes captured by our navy since the commencement of the rebellion is shown by official figures to amount to over $100,000,000.

A petition is in circulation, signed by the officers of the Potomac flotilla and the Navy-yard here, asking that HENRY WALTERS, late Acting Ensign, commanding the gunboat *Reliance*, that was captured by the rebels in July last in the Rappahannock, be reinstated. He was dismissed from the service by the Department, and it is stated on the occasion WALTERS fought desperately.

The Navy Department will, on the 5th of January, dispatch the supply steamer *Bermuda* from Philadelphia to the Gulf Squadron, and on the 9th the supply steamer *Massachusetts* to the South Atlantic Squadron.

The ordnance officer of the Monitor *Patapsco* has furnished a transcript from his record of the expenditures of shot, shell, and powder by that vessel during her period of service of less than a year. The armament of the *Patapsco* is one 8-inch rifle and one 15-inch Dahlgren (smooth bore). The record shows that up to November 4 this Monitor expended, for the 8-inch rifle, 44 tons plus 640 pounds of shot, or altogether, 190,200. Expenditure of powder for rifle gun, 14,970 pounds. For her 15-inch gun she expended 1 tons plus 1430 pounds, or 17,130 pounds of shot. Expenditure of powder for 15-inch gun, 12,095 pounds. A very simple calculation from these data shows that the 8-inch rifle has fired 541 rounds (109,200 pounds of shot, divided by 200, which is the weight of each one) while the 15-inch gun has fired but 43 times—(17,130 pounds of shot, divided by 400, which is the approximate weight of the shot of the 15-inch gun): that is, more than twelve rounds have been fired from the 200-pounder rifle for every one from the 15-inch Dahlgren.

On account of the enormous amount of work to be previously done, General MCCLELLAN'S report can not be issued for several weeks yet, as there are to be twenty maps engraved for it.

The Richmond *Examiner* says that the rebel army in East Tennessee has gone into winter-quarters.

At its late anniversary, the Missionary Society of the Cincinnati Conference elected General GRANT an honorary member. Rev. J. F. MARLAY communicated the fact to the General, and the following is his reply:

DEAR SIR.—Through you permit me to express my thanks to the society of which you are the honored secretary for the compliment they have seen fit to pay me by electing me one of its members.

I accept the election as a token of earnest support, by members of the Methodist Missionary Society of the Cincinnati Conference, to the cause of our country in this hour of trial.

I have the honor to be, very truly, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Major-General U.S.A.

Major THOMAS D. ARMASY and Lieutenant DANIEL DAVIS, two rebel officers recently convicted by court-martial of recruiting within the Union lines, were on Saturday conveyed to Fort Warren, sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

The Legislature of Alabama has voted that the carpets of the State Capitol at Montgomery shall be cut up into blankets for the Alabama soldiers in the rebel army.

The War Department has ordered that any armed vessel in the service of the United States, which shall make a capture, or assist in making a capture, shall be entitled to prize-money as if she belonged to the navy—subject, of course, to the regulations.

General ROSECRANS is to take the place of General SCHOFIELD in the Department of Missouri.

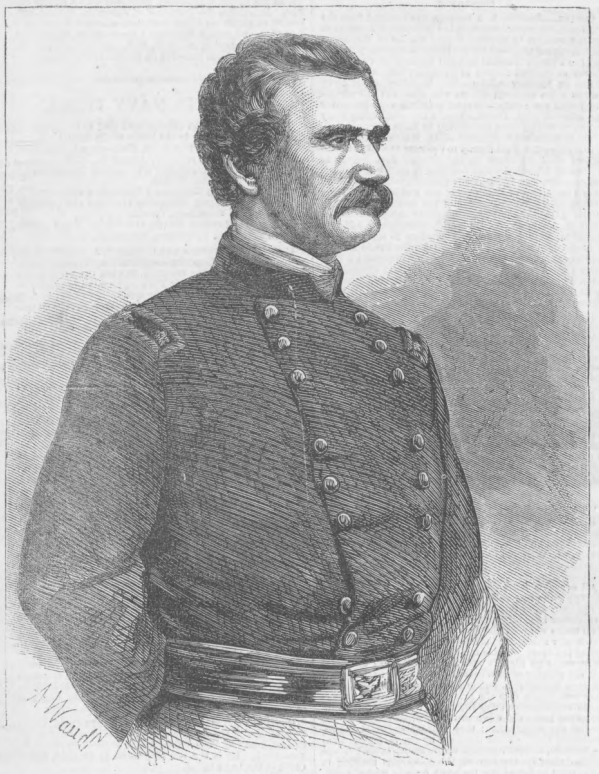
General SPONEMAN, Chief of the Cavalry Bureau, has, at his own request, been relieved of that command, and has been ordered to report to General GRANT. Colonel GERARD has been placed in charge of the Bureau.

The Ninth, Twenty-ninth, and Thirty-fifth Indiana regiments have re-enlisted for three years, to a man. They will have a short furlough home in a few days. They are now at Chattanooga. Recruits from all portions of Indiana are pouring into Indianapolis. At least one hundred arrive daily, and are sent into the numerous camps.

Captain H. T. ANDERSON, Fifty-first Indiana Regiment, and J. T. SKELTON, Seventeenth Iowa Regiment, escaped a short time ago from the Libby Prison at Richmond. They report that the supplies furnished the prisoners were scant in quantity and miserable in quality, but the best they could give.

General BUTLER has issued an important order, providing for the enlistment of colored troops and the care of their families in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

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MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS.]



GENERAL WILLIAM W. AVERILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 34.]

GENERAL HUMPHREYS.

THIS veteran commander, whose portrait is given above, entered the Military Academy from Pennsylvania, in 1827, graduated in 1831, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Artillery, but acted for a short time as Assistant-Professor of Engineering. He then served on the sea-board and in the Cherokee Country until assigned to duty with the Topographical Engineers. Afterward he served in the Florida war, and was specially mentioned for his gallantry in the engagement of June 9, 1836. In 1838 he was again assigned to the Engineers, and in 1844 was put in charge of the Central Office of the Coast Survey at Washington. In 1848 he was appointed Captain, and in 1850 was directed to undertake surveys and investigations upon the Mississippi River and Delta, the object being to determine the means of preventing inundations and increasing the depth of water on the bars. This work occupied nearly ten years, in the course of which he visited Europe. He had, moreover, the charge of the railroad explorations from the Mississippi to the Pacific. In 1861 he became Chief of Topograph-



THE ATTACK IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 36.]

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THE WRECK OF THE "AQUILA," AT SAN FRANCISCO.

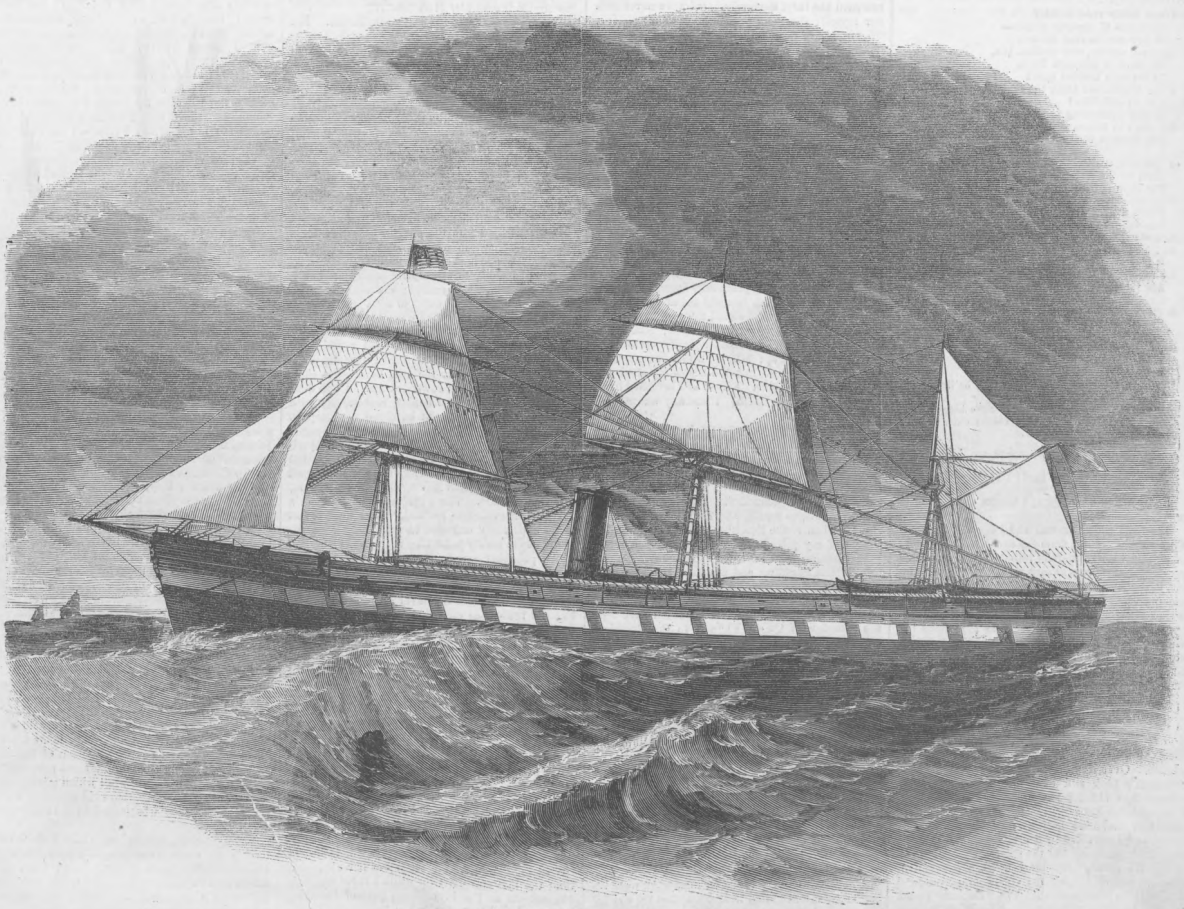
ical Engineers on General M'Clellan's staff, and in April, 1862, was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In September he was placed in command of the Third Division, Fifth Corps—a new division, with which he made a forced march from Washington, performing 23 miles in one night, and joined M'Clellan early on the morning after the battle of Antietam, supposing that the battle would be renewed. The heroic charge of this division at Fredericksburg and its brilliant conduct at Chancellorsville are fresh in remembrance. When this division of nine months' volunteers was mustered out of service its gallant commander was appointed Major-General. At Gettysburg he commanded a division of the Third Corps, whose noble conduct needs no fresh mention. Since that time General Humphreys has acted as Chief of Staff to the commander of the Army of the Potomac.

THE WRECK OF THE "AQUILA."

THE *Aquila* was some months ago sent from New York to San Francisco, having on board, as freight, the "Monitor" *Camanche*. Surviving all the perils of the voyage around Cape Horn, the *Aquila* was sunk while lying at a wharf at San Francisco. Our correspondent furnishes us with a sketch of the vessel, taken as she lay on the 25th of November, just after the accident, which we give on this page. He writes: "Early yesterday morning it was announced that the *Aquila*, having the *Camanche* on board, had sunk in the night at Hathaway's wharf. It was too true. After surviving storms and escaping pirates, she had gone down within a stone's-throw of our business thoroughfare. I send you a sketch of her as she lies, with only about twenty-five feet of the after-hull and deck visible, the sea sweeping through and over her decks. The vessel was brought in and moored alongside the wharf, the wind blowing freshly down the bay, raising a heavy sea, to which the broadside of the vessel was exposed. Under her stern was a hard bottom, against which she beat, or rather was beaten, until a hole was made, and down she went. At high tide there is 37 or 38 feet of water above her bow.

THE ITALIAN IRON-CLAD.

WE present on this page a view of the iron-clad steam-frigate *Re d' Italia*, built for the Italian Government by Mr. William H. Webb, of New York.



THE IRON-CLAD SCREW FRIGATE "RE D' ITALIA.

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Her length at the spar-deck is 258 feet, extreme breadth 55 feet, depth of hold 33 feet, draught of water 23 feet. She has two back-action horizontal engines, built at the Novelty Works, of 800 horse-power together, with cylinders of 84 inches diameter and 45 inches stroke of piston, supplied by six horizontal tubular boilers. Her engineer's trial trip was made on the 12th of November, and though not intended as an ultimate trial trip, her performance was so satisfactory that the vessel was at once accepted by the agents of the Italian Government, which had reserved the right of rejecting her if she failed to answer the stipulations of the contract. On the 30th of December she made an experimental trip down the bay of New York under the charge of her own officers. She ran ashore in a fog, but was got off in a day or two without serious damage. The vessel is in every respect one of the most beautiful specimens of naval architecture afloat. It is supposed that she will attain a speed of 12 knots an hour, being considerably greater than that of any other iron-clad yet constructed. Her armament consists of 32 guns.

THE "SUCK" IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

THE river at the "Suck" is about 300 yards wide and very deep, but the current is so rapid that steamers can not head against it, and are obliged to be pulled up by a windlass. The water runs comparatively smoothly until within a short distance from the "Suck," when it breaks into waves and dashes against a rock on the left, flinging the foam high in the air. Waldron's Ridge, on the left bank, resembles the Palisades on the Hudson; the trees, however, run nearly to the top. On the right is Raccoon Ridge.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE picture on pages 40 and 41, sketched during the late campaign in Virginia, gives an idea of the appearance of this army when moving into battle. In the extreme distance the enemy's artillery is seen on a crest, his infantry below, disputing the advance. Nearer are our own guns supporting the troops. Brigades, recognized by their flags, are pressing on at double-quick; artillery, enveloped in dust, are galloping to a position. Near by is a group of ambulances. In the fore-ground are French and Birney, with their staffs. In the front is Meade; near him are Generals Sykes, Humphreys, and Pleasanton, with Chief-Engineer Duane. The whole picture, though representing but a single moment of action, gives a fair idea of an army going into battle.

THE PICKET.

WHAT ruddy stain is this?
Perchance of morning flowers—
Of dew-wet, odorous flowers;
Did ever mother, ever maiden kiss,
On cheek of new-born down,
Or set with bearded brown,
These flowers, and think the inner heaven of heaven
Had no such bliss?
It may be morning blooms are passing fair;
But since to human cheeks their tints were given,
The sweetest blooms are there.

A pale face motionless,
Close by the stain of flowers,
The stain of blood or flowers;
Did ever mother, ever maiden press
White fingers on this stain,
And think to be alone,
And not feel *it* were very far from heaven
And happiness?
It may be. Since white fingers once have pressed
Such sculpture, the quick pulses through them driven
Are very near to rest.

A grave dug in the sand,
Near to the stain of flowers—
The red stain *not* of flowers;
Shall ever mother, ever maiden stand
Within a lonely home,
And say, "When will he come
Out from returning ranks? How long he lingers
With his victorious band!"
It shall be. Tender, loving lips have kissed
Their last: and never more shall thrill white fingers
For that one picket missed.

MISS SMITH.

I SAW her in a photograph album, and my doom was sealed.

We were eating creams and jelly in Mrs. Paulding's parlor. I had done the usual amount of dancing, and whirled merrily round in the waltz and redowa; but there was now a cessation in the music, and flirtations went on in a low tone over our tea-spoons. My late partner set down her plate with a sigh of disappointment.

"It is vanilla, and I never eat any thing but chocolate. Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Featherstonhaugh. Nothing more for me but a small lady-finger. Shall we look through Mrs. Paulding's album? I dote on photographs."

She opened it, I don't know whether with malice prepense or not, but she opened it in the middle. A vignette, with dove-like eyes, angelic smile, curls *à la Eugénie*, and a white waist, looked me in the face. I bent rapturously forward for the second glance. Over went my ice and Charlotte on Miss Wigham's pink silk double-ruffled skirt. She screamed, I blushed and stammered, a crowd of sympathizing damsels gathered round. Miss Wigham was conducted, half-fainting, to the dressing-room, and I retreated in a crest-fallen condition to the nearest corner. But the spell was already upon me. No matter whether I upset a pyramid or bring about destruction on the entire supper-table, I must get back to the album. The "Lancers" struck up as if to cover my advance. Miss Wigham, pale but composed, with an enormous dampness in her dress, and a curl of her lip in my direction, swept forward to the head couple, while I, possessed with the one idea, edged toward the table.

The book lay open still. No cream had soiled, no Charlotte profaned it. On the opposite page sat a stout lady with an ugly cap and still uglier baby; but there on the right hand gleamed out the eyes of my enchantress. What grace! What loveliness! The arch of that snowy neck! that bewitching mouth! even the fluttering curve of the ribbon that circled the beautiful throat! Life without her was, I felt, a blank. I must find her; must woo and win and wear her as a precious jewel in my heart. My hostess, like a benevolent fairy, approached me. She was in the "grand chain," but I arrested her. "Might I inquire, Mrs. Paulding, the name of this—this"—"angel," was on my lips—but in deference to the conventionalities of society I substituted "lady?"

"That?" said Mrs. Paulding, dancing past, "oh, that is my cousin, Mrs. Peek. A sweet child, is it not?"

The last sentence fell upon unheeding ears. I was stupefied, confounded, dashed into an abyss of woe. This Peri—this priceless Pearl, Mrs. Peek? The bride of another? Lost to me forever?

The book still rested in my nerveless hand. Still my eyes were fixed upon the fated page. Mrs. Paulding *chassèed* by again.

"Ah!" she exclaimed with another glance, "I see you are not looking at Mrs. Peek. That young lady opposite, with the tucked spencer, is a Miss Smith, I think, from New York, or Boston."

I was in the seventh heaven again. Blissful "Miss!" Never should she change the title till my euphonious surname had been offered to her acceptance. Somebody joined me. I shut the album instinctively. The gaze of another would be profanation.

"Ah, Feathers!" said my friend Stokes—"Feathers" was the usual unpleasant abbreviation by which I was disrespectfully addressed—"it's past midnight, I believe. Don't you mean to apologize to Miss Wigham? You'd better see her home. How could you be so awkward?"

"Miss Wigham be hanged!" I returned, almost unconsciously.

Stokes stared.

"I mean I—I'm very sorry," I resumed, with a stammer, beginning to come to myself. "I'll send her a bouquet to-morrow." And thereupon shone before me a vision of the bouquets—all forget-me-nots and blush roses—which I should send some day to Miss Smith. "Excuse me, Stokes; I must bid good-night to Mrs. Paulding."

"A delightful evening, my dear Madame!" I observed, with my politest bow. "In your rooms we find always the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul.' But the photograph which I was admiring. It is, it is"—what should I say next?—"uncommonly like a dear lost aunt of mine. Could you tell me where I should be likely to find Miss Smith?"

"Why, I scarcely know, Mr. Featherstonhaugh," returned the lady, dubiously. "I have never seen her myself; she is an acquaintance of my sister's. Miss Smith, of New York—yes, I'm positive of New York; but that is all I can tell you."

"Perhaps your sister—?" I suggested, pertinaciously.

"Oh, my sister is in Europe! Will be absent till next summer. You are sure you don't mean Mrs. Peek?"

I left in desperation.

Returning home I stirred up my fire, lit a cigar, and sat down, in the orthodox midnight fashion, with my feet upon the fender. Rosy dreams flitted through my brain. What were the "Reveries of a Bachelor" compared with mine? Pshaw! had I written the book my lines would have glowed with the breath of Cupid. Miss Smith would have looked out from every page. Twelve editions in six months would have enriched the publishers, and given me a fortune to lay at her feet. As it was, my reveries, though not pecuniarily profitable, opened to me an Elysium. Miss Smith beamed out at me through the embers; Miss Smith closed my eyelids when, at three in the morning, I retreated to bed; Miss Smith awoke with me, and—metaphorically speaking—held my shaving cup; Miss Smith accompanied me to the banking-house, hovered beside my stool, and almost signed the bills. I lived and breathed in an atmosphere of Miss Smith. Broadway was peopled with her image.

For two days this luxurious delirium bore me up on the high tide of bliss; then came a sense of vacancy in the world around me. I must find her—must fly to her—must pour out the fullness of my heart! But whither should I fly? New York was wide, and Smiths abounded. Was my *inamorata* a daughter of John Smith, Esq.? What sacred spot, from Harlem to the Brooklyn Ferry, should be the Mecca of my pilgrimage? It was, as you see, a cruel question; and I decided upon another application to Mrs. Paulding, and wondered if the Atlantic Telegraph Company would not hasten its preparations, that I might draw through the briny waves intelligence of Miss Smith. What would have been the message of Queen Victoria to the President compared with that? But the Company was dilatory. Cyrus W. Field had probably never known Miss Smith; and I hastened up to Mrs. Paulding's, feeling I must hear or die. I was ushered into the parlor. The Album, that shrine of my idol, lay upon the table. I seized it, of course, and feasted my eyes upon her image. I don't know how long the waiter staid up stairs—Time was swallowed up to me in Miss Smith!—but he came down again with Mrs. Paulding's compliments. She was to leave the city that afternoon, and was very much engaged; would the gentleman excuse her? The servant withdrew. I shut the book in despair; opened it again; cast one wild glance around; saw I was alone; and then—I blush to confess it, but even love's crimes are sacred—I stole the photograph, and didn't leave my card!

The lagging hours of the ensuing week were beguiled by my ill-gotten treasure, and at the expiration of that time fortune appeared to smile. I received an offer of a clerkship from a Wall Street broker, and, with very much the feelings of the individuals who independently advertise "Salary no object," hastened to New York in person to signify my acceptance. It is true I seemed not much nearer the goal of my existence than before; but I breathed the same air as Miss Smith, perambulated the same pavements, and no doubt rode in the same omnibus. Omnibuses indeed afforded me one of my greatest hopes. From the Battery to Eighty-sixth Street I rolled daily on my weary way. Evangeline chasing her lover was nothing to my exploits; yet I cherished a fellow-feeling for Evangeline, and bought the engraving to hang over my shaving-glass. The precious photograph was kept in my left vest-pocket next my heart. Alas, alas! what fluctuations of bliss and misery awaited me! I entered, for example, the Sixth Avenue cars; at the extreme end sat a lady with primrose gloves, black lace veil, and a cashmere. There were the dove-like eyes and drooping curls—ah, Eureka! could it be Miss Smith? On and on we glided. Yorkville was in sight. At last she alighted; I followed. She dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up. "Miss Smith?" I timidly murmured. "Sir!" she responded in a basso voice sadly in contrast with the curls, "Do you wish to insult me? My name is Van Dunderbergh!"

A love like mine must leave of course its impress. I began to grow haggard—even pale and thin. It may be well to mention that I had formerly approximated a weight of two hundred. My eyes became hawk-like and prying. Out of office-hours I walked and rode incessantly. I have said that I sympathized with Evangeline; I began also to sympathize with the Wandering Jew. My melancholy condition attracted notice. A young man in the same office found his feelings moved toward me. I had not confided to him my secret, but he pityingly fancied me on the verge of lunacy. "Essay, Feathers," he remarked one twilight, when gold was down and business dull, "what you need is cheerful society. Come with me to-night to a little party. My cousin, Miss Smith—"

"Bless you! bless you! my dear fellow!" I exclaimed, falling upon his neck. "Let us go at once. Lead me, oh lead me to my adored Miss Smith!"

"Now, now, Feathers!" he repeated, soothingly. "Be calm! be calm! I don't know that it will be safe to trust you. If we had a dose of valerian!"

"I will swallow it by the bottleful," I returned, excitedly. "Only take me to Miss Smith."

"But you can't go, you know, unless you're quiet," he expostulated in gentle tones. "Go home and rest yourself. Take nothing but weak black tea and a cracker, and I will call for you at eight. You are sure you will be quiet?"

"Any thing for Miss Smith!" I answered, with an effort at composure. "But you will not fail me?"

"No; punctually at eight. It is a small party, you know."

"And it is given by Miss Smith?"

"Precisely. I will get you an invitation. But do you know her?"

"You shall see, my dear fellow," I returned, collectedly. "But not a word to Miss Smith."

Briggs departed mystified.

True to his promise, however, he entered my room at eight, and found me irreproachably attired in a dress coat and lemon kids. I was pacing up and down with frequent pauses before the mirror, and a heart too full for words. We left. I presume, indeed I know, that we drove over the Russ pavement; but to me we seemed wafted through translucent skies on the wheels of Apollo's chariot. We paused at a brown-stone front. I grasped Briggs's arm convulsively. Another moment and we were ushered into the apartment where three Misses Smith, one in white, one in pink, and another in blue, received their friends. The blue lady stepped forward to meet me with undisguised curiosity; the white one smiled; the pink blushed. Ah me! my heart sank down to zero. I might be among the Graces, perhaps I was; but none of them was *my* Miss Smith. I felt myself growing pale, but with one heroic effort controlled myself, and went through the usual wretched formula of a night's enjoyment. At the end, however, a glow of virtuous satisfaction rewarded me. I had done my duty to Briggs, had danced successively with his three cousins, and not betrayed my despair. But the mockery of pickled oysters and Champagne I could not away with. Indeed I began to experience an insane desire to sup upon prussic acid; but taking refuge instead in a forlorn stoicism, I excused myself early, returned home, smoked six cigars, and went to bed. The next morning I began a novel in three volumes, entitled, "Miss Smith;" and while apparently engaged in exchanges and discount was in reality pondering the weighty question which publisher was most worthy to receive proposals for the forthcoming work. It might be as well, I thought, to step in in the afternoon at Harper's, and offer them the favor of advance sheets. But the route was circuitous, and as I passed by Stewart's a lady glided before me and entered the store. A magnetic thrill trembled through my frame. I caught one glimpse of the eyes that shone beneath the flowery roofing of her bonnet; the dark curls rippled from her forehead down those peach-blossom cheeks. Ah, Miss Smith! Miss Smith! The discovery of the philosopher's stone, of the northwest passage, of the Garden of the Hesperides, was as nothing compared with mine! I followed her, of course; and naught but the proximity of policemen restrained me from throwing myself at her feet. She bought one yard of muslin—how well I remember it!—at 87 cents, and then tripped like a fairy into the street again—up, up, interminable distances, I close behind, till she ascended the steps of a Madison Avenue mansion, stooped to caress a King Charles spaniel—how I envied him—who whined for joy at her approach, rang the bell and went in, while I stood without, disconsolate as the Peri at the gate of Paradise, though blessed indeed with the transporting sight of "Josiah Smith" upon the door-plate. A little bundle lay upon the sidewalk. She had dropped it. I picked it up and pressed it to my lips; then, struck with a happy thought, took from my pocket my own *carte de visite* (I carried a package of them always about me), wrapped it in the bundle, collared a small boy and sent him up the stoop with particular directions to leave it for Miss Smith. It was a bold stroke, perhaps, but the spirit of a Cæsar began to animate me. "I could now say, "I came, I saw," I must also add, "I conquered." At least if I didn't it shouldn't be my fault. One hour I remained, rooted to the spot, till the passers-by began to regard me suspiciously, and the cravings of nature drew me imperiously off to dinner. With the gaslight I returned again. How breathe to Miss Smith the devotion which filled my soul? how penetrate to her presence? The door opened. My heart throbbed with expectation. Was she coming, like Tennyson's Maude? No, it was only the servant to bring in the evening paper; but the little dog had run out from behind him, and stood wagging his tail at me on the pavement. A wild impulse fired my brain. I had taken the first step in crime in Mrs. Paulding's parlor—the second I fear was easier. I made a sudden rush, seized the dog, pocketed him, and walked frantically home. There was a method in my madness, and the result was as I expected. An advertisement, in pathetic terms, headed by a $50 reward appeared in the next *Herald*, for a pet spaniel, answering to the name of Fidèle, lost or stolen from his inconsolable mistress. My heart bled at this record of her suffering, but it was necessary to retain him till the morrow. I fed him, however, upon loaf sugar and Italian beef-steaks; and the next morning, taking Fidèle in my arms, I tied a second *carte de visite* to his collar, wrote upon it, "The preserver of Fidèle," and left it at her door. It was agony to remain in ignorance of the effect produced by these little manifestations of my feelings; but the manifestations themselves should, I resolved, continue. Every day for a week a bouquet, the richest and rarest that the conservatories could furnish, inscribed, always, "From the preserver of Fidèle," went as an offering to my idol's shrine. I tried a poem; but "Smith" would rhyme with nothing but "myth;" and my own name, even had I been disposed to disclose it, could have been compressed into nothing shorter than an Alexandrine.

At last, at last—oh blissful terminus to all earthly woes!—there came a day when gold went down, and stocks declined, and bulls and bears waged fiercest war, and Shoddy trembled to its foundations over an impending crash; and I, who had long since lost all relish for such sublunary affairs, save only as they might appertain to the dower of Miss Smith, was nevertheless hurried, for filthy lucre's sake, from office to office in all conceivable directions. I crossed Broadway, or rather I rashly essayed it. Omnibuses, carts, and carriages mixed together in one inextricable jumble. There was a moment's pause; a lady was alighting; an omnibus door swung open and shut; the horses started; the lady fell; a patient nag, who had stood meekly by in the tumult, set his foot upon her bonnet. I sprang forward, raised her in my arms, heard her sweet lips whisper, "My preserver! the preserver of Fidèle!" and Miss Smith, my own Miss Smith, fainted in my embrace. Gladly would I have pressed her to my heart, but stern conventionalities forbade it. I called a carriage; I retained her in my arms; I pillowed her head upon my shoulder; we drove to Madison Avenue. An elderly individual, evidently Mr. Josiah Smith, stood upon the steps. To him I unwillingly resigned my burden, while Miss Smith, with most opportune recovery, again murmured, in my behalf, "My preserver! the preserver of Fidèle!" I presented my card to the astonished father. Might I be permitted to call that evening to inquire after the health of Miss Smith? Mr. Smith hesitated, looked at me, then at the imposing cognomen presented him, and invited me to dinner!

Need I add that Miss Smith now rejoices with me in the appellation of Mrs. Ferdinand F. Featherstonhaugh, *née* Smith?

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT GETTYSBURG.

ON Sunday, June 14, 1863, the New Jersey Brigade to which I was attached, then at Franklin's Run on the Rappahannock, received orders to march in pursuit of Lee's army, then moving toward Pennsylvania. Our corps (General Sedgwick's) was the last to leave the Rappahannock, and the route we pursued was any thing but direct; but neither heat nor fatigue could abate the ardor of the men; all were eager to meet the enemy who had dared again to set his foot on Northern soil. At a distance of fifteen miles from Gettysburg, where the armies were massing, we first caught the murmurs of the opening battle, and from that time until we reached the scene all was enthusiasm among the weary, foot-sore braves, who counted as nothing all the pains of a march of one hundred and ninety-eight miles, now that they were within striking distance of the foe. Most of the way the ambulance trains had been crowded with both officers and men, weary, worn, and haggard; but the cannon's rattle, as it became more and more distinct, changed them in a twinkling into new creatures. At once all began to make ready to alight: it was no time for riding then; march was the word. Two hours later, at about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d of July, the head of our column arrived upon the battle-ground, halting upon a hill which gave us a full view of the field, excepting only a part of the left of the line, which was posted in a ravine out of sight.

Here occurred an incident which I shall never forget: As we came to a halt a poor fellow who looked the very image of death hobbled out of the ambulance in which he had been lying, and, shouldering his musket, was just starting forward, when the surgeon in charge stopped him with,

"Where are you going, Sir?"

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"To the front, Doctor;" and the brave fellow tried hard to stand firm and speak boldly as he saluted the surgeon.

"To the front! What! a man in your condition? Why, Sir, you can't march half a mile; you haven't the strength to carry yourself, let alone your knapsack, musket, and equipments. You must be crazy, surely."

"But, Doctor, my division are in the fight"—here he grasped the wheel of an ambulance to support himself—"and I have a young brother in my company. I *must* go."

"But I am your surgeon, and I forbid you. You have every symptom of typhoid fever; a little overexertion will kill you."

"Well, Doctor, if I *must* die, I would rather die in the field than in an ambulance."

The Doctor saw it was useless to debate the point, and the soldier went as he desired. On the evening of the next day it fell to my lot to bury him where he fell, his right arm blown off at the elbow, and his forehead pierced by a Minié ball. His name we could never learn; we only know that he belonged to the Third Division of the Sixth Corps, and that mark we placed at the head of his grave.

Shortly after 5 o'clock the bugle sounded "Fall in." At once drivers of ambulances sprang to their seats, and the rank and file to their feet from the road-side where they had been reclining, all alike covered with dust. But little cared they for the graces of the toilet; the bugle called "Forward," and they stepped out gladly to their work. A march of something less than an hour brought us to a ravine, in which we were drawn up by brigades, about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the centre of the Federal line of battle. Here we stacked arms and sat down in our places.

Here again the brave, indomitable temper of our boys found expression in a variety of ways. Some of the surgeons found it almost impossible to prevent the men in the ambulances getting out and taking their places in the ranks. Some who were in even worse condition than the soldier already mentioned insisted, in spite of the protestations of surgeons, officers, and comrades, that they would run no more risk in the field than in the hospital-train; and I saw three men whom the surgeon was obliged to place in an ambulance by force, and then put over them a guard with loaded muskets, so determined were they to go with their comrades into the fight.

Our rest in the ravine was by no means undisturbed. The enemy having observed our advance over the hill shot and shell very soon began to fly about us thick and fast, battering far and near like swiftly-driven hail. Right in the midst of the storm this exhibition of soldierly coolness met my observation. Some twenty-five feet from the right of our regimental line of muskets ran a little creek bordered on either side by large trees. A fallen tree served as a bridge or crossing. One of the drivers of the Ambulance Corps was stooping on this log washing his hands. A spent-shell came ripping through the trees behind him and buried itself just deep enough in the log to make it stick. He turned about and with the heel of his boot kicked the shell into the water, saying, "Now, old screech-owl, bust if you want to." And burst it did; but a second or two after blowing one end of the log into splinters and completely deluging the driver, upon which, dropping himself astride the remainder of the bridge, he surveyed himself coolly and exclaimed, "Well, *I* came here to wash my hands; but hang *me* if I expected a shower-bath in such an out-of-the-way place as this!"

The firing at the front continued, and the rebel compliments in the form of shells still dropped occasionally around us. At half past six the bugle sounded again "Fall in." Instantly every man grasped his weapon and took his position. The Second Division—but one division, the Third, had as yet been in the fight—moved off first. Our appearance on the hill was the signal for a terrific fire from the rebels; some of their heaviest guns were opened upon us; shell after shell came "singing its devilish song through the air;" but the column kept straight on, facing the storm with unshrinking front. Presently we came to what is called a "Virginia fence," and so known all over the North. Over this we had to climb. A sergeant in my company while getting over fell through. Picking himself up he turned to a comrade and said, "Do you know why I am like the President?" The comrade apparently had no disposition for joking; but the soldier forced the answer as he took his position: "I'll tell you," said he; "it's because I'm a rail-splitter." We laughed, and just then, not two yards behind me, a solid shot plowed its way through our ranks and the joking sergeant with three of his companions were killed almost instantly. The sergeant, with his joke lying nettlesome on his lips, was literally torn in two!

After this we entered a thick wood, upon the other side of which we could see our line of battle. The firing had abated considerably, the cannonading almost entirely. We were halted, and the order "Rest" was given. A division—the Second of the Fifth Corps, I think—which had been all day in the field, but had been relieved by the Third Division of our corps, were going to the rear, taking many of their wounded with them. One man, who was supported by two comrades, had had his lower jaw taken off, and as he moved along held up in his hand the bloody bone, misshapen and splintered, with fine teeth still remaining in it. Another, lying upon a stretcher, had lost both feet by a solid shot. The bleeding stumps had not yet been dressed, and the stretcher was covered with the blood of the dying hero. Yet, for all this, amidst the roar of musketry, and with the pain his wounds must have caused, he was singing in a clear voice, with enough of the Irish accent to make the strain musical:

"The Star-Spangled Banner, oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

While I was yet looking after the footless soldier, a little drummer-boy attracted my attention by saying, in a childish voice, as he held up his left arm from which the hand had been severed, while he held his drum with the other

"Will *you* do as much as that for the Union?"

"Yes, my little fellow, if I must."

"Well, I'd do more," and he held up his right hand; "but then I would have no hands at all to work for mother, and father was killed at Antietam."

I should suppose, from the little fellow's appearance, he was not over twelve or thirteen years of age; he was a young hero, but a thorough one—a child worthy of the Republic, worthy of its inspirations, worthy of the Future in which, maybe, he shall sit crowned with honors.

Hardly had my notice been withdrawn from the drummer-boy when Corporal S—— turned toward me, and exclaimed, "Look there!" I looked in the direction indicated, and beheld a sight at once so horrible and sublime that it will ever form a living picture in my memory. A strong, stalwart fellow, with the *cheverons* of a sergeant on his arm, ragged and torn, was limping slowly toward us. The shoe on his right foot was covered with blood, and a large rent in his pantaloons, just above the knee, from which the blood was also trickling, solved the question of the location of his wound. He was hatless, his hair was disordered, his face and hands were begrimed with smoke and powder, and he looked altogether maniac-like and exhausted. *But he had his colors with him!* His regiment, or the greater part of it, had been either killed or captured; he had lost his colors once, and was afterward captured himself. He watched his opportunity, killed the rebel who held his flag, and escaped with it safely into our lines. Ought not the name of one so brave as he to be chiseled in monumental marble, that the ages as they go may read it and admire?

Night came at last—the next day passed—and the evening of the fourth settled down upon us, bringing to some of us a most disagreeable duty. Shortly after dark, as I was about to lie down in my blanket for a nap, I was directed to take charge of a squad of men and report to a superior officer for orders. Obeying, I was soon after ordered to proceed to the wood immediately in our front and there commence to bury the dead—to bury indiscriminately both the enemy's and our own; to do all in my power to obtain information likely to lead to the identification of the bodies, and to remain out until midnight. We procured a lantern, armed the men with shovels and picks, and started out.

Gaining the edge of the wood after wading some distance through a deep marsh, I lighted my lantern, and its first ray fell upon the bloated face of a rebel lieutenant. Either he had died systematically or some friend had placed him in the position in which we found him, for he was lying flat on his back with his arms folded closely across his breast, and his lips tightly compressed. But, nicely as he lay, he must be buried. At the edge of the wood we found a soft strip of land—elsewhere it was a rocky soil—and here we determined the rebel should have his last resting-place. The men found a piece of candle in the dead man's haversack, lighted it, and went to work upon the grave. Meanwhile I passed into the woods to discover other bodies. I found three of our men, but, as far as I went, could see no more of the enemy's dead. I came back; the men had finished the grave. We procured two rails, placed one under the shoulders and the other under the legs, just below the knees, and thus the body of the rebel was laid away in the ground to await the day of reckoning, in whose glare all of us must stand.

I told the men to dig a grave a little farther on for three. They went at it, while I proceeded to examine the bodies I had discovered. The first was that of a corporal belonging to the First Division of the Fifth Corps. His right hand was placed close to his mouth, and tightly clenched; a torn cartridge lay at his side, the end which he had bitten off so tightly held in his teeth that it was impossible to withdraw it. His pocket had been cut out, his shoes and stockings stripped off, and nothing whatever was to be found on his person by which to identify him except the corps mark on his cap.

About two feet from him lay a private, hatless, and stripped of shoes and stockings also. His pockets had not been removed. I examined them, and found in his pantaloons a golden locket, with the picture of a fair young woman therein, and in his breast coat-pocket a daguerreotype of the same person, with a card on which was a lady's address. I have since ascertained it was that of his wife.

The third body was that of a first lieutenant of artillery; and how he came there in the woods was a mystery we could not solve. No battery was placed within five hundred yards of that position, either right or left. But be that as it may, there the body was, stripped of every thing in the shape of *insignia* except one shoulder-strap, which hung by one end only. His little finger had evidently been cut off, as the print of a large seal-ring could yet be seen upon it; and it is certain the wound was not caused either by a Minié ball or a fragment of shell.

At length the grave was ready, the three were buried, and again we passed on. As best we could we were making our way in the dim light of the lantern, when suddenly I tripped, and extending my arms in self-protection, my left hand came in contact with the cold forehead of a corpse. My feet rested on another body, and my lantern was out. I felt for a match. I had none. But presently some of the men came up; the lantern was relighted, and the glare revealed a sight which I pray God my eyes may never look upon again. The body upon which my hand had fallen was that of a corporal; both legs were blown completely off. That over which I had stumbled was the body of a private with one arm severed, not entirely off, at the shoulder. Two trees of perhaps four inches diameter had been splintered, one about eight feet the other five feet from the ground, and had fallen right where the bodies lay. Within a circle of twenty feet from these trees I counted seventeen bodies, all, alas! with blue jackets on. I had hoped among so many to find some of the gray-backed ones.

How we buried these seventeen bodies you would not care to know. The lantern gone out, the candle which the men had procured lasted but a little time; but the moon had risen and the pale rays it cast through the trees aided us in our task, though they added much to the ghostliness of the terrible scene over which they fell.

We found one body, that of a young, light-haired boy, not over nineteen at the furthest, whose forehead was pierced by a ball; in his left hand he firmly grasped his rammer; his right hand or its forefinger was in the watch-pocket of his pantaloons. We examined this pocket and found in it a small silver shield with his name, company, and regiment engraved upon it. We took possession of this memento, and fortunately finding a fragment of a cracker-box, marked upon it in pencil, by moonlight, the inscription found on the shield. We buried him with two of his comrades, one of whom belonged to the Fifth Corps, and placed the rude board at the head of his grave in the hope that it would some day enable some pilgrim-friend to find the body. Since that day the shield has been sent to the soldier's father; its inscription was, "S. L. Caldwell, Company D, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers."

It was half an hour after midnight when we came into camp, and half an hour after that, lying with our faces to the stars, dreams enfolded us, and we were as though no battle horrors had ever pained and no battle dangers had ever menaced us.

THE FALSE LOVE.

In sight of the starry sky,
In sound of the rushing sea,
With a beating heart and a tender smile,
Did my own true love kiss me.

Under the solemn sky,
Close to the throbbing sea,
With words of love, and vows of faith,
Did my own true love kiss me.

I gaze on the same bright sky,
I hear the same rippling sea,
But never again on earth, or in heaven,
Will my own true love kiss me.

True are the holy stars,
True is the restless sea,
True are the thoughts of my heart to him,
But my love is false to me!

Hear it, O changeful sky!
Hear it, O moving sea!
Ye are true to your own eternal laws,
But my love is false to me.

Why should the moonlit sky,
Why should the moaning sea,
Recall the empty dream of the past,
When my love is false to me?

Pierce to his soul, O stars!
Thrill to his heart, O sea!
It may be, smit with a sudden pang,
My love will come back to me!

BRAIN SPECTRES.

THE brain makes ghosts both sleeping and waking. A man was lying in troubled sleep when a phantom, with the cold hand of a corpse, seized his right arm. Awaking in horror, he found upon his arm still the impression of the cold hand of the corpse, and it was only after reflecting that he found the terrible apparition to be due to the deadening of his own left hand in a frosty night, which had subsequently grasped his right arm. This was a real ghost of the brain, which the awakening of the senses and the understanding explained. M. Gratiolet narrates a dream of his own which is singularly illustrative of how the brain makes ghosts in sleep. Many years ago, when occupied in studying the organization of the brain, he prepared a great number both of human and animal brains. He carefully stripped off the membranes, and placed the brains in alcohol. Such were his daily occupations, when one night he thought that he had taken out his own brain from his own skull. He stripped it of its membranes. He put it into alcohol, and then he fancied he took his brain out of the alcohol and replaced it in his skull. But, contracted by the action of the spirit, it was much reduced in size, and did not at all fill up the skull. He felt it shuffling about in his head. This feeling threw him into such a great perplexity that he awoke with a start, as if from nightmare.

M. Gratiolet, every time he prepared the brain of a man, must have felt that his own brain resembled it. This impression awakening in a brain imperfectly asleep, while neither the senses nor the judgment were active, the physiologist carried on an operation in his sleep which probably had often occurred to his fancy when at his work, and which had then been summarily dismissed very frequently. A pursuit which had at last become one of routine, and the association of himself with his study, explain the bizarre and ghastly dream of M. Gratiolet. A sensation from the gripe of a cold hand, misinterpreted by the imagination acting without the aid of the discerning faculties, accounts for the ghastly vision of the other sleeper.

Every one is conscious of a perpetual series of pictures, sometimes stationary, sometimes fleeting, generally shifting; yet occasionally fixed in his mind. Sleep is the period in which the nerves derive their nourishment from the blood. The picturing nerves, like those of the senses, are generally inactive in their functions at feeding times; and thoroughly healthy nervous systems dream very little or not at all. Dreams betoken troubled brains. The brain of a woman who had lost a portion of her cranium used to swell up and protrude when she was dreaming, and then contract and become tranquil again when she was sleeping soundly.

The wakeful senses, the active judgment, and the will even of the strongest and soundest minds, are not always able to control the false and perverse impressions of the nerves. I knew once a commander in the navy whose left eye was shot clean out by a bullet in a naval action in the beginning of this century, and whom, forty years afterward, it was impossible to convince that he did not see all sorts of strange objects with his lost eye. "It is *not* impossible," he would quietly say; "I know it too well." Every body has known men who suffered rheumatism in legs long lost and replaced by wooden ones.

A nervous, dreamy, imaginative lad was walking one day with some comrades among rank grass. The place was noted for adders, and the youths talked about them. Instantly this lad felt something enter the leg of his pantaloons and twist itself with the swiftness of lightning round his thigh. He stopped terrified, and a careful examination proved that the adder was a creature of his imagination. The vividness of the fancy of this youth made his waking senses and his discerning faculties of no more use to him for the moment than if they had been asleep.

This condition of the brain is called by the savans hallucination. Mueller, the physiologist, and Goethe, the poet, have both described hallucinations to which they were subject, and which they compared in conversation together. The rarest case, says Mueller, is that of an individual who, while perfectly healthy in body and mind, has the faculty, on closing his eyes, of seeing really the objects he wishes to see. History cites only a very few instances of this phenomenon. Carden and Goethe were examples of it.

Goethe says: "When I close my eyes and stoop my head, I figure to myself and see a flower in the middle of my visual organ. This flower preserves only for an instant its first form. It soon decomposes itself, and out of it issues other flowers, with colored and sometimes green petals. They were not natural but fantastic flowers, yet regular as the roses of the sculptor. I could not look fixedly at that creation, but it remained as long as I liked without increasing or diminishing. In the same way when I imagined a disk full of various colors, I saw continually issue from the centre to the circumference new forms like those of the kaleidoscope."

Mueller talked this subject over with Goethe in 1828. It was interesting to them both. "Knowing," says Mueller, "that when I was calmly lying on my bed with my eyes shut, although not asleep, I often saw figures which I could observe very well, he was very curious to learn what I then felt. I told him that my will had no influence either upon the production or upon the changes of these figures, and that I had never seen any thing symmetrical or of the character of vegetation." Goethe could at will, on the contrary, choose his theme, which transformed itself forthwith in a manner apparently involuntary, but always obeying the laws of symmetry and harmony. Mueller used to get rid of the figures which haunted him by turning his face to the wall. Although he did not see them change place, they were still before him, but they soon began to fade. Jean Paul recommended the observation of these phantoms as a good plan for falling asleep.

These are hallucinations of sane minds. The delusive sensations of flying and falling are known to many persons. Young girls lying in bed between sleeping and waking, at the epoch of life when their girlhood is passing into womanhood, are especially apt, like the religious ecstatics, to fancy they are flying. And nearly every body is familiar with the hallucinations of falling from personal experience. When lying in bed trying in vain to fall asleep, or to warm the cold sheets, the patient feels as if sinking through the floor, and stretches out his arms suddenly to save himself: yet nothing has happened except the coincidence of a cold shiver with a complete expiration.

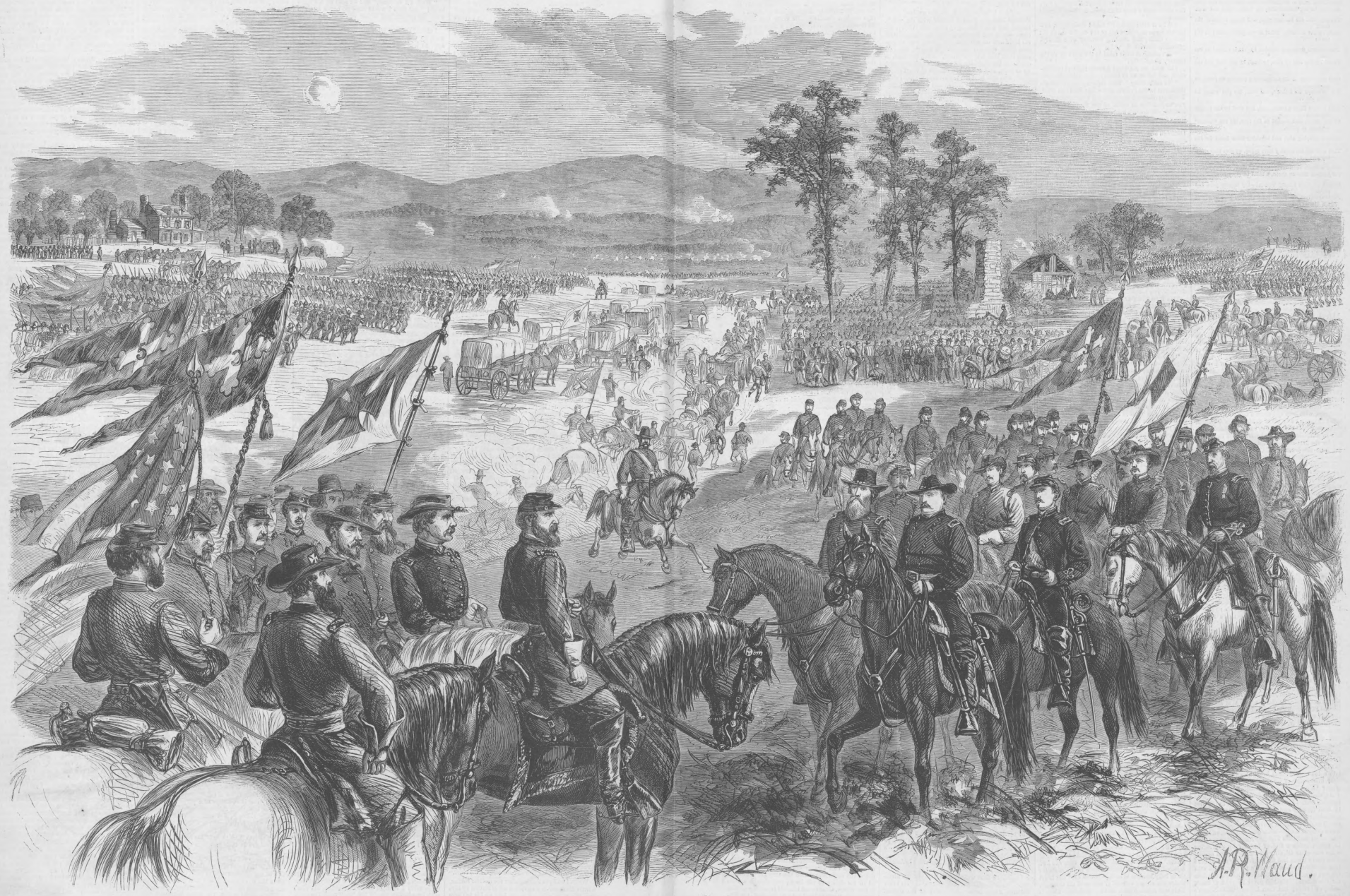
Physiologists and philosophers of authority say we are all mad in our dreams; and, if the absence of the control of reason is a true definition of insanity, there is no gainsaying the proposition. But madness means something more. In dreams the faculties which control the picturing or imagining powers are simply inactive; they are neither absent nor incapable. Far from identifying sleeping dreams with madness, I feel disposed to contend that voluntary and momentary hallucinations—seeing by the blind, hearing by the deaf, sensations of smelling, touching, tasting things which do not exist—are only signs of insanity when the faculties needful for correcting the errors of sensation are diseased. Persons unaccustomed to railway traveling are not insane, although for many minutes they often believe the train is going backward, because they retain the power of correcting the hallucination by watching the objects they are passing.

The senses are seeing, hearing, smelling, touching, and tasting instruments. There are between these and the seat of intelligence nerves performing the functions of carriers. Even after the instruments have ceased to exist the carriers often continue to carry messages—false messages. When a man has lost an eye, during the inflammatory period of recovery the carriers convey horrible images of fiery figures. It is the carriers who convey the pain of rheumatism from the lost limb.

A man who was recovering from typhus fever believed he had two bodies, one of which was tossing in pain on an uneasy bed, and the other lying sweetly on a delicious couch. I am not disposed to ascribe this hallucination to the duality of the brain, but to a conflict between the recollection of his sufferings and the experience of his recovery. If the patient should have been permanently unable to overpower memory by reality he would have been insane, like the maniacs who believe their legs to be stalks of straw, or their bodies fragile as glass.

Pictures have produced hallucinations. Leaving aside the eyes of Madonnas, cases in which the power of religious ideas come into play, I may mention another instance of their effects on a mind keenly sensitive to the beauties of the fine arts. A French physiologist, while studying intensely an English engraving of Landseer's Horse-shoeing, smelt horn burning, and fixed the idea in his mind for the moment that the smell came from the foot of the horse in the engraving.

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AN ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by Alfred R. Waud.—[See Page 38.]

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SEND THEM HOME.

SEND them home to his mother—mournful relics and few;
All that he left behind him, our soldier tried and true.

The cap with the Maltese cross, and badge of honor, the mark
Made by the cowardly bullet at the picket aimed in the dark:

The uniform torn, and mended by hands unused to the toil,
Faded by sun and by rain, browned by the dust and the soil.

Send them home to his mother—the pictures we found on his breast,
Her own, and his father's, and hers, the girl whom he loved the best.

Send it—the Bible he cherished, and read by the flickering light
Of the candle that burned in the tent, till the "tattoo" sounded at night.

Mother, weeping afar, and breaking thine heart for the boy
That God and his country have taken, we give thee greeting and joy!

Never a blush shall creep, like a shadow, over thy brow
For him—a hero on earth, a saint in glory now.

Blessed art thou among women!—thy tribute pure and sweet,
Thine ointment costly and precious, thou hast poured at the Master's feet.

So softly, tenderly fold them, and send the relics away:
Mother, a mother was with him, and kissed thy boy today.

The colors he loved are lying on the heart so lately brave:
With dirge, and prayer, and weeping, we'll carry him to his grave.

Then go, little mournful packet, and by that desolate hearth
Tell that march and battle are over, and the soldier's "off duty" on earth.

CAMP TYLER HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE.

MISS NILSON'S GAITER-BOOTS.

ADJUTANT AMES sat at Captain G——'s table, in the little library the Captain had turned into an office and reception-room since he had been appointed Provost down there. He sat bending over a memorandum-book, and writing rapidly to the Captain's dictation. Grier and Donovan were at the window smoking, idly observant of Ames and his work. All four had been old acquaintances long ago, in the old times of peace, when the opera, the club, or a boat-race, had been chief topics of interest. Very old times these seemed to the four young men in their well-worn and a little shabby uniforms, with here and there a button wanting, a faded stripe, a rusty bit of gold-braid, a whitened seam, etc. These four, who had once stood faultless in varnished boots and miraculous ties, waiting for the first step of a Redowa to come stealing out from the drum sounds, and the "flute violin bassoon." Since then their ears had been attuned to different meanings when they stood waiting for the sounds of the drum; and their companions were no longer white-robed fairies, whose light weight rested on their arms like soft-plumy doves as they glided down the gay rooms; but men, worn and swart, and sometimes savagely in earnest, stood instead, and for all weight there was a gleaming sabre, or at intervals the dead burden of a falling comrade. Donovan, the quondam dandy of the party—the "curled darling," whose warm Irish blood thrilled at any touch of festivity—was perhaps remembering all these past scenes that offered their broad contrasts to the present; for as he smoked, a spark falling from his short pipe and burning a clean hole in his trowsers called forth this ejaculation, with a grim smile:

"That'll do, eh, for a bullet-hole, to take back for glory to Kate Morris's soldiers' party, Jack?"

Jack Grier laughed, answering lazily, yet not without a kindly interest in gay little dandy Tom Donovan, now turned into fighting Tom:

"Go in your waistcoat, Tom; that's riddled enough with the veritable lead."

"Waistcoat!—there, that reminds me—good for you, Jack! I say, Ames, I want a new waistcoat. Will you put me down on your list? Like this, you know. Siever has my measure. I'm not sure though, by Jove! I know the inches, however. Here—don't take your glove off—hand the memorandum to me; I'll put it down."

Ames, who had finished his work, had risen, drawing on his gauntlets. He tossed the book to Donovan at this, and sat down, waiting. Talking with the Captain, he didn't notice that Donovan, instead of immediately adding his commission to the list, was idly twiddling the pencil between his thumb and finger, while he ran his eye down the column. "Spurs for Loring, eh? ditto for Brown; cap, coat, and trowsers; shaving-soap, tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, blank books, and blankets; *Harper's Weekly* and *Magazine*—that's jolly! watch for Latham, chain; um, um, um—how much more?" in a low, running under-tone, which suddenly broke into a louder key, that brought all the rest to a clear knowledge of what he was saying—"Eh! what? 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots!'"

Adjutant Ames commanded himself enough to keep his seat. He was sorely tempted at the first to dash forward and seize the memorandum, and administer some sharp reproof at once to the offender. The next moment proved his wisdom. There was a general laugh—kind, good-natured, and gentlemanly; and then Fletcher Ames was very glad he hadn't made a fool of himself by overrating what was, after all, only a careless natural action. How many times had they pored over each other's memorandums when a week's furlough had sent one and another to the city laden with commissions for the others! He had never thought of being annoyed before; but then before "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots" hadn't been on the list. He flushed to the roots of his blonde hair as he pondered this. And Donovan was running on gayly:

"What a lucky fellow you are, Ames! I might go to the city twenty times, with a list of orders as long as your arm, all sorts of bearish thing to buy, but never such a duck of an order as 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots!'"

"Who *is* Miss Nilson?" asked Jack Grier, lifting his large shoulders out of the depths of the old leather chair, and bending forward with slowly-gathering interest.

"The prettiest little rebel in the town or all the country about here!"

The flush on Adjutant Ames's light skin deepened, and he broke in hastily upon this assertion:

"No such thing. Miss Nilson may not be enthusiastic in the Federal cause, but she is no rebel. You must make allowance for her associations when you expect her to think of the South as we do. Besides, she doesn't know any thing, nor care any thing for politics any way."

Nobody had expected this earnest protest, and Donovan and Grier shouted; but over the face of the grave Captain a keen look shot, and he darted out from heavy eyebrows a close glance of scrutiny at the annoyed and flushing face of his Adjutant. In a moment, without being observed, he finished his scrutiny; the usual grave, calm mask dropped down over his features; and he said:

"Oh, I remember the young lady; lives with her aunt there, over in the Reynold mansion. She ought to be a good Union girl; the aunt is stanch as steel. What hinders Miss Nilson?"

"What hinders? oh, early association," laughed Donovan. "I know the whole story. The aunt is Northern, bone and sinew; came here only half a dozen years ago—a second wife to old Guy Reynold; first love or some sort of romance. Before the war broke out the Hon. Guy dies, leaving Mrs. Reynold with the guardianship of his niece, and so tied into this slave property that she must stay here, will she nil she. So there's the whole thing in a nut-shell. There's the reason why the aunt is a stanch Unionist, and there are the 'early associations' you see of Miss Nilson to hinder."

This time Fletcher Ames kept silence; but the blonde cheek changed its colors too frequently to conceal the deep interest he felt in the matter, and the uneasy gnawing of his lip gave signal of annoyance. In a moment after when he had gone, Captain G—— renewed the subject with Donovan, asking some leading questions. How long had Ames known Miss Nilson?

"Oh, don't you remember that night when Mrs. Reynold was 'at home,' for the first time, last February, I think; and we four went down to pay our compliments and drink Johannisberger? I don't believe Ames has missed one of those 'evenings' since, if we have. I saw he was getting spooney on the niece at once. A pretty little creature to be sure; not a bit your idea of a Southern girl. A little thing as "soft as silk." I never could get on with her. She has a way of looking at a man in a serene sort of silence, giving him one or two smiles for lumps of sugar with a lazy kind of air, as if she'd as lief you held your tongue as not."

Grier roused with a laugh here.

"No," he cried out; "Donovan wouldn't like that, his tongue is his strong point."

So the subject passed off with a laugh for the time. When these four renewed it again, no one of them felt like laughing.

"What interested the Captain so much in Ames's flirtation, eh, Jack? Did you notice?"

Yes, Grier had noticed, and did think it rather queer; but in half an hour they had forgotten all these speculations awakened by "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots," while he who had most to do with them was on his way to Washington.

And *he* did not forget that one small item on his long list so quickly. Remembering it, he remembered a large pleasant parlor, where the deep embrasured windows looked out upon the dark flowing river and the distant hills. A room whose twilight glooms, where the musky odors of old woods, of cedar and sandal, had helped to fix the spell in memory, as indelibly as it had been stamped upon his young impassioned heart. Sitting there in the car he remembered Adèle Nilson as he saw her on that first "evening," when he had stood with his brother officers in her presence. "A little thing as soft as silk," sphered round, as it were, by that cool, serene silence which had baffled and held aloof the gay *insouciant* Donovan, who dwelt in exteriors. But Fletcher Ames remembered what a thrill had surprised him as he had met those dark lovely eyes—eyes which held his own for a moment longer than the others, as if their owner had discovered a different nature in him; and then the few cool tones—Donovan would have called them words of ice, but they dropped like fine pearls before Adjutant Ames.

We have all of us, perhaps, at some time felt this sudden nearness, this being specialized by a stranger, that to others seemed cold and indifferent; and we all know how fascinating it is, and how it actually does bring us nearer and establish a certain relation which no amount of expressed cordiality could do.

Ames felt all this, and more, as the "stranger" was a woman youthful and fair. It would be difficult to tell why Adèle Nilson thus specialized Fletcher Ames. Difficult, because what might appear so natural a thing for a girl whose eye was pleased, and whose sensibility was touched by the manly and spirited address of the young officer, united with that gentle air of deference, was a strange and exceptional thing for Adèle Nilson; because she was not impulsive nor enthusiastic, and because beneath that exterior as "soft as silk" there was power and purpose of no mean quality, and an ambition that stopped at no slight barriers, and that stooped to nothing less than the loftiest places. It had been said of her too, that she had rejected some of the finest names in the State for these lofty reasons of hers, and had kept her heart under the strong control of her head all through. This was Adèle Nilson at twenty-three. Does it seem strange that with this character one should question and marvel at her special favor, either of look or tone, to young Adjutant Ames in the presence of as handsome men and superior officers? Perhaps, unconscious to herself, nature asserted itself for that time, and

"She looked at him as one who awakes."

Perhaps later she pleased herself with the youth, letting her heart out more fully and simply, because unaware of herself, because she thought both too little and too much of this young man to suppose there was any danger. Whatever the reasons, from that first "evening," when her aunt, as a relief to the Northern loyalty that had been pent up so long, sent out to the officers of the Federal army, who now held the town, cards for her reception, these two, Adèle Nilson and Fletcher Ames, had progressed more rapidly in their acquaintance than any of the others, though Donovan had essayed all his grace of pleasing, which was more than most men's, and even the General had paid deferential attention to his hostess's charming niece, who, according to Captain G——, ought to be a good Union girl, but who, by Donovan's assertion, was "the prettiest little rebel in the country round." The young fellow had slender proof in his own experience of this assertion; and it was perhaps unjust for him to assert upon the garbled accounts of rumor. I do not think he had ever personally heard much more than a few things like this.

Standing one evening in the vicinity of his General, who was in conversation with Miss Nilson, the following bit of talk reached him.

"You were in Newport three summers ago?"

"Yes, and almost every summer previous. I never missed any pleasure so much. I loved Newport locally. Ah me!" with a little sigh, "I don't know when I shall stand on those beaches again."

"Why not? Why not go this summer: as a Unionist you are safer there than here;" and the courteous General smiled down into the pensively interesting face.

"Am I?"

Just the two syllables; but Donovan facing a mirror caught a certain look which the General lost. Long after, when subsequent events made every thing connected with that time a matter of deep interest, Major Donovan used to tell of "that look," which he called a "concealed sneer," "hard and triumphant." Then once, later than this, just a few of them stood by the winter fire on a windy, rainy night, drinking the rare Johannisberger, which Mrs. Reynold, in her zeal for the cause and them, brought forth from its sacred cobwebs for their use. As before, they stood facing the mirror, and the General held the younger lady of the house in talk.

"This is fine old wine," he said, as he lifted his glass to the light; "but you have none, let me—" he took a step forward, but a motion stayed him, and the words,

"No; pardon me, I only drank this with my uncle."

"Ah yes, I can understand. I should be glad to drink this wine with the owner who had stored it so long ago; there is a peculiar pleasure in that, even to one who has no nearer tie of association."

"If the owner had been here you had never stood there drinking this Johannisberger, General."

Looking with a pleased sense of enjoyment into the rosy depths of his glass, conscious only of comfort in the warmly-lighted rooms, the sparkling fire, the General did not catch any bitterness in that low-spoken sentence, did not observe any change in the serene girl-face. But looking into the mirror, Donovan averred that the beautiful eyes shot baleful fires, and that the voice was smothered with hatred; but as he said, the General merely took it for a simple fact, and, laughing good-numoredly, answered,

"No, no; I suppose not: your uncle would have stranded on the State rights, you think?"

"A moment after she became aware that I was observing her," continued this suspicious young historian, "and she spread her little hands with the most innocent deprecation in the world, and declared she had no interest in politics; what did State rights mean? etc."

From this Donovan came to the conclusion that Miss Nilson was the prettiest little rebel in the country round. Perhaps if she had smiled upon him at first—if she had looked into his eyes with those alluring eyes of her own—if she had spoken to him with that special significance which appealed to Adjutant Ames—he would not have been so sharp-sighted. He might then have followed intoxicate, down the soft glooms of the garden on those early days of spring, feeling only the charm of her magic presence, and ready to "do or die for, sigh or swear for;" more than all, the latter; for who under these circumstances could ever doubt or disbelieve in Adèle Nilson, could ever believe her on any other side than that of the broadest humanity? He might from some subtle magnetism have taken so much for granted, that like young Ames he would have forgotten that never on any occasion had he ever heard Miss Nilson "commit herself" on the side of humanity, or indeed upon any other side; that she walked with him and talked with him, apparently with the simplest freedom, yet guarded or utterly silent on the grand subject of the day. But Major Donovan from the first had never been smiled upon, never been spoken to with special significance, therefore he was not spelled into unasking sympathy and belief like young Ames; and perhaps, too, readier to suspect from the little shadow of pique which might have settled even upon good-natured Tom Donovan. But his thought went no further than this fact: That Miss Nilson, that "little thing as soft as silk," was a rebel sympathizer. Captain G——'s went further.

"What interested the Captain so much in Ames's flirtation, eh?"

Something that went deeper than Ames's flirtation as a simple matter of heart-interest. He knew Fletcher Ames better than either of the others. Knew him to be one of those single-minded, ardent-natured persons, who will go straight on to death, or into misery, without so much as a question, when his heart is roused. One of those earnest believers whose faith sometimes makes them blind. So when he sat there listening to the badinage about Miss Nilson, he suddenly caught a look on Ames's face that set him thinking. He knew that look, and all it meant. He remembered a time not so very long ago, when Ames was in college, and had got his head set the wrong way with the full belief that it was the right way; and when his friends opposed him he put his face resolutely against them, with just that pained determination for expression. It was an awful scrape at last, Captain G——, who was then one of the seniors, remembered, and throughout it that look had haunted him.

With this previous knowledge of him, of his warmth, his enthusiasm, his rashness, and that blind devotedness of character, he felt at once what depth of feeling the flushing cheek, the silence, the clenched under-lip, meant at the discovery and light talk of Donovan and Grier on that day. He saw too, by the few words of attempted exculpation which he flung out for Miss Nilson, how really ignorant and in the dark he was with regard to her actual sentiments. With his peculiar qualities, argued the grave Captain, that "little thing as soft as silk" may do infinite mischief. Not that he believed that Miss Nilson would be able to poison her admirer's mind with traitorous principles. "God forbid!" ejaculated the Captain as he brooded over the matter in his room; "but when once Ames gets to going it blind, there's no knowing what to expect; and so he'll believe in her any way, and she'll like enough make an unconscious tool of him, and pump him for something she wants to know." And every day he would find himself musing in this strain, and haunted by that small commission Donovan had read out: "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots." "What sends that into my mind so persistently?" he thought. "Last night I dreamed of them; seven-leagued boots they were transformed into then, and pounding away, with all sorts of captured plans of ours, into the rebel camp. And this morning the first thing I thought of when I awoke was, 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots.' Confound it, what have I to do with her boots? She's not *my* fair enslaver. What ails me? Zounds!" The grave Captain got up and walked down the room with the excitement of his new thought, which at that moment flashed into his mind. The new thought gave him some trouble: he couldn't get reconciled to it. Being a staid, sensible fellow, with no fanciful imaginings, this new idea looked suspicious to him. He looked at it from all quarters. He accused himself of nervousness, then laughed as he glanced at his physique; the healthy flesh and muscle. He smoked upon it; he slept upon it; and finally accepted it as something out of his power to reject.

"There's something on your Captain's mind more than ordinary," said Donovan to Lieutenant Grier. "It's something about Ames, I'm thinking. Heard any thing?"

No, Grier never heard any thing. Grier looked straight ahead, and smoked his pipe in peace like a steady healthy worker as he was.

This was the day before Adjutant Ames was expected back. The next afternoon Captain G—— went over to camp.

"I want to see Ames when he returns," he had said to Lieutenant Grier as he was mounting his horse. "If I'm not here when he comes just send an orderly for me. Directly he returns, you remember."

Donovan had come over from his quarters, and stood by, on the piazza. He gave a whistle when the Captain rode off, and said to Grier:

"I told you so." Turning into the house, he followed the Lieutenant into the Provost's little office, minded for a dish of chat; if he had been of the other sex, it would have come under the name of gossip.

But Grier had other employment—writing for the Provost which must be done; so there was no chat for Donovan there; and away he sauntered smoking his short pipe, and laughing good-humoredly at "the greatest plods he ever saw."

Grier sat there writing until the sun went down, throwing his head up occasionally when an iron heel rung on the piazza without, or a shadow darkened the window; but twilight fell, and no Adjutant Ames had appeared, though a boat had sounded whistle down the river, and the scream of a locomotive had proclaimed the last means of arrival.

It was growing dark, and he was sending a servant for lights when a head at the window and a voice stopped his meditations, and sent them flying into another channel.

"Jack, I say, Ames has come."

"Where is he?" And up jumps Grier all alert.

"Gone down to Neale's quarters. He met the Colonel and reported to him, and the Major wanted him to take tea with him. Here, where you going? Wait and hear the postscript. Coming up street who should we meet but Miss Nilson and her aunt. Ames dropped behind with the brightest face you ever saw, and I heard him say, 'I shall have the pleasure of bringing your boots round this evening, Miss Nilson.' The girl actually trembled, and turned red and pale as he spoke. I didn't think she had so much in her. By George, Jack, I believe it's a go there!" And Donovan, fairly started, was lounging in for his "gossip" when the Lieutenant vaulted over the sill and dashed past him, calling out to an orderly passing: "Smith, Smith, take my horse and run him down to camp, and give Captain G—— this!" handing Smith a slip of paper containing the intelligence of Ames's arrival. Finding Smith just detailed for duty by the Colonel, and no other messenger in view, he mounted and rode off himself.

Incurious as Lieutenant Grier was, an emotion of surprise and wonder did come over him as he noted the eagerness which the Captain manifested in his desire to get back; and though a man of few words, Grier found himself repeating to him Donovan's "postscript." As he finished, his listener ejaculated, under his breath, "I shall be too late!" and the next moment was urging his horse

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to his topmost speed. The Lieutenant followed at a more leisurely pace, his wonder not lessened by that low-breathed sentence.

"Too late for what? One would think it was a case of high treason," he mused.

And while they ride, in that old dark parlor, half lost in twilight glooms, Adèle Nilson waits for her young lover. Her young lover! Does she know herself at last? Does the head—that proud subtle head—acknowledge so much to the heart? Her young lover?

There is certainly impatience in that waiting figure: the bent head, the eager eyes straining into the gathering dark, the unwonted flush upon her cheek, the burning scarlet of her lips—these all denote the fever of delay. Will she dare to meet him with these signs? Will she confess so much to him? A step turning upon the stone-walk, a mailed heel upon the doorway threshold, and the question is answered. She goes out to meet him with two hands extended, all the dark soft night softened into her eyes, her lips parted into smiles, and a faint exhilarant excitement visible as she says,

"Ah, you have come!"

What lover could ask more than those words, in that tone, with that face?

He bent down, and she felt a pressure warm and fervent upon the two hands he was holding; then the silken touch of his fine beard brushed softly over her fingers as he lifted his head. She grew suddenly pale; an embarrassment that was not shyness oppressed her. Out of it she spoke quickly:

"You brought me something?"

He was not daunted nor troubled by this pallid embarrassment. The power of his nature was making its assertion; and still with his look holding hers, though smiling now, he answered her question:

"I have brought you Cinderella's shoes."

She flamed into color again as she touched the package, and her hand was unsteady and cold, that had lately been so firm and warm. He saw and felt all this; and there was a look in his face as if he would guard her from all confession for her pride's sake until he himself stood confessed before her. He had not thought perhaps when he entered the gateway that he should speak so soon, that the end was so near; but the night was full of promise. Something—was it Fate?—led him on. And filled with hope, which lacked nothing of modest manliness and reverence, but which was simply faith and power, those prophets of success that even here could not be disputed—even here were not false prophets, though success lay mutilated, done to death on the very threshold of fulfillment by a falser foe than death.

But with only the sweet hope thrilling at his heart he touched her hand again:

"Come, the garden is too lovely to-night to lose any of its enchantments."

She hesitated a moment, only a moment, then yielded to his spell. They had in some mysterious hour changed places. She must do his bidding. But before she went he noticed, as he noticed every thing she did, that she turned and dropped the package—her Cinderella shoes—into the yawning mouth of an Egyptian bronze; a thing half vase, half idol, which somebody had brought from old scenes of splendid barbarism, to put here like an ugly blot of evil amidst the singing birds and flowers.

"Do you think they are quite safe there?" he asked, smiling.

She lifted a startled look; and again the hand he touched grew icy. He drew it without more ado over his arm, smiling still, though his heart went beyond his words, hardly heeding them indeed:

"Are you quite sure the old monster won't make a sacrifice of them?"

That was all; but it seemed to please her, for she laughed out some gay sweet response, and the warmth stole back into the cold palm.

Always with his own true single heart-beat he tested hers, and through these sudden changes the breath of ice, the swift recall of flame and fire, he read but one story, over and again, these changes, till now, her veering mood settled into softer stillness than before. And so the summer night deepened; the twilight died into cloud and shadow. The wind came up, and through the gusts the thunder muttered distantly, and lightning played in vivid heats. They stood beneath the blasted pine at the furthest range of the garden, whose bare branches soughed wildly in the wind; and all about them flamed the nearer coming lightning, when he found his words to tell her what she must have already known. But who would have thought he would have dared to tell her? HER, Adèle Nilson! Did she herself think he would be so bold? If she did not—if on that night he carried her on to surprise, perhaps the surprise carried her out of herself.

How the blood beat upward into her brain, how swift her pulses ran, throbbing, throbbing, all through her being, as under the soughing pine: "I love you, Adèle, I love you!" sounded in her ear above the wail of the wind.

On that very hillock where they stood how many had she turned away from her in disdain! And this one, this young Adjutant with not half their claims, why did she not disdain him? Because for that moment nature rose up strong within her; and it was a rebellious nature breaking through the deadly crusts of the world's coldness and selfishness and ambition. Because, when he said, "I love you, Adèle," there was no place on earth but this where they stood; the "world" "reeled unheededly by," and the tumultuous elements of the night seemed to enter into her blood as she listened to his pure masterful voice, which claimed her in his very confession. For a moment, as a longer, nearer gleam lit up the heavens, he met her eyes. They were full of all soft, tender, impassioned emotion. For a moment. In that moment, and the breathless rapture that followed, what held them apart? What silent mysterious power warned him away? As they stood thus a plunging footstep through the thicket, the panting of some one in haste broke into the "divinity that hedged them round." Then a voice broke farther yet. Some one was calling him, some dire necessity had arisen for him. He was as brave a fellow as ever fought on battle-field. He was never known to shrink from the most sudden alarm of action; but a sick shiver went shuddering through him as he heard this voice. Alas, poor prophetic heart!

Back by the same path he went, and she was by his side, and now and then her voice was in his ear, and once, in some dark moment, she slipped and his arm upheld her; but still that mysterious distance, and the sick shiver at his heart. At the door the light from within streamed out upon a tall figure, with a sad, stern face, his riding boots splashed with mud, and great beads of perspiration standing upon his forehead. He had ridden hard.

"Captain G——!"

"Adjutant, just a moment, if you please;" and the Captain lifted his hat to Miss Nilson for apology as he drew her companion away.

Their conference was brief, but it had wrought a strange change upon the youth and beauty that shone so joyfully a brief time since.

When had Adjutant Ames ever been known to hesitate in the obeying of an order? Never. But now he not only hesitated at the charge given him by his Captain and Provost Marshal, but he actually forgot their army relation and all military etiquette, as he had never done before, and expostulated in vehement under-tones that had a note like a repressed cry trembling in them.

"It is absurd, preposterous, Richard!" he said, going back to their old relations of intimacy in expression.

"I will stake my own loyalty upon this."

But the Captain shook his head.

"No, no; it will not do; nothing will do but what I have said. I have charged you with it, Ames, because I trusted you utterly, and I felt it would be less painful for you to carry it out than to intrust it to any one else; for if it happened that I was mistaken there would be no other to share the secret; but perhaps I have been wrong in assigning the task to you. If you prefer, I will—"

"No, no. If this must be, I take it upon myself. You will see how absurd the whole suspicion will be proved, Richard." And he looked into his companion's face with the ghost of a smile before he left him.

Straight through the house to the opposite entrance, where *he* had entered before, where she now paced slowly up and down, singing an old love-song half unconsciously, he went to her.

His cheek flamed hotly, the words nearly choked him, as he told her his errand. Her own cheek caught his color, her eyes sprang up ablaze with wrath; then, harder for him to bear, the fiery storm settled into cold disdain. "Truly a pretty story," she said, icily, "that I carry about correspondences of contraband matter in my gaiter-boots! Whose brain had the honor of conceiving so stupendous a fancy?" and she laughed a little low laugh of derision that curdled his blood to hear.

"And you are set upon the search? My Cinderella shoes are of great trouble to you, Adjutant Ames."

She flung a rapid glance at the Bronze looming up dark and Sphinx-like at her side. His glance followed hers, but he shuddered more at her satirical recurrence to his own words than at the dark and meaning look in her eyes. That he failed to interpret. For a breathing space or two they stood there, motionless and silent. Then he stepped forward. He told her as he had told her when he first spoke, that it was but a mere form of duty; that he had no doubt of her; that he would stake his own loyalty upon the utter absurdity of this suspicion; and as he spoke again his hand touched the Bronze. The ugly features of the thing seemed to mock him with its sardonic grin. An awful fate seemed to hover above the little shoes so lately flung, with half a jest, into the wide yawning mouth. And then her own hand settled, white and cold like a flake of snow, upon his; and the voice that came now from her lips was sorrowful, and entreating, and impassioned.

"You will not do this?" she said. "You will not subject me to this indignity. Hear me a moment. Out there in the garden you told me that you loved me. I gave you no answer then. I give it now. I love you; as I *can* love, as I have never loved before. Let this stand for my fealty to you and yours. Now judge between us—between this mad phantasm of duty by which I am to be insulted and—my love; for I solemnly assert that if you persist in this search I will never see you again. More than that, my love will be turned to horror and hate; for, instead of giving me trust and tenderness, you will be giving me suspicion and indignity."

There she stood, dark, and glowing, and splendid, at the conclusion of her words, waiting for his decision. She had not long to wait.

Very eloquent were the words, very tender the tones, freighted with all the man's passion of love—all his hopes, all his fears—as he strove to demonstrate to her how utterly sacred and apart he held her from this form of duty. But she shook her head, with an inflexible face. His expression could scarcely have been sadder than before, as he removed that snow-flake of a hindrance upon his hand, though he knew he was about to seal his own despair. But not yet, not yet; for as again he essayed to carry forth his command, not only was her hand clasped in hindrance over his, but with a little cry of heart-aching pain she flung her arms about him. She, the cold, the proud, the reticent! There was nothing false in this. Afraid? Yes, she was afraid. Afraid of losing, ah! how much! She had never realized how much till in these later hours nature had asserted itself. Afraid of losing him. HIM, her young lover! for did not her vow lie between them? What soft mild words of entreaty she uttered, clinging there to his breast! What passionate, tender words, imploring him to go no further, *for the vow that lay between them* he could never think of afterward without tears. And there were tears then dimming his eyes as he held her strained to his heart.

"Think"—she said, at last, drawing herself away—"think what it is you refuse me. I ask you only to have faith in me. If you told me the contents of a letter you held in your hand, do you think I should not be as sure of your word as if I had read it myself? There are but us two here, and I ask of you only to go back to your Captain and say you did not find what he sent you for; that there was no ground for his suspicions; for you believe this—you have faith in me?"

"I have faith in you; but oh! my darling, my faith will not serve for them; I have no right—"

"And then you give me up. Wait, oh! wait a moment yet; you may be mistaken in your judgment of the right."

To give her up! He looked at her. There she stood, dark glowing, her splendor softened with the glory of love—there she stood tempting him!

The blood rose to his brain—a mist came over his faculties; but one thought boomed through the whirl and confusion: "She is mine until I give her up!"

The next minute he had her in his arms, her lovely face held against his breast. "Mine until I give her up! What if, after all, I am wrong in my judgment of the right? Mine! mine!"—and the world seemed to slip away.

In this time *her* one thought was, "I have conquered!" It was no simple emotion of triumph that any girl with greed of power might feel. It was salvation from mortal peril. It was rescue from an abyss so dark and deep, an abyss that *she* knew how well would engulf this new-found love, and give her in exchange an agony of pity, of horror, from which no wonder that she shrank. These were her conclusions.

She had conquered!

No. The mad, mocking dream went by, and the true heart asserted itself. And still he held her there. Still the lovely face crushed out of sight against his breast; but when he stooped and put her down upon the wide hall chair, his free hand *touched the yawning bronze image!* In another moment he had passed out into the wind and the rain; and all unaware of what he carried, clutched tightly in his grasp, she lay back breathless, but at rest from her fierce struggle, and murmuring behind her clasped hands, with spent strength, "I have conquered!"

The grave Captain was graver than his wont. He would do nothing but pace the floor and puff—puff in gloomy, restless silence at his pipe. Even Donovan could not melt his mood, and at last obeyed the quiet hint of Lieutenant Grier and followed him out. And still puff, puff, puff at the short black pipe, and the restless pacing the floor, now and then consulting his watch. At length he sat down and waited; and there came through the driving rain the sound of sharp ringing footsteps, and then the door was pushed open, and the one for whom he waited appeared. A face fierce and savage with its apparently needless suffering. He flung himself down opposite the Captain, and, breathing deep, laid down the package—the "Cinderella shoes."

"You will see how needless it all was, Captain G——," he said, in hard, bitter tones.

The senior's eye dwelt kindly on the lad at these words. He saw something of what he had been through, but his prophetic soul whispered of deeper grief to come. Alas!

He took the parcel with a steady hand, put away his pipe, and cut the pack-thread. There they lay before him—the fine, silken, slender things, with the royal arch of the instep and the curved heels. There they lay, looking so innocent of evil, so dainty, and so fresh, like herself, that the poor fellow, observant of his companion's cool handling, shuddered with his bitter angry woe, and in his mad passion sat silent at last; his head dropped out of sight in his folded arms, cursing savagely "the fool-seeking suspicion" that had ruined his hopes. How long did he lie thus; how long before the Captain's calm voice—a little calmer, if any thing, now—called him?

"Adjutant Ames!"

He raised himself with the same sick shiver he had felt in the garden. This voice calling him sounded like the voice of Fate.

"Adjutant Ames!"

It was a very gentle call. What was that? The Captain's knife had made a merciless rent in the white lining of the boot, and he was drawing forth a folded paper. It was a thin, long, closely written sheet, and the grave face grew graver until at length it grew dark and fierce as he read. All the time the heart of Fletcher Ames was dying its death as he watched him. And at the end it is handed across to him, and the Captain's voice is a little less calm as he says: "You will forgive me now; you will not think I have made you suffer needlessly. And then Fletcher Ames reads what the other has read so steadily, with a damp dew upon his brow, and, stout young soldier as he is, with all his pulses beating faint and low.

She was false then, false. This was what he thought of most as he read that foul plot of traitors in the very midst of loyal souls, who were striving to sustain the laws of God and humanity. The devil's own plot, which, but for the *prescience* of Captain G——, would have been on its way to traitor hands, who would have carried out its vile suggestions and instructions at an unguarded moment, when its results would have proved fatal perhaps.

False! false! The word kept ringing in his brain. Yet she loved him. Yes, he was sure of that; she loved him. And he?—ah, he loved so well, so highly, so truly, that rather than this knowledge of her deep dissembling, of her bitter disloyalty, he would have foregone the rapture of her love; have taken scorn and disdain for his portion. Oh, to have her noble and true, though colder than a stone to him; to see her fair and sweet, like the proud fair dame he remembered, that she looked on that first meeting. But there at his feet lay his idol; "shattered, desecrated, overthrown." And while these thoughts were thronging in his mind he heard the Captain talking, and listened vaguely as in a dreadful dream. But what was that? "Halliday would have lost his colors if this had been carried out. Indeed the whole regiment must have been sacrificed down there."

Then there broke into his poor struggling mind who listened the thought of the cause that he loved better than any other cause. Better than friends, or home, or mistress. Yes, better than these. For a moment it had been obscured; but there it lay, pure pearl of patriotism, shining through tears, radiant, indestructible.

He rose up—his bright enthusiastic face aged with that night's work—a sorry sight to look upon, for you would have known that never would the faith and hope you had once seen be seen there any more. Youth had gone forever.

The Captain wrung his hand without a word as he went out; but he looked the sympathy that men can to one another, without much ado of outward expression. When it became known, as it had to be, among the officers there, what a conspiracy had been discovered in Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots, and through whose agency, there was a good deal of keen jesting about the means of correspondence; but though these gay young men knew but a part of what Captain G—— had such sad knowledge of, yet to their honor be it said, that in the presence of Adjutant Ames there was never any jest or unnecessary allusion concerning the subject. Something in that stern, pale face touched them with silent respect. Ames had changed, they said. He was no longer the bright fellow he used to be. There was nothing but work in him now.

Yes, Ames had changed!

WALTER S. NEWHALL.

OB. DECEMBER 18, ÆT. 22.

[Captain WALTER S. NEWHALL, of Philadelphia, Acting Adjutant-General upon the staff of General GREGG, was lately drowned in a tributary of the Rappahannock. He was one of the earliest volunteers in the war, leaving all to serve his country. First distinguished in the famous charge of Zagonyi at Springfield, in Missouri, he was afterward engaged in the most active and dangerous service; and, always a hero, he never disappointed the fond faith of the hearts that loved him. He leaves two brothers in the service: and at the time of LEE's invasion last summer we believe that his parents had five or six sons on active military duty. The following lines, by a mother whose son had been in Captain NEWHALL's company, have a truly lyrical fervor.]

Nor 'mid the cannon's roar,
Not 'mid red fields of gore,
When the fierce fight was o'er,
His young life parted;
But low beneath the wave,
No hand outstretched to save,
As in a hallowed grave
Slept the true-hearted.

All seamed with noble scars
Won in his country's wars,
Battling 'neath Stripes and Stars
For his land's glory.
One of a dauntless race,
Who each in foremost place
Still strive the foe to face,
Here ends his story.

Stern was the strife and brief—
Death came with quick relief—
While watched each glorious chief
Who went before him.
The waiting angel stood
Calm by the turbid flood,
And to that brotherhood
Gently he bore him.

Once, in Rome's elder day
(So her old legends say),
Across the Sacred Way,
Wrath's fearful token,
Earth opened wide her breast;
Nor might the land find rest
Till of her wealth the best
There should lie broken.

Vainly poured gold and gem,
Rich robe with broidered hem,
Sceptre and diadem—
Wealth's hoards uncoffered.
Wide yawned the gulf apart,
Till one brave Roman heart
Plunged in with shield and dart—
Life freely offered.

Lord, in our hour of woe,
In our land's breach we throw
Riches whose treasures flow
In streams unfailing;
Widows' and orphans' tears,
Sad days and nightly fears,
Long-garnered hopes of years—
All unavailing.

Yes, purer offerings still—
Meek faith and chastened will,
All that, through good and ill,
Thy mercy gave us:
Honor, and love, and truth,
Bright joys and dreams of youth,
Thou, Lord, in pitying ruth,
Oh, let them save us!

Hear! for our cause is just;
Hear! for our children's dust—
God of our fathers' trust,
Bring thy salvation!
Hasten, O Lord! the day;
Point thou through clouds our way,
And by Truth's steadfast ray
Lead home thy nation!

Christmas, 1863.

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ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

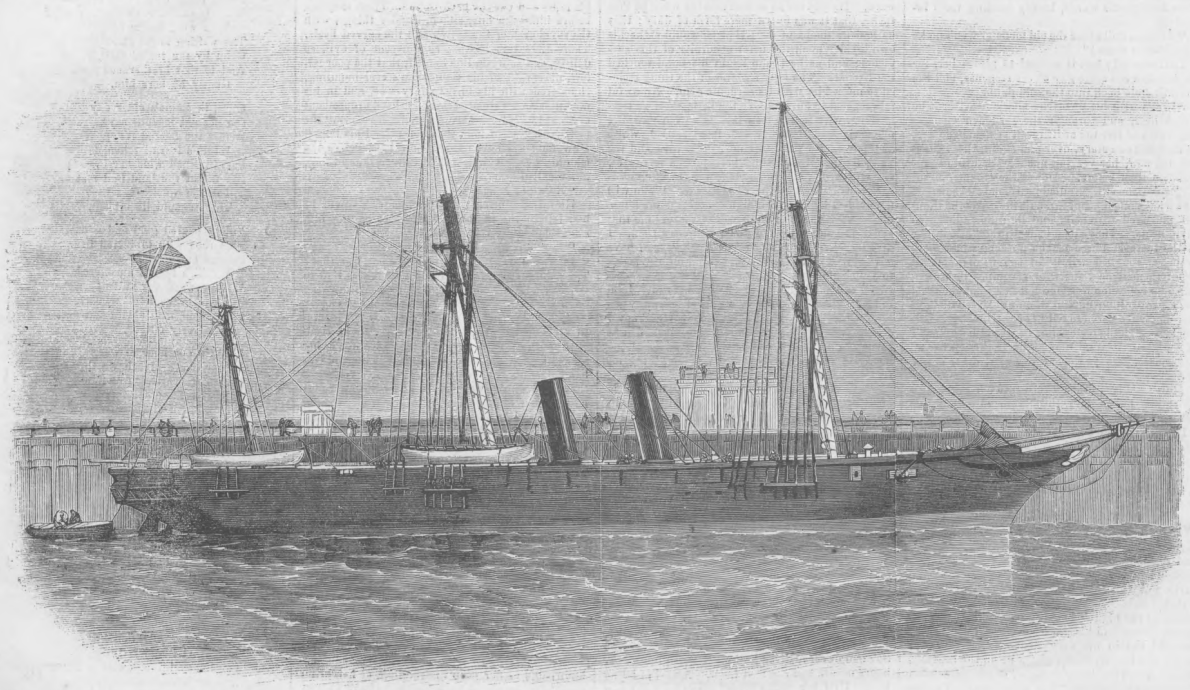
THE Catholic Archbishop of New York, the Rev. JOHN HUGHES, died on Sunday evening, January 3, aged about 65 years. Few men of his day exercised so wide an influence, social, moral, and political, and few men have exercised it, upon the whole, so honestly and wisely. He was born in Ireland in 1798, the son of a respectable farmer. He came to America in 1817, and soon after became a student at the Catholic College at Emmetsburg, Maryland. In 1825 he received ordination, and was appointed to the charge of a church in Philadelphia, and became recognized as a man of mark in his Church. In 1838 he was appointed coadjutor to the venerable Bishop Dubois of New York, who was fast sinking under age and infirmity. A fortnight had hardly passed before Bishop Dubois was struck down by paralysis, and the oversight of the Diocese fell upon Mr. Hughes, who four years later, upon the death of his superior, became Bishop of New York. In this position he had full scope for the exercise of his great administrative powers. To the general public he was best known by the various controversies in which he was at several times engaged, prominent among which were those with Dr. John Breckenridge, that upon the Public School Question, that with his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nicholas Murray (Kirwan), and one with the Hon. Erastus Brooks. But his true work was in the organization of the affairs of his diocese, and the establishment of its educational and religious concerns upon a firm basis. It would require a volume to detail his labors. It is sufficient to say that he gradually gathered into his own strong hands the entire control of the Catholic schools and churches of his Diocese. The amount of church property nominally vested in him has been stated at fully five millions of dollars. He found his Diocese weak and disjointed; he left it strong and consolidated. His position gave him great political influence; this he rarely used except when he thought the interests of the Church were in question, and then always with telling effect. In 1850 the Diocese of New York was divided by the erection of the Sees of Albany and Buffalo, while that of New York was raised to the dignity of an Archbishopric. After the breaking out of the insurrection, Archbishop Hughes, at the desire of our Government, went to Europe on a mission to aid the Union cause; for his exertions in this mission he received the official thanks of the authorities of the City of New York. Within a few months his health began to give way, and his public appearances became more rare. His last notable effort was his speech to the Catholics of New York, at the time of the riots of last July. This speech was sharply and, we think, justly criticised. Its intent was good; but we thought at the time, and must think still, that it contained some highly objectionable features. We apprehend that the mental, as well as the physical, strength of the Archbishop was impaired when he made this speech, which we are confident was heard or read with regret by the best and wisest of his friends. Apart from this speech, conceived and delivered when the venerable prelate was not his old self, we think it would be difficult to point to a single important act in his long administration that was not wise and politic, and which, viewed from his own standpoint, was not right and honorable. He died as he had lived, a true man, and a sincere Christian. There will probably be a sharp contest, open or concealed, as to who shall succeed to the post left vacant by his death. It will be well for the Church and the country if the second Archbishop of New York be, all in all, a worthy successor of John Hughes.



THE LATE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

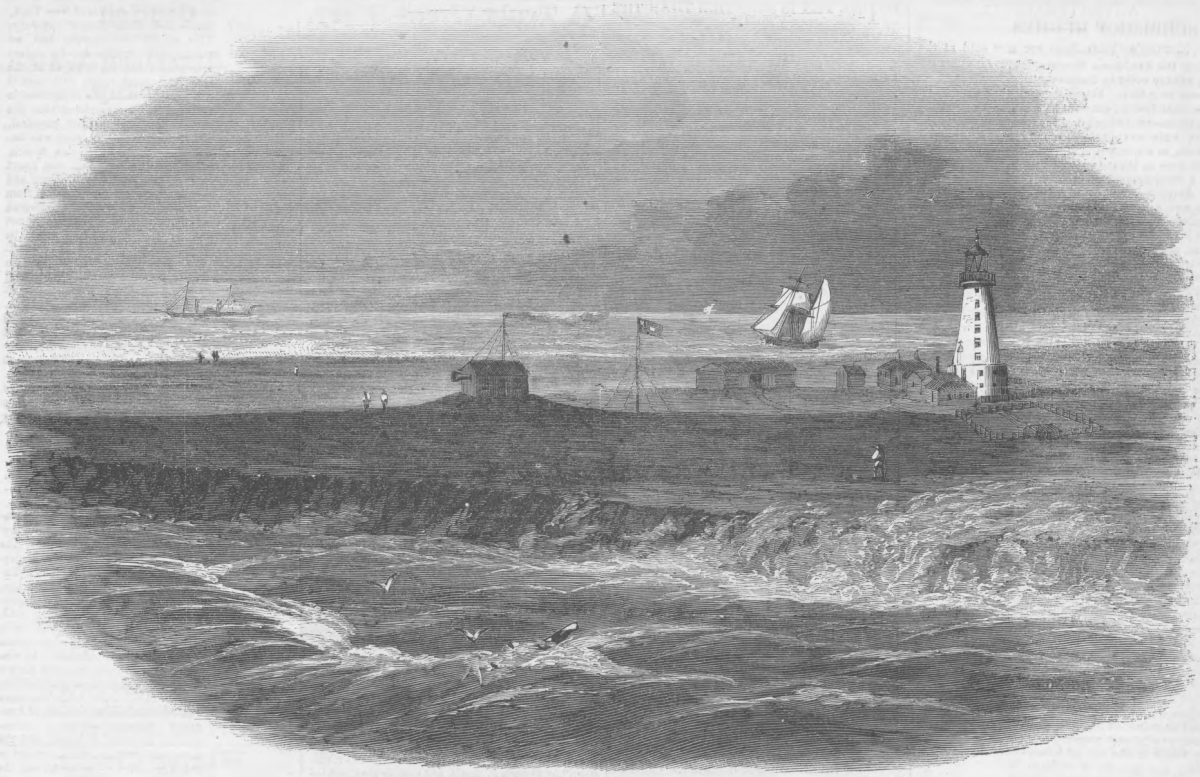
THE "RAPPAHANNOCK."

THERE are some curious circumstances connected with the screw steamer *Rappahannock*, alias the *Scylla*, of London, alias her Majesty's steam-sloop *Victor*. The English Admiralty, a short time ago, disposed of her Majesty's screw gunvessel *Victor*, and, on being sold, she was permitted to undergo some repairs under the superintendence of the dock-yard officials. It was stated that she was intended for the China trade, and she was ostensibly fitted with that view, while her name was changed to the "*Scylla*, of London." Several suspicious circumstances, however, occurred, and the dock-yard officials made a report to the Admiralty. The result was the receipt of an order at Sheerness directing her to be stopped. The order, however, arrived a few hours too late. Those in charge of the vessel evidently suspected the intentions of the Government, and had her taken out of the harbor. She immediately afterward hoisted the Confederate flag, and she now sails under the name of the *Rappahannock*. On leaving the Nore the *Rappahannock* sailed direct for Calais Harbor, in France, which she entered as a Confederate privateer. The Customs authorities at Calais, in answer to a question, have received instructions from Paris to allow the *Rappahannock* to leave whenever her captain pleases. It is said that the English Admiralty have also sold the war steamers *Amphion*, *Cyclops*, and *Phœnix* to "private purchasers."



THE REBEL SCREW STEAMER "RAPPAHANNOCK, LYING AT CALAIS, FRANCE.

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DABOLL'S FOG-TRUMPET IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

DABOLL'S FOG-TRUMPET.

WE give on this page an engraving of Dungeness Light-house, in the British Channel, where the English Government has recently stationed the FOG-TRUMPET invented by Mr. C. L. Daboll, of New London, Connecticut, and which is destined to produce a complete revolution in fog-signals for light-house purposes. An experiment on the trumpet, in connection with a bell and steam-horn previously put there, was made by the Trinity House Committee of London, on board their steam-yacht, on the 17th of November last, commencing at noon. The trumpet, bell, and horn were each tried in succession for three minutes; then they were all sounded together for the same period of time, and afterward made continuous until 2 P.M., when the bell and horn ceased, and the fog-trumpet continued to give its signals at intervals of ten seconds, with five seconds' length of blast, until 3 P.M., when the trial ceased, and the yacht then steamed away for Dover.

There was a strong wind at the time of the trial, with frequent squalls of rain, and a heavy surf on the beach, but the result was so satisfactory to the Committee that the English Government purchased the apparatus of Mr. Daboll, and have made it a permanent signal at Dungeness Light-house. It is placed in the smaller building, as shown in the illustration.

The American public have been made familiar with this signal through repeated discussions relative to its being placed on Cape Race. Captain Judkins, of the Cunard mail-steamer *Scotia*, in a speech at Liverpool on the removal of Captain Stone for allowing his vessel to get on shore in a fog at Cape Race, gave strong testimony in its favor. He said that but for the action and hostility of the British Government to this signal it would have been placed at Cape Race before this time, and not only the disaster of the *Africa*, but many others would have been avoided.

OBSTRUCTIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

AN occasional correspondent from before Charleston sends us a sketch of a Floating Battery now ashore near the beach, and of several obstructions to the harbor washed ashore during the late storm. They will be found below. He says: "The battery was built to carry four heavy guns. It broke away in the recent gale, and brought with it a portion of the rebel obstructions. These consist of large pieces of timber, 15 or 20 feet long, to some of which were attached pieces of railroad iron joined together by links. The timbers were badly worm-eaten."



REBEL BATTERY AND OBSTRUCTIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

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MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

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Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

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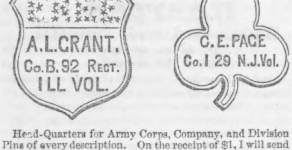
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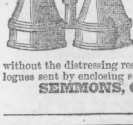


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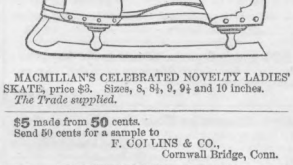
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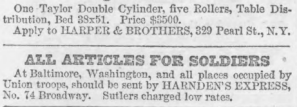
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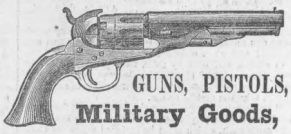
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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SUFFERINGS IN A SNOW-STORM ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.—[SEE PAGE 68]

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FOUND DEAD.

"FOUND dead, an unknown man." How trite the phrase!
And yet God knows what volumes may be said
Of bitter suffering or of crime's dark ways,
In that one short epitome—"Found dead!"

When haggard poverty from famine flies
To seek for labor, or to beg for bread,
And in the streets from cold and hunger dies,
Its only epitaph is this—"Found dead!"

Grim murder gripes his victim in the night—
A quick, fierce struggle, desperate and dread—
A quivering soul shrieks out in sudden flight,
Yet all is summed up in two words—"Found dead!"

The wretched suicide, whose broken heart
Its final hope and vital blood has shed—
Privation—maddened love—dishonor's smart—
'Tis briefly told—"An unknown man found dead."

"Found dead!" What hopes are blighted—what woes drowned—
What's lost or gained when human life has fled
Who knows or cares? The selfish world goes round:
'Tis but another "unknown man found dead."

O ye whose thoughtless ease brooks not to scan
Death save with loving friends around your bed,
Seek out and aid your unknown fellow-man,
Lest ye to God be "unknown" when "found dead!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"Christmas is here!
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

"Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

WHILE those who knew and loved him were singing this Christmas carol of Thackeray's, the kind heart and true that first sang the song was lying stilled forever. He has taught us how to speak of him, not only by the simple, tender appreciation with which he spoke of the dead, but by the many works in which his shrewd insight, kind heart, nimble wit, and consuming satire, held the mirror up to nature, and pleaded for humanity and truth. He was a man of heroic simplicity and candor, with the profoundest hate of all kinds of hypocrisy—a hate which became indignation from his consciousness that neither he nor any man could entirely escape the influence of the social atmosphere he was compelled to breathe. "It is in the air, gentlemen," he always seems to say; "we all have the disease more or less. I have no doubt that I should be very glad to be seen walking down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm." It was this impatience of falsity which the more that it was gilded was the more repulsive to him, because more dangerous, that made him often blunt, rough, stern in his manners, although he lived in the most courtly circles. He ranged through British clubs and drawing-rooms, a Berserkir in the mask of Mephistopheles, refusing to accept amiability for fidelity, or politeness for humanity. He was called a cynic by the snobs, and a snob by the cynics. He was in reality a great moralist, preaching trenchant sermons from the most familiar texts; honoring love and truth, full of pity and charity and wisdom; finding the noblest men and women under all conditions, and not afraid to describe the weaknesses and faults of either.

As a pure novelist, or delineator of manners, he is not surpassed. He constantly reproduced certain types of character within the same range of society; but with such incisive skill and completeness of portraiture that they take permanent place among the creations of human genius. He chose deliberately the profession of literature, worked steadily and faithfully in it; honored its illustrious chiefs, and won and wore its laurels. But to him it was a noble profession; and his task in it, at which he labored until the hand that held the pen fell forever, was to make men better by every kind of stern, sweet, witty, wise, sarcastic, or humorous representation of the life and character he saw around him. When Miss Brontë dedicated to him the second edition of "Jane Eyre," she did so in the strongest and most unqualified words of praise; but they express the final and mature verdict upon the character and power of his genius. Not the least of his charms as an author is the sweet, sinewy English of his style, which is nervous, transparent, picturesque, and exquisite.

The death of every great story-teller is like a personal loss to the world; but the American friends of Thackeray who personally knew him probably were not aware how much they loved him until they saw that he was dead. It seems as if there were less life in the world now he is gone. He enjoyed so fully; his great, blithe nature came ringing out in song and jest in genial festive hours so exuberantly, yet so tenderly still, that feasts will always be less festal hereafter to the guests who sat with him. His social sympathy, his love of children, his univeral charity, and his constant allusions to the delightful season, especially associated him with Christmas, and he died, a month ago, on the day before it came. Farewell, great, generous soul, kindly teacher, faithful friend, wise, humble, honest man! How sadly and solemnly and fitly now sound your own Christmas words!

"My song save this has little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth
To men of gentle will."

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S Message has been thoroughly discussed; but, as its main purpose is to express in the most plausible way all the bitter hostility of extreme partisans throughout the country toward the Administration, it is worth considering. If it were possible to forget that Mr. Seymour early declared against the war, and charged its responsibility upon the loyal men of the Free States; that he expressed his willingness to see the Union perish rather than slavery; that he insisted, while the rebels had their hands at our throats, that we should offer them the olive branch; if it could be forgotten that in every way, under pretext of saving the rights and dignity of the State, he has endeavored to embarrass the National Government, always in smooth phrases fiercely denouncing it, while treating the rebellion as the work of honorable men goaded into violence; if it were possible not to remember that he was the warm advocate of Thomas Seymour for Governor of Connecticut, and of Vallandigham for Governor of Ohio, and that of all bitter partisans, under the thinnest veil of candor, Horatio Seymour is the chief—it might also be possible to believe that his criticisms of national affairs are friendly to the country and to the Union, and that he sincerely prefers patriotism to party. But with his record it is simply impossible. His official messages are as unscrupulous party manifestoes as the speeches of Vallandigham or Wood. And there is probably no heartily loyal Union man in the country who does not consider Mr. Seymour just as true a patriot as Mr. Vallandigham, and just as fervent a Unionist as Mr. Wood.

The Governor undertakes to argue the cause of the soldiers against the Government, declaring that "the safety of our country demands that the sympathy between our citizens and our soldiers should be kept alive." There is no doubt of it. But, as the soldiers *are* our citizens, the Governor need not be alarmed. Does he think it a promising way of maintaining that sympathy to sow entire distrust of the Government in the minds of the soldiers? "The army must not be estranged from our people," he repeats. Very true. Does he think it prevents estrangement to stand in the Academy of Music, while that army is fighting and falling, and "twit" it with the victories it has not won? "We were promised Vicksburg for the 4th of July," sneered the Governor to the "citizens" on that day. The army gave it to us while he was sneering. It gave us Gettysburg also. And when, with the tears of a whole people, that field of heroic death was consecrated as holy national ground, one of the chief newspapers in the interest of Governor Seymour calls the ceremony "a grand national wake." Is this the way to prevent estrangement? So also when it is proposed that the citizen fighting in the field as a soldier for his country shall not be disfranchised, Governor Seymour says that he shall, and interposes his veto. This is his method of keeping alive sympathy between our citizens and our soldiers. If there is any man in the country who has done his little all to estrange the citizen in the field and the citizen at home, it is the author of this Message. We beg every soldier to watch the Governor's action when a bill is again presented to him empowering the soldiers to vote.

In the next place, the Governor also undertakes his own defense in the matter of the July riots. He quotes his proclamation to the people of New York, and celebrates his vigorous efforts to preserve the peace. The whole question lies in a nutshell. Governor Seymour had done his full share in inciting the riots by his speeches; by his vehement denunciation of the Government and the draft; by his appeals to the bitter prejudice against colored citizens; and by his open menace that the national authorities must beware, for a mob could use pretenses as well as a Government. The riot began. Its pretext was opposition to the draft. Mayor Opdyke tells us that the vigorous policy agreed upon before the Governor came was not superseded by him because of the unanimity of the civil and military authorities of the city. But the Governor did all he could, short of refusing to do any thing, to supersede that policy. He deliberately told the rioters that he had asked the suspension of the law, which they made the pretext of their bloody crimes. Of course he had. It was his plan of treating the rebellion in the South: to excuse it, and do what it commands. The July riots should never be mentioned by the Governor or his friends.

The rest of the Message is an assertion that the policy of the war, which the Governor concedes that the people have approved, is national ruin. The only hope for the country, in his estimation, is returning to the original policy of the war. The reply to this is very simple; and it is that there has been but one policy in the war from the beginning, namely, to restore the authority of the Government, and consequently to overcome every obstacle to that restoration. He quotes the resolution of July, 1861, that the war is not waged to subjugate people or to overthrow institutions. No, and it never has been. Neither has it been waged to take a single life, or destroy a single dollar's worth of property. Yet thousands of lives, millions of dollars' worth of property, and at last Slavery, have fallen and are falling in the process of maintaining the Constitution and restoring the Union. Slavery is destroyed, precisely as supplies, and cities, and lives are, in obedience to military necessity. That a partisan politician chooses to misrepresent the fact does not alter the truth. That he chooses to say that the Union is lost, civil liberty destroyed, and the nation ruined, because the American people, in saving their nationality, overthrow by the way the system of human slavery which has always threatened their existence, and now seeks to destroy it, is but another of the melancholy proofs with which History teems, that the extremest public peril will not extinguish party malignity.

THE POLICE REPORT.

OF all the messages and reports with which the year opens the most simple, direct, and lucid is that of the Metropolitan Police Commission. It should be carefully read and pondered by every citizen as the record of the most diligent and faithful public service, and, in itself, the ample justification of a system which gives a peace and security to the great city hitherto unknown.

It appears that the population of the whole district subject to the care of the Commission is about 1,000,000 in the city of New York and 350,000 in Brooklyn. The authorized number of patrolmen in the former city is 1800; in the latter, 200. This gives to New York one patrolman to every 527 inhabitants; to Brooklyn, one for every 1620. This proportion the report justly represents as injurious, because Brooklyn covers nearly as large a territory as New York, which has nine times as many patrolmen. It recommends that the number in Brooklyn be increased to 500.

In the regular course of their duty the patrolmen pass over every portion of the graded streets of the city every hour of the day and night, and without serious increase of labor they could perform the duties of health wardens, sanitary inspectors, and inspectors of weights and measures. All the work of the City Inspector's Department the police force could do without increase of numbers or pay. In view of Mayor Gunther's statement that the present expenses of the city are larger in proportion than those of any city in the world, this is a very significant suggestion.

The report wisely recommends the establishment of a Morgue, or dead-house, for the identification of bodies found drowned. It also suggests that as auctioneers are public officers, and as the plan of making mock-auctioneers refund their robberies has proved to be futile, the conviction of fraud should operate *per se* as a revocation of license. The law of 1862 having failed to abate the nuisance of concert saloons—dens of drunkenness and prostitution—the report declares them likely to increase in numbers until the Legislature shall authorize a thorough prosecution in every case. It also recommends that, as thieves and burglars are generally but the servants of receivers of stolen goods, the system of rewards by which the banks have so successfully suppressed counterfeiting shall be adopted, and the Board be authorized to allow rewards not more than $200 for the conviction of receivers of stolen goods. The case of truant children, growing up in the practice of every crime, should be met, as far as possible, by a truant school.

The report sums up the operations of the Sanitary Company of the Police, under Captain Lord, the object of which is to keep the city clean, and so to prevent disease. 20,942 cases of nuisance have been abated during the year, of which 584 were dangerous. The law should be amended so as to provide collecting the expense of cleaning his premises from the owner when he refuses or neglects to do it.

The successful use of steam fire-engines requires a new organization of the Fire Department. The members should be paid for their services or released from duty, for the voluntary system is unjust, oppressive, and not always trust-worthy. The members are brave and daring, and were formerly exempted from militia service, but as that has ceased the public has no right to demand or enjoy their service without reward. Only a small skilled force is now required, and it is but just that the Insurance Companies should help bear the burden of supporting a department which is mainly useful to them.

The experience of the July riots has shown the value of a large and trusty police force armed and drilled as a military command, to be used, as an armed force only, under the same circumstances that now authorize the calling out of the militia. A fourth of the police could be so organized at small cost, and often save the expensive measure of summoning the militia.

Finally, in a few calm, moderate, and perfectly truthful words the report depicts the circumstances of the July riots. They had a political motive and direction. They received sympathy and encouragement from influential partisans and papers. The militia were absent. The Police Board had been threatened with summary removal. Many of the force desired the removal, and there were some instances of insubordination. A large part of the force were of the same nationality and of the same political and religious faith as the rioters. There was therefore fear of failure in united action, or of embarrassment from sympathy with the mob. But the apprehension proved to be entirely groundless. The force acted as a unit, with the utmost heroism and success. Neither political, religious, nor national feeling injured their efficiency. Eighty were wounded in the terrible conflict, but three only have died.

Could any statement be simpler, truer, or more manly? Could faithful officers make any other report of facts which are historical and known to all men? Could any thing be juster or more complimentary to the members of the police force? The Commissioners may well say of a system which has produced these results: "The marked fidelity, vigilance, and efficiency of the Police in ordinary occasions is the legitimate fruit of the system. Instead of fearing or despising the Policeman, the public have learned to trust him as the defender and protector of social order. The Policeman's labors, risks, and deprivations are great—he earns and deserves not only public respect but just compensation; and the only reason that, with the enhanced rates of living, increased pay is not recommended, is the hope that there may soon be a return to the former scale of prices, and that the injustice of small pay to the Policeman may not be of long duration."

It is hard to believe that the report of which we have given a faithful abstract was made the excuse for the removal of the Police Commissioners. If every officer in the State were as faithful to their duty, as loyal to the nation, as firm, unhesitating, and heroic as the Metropolitan Police, from the Commissioners to every patrolman engaged during the terrible July days proved themselves to be, it would be well for the State and an imperishable honor to the officers.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

THE late Archbishop Hughes was a man of irreproachable character and of acknowledged ability, who had justly earned the highest honors of his profession, and was greatly beloved by the people of his Church. But he was in no other sense a public man than every bishop of every Church and every able and worthy clergyman is. By its resolutions of respect to his memory, passed under the pressure of the previous question, the New York Legislature has established the agreeable precedent of observing with respectful mention the death of all good and eminent citizens. We do not remember that the late Bishop Wainwright's decease was so observed; but unquestionably that of all other distinguished clergymen and men of other professions will be. And if they are passed as these were, by force of the previous question, they will have exactly the same weight as these. The object of the introduction of such resolutions would seem to be to allow opportunity for the expression of respect and admiration from various minds. But the previous question summarily ends debate, and also, as it seems to us, the intended respect.

Mr. Lyon said that he supported the resolutions because of the distinguished services rendered the country by the Prelate. But as he did not mention what they were, and as Archbishop Hughes conspicuously confined himself to his ecclesiastical duties, the public services must be left to conjecture. If Mr. Lyon referred to the Archbishop's visit to Europe, it is for Mr. Lyon to show what public service he did there.

Certainly we do not cavil at any respect shown to the memory of good men. But of the seventy-six members who carried the resolutions, under the previous question, against fourteen, we should like to ask whether they voted for them because of the Archbishop's virtues as a man or eminence as a citizen, or because he was an Irishman and the head of the Romish Church in this State; and whether they mean to honor all virtuous New Yorkers in the same way? for the ecclesiastical office, as Mr. Douglas truly said, has nothing to do with the State.

Good men, distinguished clergymen, able lawyers, skillful physicians, and men noted in every sphere, are constantly departing from us; but we submit that only citizens who have con-

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spicuously served the State, like Generals and Magistrates, are the proper subjects of Legislative resolutions of respect; and that to disregard that rule is to set a most inconvenient precedent.

THE OLD SOPHISM.

MR. RUSSELL, of the London *Times*, says that when he was in this country he met Mr. Horatio Seymour at dinner, and reports him as saying, just as the rebellion was breaking out, that the National Government had no power to coerce States. It was by such a subterfuge that the more reckless of the Northern friends of the rebels hoped to paralyze the Government, and connive at the success of the rebellion. And in his "Life of General Butler," Mr. Parton tells a story, of course derived from the General, that in February, 1860, Butler was in Washington to confer with other leaders of his party, and found that the Southerners contemplated war. They told him that the North would not fight. He said it would. They smiled, and said they had friends enough here to prevent it. Why did it not occur to them that for every Seymour there would be a Butler; for every Vallandigham, a Logan; for every Wood, a Grant; for every Pierce, a Burnside?

The sophism by which these gentlemen hoped to do the work of the rebellion in the North has just been repeated by Governor Seymour in his Message. "If the South is revolutionized," he asks, "its property devastated, its industry broken up and destroyed, will this benefit the North?" But that is no more the question now than the coercion of States was in the beginning. The Government is maintaining its authority over rebellious citizens; and the simple question is not whether the North will be benefited by the success of the Government, but whether it is better for the country that the rebellion shall be suppressed by every means known to honorable warfare, or whether the war shall be infinitely prolonged and embittered by holding out olive branches to men who spit at them. The difference between a man like Davis and one like our Governor is, that one is in deadly earnest and the other is playing a political game. When the rebel chiefs drew the sword they had at least the manliness to say, "Let this decide between us." They will be destroyed by it, and their section sadly blasted by the war they have invoked, but they will leave canting and whimpering to others.

RAILROAD ANNOYANCES.

WHILE the railroads in the South are going, and the means of restoring them have already gone, our own are worked beyond precedent. The enormous increase of freight, the passage of soldiers, and the immense travel, with the frost now added, derange all times and trains, so that it is hazardous to count upon making any connection or upon arrival within hours of the appointed time.

The recent delay, most vexatious if not dangerous, in the Susquehanna, and the constant complaints and frightful disregard of the comfort and health of passengers upon the single route between New York and Washington, may persuade Congress that something should be done for the relief of the public. But relief in the winter passage of the Hudson River at Albany seems to be beyond hope. There is something ludicrous, if it were not outrageous, in the helpless way in which hundreds or thousands of people are daily and nightly shot out of comfortable cars upon the river, in all winter weathers, rainy, snowy, sleety, blowy; when the ice is hard, and you may ride or walk; when it is soft and uncertain, and you must splash across upon boards and in slush with the chance of breaking through, so that an inconvenience and exposure so barbarous are hardly to be found in all our railway travel, except, in another form, upon the Washington route.

And this is upon the great Northern line between the East and the West. The only reason urged for the continuance of the enormity is that Troy is opposed to a bridge at Albany, and that a party in Albany fear the loss of the business of transhipment. The latter reason is not one that long prevails in this country over the public convenience. The former is surely one that ought not to prevail, since it is easy enough to build a bridge which should neither obstruct the river nor navigation. As it is, the winter-crossing at Albany is a disgrace to our civilization.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 6. Select Committee on Pacific Railroad appointed: Mr. Howard chairman.—Mr. Powell's bill to prevent army and navy officers from interfering in elections came up; debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Saulsbury asserted that in the State of Delaware a majority of the voters had been driven from the polls because they were not in favor of the Administration. Mr. Wilson defended the Government. The bill was finally referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, in opposition to the wishes of its mover, who desired that it should be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.——*January* 7. Sundry petitions were presented and disposed of.—Mr. Carlile offered a series of resolutions defining the relations of the General and State Governments, the gist of which lies in the assertions "that it is competent for the President, or any military commander in any State, to impose obligations interfering with the State laws;" and that "the whole power of the Government should be used, not against the rebel States, as such, but against the armies of the rebels:" laid on the table.—The Bounty bill was debated and referred to the Committee on Finance.—The Enrollment bill was taken up, debated, and several points disposed of.—Mr. Howe offered a series of resolutions for the relief of our soldiers now held as prisoners; the substance of which is that the President be requested to call for a million of volunteers for ninety days, or less, to liberate all our prisoners; that General Grant be placed in command of this force; that Congress adjourn on the 4th of March, and that each member under fifty years of age join the army: referred to the Military Committee.——*January* 8. Mr. Morrill offered resolution that notice be given to Great Britain for the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty.—The Committee on Military Affairs reported the bills of thanks to General Hooker, Meade, Banks, and Burnside, with their officers and troops.—Mr. Wilson introduced bill to promote enlistments; the chief features are that all enlistments in the regular army shall be for three years, and colored soldiers receive the same pay, etc., as white.—Mr. Grimes introduced bill fixing the pay of officers in the army.—Mr. Hale submitted a resolution for a Committee to inquire into the condition of the navy, and especially into the efficiency of the steam engines lately built. Debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Hale assailed the management of the Navy Department, and Messrs. Grimes, Doolittle, and Conness defended it. Mr. Davis also took part in the debate, assailing the Administration generally.—Mr. Wilson offered a resolution for the expulsion of Senator Davis, of Kentucky, on the ground of a series of resolutions offered by him on the 5th of January, from which the following phrase was quoted: "The people of the North ought to revolt against the war leaders, and take the matter into their own hands," thereby, said Mr. Wilson, "meaning to incite the people of the United States to revolt against the Government. Mr. Davis rejoined warmly, declaring, "The Senator's interpretation of my resolution is false in letter and spirit, and false in fact."—Without disposing of this resolution for expulsion, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Enrollment bill. The main point of discussion was the $300 commutation clause. Mr. Sumner proposed an entirely new course; substitutes should be furnished only by Government; commutation to be fixed at $300; every drafted man seeking exemption should pay that sum, and if his income exceeded $300 an additional sum as follows: On incomes of from $600 to $2000, ten per cent.; on incomes from $2000 to $5000, twenty per cent.; on incomes over $5000, thirty per cent. Debate ensued upon this proposition. Mr. Wilson said that, though instructed by the Committee to report in favor of repealing the commutation clause, he was in favor of its retention, and proceeded to argue in support of his view. Without coming to definite action on this subject, the Senate adjourned to Monday, the 11th.——*January* 11. Mr. Wilkinson offered a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to furnish information respecting the imprisonment of certain soldiers from Minnesota at Jefferson City, Missouri. He said that a negro came into camp, saying that his master had entered the Confederate service, and that his wife and children were on the point of being sent South for sale. Some of the soldiers went to the cars, and liberated the woman and children. Forty of the soldiers were arrested and thrown into prison. Mr. Lane, of Arkansas, said that the matter was now undergoing investigation by the Legislature of Missouri; the officers appointed by Governor Gamble were the offenders; these officers were sympathizers with treason. Mr. Brown, of Missouri, indorsed the statements of Mr. Lane, and condemned the course of General Schofield, the commander in Missouri: resolution adopted.—Mr. Wilson's resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis came up; Mr. Davis wished for immediate action; after some debate it was laid over till the 13th.—Mr. Henderson proposed amendments to the Constitution. They provide that slavery, or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, shall not exist in the United States; and define the mode in which amendments to the Constitution shall be proposed and adopted.—The Senate adjourned out of respect to the late Senator Bowden, of Virginia.——*January* 12. The Committee on Finance reported back the House bill extending the time for paying bounties to March 1. A letter was read from the Secretary of the Treasury setting forth the necessity imposed by this bill for increased taxation. The bill passed.—The House bill for paying Missouri troops was reported by the Committee on Military Affairs.—A message was received from the President in answer to Mr. Lane's inquiry of December 16, relating to the treatment of Kansas prisoners. It inclosed letters from General Halleck and the Commissary-General of Prisoners to the effect that there was no evidence that Kansas prisoners had been treated differently from others, or that any Kansas volunteers had been put to death on being captured.—The Enrollment bill was called up and debated. Mr. Sumner modified his amendment so as to provide that the money received from commutations should be spent only in procuring substitutes: amendment lost, 25 to 15. A desultory debate ensued in respect to the enlistment of slaves as soldiers. Mr. Johnson said that slaves were considered property, as well as persons, by the Constitution: as property they were liable for their master's debts; as persons were punishable as traitors if found aiding in rebellion. He learned that in Maryland slaves had been recruited without their own or their masters' consent. He protested against this procedure. No vote was taken on the bill.

HOUSE.—*January* 6. Resolution for Committee to report on railroad from Washington to New York adopted: Mr. Brandagee subsequently appointed Chairman.—The Committee on Elections reported a bill fixing a uniform time for electing Representatives in Congress, and enabling soldiers to vote.—The Committee on Military Affairs reported bill extending the time for paying bounties to March 1: passed unanimously. The Appropriation bill was passed, after general debate. Mr. Arnold made a set speech upon the state of the Union and the President's Message, laudatory of the course of the President, and urging the entire destruction of the system of slavery. "It is the mission of Mr. Lincoln," he said, "to carry out the regeneration of the country by the death of American slavery; let him finish the job."—Mr. Blaine offered a resolution declaring that the debts incurred by the States in suppressing the insurrection should be assumed by the General Government.—Mr. Baldwin offered a resolution to the effect that "any proposition to negotiate with the rebel leaders at Richmond, sometimes called 'the authorities at Richmond,'" should be rejected. The resolution, after some opposition from Mr. Cox, was adopted by 89 to 24; the preamble, which declares that "the organized rebellion which has its head-quarters at Richmond exists in defiant violation of the Federal Constitution, and has no claim to be treated otherwise than as an outlaw," was adopted by 112 ayes, and no contrary vote.—The Committee on Naval Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing a navy-yard and depôt for the construction and repair of iron-clads.—Mr. Rodgers proposed resolutions declaring that the rebellion is wicked; that the war against it should be prosecuted; but that no compromise was desirable; and that therefore commissioners should be appointed to meet with similar commissioners from the insurgent States to treat respecting peace and a reconstruction of the Union; that the people of the insurgent States have a right to return to the Union, and "reorganize their respective State Governments, with their domestic institutions as they were before the war," and elect representatives to Congress, without "any conditions precedent except that of being liable to be punished" for violations of the Constitution and laws: these resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 78 to 42.—Mr. Randall offered a resolution that the President be requested to effect an exchange of prisoners, and that "if that exchange can not be extended to all prisoners it can be carried into effect as to any portion that may be agreed upon between the parties:" laid over for consideration.—Mr. Myers offered a resolution to the effect that the war should be prosecuted till the traitors love the Union and consent to the Emancipation and Reconstruction proclamations, and that then the leading rebels should be hung, and the war cease; this factious and disgraceful resolution was quietly referred to the proper Committee. After debate on the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill the House adjourned till Monday.——*January* 11.——*January* 11. Several bills of local interest were introduced and referred.—The use of the Hall was granted to Miss Anna Dickinson for an address in aid of the funds of the Freedman's Aid Association.—Mr. Fernando Wood offered a resolution for a Committee to inquire into the conduct of General Butler while in command at New Orleans, and into various charges of fraud in the Military and Navy Departments, in the Treasury Department, and in the Custom-house at New York; laid on the table by a vote of 77 to 63.—On motion of Mr. Fenton a resolution was adopted referring the charges of misconduct in the New York Custom-house to the Committee on Public Expenditures.—Mr. Broomall offered a resolution to the effect that the Government owes a debt to induce the slaves in the rebel territory to enlist in the army, by giving them full pay and bounties, and by guaranteeing them freedom at once upon enlistment. Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table unless the mover would consent to an amendment conscripting all the blacks in the land. The motion to lay on the table was refused, 73 to 61.—Mr. Ancona offered resolution that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the expediency of paying to soldiers the money withheld from them on account of clothing, etc., thrown away by command of their officers: adopted.—The Committee on Ways and Means reported bill to reimburse to Pennsylvania the amount expended by her in calling out the Militia during the late invasion.—The House adjourned out of respect to the memory of the late Senator Bowden.——*January* 12. The Judiciary Committee reported bill for revising and consolidating the laws of the United States.—The Committee on Ways and Means reported a bill for increasing the revenue. The main provisions are: a duty of 60 cents a gallon on distilled spirits; a duty of 2 cents a pound upon cotton, except such as is sold by the United States; a drawback of 2 cents a pound to be allowed upon goods exported if manufactured from cotton which has paid the duty.—The bill to pay $700,000 to Pennsylvania for her expenses in calling out the Militia came up, and was debated at length. The House adjourned without any definite action upon this bill.

THE BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.—A CORRECTION.

An important error occurs in General Meigs's graphic account of the "Battle in the Clouds," near Chattanooga, as published. By a mistake of the telegraphic reporter, the name of General Thomas was substituted for that of General Sherman in the paragraph describing the passage of the Tennessee and the seizing and fortifying the position on Missionary Ridge. General Meigs, in a letter to General Sherman, says, "I wrote *your* name, and it was so sent to the telegraph office." The services of General Thomas have been many and great, but the credit of this achievement belongs to Sherman, and he should not be deprived of it through the error of the telegraph.

GRANT'S CONGRATULATORY ORDER.

General Grant, in General Order, dated December 10, returns "his sincere thanks and congratulations to the brave armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and their comrades from the Potomac, for the recent splendid and decisive successes achieved over the enemy. In a short time you have recovered from him the control of the Tennessee River from Bridgeport to Knoxville. You dislodged him from his great strong-hold upon Lookout Mountain, drove him from Chattanooga Valley, wrested from his determined grasp the possession of Missionary Ridge, repulsed with heavy loss to him his repeated assaults upon Knoxville, forcing him to raise the siege there, driving him at all points, utterly routed and discomfited, beyond the limits of the State. By your noble heroism and determined courage you have most effectually defeated the plans of the enemy for regaining possession of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. You have secured positions from which no rebellious power can drive or dislodge you."

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A detachment of two hundred and eighty men, commanded by Major Beers, was attacked on the 3d of January at Jonesville, in Western Virginia, by a large Confederate force, under General Jenkins; after a desperate resistance, in which we lost 30 killed, and as many wounded, the remainder of the command were made prisoners.

The enemy, under General Early, by way of reprisal for Averill's raid, undertook a great expedition into Western Virginia, threatening the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and other important points. A dispatch from General Kelley, dated January 7, gives the result: The rebel force has retreated toward the Shenandoah Valley. The force was a formidable one, consisting of three brigades, under the command of General Fitzhugh Lee. Deserters report that it was the intention of Lee to capture the garrison at Petersburg, take New Creek and Cumberland, destroy our stores, break the railroad by burning the bridges. The great raid has thus far resulted in a complete failure. An empty wagon train, returning from Petersburg, was captured by a portion of the enemy's forces. With this exception they have not, thus far, been able to inflict upon us any injury.

On the 10th of January a battalion of Maryland cavalry was attacked by Mosby's guerrillas. After severe fighting for an hour Mosby was repulsed, leaving his dead and wounded on the field; among the dead were four officers. We lost two killed and eleven wounded.

SKIRMISH IN NORTH CAROLINA.

An expedition under Colonel M'Chesney, of the First North Carolina Regiment, which left Newbern December 30, for Greenville, met the enemy near Washington and routed them. The lieutenant who led the Union troops in a charge was killed. The loss on the other side was one lieutenant and five men. The troops engaged on our side were negroes.

CHARLESTON.

Our direct intelligence comes down to the 7th of January. On that day General Gilmore had thrown twenty shells charged with Greek fire into the city; with what result was unknown. A week before, however, the same number had been fired, every one of which exploded within the city, causing an extensive conflagration. Heretofore, it is said, the shells charged with Greek fire have exploded before reaching their object. This fault is said to be remedied by an invention of Colonel Bell, by which the explosion takes place at the proper moment.

NEW ORLEANS AND TEXAS.

From New Orleans our latest intelligence is dated January 3. Information had been received from various sources of a combined movement being contemplated on the part of the rebels. It was said that all the rebel troops who have been operating in Western Louisiana, on the banks of the Mississippi and other points, were gathering for Central Texas, and uniting to form one large army, to attack our new acquisitions on the coast of Texas, and would probably number at least twenty thousand. Preparations had been made to meet this rebel force as well as possible with the number of troops in the department.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

The Richmond *Inquirer*, of December 31, says that the gloomiest year of the struggle has been concluded; that neither the hopes of intervention, which buoyed up the spirits of the rebels in 1861, nor the victory of Fredericksburg in 1862, cheers them at the conclusion of the past year. Is admits that the check given to General Meade's advance at Mine Run, or Longstreet's partial success at Bean Station, are a poor set-off to the severe loss which the rebels suffered "in the murderous assault at Knoxville."

FRAUDS IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Fradulent transactions by persons occupying important positions in the New York Custom-house are reported to have been detected. Several arrests have been made, and the alleged culprits have been sent to Fort Lafayette. The whole matter is now undergoing close examination.

THE CASE OF THE "CHESAPEAKE."

The case of the *Chesapeake* is before the British Admiralty Court at Halifax. Judge Stuart said he was of the opinion that the vessel should be given up to her owners. The counsel for the Confederates asked him to contemplate the probability of an application for the vessel on the part of the Confederates, which the Judge said he would not do. The Advocate-General for the Crown also expressed his opinion that the vessel should be given up to the owners. The case is still open.—Several persons have been under examination before the magistrates, charged with rescuing the three prisoners taken on the *Chesapeake* from the hands of the police. The Mayor decided that the case must be legally decided, and should be handed over to the Crown officers. The prisoners were required to give bail for their appearance before the Supreme Court.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

No intelligence of special importance has reached us during the present week. The war in Poland has assumed a guerrilla character.—No collision had occurred between the Danish and German forces in Schleswig-Holstein. Prince Frederick had been proclaimed a sovereign in opposition to the King of Denmark, and the town of Altona has been illuminated in consequence. This town was evacuated on the 24th of December by the Danes, at the approach of the Federal forces.—It is said that the Messrs. Laird, the builders of the Confederate rams in Great Britain, had refused to sell them, though they had received several offers.—The United States Ministers at London and Paris were making strenuous efforts to prevent the escape of the rebel steamer *Rappahannock*, then lying at Calais.—An insurrectionary movement in Hungary, with Kossuth at its head, is reported to have been commenced.

INDIA.

The hostilities in India, the breaking out of which was noted in our number for January 9, have assumed an alarming aspect. The first accounts merely stated that some of the Hill Tribes attacked an English position, drove in a picket, but were repulsed, the English, however, losing 128 men, in killed and wounded, most of them being native troops. Subsequent accounts speak of a series of engagements, from October 30 to November 24, in which the British loss is set down at 600 men, killed and wounded. The India papers consider the affair serious. One says, "We are no longer engaged in an insignificant raid; but in a war with numerous tribes, whose numerical force, in an almost inaccessible country, it is difficult to calculate." Another says, "It is clear that our position there is a critical one, and that the most decisive measures must now be adopted to save our force from annihilation."

MEXICO.

From Mexico our accounts, derived from various sources, are utterly conflicting. The general tenor of those which appear to be most reliable represent the French and "Imperialists" as meeting with almost uniform success in the progress of their various columns through the country. On the 8th of December they took possession of Guanajuato. The Mexicans, under Doblado, retreated toward Zacatecas, having destroyed the aqueduct, water reservoirs, mining works, and growing crops, leaving the country a desert. They were pursued by a division of the French army.—On the 6th of December Tobar, an adherent of the French, was defeated near Guadalajara by the loyalists, under Colonel Rajes, who captured 500 prisoners. The numbers on each side are stated at 3000.—On the 17th Uraga, who had inflicted considerable damage upon the French, attacked them at Morelia, where they were strongly intrenched, but was repulsed with a loss, it is reported, of 2000 killed and wounded, out of an entire force of 5000.—A letter from President Juarez, dated December 8, has been published, in which he says that he trusts, when our war is ended, many American soldiers will join the Mexicans, for the purpose of driving the French from the continent. In the mean while the Mexicans can only carry on a guerrilla war.

ST. DOMINGO.

Some months ago the Spanish Government took formal possession of and "reannexed" to Spain the Republic of St. Domingo, the southern half of the island of Hayti. An insurrection against the Spaniards broke out not long after, and a desultory warfare has since been waged, the general result being in favor of the Spaniards. Present appearances indicate that this war is drawing to a close.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

A GENERAL court-martial, held in the Army of the Potomac, has recently passed the following sentences:

Major E. A. ANDERSON, Ninth New York Cavalry, for absence without leave, misbehavior before the enemy, and conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman, to be dismissed the service of the United States.

First-Lieutenant ROBERT P. PORTER, Third Indiana Cavalry, for drunkenness and conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, to be dismissed the service of the United States.

Captain Hasbrouck, Fifth New York Cavalry, for selling Government horses, to be dismissed, and forfeit all pay due him from the Government.

Captain B. L. WASE, Commissary of Subsistence of Volunteers, for disobedience of orders, and conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, to be dismissed the service.

Captain WILLIAM D. PAULDING, Fifty-ninth New York Volunteers, for drunkenness while on duty, etc., to be dismissed.

Second-Lieutenant LAFAYETTE CAMERON, Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, knowingly making a false return of the clothing of his company, to be cashiered.

First-Lieutenant JOHN GALVIN, Seventy-first New York Volunteers, for drunkenness while on duty, etc., to be cashiered.

First-Lieutenant REUBEN R. WEED, One Hundred and Fourth New York Volunteers, for disobedience of orders and absence without leave, to be dismissed.

Second Lieutenant CHARLES W. GALVIN, Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, disobedience of orders, drunkenness on duty, and quitting his guard without leave, to be cashiered, and to be forever disqualified to hold any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States.

Second Lieutenant URIEL D. BOLLES, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers, misbehavior in the face of the enemy, dismissed with loss of all pay and allowances.

Private JOSEPH RICHARDSON and Corporal DAVID M'GAHAN, Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers; Private CHRISTOPHER L. SAMPSON, Fifth United States Artillery, and Private PETER CHATEAUWET, Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, having been found guilty of desertion, were sentenced to be shot to death.

General HEINTZELMAN, it is reported, is to be given a command in Texas.

General STONEMAN has been ordered to report to General GRANT at Knoxville.

Major-General CURTISS has been assigned the command of the Department of Kansas, which consists of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and the Indian Territory.

Governor BRAMLETTE, of Kentucky, has issued a proclamation ordering military commandants, where a loyal citizen is taken off by guerrillas, to arrest at least five rebel sympathizers in the vicinity of the outrage.

Captain HUTTON, who was dismissed the service on account of his difficulty with Lieutenant CUTTS, at Cincinnati, has been restored to his rank and position.

There were 10,520 Federal prisoners in Richmond on the 18th ult. There were eleven deaths among them on the same day.

About $7000 have been collected lately at Paris for the Sanitary Commission. A concert is to be given in the Chapel of the Rue de Berry in aid of this fund, at which the performers will be all amateurs and Americans.

The Confederate army of the Southwest has gone into winter-quarters at Dalton.

The following New York soldiers have died in Washington since the 1st of January and been buried by the Government: SAMUEL YATES, 72d New York; ALFRED CRUMB, 64th New York; HENRY WEBSTER, 4th New York Artillery; JEREMIAH DEMPSEY, 15th New York Cavalry; JUSTUS COONEY, 126th New York; GEO. C. SWEENEY, 1st New York Cavalry; L. WILHELM, 9th New York Artillery; MICHAEL RYAN, 95th New York; HENRY WIGGINS, 4th New York Artillery; GEO. ELLISTON, 15th New York Cavalry.

Rebel prisoners, spies, and guerrillas, are being sent in daily, and consigned to the Old Capitol prison. There are now in this institution nine hundred and ninety-seven inmates.

General THOMAS has issued an order assessing $30,000 on rebel sympathizers living within ten miles of the recent murder of three soldiers near Mulberry, Tennessee, the money to be divided between the families of the soldiers killed.

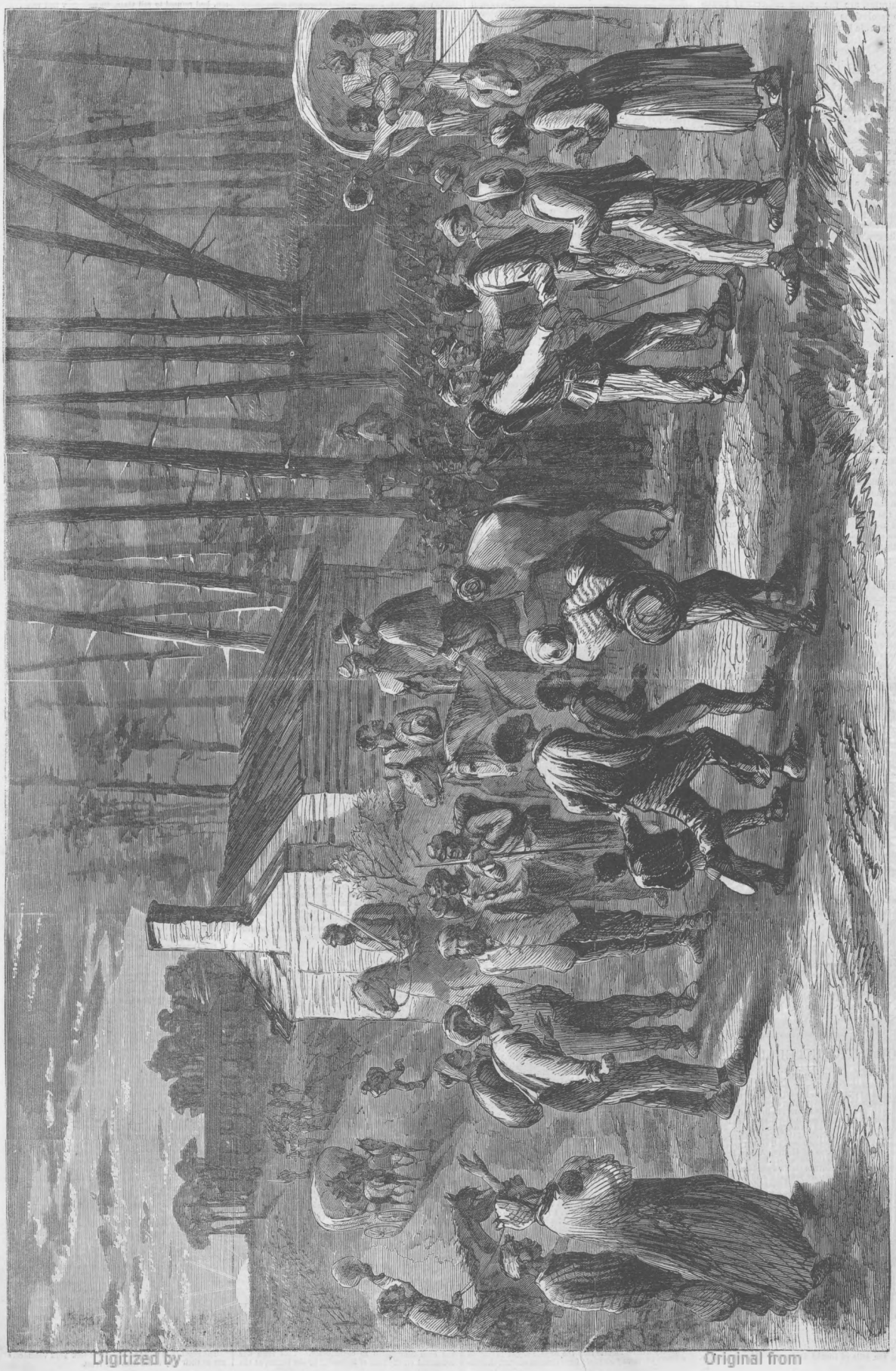
HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Jan. 10.

In pursuance of sentence by General Courts-Martial, Lieutenants ISAAC N. WHITEMEYER, Nineteenth Indiana; THOMAS A. DORWART, One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania; EDWARD F. CORWAN, Seventy-first New York; JOHN B. HAEE, Seventy-second New York; THOMAS M'NAMEE, Forty-seventh New York; and ALBERT REINART, Fifty-second New York, have been dismissed from the service.

The total cost of the Monitors built and being built, will be $23,150,000.

The Seventy-eighth and Fifty-first New York Volunteers are on their way home from the West.

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COLORED TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL WILD, LIBERATING SLAVES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 51.]

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UNDER THE FLAG.—[SEE PAGE 54.]

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NEGRO SOLDIERS LIBERATING SLAVES.

GENERAL WILD'S late raid into the interior of North Carolina abounded in incidents of peculiar interest, from which we have selected a single one as the subject of the illustration on page 52, representing the liberation by the negro battalion of the slaves on Mr. Terrebee's plantation. As the reader may imagine, the scene was both novel and original in all its features. General Wild having scoured the peninsula between Pasquotank and Little Rivers to Elizabeth City, proceeded from the latter place toward Indiantown in Camden County. Having encamped overnight, the column moved on into a rich country which was covered with wealthy plantations. The scene in our sketch represents the colored troops on one of these plantations freeing the slaves. The morning light is shining upon their bristling bayonets in the back-ground, and upon a scene in front as ludicrous as it is interesting. The personal effects of the slaves are being gathered together from the outhouses on the plantation and piled, regardless of order, in an old cart, the party meanwhile availing themselves in a promiscuous manner of the Confiscation Act by plundering hens and chickens and larger fowl; and after all of these preliminary arrangements the women and children are (in a double sense) placed on an eminence above their chattels and carted off in triumph, leaving "Ole Massa" to glory in solitude and secession.

UNDER THE FLAG.

THE above is the title which we have given to an illustration on page 53, adapted from an exquisite drawing by Thomas, a well known English artist. The original sketch represents the little girl holding a sprig of mistletoe over her grandfather's head—a Christmas emblem not popularly understood in this country. For the mistletoe we have substituted a miniature flag of the United States, an emblem which will be understood and appreciated by all of our readers. The picture, in every other feature unaltered from its original, will speak for itself both to the eye and heart. Let us hope that another New-Year's may find not only our own households under the flag, but also those of our enemies—turned friends.

[From CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

ON the twelfth of March, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven, Mr. Basil Humpage, merchant and banking-agent, departed from his mansion, shaded by three big elms, in the rural precinct of Jermyn Street, London, and never returned.

It may illustrate his unexampled regularity to mention that, at the expiration of four minutes from the usual time of the merchant's appearance at his office in Cripplegate, the old head clerk turned pale, slid feebly down from his stool, and became temporarily incapacitated from business. He tottered up and down with nervous steps, pausing at every turn, now to gaze half incredulously at the clock, now to peer through the glass partition which shut off his chief's apartment from the general office, as if he thought it less improbable that that gentleman should have shot up furtively through the cellarage than be missing altogether from his place. For it was a well-known fancy of the worthy old merchant, who was frequently before, never after, his time, to loiter about the door, in such a manner that, with the last stroke of nine from the office-clock, he might insert his latch-key, and with a general nod, and a "Good-morning, Middlemiss!" to the head clerk, assume his accustomed seat, and commence the duties of the day.

Although Mr. Middlemiss was not a man given to superstitious fancies, it might certainly seem from his bearing on this occasion that the prophetic whisper which sometimes reaches us—who knows from what remote birth-place?—far outspeeding all rational argument for anxiety, had awakened in him a conviction of misfortune with which his reason refused to contend. At all events, at ten minutes past nine the head clerk summoned his best messenger, usually reserved for hurried and important missions, and dispatched him, on foot indeed, but at double hackney-coach pace, to the house of Three Elms.

We shall get there before him.

Mr. Humpage had risen, that long-remembered morning, at his accustomed hour—half past six. There was nothing remarkable in his demeanor or conduct, except that, on rising, he kissed his wife—a circumstance which that lady attributed to their having had a little tiff overnight. The misunderstanding had not been of a serious character, having reference simply to the question whether Polly-my-Lamb should be condemned to wear frilled pantaloons for six months longer, or pass at once into long short-waisted gowns like her mother's. Sleep had interposed, and left the point undecided.

Polly-my-Lamb was the only child of Basil and Alethea Humpage. The name was of her father's sole invention, but had been adopted, first cautiously, then freely, by the entire neighborhood.

The chocolate was ready at half past seven. Mr. Humpage not appearing, a maid went to his dressing-room door and announced that her mistress was waiting breakfast; to which he returned no answer. Another ten minutes, and maid Kezia went again, knocked, and repeated her message. Still no reply.

Polly-my-Lamb was the next embassador. The maid had met her on the stairs, and begged her to speak to master, as she, Kezia, could not make him hear.

The little girl came flying back, with her violet eyes swimming in tears—she could hardly tell why; perhaps it was from peeping through the keyhole; perhaps it was because, for the first time in his life, papa had been deaf to the voice of his darling. At all events, he had locked his door, and would make no audible reply. Was he *there*? Yes, certainly. Nor could he have been seized with any sudden illness; for she had heard his familiar step move steadily across the room, and had further recognized the peculiar creak pertaining to a particular drawer in his dressing-table, as he opened and re-closed it.

Past eight o'clock. It had now become a matter of impossibility for the punctual merchant to eat his breakfast and appear at his office at the accustomed time, and a suppressed alarm began to extend through the household. Even deaf Stephen, the footman-butler, whose great red ears had for the last thirty winters been simply ornamental, and who was in the habit of relying for his knowledge of passing events purely upon his own skill in physiognomy, perfectly understood that something was amiss, and pulled off his coat, with the view, it was surmised, of being in a state of general preparation and armament for whatever might ensue.

A thrilling scream from above brought matters to a crisis below. The shriek was re-echoed by the cook, and although to Stephen she only appeared to yawn, the movement that followed quickly undeceived him. Up flew the whole phalanx, Stephen after. Mrs. Humpage was on her knees at the dressing-room door, knocking, screaming, imploring, in frantic alarm. He had hung himself, she declared, from the clothes-hook on the door. She could hear his boot-heels kicking against it—forgetting, poor lady, that if her suspicions were correct he could hardly be expected to comply with her reiterated requests to open the door. The servants partook of their mistress's impression. Does it seem strange that every body was so suddenly plunged into consternation? Mr. Humpage had been but half an hour longer than common over his dressing. But this was the first infraction of a custom of two-and-twenty years. Self-imposed laws are the best observed. No member of that orderly establishment, if questioned, would have considered any further explanation necessary than that they knew "master's way."

Mrs. Humpage, making an eager gesture which might be interpreted as an order to break in, Stephen the strong, without further ceremony, put his broad knee against the door, which, secured only by a slight catch, yielded instantly.

The first moment sufficed to convince them that no one was in the apartment. The next, Stephen caught his mistress by the arm, and somewhat peremptorily twisted her through the door. His quick sight had managed to sweep in details he did not wish her to be among the first to investigate. With the like determination he induced the other women to quit the room, and then, putting a strong restraint upon his own anxious curiosity, secured the door on the outside, and started off to the police-office in Bow Street as fast as his legs would carry him.

A shrewd and able man was Sir James Polhill, at that time chief magistrate; and he, after receiving a hasty communication from Stephen, dispatched a sturdy individual in top-boots, white neckcloth, and long red waistcoat—called a "runner" because they always walked—to the house of Three Elms.

Isaac Surtees, the constable-runner, subsequently deposed that, from information which had been conveyed to him, and from certain directions he had received (Stephen had reported "Sum'at wrong down our way," and the magistrate had ordered him to "see about it"), he proceeded to Jermyn Street, Saint James's, where he observed a crowd of persons assembled about the door of a house, Number Twenty-seven, by the three great hellems, opposite the public, next the chapel, round the corner, leftanside. There was much excitement in the neighborhood, especially in and about the Three Jolly Counselors, partly owing to what had transpired at Number Twenty-seven, partly to the promiscuous impalement of a little boy—by the trowsers—on the spikes of the hairy, Number Twenty-seven aforesaid. Knocked at the door, and was admitted in the ordinary way. ("Well, man, we don't suppose you got down the chimney," growled the magistrate.) Scraped his shoes. There was a large Tom cat in the passage.

"Get on, officer. You need not be *too* precise," said the magistrate.

Likewise a door leading to a back staircase, conducting to apartments on the first floor, through a gallery and ante-room, down three steps, and up one, whereby you come to another room, whereof Stephen Gould, the butler, which has lived in the family nigh twenty-three years, and lost his hearing complete in the great fog of 'twenty-seven, produced from the left-hand pocket of his peach-colored velveteen inexpressibles, the key.

The apartment—to condense Mr. Surtees's report—was in much the same sort of confusion a gentleman might make in dressing hastily. The things were thrown about. In the middle of the room was a large pool of blood—other traces being noticeable in a direction toward the window. The sash of the latter was up, one pane broken, and one cut clean out, as if by a practiced hand. Two towels, on which bloody hands had been wiped, lay near the washing-stand, on the floor. But the most significant trace of all presented itself in the shape of a lock, or tuft of grizzled hair—pronounced by Stephen to be his master's—which was picked up, soaked in blood, close beside the window. There was nothing, apart from this, to indicate that a murderous struggle had taken place, nor, indeed, was that compatible with circumstances at a later period deposed to. The murder—if such it was—must have been effected completely and suddenly, by surprise.

The motive? The closest scrutiny failed to establish the fact that any article of value, with one exception, had been taken away. That exception was the merchant's watch: a chronometer worth, as he had been accustomed to declare, one hundred pounds sterling. Not a drawer, shelf, or cupboard, had been disturbed. Gold and silver money was scattered on the table—a massive gold snuff-box, gold pencil-case, and other things of undoubted value—all these were safe. The outrage, whatever its nature, and by whomsoever perpetrated, had been clearly directed against the person, not the property, of the missing man.

The singularity of the circumstances, even at a period too much marked with desperate crimes, attracted unusual attention. The merchant had been held in high esteem by a very large circle of acquaintance; the magistrate himself, Sir James Polhill, had been of the number of his friends.

After hearing the testimony of the officer Surtees, and one or two other witnesses, Sir James took with him two of his most astute thief-catchers, and went down in person to examine the premises.

The window at which ingress must have been effected was twenty-five feet from the ground. It was at the side of the house fronting the elm-trees, and looked down upon a narrow but well-frequented thoroughfare, faced on the off-side by an iron railing, and leading into Piccadilly.

To believe that through such a window, in broad daylight, a gentleman murderously assailed in the very midst of his family and dependents, could have been either forcibly dragged or secretly smuggled, and borne safely away, was more than the magistrate, familiar with the modus operandi, and the usual hazards of crime, could school his mind to. It seemed absolutely incredible that no alarm should have been given. Presuming that a sudden and well-delivered blow had rendered the victim insensible, how lower and transport away the inanimate body, without exciting the curiosity and suspicion of the passengers, from whose presence the alley was scarcely for a moment free?

Sir James Polhill was leaning from the window, revolving this question in his mind, and wondering, casually, how far a slender leaden water-pipe which passed up to the roof almost within arm's-reach might have been concerned with the burglar's successful entrance, when a squabble of the boys in the foot-way attracted his attention.

A little burlesque of a highly popular ceremony appeared to be in progress.

The smallest urchin of the group, with his elbows pinioned, his hands tied, and a dirty Welsh night-cap half concealing his blubbered face, was lifted on the shoulders of another, by way of ladder, while an amateur Ketch in corduroys endeavored to adjust a fragment of rope round his neck. A fourth performer, with his black, frouzy hair smoothed down over his face, and a sheet of street-ballads in his hand, enacted the part of reverend ordinary.

The juvenile culprit, however, evinced a decidedly impenitent and contentious frame of mind. It was clear that he repudiated the whole proceedings, and now writhed, kicked, and howled to an extent that had already filled the narrow thoroughfare with deeply-interested spectators, who, with an instinctive reverence for the more majestic aspects of the law, offered no interposition whatever.

Annoyed, as well he might be, at this unbecoming travesty of one of our most venerable and cherished institutions, the excellent magistrate shouted angrily to the boys to disperse, making signs, moreover, to one of his rosy-breasted followers, looming in the distance, to scatter the tumultuous assemblage. The condemned urchin was quickly reprieved, and, with the tears undried on his face, was in the act of joining with the executioner and chaplain in a savage dance round his deliverer, when the latter was seen to pounce upon and recapture him.

After a minute, during which some inquiry of much interest seemed to be proceeding, the officer entered the house, accompanied by the boy, from whose neck he had taken the piece of cord. The boy had been found with it in his hand early that morning, saying that he had picked it up under the window of the dressing-room. It bore at that time fresh marks of blood, and there was a noose at the end, which circumstance had perhaps suggested to the juvenile population of the vicinity the little amusement that had just been interrupted.

There was no reason to doubt the boy's statement. After all, the discovery was of no great moment, suggesting nothing more than a supposition that the cord might have been a portion of that used in lowering the merchant's body. The crime and its perpetrators remained as dark and doubtful as before.

Sir James dangled the rope thoughtfully in his hand, as though weighing an imaginary criminal: "I am much mistaken," he said, "if I do not perceive the print of a black thumb in this."

The officer glanced at his chief, not at the rope, for he understood his meaning.

London—among its other public scandals, tolerated no man knows how or why—was at that period infested by a gang of skilled ruffians, organized and directed by the greatest miscreant of the number, a fellow half-nobleman, half-gipsy, commonly known as "Lord Lob." Touching this title the works of Sir Bernard Burke are silent; neither have we been able to trace in the archives of the Heralds' College the arms and crest of Lob. But there was at that time no question that the credit of having added this unit to the human family was due to the wild and eccentric Earl of Hawkweed, whose protection, for a long time freely afforded, this young villain had alienated by a course of crime.

Seldom, even among the most depraved, can an individual be found who loves guilt solely for the pleasure he experiences in its commission. Human nature, fallen as it is, seems to proscribe purposeless crime. If, however, we may put faith in this robber's recorded history, he must have been an exception to the rule. It was known for certain that he invariably refused to participate in the proceeds of any one of the multitude of nefarious enterprises he planned and helped to execute. These were generally of a lofty, that is to say, impudent range. My lord interested himself in nothing of a low and pitiful character; nothing, in effect, that did not demand both power of combination and hardihood. Victory was worthless without the delight of strategy. There were the points of a good partisan leader about Lord Lob. Alas! that he had never skirmished against any thing but law and justice, harassed nothing but social order, despoiled no foe but his peaceful fellow-citizens!

The pillage of a bank, an opulent City warehouse, a goldsmith's shop, the waylaying of a distinguished band of travelers, the forging and uttering of notes of startling amount occasionally (by way of change), the running a perfect argosy full of silk and spirits under the very noses of the coast-guard—these were the meanest matters to which Lord Lob's genius would willingly descend.

He had no need of much money. He had wearied of smaller vices. Such poor excesses as drink and play he had abandoned to the young aristocratic bloods of the day; but when he had absolutely not a groat remaining, my lord would quietly saddle his brown pad, and sallying forth on his favorite preserve, the Lincoln road, take the first purse he judged weighty enough for present necessities. To do this at his pleasure was the leader's sole prerogative; all other proceedings of the gang being carried on in concert, and with a common end.

These gentlemen, who had given themselves the name of the "Black-Thumbs," numbered about thirty, seldom more, as it was thought that any larger circle might include a traitor or two; seldom less, for no sooner did the insatiate maw of justice devour a member of the brotherhood than another stepped eagerly into the shoes kicked off at the gibbet. Such casualties, however, were far from numerous, even in those regretted "good old days," when nothing in the range of endeavor was easier than to get hanged; for every well-trained Black-Thumb was adroit as he was daring, and there was, moreover, a law—which being the only one recognized by these worthies, was observed with the more fidelity—that no member of their little commonwealth should imperil his valuable existence in petty individual ventures so long as any greater action was impending.

To their leader one and all were heartily devoted, executing his orders—whatsoever they might be—with that blind and absolute confidence which goes far toward insuring the result it anticipates.

Hence, then, it befell, that whenever any startling outrage, marked with peculiar features, was added to the daily catalogue of crime, suspicion, as a thing of course, fastened upon the dreaded Black-Thumbs, and hence the worthy magistrate believed he saw the impression of these sooty digits in the deed he was investigating.

As yet, he felt, the conclusion was premature, and suggested by the mysterious and motiveless character of the outrage.

What, in the first place, was its real nature?

It must have been one of three things: A planned assassination. An interrupted burglary, with violence supervening. A simple abduction, or kidnapping.

That it was a purposed assassination seemed the least probable of all. The generous, frank old man had not an enemy on earth. It was beyond the pale of likelihood that such a deed should have been attempted under such circumstances, by day, in the victim's own dwelling, when the slightest scuffle must provoke alarm. And then, what murderer would multiply the chances of detection tenfold by seeking to remove the mutilated body?

The theory of an interrupted robbery was surely negatived by the fact that those who carried off the body might with infinitely greater facility have possessed themselves of the money and valuables they came to seek. Such things, it has been stated, were lying about where they could not escape notice, and in the very drawer that had been heard to open and reclose there was found, on examination, a bank-bill of large amount, and twenty-three guineas and a half in gold.

As touching the abductional hypothesis, had the object been the charming little heiress, Polly-my-Lamb, the enterprise, though lawless, were at least intelligible, but what advantage commensurate with the hazard could accrue to the assailants from the possession of the portly person of her excellent father?

After an interview with Mrs. Humpage—a kind but weak-minded woman, whom alarm and anxiety had rendered nearly imbecile—and with Polly-my-Lamb, who looked as white as a lily, but neither wept nor lamented, the magistrate returned to his office in a mood of unaccustomed depression. He endeavored to recall from some important country service an officer named Henry Armour, distinguished no less for his bull-dog courage than the sagacity with which he tracked the coldest scent. Mr. Armour, however, was beyond recall. The game he had been hunting had, for once, given him the slip at Liverpool, and made for North America. Without a moment's hesitation the stanch pursuer had flung a brace of pistols into his valise, and had started in chase by a ship then in the act of clearing out. So, for some months, Henry was not available.

The affairs of the missing gentleman were found to be in perfect order and high prosperity. For the last two or three years, as most of his friends were aware, he had been gradually restricting the sphere of his commercial operations, with the intention of withdrawing altogether from business as soon as practicable. This circumstance greatly facilitated the scrutiny that took place. The result of it went to show that Mr. Humpage had been in a position to retire with a fortune of upward of ninety thousand pounds.

By the time this conclusion was established poor Mrs. Humpage was no longer in a condition to take much interest in the matter. Many months had now passed since her husband's disappearance, and yet her health, whether bodily or mental, showed no symptom of recovering from the shock it had sustained. On the contrary, as hope faded, her feebleness of frame and disturbance of spirit augmented together. She was rapidly sinking into imbecility, and presently conceived an idea that her husband was not only alive, but in his own house, observing, however, some peculiar line of

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conduct which she could not comprehend. She was perpetually hearing his voice or step. Sometimes caught sight of him as he passed from room to room, and on one occasion believed that he had entered her dressing-room, and bitterly upbraided her with failing to send aid to him in the deadly scuffle in which his life was taken (such was her incoherent fancy), and also with employing insufficient means for the detection of his murderers. It was in vain to combat these hallucinations, in which she was at last permitted to indulge. Before the expiration of a twelvemonth from the fatal day the poor woman had sunk into a state which admitted no hope of amendment.

The change that had come over Polly-my-Lamb was, though widely different, scarcely less remarkable. Those months of feverish anxiety had dealt with her as might an unnaturally fervid atmosphere with blossoms of another kind, and led her to a forced maturity. Gone, gone forever, was the merry, saucy little romp, whose whole existence was like a continual dance; from whose sweet face sleep itself could scarcely chase away the smile; whose small feet, decorated with the well-known frilled pantaloons, came twinkling down the street, sending thrills of delight and jealousy to the hearts of the susceptible youthhood of the precinct, whose idol and empress she had been. In place of her, there sat beside the mother's bed a calm, stern, self-reliant, jealous-judging little woman.

Between Polly-my-Lamb and her kind papa there had existed a degree of attachment rarely witnessed even in that dear relationship. Except in those hours when the elder play-fellow was immersed in business, the two were seldom seen apart; and it is certain that the merchant would have grudged even that necessary interval of separation from his darling, had it not been devoted to the work of building up for her a fortune it was his intention to render, according to the estimate of that time—colossal.

That kind of amazement with which youth receives the first buffet in the battle of life, like a wound that stuns, came mercifully to deaden the actual smart of the child's wound at first. Poor little Polly-my-Lamb could not at all realize the fact that her father was *gone*. Her heart seemed to grope round in a bewildered way, seeking something that was missing from its daily sensible existence. Then, after a little time, the child rallied her reasoning powers—a process no doubt accelerated by the necessity of attending much to her mother, whose grief, loud and incessant, importuned all within its reach. Strength is gained by helping the weak. The child then began to reflect, and to be strong. Bitter as was her grief, and deep the wound that was galled and irritated by every sound and object the household circle supplied, the sentiments of rage and revenge were entirely dominant. Polly-my-Lamb would have marched to the fiery stake (women did so, in her day, for counterfeiting crown pieces in pewter), if she could by no other means have included in that torture the assassins of her father.

Before the close of the year a second victim was borne from the mansion of the Three Elms. Mrs. Humpage yielded up her life and sorrows, and was laid to rest in the neighboring vaults of Saint James the Martyr.

CHAPTER II.

So poor Polly-my-Lamb was left in the rich desolate house alone. Neither of her parents possessed any near relations. As for friends, the wayward child repelled every attempt to comfort her, every offer to bear her company, in her affliction.

Two visitors only, after a short time, were admitted, Mr. Bellamy, the family solicitor, and Sir James Polhill, the chief magistrate. The former laid before her her father's will, in which he had bequeathed one half of his large fortune to his wife, with remainder to his daughter, the other moiety to trustees, for the benefit of the latter until her marriage or coming of age. Thus the whole property, producing, in those days, nearly six thousand pounds income, seemed likely to centre absolutely in the young mistress, now just fifteen, of the house of Three Elms. Sir James could with difficulty repress a start, so complete a transformation had the last two or three months effected in the appearance and demeanor of his young friend. He had come to visit the little thing, as on former occasions, in a sort of caressing, comforting, head-patting way, and here was a young woman, with set features and chill blue eyes, waving him to a somewhat distant seat, and awaiting with polite frigidity the explanation of his visit.

Sir James found himself stammering words of commonplace condolence, and general offers of service, and was scarcely astonished when she cut him short:

"You can neither help nor comfort me, Sir, nor can you even recompense me for this intr—" (His benevolent look stopped her as though he had held up a warning hand)—"interruption of the grief I prefer to indulge in privacy, except in one way. Tell me that the law has overtaken the—murderers."

A deadly paleness overspread her face as she ground the last word, almost inaudible, between her set teeth.

"Such tidings, my dear young lady, we hope shortly—"

"I know, I know!" burst in the child, clutching her fingers together, and beating them impatiently against her bosom. "Always the same, always the same!"

"We—we have done our utmost," replied Sir James, rising.

"I am glad to hear you say so," was the unexpected answer. "It is time, then, that others began."

"My dear?"

"It can never be meant that this wicked murder should go unpunished, even in a world that can not, as it seems, administer the laws it makes. I know that it is to be found out, and it shall—yes, it *shall*," she added, her eyes wide open, and gleaming like a sibyl's. "If you can not trace these wicked men, *I*—child as you think me—will do it. For no other end will I breathe. The wealth he left will help to secure it. Henceforth I know no hope, no care, no pleasure, but to revenge him. If you wish to be assured that I am in earnest, read this."

And she put into his hand a copy of the *Newsman*, published that day.

The magistrate read:

"A reward of one thousand pounds sterling will be paid to whomsoever shall furnish reliable information touching the disposal of the body, living or dead, of Basil Humpage merchant, of Jermyn Street. Address the Police-office, Bow Street."

"This is tempting, indeed," said Sir James. "When was this notice sent?"

"Yesterday."

"And your friends—do they approve this offer?"

"I have no friends: and I want my father."

"Well, well, my dear," said the good magistrate, "I, at least, have no right to thwart your plans, though we might differ in our modes of action. You are a young lady of remarkable energy and self-reliance. If these be well directed, good results may as surely follow as though they had been the fruits of greater experience. I was about to tell you, a moment since, that I hope to-morrow to introduce a new auxiliary, for whom I have been waiting somewhat anxiously. For the present, farewell."

Polly-my-Lamb sat at the window this day, for the first time since her mother's death, and looked out with orphan eyes upon the world. It was dreary, dripping weather. At intervals a rude wind swept the street, which was filled with staggering chairs, the bearers hardly able to make good their way against the sudden gyrations of the fitful storm.

The poor child's eyes were hot and dry, but her heart was full of tears. One thought possessed her wholly, raged within her—revenge for her father. But, how to obtain it? Scheme after scheme was revolved and dismissed, not for their too-extended grasp, but from the difficulties that attended every attempt to reduce them to detail. Thus it was not so easy, in practice, to raise a regiment of determined men, each sworn, upon enlistment, to spend the last drop of his blood in the quest of Humpage. There were, again, material difficulties in the way of fitting out a vessel for the purpose of visiting every country in the world, and ransacking its jails for any relenting ruffian who could throw light upon the great English murder. And, further, even supposing that six knights could be found, who, for an outfit of, say five hundred pounds apiece, and a handsome prize to the successful champion, would meet at Charing Cross, and take different roads in search of her father, it was far more probable that these intrepid cavaliers would themselves evanish, than that any one of the brotherhood should return triumphant.

There was one alternative left, and though our young lady was not insensible to its romantic aspect, and indeed could have actually named to herself the very legend which furnished the idea, she nevertheless resolved on its adoption, and, in pursuance of such resolution, within a few moments Polly-my-Lamb might have been seen kneeling before the portrait of her father, pledging herself to Heaven, by the most solemn vows, and with tearful earnestness, to yield her hand and fortune only to him who should discover and make known to her her father's fate.

She was happier after that. Polly-my-Lamb reseated herself in the window, and once more gazed out upon the dreary day.

What object can that be that first enchains her eyes with a fixed and wondering gaze, then makes her redden, then grow pale, then start away, and yet again steal back for another wistful look?

Nothing more extraordinary than a little white face, made yet smaller by masses of brown hair, through which two large heavy-lidded eyes gaze sadly out, as if answering hers; the face of a youth about her own age, supported by pillows, in the window of the opposite house. The little lady's first impression on catching sight of the poor worn invalid was one of pity—her second, of mingled wonder and interest, as the singular beauty that even such trying accessories could not cloud slowly revealed itself. Divided from him only by a few yards, she could easily distinguish the change of expression that stole into the boy's face and lit up every lineament, as he faintly put back the clustering locks, and fastened his large eyes upon his young neighbor, as if she had been that for which alone he had fought successfully with death.

"If it were not sick, I should have imagined it an angel," thought Polly-my-Lamb, simply.

She had shrunk, with instinctive delicacy, from the fixed gaze, but now crept back for a moment. The sick face had returned to its languid apathy again at sight of her, light and color reappeared, while the large eager eyes feasted hungrily as before. The girl's heart throbbed, as if—disdaining counsel of reason or will—replying at once to this strange homage. Who and what could he be?

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

SOME years ago two gentlemen and a lady had taken their places in the diligence from Paris to Havre. One of the gentlemen, M. Mallaquet, a merchant of the capital, as indolent in mind as in body, slept profoundly from the commencement; the other, M. Lussac, a commercial traveler, a person of a very animated character, did not allow his tongue to rest a single instant. Among other things which he mentioned he let it escape that he had on him fifteen thousand francs in bank-bills, and that the greater part of the sum was intended for the purchase of colonial productions, and the rest as a present for his wife.

M. Mallaquet, on the contrary, during the rare intervals when he was sufficiently awake to speak, said simply that he was going to Havre.

The diligence arrived at Pontoise, where the horses were changed. As the road from that point ascends, the conductor proposed to the travelers that they should walk up the hill. Lussac embraced the proposal with pleasure, and Mallaquet, from politeness, affected to be no less delighted, though, in fact, he had no desire to put his legs in movement.

They both started up the hill, then, and the diligence followed them.

Soon darkness came on. But the travelers continued to hear the diligence rolling behind them. At the end of some time they both remarked that they had wandered from the right road. They wished to return thereto, but the sound of the wheels no longer reached them. The indolent Mallaquet grew afraid. Muttering a few oaths he began to march at a more rapid rate, and this sudden change gave birth in the soul of M. Lussac to a sombre presentiment. Remembering his imprudent avowal about the fifteen thousand francs which he had with him, the most lugubrious ideas agitated his mind. He asked himself in terror whether this suspected companion had not plotted with the conductor to rob him in some solitary place. Perhaps, he also thought, another accomplice might be lurking in some spot near, ready to pounce on him. In truth poor Lussac deemed himself a lost man; he determined, therefore, to be on his guard.

With regard to Mallaquet, when he saw Lussac become suddenly silent, he at once conceived similar suspicions to those of his companion. He had not, it is true, like Lussac, been guilty of any indiscretion endangering his own interests; but his pockets were filled with important papers, and the avowal of his companion appeared to him now only an adroit trick to inspire him with confidence. Keeping at as great a distance as possible from each other, the two travelers watched each other's movements. At last a marsh coming in the way forced them into immediate contact on a narrow path. Their alarm and distrust went on increasing. Mallaquet raised his hand to wipe his brow, bathed with perspiration. Lussac then stopped, thinking that he saw in his companion's hand an instrument of murder. However, to brace his courage a little, he likewise raised his hand to take a pinch of snuff. Mallaquet, seeing this, stooped down to the muddy ground to escape the expected pistol-shot.

After some time passed in the anguish of these mutual suspicions, Lussac determined to give utterance to his dread in words. "We must," said he, "be thoroughly on our guard here. It is the very demon himself who has thrown us thus on the high-road in the middle of the night. Fortunately if we meet with any misfortune or attack there is nothing to be found on me but empty pockets."

"Indeed," replied Mallaquet, "you surely forget the fifteen thousand francs which you have with you."

"Oh! that was all nonsense," cried Lussac; "my words on this point were the merest wind; of course I was only joking."

This speech did not fail to increase the terror of Mallaquet.

"Well, whatever happens," he said, after a few moment's hesitation, "I am determined not to yield till I have fired my pistol as often as I can."

"Pistol!" exclaimed Lussac; "but do you not know that it is forbidden to carry arms?"

"Forbidden, do you say?" continued Mallaquet, assuming an air of great courage: "there are resolute fellows, however, who do not much regard—who, in fact, laugh at—such prohibitions."

This conversation was interrupted by the trot of a horse; the rider was a postillion, who told our travelers that they had gone astray, and that they had, at least, a walk of two hours to the nearest posting-station. Both, more alarmed than ever, sought relief in furious oaths.

Presently a carriage passed; Mallaquet and Lussac rushed toward it. Lussac wanted to get up behind, but the coachman struck him so fiercely with his whip that he was forced to let go his hold. Behold our travelers then dragging their weary limbs anew along the high-road.

A light gleamed in the distance. Our travelers, drowned in perspiration and crushed by fatigue, marched toward the spot where the light was shining. It was a village; every body had gone to bed; but they at last succeeded in discovering an inn.

Fresh mishap! All the rooms were occupied; but the landlord, yielding after a while to their passionate requests, gave them the room which he had reserved for himself. Hungry and weary, however, the two companions felt the irresistible need for some food. The delay caused by the repast was marked by an absolute silence; and in nearly the same silence Mallaquet and Lussac prepared with their exhausted frames to taste the sweets of repose.

"The moment I am in bed," thought Mallaquet, "I shall pretend to be asleep. I shall even snore with tolerable emphasis if needful; but I shall keep myself alert for whatever may occur."

As for M. Lussac, after having slipped his portfolio under his pillow, wished his companion good-night, and blown out the candle, he placed himself as cozily in the bed as he could, but kept his eyes fixed in the darkness on the corner of the room where the brigand was.

Two hours passed away, marked by the most complete immobility on both sides. The first feeble light of the dawn was beginning to peep through when M. Lussac perceived his neighbor rising with precaution, and approaching his own bed on tip-toe. Mallaquet then stooped down over M. Lussac's face. M. Lussac's heart beat like a steam-engine. Fortunately, however, he had his knife opened and ready under the bed-clothes. He asked himself whether he ought not to be beforehand with the assassin. But a little cowardice, and the excess of his emotion, forced him to wait, without stirring, the development of events. M. Mallaquet again gathered some assurance from the air of tranquillity which he, who deemed himself a victim, simulated. He went back to bed with contented heart. And the result was, that neither of the travelers having slept, but neither of them also having suffered any greater harm than a good fright, they set out in the course of the morning arm in arm for Rouen, became intimate friends, and ended by forming a commercial partnership. The house Mallaquet and Company still prospers at Paris, and each of the partners amuses himself with telling the singular circumstances which led to their business relations. It is never, however, without emotion that M. Mallaquet hears M. Lussac speaking of the moment when the knife was kept ready under the bed-clothes for a fatal stab.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WAYS OF LIFE.

THERE's a right way, and there's a left way, and there is, also, a middle way. The latter course is apparently the most followed, for meet a dozen people in the course of the day, and the chances are that eleven out of the twelve will, if you ask them, "Well, how are you getting on?" instantly reply, "Oh! middling, thank you." There are more middle-men in this world than any others.

The other day, one John Double was convicted of bigamy under extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. That was not much; but still, if Double is worthy of his name, has he not a right to have two wives?

The reason why ladies' watches are made of the diminutive size they are, is because time is generally such a very small object in a lady's eyes.

ODE TO MY WIFE'S MILLINER.

Dearer to me than I dared to think:
Dearer to me than the flowering Pink!
Dearer to me than many I've known
Of the little Milliners now full blown.
Ah! When she came for her bill to call,
Then, then I found she was dearer than all.

LITERARY NOTICE.—*Books for every Month.*—The Banker's Book, illustrated with figures. The Butcher's Book—motto, "The times are out of joint." "Some suits for a Barrister, with a long account of the Same," by our own Tailor.

Masters and mistresses are fond of calling servants "the greatest plagues of life." We are extremely curious to know what servants are in the habit of calling their masters and mistresses? Depend upon it, it is something extremely endearing!

If the clerk were to burn a pastile in church, what would be the effect?—The congregation would be incensed, and the parson in a fume.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—The very bluntest observations are often pointed.

SUBSTITUTE FOR EAU SUCRÉE.—Take a quantity of slush, and sweeten it with charcoal.

A man attains his majority at twenty-one, but it is difficult to say when a woman attains hers. There are different terms applied to the two sexes. For instance, whoever heard of a lady spoken of as being "*under* age?"

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPES.

To Stuff a Heir.—First catch your heir; then invite him to your table, and stuff him with all the good things that you are able. In pressing them upon him do not be rebuffed, and if your heir be young he will soon be nicely stuffed.

To Dish a Bore.—Invite your bore to dinner, and, as an additional inducement for him to be sure to come, just drop a casual hint that you intend to have some turtle. This you will be careful to forget to order; and if you tell your cook to send up nothing in its place, and then let your bore sit down to a cold shoulder of mutton, with no pudding to follow, you may rest assured that he is very nicely dished.

To Remove Corns.—Cut away as much of your corns as you are able, then place your kitchen poker in the fire, and, when it is white-hot, apply it pretty freely to each corn in succession, until you feel quite certain that they are all removed.

QUEER QUERIES.

Ought a pair of trowsers which have been obtained on credit to be legally regarded as breeches of trust?

When a man happens to speak with a quiver in his voice, is it right to think his speech an arrow-minded one?

Would a promissory note which is made payable at sight be a legal tender to an inmate of a blind asylum?

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

Chess is nothing unless it is played on the square.

Small talk is like small beer—a little of it goes a very great way.

Pure milk, unlike the pure truth, is good for nothing when drawn from the well.

You may depend upon it, but no man of the name of Smith likes being joked about it.

Talking of dogs, the late Mr. Job Caudle was wont to remark, in his jocular moods, to his children, that Ma's tiffs were utterly destructive of Pa's time.

Never interrupt ladies when speaking—you may hear of something to your advantage. If there is any exception to this rule, it is perhaps where one of the interlocutors is your mother-in-law.

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO THE MILLENNIUM.—If we would only love others one half so much as we love ourselves, what a happy world it would be!

Pearls are found in oysters, and oysters rarely cost more than a shilling a dozen, but still it strikes us that a man would have to shell out to a pretty considerable extent before he could expect to meet with a single pearl.

At Abbotsford a little child's cradle is shown, not as belonging to the great poet, but as being actually Sir Walter's Cot!

Mrs. Grundy says she can't abear that nasty prize-fighting, because it sometimes occasions the employment of Light Weights.

A COMMERCIAL TRUTH.—Money, like a boot, when it's tight, is extremely trying.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.—When poverty comes in at the door, the Turkey carpet hangs out of the window.

PURE ETHICS.—Why is a selfish man a good Christian?—Because he loves his worst enemy; that is, himself.

A short time ago there was in vogue a head-dress called the sugar-loaf bonnet. Young ladies generally considered it a sweet thing.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—The best thing you can do with measly pork is to cure it.

THE CUP THAT NEITHER CHEERS NOR INEBRIATES.—The hiccup.

Why is a person of an even temper like Greek fire?—Because you can't put him out.

Grace before meat—as the young lady said when she laced herself too tight to swallow.

CURE FOR BALDNESS.—Onions rubbed frequently on the head are said to restore the hair. They will certainly make it grow strong.

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RETURN OF VETERAN VOLUNTEERS ON FURLOUGH.—[From a Drawing by Mr. Daniel R. Knight.]

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THE GREAT STORM IN THE WEST.

THE Western papers come to us full of the most thrilling accounts of the recent great snow-storm in the West, which covered an area of three thousand miles, and was of unparalleled severity. Those who were carefully housed against the extremities of cold easily avoided the stinging punishment of this great calamity: but what frail barriers stood between it and exposed poverty! The recital of the sufferings of those on board the Western trains is peculiarly affecting. The Chicago *Times* of the 3d instant tells the story of a single train on its way to that city, and the fearful extremities to which it was reduced. On page 49 we give an illustration representing the disastrous incident.

The Michigan Central, due at Chicago at half past 10 o'clock in the evening, proceeded with considerable difficulty for seven miles—a distance which it was able to reach only at 6 o'clock the next morning—when the train plunged into an immense drift, which barred all further progress. The situation was one of great peril, and the only hope of rescue lay in the arrival of the Michigan Southern train, which must cross the track of the Central Road at a distance of four hundred yards from where the train was imbedded. But who could tell but that this expected train might also be in a like situation? Over a hundred passengers occupied the three passenger-cars, and many of them were women and children, besides two wounded soldiers. The fires were almost out, and if not replenished there was no escape from a frozen death. Strong men nerved themselves for the emergency, and, digging through snow-banks ten feet in depth, found some fence rails, which they brought on board for fuel. But out of this momentary relief arose a fresh disaster. The violent draft of wind through the burning pine soon brought the stoves and pipes to a red heat, and the roof of one of the cars was shortly in a blaze. What was to be done? If the flames were not put down every car was doomed, as it was impossible to separate one from another. The question of life or death rested between the strength of the passengers and of that fire. Both men and women fought the flames with snow, until at length they were thoroughly subdued. Then again, after the menace of the fire, came that of the bitter cold. The roof had been burned off, and the wind and snow beat in without mercy. This car was no longer tenable, and into the other two the hundred passengers had hardly been crowded when one of these was on fire. Again the enemy was fought and baffled; but again was it necessary for the entire company to transfer themselves to the single remaining car. It was now 2 o'clock in the afternoon. No help was at hand, and after the exhausting labors of the forenoon the passengers seemed resigned to indifference, as if their fate were settled. But the hoped-for train came at last, and stopped for the sufferers on this miserable land-wreck.

THE REAL MURDERER.

I.

I STOOD for several minutes looking in through the shop-window, while my heart still shrank back from the course I had marked out. If the bookseller had been a stern, even a business-like looking man, I should have given it up; but he was mild and melancholy, and had the nervous aspect of a man who had lately received a severe mental shock. Having studied his face well, I walked in quietly, and in a subdued, but steady manner, told him I was in immediate want of work, and that I had heard he was making inquiries for a woman to undertake the stitching in the binding-room of his establishment. He replied, with a scared and sidelong glance at an inner room, that he was indeed in urgent want of a stitching-woman, but he also required one who would live in the house, as his family were not coming to dwell there; and that no person who had applied for the place would consent to that arrangement. To me, on the contrary, it contained a promise of success, which I seized instantly.

"Sir," I said, "I know all the circumstances; but I am without a home, and I shall be willing to agree to your terms. I am not easily frightened; and I have been used to living in a house alone for many years."

He seemed relieved by my words and steady tone; but he regarded me with a slight air of surprise and curiosity, seeing in me only a very quiet, ordinary person, dressed in the plainest garb of a work-woman. The terms he proposed were liberal enough, and I agreed to them on the spot; only desiring him to let me look over the work-rooms and dwelling-place. Mr. Saxon called to an assistant to take charge of the shop, and then led the way himself. The house was empty of furniture, save a few articles in the kitchen which I was to inhabit, and in a kind of office for Mr. Saxon's use directly behind the shop. Passing through the empty chambers we ascended to the second floor and entered the binding-room, a large, low, unceiled workshop, containing an old unused printing-press, and the binding-press, upon which lay the tools just left by the binder, whose feet we heard descending the outer stair as we went in from the house. In one corner of the room there was a steep staircase. Taking up the candle from the table where Mr. Saxon had put it down, I stepped quickly and decisively toward it, without waiting for any remark or objection, and he followed me, though in silence and with some hesitation. The stairs opened, without a doorway, into an attic occupying the whole length of the premises, with the black beams and rafters of the peaked roof rising high overhead. A narrow dormer-window, set into a little gable in the slope of the roof, cast a scanty streak of the red evening light across one end of the attic, leaving the space beyond in deeper gloom. The blackened floor was crowded with piles of reams of paper reaching up to the blackened roof, with here and there a narrow passage between them, the widest of which led to a closet at the furthest end, divided by a slight partition of lath and plaster, and forming a separate room completely dark and secret. I made my way to it with some difficulty, and found it so filled with paper that there was not space for a single person to enter it. I stood still for a minute gazing down the close walls of paper to the fading light in the sky, a single line of lurid red just visible through the dormer-window; and then I returned to my white-faced and nervous master.

"You tell me you know all the circumstances, young woman?" he said, in a low and tremulous tone.

"I read them in the papers, Sir," I answered, "and I happened to have a relation who once worked here—before your time—and we were interested about it. Yonder closet is the very place where old Mr. Saxon was found dead—murdered, I suppose. Do you think the young man, the apprentice, was really guilty of the crime?"

"I can not tell," he replied, hastily; "the jury acquitted him; and by this time he has left the country, I hear. But this is no place to talk about it. Are you willing to live in the house alone?"

"Sir, I am very poor," I said, "and it will suit my means to live where I shall have no rent to pay. You see for yourself I am not nervous. I have not even a place to go to to-night, and I dislike the lodging-houses."

There was little risk in taking me in, for all the chambers and work-shops could be secured; and after my master had scanned my face for a moment with his sidelong gaze, he gave his consent for me to take possession at once, glad to meet with a decent-looking woman who would live in the house. In an hour's time I had removed my few goods into the empty dwelling, and Mr. Saxon, after locking up his own room and the shop, had taken his departure, bidding me good-night kindly, but with an air of mingled wonder and satisfaction. I lighted a fire in the kitchen-grate, perhaps for the first time since the murdered man had perished in the attic two stories overhead; and drawing up the only chair in the place to the warm and lightsome hearth, I sat down with my face resting upon my spread hands, and with my hearing unnaturally keen for every sound, I began to think, and consider, and ponder over many things in my heart.

Until six weeks before I had been earning my own living comfortably by the embroidery of religious vestments, in my native town about ten miles from this; being also betrothed, and on the eve of marriage to George Denning, the foreman and ornamental bookbinder for the murdered man. Through his influence, my only brother, a lad six years younger than I, had been received into the same establishment, and worked under him at the bookbinding. Our marriage had been put off from time to time, until George could furnish the cottage he had taken, which was somewhat larger and better than befitted our position, so as to satisfy our fastidious tastes, which had been cultivated and fostered by the beauty of our employments. Besides, George was not without some restless ambition, and, though the murdered man was always considered very close and miserly, still he had business sense enough to pay well for the first-rate workmanship, by which George brought repute and money to his establishment.

The last embroidery I ever traced was an altar-cloth of crimson velvet, upon which I had just finished working the letters "I. H. S." with rays of golden glory round them, when George Denning rushed in, ghastly and almost breathless, and followed closely by a policeman. He said, though his white lips almost refused to speak the words, that old Mr. Saxon had been found dead in the paper-room, and that Willie was missing. Though his voice shook, he spoke hurriedly, before the policeman could check him, as if to give me a hint to conceal any thing I knew. But I knew nothing. All the sunny morning I had been tranquilly embroidering the sacred "I. H. S." upon the crimson altar-cloth, thinking only of the home that was preparing for me, while the murdered man lay dead, and Willie was fleeing or hiding for his life. And wherefore should *he* flee or hide?

I would not write that dream of agony if I could. Willie was discovered in the darkest corner of the steerage of an emigrant ship bound for America, just as he had fled, without luggage, almost without a shilling after his passage was paid. He refused resolutely to give any explanation of his conduct. But there was nothing, save his mysterious flight, to fix the crime upon him, though the whole attic was ransacked for some clew to the murderers under the vigilant superintendence of George Denning. The feeble, infirm old man had been found dead just outside the closet door, with traces of a vehement struggle for life about him, and with reams of paper fallen upon him in such a manner as to prove that the murderer had thrown them down in making his escape. But no scrap of evidence could be brought against Willie, though suspicion, even my own, was strong against him; and he pleaded with tears at his trial—for he was committed to take his trial at the assizes—that he was not guilty.

That was the verdict returned by the jury, after a fearfully prolonged deliberation. Even I did not fully believe in his innocence, so deadly was the mystery of his flight; but guilty, or not guilty, he belonged to me alone, and there was no one else to receive him when the law released him. They gave him up to me, this pale, slight, boyish stripling of twenty, with fair curls and soft blue eyes and tremulous lips like our mother's—this boy branded with the foul accusation of murder. We had to be attended by policemen as we trod our sorrowful way through the streets, and while Willie cowered into the furthest corner of the railway-carriage, screening himself behind me, strange faces came to stare in upon us; but no man took his seat beside us. A dull drizzling rain, the rain that comes with an east wind, was falling when we reached our native town; yet behind us, and on each side, but at a marked distance, as if some ban was upon us, there went with us through the old familiar streets, a band of pointing, whispering witnesses, while Willie leaned heavily upon my arm and drooped his head, unable to bear the dim light of the clouded sky. Every step was a heart-pang. But we reached home at last, and while he slunk in hastily, I turned and faced our townspeople, until most of them moved silently and quickly away.

He had sunk down, faint and quivering in every limb, upon the settle by the fire-place, and, with a strange calmness, I set about getting tea ready, as I had done many a Sunday evening when George and he had come over to see me. There was a dreary resemblance to Sunday in that evening. All my work, my embroidery frames and reels of colored silks, were cleared away out of sight, and we were wearing our Sunday dress; even the church bells were chiming for the week-day service, and the old alms-woman, who had been in to light our fire, had placed the Bible and hymn-book upon the table. We were very quiet, too; quieter than we ever were when George was about the house; but I was expecting him every minute, and so was Willie. All the evening, through the splash of the rain and the moan of the wind, we listened for the clicking of the latch under his hand. But I began to understand his absence, as the clock ticked out the creeping hours moment by moment; and still George never came. I called myself down in the depths of my heart, and even there I tried to root out the thought lest it should ever betray itself in words; I called myself the sister of a murderer, and renounced all claim to be George Denning's wife.

I formed my plans while Willie slept like a child, worn out with the deathly agitation of the day; his full, pouting lips relaxing into smiles of content as he lay along the old settle, and the fire-light playing upon his bleached face, which but a few weeks since had borne such a brave look of coming manhood. My hoard, which I had been saving against my wedding, had been spent upon his defense, and I had not enough money to take us both together to America; he could not stay behind, so he should go on before me, and I would continue my embroidering until I could earn sufficient to join him. I know now that there was in my inmost thoughts a secret, subtle hope that when he was fairly gone George would seek me again, and that there might still be something of the happiness we had so long looked forward to in the future. Willie agreed to my plan eagerly, and pressed forward the few preparations we had to make; so that in another week I went with him to Liverpool, and engaged a berth in an emigrant ship for him, with no fear of his being arrested and brought back now. But of that one awful subject we never spoke to one another, though the boy's manhood seemed crushed into the helplessness and indecision of a child, appealing and clinging to me until the last moment, as if he could not part with me. I stood upon the landing-stage, watching the vessel as it was towed down the river, till the fog into which it was sailing covered it from my eyes; and then I opened a scrap of paper which Willie had pressed into my hand at parting:

"What *can* I do?" was written upon it. "Sister, I am heart-broken for you, but I could die thankfully if I knew you would be happy. George Denning knows I am as innocent of this crime as an unborn babe. If he would only tell you I am not guilty I would be satisfied. Sister, you do not believe it yet, but only hear what he can say. He knows that I am innocent."

I read these sentences over until the one idea they expressed took full possession of my mind. George could prove at least to me that my Willie was innocent, and I must obtain this proof from him by any means. All the time I was traveling down to the town I was pondering over this secret. It was in George Denning's heart; but was not I there too? and had he not a thousand times declared he could not, if he would, conceal a thought from me? True, it must be full of anguish and shame, or even, maybe, some partnership in guilty knowledge, or George would have come forward at once to free my brother. Yet both of them had kept silence; and Willie had risked his life upon the secret. But whatever this mystery was between my young brother and my betrothed husband, I had a right to know it, and decide upon it for myself—I, no longer a child, but a woman, who had battled with the world. Endless speculations crossed my mind, always strengthening my resolution to spend my life, if that were necessary, in clearing Willie from the false accusation which had sent him forth a stranger among strangers.

I knew the way to the pretty cottage in the suburbs of the town; for I had been there once, not long since, with George and Willie, to see the preparations they were both making for me after their work-hours. Something of the old hope and confidence awoke, as from a long and miserable trance, when I swung back the garden wicket, and walked slowly down the path to the porch, where he and I had sat together, talking in interrupted whispers, that one and only time I ever crossed his threshold. I needed only a few words from his lips; and though Willie and I might have something to forgive, how easy it would be to forgive him! I was not thinking of the murdered man at all, and scarcely of crime, in connection with George; only that there was a painful secret between us, and he must disclose it to me. As I lingered in the porch, before the door which was to have opened to me as a cherished wife, the latch was lifted from within, and George Denning stood face to face with me. It was only a few weeks since we had met, but they had wrought the changes of a lifetime in him. When I had known him in that far distant past he was a strong, powerful man, with the energy of a warm spirit in every feature of his handsome face. Now he stood before me gaunt, and pale, and shattered, with a drooping head, and languid eyes that hardly kindled into life as they rested suddenly upon me. He stretched out his trembling hand to the door-post for support, but it seemed to me like a barrier to prevent my entrance.

"I am not coming in," I said; but the strong man reeled giddily, and would have stumbled over his own threshold if I had not extended my arms to his help. He sank down upon the porch seat, and, leaning his head upon my shoulder, he groaned bitterly.

"Oh, Rachel!" he cried, in a weak, querulous voice, like an ailing child, "how I have suffered! I have been ill almost to death, and longing all the time for one sight of you. But you have come back to me. God bless you, my Rachel! You have sought me out, and not cast me off. You are a true Christian, Rachel."

"Willie is gone," I answered, with a keen thrill of joy at his words of welcome. "It was we who thought you had forsaken us, never coming to see us, and I counting myself a murderer's sister. But Willie says you know he is innocent. Tell me, George; trust me with the secret. What is it? What can it be that could hinder you coming forward to clear Willie?"

My voice fell into a whisper as I uttered the last words; and in the silence that followed we could hear the far-away mournful under-tone from the life in the city, that always sounds to me like a ceaseless wailing over the sorrow and crime of the crowded homesteads. But in the gardens round us the birds were singing their last and gayest songs in the spring twilight; and the children, in their new freedom from the pinching cold of winter, were filling the quiet places with noisy laughter.

"Rachel," said George, raising himself up from leaning against me, and looking away from me with languid and gloomy eyes, "there is no secret. I know nothing but what you know. Of course Willie thinks that I believe him innocent, as I do, upon my own soul. How could a lad like him be guilty of such a crime? It will make no difference between us that suspicion fell upon him, Rachel. I meant to see him before he sailed, but I was so ill. See how I tremble even now!"

He did tremble like one of the young leaves upon the slender twigs of the poplar-trees in the hedgerows, and his voice was more shaken than his frame.

"George," I answered, "though I was Willie's own sister, I did not clear him. Why did he fly like a criminal, and hide for his life? There is some reason, some secret between you, and I will find it out. If it takes my whole life I must know it. There can be nothing more between us unless you will tell me. Oh! tell me. I love you; but I am no silly girl to love you blindly. I will never marry you with a mystery that may be murder between us. How did this old man die? Who was the murderer, George? And why should you and Willie risk every thing to screen him?"

"There is no mystery," he said, in a tone of weariness, and leaning his head back against the wall, with his eyes closed, and his pale sunken face upturned to mine; "I know nothing, Rachel. Willie fled in a kind of panic; that is all I know. You are sacrificing yourself and me for nothing; but if you will leave me, you must; I can not help it. I did not think you could speak and look like this; when I am ill, too. I should like you to go away now, and write to me when you are calmer. You excite me too much."

He spoke in the petulant manner of a sick man, and I tried to soothe him; but he seemed impatient for me to be gone, and I left him, looking back as I stepped out of the shadow of the porch, to catch a farewell glance of mingled agony and relief upon his wasted face. I went home to my native town, and settled my few affairs there, with the determination to return, and put myself into some position where I could watch him constantly, or regain my influence over him. I had heard of a woman being wanted in Mr. Saxon's binding-room, and I applied immediately to him for the place, giving an assumed name, and securing myself from detection as William Holland's sister.

II.

So all that night I sat up, being too wakeful and feverish for any thought of sleep; sometimes resting for an hour upon the haunted hearth, and then pacing to and fro through the empty, sounding rooms, and trying restlessly the locked doors of those work-rooms where I was to meet with George; for to-morrow, Mr. Saxon had said, his foreman, who had been dangerously ill, was about to resume his employment. He would not dream, let the visions of his troubled sleep be wild as they might be, of the meeting that lay before him on this day, that was dawning faint and gray through the deserted house. At an early hour the other workmen came, and saw in me a grave, quiet, dull woman, who was willing to be a drudge to her sewing-press; but I was waiting stealthily for George. To me there were no other beings in the world but our two selves, no other interest but the secret between us. I heard him coming up the outer stair, which led from the yard, step by step, while I sat still at the sewing-press, working at the handicraft I had learned as a child. There was something death-like in his face, a livid, leaden dawning of despair, when he saw me, though his former comrades flocked in from other work-rooms to welcome him. We were not alone once during the day; and as the hours passed by I perceived a change coming over his expression—a dogged, sullen aspect of resolve; a strong making up his mind to the contest with me.

I thought I had not entered upon my mode of action rashly, yet I had not in the least foreseen what my life would be. I reckoned upon George yielding in a few weeks at the utmost, and confiding his secret, whatever it might be, to my keeping. But I had not counted upon the slow and torturing death of love, and the deadly suspicion, ever strengthening itself, that sprang up in its place. My impressions of the crime I was setting myself to track out had been as vague as those of any woman's would be, when the guilt appeared to rest either upon her lover or her brother; nor had I measured my strength for the dreadful task I had chosen. When the hours of work were over, and every one except myself left the blood-stained and abandoned dwelling, then I began to know full well, with a deep, and keen, and awful insight, what the sin was which had driven my brother into exile, and the secret of which was hidden in the heart of my betrothed husband. Then—when there came the ghostly sense of a presence that had passed away bodily, but might still be lurking unheard and unseen about the place of violence; when my feet trod the stairs up which the murdered man had ascended to meet his death; when I sat upon the hearth, where he had rested for the last time, thinking little that its homely warmth and light were to be never more for him—then I realized the utter horror of the deed of murder that had hurried him out of life, without time for preparation or repentance. During the long summer evenings of the first year, after Mr. Saxon had gained enough confidence in me to leave the work-rooms unlocked, I used to mount to

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that fatal attic, where the daylight lingered some half-hour after it had forsaken the streets below; and amidst the countless pages of blank paper, wondered whether any of them would ever be employed in sending forth the haunting secret to the world. These walls which I could touch; yonder eye-like window with its beam of disclosing light; these had sheltered and shone upon the murderer in his deed, as they sheltered and shone upon me. This dead and secret closet, lying in accumulated darkness like a lurking-place for crime, what could not it tell me were the oppressive silence of the tainted attic once broken? The deep shadows always dwelling in the corners and under the steep rafters were only a degree less ghastly, for they seemed still to curtain it, than the murderous scene itself; yet they were there, as an irremovable veil before my eyes, from morning till evening.

At first there was keen expectation to keep me up. Every morning, when I heard George Denning's foot upon the stair, my heart beat with the hope that to-day he would break through his awful reserve. Every evening, as he tarried until all the workmen had left the premises, sometimes lingering and loitering about with a restless step and uncertain air, I felt certain that now he was about to speak. All day long he was in the same room with me. I could look at any moment into his set face, or compel him to reply to my questions about the work; but it was not possible to tear this secret from him after he had sealed it down in his inmost heart. It always seemed so near to me, so close to my possession; not a minute but it was in his power to utter it into my hearkening ears, but no craving, no supplication of mine could force that minute, or that utterance to come. With a dreary fellowship of despair and bitter regret, we were stifling day after day the love, which had been more the steady and long-tried affection of a man and woman than the fitful passion of a boy and girl. There was in his manner a grave and suffering dignity, but also a hopeless silence. It was as if some mute, inarticulate being possessed a knowledge that was essential to me, and I could read at times a faint hint of it in its troubled eyes, but could never hear it in its urgent import.

After twelve months of this desperate conflict between us, I was told he was going to be married. The girl was a young, silly, pretty creature, who took a fancy to him, and did all the wooing perseveringly herself. I had heard of it in the way of gossip from the other workmen; but he told me himself a day or two before his wedding, speaking in a low and trembling voice, while his face was turned away from me over his work. I had nothing to say, and my silence provoked him. He threw down his tools, and drew nearer to my table, but slowly and doubtingly.

"Have you no pity?" he cried, with an undertone of suppressed fierceness; "you are sacrificing yourself and me for a wild fancy. I have no secret to tell you; yet you haunt this place with your pale, sickly face, till I would rather see the ghost of the dead man himself. Rachel, I will marry you now, if you will have me. Or I will pay your passage over to America. Only leave this place. Do not torment me with your everlasting presence."

"No," I said; "these twelve months my suspicion has been growing, and I'll remain here till I've proved it. Maybe I am ordained to be the avenger of that murder, and I shall find it out in time; in the appointed time. Marry you, George Denning? Marry you, when you know, and I know, that there is a guilty secret on your soul, perhaps even to the crime of murder. We are fellow-workpeople, and we will remain so till the end comes. If there is no consciousness of sin in you, you will at least tolerate my presence."

"I can not," he groaned, "I can not!" and he strode across the floor, and mounted the winding staircase into the paper-room above, where he staid during the rest of the day, being busy, as it seemed, with the crowded reams of paper, with which our present employer overstocked himself until the attic was filled to the roof. I made an errand once to follow him, and found him toiling, with all his great strength, at arranging the heavy packages; and when the time for leaving work came, and he passed through the binding-room where I was getting my tea, he looked faint and haggard with exhaustion. During the past winter I had left off lighting my fire in the kitchen, choosing to sit by the one kept burning in the work-room; and all that night I fancied I heard again the heavy sounds of his day's toil in the attic overhead.

He was married on a Sunday, and came back to work the next day, not allowing himself and his silly young wife even a brief holiday; and once, when in the folly of the first month of marriage she made an excuse to follow him to his work-shop, she went home in tears from his stern chiding. I thought his marriage would not touch me; yet it made a vital difference. Hitherto there had been a subtle hope underlying all my suspicion, that the secret was less deadly than I feared, so that once known to me with its extenuating circumstances, there might still be a possibility of loving him again, but its confession or its discovery now could never reunite us. That was over; and only for Willie's sake, who wrote piteous and heart-broken letters from his place of banishment, I would persevere to the end. A new form of my life began, with no hope in it; only a feverish anxiety in its stead. We were together day after day; more together than he and his wife. As I sat at my sewing-press, stitching the sheets that he bound into books, there was for both the perpetual consciousness of the other's presence. Almost every word that varied the quiet of that dreary room was spoken by his voice or mine. Few footsteps crossed the floor save ours. Every movement of the one was heard, seen, felt by the other. I had only to glance aside from my press, and my eye caught his face, grim and stony, yet with flashes of despair under my scrutiny. It was necessary for him to speak to me often, to give directions or to ask questions about my work, and his voice always faltered as he spoke, but never changed in tone as it did if he were compelled to utter my name. On my side I was very calm, but always watching. Whenever he mounted the corner staircase his last glance showed him that I was noticing and listening to every movement. I knew every expression of his face, and every tone of his voice, so as to measure accurately every emotion that thrilled through his heart and soul. Sometimes by a few words from the pages under my hand, or by a softly sung verse—he used to love my singing—of some hymn of judgment and threatened vengeance, I could make his stern features quiver like those of a child in dread of punishment. Let him come as early as he would in the morning, I was seated at my press before him; and in the evening he left me still sitting beside the work-room fire. There was no moment of his working life, the daily hours of toil in which he earned his bread, but I was beside him, haunting him—the embodiment of a horrible suspicion, set against him as a living sign of an unuttered and as yet undefined accusation.

But this was not all. From his early youth George had been a member of a Methodist congregation, holding a somewhat honorable position among them; and in his religious life I was with him, at his side; noticing, listening, catching up every word he suffered to fall from his lips. All the profession required of us was that we were seeking to flee from the wrath to come; and if ever hopeless wretches needed to escape from coming wrath, he, George Denning, was one, and I, Rachel Holland, was another. In our weekly meetings, where each in turn gave an account of his inner life during the past week, I placed myself opposite to him, where my gaze could be fixed upon him in that circle where all else sat with closed or downcast eyes, while he gave utterance to the few, feeble, commonplace empty words he dared to speak before me, let his heart burn within him as it would. It was the mockery of a soul-refreshing confession, the dead image of a living fellowship. Twice he broke out into wild, ungovernable lamentations, full of an exceeding bitterness and mystery, which shook him in every nerve, and left him without strength or speech; while it was in my power, by a chance solemn word here and there, some awful threatening, some dread suggestive verse which hinted at an unknown sin, to turn his pale face with fear, or blank with conviction, while his strong frame heaved with groans he dared not utter.

But the suffering was not all his—scarcely more his than mine. Alas for the dreary dying away of all the hope and bloom of womanhood! Only seven hours of innocent, forgetful sleep, and all the seventeen remaining burdened with one maddening thought. I marveled to myself, as day after day I drudged at my work, at the dull, deadly hatred that possessed me against this man, who had been the object of my most tender love. Was it he and I who had rambled through dewy lanes in the quiet dusk or sleeping moonlight, with low-toned voices and twined hands and half stolen kisses—was it he and I, in truth, who had passed through that trance together? Or was it not some dreamy Paradise, some deception of my crazed brain? Then I scarcely ventured to lift up my eyes to his if he were looking at me; now it was he whose eyelids fell before my glance, and who turned aside his head and shrank away from my nearer approach. Even when, as years rolled on, I saw the strong frame showing tokens of early age and incurable decline from the prolonged anguish of his mind, I permitted no relenting from my fell purpose. I was rather jealous lest disease should snatch from me this wan, wasting man, who still held in his hidden heart the secret for which I had sacrificed all my womanliness, and for which my brother yet pined in miserable banishment. I also suffered the agonies of despair before this speechless possessor of a secret that had robbed me of all the hopes and joys and loves of life.

But it came to pass that after seven years of ceaseless watching, when I had grown old and worn-down into a passive and sullen endurance of my condition, there awoke within me one Eastertide a restless and vehement desire to revisit my native town, where I had left no trace of myself, except a vague rumor that I was soon going to join my brother in America. I asked leave of my master to take holiday from the eve of Good Friday until Easter Monday, and started forth a gray, nerveless, fearful woman, from the tomblike stillness of the solitary house into the noise and bustle of the world. Once more, with shaking heart, I trod the dolorous way along which I had left Willie quailing beneath the eyes and whispers of our band of witnesses; and once more I stood before the threshold crossed by my mother's feet, and where upon peaceful Sunday evenings I had watched Willie and George going away with many backward glances and gestures of farewell. I had hoped that I should find it empty and deserted like the house I came from, and that I might have wandered alone through the rooms again; but there was the noise of laughter within, and the shadows of flitting figures upon the lighted curtains, and I turned away to seek the only asylym I would enter in my native town.

It was one of a row of poor alms-houses built amidst the graves of the church-yard, and under the shadow of the church tower. A short by-path was trodden down over the little mounds, and I was guided across it by the glimmering from the windows of the small dwellings. Again I tarried on a threshold, listening; for I did not know that my only and aged friend was still living, and my heart bounded as the sound of a cheery voice, shrill with years, like the high notes of an old flute, came like music to my ears. As soon as the twittering song was ended I tapped lightly at the door. There was the brisk clicking of a stick upon the quarried floor within, and then the door was opened widely, as if the aged woman had done forever with fear or distrust, and was ready to welcome the whole world to her poor hearth.

"Charlotte," I said, faintly, "I am Rachel Holland. Don't you know me? Willie Holland's sister?"

In a moment the withered hand had caught mine, and led me in from the dark night, and seated me in her own chair by the fireside, with many muttered words of delight and amazement. The poor desolate old creature rejoiced over me as if I had been her daughter, and spread her scanty meal for me with the finest edge of hospitable gladness. For a little while, as I looked round the tiny room, unchanged since the time when as a child I came here on busy days at home, to be out of my mother's way, and had played at keeping house, compelling the old alms-woman to leave the work to me and let me wait upon her—for a little while I felt that if but one more shade of forgetfulness would come over the weary years between, I could be once again a buoyant, thoughtless girl. It was not till Charlotte settled herself on the colder side of the hearth and peered at me anxiously from behind her spectacles that the bitterness of the present returned.

"Has thee come across the seas?" she asked, with a woman's keen glance at my poor dress.

"No; I've been at work," I answered; "I've never been to Willie yet."

"Thee has been ailing," she continued, "and fallen behindhand, maybe, with the world. Why did thee not come home to me for a bit, Rachel? Eh! I've thought of thee many a night and day, thee and Willie. Lass, Willie never did that; many's the time I've said it out loud to satisfy myself; little Willie never could do that. It will be made clear, Rachel, in its own time."

Weeping was a rare luxury to me; but I wept then, with old Charlotte's shriveled arm round my neck and her broken voice speaking homely words of comfort. A new tranquillity came over me, and a strange sense of soothing, in being once again cared for and wept with. The alms-woman's simple, cheery talk, the yellow-stained walls, with their rows of polished tins, the sanded floor, the low bed, where I lay down to fitful slumbers, on a level with the window which overlooked the church-yard, with its quiet graves asleep in the moonlight—all seemed to restore me to my childhood. Only now and then, both waking and sleeping, there crossed my fancy visions of the empty, echoing, haunted house left behind, with ghostly faces reflected in my little looking-glass, and ghostly feet gliding to and fro with a silence worse than the sounding of my own steps.

In the morning—the morning of the emblematic passover from the house of bondage—I went to church with my friend, sitting beside her in the chancel upon the seats set apart for the alms-women. There was a sense of freedom, a deliverance from a corroding captivity of my soul; I could pray; for George Denning was not in the same house of prayer. Before me, beneath the fair white linen cloth which covered the sacramental elements, was the altar-cloth of crimson velvet with its sacred initials, and the golden halo round them, which I had been working with my own fingers on that terrible doomsday that had fallen upon us. The "I. H. S." was just beneath the edge of the snowy cover, and I saw and heard nothing else of the solemn service. Dimly and vaguely, but irresistibly, these words laid hold of my thoughts, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

A profound peace—"peace on earth, and good-will toward all"—possessed me as I left the church with the congregation; and while the alms-woman, in her simple faith, remained for the concluding service, I paced to and fro in the church-yard, past the graves of my parents. But with this peace there mingled a strong yearning for action, for returning once more to my house of bondage, and freeing myself at once and forever from its doleful captivity. Even the thought that I should set George Denning free was pleasant to me, for here, close to the lanes and fields where we had played as children, and loitered as lovers, I remembered him as he was before the scar and blight came upon our lives. He, too, should be freed upon this day of accomplished sacrifice. He also should be forgiven, if he knew not what he did.

With reluctance the aged woman gave me leave to depart; though my face, long set into sorrow, was beginning to soften into a shadowy smile. The early night was closing in when I returned to the streets through which I had crept, a hard and desolate woman, the day before; but I had tasted love again, human and divine; I had stooped to taste it, and in my hidden heart I blessed the groups of happy beings whom I passed. The bells of the churches chimed together overhead, making a gladsome music all the way along, as I pressed on to the central street, where the deserted house was waiting for me, with its tainted attic and empty chambers. Under a lamp I met George Denning's silly young wife, with a baby in her arms, and talking gayly with some companions; but though my heart stopped in its rapturous throbbing for a moment, I moved gently out of her path, and did not grudge her laughter, for little mirth had she with her stricken husband. She might have been coming from the house, for a minute more and it rose before me on the opposite side of the street, with its steep roof overtopping all the others; and there in the little dormer-window, glimmering like a feeble glow-worm, there shone the palest, faintest mote of light from within, just visible in the gathering darkness of the night.

I understood the tell-tale beam, and a sudden tingling ran through all my veins. At the very moment in which I had surrendered the purpose of my life I was to receive its fulfillment. I entered the house as silently as death. The smouldering fire upon my hearth, not kindled by me, gave me light to find the soundless mat slippers, with which I could steal unheard upon the busy laborer, who was at work upon his universal holiday. Doors that would have creaked under less careful and less steady fingers turned noiselessly upon their hinges as they admitted me; and the mouldering floors gave no warning of my stealthy approach. Only my heart beat, and my pulses throbbed clamorously in my ears, until I had to tarry for a minute underneath the attic, where there was the dull heavy thud of weighty reams of paper thrown down in haste. I crept partly up the winding stairs, and stood still in the deep shadows where I could see him, myself unseen, at the furthest end of the crowded room. He had been toiling long, for the sweat and pallor of exhaustion were upon his haggard face, and his white lips were pinched for breath; but still he labored, bearing piles of paper, upon which the dust of years had gathered, out of the dark closet into a scanty space he had cleared, upon the very spot where the murdered man had lain. Each packet he unwrapped and examined carefully, laying it down with a growing pallor and a deeper sigh, and retreating again behind the thin partition which hid him from my sight. At last he staid so long that I stole on warily over the piled-up papers to the opened door of the secret closet. He had sunk to his knees, and was holding to the feeble light of his candle a yellow page, with writing almost effaced by time—the one stained paper among thousands of blank and empty sheets. His thin and wasted fingers grasped it with a desperate clutch, but he trembled throughout his whole frame, until he could not steady himself to read it. One step forward and I stood beside him, leaning over him, and in a moment detecting that the time-stained lines were in his own handwriting.

"My God!" he gasped, as he felt the touch of my dress, and looked up straight into my bending face; but his painful breath failed him, and he fell prostrate at my feet, only drawing under him the paper which he grasped so desperately. I stood motionless, for before me were passing, in dreary procession, all the weary, weary days I had dragged through waiting for this moment; my seared life, weeks, and months, and years, crossed in funeral sadness my kindled memory; until last of all came the vague and dim but heavenly vision, when on the morning of this day I bowed my head in prayer, and, lifting up my tearful eyes, beheld the "I. H. S." and heard a secret voice in my soul whispering, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

"George!" I said, stooping over him, and laying my hand gently upon the gray head at my feet—"George, I came back to tell you I would leave this place in pity for myself and you. To-day and yesterday Heaven has shown me that there is yet love for us. I have meddled with vengeance too long. Now it is made clear to me that I am worse than you, even if you *are* a murderer; for I have been your destruction body and soul."

"That is true!" he cried, hoarsely, though his voice was very low; "help me, Rachel; I can not breathe. Raise me up."

I lifted him up in my arms and rested his head against me, fanning the stifled air about us to bring a purer breeze to his quivering lips. As his strength came back a little I supported him over the scattered packets, and opened the narrow window for the evening wind to breathe upon him. The streets below were dark and quiet, as with a Sabbath rest from labor, and no illumination rose up from open shops; but the stars were come out brightly, and the moon was shining, though we could not see her from our western casement, and her yellow light blending with the glittering of the stars, shed a faint gleam upon George's pallid face, and his nervous fingers grasping still the written paper. Yet the dimness hid the changes that time and trouble had made; and in that confused glimmering the features I looked down upon were the features of my playmate in years gone by, of my betrothed husband, to whom I had linked myself for life.

"It is fit for me to die here," he muttered; "I have been dying by inches ever since; and it is fit for me to be hurried off at last. Take the paper, Rachel; it is found too late. There, take it; it is my legacy to you. You have your secret at last."

He thrust the paper in my hand, making a helpless effort to close my fingers upon it, but I let it float away, and fall rustling on to the floor. There was no thought in my mind but of the days of old, when he and I were boy and girl together. This hideous dream would be over soon, and I should wake to his morning call under my window, and my fearful fancies would be half-laughed and half-caressed away.

"I'd no thought to do it," he said, speaking painfully; "he held a bond of mine for a hundred pounds, and he never let me rest. I was fitting up my home for Rachel, and he was threatening me with a prison. The old miser kept his hoard in the closet yonder, and when he found that I had seen him go to it—it was late, and he believed every one of us were gone—he flew at me like a madman. I never meant to murder him."

The moon had gone under a cloud; and behind us the candle in the closet burned dim, so that his face was only a blank whiteness, with two burning eyes in which the light of life glimmered fitfully; but I could not turn away my gaze from it, even to glance round the attic, where the evening wind was fluttering and rustling many a sheet of paper, until the whole place seemed alive with restless sounds and movements. I drew his head down again upon my bosom, and laid my cheek against his clammy forehead.

"I was so strong," he murmured, clenching his feeble fingers, "I did not know that death could be in my grip. Rachel, I wrote a confession—it is there on the floor; take care of it when I am gone—and I placed it in a ream of paper which would be opened shortly, only giving me time for a sure escape. But Willie had come back to seek me, and had seen all and fled, for my sake and yours. If the lad had been convicted I would have saved him at the price of my own life; but there was nothing against him, and there would have been every thing against me. When we searched for a trace of the murderer I hid the paper far back in the closet under hundreds of other reams, thinking to secure it when a safe time came. But you have been ever watching me."

Down in the quiet street below there came the patter of children's feet upon the pavement, and the chatter of children's voices. The dying man heard them, and tried to raise himself.

"I have had children," he sighed, "but they never laughed and clapped their hands for me. Every morning I came from their cradles to look upon your face, Rachel; and there was always a curse in it. Now the sin of the father will be vis-

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ited upon them. You have shut me out from prayer and penitence; you have been a living doom against me. Yet I am dying at last in your arms."

While he whispered, the words falling with difficulty and pain from his faltering tongue, there came to me once more a sense of ineffable peace and love brooding over us. By some subtle and finer influence the dying man shared it, and opened his eyes again to meet mine looking down upon him with that mysterious renewal of affection. All the long-known consolations, which had been to us only as a very pleasant song, or as good tidings for others from which we ourselves were shut out, entered into our souls in the hour of their extremest need. The pale evening star, steady but very far away, pointed the beginning of the immeasurable distance that was about to separate us; and from my lips, lying close to his dull ear, there fell, almost unconsciously to myself, the words that had dwelt all day in my heart, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

I descended into the Easter streets from the fatal room, which had been the starting-point of both the murdered man and his murderer, into the boundless eternity. No one knew that I had been there; and without distinct aim or design, only hiding in my bosom the sullied and time-worn paper, I wandered back to the poor alms-house. There, with my face turned to the quiet church-yard, which offered me no refuge, though I longed for it greatly, I lay still and silent through weeks of illness, with the treasured paper in his handwriting lying under my pillow, or held for safety in my feverish hands. Afterward I remember, though vaguely, voyaging over miles of visionless waters, and finding Willie, not a heart-broken exile, but happy in a new home, and renouncing the land of his troubles and mine. But I was restless there, and must return; and returning found that the old empty house, with its death-stained attic, had been pulled down as an accursed dwelling, and not one stone of it remained upon another. Yet for me at every Eastertide it is erected again, and the tragedy of my life is acted out once more. Whatever else I forget, or whatever else my mind refuses to receive, there abides with me ever and ever the memory of my fell, remorseless purpose, and of my cruel hatred, darker in its sin than George Denning's unmeditated crime.



HON. LELAND STANFORD, PRESIDENT OF CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

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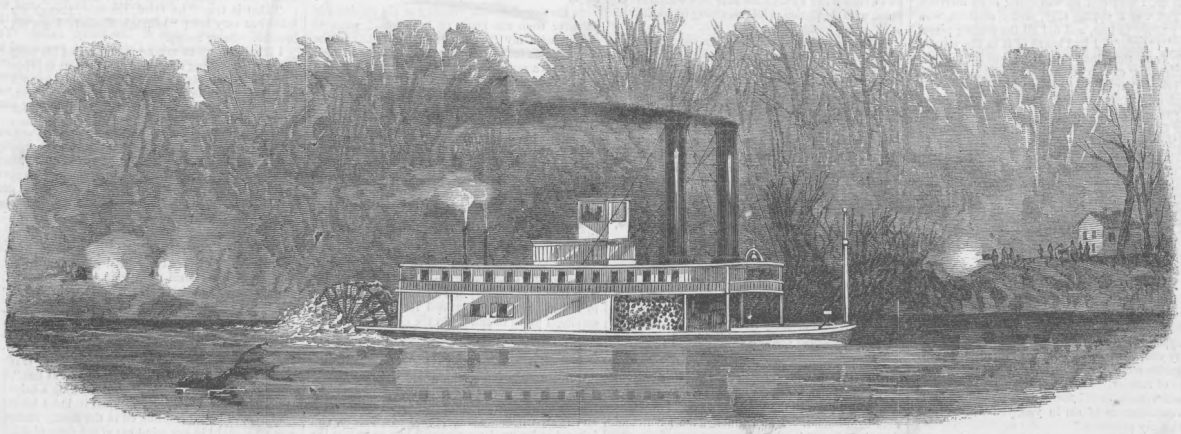
WE present our readers this week with an accurate Portrait of LELAND STANFORD, President of the Central Pacific Railroad of California, and late Governor of that State. The Company of which Mr. Stanford is President was organized in 1861. In 1862 the Pacific Railroad Bill was passed by Congress; and under the provisions of this law the Company are pushing their end of the proposed road across the Sierra Nevada Mountains into the Great Basin, with the permission to continue it until it shall meet and unite with the Eastern section. We need not speak of the importance of this road, which connects the East with the gold-producing region on the coast of the Pacific, and will only say that Governor Stanford has been intimately connected with the enterprise from the first, having at an early period appreciated its value, and having devoted to it much of his time and energy.

THE STEAMER "BRAZIL" FIRED UPON BY GUERRILLAS.

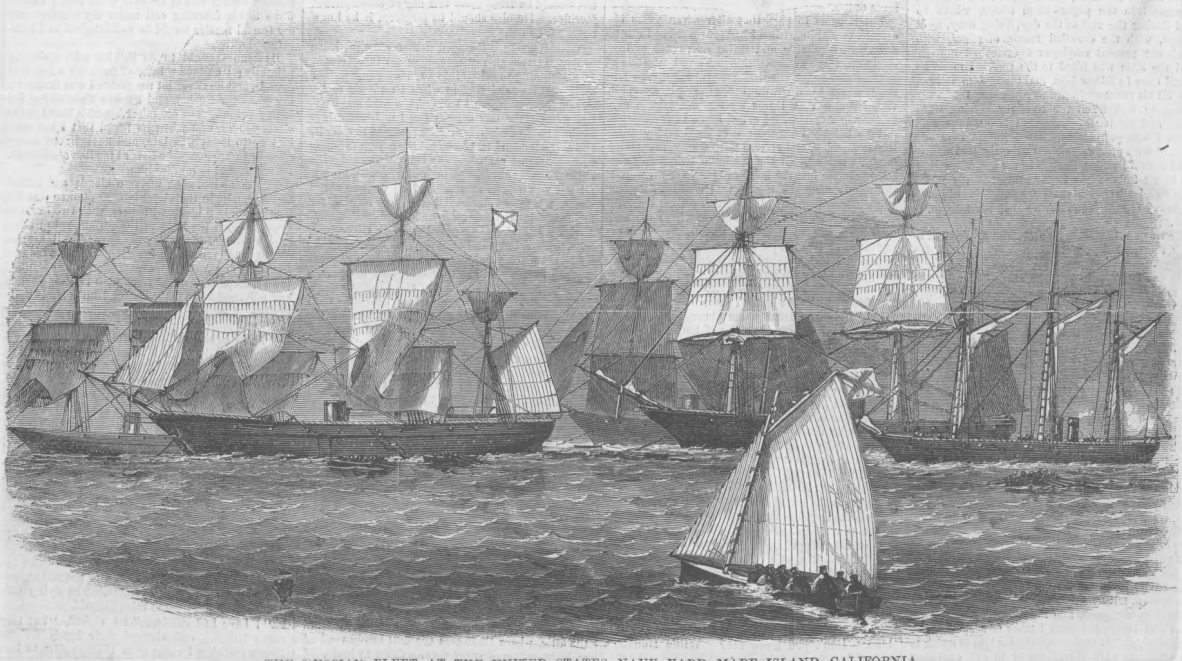
ON this page our readers will find a sketch representing an attack made upon the steamer *Brazil* by a band of guerrillas on the banks of the Mississippi, the 11th of last December. The scene is two miles below Rodney. Two ladies were killed in this attack, and three men wounded. The event has been one of frequent occurrence for several months, though it is hoped measures are already being taken by Government to prevent its repetition.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, one of the great English novelists (whose portrait we give on page 61), was born in Calcutta, in 1811, and died in London on the 24th of December, 1863. His father was a civil officer in the service of the East India Company, and died when Thackeray was in his seventh year. The boy was soon after carried to En-



THE STEAMER "BRAZIL," FIRED UPON BY GUERRILLAS ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT THE UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

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gland, but he never forgot the scenes of his earliest childhood, and in his novels the characters and circumstances of Anglo-Indian life vividly reappear. Mr. Jos. Sedley, the Begum, and Colonel Newcome, one of the tenderest and most beautiful characters in fiction, all—as it were—smell of bamboo and camphor trunks. On his way to England the ship touched at St. Helena, and the boy, strolling in the charge of his attendant, saw the Emperor Napoleon, an incident which was always fresh in his memory, and to which he alludes in one of his lectures upon the Georges. In London he was sent to the Charter House School, which he has described in "The Newcomes;" and went afterward to the University at Cambridge, which he left without a degree. His recollections of university life supplied him with the material of delightful chapters in "Pendennis." Soon after leaving Cambridge he came into possession of a pretty fortune of twenty thousand pounds; and to pursue his studies in Art, for which he had much love but less talent, he lived upon the Continent for several years.

Abandoning the profession of an artist, however, in which he felt that he was not likely to excel, and losing much of his fortune by unlucky speculations, he returned to England and devoted himself to literature. His first essays were in the London *Times*, where he wrote a paper upon Fielding, whom he always considered the great master of English fiction; and he contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* a great variety of essays and sketches, sparkling with exuberant humor and satire, under the names of Michel Angelo Titmarsh and George Fitz Boodle. The first, which was his favorite pseudonym, is itself a stroke of his peculiar humor, for he had a Michel-Angelesque nose, and his frame was large and tall, and he assaulted with tremendous vigor what are called the little things of society. In one of the author-portraits of *Fraser* called "Our Contributors" (which is reproduced in Bohn's edition of Father Prout's Reliques), there is the head which we publish in this paper,—a score of years younger, but with the same clear, penetrating expression—as of a mind on the scent—and the same unshrinking sincerity and humor—a Saxon Rabelais. Yet so little impression was made by Thackeray's earlier writings that Horne's Spirit of the Age, published in 1813, which contains sketches of many authors now forgotten, does not even mention Michel Angelo Titmarsh.—



THE LATE WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"Jeames's Diary" and "The Snob Papers," published in *Punch*, to which he was one of the most constant and the cleverest contributor, made his reputation.

But "Vanity Fair," begun serially in 1847, the preface of which is dated June 28, 1848, and for which he found a publisher with difficulty, established Thackeray's position among the chief English authors.

"Vanity Fair" was followed by "Pendennis" and "Henry Esmond," and by the Lectures upon the English Humorists, which were delivered in 1851, to great and delighted audiences in London and elsewhere in Great Britain, and subsequently in this country. They were, in many respects—as delivered by him—the most delightful lectures ever heard. His American visit was altogether agreeable and profitable to him. Upon his return to England he published "The Newcomes," the ripest and finest of his works, and the best novel of English society since Fielding's "Tom Jones." This was followed by the Lectures upon the Georges, which were delivered in Great Britain and in America, to which he made a second visit in 1855–'6. They were even more popular at home than the earlier series.

Upon his second return to England, mindful of Addison and Prior, Thackeray was not unwilling to try his political chances, and offered himself as a liberal Parliamentary candidate for Oxford in 1857. He was defeated by a majority of 67. He immediately began the serial publication of "The Virginians," a story of English and American life during the Revolution. But his heart was clearly not in the work, and it was less successful than its predecessors. In January, 1860, the *Cornhill Magazine* began under his editorship. He remained in charge of it for two years, and contributed to it "Lovel the Widower," "The Adventures of Philip," and the charming essays lately collected, and the last book of Thackeray, called "The Roundabout Papers." A new novel by him was already announced in the *Cornhill*, but on the day before Christmas, 1863, after but a day's illness, he was found dead in his bed, not having completed his fifty-third year.

We but mention here a few names and dates, which are of permanent interest and significance in English literature. Elsewhere in these pages we endeavor to say something of the character and genius of a great author, of a tender, true, and generous man.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1864.

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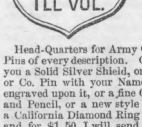
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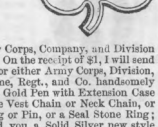
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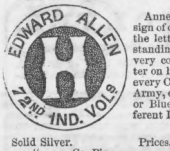
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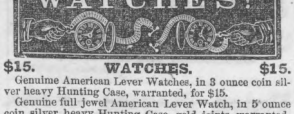


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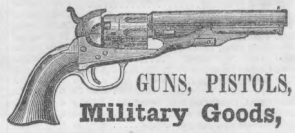
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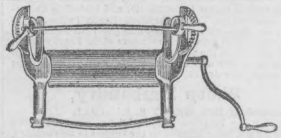
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

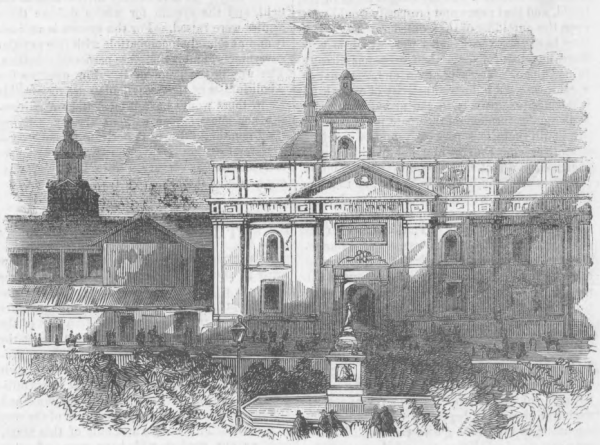
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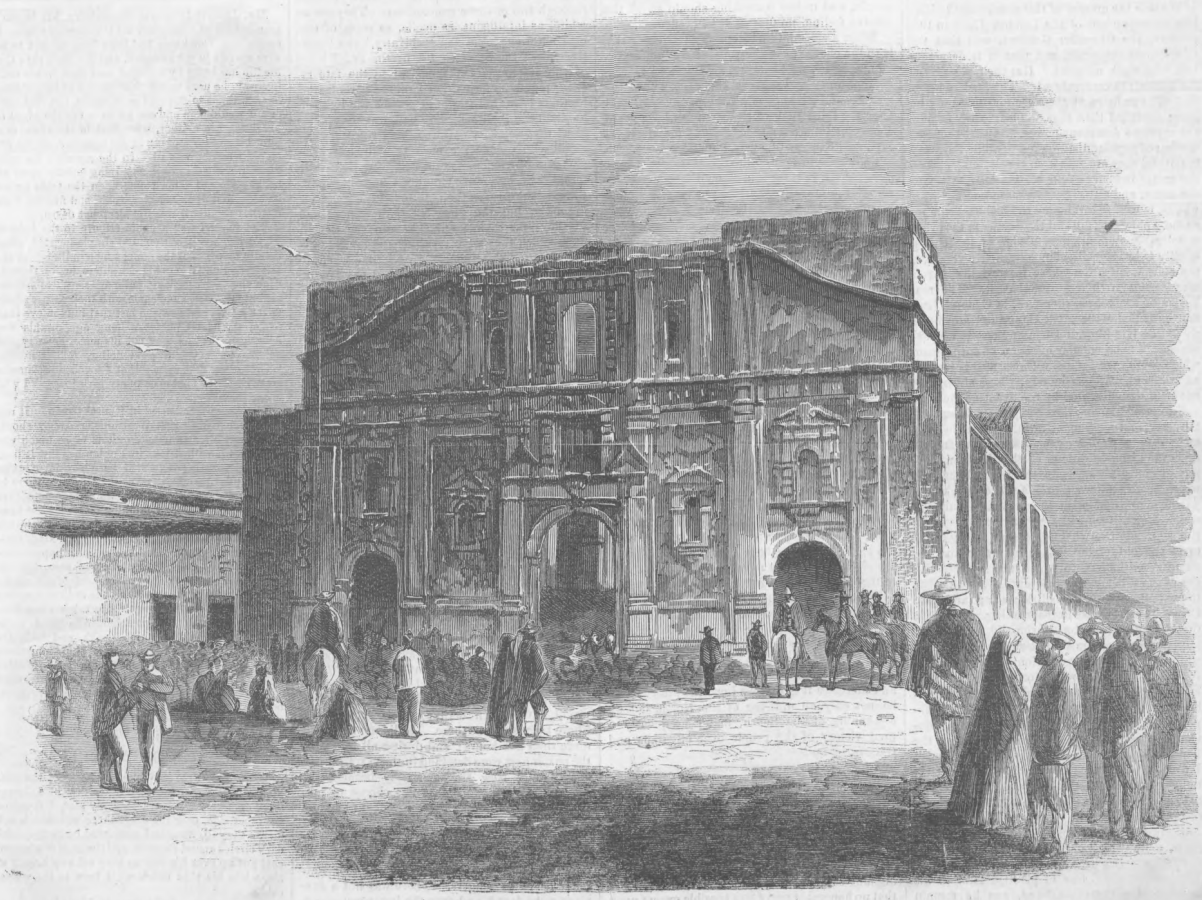
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THE CHURCH OF THE COMPANIA IN THE DISTANCE.



THE CHURCH OF THE COMPANIA.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF THE COMPANIA, AT SANTIAGO, CHILI, AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

REBEL PROSPECTS.

WHAT are the prospects of the rebellion? The year opens upon our firm hold of our advanced lines, but from beyond them comes no sound or sign of submission from the leading rebels. These leaders, of course, contemplate exile as the last resort. But in the mean while what are they waiting for?

The actual situation of affairs within the Confederacy, as we may conveniently call the area of the rebellion, is easily comprehended from any intelligent witness. We had lately the pleasure, for instance, of talking with a Mississippi merchant who left his home at the end of last September. He says that the disappointment in the result of the rebellion is universal. The Southern people had been deluded into the belief that secession was the easiest thing in the world, and that peace and prosperity would wait upon the unfolding of the Confederate flag. But they have discovered that a war, which is now more hopeless for them than ever, has already ruined them. Trade is at an end. Money is worthless. All industrial activity of every kind is devoted exclusively to the army. In every little hamlet throughout the spare population of the South there is a perfect system of military despotism—the Provost Marshal and his guards exercising a direct supervision over the conduct of men who are individually known, so that the Union men have a tacit understanding only, and every man must always seem zealous in support of the rebel Government. The conscription has swept away every body who can go, and our informant left to avoid being forced into the rebel army. The slaves, who are not ignorant of the reason, are drawn toward the interior; and throughout the rebel domain a terror prevails as absolute as that of France in the worst days of the French Revolution.

Meanwhile the leaders, seeing these things, knowing that general gloom is settling upon the hearts of their followers; that their army is suffering, complaining, and deserting; that the tenacity of the North begins to tell fatally upon the ardor of the South; that the English Government clearly believes the rebel cause to be hopeless, and no other friend yet appears—still doggedly persist, nor even try the experiment upon the North of a bold offer of negotiation.

What is the ground of this persistence? The late correspondent of the London *Times* in this country, the Chevalier Galenga, said that the rebels were desperate, and that it is desperate men who work miracles. But their position is not difficult to comprehend. The leaders know that the condition of their section could not be more wretched than it is. Their army is now the supreme dominant power, and that removes the fear of popular disturbance. While the army is faithful they are safe from revolution; and as the entire industry of the section is tributary to the army, and the army, composed of the poor whites, is well subordinated to its chiefs, so long as those chiefs are faithful the fidelity of the army is tolerably secure. The pledge of the chiefs' fidelity is in their allegiance to their own class, the slaveholders, for whose interest the war is waged, and in their personal peril. The real leader of the rebels, therefore, is General Lee, who is called "the great Captain;" and if he should declare himself Dictator there is no personal hold upon popular affection or enthusiasm which could save Jefferson Davis, who is regarded as a cold, aristocratic man, whose ability has not been demonstrated by the event of the war.

The rebel leaders, thus comparatively sure of the army, and consequently of the domestic quiet secured by a military despotism, count further upon the ultimate fatigue of the North in waging so costly a war, upon the natural reaction which always follows a prolonged tension of the public mind, and upon the financial confusion which they believe will presently overtake us, as it has already overwhelmed them. They count upon the old prejudice against color and the name Abolitionists, to which the Northern allies of the rebels constantly appeal in the effort to prove the war an "Abolition war;" and upon Copperhead success in persuading the people that if the war is constitutionally waged it is impossible to subdue "our Southern brethren," while if it is not constitutionally waged, then the rebels are no more traitors than we.

To these grounds of rebel persistence must be added the expectation of aid from Louis Napoleon, arising from the necessities of his Mexican conquest. For if the Government of the United States subdues the rebellion the French Emperor can not suppose it will remain utterly indifferent to the success of an enterprise undertaken in the full expectation of the overthrow of that Government. But snubbed abroad by Earl Russell in the affair of the European Congress, politely threatened at home with a stoppage of supplies by Thiers, can he retire from Mexico without a loss of prestige fatal to his future? On the other hand, can he remain there upon any terms so sure as the division of this country, and can that be secured so effectively as by direct recognition, treaty as a preferred power, and forcing the blockade? If Europe were likely to assent to such a course he would hardly be deterred under the circumstances by the prospect of a war with this country, because he would rather take the chance of helping the rebels fight us, than of withdrawing from Mexico and fighting Europe to recover his prestige. In pondering the question, the struggle of England would be between the immediate aggrandizement of France if she assented, and the threatening victory of republican principles in this country if she refused to assent. Her political instinct leads her to fear our success; but her present position would be imperiled by a policy which planted France upon this continent, giving her the mines of Mexico and the cotton of our Southern States. And as England always acts upon present and not upon future contingencies, we may believe that she would not favor French interference in our struggle.

It is in such considerations that we find the explanation of rebel persistence after their cause is apparently lost. And they point very plainly to our duty. It is to destroy their armies in the field, and the system for whose defense those armies were raised. For the system is radically and absolutely incompatible with free popular government, and is therefore perpetual rebellion. The war is the proof of it. For whether the Abolitionists or the Secessionists are responsible for it, there would have been neither Abolitionists nor Secessionists without slavery. Every good man and faithful American citizen, therefore, rejoices that to save the Union it was necessary to destroy slavery, and in destroying slavery to pierce the heart of rebellion.

THE NEW UPRISING.

"If you can succeed in putting your new army in the field," said a rebel Georgia officer lately to a loyal Captain, "we shall have nothing to put against it." If the Georgia prisoner could take a run through the western part of the State of New York he would not doubt that the new National army was coming; for the enthusiasm of enlistment is as great and universal as it was at the beginning of the war. At every military post the crowds are constantly arriving, and the men who are joining the army are of the very best kind. This is true not only of this State, but, as our readers will have seen, of other States, from Vermont to Indiana. The prolongation of the time for paying the bounties is a wise deference to the activity and spirit of the people, and unless something should check the present feeling, no draft will be needed.

What a splendid and imposing testimony this is to the character of the people! What an evidence, which no foreign statesman and no student of men and history can overlook, of the tenacity and strength of a popular Government! It is the third year of the war; we have spent enormous sums; we have endured disasters, delays, and dangers of every kind; we have seen the noblest and best of our youth lay down their lives for the country and human liberty; every call of the lawful authorities has been seconded by the popular heart; the draft, a measure always disagreeable, however necessary—after one desperate movement of resistance in the city of New York, which was utterly quelled—has been peaceably enforced every where according to its terms;—and now the whole people rises to respond to another call, cheering for the American Union and Liberty until the air rings from the ocean to the Mississippi!

Let us hope that the great shout may be heard by the hearts of the betrayed and deluded citizens of the Southern States, who, under the lead of despotic chiefs, have taken up arms against the Government of their country. For however deep and just and enduring may be the national indignation with those leaders; however firm may be the national resolution that the cause of rebellion shall be destroyed at the same time with its armed hand, in order that the great mass of Southern men, of every kind and color, may enjoy all their rights and peace be permanent, there is not, we sincerely believe, even in the hearts that have been wrung and broken by the chances of this war, any feeling of hostility to the citizens of the South. Of slavery, which has perverted the Government, and which has left those citizens poor and ignorant and wretched, there is now an intelligent and therefore an immortal hate in the breast of the American people. But the cause of the masses of the country in the North and the South is really one, and therefore it is that we hope the present may be not only an uprising of the North, but an awakening of the South, and consequently a final victory of the people over oligarchs and traitors.

SLAVE CHILDREN.

WHEN the war began two things were inevitable: first, that the loathsome secret history of the slave system in this country would be exposed; and, second, that the appalled and indignant common sense of the people would see that no honorable peace was possible except upon condition of the annihilation of the system. Indeed all that the friends of liberty and human rights in this country have ever asked is the freedom of speech. In the days when the Abolitionists were hunted as wild beasts they said calmly that if they were only allowed to speak and tell the truth their victory was sure. And because through fires of hate and rage they persisted in speaking they are the saviours of American liberty. The slave-drivers and their political allies at the North knew equally well that if the constitutional right of discussion were allowed the horrors of the system would be known, and the outraged decency and humanity of the American people would sweep away the iniquity in a flood of wrath. So at the South these gentry hung, and burned, and tarred and feathered, and mobbed every citizen who chose to speak or was suspected of wishing to speak; while at the North the panders of slavery denounced the discussion of the subject, incited mobs against the speakers, and driveled through all their papers and speeches, smooth and dreary slop about the Christianity, and fraternity, and simplicity of "the institution," until people who were prevented by these same efforts from hearing the facts of the case really believed that a society planted upon slavery was a kind of scriptural idyl and patriarchal Arcadia.

The moment these gentry saw political power pass from their hands they knew that the terrible truth would be told, and annihilate their "institution," and therefore they made their grand and desperate movement to destroy the Government and plunge us all into common ruin. And they are right so far as they anticipated the consequences of a popular knowledge of slavery. The war has brought the people of this country face to face with this unspeakable infamy of slavery. The working-men of the Free States, now soldiers in the field, no longer owe their knowledge of it to what Governor Seymour, or Mr. S. F. B. Morse, or Judge Woodward, or Bishop Hopkins, or any newspaper chooses to say of it to advance a political party; they see the thing itself as Mrs. Kemble describes it, as Mr. Olmsted describes it, as Thomas Jefferson describes it, as John Randolph describes it; they see it, indeed, as no human pen can describe it, exactly as General Butler, so long its apologist through ignorance and party-spirit, found it in New Orleans, and as it is in every State, in every city, on every plantation, a double-handed curse, smiting both slave and master.

A terrible illustration of this truth of the outrage of all natural human affections we present to-day in the engravings, from photographs, of slave children upon page 69 of this paper. These are, of course, the offspring of white fathers through two or three generations. They are as white, as intelligent, as docile, as most of our own children. Yet the "chivalry," the "gentlemen" of the Slave States, by the awful logic of the system, doom them all to the fate of swine; and, so far as they can, the parents and brothers of these little ones destroy the light of humanity in their souls. Then, lest the "chivalry" that sells its children, and the "gentlemen" who seduce the most friendless and defenseless of women, should withdraw their custom, the St. Lawrence Hotel, in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, turns the children—flying not for life only, but the girls for their honor, and the boys for their manhood—into the street; upon which they were received and kindly welcomed at the Continental. At a time when, to perpetuate the system which defies the law of God and the instinct of man, the slaveholders are destroying loyal men, noble sons of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania with the rest, the St. Lawrence Hotel strives to propitiate those at the South who do this iniquity, and those at the North who support them in it, by refusing to receive the children whose portraits we give. So every where humanity falls at the touch of this "institution." And so, by God's blessing, the humanity and wisdom of the American People is at this moment touching Slavery to its destruction. Little children like these in the picture this country no longer turns away into untold horrors and despair; but its heart whispers to them, gently, "Suffer little children to come unto me!"

DELAYS ON THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

THE passengers from Boston by the night train on Saturday the 16th January were due in New York early on Sunday morning. The train reached New Haven at half past two in the morning, where it should have met the train upon the Shore road, and the same locomotive would have drawn both to New York. The Shore train was not there. It did not arrive for more than five hours; and during all that time the passengers were detained in the cavern called a station at New Haven, simply because the New Haven Company does not choose to provide for the most common occurrence, namely a delay upon the Shore road. Arriving in New York toward Sunday noon, about six hours late, there was not the slightest provision at the station in Twenty-seventh Street for the convenience of the passengers. There was not a carriage to be found, and even the luggage was carried off into the Harlem station.

The overcrowding of the cars upon this road is notorious, and is the subject of indignant but fruitless complaint in the daily papers; but such an outrageous delay as that of Saturday night, caused by the stinginess and total want of consideration for the public convenience upon the part of the management of the New Haven Company, ought to be universally exposed. The poor conductor was badgered with every form of impatient complaint, but his instructions, he said, were imperative, and he could not disobey them. Some of the passengers, hearing that one of the directors or managers of the road lived in the city of New Haven, proposed a call upon him before light on Sunday morning; but the conductor declined to tell where he lived. There was in fact no remedy whatever; for the instructions are that the Shore train shall be waited for on Saturday night at New Haven until such an hour as enables the conductor to push on to New York in time to return on Sunday evening.

We doubt if there be another great line in the country which can match such a want of honorable enterprise; and we warn every passenger who proposes to make the journey on Saturday night by rail from Boston to New York, that he is exposed to the risk of this grievous delay at New Haven.

LICKING BOOTS.

LET us hope that Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and all other gentlemen in Congress and elsewhere, will spare us any further propositions that the Government of the United States shall ask the rebel chiefs what kind of Union prisoners they are willing to exchange. For the rebels have but one kind of prisoners, namely, United States soldiers. To allow them to say that they will not exchange young men, but that we may have all the old men; that they will not exchange Frenchmen, but we may have as many Irishmen as we want; that they will not give us white men, but we may take as many colored men as we choose, or *vice versa*, is simply to offer to the rebel leaders a decision, which, until a Government is utterly humiliated, it always retains. It is for us to show rebels that when we choose to accept the service of a soldier we guarantee him a respect and protection exactly equal with that of all other soldiers. Mr. Randall and his friends will probably learn that truth before long, as well as Mr. Jeff Davis and his friends.

THACKERAY'S GRAVE.

MR. JOSEPH DURHAM, the sculptor, has begun a marble bust of Thackeray for the Garrick Club. It seems that Thackeray had been long subject to severe spasms in the stomach, and Mr. Sala says that his life has hung by a thread, and that, in his smiling way, he used to say that his machinery seemed at such times to stop and go on again, but that some day it would stop and *not* go on. On the night of his death his mother, who slept in the room over him, heard him moving in his chamber, as she often did when he was ill. In the morning his valet came in and saw Thackeray lying quietly upon his back. He put some coffee upon the table by the bedside, and upon entering again and finding it untasted, saw that it was not sleep but death.

The funeral was a noble tribute to the beloved friend, the great author, the simple-hearted, affectionate man. All the famous men in literature and art were there; and his daughters broke through what the *Spectator* truly calls a "senseless and decaying etiquette," and came with their father's body to the grave, and saw the last that human eye shall see of the fond parent. Long ago, in his first American visit, he took out his purse one day, and holding up a bright gold dollar, said, tenderly, "That is the first money that I touched in America for my work. That goes to my girls! *Don't* I wish to see them!"

Thackeray was buried in Kensal Green. It was a general feeling that Westminster Abbey should have been his monument, as it is of so much else that has been illustrious in England. But it matters little. His grave will be a shrine of affectionate pilgrimage wherever it is. Could there be better words written upon the head-stone than those he wrote in the beginning of his lecture upon Swift? "The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him. And, as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralize upon *his* life when he is gone—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We often *hear* of the good Samaritan—I *saw* him the other day in a Jersey ferry omnibus. When I took my seat, I found on the other side, near the door, there was a sick soldier. Very ill, wan, and emaciated he looked, with dark circles round his eyes, and the cape of his overcoat put up over his cap to keep off any breath of air, while his thin hands were bare to the winter cold.

Some one got out who sat next him; immediately the place was taken by a man from the opposite side, who pulled off his own warm gloves and handed them to the soldier. He feebly attempted

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to decline them, but the other insisted, and he gratefully put them on and looked at his well-covered hands with a sigh of satisfaction. The man was a plain, quiet-looking person, and did the little act of kindness without the slightest ostentation, as if it were a matter of course with him to clothe the naked. Nor was this all, he asked where the soldier was going. I could not hear the reply, but caught only the word "Albany." At the corner of Warren Street the good man got down and lifted the poor fellow out in his arms with the greatest care, readjusted the cape of his coat over his head, and supported him to the sidewalk, and the last I saw of him he was conducting him down Warren Street. I was deeply touched, and said in my heart, God bless him! for had I not two brothers soldiers? and one "is not," and the other is still in the service of his country; and I thought I would tell you, dear Mr. Editor, that through you others might perhaps be prompted to "go and do likewise."

E.

LITERARY.

THE first number of the *North American Review* (Crosby & Nichols, Boston), under the editorship of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton, appeared punctually with the first of the month, and has been read with the interest and curiosity which naturally greet our oldest Quarterly, with which the names of our most illustrious authors and eminent scholars are associated, and which now proposes to take its part in the work of national regeneration. By this we do not mean that the *Review* intends to act as a party-guerrilla; but the present number is the sufficient proof that it does intend to discuss with the utmost ability, earnestness, and good temper the fundamental principles of society and Government which are presented by our war: of course this will not be done to the exclusion of its purely literary discussions. In this January number, for instance, there is a very thorough transcription and reduction of Mr. Tickner's Life of his friend the historian Prescott, and a very skillful paper upon Mr. Winthrop's early Life of his great ancestor, John Winthrop. The article upon Renan's "Life of Jesus" is the most genial and delightful in spirit that we have seen. It exposes the undue sentimentality of Renan's story, and the frequent flimsiness of his argument; but it is just to the idyllic charm of the work and the sincerity of the author, while it maintains its own difference of opinion with good-humored scholarly courtesy. It is a model paper for the gentle and generous tone in which it discusses radical religious differences. The articles upon the Ambulance System and the Sanitary Commission, written by the most competent hands, are of immediate practical value, while the three political papers grapple various points of our great public debate with a cheerful vigor, insight, skill, and grace which at once rank the *North American* among the leaders of American thought. The copious literary notices are neither puffs, sneers, nor commonplace phrases, but are genuine opinions. As an illustration we may refer the reader to Lieutenant Heard's History of the Sioux War and Massacres. Such book notices are not only useful to authors but valuable to the public. The *North American* is but a quarterly visitor: and there is no Review, domestic or foreign, that we could more heartily commend to universal favor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 13. The Committee on Military Affairs reported back the bill authorizing the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War.—The Military Committee were instructed to inquire whether any obstacle had been thrown in the way of egress of colored men, not liable to military duty; if so, by whom and by what authority.—Mr. Lane of Kansas introduced a bill prohibiting the sale of gold at a higher price than that paid in the regular market in New York for United States 6 per cent. bonds, except for the purpose of exportation in payment of debts, or for the purpose of paying interest upon United States bonds; the penalty is a fine of not less than $1000 or more than $10,000, and imprisonment for not less than six months: referred to Committee on Finance.—The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis came up and was debated mainly by Senators Davis, Sumner, and Wilson: no vote was taken.——*January* 14. The bill authorizing the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War for one year, at a salary of $3000, was passed.—The Enrollment Bill was taken up. The amendment of the Committee exempting any person who should pay $300, until the time when another draft should be rendered necessary by the exhaustion of the enrollment under which the draft was made, was rejected, 28 to 11. Mr. Sherman's amendment, that a drafted person furnishing a substitute or a commutation of $500 should be liable to another draft on the exhaustion of the present enrollment came up; on motion $400 was inserted in place of $500, and then the whole amendment was agreed to. Various other amendments were proposed; but those exempting clergymen and non-combatants were finally passed.——*January* 15. The House bill, appropriating $700,000 for paying officers and men in the Western Department of Missouri, was passed.—After current business, the Enrollment bill came up. An amendment making persons who have resided in the United States one year, and who have voted, liable to draft, was adopted. The substitute amendment was renewed, and carried, by 22 to 19, the amount being fixed at $400. The final action, therefore, is that upon the payment of $400 a person drafted under the present call is exempt from this draft, but liable for any future draft.——*January* 16. Mr. Morgan presented a petition from citizens of New York, remonstrating against the exemption of non-naturalized residents from the draft.—The Enrollment bill was taken up and debated, the discussion turning mainly upon the position of colored recruits. Mr. Grimes offered an amendment that the word "white" should be introduced into the bill, so that colored men should not be accepted as substitutes for whites. Mr. Harlan concurred, he did not believe that colored soldiers could be employed with the same results as whites. The colored man should not be accepted as a substitute for his superior. Mr. Davis said that a great proportion of the labor in Kentucky was performed by slaves, and they ought not to be enlisted as substitutes, stripping the Border States of their laboring classes, as substitutes for Northern laborers who remained at home. Mr. Johnson said that it was not believed in Maryland that colored troops could do the duty of whites. Mr. Grimes's amendment was rejected, 28 to 14. Amendments were adopted providing that veteran troops re-enlisting should be credited to the quotas of the districts from which they originally enlisted; and that commutation money should be applied to procuring substitutes in the districts where it was paid; and that colored troops be credited to the States from which they enlist.—Mr. Trumbull offered a resolution that the President call out 100,000 men for 100 days, for the sole purpose of driving the rebels from Virginia: rejected.—The Senate adjourned till Monday, 18th.——*January* 18. After unimportant business, the joint resolutions offering thanks to Hooker, Meade, Howard, and the Army of the Potomac, and to Burnside and Banks, and their officers and men, were adopted.—The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—Mr. Pomeroy introduced a bill to incorporate the "North American Land and Emigration Company," with a capital of $1,000,000, with privilege to increase it to $5,000,000, the object being to promote the sale and settlement of unoccupied lands, and to develop the mineral and agricultural resources of the country: referred to Committee on Agriculture.—The Enrollment bill was taken up, and after slight amendments was passed, by 20 to 10.—A resolution of thanks to Cornelius Vanderbilt, for his donation to Government of the steamer *Vanderbilt*, was passed.——*January* 19. Resolutions were reported favorably upon thanking General Thomas and his troops for services at Chicamauga, and to Admiral Dupont and Commodore Cadwallader Ringgold, and officers and men of the frigate *Sabine*.—The Finance Committee reported in favor of authorizing the Secretary to increase the pay of certain inspectors of customs, not exceeding one dollar a day.—The rule requiring an additional oath from Senators came up. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, spoke at length in opposition to it. As he was the only Senator who had not taken the oath the rule must be aimed at him. He denied the constitutionality of the rule; and said, in conclusion, that by loyalty he understood steadfast adherence to the organic law as defined by the Constitution, and an ardent support of the guarantees for civil and religious liberty which it was the design of the framers to perpetuate. If loyalty meant any thing but adherence to the spirit and letter of the Constitution he wished to be considered disloyal; and when it was so decided he would resent the issue as became his dignity as an American Senator. Mr. Collamer rose to reply, but gave way until the next day, in order that the Senate might go into executive session.

HOUSE.—*January* 13. The Committee on the Judiciary reported a joint resolution explanatory of the Confiscation Act: it provides that it shall not be construed to work forfeiture except during the lifetime of the offender, as provided in the Constitution, with a proviso that no warning shall be required except the President's Proclamation of July 25, 1862; the proviso was adopted by 77 to 54; the resolution was laid over.—After some business of detail the Judiciary Committee reported back a bill to enable the President to carry into immediate effect the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, and prohibiting the holding of certain persons as slaves in designated States.—Debate arose on the President's plan of reconstruction, in the course of which Mr. Yeaman of Kentucky denied that a State could be in insurrection, though persons in it might be. Emancipation and enfranchisement should be left to the judicial tribunals. He was for putting down the rebellion by force of arms; but rebellion did not work forfeiture of the rights of loyal persons. He was in favor of encouraging the loyal people to resume the functions of loyal States. The ordinances of secession were void. Kentucky and the other Border States were the most unconditionally Union of any on the continent.——*January* 14. The resolution explanatory of the Confiscation Act was debated at length, mainly between Mr. Cox of Ohio and Mr. Davis of Maryland.—The joint resolution from the Senate providing that the commutation-money be specially appropriated to the expenses of drafting and the payment of substitutes was adopted. The bill for increasing the revenue came up; an amendment that all spirits distilled since August 31, 1862, now on sale or reserved for consumption, shall pay the duty provided by the present act, was adopted.——*January* 15. No business of general importance was transacted unless under this class may come a bill allowing small packages of clothing to be sent by mail at the rate of eight cents for two pounds; and the Senate bill providing for an Assistant Secretary of War. The House adjourned till Monday, 18th.——*January* 18. The use of the Hall was granted to the Christian Commission for anniversary meeting in spite of the opposition of Mr. Cox, who animadverted severely upon Miss Dickinson's address on the evening of the 16th.—Mr. Dawson offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the President be requested to announce that when any State now in insurrection shall submit all hostilities against it shall cease, and it shall be protected from all external interference with its local laws and institutions: laid on the table by 79 to 56.—Mr. Cox offered a resolution requesting the President to appoint Commissioners to negotiate with the Southern authorities for an exchange of prisoners; and that "the negotiation be withdrawn from the hands of Major-General Butler, who, as it is reported, is unable, from causes connected with his past military conduct, to hold intercourse with those charged with this business at Richmond: laid on the table by 91 to 56.—The Military Committee reported back the Senate resolution for a joint Select Committee to report on the conduct and expenses of the war; after some slight amendments the resolution was agreed to by 106 to 23.—Mr. Harding offered a resolution that the right of each State to order and control its own local affairs is essential to the balance of power on which our political fabric depends: referred to Committee on Rebellious States.—The Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of retiring General Robert Anderson, with full pay and allowances.—Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, offered a resolution that "it is the political, civil, moral, and sacred duty of the people to meet the rebellion, fight it, and forever destroy it, thereby establishing perfect and unalterable liberty;" a motion to lay on the table was rejected by 101 to 27, and the resolution passed by 112 to 15.—Mr. Ancona offered a resolution condemning the practice of retaining in pay military officers with undefined leave of absence, and instructing the Military Committee to provide a remedy: adopted.——*January* 19. The joint resolution explaining and amending the Confiscation Act was brought up and debated, after which the House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. The special subject was the tax upon distilled spirits. Various sums, ranging from 50 cents to $1 20, were suggested. An amendment making the tax 50 cents per gallon was rejected. Mr. Morrill said that the rate proposed by the Committee, 60 cents per gallon, was the utmost that spirits would bear as a revenue measure. The Committee rose without coming to any definite conclusion.—Mr. Fernando Wood introduced a bill to reimburse the city of New York for expenses incurred in calling out troops to suppress the rebellion.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

No active operations of any consequence have disturbed the quiet of camp life during the past week. The raid of Stuart upon Leesburg is proved to have existed only in rumor. So far as the roads will permit, however, the guerrilla forces in Virginia exhibit a good degree of activity. The rebels have a strong line of works along the Rapidan, which they have been fortifying ever since last April, with a view to future operations on our part against Richmond. Our army is in the most excellent condition, and is about to be divided into three corps, thus undergoing a complete reorganization in respect of its command. General Marston, with a considerable force of cavalry and infantry, assisted by the flotilla, has lately made a raid upon Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Richland counties, destroying large quantities of property, burning a bridge at Farnham's Creek, and taking twenty-five prisoners.

EAST TENNESSEE.

A cavalry fight took place on Sunday the 10th inst. at Strawberry Plains, in which the rebels were repulsed. General Longstreet has been strongly reinforced from the armies of Lee and Johnston. General Grant has been making a tour of his department, having especial reference to the situation at Knoxville, which seems to be the objective point toward which the enemy will be most likely to move upon the resumption of the campaign. There is a strong guerrilla army scattered about in detachments to the southward of Grant's position at Chattanooga, but fortunately we have a superior cavalry force which would render it useless for any practical effect. On the 12th a fight occurred between a part of Colonel M'Cook's cavalry and the Eighth and Eleventh Texas regiments at Mossy Creek. Fourteen of the enemy were killed and forty-one taken prisoners. On the 14th the rebel General Vance made a raid toward Temsville, capturing a train of twenty-three wagons; but Palmer pursuing him, recaptured the wagons, took Vance, his Inspector, and his Adjutant prisoners. Railroads are being repaired and bridges rebuilt with great rapidity in Tennessee, in preparation for the next campaign, in which velocity of movement will be an unusually important element of success.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The development of popular sentiment in North Carolina is tending rapidly toward peace. The Raleigh *Progress*, going always just so far as it is backed by popular opinion, says that unless the leaders who have misled and betrayed the Southern people make some overtures of peace, on the best terms which can be made, starvation will soon stare the country in the face, and develop an opposition against the Confederate Government which will not stop short of revolution, and the muscle of the country will be arrayed against its aristocracy. We shall not exaggerate the significance of these utterances if we accept them as an expression of the prevailing popular sentiment in North Carolina. Indeed the people in the western counties of the State have been deprived of all small facilities on the ground of their disloyalty to the Confederate Government. The Richmond *Sentinel* of the 14th appeals to the people of the State in the most imploring manner to stand by the Confederacy to the last.

FORTRESS MONROE.

There is now a good prospect that there will soon be a resumption of the exchange of prisoners. General Butler has been invested with plenipotential power in this matter, and the enemy, though at first disposed to indulge their prejudices rather than their humanities, seem to have come boldly up to the sticking point, contenting themselves by way of satisfaction with abusing General Butler.

CHARLESTON.

A great number of shells have been thrown into the city. General Gilmore has made Hilton Head his head-quarters during the winter. The firing on Fort Sumter appears to have been discontinued; a rebel garrison still retains its position among the ruins, and from authentic information it appears that our late bombardment of the fort has rather fortified than weakened this position. Movements are now contemplated which will bring the entire siege to a crisis early in the spring. An expedition up Morrill's Inlet has destroyed a rebel schooner lying there loaded with cotton, rosin, and turpentine.

LOUISIANA.

General Banks, on the 11th, issued a proclamation to the people of Louisiana, on the basis of the President's Amnesty Proclamation, inviting the loyal citizens to vote on the 22d of February for State officers to constitute the Civil Government of the State, under the Constitution of Louisiana, except in so far as that Constitution relates to slavery. The sworn oath of allegiance is to be the only qualification enabling the citizens thus to cast their votes. He also orders a convention to be held next April for the revision of the Constitution as relates to slavery, and announces that an election for Members of Congress will soon take place. At the same time the General proclaims that, for the present, the fundamental law of the State is martial law.

A CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Some interesting developments have lately grown out of the seizure of some letters of a rebel agent in Europe, Colonel C. A. Lamar. Mr. Lamar, it appears, has been engaged in numerous schemes for the Confederacy, the most important of which is speculation in cotton. He has had sub-agents in New York city and Brooklyn who seem to have had not a little to do with Wall Street and the gold market. The correspondence reveals the difficulties and discouragements that have irritated and excited the profanity of these poor fellows, and also an amount of gullibility that is extremely amusing. Mr. Lamar was even made to believe that powder might be made out of plaster and a little warm water, and came very near negotiating with parties in Paris for this extraordinary sort of ammunition. A noticeable scheme is broached in one of these letters, according to which the Confederacy is to be made a protectorate of the French Government as the price of recognition.

THE REBEL SITUATION.

The Richmond papers express the most anxious solicitude in regard to the next campaign. "The enemy," says the *Sentinel*, "will press us hard. They are buying mercenaries for the fight as men buy sheep for the shambles. They are paying bounties the half of which the world never heard of before. They will commence the next campaign, too, with some advantages of position which they did not have in the beginning of 1863. They will begin at Chattanooga instead of Nashville, at Vicksburg instead of Memphis. The division of opinion which is rapidly developing among the people, as to the further prosecution of the war, comes just at the time when it is most injurious to the prospects of the Confederacy; it is distracting us when distraction is destruction." The willingness with which our veteran regiments are re-enlisting suggest a very uncomfortable comparison with the willingness shown by rebel regiments to disband and desert.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

GENERAL BERG has promised the Russian Government that he will put down the Polish insurrection in two months, on condition that he may exile or in any other way punish offenders at his discretion. A number of insurrectionists are in considerable force in Sandomir and Cracow, where they have 3000 men and 300 cavalry, under very experienced officers.—The Sultan has accepted Napoleon's invitation to the European Congress. The Turks were hastily fortifying the Servian and Wallachian frontiers.—Garibaldi has sent in his resignation as Deputy of the Italian Parliament. The King of Italy on New-Year's Day expressed his regret to the deputation from the Chamber of Deputies that the year 1863 had not afforded a favorable opportunity to accomplish the political redemption of Italy. The Pope has addressed a letter to Jefferson Davis, wherein he styles the latter "illustrious and honorable President;" and after invoking God's blessing on him and his people, expresses the hope that he may be attached to himself by the bonds of perfect friendship.—On the 24th of December Kossuth issued a proclamation to Hungarians, inciting them to revolution, which provoked a great deal of discussion and apprehension at Vienna.

On New-Year's Day Napoleon expressed to Mr. Dayton the hope that the year 1864 would be one of peace and reconciliation in the United States. The Archduke Maximilian seems disposed to accept the Mexican throne; he will soon be at Paris, whence it is probably intended that he shall embark for Mexico.—The Schleswig-Holstein difficulty is gradually approaching its crisis. England has protested against the Federal occupation of Holstein, and in dispatches sent to the courts of Austria and Prussia insists on the treaty of 1852 as still binding upon the signitaries; that it would not look quietly upon the dismemberment of the Danish monarchy; and that in the event of any attempt at the infringement of the hereditary rights of Denmark it would be the duty of Great Britain to afford the latter moral and material support. The attitude taken by Napoleon is similar to that of England; he has expressed to the Duke of Augustenburg his regret that the Confederation has seen fit to interfere in Holstein before the question of the succession has been decided, declaring, moreover, that if Denmark should suffer by the operations of her more powerful neighbors, public opinion in France would turn in her behalf. The Duke himself, on the first of January, issued a proclamation to the people of the duchies, expressing his conviction that the Federal execution has now ceased to have any object, yet advising his subjects to respect the Federal administration, and to avoid any conflict. Prussia and Austria remain yet undecided as to what attitude they shall assume in regard to the question. Sweden and Norway, however, side with Denmark. The Danes have completely evacuated Holstein, but King Christian has called out 14,000 veteran troops.

MEXICO.

The London *News* says that General Forey obtained a promise from the United States not to dispute the Mexican monarchy, and made promises in return in regard to the Confederacy. At last accounts the Mexican and French armies were rapidly approaching in the vicinity of Tlapultan, near Columba, the former being 7000 strong and the latter 13,000. The Mexican Generals Uragua and Jopis intended to risk an engagement.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE following is the official list for the month of January of officers ordered upon duty from the Instruction Ship *Savannah*, at the New York Navy-yard.

ENSIGNS.

NAMES.	REPORTED.	WHERE ORDERED.	DATE.
A. T. Stover	Jan. 1, 1863	*Water Witch*	Mch. 4, 1863
C. B. Pray	" 2 "	*Oleander*	" 5 "
C. F. Willard	" 3 "	Phila., for special duty	Jan. 15 "
J. C. Staples	" 5 "	*Oleander*	Mch. 5 "
Geo. Taylor	" 9 "	*E. B. Hale*	Jan. 10 "
C. H. Cloate	" 10 "	*Ottawa*	Mch. 6 "
R. Benton	" 10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
A. O. Paine	" 10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
E. C. Wright	" 12 "	New Orleans for duty	Feb. 16 "
C. Wappenhaus	" 15 "	*Tuscarora*	Mch. 6 "
G. A. Patterson	" 16 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
R. S. Ryder	" 16 "	*Tuscarora*	" 6 "
E. H. Walkeys	" 17 "	No. At. Block'g Squad	" 11 "
G. Gerrard	" 19 "	*Southfield*	" 25 "
S. F. Butler	" 19 "	*Arizona*	" 11 "
R. Burke	" 24 "	*Lehigh*	" 20 "
S. B. Davis	" 24 "	*Courier*	" 21 "
J. H. Nash	" 26 "	*Courier*	" 19 "
J. A. Merrill	" 26 "	*Catskill*	" 11 "
G. M. Prindle	" 27 "	*Courier*	Feb. 17 "
			" 14 "

ACTING MASTER'S MATES.

Chas. H. Blount	Jan. 1, 1863	*De Soto*	Jan. 7, 1863
W. A. Purdy	" 2 "	*Lackawanna*	" 3 "
T. H. M'Donald	" 2 "	*Perry*	" 20 "
L. S. Locke	" 3 "	Dismissed	" 17 "
W. G. M'Nair	" 3 "	*Perry*	" 20 "
J. Bishop	" 3 "	*Violet*	" 15 "
G. H. Marks	" 7 "	*Violet*	" 15 "
C. H. Armstrong	" 8 "	*Union*	" 19 "
J. H. Mallon	" 13 "	*Arizona*	" 29 "
C. F. Bridges	" 15 "	*Perry*	" 20 "
S. S. Bissell	" 19 "	*Arizona*	" 29 "
R. Hunter	" 19 "	*De Soto*	" 29 "
H. Hellier	" 20 "	*Arizona*	" 29 "
J. N. Kihlborn	" 23 "	*De Soto*	" 29 "
T. Brewer	" 23 "	*Ossipee*	Feb. 5 "
A. H. L. Boivie	" 28 "	*Dansville*	" 7 "
A. L. C. Boivie	" 28 "	*Dansville*	" 7 "
H. E. Hopkinson	" 29 "	East Gulf Squadron	Mch. 5 "

The Secretary of War, in answer to the resolution of the House, reports the number of Generals unemployed, length of time off duty, their staffs, and pay of each, with the number off duty in consequence of wounds received in the service: Major-Generals unemployed, 14; Brigadier-Generals, 11; total, 25. Staff-officers of the same, 25; three Colonels, one Lieutenant-Colonel, and seven Lieutenants. Total monthly pay of officers and their staffs, $12,200.

An order has been issued authorizing General BURNSIDE to recruit and fill up the 9th Army Corps to the number of 50,000 men. Major-General HANCOCK has been ordered to Pennsylvania, to superintend recruiting and volunteering for his corps. The General has power to increase his Army Corps to 50,000.

It is reported that Generals CADWALLADER, HUNTER, and WADSWORTH have been appointed a Commission for the purpose of investigating into the conduct of the campaign at Chicamauga.

LONGSTREET is fortifying at Bull's Gap. He is reported to have been reinforced by 12,000 infantry. His entire force is estimated at 34,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry.

The thirty-five men belonging to the First Massachusetts Cavalry who were captured by guerrillas a few days since made their escape from the rebels, and have all returned.

Fourteen rebel officers, among them Captain J. S. LEE, nephew of General ROBERT E. LEE, have been sent from the Old Capitol to Fort M'Henry for confinement.

The States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa have been formed into a military department, under the command of Major-General HEINTZELMAN, with head-quarters at Cincinnati.

Mr. WARFIELD, a merchant of Baltimore, has gone to Richmond, by the authority of the War Department, to endeavor to effect the exchange of Senator WHITE, of Pennsylvania, for General TRIMBLE, who is a relation of Mr. WARFIELD.

The rebel steamer *Florida* had completed her repairs at Brest, and anchored about two hundred yards from the *Kearsarge*. She would sail in February. A French vessel will accompany each, at an interval of twenty-four hours.

The Senate has passed resolutions of thanks to Generals HOOKER, MEADE, HOWARD, BURNSIDE, and BANKS, and their officers and men. Also a vote of thanks to CORNELIUS VANDERBILT for the steamer *Vanderbilt*.

Lieutenant-General SCOTT, a third time, entreats the forbearance of correspondents. He still receives thrice the number of letters he can read, and a multitude more than he can acknowledge. To open applications for autographs alone he finds oppressive, though it is long since he has answered one, and he hopes to be pardoned for adding that his observations on men and events are often misrepresented by letter-writers he has not seen.

Lieutenant HOLLOWAY, son of the Commissioner of Patents, while on a foraging expedition with thirty men from the Army of the Potomac, was captured by the enemy after a determined resistance, and is now *en route* for the Libey prison.

Captain FRANK W. MARSTON, of the Signal Corps of the Army of the Potomac, has been ordered to New Orleans as Chief Signal Officer of the Department of the Gulf.

EDWARD SMITH, Ninth New York Artillery, H. STONE, Second New York Cavalry, R. P. BARKER, Tenth New York Artillery, G. S. PROSSER, Ninth New York Artillery, and THOMAS FARRELL, Second New York Veteran Cavalry, have died in Washington during the past week.

Captain W. W. WHITE, Provost Marshal of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania district (Williamsport), has been dismissed the service, and arrested and lodged in the Old Capitol prison, for alleged frauds in the business of his office.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. SUYDAM, of the Cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, on Major-General PLEASANTON'S staff, has resigned his position, to accept the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Third New Jersey Cavalry, commanded by Colonel A. J. MORRISON.

Brigadier-General SAXTON was on New-Year's Day presented with a handsome sword by the negro troops of the Department of the South "as a testimonial of the gratitude of the freedmen for his sacrifices and labors to procure their liberty, protection, and elevation."

General GILMORE is trying the strength of one of his 300-pounder Parrotts. The gun is sighted for Charleston, and has been fired, at intervals of ten minutes, about 500 times, dropping a shell each time into the cradle of secession.

General DIX has promulgated an order for a Military Commission to meet at Fort Lafayette on the 19th inst. "to examine and investigate the cases of persons there retained other than prisoners of war and convicts." This is supposed to reach the Custom-house cases. Major JOHN A. BOLLES is Judge-Advocate.

On January 8 General MORGAN had a reception by the authorities at Richmond. Mayor MAYO welcomed him, and General J. R. B. STUART made one of the speeches.

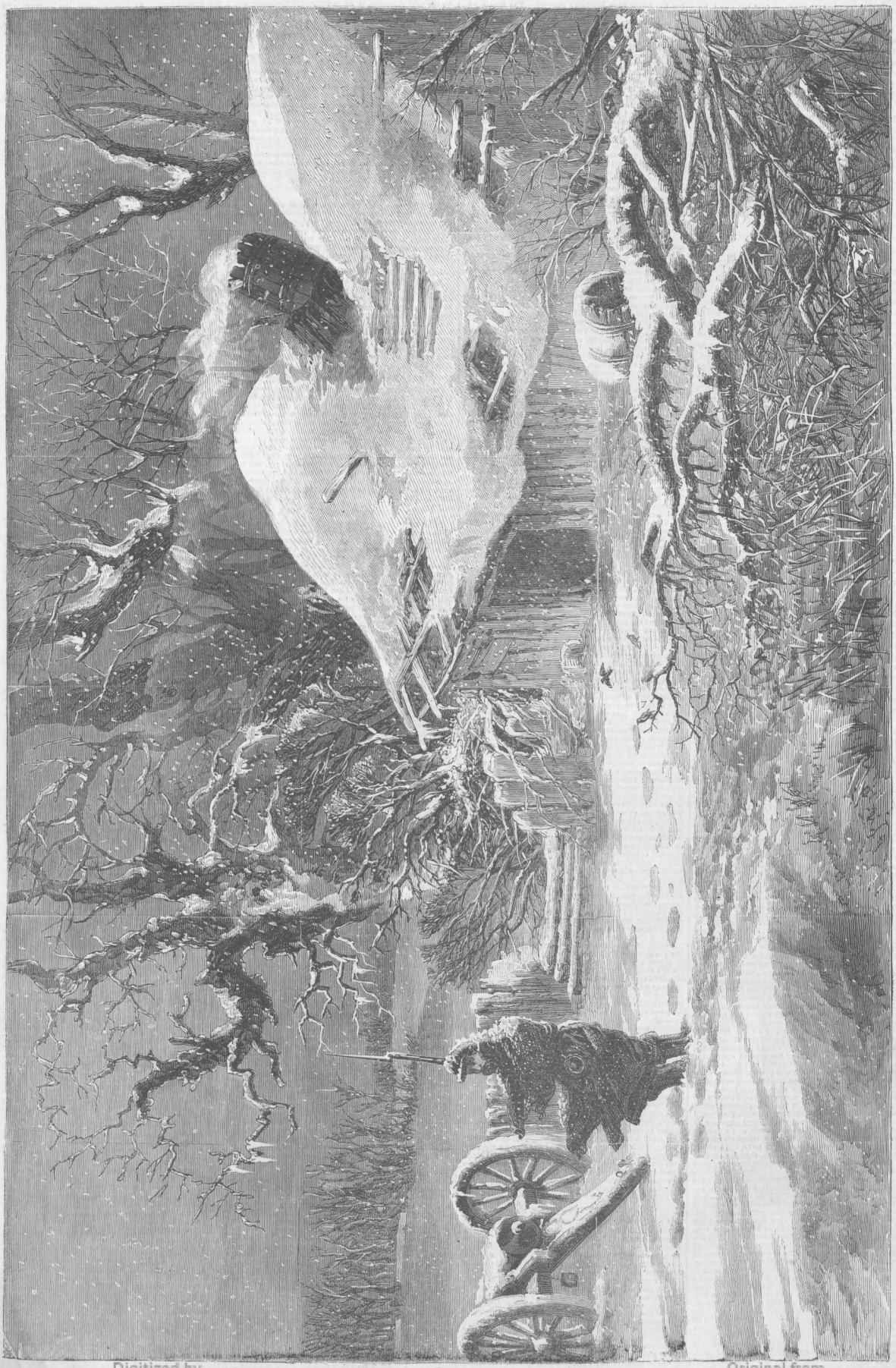
The body of a soldier was found hanging at Smith Mills, North Carolina, on the 14th instant, with the following words placarded upon it: "Here hangs private SAMUEL JONES, of the Fifth Ohio regiment, hung by order of Major-General PICKET, in retaliation for private DAVID BRIGHT, of the Sixty-second Georgia regiment. Hung December 18th, by order of Brigadier-General WILD."

Captain C. H. POTTER, of New York, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, and is assigned to duty under General HEINTZELMAN.

It is rumored that Major-General M'Clernand has resigned, or will soon resign, and appeal to the public against the injustice that has been done to him.

The estimated cost of clothing for the army during the next fiscal year is fifty-eight millions of dollars.

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SNOWY MORNING—ON PICKET.

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Wilson Chinn. Charles Taylor. Augusta Brady. Mary Johnson. Lizzie Willis. Rebecca Hugot. Robert Whitehead. Rosina Downs.

EMANCIPATED SLAVES, WHITE AND COLORED.—THE CHILDREN ARE FROM THE SCHOOLS ESTABLISHED IN NEW ORLEANS, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

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[From CHARLES DICKENS's "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

POLLY-MY-LAMB rang the bell for Mrs. Goodall, her mother's old attendant and housekeeper, and, pointing out the little pale figure, inquired if she knew by whom that house was tenanted.

"It's little Arthur Haggerdorn, as I live!" ejaculated Mrs. Goodall, holding up her hands. "If I didn't think he was dead, poor boy, and buried with his mother!"

She then informed her young mistress that the house was let in lodgings. Some weeks since a lady and her son had arrived, it was supposed from abroad, and had taken up their abode there. Both—the lady especially—were suffering from indisposition, which, after a few days, resulted in fever of a dangerous kind, and hurried the poor woman to her grave, whither the boy had nearly followed her. Indeed, Mrs. Goodall, too much occupied with the troubles at home to keep her usual vigilant eye upon her neighbors, imagined that he had really died.

Little or nothing was known of the pair beyond their name, which had an outlandish sound; but the lady having left behind her, among other things, several rich jewels and at least a hundred guineas in money, the worthy landlady, Mrs. Ascroft, saw no insecurity in exercising her kindly feelings, and had accordingly nursed the youth, with the greatest solicitude, through his illness up to his then present point of convalescence.

"If you please, miss," concluded Mrs. Goodall, "I'll pop over presently, about tea-time, and ask the good lady of the house something about him, poor orphan!"

If, however, "popping over" implies speedy return, as well as rapid movement, that portion of the plan was not adhered to. It was nearly three hours before Mrs. Goodall popped back. But, *then*, she was, like Jacques, "full of matter."

"If you please, miss," she began, "Mrs. Ascroft says you've been and saved his life."

"Saved his life!"

"Before he was ill, that's Arthur, he used to make Mrs. Ascroft tell him all about our misfortunes here. He would sit at the window hours together, neglecting his lessons and every thing else, and watching for you, though he could only catch a glimpse now and then, because you never went near the window, only walked wild-like up and down the room. He couldn't help crying sometimes (for you see, miss, 'tis only a child, and weak with his long illness), because he could do nothing for to help and comfort you; and when at last he heard that you was become an orphan, like himself, he went nearly frantic. After that he was so bad that they thought he was going, and, today, *he* thought so too, and made them promise that when they knew he had only a few more hours to live they would prop him up in his window, that he might see you once perfectly, if God would give him that comfort. And strange enough, you did come; and, what's stranger still, his sickness took a turn, and to-night the doctor said if the boy's kept quiet, and soothed, and let sleep, he will live. I went up and saw the poor thing—what's left of him, that is. He's like the ghost of an angel," concluded Mrs. Goodall, with vague psychology, "Such a beautiful countenance *I* never set eyes on!"

Polly-my-Lamb said little that evening, but her thoughts were not idle. The great purpose of her soul stood out, strong and dominant as ever; but a new idea had become associated with it. This boy, with his deep sympathy, and patient, persevering will, faithful even to the very threshold of death—this orphan, like herself, endowed with similar resolution—might he not, boy as he was, be the predestined instrument in the hands of that Providence which works by means unlooked-for by the wise to assist her in her filial purpose?

The little maiden's feet trembled somewhat as they bore her, more slowly than she had ever walked before, toward the window, on the morrow, and for a moment she could not raise her eyes. When she accomplished this, a warm blush—which must have been lying in ambush, so promptly did it appear—spread upward to the very roots of her auburn hair. There sat, or rather reclined, the beautiful boy, white and wasted, indeed, but with light and life in his eye, and a gay smile on his parted lips, his bright glossy hair dressed and curled as if for a holiday.

"It *is* a child, as Goodall said," soliloquized Polly-my-Lamb, half amused at her own agitation, half disappointed as the prospect of an efficient ally melted into air. "He looked so much older yesterday, the little thing!"

As she gazed the lad inclined his head respectfully, and did not raise it again for a moment, during which Polly-my-Lamb debated hastily with herself whether she should return his greeting. Just as she had resolved to indulge him by doing so, Stephen entered the room, and announced Sir James Polhill, who presently appeared, followed by another person. This second individual was a very slender man, with a bronzed face, and bright intelligent eyes. He bowed to the young lady, and remained near the door.

"Good-morrow, my dear young friend," said Sir James. "I told you yesterday that I hoped to introduce into our plans a new and very important auxiliary. Her you see him—Henry Armour—our most capable, and I may add, successful officer, for he has never yet been foiled in any of the cases (and they are not a few) confided to him. He has been in England but a few hours, and yet, strange to say, has managed to hit off the track which has evaded the rest of us, till your patience, like our own, has all but failed."

"Do you mean, Sir, that you have got upon the track of the murderers?" said Polly-my-Lamb, clasping her hands.

Mr. Armour bowed distinct assent.

"Oh!" she continued, hurriedly. "Oh, never leave them! Why are you here *now*? They may escape the while."

"Calm yourself, my dear," said the magistrate, "and you shall know as much as *we* know. Tell her every thing, Armour."

Thereupon Mr. Armour produced a small packet, and, opening it, displayed a richly enameled snuff-box, in the centre of the lid of which appeared a gold shield bearing heraldic devices, and surmounted by an earl's coronet. This he placed upon the table, as if it were to be his text, and, in clear and quiet tones, delivered himself as follows:

"Sir James has been pleased, Madam, to pay me a compliment, of which, in this case at least, I am wholly undeserving. It is to sheer good fortune, not sagacity, we owe this clew. After having been made acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, and satisfied myself that no sort of suspicion attached to any of your household, while, at the same time, it was clear that the habits of your father had been ascertained by the assailants, it occurred to me that strict inquiry should be made in the immediate vicinity, with a view of learning whether any person or persons had been noticed *watching* the house and its inmates, prior to the occurrence. At the very first place—a lodging-house—exactly opposite—"

"Mrs. Ascroft's!"

"You know her, Madam? A very respectable, sharp-witted woman. She told me at once that, about the period we were speaking of, a person of gentlemanly demeanor, with light bushy hair, and rather profuse beard, engaged two rooms, front and back, on her second floor. He took a dislike to the back room, complaining of stable noises, and so forth, caused his bed to be removed into the front, certainly far less quiet, apartment, and there, though to all appearance in the enjoyment of perfect health, he passed the greater portion of his days, and probably all the nights, in bed! Occasionally he walked out in the evenings, always carefully muffled up. Altogether, Mrs. Ascroft was so little satisfied with her lodger's singular ways that she was rather pleased than otherwise to receive a note from him, late one evening, intimating that though he had engaged his lodging for another week he did not purpose to return; and requested that his luggage might be forwarded to the coffee-house from which his communication was dated. Now, what was the date of this man's occupancy? Unfortunately, Mrs. Ascroft was unable to determine it within several days. It was certainly in March, and, as nearly as she could remember, just previous to the presumed murder. His effects, consisting only of a small quantity of clothes and linen—the latter marked with the initials 'H. H.'—were sent to Sim's coffee-house, as he had directed."

But now came the important feature. That back room, abandoned by the lodger, had, within these few days, been denuded of its principal furniture, preparatory to some repairs in the wainscoting, when, between the wall and a heavy clothes-press, was discovered the snuff-box now submitted to the young lady's inspection. Well, it was but a snuff-box; but observe the arms and coronet. On a fesse wavy azure, three falcons sable, with jesses of the first. Motto, "Picke and Pille," the old words for "filch and plunder." Coronet of an earl. This was the blazon of the noble house of Hawkweed, whose present head was the reputed father of the greatest villain in London, "Lord Lob." "And it is a well-known whim of that unblushing miscreant," added Mr. Armour, who had a profound respect for heraldry, "to desecrate this illustrious badge by placing it on every object he possesses."

As it chanced, no one had since occupied the room, excepting for a few days, the deceased Mrs. Haggerdorn, and hers the box could not be, since her son, who had had charge of all she possessed, remembered no such article.

"Our inference is," concluded the officer, "that the mysterious lodger was Lord Lob himself, in one of the disguises in which he excels; that the snuff-box accidentally slipped out of his sight and memory, and thus providentially supplied a clew of which we will never let go."

"You see, therefore, my dear," said the worthy magistrate, as comment on the address of his subordinate, "there is, at length, every probability of success attending our efforts. Hitherto, I own, the suspicions attaching to this leader of Black-Thumbs were not sufficiently defined to justify the risks that must be run in getting hold of him. Armed with this little talisman" (he patted the snuff-box), "we shall be no longer troubled with such scruples; though I warn you that the fellow we have to deal with, the pest of London, is the most crafty, as well as the most daring of outlaws, and must be encountered with qualities like his own—ingenuity and hardihood. If Armour succeeds—"

(Mr. Armour smiled slightly, and his lips mutely assumed that form which would be necessary to pronounce the word "*if*.")

"—he will have well earned the most liberal reward your generosity has proposed for him. You look pale and agitated, and no wonder! Farewell, my dear, for the present. When I come again, I trust it will be to bring you important tidings."

Why does the girl tremble as she moves up and down the room; and, stopping at length, sinks on her knees before her father's picture on the spot where she had so lately recorded her solemn vow?

In the afternoon Polly-my-Lamb made up her mind to send for Mrs. Ascroft, and question her further on the subject of her lodger and her snuff-box.

That lady came, and not only related at considerable length what she could bring to bear on this topic, but further touched upon the subject of her late lodgers; and, receiving no check, launched out boldly into praises of the poor boy, whom she had nursed and cared for, till she was as fond of him as though he had been her own.

"He thinks of you all day, and I am confident dreams of no one else all night. Whatever you may call it, this fancy of his will be his life or death, according as you please to behave."

"*Behave!*" repeated Polly-my-Lamb, aghast at this plain speaking.

"Well, miss," continued Mrs. Ascroft, "last night, for the first time, he slept so quietly it was a treat to look at him; and he was up to-day as fresh as a rose; you might see him getting well under your very eyes! I wish, ma'am—if I might make so bold" (dropping a courtesy), "you would be so kind, now and then, as just to look out of the window!"

Polly-my-Lamb blushed scarlet, and executed a frown, which, however, having no constitution to speak of, faded presently away. The blush, conscious of itself, remained.

"You needn't look at *him*, you see," pleaded Mrs. Ascroft, earnestly.

Polly-my-Lamb smiled, and the landlady, with a woman's quick perception, saw it was a favorable moment to take her departure.

"It will be the saving of an innocent young life, if you should, miss."

This shot was fired from the door, and Polly-my-Lamb was alone. Suppose we leave her so? What do you think? She is a dear, good girl, and may be trusted. Goodness forbid that we should be guilty of the meanness of watching her!

All we know further is that, about three o'clock that same day, Master Arthur Haggerdorn rallied considerably: so much so that if, in the morning, he had reminded Mrs. Ascroft of a rose, he might, in the evening, have been easily mistaken for a peony.

CHAPTER IV.

SIR JAMES POLHILL sat in council with his vizier.

"Yes, I think it will do," said the chief. "After all, however, we want motive, eh?"

"We have that also, Sir James, as I will show you, with permission. I found a moment or two, this morning, to have some talk with the clerk, Middlemiss. He has always been persuaded that his principal had private dealings with the Amsterdam house, Dietrich & Co., who failed about a year since under circumstances which rendered them liable to a criminal process. Yes, Middlemiss believes that Mr. Humpage, from motives of generosity, assisted the house with considerable advances, though it is certain that no securities in their names can be found among his papers. The clerk's belief is grounded upon other circumstances with which I need not trouble you. Some suspicion of the rectitude of these people—Dietrich & Co.—may have induced Mr. Humpage to discontinue his support—perhaps even to press for repayment of his former loans—and, in revenge, or to evade such claims, this crime may have been devised or perpetrated. The younger Dietrich is known by the Dutch police as one of the most reckless scoundrels unhanged—a commercial pirate. However, this latter part, except as to Dietrich's character, is only our conjecture, since no record exists of Mr. Humpage's transactions with them beyond the payment of several large sums, without apparent consideration, one at least of which passed through the hands of their agent in London."

"It wears a likely aspect, Armour; and Lord Lob was a man exactly to their hand," said Sir James, as cheerfully as if the fact had been of the most providential character. "But now, mind what you are about in tackling this fellow. You'll find it as much as you can manage. I'm not nervous in such matters, as you will allow, but I don't mind owning that I shall not be entirely at ease in *this* till I have his lordship in limbo and yourself in a whole skin. You may smile, Armour, but I can not afford to have a vacancy in the police body, which, upon my word, I should be at a loss to fill."

"No fear, Sir James," said the officer, with his accustomed coolness. "When do you want him?"

"No sooner than you can put the needful amount of salt on his tail."

"I shall take him to-night."

"To-night? Why, Armour, you're a wizard!" cried Sir James, rubbing his hands, and becoming infected with the other's confidence. "But what's your plan?"

"There's a row among the gang—a split. What it is I can not make out, but our luck is certainly on the mend, for this very day, after we left Jermyn Street, and while I was getting my chop in the Haymarket, up comes a fellow dressed like a country parson, only with a very bad wig that even a parson wouldn't wear, and sits down opposite. When the waiter's back was turned he took off his left-hand glove, and showed his thumb—black as ink! 'Hem!' says the reverend gentleman. 'Hem!' says I. 'You want an audience of my lord?' says the country parson. 'Well,' says I, using my tooth-pick: 'I—well—I *should* like to have a couple o' words with him; but it ain't pressing, or I could easily prevail on his porter, or one of his lackeys, to show me up.'

"'You're a liar,' replied the reverend gentleman, but not rudely. 'You couldn't do nothing o' the sort, and you knows it. Think you can gammon *me!*'

"'Twould take a sharper chap than me to do *that*, Mr. —— Smith,' says I, civilly (for he's open to flattery, is Bob Caunter). 'But about this said porter. I still think—'

"'The porter's come to *you*, Master Armour,' says he, cutting me short, 'to tell you that if you want my lord, you must look for him to-night, or not at all. Our establishment's broke up. The head cook's giv' warning. The butler's sold the lush and bolted with the money. There's a paragraph gone to the *Newsman*—you'll see it to-morrow: "Fash'nable movement.—Lord Lob, he's giv' up his princely establishment in the Adelphi, and left London with his soote, for a perlonged tour."'

"'Are you telling me the truth?' I says, as a matter of form.

"'Yes, I am,' says he, grinding his teeth savagely. 'He's a tyrant and—and a thief!'

"'No! Nonsense!' says I. 'You can't mean *that*. Thief?'

"'You come to-night,' he says, 'that's all. Nine o'clock, punctual. Here,' and he wrote an address on a card. 'Bring a hundred redbreasts if you like, only keep 'em dark till they're wanted.'

"'All right,' says I. 'What's the porter's fee?'

"'Gratified revenge,' said the fellow, putting his mouth close to my ear, and was off before I could get out another word."

"A fortunate split," said the pleased magistrate. "Success attend you!"

About nine that evening, Mr. Armour, in seedy attire, with two brace of pistols in his pockets, sauntered carelessly along the Strand, while a *very* close observer might have been aware of other five seedy figures, moving in a like direction, and gradually diminishing the intervals between him and each other as all converged toward the entrance of a dark and narrow side-street in the Adelphi.

An individual in rusty black, walking in the same direction, here brushed past the officer, who turned and spoke to his nearest follower.

"Watch the house, number nineteen; come to shot or whistle. If I don't reappear in twenty minutes, force entrance."

The man in black halted at the bottom, before a corner house, one face of which apparently looked upon the river. As Armour closed up to him he muttered, interrogatively,

"You've enough?"

"Nine," replied the other, coolly, throwing in the additional four as a compliment.

"Get them closer. Are you mad? Follow me."

Armour made a signal to the folks in darkness, then boldly entered the robbers' den.

"How many?" he asked, glancing up the dark and narrow stair.

"Alone," was the answer. "In the lumber-garret, at the very top of the house; no retreat but by this stair, or a jump of ninety feet into the Thames."

Armour's pulse beat a thought quicker. He could hardly imagine that the redoubted robber would be captured so easily. He griped a pistol with one hand, and his conductor's arm with the other.

"Look you, my friend, if you play the doubles on me, *you*, at least, shall not live to brag of it."

"Don't be an infernal fool!" was the reply. "Keep quiet. We're within ten steps of his door. I'm going in. Stand close, and, when you hear me stumble over a chair, dash in. I'll help you, if necessary."

Toward the top the staircase became so narrow that one person alone could with difficulty pass. Above was a small landing, and at the back of it a door, through the cracks of which light was streaming.

The officer stood aside, in the darkness, while his guide made a signal at the door, and, without awaiting answer, quietly entered. There was a low murmur of voices, in question and answer, but though they occasionally rose high enough for the alert listener to distinguish words, he was unable to make out a connected sentence. Then there was a pause. Some one paced the room; perhaps the traitor, preparing the way for his signal—then there was a shuffling of feet—then there was silence again. Armour began to fear that his people might break in, and increase the difficulty as much as they would diminish the glory of the capture, by making an alarm. No! A chair was suddenly dashed from end to end of the apartment. The officer rushed in like a bull-dog!

Half dazzled by the blaze of light, it required a second or two to show him that he stood in a small well-furnished apartment, in which was one person only: a young man, habited in a rich loose dressing-gown and embroidered cap, seated at a table, on which were wines and fruit, smoking a Turkish pipe. He had a fair womanish face, and, with a rather languishing, dandified manner, motioned to the astonished officer to take a chair.

"How are you, Henry? Sit down, my boy. I was sorry to keep you kicking your heels on that dull landing. There was a little matter to settle" (his eyes glanced toward a window which the officer now observed to be open). "But put up those toys of yours. You fellows are never happy but when you're fiddling with a pistol-butt. Have some wine. My name's Lord Lob. What can I do for you?"

"You young sprigs of fashion," said the officer, trying to adopt the other's tone, "sometimes leave London without settling all your accounts. Now, I've a little one here."

"A warrant, eh?" said Lord Lob, good-humoredly, refilling his pipe from a satin tobacco-pouch, on which his arms were wrought. "What *is* a warrant? I never saw one close. Pitch it over."

"I can't do that, my lord," said Armour; "but here it is, you see. It's not quite so large as a patent of nobility; but perhaps it's big enough to be a match for yours."

"Ha! ha! Good. Henry makes a joke!" said his lordship, with a languid titter. "But to come to business, since you're not bright enough for a buffoon; what is your commerce with us, old merchant of capiases, and purveyor of any amount of hardware of the jug description?"

"There are several dozen little matters requiring your attention," said Armour; "but the latest is this affair in Jermyn Street. Look you, my lord, my time is precious, and, besides, I'm afraid that if you don't come with me at once, the highly respectable lodgers below will have their slumbers broken by some impatient friends of mine, who must be rather near your door."

"Go with *you*, Hal, eh?" said Lord Lob, as though considering of the proposal. "Humph! By-the-way, I saw you looking round just now, wondering, and very naturally, what has become of the excellent young man who accompanied you here? Step this way."

He rose, and strolled toward the window, followed by the officer.

"Look out!"

Keeping all the time fully on his guard, Armour peeped out. The window, as he had supposed, looked down upon the river, now at ebb, and was not much less than a hundred feet from the ground. The moon had risen, and Armour, to his horror, distinctly saw the form of the traitor thief, lying

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doubled up as no living man could lie, as he had been flung headlong from the window. The struggle he had overheard was fearfully accounted for.

"The fool forgot the window!" sneered the robber, his fair face distorted like a fiend's. "Let other fools take warning. Look here!"

He made a sudden movement, as though to leap through the window; but, checking himself suddenly, slipped under the officer's uplifted arm, and, making one bound toward the door, disappeared. Quick and unexpected as the action was, the ready officer had drawn a pistol and fired, even as the door was flung in his face. Then he dashed after. There was an alarm below; there were shouts, and the rattles of the watch, as these latter, roused by the attack of the police upon the house, hastened to contribute their quota of noise if not of assistance. The alarmed inhabitants of the place, which wore the appearance of a low lodging-house, ran to and fro in wild confusion. They were collected, and placed in custody for the moment, while the house was searched from top to bottom. All, however, was in vain. There was no trace of the fugitive nobleman. By what outlet he had escaped no one could divine. Gone he was—and there an end!

Burning with rage and disappointment, Armour hastened round to the rear of the house where he had seen the body of the murdered spy. There it still lay. They lifted it up. The clothes were his sure enough, but the body was represented by a brown pillow. Lord Lob had himself enacted the part of one of his own gang.

"Done, and doubly done!" growled Mr. Armour, as he moved disconsolately home.

HOSPITAL AND CAMP INCIDENTS.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

No. I.

OF the many beneficent organizations which the spirit of sympathy with the army has originated undoubtedly the Sanitary Commission possesses by far the greatest capabilities for usefulness, and has accomplished the largest work in the direction of relieving the wants and promoting the comfort of the soldier. Comprehensive and minute in its operations, methodical to a fault, reaching every where, and for the most part extending its aid where no other agency could penetrate, it watches over and cares for the sick, the wounded, and the suffering with the solicitude of parental affection; provides for the comfort and health of the soldier in camp, flies to his relief after every battle, nurses him in the hospital, brings to him in every relation something of the comforts of home, and compels him to feel that his country is not forgetful of his necessities nor indifferent to his services. Co-operating in every thing with the Government, this Commission is yet peculiarly the representative of the popular instinct and purpose. It is emphatically the PEOPLE'S minister and almoner in the work of administering relief and consolation. It distributes *their* clothing, medicines, fruits, vegetables; it repeats *their* words of cheer and encouragement; it presents the spectacle of *their* noble sympathy to the soldier's waiting eye. From every corner of the land contributions have poured into and through its treasury to those whose valor has given a new lustre to our flag. The rich have given their thousands; the poor, where money could not be sent, have bestowed such supplies of clothing as they could spare from their scanty wardrobes; the gifted have lent their pens and voices, the unlearned the labor of their hands to the promotion of the common object. From the backwoods the adventurous settlers, in suits of homespun, have driven into market loads of wood, of potatoes, apples, and other fruits, that they might realize something to contribute to this Commission. In the cities noble-hearted women have gathered the dribblets of charity into common channels of benevolence, organizing fairs, concerts, and what not in aid of this cause. In the still darkness of many a night, in lonely farm-houses, and at pleasant hamlet firesides, nimble fingers have worked rejoicingly in the preparation of garments for the lorn and suffering ones in field and garrison; in chill fields, on rustling country slopes, with the same end in view, bronzed and horny hands have "husked" through busy days shocks of yellow corn, heaping the affluent ears in shining mounds, thoughts of the good the proceeds of the labor would do the soldier making warm and glad the hearts beating under the huskers' ragged jackets.

The actual magnitude of the work performed by the people through this Commission can not, of course, be expressed in words. But an approximate estimate has been made, in a late report of the Assistant Secretary, from which it can be stated that the gifts of the women of the country, made through the Commission, exceed in value the sum of $7,000,000. The whole amount, in money, received by the Treasurer of the Commission up to the 1st of October last, was $857,715 33, which has been swelled, including the receipts of the recent great Fairs at Boston, Cincinnati, and Chicago, to certainly more than $1,000,000. These statements, however, by no means present any adequate idea of the results achieved; labors have been performed and services rendered to which no mere money value can be attached. The present expenditures of the Commission, with quiet every where in our armies, amount to $45,000 a month; hundreds of men needing "special relief" are daily cared for at the "homes" it has established; and almost hourly, at some point in the extended theatre of military operations, fresh demands are made upon its resources and met. Not only do its steamboats and wagon teams follow the army every where, but its agents are constantly employed in the equally important works of sanitary and hospital inspection, and the like, the results of which, as revealed in the physical condition of the soldier, no arithmetic could probably estimate.

But while the country will never know, in any adequate degree, what has really been accomplished through this Commission, certain specific results will undoubtedly be discovered to the public which will amply confirm its title to a place in history. Some results of this character are already developed, and a few of these—as illustrating the vast achievements which must ever remain unknown, and as showing the benefits the Commission has conferred—we shall enumerate in this and succeeding papers.

THE WORK AT GETTYSBURG.

The work of the Commission at Gettysburg, in July last, was a type of that which it has performed on every important battle-field since the war commenced. With the first news of the battle a dépôt was established at Westminster, the nearest point of railroad communication. From that place supplies were pushed forward, under fire, to reach the wounded on the left wing of the army, and a large amount of special supplies was also distributed to the corps hospitals, and to scattering groups of wounded on the field, long before any supplies arrived by railroad. Immediately after the battle a Lodge was established on the field, and this became at once the centre of a system of distribution, whose results were most beneficent.

At the railroad dépôt in the town, the Commission had large tents erected for the reception and refreshment of the wounded when brought in from the distant hospitals. They had also large storetents filled to repletion with all manner of supplies. A cook-house was erected and fitted up with caldrons, stoves, and a steam apparatus, all of which were in constant operation day and night, ten cooks and between thirty and forty attendants being employed in preparing and dealing out such nourishment as the circumstances admitted. All possible appliances, indeed, which long experience and considerate forethought could anticipate for so extreme a necessity, such as clothes, crutches, shoes, pads, pillows, splints, lint, bandages, and every kind of stimulant were furnished with unceasing diligence and attention. Some of the Commission agents, moreover, labored in the dressing of wounds which the surgeons on the field had been unable to give proper attention; and scores of lives were in this way, it is believed, saved to the country. Before leaving on the trains every wounded soldier had his canteen filled with water, and was supplied with an extra cup of coffee, soup, or broth, as was preferred; subsequently, when the corps hospitals had been relieved of all who were able to be removed a long distance, the more seriously wounded were gathered up by the agents of the Commission, and carried to Camp Letterman, where they established a permanent station, co-operating for a long time afterward with the corps of army surgeons and nurses in the work of relief.

GRATITUDE OF THOSE RELIEVED.

Of course such care as the Commission bestowed on the wounded and the sick deeply affected the majority of those to whom even a cup of cold water was a blessing. One who was present during the whole time the Commission labored in that field says, that of all the sixteen thousand who were transported during their stay not one went away without a comfortable meal; and all, rebels and Unionists alike, were full of gratitude. The rebels seemed especially grateful—the more so, no doubt, as they had been taught to expect very different treatment. Often the men would say, when their wounds were dressed, "That feels *so* good, I haven't been so cared for since I left home." After the wounds were attended to the men were dressed in clean clothes—socks, slippers, shirts, drawers, and often dressing-gowns, the latter seeming to afford especial delight to the recipients. Lying in clean and comfortable rows—"on dress parade" as they called it—every face, as the nurses passed to and fro, seemed luminous, every hurt and loss was forgotten in the fervent gratitude inspired by the manifestations of interest in their behalf.

Among the contributions sent to the field by a town in New York State was a quantity of cologne. This seemed to reach the hearts of the men quite as quickly as their noses. "Isn't that good, now?" "That kinder gives a fellow life!" and similar exclamations, ran from tent to tent as the bottles were tipped on the clean handkerchiefs, which some other thoughtful aid society had furnished.

The touching incidents which the delegates of the Commission report from this bloody field are, of course, varied and numerous.

A REBEL LIEUTENANT AND HIS BROTHER.

Late one afternoon, too late for the cars, a train of ambulances arrived at the Lodge of the Commission with over 100 wounded rebels to be cared for during the night. Many of them were but slightly injured, but one of the number, a Lieutenant, was so weak and faint that it seemed impossible to do any thing to restore him. In appearance he seemed a mere boy, with a clear, innocent face, bright blue eyes, and hair that any New England girl might have worn with pride. One of the nurses took him in charge; but he wanted nothing; he had not been willing to eat for days, his comrades said. Finally, however, he was induced to take a little gruel, which he keenly relished; so much so that for hours afterward he talked of his "good supper," thanking his attendants over and over again for their kindness. But all the while he was growing weaker, and at midnight a change came; and from that time he thought and prattled only of the old days before he was a soldier, when he sang hymns in his father's church. He sang them now again, in a clear, sweet voice, that had the deep longing of a sick soul in it. "Lord, have mercy on me!" he cried now and then; then songs without words—a sort of low intoning—rippled from his pale lips. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in South Carolina; and the lessons of his childhood were floating back upon him in the dark hours through which he was going down into the deeper shadow. All the day following the nurses watched him, sometimes fighting his battles over, often singing his Lutheran chants, till suddenly, at the tent door, close to which he lay, appeared a rebel soldier, just arrived with other prisoners. He started when he saw the Lieutenant, and, hurriedly kneeling by him, called him by name; but the ears were deaf then to the call of love. Then, rising, he told the attendants that the Lieutenant's brother was wounded and a prisoner not far away; upon which some of the party started after him, returning not long after, carrying him in their arms. But he too was a stranger to Henry—for so the Lieutenant was called; and the comer lay down at his side on the straw, and there remained for the rest of the day, the little group gathered around watching and listening to the strong, clear voice singing, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" The Lord, looking down, *had* mercy. The day faded, and the night came on; but with the sunset the troubled heart grew still, and the stars, opening their soft eyes, saw only a pale face with the death dews on it in the midst of the group. A rude coffin was obtained, and the body placed in it; but all night long the wounded brother lay close against it, as if unwilling to be separated even from the ashes of him whose feet had pattered right beside his own all the way up from childhood to the borders of that river which all must cross some solemn day. But in the morning duty called—the prisoners must march; and, with tears on his face, the bereaved one went away with his comrades, leaving Henry to be buried by those who had so tenderly cared for him while living; first, however, thanking them all for what they had done, and giving them all he had to show his gratitude, namely, a palmetto ornament from the dead brother's cap and a button from his coat. That same morning Henry was laid away to his long sleep, a surgeon of the Commission reading the burial service, and a delegate writing his name on the little head-board of his narrow bed: "Lieutenant Rauch, Fourteenth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers."

THE CRAZY SOLDIER AND HIS WIFE.

Among the wounded soldiers who one night came into the Commission Lodge was an elderly man, sick, injured, and crazy, singing and talking constantly of home. The attendants did what they could for him, pleasing him especially with a present of a red flannel shirt, drawers, and red calico dressing-gown, in which he dressed himself, and then wrote to his wife, giving the letter to one of the nurses to mail for him. The next morning he was sent away with a detachment of the wounded, and his case was almost forgotten, when, in the early evening, two tired women appeared at the Lodge, who proved to be his wife and sister. They had come hurriedly from their home to meet him, and had arrived just too late. He had been crazy before the war, his wife said, but not for ten years past. He had been yearning to get home after having been wounded, and had written to his wife to come and carry him away. It seemed almost the wildest insanity for two lone, timid women, who had never been away from their own quiet town, to undertake to find a soldier among so many sent in so many different directions; but the persons at the Lodge helped them all they could, giving them all the information in their possession, and so they started on their search. A week passed, and nothing was heard of either husband or wife; then there came a letter full of gratitude, saying that the lost had been found, and would soon be home again with his dear ones around him to console by tender ministrations for all pains and all losses.

THE GERMAN MOTHER AND HER QUILT.

Another night two fathers with their wounded sons and an old German mother with her boy arrived at the Commission Camp, and were furnished its advantages. The old mother had come all the way from Wisconsin, bringing with her a patchwork bed-quilt for her son, thinking he might have lost his blanket; and that night, as he lay in the Lodge, that quilt covered him, and the mother's hand soothed and ministered to him, her kind eyes looking into his, all the deep affection of her soul shining through them. The old woman was intensely patriotic. She had three sons, she said, in the army; one had been killed, and this boy wounded; but she counted her sacrifices as nothing; "she'd be a soldier herself if she could." How the sublime devotion and unselfish patriotism of this noble woman—and of thousands like her all through the land—should shame the miserable cowards who, in nooks and corners, and sometimes openly in the market-place, declaim against this righteous war, and clamor for a peace involving the dishonor and lasting humiliation of the nation.

WHITE AND COLORED SLAVES.

No. 1 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

THE group of emancipated slaves whose portraits I send you were brought by Colonel Hanks and Mr. Philip Bacon from New Orleans, where they were set free by General Butler. Mr. Bacon went to New Orleans with our army, and was for eighteen months employed as Assistant-Superintendent of Freedmen, under the care of Colonel Hanks. He established the first school in Louisiana for emancipated slaves, and these children were among his pupils. He will soon return to Louisiana to resume his labor.

REBECCA HUGER is eleven years old, and was a slave in her father's house, the special attendant of a girl a little older than herself. To all appearance she is perfectly white. Her complexion, hair, and features show not the slightest trace of negro blood. In the few months during which she has been at school she has learned to read well, and writes as neatly as most children of her age. Her mother and grandmother live in New Orleans, where they support themselves comfortably by their own labor. The grandmother, an intelligent mulatto, told Mr. Bacon that she had "raised" a large family of children, but these are all that are left to her.

ROSINA DOWNS is not quite seven years old. She is a fair child, with blonde complexion and silky hair. Her father is in the rebel army. She has one sister as white as herself, and three brothers who are darker. Her mother, a bright mulatto, lives in New Orleans in a poor hut, and has hard work to support her family.

CHARLES TAYLOR is eight years old. His complexion is very fair, his hair light and silky. Three out of five boys in any school in New York are darker than he. Yet this white boy, with his mother, as he declares, has been twice sold as a slave. First by his father and "owner," Alexander Wethers, of Lewis County, Virginia, to a slave-trader named Harrison, who sold them to Mr. Thornhill of New Orleans. This man fled at the approach of our army, and his slaves were liberated by General Butler. The boy is decidedly intelligent, and though he has been at school less than a year he reads and writes very well. His mother is a mulatto; she had one daughter sold into Texas before she herself left Virginia, and one son who, she supposes, is with his father in Virginia.

These three children, to all appearance of unmixed white race, came to Philadelphia last December, and were taken by their protector, Mr. Bacon, to the St. Lawrence Hotel on Chestnut Street. Within a few hours, Mr. Bacon informed me, he was notified by the landlord that they must leave. The children, he said, had been slaves, and must therefore be colored persons, and he kept a hotel for white people. From this hospitable establishment the children were taken to the "Continental," where they were received without hesitation.

WILSON CHINN is about 60 years old, he was "raised" by Isaac Howard of Woodford County, Kentucky. When 21 years old he was taken down the river and sold to Volsey B. Marmillion, a sugar planter about 45 miles above New Orleans. This man was accustomed to brand his negroes, and Wilson has on his forehead the letters "V. B. M." Of the 210 slaves on this plantation 105 left at one time and came into the Union camp. Thirty of them had been branded like cattle with a hot iron, four of them on the forehead, and the others on the breast or arm.

AUGUSTA BROUJEY is nine years old. Her mother, who is almost white, was owned by her half-brother, named Solamon, who still retains two of her children.

MARY JOHNSON was cook in her master's family in New Orleans. On her left arm are scars of three cuts given to her by her mistress with a rawhide. On her back are scars of more than fifty cuts given by her master. The occasion was that one morning she was half an hour behind time in bringing up his five o'clock cup of coffee. As the Union army approached she ran away from her master, and has since been employed by Colonel Hanks as cook.

ISAAC WHITE is a black boy of eight years; but none the less intelligent than his whiter companions. He has been in school about seven months, and I venture to say that not one boy in fifty would have made as much improvement in that space of time.

ROBERT WHITEHEAD—the Reverend Mr. Whitehead perhaps we ought to style him, since he is a regularly-ordained preacher—was born in Baltimore. He was taken to Norfolk, Virginia, by a Dr. A. F. N. Cook, and sold for $1550; from Norfolk he was taken to New Orleans, where he was bought for $1775 by a Dr. Leslie, who hired him out as house and ship painter. When he had earned and paid over that sum to his master, he suggested that a small present for himself would be quite appropriate. Dr. Leslie thought the request reasonable, and made him a donation of a whole quarter of a dollar. The reverend gentleman can read and write well, and is a very stirring speaker. Just now he belongs to the church militant, having enlisted in the United States army.

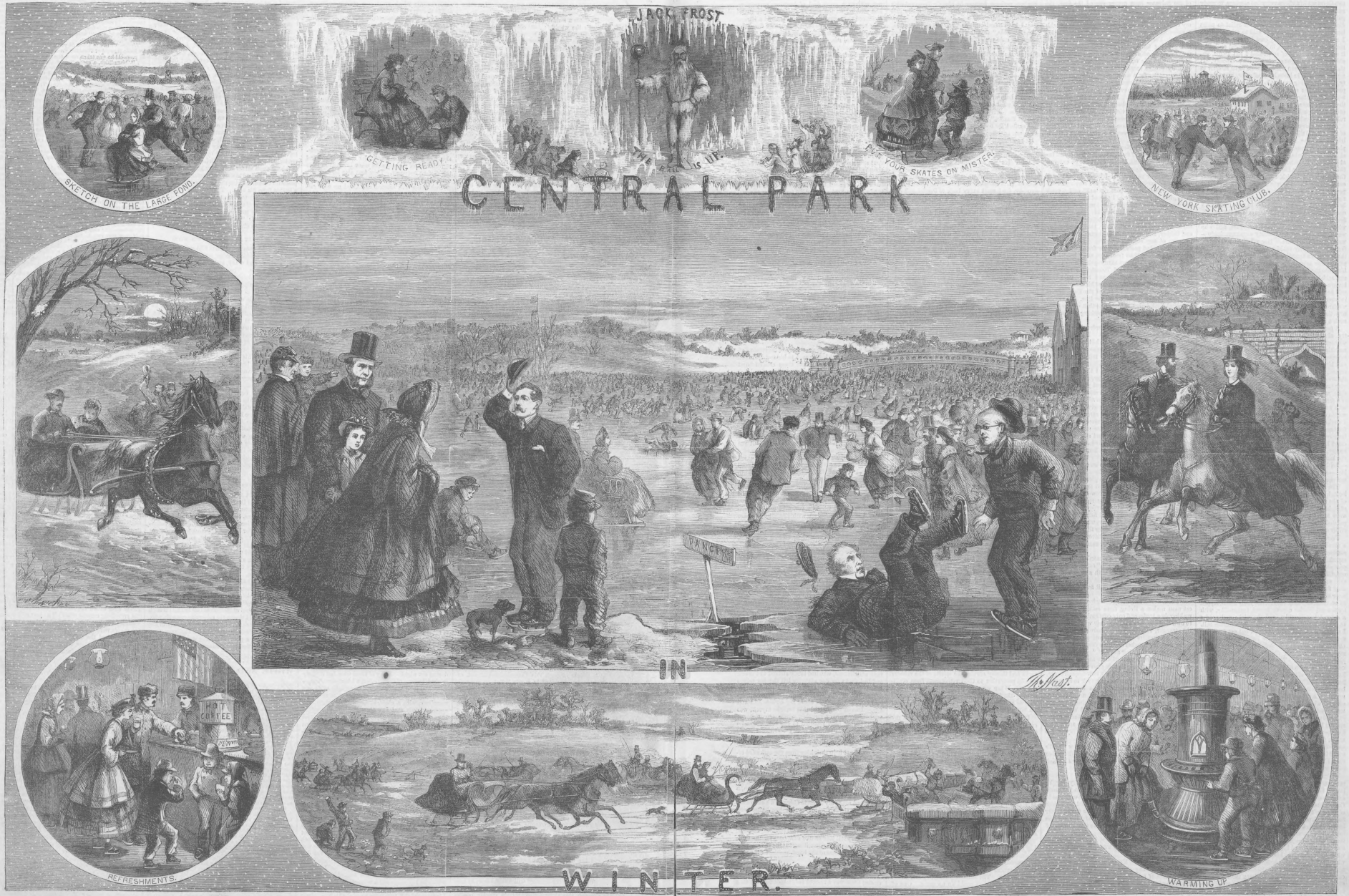
A large photograph of the whole group which you reproduce has been taken, and *cartes de visite* of the separate figures. They are for sale at the rooms of the National Freedman's Relief Association, No. 1 Mercer Street, New York, or I will send them by mail on receipt of the price: $1 for the large picture, 25 cents each for the small ones. The profits to go to the support of the schools in Louisiana. C. C. LEIGH.

BURNING OF THE COMPANIA AT SANTIAGO, CHILI.

ON the 8th of December last, at Santiago, the capital of Chili, there occurred a tragedy which, in its kind, finds scarcely a parallel in history.

We give on page 65 engravings of THE CHURCH OF THE COMPANIA AND ITS RUINS, from photographs kindly sent to us by CHARLES S. RAND, Esq., Secretary of Legation. Ever since 1857, when the mystery of the Immaculate Conception was born at Rome, this church has celebrated by the most magnificent of festivals the "Month of Mary," beginning with the 8th of November and ending with the 8th of December, under the auspices of the priest Ugarte, who stands at the head of the Sisterhood (or Daughters of the Virgin), in which were enrolled nearly all the ladies of the fashionable capital. For thirty days had this festival been going on, prodigal of splendor, until it was now about to culminate in an illumination which Ugarte had promised the Roman Nuncio should outrival those of Rome herself. The lighting up had taken from mid-afternoon, for there were over twenty thousand lights, mostly camphene; and in the mean time the church had been filling to its utmost capacity, until, at quarter past seven, it contained more than three thousand women and a few hundred men, all in a kneeling posture, the church, unlike those to which we are accustomed, being without pews. Over the altar was an image representing Murillo's Madonna of the Immaculate Conception, her feet resting upon a crescent, which, being illuminated, became a crescent of fire. But no sooner so than, from one extremity, by the overflowing of the gas, a stream of flame issued forth, catching into a blaze the flimsy transparency above, and stretching upward toward the tinsel and gauze with which the roof was decorated, followed the prevailing current of air till a sheet of flame surmounted the kneeling multitude below. Those in the centre were the first to appreciate the peril, and rushed toward the entrance, over those who, still kneeling near the door, were anxious to retain their places, and thus an obstacle was placed in the way of those attempting to escape, who in their haste became hopelessly entangled in each other's dresses, while those still in the rear, hurried by the hurrying flames, pushed on and became themselves entangled above the double embankment of bodies underneath. There were but two avenues of escape, and before these lay the impassable heaps which we have just described, barring all egress. More than two thousand women, most of them girls between fifteen and twenty years of age, were thus imprisoned beyond all hope of escape, when the lamps above, burnt loose from their fastenings, fell among the agonized throng of maidens, sowing new seeds of fire in their very garments. Now the interior became one mass of flame, and the living embankment closing the doors writhed as with one combined muscular effort, until it was so compactly wedged together that the few persons who could be drawn out were saved with great difficulty, and often with the loss of an arm or of life itself. And while this terrible tragedy was being enacted in the church, Ugarte and his fellows were in the vestry—the door being locked to prevent escape in that direction—looking out for the safety of a few gewgaws of their own. It was not long before the entire roof fell through with a crash, and the huge belfry stood wrapped in flames, illuminating the ghastly scene beneath—a scene which we will not attempt to describe, for who can paint the agonies of the dying within, or the charred ruin which Death leaves behind him? or who can portray the feelings of fathers and mothers and brothers, who stood without, looking upon the loved forms which, just at the door, defied all attempts at rescue?

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TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

AFTER a whole winter spent in studying art at Rome, I had come down, sitting bodkin between two Germans in a cheap vetturino carriage, to study nature at Naples. I was so sick of huge picture-galleries, hired models, and the gossip of the studios, that I thought it would be a relief to paint landscape for a change: so I said to others, and so I said to myself; but my own heart contradicted me. I knew very well, in my innermost soul, that it was in bitterness of spirit that I left Rome, unable to bear the sight of other men's prosperity. It stung me to see men whom I knew to be inferior to myself in taste, in knowledge of color, in originality, in every thing but a plodding, stolid industry, pass me in the race of life. This is a cold, hard, workaday century of ours, an age without sympathy for the flaws and failings of genius, and measuring all capacities by the same pitiful little foot-rule of the results attained to.

And so I went to Naples; and, when the heats of the sultry Italian summer came on, led a roving life among the coast-towns and petty watering-places within reach of the great city—now at Portici, now at Sorrento, and then dawdling away weeks at Salerno or Castelamare. A lazy, good-for-nothing life it was: a life of castle-building, of regrets that I tried to banish, and of hopes that I knew could never blossom into realities. I was still young, not four-and-twenty, but I thought I had a right to consider myself a disappointed man. Doubly disappointed. First, because I had not met with encouragement from connoisseurs and the public. Secondly, because Lucy Graham—dear little Lucy, whom I loved and had loved for years, and who would have shared my poverty unmurmuringly—was not to be my wife. Her relations were wise, forsooth. "They could not hear," they said, "of the dear girl's throwing herself away upon an idle, purposeless man, who would drag her down with him into the mire of merited poverty." How false and selfish such reasoning was! They might have known—Lucy's aunt and Lucy's brother, to whose will her gentle nature deferred—that with such an inducement, such a talisman, as her love and her welfare depending on my toil, I should have done fifty times as much as I had ever achieved without such a spur to exertion.

A penniless artist can not live, even in that country, always cheap to those whose wants are few, without work. I therefore worked, but in an unambitious fashion that did not task my patience overmuch. Colored sketches of mountain scenery and bits of blue Mediterranean, with bronzed fishermen, peasants in goat-skins and brown serge, square-capped women with pitchers, nets, olives, vineyards, rocks, and red caps, I drew from time to time, and these sold freely. My chief patrons were the foreign visitors to Sorrento and Castelamare, who were glad to carry home with them some memento of the rich scenery of the Neapolitan coast. I worked when I was hungry, earned enough to pay for beef and macaroni, and lived altogether in an improvident, hand-to-mouth fashion, like an educated lazarone. All this time I was very far from happy. There was not a much heavier heart in the kingdom of Naples than that of Hugh Edwards—British subject and artist, as his passport described him—when he sauntered out of the little inn at Portici one autumn evening.

The sun was going down; one could see the scarlet light flaring and blazing through the green boughs of the rustling chestnut-trees, but there was plenty of light as yet, and the prospect was a pleasant one even to jaundiced eyes like mine. Portici and its painted houses were soon left behind, and I struck off by one of the many paths that lead into the hills.

Presently I stopped, and looked around me from a small eminence that commanded a view of the surrounding country. There was one object that especially caught my eye, the new railroad, then in process of construction, and which was being carried out, like most of the iron ways of Europe by English skill and English capital. As I looked I saw a cutting far beneath me, in which a gang of laborers were still at work. The low rays of the sun flashed on their variously-clad forms, their heads topped by the red Naples cap, or bound, turban-like, with a colored handkerchief, and the picks and spades that were tearing a way through the volcanic soil. I stood afar off and watched them, but not from any sympathy with their toil or its ultimate objects. On the contrary, as I looked I felt my lip curl and my brow darken; for the spectacle suggested unpleasant thoughts. The contractor who had undertaken that section of the new line was no other than Lucy's odious elder brother, that very George Graham who had had the chief share in breaking off the half engagement between his orphaned sister and myself. A clever, plausible man, who had succeeded, and who, like all the successful in this world, treated failure as a crime.

I had never met this prosperous relative of Lucy's, nor did I desire to meet him. His opinion of myself had been formed from the report of mutual acquaintances, from the conversation of Lucy and her aunt, and from a brief correspondence that had begun and ended in anger. To meet George Graham was more than I had bargained for, and I quickly made up my mind to quit Portici.

A strange whim had urged me to visit this little town, and that whim had been disappointed. While last at Salerno an American traveler had given me an animated description of some adventures among the banditti, and had told me a number of anecdotes of the most celebrated brigand chiefs of the day—Saltocco, Capo Rosso, Malinghetti, and another free-booter whose nickname of L'Agnello, or "the Lamb," ironically expressed his peculiarly ferocious disposition. My informant was a doctor, and to this circumstance he had owed his immunity from any ill usage while in the hands of his dangerous hosts, many of whom were at the time suffering from marsh fever, and among them their leader Saltocco. The American had been lucky enough, having a medicine-chest among his luggage, to cure the greater part of these invalids; and, in return for his medical services, they had set him free, uninjured and unrifled, retaining, however, his gold watch and chain, which the chief promised to wear as a keepsake. The account Dr. Hucks gave of the wild bivouacs, high up in the thin clear air of the mountain solitudes, of the Salvator Rosa groups around the fires, the dances, the village merry-makings, in which the brigands took a part as welcome guests, had piqued my curiosity. My desire was to obtain, if I could, a safe-conduct to inspect the camp of these marauders. For the idea of painting a great picture, and growing famous at a single effort, haunted my fancy yet, as a similar idea does that of many and many an idle man. Who knew whether some quaintly savage scene amidst the hills might not suggest matter for a work that should even yet retrieve my blighted fortunes?

Most complete, however, had been the failure of these romantic notions. I found the good people of Portici by no means desirous to admit the existence of any brigands in their vicinity. All stories of outrage and plunder were gross exaggerations. A petty theft might now and then take place; but, beyond the pillage of a hen-roost or a vineyard, no transgression was authentic. In fact I suspect the Bourbon Government at Naples, anxious to avert the troublesome advice of foreign powers, had issued orders that the banditti, if they could not be exterminated, should be ignored.

"I beg your pardon, but I conclude that your name is Edwards, and that you are staying at the Albergo d'Inghilterra—is it not so?" said a voice in English at my elbow. I turned and confronted the speaker, who had approached me, lost as I was in reverie, without my hearing his step. He was a strongly-built man of middle height, with a sunburnt face and quick blue eyes, that roved hither and thither, and seemed in an instant to take the measure of any object or person. His hair was getting gray, but probably more from toil and exposure to weather than from age, since he did not appear my senior by more than eight or nine years. His attire, of dark-colored Tweed, was neat and plain, and by the compasses and ivory rule that projected from the breast-pocket of his shooting-coat I easily guessed him to be one of the English surveyors employed in laying out the line. His voice was loud, and rather abrupt, like that of one used to command; but there was something pleasant in the ring of it.

I admitted my identity, wondering what the new-comer could want with me. He had not the air of a mere lounger, seeking to kill time, and hailing a fellow-countryman for the sake of a chat in his native tongue. Besides, he had taken the trouble, somehow, to ascertain my name.

"Then this letter is yours. I thought it must be. You dropped it on the bridge, and a goatherd gave it to me; so, as I had noticed you pass by the embankment, I followed you to restore it, and I am glad to return it to the right owner."

The letter was from Lucy, received that morning. I was vexed at my own carelessness, for I might have dropped it in some more public place, and I knew that all travelers are not overscrupulous as to perusing the waifs and strays of correspondence that may fall into their hands. I therefore thanked the surveyor more heartily than was my custom.

"No trouble at all, not worth mentioning," said my compatriot, wiping his forehead as he glanced around him; "it has given me a pleasant walk and a pretty prospect. How fine that sunset is!"

And he gazed at the deep glow of orange and crimson burning in fast-fading splendor on the edge of the western sky with an enjoyment that was evidently genuine. Before long I found myself deep in conversation with the stranger, whose blunt honesty of manner pleased me better than the bearing of a more courtly person might have done. On my side I did not profess to be other than I was, a poor and lonely artist.

"Not a bad trade either, if a man's true vocation be the brush, and he sticks to it," said the stranger, tapping the crumbling rocks with a switch he carried, as if to test their solidity.

"We don't generally regard it as a trade," said I, with something of a sneer.

"Pooh, nonsense! every thing by which an honest man makes a living, from soldiering to shoe-making, is a trade, and only coxcombs are ashamed to own that they are paid for their work," broke in the stranger, very unceremoniously; "don't let us quarrel on matters of professional etiquette. *My* trade, now, is a rougher one than yours, yet Michael Angelo knew something about it."

I laughed, and remarked that to build a cathedral was a nobler task than to plan a railroad.

"I don't know that," said my new acquaintance, sturdily. "I never go about my task in tunnel or cutting without remembering that every one of these iron links between town and town, country and country, is a step toward bridging over the great gulf that lies between mankind and happiness and liberty. To my mind, every tinkle of the hammers of our plate-layers is a pledge and promise of a 'good time coming,' as the song says. No civilizer like a railway."

I somewhat sneeringly asked if my new friend's employer, Mr. George Graham, shared these fine sentiments with regard to the iron-ways with which he was so busy.

The stranger's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, Graham," he said, with a dry laugh; "Graham is obliged to have an eye to the main chance. He can't afford to indulge his fancy much, but must look to the balance-sheets and steer clear of the Gazette. I sometimes think he would prefer a safe salary to the profits he nets, and the anxious days and sleepless nights that go to the winning of them."

Presently I asked him what he thought of his employer, Graham, but he was somewhat reserved in his replies.

"A strict hand. Keeps us all to our collars. Won't tolerate any shirking of work, on his own part or that of others. He pays well, but he *will* have the pennyworth for the penny," was all I could gather, and I own I was disappointed. I wanted to have a right to despise this hard money-grubber, who stood between his gentle sister and myself, and it would have been music to my ears to hear him called tyrant and miser. Independently of this I took a great fancy to the rugged stranger, and not the less, perhaps, because he bluntly disagreed with my own theories of social life, which I freely propounded to him.

"I have heard most of your arguments before, Mr. Edwards," said he; "but I hope you won't think me rude when I say that when a young fellow is on bad terms with the world, it isn't so much the world's fault as that of the other party. I know practice is better than precept, and I've no right to preach; but one thing I'll say, I've taken a liking to you—brief as our acquaintance has been, and in spite of your wild talk—and if I can ever be of service I will. Perhaps you may not think a poor engineer's help worth having, but should you ever be really in want of a friend, while I'm in Italy, send me a line. I'll do my best for you, and not even ask for thanks."

I smiled, for I was in the humor to treat the offer as a jest.

"You forget," said I, "that we are not on equal terms. You know my name, while yours is unknown to me."

"I'll give you an address by which your letter is sure to reach me," said the engineer, penciling some words on a leaf which he tore from his pocket-book, and handing the leaf to me; "and now, good-by, for I must hurry back to Portici, and pay wages and docket vouchers for a couple of hours at the least."

He was gone, and it was not until I had watched his disappearing figure across the olive grove that I thought of looking at the address he had given me. The words he had penciled were merely these: "S. D., care of Burbidge & Styles, English Bank, Via Stretta, Naples." My new acquaintance had not revealed his name after all. For a moment I was undecided as to whether I should fling away the scrap of paper, or keep it as a curiosity. I took a middle course, for I thrust it carelessly into my pocket, and sauntered away up the hill. It was getting very dark, but the moon was half full, and threw light enough on the less thickly wooded parts of the landscape to save me from stumbling. There was no trace of the sunset glories left in the darkling sky to westward. It was black night among the cactus shrubs and rustling bushes that fringed the rocks on my right and left hand. Only a pale yellow streak of light fell between the boughs of the stone-pines, and showed the water-worn pebbles and red sand at my feet.

"Faccia a terra!" called out a deep voice from the thickets overhead; and then followed the sharp click of a gun-lock. I stopped, and looked quickly in the direction of the invisible speaker. Again came the same harsh summons, spoken in the vilest Calabrian patois, but quite intelligible. "Face—to—the—ground, English fool! Beppo, Niccolo, let him see the carbines."

Instantly the branches crashed, and through the evergreen foliage were thrust the gleaming barrels of several guns, while the order to lie down and press my face to the earth was gruffly renewed. I had been half incredulous at first, half inclined to suspect a trick or a delusion of the senses, but now I doubted no longer. I was in presence of the brigands, and, as I realized the truth, a quick tingling sensation ran like fire through my blood, and I scarcely knew whether the thrill were one of pain or pleasure. Then came a heavy body crushing and tearing through the boughs and matted creepers, in headlong descent of the bank. I attempted to fly, but, overtaken, turned desperately round on the pursuer, wrenching the carbine out of his hand, and hurling him, with a force that surprised myself, upon a heap of stones and twisted olive roots. But two stout fellows were close on the heels of the first, and they threw themselves upon me, grappling me with a tenacious hug that could not be shaken off, while a fourth came up in a more leisurely way, and, pressing the muzzle of his piece to my forehead, ordered me to leave off struggling, on pain of instant death.

I submitted, and in an incredibly short space of time my arms were tied behind me with a cord, my watch, purse, pocket-book, sketch-book, and pencil-case were transferred to the care of my captors, and I was in full march toward the mountains.

So long as our course lay through a cultivated district my lawless guides either kept silence altogether, or only spoke in growling tones, and as curtly as possible. But when the olive terraces and walnut groves had disappeared, and the walled vineyards and fenced fields had given place to bare rocks and thorny shrubs, the spirits of the robbers rose in proportion to their remoteness from civilization. When we were quite in the uncultivated country the two younger of the brigands began to whistle and sing scraps of operatic airs that from La Scala had found their way into the hills.

It was quite in vain that I protested against my captivity, assuring the elder and graver of the four that I was a most unprofitable prize, if, indeed, I had not, as seemed probable, been taken by mistake for another; that I was a poor artist, with hardly a scudo beyond the silver coins they had found in my pocket, and that no one was able or willing to pay ransom for a lonely stranger like myself. The only answer I got to these appeals was a push from the butt-end of a carbine, coupled with a rough command to hasten my steps. Presently I had not much breath to spare for such useless remonstrance, as I found myself, perforce, scrambling up steep and stony gullies that were probably the mere beds of dried-up torrents, dragging myself painfully over rocks in whose fissures grew the mountain thistle and the stunted cactus.

Breathless, spent, and with bruised and bleeding feet, my light boots proving a poor protection against the sharp stones over which I had for hours been forced to stumble as best I might, I sank down on a fragment of rock, and declared my inability to go further. The bandits threatened me, struck me; but in vain. I could do no more. One of them at last drew a gourd from his pocket, uncorked it, and held it to my lips.

"Drink!" he said, impatiently; "there is but a mile to travel. Drink! San Gennaro blight you—do you fancy the good liquor poison?" The coarse and fiery brandy revived me; but it was not without a great deal of hustling, supporting, and pushing on the part of my conductors that I contrived to stagger on, until we entered a narrow glen between steep peaks, and suddenly turning a corner came upon a small plain, in which a strange scene awaited me. A number of ruddy watch-fires, perhaps twenty, were burning with red and smoky light, and around these reclined, sat, or moved in a variety of more or less active employments, groups of dark forms, most, but not all, of whom wore the pointed Calabrian hat so familiar to play-goers. Here and there the glare was reflected from the barrels of guns which the owners were cleaning or examining by the fire-light; and before several of the fires cooking operations were going on, and whole kids, hares, or great pieces of half-raw meat were being slowly turned as they dangled on a string in front of the blaze. From one group, larger than the rest, came the notes of a guitar, and of a deep voice singing some bravura song, such as the Italians of the lower class pick up like parrots from their occasional visits to a theatre. And as the song came to a close I distinctly heard the shrill voices and laughter of women mingling with the mirth and applause of the men. This, however, surprised me little, for I had heard that the brigands kept on friendly terms with the villagers, whose relations they frequently were, and that the wives, sisters, and mothers of members of the band were constantly visiting their haunts for the purpose of conveying intelligence or provisions to the outlaws.

"There he is! Ecco, the tall signor beside the fire, to the left," said one of my guides. "We shall see what the Lamb has to say to all this poverty of yours."

"The Lamb?" said I, half unconsciously, striving to recall the American's account of the celebrated freebooter who bore that incongruous name.

"Si! L'Agnello himself," said the brigand, thrusting me forward into the fire-light, and doffing his hat to his leader.

"Who's that? The Salernitan. Good. And what sort of a foreign sheep have you there?" called out the chief, shading his eyes with his broad hand, and staring hard at me. "The Englishman, the Englishman, for a gold ounce! Welcome, milordo!"

And with a grotesque mockery of courteous deference the brigand leader rose to his feet and took off his hat, bowing low, while those around burst into a roar of laughter. I looked anxiously at L'Agnello, on whose good pleasure my fate probably depended. He was evidently a great dandy, his equipment being more picturesque than that of his followers, for he wore a suit of green velvet, with silver buttons and embroidery, much tarnished, but still handsome, a yellow silk sash, two gold watches, whose chains were festooned across his waistcoat, and a lady's gold chain about his neck. His stiletto and pistols were stuck in a crimson belt, and under his hat was a kerchief of a brilliant red color, which waved and flapped like the kefia of a Bedouin Arab, setting off the swarthy complexion and grim features of the wearer. When the brigand chief had replaced the hat which he had doffed in salutation, I ventured to renew my protest, declaring that I was no "milordo," but an artist, and a very poor one: in a word, not worth trapping. The Lamb grinning incredulously.

"Basta! For what do you take me, Englishman, that you deafen me with lies. So you are poor, then? You, who arrived at Portici with a carriage grand enough for the Holy Father to ride in, with trunks and imperials, courier and valet, and a fourgon to carry the heavy luggage—a veritable train de prince!"

This last speech, spoken with an air of the profoundest conviction, and in bad French, eked out here and there by a word of Italian (the Lamb was, as I afterward heard, not a little proud of his abilities as a linguist), sorely puzzled me. I could not doubt that the brigand believed what he said to be true. His jocular aspect was giving place to a gloomy frown.

"Enough of this play!" he said at length, in a more menacing voice. "You see I know you. You are the Inglese, who gave old Geronimo Valleri, at the inn beside the Ponte Nerone, a hundred and twenty golden Napoleons for two old pictures the rogue had to sell?"

It now flashed upon me for the first time that I had been mistaken for a rich young Englishman of rank and fortune, who had lately arrived at Portici, and had that very day abruptly left the inn where I had been staying. He was, as I remembered, said to be a liberal, if not a very judicious connoisseur of art, and was of about my own height and age. I even recollected that he, like myself, was addicted to solitary rambles, which circumstance had probably been reported to the brigands, who have their spies in most places, and hence in all likelihood the ambush and the capture of the wrong man.

I could not help shrinking from the awkward office of undeceiving the chief, whose grim visage grew more and more like that of a hungry tiger as he watched me. "I could guess," I said, "for whom I had been mistaken; but, so far from having arrived at Portici with four post-horses, a fourgon, a valet, and a courier, I could assure my present host that I had made my humble entry in a hired calessino, with straw cushions and calico lining, and drawn by a couple of starved ponies. So far, too, from having lately given an inn-keeper a hundred and twenty Napoleons for two old pictures, I should be happy to sell four or five new ones for the same price, and was perfectly willing to take the portraits of all the members of the band, gratis, as the only ransom in my power."

By this time a great many of the brigands, attracted by curiosity, had crowded round me, and among them was a ragged lad, who cried out in a squeaking voice,

"Why, that's no more the milordo in the green

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carriage than I am. Body of Bacchus! it's the English artist that came on Piero and me as we were eating our bread and melons by the well, and gave us a baiocchо apiece to stop quiet while he sketched us. The milordo is fatter, and has red whiskers."

Indeed, an inspection of my passport and sketch-book convinced the brigand leader that I was not the wealthy traveler whom he had endeavored to ensnare. This discovery threw the Lamb into a paroxysm of dangerous fury. He began by cursing my captors for "blind bats," who did not know the difference between a beggarly spoiler of canvas and a "ricco" of the first quality. They excused themselves for their blunder by proverbial remarks, to the effect that night made every bird of one color, and that in the dark all cats were black. And the hum of assent which rose from the crowd proved that the brigands exonerated their comrades of all blame. Then the Lamb turned his flaming eyes on me, and, with a volley of choice Neapolitan abuse, declared that I should pay for both.

I reiterated the assurance that I was poor, and had no relative to whom I could apply for the price of my freedom.

"Per Ercole! but we will see to that," thundered the ruffian; "if you can not pay in silver you shall in skin. Strip off his shoes and warm his feet, my children; when they are roasted, this pert bird will sing a different song."

Instantly I was seized by several strong hands, I was thrown down, and very tightly bound with cords and thongs drawn savagely around my wrists and ankles, for it had often happened that a tortured prisoner had done mischief among the tormentors. Then my boots and stockings were torn away piecemeal, and I was thrust forward until the bare soles of my feet were close to the glowing red embers of the great fire. I was chilled with the bleak mountain air and with fatigue, and for the first few moments the heat was not disagreeable, but presently it became inconvenient. I bore it silently. The discomfort deepened into pain, the pain into agony, and I groaned and tried to crawl away. A robber took me by the shoulders and thrust me back again as if I had been a log; my scorched feet came in contact with the hot embers, and I could not suppress a scream, which was mocked by a roar of laughter from the unfeeling savages.

"The roast meat will be burned," said one wag, and the joke elicited fresh mirth. A woman or two certainly did say "poverino," as I writhed and moaned, but no one offered to release me, and I began to fear that I should be maimed for life. The fierceness of the pain drove even that thought from my mind, conquered all sense of pride, resentment, and prudence, and I shrieked wildly and incessantly, sometimes beseeching the hard-hearted barbarians to have pity; sometimes taunting and cursing them in the frantic hope that I might provoke some more irascible brute than the rest into ending my sufferings by a shot or a stab. Then nature was utterly spent, and I fainted.

When I recovered my senses I was lying in a wretched hut on a heap of straw. On a broken wine-cask at some distance sat a gray-haired old crone busy with one of those classic spindles which the Italian peasant women have used from the days of Etruscan civilization. For a time my senses were so dulled that I could remember nothing; and though I saw that it was morning, and felt the air chilly, I did not try to realize how I came into my present position. At last a sharp shooting pain in my feet recalled my recollection of by-gone suffering, and I groaned and tried to rise, but failed. The old woman turned her head and bade me lie still, as if I had been a froward child, then came forward to unwind some yards of coarse linen in which my injured feet were wrapped, and proceeded to dress the scorched skin afresh with some wonderfully soothing unguent.

This old woman had, I suspect, saved my life. She alone had had compassion upon me as I lay insensible. The motive of this was very curious. Neapolitans of her class have little or no idea of philanthropy in theory or in practice, and it seldom enters into any one's head to pity the distress of those who are not akin to them in blood, or bound by friendship. But old Caterina had, it appears, been the mother of two sons, members of the gang, who had been hanged at Naples several years since, and, to the youngest and best beloved of these, I, in his mother's opinion, bore a strong resemblance. This lucky likeness had induced the old woman to undertake the cure of the lonely stranger. Thus she had coaxed some of the men to carry me to her hut—a goatherd's deserted hovel—had laid me on a heap of straw beneath a tattered blanket, and had rubbed my blistered feet with an ointment which she declared to be infallible, and which would enable me to "dance the Tarantella" in a month at latest.

But I was not yet safe. The Lamb, though convinced that I was not the traveler in whose stead I had been captured, was determined that I should not get off scot-free.

"He has fixed your ransom at eighteen thousand ducats. The milordo would have had to pay fifty thousand," said my protectress; "and he will have the money. He gets money from all, even from begging friars and vine-dressers. Only last week he cut off the ears of a rich jeweler, first one, then the other, and sent them to his children in Salerno. The ransom was paid, but had it not been, L'Agnello would have chopped off every finger of the prisoner's hands joint by joint. That's how he serves the rich. As for those who are not rich he first toasts their feet and then stabs them with his stiletto—he does not waste much trouble on them; so, child, you had better think of some relation who would pay down the money to see you alive again."

Later in the day I received a visit from the brigand chief, who spoke substantially as follows: Every body knew that all Inglesi were wealthy folks, and, if I were not able to pay, probably I had kith and kin who would buy my safety. Failing that resource, were there not consuls and embassadors of Inghilterra who might, could, would, and should forward the necessary cash to save the life of a British subject? To facilitate matters he, L'Agnello, would give me two weeks' grace, and would lower the terms to fourteen thousand ducats; but sooner than take a maravedi less, he would cause my head to be cut off and forwarded as a present to the Syndic of Portici, as he had done, four years since, in the case of Tommaso Potti, the vintner.

Thus spoke the Lamb, not angrily, but with a kind of good-humored ferocity, and in the course of the afternoon a number of the robbers sauntered into the hut, and one and all advised me in all seriousness to comply with their leader's recommendation. Some of them—of the younger men especially—did not appear to be wholly without compassion for my wretched state, since my injured feet were very painful, and I could not stand as yet, and they patted me on the back with rough kindness and bade me fear nothing as I should be well used among them. But one and all agreed that unless I obtained the sum demanded it would go very hard with me.

"The Lamb," said one tall youngster, who had been a boatman at Palermo, and was very proud of the five or six English words that he had picked up when plying among the foreign shipping—"the Lamb was out of temper yesterday, for three of his traps have caught no mice. There was the Cardinal, for whom nine of us watched for a week on the Sorrento road, a prince of the Church, whose ransom would have made us all as rich as Jews, to say nothing of the absolution he could have given us while we had him fast. Well, he slipped through our fingers, and so did the Notary of Salerno, old Signor Tazzi, who is wealthy enough to eat off gold and drink lacrima every day if he were not a skinflint, and so did the milordo of the green carriage. The Lamb is not often so hasty as you found him, but he is a man of his word, and, per Demonio, you had better recall yourself to the memory of such of your friends as have the plumpest purses and the softest hearts."

Excellent counsel, no doubt, but, like much other advice of the same sort, easier given than followed. There was no one to whom I could turn for help in this sore strait. The sum demanded was a large one, above two thousand pounds of English money, and I could as soon have liquidated the National Debt as have raised the tithe of it from any resources of my own. Rich friends were no more plentiful with me than they generally are with a man who is at once poor and self-willed, and I had no living relation who either could or would pay my ransom. The only hope, and that a desperate one, seemed to be that of an application to the British Embassy at Naples, and I knew too much of routine to expect much from this. Time was life to me, and most likely, long before a dry official reply should be returned to my letter, I should be past all power of diplomatic succor. Moreover, it was not improbable that my appeal would be treated as a hoax or an impertinence; there was "no precedent" for such a solecism as a correspondence between a prisoner of L'Agnello and the Envoy of Her Britannic Majesty to the Court of the Two Sicilies.

In this emergency I bethought me of the stranger, the English engineer with whom I had been conversing immediately before my capture by the brigands. He had professed his desire to render me a service should real need of assistance arise, and I might as well take him at his word. Of course I was not so absurd as to dream that a salaried professional man could furnish the considerable sum that the bandit leader required as the price of my liberty, but I thought that if my new acquaintance were to press my case on the notice of the officials at the embassy I should have a better chance of a hearing. With this idea I penned a short letter, addressed according to the direction that had been given me by the mysterious S. D., and a young brigand undertook to carry this missive to the nearest lowland village, whence it would be conveyed to Naples through the customary channel of the post.

Day after day went by, and my feet were so far healed, thanks to the ointment and chewed leaves which old Caterina daily applied to them, that I could hobble about the camp, which I was allowed to do pretty freely, for I was by far too lame to escape over the rugged and stony country that lay between me and safety. I was not ill treated; a share of the polenta and meat was always assigned me, even when, as sometimes occurred, there was a scarcity of food in the bivouac, and I was always offered wine and cigars when I drew near one of the fires around which the wild groups sat after sunset. I had been appointed portrait-painter in ordinary to the band, and ruffian after ruffian jostled and squabbled with his compeers for the prior right to have his villainous features transferred to the blank leaves of my sketch-book. A strange set they were—so ignorant, so shrewd, so lively in their hours of good humor, that they were less like criminals than some savage tribe at war with society. There were two or three improvisatori among them, and several who could sing to their own accompaniment on the guitar, and the mirth and merry-making were loud and unrestrained around the watch-fires at night.

The robbers were by no means isolated from the sympathies of the rest of the community. They were on very good terms with most of the villagers in the mountain glens around them, at whose feasts and fairs they showed themselves openly, and from whom they received information and provisions. Indeed, many of them belonged to the district, and were akin to the rural magistrates and the very police who should have hunted them down; and this, perhaps, explains the fact that the carabinieri never seemed able to discover the fastnesses where the marauders lurked, well known as they were to hundreds of so-called honest people.

The brigands were not idle. Frequent expeditions were undertaken with varying success, but no prisoner was brought up into the hills during my stay, though more than one carriage was stopped and its occupants plundered. On one occasion only was there any collision with the gens d'armes, and on that the detachment came back sullen and discomfited, with the loss of two of their number, who had been wounded and taken. This misfortune did not tend to make the Lamb more amiable. He gruffly intimated to his followers that they must prepare to set out for another lurking-place, since their unlucky comrades, in spite of the tremendous oaths by which the banditti are bound to keep the secret of their companions' retreat, would probably be tempted by promises of pardon to reveal all they knew. And it was just possible that the authorities would take active measures to destroy the wasps when once certain where their nest was to be found. Under these circumstances the Lamb notified to me that he must curtail my lease of life by two days, and that if in twenty-four hours my ransom did not arrive he should simplify matters by cutting my throat. Nor could there be much doubt that he would keep his word.

Life is dear to us all, and it was with a heavy heart that I prepared to die. But I had no hope. I even despised myself for the weakness which had made me attach the slightest faith to the professions of S. D. Why, after all, should I expect a casual acquaintance like the engineer to trouble himself regarding me? "Nothing for nothing," thought I, "is the rule of the world. It matters little. Even poor little Lucy will soon forget me, and—"

"Ho! Englishman, your skin is safe this time," said L'Agnello, breaking in on my gloomy meditations, and jingling a heavy bag of gold, as he grinned encouragingly at me. "Your ransom is paid, and the priest who brought it up the mountain will show you the path, and let you ride his mule. I bear you no malice, and am just as glad as yourself to pouch the cash, instead of seeing what color your blood is. So be off, and keep clear of my claws for the future!"

The surprise almost stupefied me, but it was no delusion. The ransom had really been paid, and that in full; and a cura, with whom the robbers had a good understanding, was there to confirm the Lamb's account. All he could say, however, was, that the money had been confided to him by an English signor, who refused to give any other name than "S. D.," and who had ridden down the valley, to return, as he believed, to Naples.

I did not tarry long, but before I went my watch and chain were restored to me, and these I bestowed, as a parting keepsake, on the kindly old crone whose capricious tenderness had saved my life, and the brigands gave me a cheer by way of farewell as I descended the rocky path mounted on the priest's mule. That night I slept at San Paolo, and by noon of the next day reached Naples and hurried to the Via Stretta. I was eager to see and thank my unknown preserver, ignorant as I was of his name or real rank. I found the senior partner of the firm of Burbidge & Styles in his bank parlor. He pushed up his gold-rimmed spectacles to the middle of his wrinkled forehead as he listened to my earnest request to be told to whom I was indebted for my life.

"'S. D.,' my dear Sir," said the banker. "Well, the question is a little out of rule, but I have never been asked to keep silence on the subject. I do not, therefore, think any professional confidence will be violated in this case if I say that the gentleman in question is Mr. Graham."

"Graham—George Graham?" asked I, as the blood mounted to my face.

"Yes; Mr. Graham, the railway-contractor. He met you, I understood, not long since, and—but here he is to answer for himself."

I turned, and there in the doorway stood the English engineer that I had met at Portici. And he was the man I had hated—Lucy's brother—and to him I owed my life. His undeserved kindness, his noble generosity, smote me to the heart, and I dropped into a chair, covered my face with my hands, and burst into tears.

"Has Burbidge been telling tales?" said the new-comer. "Pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Edwards, and let by-gones be by-gones. We have had, I dare say, a fictitious idea of each other's character, but in future let us be friends."

And friends we are, friends and brothers; for Lucy is now my wife, and the happiness of calling her mine, with such of the world's good report and worldly prosperity as has fallen to my lot, I owe, under Heaven, to the man whom I long looked on as a cold egotist—George Graham. His succor of me at the hour of my greatest need, at a pecuniary sacrifice which was no trifling one—for he was not then rich—broke through the cynic disbelief in human goodness that was gathering round my heart. Cheered by George's counsels and example I led a new life, applied myself assiduously to my art, and in four years of toil was able to repay the large sum which Graham had advanced for my ransom. By this time I was well known as a painter, and in receipt of a fair income, and on the day of my marriage with Lucy, which took place in the fifth year of my probation, George Graham, grown a wealthy man, insisted on settling ten thousand pounds on his sister and her husband.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FACT NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—The proverbial unhealthiness of low lands is the reason why sick people are called *valley*-tudinarians.

A recently-married gentleman was heard to declare that he was *then* as happy as the day was long. *Rather* unfortunately, however, he happened to be speaking on *the twenty-first of December!*

That atrocious Jones, who is always saying unpleasant things, was told by a friend the other day that a serious fire had broken out at the factory of a musical-string-maker. "Pooh," said he, "quite absurd! It must have been completely gutted before the fire began."

Why can't the boots at a hotel be a good Churchman? —Because he's too inn-dependent.

A lawyer, the other day, went into one of our barber's shops to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head the boy exclaimed: "Why how *long* your head is, Sir!" "Yes," replied our worthy friend, "we lawyers must have long heads." The boy proceeded to his vocation, but at length exclaimed: "Lord, Sir, your head is as *thick* as it is *long!*"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Pshaw! Stop your noise! Shut up this minute! I'll box your ears! You hold your tongue! Let me be! Go away! Get away! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Don't bother! Come here directly! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell ma! You mean thing! There, I told you so! You didn't! I did! I will have it! Oh, look what you have done! 'Twas you! Won't you catch it, though? It's my house! Who's afraid of you? Mah-h-h! Boo, hoo, boo, hoo, oo! What's the matter? Get out of this room, directly! Do you hear me? Dear me! I never did see in all my born days! It's enough to send one crazy! Would you put a tuck in it? Well, says I! Says he! Says she! Says they! Bless me! No! Hem it all this way round! Three flounces! Gored! Worked crosswise! Trimmed with velvet! Ten yards! Cut bias! Real sweet!

A ROMANCE—CHIEFLY RHYMED.—They meet in the street, and they sigh passing by. Meet again, and it's plain that they're both nothing loth man and wife to be for life. "Dear," says he, "you love me?" "Yes, I do. Pray, do you love me too?" "Fondly." "La! ask mamma." Off he goes to propose, and receive mother's leave. Ma says "Yes." You may guess with what joys he employs various trades, by whose aids 'tis his wish to furnish for his spouse a fit house. When that's done they're made one by the priest; give a feast; set off soon—honey-moon—blisses, kisses, master, missis—what a tale of true love this is!

A jolly fellow had an office next door to a doctor's shop. One day a gentleman of the old fogy school blundered into the wrong shop. "Is the doctor in?" "Don't live here," said the lawyer, who was in full scribble over some old documents. "Oh, I thought this was his office." "Next door, Sir." "Pray, Sir, can you tell me if he has many patients?" "Not living!" The old gentleman told the story in the vicinity, and the doctor threatened the lawyer with a libel suit.

A GOOD THOUGHT.—A son of the Emerald Isle, once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that the horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes upon his shoulders, and again mounted, saying "it was better that he should carry the praties—he was fresher than the poor baste."

A collier having taken a looking-glass home in his trunk, one of his hopeful offspring was anxious to see the contents of the mysterious box. The mirror was on the top, when the youngster opened it, gave one brief look at his own shock head, dropped the lid, and, with joy depicted on every feature, exclaimed, "O mother, mother, father has brought home a young puppy!"

"Mary, my dear," said a doting husband to the lady that owned him, "if ever I turn Mormon, and marry another helpmate, she shall be a Mary, too, for your own dear sake." "Be content with one Mary, my duck," said the loving wife; "in my opinion another would be merely a *super-new-mary!*"

DYING FOR A KISS.—An inquest was held lately on the body of a young man who, in the attempt to snatch a kiss from the unwilling lips of a girl, fell down the stairs and killed himself. Not a great while since, a young lady broke her neck in trying to escape a kiss. The question now is, shall kissing be given up as a dangerous amusement?

"In faith, Captain," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement winter weather, "have ye a Almenick on board?"—"No, I haven't."—"Thin, be jabers," replied Pat, "we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

A SHEEPISH PROCEEDING.—Seizing Messrs. Laird's rams.

A letter-writer describes a beautiful young lady as having a face a painter might dwell upon. That would be a delightful residence.

An American abroad remarked at a *table d'hôte* on the Continent, recently, that Austria need never fear national bankruptcy so long as she retained her hold on Venice, for it was her "floating capital."

Why is a washer-woman a great fool?—Because she sets out the tubs to catch soft water when it is raining hard.

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door this morning?"

The best *sowing* machine extant—the practical farmer.

Latest scientific discovery.—That bitumen is the *gastric* juice of coal.

What is "villainy of the blackest dye?"—*Dye*-abolical villainy, of course.

Doctors disagree, but they ought not to. Their legitimate business is to find out what disagrees with their patients.

When you offer oats to a horse he may say *neigh*, but he don't mean it.

Women have many advantages over men; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

Why are the Germans the heaviest fellows in the world?—Because they are all Teuton (*ton-ton*) men.

An Irishman, on being told that a certain kind of stove would "save half the coal," said, "Indade; then be jabers I'll take two of them, and save it all."

Folks don't go to bed nowadays—they retire to rest. Nobody eats his dinner—people take some refreshment. Nobody goes to church—but people attend divine service. No one gets his tooth pulled out—he has it extracted. No one forges a check—he puts his name on paper.

The late Charles Wynne, M.P., known in the House of Commons as "Squeak," had a feeble, peeping voice. Happening, for some reason, to be put in the same room with a blind old gentleman whom he did not know, he made the remark to him, "Very fine weather, Sir." "Very fine, indeed, Ma'am," rejoined the other.

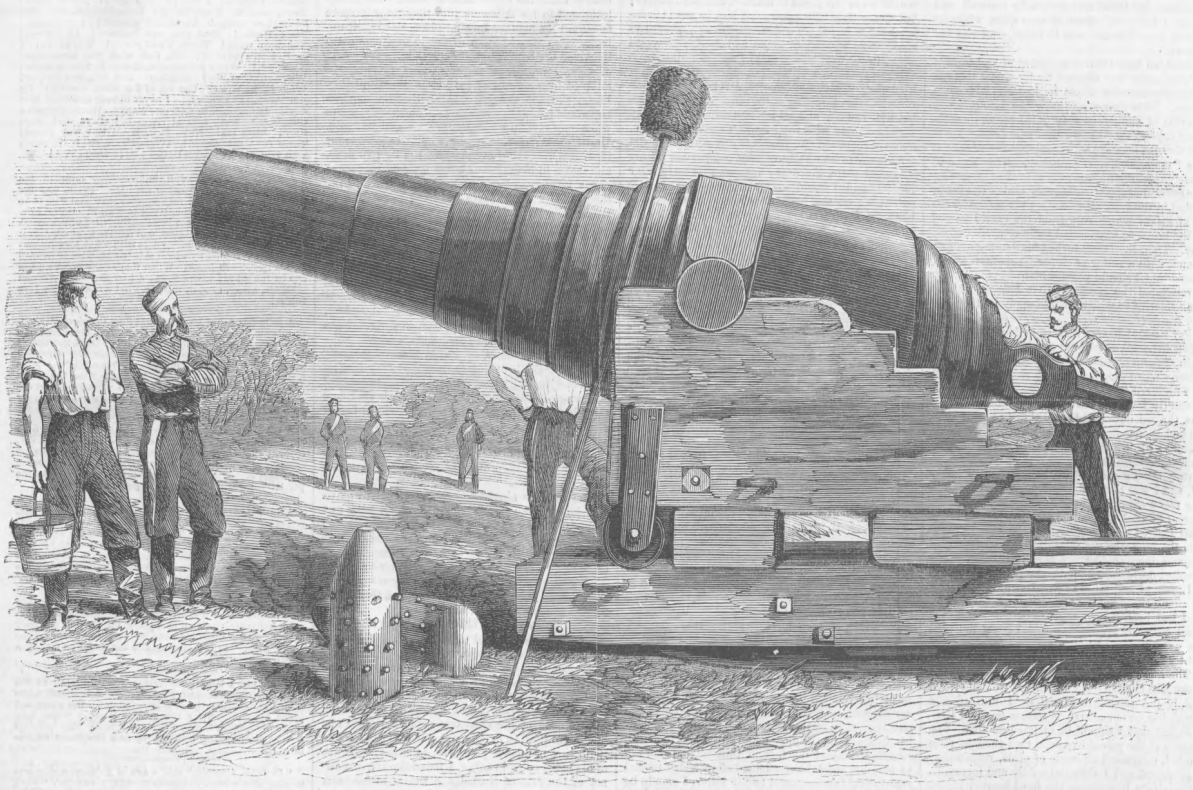
Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge any body for the address in a message?" "No," replied the operator. "And do ye charge for signing his name, Sir?" said the customer. "No, Sir." "Well, then, will ye plase send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing him the following—"To John M'Finn—at London—(signed) Patrick M'Finn." It was sent as a tribute to Pat's shrewdness.

A person, speaking of the tenacity of life in turtles, asserted that he had seen one which had had its head cut off open its jaws six weeks afterward. The company seeming rather skeptical, he said, "I saw it, and I trust none of you will doubt my word." Then turning to one gentleman, he asked him what he thought. The gentleman, observing that it was very remarkable, said to the relater, "If you yourself, Sir, had not seen the circumstance, could you have believed it?" "Indeed," said he, "I could not." "Then," replied the gentleman, "I hope you will excuse me if I do not."

"No pains will be spared," as the Quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

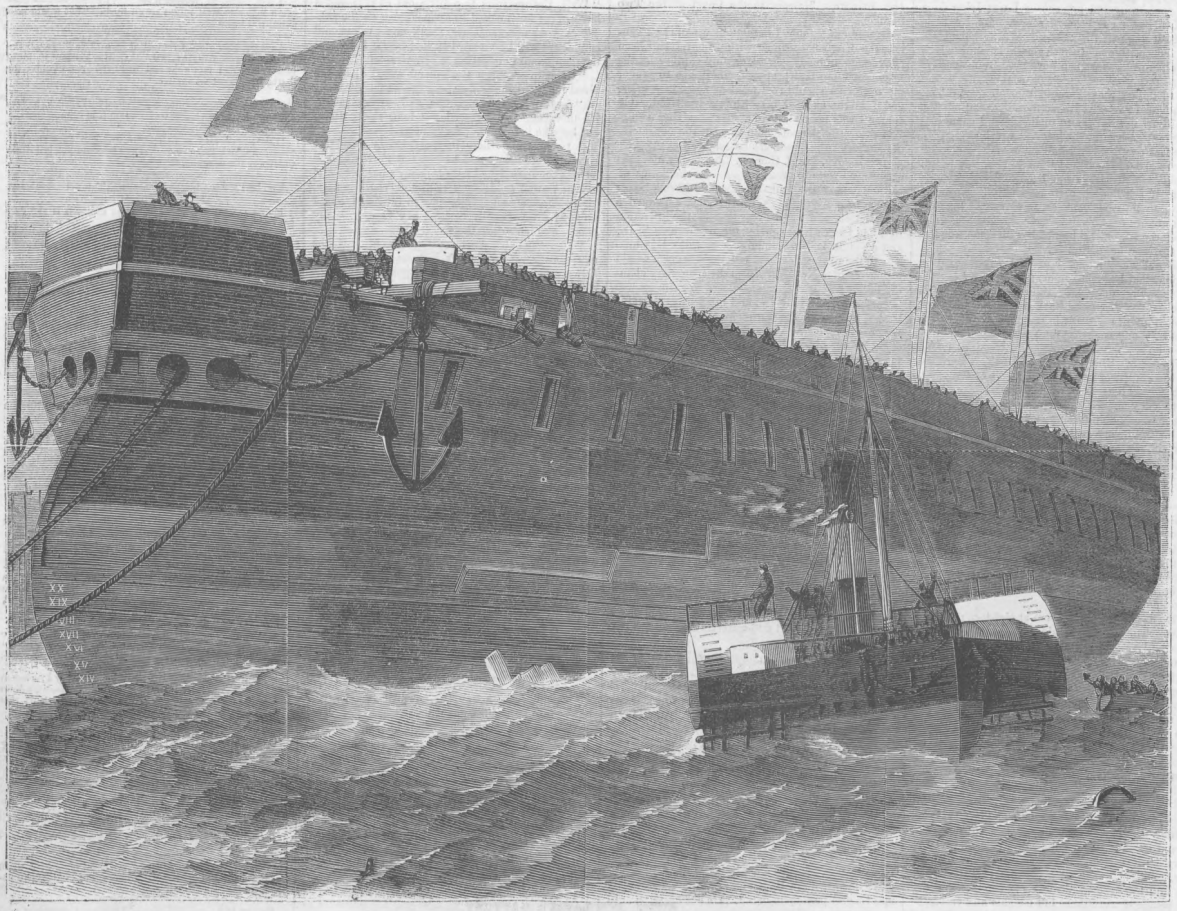
Parties at a dead lock should extricate themselves with a skeleton key.

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THE NEW ENGLISH SIX HUNDRED-POUNDER ARMSTRONG GUN.

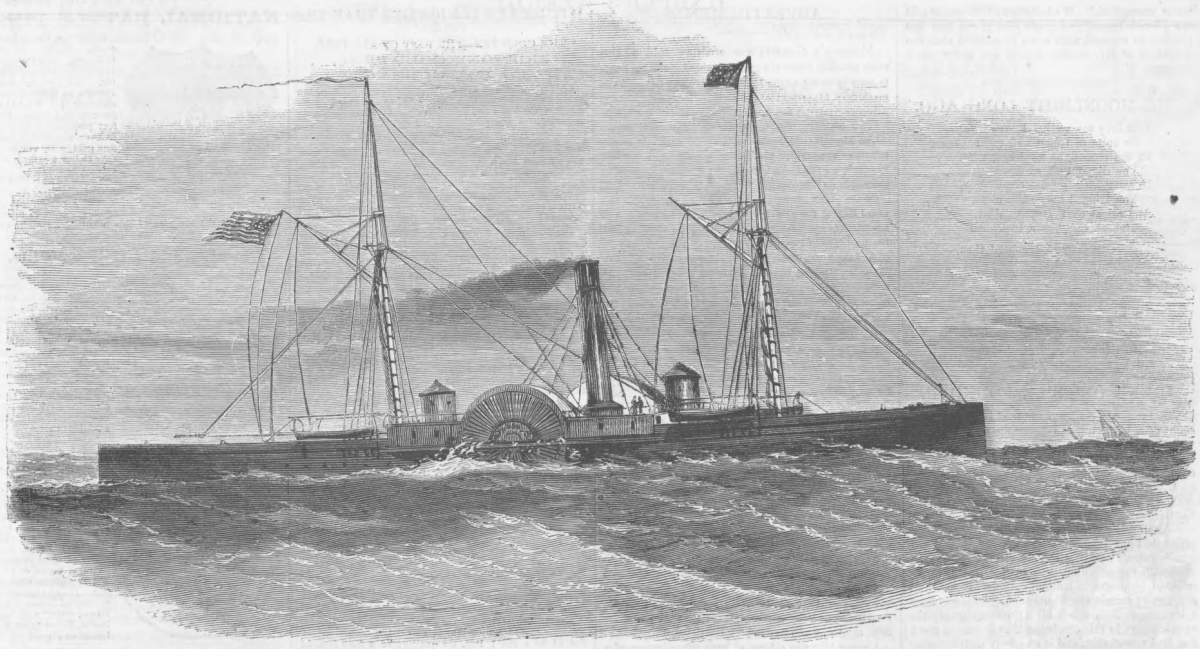
[SEE PAGE 78.]



LAUNCH OF HER MAJESTY'S SCREW STEAMSHIP "MINOTAUR," FIFTY GUNS, AT BLACKWALL, ENGLAND.

[SEE PAGE 78.]

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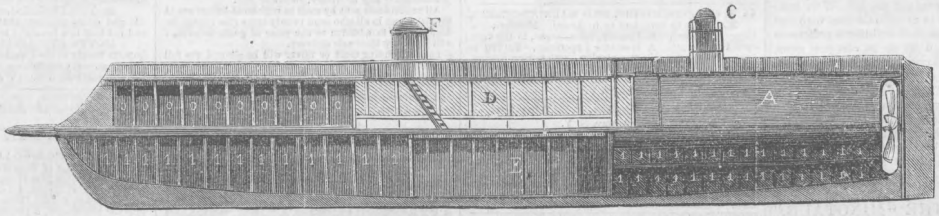
THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "EUTAW"

THE GUN-BOAT "EUTAW."

WE give above an illustration representing one of our war steamers, the *Eutaw*, now in the Washington Navy Yard. She is one of the only class of side-wheel steamers constructed by the Naval Department, and known as a double-ender. Several charges having lately been brought against the Department for building slow steamers, Secretary Welles has proposed, for the purpose of a trial, a match between the *Eutaw* and the fastest side-wheel steamer which the country can bring against her. This challenge was about a week ago read before the Chamber of Commerce, which body did not feel disposed to accept it. The tonnage of the *Eutaw* is 974, and her draught eight feet six inches, and the Secretary claims for her that she will run against the same draught and tonnage in any water. Her length is 254 feet; she has a direct-acting engine with a cylinder 58 inches in diameter. Several very interesting experiments have been carried on on board of this vessel with super-heated steam, and on the evaporative powers of the boilers with a steam jet. She is commanded by Commander HOMER C. BLAKE, who, it will be remembered, was in command of the *Hatteras* when she fought the rebel privateer *Alabama*. Commander Blake, although a young officer, is one of the most promising in our naval service, and deserves to have a fast ship.

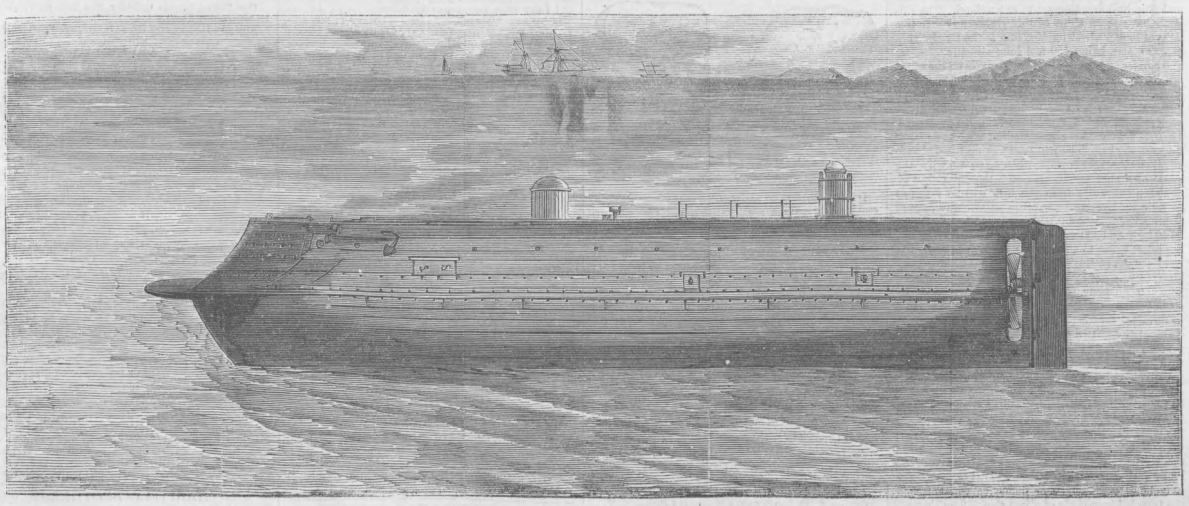
REBEL SUBMARINE BATTERY.

A M. OLIVIER DE JALIN sends to the French *Le Monde Illustré* drawings of a submarine vessel which we reproduce on this page, abridging his description. There has just been finished, he says, at Mobile a very curious little vessel, designed by Mr. Anstilt, which seems capable of destroying any ship in the world. It is of iron, 23 yards long. The interior is divided longitudinally by a partition into two portions: in the upper one are the machinery, armament, rudders, and reservoirs of compressed air; in the lower are chambers to hold air or water, as the case may demand, coal-bunkers, provision-lockers, and the like. On the deck, which is hermetically closed, are pipes for discharging air and steam, a smoke-stack, and a look-out, the upper part of which is of thick glass. The motive-power is a screw, worked either by steam or by electricity. At the stern is an ordinary rudder; at the bows another rudder, working on a horizontal axis, the object of which is to raise or lower the vessel. Now when no enemy is in sight the air-chambers are filled, and the vessel is managed like any other steamer. But when an enemy is in view the air-chambers are filled with water; down goes the vessel, and nobody is the wiser for its presence. Her perpendicular course is determined by the bow rudder, just as her horizontal course is regulated by her stern rudder. Turn it one way, and up she goes; turn it the other, and down she sinks. A pressure-gauge shows just the depth to which she has at any moment sunk. The man in the glass look-out governs the movement of the vessel. If it is sunk three feet below the surface it is invisible. On each side of the deck are placed iron cases filled with powder, joined two-and-two by chains of proper length. If a vessel lying at anchor is to be attacked, the submarine boat dives down, lets slip one of these twin torpedoes directly under the enemy; these rise by their specific gravity, and hug the enemy, one on each side, but kept from escape by the chain which, passing under the keel, unites them. The submarine, having accomplished her work, backs off to a safe distance, explodes these torpedoes by means of a galvanic battery, and up goes the enemy, in more pieces than one can well count. If a vessel under sail or steam is to be assaulted, the submarine dives down and lies hidden right under the track of her foe; then at the exact moment loosens a torpedo furnished with a percussion apparatus; the enemy strikes this, explodes it, and up she goes past all hope of redemption. The submarine, in the mean time, has dived down into the water so deep as to be quite safe from the shock which she has occasioned. "I can't stop to describe to you," concludes M. Olivier de Jalin, "the system of pumps to drive out the foul air, the air and water-pipes by means of which, with the aid of the compressed air, the air-tanks may in a few moments be filled with



A. Engine-Room.—C. Smoke-Stack.—D. Munition-Room.—E. Coal-Bunkers.—F. Look-Out.—1, 1, 1. Compartments for Air or Water.—0, 0, 0. Compartments for Compressed Air.

LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF SUBMARINE BATTERY.



REBEL SUBMARINE BATTERY.

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water or emptied." We believe M. Olivier has sold our French friend, and think that if our fleet has nothing to contend with more formidable than the invention of Mr. Anstilt it will not suffer much damage.

THE MOONLIGHT LONG AGO.

You love me well, I know, wife,
In spite of frown and toss;
In the moonlight long ago, wife,
You didn't look so cross.
In your little scarlet cloak, dear,
You tripped along the moss,
And all at once I spoke, dear,
Though sadly at a loss.

You hung your pretty head then,
And answered very low;
I scarce knew what you said then,
But I knew it wasn't "no."
My joy I couldn't speak, love,
But a hundred times or so
I kissed a velvet cheek, love,
In the moonlight long ago.

ARMSTRONG'S 600-POUNDER.

THE latest reports from England bring us an account of a new gun, of extraordinary dimensions, weighing no less than 22½ tons. This enormous bit of artillery has been built by Sir William Armstrong, under the auspices of the British Government, and has been lately tested off Shoeburyness. A sketch of the gun will be found on page 76. It has been *built*, we say; for a piece of this size could not possibly have been forged as a whole. The principle upon which it is constructed is that the greatest strain comes at the breech; and in accordance with this principle, the immense weight is distributed, by means of laminal cylinders of different lengths, as seen in the illustration. This has been the principle involved in all Armstrong guns; the novel feature in this one being that it carries a six hundred pound shot, and is so wisely distributed as to its weight that it is only four feet longer than the 300-pounder, although it is more than twice as heavy. Not only is the gun made up of cylinders, one inclosing another, but each particular cylinder is composed of several small rings, or coils, of iron welded together lengthwise. The outward layers are turned without and within, and are subjected to a great heat when they are fitted over the interior cylinders, and, cooling, contract with such force of pressure as to be most compactly welded together. The gun is rifled with ten grooves, and to secure the rotation of the shot the latter has upon its surface ten rows of studs fitting into these grooves; the bore being 13 3-10ths inches in diameter. It is proposed to carry guns of this description on iron-clad war-vessels, and if it should be found practicable, it would necessitate a complete revolution in the defensive armor of ships of war, as no vessel in existence could withstand the effect of the 600-pound steel shot. The practicability of their use for this purpose is, however, extremely doubtful, as in a heavy gale very much smaller guns are frequently displaced. But for harbor and coast defenses this enormous war engine is of the greatest value and perfectly available. Its possible range, at an elevation of 10 degrees, is over four thousand yards, the charge being 70 pounds of powder. If we compare our own progress in naval armament with that made by the British, we shall find that a preference has been always given by us to cast-iron guns, small charges, and heavy shot at low velocities; while in England steel guns are preferred, with high charges and light shot, at excessive velocities. Twenty-inch guns have, however, been constructed in this country capable of carrying a 1000-pound shot, but these have been found, as probably this new 600-pounder will be, unavailable except for harbor and coast defense.

LAUNCH OF THE "MINOTAUR."

ON page 76 we give an illustration representing the launch of the English iron-clad screw steamship *Minotaur* from the yard of the Thames Iron Works and Ship-building Company, in England. The English have three ships of this class, the other two not yet launched. The *Minotaur* is the largest ship of war afloat, being 450 feet long and 59 feet wide, and carries 50 guns. Her armor-plates on the waist are 5½ inches thick, and 4½ toward the head and stern. There are two features worthy of attention about this vessel. One is, that running all along each side she has what are called "wing passages," 42 inches wide, and corresponding with the height between decks. The wings are again divided into small water-tight compartments, so that in the event of a shot passing through the outer skin of the ship the water from the leak will be confined to its compartment. Another noteworthy feature is an arrangement by which several hundred tons of water may be admitted into these compartments, the effect being to steady the vessel in action. The total weight of the vessel when completed will be 10,000 tons; yet it is expected that she will make 14 knots an hour. Nowithstanding the immense size of this vessel, it still seems to us that she would be no match for one of our Monitors, which, although they only carry two guns, yet by their revolving turrets are enabled to shift their fire continually. And then it must be remembered that the latter present very little vulnerable surface, being only 18 inches above the water, and their turrets only about 25 feet in diameter. The *Minotaur*, on the other hand, has an immense surface, which, if she were put in the situation of our Monitors at Charleston, would have surely given way at some point, and caused the ship to sink. These massive ships, carrying large armaments, are far less available for all the exigencies of offensive or defensive warfare than the turreted iron-clads of a less size. The English have no iron-clads with revolving turrets as yet, but we think that these represent thus far the highest result of naval skill and efficiency.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Brandreth's Pills

were understood, few families would be without

SO GREAT A REMEDY IN THE HOUSE.

This medicine is a certain cure for Small-Pox, and no person having that terrible disease should for a moment delay their use. Authenticated cures will be furnished all who desire by application at the principal office, Brandreth House, New York.

A lady of 56 was out of health generally; no food agreed with her—always violent pain in the stomach after eating. All the remedies she took did her no good, until at last she took Brandreth's Pills for a few days together, then rested for a few days. This method she followed for three months, which restored her health completely.

A young lady was obliged to leave school because of a constant severe pain in the region of the heart when she read aloud or spoke, or went up stairs or walked quickly. Her case was nearly a fatal one, by the remedies employed, of which bleeding was one. But at length she used Brandreth's Pills, which in one year cured her, and now her health is fully restored.

TUMOR OF THE NECK CURED.

A young gentleman had a tumor on the side of his neck, which had been years in coming. It was pronounced a cancer. Dr. Brandreth expressed the opinion that perseverance with his Pills would cure it. They were used according to the printed instructions which accompany each box, and soon the tumor began to give way. In a little over one year, they cured it perfectly, and the gentleman can not now be surpassed for health and vigor.

Is it any wonder BRANDRETH'S PILLS are so largely patronized?

Principal Office, Brandreth House. Sold also at No. 4 Union Square, and by all Dealers. Get new style.

Short-Hand without a Master,

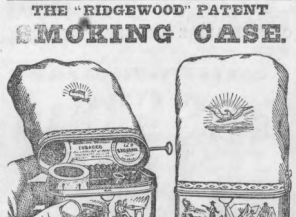
By which the art of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., may be attained in a few hours. 40th edition, with a supplement, sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents., RICHARD PARKER & CO., cor Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

"LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE."—All, born to love, and to be Loved. Mistakes, Unhappy Marriages, The Remedy, Love—signs, in the face. Secret of Beauty. A Woman's Experience. Falling in Love. To improve the Complexion—with numerous illustrative Portraits—in Jan. Double No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The first of a new vol. Only 15 cts. Or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

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BARTLETT'S BURNISHED HAND NEEDLES.
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"BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES are a wonderful improvement over others for SEWING MACHINE or HAND SEWING. Try sample 250, any sizes, for 50 c., free by mail."—MME. DEMOREST.

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SMOKING CASE.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case.* It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved.* Nothing can excel its *Comfort, Utility*, and *Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. **FOR THE SOLDIER** OF ALL RANKS, *in Camp or on the March*, IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders*, with commendation from all points IN THE ARMY, daily attest this fact. *Single cases sent by mail, paid on receipt of price, and 25 cents.*
SKATERS *will appreciate this Case.*
Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**
Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking, $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and SUTLERS invited to *call* and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers.
☞ A half-pound Package of this *fine Tobacco*, full weight, sent (carefully put up) *by mail, postage paid*, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* receive prompt attention.
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OFFICE 429 BROADWAY, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.

Diamond Parlor Watches.
In Round and Slide Boxes,
66 Courtlandt Street, *N. Y.*

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine-pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

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For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
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For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
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The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrtiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

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In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

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All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

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Beware the Northeaster.

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SAVE ONE HALF THE FUEL; EXCLUDE COLD, WIND, RAIN, and DUST from DOORS and WINDOWS. LOCAL AGENTS WANTED EVERY WHERE. Address THE PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIP CO., 644 Broadway, N. Y.

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Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled and with twist. The Trade supplied.
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New Corps Pin.

We can now offer to Officers and all members of the Army our new style Corps Pin, in Fine Gold Plate, richly enameled and chased, with the Corps designation in Fine Inlaid Enamel in Division colors, being the richest, neatest, and finest Pin ever offered. Mailed free for One Dollar. GEO. DEMERIT & CO., Jewelers, 303 Broadway, N. Y.

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McClellan, Grant, Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Sigel, and Foster. All are the same Pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and dates. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin, plated with fine gold. By enclosing One Dollar a sample will be sent by mail.
AGENTS WANTED IN AND OUT THE ARMY. The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts. Also,

Cavalry and Artillery Pins.



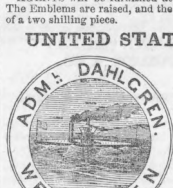
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Red, White and Blue,



The outer rim highly polished as Silver can be for the Name, Co., and Regiment. These Pins are Silver, and cost One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents, with the Name, Co., and Regiment engraved upon them, or One Dollar without engraving. If any engraving is desired beyond the Name, "Co." and Regiment, Three Cents per Letter or Figure will be charged.
AGENTS will be furnished at Six Dollars per dozen. The Emblems are raised, and the Pin about the thickness of a two shilling piece.

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The cut is a correct copy of the Monitor Pins got up in Silver. The name of the Monitor and purchaser of Pin will be engraved upon the same, and furnished for $1 50 each. The Pins are very beautiful, and got up expressly by desire of many officers of the Navy. Same Pins got up in Solid Gold.
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unexcelled in keeping the hair in curl.
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oils and colors the hair at the same time; changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black.
HOYT'S EXCELSIOR TOILET POWDER,
imparts beauty to the complexion, smoothness to the skin, and preserves youthfulness of appearance. Sold everywhere. JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 10 University Place.

$50 for $20.
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The remedy is equally adapted to the treatment of **Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis**, and all affections of the **Lungs, Throat**, and **Air-Passages**; while it specially invigorates the enfeebled NERVOUS SYSTEM, and energizes the deranged functions of the **Stomach, Liver**, and **Bowels**.
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3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
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10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mt'd Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
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In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

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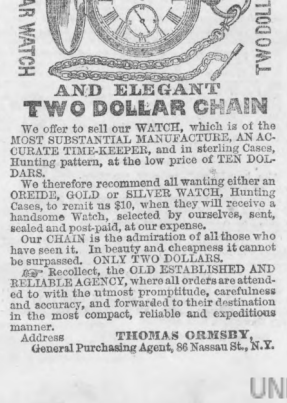
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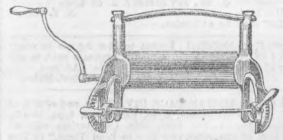
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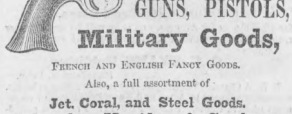
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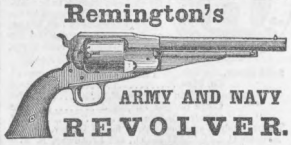
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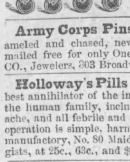
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 371.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THANKS TO GRANT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THANKS TO GRANT.

"*Be it resolved* by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of Congress be and they hereby are presented to Major-General ULYSSES S. GRANT, and through him to the officers and soldiers who have fought under his command during the rebellion, for their gallantry and good conduct in the battles in which they have been engaged; and that the President of the United States be requested to cause a GOLD MEDAL to be struck, with suitable emblems, devices, and inscriptions, to be presented to Major-General GRANT.

"Section 2. *And be it further resolved*, That, when the said MEDAL shall have been struck, the President shall cause a copy of this joint resolution to be engrossed on parchment, and shall transmit the same, together with the said MEDAL, to Major-General GRANT, to be presented to him in the name of the people of the United States of America.

"Section 3. *And be it further resolved*, That a sufficient sum of money to carry this resolution into effect is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated."

[Passed without opposition in both Houses: Approved by the President and the Country.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

☞ OWING to some delay in the transmission of the advance sheets of Mr. CHARLES DICKENS'S paper, we are obliged to omit, in the present Number, the continuation of the story, "A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB." The story will be continued in our next Number, and will be regularly published until its completion.]

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE correspondence of the State Department, now published, shows how industrious Secretary Seward has been. The two most interesting points in it, of course, are the question of the English rebel rams and the French conquest of Mexico. Mr. Seward treats the first with firmness, ability, and skill. The sailing of the rams would have been undoubtedly a cause of war; for, as Mr. Seward well and plainly says to Mr. Adams, on the 5th of October, 1863: "The resistance of foreign aggression by all the means in our power, and at the hazard, if need be, of the national life itself, is the one point of policy on which the American people seem to be unanimous, and in complete harmony with the President." It was doubtless the continued success of our arms, supported by the most unflinching statement of this truth by Mr. Adams, which brought from Lord Russell, on the 8th of September, 1863, the extremely curt and crisp announcement that the rams would not sail. Throughout the correspondence Mr. Adams appears in the best light: prompt, calm, sagacious, persistent; nor has Lord Russell the least reason to congratulate himself upon any advantage in argument, comprehension, or temper.

The treatment of the Mexican question with France required of Mr. Seward not only firmness but adroitness. For, counting upon our defeat, Louis Napoleon has conquered and is occupying Mexico. It is a step already taken. His dilemma is obvious: how to remain with safety, or how to retreat with honor. Our question is not less embarrassing: how to assert our traditional policy so as to persuade him that he had better withdraw. It is not an easy task. The Secretary states our policy thus: The United States have no right nor wish to interfere in the war between France and Mexico; but they believe that free institutions in the nations around them are essential to their own safety, and if France should adopt an adverse policy there would be great risk of serious collision between her and this country. On the 23d of October, 1863, Mr. Seward writes that this Government does not consider the war in Mexico ended, nor the Mexican Government with which it has friendly relations overthrown. Therefore it can not entertain any question of a new Government, but will recognize the sovereignty and independence of the Mexican people in whatever form that people may choose, in the exercise of an absolute freedom, to manifest them.

This is rather foggy. Does it mean that if they choose to manifest them in the form of an Austrian empire upheld by French bayonets that it will recognize it? Or does it mean that the choice of an empire will be regarded as proof that absolute freedom of election has not been exercised? Or is it left purposely foggy? It is not satisfactory, and is very probably not meant to be.

We wish that Mr. Seward could have omitted one or two phrases in the French correspondence, and that, without losing the tone of diplomatic courtesy, he could have avoided all taint of obsequiousness. Surely there was no need of saying that Louis Napoleon assumed the reins of empire in France "in obedience to her voice," because the empire was notoriously a *coup d'état*. If his subsequent election was the result of an absolute freedom of choice, Mr. Seward can not refuse to acknowledge the same thing in Mexico, and recognize Maximilian as assuming the reins of empire "in obedience to her voice." Then, is it quite worthy the Secretary of State to present to Spain the continued enjoyment of slavery in Cuba as the reward of friendship for the United States? If we had no other inducement to offer her, wouldn't it be better to take the risk of her hostility?

These are blemishes in a very able and remarkable diplomatic correspondence.

PRIDE AND SENSITIVENESS.

THE "Life of General Butler," by Mr. Parton, will show the interested reader why Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who was sent to New Orleans to investigate the General's conduct of affairs, so constantly thwarted that most able and skillful officer, and so invariably favored the enemies of his country and Government. He has made a speech in the Senate of the United States, and incidentally drops the explanation. It is because he considers the rebels "proud and sensitive." That the pride of the Government of the United States requires that the rebellion be so subdued that it may not burst forth again does not seem to occur to him. That the loyal people of the land may be quite as "sensitive" as rebel slaveholders is a fact he has yet to learn.

Does Mr. Senator Reverdy Johnson really think that the time has not gone by for the ancient and foolish twaddle about the "high spirit," the "gentlemanly tone," the "pride," and the "sensitiveness," of men who sell their own and other people's children? That in every condition of society which is barbarous, and slavery is the distinctive sign of barbarism, there should be a certain heat and fierceness of feeling, is attested by universal experience. The chiefs are always impatient of control, dictatorial, self-indulgent, dogmatic. They use the club, the bowie-knife, or the pistol, upon the least occasion. But why should a man like Mr. Johnson, who has had the advantage of mingling with a society of which respect for human rights is a cardinal principle, permit himself to repeat these phrases which are now as ludicrous as they are obsolete? Does this worthy and belated Senator really think that Charles Stuart was a man of higher "pride" than John Hampden, or that Strafford was more "sensitive" than Pym? The Southern people, who are not rebel leaders, may be an honest folk; but tickling the "proud and sensitive" nerves of slave masters is not the business which the American people now has in hand.

A LOUD CRY.

OUR view of the rebel prospects has received most striking confirmation in the tone of all the public as well as private news lately received from the seat of insurrection. The Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard* has, indeed, one very striking article, in which it sets forth the astounding fact that the rebel Congress is controlled by members from States which do not belong to the Confederacy. Representatives from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana, impose, according to the *Standard*, "odious and oppressive laws," which can no more be enforced upon the people of those States than upon those of New York or New England!

Here is representative government with a vengeance! Here is a paradise of the people for which it was worth while to break away from the "Yankee despotism!" The rebel Congress, composed as we have stated, decrees taxes, impressments, and conscriptions upon the people of North Carolina, for instance, which it can not enforce in half of what is called "the Confederacy;" and unless we suppose a higher than the average degree of devotion to the rebellion upon the part of North Carolina, it will be presently taking steps, as the *Standard* says, to "protect her children."

It is very plain, from testimony of many kinds, that the mind of the deluded and betrayed Southern population is beginning to awake. They see that the world has gone on without Southern cotton for three years. They see that the secession which was to bring them such peace and prosperity has brought them untold woe. They see that the European powers, which were sure to acknowledge them, turn a colder shoulder than ever. They see their domain contracting; their families starving or carried off; trade at an end; industry only supporting an army which feeds upon them, and into whose ranks they are forced. They see their slaves freed, escaping, and restive. They see their soil saturated with the blood of their own children; and they see opposed to them a nation constantly reinforcing its armies, prospering and active and resolved, holding out to the people of the South the hand of fellowship on such terms as no honorable men will persistently reject. How long is this likely to continue?

The hold of the leaders of the rebellion upon the people is very tenacious, and its tenure is Slavery. For however wretched and poor the whites may be, just in the degree of their ignorance will they be content, so long as there is a proscribed race below them. Remove the proscription and you destroy their contentment. Remove the proscription and they turn upon their leaders and ask, "What are we fighting for? Without Slavery what is Southern Independence worth? And with Slavery are we not the most unmitigatedly wretched of American citizens?"

The very presence of our armies will teach them to ask these questions. We know, and the rebel chiefs know, and the Copperhead allies know, that to such questions there can be but one answer, and that these men will gladly agree that the Slavery which has enthralled them, and in which they had and could have no property interest, shall be destroyed and forever. Then we shall have peace, and not before.

GENERAL BUTLER.

MR. PARTON'S "Life of General Butler" is a very valuable contribution to the history of the war, because it is so vivid a portraiture of the most remarkable man, upon the whole, that the war has developed. When the struggle began it was natural to suppose that the Yankee genius would show itself in prompt and daring action, in a perfect equality to every unexpected occasion, and a general readiness, wit, and practical wisdom, which are always associated with the Yankee name. But certainly there has been a profound disappointment in this expectation. Sturdy, steady, patient heroism we have seen, and clear principle and unshrinking resolution, but the typical Yankee traits have been nowhere so plainly and constantly exhibited as in the career of General Butler.

In the winter of 1860–'61 he saw that the war was coming, and, parting with his late political allies, went home to prepare to fight them as traitors and rebels. He apprehended the scope of the struggle, and from the moment he occupied Annapolis until that in which he is intrusted with the settlement of the question of exchange of prisoners, his shrewd insight, his self-possession, his various knowledge, his mother-wit, and his good-humored heroism, have enabled him to meet every kind of difficulty, and solve it with a success so brilliant, that the public confidence in his genius and resources is profound and general.

The earlier parts of his military career in Maryland are very interesting, and are related with great spirit by Mr. Parton. That gentleman does not spare the military plans and conceptions of General Scott, and it is certainly amusing to read that while that General was maturing a grand programme for capturing Baltimore (as his successor did afterward, for bagging the whole rebellion), by which four columns of three thousand men each were to move simultaneously upon the city, General Butler advanced into the environs with a few companies, halted them, trotted with his staff into the city, and Baltimore was taken. It has been held from that moment. The solemn snubbing administered to General Butler from head-quarters at Washington read, under the circumstances, like chapters from Gil Blas. The worship and cant of "strategy" had already begun.

The capture of Baltimore was characteristic of General Butler's method. It is the application of common sense, heroism, and perception to the case in hand. His disposition of the practical question of slavery, as he met it at Fort Monroe, was another striking illustration. The slaves in his eye were "contraband of war;" thus, as Theodore Winthrop said, slavery was abolished by an epigram.

But the occupation and government of New Orleans is the most signal event in his history. Has the war produced another man who could have done that work? Whether with rebels, or conditional Union men, or slaves, or slaveholders, or foreign consuls; with sea-captains, silly women, Bank presidents, mayors, common councils, and merchants; with questions of law, of precedent, domestic, international, and foreign, of the most stern and summary justice or the wisest forbearance—he carries the same high humor, copious resource, and inexorable decision; so that there is no way left for rebels, who are baffled by him at every turn and in every wile, but to call him Beast, and set a price upon his head. Mr. Parton very plainly intimates that General Butler's decisive way of dealing with all rebels, and rebel accomplices, in New Orleans, tended to a disturbance of the equanimity of our foreign relations, which Mr. Seward was assiduously striving to maintain, and that the Secretary of State was really the cause of General Butler's removal from the Department of the Gulf. General Banks followed him, to try the policy of conciliation, which almost cost us Louisiana. That was a policy which General Butler never approved from the outbreak of the rebellion, for he was profoundly persuaded that in trying to tickle tigers you run tremendous risks. General Banks did not persevere, and Louisiana has been retained.

From his previous intimacy with the leaders of the rebellion General Butler has always comprehended the significance of the war. He knew it was a radical struggle in which one principle or the other must prevail. The leaders he knew to be daring and desperate. The people he knew to be deluded; and probably no man is less surprised than he by the course the war has taken. Of all our conspicuous actors in the struggle no one has thrown himself into it more heartily, intelligibly, and unreservedly; and although he is yet scarcely in the prime of life, the copious and delightful biography of Mr. Parton shows General Butler to be already one of the most original characters in our history.

THE BROWN CODE.

THE new rebel conscription law, without which the insurgent armies can not be reinforced, makes Jefferson Davis as absolute a Dictator as ever Robespierre was in France. The Macon *Telegraph* in Georgia plainly exposes the scheme. By the law of Mr. Brown every able-bodied man in the Confederacy, including the rebel President, Senators, Governors, and Judges is to be impressed into the service. Then if the lame, and blind, and superannuated are not enough to do the work necessary for the support of the army, men are to be detailed from the army for the purpose.

But who is to detail them? The worthy President of the Confederacy! Thus he has it all in his own hands. He is to detail the governors, judges, merchants, farmers, senators! A more ludicrous plan was never proposed. It virtually puts the power over every person and all property into the hands of one irresponsible man. We commend this last stroke to the profound consideration of the foreign and domestic gentlemen who are fond of contrasting the far-reaching sagacity of the Southern statesman with the puerile plans of Lincoln's minions.

OLD DOGS.

BEFORE the last Presidential election there were certain papers and orators who used to inform us that if we did not vote for Mr. Breckinridge, or if Mr. Lincoln were elected, the grass would grow in the city of New York. Mr. Lincoln *was* elected, but the grass has not yet started, except in the Central Park.

Now that another election approaches the same papers are beginning the same tune. If Mr. Lincoln is voted for this time blood is to flow, and the election is to end in universal massacre. Would people know how to avoid such terrible consequences, ask the wiseacres, vote for *our* candidate!

It does not seem to occur to these astute politicians that an election carried under any threat of this kind is simply the end of Government, and the failure of the Democratic principle. If we can avoid civil war only by voting for one man the election is a farce, and the one man would do us all a signal service if he quietly took possession of the Government without the form of an election.

These Bourbon gentlemen, who learn nothing from events, can not see that the game of carrying elections by terror is, for the present at least, ended. When the leaders, now in rebellion, used to shake their heads solemnly and say that if they could not have their own way "the South" would be compelled to dissolve the Union, the nation used to surrender, and they graciously permitted the Union to continue. Their organs at the North were so well broken to this kind of tactics that they can not emancipate themselves, and are beginning, in the old way, to threaten the horrors that will befall us if we elect a President who pleases us.

There are certain old dogs in Italy which, long after they have lost their voices, still open their mouths fiercely and go through all the forms of barking. But they were never known to frighten any body.

LITERARY.

THE many friends and former enthusiasts for Alexander Smith will be surprised by the limpid purity and simplicity of style with which he has written a book of essays in the character of a placid old man in the placid old village of "Dreamthorp" (J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston), which gives the title to the book, which is most neatly printed and bound. There are twelve most pleasant, gossiping essays, not like Bacon's or Emerson's or Montaigne's, but ripe and quiet and sunny, and a great deal more genial and agreeable than the Rev. Mr. Boyd's. "Dreamthorp" is a charming book for the cars, or a frosty evening by the fire, or a summer day in the country. It still seems quite impossible that the author of a "Life Drama" should have written "Dreamthorp," but we are inclined to think that the liking for the latter will be more permanent and genuine.

In the "Life of William H. Prescott," by George Ticknor (Ticknor & Fields), we have a sumptuous quarto; a work typographically exquisite and unique in American book-making; the printers being Welch, Bigelow, & Co., at the University Press, Cambridge. It is the life of an amiable scholar and gentleman, whose misfortune in the practical loss of sight not only did not sour his natural kindliness of nature, but kindled his ambition, so that, devoting himself to historical composition, he became a famous author. It is a purely literary life, and is certainly very interesting, enriched with many letters from distinguished men of the time, and abounding in that personal anecdote and gossip, which, while they amuse the reader, most clearly illustrate the subject of the memoir. Fortunate in all but his partial blindness, in family, friends, worldly ease, he leaned to the soft, polished, conservative side of life; and throughout the tale you move in a society as select as the book is sumptuous. There is the rustle of silks and satins, the exchange of perfumed compliments and billet-doux; the steady stream of mutual incense on every hand; drawing-rooms, courts, high society; until cold winds, poverty, and the battle of life, seem simply incredible. Mr. Ticknor's long and entire intimacy with Mr. Prescott peculiarly fitted him for writing the life, the successive events of which he has apparently most faithfully narrated. It would have been pleasant to find that Mr. Prescott had the heroism of a great scholar; that he did not shrink from contact with public affairs at a time when no man of influence and talent should have refused to give his heartiest sympathy and service, after his kind, to his country; and to discover that he was never deluded by the dull indifference to human welfare which calls itself conservatism. But every scholar can not be Milton or Languet; and Prescott's gay, genial, and graceful nature, fitted

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for saloons, boudoirs, and libraries, went smiling and sparkling through life, faithfully devoted to his work, endeared to his friends, and making hosts of readers happy. In this beautiful volume we find many passages in which we of this Journal have a special interest; as in the sketch taken from the *We kly* of February 12, 1859, recording a conversation with Mr. Prescott, shortly before his death, by the Reverend W. H. Milburn; and in the many, always friendly, allusions to his publishers in New York (who are also the publishers of this Journal). The relation upon both sides was always most pleasant, and as such relations are of necessity an important part of the lite of an author, they have due remembrance from the biographer. If we say, at last, that the spirit of this biography is entirely congenial with that of its subject, have we not given it the highest praise?

A capital book for boys is "Days and Nights on the Battle-field" (Ticknor & Fields). It is written by "Carleton," the signature of Mr. Coffin, army correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. It describes the battle of Bull Run, the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, with the battle of Shiloh, and other operations in the West, in a style so crisp, trenchant, and picturesque that no book is to be compared with it for giving an intelligent child a vivid conception of the war which shakes the country. The book is full of lively incident and shrewd observation. Its interest never flags, and it makes even the movement of battles intelligible. It is from such sources that the historian is to draw, and his elaborate touches will scarcely be more effective than these sketches of "Carleton."

[From the *Evening Post* of January 26.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—We have received the seventh volume of *Harper's Weekly*—for the eventful year 1863. It is a journal of the year, kept in the most interesting way, and as we turn over the pages we revive many now almost forgotten sensations, and see, bit by bit, how history has grown. Here we find "The *new* Commander of the Potomac army," General Meade; here, "*Colonel* Kilpatrick's charge," which made him presently a Brigadier-General; here, in pictures, for the most part drawn with admirable spirit, and clearly cut and printed, we live over again the siege and capture of Vicksburg, the battle of the iron-clads *Atlanta* and *Weehawken*, and many other scenes which posterity will read of admiringly.

The volume closed and bound up becomes history, but it would not be just to this publication to omit a remark on the influence which it has exerted during the year, and which it continues to exert. An illustrated journal like *Harper's Weekly*, which circulates, we have heard, over one hundred and twenty thousand copies per week, chiefly among families, and which has probably a million of readers, has necessarily a great influence in the country. The *Weekly* has consistently and very ably supported the Union, the Government, and the great principles to develop which the Union was founded. The publishers have shown themselves true and wise lovers of liberty, and sterling patriots. They have thrown the whole influence of their journal for the most vigorous and thorough prosecution of the war; and have ably and constantly supported every measure of the Administration calculated to put down the rebellion, and to destroy the cause of rebellion among us.

Unlike most illustrated journals, *Harper's Weekly* has displayed political and literary ability of a high order, as well as artistic merit. Its political discussions are sound, clear, and convincing, and have done their share to educate the American people to a right understanding of their dangers and duties. Thus complete in all the departments of an American family journal, *Harper's Weekly* has earned for itself a right to the title which it assumed seven years ago—"a journal of civilization."

In its specialty—illustrations of passing events—it is unsurpassed; and many of the pictures of the year do honor to the genius of the artists and engravers of this country. There is a snow scene in the current number of the *Weekly* (for January 30) which is worthy of a frame, and has more merit than many an oil painting of a similar scene. In fact, the war has done much to improve the art of designing and cutting wood engravings, and we find frequently wood-cuts in *Harper's Weekly* which we have not seen equaled in any European publication of the kind.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 20. Mr. Brown presented a memorial from members of the Missouri Legislature against confirming the nomination of General Schofield as Major-General; the Senator spoke in sharp condemnation of the course of General Schofield as military commander in Missouri.—The Military Committee reported, with amendments, bill for a uniform ambulance system.—Resolutions were presented from the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, asking for a modification of the Reciprocity Treaty.—The President was asked to furnish information touching the recent conflagration at Santiago, Chili.—The Military Committee was instructed to report on the advantages of concentrated feed for horses and mules.—The resolution for a committee on the conduct of the war was passed, with the House amendment requiring an investigation into contracts.—The case of Mr. Bayard and the rule requiring a new oath from Senators came up. Mr. Collamer argued at length in favor of the rule, the object of which, he said, was to rid the Senate of members like those who, in 1861 and before, while holding seats, had plotted against the Government. If the Constitution was so framed that this could not be done, it was a total failure. Mr. Anthony followed, arguing in favor of the rule. Mr. Hendricks continued the debate. He had taken the oath, not because he thought it proper, but to silence the clamor that might arise if he refused. There was nothing in it particularly objectionable to him; but when the Senate proposed to make it a general rule, affecting all future applicants, he should oppose it. He thought that any man who came duly commissioned by his State had a right to a seat. He was determined that none of the leaders of the rebellion should have a seat in the Senate; but when the rebellion was crushed they would never seek a place in the Senate. He then went on to argue that this oath put obstructions in the way of reconstruction; denounced the policy of the President, and wished for such a mode of reconstruction as would allow of the return of the seceded States into the Union as friends, and not as enemies.—*January* 21. The Senatorial oath and Mr. Bayard's case was again brought up, and debated by Senators Johnson, Howard, and Foote; but no action was taken, except the rejection of an amendment offered by Mr. Powell, by 26 to 12.—The Senate adjourned until Monday, January 25.—*January* 25. The Judiciary Committee were discharged from the consideration of the resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis.—Mr. Sumner introduced resolution precluding admission to the bar in United States courts to all persons who shall not have taken the oath prescribed by the Act of 1862.—The Secretary of War was directed to transmit orders and proclamations concerning elections issued by military authorities in Kentucky and Missouri.—Mr. Wilson asked for inquiry into the character of the heavy ordnance, and rifled guns, and all matters pertaining thereto.—Mr. Hale's resolution of inquiry into the affairs of the Naval Department was referred to a committee, Mr. Hale being chairman.—The Senatorial oath was brought up and debated, Senators Saulsbury and Doolittle speaking against Mr. Sumner's resolution. This resolution, offered December 18, to the effect that to the rules of the Senate should be added that every Senator should take in open Senate the oath prescribed by the Act of July 2, 1862, was agreed to, 27 to 11.—*January* 26. Mr. Bayard addressed the Senate in reference to the new rule. He had thought that if it were adopted there was but one alternative, either to comply or to resign; he had become convinced that he had been partly in error; the rule had been judicially adopted, and was binding upon him to the end of taking the oath; he should do this, and then resign the seat which he had held for thirteen years. The Senator then took the oath, resigned his seat, and retired from the hall. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, who now appeared for the first time, said that, while he doubted the policy of requiring the oath, he had no objection to it; he accordingly took it, as prescribed by the rule.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to print the official reports of the operations of our armies, and another to secure freedom to persons escaping to the service of the United States: referred.—Mr. Davis's resolution calling for papers relative to the exchange of prisoners was adopted.—The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis was brought forward. A letter was read from Mr. Davis stating that, in offering these resolutions, he had no purpose to incite the army to mutiny or the people to sedition or violence; but it was to exhort the whole people, North and South, to terminate the war by a Constitutional settlement of their difficulties, and the reconstruction of the Union; and the resolutions would not fairly admit of any other construction. Mr. Howard moved to substitute "shall be censured" in place of "expelled;" in the course of his speech he paid a high personal compliment to the Senator from Kentucky. Mr. Johnson followed, saying that the resolutions, taken together, contained any thing treasonable, and the motion for expulsion was based upon supposed traitorous utterances; he spoke in favor of the right of opposition to the policy of Government, and in favor of freedom of debate: the subject was postponed till next day.

HOUSE.—*January* 20. Mr. Schenck introduced a bill to equalize grades of line officers in the Navy: referred to Committee on Naval Affairs.—The proposed amendments to the Confiscation act were brought up, and a desultory debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Voorhees expressed the determination of the Opposition members to debate the question at length; and Mr. Sweat, of Maine, declared that it was not the purpose of the Opposition to embarrass the Administration, but to aid it in putting down the rebellion; when that was done, and all the States come back and welcome, and let all questions in dispute be settled by the proper judicial tribunals. He did not believe that any power had the right to blot out States or State lines.—The Revenue bill came up. An amendment was proposed by Mr. Fernando Wood to the effect that all spirits on hand for sale, whether distilled before or since the passage of the act, shall pay the duties prescribed by this act: adopted, 85 to 30. Another amendment imposing 20 cents per gallon additional upon all spirits into which matter has been infused so that they are sold as brandy, rum, wine, etc., was adopted. Another amendment, providing that upon all cotton which now pays one-half cent per pound, an additional cent and a half be imposed, was adopted.—*January* 21. A new Committee was ordered, to which should be referred all communications on the subject of a uniform system of coinage, weights, and measures.—The joint resolution amending the Confiscation act was brought up and debated; but no action was taken.—The Revenue bill was then taken up. An amendment was agreed to, taxing all cotton in the hands of manufacturers, heretofore exempt, two cents a pound; and another providing that all spirits imported previous to the passage of the act shall pay an additional duty of 40 cents per gallon. The whole bill, as thus amended, was reported, and together, with a substitute proposed by Mr. Stevens, was ordered to be printed, as preliminary to further action.—*January* 22. The Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures was appointed, Mr. Kasson chairman.—The Internal Revenue bill was brought up. Mr. Stevens's substitute was rejected by 100 to 51; the amended bill of the Committee was then passed by 87 to 68; its main features are a tax of 60 cents per gallon on all first proof spirits; twenty-five cents additional upon liquors composed of whisky flavored so as to sell for brandy, rum, wine, etc.; upon imported spirits an additional tax of forty cents per gallon, first proof, as levied. Upon cotton the entire tax is two cents a pound: upon that in the hands of manufacturers and dealers, upon which one-half cent has been paid, the additional one and a half cents is imposed.—The resolution amending the Confiscation act was brought up and debated, but no definite action was taken.—Mr. Ward offered a resolution to the effect that all officers and soldiers honorably discharged for any reason within two years from enlistment, should receive the same bounties as those discharged after two years' service: referred to Committee on Military affairs.—House adjourned till Monday, January 25.—*January* 25. After the introduction of several bills, which were referred to appropriate committees, Mr. Holman offered a resolution instructing the Military Committee to introduce a bill for increasing the pay of soldiers; a motion to lay it on the table was rejected by an almost unanimous vote, and the resolution was referred.—Resolutions were offered by Mr. McDowell censuring the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, and by Mr. Edgerton affirming the "Crittenden resolutions" to be the basis on which the war should be conducted, condemning the assumption of power by the Executive, and deprecating all revolutionary measures: debate arising, those two series of resolutions were laid over.—The Committee on Military Affairs reported back the bill, with amendments, reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General. The substance is, that the President may appoint from among the Major-Generals, by the advice and consent of the Senate, a commander-in-chief, who shall receive the pay and allowances provided for by existing laws; but the rank, pay, and allowances of General Scott, shall not be affected by the bill: the consideration of this bill was postponed for a week.—The Committee on Military Affairs reported back the Enrollment bill, with amendments: postponed.—A general debate ensued upon the bill providing for deficiencies in Appropriations. The debate took a personal turn. Mr. Brooks, of New York, spoke against the President's proclamation; Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, said that the life-blood of the rebellion was drawn from African slavery, and that whenever we tap this fountain our efforts will be successful. Mr. Mallory, of the same State, protested against the sentiments of his colleague; Kentucky, he said, scorns them: he was, however, in favor of carrying on the war with all the power conferred by the Constitution; he would destroy the rebel army, and reduce the rebels to obedience; then he hoped private property would be spared, and the people of the South could come back to their allegiance. Mr. Wadsworth, also of Kentucky, censured Mr. Smith for voting for Mr. Colfax as Speaker; Mr. Smith rejoined, defending his vote; no "War Democrat," he said, had been put in nomination, and his vote had been indorsed by men who owned more negroes than himself and his accusers put together.—*January* 26. The joint resolution amendatory of the Confiscation act was brought up. Mr. F. Wood argued against the constitutionality of confiscation, so far as it deprived the heirs of persons attainted of treason of their fee in real property.—The joint resolution from the Senate, thanking Generals Hooker, Meade, Howard, and Banks, and their armies, and Mr. Vanderbilt, was passed.—An amendment to the Deficiency bill was passed, 71 to 37, that no money be expended on the Capitol and Treasury extensions, except what may be necessary to preserve the buildings from injury.—Mr. Allen offered an amendment to the Naval appropriation bill, that seamen should be paid in gold or its equivalent; a personal discussion ensued, but no action was taken.

EAST TENNESSEE.

Longstreet, it is reported, has been reinforced by as many as 20,000 troops from Lee's army, and is preparing to move on Knoxville. The rebel army at Dalton, Georgia, is estimated at 30,000. The communication between Chattanooga and Knoxville is threatened by guerrillas, probably under Morgan. Re-enlisting regiments are continually leaving on furlough, their places being promptly taken by new recruits.

The President's Amnesty Proclamation, in East Tennessee, as in all other portions of the Confederacy, seems to have its designed effect upon the rebel soldiers. We have now the most indubitable assurance that this is the case, as General Longstreet himself has lately, in an official correspondence with General Foster, bitterly complained of the conduct of the latter in circulating this document among the Confederate soldiers, causing desertion and disaffection, and suggested that the proclamation should have circulated through himself or not at all. Foster replied by sending Longstreet twenty copies for circulation, agreeing with him that the proclamation exactly meant the return of the disaffected to their allegiance, and the restoration of peace.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The opposition to the Confederate Government, in North Carolina, is reaching its culminating point. The proposed conscription of all citizens between the ages of sixteen and sixty, and the exactions threatened against all holders of property, reveal too clearly the present desperate crisis of the rebellion. "We are now," says the Raleigh *Standard*, "reaping the bitter fruits of 'peaceable secession' in forcing from their once happy and peaceful homes into the army all from eighteen to forty-five years of age to be driven as to the slaughter like oxen to the shambles. And to fill up the thinned ranks the present Congress now has before it the monstrous proposition to conscript all from sixteen to fifty-five years of age and make them subject to military law, which the Richmond *Examiner* boldly denounces as nothing less than an attempt to make Mr. Davis Dictator. If the independence of the Confederacy can not be achieved by the strength of our population up to forty-five years of age, it is clear to any reflecting mind that it will not be done by placing in the army the few left, upon whose labor all are dependent for food." The people of the State have called a convention for the purpose of seceding from the Southern Confederacy.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The shelling of Charleston from Fort Putnam is continued day and night, at intervals of ten minutes; the dense clouds of smoke rising from various portions of the city testify to the effectiveness of the bombardment.

The iron-clad fleet still remain off the harbor.

Pursuant to instructions from Washington, a circular has been issued respecting the purchase and culture of land in the vicinity of Beaufort and the neighboring islands. The President's instructions are that any loyal person who has resided for six months upon, or is engaged in cultivating any lands in that district, owned by the United States, may enter the same for pre-emption to the extent of one, or, at the option of the pre-emptor, two tracts of twenty acres each, paying therefor $1 25 per acre. Preference in all cases is given to heads of families, and to married women whose husbands are engaged in the service of the United States, or are necessarily absent. Soldiers, sailors, or marines, in service or honorably discharged, may pre-empt at the same rate, one tract if single, and if married, two tracts of twenty acres each.

This order of the President, it is supposed, will be most beneficent in its results.

ARKANSAS.

The Arkansas Delegation have succeeded in their mission, so that the restoration of civil government in that State, upon a plan similar to that adopted in Louisiana, may be looked upon as certain. The Convention lately held in Arkansas represented the State quite entirely. General Steele will soon order an election for State officers and members of the State Legislature.

FORTRESS MONROE.

General Butler has no idea of resting in the service even in winter time. A dispatch has lately been received from him by Secretary Stanton, stating that General Graham, under his command, had made a successful raid up the James River, landing at a point on the peninsula below Fort Powhatan. The result of this expedition was the capture of twenty-two rebels, seven of them belonging to a signal corps; five Jews; ninety-nine negroes; a sloop and a schooner preparing to run the blockade with two hundred and forty boxes of tobacco; and the destruction of 24,000 pounds of pork and large quantities of oats and corn. General Graham returned without the loss of a man.

THE BLOCKADE.

According to Admiral Lee's Report the blockade of Wilmington is completely successful. The East Gulf squadron have captured three valuable prizes, viz.: the British schooner *Don Jose*, from Nassau; the bark *Roebuck*, from Havana to Mobile; and the sloop *Hancock*, taken off the Florida coast.—On the 31st of December the *Kennebec* captured the rebel steamer *Grey Jacket*, from Mobile to Havana, and on January 7th the schooner *John Scott*, just out of Mobile Bay, laden with cotton and turpentine.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE Princess of Wales has been safely delivered of a prince at Frogmore.—Mr. Spence, in the London *Times*, expresses his conviction that the North will be unable to finish the war which she has undertaken, because her finances will not hold out for a sufficient length of time. The *Times* itself outdoes Mr. Spence, and declares that the distances over which our supplies must be transported will prove fatal to us; that when we advance from East Tennessee we shall have no longer a convenient railway and river system of communication, and that our gun-boats will be no longer of any use in the conflict. By this situation the necessities of nature are as much against us as they were against Napoleon in Russia.—In Paris the *Corps Legislatif* expressed in the most emphatic terms its sympathy with Poland. The Committee on Supplementary Credits earnestly warns Napoleon to desist from his Mexican enterprise. This expression seems to represent in great measure the sentiment of the French people.—The great centre of interest in Europe is the Schleswig-Holstein diffity, which seems quite certain to result in war. Austria and Prussia, according to the *Pays*, propose to occupy Schleswig. The London *Times* says that Germany, having to choose between war and revolution, will choose the former, and hints that she understands Lord Russell's desire for peace too well to mind his menacing epistles. This journal also advocates the policy of sending the British fleet to the Danish waters. The Federal army on the borders of Holstein is estimated at 60,000, and will probably be increased to 100,000.

MEXICO.

Unless Napoleon himself, moved by prudence, shall withdraw from Mexico, his invasion may be considered, so far as the conquest of the Mexicans is concerned, a complete success. Juarez has been compelled to fly; there is a strong popular sentiment in favor of an imperial establishment as the only means of restoring quiet to a troubled State; and Prim and Dobado have very small success in their attempts to bolster up the opposition.

A correspondence of considerable interest took place on the 26th of December between General Dana, of Texas, and Governor Serna, of Tamulipas. The latter, in order to be able to meet an anticipated attack on Matamoras, by Ruiaz, had made a forced loan on the citizens, including foreigners. Some American citizens were pressed by this demand, and one of these, Mr. Galvan, refusing to pay the sum of $10,000 levied on him, was imprisoned. General Dana, whose head-quarters were at Brownsville, on the opposite side of the Rio Grande, hearing of this extortion, immediately issued a command for his forces to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, with two days' rations, and seized all the ferry-boats and steamers on his side of the river, having in the mean time sent a letter to Governor Serna, assuring him that American citizens, unused to forced loans in their own country, would not submit to them in another until they ceased to be able to protect themselves, and demanding immediate restitution. The Governor immediately, with protestations of sincere friendship, &c., replied to General Dana that his request would be complied with, he having already given orders that no citizens of the United States should be molested in this or any other respect. Governor Serna no longer exercises the functions of his office at Matamoras.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE following is the official list for the month of February of officers ordered upon duty from the Instruction Ship *Savannah*, at the New York Navy-yard.

ACTING ENSIGNS.

NAMES.	REPORTED.	WHERE ORDERED.	DATE OF ORDERS.
Geo. W. Garrison	Feb. 2, 1863	Mississippi Squadron	Mch. 11, 1863
M. V. B. Haines	" 2 "	" "	" 11 "
W. N. Price	" 3 "	U. S. brig *Perry*	Feb. 7 "
C. L. Meaney	" 7 "	Mississippi Squadron	Mch. 11 "
Geo. A. Smith	" 8 "	*Colorado*	Feb. 12 "
Geo. A. Smith	" 13 "	*E. B. Hale*	" 14 "

ACTING MASTER'S MATES.

Geo. Riley	Feb.	3, 1863	East Gulf Squadron	Mch. 5 1863
H. B. Colby	"	3 "	" "	" 5 "
J. T. Bowling	"	3 "	" "	" 6 "
T. F. Laycock	"	5 "	" "	" 5 "
J. W. Carey	"	7 "	Dismissed from Service	18 "
F. W. Turner	"	9 "	*Ottawa*	" 5 "
W. S. Barker	"	9 "	*Florida*	" 5 "
J. P. Bray	"	10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
E. T. Dexter	"	10 "	*Cimmerone*, Phila.	" 6 "
C. A. Crawford	"	10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
A. K. Brown	"	10 "	*Valley City*, Baltimore	" 7 "
C. H. Marble	"	10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
J. B. Means	"	10 "	*Ticonderoga*	" 6 "
E. T. Strong	"	10 "	*Ticonderoga*	" 6 "
John Jones	"	10 "	*Valley City*, Baltimore	" 7 "
J. Richardson	"	10 "	*Massachusetts*	" 6 "
J. D. Reed	"	10 "	*Cimmerone*, Phila.	" 6 "
H. Sargeant	"	10 "	West Gulf Squadron	" 11 "
W. E. Pease	"	10 "	*Massachusetts*	" 6 "
C. A. Trundy	"	10 "	West Gulf Squadron	" 11 "
C. F. Loring	"	10 "	*Massachusetts*	" 11 "
T. W. Rack	"	10 "	*Florida*	" 6 "
C. Myers	"	11 "	*Circassian*	Feb. 10 "
H. D. Jones	"	13 "	West Gulf Squadron	Mch. 11 "
E. L. Bourne	"	18 "	" "	" 11 "
H. C. Nellds	"	18 "	" "	" 11 "
T. S. Werner	"	20 "	" "	" 11 "
F. L. Le Barron	"	25 "	" "	" 11 "
T. S. Ransom	"	25 "	" "	" 11 "
G. H. Dexter	"	25 "	" "	" 11 "
Leon Bryant	"	26 "	" "	" 11 "

The entire rebel navy contains 191 petty officers, 383 commissioned officers, and 877 seamen.

The blockade runners *Hero*, *Grey Jacket*, *Ranger*, *Bendigo*, *Don Jose*, *Roebuck*, *Hancock*, and *Dove* have been destroyed or captured within a few days.

Admiral LEE has charge of the blockade of Wilmington, North Carolina.

The work of raising the sunken monitors *Keokuk* and *Weehawken* is in progress, but not with rapid results, as the immense mass of metal in the hulls and guns requires machinery of extraordinary strength to move it.

General SCHOFIELD has been ordered to relieve General Foster in command of the Department of the Ohio, the latter officer not being sufficiently recovered from his wounds to continue his duties.

The Twenty-fifth Ohio (Veterans) are on their way home from Hilton Head on a furlough.

The Fifth Connecticut, Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania, Fifty-seventh New York, and Seventeenth Ohio Volunteers have arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, on their way home. The One Hundred and Second New York and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers passed through Indianapolis a few days since.

Within the last six weeks the following enormous sums as prize-money have been paid over by different lawyers and paymasters to sailors: one fore-topman got $6784; a main-topman got $7644; two able seamen belonging to the forecastle, got nearly $20,000, one receiving nine thousand and the other eleven thousand dollars, and landsmen have got as much. Messrs. WALDEN & WILLARD, 137 York Street, Brooklyn, have paid the following enormous sums to mere sailors:

E. Curvey, seaman	$8849 38
Henry Eason	3094 64
Jer. M'Kee	1217 84
James King	1706 87
E. Wilson	2784 00
J. Furlong	1851 00
J. Stanly	1461 37
N. Murphy	1927 00
J. J. Pryor received the enormous amount of	6777 00

Soldiers' clothing may be sent through the mail, in packages not exceeding two pounds in weight.

The mortality in the Chattanooga hospitals is about ninety deaths per week.

General BUTLER, it is said, is hopeful of being able to effect the exchange of all prisoners now pining in the Libey and Belle Isle prisons within a month, if not interfered with.

Major BYRNES, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth New York Volunteers, has been promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonel; and Adjutant R. J. WINTERBOTHAM, of Iowa, of the same regiment, a West Point graduate, will be appointed Major.

The gun-boat *Dragon*, of the Potomac flotilla, exploded her boiler last week, killing two men and wounding several. She is at the Washington Navy-yard for repairs.

The United States Hospital Transport *Cosmopolitan*, from Port Royal on the evening of the 21st, with 222 sick and wounded soldiers from General GILMORE'S Department, has arrived at New York.

The Army of the Potomac has not yet been paid off. It is expected that funds will be ready by the middle of the week. The amount required is six millions of dollars.

A dispatch from Cairo says that re-enlistments were taking place rapidly among the Western armies. Twenty thousand of the Seventeenth Army Corps have already re-enlisted, and it is reported that nearly all of the Sixteenth intend to remain in service.

General HUNTER has arrived at CAIRO, and General SHERMAN has returned to Memphis from Vicksburg.

The order sending ROSECRANS to the Department of Missouri has been made out.

Colonel FISH, of the First Connecticut Cavalry, until recently Provost Marshal of Baltimore, has been arrested by order of the Secretary of War on a charge of fraud and corruption.

Brigadier-General GETTY, recently in command at Portsmouth, Virginia, has been assigned to duty as Chief Artillery on General MEADE'S staff.

General H. D. TERRY, with a brigade of the Sixth Corps from the Army of the Potomac, is now at Johnson's Island, Sandusky, guarding the rebel prisoners.

Major-General STONEMAN left Washington for Nashville on the 15th. He is ordered to report to Major-General GRANT for duty.

Major-General THOMAS has ordered that a National cemetery be founded at Chattanooga, Tennessee, in commemoration of the battles of Chattanooga, fought November 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, and to provide a proper resting-place for the remains of the brave men who fell upon the fields fought over upon those days, and for the remains of such as may hereafter give up their lives in that region in defending their country against treason and rebellion.

It is said that General AUGUR will be sent into the field, and that the command of the defenses of Washington will be given to General SICKLES.

The President has restored General M'CLERNAND to his rank, and ordered him to report to General BANKS.

Twenty-two Illinois regiments and two batteries have already reported as veteran troops, and re-enlistments are rapidly progressing.

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A STAMPEDE OF ARMY HORSES.—[FROM A DRAWING BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

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SERGEANT JOHN CLEM.

OUR YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

SERGEANT JOHN CLEM, Twenty-second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, is the youngest soldier in our army. He is 12 years old, and small even for his age. His home is Newark, Ohio. He first attracted the notice of General Rosecrans at a review at Nashville, where he was acting as marker of his regiment. The General, attracted by his youth and intelligence, invited him to call upon him whenever they were in the same place. Rosecrans saw no more of Clem until his return to Cincinnati, when one day coming to his rooms at the Burnet House, he found the boy awaiting him. He had seen service in the mean while. He had gone through the battle of Chicamauga, where he had three bullets through his hat. Here he killed a rebel Colonel. The officer, mounted on horseback, encountered the young hero, and called out, "Stop, you little Yankee devil!" By way of answer the boy halted, brought his piece to "order," thus throwing the Colonel off his guard. In another moment the piece was cocked, brought to aim, fired, and the officer fell dead from his horse. For this achievement Clem was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and Rosecrans bestowed upon him the Roll of Honor. He is now on duty at the head-quarters of the Army of the Cumberland.

SALTPETER CAVE NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

THE "Nick-a-Jack" Cave near Chattanooga is one of the main sources from which the Confederates have derived the saltpeter required for the manufacture of powder. Its loss is deplored by the rebels as one of the most serious results of our victory at Chattanooga. Six or seven years ago this cave was visited by "Porte Crayon" (D. H. Strother, of Virginia, lately on the staff of General Banks, at New Orleans), the genial artist-correspondent of *Harper's Magazine*. From his description in that periodical for August, 1858, we quote the following:

> The cave is situated at the base of Raccoon Mountain, which rises abruptly to the height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the low grounds. In the face of a perpendicular cliff appeared the yawning mouth of Nick-a-Jack Cave. It is not arched as these caves usually are, but spanned by horizontal strata resting on square abutments at the sides, like the massive entablature of an Egyptian or Etruscan temple. From the opening issues a considerable stream, of a bright green color, and of sufficient volume to turn a saw-mill near at hand. The height of the cliff is about 70 feet, that of the opening 40 feet, and about 100 in width immediately at the entrance, and of this the stream occupies about one-third. The roof of the cave is square and smooth, like the ceiling of a room, but below, the passage is rough and irregular, with heaps of earth and huge angular masses of rock, making the exploration both difficult and dangerous.

"Porte Crayon" goes on to describe how the cave was formerly the resort of a gang of banditti, whose occupation was plundering and murdering the emigrants and traders who descended the Tennessee River, the cave furnishing a convenient hiding-place for their booty. Since he wrote this cave had fallen into the hands of a worse and more desperate gang, who used it for purposes still more nefarious, extracting from it abundant supplies of the "villainous saltpeter" required for the manufacture of powder for the Confederate States of America. It has now—thanks to Grant and Sherman—fallen into honest hands. Our illustration on this page, for which we are indebted to a photograph furnished by Mr. Morse, of Nashville, gives the present aspect of the cave, showing the ruins of the rebel Saltpeter Works.

A RAILROAD "ACCIDENT."

A TELEGRAM from Pittsburg, published in the New York papers of January 15, says:

> The morning express train ran off the track, and two passenger cars were precipitated down the embankment, forty feet, and were destroyed by fire from the stoves. Several persons were injured, none of them seriously.

Our correspondent, who was on this train, and who furnishes us the sketch on page 92, writes:

> The cars made a clear leap of some forty feet into the bed of the Little Juniata River, and almost instantly caught fire, and were consumed. Some thirty out of fifty passengers were so severely injured as to be unable to care for themselves, while hardly one escaped unhurt. The good people of the town of Birmingham, and the country around, were soon on the spot, and exerted themselves in caring for the wounded, among whom were many soldiers returning home on furlough. We fortunately got out all the wounded before the fire reached them.

CAMP OF THE NEW YORK 103D.

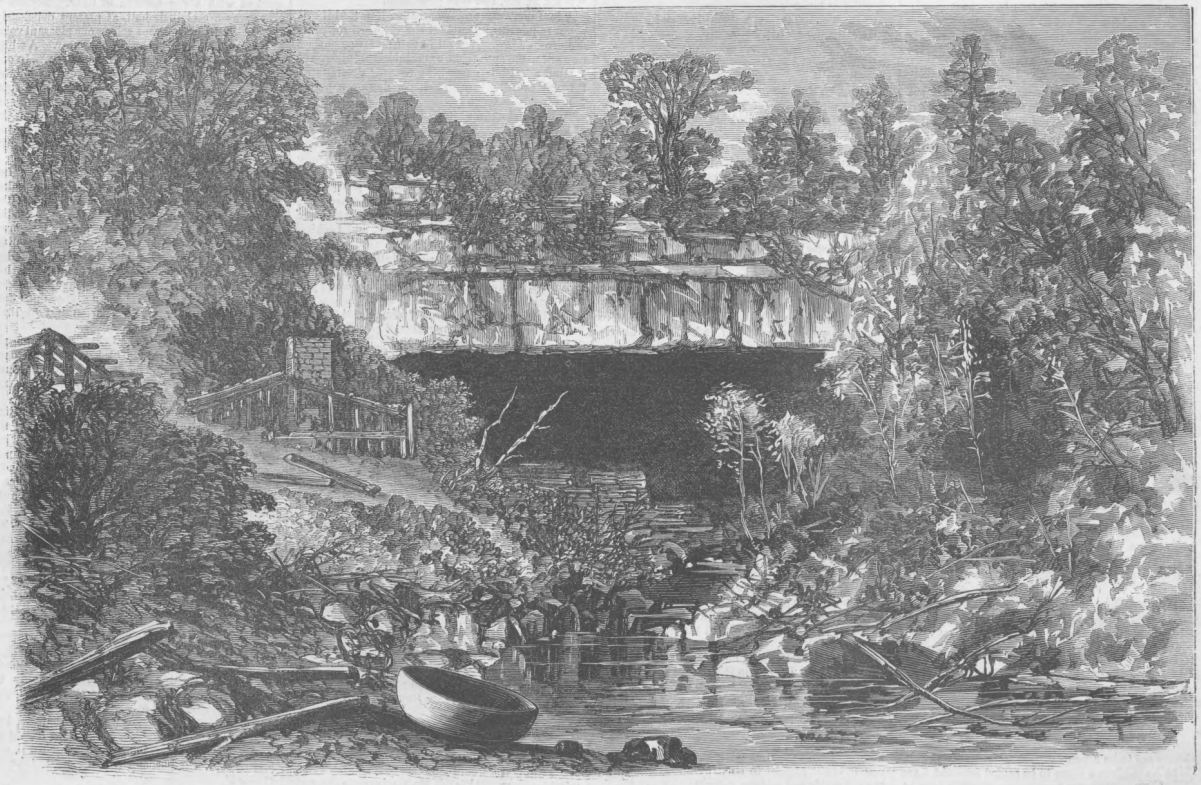
THIS regiment, known as the "Seward Infantry," has seen honorable service during the siege of Charleston. It is now recruiting in New York. Its rendezvous is at 218 Rivington Street, where applications for enrollment may be made, or to Colonel HEINE, 40 Bowery, Captain REDLICH, 27 Bowery, Lieutenant BRANDT, Bowery Garden, or Lieutenant SCHMIDT, 243 Forty-fourth Street. The bounties paid to veterans amount to $852, to recruits $677—$300 cash in hand. Their camp, represented on page 92, is on one of the islands near Charleston Harbor, in a very healthy location. The rations furnished are excellent and abundant. As their names evince, the officers of this regiment are Germans, and very likely to this is owing that, by special permission of the Commanding General, the national beverage, lager-bier, is allowed.



MAJOR-GENERAL HERRON.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

GENERAL FRANCIS J. HERRON.

GENERAL HERRON is a native of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Some eight years ago he removed to Dubuque, Iowa, where he entered into business. Here he took an active part in the organization of the "Governor's Grays," which soon became one of the noted Companies of the Northwest. This Company, of which he was Captain, tendered their services to the Government in December, 1860. When the President's Proclamation calling for volunteers was put forth, the Grays became a part of the First Iowa Regiment, entering service in May, 1861. Captain Herron distinguished himself at the Battle of Wilson's Creek, August 10, where Lyon fell. He then returned home and raised a three-years' regiment, of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. This was attached to Curtis's forces, and took part in the battles of Pea Ridge, March 7 and 8, 1862, where Herron commanded the regiment, its Colonel having charge of a brigade. During the second day's fight Herron was wounded, his ankle being



SALTPETER CAVE NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

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broken by a cannon-shot, which killed his horse. Yet he led his men for an hour, until the enemy's batteries were reached. Here he was surrounded and taken prisoner, but was soon after exchanged for the rebel Colonel Hebert. In July, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and at the Battle of Prairie Grove, December 7, he commanded two divisions, and though fighting against overwhelming odds, won the battle before reinforcements came up. Twenty days after he captured Van Buren, Arkansas. For his gallantry on these occasions he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, his commission dating from November 29, 1862. Early in 1863 Herron's divisions were sent to Vicksburg, and during the latter part of the siege they formed the left wing of Grant's army. After the fall of Vicksburg they were sent to New Orleans, where they operated in the Atchafalaya and other districts of Louisiana. Herron's health failing in October, 1863, he was relieved by General Dana. Herron, having recovered his health, has just gone to Texas, relieving Dana and assuming his old command on the 2d of January. If we can judge any thing from the antecedents of General Herron, we shall before long hear of his doings in the "Loan Star" State.

"WEEP THOU NO MORE!"

WEEP thou no more; a common lot is thine!
Fold thy meek hands upon thy heaving breast:
In alien sympathy can be no rest;
There is no lasting joy but trust divine.

O heart that long'st for death, but may'st not die!
O weary heart, all wasted with thy pain,
That striv'st against the stream, yet all in vain,
Weep thou no more, none hear thy weary cry!

The cold and distant stars are gazing still
In the hushed midnight on thy falling tears;
Thus have they gazed, for many thousand years,
On all varieties of human ill;

And yet they shine as on Creation's dawn,
'Midst their eternal music. All things cease,
Sooner or later, lapped in perfect peace,
For nature knows no turning. All things born

Take sorrow for their heirloom with the light,
But wake and cry, and fall to sleep again;
So slumber thou—in sleep forget thy pain;
White morn is breaking in the darkest night,

The billows fast return upon the shore,
The morn-dew on the myrtle to the sea;
Whence rose thy trust, there only rest can be;
Thither thou driftest fast—weep thou no more!

MATTY ESMAINE'S RAFFLE.

"IT'S for the benefit of the sick soldiers, you know!"

Matty Esmaine was sitting on a low cricket in the very middle of the room, surrounded by a perfect maelstrom of ribbon, and velvet, and winking steel beads and glimmering gold braid—a little Fairy Disorder, whose wand was a diminutive thimble, and whose magic ring was marked by rainbow scraps of silk and tangled masses of embroidery floss! She was small and rosy, with liquid brown eyes, and cheeks tinted with the pinky pearl of the trailing arbutus you sometimes find hidden under the rustling layers of old leaves in scented spring woods. And her auburn hair—well, it was looped up with cherry-colored ribbon into what ladies call a "waterfall," and very pretty it looked in its chestnut shadows that changed to ripples of gold at every motion of the head.

Ellen Esmaine, the sober, elder sister—who sat in the window seat, threading sprays of coral on silver-wire—was altogether different; not a bit pretty, but very fresh and plump and lovable; and the demure way in which she watched Matty's elfish movements, as a grown-up catling might tolerate a little kitten's freaks, was a sight to see! And Montague Rayner, sitting "at anchor" in a small clear space in the sea of frippery, was occupied in holding a skein of violet silk for the younger Miss Esmaine to wind. Of course he was dreadfully clumsy about it, perpetually dropping the ends, and catching his great thumbs in the meshes, and committing every *faux pas* that could be dreamed of in connection with a skein of violet silk; but then he enjoyed it so intensely that Matty hadn't the heart to depose him from his position as swifts, *pro tem.!*

"For the sick soldiers, eh?" said Mr. Rayner. "And aren't the *well* soldiers to derive any emolument therefrom?"

"Of course not; they don't need it."

"Don't they? I tell you what, Miss Matty—if you could be on picket-duty a night or two, or carry a knapsack up and down the muddy Fairfax hills ten or twelve hours, on a forced march, you might possibly alter your opinion on the subject of well soldiers being the most fortunate creatures in existence. Hallo! what's the matter?"

Matty had given a small deprecating shriek as Montague snapped the strands of violet silk in his enthusiasm.

"Nothing," said Miss Esmaine, dryly, taking the skein from him. Venus! what a sensation ran through him as the soft, rosy fingers touched his brown paws. "Only I prefer two chairs to finish this silk."

"Indeed, Miss Matty, I'm very sorry," said Montague, penitently. "Just let me try once more; I'll promise to keep my hands as still as mice. I know I'm a clumsy blockhead; but—"

But Matty was inexorable, and the abashed defender of his country withdrew his batteries, and opened fire in a new spot.

"I suppose the girls and women are making heaps of gim-cracks for this fair, eh?"

"To be sure they are," said Matty, her eyes sparkling. "Such a lot of money as we shall make. There are to be seven different raffles, only think! Mrs. Vere gives a piano to be raffled for; and Kate Windham contributes a cashmere shawl, a love of a real India; and Major Hall has given us a silver dressing-case; and, oh dear!" sighed Matty, stopping in the very act of sewing spots of gold foil upon the blue velvet wings of a gorgeous butterfly that was to be put down in the catalogue as a "Pen-wiper, No. 18"—"if I could only give them something better worth having than these ridiculous little gewgaws!"

"Well, then, why don't you?" said Rayner, twisting his mustache argumentatively.

"Why don't I?" flashed Matty; "what have I to give? If I had a piano I'd sacrifice it in a minute. If I owned a sewing-machine I'd send it down to be raffled for to-morrow!"

"Indeed!" said Private Rayner, arching his eyebrows satirically, "I'm surprised at the extent of Miss Esmaine's patriotism. While we soldiers only contribute the vital stream of our heart's-blood, or, it may be, a leg or an arm to the shrine of our country's need, Miss Matty Esmaine is willing to give up her piano if she had one."

And he lightly hummed the lines:

"I'd like to aid the soldiers
If I could as well as not,
And I'm willing every body else
Should give them all they've got!"

Matty's cheeks had crimsoned with an angry glow.

"Montague! how can you tease me so?"

"Am I teasing you? Really I was not aware of it."

"To taunt me with papa's slender means, when you know I would give any thing in the world to aid the noble fellows who have fallen maimed on our battle-fields, or make any sacrifice that lay within my power!"

"Then you really feel anxious to raise money for this fund?"

"I can not tell you *how* anxious!" said Matty Esmaine, with passionate earnestness. "I have wished a thousand times that I were a man to shoulder the rifle my own self; but I am only a poor little woman that can but toil and pray for the great work in the quiet of her own home."

"I can give you an idea," said the young man, watching her with a half smile on his lips. "Did you know that you possessed a treasure worth a dozen pianos?"

"Now you are teasing me again," said Matty, with a quivering lip.

"No, I am not. If you will contribute it to be raffled for—as you ladies say in reference to your genteel lotteries—I believe I may safely promise that you will sell fifty tickets at ten dollars a ticket!"

"Fifty!" repeated Matty, counting on her fingers with girlish delight; "at ten dollars! Why, that would be five hundred dollars!"

"Of course it would."

"What on earth do you mean, Montague Rayner?" said Ellen Esmaine, suspending her silver wire in mid-air.

"Just exactly what I say."

Matty dropped her work, while cheek and eye lighted up in bright unison. The next moment her countenance fell.

"Montague, you ought not to play on my credulity in this absurd sort of way."

"Shall I tell you what the treasure is?"

"Yes."

He leaned over and whispered a word or two in her ear. She blushed rosier than the ribbon that tied up the "waterfall," and then burst into a merry, musical laugh.

"I don't care," she said, defiantly. "I *will*."

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly. Why not?"

"Then," said Mr. Montague Rayner, drawing a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, "put me down as ticket-holder number one."

Miss Esmaine deposited the bit of paper in a little wire cage that she called her purse, and made a business-like memorandum of the transaction on her tablets.

"Very well, Sir," she said, quietly. "And now I depend on you for the other forty-nine subscribers."

"But I should like to take a few more tickets myself," said Montague, rather sheepishly.

"*No*, Sir!" said Miss Esmaine, with an emphatic stamp of her little kid boot on the floor. "No one shall purchase more than one share! So now I dismiss you to your agency duties."

Montague was rather unwilling to take his departure on this unceremonious ticket of leave, but Matty was to be melted neither by supplications nor sulks, and he went.

Went muttering to himself as he lighted his cigar on the street corner,

"What a little, loving, fiery, tender, passionate creature it is! Well, if I can't marry Matty Esmaine I'll ram my head into the first wide-mouthed cannon Jeff Davis is considerate enough to plant in my way. And *then* it's likely she won't care! Heigh-ho! I'd give my first chance for a pair of shoulder straps to get a peep into Matty Esmaine's heart! I wonder whether Eve aggravated Adam after this fashion!"

Most probably she did, Private Rayner. We have no reason to suppose that human nature has been materially changed by the current even of six thousand years.

"Why, yes—yes," said Mr. Josiah Carberry, vigorously rubbing the gold eye-glasses that assisted his fading vision, and giving his wig a sly jerk; "I've no objection to contributing my humble mite to so deserving a cause. I wish there weren't so many bothering women folks at the helm, though, Montague, my boy. Of all things a managing woman is my abhorrence—I don't like to come in contact with 'em if I can help it. And I'm consistent too, Monty—ha, ha, ha! Do you know who darns my stockings and boils my coffee, eh? Why, Black Tom—and he's worth forty housekeepers with their petticoats and their palavering! Ain't that carrying out one's principles, hey? However, I've no objections to go through this Fair with you if you'll engage to stick by me, and keep all the old maids and widows away."

And Mr. Carberry walked solemnly under the canopy of stars and stripes that draped the entrance to the brilliantly-lighted rooms, now thronged with gay guests attracted thither by mingled motives of fashion, curiosity, and patriotism, arm in arm with Montague Rayner.

"Mont, my boy," he whispered, aghast, "there's a woman looking very hard at me. Do you suppose she means any thing? I wish I had staid away—it isn't—"

"Buy something, Sir?" said a charming siren, in blue silk and swans-down, from behind a table glittering with crystallized sugar and colored confectionery. Mr. Carberry shrank up close to Montague's side.

"Look here, Mont," he ejaculated, nervously, "you've got me into this scrape, and you must get me out of it. Tell that female I don't want any thing!"

"But you'll buy something to help the Cause along!" laughed his companion.

"Any thing—every thing! Only, Montague, you tell me how to invest, and do be quick about it! Somehow I can't breathe freely when there's so many women around!"

"Then suppose you buy a ticket for Miss Esmaine's raffle. Come—I'm on the managing Committee, and there's just one left."

"What's it for? A harpsichord that I can't play on, or a jiggering bonnet that I can't wear?"

"Nonsense, Carberry," returned Rayner, with great equanimity; "it's something beyond money and beyond price—a wonderful mystery. Invest, and you'll not regret it. Take share No. 50, old fellow—come!"

He had inscribed Carberry's name on the list, and handed it to Ellen Esmaine before the astonished old bachelor could take the bank-bill from his portemonnaie.

"*Now* you've done it," was his despairing comment, as he looked after his friend's vanishing form. "Mind now, *I'm* not responsible; if it's a dog I won't have it, and if it's a piano or a big wax doll I'll shy it out of the window."

"Just as you please, Carberry," said Rayner, absently watching the busy swarm of people that eddied round Ellen Esmaine's table. The old bachelor gave him a sudden nudge.

"Mont! Mont!" he whispered, in evident trepidation, "let's go away from here; that woman with the pink cap-ribbons has looked at me twice, and I can't imagine what her intentions are. She's coming this way, Mont; do make haste!"

"They are beginning to turn the wheel!" suddenly exclaimed Montague, who had paid no manner of attention to his friend's spasmodic whispers. "This way, quick! Good Heavens! if my mad freak should make *her* miserable for life!"

"Make who? What wheel? Who the deuce are you talking about?" ejaculated Carberry. But Rayner dragged him through the crowd, crinoline and all, to the spot where all his interests were centred—the slowly revolving wheel that was a destiny to him!

The gaslights seemed to whirl in mad circles around his head; the various exclamations of the surrounding crowd blended into one stream of vague, uncertain sound; the five minutes were like five ages to him!

There was a moment's breathless silence, and then the lucky name and number were pronounced.

"Carberry—Josiah Carberry—Share No. 50, has drawn the prize," said the spectacled secretary. "Walk in, Sir, and take possession."

"I—I don't want to—some other time! I'll call again to-morrow," stuttered the confused recipient of Fortune's favors, but all in vain; he was pushed forward to the ante-room, expostulating all the way. "Mind now!" he gasped, as he was precipitated through the doorway, "if it's a dog or a parrot I'll—"

And the clanging hinges shut in the remainder of his speech.

It was a tiny room, with one chandelier pouring white tides of light down on a fair young girl, who stood laughing and coloring in the middle of the apartment—Matty Esmaine's dimpled, pretty self.

"Miss Esmaine!" faltered the blushing bachelor, looking round to see if there was any crack in the floor wide enough to vanish through, and backing confusedly toward the door.

"Yes, Mr. Carberry," said Matty, demurely; catch a woman bating one jot of her advantages when she knows 'em. "*I'm* the prize; won't you take me?"

"I'd sooner take—poison!" enunciated Josiah, breaking into a cold perspiration.

"But you *must!*" said Miss Matty, decidedly.

"Don't, Miss Esmaine," groaned Josiah. "I'm a poor unprotected fellow, and you oughtn't to be so unmerciful! Hallo here! let me out."

"Not yet," said Montague Rayner, edging himself into the room greatly to Miss Matty's confusion. "You've drawn the prize, Mr. Carberry, and you're legally bound to take possession of it."

Josiah stared at him with distended eyes, and pale, quivering lips.

"Unless," went on the ruthless private, "you can get some friend considerate enough to take the responsibility off your hands, and—"

"Look here, Mont," exclaimed Josiah, seizing Rayner by the button-hole; "you're not the fellow to desert an old friend in such a strait as this. It was all your fault that I subscribed, and—and—Come now, *you* take her; there's a good fellow. *Do.*"

"You legally transfer the prize to me?"

"Yes; any thing—only let me out of this confounded place, and if ever I go near a Ladies' Fair again I wish I may be hanged or married, I don't much care which."

And Josiah darted from the room in a species of semi-desperation. Private Rayner turned quietly to Miss Esmaine:

"A truce to these absurd jests! Oh, Matty, if you knew what I have suffered during the last hour!"

"I knew you would take care of me," said Matty, mischievously. "Wasn't Mr. Carberry frightened, though?"

"Do you sanction the transfer, Matty?" pleaded the young soldier. "Oh, my dearest, tell me, have I won you for life? Don't trifle with me. Tell me, now and forever, have you courage to be a soldier's wife?"

One moment she looked at him with saucy defiance in her eye and smile, the next she burst into a shower of jewel-bright tears.

"Oh, Montague, it is a wild, wayward heart, not worth your love—not worth a tithe of your noble affection, but it is all, *all* yours."

And this was the auspicious termination of Matty Esmaine's raffle.

A week subsequently the young lady sent off a check for five hundred dollars to the hospitals, and a seven-sheet-long epistle to a certain young soldier who had joined his regiment at Chattanooga, in which was the following gauntlet of defiance:

"Don't suppose I'm going to waste any admiration on your patriotism, Sir, if you *are* to be my lord and master some day. No, indeed. Didn't *I* give myself for my country's benefit, I'd like to know? And have not I given something dearer yet—my lover? Oh, Montague, if Heaven sends you safely back to me, I shall never be unhappy again."

For Matty Esmaine's heart was full of the vague happy fearfulness that broods above the heart of every woman whose dear ones are standing on the battle-heights of Union.

ELSIE LEONARD.

SNOWED up in a lonely inn among Irish mountains, the writer of this little record paid a dreamy heed to the loose scraps of romantic retrospect which floated about from the lips of those who came and went about the hearth-place. They leaped and fell in fitful snatches, just as did the blaze in the shadows; and among the rest the following little history glimmered forth from the smoke, and wrought itself for the listener into a lasting shape in the embers. Referring to the fearful fall of 18—, which is remembered with horror in the district, they called it the story of the Snowy Christmas. Knowing what the words mean, it seems hard to turn one's eyes from the blank of the end, and dash warmly into the beginning: for the beginning was warm and bright, and this page should open, as a small door opens, into a garden of sunshine.

It was August, the glorious golden month. Hills were flushed with crimson ether, and glens were dim with purple mystery. Valley rivers ran red at sunset, and rainbows hung about the waterfalls. The bronzed corn-fields palpitated faint for joy when a stray breeze crept over a hedge and fanned their hot hearts, and in the cabin doorways the women joined their brown hands above their eyes while looking for the reapers coming home.

It was a sultry afternoon. The curlews on the burning beach below had not energy to scream as the flowing tide flashed like fire to their feet, where they perched luxuriously on the wet stones, and the fishermen's boats drifted idly out into the dazzling western haze, as though toil and trouble were a bygone dream, and they steered to the shores of eternal rest. High up on a stretch of golden moor a white cottage flung the shadow of its gable on the hot ground, and the faint smoke from its chimney hovered sleepily above in the lustrous air. The door lay open, and the threshold-stone was boldly marked with a red breadth of light. Beyond it there was a cool little hall, at present deliciously filled with the murmurous echoes of a pleasant voice ebbing and flowing from somewhere near. A white door opened from either side of the passage. In one of the rooms beyond these, a pretty little chintz-draperied parlor, a pale lady was lying on a sofa. A great vase of fern stood beside her on the floor, and the green blinds were half let down, filling the place with a cool, dreamy atmosphere. The other room was the cottage kitchen, tiny, white, and glittering. A strong-featured old woman, wearing a brilliant handkerchief folded like a turban over her white cap, sat by the hearth tending some cakes which were "browning" over the fire, and at the white-curtained window, flung wide open to the top, a young girl was baking at a table. Her gown was brown gingham, no brooch fastened her collar, a white apron was tied round her waist, and her sleeves were rolled up over her arms, past her elbows. Many housemaids would have been discontented to wear her dress, yet a glance must convince the most dull of comprehension that this little baker was a lady.

She prattled gayly as she baked, now and again tossing her head to shake back the waving dark hair from her throat and forehead, or flashing round a merry look from her bright face at the old servant.

"It's very ominous, certainly," she said, cutting out her cakes with an air of mock seriousness; "the tongs have twice fallen right across the hearth without any awkwardness of yours, therefore most surely a stranger is to come. And then you had an awful dream last week, which makes it doubly sure that if a stranger does come something terrible will be the consequence. What do you think he will do, Bab—decapitate us all? or bring an enchanter's wand, and change us into ducks and geese? That would not be so bad this hot weather. It would be so nice to swim in the lake all day!"

Bab shook her head. "It's all very well for you to have your fun out of it, Miss Elsie," she said; "but I hope he mayn't darken our door: that's all!"

Elsie laughed blithely as she untied her apron, and laughed again as she ran up the one little flight of white-painted steps to her small bedroom under the eaves. Coming quickly down again, in her outdoor dress, with a basket in her hand, she looked in at the kitchen, and said,

"I am going for some moss and flowers, Bab. Have the kettle boiling, for mamma will want her tea. And, Bab, if I meet the stranger I'll send him to you. Oh, perhaps he is coming to take The House!"

Not waiting to see the result of this suggestion, Elsie tripped through the door out on the sunshiny heath. "The House" was a large pile, standing

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In five minutes I knew he was safely disposed of for some hours to come.

I called loudly in his ear, and shook him roughly, but he did not stir.

I shall never forget the earnest joy with which the poor girl clasped my hand and thanked me.

I don't know whose heart beat fastest then—hers or mine: I know that I forgot all about the dreadful cold, and only felt an insane longing to take her in my arms and kiss her.

Taking the sleeping man's great buffalo-robe and wrapping it round her, I bade her sit down, and asked her the cause of her father's murder, and why she seemed to be a prisoner.

As I spoke I could not help an involuntary shudder at the appearance of the corpse.

In administering the chloroform to the man I had accidentally displaced the rug, which the murderers had carefully arranged so as to hide the face of the supposed paralytic.

The eyes were closed and blue, the nose pinched, the mouth partly open, with curled and strained lips, the teeth set, and grinning horribly in the half-light reflected from the snow in which we were imbedded.

It had now ceased snowing.

In answer to my question she said:

"I am alone in the world; I can trust you—I will tell you all. The—the *body*"—here she turned paler than even she was before—"the body is not that of my father—oh no! I could not have borne it! It is my uncle. I am a Virginian; my father and mother both died when I was very young, leaving me, a rich orphan, to the care of my uncle.

"All I knew was that I was well educated, and had whatever money I wanted; but when I left school my uncle was strangely altered: my presence seemed to irritate him.

"He tried to make me marry that wretch who has gone out: he was my uncle's overseer, and a more cruel or wicked man never lived."

Here I suddenly thought, "What if he should not fall asleep by the engine, but should return!" I went out and found him in what I knew would be his death-sleep—crouched completely under the fire-box of the engine.

The engineer had left his now cold and useless machine, and sought shelter in the cars.

I returned, and my lovely charge continued:

"I was often talked to by some of our old slaves, and in particular by my dear old nurse, about this man. She said he had come a few years ago, and in some way had obtained an undue influence over her massa—ordering every thing, and treating the slaves, who had never experienced any thing but kindness from my father and uncle, with the greatest severity.

"This villain persecuted me with his odious attentions; and one day—I can't tell you—but I rushed to my uncle, who, when he heard, called him into the house, and in a furious passion said:

"'Although you have by your devilish cunning obtained my promise of my niece as your wife, I will not tamely submit to see her insulted. Take that, you villain!' firing a pistol full in his face.

"Fortunately passion defeated itself, and my uncle was not a murderer.

"The overseer smiled an evil smile, and said:

"'Never mind; it was only a little mistake. We will settle affairs another day.'

"Not long after this the fellow who is asleep there, and who is the overseer's brother, came and joined him. He is a doctor. My uncle became daily more and more miserable; my old nurse saying it was remorse preying upon his mind, because he had appropriated my property.

"A few weeks ago my uncle's health began to fail seriously; the 'Doctor,' as he was called, constantly expressed his opinion that paralysis might be expected.

"Last Monday I was awaked by my old nurse in a dreadful fright, to tell me that my uncle was dying. I rose, and found the 'Doctor' and the overseer with him.

"The 'Doctor' said that, as he had predicted, my uncle had had a paralytic attack—entirely lost the use of his limbs and speech, and that he probably would not be able to move for some time to come. He felt the responsibility too great for his brother and himself, and consequently should remove him to S——, where he would be placed under the care of the celebrated Dr. W——.

"This was said intentionally in the hearing of several of the servants, and passed for truth; although I, in common with all, protested against removing my uncle in such a state.

"Knowing the evil character of both men, I resolved that I would not part from my uncle, but would accompany him to S——.

"I fancied I saw a sinister smile on the face of the overseer as I said this; but he only remarked,

"'Oh, certainly; no objection can be made to that.'

"Yesterday we started.

"My suspicions were aroused by the 'Doctor' and overseer refusing to let me approach my uncle, either to dress him or to help him into his carriage.

"In spite of their caution, however, I obtained a glimpse of his face, and knew in an instant he was dead.

"I was too excited and horrified to faint.

"The overseer saw by my looks that I now knew all.

"He at once said, in a brutal tone,

"'Oh! I guess you see it all now! You're a sensible girl, so a few words will suffice. There wasn't much love lost between you and your uncle, so you need not make a fuss.

"'The truth is, the Doctor there physicked him a *leetle* too strong, and it would not do to bury him here, for the job would have been blown. So we thought we would take him where no one will be the wiser. The poor old gentleman has died of cold and overexertion, don't you see?'

"I can't tell you what the wretch said to *me;* only that he said he had got all the old gentleman's plunder from the estate; that he meant to marry me whether I would or not; and that if I so much as spoke or looked at any one on the journey he would kill me at once.

"I knew he would not hesitate to carry out his threat, so dare not utter a word.

"Oh! how thankful I was to see you enter our car!

"I felt a presentiment that you would in some way save me from these horrid men."

Here the poor girl burst into tears.

I don't know what I did or said, only that I comforted her, and vowed I would never forsake her.

The time was now approaching when the two o'clock train was due. There was a deathlike silence, broken only by the mournful tones of occasional gusts of wind, which, like evil spirits sporting round us, rushed to and fro through the ill-made cars, unseen, but painfully heard and felt.

Every one had huddled themselves in whatever they could find as a protection from the biting cold.

Although hardy and strong, I began to feel exhausted and benumbed, and probably should have fallen into a dangerous stupor but for my mind being racked with thought.

How should I act?

If I gave these two men up to justice (supposing the overseer survived), what proof was there that they had poisoned the "paralytic?"

I asked Alice—so we will now call her—whether the overseer had the spoil with him or not.

She said he had admitted to her that he had gold, notes, and securities to a very large amount upon him.

I then searched the still sleeping "Doctor;" he was so motionless and deathlike that I began to fear lest the chloroform had had a fatal effect upon him.

I found nothing but a few dollars and a revolver, which I took; and, with his own neckerchief, securely tied his hands behind him.

It was now snowing heavily again; but I sallied forth once more into the snow, and found the overseer still under the engine, frozen as hard as the iron which covered him, and doubtless quite dead.

With fingers almost as lifeless as his own I searched him, and found, besides the expected loaded revolver and bowie-knife, a large canvas belt fastened round his waist, containing the stolen money.

I hastened back with it to Alice, fearing she might be overcome with the cold, and fall asleep.

Just as I had my hand on the door of the car I heard a well-known sound: there was no need to think twice—the driver of the expected train, blinded by the snow, had not seen the danger-signal! With criminal negligence they had not telegraphed our non-arrival from R——; the train was rushing on us!

I shouted loudly to the occupants of the cars to save themselves, and sprang into ours for Alice.

Even in the short time I had been absent she had nearly gone to sleep.

No wonder, poor girl! She had experienced hunger, thirst (for she dare not take food from the overseer, lest he should poison her), excitement, and cold.

I seized her in my arms, and had scarcely leaped from the car before the crash came!

I will not dilate on the horrors of the collision; we have too many such descriptions in our daily papers. Happily, my shouting had aroused most of the passengers, but some three or four never knew how death came.

I laid the fainting body of Alice for a moment, carefully wrapped up, on the snow, while I searched for our late evil companions.

The murderers had met a milder fate than they deserved.

The frozen overseer was completely smashed beneath the engine.

Whether the "Doctor" really died from the effects of cold and the chloroform I can not tell, and do not like to think.

He also was a bruised and almost shapeless mass; both had died painless deaths.

The engineer and stoker of the train which ran into us had jumped into the snow, and were unhurt.

The passengers were very few, and, surprising to say, only one was killed.

We made great fires of the *débris*, and waited the morning, when help should come.

Amidst all the horrors of the scene I felt a thrill of happiness in having Alice looking once as her sole protector, and through the night laying her head on my shoulder, in sheer weariness and exhaustion, suffering my arms to support her.

I felt as if I had known her for years. Was the gentle girl who leaned unconsciously on me, whom I had met under such strange circumstances—was she soon to be severed from me? No! never! And with the thought I clasped her closer to my heart.

At last help came: about five o'clock in the morning an express came from R——, expecting to find a breakdown: they took us up, and we arrived at R—— about eight o'clock.

I asked Alice what she would wish to do.

In some confusion she said:

"I know not what to say!" But, putting her little hand in mine, she said: "Will you, who have watched over me through that dreadful night, who have saved me from horrors of which I can not think, see me safe back to my own home—my own indeed now?—it will be very lonely, no one to welcome me but the servants; but it is my right place. Am I asking too much?"

Need I tell the reader my answer?

I offered myself, a poor surveyor, as her husband as well as protector.

She did not say no.

The railway accident was universally believed to be the cause of the deaths of Alice's uncle, the overseer, and the "Doctor;" Alice, with pardonable deception, explaining that the "Doctor," not finding Dr. W—— at his own town, insisted on going on to the next, to some other surgeon.

Alice and I have now lived happily for years; but we never see the snow lying thickly on the ground without shuddering at the recollection of the night we passed in the snow-drift.

ABOUT CATS.

THE palmy days for cats were in the times of Egypt's power as a nation, some 500 years B.C. They were held then as sacred as dogs or crocodiles, and death was the penalty for killing them. From their nocturnal habits and glossy fur the Egyptians deemed them symbolical of the moon, and a golden cat was worshiped at Syene. Herodotus tells us some marvels about them. The "toms," it seems, in his time, had a peculiar liking for making away with kittens—a very fortunate thing, too, or the land would have been overrun with cats. Crowning wonder of all, when a fire breaks out the sole care of the natives is to keep the cats from it, to do which they post themselves as guards round the burning house, and take no thought for putting out the flames. A divine impulse, however (says the chronicler), seizes the cats; they dart under the men, or leap over them, and fling themselves into the flames. Then great mourning takes possession of the land. If a cat were found dead in any one's house the inmates had to shave off their eyebrows. The defunct animals were carried into the temples, where they were embalmed, and solemnly deposited in the city Bubastis. Specimens may be seen in the British Museum. Very different is their fate at modern Rome. A recent traveler tells us they are there as highly esteemed for culinary purposes as puppy-dogs in China. If you have a roast hare for dinner you had better not make too many inquiries as to what kind of "Pussy" it was before it came into the *chef's* hands.

The ancient physicians had a firm belief in the healing powers of different portions of this animal, probably from some confusion existing in their minds with regard to its own nine lives. One of them gives us, as a valuable recipe to cure fevers, two pints of water mixed with three drops of blood taken from the ear of an ass, and certain parts of a cat's digestive organs! The claw of an owl, or a wolf's eye was a good external application to accompany this dose. Catching at the slightest verbal resemblance, their system of medicine would at present be well represented by prescribing a cat in a case of catalepsy. The very ashes of the animal, sprinkled where mice were, would prove quite sufficient to scare them away, according to Pliny's belief.

The popular sayings connected with cats are so numerous, that they might be utterances of Father Cats himself, whose poems are so grateful to the Dutch peasantry. Their tenacity of life comes out in the proverb, "Care killed the cat." Their familiar presence at every one's hearth is alluded to in "A cat may look at a king." Indeed, there could be no legal hamlet in the old Welsh constitutions unless it possessed a cat. We confess ourselves puzzled as to the explanation of the Scotch proverb, "Grinning like a Cheshire cat," unless it alludes to their uniform cheerfulness in that county.

One of the most common natural antipathies is an utter abhorrence of cats. We know a lady who can not stay in the same house with one, and knows its hateful presence instinctively, even before she sees it. Blue-eyed cats, oddly enough, are always deaf.

Mr. Darwin has a curious speculation how a scarcity of cats in any rural district would soon affect the neighboring vegetation, as the field animals they prey upon would, of course, proportionally increase, and their greater numbers would in turn tell upon vegetable life. Cats have always been known to have a strong passion for the scent of valerian; they are also very fond of rolling over the pretty blue nemophila of our gardens; so horticulturists should take precautions accordingly. The best mode of prevention, we may suggest, is to keep a small terrier.

Much as we hate cats about our houses, however, they are capable of very strong attachments. We have known more than one instance where they have followed their benefactor in his country walks like a dog. It is upon record, too, how an ancestor of Wyatt the poet was fed and preserved by a cat when confined in the Tower by Richard III. As for its sagacity, we knew one that belonged to an old lady which, at her invitation, would ascend the tea-table after she had finished her potations, look askant a minute at the narrow-necked cream-jug, and then (quietly sitting down by it) would insert the tip of her tail, and draw it forth with the liquid covering it. The process she repeated till the jug was empty, with much apparent satisfaction. Another had the curious taste strongly developed in it of ascending to the open bedroom windows of an old mansion by means of the climbers on the walls, and then making away with all the soap the washing-stands contained.

Considering how much the cat abhors cold water, our readers must often have wondered why sea-faring men are so fond of taking the animal with them on a voyage. This is explained by two circumstances. Marine insurance does not cover damage done to cargo by the depredations of rats; but if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship was sent to sea unfurnished with a cat he can recover damages from the shipmaster. Again, a ship found at sea with no living creature on board is considered a derelict, and is forfeited to the Admiralty, the finders, or the Queen. It has often happened that, after a ship has been abandoned, some domestic animal—a dog, a canary-bird, or most frequently a cat, from its hatred of facing the waves—has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict. A singular occurrence of this kind was related in the papers last winter. A vessel was found abandoned on the Banks of Newfoundland, with only a cat on board: a crew that boarded her navigated her safely across the Atlantic to the Kintyre coast, when another storm broke upon the ill-fated ship. She soon went to pieces, and the crew were drowned, with the exception of the mate, who drifted to shore on a piece of wreck. At the last moment the cat sprang on to his neck and clung there till they were both washed ashore, when she concealed herself among the rocks, and will not probably care any more to tempt the sea.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Englishman on his return from a hunting excursion in India was asked how he liked tiger-hunting. He replied, "It is very good sport as you hunt the tiger; but, *if hard pressed*, he sometimes takes it into his head to *hunt you*, and then it has its *drawbacks*."

An infamous old bachelor being asked if he ever witnessed a public execution, replied, "No, but I once saw a marriage."

The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs have passed over her head.

Of what trade is the sun?—A tanner.

What fish is most valued by a loving wife?—Her-ring.

When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he's a shaving.

The husband who devoured his wife with kisses found afterward that she disagreed with him.

Mrs. Partington says that because dancing-girls are stars, it is no reason why they should be regarded as heavenly bodies.

French sorrow and sentiment are illustrated at Montmartre cemetery, where a tombstone has been erected with a colossal tear carved on it, and the words underneath, "Judge how we loved him!"

In the Court of Queen's Bench, in a lunacy case, a witness, a laundress, was asked with respect to the defendant, "Was she abstemious?' Witness (evidently not knowing the meaning of the word): "I never saw her so."

A young man advertises for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to go a short distance into the country.

Rather unexpected was the reply of the urchin, who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go to who play marbles on Sunday?" replied innocently — "Yes; some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river."

On a church, whose cellar was rented as a wine-vault, a wag inscribed:

There's a Spirit above
And a spirit below,
A Spirit of love
And a spirit of woe—
The Spirit above
Is the Spirit Divine,
The spirit below
Is the spirit of wine.

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did,' said Jemmy, "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

A young man in California, whose New England friends had ceased to correspond with him, woke up their interest by sending letters to business men in his native place, inquiring the price of a tolerably-sized farm. Seven affectionate letters came from friends by return of post, and two or three a day have come ever since, including one from an old (and cold) sweet-heart.

A sentimental cook says: "It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good, and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other."

BOOK FOR FISHERMEN.—"Crabbe's Tales."

The gentleman who was lately tied to time has been released.

"I'll drop you a line in a moment," as the fisherman said to the trout.

A company—capital $500,000—has been started to supply non-combustible starch. It has not a chance of success, for it is impossible to conquer the feminine love of a "flame!"

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

If you see a man go into a tavern it is a sure sign he is out of spirits, and likely to be ale-ing.

If a young lady disobeys her father it is apparent she is disobeying.

When a man throws up an appointment he is generally sick of it.

A man going to sleep in a field is sure to "lie on the face of nature."

When a servant-maid is blown up it is usually through her own carelessness.

It is perfectly true that there is but one cat in Catalonia.

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to nowadays?" "Oh, I is the carryner and jiner." "Ho! I guess yer is. What department do you perform?" "What department? Why, I does the circular work." "What's dat?" "Why, I turns the grindstone."

Why is a young lady weeping in secret like a rebel gunboat?—Because it is a *private-tear*.

CALAMITOUS ACCIDENT.—A poor, thoughtless old gentleman sat down, the other day, on the spur of the moment. His screams were frightful.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner,
I have not seen you such an age—
(The creature's come to dinner!)

Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the baby, dear—
(And give it perhaps the measles).

What, little Clara left at home?
Well, now, I call that shabby;
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby babby).

And Mr. S——, I hope he's well?
Although he lives so handy,
He never now comes in to sup—
(The better for my brandy!)

Come, take a seat, I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day?—
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

What, must you go?—next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay, I will see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure).

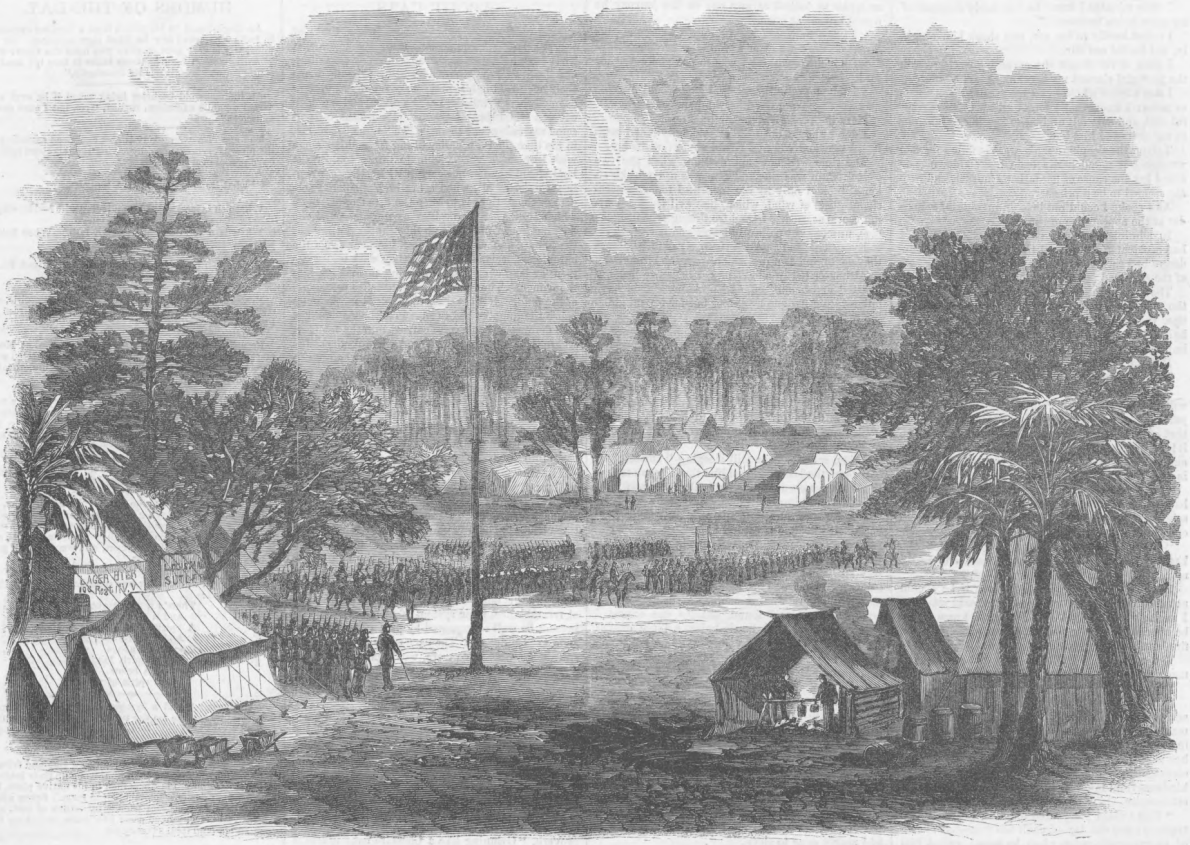
Good-by—good-by—remember all;
Next time you'll stay to dinner?
(Now, David, mind I'm "not at home"
In future to the Skinners.)

In a discussion with a temperance lecturer, a toper asked, "If water rots your boots, what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

Why is a pig the most provident of animals?—Because he always carries a spare-rib or two about him.

When is a book not a book?—When it is a-king.

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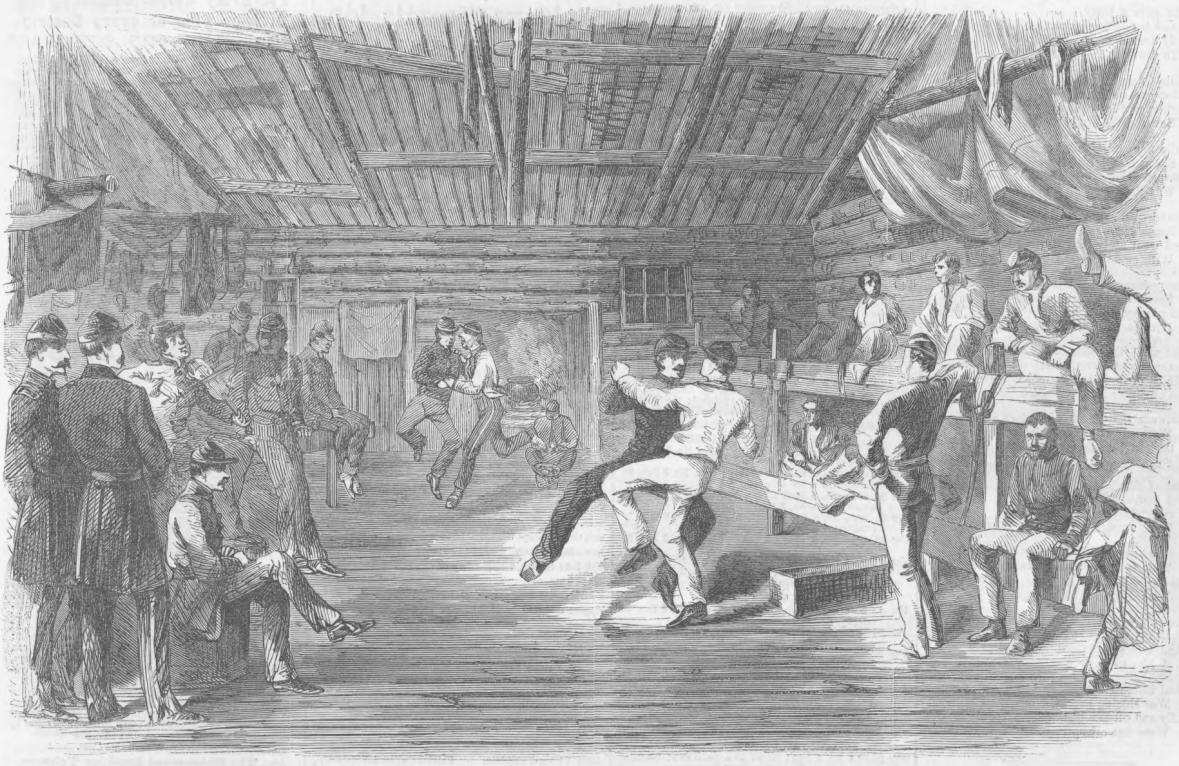


CAMP OF THE NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD BEFORE CHARLESTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL W. HEINE.—[SEE PAGE 85.]



ACCIDENT ON THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.—[SEE PAGE 85.]

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THE STAG DANCE.

THE STAG DANCE.

OUR soldiers believe in the literal interpretation of the dictum of the Wise Man that "there is a time to dance." But to put their faith into works is not the easiest thing in the world, owing to the lack of partners of the feminine persuasion. However, by imagining a bearded and pantalooned fellow to be of "t'other kind," they succeed in getting up what they call a "Stag Dance," which is better than none, as is shown by the intense interest evinced by the spectators.

A VETERAN ON FURLOUGH.

OUR Veteran Soldiers, the heroes of many a hard-fought field—and of what is perhaps still harder to endure, of many a long march and weary encampment—are now returning by thousands for a brief visit to their loved ones at home, before returning to the field. The scene which our artist has depicted, where a returned veteran is telling his story of that war, a part of which he was, is this day being enacted in thousands of homes in every section of the broad Union.



A VETERAN ON FURLOUGH.

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LILY'S BALL.

Lily gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gaily dress'd, came in their best
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirr'd,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonnette.

But when they danced the country dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a butter-cup.

And all were dress'd to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good-by!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

ONWARD.

Nor look, nor footstep backward turn,
Though many a vanished scene be fair;
There's less nepenthe in the urn
Of Memory than despair.
The Future we can carve at will—
The sculptured Past defies our skill.

Why summon up the weird array
Of spectres false—Delusion's train?
The idols Time has proved of clay
Will ne'er be gold again:
Nor deftest alchemy restore
The treasures that we prized of yore.

The wreaths that decked our youthful brows
Have lost their brightness and perfume;
We'll weave our crown from fresher boughs,
And flowers of richer bloom!
And brighter sunbeams than of old
Shall change our sails to beaten gold.

We will not think of reef or wreck,
Of latent dangers hurried o'er,
Of storms that whilom swept our deck;
Our Pharos shines before,
And gilds the waves that ceaseless sweep
On to the vast eternal deep.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For Indigestion, Heartburn, &c., manufactured only by S. G. WELLING, and sold by druggists generally. 50 cents per box. Depot No. 207 Centre St., New York, second floor. Sent free by mail for 65 cents.

"LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE."—All, born to love, and to be Loved. Mistakes, Unhappy Marriages, The Remedy, Love—signs, in the face. Secret of Beauty. A Woman's Experience. Falling in Love. To improve the Complexion—with numerous illustrative Portraits—in Jan. Double No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The first of a new vol. Only 15 cts. Or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only*: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrtiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address,
A. MORTON,
No. 25 Malden Lane, New York.



Ballard Patent
Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition*. *This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. Its simple construction and perfect workmanship are a sure guarantee against getting out of order. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition *alone* makes it superior to all others. These arms are made for both sporting and military purposes, and have been adopted both by the General Government and a number of States. We have the highest testimonials of their efficiency and durability.

We *also offer to the Public* our new *Cartridge* and *loose* ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon. No one wishing a first-class arm should be without one.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
262 Broadway, N. Y.



Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled gain twist. The Trade supplied.

ELLIOT ARMS CO., 494 Broadway, N. Y.

New Corps Pin.

We can now offer to Officers and all members of the Army our new style Corps Pin, in Fine Gold Plate, richly enameled and chased, with the Corps designation in Fine Inlaid Enamel in Division colors, being the richest, neatest, and finest Pin ever offered. Mailed free for One Dollar. GEO. DEMERIT & CO., Jewelers, 303 Broadway, N. Y.

United States
Sanitary Commission.

"What is it doing to economise the Life and Health of our Soldiers?"

Is it using all the means Providence has placed within its reach, or is it stiff-necked, and determined that so GREAT a REMEDY as

Brandreth's Pills

shall not be used "to economise the life and health of our Soldiers?"

Sagacious men believe that the administration of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, in its "Homes" and as "Special Relief," would more than quadruple the present value to the "Life and Health of our Soldiers."

Let the following testimony from

SIXTY RETURNED VOLUNTEERS

be studied by members of the United States Sanitary Commission. If these statements are true, can they be doing their duty as CHRISTIAN MEN in not using the means Providence has placed within their reach?

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS,
READ!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PROTECT FROM THE ARROWS OF DISEASE, USUALLY AS FATAL TO SOLDIERS AS THE BULLETS OF THE FOE.

SING SING, Oct. 26, 1863.

We, the undersigned, surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, hereby certify that we have used Brandreth's Pills during our two years' service, and to them we attribute the fact that our constitutions are uninjured by the necessary hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In costiveness, colds, chills, diarrhœa, dysentery, and typhoid fever, their prompt use cured us in a few days. Our health was often restored without having been entered on the sick list; in fact, a single dose of four or five pills usually cured what, under the regular treatment, would have been a serious sickness. Others, who appeared to be sick in no respect different to us, but who used the remedies prescribed by the regimental surgeon, either died or were sick for weeks in the hospital.

When we left Sing Sing, in June, 1861, you gave us a supply of these Pills, and we feel sure, from our experience, that if every soldier was supplied with this medicine, the general health of the army would be greatly improved. For ourselves, it is our sole remedy, answering all our wants in the way of physic, and we have known and tested it from our childhood, and our parents before us.

John Vickers, *Captain*,
J. L. Smith, 1*st Lieutenant*,
William See, 1*st Sergeant*,
G. H. Dearing, 2*d Sergeant*,
Dennis Shay, 3*d Sergeant*,
Patrick Cullen, 4*th Sergeant*,
Benj. F. Brown, 1*st Corporal*
Wm. Mathers, 2*d Corporal*,
Noah W. Miller, 3*d Corporal*,
Thos. Crofut, *Drummer*,
Geo. B. Coe, *Drummer*.

PRIVATES.

Francis J. Jennings,
William W. Campbell,
William J. Charlton,
Albert Wesley,
John W. Griffin,
William Holmes,
William W. Rider,
Martin See,
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STATE OF NEW YORK,
Westchester Co., *ss.:*

I, William M. Skinner, a Notary Public, duly commissioned and sworn, residing in the Village of Sing Sing, County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify, that the names of the sixty persons subscribed to the Certificate, hereto annexed, dated Oct. 26, 1863, concerning the value and efficacy of Brandreth's Pills, beginning with Capt. John Vickers and ending with Caleb S. Frisbie, were signed in my presence, and that I, at their request, witnessed their signatures to said Certificate.

I further certify, that I am well acquainted with all who signed said Certificate, and know them individually to be men of truth and veracity.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my Official Seal, this, eleventh day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

WM. M. SKINNER, Notary Public.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
County of Westchester, *ss.:*

I, Hiram P. Rowel, Clerk of the County aforesaid, and also Clerk of the Courts in and for said County, Do HEREBY CERTIFY, that

WM. M. SKINNER, ESQUIRE,

whose name is subscribed to the Certificate of the Proof or acknowledgment of the annexed Instrument, and endorsed thereon, was, on the day of the date of the said Certificate, a Notary Public, in and for said County, residing in the said County, appointed and sworn, and duly authorized to take the same according to the laws of the said State. And further, that I am well acquainted with the handwriting of the said Notary Public, and verily believe that the Signature to the said Certificate is genuine.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the Seal of the said Courts and County, the 12th day of January, 1864.

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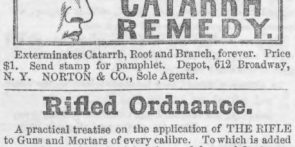
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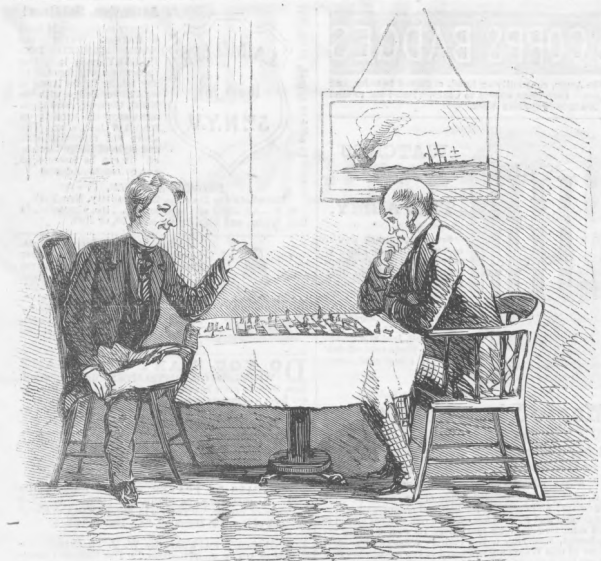
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CHECK!

MR. SEWARD (*to* EARL RUSSELL). "That was a very close shave, my lord; if you hadn't taken up your *Pirate*—beg pardon, I mean your Pawn—that time, I'd have been into your Castle as sure as a gun!"—(*See* MR. SEWARD'S *Correspondence with* EARL RUSSELL.

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Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,
AND
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

Watches Given Away.

Agents and Dealers look at the *Great Chance to make Money* we offer, by engaging in the sale of our NEW NOVELTY STATIONERY PRIZE PACKET. Only **$15** capital required to obtain a WATCH, FREE, with first order. We also offer SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. **$10** invested will yield **$50.** Never before such inducements were offered.

Full particulars in Circulars, mailed free.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, N. Y.,
The Oldest Established Prize Package House in the U. S.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY.

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ENGLISH COURT WATCH, for ladies. "Rich designs," $18
GENUINE ENGLISH PATENT LEVER, full jeweled, $25
ARMY WATCHES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS very low.

We do not sell the poor Swiss Movement Watches. Our customers should beware of parties advertising in imitation of us.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

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To the Trade.

Call or send to Head-Quarters. Catalogues sent free by mail. A better assortment, on more liberal terms, than any other dealer can offer. Address

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 455 Broadway, N. Y.
(Store and Manufactory.)

Straight Hair made Wavy!! without heating it, by using *Iwin's Patent Hair Crimpers.* For sale at Variety Stores.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS, male or female, SOLDIERS, and all having some time to spare, are particularly requested, as a FAVOR, to send us their address, and we will send in return, FREE, information for which they will be THANKFUL. We offer EXTRA INDUCEMENTS. From $6 to $15 per day ABOVE EXPENSES. We want addresses from EVERY COUNTY in the U. S., and from EVERY REGIMENT in the Army. Address in full, RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Box 2131, N. Y.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying small objects 500 *times*. MAILED FREE everywhere for **30** CENTS. *Five* of different powers for $1 00. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.



The Celebrated CRAIG MICROSCOPE, combining Instruction with Amusement, is mailed, pre-paid, for $2 25; or with 6 beautiful Mounted Objects for $3; with 24 Objects, $5, by

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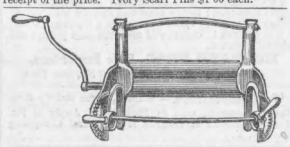
Also, he will mail, pre-paid, the Bellevue, or Perfected STEREOSCOPE, with a sliding Focus and Field-Piece, accommodating all eyes, for $2 40; with 12 assorted views, $3. A liberal discount to the trade.

A Household Word.—Throughout the length and breadth of the land, HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a household word. Its Articles at BARRY'S Depot, 233 Fulton Street, New York.

A Beautiful Complexion, free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of palm oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents.

The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 105 and 107 Chambers Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

IVORY PHOTOGRAPHIC SLEEVE BUTTONS (Patent applied for), with perfect likenesses of the President, Distinguished Men and Generals, $1 00 per pair. Also fine Ivory Brooches, $2 00; Ear-rings, to match, $2 00. White and Imitation of Jet and Coral. Manufactured and for sale by WM. M. WELLING, Agent, 207 Centre Street, New York, Sign of the Golden Elephant. Sent free on receipt of the price. Ivory Scarf Pins $1 00 each.



Putnam Clothes-Wringer.

The ONLY reliable Self-Adjusting Wringer.
No wood-work to swell or split.
No thumb-screws to get out of order.

WARRANTED WITH OR WITHOUT COG-WHEELS.

It took the FIRST PREMIUM at Fifty-Seven State and County Fairs in 1863, and is, without an exception, the best Wringer ever made.

Instead of believing the statements of parties interested in the sale of other Wringers,

Try it, and Judge for Yourself.

Test it THOROUGHLY with ANY and ALL others, and, if not entirely satisfactory, return it.

It will wring any thing from a thread to a bed-quilt without alteration.

Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town.

No. 2, $5 50; No. 1, $6 00; No. A, $8.

Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by

The Putnam Manufacturing Co.,

No. 13 Platt Street, N. Y., and Cleveland, Ohio.

S. C. NORTHROP, Agent.

[A CARD.]

TO PHYSICIANS AND INVALIDS.

The Rev. CHARLES E. KING, formerly Secretary to the London Evangelical Alliance, and recently connected, as resident Minister and Physician, with the Venezuelean Mission, will send **Free of Cost** the **Prescription** with which he successfully treated, while in charge of the large Mission Hospital, *upward of one hundred cases of* **CONSUMPTION** *in the first, second and third stages.*

The remedy is equally adapted to the treatment of **Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis,** and all affections of the **Lungs, Throat,** and **Air-Passages;** while it speedily invigorates the enfeebled NERVOUS SYSTEM, and energizes the deranged functions of the **Stomach, Liver,** and **Bowels.**

Address, with stamp,

Rev. CHARLES E. KING,
Station D, Bible House,
New York.

P. S.—I wish publicly to acknowledge the generosity of those publishers who, from a sense of humanity, have given this advertisement *gratuitous insertion.* Religious papers are earnestly requested to copy.

Shaks' Ornaments, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent free, paid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

FINE WATCH FREE,
And $15 Per Day Easy.

Agents should be careful in directing their orders for our Original and "*only Genuine*" Extra Large Size Stationery Prize Packages, which have become so popular through the fine quality and value of their contents. As we have several imitators, who copy our Styles, Advertisements, Premiums, &c., for the purpose of deceiving Agents, we are the only manufacturers of the "*Celebrated Rickards Prize Packages,*" and none are genuine unless bought direct from us. Those parties who advertise to give a "*Premium Watch* to agents will not do so unless the agent first pays them from $40 to $50 in cash. This "we *challenge any of them to deny.*" We will present a case of 100 of our Finest Packages to any agent who obtains a watch from them without first paying the above-named amount. Their attempt to present premiums, after our long-established custom, is in this case but a poor dodge. We still do as we have done for years past, *present free* to every one who acts as our agent a Fine Gold or Silver Hunting-Case Watch, "*Genuine English Movements,*" and warranted a correct time-keeper. These watches are presented *on the spot* or sent with the first order. No one else does this. Our *Wonderful Packages contain more* really valuable articles than any half dozen others ever sold. Among the surprising contents of each package will be found Fine Stationery, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needle-work, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Letter-Writer's Instructor, Parlor Amusements, Gent's Pocket Calendars for 1864, Union Emblems, Camp Companions for Soldiers, Military Likenesses, Games, Army Advice, Rare Recipes, Many Ways to get Rich, Yankee Notions, Fancy Articles, Rich and Costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry, &c., &c., all together worth many dollars, for only **25c.** Agents make immense profits. 100 to 200 per cent. allowed. We guarantee smart agents can make $15 per day. Our regular agents average that. Our Packages stand same as ever, above all others for quality and quantity of contents. Agents wanted in every camp and town in the country. Goods sent safe to all parts of the army. Send for our Great New Circular for 1864, containing Extra Premium inducements, free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. Only Original, and Largest and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

OFFICE OF VERMILYE & CO., Bankers,
No. 44 Wall Street, New York, Jan. 22, 1864.

WE have notice from the General Subscription Agent 5-20 Loan that the whole amount of this loan authorized by law has been taken by subscribers. We can not, therefore, furnish as heretofore the bonds at par and interest.

We shall be pleased to fill orders for these bonds at market rates, and shall endeavor to keep constantly on hand, ready for immediate delivery, a full assortment.

We also buy and sell all kinds of Government Stocks.

The new FIVE PER CENT INTEREST-BEARING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES.

SIX PER CENT CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS.

SEVEN-THIRTY TREASURY NOTES.

SIX PER CENT COUPON and REGISTERED BONDS

1881

U. S. QUARTERMASTERS' CHECKS.

Maturing Certificates COLLECTED or CASHED on favorable terms.

VERMILYE & Co.,
Government Agents Five-Twenty Loan.

STAMMERING

And Stuttering cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances. For (New Edition of) descriptive Pamphlets and Drawings, address H. C. L. MEARS, 277 W. 23d St., N. Y.

GOLD PENS AND CASES

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a circular. Pens repointed on receipt of 25 cents.

E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

VALENTINES.

Dealers should secure their stock of Valentines in season. Send for STRONG'S

Ten Dollar Package.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

36 Neat Valentines, lace and embossed, retail at	$0 5
30 Flowers and Fancy Paper, retail at	0 10
20 Fancy Embossed Paper, retail at	0 15
12 Embossed with Gold and Mirrors, retail at	0 25
6 Gold and Silver Ornamented Paper, retail at	0 50
2 Illuminated Raised Work, retail at	0 75
1 Beautiful Valentine in Fancy Box, retail at	1 00
12 Juvenile Valentines, for Children, retail at	0 1
12 Fine Note, Comic, assorted, retail at	0 5
72 Humorous Comic Valentines, single sheet, retail at	0 1
6 Fine Valentine Cards of Poetry, retail at	0 5
24 Embossed Envelopes, two sizes, retail at	0 2
24 Large 8vo Envelopes, two sizes, retail at	0 5
12 Beautiful Fine Envelopes, retail at	0 4

All the above in a neat box, and a Valentine Show-bill.

This assortment is the finest ever supplied to the trade, and can not but give entire satisfaction in quantity, quality, and price, at the same time that they offer a very large profit to the retailer. The above lot will be sent free by mail on the receipt of ten dollars. Send in your orders early to T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street, New York.

$8 WATCHES $11
AND CHAINS.

A Beautiful Engraved *Gold-Plated Watch and Chain,* fine Swiss movement, handsome dial and hands, warranted a perfect time-keeper, for **$ Dollars.** Engraved **Silver,** same as above, chain included, **$ Dollars.** A very heavy **Hunting Cased Solid Silver Watch,** full jeweled, and fine English movement, silver capped, warranted a perfect time-keeper, and a handsome *Gold Plated Chain* included, for **11 Dollars.**

We will send, on receipt of the money, one of our Watches and a Chain, by mail, postage paid, to any address. These Watches are especially adapted to the Army, being heavily cased and perfect time-keepers, and in running order.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO.,
No. 208 Broadway, New York.

Ladies and Gentlemen should use Aldrich's Imperial Pomade, which darkens red, grey, or faded hair to a beautiful black or brown by a few applications, without dyeing, besides being the finest hair dressing ever discovered.

Give it a trial, and you will never use any other.

Price 50 cents in large bottles. Sent to any part of the United States. A. ALDRICH, 370 Broadway.

Sold by HELMBOLDS, 594 Broadway, N. Y.

Learn to Skate in One Hour by using



The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.

Frederick Stevens,
215 *Water Street, New York.*
62 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

$35 WATCHES. $35
Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.

Also every variety of *good* Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches.
208 Broadway New York.

To all who wish to make Money.

Send your address to J. W. YALE, SYRACUSE, N. Y., and you will receive, *free,* a sample of YALE'S CELEBRATED FLAG OF OUR UNION AND MILITARY PRIZE STATIONERY ENVELOPE, *with circular.*

The Best Magazine

Of its class in America is the

Atlantic Monthly

Such is the unanimous verdict of the press. Price 25 cents a number, or $3 00 a year, *postage paid.* Club rates liberal. Send for a circular. Address

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.



Perry Davis's VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. *The Great Family Medicine of the Age.* Every Volunteer should have a bottle, in cases of sudden attacks of disease.

Pain Killer, taken internally, should be adulterated with milk and water, and sweetened with sugar, or made into a syrup with molasses. For a cough, a few drops on sugar, eaten, will be more effective than any thing else. For Sore Throat, gargle the throat with a mixture of Pain Killer and water, and the relief is immediate and cure positive.

It should not be forgotten that the Pain Killer is equally as good to take internally as to use externally. Each bottle is wrapped with full directions for its use.

The new Novel, by the author of "Neighbor Jackwood."



Ready at all principal bookstores. Published by J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

Army Corps Pins in Fine Gold Plate, richly enameled and chased, newest and most handsome style, mailed free for only One Dollar, by GEO. DEMERIT & CO., Jewelers, 303 Broadway, New York.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills are the unanimously received healing and health-giving medicines of the nineteenth century. The Ointment, when applied to the surface, penetrates to the hiddan radix, or rock of the disease—augmenting the agency of the Pills in expelling the cause of sickness in almost every ailment that man is heir to. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all Druggists, at 25c., 63c., and $1 per pot or box.

IMPORTANT.

The public are respectfully informed that I have just received, per Steamer "Celia," a fresh shipment of the Jules Mumm & Co.'s

Verzenay Cabinet
AND
Dry Verzenay Champagne,

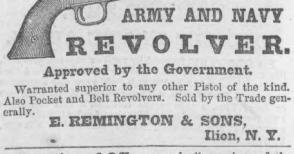
of a new vintage, surpassing in richness, fineness, and delicacy of quality any Wines of the same grade ever before sent by this house. A trial of the same will convince the most fastidious.

The following houses have a supply of this shipment on hand:

CHAS. BELLOWS.
W. S. CORWIN & CO.
H. D. FELTER.
MACY & CO.
W. H. JACKSON & CO.,
PURDY & NICHOLS.
J. P. VAN ROSSUM.
JAMES MEYER, JR.,
43 Beaver Street,

Sole Agent in the U. S. for Jules Mumm & Co.'s Champagnes.

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

Attention of Officers and all members of the Army is called to the new style Corps Pin in Fine Gold Plate, richly enameled and chased, mailed free for One Dollar, by GEO. DEMERIT & CO., 303 Broadway, New York.

$2 to $5 a day!—Agents wanted, local or traveling, everywhere. Business honorable, easy, and attractive. Article quick sale to citizen or soldier, and alike useful to man, woman or child. Particulars sent *free,* or box samples by mail for 31 *cents.* Address

A. J. BESTOR, 245 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

Handsomest Pin Out.—The new style Army Corps Pin, in Heavy Gold Plate, beautifully enameled and chased, and the prettiest thing out. Mailed, post-paid, for One Dollar, by

GEO. DEMERIT & CO., 303 Broadway, N. Y.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 372.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



"OUR FLAG IS THERE!"—[SEE PAGE 101.]

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KING COTTON.

KING COTTON looks from his window
Toward the westering sun,
And he marks with an anguished horror
That his race is almost run.

His form is thin and shrunken,
His cheek is pale and wan,
And the lines of care on his furrowed brow
Are dread to look upon.

But yesterday a monarch
In the flush of his pomp and pride,
And not content with his own broad lands
He would rule the world beside.

He built him a mighty palace,
With gold from beyond the sea,
And he laid with care the corner-stone,
And he called it Slavery.

He summoned an army with banners
To keep his foes at bay,
And, gazing with pride on his palace walls,
He said, "They shall stand for aye!"

But the palace walls are shrunken,
And partly overthrown,
And the storms of war, in their violence,
Have loosened the corner-stone.

Now Famine stalks through the palace halls
With her gaunt and pallid train;
You can hear the cries of famished men,
As they cry for bread in vain.

The King can see from his palace walls
A land by his pride betrayed—
Thousands of mothers and wives bereft,
Thousands of graves new-made.

And he seems to see in the lowering sky
The shape of a flaming sword,
Whereon he reads with a sinking heart
The anger of the Lord.

God speed the time when the guilty King
Shall be hurled from his blood-stained throne;
And the palace of Wrong shall crumble to dust,
With its boasted corner-stone!

A temple of Freedom shall rise instead
On the desecrated site,
And within its shelter alike shall stand
The black man and the white.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

UNCLE SAM'S PENCE.

HOW is it that the Sanitary Commission spends so much money? is a question that is constantly asked. It has made nearly half a million by its fairs, and it still cries, More! more! Yes, but it has not made the half-million. The money collected at the great fairs has been entirely at the disposition of the local sanitary authorities, not of the Commission. The Boston fair chose to send fifty thousand dollars to the Commission; and it was well done, as it was truly needed, and will be wisely spent. But while the proceeds of the fairs will be converted into material supplies, there is a large monthly cash outlay which the Commission has to meet, or stop its operations. Distributing supplies is but one part of the work of the Commission; and if all the money raised should be devoted to that purpose more than half its benefits would be destroyed.

A moment's thought will show exactly the point, and Tract No. 78 of the Sanitary issues tells the story plainly. The Sanitary Commission works, as it were, with five hands. It distributes supplies. It inspects camps and field-hospitals by medical men. It inspects general hospitals by the same agents. It organizes special relief with all its agencies, in all its departments; and it keeps an accurate Hospital Directory, so that the situation and condition of five hundred thousand soldiers may be known to their friends throughout the country.

Now this Sanitary Inspection may save more lives than hundreds of wagon-loads of supplies. Shall the Inspection be abolished? If not, it can be supported by cash only.

Or the Special Relief, which has lodges and homes all along the Atlantic coast and upon the Mississippi shores—shall it be relinquished? Ask the soldiers. But if it is to be maintained, it can only be with money.

Or the Hospital Directory? It costs very much, but it tells all about the sick and wounded, wherever they may be; and when it was lately a question whether it should be continued, there was such an earnest pressure from the friends of the soldiers every where not to give it up that it was seen to be a necessity of the service, and is continued.

Now, to keep all this machinery going, so essential to the welfare of the soldiers and the happiness of their homes, at least thirty thousand dollars are required every month. It is from the Central Treasury that the money for such expenses is drawn; and it is in this view that, while its branches in the Supply Department may be full to overflowing, the Commission may be hard pushed to continue its operations in the fivefold way which experience and wisdom have demonstrated to be necessary for the complete success of any one department. Besides, all the agents, and they must be hundreds, in all the departments are *paid* agents, as they ought to be, both for effectiveness and discipline. There is the system of transportation also, independent of the regular army medical department, which enables succor to be immediate upon the battle-field, and there is the outlay for every form of relief at every battle.

For all these purposes ready money is essential. It must be as sure an income as that of any other business, and it must last while the war lasts, or this great mercy must stop. Now the revenue for the work is drawn and can be drawn only from the hearts of the people, for in this case it is the heart that opens the purse. The money given is the Peter's pence of the crusade of humanity in which the nation is engaged. Who wishes it to stop? Who, if he had but twopence, and a son or brother or friend in the war, but would say, "One of them shall be for Peter, whose name this time is Uncle Sam."

A GROSS INJUSTICE.

THERE is one gross injustice to our soldiers which Congress should not lose a week in correcting, and that is the pay of the colored troops. If colored men are apes, don't enlist them. If the prejudice of race and color is insuperable, yield to it. But why should the American people do an unpardonably mean thing? If we are ashamed to acknowledge the heroism of the colored troops at Milliken's Bend, at Port Hudson, at Fort Wagner—upon every field, in fact, and in every battle where they have been tried—let us at least be manly enough to say to them, "We can not treat you honorably, so go home!"

Man for man, the colored troops at present enlisted are not inferior to any of our soldiers. Whole regiments were recruited under the express statement from Washington that they were to be treated like all other soldiers. Whole regiments, finding that we did not keep our word, have declined to receive any pay whatever, and have respectfully preferred to wait until we were ready to fulfill our promises, meanwhile performing cheerfully the most incessant and onerous duties. How long would any regiment of white men, however brave and loyal, which had been enlisted like the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored), under the promise of thirteen dollars a month and three dollars and a half for clothing, remain quiet under a monthly payment of seven dollars and three additional for clothing? And who would blame them for demanding the fulfillment of the contract or a release from service?

Do we at this moment need all the stalwart arms we can gather to the national cause or not? Is this a time when we can wisely disband the fifty or sixty thousand colored soldiers already in the service? And is there one Senator or Representative in Congress, excepting Fernando Wood's men, who does not know that the people wish the colored troops to be paid equally with all others? "I suppose my body will stop a bullet as well as another," said a colored soldier with bitter sarcasm.

The prejudice from which this injustice springs is part of the foul fruit of slavery. What is called an instinctive antipathy is merely the feeling inevitably associated with the color of an enslaved race. If the Thracians had been of a blue complexion, the Romans would have declared that they had an instinctive antipathy to blue men. For why should not a Frenchman or an Englishman have it toward the black race as well as we? "How did you feel," naively asked a gentleman, at a dinner-table in this city, of an Englishman who had been describing a visit to the West Indies, "when you found yourself sitting at table between two colored men?" "They were gentlemen," was the answer, "and I felt as I do at this moment."

But the point for every honest man to ponder is this: We invited the colored men to fight for us: they have shown themselves brave, clever, and obedient, and we refuse to pay them what we pay other soldiers. Not to speak again of the sheer breach of faith and wanton injustice of such conduct, a distinction like this, even if it were honorably made, tends to maintain a feeling of caste which would be fatal to the army. All that we ask is fair play for every man who will risk his life for the country; and against foul play, whether with Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen, or Germans, whether with white, black, or red men, we shall not fail to protest as earnestly and persistently as we can.

HOW TO DO IT.

THERE are two policies of the restoration of the Union. One is that of the Copperheads, and the other that of the Administration and the Union men of the country. The first proposes that whenever the rebel leaders lay down their arms and take the oath to the Constitution the National armies shall be disbanded. The other proposes that, until the country has received some satisfactory proof that the rebellion is destroyed, and not merely smothered, it shall hold the rebel district by arms.

For instance, we advance into Georgia. The rebel army, let us suppose, surrenders. The people take the oath. A provisional Governor is appointed by the National authority, and he orders an election. Who shall vote? "Why, of course," cry the Copperheads, "those who are voters under the State Constitution!" Very well. The election is held, and a tool of Stephens or of Toombs, or Robert Toombs himself, is elected Governor. What will you do? Shall the Government order General Grant to evacuate Georgia? Is the State restored to the Union and peace secured? Or if in Mississippi Jefferson Davis—under another name, but equally false to the Government—is elected Governor according to the forms of the State Constitution, is he to be recognized and the troops withdrawn?

No citizen of the United States acts so absurdly in his smallest private matters. Does any body suppose that collectively those citizens will play the fool? Have they been sending their sons and brothers to be murdered for nothing? Do they mean to put a premium upon treason and rebellion? If the Constitution did not enable them to settle the question as it should be settled, their common sense would supersede the Constitution. The Copperhead theory of the Constitution is simply that of the rebels. It is, in their view, an instrument to prevent the maintenance of the United States Government, and to secure the success of rebellion. All the dreary twaddle about the sovereignty of States is but an echo of Calhoun's theory, which was expressly devised to cover disunion and destroy the National supremacy.

The plan which already commends itself to public approval is that of the Administration. It proposes first to occupy the rebel States by force of the national arms; then to appoint a provisional governor, who may order an election. By what authority? By that of the United States. And the same authority—not the State Constitution—will decree when, where, and under what conditions, that election shall be held. If it result in the election of men who conform to these conditions, they become the rightful government of the State, because they represent the people of the State who are loyal to the United States. If these people are but a tenth of the inhabitants, and can not enforce their authority upon the rest, the United States Government helps them by force of arms, as it is bound to do by the Constitution. When that loyal State authority shall inform the Government of the United States that it is able to maintain itself the national force will be withdrawn.

Now the paramount condition of the election must be the oath against slavery, and this for two reasons. First, because the only sensible hope of quiet lies in the release of the people of the South from the control of a slaveholding aristocracy; and, second, because the overthrow of the system is the end to political intrigue at the North based upon slavery. There is no doubt whatever that so long as that absurd contradiction of the American principle, and conscience, and policy endures, just so long the peace of the country will be threatened. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a Southerner, a slaveholder, a Democrat, expresses the sense of the American people in saying: "Slavery has been the destroying element which tried to put down the Government, and the Government should put it down immediately and forever."

SENATOR DAVIS.

SENATOR WILSON has done well in withdrawing his resolutions for the expulsion of Senator Garrett Davis. The letter of Mr. Davis declares that he meant only a legitimate Parliamentary opposition to the measures of the Government, and there is no reason for doubting his sincerity. He is a man who inspires more sympathy than indignation, because his temper is so furious and ungovernable that every time he speaks upon public affairs he becomes a melancholy spectacle, and he has lived through three years of the war without comprehending in the least degree either its cause or its inevitable consequence. The speeches and resolutions of such a gentleman must be patiently endured, like those of Mr. Roebuck in the British Parliament, or of the Copperhead orators in our own House of Representatives.

Mr. Garrett Davis is a statesman who believes that if a few secessionists and a few abolitionists had been hung four or five years ago there would have been no trouble. That civil wars are always the conflict of ideas and not of men, he does not perceive. He undoubtedly thinks that if Martin Luther had been quietly poisoned there would have been no Protestant Reformation, and if only Patrick Henry had been throttled, the American revolution would have been avoided. But all such men are fruit, they are not trees. So long as the trees last the fruit will be generated. Every form of injustice, of despotism, of tyranny, will forever produce enemies. You may shoot John Hampden, but you have not wounded civil Liberty. You may strike Charles Sumner into silence, but the barbarism of slavery will still be denounced. On the other hand, you may hang Jefferson Davis, but slavery will breed Davises of every kind as long as it lasts.

If Senator Davis were a younger man he might at last comprehend these simple truths of human nature and of history. But if, as Confucius said, a man never changes his habits after he is forty years old, how much less can a politician be expected to change his views after he is seventy? As long as he sits in Congress Mr. Davis will divide his wrath between the partisans of Slavery and the friends of Liberty, and believe ardently and sincerely that if you wish to prevent nettles from stinging you must reprove them severely.

MILITARY SURPRISES.

THE rebellion will not break up like a frozen river in spring; and amidst its waning fortunes we are not to forget that it has still a large, brave, and trained army, led by desperate chiefs, and that this army will not disappear until it has struck some strenuous blows. General Schenck, of Ohio, said pertinently in Congress last week that we must be prepared for wild movements from the rebels in extremity. For undoubtedly they will mass their forces and fall with overpowering weight upon some point of our extended lines. Exactly where they will strike it is impossible to say; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that their first onslaught may be successful. We can therefore only be prepared, and not be dismayed by the surprise.

Yet there are certain points of cardinal importance, where a rebel surprise or success should be impossible. East Tennessee, for instance, is a position so important that its possession was deemed worthy of a special call for national Thanksgiving from the President but a few weeks since. Its value to us and its necessity to the rebels are known to every soldier and civilian in the country. Any mishap there, therefore, would be simply unpardonable. The nation has the clearest right to require that, whatever occurs elsewhere, East Tennessee shall be held. It is certainly unfortunate that we should have heard of General Grant's presence in St. Louis simultaneously with the falling back of our forces before Longstreet toward Knoxville; for what becomes of our Thanksgiving of two months ago if Longstreet can seriously threaten Knoxville now? That should not be a debatable point; for any disaster in that region would shake public confidence more than any other conceivable event, except a successful rebel advance upon Washington.

NOT TOO FINE A POINT.

NOT to put too fine a point upon it, does any body really believe that Messrs. Vallandigham, Bayard, Brooks, Saulsbury, Seymour, & Co. are more loyal to the Constitution, or more anxious that the liberties of every citizen and the dignity of each State and of the nation shall be preserved than Mr. Lincoln and the mass of the people in the loyal States?

Does any body sincerely suppose that, if these gentlemen were charged with the conduct of this war, a permanent and prosperous and honorable peace would be obtained more speedily than it will probably be under the present authorities?

Does any body doubt that if Mr. Jefferson Davis, and Judah Benjamin, and Robert Toombs could have their way they would prefer to have the Government of the United States in the hands of Messrs. Seymour, Vallandigham, & Co.? And would it be because they suppose that rebels would be compelled to submit to the authority of the Government, or because they believe that, with the Government in such hands, the rebels could dictate terms of settlement?

Why is it, that, in the third year of a terrible war to maintain the Union and Constitution, the people of the country have overwhelmingly repudiated the men who claim to be distinctively the friends of the Union and the Constitution? Because not one of them—whatever he has said—has given proof of any sounder knowledge of the Constitution or sincerer devotion to the Union than Mr. Lincoln, or General Butler, or Andrew Johnson, or Mayor Swan of Baltimore.

The gentlemen who have been politically known heretofore as the most supple tools of the leaders now in rebellion—who have held with Governor Seymour, even if they have not said, as he has, that, if the Union could not be saved without destroying slavery, it might slide—these gentlemen claim to be peculiarly jealous of the principles of the Constitution and of the rights of the people. Why, then, do the people repudiate them?

Because, not to put too fine a point upon it, they do not believe them.

AN APOSTLE OF PEACE.

WE have alluded several times to the fact that in January, 1861, when the rebels were preparing to overthrow by force the Government of the United States, Fernando Wood apologized to Robert Toombs that he could not help him obtain arms for that purpose. In other words, the new apostle of peace regretted that he could not furnish Toombs and the rebels with rifles to shoot loyal American citizens. We put upon record here the words of that apology:

"*Hon. Robert Toombs, Milledgeville, Georgia:*

"In reply to your dispatch I regret to say that arms intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia have been seized by the police of this State, but that the city of New York should in no way be made responsible for the outrage.

"As Mayor, I have no authority over the police. If I had the power, I should summarily punish the authors of this illegal and unjustifiable seizure of private property.

"FERNANDO WOOD."

This is the gentleman who waxes so pathetic over the shedding of brothers' blood, and proposes to send commissioners to Richmond to ask his friend Toombs upon what terms he will submit to the laws

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of his country. If he had had the power, he says, he would summarily have punished those who tried to prevent Toombs and Company from murdering our brothers and sons. But when Toombs and Company have been engaged in that noble work for three years, the amiable Mr. Wood says nothing of summary punishment for *them*, but prattles of measures of fraternal conciliation. And he strikes a fine attitude. "What! does any body question *my* loyalty?" he exclaims. Nobody that we know of. There are certain things that do not admit of question. Benedict Arnold's patriotism, for instance; or the honesty of a man who escapes the State Prison by the statute of limitations.

THACKERAY.

"THE last time the writer," Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS, "saw WILLIAM THACKERAY was on Wednesday, the 16th of December. They were next-door neighbors at a dinner where all were intimate friends. THACKERAY was in his usual spirits, which were never boisterous, but always cheerful, and he had pleasant words for all present. He had something to say of the 'circumstances' touching which the National Shakspeare Committee has passed a vote of 'regret,' and which Mr. LUCAS has indignantly declared will cause posterity to 'point with scorn' at that passage in the Committee's history. They did not ruffle THACKERAY, however they may have incensed his friends; and it is not needful—at least at present—to reproduce his smiling judgment on those whom it concerned. He enjoyed himself much, in his own quiet way, and contributed genially to the enjoyment of those who were something less quiet; and a question arising about a subscription in aid of a disabled artist, he instantly offered to increase, if necessary, a sum he had previously promised. The writer's very last recollection of the cynic, therefore, is in connection with an unasked act of Christian kindness. On the following Monday he attended the funeral of a lady who was interred in Kensal Green Cemetery. On the Tuesday evening he came to his favorite club—the Garrick—and asked a seat at the table of two friends, who, of course, welcomed him as all welcomed THACKERAY. On Wednesday he was out several times, and was seen in Palace Gardens 'reading a book.' Before the dawn on Thursday he was where there is no night."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 27. A bill was reported back from Military Committee giving bounty to soldiers enlisted before May, 1861.—A bill was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs, providing for better administration of Indian Affairs in California.—A bill introduced providing for the transmission of money from soldiers to their families.—The Committee on Naval Affairs reported a bill providing that all appointments in the Volunteer Naval service shall be submitted to the Senate, and that all such appointments shall cease at the expiration of 60 days after the return of the vessel.—The bill to promote enlistments came up; an amendment was adopted authorizing the President to pay a sum not more than $200 to colored recruits, in lieu of two months' advance pay.—The clause freeing the wife, children, and mother of colored recruits was debated: Mr. Powell wished to strike out the clause; Mr. Henderson wished it to apply only to recruited slaves belonging to disloyal soldiers; Senators Grimes and Wilkinson advocated the retention of the clause; they would free all those connected with men fighting our battles; Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, said that he was in favor of Congress abolishing slavery wherever it had the power to do so; that if Congress had the power to pass this bill, it had the power to abolish slavery every where; to this Mr. Grimes assented; he had no doubt upon the question, and would cheerfully vote for such a bill; Mr. Henderson continued, declining to debate the question of the powers of Government during the existence of the war, the legislation proposed would be calculated to irritate the loyal people of the States which are now perfecting measures of emancipation; one of the blessings which would ultimately result from the war would be the abolition of slavery by the States themselves.—The case of Mr. Davis was brought up and further debated. Senators Hale, Anthony, Fessenden, and Lane, of Indiana, all Republicans, spoke against the adoption of a resolution of expulsion or censure.——*January* 28. The unimportant business the amendment to the Homestead bill was taken up and passed; it provides that any soldier or sailor who from being in actual service is unable to do the necessary personal preliminary acts required by law, and any one of whose family is residing on land which he desires to enter, and upon which settlement and improvement have been made, may upon making affidavit before his commanding officer, and paying the necessary sum, be entitled to all the benefits conferred by the Homestead law.—The President was requested to give information as to the steps taken in respect to the colonization of colored persons in Hayti, Liberia, etc.—The case of Mr. Davis was resumed. After debate, in which Senators Clark and Foster opposed the resolution of expulsion or censure, Mr. Wilson spoke at length animadverting upon the general course of Mr. Davis, and his resolutions in particular; but adding that as Mr. Davis had put upon record words modifying his language, and as members on the Administration side were willing to take the Senator's construction, the resolution of expulsion became a farce, and he accordingly withdrew it: the whole matter was thus concluded.—The Enlistment bill was further debated. Mr. Johnson opposing the clause freeing indiscriminately the relatives of colored troops; this the Senator said would be unconstitutional, and unjust to loyal masters, especially in Maryland, a State which had never left the Union.—Adjourned till February 1.——*February* 1. Mr. Saulsbury sent in a letter formally resigning his seat.—Mr. Davis made a personal explanation upon some points which had arisen upon the late motion for his expulsion. At a previous session he had introduced a motion for the expulsion of Senator Bright, based upon the fact of his having written to Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy, recommending to him a person who had an improved weapon to be used against the lawful Government of the United States, and also having uniformly voted against all measures for carrying on the war; but not upon the grounds of any words or opinions. He had also introduced a Confiscation bill, but it was wholly different from the one now under consideration; it proposed an adjudication before the courts of the country, and was intended to forfeit the estates of traitors only during their lifetime. He also said that he had unintentionally done injustice to his colleague, Mr. Powell; he was now convinced that they differed only in regard to the proper mode of meeting the movements of the rebels. He held that the people had an indisputable right to organize their own governments, but if they refused to do so, it became necessary, as had been decided by Chief Justice Marshall, for the United States to establish a civil government for them.—Mr. Foote presented the resolutions of the Vermont Legislature in favor of a ship canal from the Mississippi to the Eastern sea-board; and introduced joint resolutions to secure equal payment to all soldiers now in service; and to facilitate the transmission of soldiers' packages through the mails.—The credentials of Mr. Reade as Senator from Florida in place of Mr. Bayard, were presented, and took his seat next day.—Mr. Doolittle called up his resolution requesting the Departments whose affairs were under investigation to appoint a person to attend the Committee and cross-examine witnesses; Mr. Trumbull opposed, and Mr. Grimes supported the resolution.——*February* 2. Mr. Sumner presented a petition from Governor Yates, of Illinois, asking Congress to exercise its constitutional power for the immediate abolition of slavery throughout the United States.—The joint resolutions thanking Commodore Ringgold and General Thomas, with their officers and men, were passed.—A resolution providing for the mustering into the army of the United States the Sioux Indians now held as captives, was referred to Committee on Military Affairs;—as was also the House bill for reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General. Mr. Doolittle's resolution requesting the presence of some one from the Departments before the Committee of Investigation was taken up, discussed, and postponed for a week.—Mr. Henderson's amendment to the Enlistment bill, limiting the grant of freedom made to the families of slave recruits to those belonging to disloyal masters, was taken up. Mr. Sherman opposed the amendment. The bill made no distinction between soldiers who were free and those who were held as slaves. It guaranteed to every man who entered the army freedom for himself, his mother, his wife, and his children. This guarantee was the inevitable consequence of the employment of the slave as a soldier; and Congress had the right to make this guarantee, if it had the right so to employ slaves; if we can give them pay, bounties, and honors, we can give them freedom. He was in favor of taking into the military service all the slaves we need. If our enemies lose their slaves so much the better; but we should pay a reasonable compensation to loyal masters. He was prepared to vote for a comprehensive system of emancipation, with compensation to loyal owners. Mr. Carlile having obtained the floor for reply to-morrow, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—*January* 27. The Deficiency bill came up; the House refused to concur in the amendment of the Senate limiting the money to be expended on the Capitol and Treasury extension to the amount necessary to protect them from injury: the bill then passed, only 4 members voting against it.—Mr. Kinney, delegate from Utah, replied to that part of Mr. Fernando Wood's speech of the 26th in which he denounced the Mormons as rebels and profligates. He denied the accusations, and charged Mr. Wood with disloyalty, referring especially to his regretting the detention in New York of arms consigned to the Governor of Georgia. If he were a member of the House he would introduce a resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Wood.—Mr. Wood replied, asserting his loyalty, and defending his course, while Mayor of New York, in relation to his dispatch to the Governor of Georgia. All that he did was to send a dispatch in reply to an inquiry whether the arms had been detained by his order, replying that they were not, and that the police of New York were not responsible to the Mayor. [The correspondence referred to is as follows: Governor Toombs telegraphed to Mayor Wood, January 24, 1861, "*Is it true that any arms intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia have been seized by the public authorities in New York? Your answer is important to us and to New York. Answer at once.*" The Mayor answered, "*In reply to your dispatch I regret to say that arms intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia have been seized by the police of this State, but that the city of New York should in no way be made responsible for the outrage. As Mayor I have no authority over the police. If I had the power I should summarily punish the authors of this illegal and unjustifiable seizure of private property.*" It will be noted that this correspondence took place a week after Georgia had seceded from the Union, and three weeks after the seizure of the U. S. forts and arms.]—Mr. Smithers, of Delaware, spoke at length upon the Confiscation act. He was in favor of punishing the leaders of the rebellion by a forfeiture of their ancestral estates and a deprivation of political rights, while extending an amnesty to the masses who have been forced into rebellion.—Mr. Pendleton replied in sharp terms upon the course of Mr. Fernando Wood.—The House went into Committee of the Whole upon the Navy Appropriation bill. Mr. Morrill advocated the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty with the British Provinces. Its advantages were all on one side, and always against us. Mr. Allen, of Illinois, reviewed the President's Message, and asserted that the Administration were guilty of willful deception in regard to the objects of the war, had violated their pledges, and were now about to change the affairs of the country in times of war or peace: Mr. Arnold, of the same State, replied.——*January* 28. The Enrollment Bill was brought forward, and after some debate, in which Mr. F. Wood said that the members on his side would "take advantage of their privilege to prevent the passage of this unconstitutional and infamous bill," its consideration was postponed till Monday.—The Confiscation Act was taken up, and further debated. Mr. Finck claiming that modern usages of nations gave no right to confiscate the private property of those in arms against the United States, nor to establish civil governments in any of the rebellious States. Mr. Garfield contended that all the obligations of the Union were binding upon the people of the revolted States, but that by the act of rebellion they had put themselves beyond the privileges of the Constitution. Slavery was the cause of the war; and a lasting peace could be secured only when we took away the supports of this system, the landed estates and slaves of the rebels. The example of Greece should be followed, and the bad blood of the country let out. Mr. Egerton opposed confiscation on the ground of public policy and Christianity.——*January* 29. Mr. Voorhees offered a bill laying a tax of two per cent. on incomes in gold; and another providing that all territory within the lines of the Union army shall be opened to trade to all alike: referred to Committee on Ways and Means.—A bill providing for the temporary government of a new Territory, to be called Montana, was introduced and referred.—Mr. Kasson introduced a joint resolution disapproving of the French invasion and occupation of Mexico.—The report of the Committee on Elections relating to the election in Louisiana, concluding with a resolution that Mr. Field, who claims to have been elected from New Orleans in the House, was not entitled to a seat, was taken up. Mr. Dawes, from the Committee, said that the election announced had been suppressed by order of the Military Governor, and that none had been legally held. No votes were cast within the city, and Mr. Field received only a few from that part of the district lying without New Orleans; the loyalty of the claimant was unquestioned. Other members followed in support of the report of the Committee. Mr. Field replied, maintaining the validity of his claim. The subject was postponed until Tuesday, and the House, after passing resolutions of respect to the memory of Mr. Noel, of Missouri, whose death was formally announced, adjourned till Monday.—*February* 1.——*February* 1. Mr. Arnold introduced a joint resolution that when soldiers are placed on short rations they shall receive a commutation in money for the deficiency.—The proper committees were instructed to inquire into the expediency of District Attorneys taking measures to forfeit the property of traitors, upon sworn complaint of any citizen; whether it is expedient, on account of the increase in prices, to increase invalid pensions; whether pay and allowances should be given to those who have been mustered into service, have performed military duty; what legislation is required to enable enrollments to be made by Governors of States.—Mr. Blair moved for a select committee to inquire into trade regulations in insurgent States; and whether in the late matter there has been fraud or favoritism: laid over.—A select committee was ordered on the subject of a national armory west of the Alleghanies.—Mr. Eldridge offered preamble and resolutions declaring that conscription in time of peace is contrary to the principle of self-government; that the draft has proved inadequate; that the burdens of government should fall equally on rich and poor; and that therefore the Military Committee inquire into the expediency of repealing or suspending any further draft, and offering sufficient pay and bounties to secure the requisite number of volunteers: laid on the table, 84 to 42.—Mr. Grinnell offered a preamble and resolutions to the effect that colored persons claimed as slaves have rendered valuable services to the army; that the further employment of colored troops would relieve the people of the North; therefore "a more vigorous policy to secure a larger number of persons of African descent would meet the approbation of this House:" agreed to, 80 to 46.—The bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General was brought up. Mr. Garfield opposed its present passage; a Lieutenant-General could do nothing during the war that could not be done by the General-in-Chief; the President could select any one for Commanding General; for Lieutenant-General it was better to wait till the close of the war, and then see who had merited most; every one knew who would now be appointed under this bill; would it be advisable to recall him from the army and make him a bureau officer at Washington? Mr. Farnsworth replied, that should General Grant be appointed he would not take up his quarters in Washington; he would still command the army, and hasten to any point where his presence was required. Mr. Spaulding asked if the bill contemplated that the Lieutenant-General should actually take the command, replacing the present General-in-Chief; if so, he should vote for it. Other members followed in the same general strain on both sides. A motion to lay the bill on the table was negatived, 113 to 19, when Mr. Ross offered an amendment recommending General Grant for the position, which was agreed to, 111 to 17. This bill was then passed, 96 to 41. The bill provides that the President may, when he thinks it expedient, and with the consent of the Senate, appoint as commander of the army any officer not below the grade of Major-General, who, on being commissioned as Lieutenant-General, shall be authorized, under the direction of the President, to command the armies of the United States; his pay, allowances, and emoluments to be as provided for in the acts of May 28, 1798, and August 28, 1842; but nothing in this act shall affect the rank, pay, or emoluments of General Winfield Scott, Lieutenant-General by brevet, now on the retired list of the army; and recommends Major-General Grant for the position of Lieutenant-General under this bill.—The Enrollment bill from the Senate, with amendments proposed by the House Committee, was taken up; but no progress was made beyond the rejection of an amendment which was proposed limiting the term of enlistment to 18 months.——*February* 2. A resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of the Navy to inform the House whether supplies for the Department have been made by contract according to law; and also the manner of giving contracts to lowest average bids; and also say of any, and if so, what alterations in the laws relating to the purchase of supplies are necessary.—The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1865. The amount appropriated is $629,500,000: the bill was made the special order for Feb. 9.—The bill to facilitate the payment of bounties and arrears due to wounded and deceased soldiers was passed. It provides that on the death of any officer or soldier the proper officer shall furnish the Second Auditor with an account of his military history, and a statement of all sums due him, which shall be paid on the certificate of any paymaster in the army. All sums due to those discharged by reason of wounds to be adjudicated by the Commissioner of Pensions, and paid on his certificate by any paymaster of the army.—On motion of Mr. Clark, the Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing duties upon foreign imports, especially articles of luxury, so as to produce a revenue of $120,000,000; of increasing the internal revenue tax so as to produce $230,000,000; of limiting the entire bank circulation, State and National, to $300,000,000; and of authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue, as he may deem expedient, bonds for $200,000,000.—The Committee on the Judiciary were instructed to inquire whether the condition of the country presented any obstacles in the way of such an organization of the Electoral College as will permit it to elect a President at the next term; and, if so, whether Congress can remove these difficulties.—The Confiscation bill came up, and, after a qualified speech in its favor by Mr. Broomall, the House took up the Enrollment act. Mr. Schenck explained that the bill prepared by the Military Committee was in the main that of the Senate, except that the bounty was left at $300, instead of being raised to $400, and that it provides for a continuous enrollment, instead of looking to the exhaustion of the draft. Mr. Chandler opposed the draft as unconstitutional; as striking at the sovereignty of the State; as establishing a military aristocracy, and a military Government; and as both unfair and inefficient. He proposed to amend the conscript law by striking out all that relates to a draft, and bringing in a new bill for the enrollment of all persons liable to military duty, with provisions for the arrest of deserters and the prevention of desertion. Mr. Davis of New York replied, animadverting upon the general course of Mr. Chandler. If he had entered at Richmond such sentiments against the Confederate Government as he has here expressed, he would be sent to the gallows.—After a long personal altercation between Messrs. Anderson of Kentucky and Allen of Illinois, the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Our army in Virginia remains in its usual quiet. The number of rebel desertions have produced a great deal of enthusiasm in its ranks. According to rebel papers there is great dissatisfaction in Lee's army owing to the necessary reduction of their rations, and the General has had to issue a general order appealing to their patriotism and religion to prevent mutiny. This will explain the late outbreak, in which whole regiments of the rebel army became engaged in a mutual conflict.

WEST VIRGINIA.

A serious fight occurred on Saturday, January 30, in General Kelley's Department, near Williamsport, Hardy County. A train of eighty wagons had been sent out from New Creek Thursday night, heavily laden with commissary stores for the garrison at Petersburg, accompanied by an escort of 800 men. This guard, under Colonel Snyder, was suddenly attacked when three miles from Williamsport, and after a fight of four hours was compelled to surrender the train. General Early, it appears, is again in motion with his comrades, Rosser, Gilmore, and Imboden. Thoburn evacuated Petersburg on Saturday night, having received information that he would be immediately attacked by the enemy. The rebels then took possession of Burlington, and a fight took place in New Creek Valley, in which the enemy was driven back two miles. Our forces have reoccupied Burlington and Moorefield Junction.

EAST TENNESSEE.

On the 26th of January Governor Andrew Johnson issued a proclamation ordering an election on the 1st of March, requiring as a qualification to vote the simple oath of allegiance.

The activity of the rebels under Longstreet is too persevering to be overlooked. Movements are now in operation in the rebel army which have an important bearing upon the spring campaign. Let us see what these movements during the past week have been. The most important is the disappearance of Johnson's army from Dalton. At first this was construed into a retreat; but as every military reason opposed his still further separating himself from Longstreet, we may consider it certain that Johnson's army, if it has not already, will soon join Longstreet's. To cover his withdrawal from Dalton Johnson sent a small force to cross the Tennessee at two points—at Florence and at Athens—simultaneously. Both detachments of this force were promptly met and defeated by General Thomas. These movements were apparently preparatory to an advance against Knoxville. Our cavalry, a few days ago, proceeding in the direction of Dandridge, about forty miles from Knoxville, found that the enemy were in full force a short distance beyond. Our cavalry, having fallen back, were attacked by the enemy, who gained a decided advantage over us, when a charge of Elliot's cavalry recovered the fortunes of the day. Our loss was one hundred and fifty. Our forces have fallen back upon Knoxville, and the enemy has advanced and made demonstrations against Strawberry Plains, which is the only valley left for forage to our army, the others having been stripped. This movement will compel us to take the offensive. The appearances, however, are that Longstreet is moving across the southwest corner of North Carolina with his main force, to join Johnson, and that all his present operations in the vicinity of Knoxville are intended to cover his real design.

RAID IN KENTUCKY.

An invasion on a small scale has again been inflicted upon Kentucky. Captain Gillum, commanding Scottsville with one hundred and fifty men, has been attacked by five hundred rebels under Colonel Hamilton, and compelled to surrender his force and the town.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE most extensive preparations are being made in England for the celebration of the tercentary return of Shakspeare's birthday, one of the most important features in which will be the grand Shaksperian Ball in Masquerade. The Court of Exchequer has refused to grant a new trial in the case of the *Alexandra*. The London *Times* congratulates England on her escape from the threatened troubles in India and Japan.—Quite an exciting debate occurred in Paris in the Corps Legislative on the Emperor's address. The Opposition attacked the principle of official candidatures, and the abuses of power in which the government had indulged. M. Thiers strongly supported the Opposition, but in a very conservative though eloquent manner. These matters seem to affect the Emperor, if we may judge from his charge to the Bishop de Bonnechase, in which he expresses his astonishment to see "men hardly escaped from shipwreck again call winds and tempests to their assistance."—The Schleswig-Holstein question has received a new development in the position taken by Austria and Prussia. These Powers have expressed their determination to occupy Schleswig in the quality of great European Powers, and not in execution of a decision of the Federal Diet. Saxony declared that these Powers could not pass through Holstein to occupy Schleswig without consent of the Federal Diet. It is obvious that Prussia and Austria are determined either to prevent a war, or, in case it should occur, to be masters of the situation. They have demanded of Denmark, as an ultimatum, that she should retract the November Constitution relating to the Duchies. This they have done against the wishes of the German Diet, thus taking the matter into their own hands, and making it impossible for the minor German States to interfere. Denmark has refused the ultimatum, and the Austrian and Prussian Ministers have left Copenhagen. This looks as if Austria and Prussia would declare war; if they do so, then they are the principal parties against Denmark, whether they fall or succeed, and the Diet, in either case, will have very little to do with the result.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The election for President of the Republic of New Granada has resulted in a majority for Mosquera in only one of the nine States. But as he has the army he will probably retain his position. Considerable excitement has been made in Panama by an attempt on the part of the Government to imprison an English citizen for administering the rites of the Roman Catholic religion. The Government was obliged to retract.

There has been another revolution in Matamoras, resulting in the restoration of Serna. Our forces under General Herron at Brownsville crossed the Rio Grande for the protection of United States citizens and property. General Ruiz has been expelled, and has returned to the Texas side of the river.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN has returned from his visit to Charleston, with his health very much improved. Hopes are entertained by him that his limb will allow him to enter the field again in a short time. He reports every thing progressing favorably at Charleston, though Admiral Dahlgren is suffering excessively from the effects of incessant anxiety and watchfulness.

General J. H. LEDLIE will soon be in New York with the following regiments of his brigade: the Eighty-first, the Ninety-sixth, and the Ninety-eighth New York regiments, and Howard's New York battery; all veteran troops, having participated in the Peninsula campaign, and also in the campaigns of North Carolina. They have all re-enlisted, and are going home on short furlough and to fill up their ranks.

General GILMORE is expected in New York in a few days.

The United States steamer *Eutaw* is going on blockade duty off Wilmington.

Lieutenant SEMMES, of Stuart's cavalry, and cousin of the pirate SEMMES, was captured on Monday, in Maryland, near Fort Washington.

The bill reported by Mr. STEVENS for the support of the army for the year ending with June, 1865, appropriates $629,500,000.

Captain SMITH, Assistant Adjutant-General, has been appointed Pass-Officer between Washington and the Army of the Potomac, vice Lieutenant-Colonel CONRAD.

Private DE WITT VAN HOREMBURG, formerly of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York regiment, but attached to the Invalid Corps, committed suicide last week.

The President has pardoned FRANCIS S. HASWELL, of the Second Rhode Island regiment, sentenced to death for desertion.

The troops at Fort Gibson are reported to be subsisting on half rations, owing to a defective supply system. Forage is also very scarce.

The ship *Contest*, Captain JENNINGS, from Yokohama, Japan, with a cargo of tea for New York, was recently burned off North Watcher's Island, in the Indian ocean, by the rebel pirate *Alabama*.

Letters received in Boston state that the boat's crew of the United States brig *Perry*, recently captured on the 5th of December last, while attempting to cut out a schooner on the coast of South Carolina, are now confined in Columbia, S. C., and are well treated. One colored man of the expedition was hung as soon as captured.

From twenty-five to forty deserters come into the picket lines of the Second Corps daily, and as many to the Third Corps, notwithstanding four skirmish lines have been thrown out by the rebels to prevent it.

A trunk containing $47,000 was found last week by our soldiers secreted in a house near Knoxville.

Major-General JOHN A. MCCLERNAND, of Illinois, has been ordered on duty under General BANKS.

Five blockade-runners, recently from Richmond, were arrested at Washington while on board of the stage which had just arrived from Fort Tobacco. On their persons were found between $30,000 and $40,000 in gold, twenty-two gold watches, five Georgia State bonds of $1000, and two North Carolina State bonds.

At Gettysburg 28,000 muskets were taken. Of these 24,000 were found to be loaded, 12,000 containing two loads, and 6000 from three to ten loads each. In many instances half a dozen balls were driven in on a single charge of powder. In some cases the former possessor had reversed the usual order, placing the ball at the bottom of the barrel and the powder on top.

Should the proposed race between the *Eutaw* and *Kin Kiang* fall through, it is understood that the Navy Department intends within a few days to run the *Eutaw* from Norfolk to New York against time, carrying the Naval Committees of the House and Senate as judges and witnesses of the performance of the vessel. She recently, on her trial-trip, averaged eighteen miles an hour.

It is understood that General PLEASANTON will not return to the Army of the Potomac, but will be assigned to duty in Washington as chief of the Cavalry Bureau. General AVERELL will probably assume command of the cavalry corps.

GEORGE BIGELOW, of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, was killed last week near Warrenton by guerrillas, under circumstances that render his death nothing less than cold-blooded murder.

It is reported that one hundred and thirty deserters came into our lines last week in one squad, the pickets leaving their posts and coming with them.

A correspondent with the Army of the Potomac writes that two Mississippi regiments attempted to fight their way out of the rebel lines for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, but were unsuccessful.

General ROSECRANS has arrived at St. Louis. He was warmly welcomed.

General MEADE has been quite ill at Philadelphia, but is now much better.

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THE CONFEDERATES EVACUATING BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.—[SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.]

EVACUATION OF BROWNSVILLE BY THE CONFEDERATES.

BROWNSVILLE lies on the Texas side of the Rio Grande opposite Matamoras, which is two miles distant. We present above the hasty departure from this place of the Confederate garrison on November 2, 1863. The occasion of this sudden flight was the anticipated arrival of our fleet of transports off Brazos, Santiago. For two days every means of transit across the river was overcrowded with goods, furniture, cotton, and baggage, while upon both banks were piled, in confused heaps, bedding, cotton bales, luggage, vehicles, and merchandise of every description. The garrison buildings in the mean time were burned, and all cotton and stores that could not be removed. On the 6th the Federal troops occupied Brownsville, where is now the headquarters of General Herron. It was General Banks who originally occupied the position.



THE LINDELL HOTEL, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 105.]

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GUARD-BOAT ON PICKET DUTY OFF MOBILE.

OFF MOBILE.

OUR correspondent transmits some interesting sketches of the BLOCKADE OFF MOBILE, which we present before our readers on pages 97, 101, 104, and 105. The large picture on pages 104 and 105 represents

THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "RICHMOND"

on blockading duty, rolling and pitching about in a heavy sea. She is a first-class sloop of war, mounting 22 guns. The *Hartford*, *Brooklyn*, and *Pensacola* belong to the same class.

Another picture, which we give above, represents

A GUARD-BOAT ON PICKET DUTY.

Says our correspondent:

"The poor fellows manning these boats often suffer very severely from cold and rain; when the weather is moderate they divert themselves with fishing, but at best their duty is a hard one."

A third sketch, given below, represents the

"KENNEBEC" CHASING THE "GREY JACKET."

On the night of December 30 the fleet was alarmed by the usual signal notifying them that a vessel was coming out. It was dark and boisterous, but from the *Richmond* the rebel steamer was easily seen. It is the duty of the smaller vessels to give chase while the larger ones protect. In this case the pursuit devolved upon the *Kennebec*, who chased the steamer during the greater part of the next day, and celebrated New-Year's eve by her capture. The prize was a valuable one, containing five hundred bales of cotton and four hundred barrels of turpentine and resin. Accompanying these sketches is another, which we print on the first page, with the title,

"OUR FLAG IS THERE!"

Representing the stars and stripes as being hoisted by the officers and sailors on one of our gun-boats at sunrise.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "KENNEBEC" CHASING THE REBEL STEAMER "GREY JACKET."

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[From CHARLES DICKENS's "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

PASSING over a few days, we find our Polly-my-Lamb no longer a solitary little maiden, but under the affectionate and rather piercing eye of Aunty Serocold—no relation in the world, but what, I am sorry to say, is often infinitely better—an old friend, and also a school-fellow of good Mrs. Humpage, deceased.

This lady who, though the suns of five-and-forty summers had ripened her fair cheek, was yet unchosen as a bride, had passed the later years of her life abroad. The death of her mother, in Holland, had occasioned her return to her own land; and, at the request of the orphaned heiress, she had taken up her temporary abode in Jermyn Street, and there did her utmost to cheer and comfort the lonely little girl.

[In the lowest possible tone, let us whisper to the reader that Aunty Serocold, who was by nature of a lively and social turn, found it sometimes a little, even not a little, dull. No power or persuasion on earth, however, could have prevailed with her to say so. The pair saw no company, and now even Sir James Polhill, deeply mortified at the failure of his redoubted lieutenant, had discontinued his visits.]

In the mean time it had been ascertained that the band of Black-Thumbs, far from breaking up, were more active and united than ever. That excellent brotherhood celebrated their leader's recent successful exploit by stopping the carriage of the Lord Mayor himself, as that dignitary, attended by three footmen and a couple of armed retainers, was returning from a performance at Sadler's Wells. Not a groat did they leave on the persons of any one of the party; but the greatest audacity was perpetrated by Lord Lob himself, who took off the enraged magistrate's wig and chain of office, and rode off, decorated with both! This unheard-of atrocity provoked the Common Council to such a degree as to induce the offer of an immense reward; and it seemed that Lord Lob, the fearless, deemed it no unwise proceeding to relieve the metropolis for a few months of his presence. At all events, his daring and skillful hand was no longer recognizable in the daily recurring records of London crime. And thus matters stood on the morning on which we revisit the house of the Three Elms.

"Do you prefer sitting in the window, Aunt Serocold?" asked Polly-my-Lamb. "Will you not be more comfortable here?" arranging a tempting cushioned chair near the fire.

"My dear, who are your opposite neighbors, do you know?" was the rejoinder.

"A Mrs. Ascroft, I believe, ma'am," said the young lady, quietly.

"That's *one* of them, dear. Who else?"

"Oh! Captain Broxley."

"The big man, that always quarrels with his chairman. Yes. Well?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Who else, dear? Go on," said Mistress Serocold, her eyes fixed upon the house.

"Ah! yes—a Mrs.—"

"Stuff, Polly! Once for all, who is that pretty young gentleman, always making believe to draw, in the middle window, but always looking—looking—"

"At *you*, aunt?"

"Well, it's certainly very odd," said Aunt Serocold, with a becoming embarrassment. "It unquestionably *is* odd. I wish he wouldn't, you know. Ah! there he is! It was, I think, on the second day after my arrival, that I happened to be standing at the window, when a young person—a remarkably handsome young man—suddenly appeared in the window of the opposite house. Our eyes met. His fell—he withdrew. A few minutes later I chanced again to approach the window—again he was before me—again his eyes fell, and, with an air of diffidence, shall I call it? once more he precipitately retired. These little encounters have been of frequent occurrence, my dear. If he sees but the flutter of my dress, in a second he is at his post, but only to desert it again, with an expression of mingled deference and (vanity would whisper) admiration, which, I must confess, have not been wholly without their effect on my mind. I thought at first it might be *you!*"

"Dear me, aunt! why should you imagine *that?*" asked Polly the innocent.

"I'll tell you why I knew it was not," returned the elder spinster. "You happened to come to the window once, during one of these singular interviews. In a second the young man's face changed in its whole expression. He colored scarlet, and stole away, as though caught in some fact to the tender gravity of which his heart bore testimony."

"But really, aunty," returned Polly, blushing a little, "I think we may find a more agreeable subject to discuss than Master Arthur Haggerdorn."

"Arthur Haggerdorn! So, that's his name! Why didn't you say so before?"

"Did I not, aunt? I—suppose I—forgot—or—didn't remem— Yes—oh yes—Master Arthur Haggerdorn." And thereupon the young lady recounted to her companion the history as detailed by Mrs. Ascroft, not omitting the history with which he had inspired his kind landlady.

Miss Serocold was sensibly touched, and with difficulty restrained from tears.

"The poor orphan!" she exclaimed. "And, doubtless, now he is striving to do something for his daily bread. I shall never forgive myself for having, though involuntarily, embarrassed these noble efforts. He must have wasted an immensity of time at that window. We owe him some reparation, dear. Could we not, now," added Aunt Serocold, with maidenly hesitation, "send him—a little—"

"Money, dear aunt? He does not want it."

"Nor would I so far insult his noble nature as to offer it," said Miss Serocold, warmly. "He would wave it from him with disdain! No—send him a little note, you know. Invite him to tea."

"My dear aunt! Tea? Are you in your senses?"

"I flatter myself I am as collected as yourself, child," returned Miss Serocold, in a high state of perturbation; "nor is there any thing so very extraordinary in my proposal. At the Hague people used to come in to tea without being asked at all. I am sure he draws beautifully. My dear mother was devoted to the art, and I feel I am but paying fitting reverence to her memory in encouraging its professors to the best of my power."

"But not necessarily by inviting them to tea, dear."

"Humph! But it's no matter. Indeed, I must beg your pardon for forgetting that I am myself but a guest."

"You are my dearest, almost my only friend." And Polly-my-Lamb kissed and soothed her in a manner few could resist; but my aunt was hard to pacify, and continued to bemoan the youth's hard fortune, expressing at the same time such a longing desire to inspect those wondrous specimens of art on which he was so unceasingly employed, that Polly-my-Lamb, wearied out, yielded reluctant consent that a verbal message should be dispatched to Mrs. Ascroft, intimating a wish to examine more closely any of those productions of the young artist, whose progress had been unavoidably witnessed over the way. The young lady reconciling her conscience to this forward step, by regarding the message as confined to Mrs. Ascroft, and instructing the bearer accordingly.

To her extreme confusion an answer was returned, with lightning speed, to the effect that the young gentleman would himself fulfill the grateful duty of leaving a few of his best drawings.

My aunt precipitately glided from the room, nor was Miss Serocold visible to mortal eyes, save those of her maid Hester, until near the hour of evening refection, when she rustled into the apartment in a gown of silver-gray, which had not seen the light since the grand entertainment given at the Hague on the marriage of the Stadtholder's nephew, and now, redolent of lavender, came forth to do honor to the arts—as represented by Master Haggerdorn.

"Of course we will ask him to tea, aunt," said Polly, reassured by remembering Mrs. Ascroft's allusion to his juvenility. "He shall have tamarisks and Barbary prunes, and you shall tell him a story."

So, in due course, that is, at six o'clock, the expected guest appeared, proving to be a remarkably fine infant of nineteen, who, with galloping pulse and bewildered brain, presented himself, port-folio in hand, and paid his compliments to the two ladies.

Miss Serocold dextrously flung her handkerchief over the Barbary prunes, and both ladies welcomed their guest not the less graciously because the traces of severe illness were still visible on his fair open face. The lad's singular beauty, even more striking on a closer inspection, almost awed Aunt Serocold into silence: while Polly-my-Lamb, who, on seeing the stature of her guest, had resolved to be marble, found herself transmuted, by force of the laws of hospitality, into common clay.

Agitated as he certainly was, young Haggerdorn's manner possessed all the seeming ease and actual grace of perfect breeding. But the perpetual change of color, the eager, anxious expression of the luminous eye, the tremor of his voice, bore abundant witness to the tempest of feeling that raged within. Polly-my-Lamb felt, with considerable alarm, that she was becoming slightly infected, and was conscious of a hearty desire to run away, put her head into some dark corner, and being thus, like the ostrich, secure from all peril, weep for a quarter of an hour. But this being, for the present, incompatible with her duties as hostess, the young lady steeled herself as much as might be against the silent fascinations of her visitor, by trying to feel both wounded and offended by his presence there at all—the plea of infancy, so craftily urged by his landlady, being completely overruled. Why, the impertinent young man had absolutely a brown and curling mustache, so silken-soft, it is true, as to have passed (across the way) for one of those darker shadows which tedious sickness casts on many a fair face. There was no help, however. Beard or no beard, the boy—that is, the youth—that is, the man—could not be turned out till after tea.

Now it was that the drawings, which proved to be very indifferently-executed studies of highly uninteresting ruralities, proved an inestimable relief. Never, surely, were the early struggles of juvenile artist against the difficulties of perspective and the inexorable laws of gravitation, received with such cheering encouragement. A donkey, upon three swollen legs (fourth invisible), who had parted with his shadow in exchange for the substance of a thistle as big as his own head, provoked a world of enthusiastic comment. A ruined feudal residence, whose toppling towers, rising far above a seemingly impenetrable wood, looked like tipsy Titans fighting in a green bog, restored comparative composure to the embarrassed group. And, finally, a sea view with a huge black specimen of naval architecture, perched on the very apex of a mighty wave erected expressly for the purpose, placed every body completely at ease.

But as Polly-my-Lamb regained her accustomed calmness she became only more and more deeply impressed with the singular character of the countenance before her. Again and again did she turn her eyes, almost angrily, aside. As often did they infallibly wander back, until every lineament of that face of surpassing beauty was rooted in her heart and memory as though engraven in steel.

But the voice—the voice! From what choice cabinet in Nature's laboratory, where that skilled craftswoman conceals her rarer gifts, came forth the sounds which, low and tristful as they were, dropped upon the ear like a murmur rather dreamed than heard? Poly-my-Lamb felt her pulse vibrate like an accordant harp-string, and, longing to be angry at the liberty thus taken with her nervous system, sighed unwittingly when the music ceased, and thought her own voice sounded raven-like as she strove to answer.

As for my Aunt Serocold, had the guest preserved any thing like reasonable self-possession, her demeanor must have astonished him not a little. Had those golden curls and translucent eyes been exchanged for the hissing snakes and stony gleam of a Medusa, they could scarcely have more effectually subdued her. For ten minutes after his first appearance she had sat almost like a gray petrifaction, received with dull bewildered apathy the youth's respectful greetings, and, after muttering some half-intelligible sounds, became once more entranced in speechless wonder. We who are intrusted with the key of my aunt's secret soul, perceive one thought alone assuming positive shape, and wandering ghostlike through the intellectual mist, exclaiming, "What upon earth can make this angel in love with *me?*"

"And I, zese poor limning have broughten you, dears madams," went the musical voice in its pretty foreign-English, "wiz ze fear zat you would sink me for an impostor."

"Sink you, Sir!" murmured my aunt.

"Sink me an impostor, when you saw my figuris—sketches."

"'Vigorous,' indeed, Sir," said Miss Serocold.

"Zat is, my personen, my humans, I can not draw a man, far less," he was going to raise his eyes to the younger lady, but changed his purpose, and simply bowed to the elder. "But, ah! An evening red! Here is my best."

And he produced a smudgy landscape, generally mouse-colored, but representing the god of day half suffocated in a mass of red-hot vapor, striking out frantic rays, like feelers, in every direction, and wearing altogether the appearance of a gigantic crab, being grilled on a dullish fire.

My aunt fanned herself involuntarily. The picture was warm enough, but it was nothing to the gaze of the painter, which dwelt searchingly upon her.

"I wish he'd look at Polly a little!" thought my aunt. "So awkward, really!"

To whatever unseen power the amiable lady appealed her remonstrance seemed not ineffectual. Miss Humpage requesting him to draw near her tea-table, Arthur Haggerdorn perforce looked toward his inviter. In a second his transparent face was dyed in blushes, from brow to chin. With such extreme sensibility the inexperienced Polly was sorely troubled to deal. She hardly dared address to him the most ordinary expressions of courtesy, and fortunate it was for her that Miss Serocold began at this moment to exhibit manifest tokens of returning life, and presently was able to converse with a collectedness Polly-my-Lamb might envy. What was still more satisfactory, the latter observed that, in proportion as Mr. Haggerdorn's attention was diverted from her friend, so did that lady's disposition to regain it steadily augment.

But now it was that gentleman's turn to be distraught and unintelligible. His replies were made at random, wide of the purpose. He contradicted my aunt in the flattest, though sweetest manner. He laughed at wrong times. He spilled some cream on the sacred lavender, and saw it not. All his faculties were gradually centring in one point—the consciousness of being absolutely in the immediate presence of the little idol whose sweet face had, he fondly believed, had power to draw back his fleeting spirit from the very portals of the grave. He knew perfectly well that he was losing self-possession, and yielding more and more to an insane desire to lie down by that footstool on which one of Polly's little diamond shoe-buckles was at that moment glistening, to gaze unreproved upon the bright young face, and listen for the rare words she dropped like jewels on his ear.

So long as Miss Serocold's remarks obtained the slightest notice from him to whom they were addressed, Polly-my-Lamb was comparatively comfortable; but when it became evident that the fire of her ally was wholly ineffective, and that the visitor was becoming more and more unconscious of every object but herself, the poor child grew anxious and confused, blushed, talked nonsense, and, at length, finding the position intolerable, rose and expressed her intention of retiring to her room, and committing their guest to the care of her aunt for the remainder of the evening.

Polly had expected an effect of some sort from this forced move, but nothing so violent as it did produce. The young man turned deadly white, like one stricken with a sudden terror. The quickened throbbing of his heart was painfully visible. Weakened by recent illness, and with a nervous system wrought to the extreme point of sensibility, it seemed as if but a slight shock was necessary to reduce him to a condition as pitiable as that from which he had so recently emerged. But there was no help for it. The very violence of his emotion only suggested more clearly to Polly the desirability of at once handing over her susceptible love-patient to calmer care. Could there be a fitter doctress than Miss Serocold? Polly-my-Lamb gave him one pretty smile and vanished.

"Dear girl! how thoughtful of her!" was Miss Serocold's reflection. "*Now*, my young friend, you may speak freely, as I know well enough you have been dying to do."

The words had scarcely framed themselves in her thought when Arthur Haggerdorn was at her feet: kissing her hands, calling her his hope, his blessing, his guardian angel, imploring her pity, heaping epithet on epithet, such as nothing but idolatrous affection could suggest.

Miss Serocold, not absolutely taken by surprise, was startled at the vehemence of the young lover. She drew her hand coyly away.

"This sudden passion, Sir—"

"Sudden! It is twenty-four, forty years of growing!"

("How did he guess my age?" thought my aunt.)

"A sousand years it has lived in zese six weeks," continued the suitor. "'Passion,' saidst you? It is madness. It is *Dess!* I tell you I sall die if you withdraw zis face, which has killed every sing else in ze world!"

"Compose yourself, I entreat you, Sir; I have not said that I *intended* to withdraw it," said my aunt, gently. "Pray be calm. This excessive agitation may be injurious. It is somewhat embarrassing—I—I am inclined to wish my niece had not left us!"

"I also, wiz all my heart," cried the young gentleman. "Recall her, I beseech you, best madam."

"I will endeavor to do so, since you desire it, Sir," said my aunt, rather stiffly.

"Desire it? Oh, my best madam, you guessed my secret well. You found what was ze matter wiz me, and your tender heart provided ze's comfort. To-morrow I from London certainly go."

"To-morrow!"

"Surely, to-morrow. Why stay? I have looked on my angel. I have heard her voice. I have her fingers felt. I am ready now to die."

Miss Serocold felt inclined to suggest that an increased disposition to live might be a more legitimate result of these successes. All she said was: "You really leave London to-morrow?"

"And also England, best lady."

"Permit me then to ask you," said the lady, "might it not have been better to postpone these singular declarations till your return?"

"I return never," replied the lover, emphatically.

"I do not think I quite understand you, Mr. Haggerdorn. Are you evincing a becoming consideration for the feelings of—of others, in expressing your own, thus strongly, under the circumstances you mention? What if you had obtained an even more explicit assurance that your overtures might be acceptable—"

"My dear lady! Acceptable? Is zis then possible? But no—no—"

"*No*, by all means, if you prefer it, Sir," said my aunt, turning her head aside a little coquettishly.

"You will drive me mad wiz joy! I possessed one sousand terrors. I shall name them. First, that being both so young—"

"*One* of us might be older," thought Miss Serocold, gazing tenderly on the boyish face.

"A stranger, an orphan—"

"Such are commended to our ch—charity," sobbed my aunt.

"A beggar."

"I am far from penniless."

"How satisfying is that! I rejoice wiz my heart to hear it."

"Perhaps you do," was the mental comment.

"In spite of all you bid me hope? And *she*—she will then suffer that I zee her?"

"I beg your pardon?" said my aunt.

"She shall hear my vows?"

"Your—"

"Vows, excellent madam."

"Of what nature, may I be allowed—"

"Great Heavens, madam! Have I not said she is my life, my goddess, my—"

"*She!*"

"Have I not been pouring my gratitudes to you for bringing me to gaze so near upon her glorious beauty? Do I not already love you as my mother, best lady?"

The shock was severe. Such a castle, however unstable its foundations, can hardly topple down without occasioning a sensation of *something* having fallen about one's ears. But the absurdity of her position, should the mistake become apparent, flashed across my aunt's mind, and, as it were, lighted up the way of escape. She had in no way committed herself. Her looks and language, though intended to convey a meaning of their own, had somehow been caught up in the torrent of the young man's passion, and borne away in a totally different direction. My aunt accepted it with a sigh.

"You hesitate, dear lady. Will you destroy the hopes you raised?" asked the young lover, becoming greatly agitated. "Now that you have spoken, zat is too late. Better madness; better *dess!*" His hand closed involuntarily on a knife that lay beside him on the table. "Oh, let me zee her! Let her tell my fortune—zat is, fate. For me, I will speak never. To-morrow I from England for always go, and my name and my history never shall be heard-en more. I shall paint my bread. I shall sketch silently my livings in a foreign shore." (My aunt cast a doubtful look at the donkey, and thought of very short commons indeed.) "Only I ask to look again upon her angel front. I am savage—yes, I am intoxicate. I drove her from ze room, perhaps, wiz my mad lookings. I beseech you, for you have a good sweet heart of woman, let her come and stab me wiz one word—farewell."

He was at her feet again in his wild anxious entreaty. Miss Serocold would not trust herself to look at him. Indeed, she could not have seen him if she had, the good soul's eyes being suffused with tears of genuine compassion; but she gave his hand a gentle reassuring pressure, and, with her kerchief to her eyes, hurried from the room.

Polly-my-Lamb was not at all in bed, but standing, fully attired, at the window of her apartment, gazing intently at an opposite house which happened to be in the occupation of one Mistress Ascroft. She started round, half-guiltily, as her friend entered, and became pale as death as she noticed her agitation.

"What has happened, dear? Is he—has he—?"

"He *has* indeed, dear," said my aunt. "B—but it's not ec—exactly—what we thought. It is you, dear, that this singular young gentleman honors with his preference. To be sure, he *is* very young," said Miss Serocold, candidly. "He implores you to grant him an interview. He loves you."

"He dares?"

"And he says that in spite of your brief acquaintance—"

"Brief! It is none at all," said Polly, impatiently stamping her little high-heeled shoe.

"Don't, dear; you may bring him up," cried Miss Serocold.

"Up, madam!" exclaimed Polly, now really

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angry and flushing scarlet. "Is he a lunatic—a housebreaker?"

"I don't think he is either; but I do think he is laboring under a degree of mental excitement which you, who have caused it, can alone allay. But I should have hesitated to bring his request, had not his quitting England to-morrow rendered it unlikely that his presence should ever offend you again. Well, I will dismiss him."

"He—he—leaves to-morrow, aunt?" said the young lady, sitting down.

"Never to return. I could not but feel some pity for one so friendless and desolate. But I think you act wisely in rejecting his entreaty. I need not tell him in what terms you did so, you know. I can say you have retired to rest."

"Thank you, Aunt Serocold....But—but—"

"My dear?"

"I haven't."

"Such excuses are permissible."

"Not when better are at hand. I think the request is impertinent, and—and requires apology."

"I will receive it."

"And—oh, aunt!—how *could* you?" burst out the young lady.

"Eh! could I *what?*" demanded the startled spinster.

"Advise me to receive declarations of—of—goodness-knows-what—attachment do you call it?—from a person to whom I have never spoken in my life before this night?"

"*I* advise!" ejaculated poor Miss Serocold. "I am sure I never did any thing of the kind. And, besides, in justice to the young man, I am bound to say that I do not think his hopes extend beyond a few words of farewell."

"Oh, indeed! That alters the case," said the little lady. "One ought not to seem churlish, ought one? Well—O, aunt, why don't you speak? Tell me, dear, what ought I to—"

"Put on? Nothing; you look charming."

"I mean ought I to see him or not?"

"Go down by all means, dear," said my aunt, frankly recanting her previous opinions. "You can not do less."

Polly-my-Lamb, justly regarding the later counsel as the riper, decided on adopting it, and presently—not, however, without a little tremor of the nerves—tripped down stairs followed by her friend.

She had assumed the most stately demeanor of which her pretty little lithe figure was susceptible; had compelled her animated mobile features into a very ill-fitting mask of indifference, which had in it more of discomfort than dignity, and opened the door with a determination to freeze the young gentleman, with one Gorgon glance, into the condition of decorous quiescence fittest for receiving the little speech of farewell she had arranged in descending the stairs. Nevertheless, as they entered, her eyes involuntarily fell.

"Why, my good gracious!" exclaimed the voice of Miss Serocold. "If he's not gone!"

Polly-my-Lamb threw one hurried glance round the room, then uttered a loud cry, and, springing like a fawn toward the other side, knelt by the recumbent form of the young man.

"He's asleep!" was Miss Serocold's first perplexed suggestion.

"No, *dead!* He's dead! Ring! Cry! Call out! Do something, aunt! O, Heaven!"

Miss Serocold did every thing proposed, and that with considerable energy; then hastened to Polly's side.

The poor boy was lying almost on his face. In his fall he had displaced the hearth-rug, a portion of which was grasped in his hand, while a dark thread of blood, proceeding from his lips, crept, like a red snake, across the stone.

"Emotion has killed him. He has broken a blood-vessel. O, aunt, aunt, how *could* you?"

"*Could* I?"

"We waited too long. O, it was cruel."

"Now Heaven forgive you," began poor Miss Serocold.

The apartment was rapidly filling with alarmed servants. Stephen Gould, the deaf—who had of late discarded his fixed idea of conflagration, and now, on the appearance of any agitation in the household, invariably made a dive across the street, and brought up a doctor—quickly followed, accompanied by Mr. Hartshorne, the busy little practitioner at the corner, who, though present at about the same period at twenty different places in the vicinity, possessed the curious property of always being found at home.

The calm professional presence had its accustomed effect of reducing every body to silence and self-possession. Hartshorne lifted the white face—white, and seemingly impassive, as the stone on which it lay—and the poor boy being gently placed upon a mattress which had been brought in and stretched upon the floor, the little doctor began a closer examination.

"He's d—d—dead!" sobbed Miss Serocold.

"Not a bit more than you are, madam," said the little doctor, rather sharply. "And, what is almost as satisfactory, the bleeding has stopped for the present. When I have examined the character of the blood, I shall be able to prove—Bless me! that's unlucky, first time in my life, I've left my spectacles behind! I'll not be gone one minute. Get you all out of the room but two; and let those two, for their lives (or rather, for the patient's), not suffer him to be moved, or touched, or even spoken to, till I return."

"I will remain," said Polly, quietly.

"And I," said my aunt.

Presently there was a trembling of the eyelid, the long lashes went heavily, wearily apart, as though waking were unwelcome. But the first object that met his view was the face of his little lady, a tear upon her cheek, and a whole world of pity in her eyes. He saw it, for a hectic color rose in his cheek, and he made a feeble effort to move.

Polly remembered the doctor's charge. She made a gesture, almost fiercely, with her hand.

"If you move, you die," she murmured.

The boy repeated his effort, without taking his eyes from her face, and succeeded in placing his head about an inch nearer to Polly's foot; then, as though satisfied, suffered his heavy lids to close again.

"If you move hand, or foot, or tongue again, we quit the room," said Miss Serocold.

The patient lay like a stone.

Back rushed the little doctor, fitting his glasses on his nose as he entered. After a careful examination of the invalid's condition, he was enabled to assure the anxious witnesses that all danger had for the present passed away. (Good Mr. Hartshorne was not aware of the new symptom that had declared itself during his brief absence, and, oddly enough, nobody mentioned it!) Extreme quiet and perfect repose of mind were now the chief essentials. If the bleeding should not return within the next half hour, the doctor held that there would be little risk in removing the patient to his own lodging; and as Mr. Hartshorne knew Mrs. Ascroft very well, he would call, as he returned home, and arrange with the good woman as to the best mode of conveying him thither.

Had any indifferent person taken note of Polly-my-Lamb's demeanor, since the moment she had been detected by her resuscitated guest in the act of weeping over him—but more especially since that guest had been pronounced out of danger—she must have appeared in the light of a very unfeeling young person. When the doctor reappeared she withdrew to the other end of the apartment, and no sooner had he uttered the hopeful words than she quitted it altogether.

"A very self-possessed young lady," thought little Mr. Hartshorne, as he buzzed quietly about his patient, feeling half disposed to remain and see that the latter received humane treatment. "She offered to watch him, with all the coolness of a hospital nurse, and now that she knows he's not going absolutely to expire on her hearth-rug, walks off, I dare say, to her supper! But she's an heiress, forsooth. Miss is more accustomed to receive attentions than to expend them on the suffering. I hate (if you please, my dear Miss Serocold, hold his head a little higher) coldness in very young people. 'So young, and so untender!' as the cow said, when she mumbled the pine-shoots. Well, well. Thank you, my dear madam—the spoon—so—just a few of these drops before he is moved, and as many after."

Only once more did Master Haggerdorn open his languid eyes; and, seeing no one but my good aunt, speedily closed them again, unnoticed, remaining in that state until he was conveyed in a sort of funeral procession, with Stephen Gould as chief mourner, to his own lodging, and placed in the custody of his landlady.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was some days before the sick-chamber exhibited any tokens of living occupancy. The blinds remained half drawn, and not even the figure of a gliding nurse was visible. A message forwarded to Mr. Hartshorne on the day after the catastrophe, importing Miss Humpage's desire (after "compliments") to be informed of the young man's condition, received a decidedly tart reply: "Can't tell her or any body yet. I'm not a witch."

"Hang her 'compliments!'" muttered the little doctor (who was, nevertheless, amenity itself to the sex in general, but had conceived an absolute dislike to poor Polly). "Why the dogs" (the doctor's nearest approach to an execration) "doesn't she send over to the lad's own place? It's nearer. But no, my lady's fine—'Let some one inquire of the medical person.' Hang the chit's affectation! Yet, if her lapdog had been choking with a chicken-bone, she'd have been down on her knees, shrieking, tearing her hair. Money spoils her. She was a nice pleasant little girl, was Polly-my-Lamb Humpage, before she got her fortune. *Is* it pride, now, or—humph!—eh? But, excessive prudery is almost as bad. If she cares about the boy, let her send, like a frank Christian gentlewoman, and ask for him. She'll get no more bulletins from John Hartshorne, M.R.C.S."

Polly so far complied with the doctor's mental suggestion that she sent over a formal message every other day, and received as formal a reply.

"The patient is much the same."

But, at the same time, it came to pass by some mysterious arrangement that no change in the invalid, be it for worse or better, no faint syllables that he had uttered, no wish that he had contrived to express, was for many minutes unknown to the tenants of number twenty-seven. Through the same occult intervention it became known that the invalid was rapidly regaining strength. Finally, by a ridiculous accident, Polly, who had happened to take unwonted pains with her toilet that day, chanced to be standing at the window, when the corresponding casement opposite suddenly became the frame of a little pale-faced picture, with entreating eyes, looking as if it begged pardon for being yet alive, and was not too sure of obtaining it. Polly neither started nor ran away. Had Mr. Hartshorne been passing at the moment, and noticed the gentle, gratulating look and pleasant smile with which she greeted the convalescent, he would have received her back to favor on the spot.

My lady, however, had no idea of pampering her young—well!—say friend. So, with a little care, she taught the young gentleman to understand that it was of no earthly use to hold a perpetual vigil—that, as no discreet fisherman expects to snare a trout on a sunny day between the hours of eleven and four, so no Polly was to be seen contemplating the smiling landscape of Jermyn Street at any hour but the meridian.

Having educated her young worshiper thus far, Polly felt it incumbent upon her as a faithful teacher not to break faith with her pupil. Hence these mid-day meetings recurred with the regularity of clock-work, until (so extraordinary a thing is habit!) I am persuaded that either party would have forfeited dinner rather than foregone one moment of the allotted time. What passed in these unspoken dialogues I am not in a position to state. All I know is that Miss Humpage woke one day from a reverie, with a sudden start, to find that Mr. Arthur Haggerdorn was restored to perfect health, and to wonder what was to be done next.

The young lady's first feeling was one of having lost something. She had experienced it, she remembered, in a milder form, when, years and years ago, she lost a pet goldfinch. Then she felt angry, and a good deal injured, that Arthur had not devised some fit means of informing her that he was no longer entitled to the indulgence due to a life in peril, and that he wished the daily meetings to be discontinued. It was excessively rude—most inconsiderate of her feelings. He should quickly be brought to a sense of the fault he had been guilty of. She would never appear at the window again!

On the following day Polly-my-Lamb engaged herself particularly in her own room, examining some lace, until past one o'clock, after which, with a slightly accelerated pulse, she stole down stairs. Had he waited? How would he look? Should she be satisfied with this slight punishment for the present, and withdraw herself more gradually? At all events, since she *had* come down—why stay to reason? As if it were within the bounds of possibility, O my Polly, that you or any woman, under the circumstances, would have come down, and not at least ascertained if he was there! Go, "like a frank Christian gentlewoman," and look at the boy whom your love, under Providence, has kept alive. For it's a terrible power committed to your weak hand, that of wielding the entire happiness of another's soul, and, if you use it childishly, no after-wisdom can redeem the fault.

Half humbled, she crept to the window and gazed forth.

The blinds were closely drawn.

There was a strange quiet about the whole house, which was ordinarily, it should be observed, of somewhat gayer aspect than its fellows, Mrs. Ascroft holding that birds and flowers are excellent baits for lodgers, as evincing gentle rural tastes in a landlady, a disposition untainted by the sharp selfish life of London. Not a leaf or a feather was to be seen. What was yet more extraordinary, Polly, as her eyes glanced from floor to floor, noticed, with a sudden tremor, that the entire front might be considered as closed, every sash being shut down, and every blind drawn! What if he had suffered another attack, and one that had proved fatal? That *she* had been its proximate cause was too frightful a thought, nor was there as yet any reason to subject her conscience to such a charge.

In spite of herself, a feeling of vague apprehension took such hold upon her that Polly had to sit down, feeling very sick, and was presently found in that position by Miss Serocold, who, shocked at her ghastly face, ran to her, caught her in her arms, and begged her to tell her what was the matter. Finding that the young lady would not or could not reply, my aunt became seriously alarmed, and, ringing the bell, declared her intention of sending to May-Fair for Doctor Pettibone, the family physician.

Polly shook her head.

"But, my love, you *must* see some one. Such an attack as this—ha! how lucky! There's that good little Hartshorne just leaving Mrs. Ascroft's. The very sight of him is as good as a vinaigrette. I'll wave my handkerchief. Ah, he sees! Mercy! what a grave face! walks, too, as though he were following the funeral of his last patient. There's his knock."

Polly made no answer nor resistance. Her heart was throbbing like that of a criminal about to receive sentence. She was using the brief interval of the doctor's approach in attempts to nerve herself for whatever she might be called upon to hear.

The doctor entered, with a gait and aspect that completely justified Miss Serocold's criticism, and Polly turned her white face to him in silence, leaving to her friend the duty of explaining the reason of the summons.

After announcing that he could discover nothing beyond the traces of a slight nervous attack, and giving such directions as seemed needful, he took his hat and prepared to withdraw. Then Polly took courage.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Hartshorne, your patient, Mr.—Mr. Haggerdorn, is—"

"Hm," said the doctor. "Permit me once more." (He felt her pulse.) "Yes. Good-morning."

"And—the—young gentleman?"

"I beg your pardon? Young—"

"Miss Humpage alludes to our neighbor, Mr. Arthur Haggerdorn," explained my aunt.

Mr. Hartshorne shook his head.

"Ah! Sad—sad."

And again he offered to retire.

"You have just left the house, I think, Sir. Pray let us know."

"And a melancholy house it is, ma'am," said the little doctor, with a countenance black as night. "She will miss him terribly. A kind soul is Mistress Ascroft. She cried herself almost into a fit."

"Good gracious, Sir! Do you mean us to understand that the poor young man—"

"I wish you to understand, my dear madam, that the day to which this poor boy has looked forward so long and earnestly, with such singular earnestness, like a prisoner for freedom," said the little doctor, almost solemnly, "has at length arrived. Yes, Miss Humpage, since you condescend to take some kind of interest in this young orphaned stranger, let me announce to you that he is gone—Eh! my dear little girl—what is this?" concluded the doctor, in a very different tone, as Polly-my-Lamb sunk suddenly forward on his shoulder in a dead swoon.

Eagerly did he direct Miss Serocold in the application of restoratives, and with an almost [illegible] solicitude watch their effect, till a faint [illegible] ited her cheek, and the eyelids quivere[illegible] ening life. Then he placed her gen[illegible] enjoined silence for ten minutes [illegible] the curtains, turned to hol[illegible] with Miss Serocold

"Does [illegible] tack

"Little attacks! Oh, doctor, doctor," sobbed the lady, "how could you be so sudden?"

"Sudden!"

"Death is sufficiently dreadful; but to be informed thus abruptly—"

"Death, madam!" exclaimed the doctor, forgetting his own injunctions of silence.

"Why—did you not tell us that the poor boy was '*gone?*'"

"*Gone!*" shouted the doctor. "Yes; to Greenwich."

"Green—" faltered my aunt.

"—wich. It's his birthday. He is greatly improved in health, and we had promised him, if all went well, a walk this day in Greenwich Park. So, about one o'clock (he would not go before), we put him into a chair; and now, I take it, he is gliding down the Thames, not the Styx, with old Joyce, my waterman, for Charon, and one of my steadiest nurses for companion, gay as any lark."

"But you said Mrs. Ascroft was almost in a fit from sorrow."

"Pardon, my good lady; I might have said from joy. She was overcome with delight in witnessing the pleasure of her favorite at being able once again to breathe fresh country air, and wander under the waving trees. She misses him for the moment, as I said, but looks forward to his return home this evening with renovated strength, and is busying herself in preparing a little treat to celebrate the day. Good-night, my dear young lady," he continued, in the gentlest tone, as he approached Polly, "I see that you have no further need of doctor or nurse. Am I right?"

Polly looked at him once, blushed, hesitated, smiled, and frankly gave him her little hand.

He withdrew.

Miss Serocold whispered, as she followed him out, "There is nothing to fear?"

"Nothing in the world," said Mr. Hartshorne, quietly.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE VICTIM OF A COLD.—We will introduce to the reader Mr. Jones, who will explain himself: "By dabe is Jodes—Daddle Jodes. I ab the bost biserable bad udder the sud. I'ab eterdally catchig cold, so that I dever cad talk plaid. I tried every thig id the world to prevedt it, subber ad widder, it is all the sabe. I breathe through by bouth frob Jaduary to Decebber, frob the begiddig to the edd of the year. I've tried every systeb of bedicid, but id vaid. All kides of teas, drops, ad old wibbed's dostrubs have bid tried; I've swallowed edough of theb to drowd be; but it's do use. Dothig udder heaved cad keep by feet warb; dothig keep be frob catchig cold." Jones went to serenade his lady-love, and sang after this fashion:

Cub, oh, cub with be,
The bood is beabig;
Cub, oh, cub with be,
The stars are gleabig,
And all aroud, above,
With beauty teabig;
Boodlight hours are best for lub.

"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." Mine would rest uneasy if it didn't wear one.

Incredible as it may seem, many of the richest planters in Jamaica live on coffee grounds.

A dealer in ready-made linen advertises his shirts and chemisettes under the mellifluous appellation of "Male and female envelopes."

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY HOME.—Six things are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lightened up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

"Robert, can you describe a bat?" "Yes, Sir; he's a flying insect, about the size of a stopple, has india-rubber wings and a shoe-string tail; he sees with his eyes shut, and bites like the devil."

It is said to be misprision of treason to ask a soldier to take dinner and dessert.

Why is an absent man the noblest work of God?—Because he is *a non est* man.

A contractor in the Scottish Highlands was waited upon by a deputation from his workers, to request him to make "no a pic o' difference in the wages, but shust a wee shynge in the time for paying." On cross-questioning the deputies he found they wanted to be paid weekly instead of fortnightly, but they also wanted the fortnight's wages weekly. "Why, my lads," said the contractor, "you are just demanding double wages." "Hoots, no, Sir!" said one of the deputation; "it's shust as more as less as the same wedges; put you must shust paid us twice as faster as evermore." After a little parleying the contractor got his Celtic logicians to resume work at a trifling advance.

Never lend any body an umbrella: it is a kindness no one ever returns. Don't give a cabman an extra sixpence: it is not fare to others to do so. If you lose one glove, don't keep the other: you must not hope to repair your loss. Be not deceived by the sweet words of proverbial philosophy: sugar of lead is a poison.

A sufferer while entering his bed on a cold winter night, exclaimed—"Of all the ways of getting a living, the worst a fellow could follow would be going about town such nights, and getting into bed for folks."

"Well, Tom," said a grocer to his apprentice, "you have been apprenticed now three months, and have seen the several departments of our trade. I wish to give you a choice of occupation." "Thank'ee, Sir." "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shuttin' up, Sir."

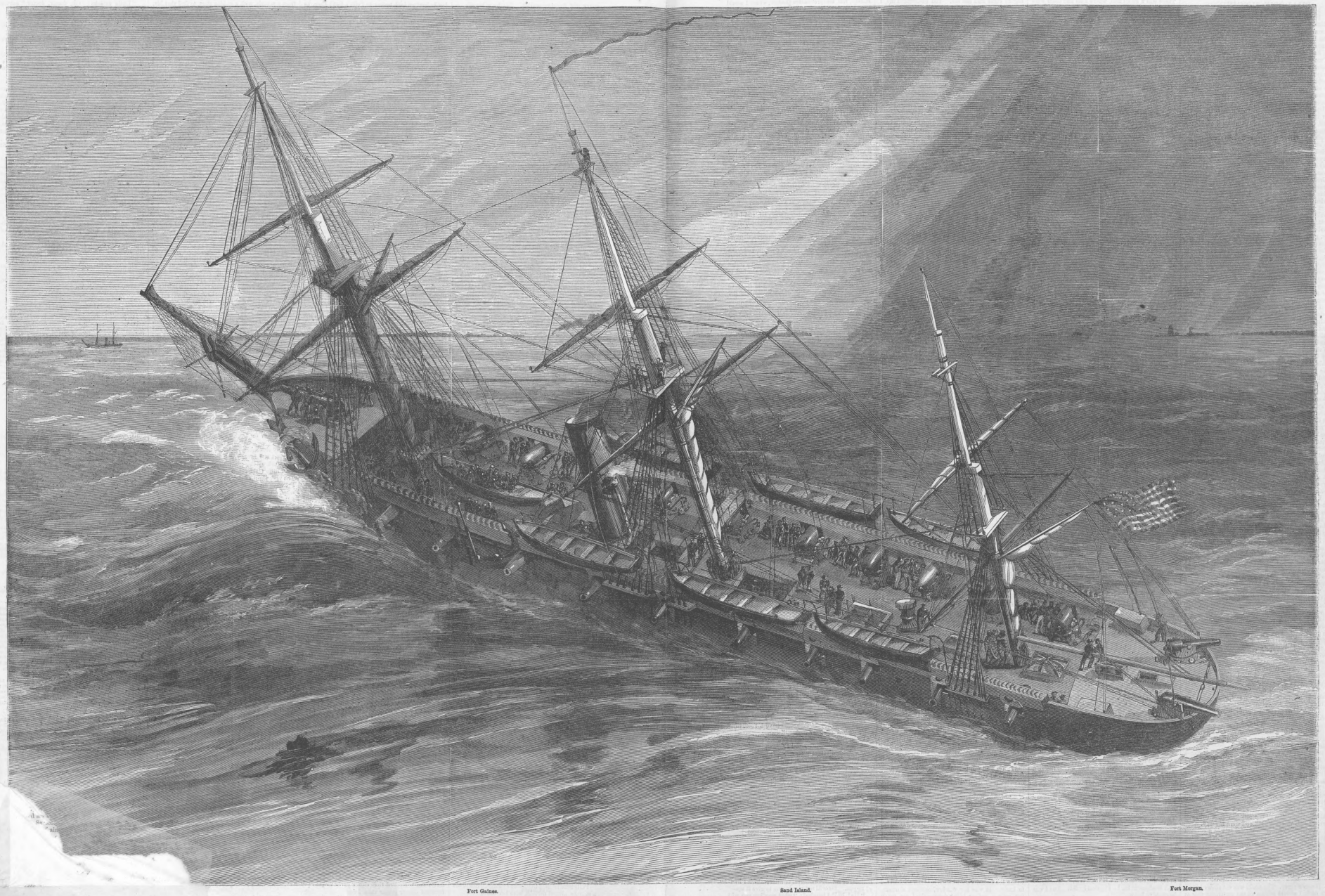
The silent usually accomplish more than the clamorous. The tail of a rattlesnake makes all the noise, but the head does the execution.

Who is a quarter-master?—The man who gives a soldier one quarter, and keeps the rest.

EASY CONQUERING TRICK.—When you can easily make a *rag a muffin*. [illegible] known to fail.

MRS. to MR. PODGERS (*loquacious*) [illegible]

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THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "RICHMOND" ON BLOCKADE DUTY, OFF MOBILE.—[See Page 101.]

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SHADOWY MISGIVINGS.

I MAY as well begin by stating that my name is Blushman—Percival Blushman. I believe an unusual name; but that will not affect the course of the little true narrative which I am about to introduce, and which I hope will "run smooth."

Further preliminary particulars in reference to Percival Blushman may not perhaps be found uninteresting. From childhood upward I have always had a leaning—a yearning, in fact—for the noble. The grand, the colossal, fills my mind with a strange sensation of speechless awe. Nature's grandest works are to me always sublime in the direct proportion to their size and strength. An elephant some way seemed to affect me with a greater thrill of admiration than, say, a powerful mastiff, though the latter might naturally furnish more immediate grounds of alarm. Yet so it was. Even such a thing as a cattle-show had on these grounds a strange fascination for me; and, a prey to mingled feelings of repulsion and attraction, I found myself surveying the gross charms of the kine so mysteriously and wonderfully fattened. Yet so it was. All monstrous developments—*Great Easterns*, Great Exhibitions for all nations, and even the stalwart forms of the heroes of the ring, all excited this elevating tone of mind—morbid, some of my friends called it. Yet so it was.

I was reading for the Bar. I had determined to walk that famous Westminster Hall, which a Scarlett, a Ffollett, and the rest of the profession, had walked. Every thing, too, about it was large, stately, grand—and that impressed me. The statutes, the reports, the suits (of law), the suits (of costume), the wigs, the abuses, the excellences, and (sometimes) the fees, all were on a monstrous and overgrown scale. It struck me, too—but this might have been fanciful—that the physique of the men was greater. But about their professional reputation there could be no question, boasting such men as a Scarlett, an Erskine, a Ffollett, and many more.

I was, then, reading for the Bar, with a view of being "called" by the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. The Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. How euphonistic! It seemed to come to me rolling down a church aisle like an anthem. I was reading hard, very hard; I felt the responsibility of the course I had chosen; of the path made sacred by the steps of a Scarlett, of a—but I must not allude to those famous names again. I determined not to see my fellow-creatures; I declined routs, and female society generally; I rose in the mornings two hours earlier than I was accustomed to—that is to say, at half past eight; and it being now close on a Christmas week, I had, with the calm disposition of a suttee, declined a dancing, shooting, driving, riding, general merry-making party, down in the country. Tears came almost to my eyes as I rose with the lark at the cold dull hour of half past eight, and I thought of Greyforest, for I had been there before, and shot, and driven, and danced. But then I thought of a Scarlett, and of—the rest, and how they, too, rose betimes as I was doing, and labored, and gave up shooting and dancing. And then, sternly, I brought all my law books together in a pyre, and, laying myself down on the top—a true suttee—set fire to—that is, began to read again with desperation.

I grew ill in the struggle. I have heard the expression used "broke down"—I think it a good one. So I broke down. I confess it was hard to say what had broken, or where it had broken, or why the breakage should have been down and not up, or at least in a lateral direction.

I was sitting one night in this state of general fracture at my lonely chambers, when my friend Twentyman burst in. He, too, was reading for the Bar; but not as I was reading. He danced and sang. He had come on an errand of charity. He had heard of the break-down, and found me with all the broken pieces about me: he pitied me.

"Blushman, my boy," he said, "what's all this? Never mind; you must come with me. A little in the dumps? Never mind; I have got a notion that I will soon put you straight."

Put me straight—put straight what was broken down! I smiled at the notion, but waved to him to proceed.

"You must come with me," he said. "I have a scheme. I am going to-night to the Strongbows, out to Triton Villas. You don't know the Strongbows; I do."

I did not see how this concerned me, and was about to interrupt him with what is called in our legal dialect a demurrer, when he stopped me.

"You must come with me," he said. "You must know the Strongbows; you must go out to Triton Villas."

This was more pertinent, so I withdrew my demurrer, and substituted what is called—still in our legal jargon—a traverse.

"Impossible," I said. "Graver matters engross me. It was not thus that a Scarlett, a Ffollett—a Sir William Ffollett, I mean—"

"I know," he said, "exactly. But as a favor—a particular favor, old friend—oblige; never have asked you for any thing." (This was scarcely consistent with truth; yet I did not allude to a trifling loan, barely three weeks old.) "Do, do, *do* now."

In short, I weakly consented. I gave way. I bound myself to go out to the Strongbows, positively for one night only, as I think I have seen it in some public notices. As he was going out, he said, thoughtfully, "We can join in a cab, you know; that will just do;" and went his way.

At night he came, and we *did* join in a cab—at least as far as mere occupancy went; but in a more figurative and fiscal sense, I might be considered the sole tenant. My friend had forgotten his purse—unfortunately, as I considered it: I had brought mine—fortunately, as he considered it. We entered the Triton Villas, the home of the Strongbows.

It was a party. The house was not to say large: on oath, I should adhere to the statement that it was small. It stood by itself in a little garden, and, being lit up, looked like a square coral lantern. There was a small hall, where hats and coats were shoveled up together in a mound of wearing apparel. Sounds of feeble pianoforte-playing issued from the room.

We entered. I was made known to the hostess by my friend, who straight cut the social painter—I believe that is the nautical term—that joined him to me, and stood out himself to sea. I scarcely saw him again that night, and I now divined the sordid motives that had prompted him to solicit my company. And as this reflection occurred to me, I suddenly saw beside me a miracle of strength, symmetry, and beauty—that is, a miracle of female strength, symmetry, and beauty.

I was amazed. She overpowered me with her presence. Such a form! More a hint than a positive manifestation of secret strength; yet nothing out of proportion. Athletic is scarcely the word; stoutness suggests itself with horrible indelicacy; and yet it is miles away from the truth. A coarse mind would say extra stout; but I have my own ideal, and she reached to it. Six feet of beauty, yet in proportion. A corresponding breadth of person was only harmony. Every thing reached to my ideal. She was tall, graceful, strong, matchless, superb, *lithe*. Ah! at last there is the word! Lithe she was, and I was introduced to her.

Why linger over the earlier stages of that passion? The whole of that evening I played and eddied around her like the waters about the foot of the great Bass Rock. I looked up and measured her with admiration. I spoke with her, and to my joy found she too had an ideal of secret strength and poetical muscularity. She candidly told me that I did not reach to that ideal, and my heart sank; but she saw, she said, that I could admire the same ideal, which was the next best thing, and my heart rose again. We presently understood each other, and she took me into confidence. She was amused at my unrestrained and almost childish admiration. She told me many things that night (on the stairs). How she loved tales of daring deeds; of her hero who, with a single stroke of his keen falchion, cleft a sheep whole; of her second hero, who wrestled with a lion on the savage desert; of her third hero, who had pulled down a tree with his single arm; of her heroes in general, whom she loved to go and see at circuses, lying upon their backs upon a carpet, cast their offspring into the air, and catch them skillfully on the soles of their feet. I told her of the athletic man I had once seen, who threw fifty half hundred-weights in succession over his head as though they had been feathers. She eagerly broke in and asked me had I ever seen Herr Botz, the German professor, who lifted an ordinary stone weight with his little finger. We grew enthusiastic in our mutual confidences. "I will tell you a secret," she said, "as you are the only one I ever met that understands me. Mamma and papa know nothing of it. They would kill me if they did."

I smiled at this pardonable little exaggeration of filial reverence. Papa and mamma were a little man and a little woman, of wretched muscular development. But my noble girl, as I may call her, felt that no muscular charms of person ought to emancipate her from parental control. "Yes," I said, eagerly, "*do* tell me. I love to hear those things."

"Well," she said, bending down her—may I call them massive?—yes, massive shoulders. "No," she said, raising her massive shoulders, "no, I *couldn't* tell you. You will laugh."

"Laugh," I said, wounded deeply; "do you take me for one of those heartless circulating things yonder, who have no feeling for the beautiful, the strong, the—?"

"What is it, Captain Rideaboot?" she said, sweetly, to that officer, who was standing over her. A chill passed athwart my heart like a knife. Captain Rideaboot was a giant. Miltonic in his proportions; Goliath in a dress-suit. I hated and scorned him with a deep, deadly, defiant passionate scorn.

He took her away—took her to the dance. With a horrible gnawing I marked their progress. I had to own myself, with a frightful pang, that they were suited. He was a Patagonian, and yet, Oh! yes, a graceful Patagonian. There was, I owned it with a loud groan, muscular poetry somewhere. They performed their dance, and swept a road clear for themselves in the little room. It was fine; like the great Miltonic monster again, I trembled while compelled to admire. It was over; but another creature, one of the vertebrate order called a brother-officer, came crawling up, and to him the man Rideaboot handed her. Rideaboot then went his way, mopping and fanning himself with his handkerchief; for he suffered by exercise.

The other was a wretched thing—a mere reptile, if I may be pardoned the noun. His action was ungraceful; I could see she was suffering agonies with him. It was soon over, and then, after an interval, came—I declare yes—that—that *beast* (I *must* call him something)—again offered his odious person for the measure that was now about commencing: and she, I grieve to say, yielded. And yet to me, writhing in a corner, the sight was beautiful to see, as they floated, rather surged, with a gentle roll round the room. Other mere ordinary dancing fry fell away from their path like waves before a ship's keel. Going away, I caught her for a moment. My friend had come to me an hour before, and proposed, with a strange effrontery, that we should again "join in a cab" home. Following my massive charmer as she floated by I agreed mechanically, and he had gone out to secure a vehicle. That conveyance had been retained now more than an hour, yet I did not regard it. Strange to say, *he* did not; though we were to "join."

I caught her for a moment, in the moral sense of the word. "Sit down," she said; "I want to talk to you."

"You must tell me," I said, "this secret. What is it like? Something large, grand, stupendous!"

"I can't," she said, smiling; "you would laugh at my weakness, for a weakness it is."

A *weakness* in her! Physical? No. But I was burning to know.

"Something that I am *sadly addicted* to," she said, with meaning, "and daren't tell you. Good-night; come and see me. You understand me, I can see."

Perhaps I did. But with reference to that Rideaboot, did he understand?—as well, or perhaps better? "I should like," I said aloud, "to have that uninformed beast here in this cab, say under the seat."

"Hallo!" said my friend; "asleep, eh? How did you like it, though? A little too small a crib, eh?"

"Small!" I said, indignantly. "What do you call large? What do you call symmetry? What do you call massiveness, shape, outline, proportions? I say," I continued, excitedly, "what do you call these? *You* a judge?" I added, derisively. "Talk of what you know—pipes, bats, and the United Suffield Duffers. There's *your* line."

He was scared at my manner, and did not resume the subject. I waited for him with an intellectual bludgeon raised to smash him if he should; but he didn't.

"We shall go out there to-morrow," I said; "you and I."

"I can't," he said. "I have an engagement."

"The Duffers, I suppose?" I said, scornfully. "Put them off. *I* have no engagement. *We* go."

He was again cowed. He agreed. We went next day. We joined in a cab; but he proposed it feebly.

We got to Triton Villas. We saw her. Papa, mamma, and all the world, except a younger sister, were out; and by a sudden and ferocious look, I made *him* devote himself entirely to this child of nature. The child took him presently to show him her doll. *We* got on delightfully. "But the secret," I said; "what you are addicted to. Do, *do*, DO tell me."

"Ah, it is a vice," she said, with a sigh; "an unwomanly vice. The world would point at me if they knew. The mouth of an enemy," she added, prettily, "often steals away our brains, you know."

Where had I heard that? "But this obscure language," I said.

"It is growing on me every day," she said, mournfully. "I am enslaved to it, and can not shake it off. If I told you you would despise me, and yet I mean well."

I was growing alarmed. These were phrases usually applied to one species of human vice the most degrading of our nature. Surely—surely—in one so young, so grand, so noble—ah! that was it. To keep that splendid system well strung, who knows but that some stimulating—

"I will give you a hint," she said, in a low, meaning voice, and looking round to see she was not heard. "*Dobbler has just sent me the materials, and I have contrived to smuggle them in.*"

At this moment her parents returned. We went away; I in sorrow and grief, and a prey to a thousand misgivings. "What," said I, as we journeyed home in the cab we had joined in (I mean that *I* had joined—I mean that he *didn't* join in), "what is the popular quotation about the mouth—an enemy stealing our brains?"

"To drink," he replied, humbly; "to strong drink indulged in to excess. And the accurate shape of the quotation is something about putting an enemy in our mouth to steal away our brains. It occurs in Othello."

"You should lecture," I said, sarcastically, "on the immortal bard, and on the unities. Reserved seats, five shillings. Your exegesis—I believe that is the new word—your exegesis would be entertaining. You would draw."

This bitterness silenced him. He would not again presume to be merry at my expense.

"You must come with me," I said to him, "as near to midnight as is convenient."

"Midnight!" he said, amazed. "Where? Why?"

Where? Why?

"To Triton Villas; and because I want you," said I, answering his two questions curtly. "That is the where, and the why. We are going to walk by night. I must satisfy the horrid doubts that you have raised."

"I raised! When? Where?" He stopped himself hastily. "I mean, I raised none."

"We will watch," I said; "you at the back, I at the front. You at the side, I at the other; you all round generally, I every where. You understand me?"

"No," he said, vacantly.

"And yet," I said, with pity, "if I addressed you in the slang of your profession—for cricketing, with the addition of pipes, *is* your profession—you *would* understand. I *could* adapt my language to the meanest capacity; but I won't."

He was stung by this cutting remark, and agreed without a word more.

Toward midnight, or more accurately speaking, about eleven o'clock, we again—and for the last time—joined in a cab, on the old commanditè principle. I had a strange foreboding, as I took my seat, and the strange sound of the door closing with a jar and discordant jam. Something was impending, I was convinced, but I would know the worst.

We reached the neighborhood of Triton Villas, and drew up the vehicle in a by-lane, where he was to wait our coming. I may add that this arrangement was not perfected until after the exhibition of a disheartening lack of confidence in the person who drove, and who required a partial settlement of his claims before he would consent to let us go our way. I went my way cautiously, my friend following vacantly as in a dream. Here was—were—which is it? Triton Villas.

All was still, as I looked over the railings; all was pushed in repose. Not a sound. From one window, and from one only, flashed light. I knew whose window it was, from information I had received. When I received it, I thought myself blessed; but there are things—and I don't know whose the thought is—which it is better wisdom *not* to know. It was her window, without shutters, but with a yellow blind down—alas! too much down—illuminated from behind. Shadows—a shadow, rather—passed at times fitfully across. A grand, stately, full, comprehensive shadow, which I would have picked out among a thousand shadows. These reflections have an individuality of their own.

We were still at the railings, looking through. He coughed; there was a slight fog, natural in the country, rising from the ground. I turned on him fiercely, and he did not cough again for some time. Suddenly the shadow, hitherto restive and unsteady, acquired a darker intensity, which could be explained, on principles of natural philosophy, by a nearer approach to the window. It seemed to expand in size, and remained perfectly calm and quiescent. What was she—it—about to do? Had she—it—seen us? My breath came and went. Suddenly—how shall I tell it? but I was near to fainting at the moment, and but for the rails would have fallen—I saw—saw—saw distinctly, projected—yes, projected is the word—with all the vividness of a spectral image in a photograph, projected upon the blind, a shadow of some material object in her hand. Indistinct at first, with a horrible vividness, it gradually took shape—a vile, odious, terrific, but unmistakable shape. The outlines of an object but too familiar, tapering at the neck (the object's neck), distended and swollen about the body (the object's body), and distinctly applied to the mouth (*her* mouth)—a FLASK! its contents partaken of, not, not by the agency of the vehicles furnished by civilization, but with the degrading simplicity of savage life.

It was all over. The dream was past, and I tottered away to the cab, my friend humanely leading me.

This, then, was the secret of those mysterious allusions—the "little vice which she was addicted to"—of which she dare not tell her parents, and "the materials" for which (there was an Irish student at an Inn of Court always calling for what he called the materials; I knew what *he* meant) she had to "get in" privately. Worse than all, was the strange moral obliquity which could lead her to speak so lightly of the fatal passion, which would lead her by slow degrees down the abyss.

Such a night I spent. A female, too! Was not this the most degrading feature. Moralists tell us, that for a man there is hope, but once a female become enslaved, then reformation is all but impossible!

I determined to tear her from my heart, and go back to the outraged Ffollett, to the Erskine, the Scarlett, too long neglected. And yet I could not shut out her image, that is to say, that particular image, with its horrid accompaniment. It was always before my eyes.

She wrote to me, inviting me to go and see her; she wanted to talk to me, she said: I understood her. (I did understand her.) In a postscriptum she added, "Perhaps I *may* confide to you the little weakness you were so curious about."

I wrote a reply, half mysterious, half scornful—I wonder what she thought of it. I told her bitterly that I knew all, had discovered all; that the necessity of devotion to my legal studies would prevent my having the pleasure of waiting on her; but that, as a friend, nay, an acquaintance, I trusted she would not resent the few words of friendly counsel I would venture to give her, for her own sake. "Fly," I said, "fly the fatal seduction; it will gradually impair your strength, weaken your powers, and stupefy the faculties. Every time you yield to the temptation, think, oh think how you are hurrying to destruction."

An answer arrived next day, couched in very mysterious language. She could not understand the tone of my letter. If I had discovered, as I said I had, what she was engaged in, there was nothing, thank Heaven, to blush for. Many good and eminent persons had before given way to the same weakness. For her part she gloried in it, and would never give up the practice. "Impair my strength!" she added; "how little you know—After—after every bout I feel myself stronger and better." (Every bout! of course she fancied she did; the most confirmed drun—I mean beings—that is their fatal delusion.)

I strove to banish her from my mind, but ineffectually.

Two months passed away. It was too much for me; it was wearing me to a thread. It must end one way or the other; I chose the other way. I would go and see Triton Villas merely out of curiosity.

I stood at the gate with mingled feelings. Before me was the fatal window. I paused. Should I go in merely out of curiosity? Prudence said yes, and in I went.

I saw her; she was good-natured, genial, warm.

She reproached me gently with my absence. She was afraid I was offended. She was more grieved than angry, I could see, and, with a sudden impulse, I resolved that we should have a reconciliation. I love scenes of reconciliation.

"But you must come to us now. Next week we are to have a little festival; in short, I am going—"

"Away?" I said, with a start of alarm.

"Well, yes," she said, a little embarrassed. "Did they not tell you? I thought you knew it. It has been settled some time."

"That you were to go away?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "and my marriage also."

"*Your marriage!*" I started from my seat. "And who is the vile impostor; the base—er—er—" I could not think of a word for a moment, "er—scullion—who has *dared*—"

"Hush! hush!" she said, amused and flattered at my warmth. "If Captain Rideaboot heard you—"

"Better and better," I said, bitterly; "nothing *could* be better or more suitable."

"Well," she said, modestly, "it *is* considered a good match; and do you know," she added, "he has been so good, so kind, so generous about that little—you know—weakness of mine, which I hinted to you. He will not require me to give it up—"

"Ha! ha!" I laughed; "what reveling you will have together!"

"Yes," she said; "the truth is, I have found out

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he is just as much addicted to it as I am. Wasn't it good? And more," she added, "he was actually so kind as to bring me in the materials by stealth. Wasn't it good of him?"

"Excellent," I said, bitterly.

"Only yesterday," she added, "such a delicate little surprise as he gave me—only think, knowing my taste, a whole case—"

"Of the materials, I suppose," I said.

"Yes," she said, "of the very newest kind. Wasn't it considerate of him? I must show them to you."

She went to a little cupboard and brought out a small chest, opened it, and took out one by one—Goodness! what a mystery was here! A light began to break in on me.

"Look," she said, "two gymnastic clubs, just my weight and size; and, look here, a set of dumb-bells, beautifully finished—ain't it charming!—a balance rope; a portable pole, jointed so as to be carried about; a patent chest-expander; a—"

I saw it all, and put forward my hand to stop her.

"I used to practice with them at night up in my room. When papa and mamma were gone to bed I would sit up till all hours. Nothing like practice. See how I twist them about!"

She flourished the club over her head, twirled it, twisted it, *and then held it out in the air steadily for many moments*. It was on a line with her mouth.

I saw the whole picture of that fatal night before me, with only the addition of the blind drawn up, and how the fatal shadow became projected.

BEN'S BEAR.

THIRTY years ago my father, a half-pay captain, emigrated to Lower Canada. He bought a farm in the vicinity of Stanstead, where he settled with a family of three boys and as many girls. There were too many of us for his means in England, where boys often cost more than they are worth—and possibly this is sometimes true of girls. Brother Ben was nineteen when we went into the bush: a brave boy, and a good leader for his younger brothers, and a good protector for his sisters, who were younger still.

We had a log-house, as most settlers had then, to begin with. It was quite an aristocratic edifice for that region, having three large rooms, while most log-houses had but two rooms, and many but one. It was ceiled with hemlock bark, smooth side toward the rooms, for we were to spend one winter in it. We moved to our "opening" the 1st of May, and had the summer before us. We were full of spirit and hope. A new country and a new life, with all before you to conquer, and the consciousness of strength to make the conquest, is a constant inspiration.

Ben's bear was his first winning in the game which he had set himself to play with the wild nature of the woods. I was then ten years old, and that bear is the one thing that stands out most clearly in the dim distance of thirty years ago. Ben had shot the mother bear, and the same ball that killed her killed one of her cubs; the other he brought home in his bosom. "Poor little fellow!" he said, "he is too young to mourn for his mother, and I intend to be a mother to him." And he kept his word.

The small beast slept with Ben, always laying its nose over Ben's shoulder. He grew apace; I used to think we could see him grow. He was very fond of milk and butter, and he ate bread and milk, and mush and milk with avidity. During the first winter his was a numbed sort of half life. In the early spring he was a happy bear, going every where with his master, and only miserable if he lost sight of him. He was entirely obedient to my brother, and always woke him in the morning. As my father was about to build a frame-house, he sent Ben to buy material of a man who had a saw-mill in the next town. This was Bruin's first affliction, for he could not accompany his master. Ben stole away from him, and when the bear knew that he was gone he began a search for him. He went to my brother's bed, and, beginning at the head, inserted his nose under the sheets and blankets, and came out at the foot; then he turned, and reversed the process. This strange search he would keep up by the hour, if he were not shut out of the room. He took possession of his master's clothes and other belongings, and used them so roughly, still seeking for their owner—inserting himself into legs of trowsers and sleeves of coats—that my mother locked every thing in a wardrobe. Nothing of Ben's was left out, except a large folio Bible, which rested on the top of the wardrobe, six or seven feet from the floor. Up this the bear contrived to climb, and taking the Bible in a tender embrace, he curled himself up and dropped to the floor with it. My mother attempted to take it from him, but for the first time he showed fight. Many blows from the broomstick were administered, but the bear held fast to the book, and my mother came off second best from the contest. This was fatal to her authority, as we discovered afterward.

When Ben came back the bear's joy knew no bounds. He lost his love for the sacred volume, and had no care what became of it. He showed his disrespect for my mother by taking the butter from the tea-table and eating it before her eyes. Ben gave him a drubbing for the robbery, and he submitted to Ben's authority, but butter and honey, and sweets of all kinds, were appropriated if Ben were not at hand to enforce good behavior. My mother was very unhappy, between her love for Ben and her fear for Bruin. She grew miserably afraid of the bear, and, what was worse, the bear knew it. She complained to Ben; but he only said, "Mother, you have only to be resolute with him. Ellen can drive him away from the table, because she is not afraid of him."

"But I *am* afraid of him," said my mother, "and I think he will do me harm yet."

"Give him a taste of a hot poker, mother, and I'll answer for him afterward."

"I would not try it for the world," said my mother.

The bear had his own way very completely, till a circumstance occurred which resulted more favorably for the peace of the family than my mother's mild remonstrances. We had a neighbor, a Mr. Bennett, who had a very lovely daughter of seventeen. Ben fell in love with her, as in duty bound, she being the prettiest girl in the New World. He had been unable to get any clew to her sentiments toward him. She had spent a considerable portion of the past year with a married sister in Stanstead, and Ben and the brother-in-law being friends, it was there my brother had seen her. Her coolness toward him was a great torment to an impulsive lover. I believe Ben would have served seven years merely to know how she regarded him. At last he lapsed into a state so unhappy and anxious that even his bear could not comfort him. About this time Alice Bennett came home to remain, and, in neighborly kindness, she and a younger sister came to visit us. She had never seen Ben's bear, and did not even know of its existence. Ben shut Bruin into his bedroom in compliment to our guests, and the afternoon passed pleasantly to all but the prisoner. When the time came for Alice and her sister to go home, my brother and I prepared to bear them company through the woods to their opening. Ben incautiously opened his bedroom for his hat, never thinking of Bruin, and came running to catch us. The liberated bear ran after his master, and jumped for joy upon him, hugging him after the manner of bears. Alice turned and saw Ben in the (to her) terrible embrace. She shrieked as a girl with a good voice only can shriek, but instead of running away, she rushed up to my brother and tried to help him like a brave girl, crying, "Dear, dear Ben, you will be killed!"

My brother threw off the beast, and caught the fainting Alice to his glad heart, saying, "Dear Alice, he is a tame bear; do not be afraid."

The poor girl looked like a broken white lily, she was so frightened at herself and the bear. She could hardly realize that the bear was harmless, and she was ashamed of having been betrayed into an avowal of a tenderness for Ben. When she recovered her wits she said, "Oh, I'll never come here again."

"Indeed you will," said Ben. "I'll banish Bruin, or imprison him, or do any thing you wish."

It was surprising how clear-sighted Ben became regarding faults on the bear's part that he had heretofore made light of. My mother had no need to complain of stolen butter, or a highway robbery of honey on its way from the pantry to the tea-table. Ben suddenly discovered that his pet was a nuisance. "I don't see how you have borne with him so long, mother," he said, in the most considerate manner, when he had taken a plum-pudding from a plate in my mother's hands, and had made his way to the woods with it.

"I am glad you saw him take it," said my mother.

"He must have a prison," said Ben.

And so it came to pass that the poor bear was chained in the centre of the space that had been cleared and leveled for our new house, with the light surveyor's chain used to measure land. The bear immediately described a circle, limited by the length of his chain, which he walked over, turning a somersault always at one point, and only stopping to eat, or pay attention to Ben if he came in his vicinity. Why he inaugurated this particular and peculiar exercise I am unable to say, but I have often noticed a tame bear keep up the circle and the somersault hour after hour, and day after day. He did not tug at his chain, nor quarrel with it, as we poor mortals do with chains, but apparently accepted it as a provision of Ben's superior wisdom. This view of the case, if he took it, was sure to be abandoned at bedtime, when he would inevitably break his chain to get into his master's bedroom. His indomitable desire to lie on the foot of Ben's bed, or to hug an old vest under it, was sure to make him break away from any breakable restraint. Therefore a prison was made for him. It was made of small logs "cobbed up;" that is, the ends notched with an axe, and the end of a log fitted into each notch. The roof was of boards destined for the new house, held in place by heavy stones. The first night the poor beast occupied his new den he raised the boards in his struggle to get out, impelled by the desire to seek his master. He got his head out, and then hung by his neck, and so was choked to death. I shed some tears for him, and my mother rejoiced. I think Ben was not very sorry. Under other circumstances he would have mourned for the loss of his sublimely-ugly pet; but he had a new and life-long pet in prospect—perhaps many other pets after that—and he had no need of, and no place for, a bear.

HOSPITAL AND CAMP INCIDENTS.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

No. III.

PROBABLY in no department of the work of the Sanitary Commission have more significant results been achieved than in that of Special Relief, organized for the relief and care of discharged soldiers. By its various agencies the Commission has in this department made itself the guardian of thousands of our defenders, protecting them in their rights, providing lodging-houses and food, rescuing them from the hands of thieves and sharpers, collecting pensions and pay, correcting their defective papers, giving them medical treatment, and nursing when occasion demanded; in a word, seeing that all immediate needs growing out of their disabled condition are met by corresponding provision for temporary supply and relief.

The arrangements for this special relief are organized upon a thorough and constantly-enlarging system, having its centre at Washington, and thence radiating to every important field of the war. At Washington, a principal feature is the "Home," where food, care, and assistance are given to men who are honorably discharged, and whence they are sent by railroad in the care of special agents to their destination. At this "Home," also, relief is administered to men from battle-fields and hospitals; as many as five hundred a day have sometimes been received and cared for; and from December, 1862, to October, 1863, 7187 persons were there entertained. Since it opened 86,986 nights' lodgings have been furnished, and 331,315 meals provided. "Homes" of the same description are maintained by the Commission at Boston, Nashville, Cairo, Memphis, Louisville, Cleveland, and Cincinnati. In and about Washington there are also "Lodges," maintained in the vicinity of railroads, all of which have rendered most important aid in improving the sanitary condition of our troops. One of these Lodges is immediately connected with the Paymaster's Department, and has in connection with it a Pension Agency, which has been in operation for nearly a year with branches in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Louisville, and Cincinnati. This latter Agency has saved to the soldiers already an aggregate expense of from eight to ten thousand dollars, while at the same time rescuing them from imposition and a "world of trouble" and anxiety.

Another service rendered to the soldier is the collection of his back pay. It was found that many men in hospital, with families sorely in need of as much as they could give them, were unable to obtain what was due them, or that at least it was so hedged about by "regulations" as to be beyond their power to collect it. An agent of the Commission entered on the work of investigation and the removal of difficulties, and, as an evidence of his success, it is stated that in one week the pay of fifty-six men thus procured amounted to over three thousand dollars, almost every dime of which was sent to the suffering families at home. Thus, far and wide, the work of the Commission bears its beneficent fruits.

Still another branch of Special Relief is the "Nurses Home," of which there is one in Washington and one in Annapolis, where sick and weary women-nurses may rest and recuperate their wasted energies. These houses have become lodges for the wives and mothers of men in hospital who flock to those points to aid in the care of wounded sons and husbands.

Some of the records of the lodges about Washington, though brief and abrupt, are full of eloquence as to the good work they have performed. Thus: "A man shoeless, shirtless, and stockingless, feet frost-bitten and mind deranged, was brought to our Lodge as the only refuge for the wanderer. We kept him nine days, ascertained his regiment, and returned him for discharge." The story of a life saved, perhaps of a family reunited, lies in this short record. And here is another: "A soldier picked up—typhoid fever—flighty. With the best of care he died the next day;" yet, doubtless, some heart was cheered by knowing that the dead soldier had tender hands to minister unto him in his last hours as he journeyed home to the camping-ground beyond the river. Another case still is that of a soldier who had suffered an amputation, and who seemed dying, but who, under the care of his nurse, rallied, and the second day, looking into her eyes, said, in a voice quivering with emotion, "You have saved my life for my wife."

Such are some of the conspicuous features of the work of the Sanitary Commission among the soldiers. The enumeration of its works might be indefinitely extended; but sufficient facts have been presented to justify the reputation it enjoys, and its claim to a still more cordial appreciation at the hands of the people. It only remains to exhibit, from its records, some of the evidences it has accumulated as to the character, temperament, and habits of the soldiers among whom it has carried forward its sublime work.

And first, next to their courage, the uncomplaining temper of our troops and their cheerful acquiescence in the hardships and most serious calamities of war, are conspicuously exhibited by the testimony of these Commission records. "Well, Charley," said a surgeon at Chattanooga, dressing a wound as he talked, "what's the matter?" "Oh, not much, doctor; only a hand off!" He had hoped, maybe, with that good right hand to carve his way to some of the world's highest places, but it was gone now, lay bleeding and torn on the altar of his country, and he counted it a little thing. But had he not reached already an exalted place, higher and nobler than any, except the truly brave, with the soul of heroism burning in them, ever attain? So it was every where on that field. "Only once," reports one who passed through all its horrors, "did we hear either whimper or plaint. An Illinois lieutenant, as brave a fellow as ever drew a sword, had been shot through and through the thighs—fairly impaled by the bullet. His wounds were angry with fever; every motion was torture; the men were lifting him as tenderly as they could, but they let him slip, and he fell perhaps six inches. But it was like a dash from a precipice to him, and he wailed out like a little child; tears wet his pale, thin face, and he only said, "My poor child, how will they tell her?" It was only for a moment; his spirit and his frame stiffened up together, and, with a half smile, he said, "Don't tell any body, boys, that I made a fool of myself!"

A soldier, fairly riddled with bullets, lay on a blanket gasping for breath. "Jemmy," said a comrade, with one arm swung up in a sling, and who was going home on a furlough—"Jemmy, what shall I tell them at home for you?" "Tell them," said he, "that there's hardly enough left of me to say 'I;' but hold down here a minute, tell Kate there is enough of me left to love her till I die."

No thought or word of complaint, only cheerful resignation and patience; content even in the face of death. And what wonder, since death comes to all who "nobly do and die" with crowns and honors, leading the tired feet over paths strewn with garlands to the summer-land lying so close to the borders of this chillier clime!

The tenderness and generosity of the soldier is another point clearly illustrated by the records of the Commission. However stern in the battle's front, in the hour of suffering he is kind, gentle, full of sympathy and compassion. The Wisconsin State agents were one day distributing relief to the Wisconsin soldiers in a Western hospital. One of them, lying seriously wounded, received some of it, but presently said: "I didn't like it; it made me feel bad to have things given to me and not to the boy lying next to me. But I made it all right; for I divided with him."

After the battle of Perryville a Federal soldier wandering over the field found a rebel, wounded and helpless, lying exposed to a cold and pelting rain. The Federal asked the sufferer a few questions, and seeing how much he suffered, took off his coat and put it over the wounded man. Some days after the rebel was brought in a prisoner, with the Union coat in his possession, and in reply to a question as to where he got it, told the story of the Federal soldier's kindness, adding, "I shall never shoot *that* man, any how."

The rebels, it has been observed, do not bear up as well under disaster as our own men. There is not only more whimpering, but more fretfulness and bitterness of spirit evinced, chiefly in want of regard one for another. But there are exceptions even in this. Among the sick and wounded who were one night taken on board a Sanitary transport in the James River were several rebels. One who was near death said, gently, to the nurse: "God forgive me, honey, if it was wrong. I thought it was right, but I don't like it; that's the truth. I would rather have died for the old flag; but I thought it was right. There, let them bury that with me," showing a bracelet of hair on his arm. "It's my wife's, honey; it is. My watch you may keep;" and so the poor fellow ran on—patience mellowing all his speech and marking all his action until, at the roll-call of the Recording Angel, he answered "Here!" and was gone.

One other characteristic of the Northern soldier must be mentioned, as unmistakably attested by the experience of the Commission agents. He is a believer in God, understands his own accountability, and is not ashamed to stand up for the honor of His name. In hundreds of camps prayer-meetings are held daily; and thousands of stern, determined veterans, who have gone through the battle's tempest time and time again, are found weeping before the altar, lifting their hearts to Him who is over all, the Great Captain of our salvation. Surely there is encouragement in a fact like this; and whatever agency tends to develop and sustain this religious feeling deserves the support of all right-thinking men.

Providence—it is no irreverence to say—works with and blesses this Commission. In many cases results have sustained such marked relations to their causes; gifts have found their way by such wonderful chances to the precise objects which the givers would have chosen above all others to benefit; difficulties that seemed insurmountable have so melted away; and embarrassments that threatened irremediable disasters have been so overcome, that the blindest eye could not fail to discern, and the coldest heart to acknowledge, the presence of an enlightened controlling Influence, whose sympathies and energies were altogether in co-operation with this great patriotic charity. There is consolation for the future in this thought. It helps us to look beyond the fogs that lie on the lowlands of our selfishness and unbelief, and to see the shining heights where God is, and victory awaits the True and Just. Especially does this thought stimulate continued effort in behalf of this Commission. We are workers with the Infinite One in every endeavor expended in this cause.

Sometimes, dear Madam, you wonder what becomes of your gifts; whether they are wisely and faithfully appropriated; whether, in hospital or field, the pillow you have made rests any tired head, the dressing-gown your fingers embroidered wraps any wasted, fading form; whether the slippers your needle worked ease any weary, blistered foot? Go to the records of this Commission and you have your answer. On every field your labor bears precious fruit. It is as if you had planted trees of Paradise, under which all weary, suffering ones might find shelter and rest. In every tent, lodge, and hospital you will find blossoms from those trees of yours lying, fragrant and beautiful, in their pale hands, on peaceful, pulseless breasts. The soldiers, women of the North, *are* blessed by your work, and they appreciate it as true men should. Be encouraged: the Father takes care of your gifts, and sends them where you would have them go. "What do the women say about us boys at home?" slowly asked a poor wreck of a lad of one who sat at his side. That brow of his ached for the touch of a loving hand. He had walked through rough, stony places; temptation, sin, folly had beset him on the right hand and the left; but he felt still a mother's influence on his soul, leading him into the June paths of old. At the very moment he asked the question "What do the women say of us at home?" he was turning over a little silken needle-book that some laughing girl had some day made and sent to the Sanitary Commission, working on its cover the words, playfully perhaps, "My bold soldier-boy." The friend sitting by simply pointed to that legend. The reply struck home to his heart, and he burst into tears. They were not bitter tears, but tears of joy. His question was answered; the evidence of woman's interest was before his eyes, and he was content. His eyelids closed down, his breathing grew calm, and soon sleep touched him, and he was dreaming. It was *your* hand that touched him and brought that benign peace to his soul.

After the battle of Hanover Court House there was great suffering among the wounded for want of blankets and medical stores. Even the necessaries of life were scarcely to be had. Finally, however, an army surgeon forced his way to White House. There he found the Sanitary Commission and told them the story of the soldiers' sufferings. At once clean sheets, blankets, bedsacks, and pillows, were packed, and, with boxes of condensed milk, farina, tea, coffee, sugar, oranges, and lemons, were sent off to the hospitals. "When I departed," says the surgeon, "there was not a State represented in my hospital but found some article bearing the marks of home. As I led one poor fellow from Pennsylvania to his bed, and he saw

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CONVALESCENT CAMP, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.



COOK-HOUSE AT GENERAL HOSPITAL, GETTYSBURG.

upon the clean white sheet the name of his family and his home, his convulsive sobs startled all around, making the whole hospital weep."

In December last a Vermont regiment was encamped behind Arlington Heights, in Virginia. The men of the regiment were brawny and robust, but protracted exposure had occasioned an unusual degree of sickness among them; and application was made to the Sanitary Commission for supplies, medical and otherwise. The regiment, from some cause, had never been fully supplied with blankets, and many of the sick were consequently destitute of the most necessary protection from the cold. The wants of the men once discovered to the Sanitary Commission, arrangements were immediately made to supply them, and in a day or two one hundred and fifty blankets—one hundred and forty nine had been asked for—were forwarded to the regimental headquarters. These blankets, thus bestowed, were the gifts of patriotic associations in various parts of the country, most of them having been made by the wives and sisters of volunteers.

In this regiment was a private whom we will call Andrews—a large, lusty fellow, who had been broken down by severe service, and was considered by all as beyond hope of recovery. He had behaved with marked bravery in every engagement in which his regiment had participated, and was a universal favorite among his fellows. Though naturally courageous and stout-hearted, his physical prostration had seriously affected his mind, and he was full of despondency, expecting momentarily to die. When the supplies of the Sanitary Commission were conveyed to the camp, the condition of this man was brought particularly to the attention of the agent having them in charge. He, full of sympathy for the suffering fellow, provided him with all possible comforts, such as fruits, medicines, and agreeable food, adding to his supplies a sick-blanket, which he carefully folded over the patient as he lay on his hard, board bed.

The following day, visiting the regimental camp a second time, the agent was met by the Colonel with the information that Andrews was much better, and promised, after all, to recover. "Would you believe it," said the Colonel, "the sight of that blanket seemed to bring the fellow right back to life; his whole manner brightened; his very fingers grew nettlesome, clutching the blanket with a very ecstasy of delight."

The agent hurried to the sick man's tent, and found him, indeed, vastly improved. His face brightened as the agent approached, but he did not take his gaze from the blankets. Presently, pointing with his long, thin finger to a corner of the blanket, he whispered, "That, Sir, has been better medicine than all your hospital stuff. It has put new life into my veins; if I'm ever a well man it'll be because God sent me this blanket."

The story of the blanket was a simple one. It had been made by the soldier's wife living far away among the Vermont hills, and had been sent with other contributions from the same neighborhood to the Sanitary Commission. The woman was poor, her home was humble, but she had a true heart, and having nothing else to give she had cut up the silk dress in which she was married and converted it to the purpose mentioned. On one corner she had worked her name, and with that mark only had sent it on its mission, little dreaming what that mission would be. The blanket, laid over the soldier, immediately caught his eye; the material seemed familiar; he had certainly seen it before, and that thought roused his whole nature. Presently, pulling up the corners to his face—he was too weak to raise himself—and passing the whole slowly before his eyes, he saw the name dearer to him than all the world besides, and in an instant the whole story of her sacrifice for the soldiers' sake was daguerreotyped upon his thought. What wonder that, under the flood of memories which that moment came over him, sweeping away all thoughts of self, all despondency and gloom, he grew hopeful again, realizing that he still had something to live for and a work to do. He recovered; and to his dying day undoubtedly he will be a believer in the medicinal properties of blankets. Surely that was a special Providence which sent to this man this precise gift—a tonic which strengthened and saved him when nothing else, it may be, could have brought him safely through.

The brave and noble men who march a-field with their lives in their hand, to battle for the life of the nation, deserve our fullest sympathy and encouragement. Through no channel can we so certainly and effectually reach and serve them as in that offered by the Sanitary Commission. Let it be our care to keep that channel ever full and flowing. So, blessing our soldiers, shall we win blessings for ourselves. So, women of the North,

"When peace shall come, and homes shall smile again,
A thousand soldier-hearts in northern climes
Shall tell their little children in their rhymes
Of the sweet saints who blessed the old war times."



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

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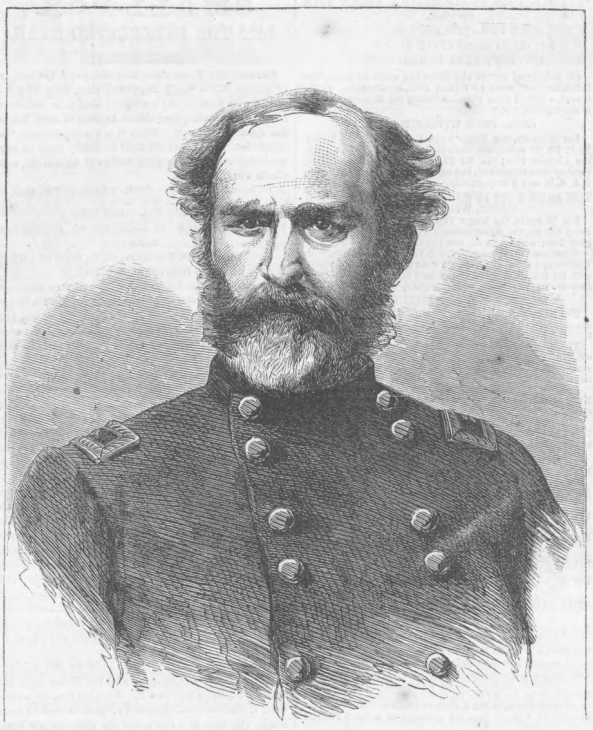
REMEMBRANCE.

THE turmoil of the busy world
May sweep across my path,
And storms may come, with seeming power,
To crush me in their wrath;
Yet recollections of the past,
And of our friendship true,
Shall forge a firm, unyielding chain
To bind my heart to you.

And when in after-years you read
Each page of Memory's book,
I would not wish my name might be
In some neglected nook;
But ask that when life's noon is past,
And wanes its sunshine brief,
Within that volume I may claim
One bright, unsullied leaf.

GENERAL MEIGS.

GENERAL M. C. MEIGS, whose portrait we here give, was born in Georgia. He was appointed to West Point from Pennsylvania, in 1832, and was graduated at that institution in 1836, ranking the fifth in his class, and receiving the appointment of Second Lieutenant First Artillery. In November of the same year he was transferred to the Corps of Engineers. He was promoted to a First Lieutenant of Artillery October 18, 1838. General Meigs was for some time overseer of the works involved in the extension of the Capitol at Washington, in the exercise of which duty his taste was no less judicious than his skill. He also superintended the construction of the Potomac Aqueduct, in which he planned an arch which is said to be the largest arch of a single span in the world. At the beginning of the war he resigned his position as First Lieutenant, and was appointed Quarter-master of the Army. At present he is detailed by the Secretary on inspection duty in the West.



GENERAL M. C. MEIGS.

INDIAN CHIEFTAINS FROM THE FAR WEST.

OUR readers will be interested to know something about the two Indian Chiefs, IRATABA and ANTONIO AZUL, the most powerful of all the chieftains west of the Rio Grande, whose portraits we give on this page. Irataba left San Francisco on the 23d of January, for a visit to Washington and New York. He is chief of the Mojaves—the great tribe of the Colorado Valley—and is the finest specimen of the unadulterated aboriginal on this continent. He rules over several subordinate tribes with an iron hand. He is fifty-five years old, six feet in height, has a magnificent bodily presence, and an amount of physical strength which enables him to march fifty miles a day through the burning lands of Arizona. The only thing which has yet excited an expression of wonder in his travels was the sight of a school of whales on his way to San Francisco. Antonio Azul, the ally of Irataba, is head chief of the Pimos of the Gila, and furnishes a striking contrast to Irataba. His face betokens a frank and amiable disposition. His tribe is very intelligent, and numbers 6000 men. The costume of the sketch is that commonly worn by the tribes from the Rio Grande to the Colorado.



IRATABA, CHIEF OF THE MOJAVES.



ANTONIO AZUL, CHIEF OF THE PIMOS.

THE LINDELL HOTEL OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

THIS vast hotel, a view of which appears on page 100, is the work of an association, incorporated in 1855 under the style of "Laclede Hotel Company." The name was derived from Pierre Ligueste Laclede, the city's founder, who planted a colony on its site one hundred and seventeen years ago, under the protection of France. Not far from the time of laying the foundations in 1857, the name was changed by Legislative enactment to "Lindell Hotel," in compliment to the brothers Jesse G. Lindell and Peter Lindell, who were large contributors to the enterprise. Both of the brothers are now dead—the latter dying less than a year since at the age of eighty-six. The company proceeded unremittingly with their task, first under the Presidency of Derrick A. January, and then under that of Levin H. Baker. After a lapse of seven years they saw their Herculean labor completed. Mr. Thomas Walsh, who was the architect in chief, besides drawing upon the ample resources of his own skill, visited Europe for the purpose of examining the plans of the most celebrated foreign hotels. His researches decided him to adopt and combine the shops and courts of Italian and French models with the vestibule system of England.

The main front looks southward and lies on Washington Avenue; on the east side runs Sixth Street, on the west Seventh Street, and on the north Green Street. The design is Italian, of the Venetian school, and the building is of very substantial nature, being constructed of brick, iron, and stone. The hotel consists of two angular buildings, extending east and west the length of the block from Sixth a space of forty-five feet between them, and connected only in the centre, and both extremes by wing buildings running north and south, and leaving between them two courts, one of which is to be used for a gentleman's recreation, and the other for a lady's conservatory. While the outer connecting buildings and the eastern flank extend to the full depth of the lot, the space that would be occupied by the western flank has been reserved for the erection of a theatre, to connect with the building. The principal or southern front is divided into five compartments, on its base line, the centre and both extreme divisions forming projections, and the two receding divisions forming on the first and second stories colonnades between them. The three principal elevators on the ground-floor are supported by columns, imposts, and arches, forming a continuous arcade around the three fronts, imparting strength to the building and allowing sufficient light for the shops and basements. The pedestals of these columns extend down to the basement floor, and are supported by inverted arches.

The Lindell is six stories high exclusive of attic and basement, both which are equivalent to nearly two stories more. The height from sidewalk to cornice is one hundred and twelve feet. The stone used (rich cream-colored magnesian limestone) is from the Grafton quarries, not far above the mouth of the Illinois River. The east and south fronts are of this stone, and show much elaborate carving. The north and west fronts are faced with brick, ornamented by cut-stone window trimmings.

The basement extends under the entire structure, courts and sidewalks, and comprises the following: The laundry, five rooms, a general linen-room, connected by steam-elevators with the distributing-rooms on each story. The baker and pastry-cook have each two rooms; the butcher and fish-monger have one large room each; the grocer and green-grocer have one room each; there are twelve large wine-vaults and six coal-vaults. The steam-engine and the boiler are outside the building. There are, moreover, two dining-rooms for the hotel help and those of the guests of the house, and a large saloon, 93 by 64 feet, to be used as a general bath-room. There are other rooms of minor importance in the basement.

Entering the first story from Washington Avenue, the guest finds himself in a vestibule which has a variegated marble floor, with columns supporting a handsomely frescoed ceiling. In the courts in the eastern and western parts of the ground-floor are to be separate colonnades for both sexes, ornamented with beautiful fountains, evergreens, etc. On the same floor is the saloon, the billiard-room, public and private offices, baggage-rooms, coat-room, wash-rooms, water-closets, and vaults. Encircling the public offices are thirty-six commodious shops and stores connecting with the interior of the house by a walk all around the rear doors. These shops will be leased to all kinds of dealers, railway companies, etc.

Leaving the large vestibule, the guest can ascend to the right or left of the main entrance to the second story, which is reached by two grand staircases, running up the entire height of the building. This story is divided into public and private parlors, reading and writing rooms, ante-rooms, club rooms, etc., all spacious, lofty, and magnificently furnished throughout. The gentlemen's public reception-room is located over the main entrance, and is thirty-five by twenty-five feet. The dining-rooms are on this floor.

The third story is divided into sixteen suits of rooms for the accommodation of family parties. Each suit comprises three or more rooms—a parlor, bedroom, wash and bath room, closets. There are also on this floor over fifty single bedrooms for the accommodation of transient guests and boarders who have no families.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth stories are divided into suits of three or more rooms and single rooms. The rooms are all very large, well lighted, ranging in size from thirteen by sixteen feet to thirty-one by twenty-five—connected by spacious corridors twelve feet wide by sixteen to twenty feet high, with triple windows (nearly the width of the halls) at their extremities, give good ventilation, aided by twenty patent ventilators through the roof. There is not a single dark room in the whole building.

The whole building, taking it from basement to attic, has 530 rooms. Those of public character are numerous and capacious beyond those of any other hotel edifice on the continent.

The parlors are eighteen or twenty in number, the whole second story front being one continuous range, and adding those on the sides, the house has a parlor range of more than one hundred yards. The furnishing of these parlors is as rich as befits the general character of the edifice, consisting of Axminster, Brussels, and English velvet carpets; brocatelle, satin damask, and lace curtains; rosewood, walnut, and gilt mirrors; chairs, and sofas, generally of Elizabethan, Louis XIV., and other *renaissant* styles.

The bricks laid on the walls would be sufficient to pave an area of more than *thi-ty-eight acres*. There are 740 tons of cast and wrought iron, 27 acres of plastering, 810 windows, 650 inside doors. The plate-glass would cover an acre of ground, the floors seven acres. The sheeting, or wash-boards, laid in a continuous line, would reach thirteen miles. Besides the marble flooring and other flagging, 300,000 feet of flooring boards have been laid, requiring 30,000 yards of carpet to cover them. There are 32 tons of sash-weights, 16,000 feet of gas-pipe, 120,000 pounds of lead and 30,000 of iron pipe for water, 81,700 feet of steam-pipe for heating it, and 32 miles of bell-wire. The actual cost of the building is $950,000, which, with the ground (valued at $326,400), makes the whole value $1,276,400—not to speak of furniture, $200,000 worth of which is now being imported and put in. So the house, fully completed and furnished, will cost nearly *a million and a half of dollars!*

The lessees who have undertaken the task of conducting this gigantic establishment are Messrs. JOHN H. STARK and JOHN C. PARKS. Both have long been known in the West as accomplished hosts, and had previously been associated together in the proprietorship of hotels in St. Louis. The "Lindell" was formally inaugurated on the 25th of November by a grand "Opening Ball." Nearly three thousand persons, from quite half the States of the Union were present. There were five orchestras, to whose music 1200 sets, or 700 dancers, coupled the floor at a time. The whole affair was most successfully conducted, and furnished a fitting prelude to the opening of the largest and most magnificent hotel in the country, and the largest in the world, with the possible exception of the *Hôtel de la Paix*, of Paris.



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, ÆTAT. 52.
"BORN IN CALCUTTA JULY, 1811: DIED AT LONDON, DECEMBER 24, 1863."

THE LOVER'S WISH.

I WOULD not be the rose that blooms
Where gay parterres are spread,
Nor yet the rosy wreath that twines
Round beauty's graceful head.

No! let me be the rose that wins
A glance and smile from thee
When none are by, thy beating heart,
Thy blushing cheek, to see:

Long treasured for the giver's sake,
When nature's charms are past;
And claiming still, though dry and sere,
A fond look to the last.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-In-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

VALENTINES
To the Trade.

Call or send to Head-Quarters. Catalogues sent free by mail. A better assortment, on more liberal terms, than any other dealer can offer. Address
BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 455 Broadway, N. Y.
(Store and Manufactory.)

Silver Rings for 10 cents
Pure Coin.
Send 3 cents for postage if ordered singly.
See particulars in another place.

VALENTINES.

Enclose One Dollar to STRONG, and receive one of his fine VALENTINES in a BEAUTIFUL BOX. It will be sent free by mail on receipt of the above. Address
T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street, New York.

DEAFNESS OVERCOME by using Haslam's Sound Magnifying Tubes. They can be concealed. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to E. HASLAM, 32 John St., New York.

S. T.—1860.—X.
What does it mean? A receipt for making "DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS." Sent free to any one for *Ten Cents.* Address Box 2900, P.O., New York.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company.
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
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LET THE INTERESTED READ.
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B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

MR. BISSELL'S LETTER.
FOUR PERSONS CURED OF SMALL-POX BY BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

NEWCOMB, ESSEX CO., N. Y., Sept. 13, 1861.
DOCTOR BENJAMIN BRANDRETH, New York.

Dear Sir: In our family we have used your excellent pills for several years, and have found them to be a never-failing remedy in mild and severe cases of sickness, but their full value we did not fully appreciate until last winter, when the small-pox visited so many families in this and the surrounding towns. I was first attacked, an supposed I had a cold; took four pills and some warm drinks; next day no better, took four more; still no better, and my wife said I should take eight; did so, and then the Small-pox began to show itself. On the fifth day I took to my bed, and in less than four days I was covered from head to foot with pustules. I continued to use the pills daily, and took no other medicine whatever except your Vegetable Universal Pills. The pox was less than four days in coming to a head, and in about the same time they dried up. I began to attend some to my stock in about two weeks, but in three weeks I was attending to my regular farming business, having quite recovered my usual health. I took eighty pills during my sickness, in doses of four to eight pills, according to effect; being careful to procure two or three evacuations a day; and though covered from head to feet with the disease, yet it has not left a mark upon me, which is one of the benefits said certainly to be secured by the use of Brandreth's Pills. I and my family found this to be so in our experience of their effects in this fell disease.

My wife, well known as Aunt Polly for one hundred miles around us, was attacked with the disease about the time I was getting well over it. From the first she understood it was the Small-pox, and prepared herself to combat its virulence by a free use of the pills. In six days, and while confined to her bed, and scarcely able to move from excessive weakness, she used twenty-six pills, or a little over an average of four pills per day. And what was the consequence of this continued purging with Brandreth's Pills? On the Tuesday she was obliged to take to her bed; by Friday the pustules were all filled; and by the following Tuesday she had dressed herself1 and in one week after was attending to her regular household duties, to the astonishment of all her neighbors. One fact deserves notice; although she was covered with the disease, yet it has left no mark whatever on her skin, which bears no evidence of the awful ordeal it has passed under.

Mrs. Wetherbee, my daughter, her husband, and their only child, were all stricken down by the Small-pox. Mrs. W. had it light, and only some seven pustules came out. She used thirty pills in fourteen days. Alonzo, her husband, had a severe attack, and took the pills all through it, the number not noted. They both recovered in fourteen days from its commencement. Their little boy Daniel, about fifteen months old, had the disease badly; we had little hope to save him. He was covered from head to feet; he was like a huge scab; and for days he lay insensible. We all supposed he would die—that nothing could save him. His bowels had been confined for several days, and my wife said this must be remedied—that perhaps if the boy could be purged he might revive. She had read over yours and Dr. Lull's experience, and gave him one pill, crushed, in some warm water. The pill produced no effect, but she was impressed with your remarks upon the necessity and importance of having the bowels purged in Small-pox, and in all serious sickness whatever: so she gave him another pill. Still no effect. She then pounded three pills, and added warm water, and gave them to the boy at once. Still no effect. There the little sufferer lay without motion, except the rapid breathing and peculiar signs of speedy dissolution evident to all. If he died, it would be said he might have got well had his bowels only been opened, and we then commenced to give him three pills in two hours, or at the rate of one and one-half per hour. When this child of fifteen months had taken thirteen pills, they operated, and most fully. *The stools were black as pitch,* and *most offensive.* Every one was satisfied that it was DEATH and MORTIFIED matter which the pills had brought away, and that the pills had saved another life through the providence of God.

In an hour after the pills commenced to operate he began to revive, and took some refreshment. He continued to improve until he got well. He is not marked with the disease. It seems proper to state that, though it took thirteen pills to open his bowels, yet two days after he had a full, natural evacuation without medicine, and his bowels have been regular up to this day, which is nearly nine months from the time of his sickness, nor has he used a pill since. He is a lively, intelligent, and healthy boy as can be seen. His parents will ever be grateful to you, and they and myself and wife desire you to publish this letter, which, if need be, can be certified to by all the residents of this and the adjoining towns.

I am, very respectfully, yours,
DANIEL BISSELL,
For many years Supervisor of the Town.

We certify to the truth of the above. (Signed)—POLLY BISSELL; ALONZO WETHERBEE; MARY WETHERBEE; RUSSELL ROOT, Postmaster, Schroon River; ERASTUS P. ROOT; THOMAS R. CARY, Justice of the Peace, Town of Long Lake; CYRUS P. KELLOGG, Supervisor of Town of Long Lake, 1860; WILLIAM WOOD, Commissioner of Roads. Town of Long Lake; JOSIAH WOOD, Raquette Lake; WM. HELMS, Forked Lake; W. H. PLUMBLEY, Forked Lake; AMOS HOUGH, Forked Lake; EZEKIEL PALMER, Long Lake Hotel.

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Your Life is Valuable!!

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For 30 cents, 70 cents, or $1 10,

Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the greenest and ripest old age.

The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office,

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address
Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., January 7, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I want to try them, as Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me the worth of the enclosed.
Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, Tennessee, December 26, 1863.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and seek a cure.
Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER,
Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., January 12, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find 50 cents, for which I wish you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 10 cents for postage. Address
ISRAEL C. HALL,
Co. D, 4th N. H. Vols,
Port Royal, S. C.

CAMP OF 5TH EXCELSIOR BRIGADE, January 22, 1864.

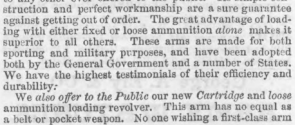
Prof. HOLLOWAY:

SIR: Please send me for the enclosed 50 cents the worth of it in Pills; enclosed find 15 cents to pay postage, and you will oblige. Address
Yours, &c.,
Sergt. WM. POWERS,
Co. E, 5th Regt. Excelsior Brigade,
Washington, D. C.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., January 21, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills.
Yours, &c.,
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3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
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In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

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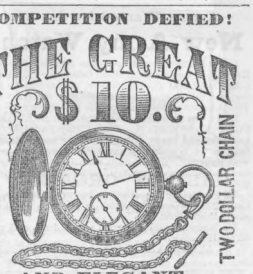
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CONTENTS: ART. I. Life of William H. Prescott; II. The Bible and Slavery; III. The Ambulance System; IV. The Bibliotheca Sacra; V. Immorality in Politics; VI. The Early Life of Governor Winthrop; VII. The Sanitary Commission; VIII. Renan's Life of Jesus; IX. The President's Policy; X. Critical Notices.

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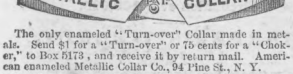
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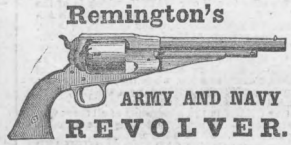


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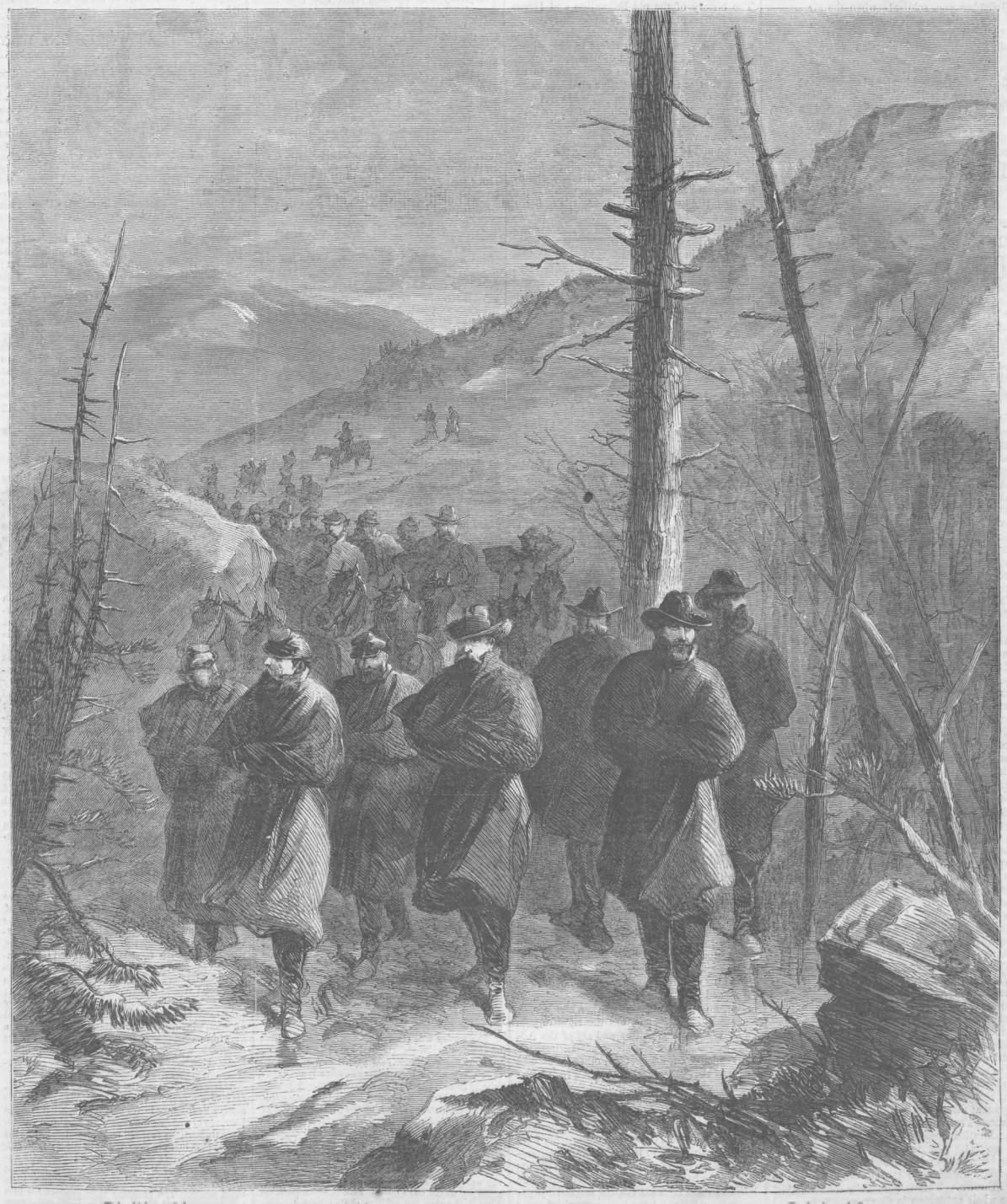
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GENERAL GRANT CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, JANUARY 7, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 118.]

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GOD BLESS YOU, SOLDIER!

GOD bless you, soldier!—when our sky
Was heavy with impending woes,
When traitors raised the battle-cry,
When fear met fear in every eye,
You rushed to meet our foes.

God bless you, soldier!—when our light
Of hope grew dim and courage waned,
When freedom veiled her face from sight,
Your valor dashed away the night,
And morning clear remained.

God bless you, soldier!—scarred and worn,
Wearied with marchings, watchings, pain,
All battle-stained and battle-torn,
Bravely have all your tasks been borne,
You have not fought in vain.

God bless you, soldier!—think not we
Alone revere and bless your name,
For millions now and yet to be,
Millions your arm has rendered free,
Shall sing your deeds and fame.

God bless you, soldier!—when the air
Grows heavy with the battle's roar,
Sheltered beneath His love and care,
May Victory with her garlands rare
Adorn you evermore.

God bless you, soldier!—when the dove
Of peace the Eagle's nest shall share,
With home and hearts made warm with love,
With joys below—with joys above,
God bless you here and *there!*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

CONSTITUTIONAL OPPOSITION.

THERE are several members of Congress who please themselves by asserting that they constitute a healthy constitutional opposition to the Government, and who insist that it is wrong to call them unpatriotic, merely because they do not approve the method and policy of the Administration in conducting the war. They protest that the Administration is not the Government, and that they may censure all its acts without being justly liable to be called traitors.

The reply to this specious strain is very simple. The Government of the United States is defending its existence against an able and desperate rebellion. The Constitution confers upon that Government every power whatever which is necessary to its maintenance. It may, in the last extremity, wage war, and whatever is lawful in war is lawful for that Government. That extremity is now reached, and we are at war; consequently no measure of legitimate warfare can be censured as unconstitutional. It can not, for instance, be urged that, as the Constitution declares that no man shall lose life or property without due course of law, therefore no rebel shall be shot and no rebel's stores seized. The only point of debate is the practical wisdom of certain measures for prosecuting the war. Is it good policy? that is the question; not, is it constitutional? For what rights have traitors under the Constitution? The life of every one of them is constitutionally forfeited.

Now to oppose the war, under whatever pretext, is to favor the rebellion, and compass the overthrow of the Government. Is, then, encouragement to the rebellion a legitimate constitutional opposition? We do not speak of the honesty of men who take this course, we are considering the excuse by which they justify it. Their course leads of necessity, if they can persuade the country that the war is wrong, to a counter-revolution and the success of rebellion. Do they suppose that to be a sound and healthy opposition to the conduct of the war?

Of course we know that they claim to be as good war men as any body. They are, first, in favor of the war; and, second, they are opposed to prosecuting it. Try the quality of their war feeling by their record. Suppose the Government to-day intrusted to the hands of this party in Congress. Would they continue the war or attempt to negotiate? Look at the leaders, who supply its arguments and philosophy, and direct its action. They are such men as Vallandigham, William B. Reed, Horatio Seymour, George W. Woodward, and Fernando Wood. Other than the party which votes in accordance with the views of these leaders, there is no serious opposition to the Government. And what these leaders believe is known to the whole country. They are of opinion that the difficulty should be settled by negotiation and compromise. That is to say, they do not oppose the method and policy of the Government in waging the war, but they are opposed to the war itself. Wood says that there is no such thing as a War Democrat. Their opposition, therefore, is neither Constitutional nor legitimate. For they propose to treat with citizens who refuse by force to obey the laws, and their demand is simply that the absolute authority of the Government shall be overthrown. This is practically the ground of the whole opposition in Congress. They voted at the very outset for Wood's proposition to send Commissioners to Richmond, by not voting to lay it upon the table. Failing to carry the destruction of the Government by a direct vote, they struggle in every way to thwart and perplex its movements. They are aiming to retard the prosecution of the war, and so they play into the hands of the rebels, who hope by prolonging it to weary the loyal States and create a reaction. That these men are in a hopeless and futile minority in Congress, as they are in the country, does not lessen the shame of their conduct nor the scorn in which history will hold them. They will not be recorded as a legitimate opposition who saved civil liberty. They will be known as political parricides to whom power, not malice, was wanting.

A SHORT SERMON UPON A RECENT TEXT.

WHETHER political differences should affect social intercourse is an old question which is asked and pondered much in these days. But that they always have done so, is not a question. The history of the old Federalists and Democrats suffices to answer it in this country.

But however foolish and unnecessary it may seem for a free-trader to refuse to dine with a protectionist, or the friend of a bank to decline to dance at the ball of its enemy, we can not forget that at the present time civil war rages, and the proper amenities of peace are not to be expected. President Washington was a Federalist and Jefferson a Democrat; and it would have been very foolish for his Excellency upon that ground to decline to invite Jefferson to his house. But would General Washington have invited Benedict Arnold to his table, or any man whom he knew to sympathize with Arnold, or indirectly to help him?

The case is not different now. Here, for instance, is a man who gives his fortune and his wisdom to the country, and whose sons are killed by traitors in battle. And next door to him lives a man who virtually excuses the treason, and thwarts the efforts of the Government to subdue the traitors. Can the first man see in the second any thing else than an accessory to the murder of his children? Can the second man justly complain of political intolerance and fanaticism upon the part of the first? Is not the avoidance of the second by the first a simple instinct? He need not assault him, he need not insult him; but can he possibly hobnob with him upon the ground that they honestly dissent and must agree to differ?

Mr. Webster and Mr. Hayne might have retired from the Capitol to dine together after the one had utterly demolished the other in a political debate. But is civil war a political debate? If Mr. Hayne had left the Senate Chamber, raised the flag of revolt, and shot Mr. Webster's son to the heart, is it a great pity that Mr. Webster should have carried political differences so far as to be unwilling to request the honor of Mr. Hayne's company to supper? In a civil war men must be judged and treated according to the colors they show. If they choose the enemy's color they must expect, and they ought to receive, the treatment of an enemy. If you would shake hands with Judah Benjamin you will not recoil from Judah Benjamin's abettors. But if you think that Jefferson Davis is justly responsible for the blood that desolates the land, how can you affect indifference toward those who virtually befriend him?

Clearly, when political differences have ended in civil war, no earnest, devoted man, upon one side or the other, will wish to associate familiarly either with those who are so shallow as not to feel the terrible reality of the condition, or those whose sympathies belong to the party which he opposes with arms.

MASKS AND FACES.

MR. PRUYN, representative from the Albany District of this State, in his maiden speech in Congress, said that his party had a right to require that the Administration should be faithful to the Constitution of the United States. But he might justly have claimed more. He might have truly declared that every citizen of the United States had the same right, and ought to insist that the Constitution be respected. And then he might fairly have gone a step further, and announced that if the President, as the chief executive officer of the Government, transcended his constitutional powers, he ought to be impeached and punished.

But, on the other hand, neither Mr. Pruyn, nor any citizen or party, has the right to hold that every law of Congress and act of the Administration shall be considered unconstitutional until some court has declared otherwise. The policy of the party with which Mr. Pruyn allies himself proceeds upon the ground that Congress and the Administration are to be held guilty until they prove their innocence. The whole burden of the speeches which inflamed the mob and led to the riots of last summer—apart from their mean appeals to ignorance and passion—was that the draft was unconstitutional. What followed, what was intended to follow, in an ignorant mind? That the law might be justly resisted. "We think the law unconstitutional," said Governor Seymour. "Is it unreasonable that we should wish to have a decision upon that point?" Not at all; if you will make your case and bring it to a court of sufficient authority. Any man in the land has the right to question the Constitutionality of any law, and to bring it to the test of a decision, but he has no right meanwhile to disobey the law or to encourage others to disobey it. Still less has he the right to assume that every act of an Administration which he does not like is unconstitutional. For if this were so, it would be the manifest duty of Congress and of the Executive to submit every act and law to the dictum of the court before it could be considered valid; in which case "the co-ordinate powers" of the Government disappear, and Congress and the President become mere functionaries of a court.

The object, as every intelligent citizen will see, of this incessant effort to delay and thwart the operations of the Government, is to prolong the war, weary public patience, create popular disgust, and thereby open the chance for return to political power of the remains of the party which administered the Government while the conspiracy was ripening that has now burst into deadly war. Nor will it be forgotten that these remains of the party, which are now, under the old party name, seeking for restoration, were the very part of that party which most steadfastly and insultingly palliated and excused the rebels, and counted upon the success of the conspiracy. These gentlemen have kept bad company too long. The louder they cry "Constitution" the more clearly the people of the country remember that under the same cry they connived at the overthrow of the Government, and winked at infamy. They will live to learn that the Constitution is perfectly competent to save the Government and take care of its enemies.

GENERAL GRANT.

IT is understood that the Congressional caucus of the opponents of the Administration is considering the policy of ascertaining if General Grant will consent to stand as a candidate for the Presidency against Mr. Lincoln. The fact, of itself, shows their conscious desperation, for General Grant is about as good a representative of their views and sympathies as Mr. Lincoln himself. He is a man unreservedly devoted to the war—brave, simple, successful—but should he unfortunately consent to allow his name to be used at this time, we shall have practically lost the services of our most conspicuous General; for from that moment he will be fighting for the Presidency and not for the country. And what fighting for the Presidency is we have seen in the career of General M'Clellan.

Besides, General Grant is not likely to forget what every body else remembers—that the military chieftains who have been raised to the Presidency have been elected long after their campaigns were ended. Taylor and Jackson and Harrison had long sheathed the sword when they were summoned to the White House. But General Grant is still engaged in an unfinished war, and Shakespeare long ago sang:

> "The mighty warrior famoused for fight,
> After a thousand victories once foiled,
> Is from the lists of honor razed quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Should any great disaster befall the army of the West before the election, what would be the political chances of its General? And is it not reasonable to suppose that he would avoid such danger to himself by saving his army from the risk? If any thing could prevent Grant's moving upon the enemy's works it would be his nomination at this time for the Presidency.

Probably there is no man in the country who has so clear a conviction of this truth as General Grant himself. And if we should hear that the nomination had been offered him and accepted, we are very sure that the regret of the country would be equal to its surprise—not that a thoroughly loyal supporter of the policy of the war was nominated for the Presidency, but that the great army of the West with its Captain had been paralyzed.

THE SOLDIERS' VOTE.

THE other day in the House of Representatives Mr. Myers, of Pennsylvania, said that Judge Woodward, of that State, late candidate for Governor, was opposed to the soldiers voting. Mr. Stiles, of the same State, rose to correct him, saying that Judge Woodward was willing that the soldiers should vote *if they come home!* Generous man! He was willing that the whole Pennsylvania force should be withdrawn from the army; and as the Ohio and other Western elections occurred at the same time, he was willing that the forces of those States also should be withdrawn for the same purpose. That is to say, the kind man and loyal patriot was perfectly willing the soldiers should vote, provided that the method of voting should be so arranged as to help the rebels.

The reader will remember that just at the time of the Pennsylvania election Lee was advancing and threatening Meade. The rebel newspapers had openly wished for the success of Judge Woodward's friends as an assistance to the rebellion. His election would have been hailed by all the enemies of the Government as a sign of the yielding spirit of the people, and the bells of Richmond would have rung for joy. Suppose his plan had been adopted, and the soldiers called home to vote. They might have defeated him even more signally than he was defeated; but if, by the consequent weakening of the army, Lee had won a victory in Virginia, the rebel joy would have been the same.

To insist that the soldiers shall vote only upon condition of their coming home is to propose that the army be virtually disbanded from time to time. That is a proposition which it seems hardly possible that any faithful friend of the Government should support; and yet it was in favor of its author that General M'Clellan wrote a letter upon the eve of the election. Is it surprising that Mr. Cox, of Ohio, the next friend of Vallandigham, when he was prophesying the election of that noble patriot as Governor of the State, declared that two hundred thousand Ohioans would escort him from the frontier, and that in 1864, "with Seymour or M'Clellan" as President, all would be sure? *What* would be sure? Merely that the bells of Richmond would ring for joy.

The Union soldiers are merely citizens of the United States fighting for their country and its Government: shall their patriotism and self-sacrifice disfranchise them? Shall every loyal man who volunteers and marches to battle understand that his going has practically strengthened the friends of the enemy behind him? Suppose that the loyal voters enlist, and the disloyal and their friends stay at home and elect a State Government which requires the soldiers to return. Is it not a question whether they have not done more harm than good by going? And do Judge Woodward and his friends suppose that the soldiers do not see and understand it?

A RULE THAT WORKS ONE WAY ONLY.

MR. CALHOUN'S famous dogma of sovereign State rights was adopted and defended with a view to the contingency of disunion. It was an adroit appeal to pride which has proved as strong as Calhoun hoped. It was the argument of the rebels for secession, and of their Northern allies for letting them go. In the South it declared that the Constitution was a treaty among equal sovereign States, and that any one might withdraw at its option. In the North it asserted that the national Government had no right "to coerce States," and could not prevent its own destruction. In both it did the work it was designed to do—it connived at the helpless ruin of the Government.

But of our pleasant vices the gods make whips to scourge us. State sovereignty was an admirable doctrine for the purpose of destroying the Union; but when it threatens the Confederacy its own friends howl. Sauce for the goose, it seems, is not sauce for the gander. North Carolina, according to the State-rights doctors, had a perfect right to secede from the Union; but to mention secession from the Confederacy is in their opinion infamy itself. The *Wilmington Journal*, one of the most virulent State-rights papers, exclaims: "The man who would strike down the Confederacy, while at the same time professing extravagant and exclusive veneration for and devotion to North Carolina, deceives, and deceives for a purpose. The thing ought to mark its own reprobation, and this reprobation ought farther to be stamped so plainly by public opinion that the hypocritical cant would for very shame's sake—if shame be left with such men—be silenced forever."

If the word Confederacy be changed to Union there is no more wholesome doctrine than this. But it was just as true before North Carolina plunged into the pit as it is now, and its condemnation is just as applicable to Copperheads at the North now as it always was to secessionists at the South.

COMMON SENSE.

MR. THOMAS BARNES, a member of the British Parliament, lately made a speech to his constituents, in which he said a great many sensible things. One of them is peculiarly applicable to us at this time. In December, 1862, he bought two hundred acres of land in Jamaica and confided it to an agent who believed in freedom for the cultivation of cotton. He paid cash wages, and the first week fifty negroes applied for work, next week fifty more, and then two hundred and thirty. They worked most willingly, so much so that frequently a hundred applicants were turned away; and in one year they had cleared, fenced, and planted two hundred and ten acres of cotton, of which Mr. Barnes laid samples upon the table before him.

"This," says the London *Spectator*, "is practical sense; but it is odd that such an illustration should be necessary to convince an English audience that a negro, like every body else, works hard whenever it is made worth his while. Nobody ever saw an Englishman working until that point had been settled."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

A VERY remarkable sermon was preached on the last Thanksgiving-day in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, by the pastor, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and was immediately requested for publication by more than sixty gentlemen who represent the most substantial and truly conservative sentiment of that city. The sermon is remarkable because Philadelphia is a city which trade and social ties had peculiarly bound to the South; and because the Episcopal Church has been very slow as a body to discuss any social or political question whatever. But in this discourse there is a glowing exaltation of feeling, a fervent plainness of speech, which is a natural and beautiful tribute to the cause, and a touching illustration of the character of the preacher.

It is a sermon upon the mercies of Reoccupation. Its controlling thought is that the Divine mercies are always "of the character of a reoccupation of some province of mercy which has been inhabited before, but only partially realized and enjoyed." Thus the race begins in Paradise; is not fit for it; falls out, and must struggle back. The child starts with unrealized purity of character, goes astray, and must finally, if he would be happy, become as a little child again. The preacher then pursues his idea into the national blessings of reoccupation: first, that of territory; second, that of the principles and

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fundamental truths of the Government. And here, of course, he presently comes to the fundamental principle of human rights, personal liberty. In its discussion Mr. Brooks says:

"Christianity, I believe, will never cease to sorrow that the Church of Christ was led, and not leading, in the crusade against human slavery in the United States..... I rejoice in this last struggle, whereby it is fighting its way into its dishonored grave, of that old miserable creature, the most foolish of all follies, if it had not been the most impious of all impieties, which has been dignified so many years with the name of 'The Bible Argument for Slavery.'" [Alas, J. H. Vermont!] "I can not tell you half my joy—some of you will understand it by your own—when in this most conservative of all conservatisms the Episcopal Church, the reassertion by a Bishop of this same old so-called Bible Argument for Slavery stirred the ministry of this diocese to an utterance which no man can mistake of utter enmity to slavery, and whatever has any thing to do with it."

This is but one of the mercies of reoccupation mentioned by the preacher, who well says that we are not now to thank God for the Revolutionary days, since our own are the memorable days of American history. The discourse is an event, as well as a sermon, and merits the meditation of every thoughtful citizen.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February* 3. A letter from the Secretary of War relative to military orders concerning elections in Border States was referred to Military Committee.—Several memorials, petitions, and resolutions of no general Importance were presented and referred.—The Judiciary Committee, having reported that Mr. Hale, in acting as counsel in certain cases, had violated no law or rule, were discharged from further consideration of the subject.—The Revenue bill was taken up, and an amendment imposing a duty of 60 cents per gallon on all spirits sold or distilled, and removed for consumption before July 1, was adopted.—Mr. Wade introduced a bill repealing the acts allowing goods to be imported into and exported from Canada through the United States free of duty.—The bill providing for a uniform ambulance system was passed.——*February* 4. A memorial was presented and referred asking for aid to promote the emigration of skilled labor into Missouri.—Mr. Lane reported bill setting apart a portion of Texas for citizens of Kansas.—The President was asked, if consistent with the public interest, to furnish information in regard to the Reciprocity treaty with the Sandwich Islands: this is subsequently declined to do.—Resolution passed directing the Secretary of the Interior to sell at auction the public books and documents in his custody.—The bill equalizing the pay of soldiers was taken up. Mr. Fessenden opposed the retrospective feature of the bill, though he was in favor of hereafter paying colored troops the same as whites. Messrs. Wilson, Pomeroy, and Lane of Kansas advocated the retrospective character of the bill as a matter of right and justice. Mr. Wilson said there were about 50,000 colored soldiers, mostly enlisted within the last six months. It was stated that the retrospective feature of the bill would involve an expense of a million and a half of dollars.—The Internal Revenue bill came up; Mr. Hendricks moved an amendment fixing the tax on distilled spirits at 40 cents. He claimed that so high a tax upon an article produced mainly in the Northwest was unjust to that section. Mr. Fessenden replied that we should tax an article to obtain revenue as much as it would bear. Liquor would bear that taxed by the Finance Committee, and no matter where the article was produced, the tax fell upon the consumer. In England the tax was double that imposed by the bill. The amendment was rejected; and the bill as amended by the Finance Committee was passed, the tax being 60 cents a gallon.—Adjourned till Monday, Feb. 8.——*February* 8. Mr. Sumner presented petitions from persons of African descent, praying for the privilege of voting. He said that in the last Congress he had presented a similar petition, which was referred to a Committee of which Mr. John Y. Mason, now a rebel, was chairman, who moved that it be returned to the person presenting it; that motion remains upon the records uncited upon.—A petition was presented from citizens of Kentucky praying for compensation for losses occasioned by the rebel invasion: laid over.—Resolutions of the Legislature of Kansas, asking for indemnification for losses occasioned by rebel raids, and a petition from volunteers who enlisted in the autumn of 1863, asking for the bounty of $25, were presented and referred.—Mr. Sumner introduced a bill repealing all laws for the rendition of fugitive slaves, and another securing perfect equality before the law in United States courts, and providing against the exclusion of witnesses on account of color.—He also introduced a series of seven resolutions to the following effect: (1.) That the rebellion is an attempt to found a wicked power on the institution of slavery, and is simply slavery in arms. (2.) That the rebellion can be crushed only by crushing slavery, and slavery can not be crushed without crushing the rebellion; that forbearance and toleration to one is forbearance and toleration to the other; and that it is therefore our supreme duty to utterly destroy slavery in the belligerent region; if this is undone nothing is done, and all our blood and treasure will have been lavished in vain. (3.) That in dealing with this war the National Government is invested with two classes of rights—those of Sovereignty and those of War; that the rights of Sovereignty the belligerent region is subject to the National Government, which is bound to guarantee to each State a republican form of government, and to protect it from invasion; and in virtue of the rights of War the region is subject to all the conditions of warfare, among which is that of giving "indemnity for the past and security for the future." (4.) That in seeking a restoration of the belligerent States the rebellion must not be allowed the least germ of future life, and that any system of reconstruction must be rejected which does not fully provide against the existence or revival of slavery; and that to attain this the Government should maintain a civil and military ascendency over the rebel region of sufficient duration to stamp upon it the character of freedom. (5.) That it is the duty of Congress to see to it that no rebel State is restored to the Union until safeguards are established for all loyal persons, including the new-made freedmen, and especially that no man there may be made a slave; and that the best system of reconstruction is that which most effectually destroys slavery. (6.) That slavery being the enemy of the human race, it is further the duty of Congress to "secure the extinction of slavery even in States professing loyalty, and that, in addition to the guarantees stipulated by Congress, the Constitution should be so amended as to prohibit slavery every where within the limits of the Republic."—Mr. Anthony introduced a joint resolution repealing the joint resolution to amend the Constitution, passed March 2, 1861. [That resolution, which had passed the House by a two-thirds vote, passed the Senate by 24 to 12 on the 2d of March. It is in the following words: "*That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of the State.*"] Mr. Anthony said, in moving the repeal of this resolution, that the repeal would open a certain way for the downfall of slavery. If he had been asked a few years ago whether he would have voted to batter down the walls of Sumter or to invade Virginia, he would have answered No. Yet this and more had been done, because it had been made necessary by those who had entered into this unholy rebellion.—Mr. Saulsbury said that when the resolutions and petitions of Mr. Sumner were presented he had moved for their postponement. He moved that the whole batch go together; we had about as much of the negro as we could bear.—Mr. Doolittle introduced a bill authorizing the people of Nevada and Colorado to form Constitutions and State Governments: referred to Committee on Territories.—The Enlistment bill came up, the special subject of giving freedom to negro recruits and their families being under consideration. Mr. Carlile spoke at length. He did not believe there would be an early cessation of hostilities: the rebels were not, as had been said, on the verge of starvation. The Union could not be restored by the exercise of coercive power by the Federal Government. We should not inaugurate a measure which would render death preferable to reunion. We should distinguish between those who were in arms and those who were willing and anxious for connection with us. In his legislative capacity he would not interfere with slavery in the States; but as a military commander he would use slaves as he would a horse or a wagon abandoned by the enemy. We must conquer our own prejudices before we can conquer the South. A war of conquest was always an interminable one. The Union was a desirable for the seceded States as for us. For three years we have tried the coercive powers of the Government; why not now change our policy, and leave all these irritating subjects to the military department, where they properly belong?——*February* 5. Mr. Sumner called attention to petitions on his desk signed by 100,608 citizens praying Congress to pass an act for the speedy emancipation of persons of African descent. These petitions, he said, were an expression of the voice of the country. Mr. Saulsbury objected to the course of Mr. Sumner in presenting these petitions. He said that when, three years ago, Senators Seward and Crittenden presented petitions asking for the adoption of measures to prevent civil war, a deaf ear was turned to them. If the Crittenden resolutions had been adopted the civil war would have been averted. Mr. Hale said they were not passed because the party with which Mr. Saulsbury acted refused to vote for them. Mr. Saulsbury said that every member of that party voted to take them up, although when an amendment was proposed by Mr. Clark, several Senators, wrongly, as he thought, refused to vote. Mr. Wilson said that the Crittenden proposition was the most wicked ever presented on earth. It recognized slavery south of 36° 30′, forbade the abolition of slavery without the consent of Virginian slavemongers, and took away the rights of colored citizens of the Free States. Messrs. Powell and Saulsbury defended the memory of Mr. Crittenden; Mr. Wilson said that he had no design to asperse the memory of the deceased Senator, for which he entertained a sincere respect; he had only criticised his proposition. Mr. Johnson deprecated the spirit in which the debate was conducted: every moment of delay was dangerous; whatever was the cause of our troubles, we should devise proper measures to get out of them. The Father of his Country held slaves at the time of his death. Mr. Sumner replied that Washington would appear before the bar of Heaven as the emancipator of his slaves. Mr. Conness said if the Republican party prevented the passage of the Crittenden Compromise he honored them for it. It was introduced at a time when a traitor Cabinet and President were organizing rebellion. The time had come, and we were the ministers to relieve the country from the crime and treason conjoined in African slavery. The petitions were referred.—The Military Committee reported the House bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, striking out the clause making him Commander-in-Chief, and that recommending General Grant for the position.—Mr. Sherman introduced a bill forbidding speculation in gold, silver, and foreign exchange; said time sales to be void, and any partial payments on such to be recoverable: referred to Finance Committee.—Mr. Powell proposed an amendment to the Constitution, giving to each State one elector for each million of population, the States to be divided into electoral districts. The Electoral College to be divided by lot into six classes, each class to choose one from the succeeding class, and of the six thus chosen to be selected by lot one to be President, the other Vice-President: referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The bill for the enlistment of colored troops was called up, and postponed until Thursday, February 11.

HOUSE.—*February* 3. After unimportant business the Confiscation bill was taken up, Mr. Wadsworth speaking against it, and maintaining that this is not a public war between nations, but a civil contest within the States; that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that the laws of war do not authorize the seizure of private property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Enrollment bill, reported from the Senate, came up in Committee of the Whole. The Finance Committee's $300 exemption clause was rejected, as also an amendment raising the commutation to $400; thus leaving the commutation at $300. Mr. Stevens moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the clause that "if any drafted man will pay money for the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to relieve such person from the draft in filling that quota, and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future quotas." He said that, according to this amendment, a man paying this commutation would be exempted for three years, while by the bill he would be liable to draft the next day, which would be unjust. Mr. Garfield said that it would be impossible to procure the necessary number of men if this clause was stricken out. Mr. Blaine replied that every commutation paid had produced a man: the clause was stricken out, 79 to 49.—A bill was reported by Mr. Arnold for a ship canal for vessels of war from the Mississippi to the Northern Lakes.——*February* 4. After routine business the joint resolution to amend the resolution explanatory of the Confiscation act came up. Mr. Woodbridge maintained that if we adopt the theory that the rebel States are not out of the Union, then confiscation becomes a municipal regulation, to be practically on the property of those who are in armed rebellion against the Government. The rebels have broken the contract, and it is the right and duty of Congress to restrain their persons and confiscate their property.—Mr. Kernan asked gentlemen on the Republican side to consider whether confiscation was not destructive of the Government. He would prosecute the war for the purpose of putting down the rebellion, and restoring peace and harmony; but do not make it a war of conquest and subjugation, that the lands of the South go to speculators, to those who follow the army to fatten on the plunder.—Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table: refused, 83 to 71. Mr. Wilson, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, said that the policy of confiscation was founded in the living law of the land, and was not therefore before the House. All that had been said by the opponents of the resolution was a waste of time. The rebellion was not to be crushed out by offering olive branches, or by the utterance of honeyed words even from the lips of members of Congress. We expect to see the Southern States rescued from a remorseless aristocracy, and a semi-feudal system destroyed, labor elevated to its just dignity, and such institutions of republicanism established as will secure the future peace and prosperity of the country. Traitors had no right to expect to be shielded from the consequences of their crimes. He made a sharp attack upon Mr. Cox, who had led the opposition, and had furnished the rebel press material from which all the speeches on that side had been made. The opposition then undertook, by a series of resolutions of adjournment, to prevent action on the resolution, in which they were successful.——*February* 5. The Confiscation resolution was announced by the Speaker to be the pending question, and after some manœuvring it was finally agreed that Messrs. Blair, Smith, and Pruyn should be allowed to speak, after which the question should be taken. Mr. Blair, of Missouri, opposed the resolution, and said that the debate on the resolution evinced that it is the determination of leading men here to compel the President to yield his ground on the subject of confiscation or to divide the party. He then went on to combat the views of Mr. Stevens that our Government can be remodeled as the South as a belligerent power. We had always striven against such recognition. The President considered the insurgent States to be still in the Union. The doctrine advanced by Mr. Stevens, that these States were out of the Union, would permit an entire conquest to be made. That gentleman would substitute "...utary power for the Constitutional authorities. ...ne the President maintains an entirely different position for the reconstruction of the Union. Mr. Blair called upon Congress to redeem its pledges, and compensate the loyal Border States for the emancipation of their slaves, and to provide for the colonization of the freedmen. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, advocated the resolution. He said that he was here simply as a Union man. He declared that when a man becomes a traitor to his country, and resorts to arms to overthrow the Government, he forfeits every thing, even to his life. There was no propriety in making distinctions between different kinds of property. If we can take cannon and other effects, we can take negroes and lands. There was no necessity to explain the Confiscation act of 1862. It was not an *ex post facto* law or bill of attainder. It proposed to reach the living man, and said nothing about women and children. Mr. Pruyn, of New York, spoke against the resolution, closing the debate. He defended the course of the Democratic party; while they had been assailed, he said, for views which the great body of them never entertained, they simply asked the Administration to respect the Constitution, and when the Constitution was broken down they had a right to express their dissatisfaction. The assertion of Mr. Stevens that the South has acquired the rights of a belligerent, or independent Government, was a concession of the right of secession. The question was then taken, and the resolution amending the explanatory resolution, which was a part of the Act of July 17, 1862, was passed by a vote of 82 to 74. To understand the precise bearing of this action we must refer to the whole course of legislation on this subject. The Act of July 17, 1862, apparently provided for the confiscation of the entire rights of property of all persons in rebellion. It was understood that the President would veto this Act, on the ground that the Constitution declared that "no attainder of treason should work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted." To obviate this objection of the President an "explanatory resolution" was adopted declaring: "Nor shall any punishment or proceeding under said Act be so construed as to work a forfeiture of the real estate of the offender beyond his natural life." That is to say, In the case of real estate held by traitors, only the life-interest of the offender can be confiscated, leaving the absolute right of his heirs to the fee-simple untouched. The amendment passed by the House makes this resolution to read "That no punishment or proceeding under it shall be so construed as to work a forfeiture of the estate of the offender contrary to the Constitution of the United States. Provided, that no other public warning or proclamation under the Act of July 17, 1862, chapter 95, section 6, is or shall be required than the Proclamation of the President made and published by him on the 25th of July, 1862, which Proclamation, so made, shall be received and held sufficient in all cases now pending or which may hereafter arise under said Act." The joint resolution as thus amended assumes that the absolute right of confiscation of real estate is not prohibited by the Constitution; and that, therefore, in the opinion of the House, the real as well as the personal estate of traitors may be confiscated in fee and not merely for life, as was intended by the original explanatory resolution. It reverses, in effect, a part of the Confiscation bill, without which it would not have been approved by the President when passed. An analysis of the vote on the Emancipatory resolution will show the drift of national sentiment. The whole number of members is 186; upon this resolution 156 votes were cast, showing that 30 members did not vote. Of the 82 who voted "aye" all are counted in the Republican party; of the 74 who voted "nay" 60 may be considered as Democrats and "Opposition;" the remaining 14 belong to the Border States: of these 14 eight voted with the Administration for Speaker. Of the 30 members who did not vote 14 are classed as "Administration," and 16 as "Opposition;" supposing that these non-voting members had voted with their respective parties, the vote in a full House would have stood: For the amendment (all "Administration"), 96; against the amendment (including 9 "Administration" votes), 85—a majority of 11 being in its favor; the result on the vote as taken showing a majority of 8. Judging from preliminary votes, it is probable that two or three members on either side would have voted against their party; but the result would be the same that on a full vote in a House of 181 members a majority of four to 12 would have approved of the absolute right of confiscation, of the entire right in the property of real estate owners by rebels who refused to avail themselves of the exemptions contained in the President's Proclamation of July 25, 1862.——*February* 8. Bills were introduced and referred: allowing the Secretaries of the Departments to occupy seats on the floor of the House: for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law: for a new Executive mansion, to be called the Department of Industry, embracing four bureaus—Agriculture, Freedman's Affairs, Mines, and Immigration—the Secretary to be a Cabinet officer; for repealing the law allowing the transit of goods in original packages through the United States to and from the Canadas; for improving the harbor of Chicago, by a tax on commerce.—Mr. Kinney brought forward a proposition for compensating the people of Utah for losses sustained by Indian depredations.—Thanks were voted to General W. T. Sherman, and the officers and men under his command.—Mr. Blair, of West Virginia, offered resolutions deprecating any attempt to conciliate the leaders of the rebellion; declaring all the rebellious States to be still in the Union, and upon the restoration of peace entitled to all former rights except so far as relates to the holding of slaves, as limited by the President's Emancipation Proclamation; and denying that the seceding States have become a foreign Power.—The Enrollment bill was taken up, but no progress was made; an amendment, offered by Mr. Stevens, subjecting all able-bodied persons of African descent to draft was adopted, but afterward stricken out, together with one of the original sections.——*February* 9. A bill was introduced granting lands to aid in building the Lake Superior Railroad, and providing for its use by the United States free of charge.—The case of Mr. Field, claiming to have been elected to the House from Louisiana, was taken up. In the course of the debate the loyalty of Mr. Field was fully proved, and the conduct of the Military Governor in preventing the election in New Orleans was censured. The resolution of the Committee that Mr. Field was not entitled to a seat was adopted, 87 to 14.—The Enrollment bill was brought up: amendments were rejected exempting from draft clergymen who are not engaged in trade or secular business; giving credit to States and counties for men who have enlisted from them in other States and counties for three years; and one day 103 to 20), offered by Mr. Fernando Wood, exempting from draft those who, from a disbelief in the humanity, necessity, or eventual success of the war, are opposed to its further prosecution, until an effort has been made and failed to end it by negotiation. A motion to strike out the clause consolidating the two classes of enrolled men was rejected, 60 to 45.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

It is rumored that there is to be a change in the command of this army—that the place now held by Meade, who is confined to his bed by illness, is to be held either by General Hunter or General Thomas. The part which must soon be taken by the Army of the Potomac makes this matter of leadership one of the utmost importance. On Saturday, February 6, an important reconnoissance was made in force by General Sedgwick, involving a movement of a portion of the army to the south side of the Rapidan. When the order came for this advance, Friday night, nearly a thousand ladies, wives of the officers and men, were in camp. One division crossed with little opposition. In the mean time Kilpatrick's cavalry, operating at Culpepper Ford, scoured the country to Fredericksburg, and finding no enemy returned to camp. The Second and Third divisions of the Second Corps, under General Warren, joined in the main movement, crossing at Morton's Ford. The enemy's outposts were met, and a skirmish followed, in which we lost some two or three hundred men, when our army, having accomplished the purpose of the reconnoissance in the discovery that Lee's army was in front of ours in full strength, returned to camp.

GENERAL KELLEY'S DEPARTMENT.

The operations of the enemy in the vicinity of Moorfield, though at one time they assumed a very threatening aspect, have resulted finally in a complete failure. The mountainous nature of the country in which these operations were conducted, and the unfavorable state of the roads, promised no advantages to an invading force, and it only needed rapidity of movement and a skillful disposition of forces on General Kelley's part to secure a favorable result. Kelley has accomplished his work with success, and Early has not only been forced to withdraw, but to do so under circumstances constituting his withdrawal a serious defeat. Early had for some time been concentrating his troops in the neighborhood of Harrisonburg, with a view to the capture of Petersburg and a raid into Maryland. Kelley, having waited in vain for the enemy to move, allowed a large number of his men to leave on furlough. Then Early made his advance, and it was not long before we heard of the capture by his forces of a train of eighty wagons between New Creek and Petersburg. Thoburn's command at Petersburg being in danger of capture, evacuated that place, and effected a junction with Colonel Mulligan at Ridgeville. These forces, in connection with two columns from Averill's and Sullivan's command, compelled Early to fall back; and in the course of his retreat he made a stand at M'Neil's Ford, near Moorfield, where, being hard pressed by Mulligan, he was compelled to fight. Here our artillery and our advantage in position caused the enemy to be driven back through Moorfield, where he again made a stand, and was again driven back. The pursuit was vigorously sustained, and Early's raid made to end, like his previous attempts, in disastrous failure.

GENERAL BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT.

Our news from North Carolina this week shows that the enemy are disposed to take a strong position in that State. In so doing they are actuated by three motives: one is to prevent a reactionary movement against the rebel authorities: another, to take advantage of the opportunities which the State offers in the way of forage and supplies for the rebel army: and the third, probably, to prevent a movement of our troops through the State to meet the possible emergencies of the spring campaign. On Monday, February 1, General Palmer's outposts were driven in at Bachelor's Creek, eight miles from Newbern, by a portion of Lee's army, fifteen thousand strong, being compelled to destroy their camps and stores, and suffering in their retreat a loss of from fifty to a hundred men. A force of our cavalry also was repulsed in sight of Fort Totten, and the enemy pressed our lines so closely as to come within hail of our forces at Newbern. On Tuesday they captured the gun-boat *Underwriter*, which formed an important part of the defenses of the city. Then the railroad communication was cut off between Newbern and Beaufort by the possession of Newport, giving the rebels command of the approaches to Newbern by the Neuse. According to the latest official reports, the rebel forces had retired to Kingston, and Newbern was relieved.

A serious fight took place at Smithfield, Virginia, on the 1st of February. An expedition planned by General Graham sailed up the James River and Pagan Creek to Smithfield. Thence, with a force of ninety men, Captain Lee marched to Chuckituk, to co-operate with another detachment, which sailed at the same time up the Chuckituk River. On their way they met the enemy, two hundred strong, and, receiving information of a heavy force between them and Chuckituk, returned to Smithfield, and sent for the armed transport *Smith Briggs*. In the mean time the enemy, five hundred strong, attacked Lee, who held out until the transport arrived, repelling the assailants at every attack, and refusing three demands for a surrender of his force. On the arrival of the *Smith Briggs* Lee's force retreated on board, when the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery, and disabled the boat, which was captured by the rebels, Captain Lee and a portion of his men escaping by swimming across the river. The remainder were taken prisoners, and the transport was blown up. In this action the loss of the rebels was considerably heavier than our own.

An expedition into Jones and Onslow counties, four days previous to the one just described, resulted more successfully. Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand pounds of pork, seventy bushels of salt, ten thousand pounds of tobacco, and thirty-two barrels of beef were destroyed.

General Butler, however, has not been confining his attention entirely to the defense of Newbern against the rebels, or to raids upon the enemy's stores; he has at the same time had movements in progress up the Peninsula by which our forces have threatened Richmond itself, having advanced to within twelve miles of that city. The expedition, under the command of Brigadier-General Wistar, proceeded from Yorktown, February 6, by way of New Kent Court House. Our cavalry, supported by infantry, drove in the enemy's pickets at Bottom's Bridge the next day. The design of the entire movement was a raid into Richmond for the purpose of liberating our prisoners confined there. But information having reached the enemy through a deserter, Wistar was compelled to give up the enterprise and return to Williamsburg. It was in regard to this movement that General Sedgwick's reconnoissance across the Potomac was undertaken on the 6th.

EAST TENNESSEE.

The rebels have been making some vigorous efforts to take possession of Cumberland Gap, but were successfully repulsed by Colonel Love. Johnston has retreated to Rome, either to obtain supplies or to prevent desertions. Eight or nine thousand of his men have come into the Union lines since the battle of Missionary Ridge. The communication between Chattanooga and Knoxville is uninterrupted, and no anxiety is entertained for the safety of the latter. The rebel General Roddy, at the close of last month was driven to the south side of the Tennessee River, and his whole train, consisting of over 20 mule teams, 200 head of cattle, and 600 sheep, was captured.

Schofield has assumed command of the Department of the Ohio in place of Foster, who has been relieved. Longstreet's head-quarters are at Russelville. He is rapidly repairing his railroad communications with Richmond, preparatory to future movements. An engagement of some importance occurred a few days ago at Fair Garden, between General Sturgis's and the enemy's cavalry under Martin. The latter crossed the French Broad River and advanced against our position near Sevierville. Our advance-guard fell back to an advantageous position on the Newport road. The enemy, following up in pursuit, were then attacked. A desperate fight ensued, in which sabres were drawn and generals with their staffs joined in the hand-to-hand contest. The rebels gave way and were pursued by our troops, who captured two pieces of artillery and a hundred prisoners. This victory gives us the possession of the French Broad Valley, which is absolutely necessary to the enemy's cavalry, being his only resource for forage.

MOVEMENTS BY GENERAL BANKS.

On the 5th of February, our forces, consisting of six regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and two batteries, crossed the Big Black River, a movement preliminary to an advance against Mobile from the Northwest. If we may trust the Southern report, the entire force engaged in this movement is thirty thousand. The Big Black empties into the Mississippi at Grand Gulf, a few miles below Vicksburg. Our forces crossed the river at a point a few miles east of Vicksburg, and at the same time a movement was made across the Yazoo, in the immediate neighborhood, by our cavalry. These operations have for their object, first, to cut the railroad by which Mobile communicates with the East, and then to co-operate with our navy by a flank attack on Mobile.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE European Intelligence this week is very meagre. The only news of any importance is that relating to the Schleswig-Holstein question. The probabilities now are that there will be no war. Denmark, according to the latest reports, is anxious to avert hostilities, and only demands a sufficient delay to assemble the Rigsraad, and promises with its concurrence to withdraw the November Constitution, so obnoxious to the German States, and to fulfill the engagements entered into toward Germany in 1851 and 1852. A month will be needed for the convocation of the Rigsraad, and it is probable that the delay will be granted, and that no Austrian or Prussian troops will cross the Elder. In taking this amicable attitude Denmark is doubtless influenced by the expression of public opinion in England; for while the latter is opposed to the invasion of Denmark, she is also opposed to any oppressive measures against Germany. The London *Times*, of January 21, says: "If Denmark has suspended the Constitution, she will have taken the only step which was wanting to deprive the German Powers of any decent pretext for hostilities, and she will have displayed a power of self-control which will gain for her an overwhelming moral support in foreign countries."

SOUTH AMERICA.

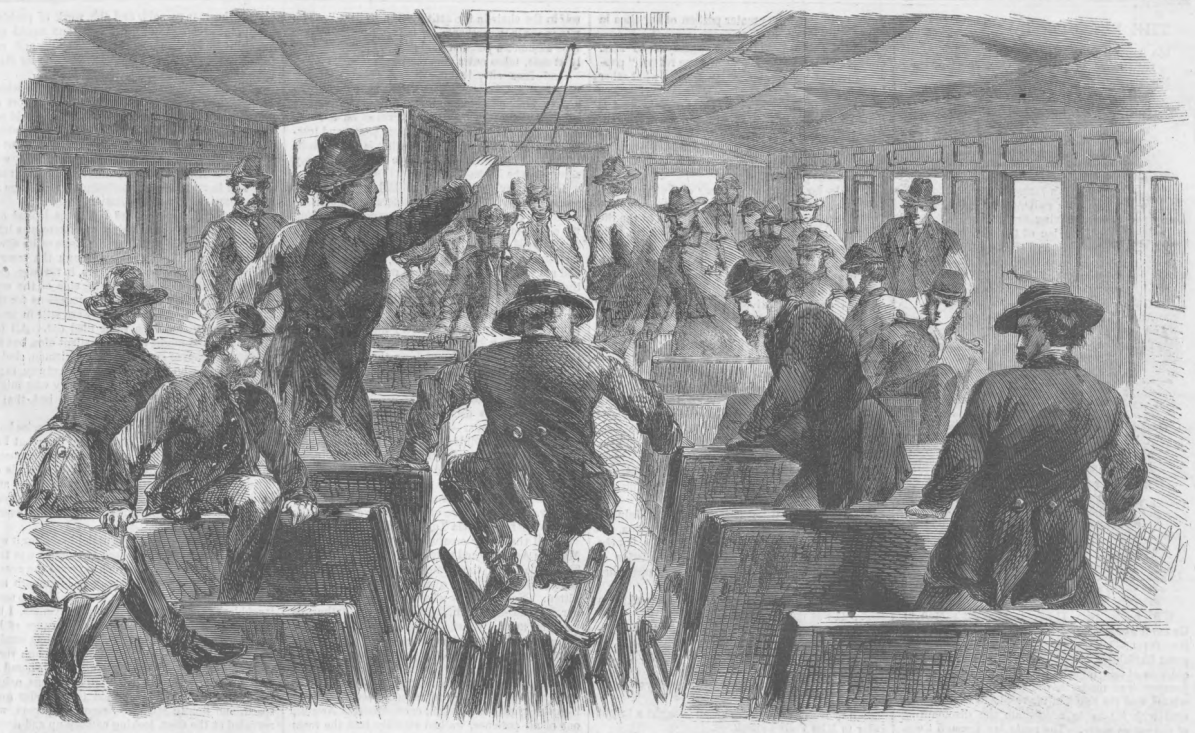
Peace has been declared between Ecuador and the United States of Columbia. The treaty of peace was signed at Pinsaqui on the 30th of December. By the conditions of this treaty all future disputes are to be settled by peaceful arbitration, and the armies of the respective countries are to be reduced to a number not greater than is actually necessary. Mosquera has evacuated Ecuador.

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MILITARY BALL OF THE THIRD CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

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RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN KENTUCKY.

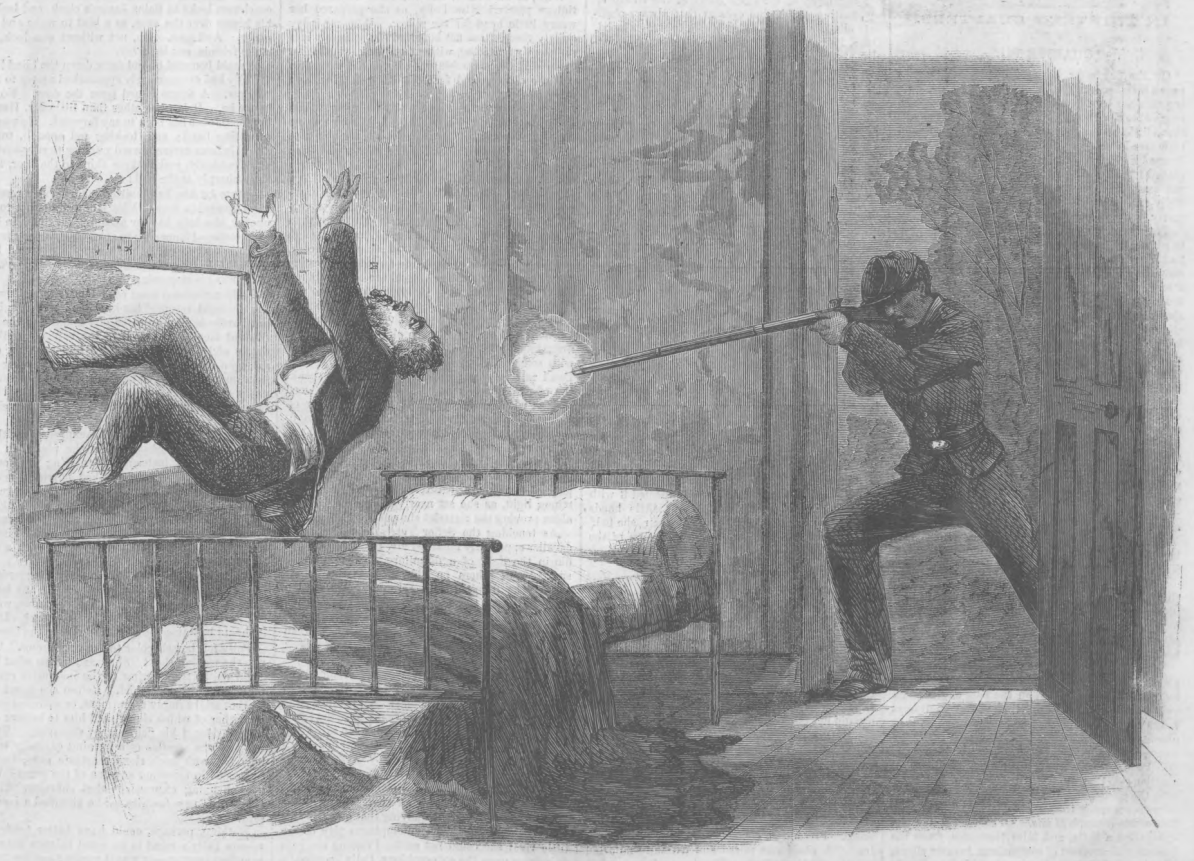
RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

WE represent, through a sketch from one of our special artists, A SCENE ON BOARD A RAILROAD CAR at the time of the late accident on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, near Lebanon Junction. The principal cause of most of these accidents has been the effect of intensely cold weather on the iron rails, which, becoming filled with frost, are made brittle and easily broken. Says our correspondent: "A leading railroad man said to me a short time since, 'You do not see any railroad men on the cars in this weather unless it is absolutely unavoidable.'"

In case of accidents arising from the above cause there is unusual confusion on board. In addition to the chances of being hurled down some steep embankment there is the havoc made in the floor by the torn-up rails breaking through into the car, while the helpless passengers are jostled from one side of the car to the other. No one can realize the position except by actual experience.

THE DEATH OF GUERRILLA BURROUGHS.

A FEW days ago a negro sentinel belonging to Colonel John A. Nelson's regiment shot Burroughs for attempting to escape from the small-pox hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia. We give a sketch representing this interesting incident on this page. Burroughs was captured shortly after Butler assumed command of the Department, was tried, and sentenced to death as a guerrilla; and while awaiting execution was seized with the small-pox and conveyed to the hospital. Colonel Wheldon, upon his convalescence, gave orders for his removal to the jail; but the Lieutenant commissioned to execute these orders brought no warrant, and was refused admission by the sentinel, who was a negro. Burroughs, supposing from the altercation that friends had come to his assistance, tried to escape through the window. On hearing the noise the sentinel opened the door, and seeing the prisoner in the act of passing out fired at him and killed him.



THE NEGRO SENTINEL SHOOTING THE GUERRILLA BURROUGHS.

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THE FLAG OF THE UNION.

Ho for the Flag of the Union!
Let it float out free and fair,
For we love it like the sunshine,
And the stars and azure air.
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

From tower, and mast, and belfry,
From the church's sacred spire,
Fling out its starry radiance,
Fling out its waving fire!
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

Ay, brothers, let us love it,
And let every heart be true,
And let every arm be ready,
For we've glorious work to do.
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

Dear Flag, thy radiant glory
A loyal nation greets,
Ten million hearts are beating
As the heart of one man beats.
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

GEN. GRANT CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND.

WE give on page 113 an interesting sketch of GRANT'S JOURNEY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS FROM KNOXVILLE TO LOUISVILLE, a tour involving great hardships, but in a measure necessary, in order to obtain information of the country. The journey was made in the severest days of the winter, and the roads in many places were so covered with ice as to necessitate the dismounting of the entire party. The route lay through Cumberland Gap to Barboursville, where the General arrived on the 7th of January, and thence through London and Lexington, thus leading across two mountain ridges. The sketch represents Grant and his immediate party, with a number of orderlies in the rear, passing through the Cumberland Gap, the mountains towering above them on all sides, and presenting a scene of unrivaled picturesqueness.

[From CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the day after Miss Polly-my-Lamb Humpage's little indisposition, that young lady, discovering that her lace required no further examination, repaired to the drawing-room about, nay, peradventure a little before, the noontide hour. Such an odd little face looked out at her from the great mirror! It was like that of a spoiled school-pet, who, having played truant, steals into her place, half penitent, yet exultingly convinced of foregone forgiveness. Polly-my-Lamb smiled, and, smiling, looked so pretty, that she pardoned herself on the spot.

Twelve. Miss Humpage had resolved not even to glance by accident at the window till the clock had fairly struck; but she would do *something* to show her interest; and, accordingly, at the second stroke, turned and glided to the window. What did she behold? A broad black velvet back and shoulders, a head, with golden curls, slightly inclining toward the right shoulder, as though studying an effect, the edge of a pallet, and the top of an easel. Mr. Haggerdorn was at work—at work upon a battle-piece! Yes, it was evident, from the fury with which he every now and then returned to the assault, that it *was* a martial subject, the glow and passion of it mounting, like a blush, visible across the street, to the very brow of the canvas. For two full minutes Polly remained rooted to the spot, her pretty lips half opened, and her soft brown eyebrows raised. Then, recollecting herself, she moved quickly away, still, however, observing—how could she help it? as she idled busily about the room—that the work went eagerly forward, and never ceased, until the clock struck one.

And *now*, remarked something within Polly's breast, the gentleman will perhaps turn round; but it's rather of the latest, we imagine!

Mr. Haggerdorn doubtless thought so too; for though that gentleman did revolve, and, pretending to draw down the blind, was at especial pains to untie a knot in the cord, he never so much as glanced across the road, but adjusted the blind to his fancy, and withdrew to dinner.

The next day, and the next, presented the like phenomenon of professional abstraction, and total indifference to neighbors, on the part of the black velvet body; and during this period Polly-my-Lamb passed through such a variety of mental conditions as filled her with astonishment. Surprise, anger, regret, impatience, disappointment, love, assailed the poor little heart in turn—sometimes all together—so that none could tell what might have been the result, had not this conflict of parties ended, as is generally the case in wider revolutions, by the sudden triumph of one. Of course the new fetters galled a little, and Miss Humpage, from the liveliest and sweetest of companions, became silent, cold, inclined to solitude, nay, touching so nearly upon the morose, that poor Miss Sercold, extremely puzzled, decided upon leaving the matter to cure itself, and passed the greater portion of her time in her own chamber.

Whether the tidings were conveyed to Mrs. Goodall, nurse, in the course of some return "pop-over" on the part of Mrs. Ascroft, or to what other little bird is due the carriage of this matter, was never clearly ascertained. Certain it is, that it quickly became known at number twenty-seven, with singular circumstantiality, that Mr. Haggerdorn had received a commission from a wealthy Portuguese merchant to execute an important family historical picture.

This, by far the most ambitious of the young artist's attempts, was to be called the Battle at the Bridge, and was illustrative of a passage in the life of a beautiful ancestress of Señor Torre-Diaz, who had been abducted (voluntarily) from her father's castle by her lover and a band of chosen cavaliers.

A couple of hundred of the friends of the house assembled with an alacrity only permissible on canvas, pursued the fugitives, and overtook them at a bridge (without a parapet, as in all bridge battles, for greater convenience in flinging over), upon whose slippery surface five noble cavaliers took post to abide the onset. The moment grasped by the painter is that in which the young lady hesitates for an instant whether to continue her flight, or avert the bloody struggle by returning to her officious kin. No wonder our young enthusiast was enthralled by such a subject! The picture was, moreover, to be completed in nine days, and, as yet, he had not touched the heroine's face, which, to do any thing like justice to, must be of surpassing loveliness. There was, no doubt, a difficulty in obtaining a model of sufficient beauty.

Miss Humpage listened with a calm disdain, as Mrs. Goodall, affecting to dust some pet china, detailed by installments the above particulars, but the idea of allotting nine days for the completion of such a work, by such a hand, almost upset her gravity.

Nine days? Nurse must have been mistaken in *that*. It was no matter.

Mrs. Goodall vindicated her memory. Remembered distinctly, 'cause of the poor young man.

How, because of—It did not signify. Miss Humpage required her smallest scissors.

Him that was all but a-dying a few days ago, to think of tossing on the salt seas.

Salt or fresh, the very mention brought a bright color to Miss Polly's cheek.

Was—was he going abroad, then? She thought—that—it really was of no consequence. And a bit of bobbin.

But the glances at the window were more frequent that day.

A Turkish lady, whose rich husband had dowered and deserted her, told a friend of the writer's that her heart was changed to "black velvet." Too frequent association with a similar material was certainly beginning to tell on Polly's.

The picture proceeded, nay, rather went dashing, plunging on toward completion. With the exception of the hour allotted to dinner, the artist passed his whole time, till dusk, at the easel, turning with the regularity of the clock itself, at the stroke of *one*, casting up his fine eyes at that always-obstinate blind, but never suffered them to stray abroad. Once, Polly thought of placing herself experimentally at the window, irrespective of any hour, but this idea was smothered as soon as born. It was too like asking an alms, and though her heart was full of tears and bursting for charity, better die than demand it.

The situation was becoming intolerable. There was something worrying in this speechless misunderstanding, to which the ordinary opportunities of reconciliation were denied. What a very irritable young man Mr. Arthur Haggerdorn must be! All this anger and—and—obstinacy, for a little caprice! And even if it *were* a caprice, was it not fit and maidenly, and—and—so far from vexing herself any more about this person, or even thinking about him.....What *could* he mean, now, by retaining that face—his heroine's—*blank*? Artists loved to introduce familiar faces into their more important compositions. Mr. Haggerdorn might have a relative, a cousin, some friend, you know, or even a strange countenance might have caught his errant fancy. Now whose? It (the face) *must* be beautiful, or it would spoil all. Polly chanced to look up, and caught sight in the glass of a cheek so dyed in blushes that she stamped her little foot with passion.

"I think I am bewitched," said Polly-my-Lamb. "But I'll be stronger than the spell. Snap. There it goes! Henceforth, till I am mistress of my own thoughts, I'll—sit in the next room. Intrude *there* if you can!"

As she flung the defiance toward the object apostrophized, Polly involuntarily accompanied it with a parting look. As she did so, the little hands tightened on the velvet arms of the chair, she half lifted herself with unconscious contraction of the muscles, while the rich color flickered like a furling banner, and passed utterly away.

Another figure was visible in the artist's room. A beautiful—ah, *how* beautiful!—face looked gayly up to the head that crowned the black velvet body. Clear olive skin, dazzling teeth, almond eyes, braided hair—the Portuguese beauty herself! If such had been the real fugitive, far less surprising is it that five rational individuals, with no particular interest in the matter, and each, probably, with an Inez of his own, should have taken post upon that slippery bridge, with the certainty that if the enemy did not pitch them over the artist would.

The two were not alone. A very tall gentleman, with long, drooping mustaches, was apparently engaged in criticising the unfinished picture, but not enjoying the undivided attention of his two companions.

Polly-my-Lamb, from her position, invisible to the party, remained in a manner fascinated by the scene. Presently a change took place in the grouping. A chair was raised and carefully adjusted upon a small platform. The young lady, with a laugh, shook her lustrous hair into disorder, threw a wild look into her splendid eyes, and placed herself in the chair in the attitude of a "sitter." The father—or is it brother?—or is it guardian?—likewise assumes a position, and yet, to appear perfectly at ease, takes out a cigarette.

And Inez sits, looking like Cleopatra at her very best—perhaps when she gave that first state-dinner to hook-nosed Julius, and all the worries about Antony were as yet unwritten on her soft brown cheek; and Inez smiles, and pouts, and tosses her proud little head, and—what is that scintillation? The sparkle of her eye? No. On my sincerity, she is smoking too!

Inez was evidently a very willful, petted person, one accustomed to give a considerable amount of trouble. She appeared to talk incessantly, holding the cigarette all the while between her pearly teeth. She skipped off the chair at intervals of three-quarters of a minute to peep over the artist's shoulder, and see what progress had been made. She roused the tall cavalier, who had subsided into a doze, and ordered him to tie her sandal, holding out her small foot from the dais. As for young Haggerdorn, he painted faithfully on, as for very life; and well he might, for, in a brief space, Señora Inez, starting suddenly to her feet, threw down the chair and announced the sitting at an end. It had lasted about twenty-five minutes. To Polly-my-Lamb it had seemed as many hours.

That evening's declining sun caught Mistress Ascroft popping over—albeit uninvited—to tea. It had proved impossible for her gossip-soul to carry, of itself, the burden of "that day's great business"—the first appearance and sitting—or fidgeting—of Inez.

It turned out that her name was not Inez at all. That was our conjecture only. She was called the Señora Theresa Felicia Torre-Diaz.

Of all the lovely creatures that had come across Mistress Ascroft—and they was a many—the Señora Torre-Diaz was the beautifulest, by a handful. Though haughty as a queen, she was lively as a kitten. Nobody knew whether to adore or to hate her. Some does both. As for Master Arthur, *he* was just mad. What had occasioned the sudden change, she, Mistress Ascroft, could not divine; but leastwise since Friday week, the Señora Torre-Diaz was every thing, and more, to that young man. He talked and thought of nothing else. He worked at the great picture hour after hour, sometimes far into the night; and when, once, Mistress Ascroft, out of all patience, walked steadily into the room and blew out his candles, so frightened her, by painting frantically on in the dark, that the good lady ran down stairs, and never interfered again.

Finally, it was understood that the picture was to be finished eight days from thence, and delivered over to the Señor Antonio Torre-Diaz, the señora's uncle, in consideration of as many Portugal crowns as would defray the cost of a journey to Newfoundland, in Holland, a journey upon which Master Haggerdorn would set forth on the day succeeding the bargain and sale; while the señor and señora would follow, some months hence, in a ship entirely the señor's own, likewise bound for Newfoundland, in Holland.

Such, at all events, was the form in which the tidings reached Miss Polly, as she prepared her weary little head for the pillow. Whether it lay quietly there, I am not bound to say. Surely it is sufficiently irritating, without entering into details, to be obliged to confess one's heroine a woman, a creature of hope and fear, passion and pride, love and jealousy.

Every day the work went bravely on. Did Polly see it? Of course she did. There was no resisting the fascination. No doubt, she ought to have done any thing else in the wide world—fled into Shropshire, bricked up her windows, fallen sick, made vows, and tried to keep them. Any thing (almost) would have better become a well-educated young lady, with feelings properly blunted, and the teeth of sentiment duly drawn, than wandering restlessly to and fro, hiding, as though from very self, in the darkness of some inner room, creeping half-guiltily back into an outer; glancing fearfully forth; bursting into bitter tears; stamping her small foot. Oh Polly, Polly, who do you think will care for *any* young lady who yields herself up to an anguish so excessively ill-bred as—as—I am almost ashamed to speak it, jealousy? At first, indeed, I was disposed to regard your fault with some indulgence, but this is willful obstin—Don't talk to me of feelings, miss! I am speaking of polite breeding and the exigencies of good society, with which "feeling" has no manner of concern. Very fortunate it is, Miss Humpage, that we are alone, and that you can rely upon my secrecy.

The Señora Torre-Diaz had been more docile of late—believing, in fact, like the best of sitters—the play of her superb features, plainly visible in the strong light, as she sat nearly facing the window, alone proving the restraint she put upon herself.

As touching the Señor Torre-Diaz, that noble cavalier apparently regarded Mr. Haggerdorn's studio in the light of a dormitory. Sometimes he smoked; at others he didn't; but whether he smoked or didn't smoke three minutes seldom elapsed before the señor's spirit departed from Jermyn Street into the land of dreams.

It was within one day of the allotted time, when poor Polly, lying wearily on the sofa, with a book in her hand, but eyes ever straying from the page, saw the black velvet body suddenly fling pallet one way, brush the other, and clasp its hands as in a violent ebullition of feeling! Apparently, the beautiful sitter caught the infection. Leaping lightly from her seat, she motioned both the artist and the awakened señor impatiently aside, and, standing before the picture, expressed by every graceful childlike gesture the utmost delight.

It was clear the work was finished, and triumphantly. Well might the Señora Theresa exult. But where was the need of displaying that glorious face at the window, as if in contemptuous pity of the little rival she could not see? Pressing her pale face down upon the sofa cushions, Polly groaned.

News, in effect, did reach number twenty-seven that evening, importing that the picture was completed, the money paid, and the work of packing begun. For on the next day but one would sail the ship *Good Adventure* for Helvoetsluys, and, not to lose passage, the young artist must leave for Harwich early on the morrow.

Aunt Sercold was Polly's companion the whole of that evening, and the latter, spite of a sort of dull fire that seemed burning at her heart, could not but feel grateful for the kind solicitude with which her friend essayed to win her from herself. But to converse freely was an impossibility, and Polly was not sorry when kissing-time arrived, and set each lady free to retire to her apartment, and indulge in her respective train of meditation.

Before withdrawing, Miss Humpage looked out to see if the stars were shining. There was husbandry in heaven. At all events, none of its silver candles were distinguishable through the tawny, towny atmosphere; but there were, in revenge, certain coruscations on the opposite side of the way which seemed to indicate that preparations for the departure of the young traveler were still in progress. One by one, even these died out. All became dark, and might have been silent also, but for the interposition of an infirm old gentleman, clad in several coats, who hobbled along the footway, mentioning for the advantage of any body who might peradventure have forgotten to go to bed, that it was past twelve o'clock.

It is not written in my notes at what precise hour Miss Humpage rose on the following day; but I do know that when, at nine o'clock, a hackney-coach, once, as it seemed, the property of a marquis of florid taste, tumbled up to Mrs. Ascroft's door and fell into a jingling halt, Polly-my-Lamb, fully dressed, and pacing her drawing-room, not only heard, but saw it.

There appeared to be no especial haste, for it was twenty minutes or more before any notice was taken of the vehicle, during which interval the coachman dozed, with a bit of straw in his mouth and his chin on his breast, as if he were sucking up some "cobbler" or "julep" (neither then invented, I believe), that lay concealed among the capes of his rusty coat. At the expiration of that time sundry articles of baggage, well secured, as though for a voyage, began to be brought out, and disposed in and about the coach. Two or three persons, neighbors, went in, doubtless to bid the traveler good speed, and finally Mistress Ascroft, in person, was revealed at the door, looking eagerly up and down, as if to ascertain, first, whether it had dared to rain; secondly, whether any, and if so, what change befitting the melancholy occasion Jermyn Street had undergone.

But Polly's eyes, as she stood far back in the room, were riveted upon one window, for across its field, a black-velvet figure had glided once and again. For twelve days the face had been averted. Would he *now* come to the window? Would he? would he? Polly shuddered at the earnestness with which she caught herself muttering the words ..... Oh, what matter now? She would forgive all, bear all, if that comfort might only be. Why does he linger in the room, passing, repassing? He starts. They are calling him from below. The coachman looks at Saint James's clock, and lashes his horses over the eyes, as a hint to wake and be ready. And *now*. Oh, not without one look, to make friends, one look, *one*.

A maid bounced in and drew down the blind!

Polly had unconsciously approached nearer to the window. A figure issued from the door. No, it is not he. It is none other than little Mr. Hartshorne. He too has been to say farewell. He waves a parting hand; and, looking sad enough, turns away—glares across toward number twenty-seven, stops suddenly, makes three skips to the door, and rings sharply at the bell!

Before he can be admitted maid Kezia presents Miss Serocold's love. Miss Humpage is not to be uneasy, the lady has an alarming dizziness in her front tooth. Happening to observe Mr. Hartshorne passing, and to catch his eye, Miss Serocold had waved etiquette and her handkerchief—and—yes—there was his step going up stairs.

Polly murmured some condolence; then dismissing the maid, resumed her invisible watch, longing, yet hardly hoping, to catch one glimpse of the estranged face as it passed to the carriage. Both driver and horses had relapsed into slumber, and not even the deep voice of St. James's, chiming the hour, aroused them to the consciousness of time's progress. It was now ten o'clock, and the Harwich post-coach quitted the suburban yard at eleven.

Suddenly Mistress Ascroft reappeared with a small provision-basket. This she placed in the coach; but then, instead of re-entering the house, to Polly's great surprise, walked hurriedly across the road, and bestowed on the door of number twenty-seven a knock which, soft and modest though it was, thrilled the lady of that mansion from head to foot. Her heart gave a jump, then subsided into a low tremble. Mrs. Goodall appeared, with a singular message.

"The respectful duty of young Mr. Haggerdorn. If Miss Humpage condescended to retain any favorable recollection of Mr. H.'s former pictures, would she be pleased to inspect his latest effort? If so, it should be immediately transported to the house."

Polly felt herself color to the very brows. This was the parting shot! She was to learn what love could do, in transferring to the inanimate canvas the perfections of its idol. Refuse she dared not, for that might imply resentment, or wounded pride, of neither of which she wished him to believe that she considered his fickle fancy deserving. Then, too, she was sensible of a burning curiosity to see how far, with such slender artistic gifts, he had succeeded in arresting any one of the beautiful but ever-changing expressions that characterized the face of his new favorite. She signified a cool assent.

Nothing, perhaps, could have better tended to restore Polly's mind to its usual balance than the heartless revenge—or was it vanity?—of her recreant lover; and, by the time she received intimation that the picture awaited her in the parlor, and that

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the artist had attended it in person, she was prepared to descend with a calm and dignity that literally astonished herself.

On the landing-place Polly was greeted by Mr. Hartshorne and her much-recovered aunt, and together they proceeded to the parlor.

There, on an extemporized easel, stood the wonderful picture, shrouded from view, as yet, in a green cloth, which Mr. Haggerdorn, grasping with a somewhat agitated hand, prepared to twitch off on the young lady's entrance.

He bowed respectfully and murmured some words, to which Polly, not comprehending them very clearly, returned an almost inarticulate reply. She made a slight movement with her hand. Off went the cover.

A mass of things in violent action, trampling chargers, frightened oxen, furious men, crimson dust, blue trees, green heavens, a rushing cataract, a peaked bridge, all these, and more, much more, though present, were scarcely seen, for Polly's eyes were nailed upon the prominent figure, a noble damsel on a palfrey, which looked as if painted in Irish butter, who, pausing in her headlong flight as the shock of arms reached her, reined round her cowslip-colored steed, and, with wild ringlets and dilated eyes, seemed to ask counsel of the spectator what upon earth she should do?

And well might Miss Humpage involuntarily open *her* blue eyes, for not only was the countenance Polly's own, but it was executed with a precision unsurpassable in art! Nor was the minute finish of the portrait one whit less extraordinary than the resemblance of feature. In that one little gem of a face genius had been content to vindicate itself: but *that* so thoroughly that all the surrounding extravagance and impossibility were absolutely forgotten or overborne. Quentin Matays—Arthur Haggerdorn—other little boys—love's Royal Academy possesses the finest schools of art in the world!

For a few seconds Polly stood gazing as if in a dream; then, awaking, found herself alone. Not quite alone, for the young artist was kneeling at her feet, kissing the little passive hand, exclaiming in a tongue I dare not offer to render in the original (how Polly managed to interpret it I never could understand), that she was, had been, ever would be, his life, his soul, his treasure, star, angel, and the holder of so many other honorary and incongruous appointments, that it is to be hoped some, at least, were sinecures. Passionately inquired if Polly believed he could have quitted England without one gracious look? Explained that, when Polly ceased to appear at the window, he, in dread of having offended, vowed never again to court that happiness, until he had prepared a proof (behold it!) that he needed not another glance to impress her darling image forever and forever on his soul!

That the Señor Torre-Diaz, though given to sleep in studios, was awake to every generous impulse, had a pretty taste for art, and was his poor mother's only friend.

That the señora—(caprice itself)—liked the fun of sitting for somebody else's picture beyond every thing, flinging herself and dress into the most graceful attitudes and bewitching folds, and half crying, like a spoiled child, that English manners forbad the possibility of her being a witness of the surprise Miss Humpage must evince on seeing the finished work.

The rest of Mr. Haggerdorn's observations were couched in the purest dialect of the Low Countries, which I don't speak.

As for Polly, her feelings—so far as they were susceptible of analysis—included a sense of recovering from the concussion of a shower-bath, dancing a saraband, witnessing a disorderly review, and stretching over a precipice at the risk of her neck, to catch the accents of an Æolian harp. Taking her situation in the general, Miss Humpage can only be likened to the commandant of a fortress, who has crammed it with brave defenders, but forgotten his commissariat. The pride and resentment stored up in Polly's heart were altogether disproportioned to the gentler thoughts now crowding back, nay, even peeping out, esurient as ever, from their original cells, as though they had never been out? Why, therefore, prolong a hopeless defense? As well surrender frankly; at least so far as to acknowledge the commanding position of the foe. For there was a further consideration.

Polly-my-Lamb did not take away her hand; but she looked down with a sort of grave, sweet pity upon the young suitor; then gently bade him rise and follow her.

He did so mechanically, hardly conscious of what was passing, till he found himself standing in front of the picture of a benevolent-looking old gentleman, in a brown coat and powdered wig, who appeared to smile on both of them.

Polly raised her hand.

"There is my answer," she said, her tears falling. "I have sworn to him, before Heaven, a calm, irrevocable vow. By virtue of that pledge I may never marry until my father's murder is avenged, nor *then*, unless it be the man who avenges it."

"You promise *zat*?" asked young Haggerdorn, with startling abruptness. "To be ze wife of him who shall track your father's murderers?"

"At least of no one else," replied Polly, firmly but mournfully.

"Ah! promise, promise! All, zen, shall be most well!"

"Well?"

"Smile not, dear young dames. There is power, I in my withinmost spirit believe, to do zis thing. Love can every thing contrive. Shall he not take one prisoner? I love you. Good. I am painter. Again, I love you. Good. I am avenger. Now, promise!"

Polly looked at him in amazement.

"*You!*" said she, incredulously: yet gradually inclining, as she gazed on those bright, animated features, to partake his enthusiasm. "Alas! Mr. Haggerdorn, what can you have learned of the haunts and hiding-places of crime? How can you, young, strange, inexperienced almost as myself, hope for success, where men, bold and cunning, trained to the work of detection, have owned themselves defeated? How—"

"Only *promise*," reiterated the young man. (She hesitated.) "Not to *me*—not to Arthur Haggerdorn; but to him, young or old, or little, or poor, who shall fulfill zis dutiful desire. For the love of Heaven, promise."

Polly surrendered at discretion.

"I do promise," said she. Then, with a pitiful certainty of the disappointment he was incurring, when his excitement should have subsided, she added, "Reflect, however, for one moment, Mr. Haggerdorn. You have no clew, not even a suspicion to guide your efforts. This is building on air."

"You have promised. Zat is no more but success!" was the confident rejoinder. "Ze magistrate—he found a clew."

"Ay, here it is," said Polly, taking from a cabinet the mysterious snuff-box which Sir James Polhill, at her request, had committed to her custody. "And what has this told us? It is more than doubtful if the person suspected to have been its owner had any share in my father's murder, and if he had, the wretch has escaped us, and left the country."

"Whither, think they, he has fled?"

"To France—to Holland—to America—who knows? There is safe refuge on either shore for the miscreants."

"To Holland? I, too, thither go. Something points me that way. Remember only your gracious promise, dear lady, and all is done. Trust to me zat box—it shall be my guide. In fourteen weeks I will restore it, and with it I will bring you my own self the murderer—I swear it. I *know* it. You have promised."

Polly mechanically placed it in his hand.

"I *have* promised."

"It is enough: I ask not more. Farewell—farewell!"

As he stooped to kiss her hand, Mr. Hartshorne and Miss Serocold rejoined them, as quietly as they had withdrawn. There was a singular expression on the latter's face, and even Mr. Hartshorne lacked something of his accustomed perfect self-possession—a fact he, however, tried to cover with an embarrassed laugh.

"Your coachman's sleeping powers are exhausted, Arthur," he said. "He has driven off!"

"He has driven!" said Arthur, not, however, evincing any remarkable consternation.

"Baggage and all. Don't be alarmed. He will return in the afternoon, in time to convey you to the extra post-coach, which, as we have learned, will go to Harwich to-night, with government property and passengers. I have one word to—to say to you," added the little doctor, hesitating, "if Miss Humpage will pardon."

As he drew Arthur aside, Miss Serocold sidled up to her friend, and, taking her hand, pressed it with a significance of congratulation with which Polly, though grateful, could have dispensed.

"Darling, I am so happy!" murmured the elder lady.

Polly intimated her satisfaction, trying, nevertheless, to look as though she accepted it rather as a pleasing fact in their domestic history than as implying any new phase of feeling.

"So very—*very* blest!" continued Miss Serocold. "Such a sudden wave of joy!"

"Blest! Wave!" said Polly. "My dear aunt—I—"

"Can not realize the pleasing pain!" said her friend, sentimentally. "No more can I. That he should have snatched the first moment—"

"The last—" murmured Polly.

"When we had not set eyes on each other these five weeks, to ask me to be his."

"Whose, aunt?"

"Hartshorne's—John's, my love. To whom *was* I referring, do you imagine?" asked her friend, softly.

Polly looked at her—she was not jesting. It was clearly no delusion now. Miss Humpage returned the pressure of her friend's hand with what gravity she might.

"But how, dear aunt," inquired the curious young lady, presently, "has your lover conducted his wooing? Surely *to-day* was not the first—"

"We have corresponded, dear," replied Miss Serocold, with a becoming blush. "It—it began with pulsatilla, and ended in—in—*this*. John would like to have called, of course: but he is the most thoughtful, the most considerate— He knew, by some means, that you were not in good spirits, and feared that the sight of others' happiness might only increase your melancholy. But, this morning—I was in trouble, you know—and—and—he spoke."

"Oh!" said Polly.

Mr. Hartshorne, who had only prolonged his confidences with Arthur until his betrothed had communicated *her* secret, now approached Miss Humpage, and paid his compliments with an ease that, under the circumstances, did him great credit, after which he took his hat to withdraw. Arthur, though less self-possessed, was sensible that he too should take his leave.

Not another word, and but one more look, followed between the pair. That sufficed. On the one side it ratified the promise; on the other, reiterated the assurance of success. Four or five hours later the sleepy coachman returned, and without being permitted the briefest interval of repose, transported Mr. Haggerdorn to the yard of the Merry Privateer, Tower Links, whence the extra post-coach was to depart for Harwich.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nor yet was the business of that eventful day complete.

Polly-my-Lamb sat before the picture of her father in deep meditation, not unmingled with self-reproach, as she remembered how freely, of late, hopes purely selfish had been permitted to entwine themselves with the great end and purpose of her life. Strive as she might, however, she could not now disconnect them, nor could she conceal from herself that the failure of each attempt to do so was not a source of pain! But then, this youth—who was he? Under what pretext could one in his position become the claimant of her hand, unless as the fulfiller of the object she had in view? Good. It was in this character alone that she had given him her promise. Of course he understood *that*? Not for any personal interest she could be presumed to take in him. Miss Humpage applauded her own excellent wisdom, foresight, and hard-heartedness, in having laid down this distinction so guardedly. She had promised her hand and wealth to him who should trace her father's murderer. To such a man alone—

Polly had exactly reached this satisfactory conclusion, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Stephen, who announced Sir James Polhill, and, without further ceremony, ushered in that excellent magistrate. He was attended by Mr. Armour, still calmly confident, but comporting himself with more real humility than on former occasions.

"Are you prepared, my dear young lady," said Sir James, taking Polly's hand with a meaning smile, "for tidings of considerable importance?"

Polly colored for all answer.

"Not to keep you in suspense, my dear," resumed Sir James, "you must know that we have received the most satisfactory testimony of the return to this country of the persons supposed to be implicated in the—the affair of your poor father. One of the most dashing, interesting, and remarkable outrages of modern times was committed, two nights since, on the Harwich Road, within a few miles— My dear!"

Polly had uttered an unconscious exclamation.

"Go on, Sir, I beg," faltered the young lady.

"The parties have been traced to their haunt, and by this time to-morrow (we have to concert measures with an officious country justice, who has a fancy to be associated with this important capture) Lord Lob will be in our hands. Eh, Armour?"

"If he is not, Sir James, may I never take thief again!" ejaculated the gentleman addressed.

"Enough. I thought, my dear," continued the magistrate, turning to Polly, "that you would be glad to have this matter placed beyond all doubt. And now, Armour, you can return to the office. I will be with you in half an hour."

The officer withdrew. It did not, however, appear that the excellent magistrate had any thing especial to add. Nor had he. This was merely one of those little methods to which he occasionally had recourse, by way of checking the vanity of his subordinate, and teaching that individual that, clever as he was, there were depths of consultation into which not even *he*—at least as a matter of course—was privileged to enter. Sir James, therefore, talked on, without much significance, till, receiving no reply, he looked steadily at his companion, and saw that she was both pale and agitated. His notice brought matters to a crisis. The poor little girl, overcome with mingled emotions, burst into a violent flood of tears.

The good magistrate, somewhat alarmed, and not a little puzzled, quickly discovered, however, that there was something of a troubling nature on her mind, irrespective of the agitating feelings conjured up by the information he had brought, and, touched by the poor child's friendless position, set himself, with so much tact and gentleness, to probe the wound, that he ended by winning her confidence so far as to become possessed of the secret of her vow.

Let it be owned that Polly-my-Lamb was, in her heart, not a little astonished at the collected—not to say indifferent—manner in which Sir James received the important revelation. His lips struggled hard against a smile, and, to say truth, with difficulty overcame it, as the good gentleman pictured to himself Henry the Successful, accompanied by the fettered tyrant of the highways, presenting himself at the footstool of the heiress, and claiming the promised guerdon of her hand and wealth!

Aware, however, of the serious light in which Polly was prepared to view the matter, he contented himself with hinting at the improbability of Mr. Armour's coveting any other reward than such as his conscience (and the Government) might bestow. To be plain, he assured her, even if in her enthusiastic fulfillment of this rather unadvised pledge it should be needful to inform the officer of the extraordinary preferment thus likely to be placed within his reach, he, Sir James, would venture to affirm, on the part of that bold but respectful man, that he would prefer accepting a reasonable composition in money to aspiring to a station for which he was, by birth, habits, and education, alike unfitted.

With this prompt analysis of the excellent Armour poor Polly was fain to be content. The glowing face of the young artist had died hopelessly out of her future, but at least it would never be replaced by the cool, supercilious visage of this Bow Street runner. "*This!*" Such was not the term she would have applied some few months since to one who seemed the appointed instrument of vengeance. Poor Polly! Her mind could not stir without a pang!

Sir James walked back to his office, absolutely choking with hilarity. He was gifted—if gift it be—with a keen sense of the ridiculous; and by the time he arrived in Bow Street the joke, as it appeared to him, had attained such colossal proportions that he found it impossible to refrain from confiding it to the party most interested, certain that the latter would enjoy it with equal, though more subdued and respectful relish.

Much to his surprise, Mr. Armour heard the story out with a degree of gravity wholly unsuited to the theme, and, almost before Sir James had well concluded, the magisterial mind became sensible of a painful suspicion that not only was Mr. Henry Armour a vain, but also an ambitious man; that, in fact, in his view, the gigantic jest had diminished to a pigmy. Briefly (in the plain English in which undoubtedly Mr. Armour laid the case hastily before himself), that *he* had as good a right to the lady's hand as any other fellow, so that he fulfilled the conditions required. The officer, however, did not deem it advisable to give utterance to his feelings at the moment, while Sir James, on his side, was too anxiously intent upon bringing the coming enterprise to a successful issue to enter into any discussion that might have the effect of damping his lieutenant's zeal. So let the morrow care for itself.

They plunged at once into the preparatory arrangements. In that occupation we leave them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EXCUSE FOR LATE HOURS.—"He was as wild as he was good-natured, and had such a lot of spirits that, not being able to exhaust them all in one night, he was forcibly driven to encroach upon the next morning to enable him properly to get through them."—*Extract from an Unpublished Irish Novel.*

A SCOTCH CONUNDRUM.—Why is Earl Johnny not to be blamed for stopping the rams?—Because the little *laird* did it in *Mersey*. (Ma conscience!)

A little girl of three years was saying her prayers, not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came slyly behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head, she paused and said, "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Herby."

ART NOTE.—*The Early Italian Style.*—An Organ-grinder at five o'clock in the morning.

A young man advertises for a place as salesman, and says he has had a great deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different situations within a year.

A beau dressed out resembles the cinnamon-tree—the bark is of greater value than the body.

ENVY—the dyspepsia of the mind.

Wanted for a private museum—the tick of an oyster bed.

"Well," said a Yankee, proudly, to a traveling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw any thing like that." "Like that!" quoth the latter; "there's a far mair wonderfu' concern twa miles frae whaur I was born." "Indeed," says Jonathan, "and pray what kind of a concern may it be?" "Why, mon," replied the other, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

"Why so late?" said a schoolmaster to a little urchin, as he entered the room on a cold slippery morning. "Why, Sir," replied the boy, "for every step I took forward I slid back two." "Indeed," said the teacher; "how did you get here at all if that was the case?" "Oh," said the boy, scratching his head on finding himself caught, "I turned round and walked the other way."

Wellington was a bad dancer. On one occasion he danced with a countess, who could not conceal her blushes at his ridiculous postures. On leading her to her seat he remarked, "The fact is, madam, my forte is not so much dancing myself as making others dance."

The man whose feelings were "worked up" has ordered a fresh supply.

The world has a million of roosts for a man, but only one nest.

The heart is a small thing, not sufficient for a kite's dinner; yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

Wonders will never cease! The other day we heard that "a horse was turned into a stable!" And this is the nineteenth century.

INTERESTING TO PLACE-HUNTERS.—While President Lincoln was confined to his house with the small-pox some friends called to sympathize with him, especially on the character of his disease. "Yes," he said, "it is a bad disease; but it has its advantages. For the first time since I have been in office I have something now to give to every body that calls."

A blind beggar was one day accosted by a clergyman, at whose request he detailed the circumstances under which he had lost his sight—accidental exposure to the blasting of a rock by gunpowder. The reverend querist, after listening, said, very feelingly, "Well, my poor man, I pity you, and could drop a tear over your misfortune," at the same time offering him nothing. "Thank you, Sir," replied the beggar; "but I'd rather you'd drop a shilling into my hat."

An old gentleman who used to frequent a certain coffee-house, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case; and one day took an opportunity of asking one of the faculty, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint. "I'll tell you," said the doctor, sarcastically: "you should take advice."

A little three-year-old child ran away from home and came over to a neighbor's house about eight o'clock in the evening, while her mother had gone to the well for a pail of water. Rather surprised at seeing her out at so late an hour, we asked her, "Are you not afraid to come so far from home in the night?" "Oh no, Sir," replied the confiding little thing, "I've got on mother's hood!"

A well-known London printer, being called on to reply to a toast, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily. I can't make a speech; but I can *print* one as long as you like."

Old John Dunders was a country blacksmith, the husband of a young wife; he had labored long and become wealthy, having the custom of all the farmers round. When he was on his death-bed he called his wife Janet to him. "Janet," said he, "I am not long for this world. I am wearing away fast. Now, about the business, Janet. There's Andrew, the foreman; he knows all about the shop, and all the customers like him. You will just let a decent time elapse, and then make up together." "Ohone!" said Janet, bursting into tears; "don't let that trouble you, John. Andrew and I have settled that already."

SHORT AND SWEET.—On a rough old sailor being asked by one of the members of a learned society to write a concise account of the manners and customs of a somewhat barbarous nation whose territories he had lately been exploring, he put down the following exceedingly brief summary of the characteristics of the people in question: "Manners, none. Customs, nasty."

KISSING BY DEPUTY.—A lady stepping into a railway-carriage, said to her little son, "Aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little rogue couldn't wait, and called out, "Guard, won't you kiss mother for me?" N.B.—We are open to an engagement as guard.

While a Welsh cause was lately being tried in one of the London courts, the counsel for the plaintiffs, though a Welshman, begged to be excused from pronouncing the name of the place where a coal-mine under dispute was situated. It was spelt Llwyywywwer.

"Cæsar," said a planter to a negro, "climb up that tree and thin out the branches." The negro showed no disposition to comply, and on being pressed for a reason, answered, "Well, look heah, massa; if I go up dar an fall down and broke my neck, dat'll be a tousand dollars out o' your pocket. Now, why don't you hire an Irishman to go up, and den if he falls and kills hisself, dat won't be no loss to nobody?"

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A MILITARY BALL.

OUR Army of the Potomac, taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities during the winter, indulges now and then in a festive entertainment. The presence of soldiers' wives with their husbands in camp gives, of course, the crowning charm to these gatherings. We present our readers this week, on page 116, a sketch of a ball lately given by the Third Army Corps. The upper compartment of the picture will give our readers some idea of the difficulties which failed to prevent the arrival of visitors. Below this is the dancing-hall, made up of tents, and decorated with flags and evergreens. Another portion of the sketch gives a view of the supper-room. While the fortunate soldiers who have partners are at supper with their ladies, those not so successful are engaged in what is called the "gander" dance, which our artist has faithfully represented on the same page.

This ball was quite a success; a score of Generals attended; and it was altogether an event to break up the monotony of every-day dreariness in camp. It was the first opportunity that gave the ladies staying with their husbands in camp a chance to come together.

BECKY VANE'S VALENTINE.

THE rain was pattering with steady, sighing monotone against the little square window of the long wooden building—a window from which the only prospect, a range of far-off hills veiled in heavy mist, was dreary enough. Nor was it strange that Allan Revere, thinking of the orange-groves and jasmine swamps of his own bright land, turned with a groaning sigh upon his pillow, and closed his burning eyes.

"This pain is perfectly intolerable!" he muttered, with momentary irritation; for Allan Revere, who would have thrown himself upon the bristling bayonets of a regiment of soldiers without flinching, and had fought like a tiger even while the scarlet blood ebbed from his life's fountains until insensibility came to his relief, was a very child in hospital, like many another brave soldier. "It throbs and burns with every breath I draw: the bandages are heated through. Why does not some one come to bind on fresh ones?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, Sir," said the little sergeant in the next bed, who had been whiling away the tedious hours with quavering snatches of song. "*My* leg feels as though it were on fire."

"Oh no, it doesn't," said the spectacled surgeon, who had entered from the next ward just in time to catch the last words. "All your fancy, my man! And how are you getting along, my Confederate friend?"

"I'm getting very cross, Doctor, if that will do you any good," said Allan, sharply.

"Hum-m-m!" commented the surgeon, gravely, feeling the young man's pulse: "considerable fever—inflammation running very high—"

"It'll run away with me altogether before a great while," said Allan. "Why, Doctor, I have lain here four hours, and not a soul has been near me to change the bandages or bathe the wounds! If you intend to kill me I wish you'd do it at once, and not keep me lingering here!"

"Well, there *has* been rather a lack of nurses latterly," said Dr. Gower, skillfully unfastening the fevered wrappings; "but I'm expecting a Vermont lady here to-night—"

"A Yankee nurse!" said Allan Revere, with an indescribable curve of his mustache.

"Yes; just that," said the Doctor, rather shortly; he was a Massachusetts man himself, and nothing but the chivalric sense of delicacy which pertains to every true gentleman restrained him from a cutting retort.

"Will she wear cowhide shoes and talk through her nose, Doctor?" persisted the invalid, maliciously.

"Really I don't know. Will you have the kindness to turn a little more on your left side?"

"There; will that do? Don't bring her into this ward, Doctor, please; I feel a presentiment that a Yankee nurse is all that is needed to finish me."

"Aren't you a little cross to-night, Mr. Revere?" asked the surgeon, smiling. "Now lie still and be a good boy, while I attend to Charley Bryan's leg."

Allan Revere mentally made up his mind to intercept the Doctor on his returning way and "quarrel it out" with him; but the cool lotions and quieting draughts, added to the weak languor of his frame, proved too much for any belligerent intentions, and he drifted away into a quiet sleep, that carried him back to Floridian everglades and sunbathed savannas, while the chill rain played its ceaseless tune on the wooden roof over his head, and the wind moaned around the lonely hospital like a homeless spirit.

It was nearly midnight when he woke, with a convulsive start, and a strange fancy that every vein in his wounded arm was filled with molten fire.

"Water—ice—water!" he cried; "my arm is burning up! Help, some one, for mercy's sake! don't let me die here like a dog!"

There was a slight rustle through the fire-lit darkness; a shaded lamp glowed along the aisle, and he saw the hazel shine of a woman's pitying eyes beaming down on his face.

"You are the wounded Floridian," said a soft voice. "Dr. Gower told me about you. Stay—I see what the matter is; your bandages have become loosened."

Light and cool as a falling snow-flake her quick hands wet the cloths in healing lotions, and replaced their folds.

"Now, the other one!" pleaded Revere.

"Not now. Dr. Gower says it will injure it to be opened again at present."

"But it burns like a live coal!"

"I am sorry; but it will be better soon."

"You will not bathe it?" said the young man, contracting his brows.

"No."

"Then I shall do it myself!" he asserted, raising himself on one elbow.

"Lie down again; you *must* not."

"Must not!"

Allan Revere looked defiantly at the melting hazel eyes and the little firm mouth. The next minute she had passed her arm lightly under his shoulder and laid him back, like a helpless child, on the pillow. He flushed and frowned, but could not help smiling.

"How strong you are, little woman!"

"*Now* will you lie still?" she asked, gravely regarding him.

"I suppose I shall have to," he returned, ungraciously.

And this was Allan Revere's first experience of the Yankee nurse.

"What are you thinking about, Miss Vane?"

What was she thinking about? That would have been rather a hard question to answer the dark-eyed young Confederate; for, sitting in the dreary hospital ward, with all her fretful patients soothed, and tended, and coaxed into momentary quiet, she was back among the box-borders and snow-fringed cedars of the farm-house garden at home, the sunset burning redly over the rocks, and the little brook slipping noisily across mossy ledges and greenish-smooth masses of stone past the very door yard gate.

"I am not quite sure, Mr. Revere; I believe I was thinking about going home."

"Then you *are* going?"

"Next week."

Allan Revere was sitting up in a cushioned chair, having obtained the privileges of convalescence, but he was very pale still.

"And I believe," went on Becky Vane, who was the very soul of candor, "that I was also thinking of this being St. Valentine's Eve."

"One of your Yankee saints?"

"Mr. Revere!"

"Pardon me, Miss Vane: I know I'm a petulant brute. But go on; tell me about St. Valentine."

"As if you didn't know! I was only remembering how the country boys and girls observe the day up in those grand old wildernesses where modern innovations are unknown."

"Tell me about it," said Allan. "I am interested in these legends of your frozen North."

"Well," said Becky, stitching away calmly at her work, "just to prove that chivalry is not necessarily a growth of Southern soil, I'll gratify you, Mr. Revere, with the recital of how our youthful swains think nothing of watching all night long under their lady-love's window, so that her first glance may fall on their faces in the light of St. Valentine's dawn, thereby entitling them to the privilege of being her Valentine all the year."

And I suppose a Valentine sometimes turns into a husband?"

"Often."

Becky Vane rose as she spoke, and went across the room to bathe the forehead of a poor teamster-lad, whose piteous call had reached her ear.

"Confound the fellow!" muttered Revere; "I wish his head was in Jericho!"

You see Mr. Allan Revere had forgotten the days when Becky's soft fingers cooled the pain beneath *his* jetty curls. So selfish are we all; and yet Allan had a noble heart after all.

The stars of the chill February night hung like golden shields over the red glow that announced the near approach of sunrise when Becky Vane, wrapped in a gray shawl that made her look like a little nun, came out of her tiny cabin to begin the day's labors in those long, blank-looking hospital wards. For poor Charley Bryan had floated down the turbid currents of the river Death with the turn of the night, and Becky knew that she must make his shroud by noon! Do not shrink, reader; these are but the veritable records of hospital life! She had seen death in many shapes during this last winter, and ceased to fear his ghastly accessories—this noble girl!

As she crossed the threshold a tall figure with the auroral glow of sunrise on its pallid features met her glance. She started, with a stifled cry.

"Miss Vane!"

"Mr. Revere!"

"I have won the meed, have I not, Miss Vane? I may be your Valentine?"

He could see her cheek blaze scarlet in the dim light—he could feel the little hand striving to escape from his hold.

"I do not know what you mean, Mr. Revere!"

"Becky Vane, you have not been deaf or blind—you *must* know how dearly I love you! Becky, my dear little Valentine, will you promise to be my wife some day? I never knew how necessary you were to my existence until you spoke of going away—and, Becky, I shall go with you."

"But, Mr. Revere—"

"Allan, if you please."

"Allan, then—I am a Yankee girl."

"Listen, Becky. I have given my parole until the end of the war; shall I parole myself to you until my life's end?"

"I can trust you, Allan," she whispered.

"Then I may go home with you?"

"Why, if you *will* go, I can not help it!" she answered, with edifying demureness.

"But give me *one* loving word, Becky, before you go."

"Indeed I shall not, Mr. Revere. Go back to your ward: the idea of a wounded man standing out in this cold air. What would Dr. Gower say?"

"I don't care a fig for Dr. Gower."

"But for *my* sake, Allan."

He bent over her hand a second, leaving the fervent touch of his lips on the velvet fingers, and went in like a docile child.

And Becky Vane, with dewy hazel eyes and cheeks that burned like rubies, slipped away to work on poor Charley Bryan's shroud, and Love and Death went side by side, as they have done many a time before.

"Why, yes," said Dr. Gower, "I'll make out your discharge any day; there's no objection now that you are doing so well. So you are going North, eh? By-the-way, Mr. Revere, what do you think of Yankee nurses *now*?"

"What do they think of *me*? is the most important question I should think, Doctor," laughed the Floridian. "But from this day henceforward I shall believe in patron saints."

"Indeed! and who may yours be?"

"St. Valentine."

IN THE "LIBEY."

I COULD never think of Jem as dead, though I certainly had no definite grounds for my belief to stand on—in the very teeth, too, of the formidable fact that all effort to find him—and many and strenuous ones had been made—had thus far proved futile. He had enlisted as a private—Jem had always a dash of romance about him—and had thereby nothing to distinguish him in that awful mangled heap at Gettysburg; and yet I could never fancy his poor body lying under that mournful slab raised for "the unknown," though bankrupt of reasons for my conviction.

So when I found myself at Richmond, with that curious aptness of the soul for winnowing out the few grains of good *perdue* in a whole harvest of evil, my heart gave a quick upward bound at the thought, "Perhaps I shall find Jem here"—Jem was my younger brother, and my pet from petticoats up—otherwise the outlook wasn't too bright.

The rebels had made a dash on our hospital, which was in about as good fighting condition as the general run of hospitals, took fifty of our boys out of their beds, among them one poor fellow, Simms I think, with his leg just off, and their surgeons; probably by way of padding for an article in the *Examiner*—I know of no other reason, as we were all non-combatants, and they had already mouths enough to feed—and there we were, huddled together in the street, Eugene Delacroix, a cool, resolute fellow, Robert Allan, and myself, with our poor men lying all about, some groaning and ghastly with pain, and the most merciless sun beating down upon us, scorching out our very lives as we stood there three mortal hours. Probably some red tape was to be unwound somewhere—but at last they brought carts into which they huddled our sick and wounded and dashed off, jolting and jostling them as they drove recklessly over the rough pavement very much after the manner of a butcher with a load of calves.

Allan said something about it and was immediately overhauled by the Chief of Police, the Provost Marshal, and Heaven knows what all; and then we were relieved by the Richmond authorities of whatever money we were so unfortunate as to have about us, and marched with lighter pockets, if not hearts, to Libey Prison. Then I began to look out for Jem and got my first sup of disappointment. They had placed us of course in the officers' room. Jem was a private, and might be one of the hundred and fifty tramping noisily over our heads, or in some of the rooms below, or in some other prison; and in either case he might almost as well have been in Soudan for all hope of meeting him; or, and it was my last hope, he might be in the hospitals, where it was possible that we should be allowed to do service. Delacroix suggested that.

The room, our future prison, was in the third story and crowded, for there were already some two hundred officers confined there. The air was stifling, loaded with so many breaths; the hot glaring sun beat in pitilessly at the broken unshaded windows, added to which, at that moment, were the fumes of the single stove allowed for the cooking of the rations. Ah! if the tender, white-handed mothers and wives, if the gay girls dancing in Northern ball-rooms could but have looked in this bare, cheerless, unceiled room, with unglazed panes at best, and frequently only bits of canvas and strips of boards nailed over the openings, unplastered walls, unevery thing belonging to common decency or comfort, I think their merriment would have grown half-terrible to them, and, through the sweet delirious waltz-music, would sound out something like a wail! Each day a certain number among us were detailed for cooking and scrubbing service, and in due course of time I had my turn at both, and fell into it, I think, quite naturally; but I could never get over my secret wonder at Delacroix when similarly employed, he was so precisely the man that it was impossible to imagine in any such predicament—I had always an undefined notion that the laws of nature contained a special clause for his benefit, and that no dilemma would ever dare face him, much less offer him its horns.

As for poor Allan he succumbed at once, and went about in a very miserable way indeed, though men of more calibre might be pardoned for being a little down on their luck. There were put up bare wooden bunks for about half of us; the rest must sleep on the floor; pillows and mattresses there were none—a blanket you might have if you were fortunate enough to have brought one with you—otherwise none. The rations were scanty; but water, the muddy, brackish water of the James River, was even more sparingly dealt out. I thought of the old border-riders vowing candles as long as their whingers to St. Mary when in a scrape. I would have given one as long as the Bunker Hill monument to St. Croton could he have interfered in our behalf. Not specially heroic this, but still I maintain worth the chronicling; for to keep up good heart and firm courage, as the majority of our men did, unwashed, unrested, half-starved, as we soon were, and treated like dogs through long monotonous days of a dreary and cheerless captivity, needs more pluck—enduring pluck of the kind that will bear a strain on it, than ever was required for a forlorn hope.

Meanwhile the days crawled on—dragged is too fast a word for prison time—and constantly I was on the sharp look-out for fun. As Delacroix had said, we soon obtained access to the hospitals for Union soldiers, visiting them daily. They were three in number, and from the first hour of our entrance I should have thought complaint a blasphemy. They used to bring there the poor wretches from the tobacco factories and Belle Isle, worn almost to skeletons, sometimes with the skin literally dried on the bone, moving masses of filth and rags, snatching at any article of food as they passed, groveling and struggling weakly for it like dogs, many of them actually in the agonies of death, taken there that they might be said to have died in hospital. In one day the ambulance brought us eighteen, and eleven out of them died; in fact, we saw little but such sombre processions. We had little medicine to give them, and no food but a scanty measure of corn-bread and sweet potatoes; and this for men down with dysentery and typhoid pneumonia. These, too, were men in the last stages of disease; hundreds more, fit subjects for hospital treatment, were left on the island and in the prisons for lack of hospital accommodation. In the three Union hospitals the average of deaths was forty a day. We lived in an atmosphere of death; corpses were on every side of us. We did what we could; but after all it was little more than standing with our hands fast bound to witness sufferings that we could not alleviate. I had done looking for Jem. I hoped now that he was dead. Better that his handsome head lay low among a heap of unknown slain than to have been tortured all these months in a Richmond prison.

Our own condition was not improving. The weather was growing colder, and the wind whistled most unpromisingly through our broken windows. Stoves were put up, but no fuel was given to burn in them; and sleeping on bare planks, without mattress or covering, was getting to be a problem. There was a falling off also in the matter of rations—corn-bread and two ounces of rice now was our daily allowance; added to this, daily brutality and insolence on the part of the under-keepers, dead silence from home, and the long, hopeless winter setting in; but the edge of all this was blunted for me by the hospital horrors. My very sleep was dreadful with dying groans and pitiful voices calling on those who, thank God! will never know how they died.

One morning the ambulance had brought a load of fourteen from the island, and when I came to the hospital, a little later than usual, I found Delacroix standing by the side of one of them—a young man, judging from the skeleton-like but still powerful frame—an old one, from the pinched and ghastly face—a dying one, at all events. Used as we were to horrors, I saw that Delacroix was laboring under some unusual emotion. He was white to the very lips. I understood why when he muttered in my ear the word "Starving!" Low as it was uttered, the poor boy caught the word.

"Yes," he said, feebly. "It is quite useless, gentlemen—no," turning from the bread that Delacroix offered, "I loathe it now. For days and days I have been mad for it. I have had murder in my heart. I thought if one died the rest might live. Once we caught a dog and roasted him, and quarreled over the bits. We had no cover; we lay on the scorching sand, and when the terrible heats were over came the raw fogs and bitter wind."

He stopped, seemingly from exhaustion, and lay a few moments silent; then the pitiful voice commenced again.

"We were very brave for a while; we thought help was coming. We never dreamed they could go on at home eating, lying soft, and making merry while we were dying by inches. I think if my brother knew—If ever you get back I charge you, before God, find out Robert Bence, surgeon of the —— Maine. Tell him that his brother Jem starved to death on Belle Isle, and that thousands more are—Ah! just Heaven! the pain again! O Christ! help me! have—"

The words died away in inarticulate ravings. He tossed his arms wildly over his head; his whole frame racked with the most awful throes. And this was my poor boy; so wasted, so horribly transformed, that I had not known him. His glazing eyes had not recognized me. His few remaining hours were one long, raving agony. He never knew that his brother was by his side. I died over and over again, standing there in my utter helplessness. I had never so thanked God as when his moaning fell away into the merciful silence of death.

Delacroix, who had remained with me, vented his grief and wrath in the bitterest curses; but I was stunned. My grief was so vast that I could not then fully comprehend it. There were in store for me days of future horror, hours of sickening remembrance of his agony, of maddening thought of that most awful and protracted torture; cold, hunger, disease, despair, all at once; but then I waited in silence till they had taken him away, with the nine others dead out of the fourteen brought there in the morning, and then went mechanically back with Delacroix. It was after sundown, but the first sight that saluted us in the prison was a row of pails and brushes, and the keepers detailing the officers for the duty of scrubbing. At that Delacroix burst out, angrily,

"How the devil do you think we are going to sleep on these floors after they are scrubbed, and without fires to dry them? Is your Government trying to kill us with sleeplessness, since it can't starve us out? Already we have walked all one night this week, because lying down was impossible."

The keeper turned, with an ugly grin on his brutal face:

"Since you are so delicate you can try the dungeons for a day or two. You won't be troubled with scrubbing there; and you will find the company that is fit for a Yankee—in the vermin."

So Delacroix was marched off to the dungeons, as poor Davies had been the week before, though scarcely over the typhoid fever—as Major White and Colonel Straight have since been, and many another hapless officer, for a trivial offense or none at all. They kept him there three days in that noisome hole. He came out looking a little pale, but plucky as ever. The spite of a brutal man is a hound that never tires. The keeper watched his opportunity, swore that he saw Delacroix looking

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out at window (this high offense was punishable with death), and put him down again—for four days, this time. Then we got another turn of the hand-screw. We were no longer allowed to attend the hospitals. Delacroix's eyes flashed.

"There goes the last obstacle to escape. While I thought I could be of use to our poor fellows here I would not go; but now—I have had plenty of time to think down there, and I have thought to purpose. I have a plan. If you like you can try it with me; if not, I go alone."

To know how sounded that word "escape" one must first have realized a prison. The risk was enormous, and failure meant the damp dungeons of the Libey, of which Delacroix gave no alluring description. The plan, however, was feasible. By agreement each managed to secure a sleeping-place near the door, and when all was quiet stole out, shoes slung about our necks, to the upper story, where was a sky-light, through which we were soon out on the roof, and in present possession of our freedom, though it was to be regretted that it was so many stories high. We went straight to the end of our roof, Delacroix, in his walks, having noted that the second building above us was empty; but the adjoining house, unfortunately, was a two-story building, so that we were forced to descend by help of the lightning-rod, which Delacroix did well enough, going down hand over hand with the ease of a cat; while I, less agile, met with one or two slips, and came down with a final thump, which should have startled the guards below, but did not, luckily for us. Then we found ourselves on a level with the third-story window of the next house—the empty one.

"But how if it shouldn't be empty?" I whispered.

"It is empty," returned Delacroix, energetically, leaning across the little chasm of division to open the sash. "Now, will you go first?"

In I went—bare floor—empty rooms—open doors; that looked uninhabited, at any rate. Delacroix followed; and then we began to make our way down in the Egyptian darkness, getting several stumbles, and nearly breaking our necks on the last flight of stairs—a most villainous one. The lower door was bolted, but, being on the inside, it proved no such mighty matter to open it. Then there was a cold, damp rush of air, and we dimly made out that we were in a small back yard, overlooked by tall buildings, showing ghost-like against the sky. The gate was locked, and we did not stop to pry it open, but took the fence in gallant style, and away! Scarce any one was stirring, and walking leisurely through the dark and quiet streets, by morning light we were well out of Richmond; and now commenced the real perils of our journey; first the brightning light, which urged us to all possible speed in finding a cover. Delacroix had a pocket-compass, and by it we struck a north-easterly course, going on bravely till presently we came plump on a fort—peril number two. "Down!" whispered Delacroix, dropping on hands and knees in the grass. I followed his example in all haste, and so we wormed our way some hundred yards onward. Suddenly Delacroix clutched my wrist. Something was vibrating in the air—a dull, heavy, regular sound, caught all the more readily from our nearness to the ground, and with it a curious, faint tinkle, growing nearer, sounding out loudly now on the raw air. Both exclaimed, at the same instant, "Cavalry, by George!" It was an even chance whether they would ride us down or miss us; but there was nothing left save to crouch lower in the grass, and crouch we did. Doubtless some sweet saint at home was praying for us, for the chance proved in our favor. On they came, at an easy gallop, spurs and sabres jingling, and chatting carelessly; passed us, little dreaming who were their neighbors for that moment; died away into silence the echo of hoofs and tinkle of spurs. But now daylight was a very positive affair indeed, further travel too dangerous, and even Delacroix admitted, with a groan, that remaining where we were was our only safety.

"Remaining where we were" sounds like ease and rest—a peaceful phrase, in fact, conveying a notion of repose; but it was a marvelously hard thing to do. There was the probability of discovery; then, spite of peril, we were in a very desperation of sleepiness, and dropping off continually, to wake up in a panic, fancying that our foes were upon us. We were chilled to the heart; what with night-dews, and raw air, the dampness of the earth, and the enervation of our imprisonment; and as the day wore on we grew ravenous as wolves. Surely night was never before half so welcome, though words have not in them an expression of the difficulties of our way. The sacred soil stuck to our tired feet as if it had been in the Secession interest, and were all the briers sworn rebels they could not have caught and torn us more persistently. Once we floundered into a morass. "Courage," quoth Delacroix, "the Libey dungeons are worse." Twenty times over I should have lain down in a sullen despair, had it not been for his undaunted courage, pushing on spite of every thing, himself included.

Daybreak found us in the "open," quite out of reach of any cover. A little ahead the road turned sharply, cutting off our view, but both heard a sound of singing, to which quick steps sounding out in the frosty air kept time, and the singing and walking grew every moment plainer. It was coming toward us. Delacroix laid a hand on his pistols, but I had already caught the words,

"Berry early in de mornin', when de Lor' pass by,
When de Lor' pass by, and invite me to come,"

chanted to one of the barbaric refrains, so often heard on the plantations, and stayed his hand. The next moment the singer came in sight—a negro, as I had thought. He would have passed us without seeming notice, but Delacroix stopped him, saying, briefly,

"We are Union officers, runaways from Richmond; weary, starving, and in want of a hiding-place. Will you help us?"

A sudden gleam lighted up the man's dark face.

"Sartain, mas'r. De Linkum men fight for poor nigga—nigga help when he kin. Dis chile hide mas'r safe as ef he be in Washington."

"And if he betrays us—"

"I'll blow his brains out," returned Delacroix, promptly.

"Small consolation that."

"It is our only chance, at any rate, and besides the sky *won't* fall. He is honest."

But for all that he watched him like a cat. At the first suspicious move our colored friend would have found short shrift. I had my hand on my knife, and Delacroix's revolver was in dangerous readiness. As yet, however, there was no need for action. We met not a soul, and guiding us to a fodder-house, he assured us that we might rest there at ease till dark.

We were so dead tired that we scarcely waited for the end of his assurance before we threw ourselves on the floor and were off asleep. From a rest as deep and sweet as the peace of Heaven I was startled by a hand on my shoulder. My knife was out on the instant.

"Cut de pone, mas'r, not me," cried our negro guide, retreating in some alarm. He had brought us some corn pones. We fell on them like starved wolves, and then off to sleep again, till the dark made it safe to recommence our journey. Our guide did not take the road, however, but struck across toward what we recognized as the colored quarters of a plantation. "Supper first," he observed, sententiously, ushering us into one of the low wooden buildings. We had expected solitude and silence, and got a shock. The room was crowded, and fresh comers pouring in every moment.

"It is a trap!" cried Delacroix. "We are betrayed."

"Mas'r too quick," answered our guide; "dis am a 'spression ob de feelin' in de cullud brest, dat all. Ebery one, big and little, come to bress de Lor' and de brave Linkum ossifers. Hercules, gib de gemmen seats; you, Cesar," to a little grinning twelve-year-old imp, "quit dat yer. Git de oder little chaps and deflect youselves as pickets. Sojer march roun' and roun', gun on he shoulder: hold he head so high. Can't eben see poor nigga, he sech great man. O Lor'! tink de nigga no 'count; neber tink we hab pickets too, and de Linkum men right under he nose, he! he! Sue, push dat yer chicken dis way. Lizy, gib us de pone and milk. Don' stan' nudgin' and winkin'. Step about gals, be spry."

It was plain that this was a man in authority, though how much was due to calibre, and how much to a ragged military coat, minus the buttons, and a hat, curiously jammed and broken, was too delicate an analysis for men in our condition. The room was crowded, for the news of our hiding had gone from mouth to mouth through the entire plantation, and every soul was there to welcome us. There was little or no noise; but the intense, thrilling excitement on every dusky face was a thing not soon to be forgotten.

"Telled ye so!" cried one old woman; "allers said de good Lor' hear de groanin' and sighin' sometime. Oh! chil'en, I pray night and day all dese yer years sence dey sell away my little Sue. 'O Lor', make dem like a wheel;' and ole Sam, he say dat a debil's prayer; but I hearn it in de Bible—hearn Mas'r Arnold read it he ownself; and now, sure enuf, de Lor' hab make 'em no 'count—jest like a wheel rollin', rollin', can't fin' no rest till dey rol. straight down to eberlastin' ruin; and de jubilee's comin' and de Lor' bress dese men dat bring it. De Lor' ob glory keep 'em safe; and oh! mas'r, tell de good Linkum men strike hard—he's groanin' sech a weary time."

She was interrupted by our guide, who plainly thought his prerogative in danger.

"Dat's enuf, ole Susan. Curus how women's tongues kin run. Time to sperse, ladies and gemmen, and, 'member now, no noise. Now ef mas'r's ready—"

The sentence was completed by a sudden dropping of his military coat and dignity together, placing him at once in his former light of an everyday member of society. The remainder of our journey had in it little of adventure. Our guide led us around the pickets, moralizing all the way on, "He hold he head so high—tink nigga no 'count," and ferried us across the Mattapony. Here we were given into the keeping of another negro, passed a damp but monotonous day in the woods, were treated to another plantation supper; then another day hiding, another night in pushing through morass and forest, another guide. As good old Bunyan has it, "we were bemired to purpose"—were torn and foot-sore; but at last we reached the Rappahannock. There our guide left us, and there we passed a day watching men oystering in the river, and wishing for a few of them on shore. The programme was simple now. We had only to wait till midnight, take one of the boats, and drop down the river to the gun-boats; but oh! those hours of chilled and aching waiting!

The friends who welcomed us with open arms gazed at us with a sort of terror, so wan, ragged, haggard, ghastly, was our appearance. Delacroix looked at least five years older; while I—but small marvel if I have changed—I have always in my ears that moaning voice, "Tell him that his brother Jem starved to death on Belle Isle!" I have the vision before me night and day of that writhing frame, that lone, raving agony; and there are thousands more to freeze and starve! God help them!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE winter twilight was saddening into night. Through the heavy flutings of the silken curtain one might see the ice-bright stars, shooting steely streams of light athwart the melancholy tides of crimson that belted the dreamy southwest with a zone of blood. There was no illumination in the parlor save the red, intense shine of the sea-coal fire—you could hear the soft ticking of the gilded clock on the mantle, and the clinking fall of white-hot cinders, while the canary dozed on its perch, a ball of downy gold, and the milk-white chalices of the superb Egyptian lily in the window drooped downward as if some lotus breath had swept their fiery hearts!

Agatha Bell was sitting with her slender feet half buried in the spotted tiger-skin that lay before the fire, and her hands tightly clasped on her lap—a fragile, slight girl, with a pure Greek face, and pearly eyelids whose silky fringe softened the blue fire of strangely passionate eyes. Motionless as a fair statue she sat there, and Captain Granger, whose wistful glance crept toward her, ever and anon, in the midst of the camp stories which filled Harry Bell's boy-brain with wonder, could not tell whether she heard his low voice or not. But as he talked he smoothed down the boy's brown hair with a caressing touch, it was so like the shining braids that circled Agatha's haughty head.

"Oh, that's famous!" said Harry, drawing a deep breath, and balancing himself expertly on the edge of his chair, while both elbows rested on the Captain's knee. "I say, Captain John!"

"Well."

"*I* mean to be a soldier when I grow up, and won't I pitch into those plagued rebels! That is," added Harry, sagely, "if I can be in your company; I don't want to fight under any one else!"

And the boy of eleven drew himself up into a martial attitude, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Captain Granger smiled, and still watched the profile so delicately outlined against the fire, while he wondered if earth held no spell to unlock the door of her capricious cruel heart!

"I like soldiers!" pursued Harry. "Every body likes 'em, except Agatha! *She* don't; but then you know, Captain John, she's nothing but a girl. She thinks they're conceited—the officers, you know—and she says she can't bear 'em."

"Does she?"

Captain Granger's cheek burned under its swarthy sun-touch as he looked full at Agatha. She met his gaze with defiant eyes, and the pearly skin glowed into roses, but she did not answer the question in his face. The young man rose and put Harry's hand gently aside, repeating, gravely,

"Does she say that? I am very sorry, Harry, my boy!"

He bowed, and went out without another word. The scar of a sabre-cut, received at Gettysburg, was yet fresh on his breast, and something throbbing within brought vividly back the smarting pain of the moment when the cruel blow came down.

"He's gone!" said Harry, dolefully. "Do you suppose he'll come again to-morrow, Agatha? I say, wasn't that a jolly yarn about the Confederate sergeant and his two horses?"

And Harry picked up his much-bethumbed Latin Grammar, with the secret wish that life was all a cavalry raid with "Captain John" at its head!

Agatha Bell was standing before the glass next day, brushing out the shining brown waves of her lovely hair, when Harry burst into her room with the velocity of an 11-inch shell!

"Hallo, Agatha! Don't you believe he's gone?"

"Who?" asked Agatha, detaching a hair-pin from its box with regal indifference.

"Who? why Captain John! Gone down into Tennessee somewhere; and don't I wish I was going with him! I believe you, my boy, I do!"

He stopped short in an extempore series of gymnastics at the strange sound of his sister's voice.

"Gone! Did he leave no message for me?"

"No! What message should he leave? He gave me his six-barreled pistol, and told me to be sure not to forget him; but he never spoke any thing about you!"

Harry commenced manipulating his new gift in a suicidal manner, but Agatha went on brushing her hair, while the mirror seemed to swim before her vision, and a chill sickness eddied through her heart. He had gone—and without a farewell word!

Well, let him go! He should learn that her heart could be as cold as his!

And no one knew why it was that Agatha drooped and blanched as the slow weeks dragged on their weary days.

The low February sun fluttered its level pennons of light into her dainty little room, whose crimson-piled carpet and rose-tinted ceilings made you think of the inside of some pink shell. She was sitting at her desk writing to the one dear friend who knew all her heart-secrets. Ah, what would a woman do if she could not sometimes unburden her heart—if the healing balm of another woman's sympathy were denied to her when the wounds are sorest?

"Agatha! I say, Agatha!"

She looked up with a little start as Harry's elbows came down among her paper-knives and sheets of lilac-paper and nick-nacks innumerable.

"Well?"

"I wish you'd just lend me your alabaster inkstand a minute; I've broken t'other one, and I'm in an awful hurry!"

"Harry, I do wish you wouldn't use such language!"

"Well, I won't, if you'll give me the inkstand."

"But I can not; I am writing to Alice Moore."

"Hang Alice Moore; let her wait. There, don't look so shocked at a fellow; you know I don't mean any thing! But you see I'm directing a Valentine, and if it don't go by to-night's mail it will be too late. Come—that's a dear girl!"

"A Valentine! Harry, I thought you had outgrown such nonsense!"

"It's the jolliest thing, Agatha!" exclaimed the boy, bursting into a chuckling laugh, and standing ecstatically on one leg, while he mysteriously unfolded the end of a gaudily-colored caricature. "It's a soldier, don't you see? running away just as fast as he can jump. Ain't it funny, say? And I'm going to send it to Captain John; won't it make him laugh?"

Agatha smiled, but very faintly.

"I've put H. B. in the corner, so he'll know who sent it, but I've tried two or three times to direct it, and the envelopes all got blotted. You direct it, Agatha, please; he don't know your handwriting, and he'll be so puzzled! Here's a nice envelope—just write the address, and I'll promise not to fire off my pistol in the yard for a whole week!"

"Leave the Valentine here, then, and I'll see to it when I've finished my letter."

She wrote on, absent and rather sad; and when Harry came, at twilight, to receive his precious missive for the post she was watching the lurid sky from the window with eyes that saw none of the blood-red radiance.

"The letters are there on the table, Harry; don't stay out late."

When the boy was gone she leaned her forehead against the cool glass and cried a little. Tears are a sovereign medicine in some diseases.

The rack of inky clouds hung low over the leafless Tennessee woods that stormy February night, the wind howled sadly through the dreary mountain gorges, and the fire on Captain Granger's cabin-hearth danced and flickered as the gusty currents of air whirled down the stone chimney. It was not a cheerful place for a man who had been brought up in purple and fine linen; but Captain Granger cared not a whit for externals, nay, he rather liked the wailing blast and the smoky fire, being just in that state of mind when a man prefers to be as uncomfortable as possible.

"Stephens!"

Private Samuel Stephens, who enjoyed the honor of being special attendant to the Captain, and who was at that moment mending his linen by the aid of a darning-needle and a pair of iron-bowed spectacles, immediately rose up and saluted.

"Yes, Captain."

"I wish you would go and see if the mails are in."

The private laid down his spectacles and needle, denuded his finger of a ponderous steel thimble, and went out accordingly.

"Though," soliloquized Captain Granger to himself, "what the use of sending him may be *I* don't know. I never get any letters—I never expect 'em. Only it *is* rather hard to see the other fellows brighten up over the long epistles of their mothers, and wives, and sweet-hearts, and feel that there's nobody to care a pin for you, dead or alive. However, a newspaper's better than nothing. Well, Stephens, what are you looking so amiable about?"

"Nothing, Sir, only I've got a Valentine from Jemima Starkweather; these g ds is so full of their nonsense," said Samuel, his whole face radiant. "And—beggin' your pardon, Captain"—he added, presenting a tiny, lilac-enveloped missive, "I shouldn't wonder if you'd got one too! It's the fourteenth o' Febooary, and leap year at that!"

"Nonsense!" said Granger, vexed to feel the blood rising to his forehead. "You can go, Stephens, I don't need you at present."

"The New York post-mark, but I do not know the handwriting," he muttered, drawing nearer to the guttering tallow-candle, as Private Stephens closed the cabin-door behind him. "I don't know who should write to me; however, I sha'n't find out until I open the letter, so here goes! 'My dearest love!' Upon my honor!" said Captain Granger, staring helplessly at the log walls, "it's rather an agreeable surprise to learn that I am any body's 'dearest love.' I don't understand this at all," he added, running his eye down the page. "Hallo! what's this? 'Don't hesitate to say how miserable I am since John Granger went away!'"

He turned the page with a hand that trembled like a leaf, and read the signature "*Agatha!*"

"It's a mistake!" he ejaculated, the cold sweat breaking out at every pore. "This letter was never intended for me! It's got into the wrong envelope somehow; that must be the solution of the mystery!"

He rose up, and walked once or twice across the cabin floor, very pale, and with teeth tightly set.

"I don't care," he muttered, fiercely; "I *will* read it, if it were a dishonorable thing, twenty times over. Does not my life's happiness depend on it? No, I will *not*. I never did a mean action yet, and I will not begin now."

He took a large envelope from the little leathern desk upon his pine table, and sealed the lilac sheet closely within it.

"I will take it to her myself, and receive an explanation from her own lips," he thought. "And if—stop, Jack Granger—don't make more of a fool of yourself than nature originally intended!"

"I guess the Captain *has* got a Valentine sure enough," said Samuel Stephens in a whisper to one of his companions in arms. "He's lookin' as bright's a new dollar."

Nor was Samuel far wrong in his conjectures.

Agatha Bell was bending over the creamy scrolls of her tall Egyptian lily, in the frosty light of the winter's day, when a footstep on the carpet startled her from a sad reverie. She turned only to behold the brown face, and bright, earnest eyes of Captain Granger, and to have both her hands imprisoned in his grasp.

"Agatha—nay, dearest, I will not be put off. Lift up those shy eyes—tell me if I may call you my own?"

She was weak and nervous, and worn with sleepless nights; and so, poor child, she surrendered without even a parley.

"But, John, why did you come—how did you know—?"

"That you loved me? Why, did not you send me a Valentine?"

"A Valentine? Never!"

He watched her haughty figure straighten up with an amused smile.

"Little deceiver! And you will deny it in the face of *this*?"

He broke open the sealed envelope—she caught it from him in a flood of rosy blushes.

"John, I did not know; I never intended—"

"Of course you didn't. But I may read it now?"

"*No*, Sir! A Valentine indeed!"

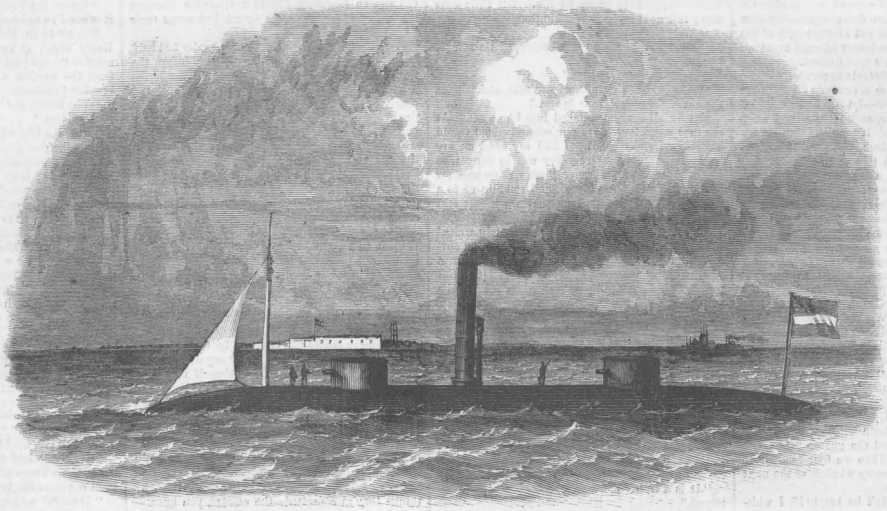
People view things with different eyes; and so it happened that while Agatha Bell indignantly denies that she ever sent a Valentine in the course of her whole life, Captain Granger declares as positively that if it had not been for the good offices of St. Valentine he never would have been betrothed to the prettiest girl in New York.

And what is more singular still, they are both of them right.

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THE NEW REBEL RAM.

On this page we print a sketch representing the rebel Ram at Mobile. The object of this Ram is the same intended to have been accomplished by the famous *Manassas* against our fleet off New Orleans in October, 1861, viz., the annoyance of our blockading vessels. The *Richmond*, which survived the attack of the *Manassas* without any serious damage, is now off Mobile, and probably has no fears of annihilation from this new monster. The Ram is turned by means of a jib, and the picture represents her as seen from a point near Sand Island.



THE NEW REBEL RAM AT MOBILE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BLOCKADE DUTY.]

COLUMBIA, S. C.

WE publish below some sketches illustrative of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, and of the Richland Jail, in which are confined Union prisoners captured in the vicinity of Charleston.

One of these sketches, entitled CITY HALL, is a view from the east windows of the prison. Above the building floats the Confederate flag. In the balcony about the tower a watchman paces his round at night, calling aloud the quarter hours; and in the fore-ground of the sketch is the high board-fence of the jail-yard.

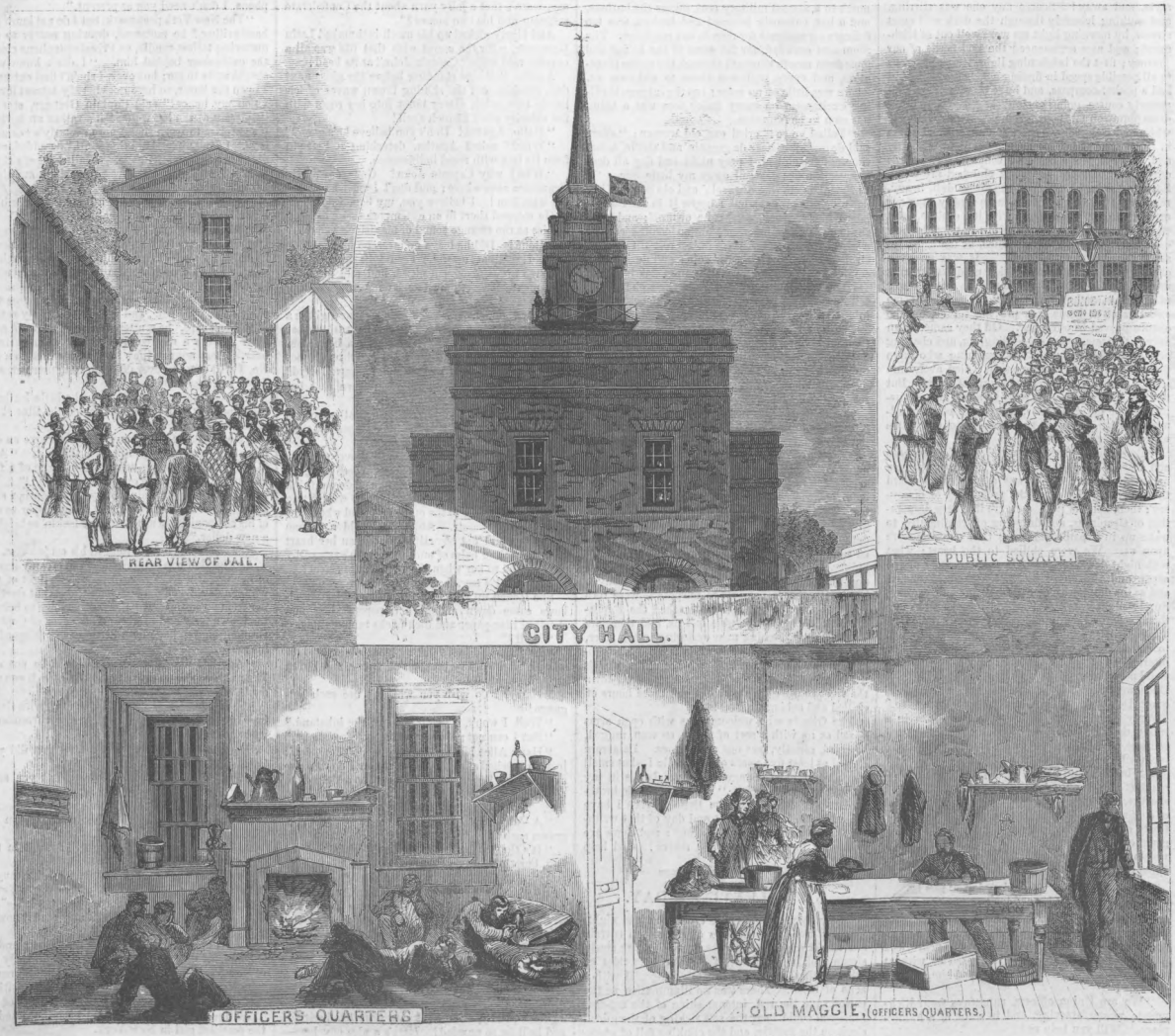
Another sketch represents a rear view of the prison itself, and a Sabbath Service held in the Yard. The building is of small stone, or brick, marked to imitate large stone blocks. On the first, or ground floor, are confined the Union officers; those of the army in two rooms nearest the front, on the left of the building, as shown in the sketch; those of the navy in one large room on the right. Of the two rear rooms, on the same floor, looking into the jail-yard, that on the right is occupied by the guard; that on the left for the temporary confinement of Confederate prisoners. The rooms on the second floor were occupied by the Union privates taken at Fort Wagner until their removal to Richmond; now conscripts and deserters for the Confederate army are there detained. The third floor is given up to the criminals from the civil courts.

On the other side of the City Hall is a picture of the PUBLIC SQUARE of Columbia, opposite the Old Court-house, before which slave auctions are to be often seen.

Against the corner lamp-post is the bulletin board of the *Carolinian* office—to be seen a little way up the street. On this the latest intelligence from the front is posted, and of course it is watched with interest from the jail windows by the Union prisoners, who surmise the nature of the news from the conduct and manners of those reading it. If favorable to the Confederates, they rub their hands exultingly as they stand about it in groups, exchanging congratulations on its signs of promise. If adverse, they read it slowly and walk sadly away—with, perhaps, a lifting of the hat and scratching of the head, or a spasmodic jerking of the foot at every other step, as though seeking vent for their feelings of disappointment and regret. By this corner passed the veteran regiments from the army of Northern Virginia to reinforce Bragg before the battle of Chicamauga.

The sketch entitled OLD MAGGIE represents a portion of the room occupied by the army officers. The long table is made to serve for meals by day and as a bed at night. Underneath it is the box in which is kept the corn-meal served with fresh meat every three or four days. Above are the water-bucket and cup, with the large pan in which Old Maggie, the colored cook, brings the meat and soup which she has prepared. Some shelves are seen against the walls, on which the soldiers pile their cups and bowls and their packages of purchased rations.

The picture at the right of the above represents the other portion of the officers' quarters. Here, in the open fire-place, a cheerful wood-fire blazes in these long, cold winter evenings, and around it the officers sit, recounting army experiences, discussing the probabilities of the future, or telling stories to beguile the tedious hours. Of home and dear ones but little is said, for those are subjects it will not do for prisoners to dwell upon. On the mantle are a few books, a prison candlestick, pipe, cup, coffee-pot, and piece of corn-bread of Old Maggie's make. The sound of the coffee-mill, just beneath, awakes the later sleepers in the early morning to memories of the home kitchen of boyhood days.



SCENES IN AND AROUND RICHLAND JAIL, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

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THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF COLT'S ARMORY, AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. B. RUSSELL, JR.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

FORT FISHER, COMMANDING THE NEW INLET ENTRANCE TO CAPE FEAR RIVER.—THE BRITISH STEAMER "HANSA" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE UNDER THE GUNS OF THE FORT.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.]

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THE SINGERS.

O MERRY sings the nurse by night,
Brooding over the fire;
And merry sing the sailor-boys
When noisy winds blow higher;
And red and merry in the blaze
Sing the men round the foundry fire.

O merry sing the reapers, sunk
Chin-deep in the yellow corn;
And merry sing the shepherds
When the shivering sheep are shorn;
And merry sing the millers
Watching the flowing corn.

Ay! merry sings the woodmen's gang
Where nods the stately tree;
And merry sings the pilot
By night on the summer sea;
And merry sing the fishermen
When winter gales blow free.

And merry sing the soldiers
In vaulted barrack-room;
And merry sing the weavers
Over the clattering loom;
And merry sing the light-house men
Amid the murk and gloom.

But merriest far is my Lucy's song
To the infant at her breast,
Watching, with those Madonna eyes,
Our dear one hushed to rest,
What time the red light fades along
The bright line of the west.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE blockade of the Narrows has been resumed. The *Naugatuck* is stationed off Throgg's Neck for the examination of Sound vessels; and the *Miami* and *Tiger* cruise along the North River, as far as the Narrows and Sandy Hook.

One hundred deserters have arrived at the Park Barracks, from Alexandria, Virginia.

The "Mosquito Fleet" will soon be ready to depart from this port for New Orleans. It consists of a number of little steamers, some of them iron-clad, and of light draft, to cruise in the lagoons and rivers of the Mississippi inaccessible to large ships.

Major-General MCCLERNAND left Springfield, Illinois, for New Orleans on the 2d instant.

Army mules are going to GRANT'S department in large numbers. They are to be used as pack mules for supply trains, for East Tennessee, as the roads are impassable for wagon trains.

A young lady from Pennsylvania enlisted at Oswego, in this State, a few days since. Her sex was discovered by a fellow-soldier, who gave information to the authorities, and she was arrested and placed in confinement. She is "only sixteen years of age, pretty, intelligent, and modest."

Owing to the failure of a previous contractor, the Navy Department has taken precautions to have the work of raising the sunken vessels at Norfolk and vicinity faithfully performed. The wrecks are the *Cumberland*, *Congress*, *Merrimac*, *Raritan*, the *Columbia*, the small steamer *Whitehall*, and the line-of-battle ships *Pennsylvania*, *Delaware*, and *Columbus*.

The chief of the military detective force of Washington reports that, during the month of January, sixty-two commissioned officers were arrested for various offenses, and six hundred and twenty enlisted men.

The steamer *D. G. Taylor*, which contained forty thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores for our troops at Nashville, was totally destroyed by fire at Louisville, Kentucky, a few days ago.

The Provost Marshal of Iowa has telegraphed to the President that the State will fill its quota by volunteers, rendering a draft there unnecessary.

At a special meeting of the Senate Military Committee to consider the House bill conferring the rank of Lieutenant-General on General GRANT it was decided to report the bill without amendment. It is understood that some opposition will be made to it when it comes before the Senate.

The reports that General THOMAS is to succeed General MEADE in command of the Army of the Potomac are probably without any foundation.

Mr. FESSON'S bill, to facilitate and hurry the payment of bounties and arrears of pay to the heirs of deceased soldiers, now only awaits the action of the Senate to become a law.

Admiral DU PONT has been summoned before the Committee on the Conduct of the War for the purpose of obtaining his opinion as to the best ordnance for the naval service.

The following Generals were in Louisville last week: Major-Generals GRANT, ROSECRANS, HUNTER, (CADWALLADER, STONEMAN, SCHOFIELD, CRITTENDEN, and MCCOOK; Brigadier-Generals WADSWORTH, ALLEN, CATTLAIN, THOMAS; and Rear-Admiral PORTER.

Major-General HANCOCK is in New York, bearing a commission to recruit his corps to the number of fifty thousand men.

There is great activity at the Charlestown (Massachusetts) Navy-yard in fitting out vessels for Fort Monroe.

Illinois having, under every call, exceeded her quota, was not, on the 1st of January or at any other time, subject to a draft.

In the case of the *Chesapeake*, the Judge of the Admiralty Court, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, has decided to restore the vessel and cargo to her owners.

Major-General BLUNT left Washington for General CURTIS'S Department last week. He is to have command of the district of the Indian Territory, with his head-quarters at Fort Smith.

Admiral LEE, commanding the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, advises the Secretary of the Navy of the destruction of the notorious blockade-runner *Wild Dayrell* at New Topsail Inlet, where she was ashore and discharging her cargo.

Since the advent of General STEELE Arkansas has furnished more volunteers for the Union army than any equal number elsewhere. Counties where JEFF DAVIS'S conscript officers could not find a score of men, have since sent full companies to the Union army.

General HOBSON has been temporarily put in command of the forces in Kentucky, General AMMON having been placed on the Court-Martial at Cincinnati.

A Washington correspondent states that Gen. HALLECK has announced his intention of resigning, if the House Bill, making GRANT Lieutenant-General passes the Senate.

The ship *Contest*, owned by A. A. LOW BROS., of New York, was burned by the *Alabama*, on the 11th of November.

Captain IVES, of the Tenth Massachusetts, and Captain READ, of the Third Ohio Volunteers, are to be ironed and sent to Salisbury, and put to hard labor, in retaliation for the similar treatment of two captains captured by Burnside, and now at Johnson's Island.

The Thirtieth Maine regiment, 1000 strong, have embarked from Portland for New Orleans.

STEELE'S cavalry advance occupy Benton, 60 miles south of Little Rock, Arkansas.

FORT FISHER, N. C.

AN English artist in the South writes as follows concerning the accompanying illustration: "Herewith I send you a sketch of Fort Fisher, commanding the approach to Cape Fear River, the entrance to Wilmington, North Carolina. I was down there one night, and, as it is twenty-five miles from the town, it was impossible to get back that night, so I had to rough it in a casemate till morning. As luck would have it, we discovered a blockade-running steamer, the *Hansa*, under our guns at dawn, and at the same time the Yankee blockaders also became aware of her presence and opened fire, thinking, as she had already got inside the bar (the line of white breakers just seaward of her), they would destroy her before she made the inlet. To get within range they had to expose themselves to the metal of the fort, which soon drove them off, leaving the *Hansa* at liberty to make her way safely into the river. The distant point of land is Cape Fear. Fort Fisher is one of the strongest coast defenses I have seen, not excepting any of those at Charleston, that have hitherto held an entire iron-clad fleet at bay."

THE FIRE IN COLT'S ARMORY.

WE publish on page 125 an illustration, from a sketch by Mr. J. B. Russell, Jun., of the late extensive fire at Colt's Armory, Hartford. The buildings destroyed were the front main building, 500 feet long by 60 feet wide, and three stories in height; the wing of the same width and height, and 60 feet long; and the office, two and a half stories high. The main building contained the most expensive gun and pistol machinery, and employed eight hundred workmen. Nearly every thing movable was saved, including several thousand dollars' worth of stock, and pistols packed for shipment.

The fire originated in the attic, from what cause is unknown, but was first discovered in the centre wing connecting the old with the new Armory. The firemen were successful in preventing the fire from reaching the new Armory, thus saving the Government rifles, which are made in that building.

The Armory burned was built by Mr. Colt in 1859 of Portland stone, slate roof, and was said to be fire-proof. The new Armory, which is built of brick, was added two years ago to meet the extensive demand for rifles after the breaking out of the war. The entire loss from the fire is estimated at about $1,000,000. Colonel Colt never had the buildings insured, but upon his death Mr. E. K. Root, then elected President of the Company, obtained insurance on the entire Armory to the amount of $660,000. This fire is a serious loss to Hartford, and especially as it throws out of work between one and two thousand mechanics and workmen. It will take the Company two years to rebuild and put their establishment on its former footing.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.

Major-General Burnside writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75, and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Single Cases* sent by mail free to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the RIDGEWOOD SMOKING TOBACCO, of *superior quality* and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade*. *All Orders* promptly filled.
OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.



POLLAK & SON, MEERSCHAUM MANUFACTURERS, 257 BROOME ST., NEAR BOWERY, N. Y., sell wholesale and retail. Will send, free of charge, a genuine Pipe for 6 Dollars. Pipes cut to order and repaired.

500 Wonders of the World.

Whiskers and Moustaches, Gold and Silver-Love Courtship, &c., the Hunter's Secret, Angler's Secret and a host of other Secrets for making money worth a fortune to any one, all sent free for 25 cts. Also Agents wanted.
Address J. W. STEPHENS, Morristown, N. J.

New Catalogue of Jewelry
Sent free. Address
THOS. CAFFERTY & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only*: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

HEAD-QUARTERS
For Veteran, Cavalry, Army Corps, Company, and Division Pins of every Description.

On the receipt of $1, I will send you a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin with your Name, Regt., and Co. handsomely engraved upon it, or a fine Gold Pen with Extension Case and Pencil, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin, or a Seal Stone Ring. And for $1 50, I will send you a Solid Silver new style CAVALRY Pin, engraved as above. Agents sending for 10 or more Pins at one time will be allowed 15 cents each.
B. F. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Drums and Fifes for the Army.

ELEGANT PRIZE DRUMS in Wood, Brass, and German Silver, from $50 down to $12 50 each. Cheap Drums, $5 to $10 each. Pure Silver Fifes, from $75 to $40 each. Elegant German Silver Fifes, from $6 to $10 each. Emmeti's Drum and Fife Book, $1 per copy. WM. A. POND & CO., Manufacturers of Musical Instruments and Publishers of Music, 547 Broadway, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

Military and Naval

COLLECTION and BANKING OFFICE.—SOMES, BROWN & Co., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.

Ivory Photographic

SLEEVE BUTTONS (*Patent applied for*), with perfect likenesses of the President, Generals Grant, Rosecrans, Burnside, McClellan, Banks, and others, $1 00 per pair. Fine Ivory Brooches, $1 50. Ball Ear Rings to match, $1 50. White and imitation of Coral, for sale at WELLING'S, 207 Centre St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant.

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE PILLS

Are infallible for costiveness, spasms, loss of appetite, sick headache, giddiness, sense of bloating after meals, dizziness, drowsiness, and cramping pains, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels.

☞ Original Letter at 294 Canal Street, New York.

J. J. C. COOK, publisher of the *State Banner*, Bennington, Vt., says: he was attacked with DYSPEPSIA, and suffered so severely from it, that not a particle of food could be swallowed without occasioning the most uncomfortable sensation in his stomach. For five years he suffered from this dreadful complaint, when he used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The first box did not seem to benefit him much, but the second produced a change, and by the time he had taken six boxes a COMPLETE CURE was effected. He says: "My dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

☞ In all cases get new style, with my private stamp upon each box by permission of the Honorable Commissioner of Stamps. Observe B. BRANDRETH in white, which insures the genuine Pills.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name "AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name "APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name "P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name "WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

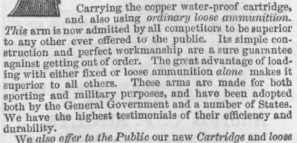
It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send $1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Choker," to Box 5173, and receive it by return mail. American enameled Metallic Collar Co., 94 Pine St., N. Y.



Ballard Patent Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition*. *This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. Its simple construction and perfect workmanship are a sure guarantee against getting out of order. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition *alone* makes it superior to all others. These arms are made for both sporting and military purposes, and have been adopted both by the General Government and a number of States. We have the highest testimonials of their efficiency and durability.

We *also offer to the Public* our new *Cartridge* and *loose* ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon. No one wishing a first-class arm should be without one.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.
MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
262 Broadway, N. Y.

Two Dollars made from twenty cents, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20c. that retail for $2, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have Just Published:

LIFE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838–1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By Miss BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

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Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
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6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED

ALBERTINE

Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen $10 25
Or 3 dozen for 25 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!

30,000 Watches, Chains, &c., &c., &c.

Worth $150,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list of articles and particulars. Also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

Six Certificates can be ordered for $1, thirteen for $2, thirty-five for $5, and one hundred for $12.

Address C. F. SHULTS,
285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM.

USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, and ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. METTAM & CO., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y.
Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Ongnent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH.—Agents wanted to sell Sewing Machines. We will give a commission on all Machines sold, or employ agents who will work for the above wages and all expenses paid. For particulars address
BOYLAN & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

GET THE BEST.

Text-Book on Botany.

By Professor ASA GRAY, of Harvard University.
For comprehensiveness of scope, exactness and clearness of description, accurate and scientific analysis of plants, and beauty of illustration, these books have no equal.
HOW PLANTS GROW—A Botany for young people, with 500 drawings from nature, price 90c.
LESSONS IN BOTANY AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY—An introduction to the Manual for the use of beginners, price $1 25.
MANUAL OF BOTANY—A comprehensive Flora of the Northern States, to which is added *Garden Botany*. A complete class-book for Academies and colleges, price $2.
MANUAL AND LESSONS in one volume, price $2 50.
STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC BOTANY, with 1,300 cuts, price $2 50.
A circular containing prices, descriptions, and testimonials from the highest sources will be sent upon application.
Books furnished for *examination* and for *introduction* at greatly reduced prices. Address, the Publishers,
IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co., Nos. 48 and 50 Walker Street, New York.

Agents Wanted for the Army.

New Army Watches.

Every Soldier should have the Magic Railway Time-Keeper. It has beautiful Silver Composite Hunting Cases, *with new Patent Time Indicator, to save trouble of opening case, just invented for the benefit of our brave soldiers.* The handsomest and most useful Watch ever offered $15.
Every Officer should have the DOUBLE TIME DUPLEX STOP WATCH.—This highly useful Watch has beautiful and heavy Silver Hunting Cases, with different Indexes for Washington and London time, Sweep Seconds with Superior adjusted Stop, to be used in training horses, and also by Sportsmen, Artillerists, &c., in marking time, $38.
All the leading novelties can be seen by sending for our Catalogue. We want Agents in every regiment on unusually liberal terms.
All Watches mailed free to any address, and warranted for 12 months.
ARRANDALE & CO., Importers of Watches,
212 Broadway, New York.

Diamond Parlor Matches.
In Round and Slide Boxes,
66 Courtlandt Street, *N. Y.*

We are now offering our Celebrated Gold Pens and Extension Silver Plated Holders at the following low prices for Cash:

No. 1 Magic Gold Pens and Holders, per dozen,			$5 50.
No. 2	"	"	7 00.
No. 1 Albertine fine Gold Pens and Holders, per doz.			8 00.
No. 2	"	"	9 00.
No. 1 Always Ready	"	"	11 50.
No. 2	"	"	13 00.

These Pens and Holders are all warranted, and will retail from $2 to $5 each.
A deduction of 10 per cent. will be made on all sums of $50 and upwards. Our Pens and Holders have nice fancy Cases, containing one dozen each, and are not soldin less quantities. Sent by mail or express pre-paid.
Address SALISBURY BROS. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

CANVASSERS

Wanted everywhere to sell "FISH'S UNION ATTACHMENTS," designed to support Vessels or Shades over the flame of a common coal oil lamp or gas burner. EVERYBODY WANTS IT. PRICE 50 CENTS. Active men can make $10 a day. Call at No. 206 Pearl St., N. Y., or send for a circular. WM. D. RUSSELL, Agent.

In Press—Excelsior Music Book, for Violin, Flute, Fife, or Cornet. I love that dear old Flag the best, piano. When the boys come home. Your fortune is too small for me. My love is on the battle-field, each 25c. Violin Strings 25c. mailed. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS illustrated price list sent on receipt of post stamp.
FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.



Cavalry Badges.
Annexed is a fac-simile design of our newest style Cavalry Badge. Sent free to any address on receipt of price, with Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved thereon.
Solid Silver $3 00
Solid Silver, letters in gold relief 3 50
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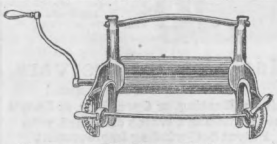
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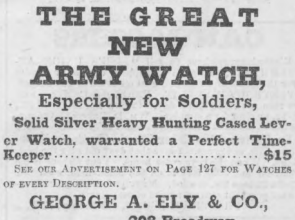
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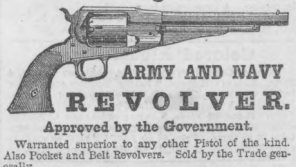
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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I WALKED adown the garden-walk
To bid my love good-by,
And as I passed the roses' stalk
What should my eyes espy
But, nestled like a brooding dove
In some sequestered spot,
The very thing I told my love—
A dear "FORGET-ME-NOT!"

I stooped and plucked the little flower:
He said, "What do you seek?"
I answered, "In the twilight hour
Let *this*, love, for me speak!"
I twined it softly in his vest,
His arms were round me furled—
And as I leaned upon his breast
He said I was "his world!"

His sword was girt upon his thigh,
His plume waved in the breeze;
And all the twilight seemed to sigh
Among the garden trees!
I looked into his eyes and felt
As happy maidens feel,
When first two loving spirits melt
In one for woe or weal.

He drew me closer to his heart,
My hand was on his breast;
He said, "My love! though now we part,
This heart can never rest
Until I bring you back your flower,
And claim, where now we stand,
In some sweet, future twilight hour,
This darling little hand!"

These were the words I heard him say—
The last I ever heard!
I saw him slowly ride away
While not a step I stirred.
I could not move—I saw him turn
And kiss his hand to me.
Ah! how my spirit *then* did yearn
For what would never be.

This little casket that I wear
The rest can better tell—
A withered flower, a lock of hair,
A blood-stained word, "Farewell!"
They buried him upon the field,
Upon the battle-plain;
And life to me can never yield
A comfort to my pain.

I often, at the twilight hour,
Steal down the garden-walk,
Where once I plucked the little flower
Beneath the roses' stalk;
And when I reach the wicker-gate,
And no one else is nigh,
I almost think I see him wait,
As then, to say "Good-by."

And sometimes, when the shadows creep
Along the garden-wall,
I hear a voice which makes me weep
Out of the darkness call.
It seems to say—as still I stand
Upon the same old spot—
"I'm waiting for that little hand—
My dear, FORGET-ME-NOT!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

QUAKER EXEMPTION.

THE petition to exempt Quakers from military service, on the ground of conscientious scruples against war, has excited a great deal of thoughtful sympathy. The statement made in it of the undaunted moral heroism and suffering of some Quakers, among the rebels, who had been drafted and who declined to serve is very touching and impressive. In one case a man was tortured and barely escaped with his life. In another, one was ordered to be shot, and when the file of soldiers who were to execute the sentence saw the victim and heard him calmly praying that they might be forgiven for their involuntary crime, they refused to fire. These are incidents which recall the testimony of the early Quakers. They show that the old spirit is not extinct, and that George Fox and James Naylor still survive under other names.

And yet the principle of exempting men from their share of any common public burden merely upon their assertion of conscientious objection to bearing it, is not and can not be admissible. For the evidence of this truth we need look no further than the late proposition in Congress to exempt from service all who were sincerely opposed to the prosecution of the war. That is simply a proposition to submit to the overthrow of the Government, and with it, to the destruction of all the securities of civil and religious liberty. If the principle be allowed that the assertion of conscientious objection to war in general shall exempt a citizen, the same objection to a particular war upon any ground whatever must equally exempt him. But government of any kind, whether proceeding from the popular will or from the will of one man, is based upon force; it is the agreement that we will do, or, failing the will, that we shall be compelled to do, what the public good requires. If A steals B's money, or coat, or bread, is he to be excused from punishment upon the ground that he is conscientiously opposed to the holding of private property?

Of course we are not saying that a man must submit his conscience to the law, nor denying that very bad and very wicked laws may be often made. An honorable man, for instance, would as willingly obey a law to strike his mother, or a law to kill his child under two years of age, as a law to return an innocent man to slavery from which he was escaping. Every human instinct, every noble and just feeling protests against such a law. If you could find a people who would quietly submit to perpetrate such a crime under the pretense that it was law, you would find a people so morally torpid and corrupt that it would be a relief to the world to sweep them out of it.

What, then, is the alternative? It is very plain. It is to acknowledge the necessity of government or of authority, while you refuse obedience to the special claim; and that you do by yielding to the penalty if it shall be enforced. In this country, for instance, the best citizens were conscientiously opposed to Mason's infamous Fugitive Slave Law. The result was that it was constantly evaded, and when occasionally executed it was with great pomp of force. It is not yet formally repealed, but it is practically obsolete, because the universal conscience of the American people repudiates it. Yet, in the days when its enforcement was attempted, it was wiser for those who rejected it to bear the penalty and go to prison rather than resist it by arms; because, when the people see the best men sent to jail for not obeying a law, they can not help asking what kind of a law is it which the purest and most peaceful people repudiate, while by suffering the penalty they acquiese in necessary authority. If that people is not debauched, they will soon have the law changed or inoperative. If they are debauched, then a free government has failed.

If, then, the Quakers are conscientiously opposed to war, at a time when it seems to the people that their rights can be secured in no other way, it is a hard case for both sides. The prosecution of the war requires the draft. If there were any conceivable way of determining whether conscientious scruples really exist, the release from service ought to be willingly granted wherever they were established; because if the mass of the people were sincerely opposed to maintaining their liberties by fighting, they would be sincerely in favor of submitting to the rebellion, and the war would end in the destruction of the Government, the ruin of the nation, and the overthrow of all hope of civil and religious liberty—and this by consent of the people. But there can be no way devised of ascertaining the sincerity of such scruples. It is therefore plainly impossible that the mere assertion of them should be sufficient. And it seems to us that every honest and patriotic Quaker will a thousand times more willingly acknowledge the authority of the Government which he wishes to see maintained, by paying the penalty of disobedience to its law, rather than by asking for legal release from obedience upon grounds which can never be satisfactorily established.

DELENDA EST CARTHAGO.

THERE are signs of the most extraordinary political freshet ever known. Four years ago it was dangerous even in many Northern cities to allude warmly to slavery. Public opinion was opposed to the discussion of the subject. Men spoke upon it at some peril to their lives. And now it seems that slavery is about to be swept away by a torrent of universal public reprobation. Whoever listens closely can plainly hear the heart of the country saying, "It is the public enemy; let it die the death."

Of course this is not the evidence of an entire moral national regeneration. It is the proof only that the hour has arrived, which always arrives in the progress of civilization, and without which, indeed, there would be no progressive civilization whatever, when it is clearly seen that what is true and good is also politic. It is in vain that this is abstractly shown. But when it is practically perceived a great forward step in civilization is taken. When it is generally felt that morality lightens the taxes a community becomes moral. In this country the slave despotism held us bound so long and so hopelessly, because we were so prosperous and the evil was to us at the North so theoretical, that our sympathies and human instincts pleaded in vain against our apparent interests. The argument against Mr. Lincoln, as against every man whom the slave-lords did not support, was, that if he succeeded grass would grow in the streets and blood run in the gutters. What was called the "Union" party of the North before the insurrection of slavery was simply an organization of timidity, whose argument was, that it was better to let the Southern policy rule the country, because it would otherwise try to ruin it. That was the final philosophy of all such movements as the Castle Garden meeting, and none more than those concerned will freely confess it. It was a question of policy, and it seemed to them to be best to pat and pacify. "Perhaps I compromised too long," frankly says Mr. Everett, in a recent address.

Now a great many persons who supported this policy really hated slavery, and saw the ghastly wounds it was constantly inflicting upon the country, but thought that they had no right to say any thing about it. They were ready enough to send an army of missionaries, under the protection of a huge society, to preach against the religion and convert the natives of Cochin China and Thibet—if they could get there; but they were unwilling to say that the industrial system of their neighbors was wrong. Others declined to hear or say any thing about it, under the conviction that they had no constitutional right to think or say that it was wrong to imbrute a man, or to sell your own daughter, or whip a woman to death because she pined when her child was stolen from her. Still others, and the larger number, cared nothing about the matter, except heartily to denounce the Abolitionists as incendiaries, and fraternize with "the gentlemanly and high-toned Southerners"—meaning slaveholders. The general feeling was that nothing could be done, even if it were a bad thing, and therefore it was fast becoming the fashion to declare that it was a good thing.

The Kansas troubles opened the eyes of the great mass of the people to the fact that the system was the direct rival of every free settler in the country. The question added a material argument to its moral appeal, and from that moment the overthrow of slavery was fixed. But under the Union its extinction would be peaceful. Consequently, as a last desperate resource, its chiefs tried war, counting upon the timidity of trade and the party-organization of the free States friendly to slavery. Both failed them. Every day, from the 12th of April, 1861, it has been clearer to the American people that slavery is the enemy of their industry, of their trade, of their peace, and of their Union. Every day we have been moving nearer and nearer to unanimity in opposition to it, however we might differ about the method of ending it. The most unprincipled newspapers and politicians see the inevitable and irresistible current of events. Even James Spence, the rebel agent in England, does not dare to face civilization and plead the cause for which the rebels are fighting their fellow-citizens, and massacring the noblest youth. The war is the fierce death-struggle of the monster, and whoever would end the war will strike at the serpent. Men of all parties, of all policies, of all convictions upon other subjects, repeat the cry which long and long ago pealed majestically from despised lips: "It is the common enemy. Let it die the death!"

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE speeches of Thiers and Jules Favres in the French Chambers are the most menacing sounds that Louis Napoleon has ever heard. The criticisms of Thiers especially, upon the imperial policy, are the censure of the common sense of France upon its government. In his last discourse the historian strips the facts of the Mexican expedition of all their glamour, and shows that a French army and fleet are engaged in an enterprise which is costly without profit, and perilous without honor. A year ago the Emperor put forth a resonant programme, and sent an army to fulfill the destiny of the Latin race, and now the terrible orator of the Opposition declares that all that can be hoped is that France may be able to retire from the imperial programme without disgrace. In fact now, for the first time, Louis Napoleon tolerates a critic, and he will inevitably find that Thiers must be silenced, or that the empire is in danger.

Thiers does not fear an immediate interference upon our part. But he thinks that when our war is over our soldiers will pass into Mexico, and that consequences which he intimates rather than describes will follow. Maximilian must then be supported by French bayonets against American immigrants and the Mexican people; for Thiers says that he does not see that the Mexicans are favorable to France. Indeed, it is very clear that the shrewd old politician, whose political reputation is that of sagacity rather than of principle, is of the opinion of Richard Cobden, that Louis Napoleon has made the great mistake of his life.

Meanwhile we can do nothing but observe. If France, or any other power, directly interferes in our war, she will be called to account, as England was in the matter of the rams. But for the operations of other powers in other parts of the world, however we may consider ourselves indirectly threatened, we can have but an attentive eye. Mr. M'Dougall's proposition in the Senate, to declare ourselves dissatisfied with the attitude of France, and to menace her, compels the inquiry what we mean to do if France replies that she does not hold herself responsible to us for her foreign policy in other countries than our own. Does the Senator propose that we shall make war upon France? If so, will he indicate the army, or the fleet, or the necessary millions of dollars, with which the war is to be waged? Our present contest is perhaps enough for the moment. The vindication of other people's honor may be wisely left until it is finally settled that we have maintained our own. Nor ought patriots of the M'Dougall school to forget that while Thiers is the most dangerous enemy of Louis Napoleon invading and conquering Mexico, Thiers would be the most able and unwavering leader of France in a war with the United States. It is in this view that the caution of the Secretary of State appears to be the truest political wisdom.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

WHEN Mr. Douglas appeared at the last inauguration ball as the next friend of MRS. LINCOLN, he took symbolically the position which his party ought to have assumed, if it hoped to retain any hold upon the American people. He said in effect, "I am for the Union and the Government unconditionally." He died, and left no successor. No leader of even tolerable capacity has taken his place; and the party of which he was easily the head has dwindled and dwindled until it has now virtually disappeared. There are, in Congress and elsewhere, many faithful men who cling to the names Democrat and Democratic; but the disloyal men there and elsewhere assume the same name, and it is a question which will finally secure it.

Had Mr. Douglas lived he would have been the dictator of his party. His futile pretense of squatter sovereignty as a solution of our troubles was but the transparent confession that the old platform of his party, the protection of slavery, was untenable. He saw that the only hope of his party for the future was in the extreme anti-slavery ground. How to get it there was a tremendous, an impossible task at that time. He was frantic. He tried to ride two horses, each running furiously in opposite directions. His fall was inevitable; and, like Webster, he fell and died. Yet could he have survived, the war would have shown him the way to future power, and he would have dared to take it. He would have done from policy what Mr. Sumner in the Senate, and Mr. Arnold in the House, have done from principle, and have called for an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery.

The true men of his party are coming to that position. They see that henceforth emancipation is as much a fixed fact in this country as independence was after the Revolution. They know that hereafter such gentlemen as Senator Saulsbury of Delaware, Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, Mr. Thomas H. Seymour of Connecticut, and Mr. Vallandigham of Ohio, are as impossible leaders of any great popular party as Aaron Burr was after the failure of his conspiracy. For such persons as these comprehend neither men nor principles, neither policy nor history. They are the dry froth left upon the sides of a vessel from which the foaming wine has been poured away.

The terrible logic of events has brought all loyal citizens to the same platform. The attempt to perpetuate old names and lines has resulted in the distinct division of the late Democratic party into two wings, one of which practically sustains the rebellion, and the other the Union. Whoever studies carefully the votes in Congress will observe that such representatives as Mallory, Cox, Chanler, and the Woods, work steadily against the Union and the National Government; while such as Odell and Griswold, with their friends, support the Government, while they try to maintain an appearance of party unity with the first-named, under the pretense, as we said last week, of a "Constitutional opposition."

Why do these gentlemen pursue this course? Why do they not see that their true policy is the public repudiation of all such fellowship? They know that the self-imposed mission of Mr. Fernando Wood is the destruction of the party with which he professes to act; and the method he takes is the proposition of measures which he knows will disgust the country. So long as he is permitted to use the party name, so long the party name shares the odium of his measures and of the support of his faction. Upon his ground the restoration of the party is impossible. In his hands the infamy of the Democratic name is sure. The only hope of its honorable salvation is in the cordial co-operation of those who value it with the predominant sentiment of the country in the hearty, open support of the emancipation policy and of the President who has adopted it. The President is the representative of all in the country who believe that the question is simply Slavery or No-slavery; the destruction of the Government or its salvation.

ABOUT FLOWERS.

THE story lately told and widely repeated that Mrs. Lincoln had sent flowers to a notorious apostle of "peace," to decorate his house for a ball, is a good illustration of the inaccuracy and injustice of the reports upon which we form our opinions of public persons and measures. The facts are merely these: There is a conservatory attached to the White House, which supplies flowers for the Presidential parties and for such friends as the President or his wife may choose. The wife of the person in question wrote a note asking for flowers. A reply was sent that there were no more than the mistress of the White House required for her own purposes, and with the reply a bouquet was sent; that the wife of the President might not seem churlish in refusing.

Such a story is not worth attention, except as an illustration of the persistent hostility of criticism which has pursued the wife of the President from the beginning of the war, and as falsely as in this instance. There was a time when it was openly insinuated that she furnished information to the rebels, and was the enemy of her husband and the country. That time is long passed, but the venomous tongue of gossip still darts at its victim. There was a time, also, when it was the fashion to sneer at the President as an incompetent officer and trivial joker. But of all living men in the country at this moment whose name is likely to be most illustrious in history?

PROFANITY.

UNCLE TOBY tells us that our army swore dreadfully in Flanders. He spoke of the British army; but evidently they did not use up all the profanity in the world. For *our* army swears awfully in the cars and elsewhere. Why should they? Why should you, dear brethren and gentlemen? What is the use or beauty of saying, "Apple-boy! G—d— your soul to h—! Don't try to shove off your G— d— rotten old apples on me, G— d— you!" Is it manly? Is it brave? Is it any thing but a silly swagger? To talk loud, to swear, to whistle, to shout, to sing in a quiet car with quiet people, merely brings you and the whole army into contempt.

It is easy enough to see that it is generally the sheerest affectation. Of course if you get drunk, if you make yourselves beasts, dear brethren, before you get into the cars, you will infallibly behave bestially when you are there. But to hear such hearty, intelligent, sound, and manly fellows as any traveler may now meet upon any train, roaring out the most odious oaths about nothing whatever is pitiful. Of all tricks it is the poorest and meanest. If you get drunk you may steal and be jugged; or you may murder and be hanged. If you lie you may fall into awful scrapes, after which you will never be believed again. There is some risk in these things, and where there is risk there is a certain kind of courage in braving it. But to swear foully, to damn every body and every thing, to be a nasty nuisance with your indecent tongue—this is as honorable, as manly, as soldierly as to insult a woman who has nobody to defend her.

Our army swore dreadfully in Flanders, quoth my Uncle Toby, but he did not say that they fought more bravely for it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February* 10. Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported adversely to the joint resolution for amending the Constitution just proposed by Mr. Sumner, which reads, "Every where within the limits of the United States and each State and Territory thereof all persons are equal before the law, so that no person can hold another as a slave." Some time before Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, had offered a joint resolution to a similar purport. In lieu of this the Committee presented the following joint resolution for amending the Constitution: "Article 13, Section 1. *Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.* Section 2. *Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.*" This article, if two-thirds of both Houses of Congress concur, is to be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, and when ratified by three-fourths of these, to be valid as a part of the Constitution.—Mr. Clark offered a resolution ratifying the President's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, and giving it the force of a statute: referred.—Mr. Brown offered amendments to the Enlistment bill, confirming the Emancipation Proclamation, abolishing slavery, and sub-

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jecting colored persons to enrollment under the same apportionment as other citizens.—The Military Committee reported adversely to Mr. Grimes's bill reducing the salaries of military officers not in the field or without command.—Mr. Sumner brought up the case of a colored surgeon of the army who had been ejected from a railroad car in the District, and offered a resolution directing the Committee on the District to inquire into the expediency of a law securing to colored persons equal privileges with whites in the cars within the District. He said that this officer, who held a rank equal to that of Major, had been ejected from a street car because he was black. We had better break up all these railroads if we could not have them without such outrages, which did more to injure our cause abroad and at home than the loss of a battle. Mr. Hendricks thought the outrage was on the other side; there were cars for colored people, and this person declined to ride with people of his own color, and wished to force himself upon white people; referring to remarks of Senators that it was no disgrace to ride with colored men, and that the outrage was as great as though a Senator of the United States had been ejected, he said that there seemed to be a determination to force social as well as political equality with the blacks upon the white race. The people of his State would never adopt that sentiment. Mr. Wilson rejoined that he had never advocated social equality upon the Senator from Indiana; he wished only to let every man assume the station which God intended him to attain: resolution passed, 30 to 10.—The bill prohibiting Members of Congress and Heads of Departments from receiving any compensation for acting as counsel, etc., in any case in which the United States are concerned, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and disqualification for office, came up and was debated: the clause relating to Members of Congress was stricken out, 29 to 14: bill passed.—The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up, debate arising upon the section giving colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, its consideration was postponed.——*February* 11. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no witness shall, in the United States Courts, be disqualified on account of color.—The Louisiana Senators, different bill from the House was brought up and discussed, the point being the amendment against making that officer Commander-in-chief, and striking out the name of General Grant. Senators opposed to this amendment said that to bestow the title without the command would be but an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the homage of the people: postponed.——*February* 12. The Senate was occupied with various business of no very general importance, except that the House bill making appropriation to meet deficiencies is amended by authorizing the appointment for a limited period of one thousand additional clerks, who may be females, at a salary not exceeding $600 a year.——*February* 13. The Secretary of War sent in a communication relative to military officers' commutations for quarters and fuel; there were 387 officers drawing such commutations, of whom 27 were generals, 52 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, the remainder being of lower ranks, 79 being surgeons.—A memorial from the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce was presented and referred, asking for a wagon-road through Central Minnesota to Idaho; it stated that within a few months $25,000,000 had been mined, which was now waiting egress through such a road with proper military protection.—The bill for regulating the pay of colored soldiers was brought up and discussed, the principal objection to it being its retrospective feature; upon motion of Mr. Wilson it was amended so as to give them the same pay as others from January 1, 1864, instead of for the whole time they have been in service; Mr. Cowan then moved, as a substitute for the bill, that from the date of the passage of this Act all soldiers of the United States of the same arm of the service should receive like compensation; that the negro had a legal status under the Constitution which protected him, and that, as he received the protection of the laws, he must be regarded as a citizen under the Constitution. Mr. Saulsbury said that if this was the basis of Mr. Cowan's substitute he should oppose it; the old-fashioned term was "negro," now these people were "colored citizens." Pending action on Mr. Cowan's substitute the Senate adjourned to Monday, February 15.——*February* 15. Mr. Foster introduced a bill defining the qualifications and duties of chaplains in the army; it gives them the rank of major of infantry, allows them to hold pastoral charges, requires them to preach twice a week, hold religious meetings twice a week, and keep the library for the use of the soldiers.—The Enrollment bill, as amended by the House, was taken up and considered; the Senate refused to recede from its provisions.—The Deficiency bill from the House was passed, with an amendment increasing the salaries of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasurer and Post-office to $3500 after the present fiscal year.——*February* 16. Bills granting lands for certain military roads in Oregon were passed.—Bill extending the statute of limitations in cases where the execution of the laws has been interrupted in consequence of the rebellion was introduced.—Mr. Doolittle introduced a bill regulating trade with Indian tribes; it prohibits, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and forfeiture, the sale of spirits to Indians.—Mr. Lane, of Kansas, spoke at length in favor of the bill setting apart a portion of Texas for the use of persons of African descent.—Mr. Cowan's amendment to the Enlistment bill came up, giving equal pay, etc., to all soldiers. Mr. Davis proposed an amendment to the effect that colored troops should be disbanded, and colored persons should in the army only as laborers and teamsters; that for slaves so employed loyal masters should be compensated; and if he died in service the master should receive the full value for him. Mr. Davis spoke at length in support of his amendment.—A message was received from the House announcing its adherence to its amendments of the Enrollment bill, and asking a Committee of Conference. The Senate resolved to adhere to its amendments, and authorized the Chair to appoint a Committee of Conference.

HOUSE.—*February* 10. Mr. Eliot, from the Select Committee, reported a bill to establish a Bureau of Freedman's Affairs, to determine all questions relating to persons of African descent, and make regulations for their employment and proper treatment on abandoned plantations. Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, wished to know whether his State was to be included in the operations of the bill, and whether plantations there could be considered as abandoned: he himself owned a plantation which had been abandoned because Government did not protect it. Mr. Eliot replied that the bill did not propose to establish colonies in Kentucky; that in the case of plantations there, whether they were to be considered as abandoned would depend upon whether the owners were loyal or disloyal; that in the case of Mr. Clay, a well-known loyal man, his plantation certainly would not be considered abandoned.—The Senate amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.—The Enrollment bill was taken up, and sundry amendments were proposed and rejected. Mr. Stevens offered an amendment enrolling all persons of African descent of military age; and when a slave is drafted $300 shall be paid to his owner, and the slave be freed. Debate ensued, mainly between members from the Border States: the main points being, on the one side, that slaves were property, and could not be taken for public use without compensation; and, upon the other, that they were persons, and so owned military service: postponed.——*February* 11. After some routine business a Select Committee was voted, to inquire into the expediency of increasing the facilities for the transportation of troops between New York and Washington.—The Enrollment bill then came up. Mr. Stevens, at the request of Mr. Davis, withdrew the $300 feature from his amendment offered yesterday, and Mr. Davis offered another amendment, appointing a commission to pay to loyal masters a sum not exceeding $300 for slaves when entering in the army. Mr. Webster offered an amendment providing that the bounty of $100 now paid to drafted men shall be paid to any person to whom the person drafted may owe service or labor at the time of his master into service, upon his freeing the person. These amendments were agreed to, after a long and somewhat desultory debate. In the course of this Mr. Davis said that he moved his amendment, not because he believed that compensation was due to the master, but on account of the measures which Government had already taken. He believed that Government ought to take slaves for military purposes, because they owed military service.—Mr. Anderson, of Kentucky, thought the amendment did not go far enough. In his own district a large majority of the young men had entered the rebel service, and at the next draft the district would owe 7000 men; unless the slaves of disloyal men were taken, those who had induced enlistments in the rebel service would enjoy their property in peace, and the loyal white population must make up the deficiency; he would put the slaves of disloyal men in the army, but would not appropriate the slaves of loyal men. Mr. Webster, of Maryland, said that slaves were both persons and property. We needed colored men to aid in putting down the rebellion; any black man, having been a soldier, must be free; he would give freely for the emancipation of slaves who fought in the War of the Revolution. Mr. Kelley said that we did not give compensation to the Northern father for his son, the wife for her husband, the children for the father taken from them by the conscription; the relation between slaveholder and slave was not more sacred than these. Slaves were persons, and as such owed military service to the country; they were never referred to as property in the Constitution; he was, however, ready to appropriate money to pay for the slaves of loyal masters, who should consent to their volunteering. Other members spoke, on both sides, in the same general strain. Toward the close of the debate Mr. Fernando Wood said that while we were here proposing measures oppressive and destructive, and clearly in violation of the Constitution, the Confederates were proposing to discuss measures of peace, reunion, and reconciliation. Quoting from the Richmond *Examiner*, he said that resolutions were before the Confederate Congress proposing that the Confederate States ask the United States to appoint delegates, to consider (1.) Whether they can not agree to the recognition of the Confederacy; (2.) Whether, in this event, they can not agree upon a new Government; (3.) If this can not be done, whether they can not agree upon a league, offensive, defensive, and commercial; if these resolutions passed, the President of the Confederacy was to be requested to communicate them to the Government at Washington, and, if the proposition was accepted, to issue a proclamation for the election of delegates to meet those appointed by the United States. Mr. Cox said that the proposition before the Congress at Richmond looked to peace on the basis of the old Union. He proposed that commissioners should be sent to Richmond; if Mr. Wood's proposition was not, and if he did not come back within sixty days with a negotiation of peace, based on the old Union, with equality and sovereignty of the States, he would pledge that gentleman and his friends as earnest supporters of the prosecution of the war. After various other propositions had been disposed of, Mr. Schenck offered a substitute for the bill, embracing the whole as it had been finally agreed upon.——*February* 12. The Enrollment bill came up, and debate having been shut off by calling the previous question, and sundry propositions for adjournment and delay having been rejected, it was pressed to a vote. The main amendment, providing for the enrollment of all persons of African descent of military age, paying the $100 bounty to the loyal person to whom any drafted person may owe service or labor, upon his freeing the drafted person, and appointing a commission to award a compensation not exceeding $300 to any loyal person to whom a colored volunteer may owe service, was agreed to by 84 to 67. Mr. Schenck's substitute, embracing the entire bill as finally amended, was then taken up and voted upon: it passed by 93 to 60. The bill which thus passed the House embraces a great number of provisions, of which the following are the most essential: (§ 1.) The President may call out such number of men as the public exigencies may require: (§ 2.) The quota of each district to be as nearly as possible in proportion to the number of persons in it subject to draft, taking into account the number already furnished to the naval and military service; (§ 3.) If the quota of any State is not duly filled, drafts for any deficient district shall be ordered until the deficiency shall be supplied; (§ 4.) Any enrolled person may furnish a substitute; and if this substitute is not liable to draft or is in the naval service the principal will be exempt during the time for which the substitute would be exempt, but no one in military or naval service shall be accepted as a substitute: (§ 5.) All persons liable to draft shall be enrolled; this enrollment in effect all able-bodied males below the age of 45, including aliens who have declared their intentions of becoming citizens, and all who, without having been in service two years during the present war, shall have been discharged; (§ 6.) Any person drafted may furnish a substitute at any time before the time fixed for his appearance at rendezvous; if the substitute is not liable to draft, the principal is exempt during the time of such non-liability, not exceeding the time for which the draft was made; if the substitute is liable to draft, the principal is liable to future drafts: any person paying money for commutation is exempted only from the special quota; and in no case shall such exemption extend beyond one year, at the end of which his name must be placed in enrollment: (§ 7.) Members of religious denominations whose rules prohibit the bearing of arms shall, when drafted, be considered non-combatants, and be assigned to duty in hospitals, or to the care of freedmen, or shall pay $300, the money to be applied to the benefit of sick or wounded soldiers: no substitute shall be entitled to the benefit of this provision unless he shows that his conduct has been uniformly consistent with his professed principles: (§ 8.) No person of foreign birth who has voted or has exercised any political rights on the ground of alienage; (§ 9.) Mariners or able seamen who may be drafted may, upon enlisting in the navy, be exempt from draft, under conditions which are prescribed; but the number of these transfer enlistments shall not exceed ten thousand; (§ 10, 11, 12.) Made provision for carrying out the preceding section, the principal of which is that such transfer drafts shall be credited to the quota of the district, as though the person had been actually placed in the army; and that no pilot, engineer, master-at-arms, master, ensign, or master's mate, having an appointment and duly acting as such in the naval service, shall be liable to draft while holding such appointment; (§ 13.) Declares the only exemptions to be those who are physically, mentally, or morally unfit for service; those at the time of draft shall actually be in military or naval service; and those who, having been for two years in service, shall have been honorably discharged; (§ 14.) Repeals the clause in the existing Enrollment bill making two classes, the first consisting of unmarried persons and those married below the age of 35, the second class embracing all others; all persons liable to draft are thus consolidated into one class, and are equally liable to military duty; (§ 15–?.) Provide for the execution of the law, and impose heavy penalties for all fraudulent attempts at evasion or evasion on the part of persons liable to enrollment, or of any officers charged with carrying them into effect; (§ 26) Enacts that all able-bodied male persons of African descent, between the ages of 20 and 45, resident in the United States, whether citizens or not, shall be enrolled; that when the slave of a loyal master is drafted and mustered into service, the master shall have a certificate thereof, and the bounty of $100 shall be paid to any person to whom the recruit, at the time of his being mustered into service, owes service or labor, on his freeing the recruit; that the Secretary of War shall appoint a commission in each Slave State represented in Congress, who shall award to any loyal person to whom the colored volunteer owes service a sum not exceeding $300, payable out of commutation money, upon the master freeing the slave; and that in all cases where slaves have been enlisted the provision as to bounty and compensation shall be the same as in the case of those to be enlisted; (§ 27.) Repeals all sections of the existing Enrollment act which are inconsistent with this.—The House then adjourned to Monday, February 15.——*February* 15. Several bills were introduced and reported from Committees. The principal of these are to the following purport: Extending the time for withdrawing goods from public stores and warehouses; Granting lands to the Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Company; For a uniform system of bankruptcy; Establishing a branch mint in Idaho Territory; For constructing a ship canal around Niagara Falls.—Mr. Windom offered a joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit slavery in the United States and Territories: referred.—The Judiciary Committee were directed to inquire into the expediency of establishing an Executive Department, to be called that of the Revenue, to have charge of the Customs, Internal Revenue, and Currency.—Mr. Arnold offered a resolution declaring that "*The Constitution of the United States should be so amended as to abolish slavery in the United States wherever it now exists, and to prohibit its extension to every part thereof forever.*" A motion to lay on the table was rejected, 79 to 58, and the resolution passed, 78 to 62.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back the Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue bill. The bill of the Senate, he said, was preferable to what had been agreed to in the House as to the tax on spirits, and the date of its going into effect. The Committee were of opinion that all taxes should be prospective; manufacturers had received a virtual pledge to this effect. As a revenue measure also the Senate bill was preferable. The amount of spirits on hand which the House proposed to tax did not amount to more than 10,000,000 gallons, upon which the tax would be $4,000,000; but practically not more than half of this would be taxed. The Senate bill would take the 1st of January yield $14,000,000 or $15,000,000. Mr. Fernando Wood said that the tax on spirits on hand would yield $10,000,000. He himself knew three men who had on hand nearly 5,000,000 gallons.—Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Insurrectionary States, reported a bill giving to certain States whose Governments have been usurped or overthrown a republican form of government.——*February* 16. After routine business the question of reception and reference of the credentials of Mr. Johnson, who appeared as Representative from Arkansas, was taken up. A discussion ensued, which elicited the fact that there was a wide difference in the views of Republican members upon the question whether there was really any State of Arkansas now existing and entitled to be represented in Congress. Finally the whole subject was referred to the Committee on Elections.—The Revenue bill was brought up with the amendments of the Senate. That imposing a duty of 70 cents upon all distilled or removed from bond on January 1, and 80 cents thereafter was disagreed with, 105 to 41; that striking out tax on all spirits now on hand was agreed with, 77 to 73; and that striking out the additional tax of 20 cents on adulterated spirits, sold as rum, brandy, etc., was agreed to.

THE GENERAL SITUATION.

The rebel President, plucking up courage from the re-enlistment of his veteran regiments, who, in view of the new conscription act, probably deemed it their best policy to make a virtue of necessity, has issued a proclamation thanking these soldiers for their brave conduct, and breathing an air certainly of defiance, apparently of hopefulness. He tells them that the spring campaign will open under auspices calculated to sustain their hopes. He makes a very hard case for us at the North with our taxations and dissensions, as if, indeed, there were no troubles of that sort at home; and in reminding them of the accessions soon to be made to their strength, he forgets to tell them that these new recruits, at the utmost, can not number over 80,000, many of whom from the weakness of tender youth, or from the burden of half a century of years, will be totally inefficient, and still more of whom will have no heart in the cause. He also forgets to tell them that half of the four hundred thousand men on their muster rolls are straggling about the mountains or lost by desertion, and that it is almost impossible to feed the half that is left. He refers with a remarkable coolness to our financial situation and its difficulties, forgetting how many dollars his last breakfast cost him.

The tone of the Southern journals simulates hope after much the same desperate fashion. The Richmond *Examiner* says that in the spring the rebel armies will be stronger, better armed and disciplined than ever before, and congratulates the country on having Smith and Meagruder in the place of Holmes west of the Mississippi; Polk instead of Pemberton in the southwest; Johnston instead of Bragg in the centre; Longstreet in Tennessee; Beauregard triumphant on the Southern sea-board, and Lee still invincible in Virginia. It also represents General Lee as most hopeful, and as having said that if the war can be prolonged to September the greatest crisis will be passed.

Our military authorities at Washington have received information of the withdrawal of troops from Lee's army and Beauregard's, probably for the purpose of strengthening Mobile and Atlanta, and of threatening Knoxville with a larger force.

In Virginia there has been no change. General Meade has resumed his command.

The Army of the Cumberland is in an excellent condition. The communication between Knoxville and Cumberland Gap has been interrupted, and the occupation of East Tennessee by the enemy has been considerably advanced, though no strong position has been regained by them. General Logan is at Huntsville, Alabama, probably for the purpose of co-operating with Sherman.

From Kelley's department there is no news worthy of notice, with the exception of a raid executed by some guerrillas of Gilmer's command upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, resulting in the plunder of $30,000.

A powerful fleet is being fitted out on the Mississippi by Admiral Porter. Both on the Ohio and the Mississippi all the naval depôts are busily engaged in the work.

MOVEMENTS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

General Sherman's two corps—the Sixteenth under Hurlbut, and the Seventeenth under M'Pherson—left Vicksburg about a fortnight ago. On the 3d of February General Smith's cavalry left Corinth for Memphis. The troops in Arkansas are also engaged in a movement southward, which will put Major-General Banks under the commands of General Steele on the north and General Banks's column on the south. Jackson and Yazoo City have been both occupied by General Sherman, with slight loss to our forces. In a fight near Clinton, on the 4th, our troops lost fifteen killed and thirty wounded; the enemy were driven off, and thus our way was open to Jackson, which was occupied on the 5th, the rebels retreating across Pearl River.

The position of the rebel forces in Arkansas is as follows:

General Price has about 6000 demoralized troops at Washington.

Generals Marmaduke, Brook, and Cahill are in the mountains in the vicinity of Murfreesboro.

General Shelby, who was recently routed, is with his command on the Lower Saline River.

Generals Cooper, Steele, and M'Intosh, are with their Indian commands at Warren and North Fork in the Indian Territory.

The total force of the rebels, including guerrillas and camp followers, is about 14,000.

GENERAL BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT.

The rebels are again threatening Newbern. An ironclad in the Neuse, thirty-five miles above Newbern, at Kingston, will probably co-operate in the movement against the city. As Newbern, however, is capable of resisting successfully any attempts at capture, it is likely that the menacing movements of the enemy in this direction are only designed to occupy our forces, and prevent a repetition of the late unconfutable raids of Butler. General Peck has arrived at Newbern, and assumed the command.

On the 8th of February one thousand and twenty bales of cotton were burned by an accidental conflagration at Wilmington. The loss to the rebels is nearly a million of dollars.

A great number of rebel prisoners in various Western jails have lately been removed to Butler's department.

One hundred and ten Union officers escaped from Libby Prison a week ago, by digging a tunnel under the cellar. Some of these were recaptured. Among those escaped were Colonel Streight. Our cavalry and gun-boats made every effort to aid the fugitives in reaching our lines.

CHARLESTON.

In regard to the siege of Charleston there is nothing new. On the 5th of February a formidable expedition, consisting of three brigades, under the command, it is general Seymour, started from Port Royal for Jacksonville, Florida, where it landed on the 8th. Thence the entire force was to push across the country to Tallahassee. Gillmore sailed on the 7th to join the expedition, which was also to receive co-operation from Admiral Dahlgren with the *Pawnee*, the *Wachusett*, and the *Water Witch*.

General Mercer, in command of the defenses of Savannah, has been reinforced by the rebels in expectation of an attack from the Union forces; the occasion for apprehension being probably the preparations made for the Florida expedition, whose destination was mistaken.

THE CASE OF VALLANDIGHAM.

The decision of Vallandigham's case in the Supreme Court, on the 15th, excited a great deal of interest. It was a test case, and the decision was of the greatest importance. Justice Wayne delivered the opinion of the Court, that, even if the arrest, trial, and punishment of Vallandigham were illegal, there was still no authority in the Court to grant relief; and that there is no law by which any appeal, or proceedings in the nature of an appeal, from a military commission to the Supreme Court, can be taken.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE Austrian and Prussian embassadors have given assurance to the French and English courts that their respective governments meant to adhere to the treaty of 1852. This is not satisfactory to the German States generally; and the Chamber of Deputies both of Austria and Prussia have refused to grant the supplies necessary to the occupation of Schleswig. The cabinets of Berlin and Vienna have therefore to proceed on their own responsibility. They have rejected the proposal of Denmark requesting a delay until the convocation of the Rigsrad. Orders were received at Kiel on the 27th of January for the van-guard of the Austro-Prussian Army Corp to advance. The Danes continue to fortify the Dannewerke. They have 32,000 men in Schleswig, under Lieutenant-General de Meza, whose head-quarters are at Flensburg, on a gulf of the Baltic. Their great line of defense rests on the Eider.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL MEADE, having recovered from his recent illness, in Philadelphia, had a fine reception at Independence Hall a few days since.

The Second Fire Zouaves of this city arrived home last week, and had a splendid reception by the firemen.

General SICKLES has been appointed Commander of Washington in place of General AUGER who goes to the front.

General SCAMMON, recently gobbled up by guerrillas, in Western Virginia, belonged to the regular army, was a West Point officer, and served in Florida and Mexico. He was a brave officer and a favorite with General Scott, on whose staff he was attached in Mexico.

Two hundred and seventy rebel prisoners arrived at Chattanooga on the 7th from Knoxville, captured in recent cavalry fights.

General STONEMAN passed through Nashville on February 4, and General GRANT on February 5, both en route to the front.

Commodore WM. J. M'CLUNY, United States Navy, died at his residence in Brooklyn last week. At the time of his death he had been in the service fifty-two years.

It would appear by dispatches from St. Louis to Chicago that a powerful fleet is being fitted out on the Mississippi River by Admiral PORTER. All the naval depôts on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers are actively engaged in fitting out vessels.

The Kentucky House has passed a resolution unanimously asking Congress to place General ROBERT ANDERSON on the retired list, on full pay.

General CURTIS arrived at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the 9th inst., after a horseback journey of four hundred miles over the plains. He will remain there but a few days, being engaged in reorganizing the Army of the Frontier, under General BLUNT, for speedy military operations.

Colonel TRAXALL, of the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, and twenty others, have made their escape from the Atlanta Prison, and reached Louisville.

A very superior and elegant set of horse equipments for General GRANT have been completed by Mr. GEORGE PETERS of Newark, New Jersey.

Colonel JAMES B. SWAIN, of Scott's Nine Hundred, has been dismissed from the service by order of the President.

Acting Assistant Surgeon KOLLOCK, who feigned to be ill with the small-pox, has deserted from the United States steamer *Brandywine*.

Captain JOHN F. PORTER, of the Fourteenth New York Cavalry, escaped two weeks ago from Libey prison. He left the prison in a rebel uniform, and remained nine days in Richmond without exciting suspicion.

Information has been received from Charleston in relation to raising the iron-clads *Weehawken* and *Keokuk*. The workmen had already made considerable efforts to get up the *Keokuk*, which were crowned with comparative success, when the weather became so unfavorable that the work had to be stopped.

A sick negro soldier, belonging to Colonel WOOD's command in the West, who had struggled from his regiment, was murdered by the rebels. A lieutenant and two privates, who committed the deed, were captured, and Colonel WOOD, in retaliation, had them blindfolded, and caused them to kneel on the dead body of the negro they had murdered, when they were shot.

General BURNSIDE'S Ninth Army Corps is rapidly filling up. All the veteran Massachusetts regiments now home on furlough have been assigned to his command.

The following officers succeeded, a few days since, in making their escape from the prison in Richmond, and have arrived at Williamsburg, Virginia: Colonel J. F. LOPD, 20th Army Corps; Colonel W. G. ELY, 18th Connecticut; Colonel H. C. HOBART, 21st Wisconsin; Colonel W. P. KENDRICK, 2d West Tennessee Cavalry; Colonel W. B. M'CREARY, 21st Michigan; Colonel THOMAS E. ROSE, 77th Pennsylvania; Colonel J. F. STOFFORD, 17th New York; Colonel G. W. TILDEN, 16th Maine; Colonel T. S. WEST, 24th Wisconsin; Colonel STREIGHT, 51st Indiana; Colonel D. MILLS, 79th Pennsylvania; Major J. P. COLLINS, 29th Indiana; Major G. W. PITSIMMONS, 13th Indiana; Major J. H. HOOPER, 15th Massachusetts; Major B. B. M'DONALD, 100th Ohio; Major AVON WITZEL, 74th Pennsylvania; Major J. N. WALKER, 73d Indiana; Major J. HENRY, 5th Ohio. There were also thirty-two Captains and fifty-nine Lieutenants, making in all one hundred and nine who escaped. From Richmond papers, however, the following, we learn, have been recaptured: Colonel J. P. STOFFORD, 17th New York; Captain J. YATES, 3d Ohio; Captain G. STAIR, 104th New York; Captain F. LEAR, 47th New York; Lieutenant H. HUGHES, 57th Pennsylvania; Lieutenant W. N. DAILY, 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry; Lieutenant A. B. WHITE, 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry; Lieutenant E. SCHROEDER, 74th Pennsylvania; Lieutenant W. L. WATSON, 21st Wisconsin: Lieutenant F. MORAS, 73d New York; Lieutenant G. H. MORGAN; Lieutenant H. S. CHIVESTER, 82d Illinois; Lieutenant W. B. PIERCE, 11th Kentucky Cavalry; Lieutenant A. MOORE, 4th Kentucky; Lieutenant P. S. EDMONDS, 67th Pennsylvania; Second-Lieutenant P. H. WHITE, 83d Pennsylvania; Second-Lieutenant J. M. WASSON, 46th Ohio; Second-Lieutenant S. P. GAMBLE, 63d Pennsylvania; Second-Lieutenant G. S. GORD, 84th Pennsylvania; Second-Lieutenant S. P. BROWN, 35th United States Cavalry; Adjutant M. L. SMALL, 6th Maryland; ISAAC JOHNSON, engineer steamer *Satellite*.

The rations issued to the officers in the prison consisted of a quart of rice to sixteen men every eight days, a small piece of corn-bread every day to each, about four ounces of very poor fresh meat once a week, and salt and vinegar very rarely.

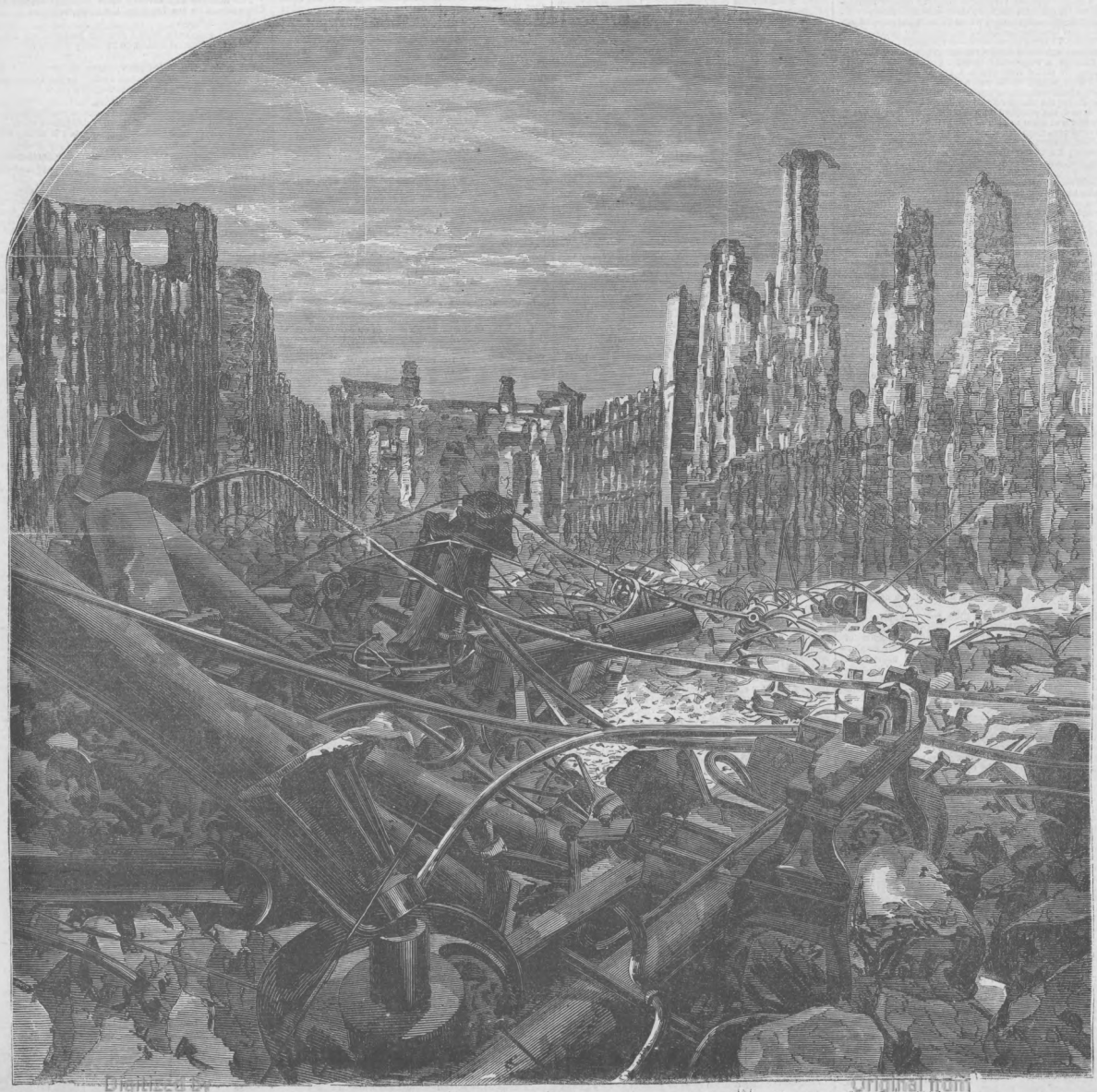
The business of embalming the bodies of deceased soldiers is increasing in Washington. The cost has been reduced to ten dollars each subject, and at the Armory Square Hospital all who die are embalmed, whether their friends request it or not. When the friends are too poor to pay no charge is made.

Since March, 1861, not less than one hundred thousand men of the Army of the Potomac have been killed and wounded.

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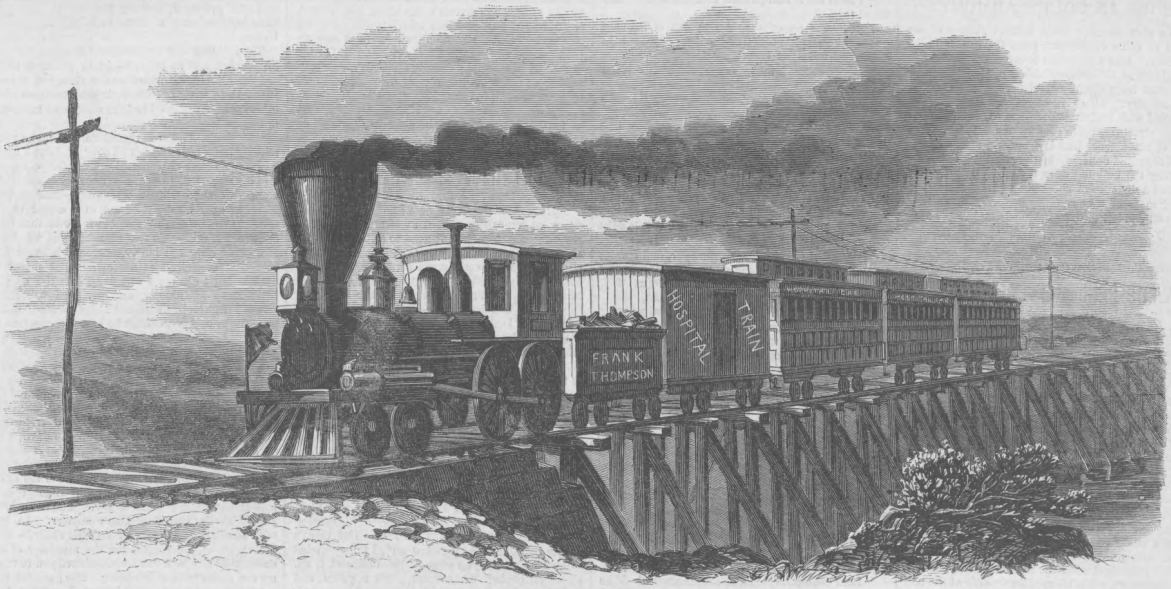


COLT'S ARMORY AFTER THE FIRE—EXTERIOR.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. A. AND R. A. MOORE, HARTFORD.]



COLT'S ARMORY AFTER THE FIRE—INTERIOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. A. AND R. A. MOORE, HARTFORD.—[SEE PAGE 134.]

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HOSPITAL TRAIN FROM CHATTANOOGA TO NASHVILLE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

HOSPITAL TRAINS.

ONE of our special artists sends us from Chattanooga a sketch, which we here reproduce, representing a HOSPITAL TRAIN ON ITS WAY FROM THAT PLACE TO NASHVILLE, under the care of DR. MYERS. Until very recently the transportation of our sick and wounded soldiers by rail has been attended with very severe suffering from the jostling motion of the car. It first occurred to a surgeon, while witnessing the intense agony of these poor fellows, that the difficulty might be obviated by mechanical means. Directly and upon the spot he sketched the model of a car, in the contrivance of which the problem was satisfactorily solved. The plan was immediately adopted by Government, and now constitutes the prominent feature of the hospital train. Food of the most nourishing kind is furnished the wounded men, who, when they have arrived at their journey's end, are taken directly to the hospital upon the same stretchers which answer as couches upon the car. These beds are suspended from India-rubber bands attached to the frame-work of car, and, yielding to the slightest motion of the car, are as comfortable as the beds of the hospital. Our artist has given not only an exterior view of the train, but also an interior of one of the cars, disclosing the arrangements by which the soldier's comfort is secured.



THE INTERIOR OF A HOSPITAL CAR.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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FIRE IN COLT'S ARMORY.

WE give on page 132 a faithful picture of the mass of ruins consequent upon the fire at Colt's Armory. Our admiration is especially excited as we glance at the confused *débris* of what was once the most magnificent and elaborate machinery in the country. This pile of stupendous cylinders, mingled with broken gearing and the bricks of the fallen structure, quite fills up the interior. The loss of machinery alone is estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars. If the steam-pipe used for heating the building were stretched out, it would extend a distance of about six miles. The crumbling mass of ruin reminds one very forcibly of the remains left of the stupendous buildings of antiquity.

[From CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE extra post-coach which carried Arthur and his fortunes had, by reason, no doubt, of its exceptional character, so many extra preliminaries to perform, and adieus to make, that it did not rumble finally from the yard of the Merry Privateer till after dusk. Government—which collective substantive, for reasons best known to itself, evinced quite a personal interest in this present coach-journey—had allowed fourteen hours for the vehicle to reach Harwich, a distance of seventy miles; and, as these would for the most part be hours of darkness, a trusty guard had been further provided to watch over its safety.

This individual, after the fashion of other important characters, made his appearance only at the last moment: and, when he did show, nearly frightened a nervous lady-passenger into hysterics by the multitude of lethal weapons sprinkled about his person.

Just before leaving, a very weighty square box, iron-bound, and secured with a most ostentatious padlock, was borne from the inner office, and let down with great care and ceremony into the foreboot.

"Treasure," said a knowing passenger to his neighbor, with a wink.

"Oh, I do wish they wouldn't!" said the nervous lady, trembling from head to foot.

"Wouldn't what, ma'am?" said the formidable guard, bending his bushy brows.

"Put in money, please, Sir," said the lady, timidly. "It's like inviting them. Does government want us murdered, please?"

"They sent *me* to prevent it, ma'am," replied the haughty guard. "Jump in, if you please. Coach waits."

Five miles an hour, including stoppages, was regarded in those days as excellent speed. The extra post-coach disdained such creeping ways, and had been scarcely three hours on the road when they approached Ingatestone, nearly twenty miles from town.

A long hill, however, intervened, and the sudden change of pace aroused the dozing travelers to the knowledge that they were crawling up an ascent, lined on either hand by a bank and woodland. They were within a few yards of the summit of the hill, when a loud exclamation from the guard startled every body. The coach gave a rough jerk onward, as if the horses had been urged to sudden speed. Then came a halt, and an authoritative voice:

"Fling that down!"

Down went a blunderbuss on the road. It was that borne by the formidable guard. He had snapped it, honestly enough, at the speaker; but the piece had missed fire, the robber's pistol was at his head, and all the fire-weapons in the world could not have saved his skull.

With one hand the robber took away the guard's remaining arms, the other still holding the pistol about an inch from his eye. There was a moment's pause: then the coach-door was opened, and a white hand, sparkling with gems, but with the thumb black as ink, was extended into the circle.

"Forgive me! Purses. Quick, you please. The mail for London is coming. You know very well I can't search two coaches at once."

A rapid fumbling ensued, and several purses were put into the hand. Then commenced a reluctant tugging at watches.

"Keep those! Purses only! Now, Sir!" said the highwayman, touching Haggerdorn.

"I have not a purse, nor much of moneys," replied Arthur, "but—"

"What's that in your hand?"

"Only a—"

"A snuff-box. I've lost my own. Toss it hither."

"I'll die first," said the boy.

"Young fool!" was the only retort, as the practiced hand made one swoop into the coach and vanished with the snuff-box. "Enough, gentlemen! A good journey!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the nervous lady.

"Have they got the treasure, you?" inquired a male passenger of the discomfited guard.

"No, they *ain't* got the treasure," growled the latter. "For why? There wa'n't none. It were a trap, you see. The treasure's gone by the reg'lar coach. And the robber he know'd on it."

"This is a paternal government," said the passenger, dashing up the window. "Trap, indeed! Baited with the public!"

Every aggrieved individual feels for the public.

The coach was in the very act of getting into motion, when—

"Hold, there! Stop!" was shouted, and the steaming horse of the robber reappeared at the coach door. The glass dropped, as if it knew the touch of his finger.

"You—boy! Where did you steal this?" he questioned, roughly, thrusting forward the snuff-box.

"I steal not!" said Arthur, indignantly. "Zey found it in—"

The robber seized the boy by the collar, and dragged him forward, so that the light of the coach-lamps fell full upon both their faces. The upper part of the robber's face was covered with a black silk mask.

"You are a thief, Sir," he muttered. "I take you into my custody. Descend. Do you hear?"

Arthur was powerless in the man's gripe, and was obliged to obey.

"Drive on!" said the robber, leveling his pistol.

The coachman lashed his horses, and young Haggerdorn was left alone with his captor.

"Follow me, boy," said the latter, and, if you can trust a robber's word, be sure you shall receive no injury. I must speak with you, and this is ticklish ground. Follow close."

He touched his horse with the spur, and sprang into the thicket, Arthur scrambling over the barrier as best he might. Threading the copse they crossed a field or two, entered a lane, and passed into an orchard, and stopped before a decent cottage. Here the robber dismounted, and allowing his horse, which seemed perfectly at home, to seek his own place of concealment, conducted Arthur into the hut. A fire was smouldering on the hearth. The robber flung upon it a bundle of dried furze, producing a blaze which made the room as light as day.

"Now, answer truly, boy. Where did you get this box?"

Arthur replied that it had been found in a house in Jermyn Street, left there by nobody knew whom.

"*You* know. Speak, Sir," said the robber, seizing him by both arms with force which, though gently exerted, seemed to paralyze every nerve.

Arthur hesitated.

"I can guess," he said.

"Who?"

"Lord Lob."

"Lord Beelzebub! These are the arms of—Who was your father, boy?"

"I never knew him."

"Your mother?"

"Dead."

The robber started.

"Dead!" (He drew his hand slowly across his brow.) "My boy, this was hers, your mother's and mine!"

"Yours!"

"I am Lord Lob, your brother."

Arthur turned white as ashes.

"And—and—ze murder?" he gasped.

"*The* murder, lad?" said Lord Lob, showing his white teeth. "Be more particular. Which murder? What affair concerned you?"

"I mean—in Jermyn Street—the—"

"Old Humpage? Ha!"

A light flashed across the casement. Next moment the door was dashed in, and the officer Armour, followed by half a dozen others, flung himself boldly on the Black-Thumb.

Whether the latter was actually confounded by the sudden onslaught, or, at once comprehending the hopelessness of escape, purposely forbore resistance—certain it is he was secured without difficulty—after which, Armour, turning to Arthur and congratulating him on the safety of his person and property, requested him to accompany them to the house of the magistrate, a short distance off. The young man, feeling as though walking in a dream, assented, and, the little dwelling having undergone a rapid search, without producing any thing of a suspicious nature, the party set forth.

CHAPTER X.

THE demeanor of Lord Lob was singular, and contributed in no small degree to the confusion of Arthur's brain. Since his capture, the robber had neither turned his eyes toward his brother, nor had he addressed a single syllable to him nor to any one else. Still preserving the same strange silence, he was placed before Mr. Thickles, the magistrate of Ingatestone, who had apparently sat up to that unwonted hour in the expectation of such a visitor. Several of the coach-passengers and the guard were already in attendance; and so eager were these good folks in furthering the ends of justice that Arthur's testimony was not, for the present, required. The examination ended with the committal of the prisoner on the charge of highway robbery, the magistrate intimating that, by express order from the government, he would not be sent to the county prison, but to London, there to answer charges of a more serious nature.

So effectually, in fact, was Lord Lob compromised in the eye of the law through many a previous exploit, that it was scarcely deemed necessary to take the usual measures for securing his conviction on this charge, and it was finally settled that all the outward-bound witnesses, with the exception of Arthur Haggerdorn, who evinced no kind of reluctance to remain, should be allowed to proceed on their voyage.

A chaise was then ordered to convey the redoubted prisoner to town, and Arthur was about to follow the others from the room when Armour touched his arm, and showed the snuff-box.

"Where did you tell me you got this, young gentleman?"

"I tell you not," replied Arthur, "but I do now. Miss Humpage gave it."

"Hah!" said Mr. Armour. "Yes? Good-night, Sir.....Meant *you* to be him, did she then, my pretty?" soliloquized the officer, with an odd confusion of persons. "Now who'd have thought it? Deep, deep!"

Arthur found a lodging in the little village inn; but to sleep was out of the question, and he passed the greater part of the cheerless night sitting with his head buried in his hands, a prey to that complete despondency which, in such natures, succeeds, on a sudden check, to the highest hope. His guiding star had fallen, and left him in darkness. Polly was lost to him. His own brother was probably her father's assassin. He himself might be called upon to take some share in the convicting testimony, and this officer would claim the rich reward.

Mr. Armour and Lord Lob rode together in the chaise, two of the former's satellites, well armed, seated on the box, and four others trotting merrily alongside. There was no apprehension of any attempt at rescue, and the worthy officer, who felt the continued silence act painfully upon his own exhilaration of spirit, did his utmost to cheer and lead his companion into discourse. The illustrious prisoner remained inscrutable. He replied, courteously indeed, but curtly, and neither smile nor retort rewarded Mr. Armour's exertions. The white fine face gazed millions of miles away, and the officer felt, with disgust, that he was no better company for his captive than an indifferently-trained baboon might have been for Socrates.

Morcover as they drew near London in the early dawn, an expression passed at intervals over the robber's face, which went near to awe all even Armour. Such a look it was that, in the case of a wretche woman condemned some years since to die for many murders, all but scared the watchers from her cell. Frightful throe of the awakened spirit, in its last despairing effort to pierce upward through th load of suffocating crime!

Sufficiently cognizant of the workings of the guilty mind to form some idea of what was passing in Lord Lob's, Armour resolved to make attempt to turn it to account, and, accordingly, began in an easy tone:

"That was a nice bay-game you played *me*, my lord, now wasn't it? But, bless my body, of all the queer matters you've put a hand to, that what d'ye call it—yonder—Jermyn Street way—was about the queerest! Whatever your folks wanted with that old chap, bothers *me;* and I don't mind telling you, in confidence, it did bother me. We gay it up. Soon as we knew for certain 'twas a plant of yours, up we gave it: 'It's just one of his games,' says the governor, 'p'r'aps for fun.' But ther 's people that don't like mystery and, I tell you what —no, I won't, for you seem o' sorts, and I, ah, ah—" concluded Mr. Armour, with a yawn, and sinking back into his corner.

The prisoner turned, and looked at him with something of his old humorous expression.

"Out with it, Henry," he said.

"Come, that's better, my lord. *That's* what I like to see!" rejoined the officer. "You and me have jogged on together a good many years, comfortable, on different sides of the way to be sure. Now you win, now I. Lots of doubles you've run upon us, but we've got three-fifths of them originals you set up with, and now we've got *you*, so that's even."

"Not quite," said the prisoner.

"Now what's the use of your contesting that?" asked the officer, as if rather injured. "You might do a deal better than *that*. Ah, here we are in London. We shall soon shake hands, my lord—"

"Shall we? Then push on, Henry, my boy, with what you are dying to say."

"Well, here it is, my lord. You ain't a common cracksman," said the officer, deferentially; "I wouldn't be so rude as to say you was. Naturally, folks like to know something of your ways and workings, and what a man like you meant by such and such things, that seemed no particular good to any body. There's nothing the public pays for more sweetly than curiosity. Bless you, they don't care *what* they pay to know why's why! Now you're booked, you'll have letters every day, perhaps bookys and billydoos, but all wanting to know about this, that, and t'other. You'll want a secretary, my lord!"

"Accept the post, my Henry," said Lord Lob, leaning back wearily.

"I can't, my lord; you've no confidence in me even now, when it don't signify this pinch of snuff," said the officer, drawing out the mysterious box, as if abstractedly. "Now, for example, this reminds me. Here's a business, which don't matter, for you're not going to be bothered about *that*. Yet the old man's daughter would give—I declare I don't know what that girl wouldn't give—to know what went of her father! But it's no manner of use your telling. A thousand pound, nor ten, would be no good to you."

"What *does* she offer?"

"As if you didn't know, my lord!" said the other, with affected disbelief.

"Suppose me ignorant, Henry. What does the young lady propose?"

"To marry the man who finds out who spirited away her father, alive or dead. And her fortune, which is her own, isn't less than one hundred thousand pounds," said Mr. Armour, almost solemnly. "Now, *there's* a chance in a poor fellow's way!"

There was a minute's profound silence. Then their eyes met. The prisoner made a slight movement, that might be interrogative, with his head. Armour shook his.

"Can't do that, noways, my lord; but I'll tell you what, if there's any thing or any body you want looked to after the—you know, I'll give you my bond for five thousand."

"I'll think o. it," was the reply. After which not another word was exchanged till the gloomy walls of Newgate received the illustrious prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTHUR returned to London within a few hours of his brother, but feeling utterly unable, under the changed circumstances, to face his former home, engaged a small lodging in Skinner Street, Snow Hill, and then (in accordance with directions he had received from the police) walked down to the prison to communicate his address. Requested to walk into the governor's room that functionary accosted him in a very civil tone.

"You are claimed, I understand, Sir," he remarked, "by our latest arrival—a personage but too well known—as his near relation, though for many years a stranger. Is it so? Are you his brother?"

Arthur replied that he had, at present, no other testimony than the assertion of the person in question; but that he was well aware that his mother had had a son older than himself, of whose death she had never received assurance.

"Nature, at all events, throws in *her* evidence," said the governor, looking steadily at him. "I have seldom seen a more extraordinary resemblance."

Then adding that the prisoner had requested that his brother, and he only, might be admitted to his cell, he committed Arthur to the charge of a turnkey, and in another minute, in the strongest room in the prison, the two brothers stood once more face to face.

"Sit down, Arthur Haggerdorn, and make yourself comfortable," said Lord Lob, "and don't interrupt me so long as you understand, for you speak an odd sort of lingo for a Briton. We are quite alone (no, that fellow's a dummy—stone-deaf)," glancing at a warder who sat in a corner of the cell. "So you needn't sing out if I own that I am the greatest miscreant that ever scourged mankind. If I could only tell how, when, and why, I embraced scoundrelism as a profession, it might be useful; but I can't. I was flung into the world a little lump of iniquity, and my soul was never scraped from its beginning. There's a crack in the crust now, or *you* wouldn't be here to peep into it, take your oath of that! Our father, Lord Hawkweed, was a scoundrel (I beg the peerage's pardon) —a scoundrel, I remark, of poltroon, and I hope, for his own sake, a madman too. gave me bread, that's true—not much even of that—he cheated my mother—*our* mother, with a mock-marriage (you've no chance of the coronet, my boy!)—deserted her; very likely broke her heart. How the devil, with such a fellow's blood in your veins, *you* ever esc—— I forgot our mother, child," added the robber, almost apologetically, as he half-extended his hand, then instantly withdrew it. "But time presses; this is not what I want to say. You're in love, boy. That's enough. Don't answer. In love with Miss Jermyn Street—what's her name?—Miss Humpage, who considers me the murderer of her substantial sire, and has commissioned you to track me out as the price of her hand. She gave you that snuff-box as a talisman, thinking, I suppose, that it would leap from your pocket at the owner's approach! How did she know that box belonged to my mother?"

"She did not know that, nor even *I* that," said Arthur. "My mother must have concealed ze box of purpose. Armour, ze officer, said it had been yours."

"Not *mine*. My father's," said the robber. "However, boy, it seems you've caught me. And *now?*"

Arthur gazed wistfully at his brother, but made no reply.

"Tell her," resumed the latter, speaking slowly, "tell her—I am sorry to disappoint you—sorry, too, for my own reputation, for, by the blood of all the Hawkweeds that ever poisoned air, it was as clever a thing as I can remember; but, Arthur, boy, your own hand is not clearer of that old man' blood than mine."

"God be praised!" said Arthur, fervently.

"That's kind, at least, since it may cost you your bride!" remarked Lord Lob. "I owe you something in return, my boy. Stay a moment; let me think." (He paused for a minute.) "If this Jermyn Street affair were the work of any London hand I *must* have known who was in it. No; 'tis impossible. Now, there's a tidy knot of Halifax boys—'tis much their style of work—pluck, and finish. But, then, Caunter would have been down on his old pals: *that* won't do. Jilling George, of Liverpool? Just the cull. Exactly the kind of fancy-business he takes to. It's some foreign game, Arthur, rely upon it. Now, my friend, Jilling George jabbers Dutch and French like a magpie; there must have been much to arrange; they could have gone to nobody but him. 'Twas Jilling George, or nobody....Be off now, boy, and come to me to-morrow at noon."

He made so imperative a gesture that Arthur was fain to obey without a word; and returned, sadly enough, to his humble lodging.

News at that period was neither swift nor sure. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of twenty-seven Jermyn Street were still at breakfast, when a rumor, dating from the delivery of the milk, began to circulate in the house that the past night had been signalized by an important capture—no less than the redoubted chieftain of the Black-Thumbs—while the apparition of Mistress Ascroft at her window, making wild and agitated but unintelligible signs, gave a sort of color to the further report that the Harwich road had been the scene of, and the extra post-coach a sharer in, the adventure.

Presently arrived Mr. Hartshorne in high excitement. Yes. It was true. The coach had been stopped and plundered, the guard having been first disarmed. Nothing could exceed the cowardice of the passengers, male and female, who, at sight of the black thumb, permitted themselves to be stripped like lambs, until one of the party (a very young man, who had hitherto been unable to disengage his arms from his roquelaure) leaped from the carriage, flung himself upon the assailant, and, though dragged through a hedge and several fields, succeeded at length in mastering his antagonist and delivering him up to a mounted patrol, who most opportunely made his appearance.

Great as was the difficulty of identifying this intrepid champion with the slight and delicate young artist, love might have overcome the obstacle had not the arrival of more authentic tidings saved him the trouble. A note from Sir James Polhill, without especially mentioning Armour, announced the capture of the noted robber by a party of police, detached with that express design.

Then passed a long and anxious morning, unrelieved by further news, Polly wandering about, utterly unable to devote her thoughts to any of usual occupations. What was to be the result. Was Lord Lob in reality the guilty person? Hopeless as was the unfortunate man's situation, would he not surely confess? The conviction of the authorities that the outrage was of this man's contriving was strong as ever, and Polly herself had learned to regard it as a fact. The vengeance she had invoked was about to descend. Her af-

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ther's death would be expiated. And then—the reward?....

Later that day the prisoner requested an interview with his captor.

Mr. Armour, who had taken care to be within easy call, hastened to the prisoner.

"Henry, you're an ass," was Lord Lob's greeting. "It won't do. Stick, my boy, to the shop. You understand me perfectly, and you'll take my advice, Henry, because you can't help it. I entertain for you (it grieves me to think won't believe it) a sincere professional regard. Had partial fortune placed you in my gang you would shortly have been a man, Sir, equal to myself—nobility excepted—in every quality that commands the respect and obedience of energetic practitioners in the higher walks of that art which gives you and your fellows bread. You might have bequeathed a reputation. But why dwell upon lost opportunities? As I was saying, I like you, and I don't mind putting a tolerable thing in your way, though not precisely what my worthy Henry—misled by a low but pardonable ambition—proposed to himself. Hear, then, my friend. We Black-Thumbs knew nothing of the Humpage plant. It was a foreign seed, sown, impudently enough, in my parterre. You wronged us, Henry—but the injury is lost in the compliment—for, by my coronet, 'twas a masterly thing! Now, Sir, I can put this black thumb upon the man who did it, and I *will*."

Armour's eyes glistened, and he had some difficulty in concealing his satisfaction; but, aware that Lord Lob, when in a talking mood, especially disliked interruption, discreetly held his peace.

"*This*, Henry," resumed his lordship, "is the business. I will point out the individual I speak of to—to the Honorable Arthur Haggerdorn, second son of the Earl of Hawkweed, brother, that is, to your humble servant. The young dog, forgetful of his noble blood, has fallen in love with the plebeian heiress of this Humpage. He must marry her, good Henry, not *you*, do you see? The hopes of Hawkweed centre in him, and they are of greater import than the promotion of a jolly redbreast like thee. Besides, Henry, you know too much of rascal ways. Once admitted among the swells, not a man of them would be safe. But, mark me, on the day the Honorable Arthur Haggerdorn marries Miss What-you-may-call-it Humpage, Henricus Armorius pockets five thousand pounds. Is it a bargain? If so, thy fist, Henry! If not, go thy ways, and say—say truly—that thou hast heard the last accents from the lip of Lob."

Henry knew well enough that, spite of the affected bombast, the robber was in earnest. The fist was given.

"Imprimis (that is, Henry, in the first place), a pass for Bob Caunter. Let him be with me this evening," resumed the prisoner.

"Why, you know it's impossible, my lord," cried Armour, really surprised. "He's wanted over, and over, and over again, is Bob."

"Let the want stand 'over.' *I* want him, and must have him. Get the pass."

"Supposing I did, he wouldn't come," replied the officer, reluctantly.

"Try him," said Lord Lob.

And the interview concluded.

The prisoner was right. Sir James Polhill, on learning the substance of this conversation (bar that portion relating to finance), readily conceded the pass. Mr. Caunter, communicated with through a friendly channel, was speedily unearthed, disguised, and admitted within those walls it had been the business of his life (after crime) to avoid. It was curious to see this miscreant, "clothed on" with his one virtue, fidelity, entering the tomb-like prison with the step of a prince, and standing before his doomed captain without a shade of emotion, save that which had its source in the latter's "misfortune."

The conversation, conducted in the thieves' tongue, was brief and pithy, and may be concisely rendered somewhat as follows:

"Blubbering, old boy?" said my lord.

"(Do a variety of things to) my eyes if I know what's come to 'em!" replied Mr. Caunter, affecting a delicate surprise. "But this ain't a good thing to see."

"My love to the lads. Bid them take warning. Cut the road. It's low and bad. I always said so, and what on earth prompted me to that high toby touch last night, top me if I can say! I could almost feel a hand on my prad's bridle dragging him on. No matter. Jilling George of Liverpool."

"What of he?"

"Wanted."

"Is he to go?"

"Yes, he is. Had a good spell."

"That's true, but—"

"But what?"

"'Tis the first time—ever—you—we—"

"Split. I know it," said his leader, fiercely. "Bob, he did me an ill turn once. Besides, I'm insulted. That fellow did the neatest thing of the day, here, under our very noses, and without a 'By your leave, my lord.' It has been the business of my life to unite the recognized courtesies of refined society with the stener exigencies of our profession. You don't understand, my Bob. To put it simply: should *we* have cracked a Liverpool crib without a word to Jilling George? Bob, he goes. Tip the office."

"Very good, said Mr. Caunter, perfectly resigned to his comrade's fate. "*What* was it you said he's wanted about?"

"Thing in Jermyn Street—Humpage. Go you to my brother; here's the address. Put him on the trail. If *he* finds the man, he marries the heiress. He'll reward."

"Hallo, stop! *He'd* no hand in it."

"Who?" demanded Lord Lob.

"Jilling George."

"Pshaw! 'tis no one else."

"Just what I was going to say."

"What?"

"'Tisn't nobody else."

"Neither George nor nobody else? You don't mean that—"

"Yes, I do."

The two robbers looked at each other for a moment, then burst into a fit of laughter that almost infected the deaf "dubeman."

"Since when have you known this, Bob?" asked Lord Lob.

"Week past."

"Can you put your hand upon him?"

"Know the doss-ken" (lodging).

"All right. Go to my brother, tell him every thing, as you would to me, and say I bade you trust him for reward—and—and good-by, Bob, my boy."

"Oh, captain! here's a—" began Bob, relapsing into tenderness.

"Vamoos, boy," said Lord Lob, hastily. "The dubsman's scran's coming. Remember, your captain was neither buzz-gloak, chaunter-cull, nor sneaksman; never foxed, nor mooched, fit cocum, nor faked a fadge, nor will he be at last lagged for a ramp! The worst the patterer round the Government sign-post can say will be that Lord Lob was a leary gloak, and even *that* his noble blood demanded. Wherefore, Robert, stow whids, tip the jigger-dubber a tusheroon, clench daddles, and bing awast, my ben cull."

Translated from what may be called (at *that* period) the language of Tyburnia into modern Belgravian, the chieftain's farewell might be rendered thus:

"You may retire, my friend. The turnkey's evening meal is about to arrive. Recollect that your leader was neither an appropriator of loose cash, a writer of libelous and immoral songs, nor a petty, cowardly shop-lifter. He never swindled, nor sponged upon his neighbors, fought backwardly, nor lched a farthing. The worst those street biographers who throng about the gallows can say will be that Lord Lob was a remarkably well-dressed individual, a circumstance perfectly consonant with his high birth. Wherefore, Robert, talk no more, hand the turnkey a crown, shake hands, and begone, my good fellow."

THE HEART OF MIRIAM CLYDE.

THE sun went down, and the moon came up. Miriam Clyde saw both from the room where she was sitting. It was a long wing running out into the pleasant garden at the north of the house, with three windows opening to the east, and one great bay-window to the west, each side of which were Miriam's favorite books, in alcoves fashioned for them in the wall. The quaint room had been built for her by her father—a birthday gift from an always lavish hand. Every inch of it was her own taste, from the dainty carpet and delicate paper, to the queer-shaped tables, the quaint desk, the pictures, and the bijouterie. The Clytie looking out of the corner, with steadfast eyes and the beauty of a dream on the brow of marble, was, somebody said, Miriam's household god, to whom she did homage in some strange pagan fashion of her own.

She certainly loved the room and all its belongings. She had passed many dreaming, happy, solitary days there—for hers was, in some senses, a lonely life. Father and mother she had; but her father was president, or superintendent, or in some way the master-spirit of long lines of railroad, and passed his time in mysterious journeys, whose only apparent result was disturbing his family by a midnight arrival two or three times a week. Her mother, from chronic headaches, was intensely nervous, and had a Southern desire to be let alone. So Miriam found that charm in books and solitude that so many other girls find in a cheerful home circle.

So many phases of feeling had come to her in her pleasant room: and there, this afternoon, love had sought her out. Hammond Vinton had found her there, and told her the long-cherished secret of his heart. She had accepted him—that was at midafternoon—and then she had made him leave her alone, and had sat there ever since, through the sunsetting and the moon-rising, wondering and doubting over what she had done.

She had no definite idea whether she loved him or not. Ignorant she was of the world and the world's ways—most ignorant of all of her own heart. She could make no excuse to herself for promising to marry this first lover of hers, except because he had asked her. She had found his friendship pleasant. What his love would be she could not yet tell. She began to think it was an experiment she did not care to try. There would be something fearful, it seemed, in belonging no more to herself, but to another—giving that other a right to thoughts and fancies as well as heart-beats.

She rose at last, bewildered with thinking, and threw open her window. She looked out into the August night, restless, odorous, pulsing with stars. The fragrance from her heliotrope bed stole up to her. It was an hour which, all together—stars, low wind, mystical flower-fragrance—she would never forget. It seemed to her that her heart came out, and stood like another being beside her. She began to know it better. She saw what its power of loving was; how much it held of vague, ungathered sweetness. Then she tried to think what claim Hammond Vinton had to be its monarch.

He was handsome, certainly, in a careless, negligent, graceful fashion of his own. She could see him as plainly as if he stood there in the moonlight. The vigorous, well-knit figure; the bold brow and dark hair; the eyes resolute and clear, to her only very tender; the proud features; the clearly-cut mouth, with a little haughtiness in its expression which the dark mustache did not conceal—a gentleman in all lights. Yet what *else* was he? Had he any purpose in life—any strong fibre of manhood? What was he ready to do and dare? Did his gifts and graces do any good? What had he that he would carry with him, when his summons came, out beyond stars and clouds into the Everlasting presence?

That was not all. The one great question, which constantly asked itself over again, was, did she love him?

She had a girl's notions about love—a dreaming girl, learned in poetry and fiction, and unlearned in life. She had exaggerated love's sweetness to her fancy; had thought of it so long as some new, strange revelation, instant and undoubted as a new birth; and now had it come, and was this all? She grew momently more and more dissatisfied, until at last she resolved to take the shears of Fate into her own hands, and cut away a few threads from the web that had been woven about her.

She expected her father home that night, and had given her lover leave to see him in the morning. That must not be. Till she was more certain of her own heart he must not ask her of her father. She would tell him all she felt; and then, if he would not take no for his answer, he must wait a little and give her time. Having settled matters thus, she handed back Fate's scissors, shut out heliotrope scent, night air, stars, and moonlight, and went up stairs to her maiden chamber.

Being on the watch next day, she contrived to meet Vinton in the hall, and take him to her own parlor, before he had had time to ask for Mr. Clyde. He saw something in her eyes that boded him little pleasure; and before she spoke at all he had steeled himself to bear what was coming, and made up his mind how to meet it.

She told him all her thoughts of the night before, with that innocent, unconscious child's manner of hers; dealing blows, it seemed, with an iron mace, and fancying she held only a feather. There were a good many words, but all their meaning was included in the one declaration that she did not think she loved him enough to be engaged to him.

He heard her through, silently; then looked at her with grave, pained eyes, but with unchanged tenderness in his face, and, when he spoke, with unchanged sweetness in his voice.

"I am sorry, Miriam; but if that is your deliberate thought I can not complain. I dare not urge you against your own heart; for to be engaged when you felt that you did not love me enough would be as bad for me as for you. I am not cool enough of nature to be happy with a woman of whose heart I was not certain."

It had not been so difficult, after all, to make him take no for his answer. She had expected passionate reproaches, vehement persuasions. She was totally unprepared for this unaltered dignity, this calm composure. She began to think she had known very little, after all, of the real Hammond Vinton. A new respect began to spring up for him, as his manner gave her the impression of deeps in his nature that she had not fathomed. With sudden timidity she faltered,

"You will not let this make us strangers, when we have been friends so long?"

Again the sad, kind look, the forbearing smile.

"You do not understand me, Miriam, if you think it possible for me to give up the happiness of your friendship because of an honesty which I know to be genuine, and for which I honor you. If I hoped for more than you can give, it was my misfortune, let me bear ..."

It was of him, she thought, so completely to ignore the one fact for which she could not cease to hold herself to blame—the having accepted him, not knowing her own mind, the day before: very noble to pass that by, and thank her for an honesty which had been so tardy. Yet somehow in her secret heart she was not quite satisfied. She began to wonder whether he had indeed loved her so well as he said yesterday, or whether he too had been betrayed into an enthusiasm which his after-thought did not sustain.

He did not stay very long—did not linger, as he used, to read a little, or to get her to sing to him. She felt that, after all, there was going to be a difference. Something was gone from the frank freedom of their friendship; would it ever come back?

She could have cried about it like a grieved child; but just then her mother sent for her to get ready for a drive to town: one of the prolonged shopping expeditions with which it was Mrs. Clyde's custom to alternate her headaches.

It was a tedious day. Miriam was not in a mood to study the respective merits of green and blue, or to decide between taffetas and moire antique. She found the light in the stores bad. She was sure the smart shopmen had an extra curl in their hair, an extra gloss on their linen; were more ostentatiously civil and disagreeably polite than ever. She went home at night weary, and experienced relief in finding that her father had gone away again, and her mother was tired enough to go to bed. She was at liberty to be alone.

Again, as before, she opened the window of her room and looked out into the night. She had need of its coolness, its sympathetic silence. Last night she had asked herself whether she loved Hammond Vinton enough to marry him. Now her question was whether she were glad that their newly-formed engagement had been broken off. Now, as then, she wondered whether she had been too hasty.

The way in which he had received her decision had somehow changed her estimate of him. Some reserved power must be the secret of his kind calmness—for, now she thought it all over, she could not doubt his love. She remembered what he had said only a day ago—the tender, passionate words that had revealed his heart. They carried with them sure conviction of his truthfulness, and he could not have changed already. She was forced to solve the mystery by the key which his own words gave her. His nature was too intense to bear any coldness or uncertainty. It was not so much that he was too proud to sue as that a love so tardily yielded would not satisfy him. Of course he was right. Certainly she did not love him enough, or she would never have doubted the night before. It must be all for the best.

And so, trying to be glad and thankful for her release, yet not altogether captivated by freedom, again she shut out flower-fragrance and night air, starlight and moonlight, and went up stairs.

It was a whole week before she saw Vinton again. She had never missed him so much before, though he had often staid away as long. When he came at length it was to find half a dozen guests before him in the drawing-room—friends whom the lovely August moon had tempted out to "The Cedars."

There was no opportunity to see him alone. The communication he had come on purpose to make, with a secret wish to see how she would take it, had to be shared with others. He was going to the seat of war. A commission had been offered him, and, as he was living an idle life just then, he had felt that he had no right to refuse it. This was a good-by visit, for he was to march next day.

When he went, the temptation to step into the hall with him was irresistible. Her mother was in the drawing-room, so there was no positive rudeness in slipping out for just the good-by word she craved.

"We *do* part friends—you are sure?" with hand upon his arm and beseeching eyes raised to his face.

He was but mortal, and he loved her. He bent over her suddenly, and pressed one long kiss on her lips, whose despairing tenderness thrilled strangely down to the very depths of her heart. But he only *said:*

"Good-by, my friend. We *are* friends, and I know you will not forget to put my name sometimes among those you pray for."

Only that, and he was gone. What meant that wrench at her heart-strings? Had she cared more for him, after all, than she had thought? There was no use in self-questioning. She went back to her guests, and sang and played merry tunes for them. Jest and repartee sparkled on her lips, her eyes filled with a brilliant light, a color born of her reckless mood flamed on her cheeks. When they went away they all said how gay Miriam had grown, and how handsome—a little heartless, though. Such friends as every body knew she had been with Hammond Vinton; and now to see her take his going away just as coolly as if he were about to start on a pleasure trip to Saratoga.

If they could have seen her when at last she was all alone! For one thing she was thankful. It had not been his disappointment in her that had sent him away. The very day he first asked for her love he had spoken of going, and talked of how much rather he would leave her his wife—his own, so that if any thing happened she would come to him. She had thought little about his words then; for he was not of a kind—the handsome, indolent fellow—from whom it seems natural to expect self-sacrifice. Now she saw how much in earnest he had been. Perhaps if he had found her alone, and asked again for her love, the result would have been different. No matter for speculations. The hour was over. If she had let her one splendid possibility of happiness go by her, it would be idle to seek it again, even with tears. And perhaps all was for the best. She certainly had not been sure that she loved him.

Still she grew a little paler through those autumn months that followed. She read the papers anxiously. Battle-rumors dismayed her as they had never done before. She was not gloomy, however. Once that she had read the news, and found no accident to any one she knew, she was ready to be a more entertaining and devoted daughter, a kinder friend than in the days of her careless happiness. It may be that a certain secret sorrow of her own softened her heart—a sorrow unconfessed even to herself, until, at last, tidings came which taught her self-knowledge.

Winter had gone by, and the battle news came with the spring days. A field won; but, wounded and dying, a long, ghastly list of brave heroes—every name piercing some heart with a pang sharp as a sword-thrust. Among the names, *his*. Wounded severely, Captain Hammond Vinton. Suddenly the truth grew plain. If he died the sun of her life would set in his grave, and she must walk on in the night till the dawn of an eternal morning.

She could not go to him. She had no right; and there was no way in which she could get special tidings. Would he live or die? How slowly the days went by! How she questioned if every morning sun shone upon his living face! How she longed to know of every sunset whether its red rays fell athwart his grave! If he could only live! She thought she could bear that he should never forgive the past—that he should be nothing to her any more—if only she could know that he was in the same world; hear his voice sometimes; sometimes look into his eyes.

Six weeks went by, six weeks of suspense, and uncertainty, and weary waiting. If she had been his wife or his betrothed, so that she could have gone to him and nursed him, it would have been easier. It was the being shut out from all chance of helping him or hearing from him that was half killing her.

There came at last a night in June when she was alone in her northern room. She had been thinking the past over—all his words, and all hers—how she had thrown away his love. It was her nightly penance. She grew fevered and restless, and she sat down by her western window and leaned out toward the flowers which perfumed the June night with their sweet odors. She did not hear her door open. She started when she felt a touch upon her shoulder, and turned around to see Hammond Vinton standing there, his face pale as death, his figure attenuated, one sleeve empty at his side, and only the old smile curving his mustached lip to tell her it was not his wraith.

She was too weak to bear such a surprise. The color fled from face and lips, and she sank helpless and white as a wreath of snow at the feet of the returned soldier.

He called for no assistance, only drenched her with the contents of an odor-casket on the table. Presently she opened her eyes, and met a glance which thrilled her heart with a new hope of forgiveness.

"Do you love me now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Enough to be engaged?"

"Yes."

"And you are ready to take a husband with one arm, whom you would not have when he had two?"

"Yes, you will be easier to manage."

Then, with tearful eyes and low tones,

"I learned how much I wanted you by finding how much I missed you."

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Pictures from the Life of George Washington.



THE MEDIATOR. 1744.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTH PLACE, FEB. 22? 1732.



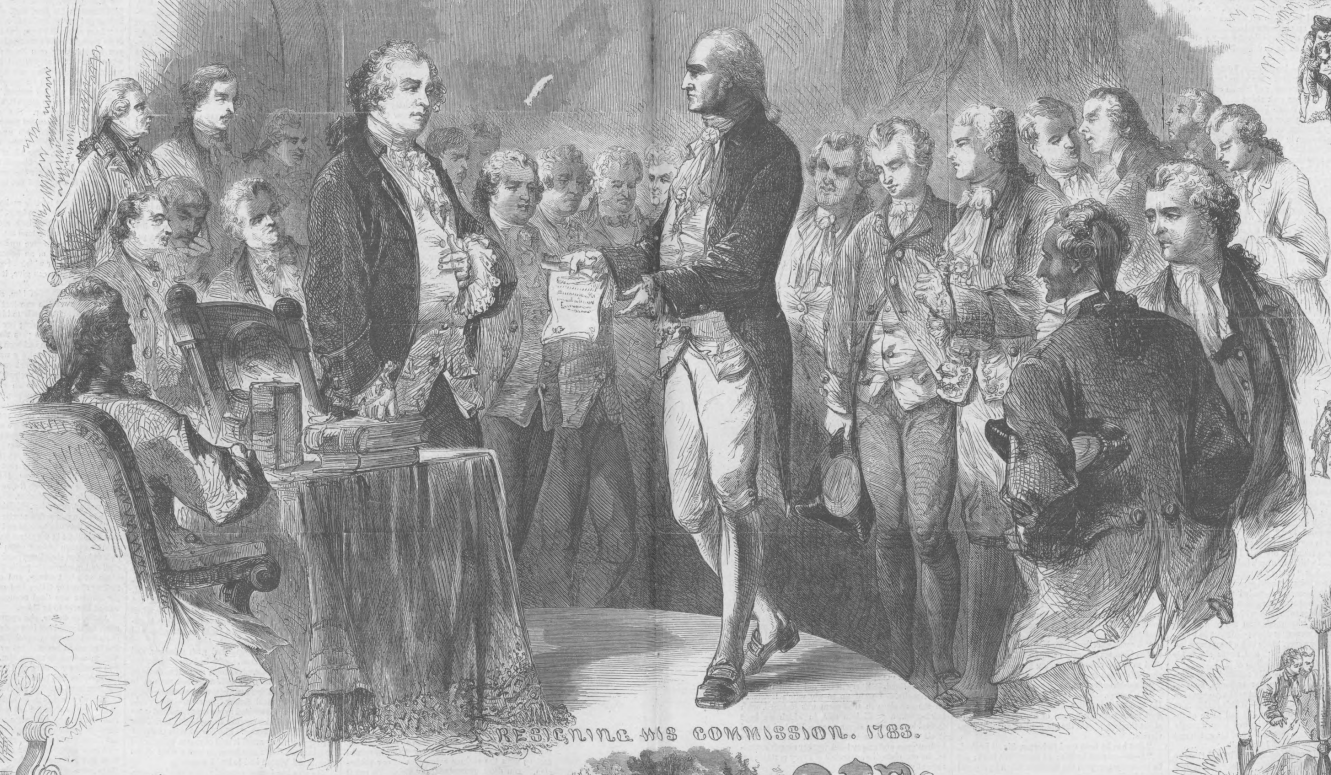
SURVEYOR, 1748.



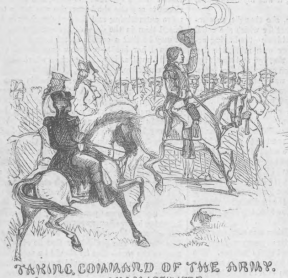
MARRIAGE, 1759.



BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT 1755.



RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION. 1783.



TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY. JULY 12TH 1775.



YORKTOWN, 1781.



PRESIDENT.—1789.



TOMB



DEATH.—1799.

FEB. 22? 1732.

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FARMER, more celebrated for his fine stock than a good education, wrote to the secretary of an agricultural society in regard to entering his animals for the premium offered, and added, as a postscript, as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of a premium."

"I see," said Mrs. Partington, the other day, "that a great many of the officers of our army are following the advice I used to give to my dear husband, and I am glad to see it. I read every day in the papers about Captain So-and-so's resignation. Now I don't know what trouble they may have had, but 'tis a blessed thing to be resigned. My poor Partington used to suffer from something that he called a want of congeniality in my nature for him. I couldn't make out exactly what he meant, but I looked in the Dictionary, and found that congeal means to freeze; so I suppose I was a little too warm-hearted for him, and the poor man wanted me to be kind o' stiff and icy. I used to tell him to be resigned to his lot, but he couldn't seem to make up his mind to it; if he had I should have been so tickled I expect I should have put his resignation in the papers same as folks do nowadays. I felt kind o' bad when Partington died, but the parson told me to be resigned; and when I found he had left me and Ike comfortably well to do in the world, I felt resignation more and more every day, and hope these army officers are all enjoying the same great blessing."

GOOD ADVICE TO EVERY BODY.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak,
And how—and when—and where.

A farmer, who occasionally accommodated a neighbor with a flitch of bacon at the killing season, being applied to as usual, replied, "I hanna' yet made up my mind whether I shall kill myself this year, or take a side of my father."

"When I am in pecuniary difficulties," said a pensive bankrupt, "my garden, my flowers, all fresh and sparkling in the morning, console my heart." "Indeed!" asked his sympathizing friend. "I should have thought they would remind you of your trouble, for, like your bills, they are all over dew."

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted successes qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the sea, arouse the faculties and incite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

Smith made an assertion to Jones. Jones replied that was a confounded lie—kely story. Smith first started, and then blandly requested Jones to be kind enough to place his syllables closer together upon the next occasion.

He who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless.

A philosophic and self-possessed ship captain was passing through a church-yard at midnight, when a sheeted ghost rose up behind a tombstone, and approached him with menacing gestures. The ancient mariner coolly raised his stick and gave him a crack over the head, asking him "what he meant by being out of his grave at so late an hour?"

An elderly gentleman, traveling in a stage-coach, was amused by a constant fire of words between two ladies. One of them, at last, kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a great deal of *naïveté*, "No ma'am, I've been married twenty-eight years."

The other day a gentleman holding an official position, gave a rising young man his countenance. The ungrateful youth has since made use of the mug for drinking purposes.

ARTFUL DODGING.—*Master:* "Whaur was the text the day, Jock?" *Apprentice:* "I dinna ken—I was owre lang o' gaun in." *Master:* "What was the conclusion?" *Apprentice:* "I dinna ken—I cam' oot afore he was done." *Master:* "What did he say about the middle o't, then?" *Apprentice:* "I dinna ken—I sleepit a' the time."

While we are writing a little fellow opposite our window is stealing a plank from a fence: living has become so high he is trying to get his *board* for nothing.

The most important is the first storm both in the spring of the year and in the married state; nearly all the others are likely to come from the same quarter.

A married lady found her two sons quarreling, and, in hopes of putting an end to their differences, uttered the following: "You young rascals, if you don't desist directly I'll tell both your fathers."

A countryman being a witness in a court of justice, was asked by the counsel if he was born in wedlock. "No, Sir," answered the man; "I was born in Lincolnshire."

A paper speaks of a man "who died without the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are exceedingly rare.

INNATE GOODNESS.—What the world calls "innate goodness" is very often a full stomach, and what it terms vice is quite as frequently an empty bread-basket.

A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, speaking of the poor of Ireland, says: "Many thousands of them were often destitute of the only food they possessed."

"Isaac," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, "when you enter the state of alimony, choose a voracious and well-uniformed young woman. Then, my dear, your love will be infernal and your posterity certain." Ike looked exceedingly solemn, and proceeded to put molasses on the door knobs.

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

We generally prefer new articles to old ones—the newmades to the old maids.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

Hadji Sidi Beni Assand, on the return voyage to Madras, after his pilgrimage, was caught in a terrible storm, and recollecting that he had violated Mohammedan law by indulging in swine's flesh on a particular occasion, he made a due confession, and prayed for a cessation of the storm. All was in vain; the storm raged on; and the Hadji, losing his temper and piety, pettishly exclaimed, "What a fuss about a little pork!"

A club-boat has just been built which is so nicely poised that the rowers are obliged to part their hair in the middle to keep their balance.

If you ever become so sick that you can't keep any thing on your stomach try a mustard plaster, that will stick sure.

A gentleman, whose father had been hanged, was accustomed to say of him—"He died suddenly upon a platform at a large public meeting."

Mr. Day advertises the loss of his dog: Brown hopes he will succeed in finding him; for if "every dog has his day," he doesn't see why every Day should not have his dog.

A Dutchman being called upon to give a toast, said: "Here ish to de heroes what fit, pled, and died at the battle of Bull Run—of which I am one."

THE NEW GUN.—The "Infant Prince," the six-pounder.

Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

If a woman was to change her sex, what religion would she be?—A He-then.

Some time since a person, more ingenious than scrupulous, paid a tradesman for some goods by a bill at two months; but on presenting it at the expiration of that period, the owner found it was payable two months after *death* instead of after *date*.

A young lady recently lost her temper, to the great delight of her friends, as it was a very bad one.

A "ladies' shoemaker" advertises himself boldly as one of "the sole her system!"

MY WIFE'S FATHER.

I.

I AM naturally a benevolent man, and more inclined to pardon than to punish.

I acknowledge that human justice is fallible; that the innocent often suffer for the guilty; that the penalty is, occasionally, cruelly disproportioned to the offense; that social prejudices are begotten of selfishness and unreason; that the reformation and rehabilitation of the criminal are higher duties than the punishment of the crime. And so forth.

But my late experience of the practical results of a certain philanthropy has tended fatally to harden my nature, and render me skeptical. A continuance of the trial would, in all human probability, pervert me into an obstinate misanthrope.

When I say "*a certain* philanthropy," I allude to that peculiar virtue as developed in MY WIFE'S FATHER.

My father-in-law—by-the-way, I detest that term, as applied to the parent of "the wife of one's bosom!" It smacks of the attorney, and has an odor of parchment and court-room reek about it. So I shall not use it again. My Wife's Father—how much more homelike and cheerfully respectful that sounds!—is an elderly gentleman, who, having accumulated a handsome fortune in the wholesale drug business, retired from the firm five years ago, to devote his time, and a considerable portion of his income, to the cause of philanthropy.

Not generally and diffusedly, however.

My Wife's Father possesses what is popularly known as a "singleness of purpose;" but what—did he stand in no other relation to me than that of a fellow-being—I should call a "hobby" or a "one-idea." He, therefore, has a specialty in his benevolence. And this is the restoration to social *status* of the evil-doer who has been branded of justice. In other words, the moral and social white-washing of the Ethiop—using Ethiop in a strictly figurative sense.

For this most worthy object he has spent much of his time in prison. Not as a subject of discipline, understand me, but as a philanthropist—a bearer of good-tidings, a monitor, a commuter of sentences; often as a herald of pardon and liberty. This was, perhaps, well.

But he has gone further. He has become the patron and friend (that is, *he* feels sure that *he* is the friend, though the reciprocity has appeared to almost every one but himself extremely dubious) of the liberated criminal. He has listened to the seeming penitent, and believed in his or her penitence. Mind I don't say that such penitence is *always* feigned, either! It would be strange if one could find no stray grains in a cart-load of chaff.

The harvest of My Wife's Father has, however, been principally "*chaff*."

Nevertheless he has continued to take the (*sotto-disant*) victim by the hand, to trust him, to clothe, and feed, and often lodge him (or her), and to give, or persuade others to give him (or her) the means of becoming a good citizen and an honest man (or woman) again.

And in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred he has been rewarded, how?

Well, here is *my* experience of it:

While I was courting my wife I became more or less acquainted with her father's hobby (for brevity's sake I will call it "hobby" hereafter, with all respect!); but not being brought personally within the sphere of his influences, I regarded it as a harmless, and eminently respectable monomania, which his wealth enabled him to indulge without other injury, as far as he was concerned, than the pain arising from constantly recurring disappointment in its results. These, however, made but a temporary impression upon his serenity, and never shook his faith in his system or the objects of it.

It is true that I occasionally suffered a momentary annoyance; as when, for instance, he persuaded me to go with him (what will a young man not do to please his—intended—Wife's Father!) to see a "most interesting case—a sad piece of injustice! a poor young girl who had been wrongly convicted of robbing a countryman of his watch and wallet in a place of doubtful repute."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed My Wife's Father, as we drove to the Penitentiary. "She's as innocent as a lamb! It was her sister—an abandoned girl—who committed the robbery. She told me her story, and made me fairly weep. The sisters resemble each other nearly; and to save the guilty one, this noble child—she is only sixteen—resolved to bear her punishment in silence. But I have by great efforts procured her pardon. You shall witness her gratitude. It will be touching!"

We reached the prison. The formalities were duly gone through, and the "lamb"—who reminded me much more of sly puss than of the guileless ba-aling alluded to as her prototype—got up a scene in the cell, with the jailer and ourselves for audience, that left nothing more to be desired in the way of pathos. It was quite as "touching" as My Wife's Father had predicted.

But a few nights afterward, as I was coming out of the theatre, I was attracted for a moment by the sad and revolting spectacle of two policemen trying to drag along a womar who was in a state of wild intoxication. As they came under the glare of the gas, but before I had obtained a fair glimpse of the poor wretch's features, she suddenly cried out:

"Hello! you man with the white hat! You know me! Where's the old chap that got me out o' jail? Ha! ha! ha! Didn't I gammon him! Hurray! I say, come and go my bail, whitey!"

I walked swiftly away, wondering what My Wife's Father would have said or done if he had met the "lamb" in her present "interesting case."

But during my courtship I naturally beheld my excellent future wife's parent through a *couleur-de-rose* medium, and allowed him to introduce me to several exemplary burglars, piously repentant defaulters, and highly-promising convicts generally (whose subsequent performances did not fully come up to those promises in my estimation), without in the least supposing that this "hobby" would ever be connected with my future life, as his daughter's husband, in any more direct or disagreeable way than it was then; that is, as an occasional bore, which I underwent with resignation if not cheerfulness.

"Blind as moles are we!" Isn't that the correct quotation? It was evidently written before the discovery of the existence of eyes in the mole; but it is strong nevertheless.

It was not quite three years ago that I first became acquainted with my wife and her father, and nearly a year and a half since we were married.

Our honey-moon sped swiftly and happily; its harmony undisturbed by a single discordant note; its peace unbroken by a single—I would say, *save* by a single rather unpleasant little episode.

This was a slight quarrel—no, not quarrel; a disagreement, let me say—between my bride's father and myself on the propriety of our accompanying him, immediately after the ceremony, "accoutred as we were," to the "House of Refuge," for the purpose of stimulating the vagrant youth therein confined on probation, by the sight of our bridal glories, to strive emulously to become, in proper time, good and happy husbands and wives, with handsome incomes, and philanthropic fathers or fathers-in-law. (I am obliged to use that detestable term once more, for euphony's sake.) In consequence of my inability to coincide in the wisdom and beauty of our affording this moral spectacle—to which, though evidently averse, from her great filial reverence and yielding disposition, Susan (my wife's name is Susan) seemed inclined to accede—a temporary coolness arose between my bride's parent and myself. This was not entirely dissipated until several days after we returned from running the gauntlet of stares and (*sotto voce*) commentaries, from cabmen, railway-conductors, hotel-waiters, and the traveling public at large, which is popular on such occasions under the name of "wedding-trip."

We survived the ordeal as others had survived it before us, and returning to the city without having sustained serious damage, took possession of our own establishment.

II.

DID I mention that Susan's father was a widower, and that Susan was his only child? No: I believe not.

There are a class of readers who never forgive an omission of this sort. If I should not mention this fact, reading further into my story they would exclaim: "But where was his wife's mother all this time? How many brothers and sisters had she? Why don't he tell us something about them? And his own family, too? There's no satisfaction in reading this kind of thing. Why, he hasn't even given any body a name except his wife, and she is only Susan!"

Gently, gently, if you please. I will satisfy your curiosity, as far as it may be done conscientiously. My wife had neither mother, brother, nor sister living. *My* family have no more to do with my story than—than that recently somewhat often quoted potentate the "Emperor of China."

As to names—that is, family names—where's the use of my giving you any? They wouldn't be the true ones, you know.

This will do, won't it?

"Nathan," said my wife's venerable papa, one morning to me (my baptismal appellation is Nathan), "you want a coachman, do you not?"

"Yes, Sir; I have not yet found the right sort of man, I believe. Do you happen to know of any sober, discreet, trust-worthy person in that line, my dear Sir?"

"A most excellent one, Nathan. Poor fellow! he has been very hardly used, and I shall be really glad to be the means of placing him in a position to show his worth and retrieve his misfortunes."

"Does he understand the management of horses?"

"Of course. That is, I have no doubt he does. He is a very intelligent man, and knows a great deal more than most men of his class, especially about theology," said the old gentleman, with conviction.

"But has he been used to horses, Sir?" I asked.

"I—a—suspect he has; he must have been; for he instantly accepted the situation when I proposed it to him."

"But, my dear Sir," I ventured to object, "Susan is timid, you know, and I am very particular; and really, unless he—"

"Oh, I have already spoken to Susan, who is quite pleased with him, and I shall really take it as a personal favor, my dear Nathan, if you engage William!" exclaimed Mr. Shepherd.

(I have named him, after all, you see! The fact is, I perceive I can't go on calling him My Wife's Father in every other paragraph. It spoils the style.)

"Say no more, Sir, William is engaged!" I felt myself compelled to answer.

The next day William came. His appearance was decidedly in his favor. That is, provided he had applied for a vacant place as missionary instead of coachman.

"Have you been used to horses?" I asked him.

"I have been used to many things in my time, Sir," replied William, meekly.

"Were horses among them?"

"Horses, Sir—and asses also!" he answered, in the same tone.

For a moment I fancied the man concealed a double meaning under his last reply. But looking at his solemn face, my suspicion vanished.

"Very well, William," said I, and giving him a few directions, he was duly installed.

William drove well, but after a while I noticed that the horses seemed strangely languid in the mornings, though we used them but a few hours each day, and never in the evenings. I walked round to the stable, which was in a court some distance from the house, one afternoon. William was deeply absorbed in reading Thomas à Kempis.

"William," said I, "is any thing the matter with the horses? They didn't seem bright this morning."

"It is doubtless the oats," he replied, first putting a marker in the book and placing it in his breast; "I have remarked that they had a peculiar odor."

"Then buy better at once." And I handed him a twenty-dollar note.

For a week or so the horses improved. Then the same symptoms began to reappear.

About this time my wife and I went to the seashore for a month, leaving the house closed and the keys with Mr. Shepherd.

"William," said I, "you had better consult a veterinary about the horses, and exercise them very gently while we are away."

"What the horses need, Sir," answered William, "is corn and soft-feed alternately."

It was remarkable what correct language the man used.

"Get it, then, and give it to them," said I, handing him money.

"There was twenty-five cents change from the purchase of oats which I omitted to return you, Sir," remarked William, producing it as solemnly as if it had been a lost treasure unexpectedly recovered.

"He is honest, at all events," thought I.

"He'll be a treasure to you, Nathan," cried Mr. Shepherd, when I told him of this little incident.

The fifteenth day after our arrival at the seaside I received the following missive:

"DEAR SIR,—This is to inform you that your coachman is taking advantage of your being away to hire your carriage and horses as a hack from the night railway trains. He waits with them every night for the 11.30 train from the North, at the dépôt, and carries passengers to the hotels or the midnight through-express South. If you will give me the warrant I will arrest him. But perhaps you had better come on and see for yourself.

"Hoping you will think I have done my duty, I am yours respectfully,

"JOSEPH BYLES, Captain Police Station.

"P.S. Come on in the 11.30 train, and you will catch him, in all probability, at the dépôt."

I took Captain Byles's advice, came on by that train, and actually found William in the act of ushering two gentlemen into my own carriage. A brief explanation followed.

"The veterinary," said William, as meekly as ever, "told me the horses should be exercised only at night, owing to the heat. I did not like to ride about the streets without an object at night, Sir, and I thought that the money made by taking a few choice passengers now and then might be applied to the purchase of feed for the animals. Grain is enormously high now, Sir."

"Drive me to Mr. Shepherd's, and consider yourself out of my service," was my only reply.

My Wife's Father deplored William's "injudicious conduct," which, however, he observed, was, as I perceived by his explanation, solely for my benefit and that of his charge.

"Do not turn the poor fellow off, Nathan!" he exclaimed. "He thought he was acting for the best. And who knows what humiliation, and perhaps want, may drive him to? Let *me* see him in the morning, and all will be right. I beg it as a personal favor."

I consented, much against my better judgment. In the morning we went to the stable. It was locked, and William not there.

"Unfortunate man!" cried Mr. Shepherd. "Ah, Nathan, I hope you may never have cause to regret your harshness." (I didn't think I ever should particularly.)

Having a commission from Susan, we went to my house.

"William, whom you have so unkindly used, Nathan," said Mr. Shepherd, as he handed me the keys, "has been most careful in airing and keeping in order your house. He has come every morning for the keys, and returned them every night. *That* is *his* return for your injustice. You will find every thing in capital condition."

We entered. Every thing did seem in order down stairs. I went up to my wife's bedroom. In the fire-place in that room was fastened, with brick-work, a small iron safe, in which we kept the table and other silver ware. We had secured it all therein when we left town. It was now broken open and empty! A further search revealed the complete disappearance of every portable article of value in the house.

I looked at my tender-hearted companion. He did not appear to advantage, I thought, under the circumstances, though he was Susan's father, and though I certainly respected him highly in that connection.

"What think you of the 'unfortunate man' now, Sir?" I inquired, somewhat ironically I am afraid.

"It is sad, Nathan, it is very sad," answered the old gentleman, with humility.

"Sad!" cried I, indignantly; but controlling myself, "Where did you pick up William?" I asked.

"He—I—I reclaimed—that is, I *thought* I had reclaimed him, Nathan. But the temptation has proved too strong, I fear."

The simple fact was, My Wife's Father had taken the scoundrel out of jail, to which he had been sentenced for having used the same freedom with the

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safe of a religious book publisher, to whom he was *colporteur*, as he had with mine.

The "unfortunate man" is once more in forced seclusion, and I have a shrewd suspicion that he is again the object of Mr. Shepherd's philanthropic solicitude. But the restoration of the stolen plate, or even the revelation of its whereabouts, has not yet resulted from the benevolent perseverance of My Wife's Father.

III.

"SUSAN, my love," said I, one evening, not very long after the above experience, "did you ever hear of pocket-handkerchiefs having melted away in hot water, or of soap having the power to render them invisible?"

"No," replied Susan, innocently. "Why, my dear Nathan? Did you?"

"No. But I have remarked a steady decrease in the number of mine for the last few weeks."

"Have you? That's very strange. Perhaps you have lost them."

"I am sure I have not. But I am not so sure that the laundress—"

"Oh! it never can be the laundress!" interrupted my wife. "She is incapable of such a thing, I am very confident!"

"What makes you so confident, my dear? Where did you get her?"

"Oh! she *must* be a good woman, for she was specially recommended to me by father, who knew her before, it appeared."

(I have omitted to state that, from reasons of delicacy, I had refrained from entering into the details of her father's connection with William in my account to my wife of his rascality.)

I trust I shall not be thought disrespectful to my wife's parent if I confess that his "special recommendation" of the laundress, instead of causing me to share Susan's confidence, produced exactly the opposite effect upon my mind.

But without pursuing the subject further then, I contrived to detect the "good woman" *in flagrante delicto* before long, and, to spare my wife's feelings, made a covenant with the culprit that if she would quit our service, apparently of her own accord, I would say nothing about her backslidings. This was perhaps weak on my part. But I loved my wife, and Susan was reverently attached to her father, and considered him infallible.

Besides, are we not all human?

As this story is to be confined to the limits of a four column article, I must abbreviate somewhat, I see, my subsequent experiences of the reformatory mania of My Wife's Father.

In the progress of time I discovered, by a mathematical calculation, that the amount of sugar, tea, coffee, butter, flour, coal, and other domestic luxuries or necessities, for which I had to pay, consumed by our household of my wife, myself, and three servants were sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of twelve persons of inordinate appetites for the good things, solid and fluid, of this world during an equal period of time.

Further inquiry revealed the fact that the cook, chamber-maid, and waiter had obtained their respective places at the earnest request to my wife of the benevolent "author of her being." I found that a "reformed" shop-lifter did our chamber-work; a "reclaimed" cyprian of light-fingered proclivities waited on our table; and that our cook had, previous to her "moral regeneration," kept an establishment of the lowest grade for the purchase and disposal of domestic spoils similar to those the mysterious consumption of which in our own household had revived my arithmetical knowledge. All three had been more or less "unjustly" secluded from the public ken by the stern decree of Law.

Nor were these all my trials.

An "ingenious mechanic" whom Mr. Shepherd had "redeemed" and patronized took away Susan's parlor clock to repair, and forgot, in his sudden departure from virtue and the city, to return it.

A nurse—another of the band of "penitents"—hired to attend my wife in her illness, left at an early stage of her patient's convalescence, carrying with her a quantity of lace and some other articles, all of which were designed to adorn the baby. A bigamist, who had, through the efforts of Mr. Shepherd, experienced "grace" both spiritual and judicial, actually dined and spent the evening with us, at the invitation of My Wife's Father, who brought him, informally, just before we sat down to table, and introduced him as "a most interesting gentleman, whom" (this privately) "he was about to assist in preparing for the ministry." I found out the previous history of this embryo clergyman, when, three weeks afterward, he eloped with his patron's housekeeper (still "one more unfortunate"), and no inconsiderable amount of personal property belonging to the same soft-hearted (did I only know my excellent second father by report, I fear I should have said soft-headed) philanthropist. Finally (I have, however, omitted several minor, but relatively disagreeable-to-encounter instances of a similar nature), Mr. Shepherd, three months ago, sought a conference with his daughter during my temporary absence from town, and induced her to receive as an honored guest Mrs. Euphemia Leech.

"Mrs. Euphemia Leech, my dear Nathan," said My Wife's Father to me on my return, "is a lady of eminent piety and benevolence, who has devoted her life, since the decease of Professor Leech, her lamented husband, to the amelioration of woman's lot. She seeks the down-trodden, the abandoned, the despairing of her sex, and uplifts and redeems them. She is a ministering angel to her erring sisters. Passing through the city on her noble mission, she expressed a desire to visit, with me, the institutions devoted to the punishment of crime and the reformation of vice among our unfortunate fellow-creatures. She has but a few days at her disposal, and as my widower's position precluded my offering her the hospitality of my own house, Susan gladly availed herself of the occasion to do me a pleasure by inviting Mrs. Leech to become her temporary guest. You will find her an exceedingly interesting lady, I assure you." I had no resource but to accept the uncoveted *honor* with resignation, congratulating myself that, at all events, my guest was a *reformer*, and not a *reformed* person, and therefore possibly an honest and respectable woman.

Mrs. Euphemia Leech, whose "noble mission" "left her but a few days to dispose of" in this city, has now been an inmate of my house for three months; nor, for aught I see, does she manifest any disposition to afflict us by her departure.

Neither my wife nor myself can conscientiously aver that we have found her an "exceedingly interesting lady." She is oratorical, and her oratory is divided—like the poetry in the "American Reader"—into three classes, the didactic, the pathetic, and the sentimental. The pathetic is, perhaps, her most frequent style. Her subject is ever the same—"WOMAN'S LOT." She has bemoaned "the lot," denounced "the lot," and held up "the lot" for our sympathetic consideration. She has said every thing about "the lot" (and nothing to speak of about any thing else) that could, perhaps, be said, but one thing, and that is *the whole truth*. She has, apparently, done every thing that could be done for "the lot" but one thing, and that is, *improve it*.

For her father's sake Susan has hitherto borne the eternal jargon of her guest with extraordinary patience. With the exception of a slight remark or two about the apparent difficulty of disposing to advantage of "the lot," over which Mrs. Leech seems to hold, as it were, a pre-emption claim, and a hint that she might possibly find it more profitable to exchange it for a "lot" in a more eligible situation (which observations she received with lofty scorn), I too have exhibited a stoicism of which I am rather proud. But even Susan's endurance has reached its limit, especially as the cumulative evidences of her parent's too credulous benevolence—some of which I have herein described—have been too frequent and glaring to permit my continued successful concealment of their true significance from her.

She sorrowfully confesses that her father's heart outweighs his judgment.

She, moreover, is forced to the melancholy conviction that it will be perfectly useless to attempt *his* "reformation."

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG WOMAN.

I.

WHEN I first knew Jane Ann Hubbs (the "poor young woman") she was a stalwart girl of about eighteen, with a coarse, staring sort of beauty, plenty of bust, large extremities, and the upper ones, *i. e.*, her hands, reddened and "knuckley" by her occupation.

For Jane Ann, or, as she was always called by her mother, Jaynan—was my washer-woman's daughter and professional assistant.

Jaynan's education had been somewhat neglected. At least I judged so from her constantly using the objective for the possessive case; saying "them things" instead of those things; clenching "that" and "this" with a "there" and a "here," as, "that there bosom, Mr. Tomkins, wouldn't bleach like this here one, nohow, Sir;" and from the fact that, in my weekly bills, which she invariably made out herself, "drawers" were written "draws," "socks" "soks," and "handkerchiefs" eccentrically varied from "hankerchifs" to "anckershifs," with several ingenious modifications between.

She was given to cheap perfumery.

This I felt sure of, from the fact that the peculiar odor of that article—which is ever the same by whatever title the label may designate it—always pervaded my chamber on each occasion of her visits, and for some time after her departure; and because I was continually obliged to air my clean clothes before putting them away, in order to get that same peculiar odor out of their folds.

Her tastes were not refined.

Of this I became aware by her imparting to me the information, that of all the dramatic entertainments extant she infinitely preferred "Jack Sheppard."

She occasionally made use of language the reverse of polite.

Thus—but I prefer leaving this assertion unsupported by an example.

Take her "for all in all," however, Jaynan Hubbs was—*not* a cultivated young woman by any manner of means.

Mrs. Hubbs was, if possible, even less cultivated than her daughter (her only child, by-the-by), but she was an excellent laundress; and, for that matter, so was Jaynan. But then, Mrs. Hubbs was a plodding, hard-working, humble old body, without an ambition beyond that of producing the whitest and most brilliantly-smooth shirt-fronts, while Jaynan had a soul above soap and flat-irons. In her inmost being Jaynan was ambitious. I'll tell you how I discovered this trait of Jaynan's character:

In my saunterings about town I often encountered Jaynan with her basket. And, nearly always, I found her gazing—gloating, I should rather say—over the glittering array in a jeweler's show-case, or the silken draperies of a dry-goods-store window.

"Oh, if I was only rich!" I heard her exclaim once, under such circumstances.

"And suppose you were, Miss Jane?" said I, approaching her.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Tomkins!" cried she, somewhat fluttered. But instantly collecting herself—"why, if I was rich I'd buy loads of them there things—pointing to the shop-window—"aint they lovely, Mr. Tomkins?"

"They are handsome," I replied, gravely; "but something more than money is needed to possess, or, at any rate, to wear them properly, Miss Jane."

"Sakes alive! what is it, then, I'd like to know? Good looks, I suppose! Well! there's them that has such jewels on, this day, Mr. Tomkins, that ain't no great scratch for good looks neither!"

And Jaynan contemplated her own features in the jeweler's mirror with decided satisfaction.

"I do not allude to looks," said I, "but to behavior, taste, and breeding. Fine feathers don't always make fine birds, Miss Jane. Jewels and rich apparel are but thin disguises at the best when worn by vulgar ostentation or ignorant conceit. Take my word for it—"

But Jaynan rather sulkily bade me good-day, saying, in an undertone, as she turned away, "I guess some folks are as good as other folks if they aren't book-learned;" and adding something in a still lower key, of which I could only catch the word "hunks." To whom Jaynan applied this inelegant epithet is of no consequence.

My intercourse with Miss Hubbs rather declined familiarity from this point of our acquaintance, she choosing to restrict herself to a dignified discharge of her business duties toward me in the laundry line, and making her visits to my chambers as brief and rigidly professional as possible.

I can not say that I greatly regretted this change in Jaynan's deportment, for I had never found much fascination in her society, and her shortened stay in my rooms visibly lessened the strength and expansion therein of the peculiar odor to which I have before alluded under the title of cheap perfumery—a species of fragrance for whose enjoyment my taste—perhaps I should say smell—has never been cultivated appreciatively.

In the course of a twelvemonth I went abroad, and remained nearly seven years in Europe.

Shortly after my return I went in search of my old washer-woman.

The house was occupied by other tenants, who knew nothing of Mrs. Hubbs, they being the fourth or fifth series of lessees of the premises since her departure from the neighborhood.

From the grocer at the corner, however, I learned that the old woman was dead, and Jaynan married.

"And does Miss Jane—that was—still continue in the laundry line of business?" I asked.

"Bless you, no, Sir! She's in the soap and taller way now; or her husband is, at least," replied the grocer.

"Ah! she married a tallow-chandler, eh?"

"Well, not exactly that. Old Weevil's a sort of boss soap-fat man: that is, he has a lot of men who go round with their carts and collect the soap-fat and scrapings from door to door, and he pays them for it, and then sells the stuff in a kind of wholesale way to the regular chandlers. He's a mighty sharp chap is old Weevil, but hasn't any education; can hardly read or write, I believe, and so couldn't, or at any rate hasn't, set up a regular chandlery."

There are many tallow-chandlers who are men of education, and even cultivated gentlemen doubtless (indeed I am personally acquainted with three such); but remembering the "style" of several successful members of that "guild" I chanced to meet, I could not help smiling at the grocer's idea that a want of education alone had forbidden Jaynan's husband from embarking regularly in that business.

"You call him 'Old Weevil,'" said I. "Has Jane Hubbs married an old man?"

"Well, he isn't so old as all that—not above forty at the outside, maybe less," replied the grocer, sitting down on a keg of biscuit, and inviting me to do the same upon a box of vermicelli turned up lengthwise. And this looking as if he were going to give me the whole story, I complied, as he went on to say:

"I'll tell you how it was—Joe, mind the store here!—You see there was a clever young fellow after Jaynan" (even the grocer, who was not an uneducated man by any means, called her Jaynan), "and she sort of liked him too. But he was poor—he was only a journeyman plumber—and had an old mother to support besides, and Jaynan's noddle was always a little turned by hankering after riches, and marrying to better herself, as she called getting a husband well to do in the world, though, as you probably know, Sir, she was as ignorant as a horse herself. However, as she liked Sam Rinker, she might have married him after all, perhaps—he believed she would, and I guess she let him believe it—when Weevil fell in love with her, and cut poor Sam out in no time. Weevil had a house, and wanted a housekeeper for it (he'd had one wife, and buried her a year before); and Jaynan suited him to a T. He made her a present of a gold watch, I heard; and that and promises of fine things to come won her out and out. So Weevil being so much older than Sam, and a widower, we got to calling him Old Weevil quite naturally."

"And what became of Sam?"

"Oh, he went to California, and is doing first-rate, his mother says, and sends her more money than she knows what to do with."

"But don't you suppose that Jane really loved Mr. Weevil?"

"Well, there's no telling, Sir. I don't say she didn't, nor don't yet. Very likely she *has* got to liking him well enough by this time; for she does pretty much as she pleases with him, and is as proud as a peacock because she's got a house of her own, and a servant-girl to do the work of it. Though Jaynan is not lazy: I'll say that for her. She is as good as a foreman to Weevil in his business, and nearly as sharp as he is. But she'll never be content till she rides in her own carriage; and—mark my words, Sir—she'll do it yet before she is gray."

A whim seized me to go and see Mrs. Weevil in her new estate; so, obtaining her address from the gossiping grocer, I proceeded thither.

II.

My first observation upon entering the presence of the whilom Jaynan, in the small parlor of her narrow two-story-and-a-half house, on a by-street in the upper part of the city (not at all the fashionable upper part), was a mental one, to this effect:

Jaynan was given to cheap perfumery.

Mrs. Weevil is given to cheap jewelry.

She had a cheap bracelet on each wrist, a large cheap brooch in her bosom, ditto ear-rings in her ears, and numerous rings upon her still red and knuckley digits. They were all brilliant, and I do not positively assert that the metal of which they were made was not gold, nor that the gems with which they were set were glass.

But they exhibited, nevertheless, the difficult-to-explain, but impossible-to-mistake signs that stamp the class of ornaments known as cheap jewelry!

She welcomed me with an affability not devoid of conscious pride in her improved fortunes and social *status*.

"Laws, Mr. Tomkins!" said she, with a slight affectation of manner, "how did you scare me up?"

I told her of my inquiries at her former residence, and of my obtaining her new address at the grocery.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Weevil, "it's a wonder he give it to you! That there man is a most an impudent fellow, Mr. Tomkins! To call my husband 'Old Weevil the soap-fat man,' would you believe it? that could buy him out over and over, and set him up again, and never feel the loss of it. He is the impudentest man I ever seen!"

I remained long enough *chez* Madame Weevil to discover that the improvement in her grammar and general tone of conversation had not been commensurate with the rise in her fortunes, and that there was little probability they ever would be, while she was by no means satisfied with the modest social eminence on which she now stood; but still had visions such as she used to indulge in at the jewelers' and mercers' windows, though with far more sanguine hopes of their realization.

I also discovered the exact price of every article of furniture in the house, the amount of the servant-girl's wages, and the fact that Mr. Weevil gave her ten dollars a week for house-money, out of which she managed to save three, on an average, for her private purse. This accounted for the cheap jewelry. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to add, that these details were not revealed at any solicitation of mine, but were purely voluntary.

And let me say finally, that, as far as my observation extended, the character of Mrs. Weevil's furniture and upholstery was in excellent keeping with that of her personal ornaments. The things were evidently of the showy "cheap bargain" kind, glittering with varnish and "warranted bran-new."

But "what was the odds so long as she was happy," thought I, philosophically, as I bade her good-morning, and evaded an affirmative response to her invitation to "call agin."

It is quite possible that I should have renewed my visit to Mrs. Weevil, however; for I was not without some curiosity to see "Old Weevil," who was out at the time of my first call. But for the ensuing six months I was absent from town, and when I returned the rebellion had broken out.

This catastrophe drove all recollections of Jaynan out of my mind, and for more than a year I was earnestly, though in a very humble way, employed in serving my country with purse and pen.

III.

ONE day last May I received official notice of my appointment as groomsman to my friend Smithers, who was shortly to be married.

I am not opposed to the institution of wedlock. But I confess that the position of groomsman is not the one I prefer to accept upon the occasion of its ceremonial.

Were the choice given me, I should decidedly prefer to occupy a more prominent place. That of bridegroom, for example.

But having reached the middle period of life (37½) without ever having been permitted to exercise my *libre arbitre*—as the French call it—in this matter, I have become resigned, and am always ready to perform any duty in the more modest sphere of "second fiddle" to the hymeneal orchestra.

This duty—one feature of it—led me naturally to the brilliant establishment of the Messrs. Caldwell, silversmiths and jewelers.

While standing, in bewildered indecision, before a heterogeneous array of household plate, in the spoon, castor, tea and coffee set line, flanked by glittering little fantasies of egg-cups, golden-bowled, agate-handled fruit-knives, and nut-pickers, vainly striving to blend economy with display in the choice of my gift to the bride of my friend Smithers, I heard a voice behind me, at the opposite counter, ask, *very* distinctly: "What's the price of that there diamond bracelet?"

I started and turned half round. I thought I could not be mistaken. And I was not. The voice and person were those of Mrs. Weevil *née* Jaynan Hubbs.

She was attired in one of the most magnificent *moire antiques* I ever beheld (it was in May, and a mildish day), and her general toilet was the sublimity of splendor. Perhaps it was even one step beyond the sublime; but no matter. She did not see me, and I confess—weak though it may seem—that I was glad of it.

"Eight hundred dollars, Ma'am," said the salesman, smiling a suspicious smile.

"Let me see them diamond rings, if you please," continued Mrs. Weevil, laying down the bracelet on her lace handkerchief, which she had spread carelessly on the glass case.

The rings were handed out, and she tried several on, but those fatal knuckles rebelled. At last, however, one slipped past the obstacles, after a powerful effort, and became, at once, an inseparable part of Jaynan's personal charms. For, like the pudding on the old woman's nose in the nursery tale, nothing short of wizardry could have released her finger from the clasp of the golden circlet again.

The salesman looked a little frightened. But Mrs. Weevil calmly asked, "How much is this here one, Sir?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, Ma'am," said he, anxiously.

"Eight and two and a half is ten and a half," reckoned Mrs. W., cleverly enough. And opening a large steel-embossed portemonnaie that depended from her arm, she produced a roll of greenbacks, counted ten hundred and fifty dollars out upon the case, and said, "That's for the bracelet and the ring. I'll take 'em both."

"I will pack the bracelet in a moment, Madam," said the somewhat astonished, but still more rejoiced salesman, picking up the article and the money.

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"No, you needn't," replied Mrs. W. "I guess I'll put it on. It'll carry easy that-a-way."

And suiting the action to the word, she clasped the glittering trophy round her wrist, and walked majestically out of the place.

The cheap jewelry period has expired, thought I.

"Do you know that lady?" asked I of the salesman, whom I knew quite well.

"No, do *you* know her, Mr. Tomkins? She has a smack of 'shoddy' about her, I should say."

"Probably," I answered; "or the equivalent of shoddy. Her name *was* Jaynan Hubbs when I first knew her, and her mother was my laundress. Subsequently she married a 'boss' soap-fat man, as I was told, of the name of Weevil, and—"

"Weevil!" exclaimed the salesman. "Why, that's the man that has made such a pile of money out of a contract for the hides, hoofs, and the other remains of the slaughtered cattle of one of our armies. He's just bought Ducksandrake's splendid house out, Gooseberry Street, you know, and they're going to give a tremendous opening ball or *soirée*, or something, next week."

"What, at this season?"

"Oh! they'll find plenty of people to go. Besides, now I remember, it's a *matinée*, by-the-by. So he was a soap-fat man, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

Two days after this little incident I received, very much to my surprise, the following card, splendidly embossed and engraved in bronzed letters "old English" style:

Mr. and Mrs. Weeville
AT HOME
May the --th, from 2 till 6 P.M.
[RECEPTION AND BANQUET.]
No. 5 Gooseberry Street.

I did not go, however. My afternoon, that day, was spent in one of the Soldiers' Hospitals, where I wrote sixteen letters from sixteen poor fellows to their families. It wasn't as brilliant an entertainment as I should have enjoyed at Mrs. Weevil(le)'s, probably. But quite as useful and instructive, I fancy.

At any rate, I don't regret my absence from the one, nor my presence at the other scene of our domestic drama.

Here ends, for the present, my "ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG WOMAN."

THE MALDEN BANK MURDER.

THE murder of FRANK CONVERSE, on the 15th of last December, by EDWARD GREEN, whose portrait is given herewith, has excited the most intense interest. The murder was committed in the prosperous village of Malden, a few miles out of Boston, on the Boston and Maine Railroad. It was done at noonday, in a Bank, situated in the business part of the town, and yet so secretly that it left no trace of the doer, and the murderer passed from the banking-office to his own place of business, with no more suspicion attaching to him than to any other man at that time walking the streets of Malden. The victim was a boy of seventeen, son of the President of the bank, and was alone in the directors' room, in charge of $5000, which had just been counted out to him by the cashier for business use. The murderer

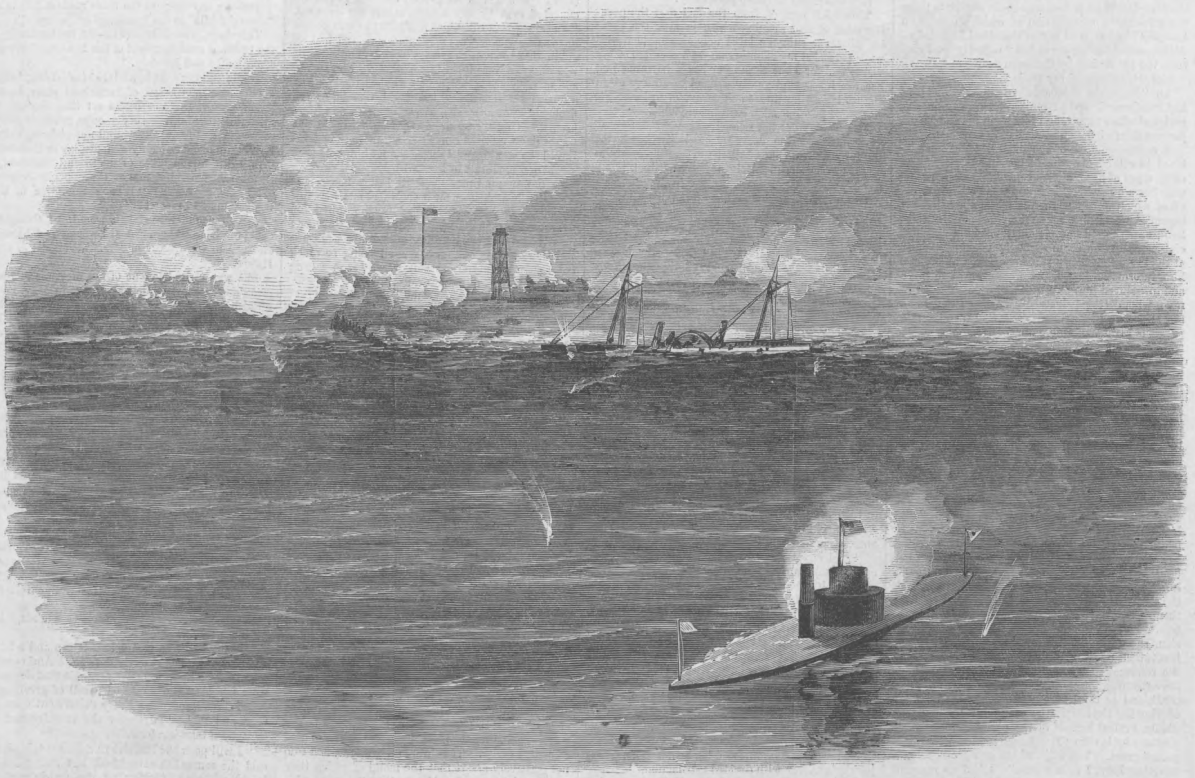


EDWARD W. GREEN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. R. J. CHUTE, BOSTON.]

having made a visit to the bank earlier in the day for the purpose of reconnoissance, immediately upon the departure of the cashier returned, and finding young Converse alone, drew from his pocket a six-shooter, and, placing the muzzle within a foot of the boy's head, fired, the ball entering back of the ear; another discharge was then lodged in the temple of the victim, who had fallen to the floor. To secure the bills in the drawer was the work of a moment, and the next the murderer mingled with the innocent passengers on the street. That a murder and robbery had been committed was all that transpired at the time. About three weeks afterward certain suspicious circumstances led to the apprehension of Mr. Bailey, who, upon examination, was acquitted. The name of the real murderer was not mentioned or thought of in connection with the crime; he was not one of the witnesses on Bailey's case, nor was he even mentioned in the inquest. But the "miraculous organ" through which the secret of murder always finds its way into publicity speaks through silence no less surely than through overt expression; and, in this case, the fact that there was one individual—the Postmaster of Malden—who never showed any interest in the murder, nor in the most casual manner ever mentioned it, drew the attention of two detectives, Heath and Jones, who were determined to ferret out the criminal, and also of several prominent citizens. His utter silence was the beginning of the net which soon began to close about the murderer. The other steps followed rapidly after, and as a natural consequence. The bills which had been taken were all of the Malden bank; the Postmaster was known to be involved in debt, and this would doubtless have been the motive leading to the crime. Totally unaware of suspicion, and placed, as it seemed, by his responsible position in society beyond all chances of suspicion, he would venture to pass, at least in Boston, a considerable amount of the plunder in payment of his dues. He was watched by a special detective every time he came to the city; and, step by step, the suspicions which had been aroused ripened into conviction. He had paid a debt of $700 in Malden Bank bills, and other debts of $20 and under in the same money. This, taken in connection with the remarkable silence of Green on the subject of the murder, furnished indubitable proof of his guilt, and he was arrested Sunday evening, February 7, at the residence of Mr. Lamson, whether he had been invited. He exhibited very little feeling, but confessed his guilt as soon as he found that he had been watched for the last month, and informed the detectives that they would find the rest of the money, part of it in the post-office, where it was concealed in an old boot, and the remainder in the attic of the Volunteer Fire-Engine House. The arrest of Green caused considerable surprise among his fellow-citizens, who had reposed the most complete trust in him for years. The photograph which we give was taken about a fortnight after the murder—over a month previous to his detection. Green is a young man of between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age, and rather short in stature. He has a wife and infant child. His wife is an estimable lady, and the fate of her husband excites in her the most heart-rending grief of which a true and honorable woman is susceptible.

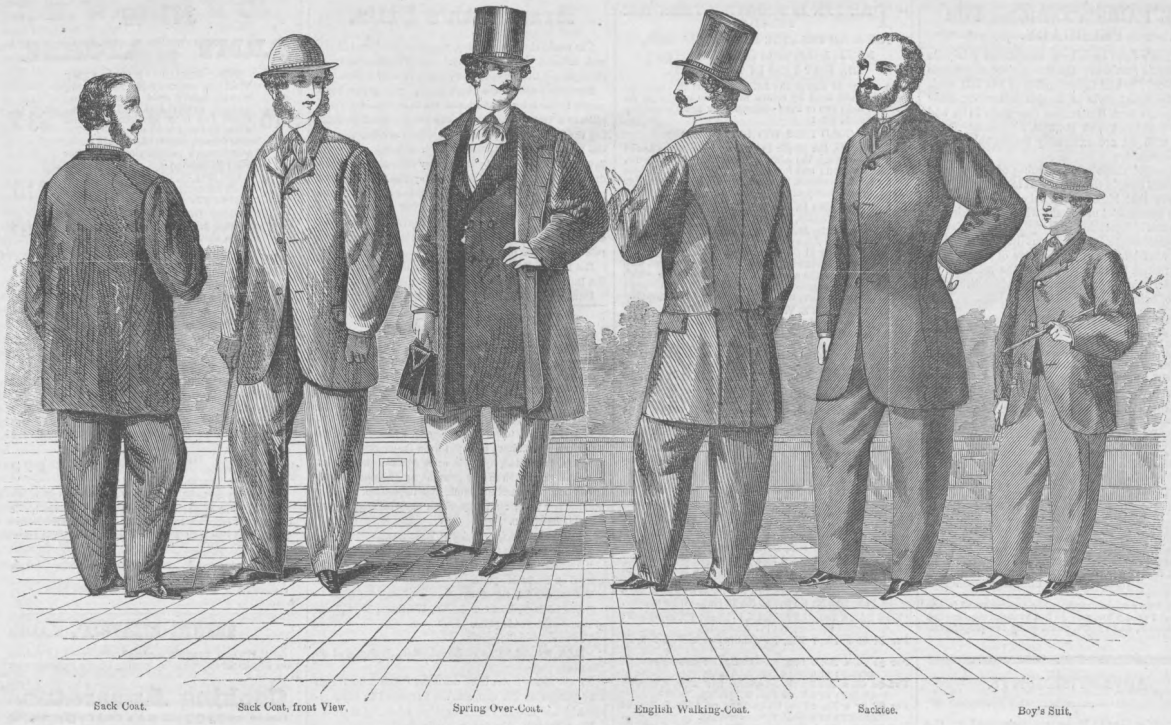
SHELLING OF A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

WE give on this page a sketch, sent us by an occasional artist, of the destruction of an Anglo-Rebel blockade-runner, which was discovered on the morning of February 2, upon the rising of the fog which generally conceals the fleet and the shore during the damp nights of this season. She was a handsome, long, low, white, side-wheel steamer, built on the Clyde, having two smoke-stacks and two masts, of some seven hundred tons burden. The tide was down, and she was fast aground off Sullivan's Island. Four Monitors moved up in line in the beach channel, and poured their ricochet fire into her, while our heavy Parrott guns on Fort Strong (Wagner) and Battery Chatfield opened a steady fire upon her. The result was a hot engagement, which lasted all day, with all the rebel works on Sullivan's and James islands, and the destruction of the blockade-runner close to the wreck of the *Isaac Smith*, whose iron hull is all that remains of that steamer, imbedded in the sandy beach before the fort. The event was a source of great excitement for our brave fellows during the day, and agreeably diversified the monotony of the siege.



SHELLING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER AGROUND OFF SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

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SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1864.

[FURNISHED BY MESSRS. KIRTLAND, BRONSON, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, NOS. 45 AND 47 CHAMBERS STREET, AND 23 AND 25 READE STREET, NEW YORK.]

THE above plate represents a few of the various styles of garments manufactured by the extensive house above-named, for their Spring jobbing business.

The wholesale clothing trade in this country has become of such vast importance, as well in its magnitude as in the reduction of prices which it has occasioned in what may be justly regarded as one of the first necessities of man, that it deserves a place in our columns, and our patrons will doubtless be pleased to see other representations from the great warerooms of Messrs. KIRTLAND, BRONSON, & Co.

This branch of industry is of domestic origin, and was almost unknown forty years ago; the nearest approach to it in that day being the manufacture of clothing by a few individuals in this city who had branches for the sale of their goods at retail in some of the Southern cities. The demand from Southern merchants, however, which arose for clothing ready made for sale soon developed the wholesale clothing business, and prior to 1837 there were half a dozen or more houses in this city engaged exclusively in the trade, and some of them to a considerable extent. The business was almost wholly confined to the South, and the class of goods made up for the trade at that period was mainly of the lower and inferior grades. The revulsion of 1837 prostrated this as well as other branches of business, and extinguished the firms then engaged in it. With the subsequent revival of trade new houses entered into the business, other cities became identified with it, the Western country opened up new markets for its sale, and the business rapidly increased, until, in 1860, it had attained its zenith. Then came the war, and with it the loss of the Southern indebtedness, in consequence of which it again suffered a temporary reverse. But clothing is an indispensable commodity, and hence we find the business quickly revived under the management of larger, wealthier, and more experienced firms.

New York has always been the chief dépôt of supply, and will always control the largest share of the business. New York clothing is famed far and wide for its excellence—the characteristics which distinguish it above the make of other cities being novelty in the designs, durability and taste in the material and trimmings, and superiority in the workmanship. In former times manufacturers hesitated at making-up any thing above the medium grade of goods. But now, in addition to manufacturing heavy lines of the medium and lower grades, a first-class house like the one above-named is obliged also to keep a full assortment of fine goods, equal in every respect to the very best custom-made work.

There are now engaged in the wholesale clothing trade in this city alone over one hundred firms, with a capital invested of at least ten millions of dollars. The number of operatives in New York and vicinity who gain their living from the clothing trade is about 40,000, one half of whom may be employed on Government work and in the retail trade, and the other half by the wholesale trade, which contributes toward their support not far from ten millions of dollars a year wages. The amount of internal revenue which the Government derives from it is probably more than a million of dollars a year.



THE PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1864.

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THE PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

JANUARY'S fêtes have been sumptuous this year in the *monde Parisien*. On the subject of bonnets we have only to call the attention of our fair readers to the latest style of feather trimming, fully shown in our first Illustration (see page 141), and to state that black silk bonnets, abundantly ornamented with jet, are extremely fashionable at the present moment.

The general shape and trimming of ladies' ordinary dresses remain the same. It is only necessary to observe that high-necked robes are frequently worn for ceremonial occasions, when a profusion of passementerie decoration is *de rigueur*. The design of the passementerie is without importance, and may be confidently left to the taste of the wearer, as the greatest liberty prevails for the selection of every description of dress ornament, which thus runs no risk of being disapproved as ridiculous.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Dark brown silk robe, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a wide band of black velvet, surmounted by a torsade of chenille and a narrow lace ruching. At an equal distance from the lower edge of the velvet band the trimming of the skirt is completed by a silk ruching of the dress material. The sleeves are ornamented to match. Black velvet bonnet, enlivened on one side with violet feathers, worn in the positions indicated in our Illustration.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—This robe is in gros de Tours, of a white ground, with black brocaded flowers; the three fixed flounces are trimmed with a gauze ruching, edged with narrow black lace. Each of the flounces, which incline rather to the left, is fastened by a large bow. The bertha on the corsage is provided with a corresponding trimming, and attached likewise with a bow. The head-dress is composed of mother-of-pearl flowers and a white rose.

Fig. 3. *Evening Dress.*—Black moire antique robe, ornamented on the skirt by a narrow flounce, composed of violet guipure and ruched ribbon. The corsage is plain, high-necked, and fastened with jet buttons. From the narrow waistband depend two wide streamers in the dress material, bordered with guipure. The coiffure consists of a catogan of violet ribbon and black lace, ornamented with jet flowers.

The millinery subject represents a cap composed in one of the best Parisian houses. It is a graceful combination of lace, flowers, and ribbon, violet being the preponderating color.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

The Hero of DONELSON, VICKSBURG, and CHATTANOOGA.	The Captor of 100,000 REBELS, 500 CANNON, and 200,000 SMALL ARMS.

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MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
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For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

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These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

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The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

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For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

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For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
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All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

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3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
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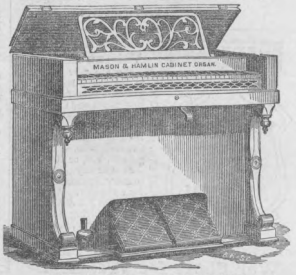
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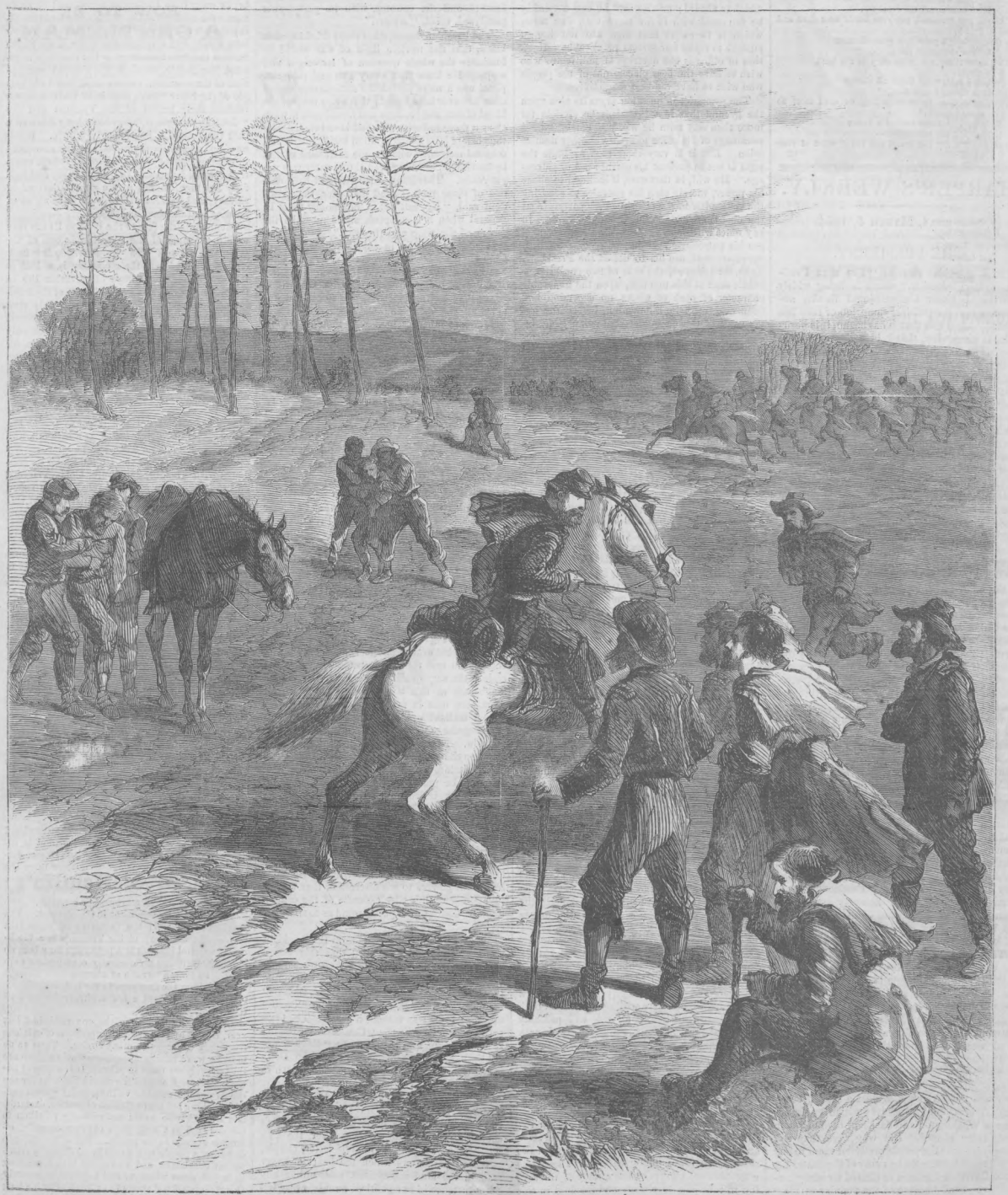
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THE ESCAPED REFUGEES FROM THE LIBBY PRISON.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

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THE BEAUTY THAT ENDURES.

I HAVE loved you, Laura dearest,
And it is not for your eyes,
Though on me they shone like stars in every storm;
And I will not call you fairest,
For I know you little prize
The perfections of the perishable form.

But your spirit, fresh and kindly
As the hedge-rose peeping forth
In the dews and dewy blushes of the dawn,
I have worshiped, and not blindly,
For on balancing your worth
With your foibles, they, like feathers, were updrawn.

Like a fountain never failing
From the only disk of sward
Palm-shaded in the desert, flinging rain—
In your ear the voice of wailing
Ever strikes an answering chord,
And you sympathize with pleasure as with pain.

There's a cheerfulness about you,
Making every labor light,
And your modest household duties you adorn:
Life were cold and dark without you,
As to journey through a night
Unrelieved by any promise of a morn.

When the war-blast in shrill tremor
First announced the rebel foe,
Though you trembled, yet your words were clear and grand;
And although your eyes grew dimmer
As you counseled me to go,
You ne'er faltered in your duty to the land.

When I said, "My hopes all cluster
In a vision, Laura fair,
That, some time hence returning, we shall meet no more to part;"
In your eyes there flashed a lustre
That bid me not despair—
And now for my lost arm I ask the guerdon of your heart. H.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE pamphlet entitled "The next Presidential Election," which is being widely distributed under Congressional franks, announces that the political campaign of 1864 has opened. And now that it has begun, it is desirable, in every view, that it be ended as soon as possible by the nomination. The Union men of the country will naturally wish to know at the earliest moment who is to carry their standard, that they may be able to devote all their time and force to the prosecution of the war and the restoration of the Union, instead of wasting them in personal squabbles among themselves.

Obviously in the midst of a war which, begun amidst the sneers and skepticism of foreign governments, and the sad doubt and fear of true men at home, has yet advanced to a near prospect of final victory, it would be a great moral advantage to retain, before all the world, the same general front; to say, on the one hand, to the rebels that the terrible experience of the three years past will be the experience of the four or five to come, if they do not yield, and to the world at large that the people of the United States are steadily bent upon the original purpose of the war, and by every legitimate means whatever, inflexibly mean to restore the Union and maintain the Government. If, indeed, the condition of public affairs were different; if our military lines were marked by disasters; if the rebellion had evidently strengthened itself; if there were a reasonable expectation that the Government might be overthrown; if trade were prostrated or industry paralyzed; if we had been overtaken by crushing financial calamity; if there were no fair prospect of recruiting our armies with veterans and the best of new men; if the measures of the Government at home had been such as to create a powerful and threatening opposition, or had been unfaithful to human liberty; in a word, if there were not a general conviction deep down in the heart of the people that, allowing for all faults and mistakes, and weaknesses, from which no men and no administration can be free; yet, under all the circumstances, military, social, and political, public affairs have been upon the whole, and certainly so far as the President is concerned, sagaciously and honestly conducted, then a change in the head of the Government would be not only wise, but it would be inevitable.

That the conduct of the war has been upon the whole satisfactory is evident from the fact that the political struggle is not really between the Administration and the Opposition, but among the Union men themselves. No loyal Union man proposes a serious change in the present policy, and therefore a change of President is advocated upon theoretical grounds. But is this a time for personal preferences and theories? The pamphlet of which we spoke in the beginning of this article argues warmly, for instance, although not very ably, against a second Presidential term, and fortifies its position by the advice of Washington and Jackson, each of whom were twice elected. But why were they so? Simply because the people preferred them to any other candidates. So in many of the States the same Governor has been re-elected for many consecutive years, because of the popular satisfaction with the man and his services. Is not that liberty of choice of the very essence of a free government? Is it not, as a rule, better that a representative, who really represents the feelings of his constituency, should be sent for many terms to Congress than that an inexperienced person should be sent every two years? The biennial election may be, and often justly is, the declaration of entire satisfaction with the service of the representative. It would certainly be a remarkable exception in the practice of a popular system if the representative must, of necessity, be displaced. The doctrine of rotation in office is the result of a misapprehension of a popular government. No State, or city, or nation, or village would be necessarily better ordered, because the authorities were changed every month or every year. It is the regular frequency of elections which is the characteristic safeguard of our system. The object of the election is to allow the people to choose the man who best pleases them. But to make him ineligible after one term is to defeat that object, and compel them to adopt one who is not their preference. It is in effect to say either that a man who has been proved by experience to be fit for his office shall not continue to hold it, which is absurd; or else that he can not safely be intrusted with it for more than one term, which is to assert that men are not honest enough to make our system practicable. Rotation in office is the doctrine of politicians who wish to have the best places, not of the people who wish to have the best magistrates.

The pamphlet in question urges its plea upon the ground that if a President be eligible for more than one term he will use the enormous patronage of his office to secure another nomination. But it is very clear that to limit the term is not to prevent his corrupt use of patronage. He will, in that case, if inclined to abuse his power, merely turn his energies to securing the succession to the favorite of his party. And the objection lies against vesting patronage in any office whatever, because, if a President may use his patronage to secure a renomination, a Secretary may use his to defeat the President. Take, for instance, the case of two conspicuous public men at this moment, upon the honorable character of each of whom no aspersion had been cast, even by implication, before the appearance of this pamphlet—we mean Mr. Lincoln, the President, and Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury. Each of them wields enormous patronage. The President, according to the pamphlet, should not be eligible for two terms lest he should misuse his patronage. Very well. And the Secretary of the Treasury—? If the reasoning be sound, he should not be eligible at all lest he should misuse *his*. Is it proposed that no officer who commands patronage shall be eligible to the Presidency?

As a fact, however, the President is eligible for two terms; and this pamphlet—wisely anonymous—therefore suggests that, if Mr. Lincoln can so wield his patronage at this time as to secure his re-election, it will be much easier for him, with half a million of soldiers and enormous treasures at his command, to have himself re-elected from term to term through his natural life! The author has spared us the necessity of the *reductio ad absurdum*. For he is speaking of Mr. Lincoln; and unless we have entirely misapprehended the impression he has made upon the people, it would be as easy to persuade them to elect Mr. Vallandigham President as to believe Mr. Lincoln to be a new Aaron Burr.

The other argument against the renomination of the President is not theoretical, but practical; it is, that the people are mortified, humbled, and disappointed by the duration of the war, for which, says the pamphlet, nothing but the vacillating policy of the President is responsible. Yet, whoever will deliberately picture to himself the condition of the country and of the public mind at the beginning of the war; the utter lack of general belief that there was to be a war; the want of an army and a navy; the indifference and doubt of the great Democratic opposition at the North; the want of a sentiment of nationality; the question as to the coercive power of the Government; the political and social sympathy with the rebels; the hatred of abolitionism, and the careful excuse of men who said that they were willing to maintain the Union but not to touch slavery; the empty treasury; the universal scorn and jealousy of the Western European Powers; the long demoralization of the public mind, which had been carefully wrought by Calhoun and his political school, which had so long controlled the Government, and so successfully that some men now in high office were willing to let the South go—whoever will recall all this will probably agree that the President had before him a task which required infinite sagacity, patience, and moderation. His success would depend upon his ability to interpret the real popular sentiment, and to distinguish between enthusiasm and conviction. If he lagged, or went too fast, he would equally fail. Every step he took must seem wise to the great public mind, whether it pleased or displeased the ardent van of thinkers and talkers, who are the educators, but not the representatives, of public opinion. Elected as a Republican, known as the author of the saying in reference to slavery and freedom in this country, "A house divided against itself can not stand," supposed (as he was supposed at that time) to be ruled by the Secretary of State, who had declared the existence of the irrepressible conflict, Mr. Lincoln knew that whatever might be the love of the Union—and even that was to be proved—the hate of abolitionism was practically universal. His object was, it must have been, to have a party to sustain the Government, and that party must be, so far as practicable, the undivided North. Senator Yulee, of Florida, had openly said in Washington what every body feared: "The North will have enough to do to take care of itself." Franklin Pierce had written to Jefferson Davis that the war would be at the North. Had the President made a mistake, Yulee and Pierce would have been true prophets. Had the President said on the 15th April, 1861, "Slavery has attacked the Union, slavery is abolished," the suspicious jealousy of the Opposition would have burst into full cry: "There! we knew it. He takes advantage of a riot in South Carolina to overthrow the Union and plunge us into civil war." But the President, equal to his great office in the most solemn crisis of our history, said, simply, "The Union and Government must be maintained by force;" and the country, with its party-spirit paralyzed, cried, "Amen!"

The President knew, what every thinking man knew, that the terrible light of war would illuminate the whole question of its origin and scope. He knew that every gun and rifle and pistol was a more persuasive anti-slavery orator than had ever been heard; that every drop of the blood of sons and brothers and friends would wash clear a thousand eyes that had been blinded, and that before long public opinion would justify and demand measures which some men then saw to be inevitable, but for which the country was not yet ready. Therefore, when General Frémont, one of those men, issued his order, the President said, "No, not yet. The policy must be general when it is adopted, and I must be the judge of the time and the way." So to General Hunter he said in substance: "I do not deny that it may become necessary to do what you have done, but I am the person to order it." There were many faithful men who, when they heard his words, said, sadly, "He does not understand the case, and we are lost." There were many faithless men who thought, "The rebellion is sure of success." If you say that he ought to have trusted the popular enthusiasm, which would have supported the extremest measures, at least you confess that it is only a question of relative sagacity between you and the President. You think the people were ready. He thought they were not. And observe that now, more than two years afterward, the Senate of the United States, almost purged of secessionists, can not make up its mind to pay colored soldiers, who have most bravely fought for the flag, the wages which the Government expressly agreed to pay them. Do you suppose they would debate the point a quarter of an hour if these soldiers were white? The President can not rightfully do what he honestly thinks the people ought to wish, but what he honestly thinks they do wish, because only what they do wish will stand. There were men enough who said, when General Frémont's order came, "Certainly; arm the slaves, and they will make short work of rebels." But within six months these same men were sighing for well-stocked plantations. The sagacity which distinguishes between the furious but evanescent gust of excitement and enthusiasm and the steady trade-wind of principle is the very quality to be desired in a chief magistrate at this time; and among all the prominent men in our history from the beginning none have ever shown the power of understanding the popular mind so accurately as Mr. Lincoln. Nothing is more natural and more common than that an ardent man should in one breath declare that the people wish this or that course to be pursued, and in the next sneer at the President because he yields only to a pressure of the people. What should he yield to? And did Mr. Lincoln ever resist it? Did he ever lag behind it? The President can not treat the nation as a general does an army, and make it subject to his arbitrary will; and although the Constitution wisely intrusts during war the most important powers to his discretion, that discretion consists in his wise estimate of the conviction and desire of the public mind as to their exercise.

From the beginning of his term the President has evidently been persuaded that this was a people's war: that, if the people were wise and brave enough, they would save the Union and the Government; and if they were not, then that no leader could or ought to save them. Twenty months ago he was without a party. The Copperheads hated him; the "Conservative Republicans" thought him too fast; the "Radical Republicans" thought him too slow; the War Democrats were looking for the chance of a return to political power. He held steadily upon his way. As he thought the country ready he took each advancing step. He issued the preparatory proclamation. He followed it with the New Year's decree. He wrote the Greeley letter, the Vallandigham letter, the Springfield letter, simple, plain, direct; letters which the heart of every man in the land interpreted, and, unlike any other instance in our political annals, every letter he wrote, every speech he made, brought him nearer to the popular heart; so that now it is a little too late to call him "well-meaning," "incompetent," "a mere joker," because it is the general conviction that he is no man's puppet; that he listens respectfully to his Cabinet and then acts from his own convictions; that by his calm and cheerful temperament, by his shrewd insight, his practical sagacity, his undaunted patience, his profound faith in the people and their cause, he is peculiarly fitted for his solemn and responsible office. Nor is it likely that the people who elected him when he was comparatively unknown will discard him because, in the fierce light of war which tries every quality and exposes every defect, he has steadily grown in popular love and confidence.

OUR DUTY TO LOYAL SOUTHERNERS.

A PARTY of loyal Texans, attempting to escape to our lines, were lately almost entirely destroyed in the Kenosha Valley, and all the roads are reported to be securely guarded to prevent escaping. On the other hand, our prisoners who broke away from Richmond report that eighteen men were confined at Castle Thunder for attempting the life of Jefferson Davis. These facts show how deadly and complete the terror of the South is, and indicate that there is but one way to release the people, which is the absolute occupation of the country. However deluded the people of the Slave States may have been, however intense their hatred of the Yankees and the "Lincoln despotism," they have long since seen that the rebellion is a ghastly failure. It has not kept one of its promises. It has succeeded in nothing but the entire ruin of the whole country in which it rages. Its utter futility and bald folly are now evident to the dullest devotee of slavery, and its acts will henceforth be those of ferocity and desperation.

Meanwhile the fate of the hapless Union men within the area of the rebellion is one of the great tragedies of history. Marked, insulted, outraged, murdered, their country is a hell to them, and their only hope of salvation lies in the stalwart arms and strong hearts of their fellow-citizens at the North. It is in this view that the conduct of certain members of Congress and newspapers in the loyal States is not only contemptible but virtually criminal. When, for instance, a man says that there is a tendency to place us at the North under a similar terror to that of the South, and that between a Davis despotism and a Lincoln despotism there is very little to choose, he says and implies what he knows to be false. He deliberately mocks the bitter agony of the loyal men at the South, and by doing what he can to destroy popular support of the Government of the United States he conspires with Toombs, Benjamin, Cobb, Wigfall, and the rest of the wretched rebel crew, to shed the innocent blood of faithful citizens. At this moment to be a Copperhead is to be infamous. It is to sustain the men who in the Kenosha Valley and elsewhere murder escaping loyal Texans. It is to encourage the soldiers of Lee, and Longstreet, and Johnston to hold out. It is to say to the doubting, hoping, fearing slaves, "Your chains shall be riveted again." It is to befriend treason, to foster anarchy, to betray liberty.

If these truths were borne constantly in mind the Copperheads would be made to feel the weight of social obloquy more heavily than hitherto. The plea of an honest difference of opinion is inadmissible. If a man be honestly a rebel, let him take that position. If he be unconditionally for the country and Government, let him stand earnestly by them. If he vociferate that he is for them, and by all he says and does incessantly cheers the rebels and dishearten loyal men, let him expect and receive the consideration due to the basest falsehood.

GUROWSKI'S DIARY.

COUNT GUROWSKI'S book must not be dismissed with a smile or sneer. It is the criticism of an inflexible, unreasonable, brave, fanatical, sincere European *red republican* and *revolutionaire* upon the conduct of a constitutional Government. The book rages and foams with fury. Every man who does not succeed is a dolt, a craven, or a traitor. The lantern is the only argument to be tolerated. The President is a fool; the Secretary of State is a knave; the Secretary of the Treasury is a blockhead; General Halleck is a personage for whom no language furnishes a sufficiently contemptuous epithet. In fact, a tornado of abuse whirls through the work from the first page to the last, overwhelming every one except a few arbitrary favorites of the author.

And yet the book, like the one published last year, is only an extravagant expression of opinions frequently expressed in many circles. Their value may be more readily apprehended when they are thus gravely set forth in print. If the tone of the work were just, what hope would there be for the country or the world? If the popular system ended in nothing but the exaltation of boobies, dastards, and traitors, who would not wish the rebellion to succeed? The Count, with evident sincerity, offers his homage to the people. But who could help despising a people who would be so duped by transparent charlatans, and who could help distrusting their judgment wherever and however expressed? Count Gurowski, it seems to us, even after his long residence and faithful study, does not understand America or the American people. When he exclaims, after the sad day of Fredericksburg, that in

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such circumstances the very rabble of Constantinople would storm the Seraglio, implying that the American people are recreant or stupid because they do not rise against the authorities, he merely takes the ground of Vallandigham and Jeff Davis, of all wild and reckless revolutionists, and shows his exact misapprehension of the genius and training of the American people.

We can imagine a judge of the old Revolutionary tribunal of France criticising the conduct of William Third as the Count censures the President. An honest man, a friend of the people, ardent, devoted, pure, we can imagine the old revolutionist to be; but not a wise leader, nor a safe counselor, nor a sound critic. And to see so sincere a man the prey of ungovernable rage, to read his scornful gibes at trusty friends, to know how large a heart he had, how truly accomplished he was, what heroism he showed and had shown, would move neither anger nor contempt, but the profoundest pity and regret, which also the old *revolutionaire* would reject with a hiss of indignation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February* 17. Several private measures were introduced and referred, among which was a message from the President recommending an appropriation for paying the claims of the owners of the French ship *La Manche*.—Mr. Brown, of Missouri, offered a joint resolution to the effect that, after the passage of the act, slavery shall not exist in the United States or Territories, any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding, and that involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, is prohibited: referred.—Mr. Pomeroy introduced a bill donating to the several States public lands to the amount of 30,000 acres for each Senator and Representative in Congress for the support of the children of soldiers and sailors who may die in the military or naval service; one-fourth of the lands may be applied as homesteads for such orphans as may desire them: referred.—Mr. Johnson, from the Judiciary Committee, reported adversely to the bill of Mr. Sumner explanatory of the Confiscation Act; the report urges that the explanatory resolution shall not be so construed as to create any restriction or forfeiture of real estate other than is created by the Constitution in case of an attainder of treason.—Mr. Davis concluded his speech on the bill to equalize the pay of white and colored soldiers. In the course of his remarks he said the President had assumed the enormous power to prohibit the return of the States under their Constitutions, and to require that certain conditions abhorrent to the people of these States shall be complied with before the State shall be allowed to return to the Union; and that the re-election of the present President, or the election of one of similar radical views, would confirm these enormous usurpations and abuses of power. In the course of his speech Mr. Davis made severe denunciations against several Senators, for which he was called to order. Mr. Doolittle said that the whole tenor of Mr. Davis's remarks were calculated to create personal strife, and he should either call him to order or leave his seat, as he would not listen to personal attacks which were out of order and beneath the dignity of the Senate. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, agreed that much that had been said by Mr. Davis was productive of nothing but mischief.—Mr. Sumner offered amendments to the Constitution as a substitute to those reported on the 10th by Mr. Trumbull from the Judiciary Committee. The first of these proposed amendments is, with slight verbal changes, the same as that proposed by the Judiciary Committee, prohibiting slavery and involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime, and empowering Congress to make all necessary laws to enforce this prohibition. The second proposed amendment strikes out the "three-fifth" provision in respect to direct taxes and representation, leaving the clause (Article I. § 2, ¶ 3) as follows, "*Representation and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States of the Union according to their numbers, excepting Indians not taxed.*" The third proposed amendment strikes out ¶ 3 § 2 of the 4th Article, which provides for the return of persons held to service or labor, escaping from one State into another. The propositions now before Congress for the abolition of slavery resolve themselves into three classes: the first proposes to accomplish this by amendments to the Constitution; the second by the direct action of Congress; the third by the action of the several States.——*February* 18. Mr. Sherman, from the Agricultural Committee, submitted a bill to encourage emigration. It appoints a Commissioner of Emigration who shall collect information as to soil, productions, wages, etc., which he shall disseminate in Europe; there are to be offices in New York and New Orleans.—A joint resolution was adopted to facilitate the transfer of sailors from the army to the navy. As sailors receive prize-money no bounties are to be paid them, except that they will receive an advance of three months' pay, to be refunded from prize-money.——*February* 19. Mr. Foster introduced a bill for the restoration of rights of abandoned lands and dwellings in the insurrectionary States, and for the care and employment of persons set free by the proclamation of the President. It places the matter in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, and authorizes him to pay the necessary expenses from the product of the labor of the slaves and from the sale of confiscated property: referred.—The report of the Committee of Conference on the Enrollment bill was called up. After a long discussion it was accepted by 36 to 16. Several Republican Senators who voted against it assigned their reasons. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, should vote against it on account of the commutation clause. Mr. Wilkinson was opposed to it, as he did not agree with the action of the House in the clause for securing substitutes. He believed that slaves were worth as much to the army as minor whites. He would never consent to make any difference between the able-bodied men of the country. Mr. Howe was opposed to the bill on account of the substitute clause which says in effect that while substitutes can not be procured for $300, yet the payment of that sum purchased exemption. The bill as it now stands authorizes the Secretary of War to use colored men in one State as substitutes for white men in other States. Several other Senators accepted the bill as the best that could now be passed in both Houses, although they did not wholly approve of it. Senators Davis and Powell of Kentucky, and Saulsbury of Maryland, spoke against the bill. Mr. Davis denied its constitutionality, and said that a vital objection to it was that it authorized the raising of negro troops, and also gave them their freedom. Mr. Powell said that the only proper way was for the Government to indicate the number of men wanted, leaving it to the States to furnish them by draft. As it is, the militia force is absorbed by this great consolidation of despotic power. The part of the bill providing for the enlistment of colored men robbed the slaveholders of their constitutional property; if it was intended to strike down slavery in the loyal States, he wished to see it done in an open and candid manner. Mr. Saulsbury's special objection to the bill was that it brought colored persons and negroes into the army. These people would not be slow to join in the cry for freedom and equality. Already negroes were to be seen in the galleries of the Senate. Mr. Howe rejoined that he would not vote for a black man while he could find a better white man; but when the people of Wisconsin should find a man more worthy than himself to fill his seat, he should insist upon their right to send him, even though his skin should be darker. At all events, he should have preferred a man with more loyalty than Mr. Saulsbury's late colleague (Mr. Bayard), even though his color were a little darker. Mr. Saulsbury rejoined that he intended to make no defense of his late colleague, who had purged himself from disloyalty by taking the oath, and had then resigned; but if the term loyalty meant loyalty to the negro, then he was disloyal. After some personal discussion the Senate adjourned to Tuesday, February 23.——*February* 23. Mr. Foot was chosen President of the Senate *pro tem.*, Mr. Hamlin being about to be absent for a time. —Petitions for the abolition of slavery, and for equal pay to colored troops, were presented and referred. A petition was presented from a Mr. Stockton, of Alabama, asking Congress, at the close of the war, to establish a standing army of 200,000 colored men, the officers to be white.—Mr. Carlile offered resolutions to the effect that the war should be carried on only against individuals in hostility, that its sole purpose was the restoration of the Union, leaving to each State the regulation of its own domestic policy; and that the President be requested to declare by proclamation that when the people of any State reorganize their State Government, repudiate the ordinance of secession, and acknowledge their obligations to the Union, there shall be a full act of amnesty to all persons, excepting such as the State Legislatures may designate to be held for trial before the courts of the United States: referred.—The Committee on Military Affairs was directed to inquire into the expediency of increasing the number of cadets in the Military Academy to 400, raising the standard of qualifications, fixing the minimum age at 17, and changing the mode of appointment, so that admission shall be based upon the merits of the candidates, as shown by examination.—Mr. Wilson's amendment to the bill equalizing the pay of soldiers, modified so as to leave it optional with the President to allow bounties to colored soldiers previous to the passage of the act, was rejected.—Mr. Davis's proposition to disarm colored troops, and employ them only as teamsters and laborers, was rejected by 30 to 7.—The Senate agreed to the report of the Committee of Conference on the Whisky tax (the only one, however, disagreed).—The Enlistment bill was brought up, briefly debated, and an amendment offered by Mr. Collamer, that all persons enlisted under the call of 1863 for 300,000 men shall receive equal pay and bounty: postponed.

HOUSE.—*February* 17. Mr. Allison introduced a bill granting lands to certain railroads, the object being to secure the immediate completion of the railroad through Iowa, to Omaha, connecting with the Pacific Railroad: referred.—Mr. Hooper, from the Committee of Ways and Means, asked leave to introduce a resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell any surplus of gold in the Treasury, beyond the amount which he may judge necessary to pay the interest on the public debt and other purposes. Mr. Kasson, in explanation, said that the demands of the Government for payments in gold and silver had brought into the Treasury so large a portion of the gold in the country that merchants were embarrassed in procuring specie to discharge their liabilities. This had caused a rise in the price, and the same cause would increase the price still further unless the Secretary of the Treasury were authorized to relieve the state of things. The sum locked up in the Treasury is now $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 beyond the wants of Government. By putting this, or as much as might be necessary, into the market, the price of gold would be reduced to its legitimate rate. —Resolutions offered by Mr. Farnsworth were unanimously passed thanking the soldiers who had voluntarily reenlisted, and directing that the resolutions should be read at the head of all recruiting rendezvous in the republic.—The Senate amendments to the Revenue bill were taken up; a portion of these were agreed to, and a portion disagreed with; and a Committee of Conference was requested.—Mr. Cox made a speech in opposition to the proposed bill establishing a Bureau of Freedman's Affairs. He said he would not favor so novel, sweeping, and revolutionary a scheme as establishing an eleemosynary system for the blacks, making the Federal Government a plantation speculator and overseer. Millions of slaves, unfit for freedom, were to be freed; New England, which was fattening upon Western toil, should do its part in saving the slaves so improvidently freed. If slavery was doomed, the conflict would be between black and white. No system like the one proposed by this bill could save the slave, he would be crushed out as the war went on. The Northern Democracy was not responsible for this inevitable extirpation of the slave; this responsibility rested upon their opponents; in striking at slavery they had struck down that liberty of which the Northern Democracy are champions; and for this they must answer next fall. There would be no more cry of pro-slavery Democracy; the issue would be between the old order with the Democracy to administer it, or continued revolution with despotism ruling it—the old Union, with as much local sovereignty and personal freedom as can be saved, or a new abolition military unity of territory, with trinity of debt, tyranny, and fanaticism. Mr. Washburne in reply, after alluding to the recent elections in Ohio, which indicated that Mr. Cox would have no opportunity in the next Congress of again rehearsing his speech, proceeded to read extracts from a book of travels, "The Buckeye Abroad," published some years ago by Mr. Cox, in the course of which he describes his listening while at Rome to a plain African from Abyssinia, delivering a sermon in Latin in the most eloquent manner. The head of the Catholic Church, said Mr. Washburne, surrounded by the ripe scholars of the world from all parts of the world, was listening, not to the distinguished gentleman from Ohio, but to the eloquence of the despised negro; thus, in the language of Mr. Cox himself, "illustrating to the world the common bond of brotherhood that binds the human race."—The resolution of thanks to General Thomas and the men under his command at the battle of Chicamauga, was taken up. Mr. Garfield moved that the name of General Rosecrans be included. He made an elaborate vindication, or rather eulogy, of General Rosecrans's conduct during the whole war, and at Chicamauga in particular. Rosecrans had won the battles in Western Virginia early in the war, though another had carried off the honors. At Chicamauga he had but 42,000 opposed to the 75,000 of the enemy, and in the afternoon came to the aid of our men met that mighty army, and at the final charge drove them back. The battle of Chicamauga was in effect a victory; if there had been during the war a greater success against such odds he had not heard of it. He was ready to honor General Thomas for the noble part he had taken, but at the expense of his superior officer. Thomas would desire no such thing. He had said, just after the battle of Chicamauga, "By all means prevent the removal of Rosecrans from the command of this army."—*February* 18. A bill was passed authorizing the purchase of Rock Island, Illinois, for an arsenal, as before provided for by law. The bill authorizing the sale of gold in the Treasury was debated. Estimates varying somewhat from those before made were presented. Mr. Hooper said that there was now $18,900,000 on hand, of which $18,200,000 was in the Sub-Treasury at New York; by the 1st of July there would be from $16,000,000 to $18,000,000 more, making $37,000,000 in all. There was less than $24,000,000 to be paid at that time, leaving an excess of $11,000,000 or $13,000,000 to be disposed of. Mr. Garfield, estimating the probable receipts from customs thought there would be on the 1st of July $50,500,000 in gold in the Treasury, an excess of $27,000,000 over the sum to be paid out. The bill was advocated on the general ground that the sale of this gold would diminish its price, and thus lower that of the necessaries of life, and facilitate mercantile transactions. It was opposed by Mr. Pendleton, on the ground that it would be giving dangerous power to the Secretary of the Treasury. He had now power to buy gold; this power to sell also at pleasure, thus enabling him to raise or depress the market; besides there was to be paid out within four months more gold than was now in the Treasury. The transaction was one in which no man could engage in his own private affairs. Mr. Brooks said the curse of the country was the excessive importation of luxuries; the greatest possible blessing would be to have gold rise so high as to stop such importation. The public faith was pledged to devote our gold to the payment of the interest of the public debt. If there is a surplus in the Treasury let the Secretary anticipate the payment of this interest. Mr. Fernando Wood condemned the financial policy of the Administration. Neither the individual nor a government could long sustain itself by borrowing; three years more of the war—and we might have ten—would end not only in the collapse of the Treasury but in the prostration of the national interests of the people. Amendments were proposed providing that the operation of the act should cease at the end of a year; that the Secretary of the Treasury should not sell gold without the advice and consent of the other Executive departments; that at least five days' notice should be given of any sale; and that he may withdraw any sum offered at any time before a bid was accepted. The bill was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.—A joint resolution, offered by Mr. Odell, was passed for the payment of the bounty of $25 to all the remaining nine months' militia, to a great portion of whom it had been paid. The Freedman's Bureau bill was further discussed, Mr. Cole of California advocating it, and the employment of colored soldiers for strengthening the national arm to crush the rebellion.——*February* 19. Mr. Blow introduced a bill providing for the occupation of abandoned plantations in the rebellious States, and taking care of the freedmen: referred.—The joint resolution from the Senate providing for the transfer of seamen from the military to the naval service, was passed.—Ten thousand additional copies of General M'Clellan's report were ordered to be printed.—The bill for a Freedman's Bureau was further discussed. Mr. Kalbfleish opposed it. He said that it would lead to a servitude worse than the evils which it seeks to remedy; it attempted an impossibility—the bringing up of negroes to participate in the rights enjoyed by white citizens, and attempting to raise them to an equality with these. Mr. Brooks, of New York, said that the subject had been caucused and decided upon elsewhere, and no argument of his against the bill would avail; Massachusetts had become the leading power in the country, and her decrees would be likely to become law. The "higher law," which was not that of Magna Charta and of the Constitution, had been adopted by Massachusetts. Henceforth he would as far as possible withdraw the discussion of the Abolition question from the exciting questions of the day, and turn to other matters. His main anxiety was for the liberty of the white man. We must accept the abolition of slavery as an act accomplished, not only by the North but by the South. The Confederate Government had provided for putting arms into the hands not only of free blacks but of slaves; arming them was of necessity liberating them. The dominant party at the North will have armed the negroes. They were consistent in this, for they had changed the war into an Abolition war, and therefore the blacks should be called out. He implored them to make the war as short as possible. If it was not to be waged for the Union, let it be for the restoration of peace. Let it not be, for political purposes, protracted beyond the Presidential election. He would offer an amendment that this Freedman's bill be referred to a select committee of nine, instructions to organize a system for the care and regulation of emancipated persons which would not be a burden upon the Treasury. The Speaker said that this amendment would be entertained at the proper time.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported adversely upon the resolution authorizing the sale of surplus gold in the Treasury.—The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. White, of Ohio, made a speech against the war, declaring it to be wrong, and that it should be terminated as soon as possible. It had not been conducted for the Union and the Constitution, but solely for the abolition of slavery, and had been driven to fanaticism and revolution. Peace could never be restored by fighting and crushing the rebellion. It could not be done until the heart of the Puritan was placed in the breast of the Cavalier. A forced Union would be worse than that of Ireland with England, or Poland with Russia. The war was therefore a useless and criminal waste of blood and treasure.—Mr. Schenck, from the Committee of Conference on the Enrollment bill, made a report. After explaining it, as agreed upon by the Committee, he moved the previous question, which was seconded by 69 to 57, and the bill as agreed upon was passed, by 71 to 23; a large portion of the Democratic members not voting. The bill, having passed both Houses, and received the sanction of the President, has become a law. This law is essentially the same as the bill passed in the House, of which a full abstract was given in this paper last week, with the addition of a provision that colored troops "*while they shall be credited in the quotas of the several States or subdivisions of States wherein they are respectively drafted, enlisted, or shall volunteer, shall not be assigned as State troops, but shall be mustered into regiments or companies as 'United States Colored Volunteers.'*"—The House then adjourned to Tuesday, February 23.——*February* 23. Mr. Stevens brought up the report of the Committee of Conference on the Whisky Tax bill, and moved its acceptance. After considerable debate, the House refused to concur, by 86 to 57, and asked for a new Committee of Conference.—In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Blow concluded his speech in defense of the Administration. He said, that if the rebellion was to be crushed, it would be effected by the Abolition party, and the black race would be protected in their freedom. He prayed that we might have courage and ability to act so justly that the God of nations would not abandon us.—Mr. Dowd, of Indiana, charged the President and the Republican party with being fanatical hypocrites, and denounced the leading measures of the Administration. And now, he said, the dominant party had borrowed from Europe a conscription law to compel the people to carry on an Abolition war. He had no sympathy with the rebellion; but we must accompany the sword with the olive-branch, and build up a Union sentiment to protect the South when our armies have left it.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

No movements have been made this week of any importance except those of Gillmore in Florida and Sherman in Mississippi. The news of the escape of a large number of Union officers from the Libby prison in Richmond has been confirmed, and we give this week a detailed account of the escape, accompanied by an illustration.

General Meade has gone to the front and will probably conduct the next campaign, supported by the ablest subordinate officers of the army.

The situation in East Tennessee remains about the same. Longstreet has for a few days been at Morristown, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and speculations have been rife in regard to his future movements, his position leaving it in doubt whether he has committed himself to an offensive or defensive plan of operations. According to the latest reports he has broken up his quarters at Morristown and advanced to Strawberry Plains along the Holston River, still moving on the line of the Virginia Railroad. It appears that no direct attack is feared at Knoxville, as the Holston is so swollen by late freshets as to make the crossing impracticable. Johnston's army, so much of it as has not gone to reinforce Longstreet, is still in the vicinity of Dalton.

On the 18th of February the President issued a proclamation declaring that the blockade of Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, Texas, should so far cease that commercial intercourse with that port may be carried on subject to the usual restrictions in regard to contraband of war.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

Immediately after the occupation of Jackson Sherman pushed on in two columns against Meridian, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. This movement cut off Mobile from all railroad communication with the East. Advancing along the line of the railroad, he had reached Quitman, according to rebel papers, on the 19th, and was within one hundred miles of Mobile. In his advance he was destroying the railroad and bridges in his rear. It may be that this was only an advance force of Sherman's expedition. According to the rebel journals this is the boldest movement of the war. The Union commander at Memphis, under Smith, confronted Forrest's force on the 9th of February, 6000 strong. In the mean time Farragut's fleet has passed eastward through the Sound in the direction of Grant's Pass.

On February 7 General Dick Taylor attacked our forces at Natchez, and was repulsed with considerable loss.

THE CAMPAIGN IN FLORIDA.

On the 9th of February Jacksonville had been taken by our forces, the advance force pushing forward beyond that place into the interior. In the official dispatch, dated at Baldwin, General Gillmore says:

"At our approach the enemy absconded, sunk the steamer *St. Marys*, and burned two hundred and seventy bales of cotton a few miles above Jacksonville.

"We have taken, without the loss of a man, about one hundred prisoners, eight pieces of artillery, in serviceable condition and well supplied with ammunition, and other valuable property to a large amount."

Since then our cavalry have penetrated to the heart of the enemy's country and engaged the rebels on the south Fork of the St. Mary's River and at Lake City with successful results. Over one and a half million dollars' worth of property has been destroyed by our forces. The evacuation of Lake City by the rebels is a virtual abandonment of the eastern portion of Florida. An important document was found by our forces, indicating that beef and bacon were entirely exhausted in the South. General Gillmore returned to Fort Royal on the 16th.

LOSS OF THE "BOHEMIAN."

The steamship *Bohemian*, running from Liverpool to Portland, struck on Alden's Rock, four miles out from Cape Elisabeth, on the evening of the 22d. She sank in an hour and a half, with all her mails except three, and a cargo estimated at a million of dollars. The *Bohemian* was a propeller of 2200 tons burden. She had on board 213 passengers, of which 18, mostly steerage passengers, are reported lost. This is the eighth steamship lost by the Montreal Steamship Company since 1857, and the twenty-fourth which has been lost at sea since the commencement of communication with Europe by steam.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

HOSTILITIES between the German and Danish troops were commenced on the 2d of February. Two days previously Marshal Wrangle summoned General de Meza to evacuate Schleswig. General de Meza refused, and the next day (the 1st) the Austro-Prussian army crossed the Eider, entering Schleswig through Rendsburg, having first taken the Kronenwerke, which was evacuated by the Danes. Marshal Wrangle issued a proclamation to the people of Schleswig, stating that he had come to protect their rights, and that the civil Commissioners of Austria and Prussia would assume the administration of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The Prussian corps marched in a northeasterly direction toward Eckernford, whereupon the first division of the Danish army took up a position on the Schlei, occupying the fortifications near Missunde. It was here that the first battle of the war took place on the 2d of February. The Prussians, having turned the eastern rampart of the Dannewerke, were led by Prince Frederick Charles against the strong works in front of Missunde, with which town they are connected by a *tete du pont*. A severe engagement followed, in which the assailants, 9000 strong, were twice repulsed by a force of about 2000 Danes. Seventy-four guns were used in the attack, which commenced at 10 A.M., and lasted until 4 P.M. The Danish loss was between 150 and 200, that of the Prussians from 250 to 300 men. Meanwhile the Austrians marched toward the town of Schleswig, on the west side of the Schlei, and on the 3d attacked Rustrup, which is situated a mile south of Schleswig, and just in front of the Dannewerke. The latest dispatches from London up to the time of our going to press do not indicate what was the result of this engagement, although they report as authentic information the evacuation of Schleswig and the abandonment of the Dannewerke by the Danes and their retreat upon Flensburg, closely pursued by the Germans. Fighting was still going on, and the wounded on the German side, together with Danish prisoners, were being brought in great numbers into Rendsburg on the Elder.

What the attitude of the other Great Powers will be in relation to this war is yet to be determined. The British Parliament opened on the 4th, two days after the actual commencement of hostilities, yet the Queen's speech expressed simply anxiety and a strong desire for peace; it declared that peace was one of the objects aimed at in the treaty of 1852; that Her Majesty has been unremitting in her endeavors to avert the dangers which might follow from a war in the north of Europe; and that she will continue her efforts in the interest of peace.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

SINCE the commencement of the war over eight thousand applications for pensions have been made. Of these nearly half have been from widows and orphans, and the rest from disabled soldiers.

A traveling office wagon for the Adjutant-General's Department of the Cumberland has just been completed at the Government shops in Washington. It is a new invention, and accommodates seven clerks and a driver. It is drawn by four horses, and can be taken apart and put together in five minutes. A similar one will be shortly completed for General Pleasanton, Army of the Potomac.

Brigadier-General R. B. MITCHELL has been relieved from duty as President of General Court-Martial, and ordered West.

Captain WILSON, the Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Potomac, has been promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the regular army.

The Secretary of War has directed that no volunteer shall be rejected on account of height, who is at least five feet.

The steamer *Alabama*, on the 6th of January, was fifty miles south of Rangoon, on the Aracan coast, watching the rice ports. Her position was also threatening to American vessels at Calcutta.

General MEADE recently had a conference with the President relative to reorganizing the Army of the Potomac.

Over 12,000 negroes have already enlisted in Tennessee. Enlistments in the middle district average 500 per week.

It said that an army of seventy-five thousand negroes will be ready for the spring campaign in the southwest.

Ten million of dollars, in one and two year five per cent. legal tenders, have been sent to pay the Army of the Cumberland.

Major-General Q. A. GILLMORE and staff sailed from Port Royal on Sunday morning, 7th inst, in the transport *Cosmopolitan* to Florida, and returned on the 16th.

Colonel ANDREW of the Third Minnesota Regiment, at Little Rock, has been appointed a Brigadier-General. His regiment has re-enlisted.

Admiral DAHLGREN has changed his flag-ship from the *Philadelphia* to the *Pawnee*, and sailed for St. Johns, Florida. Three vessels of war have sailed for Jacksonville, viz.: flag-ship *Pawnee*, *Water Witch*, and *Hookanett*.

It is approximated that two thousand refugees and deserters have come within the lines of General KELLEY'S Department since the 18th of January, 1864.

The gun-boat *De Soto* has thus far proved herself the most successful of all the vessels on the Atlantic blockade. She has captured seventeen blockade runners, whose aggregate value is near $1,200,000.

General SCAMMON and staff have arrived in Richmond, and are confined in Libey prison.

Our forces around Newbern, North Carolina, are making successful raids in that country, capturing guerrillas, tobacco, horses, mules, cotton, and other materials belonging to the rebels.

The Newbern (North Carolina) *Times* announces that several thousand Union prisoners were sent from Richmond to Georgia a few days since.

General BURNSIDE arrived at Portland, Maine, a few days since, and was escorted through the city by a battalion of troops from Camp Berry.

When "Scott's 900," now under marching orders, leave Washington, no troops will remain in the Capital but the Invalid Corps, who are doing almost all the messenger and detail duty.

The privateer *Tuscaloosa* has been seized at Simon's Bay, near Cape Town, by British authorities, in violation of the neutrality laws, in landing part of a captured cargo on the coast, and on the grounds that she is a United States vessel illegally seized by the pirate SEMMES.

It is reported that Brigadier-General GROVER, of Iowa, died at Jackson, Mississippi, from wounds received in a skirmish with the rebels in the advance of General SHERMAN'S army.

The paymasters will shortly leave *en masse* for the Army of the Potomac. Eight millions of dollars have been appropriated to pay the troops of this Department.

Major MALONE, Paymaster in the United States Army, was robbed, in Washington, recently of $10,000, which he had drawn from the Treasury for the purpose of carrying to the front, in order to pay certain regiments there.

General ROSECRANS is busy systematizing the military organization of Missouri, and is about to make a complete tour of the State for that purpose.

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Sand-Eel Fisher Girl. Peasant Girl and Woman in Sunday Dress. Milk Girl.

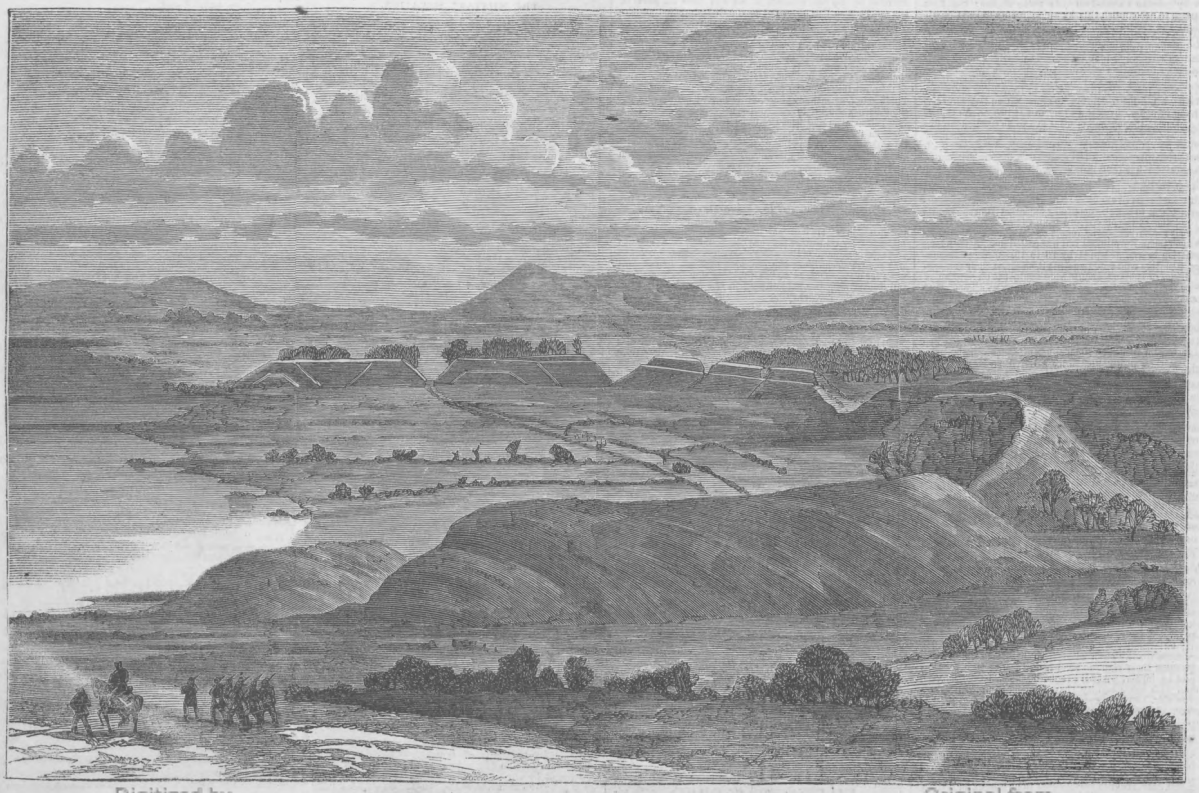
SCHLESWIG COSTUMES.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

DENMARK, with a population, exclusive of the Duchies, of 1,500,000, has ventured into war against Germany, with 45,000,000, to which may be added, in the event of a general war, 29,000,000, the population of the non-German portions of Austria and Prussia. The Danish army, on a peace footing, is 23,000 men; but during the former Schleswig war there were 70,000 men in the field, which is probably the utmost possible force of the kingdom. The standing armies of Austria, Prussia, and the Confederation number something more than 1,500,000, and can be increased by quite another million. We can hardly suppose that Denmark would have ventured into so unequal a contest without positive assurances of support from the Great Powers.

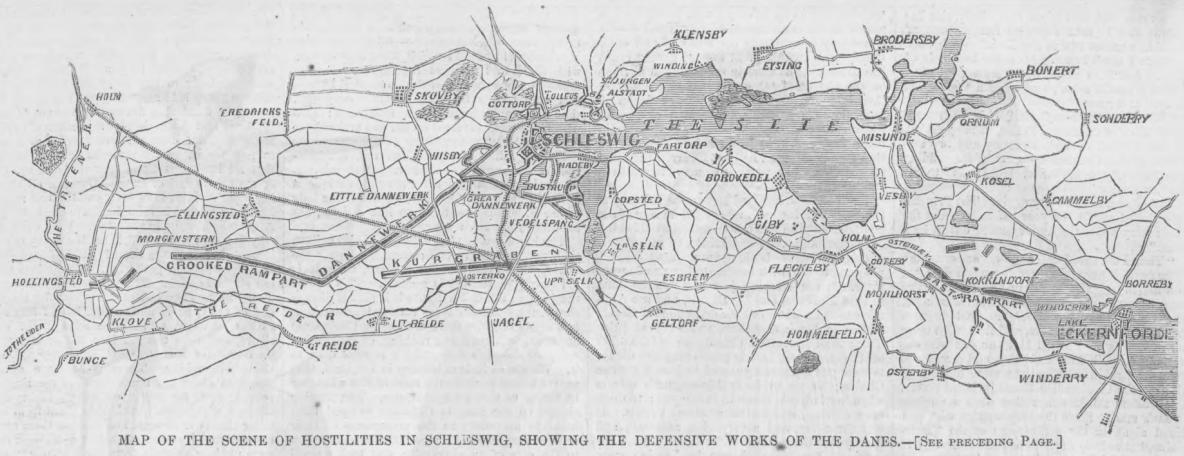
On page 149 we give a Map showing the strong lines of fortification called the *Dannewerk*, or "Danish Work," which defend the frontier of Schleswig. They form, as a whole, a long line of earth-works, strengthened at various points by elaborate defenses. On the right is the "East Rampart," two miles long; on the left the "Crooked Rampart;" in the centre the complicated system of defenses called the "Great Dannewerk," fourteen miles long. These works, with the lake formed by an expansion of the River Schlei, form two sides of a triangle, half way across the base of which is the *Kurgraben*, or "Elector's Ditch," four miles long. There are fourteen distinct forts strengthening various portions of the Dannewerk. The great Semicircular Rampart at Bustrup, a view of which is given below, is one of the principal of these. So admirably is this great triangle—the sides of which must measure nearly forty miles—arranged by nature and art, that the best military authorities consider that a force of 40,000 could hold it against one of 100,000. The great strength of the Dannewerk, however, consists in its flooding apparatus. Indeed the work was constructed more than a thousand years ago as a dyke to protect the low lands in front of it from overflow, and it is only within comparatively modern times that this dyke, or series of dykes, has been turned to military purposes. By opening certain sluices nine-tenths of the lowland region in front of the works, as large as one of our counties, can be laid under water in a few hours; and an invading army must march along the remaining tenth right up to the very strongest parts of the defensive works. The Map also shows the scene of the recent engagements, an account of which will be found in the news column of this paper.

Above are some representations of the national costumes of the female peasants of Schleswig. The Fisher Girl comes from one of the small groups of islands which line the coast, and are peopled by a most primitive race, of pure Danish descent. To appreciate the Sunday dress of the Peasant Woman, we must suppose it of the brightest hues, and that the ornaments which decorate it are of solid silver and gold, and are so costly that they descend as heir-looms from generation to generation. The Peasant Girl comes from one of the islands, and belongs to a lower class, and her dress is of stout woolen, which she has probably spun and woven herself; and the lace which trims her odd-shaped cap has been worked by her in the evening while she was awaiting the return of the family fishing-boat. The Milk Girl is very likely selling the produce of her dairy in the streets of the capital.



THE DANNEWERK.—SEMICIRCULAR RAMPART NEAR BUSTRUP.

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MAP OF THE SCENE OF HOSTILITIES IN SCHLESWIG, SHOWING THE DEFENSIVE WORKS OF THE DANES.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BOOK I.—CHILDHOOD

CHAPTER I.

SEULE AU MONDE.

THIS is Hyde Park at the most brilliant moment in the afternoon, at the most brilliant period in the season. What a city of magnificence, of luxury, of pleasure, of pomp, and of pride this London seems to be! Can there be any poor or miserable people—any dingy grubs among these gaudy butterflies? What are the famed Elysian fields of Paris to Hyde Park at this high tide of splendor? what the cavalcade of the Bois de Boulogne, or the promenade of Longchamps, to the long stream of equipages noiselessly rolling along the bank of the Serpentine? Every body in London who is worth naming is being carried along on wheels, or bestrides pig-skin girthed o'er hundred-guinea horse-flesh, or struts in varnished boots, or trips in soft, sandaled prunella, or white satin with high heels. There is Royal Blood in a mail phaeton. Royal blood smokes a large cigar, and handles its ribbons scientifically. There is a Duke in the dumps, and behind him is the Right Reverend Father in a silk apron and a shovel hat, who made that fierce verbal assault upon his Grace in the House of Lords last night. There is the crack advocate of the day, the successful defender of the young lady who was accused of poisoning her mamma with nux vomica in her negus; and there is the young lady herself encompassed with a nimbus of crinoline, lolling back in a miniature brougham with a gentleman old enough to be her grandfather, in a high stock, and a wig dyed deep indigo. Is that Anonyma driving the twin ponies in a low phaeton, in a paletot and navy buttons made by Poole, a pork-pie hat with a pheasant's plume, a parasol attached to her whip, and a groom with folded arms behind her! Bah! there are so many Anonymas nowadays. If it isn't the Nameless one herself, it is Synonyma. Do you see that stout gentleman with the coal-black beard and the tarnished fez cap? That is the Syrian embassador. The liver-colored man in the dingy white turban, the draggle-tailed blue burnouse, the cotton stockings, and the alpaca umbrella, is the Maronite envoy. The nobleman who is driving that four-in-hand, and is got up to such a perfection of imitation of the manners and costume of a stage-coachman, has a rental of a hundred and thirty thousand a year. He passes his time mostly among hostlers, engine-drivers, and firemen. He swears, smokes a cutty pipe, and of his two intimate friends, one is a rough rider and the other a rat-catcher. Mr. Benazi, the great Hebrew Financier, you *must* know: yonder cadaverous, dolorous-looking figure in shabby clothes, huddled up in a corner of the snuff-colored chariot, drawn by the spare-ribbed horses that look as though they had never enough to eat. He is Baron Benazi, in the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeifigen, where he lent the Grand Duke money to get the crown jewels out of pawn. That loan was the making of Ben. There is nothing remarkable about him save his nose, which stands out, a hooked promontory, like the prow of a Roman galley, from among the shadows cast by the squabs of the snuff-colored chariot. That nose is a power in the state. That nose represents millions. When Baron Benazi's nose shows signs of flexibility monarchs may breathe again, for loans can be negotiated. But when the Benazian proboscis looks stern and rigid, and its owner rubs it with irritable finger, it is a sadly ominous sign of something being rotten in the state of Sachs-Pfeifigen, and of other empires and monarchies which I will not stay to name.

What else? Every thing. Whom else? Every body. Dandies and swells, smooth-cheeked and heavy-mustached, twiddling their heavy guard chains, caressing their fawn-colored *favoris*, clanking their spurred heels, screwing their eye-glasses into the creases of their optic muscles, hawhawing vacuous commonplaces to one another, or leaning over the rails to stare at all, to gravely wag the head to some, to nod superciliously to others, and to grin familiarly to a select few. Poor little snobs and government clerks aping the Grand Manner, and succeeding only in looking silly: not in looking swells. Any number of quiet, sensible folks surveying the humors of the scene with much amusement, and without envy. Disreputable women, who are known to be such, by scores. Disreputable women, not yet found out, by hundreds. Foreigners who, after a five-years' residence in London, may have discovered that Leicester Square, the Haymarket, and the lower part of Regent Street, are not the only promenades in London, and so come swaggering and jabbering here, in their braid and their pomatum and their dirt, poisoning the air with the fumes of bad tobacco. An outer fringe of nurse-maids revolving new projects of crinoline, to be constructed chiefly of cane, in emulation of the prodigies in whalebone and watch-spring, here sweeping the gravel—then some soldiers listlessly sucking the knobs of their canes, and looking very much as if they considered themselves as flies in amber, neither rich nor rare, and wondering how the deuce they got there. As useless as chimneys in summer, seemingly, are these poor, strong men done up in scarlet blanketing, with three half-pence a day spending-money, and nobody to kill, and severely punished by illogical magistrates if they take to jumping upon policemen, or breaking civilian's heads with the buckles of their belts, through their weariness. Aggravated assaults, says the magistrate, as he signs their mittimus, are not to be tolerated. Why what is it but a soldier's bounden duty to keep on committing a series of aggravated assaults upon people who never did him any harm? Did Jacques Bonhomme, the French conscript, whom Solomon Lobb, the grenadier, bayoneted at Waterloo, ever do him wrong? Did Ivan Ivanovitch, the Russian, whom he hewed down at Inkermann, ever spoil his goods? Why should soldiers be fined or sent to the treadmill for exhibiting in peace that unprovoked brutality and ferocity for which they are hired, and clothed, and fed?

Any thing else in Hyde Park at this high tide of the season? Much: only a score of pages would be required to describe the scene. All is here—the prologue, the drama, the epilogue; for here is Life. Life from the highest to the very lowest rung of the ladder: not only in earliest youth and extreme old age, in comely virtue and ruddled vice, in wisdom and folly, complacency and discontent; but—look yonder, far beyond the outer fringe in utter want and misery. There, under the trees, the ragged woman opens her bundle, and distributes among her callous brood the foul scraps she has begged at area gates or picked from gutters. There, on the sunny sward the shoeless tramp sprawls on his brawny back, and flaunts his flesh, grinning in impudent muscularity from the windows of his tatters in the very face of well-dressed Respectability passing shuddering by; and the whole "huge, foolish whirligig where kings and beggars, angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings chaotically whirl," the Spirit of Earth surveys and plies his eternal task. Where is my copy of Faustus? There: I can not read the German. Here is Monsieur Henri Blaze's French interpretation of the mystic utterances of the Esprit da la Terre, "Dans les flots de la vie, dans l'orage de l'action, je monte et descends, flotte ici et là: naissance, tombeau mer éternelle, tissu changeant, vie ardente: c'est ainsi je travaille sur le bruyant métier du temps, et tisse le manteau vivant de la Divinité." Sufficiently weak, limp, and wishy-washy is this French Faustus of Monsieur Henri Blaze, I wot. It savors of absinthe, and an estaminet where they charge nothing for stationery. Turn I now to another and immeasurably greater translator:

In Being's flood, in Action's storm
I walk and work, above beneath
Work and weave in endless motion:
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of living
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply
And weave for God the garment thou seest him by.

"Of twenty millions," asks the author of Sartor Resartus, "that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the Erdgeist, are there yet twenty of us that have learned the meaning thereof?" But, Sage, is not the Spirit of Earth the Spirit of Nature? Is not Life the warp and Humanity the woof over which, spread on the "Roaring Loom of Time," the shuttle of production is always plying? And what is Nature: a field, a flower, a shell, a sea-weed, a bird's feather, but the woven garment that we see GOD by?

When Humanity begins to fade out of Hyde Park, and goes home to dinner, or to brood by the ingle nook, dinnerless, or betakes itself to other holes and corners where it may languish, panting, until bread or death come; when only a few idlers are to be met with in the Ring, or Rotten Row, or on the Knightsbridge Road, you sometimes see a solitary horsewoman. She is QUITE ALONE. No groom follows: no passing dandy ventures to bow, much less to accost, or condescends to grin as she passes. A spare slight little woman enough, not in her first youth—not in her second yet; but, just entre chien et loup, between the lights of beauty at blind man's holiday-time, she might be Venus. She wears a very plain cloth habit, and a man's hat. I mean the chimney-pot. She has a veil often drawn down. Great masses of brown hair are neatly natted under her hat. She rides easily, quietly, undemonstratively. If her habit blows aside you may see a neat boot and faultless ankle, wreathed in white drapery, but no sign of the cloth and chamois leather riding-trowser affectation. She carries a light switch with an ivory handle, which she never uses. That tall, lustrous black mare never came out of a livery-stable you may be sure. She pats and pets, and makes much of her, and very placidly she paces beneath her light weight. The groom keeps his distance; she is always alone: quite alone.

"Who the dosse is that woman on the



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, AUTHOR OF "QUITE ALONE."—[SEE PAGE 151.]

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black mare one sees when every body else has left the Row?" asks Fainéant number one of Fainéant number two at the Club.

"Sure I don't know. Seen her hundreds of times. Ask Tom Fibbs, he knows every body."

Tom Fibbs is asked, and takes a "sensation header" at a guess.

"That's the Princess Ogurzi, who was knouted at the office of the Secret Police, in the year '56, by Count Orloff's private secretary and two sergeants of the Innailoffsky guards, for sending soundings of the harbor of Helsingfors to Sir Charles Napier."

"Won't do, Fibbs. Try again. The Princess Ogurzi died at Spa the year before last, and the whole story about the knout turned out to be a hoax."

"Then I am sure I don't know," answers Tom Fibbs (who is never disconcerted when detected in a fiction); "I give her up in despair. I've been trying to find out who she is for months. She is always alone, quite alone. A brougham meets her at Apsley House, and the groom takes her mare away. I asked him one day who she was, and he called me Paul Pry, and threatened to knock me down. She dines, sometimes, quite alone at the Castlemaine Hotel in Bond Street. The waiters think, either that she's a duchess or she's mad. She's the only woman who ever dined alone in the coffee-room at the Castlemaine, but nobody dares to be rude to her. I've seen her at the Star and Garter at Richmond, at Greenwich, at Brighton, at Ventnor, and in Paris, always quite alone. She's an enigma. She's a Sphinx."

"Is she paw-paw? Demi monde?" thus, one Insolent.

"Nobody knows. Nobody ever presumes to speak to her, and she never was seen to speak to any body save her groom and the waiters. She goes to the Opera, to the theatres, to the Exhibition, always quite alone. Upon my word I think that woman would turn up at a prize-fight: alone. I've seen her myself at Ascot."

As Tom Fibbs said this a very tall angular well-dressed gentleman, with grizzled hair, and close upon fifty years of age, who had been sitting in an arm-chair close by, hastily flung down the copy of the *Globe* he was glancing over, darting a by no means complimentary look at Mr. Fibbs, and strode out of the room.

"I think Billy Long must know the Mysterious Stranger," languidly remarked Fainéant number one as the door closed. "He knows all sorts of monstrous queer people, and he didn't half seem to like what Fibbs said."

"Very likely. He's a doosed cranky fellow."

"Very rich, isn't he?"

"Disgustingly so. What he wants in Parliament with twenty thousand a year I can't make out. He never speaks, and passes most of his time in the smoking-room."

"Twenty thousand. That's a tremendous screw for a Catholic baronet."

"Yes: but he was as poor as Job till his father died. Painted pictures, or went on the stage, or turned billiard marker, or did something low for a living, I'm told; but he's all right now."

As Thomas Fibbs, Esq., member of the Committee of the United Fogies Club, of the Turnpike Ticket Commutation Commission (salary £1500 per annum, hours of business 3 to ½ past 3 P.M., 3 times a week, 3 months in the year), was selecting his umbrella from the stand about twenty minutes subsequent to this conversation, preparatory to looking in at the Burke and Hare Club, to which he also belongs, and which is younger and more convivial than the Fogies, he found Sir William Long, Bart., M.P., in the act of lighting one of those cigars which he was almost continually smoking.

"Might I trouble Mr. Fibbs," said the baronet, in a slow and rather hesitating tone, "to refrain, in promiscuous conversation, from hazarding conjectures as to the identity of a lady with whom I am acquainted, and who, I can assure him, is a most respectable and exemplary person?"

"Certainly—oh, certainly, Sir William," stammered Fibbs. "I meant no offense. I'm sure I didn't." And so saying he buttoned up his overcoat, and trotted down the steps of the Fogies considerably flurried. Sir William Long had been a member of the club for five years, and this was the first time he had ever spoken to Fibbs. That worthy, however, recovered himself by the time he reached the Burke and Hare, and hinted as mysteriously as mendaciously, that "Billy Long"—he called him Billy—had told him all about the Sphinx of Rotten Row.

"No offense," murmured the tall baronet, as puffing his cigar he strode down Pall Mall. "I dare say you didn't mean any. Mischief-makers never do, and burn down the temple at Ephesus with the best intentions in the world. Ah, Lily!" he continued, bitterly, "how long will you give all these idle tongues some grounds to tattle? How long will you persist in being quite alone?"

Still quite alone. Who was this female Robinson Crusoe? 'Tis a question which I shall endeavor in the course of the ensuing pages to solve.

CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN HAMMERSMITH AND CHISWICK-LANE.

ONE bright afternoon, in the summer of 1836, the whole fashionable world of London had chosen to abandon Hyde Park, Pall Mall, Regent Street, and its other habitual resorts, and to betake itself to the flower-show at Chiswick.

Probably about one per cent. of the ladies who thus patronized the exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society cared one doit about the products collected in the conservatories and the tents. The Botanical Revival (which owes so much to Puseyism and the Tracts for the Times) was then but in its infancy; and, besides, a life passed in the contemplation of artificial flowers is not very favorable to the study of real ones. People went to this great annual garden crush less to look at the roses in the pots than at those on the cheeks of other people, and fuschias on their branches were at a discount, as objects of attraction, compared with fuschias that grew in white satin bonnets. Yes, ladies, white satin bonnets were worn in 1836; and for dresses even that sheeny material had not incurred the cruel proscription under which it seems to languish in 1863.

But if one in a hundred among the ladies were floriculturally inclined, what shall be said of the gentlemen? Did one in a thousand trouble himself concerning roses, or fuschias, or geraniums, or pelargoniums? It did not much matter. People went to Chiswick because other people went there. It was the thing, just as it was the thing to hear Malibran and De Begnis, and see Anatole; to waltz at Almack's, and gamble at Crockford's; to laugh at Liston, and weep at Ellen Tree; to sit under Satan Montgomery (the other charlatan, Irving, having gone crazy and died); to have one's portrait painted by jour à gauche Chalon; to go to Lady Blessington's soirees when her ladyship chose to invite you; to dress after d'Orsay, and run crazy about Vestris. It was the thing, and a very nice, amusing, and fashionable thing, too.

So all the jobbed horses in London were spruced up, and curry-combed, and polished; and all the footmen underwent dry cascades through the medium of the flour-dredger; and all the grandees in Grandeedom stepped into their carriages, and were wafted rapidly to Chiswick. What pails of water had been dashed over plated axles in hay and clover smelling mews behind the mansions of the great! What spun-glass or floss-silk wigs had been smoothed over the crania of ruddy double-chinned coachmen! What fashionable milliners had sat up all night to complete the radiant flower-show toilets: the subordinates wearily wishing for morning to come and the dolorous task to be got through; the principals uttering devout aspirations that their bills might be paid at the end of the season. If poor Mademoiselle Ruche, of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, did *not* obtain a settlement of her small account (£904 *3s. 6d.*) from the Marchioness of Cœurdesart, when the season and the session were over, and *did* in consequence go bankrupt; if the flower-show was to unhappy Miss Pincothek, the "first hand," the seed-time for the harvest which death reaped the next spring; or if the night before Chiswick was to Jane Thumb, the apprentice girl, the last straw that broke the consumptive camel's back—what were such little mischances in comparison with the immense benefit which of course accrues to the community at large from all fashionable gatherings? That the few must suffer for the benefit of the many is an axiom admitted in the conduct of all human affairs. According to the rules of fashionable polity, the many must suffer for the benefit of the few.

There could not have been a more magnificent day for the holding of a patrician festival. It had rained the preceding year, and snowed the year before that; but the show of 1836 was favored by the elements in an almost unprecedented degree. Although the gracious Lady who now rules over this empire was then but a pretty young princess "finishing" her education at Kensington Palace, it was really "Queen's weather" with which the visitors to Chiswick were for a brief afternoon endowed. One can not have every thing one's own way, of course, and although the sky was very blue, the sun very warm and bright, and the summer breeze very gentle, there was rebellion underfoot; and if the worm in the dust didn't turn when trodden upon, the dust itself did, even to rising up and eddying about, and covering the garments of fashion with pulverulent particles, and half choking every man, woman, and child who happened to be in the open between Hyde Park Corner and Kew Bridge.

The young ladies and gentlemen belonging to the various colleges, academies, seminaries, and educational institutes in the high-road from Hammersmith Broadway to Turnham Green—for, of course, there could be no such vulgar things as schools in a main thoroughfare, and such low places being only to be found in by-lanes, where children are cuffed and kicked, and don't learn calisthenics, and have fevers, and don't have French lessons—the fortunate little boys and girls attached to these gymnasia had of course a half-holiday on the flower-show afternoon, just as their tiny brethren and sisters at Clapham and Mitcham are exempted from lessons and permitted to be all eyes for the passing cavalcade on the Derby Day. Their shiny, well-washed faces were visible over the copings of many brick walls; their unbloodshot eyes shone brighter than many brass plates whereon the academical degrees of their preceptors were engraved; their pleasant countenances were embowered in green foliage so delightfully as to make the speculative wayfarer ponder on the possibility of there having been any child-trees among the horticultural phenomena of the garden of Eden; their silver laughter, and the ringing clack of their chubby hands as they smote them in applause, made the same way-farers (if they happened to be philanthropists) hope that those argentine tones were never turned to wails of distress, nor that same sound of applause derived from cruel smacks administered by their pastors and masters. The domestic servants, likewise, along the line of road, if they had not a half-holiday conceded to them voluntarily, took one without leave, and appeared at many up-stairs windows in much beribboned caps, and with lips ceaselessly mobile, now in admiration, now in disparagement of the male and female fashionables whom the carriages bore by. Nor were their mistresses, young, old, and middle-aged, employed in a very different manner at the drawing-room and parlor casements, from which points of espial they indulged in criticisms identical in spirit, if not in language, with those of the upper regions, and bearing mainly on how beautiful the gentlemen looked, and what frights the women were. Although, thus much must be stated in mitigation: That while they animadverted on the bad make of the toilets, and the awkwardness or ugliness of the ladies, they did not withhold warm commendation from the quality of the garments themselves. Enthusiastic admiration for a moire antique is quite compatible with intense dislike of the lady inside it. It is one thing to like a dress, but another to like the wearer.

The lower orders were determined also to have their part in this great afternoon. All over the world, when sunshine is once given, the principal part of a festival is secured. This is why the Italians are so lazy. As it is almost always sunny, the sun-worshipers (and it is astonishing how many Ghebirs there are among Christians) are nearly always doing nothing, or celebrating Saint Somebody's festa, which is next door to it. We see so little of the sun in England, that we are bound to make the most of him whenever he favors us with an appearance. The trading classes on the road to Chiswick enjoyed their holidays according to the promptings of their several imaginations. One abandoned his shop to the care of an apprentice, and took a stroll toward the Packhorse, where he met other tradesmen similarly minded, and was perhaps, after many admiring comments on the carriages, the horses, the footmen, and the fashionables, induced to stroll back again, diverge from the main road, and take a boat at Hammersmith suspension-bridge for a quiet row up the river. Another (but he would be in a small way of business) gravely instructed the wife of his bosom to place a row of chairs outside his domicile, and there, enthroned with the partner of his joys and his olive branches by his side, would smoke his pipe and take his placid glass, exchanging the time of day and the news of the afternoon with neighbors similarly employed, and otherwise behaving in quite a patriarchal manner. A third had an eye to business: forthwith wafered up sanguine placards relative to tea and coffee and hot water always ready, or displayed in front of his establishment boards on trestles covered with fair white cloths, and creaking, if not groaning, beneath the weight of half-cut hams, fruit tarts, buns, and ginger-beer. For do what Fashion will to keep itself exclusive, and have the cream of things, the common people will *not* be banished from the festivals altogether. They will peep over the palings or through the chinks thereof; they will peep round the carriages and criticise the occupants; and what can Fashion itself do more? Often the common see the best of the fire-works; and the music of the brass bands, coming as it does from a distance, falls more sweetly on their ears than of those who are privileged to stand within the inner inclosure, and to be half-deafened by the blasting and the braying. The purest pleasures in life are the cheapest ones. Once the writer knew a gentleman of a lively and convivial turn, but whose circle of acquaintances was limited, and who was, besides, so chronic an invalid as to be almost permanently confined to the house. At the back there was another house, almost always full of company, and where balls, supper parties, and other merry meetings were continually going on. It was the valetudinarian philosopher's delight to sit sipping his sassafras tea at his open window and cry "Hear, hear," with due attention to the proprieties of time and place, to the eloquent speeches, and sometimes to join in choruses when songs were sung in the convivial chambers whose lights glimmered in the distance. No pleasure could be cheaper, yet he enjoyed it amazingly. There was no trouble about dressing, about being introduced, or about meeting people you didn't care for. You went away when you liked, without having to make perhaps a fraudulent assurance to the hostess of having spent a delightful evening; and you rose the next morning without a headache, or, worse still, the loss of your heart to that pretty girl in blue.

If some of the traders just glanced at did not make holiday in honor of the sun; if one crusty-looking cheesemonger denounced the whole proceedings as rubbish, and another secreted himself in his back parlor to brood over his speech at the next vestry, or Board of Guardians meeting; or if a third, the worst of all, shut himself up to grumble over his books and hard times, and nag his wife, and bully his children, and curse because the people outside were enjoying themselves—what were these but the little flaws and specks that must needs be found in the brightest social diamond! If every body were happy what good would there be in expatiating on the blessings of happiness? It is certain, however, that the grumblers this sunny afternoon were in a grave minority. Troops of children who did not belong to seminaries or educational institutes, and perhaps came out of the by-lanes before alluded to, invaded the footway, screamed with delight at the processional pageantry, and endangered themselves, as usual, under the carriages without getting run over. It is certain that the offspring of Want very rarely enjoy a ride in Fortune's chariot, yet are they forever hanging on behind, running close to the wheels, and diving beneath the horses' hoofs.

Many persons of grave mien and determined appearance, peripatetic, not stationary traders, were turning the sunshine and its consequent holiday to commercial account. There did not seem any great likelihood, at the first blush, of the Court Guide, the Blue Book, the peerage or the baronetage descending from their equipages to purchase lucifer matches or knitted babies' caps, or to partake of jam tarts, ginger-bread-nuts, or apples three a penny; and the numbers of speculations entered into toward that end on the footway must have appeared to the superficial as rash in conception and pregnant with disaster. But the peripatetic merchants knew perfectly well what they were about. There was somebody to buy every thing they had to sell, and they sold accordingly. Somebody was the great wandering fluctuating stream of poor people; and poor people are always buying something, and must perforce have ready money to pay for it. More remarkable was the fact that all the taverns and beer-shops on the line of road were full of guests—the men all smoking pipes and drinking beer, and the vast majority of the women holding babies in one hand and Abernethy biscuits in the other. Why was this? why is it now? why will it be, if augury can be hazarded, in ages to come? This flower-show was not a popular gathering. The tickets were ten shillings each. The people had nothing to do with it. They just took a good long stare—not of envy, be it understood, but of lazy and listless curiosity, at the fine folks in the carriages, and then trooped into the nearest public house for beer, tobacco, baby-nursing, and biscuit-munching. There is surely a dreary sameness about the amusements of the English people; and, for aught we know, the system adopted of rigorously excluding them from any thing that is to be seen, and fencing them off by barriers and reserved seats, just as though they were unclean animals, from every trumpery section of infinite space where something humanly considered grand is going on may have been carried a little too far. Gentility has robbed the poor play-goer of his best seats in the pit, and made them into stalls. The gallery even, once specially appropriated to the gods, has now its amphitheatre stalls. The accursed railway formula has penetrated every where. All is first, second, and third class, from refreshment-rooms to funerals; and it is a wonder no theologians started up to tell us there are gradations in heaven, and a paradise duly classified to meet the social requirements of all comers. And Dives, of course, roasts with first-class Wallsend or Silkstone in lieu of common coke.

Neither pit-stalls nor railway formula were thought much of, however, in the year '36, and the honest folk enjoying their outing, took their pipes and malt liquor, nursed their bantlings and ate their biscuits because there was nothing else for them to do, and without asking the reason why. The present age is always asking the reason why, and society has in its own bosom a sphinx ready to devour it if it can not answer the queries it has itself propounded. I cogitate, therefore I am; but at the end of my cogitations I find there is an end of Me, and that I am no more.

It was about five o'clock in the evening when the gardens at Chiswick were most thronged—when a Babel of pretty tongues echoed on malachite lawn and down gravel walk, that a gentleman's cabriolet of the period—a "cab," as it was very modestly named (at the risk of being confounded with the plebeian high-hung, saffron-hued vehicles with a seat for the driver at the side, journeying in one of which brought the immortal Mr. Pickwick to such signal grief at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross), passed swiftly by Turnham Green, and so to the gardens of the Horticultural Society. It was a faultless cab; exquisitely appointed, shining in its every part like a pair of Wellingtons fresh home from Runciman's. The tiger was a Liliputian phenomenon, with apparently three tightly-fitting natural skins: one of leather, bifurcated for his nethers, another of pepper and salt cloth for his coat, a third of jetty-black surmounted with brown streaks for his top boots. Portions of his epidermis they must have been; for although, if artificial, he might have got them on, it was beyond the range of human possibility that he could ever get them off. Stay, an additional article must be mentioned in regard to his buckskin gloves. With shining livery buttons, with a tight little belt round his tight little waist, and a hat bound with silver cord, this domestic was surely the tightest tiger that ever was seen.

He leaped down like an elfin groom as he was when the cab stopped, and in three bounds was at the head of the great brown champing horse. Then the apron was flung open with a clang, and a gentleman descended, and said, "Drive back to town!" Whereupon the nimble tiger skimmed, so to speak, in the airiest manner to the vacant place, gathered up the reins in his tiny buckskinned hand, gave the whip a gentle flourish about the plated harness of the brown horse, and departed at an agile trot. The brown horse knew how to trot. The entire equipage was, as several competent critics standing by declared, the neatest turn-out that had been seen that day at Chiswick.

The late occupant and, it is to be presumed, owner of this vehicle, having been duly brushed down by one of the red-jackets who had come specially from Pall Mall for the occasion, and having himself deigned to flick a silk handkerchief over his varnished boot-tips, and run a pocket-comb through his whiskers, presented his ticket and entered the gardens. He was a tremendous dandy. It was the age of dandies: of the D'Orsays, the Disraelis, the Waldegraves, and the Chesterfields. The Brummel type was not yet extinct. The heavy, languid, dragoon-like swell, with his loose clothes, looser slouch, and pendant mustaches, had not yet made his appearance. The only things loose about the dandy were his morals. The owner of the cabriolet was the brisk, alert, self-satisfied dandy of William the Fourth's time. The presence of a lady on the throne has put our modern exquisites out of countenance, and they are sheepish and shame-faced. This gentleman, however, knew perfectly well what he was about, and made the most of it. Nature had given him a good figure, and art had improved on it. The tailor, the shirt-

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maker, the bootmaker, the staymaker, the hairdresser, could do no more for him than they had done. They had exhausted their faculties in adorning him. Another lappel to the coat, another curl to the coiffure, another whiff of perfume about him, and the dandy would have been spoiled. As it was he was as perfect as a man could be with three under-waistcoats, a very high-shouldered, high-collared coat with velvet collar and cuffs, lavender pantaloons very tightly strapped over his boots, a hat with a turned-up brim, a voluminous shirt-frill with diamond studs down the breast, white kid gloves, and a gold-headed cane with a long silk tassel. Stay, the pocket-handkerchief with which he had flicked the dust from his chaussure was of crimson silk. From time to time he tapped the lid of an enameled snuff-box, and refreshed himself with a pinch of Maccoboy.

Dress makes up so much of the dandiacal entity that the description of this ineffable person's countenance has been temporarily overlooked. It was worth looking at, however. A dandy face, but not a monkeyfied, not a simpering one. His age seemed to be between thirty and forty; but it was evident that at no very remote period he had been an eminently handsome man. His teeth were beautiful. His hands and feet you could see (his gloves and boots notwithstanding) were Byronically small and symmetrical. He had a charming red and white complexion. His hair was black and glossy, and admirably adjusted. So, too, with his mathematically-cut whiskers and chin-tuft. Mustaches he had none. When he smiled he showed the beautiful teeth a good deal; when his glove was off he made a liberal display of the emerald and diamond rings on his dainty white hand. There was no finding any fault with the man's outward appearance; for albeit expensively dressed, and with a great gold chain meandering over his cut velvet waistcoat, and a double diamond pin in his cravat, he looked from head to foot a gentleman. It should finally be mentioned that there were two trifling drawbacks to his good looks. Across his left cheek, almost from the corner of the mouth to the eye, there ran a very deep scar, which when he talked turned white. His eyes, too, were very colorless and sunken, and there were brownish rings beneath them. But for these the dandy would have been an Adonis, and rivaled D'Orsay on his own ground.

He was evidently very well known. He stopped to speak to ladies belonging to the very élite. He was asked whether he had been to the duchess's ball; whether he was going to the marchioness's rout. His replies were affirmative. He was tapped on the arm with pretty parasols and scent-bottles, and scolded prettily for not having executed some commission, accepted some invitation, joined some fashionable junketing then or recently afoot. The dazzling teeth had work enough to do; the supple body was hinged and rehinged in urbane apology. Clearly our dandy was very popular among the sex. Nor did the men treat him with less favor. He was of every chattering group, of every sniggering conversation where wickedness was made a merry jest of, and reputations joked away. He went to and fro and up and down, and scanned prize flowers through his eye-glass with calmly-complacent criticism. He was charming.

There came up my Lord Carlton, a wild rake of the time, and deep player, with little Harry Jermyn, his admirer, crony, toady, on his arm.

"How do, Griffin?" was his lordship's salutation. "Monsous baw stopping here. Confounded military band blows roof of one's head off. Come away, Griffin, and have a hand at picquet at my rooms in town."

"I would with pleasure, viscount," the dandy addressed as Griffin answered, "but I've a little business to transact in this neighborhood before I return."

"Business!" echoed his lordship. "Business at a flower-show! Dooced queer place for business, Griffin. You haven't turned market-gardener, have you?"

"Il y a des fleurs animées," quoth little Mr. Jermyn. "All the Chiswick roses don't grow on bushes. Our friend may have a private bower somewhere close by."

"Not at all, not at all," smiled the dandy, lifting his hat for the hundredth time to a passing party of ladies. "You wrong me, I assure you. I am not en bonne fortune, upon my word."

"Then what are you going to stop here for when it's time to go back to town?" Lord Carlton pursued, elevating his eyebrows in pardonable amazement. "Going to look at a horse?"

"No, my lord."

"Going to dine at Richmond?"—his lordship said "Wichmond," but it would be both tedious and indecorous to give typographical expression to his defective linguals.

"Not at all. I lunched very late, just before coming down; and if I dine at all it will not be till night."

"Never mind, my boy; you'll get plenty of supper at Crocky's," here cut in Mr. Jermyn.

A slight cloud passed across the white forehead of the dandy, but he chased it away with an airy toss of the head.

"Of which club," he blandly retorted, "Mr. Jermyn is not, I believe, a member."

"Got nothing but black balls," his lordship added by way of confirmation, and with a loud chuckle. "Poor fellow! his proposer staid away, and his seconder came from Scotland on purpose to pill him. Stop, there was one white ball, and that was from a fellow who was short-sighted, and popped his pill into the wrong side."

"Mr. Jermyn will have, I trust, better luck next time," the dandy remarked, with a conciliatory bow to Jermyn. Had I not been in Paris—"

"At Frascati's," interposed his noble friend.

"In Paris," he continued, taking no notice of the interruption, "Mr. Jermyn might have reckoned on my humble support. I should have been delighted to find him one of us."

"Yes, I dare say you would," acquiesced Lord Carlton. "Harry's a very good fellow, and has got plenty of feathers ready to be plucked before he is fit to be made into a compote de pigeons. You'd have given him two white balls, I'm sure you would, Griffin."

"Oh yes, I'm sure you would," repeated Mr. Jermyn. The assurance was double-barreled—susceptible of two meanings. Mr. Henry Jermyn hated the dandy for belonging to a club to which he had himself failed to procure admittance, although he well knew that the honorary comembership might prove in the long-run costly if not ruinous. Yet he would have jumped for joy had the exquisite addressed as Griffin offered to propose him.

"Never mind, Harry," his good-natured lordship observed. "Safe to get in next time. Can't keep you out. Besides," he added, turning to the dandy, "the fellows made a dooced mistake after all. They took Harry for big Jack Jermyn—you know, the racing man who was in the Eighth, and levanted after Newmarket the year before last. They thought it was all up with Jack, and didn't care about having a rook in the dove-cot. By Jove! if they knew that Harry was to have all his grandmother's money—how old is she, Harry?—he'd have been elected unanimously, and received with a salute of twenty-one guns."

"Mr. Crockford must have shed tears when informed of the sad truth," remarked the dandy, with sardonic politeness. "However, fortune will make amends. I hope to meet Mr. Jermyn as a fellow-member at supper in St. James's Street as soon after his grandmamma's decease as possible. By-by, viscount; Mr. Jermyn, I have the honor." And, with unmoved urbanity and a graduated scale of politeness, as though his leave-taking to the person next in rank might have been, "Fellow, get out of the way!" the dandy, lifting his hat for the hundred and tenth time that afternoon, strolled away.

"Monsous well-preserved man, Griffin Blunt," Lord Carlton said, looking with careless admiration after his retreating friend, "wears very well. Must be forty, if he's a day."

"He looks very queer about the eyes," Mr. Jermyn ventured to observe, in mild disparagement.

"Late hours," explained his lordship, who generally went to bed about four in the morning and rose about three in the afternoon. "Griffin is a shocking night-crow."

"What do they call him Griffin for, and who is he?"

"How amazingly raw you are!" exclaimed his lordship, elevating his eyebrows in some surprise. "Don't you know that Frank Blunt goes by the name of Griffin, because he used to wear a scaly green silk coat when he drove his curricle at the time of the Regency? Dooced queer time it must have been, too, and dooced queer fellows. Should have liked to belong to that set, only they drank so dooced hard."

"Has he got any money? How does he get his living?"

"How should I know? P'raps he's his grandmother's heir, if he hasn't sold the reversion. You'd better ask him. He's apt to turn crusty sometimes. He got that scar on his cheek in '15 in a duel with a French dragoon officer in Paris. Griffin Blunt was in garrison at Versailles, and came up to dine in the Palais Royal, and the dragoon picked a quarrel with him about the battle of Waterloo—they were always picking quarrels, those French fellows, at that time—and Griffin knocked him down; and then they fought with sabres in the Bois de Vincennes, and Griffin had his pretty face laid open; but, by Jove! he killed the dragoon."

"And what does he do now?"

"What a dooced lot of questions you ask, Harry. I'm not his godfathers and his godmothers. I believe he sold out after the peace, and went to India to grow indigo, or buy opium, or shake the pagoda-tree, or something of that sort. Well, he came back, and he's been on town these ten years; at least, I've known him ever since I came up from Oxford. He knows every body, and belongs to the very best set in town, and the women adore him, for he plays the harp, and the piano, and the guitar, and sings little French songs, and, I am told, can do Berlin wool and Poonah painting. Ha! ha!"

"Est il mauvais sujet?" Mr. Jermyn asked.

"I believe he's about as bad as bad can be," coolly replied Lord Carlton. "He's worse than I am, and that's saying a good deal. He takes more trouble. He beats for game alone, and likes his birds wild. That's a bore. I prefer a battue, and fellows to beat for me."

"And his money?"

"Don't know any thing about it. He lives high, and must spend two or three thousand a year. Charming little house, you know, in Curzon Street. He goes in for deep play, and bets, and so forth; but I'm sure I don't know whether he's worth twopence in the world or not."

"Is he married?"

"Married! By Jove! one would think you wanted me to say my catechism. What do I know about it? Griffin Blunt never said any thing about his being married, and there's nobody in Mayfair who owns to the name of Mrs. Blunt. Come along; I want some hock and soda-water, and then I'll take you back in my cask"—which was Lord Carlton's humorous designation for his cabriolet—"and we'll have some cards before dinner. Isn't there a game called cribbage? I should like to learn it. It must be a jolly game. I'm sick of all the French ones. I wish Griff'd come, and we'd make it loo. He plays admirably."

Mr. Blunt was otherwise engaged. He was a squire of dames. Group after group of ladies took him up, and did not drop him after brief parley, as it is the elegant but rather embarrassing custom of the ladies of the great world to do. They were sorry to part with him, for it was agreed on all sides that Mr. Blunt was most amusing and agreeable. In feminine society he was not called Griffin Blunt. His sobriquet was known, but it was ascribed less to his dueling adventure than to his delightfully wicked character. Five or six-and-twenty years ago the Roué had not become in polite society the object of thorough terror, detestation, and contempt he now (of course) is. It was thought that, to be very dissolute, or, at least, to have a name for dissoluteness, was to be like the late Lord Byron; for many an assumed libertine brags of the vices he does not possess, as they said of Jean Jacques, and is fundamentally as innocent as M. Hendrik Conscience's Coq du village. There were some prudent mammas who looked upon Blunt as a dangerous man, and warned their daughters to beware of him; but then it was impossible to be very severe with a gentleman who went into the very best houses, who was undeniably accomplished, faultlessly dressed, exquisitely well-bred, and who could always procure a voucher for Almack's. Besides, Blunt had the rare art, or rather the rarer tact, of paying court before the world to old and middle-aged ladies. He never despised his dowagers; et elles lui en savaient gré, avec toute la réconnaissance de quarante cinq ans. He cast himself, morally, at their feet, and overwhelmed them with attentions, as though they were in all the bloom and freshness of youth. It was only when the world was not looking that Mr. Blunt occupied himself with young people; and it was on the staircase and in the conservatory that the sleek Griffin put forth his claws. "There are always young people growing up for one," he would say, in his airy manner; "but the dowagers who have places to give and money to leave pass away. Let us cultivate the dowager. If a man wants to get on in life, he can't do better than study the History of the Middle Ages." To which Moyen Age culture Mr. Blunt owed much of his success.

Thus, floating through the sunny crowd, went on the dandy, admired, caressed, envied by struggling parvenus, who would have given their ears for a nod or a half-civil word from half the people he was laughing and flirting with. When a man comes to propounding conundrums to duchesses, and promising to draw caricatures in the albums of embassadors, it is palpable that he must be bien posé in society. "My humble proficiency in the fine arts," Blunt would say, "is worth fifty dinners, a hundred balls, and a week in each of the best country houses a year to me. Of what use should I be in Dorset or Russell Square? What do they know about the fine arts beyond the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' the portrait of the late Princess Charlotte, and the view of the Temple of Concord in Hyde Park? To assiduous study in the Vatican Museum and the Pitti Gallery I owe my introduction to Plesiosaurus House. Her Grace's appui is invaluable. Je suis de Marly. I go to her water-parties at Kew. My little musical accomplishments would be worth an heiress or an Indian widow to me if I were—well, a marrying man. If I could only play the violoncello, I should be invited to his Royal Highness's Wednesdays. I must learn the violoncello at all hazards. Tell me where Dragonetti lives, and I will give him a guinea a lesson."

"You're an ambitious fellow, Griffin," would that shrewd novelist and newspaper writer, Whipstaff, to whom Blunt sometimes imparted these demi-confidences, remark. "You sail well before the wind, and in a short heat I'll back you to distance the best; but you've no ballast, my boy, and you'll founder. I suppose your estates are all in Ayrshire, or the Isle of Skye—nay, and that your balance in the Joint Stock Doggerbank is pretty well dipped into. Take my advice, and, if you haven't laid by for a rainy day, borrow somebody else's umbrella, and don't give it back again."

"You are an excellent moralist," thus Mr. Blunt, with a pleasant sneer. "Are you, too, ready for the wrath of Jupiter Pluvius?"

"Never mind," retorted Whipstaff, who was notoriously not worth a penny, and in dire difficulties. "Let me alone, and I shall turn up trumps yet. Every bird feathers his nest in a different manner. The wisest one, after all, is, perhaps, he who never troubles himself with making a nest of his own, but pops into somebody else's. There are still a few sinecures left, that confounded Reform Bill!"—Whipstaff was a stanch Conservative—"notwithstanding. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the old ravens of the Treasury Bench will provide for the barrister of seven years' standing." Such was the worldly wisdom of Mr. Whipstaff, who had eaten his terms some years before at his own expense, with the firm and fixed resolve of eating a great many more terms, some day or another, at the expense of the country.

Whipstaff was at the Flower-show, and remarked to several acquaintances that he never saw Griffin Blunt looking better. "However he manages it," he continued, "I can't imagine. Lucky fellow, he never does any work, whereas I can't mingle in fashionable society under a net loss of two guineas an hour. I wish he'd give me his recipe for living at the rate of two thousand a year upon nothing."

"Shakes his elbow," suggested purple-faced Captain Hanger, who hated Blunt.

"Perhaps," acquiesced Whipstaff, with a sigh, "and is lucky. With me that species of paralysis has always proved the costliest of diseases."

And so the Whirligig went on. Now Scandal's sirocco seized a spiteful anecdote, and twirled, and twisted, and sent it spinning from one end of the gardens to the other. Now it caught up a woman's reputation, and eddied it in wild hide and seek through the summer leaves. It was the merriest kind of word-waltzing imaginable; and never a sneer, an innuendo, a wicked bon mot, but found a partner. And in the midst of it all the band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue brayed forth Suoni la Tromba with tremendous and sonorous emphasis. What did it all matter to them—scandal, repartee, innuendoes, sneers? It was their business to blow, and they blew as though they would have blown forever. So the huntsman winds a find, a check, a mort. So the drummer beats the charge or the chamade, the advance or the retreat. So while Cleopatra reclines in her gorgeous galley, on her poop of beaten gold, beneath her canopy of tissue, with Iras and Charmian—those "gentlewomen like the Nereides"—the honest musicians who play the flute and the hautboy have quite enough to do at the prow, blowing and tootling while the silver oars keep stroke to their music, and without troubling their heads about the "Serpent of old Nile," or Mark Antony or Octavius Cæsar either. Their business is to blow, and they do blow. This is a good state of life: to sit in the orchestra blasting your required quota of sound, and enjoying your forty bars rest without belonging either to the actors before or the audience behind you. Was there not an old fiddler once, at the French Opera, who so minded his crotchets and quavers, listening to countless overtures for fifty years, scraping through innumerable ballets, and who could yet declare on his honor that he had never seen a dancing girl's ankles? I think the band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, at the Chiswick Flower-show, had the best of it. When their labor was over they had gratuitous cold meats and beer, and the band-master shared between them a handsome donative.

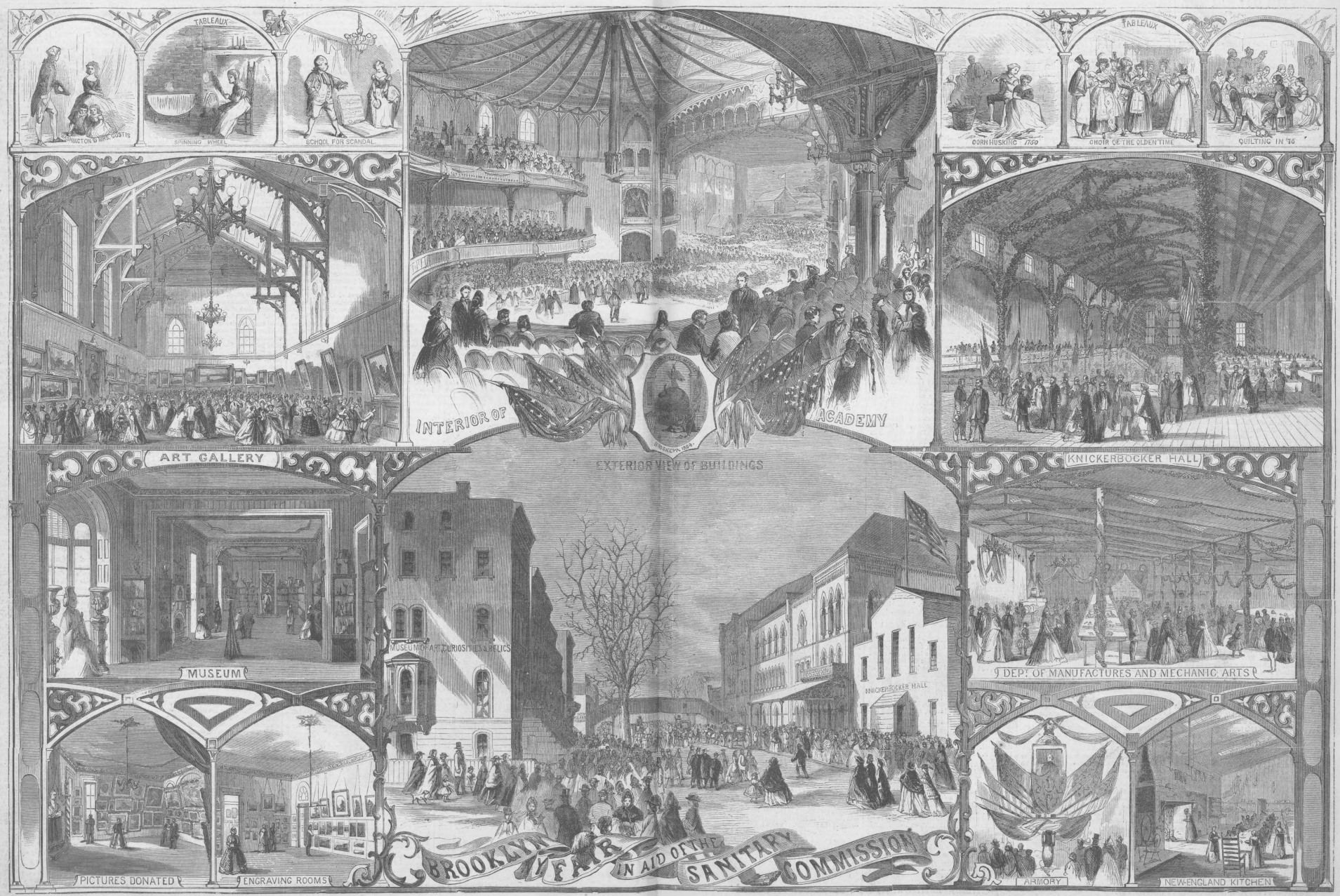
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THIS popular novelist, whose portrait we print for the benefit of our readers on page 149, was born in 1828. His father was an Italian, and his mother, a favorite singer, was a West Indian. Early in life Mr. SALA devoted his energies to painting. When the Gore House was fitted up as a grand Symposium by ALEXIS SOYER, the latter availed himself of the taste and skill of Mr. SALA in its paraphernalia and scenic arrangements. From his own account of this Symposium it appears to have been an institution of unrivaled magnificence—with its beautiful gardens, terraces, its tasteful library, and its rooms fitted up in every conceivable style—as Chinese pagodas, or Italian cottages overlooking lakes. At length the grand Symposium vanished, and SALA reappeared before the world as a contributor to Mr. DICKENS'S "Household Words." Some of his productions were translated into French, as works of Mr. DICKENS himself. Such papers as "Miss Tattyboy's Rents," "The Secrets of Gas," etc., attracted considerable attention from their novelty. In 1858 Mr. SALA went to Russia, and wrote a series of articles on his tour for the "Household Words." GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is not a profound writer, but his papers are always entertaining and original. His new story, "QUITE ALONE," commences in *Harper's Weekly* for this week, as a serial, from advanced sheets.

THE ESCAPE FROM LIBEY PRISON.

THE escape of a large number of Union officers from THE LIBEY PRISON AT RICHMOND, on February 9th, abounds in details of thrilling interest. We publish this week, on page 145, a sketch representing the meeting of some of these refugees—weary and worn-out by the fatigues of flight, added to the severities of their long imprisonment—with the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, who were scouting the country for their rescue. The plan of escape had been conceived two months previous to its execution. The only possible way of escape was through a subterranean tunnel reaching from the cellar of the prison to some convenient point of exit on the outside. At first it was proposed to dig the tunnel in the direction of the sewer, and escape through that; but after several days' hard work the entrance to the sewer was found to be impracticable, and it was determined to change the direction of the tunnel, so as to lead under the street to an out-house across the way, which was a depository for parcels sent to the prisoners from the North. The officers were let down into the cellar through the chimney. For fifty-one days they worked away at the tunnel, small parties of ten or twelve being engaged at a time. The work was carried on at night, and for instruments they used their fingers, knives, chisels, or any thing at hand—the dirt being hid under the refuse and straw in the cellar. When it was impossible any longer to throw the dirt out by hand a spittoon was used as a dirt-cart, being attached to a string on either side, and drawn to and from the cellar. After patiently working in this manner for a number of days they came to a point under the out-house, and began to dig upward, until finally the work was done. The prisoners started out on the evening of the 9th, in small squads, each taking a different route. At two o'clock the lights of the city were put out, and escape was more feasible. In their efforts to reach the Union lines some were recaptured; but out of the one hundred and nine who attempted this adventure, the greater number succeeded. They were aided by negroes, by Union citizens, and by cavalry detachments, which were sent out by General Butler for that purpose as soon as he heard of the escape. We can hardly imagine what were the feelings of some of these refugees when, hotly pursued by the enemy and almost exhausted, they beheld the old flag which had come to find and protect its soldiers.

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[From CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XII.

AN hour later Arthur Haggerdorn sat alone in his little room, trying hard to restore some order among his scattered thoughts, when he was startled by a heavy step without, followed by a tap at the door. It was a frank, hearty knock, and worthy of the individual who had delivered it, a jolly grazier-like personage, with a broad hat, heavy riding-boots, and whip, who entered, strode straight up to Arthur, and taking his hand wrung it cordially.

"I've come to ask you to eat a beef-steak with me, Master Haggerdorn," said the visitor, in a provincial accent of considerable breadth.

Arthur replied that he was much obliged, the more so as he was in total ignorance even of the name of his proposed entertainer, and was not in the least disposed for dinner.

"As for names, mine's Bill Brightsom," was the rejoinder. "As for hunger, the very friz of the steaks at Katy Dowe's coffee-house would put an appetite into a mile-stone; so come along. Your brother bade me ask you."

"My brother!"

"There's his token" (giving Arthur a long twisted lock), "one of his kiss-curls, belle-catchers, as we call 'em in—hem—in Lincolnshire. He said he shouldn't want it no more. Bless you, I know all about it! And as my time's precious, and there's gentlemen a-wanting me in several directions, why, there's no time to waste in getting peckish. *Are* you coming, or *an't* you coming?" asked the visitor, his patience on the wane.

He evidently listened eagerly to every sound, and Arthur had noticed, more than once, that, at any sudden movement in the house, the country gentleman's hand made a curious quick motion in the direction of his breast-pocket. "I've only three-quarters of an hour to spare. *You want a cull.*"

"Cull!" said Arthur. "Zis is my desire—to find ze cruel, crafty murderer of Humpage father."

"Would the crafty *murdered* do as well, now?" asked Mr. Brightsom, with a curious flicker in his eye.

"Ze murdered!"

"You come along and eat a beef-steak," was the oracular reply.

And Arthur, yielding to one of those sudden convictions common to impressible minds, caught up his hat, and followed the worthy grazier with all the alacrity the latter could possibly desire.

Mr. Brightsom, whose rustic shyness perhaps led him insensibly to prefer the less frequented thoroughfares, conducted Arthur through a somewhat intricate labyrinth of back slums, to what seemed one of the very dirtiest little taverns that ever welcomed the hungry City wayfarer to steak and pot of ale. A low hiss, closely followed and interpreted by a burst of savory steam, met the visitor on the threshold, and though it might not absolutely inspire a mile-stone, certainly suggested ideas not appeasable by barren argument.

Mr. Brightsom pioneered his young companion through the inner darkness, which was so profound that Arthur was fairly seated in a box opposite his guide before his eye could clearly distinguish surrounding objects.

There was but little talking; there was a low continuous rattle of knives and forks, not to mention the ceaseless friz, indicating that people came thither exclusively to feed. It was too dark to read or write, and a man might easily have helped himself from the same salt-cellar with his own brother without recognizing him. The attendance was performed by two gnomes, or other sable beings, who flitted gloomily about the room, and being invoked as "Al'ce," and "Rokey," had probably been ascertained by some visitor whose sight was stronger than common to be male and female of the species.

Mr. Brightsom apologized for not offering his guest a choice of viands, such being the celebrity of this house—the "Artichoke"—in the matter of rump-steaks, that to have ordered any thing else might have endangered the instant expulsion of the audacious visitor, as having offered a wanton and unmanly insult to the feelings of the gnome-queen at work below. Rump-steaks and ale appeared (or elsewise indicated their presence) on the table as suddenly as if they had only awaited the arrival of Mr. Brightsom and friend. There followed, of necessity, a minute's silence, after which the grazier wiped his mouth on his ample sleeve and spake:

"S'pose you don't much frequent this ken—that is, coffee-house—my kid—that is, my boy?"

Arthur replied that he was not in the habit of selecting Mrs. Dowe's as his favorite resort.

"It's a very 'spectable place," said the grazier, "but it's so dark that folks sometimes comes here that don't want to be twigged. You're going fur to hear something."

Arthur naturally inquired what it was he was going to hear?

"What'll turn your love-locks into green phiz-myligs," was the mysterious reply, the speaker's eyes peering earnestly into the dark recesses of the room. "Al'ce! Hot flannel!"

Arthur almost started at the strange and sudden order, but had hardly time to ask its meaning, when Al'ce placed the answer on the table, in the form of a pewter jug filled with a mixture of gin and beer, further complicated with sugar, nutmeg, and a crab-apple.

"You're sure you can bear it?" said the grazier, with the manner of a man who spins out time, or postpones a painful revelation. "Take a toothful of this stuff. You'll want it."

Following the turn of his companion's head rather than the direction of his eyes, Arthur noticed that a dark object had glided in, and had taken post, silent as a shadow, at the end of their own table. It was a low stooping figure.

"Just as I expected," said Mr. Brightsom, leaning across the table, and addressing Arthur in a low, distinct tone. "That disappearance job has done its work. A pity, that it is! 'Twas as sweet a little creeter as ever I see—just like my Matty, which is still in pantaloons—but solider. I see her twice, when I was on formiliar wisiting terms with Snells, silversmith's in Jermyn Street—them as was robbed, you know." (He paused an instant, then continued.) "Now I tell you what, my boy, your crib was right opposite number twenty-seven, and you must have known her! Well! She's dead! Dead, sir!" repeated Mr. Brightsom, in a loud, clear voice.

But louder and clearer was the heart-broken cry that burst from the dark figure at the end of the table, as, rising from its cowering attitude, it flung its arms aloft, and fell forward across the board. All present started up and crowded to the spot.

Brightsom caught Arthur by the arm.

"*That's your man,*" he said, hurriedly, in his ear. "See to him—I'm off. Nervous in a crowd. If you want Bill Brightsom, advertise in Flying Post—'pointment *here.*"

"And Miss—Miss—" gasped Arthur.

"*She's* all right. Trap for a bolted governor. Here's your bolted governor, headforemost on the table here. Get him home!"

So saying, the timid grazier wound himself into the crowd, and vanished.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE excellent Armour, though secretly inclining to Lord Lob's opinion that five thousand pounds, paid down, might be better adapted to his ideas and habits than an uncongenial wife with an income of that amount, could not at once resign his brilliant dream, and ended, after much cogitation, by resolving, as he mentally expressed it, to at least "try it on." He understood from what had passed between himself and the prisoner, that Bob Caunter, the lieutenant, and (next to his great leader) the most accomplished of the Black-Thumbs, would be put upon the track of the discourteous practitioner of Liverpool, and he doubted not that the latter's haunt would be reported to him before many hours were over. *That* was as good as settled. Whatever "jilling" might signify in the thieves' vernacular, George—in just requital of his rudeness and selfishness, in cracking a crib entirely out of his legitimate beat—would henceforth jill no more. He, Armour, master of George and of the situation, was surely bound to make the very best of his opportunity.

Thus it came to pass that Polly-my-Lamb's next visitor of note was Henry, of Bow Street, who, presenting himself about the setting of the sun, with his air of quiet authority, requested an audience, and was instantly admitted.

Polly was seated in her favorite large chair, white as marble, and almost as motionless: her only gesture being a slight inclination of the head, accompanied by a look of inquiry.

Mr. Armour was conscious of a trifling amount of embarrassment, but, recovering himself, pounced at once upon the subject, as he would have collared a thief.

"You are aware, Madam," he said, "that we have effected the capture of the notorious offender, Lord Lob, and that he is safely lodged in Newgate?"

Polly was aware of it.

"And that Sir James Polhill has always attributed to this miscreant the singular outrage we have all been so deeply interested in punishing?"

Again Polly was aware of it.

"With all deference to Sir James's acuteness and great experience, I have presumed to form a contrary opinion" (Polly looked up with some surprise), "and the result has justified that hardihood," continued the modest Henry. "The man is totally innocent of any complicity with that crime. Nay, he seems indignant—though it may be, not from the most exalted motives—at its commission."

"Indeed, Sir!" said Polly, with a curious feeling, in which she would have been puzzled to say whether relief or disappointment had the larger share. "I—excuse me—you had something to add."

"Merely that, although Lord Lob had himself no hand in the business, he can help us to the real criminal, and has given *me* the preference."

"Do I understand you to mean, Sir, that you possess some clew which the chief magistrate does not?"

"That *is* my meaning, young lady; and, further, that within twelve hours I will have in my personal custody the murderer of your father!"

There was something in the man's assured, significant manner that made Polly color to the very roots of her hair. She made an effort to speak.

"Is—is Sir James aware of your present visit, Sir?"

"He is not. He has, however, made me fully acquainted with your noble and dutiful intentions."

"Leave me, for the present, I beg, Sir," said Polly, turning whiter and whiter.

Conscious that his blow must be struck now or never, Henry, instead of retiring, calmly stood his ground, and put his point with his usual unperturbed and business-like manner. He made one step forward.

"Am I to understand, Madam, that you depart altogether from the principles of the arrangement you announced to Sir James Polhill? Or was it intended, may I ask, for the exclusive advantage of the young foreign gentleman to whom you gave the snu—".

"Ze young foreign gentleman is here to answer for himself," said a stern voice, almost at Henry's ear. "Leave ze room, fellow!"

"I think you had better do so, Mr. Armour," said a somewhat milder voice: that of Sir James Polhill, who had followed Arthur into the room. "You're a first-rate fellow in your line, Henry"—apart to the officer—"but this is a little beyond it. Leave the case to me."

Henry withdrew without a word.

Polly-my-Lamb was in the arms of Aunt Serocold, and for some minutes tears and sal volatile had it all their own way. Meanwhile the apartment was silently filling. Mr. Hartshorne had appeared, but stood apart, sympathetic, yet inactive, as if he knew that his closer attentions would not be required. Mrs. Goodall, Stephen, and Kezie were present, and even a faint vision of Mrs. Ascroft hovered near the door.

"Better, darling?" were the first accents that broke the silence of the room.

"Much, dear," said Polly, raising her head from its lavender pillow, and smiling through her tears. "What is the matter? O tell me what has happened?"

"Tell *me* first, my dear," said Sir James; "can you bear good tidings bravely?"

"Try me, Sir James."

"I think I may. I think I will. You know, my dear, that I have always entertained an idea, amounting to conviction, that your father's life was not taken."

Polly knew nothing of the sort, but she welcomed the idea with all the warmth due to an old acquaintance.

"My dear, there is hope of his safety."

"There is *certainty!*" cried Polly, with hands uplifted, and eyes glittering through tears. "I read it in your kind faces. Where is he?"

The group opened, and Arthur Haggerdorn came forward, tenderly supporting an aged withered broken form, with stooping head and snow-white hair. Was this, indeed, all that was left of the bluff, healthy, jovial merchant, Basil Humpage? Polly thought so, for she fell upon his neck without delay or question, gave him one kiss, and, her excitement having reached its crisis, fainted. Nevertheless, the old man would not suffer her to be removed. He was placed in the great chair from which Polly had risen, and the care of those around quickly restored the happy child to the consciousness of her newly-recovered treasure.

In the explanations that succeeded, Arthur was, of necessity, chief orator. As agitation proved detrimental to his English, we interpret for him as follows:

When the old gentleman fainted in the coffee-house, Arthur, in accordance with the suggestion of his friend the grazier, took him under his peculiar care; and, on his recovering sufficiently to mention an address in Westminster, and his desire to be transported home, bore him thither in a coach with every care and solicitude. But it was some time after his arrival and the application of powerful restoratives that the poor old man regained the complete use of his faculties.

His sole personal attendant appeared to be an honest-featured old matron, who wept genuine tears at the condition in which he was brought back; but who, notwithstanding, bestirred herself vigorously in doing all that was required for his relief.

"Of course I knew his name warn't Higgledum," said the old lady, softly, to Arthur, as the two sat in the adjoining room, but with the door open, so as to command a full view of the patient's bed. "Nobody's name ever yet was Higgledum, or Piggledum either. But he's the best of masters and of men; and, now you tell me you know his right name, why it's no use me making a mystery about it. He ought to have his friends about him."

"And he shall," said Arthur.

"I knew well enough he was a-hidin'," continued the old dame, apparently so delighted to get the secret off her soul that she could not check her revelations. "Bless you he was up to all sorts of tricks, 'specially to make me think his name was Higgledum. Scores of letters he must have written to himself, 'Humphrey Higgledum, Esquire;' but he forgot, now and again, to destroy them, and so I see, as they lays on his bureau, there was nothing in 'em. But I fancy they was tiresome to answer, so he soon gave that up. He used to dine at some out-o'-the-way place, and read his paper at another out-o'-the-way place. I don't think he spent forty pound a year. I knew he was a-hidin', but I'd take my Bible oath he never hurt any mortial, nor I don't think any mortial would hurt him. And," concluded the honest lady, wiping her eyes, "of course I don't believe in that 'Reward.'"

"Reward?"

"Would you like to see it?" asked the old lady. "Wait a bit."

She stole on tip-toe into the bedroom, took the old man's keys which lay on his dressing-table, and, returning, softly opened a bureau, and signed to Arthur to approach it. He did so, with like caution, and saw pasted on the interior of the lid a paper notice, or placard, written with a pen and ink, but in large carefully drawn capitals, announcing that a "Reward of Ten Thousand Dutch Guilders would be paid, on the production, Dead or Alive, of the Body of Basil Humpage, late Merchant and Banker of the City of London, an Absconded Felon."

"In Heaven's name!" exclaimed Arthur, "who prepared this? It is as false as—"

"Hush!" said the old lady, with a glance toward the patient. "I think he's a moving. False! I know it is. Hark, young gentleman. *He done it hisself.*"

"Himself!"

"I see him a-finishing and touching of it up. He hadn't no copy. It all come out of his own head, and that head's—"

The matron made a dubious sort of gesture, but Arthur caught her meaning, and the mystery flashed upon him. He was aware of the rumors which had arisen, but which had been utterly dissipated on investigation, respecting the business connection between Humpage and the fraudulent bankrupt house of Dietrich Brothers. The former had, indeed, as may be remembered, while ignorant of the doings of this unhappy firm, assisted them with certain advances. This circumstance it was that, preying on the old merchant's mind, had induced the monomania from which such strange results had come.

In effect, this *was* the solution. Pursued by the belief that an attempt would be made to apprehend him, but successfully disguising his fear, Humpage had only watched his opportunity to escape, when, on the morning of the twelfth of March, his purpose was precipitated by an accidental movement in the house, which reached his ear while dressing. The repeated summons at his door alarming him more and more, he, with scarcely a moment's consideration, effected his desperate exit from the window. Failing in a first attempt to scramble down by the water-pipe, and cutting his hand severely in regaining the room, he secured a piece of rope used for cording luggage, and, arranging the coil so that he might draw it after him, this time effected a safe, and, strange to say, unperceived descent.

Singular it is, but no less true, that his first refuge was opposite to his own mansion, in the house of Mrs. Ascroft! Confused as his judgment was, the father's fond heart could not part so quickly with its darling. Where he completed his disguise was never clearly known, but at dusk, on the thirteenth of March, there appeared, as Mrs. Ascroft had truly deposed, a stout gentleman, of civil demeanor, with light bushy hair, and profuse beard, who engaged her second-floor rooms, front and back, and quickly finding fault, as she further stated, with the stable disturbances at the back, caused his bed to be removed to the front room, from whence he could watch his own house, and the proceedings of its inmates, at pleasure.

Here he enjoyed a peace, to which (as he afterward stated) he had been for many months a stranger. Though still a slave to the fixed idea that he had been somehow associated with the Dietrichs in their guilt, he was aware that his own affairs were prosperous and in perfect order. Those he loved best in the world were in affluence, and, save for his loss, in happiness. He might still watch over them unseen, and there was, in this, a mysterious cunning pleasure, not remotely akin to the disturbance of his brain, that determined him to preserve his present incognito as long as possible—at all events, until his honest name should be cleared.

It was with great regret that, under the influence of some new alarm, he gave up his lodgings at Mrs. Ascroft's, and retired into a small back street in Westminster, laying aside his disguise, and simply assuming a false name.

Scarcely established in the Westminster lodging, his health, hitherto remarkably strong, began to decline, and so great a change did a few months make in the appearance of the once hale and portly merchant, that it was not surprising if, in the obscurity of the City coffee-houses to which he resorted, he ran little risk of recognition. How Bill Brightsom, otherwise Bob Caunter, discovered his real name and history, is a point that gentleman thought proper to conceal, the only satisfaction he would vouchsafe (when, at a subsequent period, he received a handsome reward from Arthur) being couched in the single expression:

"Bless yer, we knows a deal!"

Arthur had found the task of reassuring the old man as to his daughter neither hard nor critical; indeed, the greatest difficulty he had encountered in his treatment of him was to dissuade him from an attempt to hasten home while he had scarcely strength to stir. For strange as it may seem, either the shock he had just received, or the rapid decay of his bodily powers, or both, had freed his mind from its tyrannous delusion under which he had done this extraordinary and well-known act of effecting his disappearance and keeping himself concealed, for the bare act itself has been on record long before now.

However, that very same evening Arthur Haggerdorn had the happiness of restoring Basil Humpage, a sane and reasonable man, to his long-deserted home and loving daughter.

What more remains to tell? It is mortifying to reflect with how little ceremony important characters can be swept from the scene, how heroes may be extinguished in a sentence, how coquettes may be reformed with a word.

Place for the nobility! A notice to the following effect was sent for insertion to the St. James's High-Flyer, the court and fashionable organ of that period.

DEATH.

On the sixteenth instant, near Tyburn, aged twenty-five, in consequence of a sudden fall, to the great grief of a large circle of friends, the Lord Viscount Lob, son of the Right Honorable the Earl of Hawkweed, K.G.T., etc.

It is true that the fashionable organ declined to publish the above (though drawn up by no less an authority than the deceased himself, on the day preceding his anticipated demise), and it is well it did so, as on that very night his lordship, who had been some time ailing, fortunately broke a blood-vessel, whereby his decease was, by medical authority, adjourned for three weeks. During that interval a copy of the above announcement was submitted to the Earl of Hawkweed himself, and acted so strongly upon the well-known sensibility of that excellent nobleman, that his influence was exerted in the sick man's favor, and obtained permission for him to visit the plantations of America. Mercy so unexpected, and, let us add, so unmerited, wrought for this unhappy man what the fear of death could not. He survived, indeed, but for a few months, but these were months of penitence, and that true sorrow "not to be repented of."

Considering that old Mr. Humpage positively refused to part with his friend Arthur, and that, though interfering little in domestic affairs, he was regarded, more than ever, as absolute master, Polly-my-Lamb had to put up, as best she might, with the society of the young artist. In order, however, to relieve her as much as possible, kind Aunt Serocold contrived an attractive little studio in a remote corner of the mansion, to which it was confidently hoped Arthur would often retire. And so he did, and also painted six more portraits; but as these proved to be all studies of the same young person, in different attitudes, and as no strange model visited the house, it is to be presumed that Miss Serocold's principal object failed.

One evening, as the party (little Mr. Hartshorne happened to be present) were sitting together after tea, papa, who seldom spoke, suddenly raised his white head, and taking a hand of each of his two nearest neighbors, put them softly together.

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"My children, my good children, make me happy."

There was again a day of excitement in Jermyn Street. All Saint James's appeared to be out on that pleasant morning in May that witnessed the nuptials of the charming and wealthy heiress of Basil Humpage, Esquire, and Arthur Haggerdorn, of Stumpfelgrbölzgrad, Western Transylvania. The St. James's High-Flyer devoted a special paragraph to a description of the ceremony, in which the Very Reverend Doctor Cozey, Dean of St. James's, without the slightest assistance (as in these degenerate days), first united the above parties, and subsequently, like a pleasant postscript to an interesting letter, married Miss Mabel Serocold to Mr. John Hartshorne. Among the blushing maids attendant on the younger bride, the High-Flyer distinguished the Señora Torre-Diaz, whose devoted interest in her lovely friend, no less than her own incomparable beauty, attracted deserved attention. The bride's magnificent necklace of pearls and emeralds was a present from Sir James Polhill, the eminent magistrate. The police arrangements, rendered necessary by the immense assemblage, were under the immediate direction of Mr. Henry Armour, chief officer.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE AND ITS RECOMPENSE.

"No, boy, you can not go. The country does not need you; its armies are full, its triumph sure. You must not leave your old mother, George, now that she has no other arm to lean upon."

There was a painful pathos in the woman's voice—entreaty blended with something of command. A tear, too, stood in her eye, as, laying her hand upon her boy's arm, she added:

"I have given one son, George, to the cause; it can not be asked that I should give you too, my last and only one."

They stood in the library, mother and son, the summer twilight folding them in its soft halo. Already on the mother's forehead age had sifted its snows, but the face was beautiful and noble still—a page without blot or blemish. The son, standing with conscious power in the maternal presence, carried all that mother's shining womanhood in his mien, touched only with a masculine hardness and force; but it was plain withal, from all his appearance, that he had grappled as yet with few of life's sterner duties; indolence rather had marked throughout his one-and-twenty years, out of which no blossom of achievement had sprouted into growth. This night, however, there was a new inspiration upon him, and very soon he spoke again:

"You know, mother, I would not be undutiful; but would you have me stand on the flaming edges of this great conflict and have no participation in it? You did not in your heart begrudge Edward to the cause; you are willing, surely, to give the world through me a testimony that you do not mourn that sacrifice? Oh, my mother, could I lift my face among men when this war is done and our scarred heroes come marching home, if I had done nothing to secure the triumph crowning their tattered banners? Would you feel content in the reflection that when Liberty was in peril you stopped short of any sacrifice? Would you not rather see me laid under the grasses where Edward is lying than feel that you had a coward for your son? But while I say all this, you know, my mother, I would be dutiful—dutiful to you next to my own conscience and the pleadings of humanity."

The twilight deepened, but the mother, with a deep yearning in her eyes, took no note of the drifting moments. For a time perfect silence reigned; then at last she said:

"You have been a true, thoughtful son, George; I know it is no idle caprice that prompts your purpose; I give my consent—go, and God bless and guard you!"

It was indeed no idle caprice that had determined George Marsland's choice of a career. Born in the midst of luxury, hedged about through all his earlier years by every comfort that affluence and position could confer; educated rather to maintain the ancestral eminence in the more refined and polite social spheres than to fill a place in the bustling working world; lifted above the necessity of exertion, with no internal predisposition thereto, he had matured into a polished, purposeless drone, spending his days in trivial pursuits, which afforded neither genuine pleasure nor durable results. But when suddenly over the land the war-trumpet blew its shrill call to arms, and the nation, out of its profound peace, rose with flaming face to meet the peril of rebellion, the voice of duty stirred into vigorous action the slumbering impulses of his better nature; life grew to be, in his estimation, an earnest, solemn thing; he saw in it vast possibilities of growth and achievement; he saw opportunities opening every where, tempting the earnest soul to effort and adventure, and out of his selfishness and dumb apathy there came, under the sharp inspiration of the time, a longing to be useful, to earn a place in the world's regard, to do something for Liberty that through all the royal years of her broadening sway should make his name luminous and noble. But at first this longing was not gratified. An older brother, in the first red days after Sumter fell, went afield from his Massachusetts home by stealth, and George, obedient to the commands of affection, remained for a time behind, the one thought of his duty burning deeper and deeper into his soul. At last the first-born of the house—the dear brother of his love—in a hot charge at Bull Run, fell never to rise: then, with a purpose yet more intense, George determined, come what might, to go to the field; and now at last, after repeated importunities, the mother's ban had been removed, and his dream was to be fulfilled.

But one thought troubled him still, as with thoughtful pace he left the library and passed into the little boudoir opposite. What would Mary Spencer say—would she, the companion of all his later years, the more than sister, whose life he hoped some day to knit unto his own, would she, with warm Southern blood in her veins, and Southern memories lying like sunny pictures on her heart, approve his decision? Of late he had concealed from her his real thought; but he felt, from what had passed when he had months before named it to her, that she would attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. She stood, as it were, so entirely alone in the world, dependent wholly upon the bounty of his mother, whose ward she was, that it would be only natural she should cling to one upon whom she had learned to lean, one whom he felt in his inmost consciousness she loved with all her strength. But no tie of affection, no bland solicitation of hope, should woo him now to disgraceful ease, and with that thought pulsing in his veins, he sought the quiet retreat where he knew he was awaited.

How he told her of his purpose; how, in the sudden emotion, the pallid face, the tender expression of the eye, he read the confession he longed to hear and know; how he combated the objections which love suggested; how the discussion, begun in tenderness, grew at last passionate and vehement, the very consciousness of the power of mutual affection adding to the willfulness of the moment; how, while the one grew stern and inexorable in the thought that he was on trial for the truth that was in him, the heart of the other, stung by the pangs of a jealousy that could not brook the bestowal of precedence on any other object, and moved, perhaps, by innate indifference to the cause the other loved, became bitter and perverse—why rehearse it here? Suffice it that at last, touched by some bitter word spoken in the heat of a passing gust of passion, he rose to go, saying, as his face paled,

"I had thought you brave and true, Mary, willing to do and suffer for your country; but I was mistaken. I should not be worthy to fight for this holy cause if I could permit any selfish tie, any considerations like those you have addressed to my conscience, to keep me here as you wish."

The words were crisp and sharp, and the voice had a rebuke sharper than any sting in it. The pale, girlish face flushed under the taunt they embodied.

"Go, then, if you will; a love that flies its object so soon upon possession is scarcely worth a true heart's keeping."

It was over—this difference—in a moment; but so, in some pivotal second of time, lives are darkened or made bright, suns are obscured, mountain tops of joy are won or lost, kingdoms and crowns are achieved or broken in the dust.

That night, before sleep came to soothe his restlessness, George Marsland had volunteered in a city regiment, bravely putting under his feet the love he had hoped, a little while before, might enrich and exalt him to new heights of blessedness and joy.

Nor did Mary Spencer find more of comfort than he had done, as she communed through the night with her own heart. The moment he had quitted her presence, obedient to the noblest impulses of his deepening manhood, all the vastness of her loss forced itself upon her consciousness. She saw, spite of her indifference to the cause, how greatly she had erred, crucifying her own better emotions while wronging his patriotic instinct, in laboring to dissuade him from his purpose. And could she have done it, so abased did she become in her own esteem, she would have entreated on her knees pardon for her offense. But this now she could not do. He would never seek her presence again; she knew his nature too well to hope for that. Obedient to the gentlest solicitation of true affection, he had yet ever been as flint when once wronged or betrayed. Besides, he would leave upon the morrow. Her only hope, therefore, was that in some way she might make him understand how grieved she was for her offense, that he might sometimes think of her in the future as at least repentant and longing to make amends for her fault. Perhaps, some day, he might return, and then, it might be, his heart, empty and desolate, would not spurn the love she would keep fresh and pure for him. Some day! Alas! there was another thought; he might, some day, fall in the battle's front and *never* return, and then for her life would never more have one singing-bird of content piping amidst its leaves, not one hope to brighten the "dumb, waste places of the dark." That thought was like a knife searching for the very life of the sad heart, and through all the night it stung and harassed her, until at last the morning came, purpling the east and mocking with its brightness her great grief.

But she must act now, if she would have George—how the very name thrilled her!—carry with him one thought of her. Hastily, and with nervous hand, she penciled on a card the words, "I was in fault—forgive me;" then slipping into the still silent parlor, thrust the meek appeal into the niche where his letters were always placed, and this done, stole away again in the dim dawn to her chamber.

The morning broadened over the world. Mother and son met at breakfast; but Mary, timid and weak with all her devouring anxiety, sent an excuse which he regarded as only a pretext unworthy of an honest heart. It was a silent meal; each felt it might be the last they should ever take together. At length, rising, all their little plans having been discussed, with a warm embrace, with tears on their faces, with unuttered prayer in their hearts, they went apart, the son going with hasty step, as if he would escape his own sad memories, to join his regiment, which that day marched afield, the mother hurrying into the privacy of her own chamber, there to think of her boy, and pray that no harm might come to him in the battle days whose hail and fire he might be called to face.

George, in going, left no message for the weeping one, whose eyes, looking from the casement through which the morning shone so grimly, followed him with inexpressible longing as he hurried down the street; he had not found her message, and he knew not—did he ever know?—she had prayed for his forgiveness.

Weeks slipped by, the summer deepening and fading, and George Marsland was in camp in Virginia, in General Banks's Division. Almost daily hopeful letters came to the New England home whence he had gone for Freedom's sake, and daily the mother's heart grew stronger in patriotic purpose, in ability to repress all selfish thoughts, and elevate only, as the one thing worth living for, her country's good. But daily also on Mary's face the shadow deepened, and the way in which she walked grew more difficult and weary. She knew he was safe and well; that, indeed, was a comfort; but no word for her ever came from the distant camp, and that was more than she could bear. Certainly, she thought, he must have found her farewell message. It had at least been removed from the niche where she placed it. His silence, therefore, could only mean that his heart was still closed against her. And so, with doubt and fear shadowing her penitence, the time crept grimly on.

At last, when the summer was quite gone and the leaves had begun to fall, there came one day this brief message: "We cross the Potomac tomorrow, and expect an engagement with the enemy. We are prepared, all of us, to do our duty; but we can not tell what may happen. May God keep you!"

Almost with the letter came the news along the wires of the engagement at Ball's Bluff. Mary Spencer knew that *he* was there. At first the intelligence was only partial; we seemed to have won a victory with but little loss. But gradually the truth was disclosed, and all the terrors of that defeat burst upon the public eye. Who of us can forget what a pang pierced our hearts when we heard of Baker's death? Who can forget how every soul was stirred as we learned how, under a mercilessly savage fire, the gallant Massachusetts soldiers stood firm as Bunker Hill, their heroic daring matching the noblest exhibitions of old Roman courage? Who can forget how from every lip a blessing was poured on the State whose sons had redeemed that day from utter and complete disgrace?

Many an act was that day performed, whose story only the Day of Revelations will rehearse. George Marsland was in the fore-front of the conflict. When Baker fell, and dismay for a moment seized our little band, he stood firmly in his lot, rallying around him the confused and struggling column, and meeting the foe foot to foot. When the summons came to surrender, he it was who answered the demand with defiance. When our smitten, wounded, dying heroes, forced to the river's brink, plunging into the tide, seeking a refuge in its depths as preferable to surrender, it was he who covered their retreat with a score of other lion-hearted ones who laughed with him at death.

The conflict had reached a pause; the crash and roar of musketry had for the moment ceased. George Marsland stood by the river's edge comforting a wounded comrade whose life was ebbing fast. Suddenly a body of rebel cavalry dashed from the wooded height, and discharging their carbines at random among the group by the river's brink, wheeled and swept away. But they left another gap in the Massachusetts band. George Marsland, struck in the breast by a wandering shot, fell dead in their very midst.

In the hush of a sombre twilight days thereafter one who was with him there broke the news to the mother in the home over whose threshold he should never come again alive. Hers was a heart of noble stuff, spite of weaknesses in the past, and though a deeper shadow fell upon her life she only said, "He fell in his country's cause, and that, sacred before, it will now be doubly so;" and with that simple word laid away her grief out of sight, and bravely shouldered the work which her loss seemed to intimate to her awakened consciousness was henceforth peculiarly her own.

A fortnight after she had abandoned her luxurious home, and in the hospitals at Washington was laboring with heroic fidelity in the service of the sick and wounded ones, who to her were now as sons. To-day, at Newbern, among the many self-sacrificing, kindly teachers of the Freedmen, there is one to whom all look with especial reverence and affection; one whose face, always wearing a patient smile, brightens all who catch its glow; and the face is that of George Marsland's mother, and the smile that with which, shining through her tears, she gave him her parting benediction.

Not so did Mary Spencer accept the tidings of his death and her loss. To her, sitting without the gate of Hope, the news came like a decree of banishment, shutting it forever against her, putting out the last promise which had prophesied of brighter days to come. Nor was the future only dark and forbidding. The past had at first no solace for the sick soul; her own infidelity to truth and duty darkened all the retrospect.

But one day, while this fearful mood was still upon her, a coffin was brought into the still house. At its side Mary Spencer sat down, with her grief gnawing fiercely at her heart. Alone, through the chill October night, she sat there with the dead. And the Father who pities the erring touched her heart in the silent night-watches, and with the morning she rose up with a better, purer thought; and thenceforward, having washed away in tears of penitence the stains and dross of her life, performed with serene rejoicing a true woman's work in the grand conflict of the time.

"Perhaps"—she said to her heart—"perhaps, looking down from his rest, *he* will behold me bearing on his work, striving to make it triumphant and complete, and so will come to meet me, when I too am called, at the outer gate of the City, 'eternal in the heavens.'"

Shall we tell of her work? Mayhap, in these later days, you have heard her voice pleading with assembled thousands for Liberty, for Justice, for Union; stirring the pulse of whole communities, touching the souls of senates, lifting all to new planes of patriotism and courage?

Blessed are the dead who die for Freedom's sake! for out of their sacrifice harvests of recompense are born in the present, and in the future thronging generations shall gather inspiration from their high example.

Blessed, too, are the living, who, in the same holy cause, have abandoned ease and all life's accustomed enjoyments to suffer in the field. Often, doubtless, they long—these brothers of ours—to sit in the old chair at the table's head, to hear the prattle of children climbing to their knees, to feel the mother's soft hand upon their foreheads. Standing on lonely outposts, pacing the weary sentry-rounds, do not glimpses of the peaceful Past flutter through their souls, and dear familiar faces beam upon them, now and then, through the silence of sweet dreams, with pleading love? But their hearts fail not, their purpose falters not; they have consecrated themselves to the nation's cause, and they go straight on wherever duty leads. Think of them, care for them;—care, too, for all bruised, bereaved ones in these free communities, remembering that there are thousands of homes which, in this grand strife with barbarism, this struggle for the very soul of our enlightened civilization, have been made desolate and childless as was that out of which George Marsland went to the field and to immortality.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—There can never be Peace as long as there is a General Wrangel.

"Teddy, my boy, just guess how many cheese there are in this ere bag, an' faith I'll give you the whole five."—"Five, to be sure."—"Arrah, by my soul! bad luck to the man that told ye!"

"My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I can not marry; for how could I prevail on any young lady, possessed of common sense, or the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a Somerset?"

IMPROPER EXPRESSION.—Let it never be said, that when a man jumps for joy, "his delight knows no *bounds*."

The other day, a gentleman, without assigning any reason for this barbarous act of self-martyrdom, entered a cutler's shop, and put his hands upon two sharp carving knives, upon which he had previously fixed his eyes!

Advertising for a wife, says a contemporary, is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella.

WOMAN.—So long as a woman inspires love she is not old. But what is it to be old? It does not depend upon the fact that we have existed during a certain mysterious number of years which have been allotted to each of us. To be old is to have no longer a beauty or charm. If a woman preserves the attractions of youth until she reaches the age of one hundred, she will be younger than the woman of twenty who wants them.

People often wonder at the most natural things in the world. "I say, Digby," said Quilp, to an acquaintance, "you look sober this morning." "And for a very obvious reason," said Digby; "I am sober!"

There sometimes seems to be nothing in the universe but the sound of old sobs and the tracks of old tears.

Why are crockeryware dealers unlike all other shopkeepers?—"Because it won't do to *crack* up their goods."

A good place for early birds—the city of Worms.

The worst town in England to enter with a new dress on—*Staines*.

A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, Sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left."

Two young ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question, "Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. O'Grady?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

A paragraph has been going the rounds concerning an old lady who has a mustache on her lip; to which a hateful contemporary adds that it is not uncommon for young ladies to have mustaches on their lips, but it is rarely that they grow there.

"I say, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure; your Honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones."

In a country church-yard we find this epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath this text: "Their warfare is accomplished."

"Please, Sir, I don't think Mr. Dosem takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "'Cause vy, he's getting well so precious fast."

What would be likely to give the best report of a fire?—A powder magazine.

A druggist, anxious for an increased sale of his court-plaster, put the following couplet upon each package:

"All wounds but Cupid's I can cure,
And that 'tis pleasure to endure."

A wag some years ago advertised a carriage to run without horses, with only one wheel, and invited the curious in mechanics to see it. Many of the members of the Society of Arts attended, and in the ardor of expectation they were shown—a wheel-barrow.

We don't like to see a lady with very minute feet. Ladies shouldn't stand upon trifles.

A gentleman being asked by his friend what it was o'clock, replied, "Little or nothing." "How so?" asked the inquirer. "Why," said the wit, "it is not quite one; and that which is less than one must be little or nothing."

"Samuel, can you tell me of what parentage was Napoleon the Great?" "Of *Cors-I-can*!"

An Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment *for life*, only fifteen survived it!

Many very decent people are in one respect like blind beggars, they are led by dogs.

When Brennan, the noted highwayman, was taken in the South of Ireland curiosity drew numbers to the jail to see, loaded with irons, the man who had long been a terror to the country; among others was a banker, whose notes at that time were not held in the highest estimation, who assured the prisoner that he was very glad to see him there at last. Brennan, looking up, replied, "Ah, Sir, I did not expect that from you—indeed I did not; for you well know that when all the country refused your notes I took them."

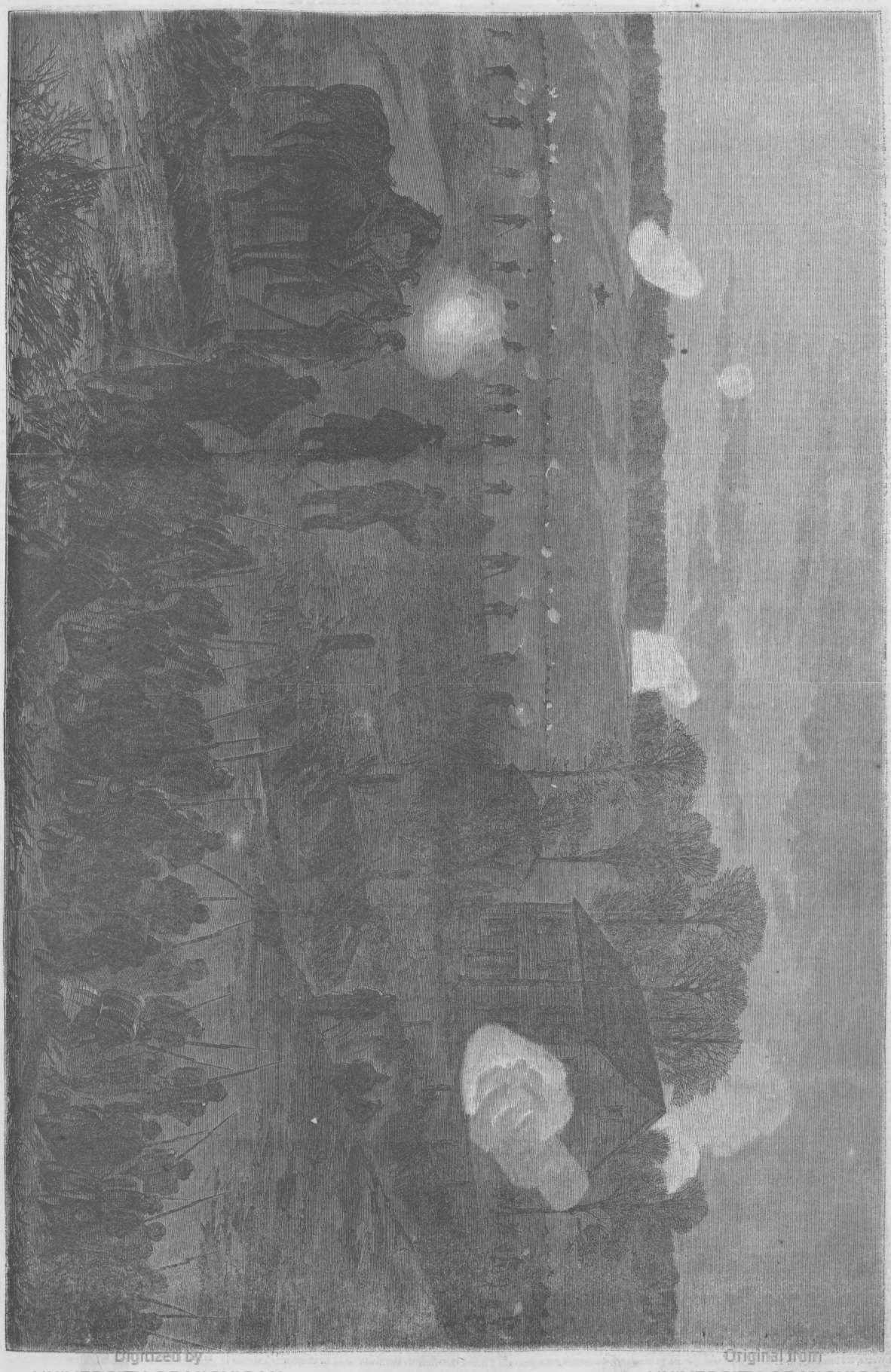
"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a dozen parties, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

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"ANY THING FOR ME, IF YOU PLEASE?"—POST-OFFICE OF THE BROOKLYN FAIR IN AID OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—[SEE PAGE 156.]

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RECONNOISSANCE AT MORTON'S FORD—NIGHT SCENE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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AT MORTON'S FORD.

THE illustration on page 157 represents the late RECONNOISSANCE AT MORTON'S FORD. The enemy's fortified position is on the hill, from which he is firing; on a lower hill is his line of skirmishers, in front of which our line is being formed. In the fore-ground are our troops, and beyond them Generals Warren and Humphreys, and other officers

THE BROOKLYN SANITARY FAIR.

THE anniversary of Washington's Birthday was fitly celebrated in Brooklyn—the third city in the United States—by the opening of the Fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission. On pages 152 and 153 we illustrate some of the leading features of this Fair; and on page 156 will be found a sketch of the "Post-Office," where any body can find as many letters as he desires—postage *not paid*. The buildings occupied by the Fair comprise the Academy of Music and Knickerbocker Hall, on one side of Montague Street, and two large buildings on the opposite side. One of these is connected with the Academy by a temporary bridge thrown across the street. Knickerbocker Hall and one of the other buildings were erected expressly for the Fair, all the materials and labor having been given, without charge, forming one of the leading items in the list of contributions. The bazaar of the Fair occupies the auditorium of the Academy; but as most of the stalls are beneath the first tier of seats, they are not seen in our general view of the interior, which is taken from the dress circle. The artist has saved us the labor of describing in detail the general arrangements and some of the most striking special features of the Fair. To give any thing like a catalogue of the articles contributed would require a volume. By way of hint it may be said that there are more than 10,000 sofa-cushions, and a lady of a mathematical turn of mind assures us that there is a pin-cushion for every pin in the city. The Art Gallery contains 175 framed paintings, most of them of great merit, besides many gems from the albums of our patriotic artists. In the Department of Manufactures and Mechanic Arts we find almost every thing from a buggy to a bag of coffee—from a saddle to a sewing-machine. Not the least interesting contribution here is a huge bale, marked "336 lbs. Sea-Island Cotton," the product of free labor, sent from Hilton Head. In the New England Kitchen the descendants of the Pilgrims may regale themselves upon the national delicacies of crackers, doughnuts, molasses, pies, pickles, apple-sauce, pork and beans, cider, and the like. If any man wishes to know just how his grandmother appeared when she made captive the youthful heart of his respected grandfather, he has only to look at the fair attendants, who are arrayed in the garb of the last century. It is an odd sight; but our belles in their hoops, etc., will look quite as oddly to their grandchildren. In the detached building at the corner of Montague and Clinton Streets is a museum of rare and valuable contributions, paintings, engravings, and works of art and *vertu*. One room contains a beautiful arrangement of flags and war materials from the Navy-yard, and another a collection of flags captured from the rebels.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

A New Story of American Life!

Eliza Woodson;

OR, THE EARLY DAYS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

Of this new and fascinating book, the *New Covenant* says: "Since reading 'Jane Eyre' we have read nothing in the way of Autobiography half so interesting, nothing in the way of fiction half so thrilling."

It is a book to interest all ages and classes, and especially valuable to youth. Price $1 25. By mail, post-paid.
Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., Publishers,
274 Canal Street, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW
IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen; liberal discount by gross to dealers.
L. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

DR. B. C. PERRY,
DERMATOLOGIST,
49 Bond Street, New York,

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. Also, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.
For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

THE "JERKS," OR CONVULSIONS, when under religious exercises—Wonderful Phenomena in France—Explained—A change of Heart—THE FUTURE AMERICAN—White, Red, or Brown—which? What we want—Fruit growing—AUNT NABBY, or the Surprise Party—SUPERSTITIONS in Great Britain and Ireland. Death Tokens, Signs of Misfortune, Witch Guards—Irish Fairies—Rain at a Funeral—Trying Fortunes, etc., in MARCH No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Only 15 cts., or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No. 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true consideration) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer.—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.
Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Malden Lane, New York.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.
Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Single Cases* sent by mail, free to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality* and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade. All Orders* promptly filled.
OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

We are now offering our Celebrated Gold Pens and Extension Silver Plated Holders at the following low prices for Cash:

No. 1 Magic Gold Pens and Holders, per dozen, $5 50.
No. 2 " " " " 7 00.
No. 1 Albertine fine Gold Pens and Holders, per doz. 8 00.
No. 3 " " " " 9 00.
No. 1 Always Ready " " 11 50.
No. 2 " " " " 13 00.

These Pens and Holders are all warranted, and will retail from $2 to $5 each.

A deduction of 10 per cent. will be made on all sums of $50 and upwards. Our Pens and Holders have nice fancy Cases, containing one dozen each, and are not soldin less quantities. Sent by mail or express pre-paid.
Address SALISBURY BROS. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

BAKER'S RHEUMATIC BALM.
BAKER'S FEVER COOLER,
BAKER'S COUGH MIXTURE.
BAKER'S CROUP ALLEVIATOR,

are four remedies which no family should ever be without. Price $1 per bottle each.

Also,
BAKER'S KIDNEY AND GRAVEL REMEDIES, which are invaluable. Price $5.
PRINCIPAL DEPOT:
No. 154 Tenth Street, near Fourth Avenue.
Remedies sent to any address upon receipt of price.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Bilious Affections

And the various complaints incident to this season, can not find a surer or safer remedy than BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

VOICE FROM EGYPT.

Peace be unto you, and length of days. The medicine (Brandreth's Pills) was a fierce foe to Azrael, both in pestilence and caravan sickness; the little orbs were rich with the wine of health; let the maker wear this golden circle, that he may know I was wounded with the arrows of disease, but am now healed. May he grow in the sunshine, and, dispensing blessings, be most blessed.
ACHMET HALLILLA.

The above, accompanied by a ring, was delivered to me by a distinguished Member of Congress on his return from Jerusalem. B. BRANDRETH.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicine.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass.."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE NILE EXPLORERS, CAPTAINS SPEKE and GRANT, with likenesses, including their Africans—An African Beauty, How he got two wives—THE SCIENCE OF FORCE, Magnetism, Water, Iron, Combustion, Origin of Vegetation—What Mind is made of—The Breath of Life—WONDERS OF CREATION—The Microscope—Monads, Birds, Physiological and Stellar Wonders, in MARCH No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 15 cts. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

To Invalid Soldiers,

Or others out of employment.—Good wages can be made by all who engage in the sale of the splendid new book, entitled
LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF GENERAL GRANT.
By Julian R. Larke. Nearly 500 pages with Engravings. Price $1 50. For further particulars, apply to DERBY & MILLER, Publishers, No. 8 Ann Street, New York.

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JUST WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS.
OUR NEW POCKET ALBUM.
(FOR SOLDIER AND CIVILIAN.)

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Sent by Mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five cents.

It can be filled with Pictures (16) and sent by mail to soldiers in the army, or friends anywhere in Uncle Sam's domains, at the very trifling sum of thirty Cents postage. All orders promptly filled by
SAMUEL BOWLES & COMPANY,
Photograph Album Manufacturers,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Military and Naval

COLLECTION and BANKING OFFICE.—SOMES, BROWN & CO., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.



Opera and Field-Glasses

Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. B. H. HORN, Optician, 212 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., up stairs.
Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular.

NATIONAL BATTLE PINS.



McClellan, Grant Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Sigel, and Foster. All are the same Pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and dates. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin, plated with fine gold. By enclosing One Dollar a sample will be sent by mail.
AGENTS WANTED IN AND OUT THE ARMY. The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts. Also,

Cavalry and Artillery Pins.



The above cuts represent perfectly the Cavalry and Artillery Pins we have been getting up in Silver Metal, to answer the urgent inquiries from day to day from that important branch of the service so long neglected in appropriate badges. The Cavalry and Artillery Pins are Enameled for the Divisions in

Red, White and Blue,



The outer rim highly polished as Silver can be for the Name, Co., and Regiment. These Pins are Silver, and cost One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents, with the Name, Co., and Regiment engraved upon them, or One Dollar without engraving. If any engraving is desired beyond the Name, "Co." and Regiment, Three Cents per Letter or Figure will be charged.

AGENTS will be furnished at $6 per dozen without engraving, and $9 per dozen with the amount above mentioned. The Emblems are raised, and the Pin about the thickness of a two shilling piece.

UNITED STATES NAVY
Monitor Pins.



The cut is a correct copy of the Monitor Pins got up in Silver Metal. The name of the Monitor and purchaser of Pin will be engraved upon the same, and furnished for $1 50 each. The Pins are very beautiful, and got up expressly by desire of many officers of the Navy. Same Pins got up in Solid Gold.

Agents wanted, and supplied at $7 per dozen, without engraving, and $10 per dozen, engraved as above.
Every Monitor in the Navy represented.
LOUIS PHILIP & CO., 609 Broadway, N. Y.

Accordeons from $3 00 to $25. Flutes FROM 75 CENTS TO $100. FIFES FROM 50 CENTS TO $25 00. BANJOS FROM $2 00 TO $20 00. DRUMS FROM $5 00 TO $12 00. PRIZE DRUMS $15 TO $20. On receipt of the money will forward any instrument by Express. WM. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, N.Y.

CHURCH VIEWS.—Card Photographs of 150 Principal Churches of New York and Brooklyn; also 75 Splendid Views of Central Park. Price 25c. each, 5 for $1, or $2 per doz. Views. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Send stamps for catalogues. W. O. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

ARMY BADGES,

Watches, Gold Pens and Cases. Jewelry of all kinds at reduced rates. Send for a Circular.
R. KEITH, 208 Broadway, N. Y.



Engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Complete sets $1 50, free by mail. Trade supplied.
JOHN F. PHELPS & CO., 493 Broadway, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

To Compositors.—Wanted, three strictly first-class Compositors, *used to Book-work.* Apply to Mr. MARSH, Foreman of HARPER & BROTHERS' Composing Room, N. Y.

The Beard &c.

IN those cases of scanty, retarded growth, where the person is over 18, by its remarkable nourishing and stimulating power, the Tennessee Swamp Shrub Balsam has been found infallible, in exciting the Beard, Moustache, &c., to an exceedingly fine and vigorous growth. The history of this Balsam, with a small sample box, will be sent sealed, on receipt of return postage.
JOHN RAWLINS, 815 Broadway, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in case, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
74 Chambers St., N. Y., or 167 William Street, N. Y.

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J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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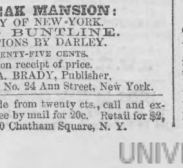
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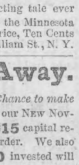


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GENTLEMEN: I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized with zinc will not oxidize and rust one particle. I can safely say, after several years experience in the manufacture of chain, for chain-pump and water-drawers, in which I have tested the affinity of iron and zinc, that, if the process is conducted properly, it is a perfect weld of the two.

Nearly one year ago my family commenced using one of your Wringers. It now performs all of its functions as well as it did the first time it was used, and has become an indispensable article with us. I have closely observed several other kinds of clothes-wringers, the modus operandi being different, trying to produce the same results as the Putnam Wringer, but in my judgment they have failed. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use.

Respectfully yours, JOHN W. WHEELER.

Many years' experience in the galvanizing business enables me to indorse the above statement in all particulars.

JOHN C. LEFFERTS, No. 100 Beekman Street.

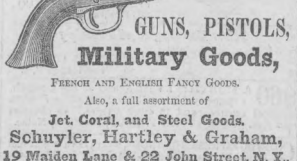
New York, January, 1864.

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HOYT'S IMPERIAL COLORING CREAM.

An appropriate accompaniment to the Hiawatha; oils and colors the hair at the same time, and changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black. Sold everywhere. JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 10 University Place, N. Y.

N. B.—See Business Notice in the Evening Post.

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AGENTS, male or female, SOLDIERS, and all having some time to spare, are particularly requested, as a FAVOR, to send us their address, and we will send in return, FREE, information for which they will be THANKFUL. We offer EXTRA INDUCEMENTS. From $6 to $15 per day ABOVE EXPENSES. We want addresses from EVERY COUNTY in the U. S., and from EVERY REGIMENT in the Army. Address in full, RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Box 2131, N. Y.

[A CARD.]

TO PHYSICIANS AND INVALIDS.

The Rev. CHARLES E. KING, formerly Secretary to the London Evangelical Alliance, and recently connected, as resident Minister and Physician, with the Venezuelean Mission, will send ☞ **Free of Cost** ☜ the **Prescription** with which he successfully treated, while in charge of the large Mission Hospital, *upward of one hundred cases of* **CONSUMPTION** *in the first, second and third stages.*

The remedy is equally adapted to the treatment of **Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis,** and all affections of the **Lungs, Throat,** and **Air-Passages;** while it specially invigorates the enfeebled NERVOUS SYSTEM, and energizes the deranged functions of the **Stomach, Liver,** and **Bowels.**

Address, with stamp,

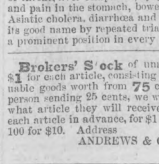
Rev. CHARLES E KING,
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New York.

P. S.—I wish publicly to acknowledge the generosity of those publishers who, from a sense of humanity, have given this advertisement *gratuitous insertion*. Religious papers are earnestly requested to copy.

From the Lebanon Star.

Dr. Scott, the proprietor and editor of the *Lebanon Star*, is a prominent physician, and State legislator.

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"NO EXCUSE FOR GRAY, RED, OR FLAXEN HAIR."

ALDRICH'S IMPERIAL POMADE changes gray, red, or flaxen hair to a beautiful black or brown by a few applications, without dyeing, besides being the most perfect hair-dressing ever discovered.

Try it and be convinced.

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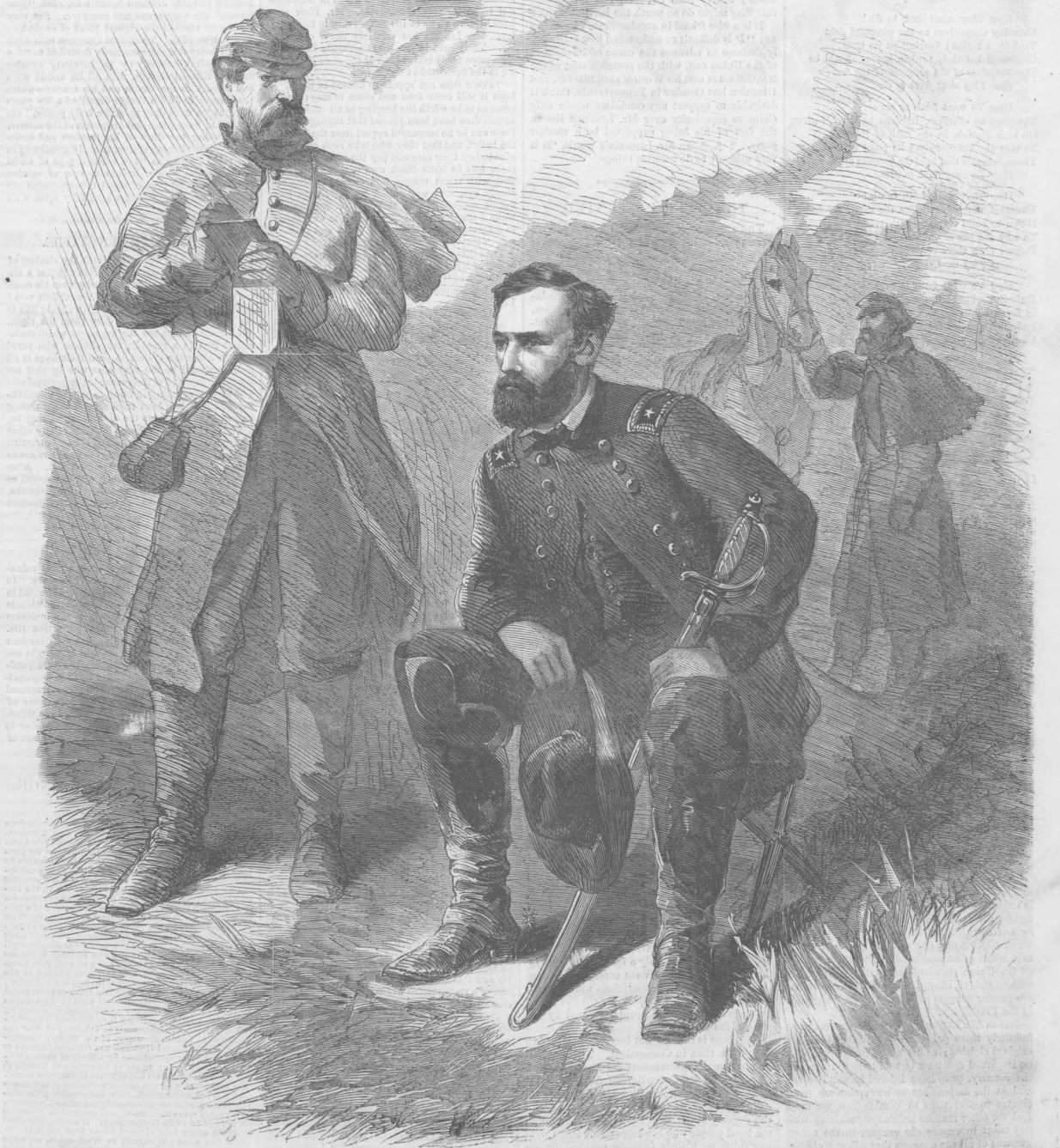
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 376.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.—[SEE PAGE 178.]

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TO THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

How They went forth to die!
Pale, earnest thousands from the dizzy mills,
And sunburnt thousands from the harvest hills;
Quick, eager thousands from the city's streets,
And storm-tried thousands from the fisher fleets;
How They went forth to die!

How Ye went forth to save!
O Merciful! with swift and tireless heed
Along the myriad ways of pain and need,
With laden hand and ever-watchful eye
Fixed on the thousands going forth to die;
How Ye went forth to save!

How They went forth to die!
Heeding yet shrinking not from the hot breath
Of the fire-angel in the front of death;
Seeing afar yet meeting without fear
The fever-angel lurking in the rear;
How They went forth to die!

How Ye went forth to save!
To close the purple wells torn open by
The fiery angel ere he drank them dry;
To fan to bloom the pallid forms anew
Struck with the fever-angel's deathly hue;
How Ye went forth to save!

How They went forth to die!
Counting themselves as the unvalued dust
Trod by a nation; bearing on its trust,
Content if but their sunken graves should be
The footprints of the progress of the free;
How They went forth to die!

How Ye went forth to save
The precious offerings, like the patriarch's given
On high Moriah, in the faith of Heaven,
To stay the knife ere yet its point be hurled
Through hearts that hold the promise of the world;
How Ye went forth to save!

How They went forth to die!
Unnamed, unnumbered like the desert sand,
Blown to build up a bulwark round some land,
To stay the sea of wrong that vainly raves
Forever on a shore of patriot graves;
How They went forth to die!

How Ye went forth to save!
Embodied wills of thousands far and near
In love's wild agony of hope and fear;
Embodied answers from the throne above,
Enwinged by gifts, of prayers enwinged by love;
How Ye went forth to save!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

THE QUESTION.

THE friends of Mr. CHASE can not but regret the appearance of the POMEROY circular. It is understood, indeed, that the Secretary himself denies any previous knowledge of it. That could hardly be otherwise, for it would clearly be inconsonant with the self-respect of any honorable man to continue to form part of an Administration which he condemned as injurious to "the cause of human liberty and the dignity and honor of the nation," or to be the confidential adviser of a President whom he had denounced as so corrupt as to make the "one-term principle absolutely essential to the certain safety of our republican institutions."

But while we fully exonerate the Secretary from any actual complicity in the preparation or publication of such a document, there can be no doubt that the movement to present his name for the Presidency has been fully known to him and not disapproved. Long used as we have been to respect Mr. CHASE, we regret this fact profoundly; not, certainly, because any citizen may not honorably wish such a distinction, nor because we believe him to be inadequate to the office, but because his action inevitably divides and distracts the loyal men of the country, and because we can not see in what way his removal from the Treasury to the White House will counterbalance the immense disadvantage of such a change at the present juncture.

If it were true, as the POMEROY programme sets forth, that the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN is impossible; or that his re-election would endanger the country and human liberty; or that he has corruptly used his power of patronage, we should, on any one of those grounds, advocate some other candidate; because the defeat of the Union standard-bearer, the peril of the nation and of liberty, and official corruption, are greater dangers to the country than a change in the Presidency.

But as Mr. LINCOLN's re-election seems to us infinitely more possible and probable than his original election; as his administration can by no impartial spectator be said to have imperiled the country, or to have injured human liberty; and as the imputation of corruption no more cleaves to him than to Washington, we must look for other reasons before sympathizing with any effort to expose the country to the consequences of all the changes that follow a change of the President. It is not that Mr. LINCOLN has any other "claim" than his record that we so earnestly wish his re-election. Ability and honesty are the only claims to the Presidency which we recognize. We find both in him, while we certainly do not deny them to others. But this is not a question of "claims." If it were, on what grounds could General FRÉMONT and other good men be overlooked? It is a question of national policy and good sense. How can the country be carried through the necessary excitement of a Presidential election in the midst of civil war with the least danger and distraction?—that is the question. Is it likely to be done by a general wrangle among Union men as to whether Mr. CHASE, or General FRÉMONT, or General BUTLER, or General GRANT, or somebody else, are more likely to carry out the present policy of the war, and secure peace by liberty; or by the general assent of the friends of all these gentlemen that the man who is no less a lover of liberty than they, who has officially initiated and pursued that policy, and who has borne himself with marvelous sagacity in his difficult post, is the man to pursue that policy to the end? We know not what either of the gentlemen named would do; but we do know what Mr. LINCOLN has done. Is it perfectly clear that any one of them—and no man can respect and admire them more than we—would have achieved nobler results for the country and human liberty than he? And is the chance that they might do so worth the inevitable risk?

It is a wise friend in another State who writes us: "It is difficult to understand how men really desirous to advance the cause of liberty and of the Union can, with the remembrance of the 200,000 votes cast for WOODWARD, Slavery, and Disunion last October in Pennsylvania, think it desirable to support any candidate whose only claim to superiority over Mr. LINCOLN lies in the fact of his being supported by a smaller party. * * * In Mr. LINCOLN's words, 'It is very difficult to do sensible things.'"

THE ISSUE PRESENTED.

THE spectator of the political drama will observe that the remnant of the late Democratic party has opened its campaign both in New York and Connecticut; and if he would understand what the spirit of the movement is he must look not only at what the formal resolutions say, but at the known views of the leaders. He will then find that in Connecticut the platform is essentially that of last year, upon which stood Mr. THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, a practical disunionist, who was supported by FERNANDO WOOD, CHAUNCEY BURR, and their friends, and was signally defeated by the loyal men of the State after one of the most thorough and exciting campaigns ever known. This year Mr. ORIGEN SEYMOUR is the candidate—a gentleman whose views justify his name. For the name of SEYMOUR stands in this country in the same relation to the great democratic doctrine of equal rights and the Union as its guarantee that the name of BOURBON holds in Europe to the rights of the people. There is no more essential difference between the Connecticut SEYMOUR of this year and the SEYMOUR of last year than between the platforms upon which they stand. The rebels will as earnestly desire the success of the one as they did of the other. The President of the Convention was Mr. W. W. EATON, who is a political brother of VALLANDIGHAM. With full rebel sympathy, his speech was a furious denunciation of the Government of the United States, and of the war for its preservation, and an effort to sow distrust between the East and the West. Mr. EATON is a notorious apostle of the "peace," which means submission to the rebellion: and the issue in Connecticut is as simple as that between loyal men and rebels. There can be no doubt that every vote for Mr. EATON's candidate will be justly counted as a vote in favor of settling the war upon such terms as JEFFERSON DAVIS may dictate.

In New York the Convention of the same party has elected its delegates to the National Convention. Its leaders were Mr. GIDEON J. TUCKER and Mr. JOHN M'KEON, who carried the Convention against the "War Democrats." Mr. TUCKER is an open enemy of the war and friend of the rebels. Mr. M'KEON is the leader of the "Peace Democracy." All the speeches that denounced the Government were loudly applauded, while those that appealed to the national honor and love of the Union were heard in silence. The delegates selected, with the exception of Mr. DEAN RICHMOND, who is understood to be in favor of saving the Union and the Government, and possibly a few others, were of the extremest wing of VALLANDIGHAM sympathizers. No patriotic resolutions were passed, nor was any word in disapproval of the war waged by traitors against the country uttered by the voice of the Convention.

The issue is thus far not less clearly joined in New York than in Connecticut. The question is between the ignominious defeat of the Government and its unconditional triumph. According to the speeches and views which were approved by these Conventions, the danger to the country is not from the rebellion, but from the loyal people who are suppressing it. Could any thing so plainly indicate political fatuity and desperation as making such an issue at such a time?

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

IN a late speech in Congress Mr. Henry Winter Davis referred to "the exposition of the views of President Lincoln as given by Postmaster-General Blair," whose comments upon public affairs were attacks upon the emancipation policy, and not having been disavowed by the President were to be gravely considered.

Now we know that Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of Mr. Blair's first and important speech in New Hampshire until long after it was delivered, but did know of Mr. Whiting's letter to the Poughkeepsie meeting, which was by no means an attack upon the emancipation policy, but entirely satisfactory to its warmest friends. Mr. Blair no more speaks for the President than any other member of the Cabinet speaks for him.

As to the principle of holding the President responsible for what any Secretary may say, unless he formally denies it, does Mr. Davis seriously assert it or mean to be tried by it? Mr. Seward at the beginning of the war thought that the rebellion might be ended in a very short time. Did Mr. Lincoln, therefore, think so? Mr. Chase at the same time was not opposed to letting the seceding States go, thinking, probably, that they could not be held. Was Mr. Lincoln, therefore, of that opinion? Undoubtedly the theoretical views of the Cabinet are as different as its members; and we need not ask any of them, nor search in their speeches to find, what the President thinks. He speaks plainly to the people, to whom he feels himself to be directly accountable. Mr. Blair may have his own views of the colored race in this country. Mr. Lincoln has certainly never concealed his. Their part in the great struggle has never been more finely stated than at the close of his letter to the Springfield Convention.

"Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it."

Does that sound to Mr. Davis as if it were cut out of one of Mr. Blair's speeches? And is it not quite as worthy of "grave and respectful consideration" as the assumption that Mr. Blair speaks for Mr. Lincoln?

THE PEOPLE AND "POWER."

AT the Albany Convention Judge Parker, the President, said that "the world will look with intense interest on the great struggle between power and the people." The orator meant that the spectacle of Copperheads trying to conciliate traitors would be interesting to mankind: for by "power" he means the Government of the United States, and by "people" his own faction. But inasmuch as in this country it is the very essence of the Democratic doctrine that the people are the Government, and as Judge Parker proposes a peaceable and constitutional expression of their will, and as they have continually confirmed in that manner their own action in the Government, how is it that the spectacle of the people who are the only "power" in the country, contending with the people, is to be presented? Judge Parker wisely refrains from explanations.

In quite another sense than he intended, however, the world is at this very moment witnessing with intense interest the struggle between power and the people: between the power of an oligarchy, heading an insurrection, and the people who are engaged in subduing the rebels and maintaining their own national existence. Judge Parker exhorts his hearers to "enjoy the proud satisfaction of having done our whole duty." The faithful people, with the exception of the rebels and their allies, respond heartily "Amen." They have done and are doing that duty. Is the worthy Judge aware that during the last year the people in every State, with some exceptions in New Jersey, stood steadfastly by the great cause of American Liberty? They have blazoned on their banner Liberty and Union, and not, with certain political doctors of the old school at Albany—"Vallandigham and Slavery."

FAIR PLAY.

OUR excellent neighbor the *Tribune* asks whether it is not possible by mutual consent to adjourn the Presidential canvass? It is just about as practicable as to adjourn the coming of the spring and to postpone crocuses until May. The spring is opening. The canvass has begun. The signs of it appear in the *Tribune* every day.

Upon the same page of that paper, which asks the question of postponement, we find, under the head of Special Dispatch from Washington, an allusion to the proposition of inquiry into Secretary Chase's regulation of trade in the Mississippi Valley as a "tender of services to butcher the reputation of a statesman to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude."

Just below we find: "It is stated here in military circles that this Florida operation was devised and ordered by the President."

Very well. It is stated by common sense that such paragraphs do not mean a postponement of the Presidential canvass; but that one of them, if the *Tribune* will pardon such language, is a "dig" at the President, and the other a "boost" for the Secretary of the Treasury.

The campaign for the nomination has begun. The *Tribune* takes naturally an active part in it. It is opposed to the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, and is doing what it can to create public opinion against it. It says that Union men will make a grave mistake if they do not apply the one-term principle to Mr. Lincoln. Nobody can quarrel with it for saying so, however opinions may differ. But let us have fair play. The *Tribune* is not an ostrich. It surely does not seriously suppose that it is taking no side any more than it can seriously believe that the President ordered an army to advance into the enemy's country without skirmishers whatever may be "stated" in military circles. But it does seriously injure itself, both in the estimation of its friends with whom it differs and those with whom it agrees, when it insinuates, and hints, and shrugs, and sneers, instead of frankly owning and maintaining its opposition to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln.

TYPE IN PI.

THE slaveholders and their friends have always tried to avoid using the word Slavery. It is too direct and expressive. It is the synonym of injustice and crime, and every body knows it as such. Therefore we have been regaled with all kinds of euphuisms. The first is in the Constitution—"persons held to labor." Then we have had "the peculiar institution;" and "involuntary servitude;" and "the industrial system of the South"—and a score more. The thing meant was always inhumanity and crime, but it was extremely disagreeable to call a slave-market "human shambles," or the selling of a woman by a "high-toned gentleman" to pay his debts "dealing in human flesh;" because, as Senator Reverdy Johnson informs us, such "gentlemen" are very proud and sensitive. But they have now reached the highest point of euphuism. The address of the Confederate Congress calls what John Wesley had more concisely described as "the sum of all villainies" by an infinitely sweeter name. Human slavery, with all its untold woes and wrongs to the victim and his master—which the Honorable James Brooks described a few years since as "a dead drag upon the body politic," endangering "the peace and happiness of the master, and robbing the slave of his freedom and birthright"—this pleasing system is airily mentioned in the rebel address as "the selected type of social characteristics." Mr. Brooks is now of opinion that the selected type of social characteristics has been thrown into pi—and we heartily agree with him.

THE SOLDIERS' VOTE.

ON the second Tuesday in March the electors of the State of New York are to decide whether a citizen is to be disfranchised because he loves his country enough to fight for it. Shall the soldiers vote? is the question to be answered. We should like to see the party which would deny them the right. We should like to see the argument which maintained that in a republic the citizens who cared enough about the system to peril their lives in its defense should be the very ones who by that act should be deprived of their share in the government. The process of voting in camp may have inconveniences, but it has been tried several times during the war, and whatever the disadvantages may be, the injustice and consequent impolicy of any other course are evident enough. The obvious objection to the election is that it assumes the soldiers not to have the right. But that is unavoidable. After the second Tuesday of March it will be secured to them, or New York will make a very fatal mistake, and do gross injustice to many of her most faithful children.

LITERARY.

THE "Life of Lyman Beecher" is a most valuable contribution to our biographical literature. In his old age the "Father of the Beechers," seated in the quiet family-room of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was wont to narrate the incidents and reminiscences of his long and active life. These were taken down by his children; questions were asked and remarks made which brought out more reminiscences; then illustrative correspondence and documents were added in their appropriate places; and so upon this autobiographical thread has been strung a complete memoir of Beecher, with characteristic pictures of his times. The work though edited by Charles Beecher is really the joint production of several members of the family.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February* 24. A petition was presented from citizens of Idaho asking for a division of that Territory, on the ground that one portion was inaccessible to the other.—A petition was presented from contractors for gunboats for an increase of compensation.—The Committee on the District asked to be discharged from further consideration of the question of the expediency of a law securing colored persons equal privileges with whites in the District railroad cars: agreed to.—Mr. Sherman introduced a bill amending the act for aiding the construction of a railroad and telegraph from the Missouri to the Pacific. This amendment permits the issue of 1,000,000 shares at $100 each; authorizes the Company to appropriate public lands containing coal and iron at the same rate as paid for agricultural lands: increases the limits of lands which the Company may locate to twenty miles on each side, in regions unfitted for agricultural purposes: extends to one year the time for the completion of the first hundred miles; and allows iron for the first hundred miles to be imported free of duty.—Mr. Harris introduced a bill giving to cadets at West Point the same pay as midshipmen, exempting them from draft, and ordering their dismissal if found deficient in any examination.—The Secretary of War was requested to furnish the report of the Military Commission of which General M'Dowell was President, relative to cotton and other speculations by officers of the army.—Bills authorizing the people of Colorado and Nevada to form State Governments and enter the Union, were passed. The bills provide for the exclusion of slavery, and secure perfect religious toleration.—The amendments of the Military Committee to the House resolution on the Lieutenant-Generalship came up. Mr. Grimes opposed the resolution on the ground of its inexpediency. If carried into effect it would either take General Grant from the field and make him a man of counsel at Washington, or, while making him nominally commander-in-chief, would leave him liable to be assigned to a mere local command; it would confer no distinction except an increase of rank and

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pay: he would still be under the control of the President and of General Halleck. General Grant was a man of action, but there was no assurance that as General-in-Chief he would be better than the one we have; and, indeed, are we sure that had military counsel has not come from another source than General Halleck? He was no admirer of General Halleck, but wished that justice should be done to him. If there was no other objection to the resolution, a vital one would be that it would have the ultimate effect of making a whole batch of Lieutenant-Generals, for every Major-General would be ambitious of attaining the highest honors possible. Mr. Sherman supported the resolution as amended. It would not place General Grant at the head o. the army. It was altogether complimentary. Grant had captured 80,000 or 90,000 prisoners, taken many guns, and won more battles than any other General on record. He would be willing to extend similar honor to any other General who should do equally well. General Halleck's position was that of Adjutant-General to the President, who is Commander-in-Chief; in his peculiar line he was, doubtless, a superior officer; yet it should be inquired why, with an army superior to that of the enemy lying within fifty miles of Washington, Richmond was not taken by Halleck or Meade. The Army of the Potomac is just where it was two years ago. It has not won the honors of the war, Grant and his army had, and these should be extended to him and them. Mr. Johnson would not vote for the resolution if it retained the clause designating the person to be appointed. He proceeded to defend General Halleck; if there had been disaster, history would attribute it to others than him. No one could have more wisely conducted the siege of Corinth. While in his present position he has not always been consulted, and when consulted his opinions had not always been taken. The Army of the Potomac had always been successful when not opposed to superior numbers. If Halleck's advice had been taken after Antietam, the rebel army would have been captured by McClellan; the refusal to adopt his advice was unjustifiable. Gettysburg, Mr. Johnson thought, was one of the finest battles on record. At a critical juncture afterward, when it was important that the enemy should be pursued, General Meade took the opinion of his corps commanders, who advised against the movement. He thought that Meade should have taken the responsibility: still, if the movement had failed, Government would have been at the mercy of the enemy. Mr. Conness said that the Army of the Potomac, the greatest in the war, had failed under different commanders; should we not seek for a man with sufficient military capacity to direct it? He hoped that the Senate would not confer a mere empty honor upon General Grant, without giving him the actual power. Mr. Hale said he would vote for the resolution as it came from the House, because if an act was to be done it should be done gracefully. It would almost seem that those who opposed the resolution were secret enemies of the President, and intended to put up General Grant as a candidate against him. He wanted Grant to go where his merits entitled him to go. It is true that there is no precedent for the resolution; but we live in times when we must make precedents. He would rejoice to see, after the establishment of this precedent, general after general coming with the record of his victories and seeking this honor. Mr. Wilson hoped that the Senate would not dictate to the Chief Magistrate who should be appointed Lieutenant-General. He took no part now in any movements looking to the making of the next President; there would be time for that months hence. He hoped that the resolution, as amended by the Military Committee, authorizing the grade, without designating the person, would pass. The judgment of the country pointed to General Grant as the person, and he knew that the President was in favor of his appointment. If any man, more than another, had stood up for Grant, it was the President; he had sustained him when the Press and general officers were very where denouncing him. Mr. Howe was in favor of putting the resources of the country into the hands of General Grant; he had been successful in a few things, and many things should be bestowed upon him. There was no dictation in asking the President to do what all agreed should be done. Mr. Fessenden would not detract from the honors so justly due to General Grant, but thought it improper for the Senate to indicate the person upon whom the grade should be conferred; a body must act hereafter as it as judges upon the confirmation. It was no mere empty honor that the resolution, as amended, sought to confer upon Grant; a few years ago he was striving to rise above the rank of Lieutenant; now we propose to make him Lieutenant-General, with a salary of $13,000. Mr. Wilkinson thought that the general tendency of the speeches indicated the appointment of Halleck instead of Grant, and, as he thought Grant the better General, he should vote against the amendment striking out a recommendation of his appointment. After a debate, of which an outline is given above, the amendment striking out the recommendation for the appointment of General Grant was passed, by 27 to 12. Mr. Conness then offered an amendment providing that the Lieutenant-General shall be Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States under the direction and during the pleasure of the President; this was rejected by 28 to 10. The joint resolution, as amended, was then passed by 31 to 6; the nays being Messrs. Buckalew, Davis, Harding, Powell, Saulsbury, and Wright, all belonging to the extreme Opposition.——*February* 25. Sundry petitions for the abolition of slavery, and a resolution from the Legislature of Rhode Island asking that colored soldiers be placed on an equality with whites, were presented and referred. Mr. M'Dougall introduced a bill amending the act incorporating the Pacific Railway, so as to ratify the transference of the corporate rights of the Company to certain other Companies.—Mr. Howard introduced a bill to repeal all acts granting allowances and bounties to vessels engaged in cod and other bank fisheries.—Mr. Lane, of Kansas, presented joint resolutions from the Legislature of Kansas, asking for the removal of Hon. Samuel Pomeroy from that State.—The vote adopting the report of the Conference Committee on the Whisky bill was reconsidered, the House having refused to accede to the report, and asked for a new Committee of Conference: the request for a committee was agreed to.—Several bills for naval appointments were brought up and amendments to them adopted: the principal of these provide that the limit of the age of students in the Naval Academy shall be changed from 17 years to 15; that a provision shall be stricken out directing that volunteer naval officers now in service shall be discharged within sixty days after the return of the vessel; and one inserted granting to naval courts-martial the right to reduce to seaman's rates such officers as absent themselves from their commands.—Mr. Sumner moved to reconsider the vote by which the Committee on the District were discharged from considering the question of the rights of colored persons on the cars; but after explanations he withdrew the motion.—Mr. Sumner offered an amendment to the bill equalizing the pay of soldiers, to the effect that all persons (colored persons being necessarily included) whose papers show that they were enlisted under the act of 1861, shall receive the pay and bounties promised by that statute: adopted by 20 to 16. A further amendment was offered by Mr. Wilson, and, after some discussion, postponed.—A Committee of Conference on the Lieutenant-General resolution was ordered.—The Committee on Military affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of extending the time for paying bounties to April.——*February* 26. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill, which was referred, excluding disloyal persons from the right of pre-emption to public lands, and from the right of reclaiming mining claims or recovering damages for injury to such property.—Mr. Hale reported a bill equalizing the grades of naval officers, and remedying some faults in the action of the Retiring Board.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill fixing the period of enlistment in the regular army at three instead of five years: providing that soldiers who enlisted before July 22, 1861, may re-enlist, with the existing bounties, until May 1; and making various minor provisions respecting absences.—The Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the Articles of War as to prohibit all military commanders, except the President, from relieving from duty any general officer, except when under arrest, wounded, sick, or captured.—The President was requested to transmit to the Senate any protests from Governors of States against the removal of General Schofield from the command in Missouri.—Mr. Collamer called up his bill for enabling colored persons to be employed in carrying the mails, and providing for the admission of colored persons as witnesses in the United States Courts. The latter provision was opposed by Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, and Powell, on the ground that it would cause a conflict between the Courts of some of the States and those of the United States; and by Mr. Hendricks, because it would place the negro upon a judicial equality with the white man, by enabling him to impeach the testimony of the white. Mr. Johnson thought negroes as competent to testify as other persons of no higher mental and moral qualifications; but there would be evil in allowing slaves to testify, he would have the right restricted to free persons of color.—The report of the Committee of Conference upon the Lieutenant-Generalship, accepting the Senate amendments, was agreed to.—Adjourned to March 1.——*February* 29. Several memorials and petitions having been presented and referred, and a bill making Parkersburg, in Virginia, a port of entry, passed, Mr. Sumner, from the Select Committee on Slavery, Freedmen, and the Fugitive Slave Law, presented an elaborate report accompanied by a bill repealing all laws for the rendition of slaves to their so-called masters: laid over.—Mr. Wilson, from the Military Committee, reported the bill passed by the House, extending the time for paying bounties to April 1; he said that men were now being enlisted at the rate of 2000 a day, which was more rapidly than Government could provide for them; there were now more than 300,000 men enlisted under the call for 500,000; the draft, if made at all, would be very small: debated the bill, the special point being that such a measure ought not to be taken without the concurrence of the Executive and of the War Department; and the bill was recommitted to the War Committee.—The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was taken up and discussed, the retrospective feature being especially objected to by Mr. Fessenden. Mr. Wilson explained that when the bill was drawn he thought that there were only 50,000 or 40,000 troops to whom this retrospective provision would apply; he now thought that the number was quite 100,000, and eighty new regiments were in process of formation. He thought the bill could be improved by a recommittal to the Committee: the bill was then recommitted.—The joint Conference Committee on the Whisky tax, through Mr. Sherman, reported a disagreement; the question was made the special order for next day.—The Senate went into executive session and confirmed several nominations made by the President, among which were those of Grant as Major-General, and Meade, M'Pherson, Sherman, and Thomas as Brigadier-Generals in the regular service; and Pleasanton and Warren as Major-Generals of Volunteers.——*March* 1. Petitions relative to slavery were presented and referred.—A bill to protect overland emigration, and a joint resolution of thanks to re-enlisted volunteers were passed.—The $200,000,000 five-forty loan bill was taken up and discussed at length: the main point being as to rate of interest. An amendment being adopted and others to make the maximum 5 instead of 6 per cent.; Mr. Fessenden said that the Secretary would get the money as low as he could, but he did not think it could be had for less than 6 per cent.; an amendment was adopted requiring the principal of the bonds to be paid in coin.—The Conference Committee on the Whisky tax reported a disagreement, and the Senate voted to adhere to its amendment, and to submit the measure again to the House.

House.—*February* 24. After some private business, and a further discussion on the bill for establishing a bureau for Freedman's Affairs, of the same general tenor as those previously reported, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Naval Appropriation bill. The amendment directing that seamen should be paid in specie or its equivalent was rejected by 63 to 35. Mr. Rice moved to increase the appropriation for construction and repairs of vessels from $22,500,000 to $26,500,000. He explained the necessity of this increase, and said that provision would be made in another bill for iron-clad sea-going vessels, so that our navy might be somewhat on a par with those of France and England. Mr. Stevens said that the estimates of the Naval Department called for $144,000,000; the Committee on Ways and Means had reduced this estimate by $37,000,000, believing that this reduction would not cripple the Department, as some of the objects of the appropriation could be postponed to a future time. Mr. Rice said that the appropriation was necessary now the Naval Department could not fulfill its duties unless Congress furnished the means. The amendment was agreed to by 72 to 23.——*February* 25. A bill was introduced and referred granting pensions to the soldiers of the War of 1812.—Debate was resumed on the Naval Appropriation bill. Mr. Davis, of Maryland, spoke at length, censuring the President for want of vigor in dealing with the emancipation question. Slavery, he said, was far from dead: it would not be the old Government if the old Government was re-established; it should therefore be a condition in the readmission of States that slavery should be abolished. He also opposed the plan of colonizing the freed negroes; unless they were coerced they would not leave the country; if they remained here, the position would be that for which they showed themselves fitted; the labor of these people was necessary to the agricultural interests of the country, and could not well be dispensed with.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill providing that of the $600,000,000 loan authorized by the Act of March 3, 1863, in ten-forties, $200,000,000 may be put into market, redeemable after not less than five or more than forty years: ordered to be printed.—The Deficiency Appropriation bill, as amended by the Senate, was reported back from the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Brooks said that the bill, as it passed the House, appropriated $7,000,000; the Senate had added $93,000,000, making $100,000,000, constituting really a new bill.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Navy Appropriation bill. Mr. Kelley defended the Navy Department, saying that, both in its hostile operations and in maintenance of the blockade, it had accomplished more than ever was undertaken by any other nation. Mr. Holman said that the people were ashamed of the conduct of the head of the Navy Department, and of his retention by the President. Mr. Davis censured the Navy Department for proceedings before Charleston, and especially for the recall of Admiral Du Pont. He was removed because his attack had not succeeded; but if he had remained in action forty-five minutes longer he would have left his fleet in the hands of the enemy. The Department had proceeded, he said, the most brilliant officer since the days of Decatur, because it was thought that the iron-clad interest would suffer by his retention. Mr. Griswold defended the ironclads. No more men were engaged in them during the attack upon Charleston than were required for a single man-of-war; the vessels had received more than two thousand shot without serious injury, and with the loss of but a single life, showing that our vessels were impregnable to any missile yet invented. The American navy stood in advance of any other in the world, and had been the most powerful diplomatist in preventing foreign interference with our affairs. Mr. Brooks said that we had six hundred vessels afloat, constituting the largest navy in the world, but yet our commerce has suffered losses from rebel privateers to the amount of thirteen and a half millions; these facts were unanswerable against the Navy Department. Mr. Blair defended the efficiency of the navy, and of the iron-clads in particular, in preventing the enemy from coming upon the Atlantic coast; the country, he said, had reason to be proud of the operations of the Navy Department. The debate now assumed a bitter personal turn, at the close of which Mr. Stevens moved a new section appropriating $260,000 for a floating dry-dock at Philadelphia for the repair of Monitors, to be taken from an appropriation before made for the same purpose at New York: this was agreed to, and the bill passed.—The bill extending the time for the removal of goods from public stores and bonded warehouses to the 1st of September was passed.——*February* 26. The Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing the number of cadets to the 1st of April the time for the payment of bounties to persons enlisting in the army.—A resolution of thanks to Admiral Porter and Commander Ringgold, with their officers and men, was passed.—Mr. Blair, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported the following bill: "*Any portion of the residents of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, or Arkansas, who may volunteer in the military service of the United States for the term of three years or during the war, shall be entitled to the benefits and privileges of the existing laws, and mustered into the regiments of any of the States which they may elect; and, in the case of such being colored troops, they shall be assigned as now directed by law; and any State, or sub-division of a State, procuring such enlistments, shall receive credit, provided that such enlistments in any State, under this act, shall continue only until such State shall be subject to a call for troops.*" This was opposed by Messrs. Cox and Wadsworth on the ground that it gave an advantage to States having money, by enabling them to enlist men from other States instead of calling out their own men. Messrs. Blair and Garfield replied, affirming that thousands of loyal men in the South were ready to enlist if provision could be made for their families. The bill, having been amended, on motion of Mr. Cox, by providing that no enlistment shall be made, except as specially enumerated in the bill, unless credit is given to the State to which the soldier belongs, was passed by 81 to 44.—Mr. Washburne, from the joint Committee of Conference, reported on the Lieutenant-General Bill. He explained that the report was unanimously adopted by the Committee. The House and Senate bills had agreed to the Senate's amendment striking out the recommendation of General Grant, knowing that, should the bill pass, he would receive the appointment without delay. Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table. This was refused, and the bill passed by 73 to 47. As passed, it merely authorizes the President to appoint from the Major-Generals a Lieutenant-General, who shall be authorized, under the direction and during the pleasure of the President, to command the armies of the United States, fixing his pay and allowances, and providing that it shall not affect the pay and rank of General Scott.—It was agreed that the next day should be appropriated to speeches, no bills to be introduced.——*February* 27. The Chairman announced, hardly two-score members being present, that the President's Message was the theme for discussion. Mr. Harding made a speech condemning the course of the Administration. He said that fanaticism and sectional hate had plunged the nation into bloody horrors, the joint work of abolition and secession. Mr. Deming, of Connecticut, followed in a speech defending the President and his policy, affirming that upon the wiping out of slavery on this continent would succeed a higher order of civilization, and an indissoluble bond of perfect union and peace. Mr. Blair spoke at length upon general topics, defending the Navy Department, assailing the Treasury Department, and concluding with giving notice of a resolution to inquire into the affairs of that Department in connection with trade regulations on the Mississippi. Mr. Eden passed in condemnatory review over the acts of the Administration, affirming that the war ought long ago to have been ended on the basis of the Crittenden resolutions. Mr. Donnelly made a speech on the importance of immigration, and advocated the establishment of a Bureau of Immigration.—Adjourned to February 29.——*February* 29. Mr. Julian introduced a bill, which was referred, securing to persons in the naval and military service homesteads on confiscated and forfeited estates in the insurrectionary districts.—Mr. Ross offered a resolution stating that, in consequence of the depreciation of the currency and the increased cost of living, the pay of officers and soldiers should be increased one third, and that the Military Committee report a bill to this effect. Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, introduced a bill permitting the payment of one-tenth of duties in legal tender notes instead of specie; and another bill suspending till 1867 the provision of the Act of August, 1861, authorizing a direct tax of $20,000,000: referred to Committee on Ways and Means.—A resolution was, by leave, introduced, directing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire into the operation and execution of the law and military orders regulating commercial intercourse with the insurrectionary States.—The bill reported from the Committee on Ways and Means authorizing the issue of $200,000,000 in Treasury bonds, payable in from five to forty years, was passed, after being slightly amended.—Mr. Blair offered a resolution, which was adopted, asking the Secretary of the Navy for full information upon every subject pertaining to the attack upon Charleston in April, 1863, including all reports upon the sufficiency of our iron-clads.—Mr. Blair said that the Navy Department desired a full investigation into the whole matter, and that his resolution covered every point.—Mr. Holman offered a resolution, which was adopted, for inquiry into the expediency of a committee to which shall be referred all matters pertaining to National Banks.—Mr. Lazg offered a resolution, which was rejected, 96 to 22, requesting the President to appoint Franklin Pierce, Millard Fillmore, and Thomas Ewing as Commissioners to confer with the rebel State authorities for a cessation of hostilities and a reconstruction of the Union.—Mr. Schenck offered a series of resolutions: the first, declaring that armed insurgents and their abettors were public enemies, was agreed to; the second, declaring that the causes of the rebellion should be permanently removed, was passed unanimously. Mr. Cox explaining that he and his friends voted for it, considering that the causes of the rebellion were abolition and secession, and both ought to be removed; the third, declaring that there was no neutral ground between loyalty and treason, was also unanimously adopted.—Mr. Pendleton offered a resolution, which was rejected by 76 to 43, condemning the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham.——*March* 1. A letter was read from the Secretary of the Treasury stating that many vessels engaged in the codfishery obtained their salt from the British provinces, and, while avoiding the duties on salt, obtained bounties on the fish which which that salt was used: a bill was read for the passage of a law that no bounties should be paid except where it was shown that the salt had paid duty.—The Committee on Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of levying a duty of 10 cents per bushel upon salt imported.—The Freedman's Bureau bill was again discussed, and finally passed by 69 to 67.—The report of the joint Committee of Conference upon the Internal Revenue bill, announcing a disagreement, was presented. Mr. Washburne said that the report of the conference of opinion in the Committee as to the purport of the action of the House, some supposing that it had decided against levying any tax upon spirits on hand, and others that it had only decided against a tax of 40 cents per gallon. He thought the Senate would agree to split the difference, and impose 20 cents; and in order to test the feeling of the House, moved that the House insist on its disagreement, and ask another Committee of Conference, and declare also that, in the judgment, there should be an additional tax upon spirits on hand of not less than 20 or more than 40 cents. The resolution was adopted by 76 to 67.—The 31st of May was fixed upon as the day for the adjournment of the House.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Our armies are moving in every part of the field.—In Virginia, in East Tennessee, in Georgia and Alabama, and in Florida. The map which we publish this week includes the entire field, with the exception of Virginia. Some steps of the advance have been taken back, and in Florida our forces have met with a severe repulse; yet the spring campaign has fairly opened, and with reasonable prospects of success. The enemy has at the present time an inadequate force to oppose against our general advance at every point, and he can only save himself from a great defeat in some part of his line by a strategy more successful than any he has yet shown.

On Tuesday, March 1, His Excellency the President sent in to the Senate his nomination of General Grant as Lieutenant-General of the United States Army.

The United States steam sloop *Housatonic* was sunk in Charleston harbor on the 18th ult. by the explosion of a torpedo. Two officers and three men were lost. This vessel originally cost the Government over a hundred thousand dollars.

According to the latest dispatches Admiral Farragut had six mortar boats accompanying the *Hartford*, but had not yet made an attack on Mobile. The rebels had 20,000 troops in and around Mobile, and two iron-clads in the harbor.

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE, FLORIDA.

On the 17th of February General Seymour issued an order congratulating his command on the brilliant success which had thus far attended their movements into the interior of Florida, and attributing this success in great measure to Colonel Henry, Major Stevens, and Captain Elder, who with their commands had routed the enemy and destroyed a large amount of property. Our forces were then mainly at Barber's, between Baldwin and Lake City, with the advance resting on Sanderson. Here they remained until the 20th, when the preparations for a movement in force toward Lake City were completed. The enemy's pickets were met six miles beyond Sanderson by our cavalry, who were deployed as skirmishers two miles in advance of the infantry. The pickets were driven in, and when the main force came up the Seventh Connecticut (Colonel Hawley) was thrown forward with the cavalry. The enemy was found in force a little before reaching Lake City at Olustee. The engagement was commenced between the enemy's skirmishers and our advance. The fire directed against our men was so hot that they were compelled to fall back; then we brought two batteries to bear on the enemy, and our whole force, consisting of 5000, became engaged with more than twice that number of rebels. The enemy occupied a strong position flanked by a marsh, but his advance met with the most stubborn resistance, and he lost heavily. But our loss also was very great. Colonel Fribley of the Eighth United States (colored) was killed, and his regiment broke and fell back, leaving the left exposed. Again we retreated, taking another position; but it was impossible to contend with a force so greatly superior, and after a battle of three hours and a half we retreated in good order, leaving our dead and severely wounded on the field. Five guns were lost, and over a thousand men killed, wounded, and missing. This reverse compels an immediate return of our forces to Jacksonville.

MOVEMENTS OF GRANT'S ARMY.

On Monday, February 22, a strong force under the command of Generals Palmer, Johnston, Baird, Carlin, and Davis started from Chattanooga in the direction of Dalton. They crossed the Chicamauga without opposition, and the next day our cavalry in advance drove the enemy as far as Tunnel Hill. Colonel Harrison drove the enemy from the latter position. Another column under General Stanley penetrated to within three miles of Dalton on Wednesday. The enemy at Dalton, however, was found so strongly posted that our forces having accomplished the purpose merely of a reconnoissance fell back.

In the mean while, Longstreet having commenced a retrograde movement, General Schofield advanced from Knoxville across the Holston following up his retreat. Longstreet is now needed in two places at once, and, as we go to press, it is difficult to say whether he is moving to Virginia in order to support Lee or to Atlanta to support Johnston.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION.

From Meridan General Sherman advanced eastward to Selma, a short distance west of Montgomery and midway between Mobile and Dalton. His position at Selma is now apparently one of some peril. General Smith's Cavalry expedition returned to Memphis on the 26th, not having effected a junction with Sherman, on account of delays incident to the expedition and which gave the enemy's cavalry an opportunity to concentrate a force against Smith which it was impossible for him to resist successfully. The expedition was not entirely a failure, having destroyed over a million bushels of corn, and torn up miles of the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, besides burning bridges and trestle-work. General Smith's retreat, however, leaves the enemy's cavalry unoccupied, and free for movements against Sherman.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.

On the 1st of March Provost-Marshal-General Fry issued an official order to Major Townsend at Albany to be prepared to commence the draft on the 10th of March in every sub-district which had not its quota raised before March 1. Volunteers between the 1st and 10th of March were to be deducted after the commencement of the draft. The city of New York has filled its quota to within three thousand men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

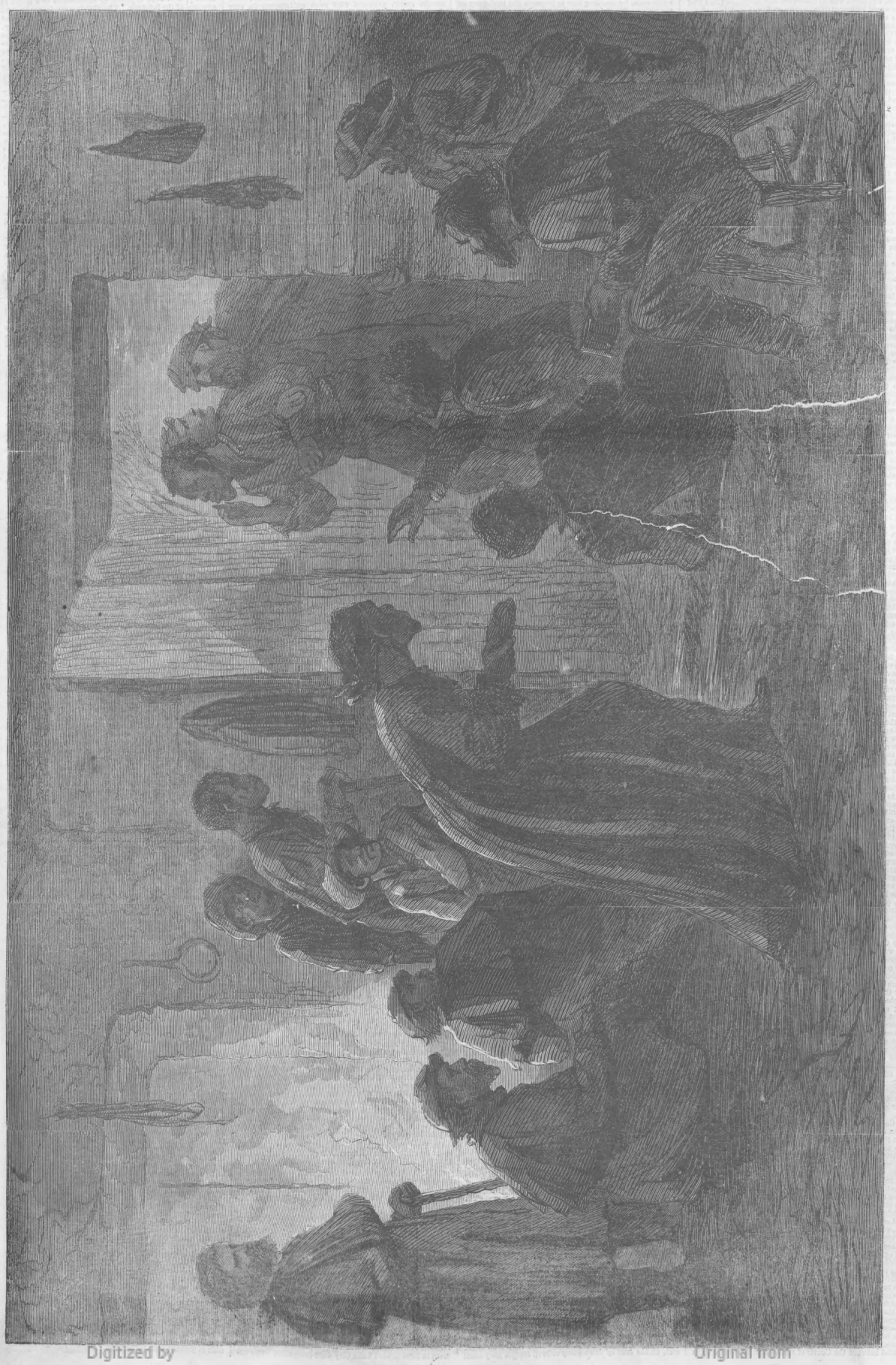
THE Danes retreated from the Dannewerke because it was impossible for them to hold this long line of fortifications with their small force after the eastern rampart had been turned by the Prussians. The retrograde movement had been going on for some time before it was discovered by the Germans, who expected, indeed, to find the Danes in force at Schleswig. The Danish army has succeeded in establishing itself at Duppel, which is connected with the Island of Alsen by a *tete du pont*, the latter being commanded by formidable batteries on either side. This retreat of the Danes was conducted so secretly that they were not overtaken by German forces until they had passed Idstad, when the rear-guard fought with so much vigor as to preserve the main army. 120 pieces of artillery were left in the Dannewerke, and in the retreat three guns were lost and 600 prisoners. Field-Marshal Wrangel's headquarters on February 9th were at Flensburg. The new phase which the war now assumes is no less threatening, certainly, than its original aspect. The Danes, strongly fortified on Alsen, may prolong the war for weeks, and perhaps months, to come.

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

The general impression of Europe in regard to the American war is decidedly in favor of the North. The Paris *Presse* says that "Grant is the American Massena, the beloved child of victory, who has never met with a reverse, but who is as vigilant and indefatigable as if he had one to fear. Alone he is able to resist the three armies of the Confederation." Earl Russell's position, as indicated by his speech in Parliament, on February 11th, is one strongly in our favor. He declined to produce the diplomatic correspondence in reference to the steam rams. His reasons for so doing were that he did not wish to anticipate the decision of the law-officers of the crown. Lord Palmerston, also, in a speech concerning American captures at sea, on the 12th, said that the English had no reasons to mistrust the equity and independence of the tribunals of the United States. In justification of this opinion, he referred to the case of the *Trent*. These speeches were made by the British Ministers in defense against an attack made upon them by Disraeli and Earl Derby. The main point of this attack consisted in the charge that the Ministry had been bullied into concession in the matter of Laird's rams by Secretary Seward's plucky note of July 11. This note, however, Mr. Adams declined to present to Earl Russell, although Secretary Seward indiscreetly allowed it to be published in this country. Not having received the paper, however, from Mr. Adams, Earl Russell had no official knowledge of its existence. The tenor of Seward's note may be inferred from the following extract, which is as determined a vindication of our national rights as Great Britain herself ever boasted: "If the law of Great Britain must be left without amendment, and be construed by the Government in conformity with the rulings of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, then there will be left for the United States *no alternative but to protect themselves and their commerce against armed cruisers proceeding from British ports as against the naval forces of a public enemy*; and also to *claim and insist upon indemnities for the injuries which such expeditions have hitherto committed or shall hereafter commit* against this Government and the citizens of the United States. *To this end this Government is now preparing a naval force with the utmost vigor;* and if the national navy, which it is rapidly creating, shall not be sufficient for the emergency, then the United States must bring into employment such *private armed naval forces* as the mercantile marine shall afford."

In a speech made on the 15th Earl Russell, alluding to the case of the *Alabama*, said: "I do consider that, having passed a law to prevent the enlistment of her Majesty's subjects in the service of a foreign Power, to prevent the fitting out or equipping, within her Majesty's dominions, of vessels for warlike purposes without her Majesty's sanction—I say that, having passed such a law in the year 1819, it is a scandal and a reproach that one of the belligerents in this American contest has been enabled, at the order of the Confederate Government, to fit out a vessel at Liverpool in such a way that she was capable of being made a vessel of war; that, after going to another port in her Majesty's dominions to ship a portion of her crew, she proceeded to a port in neutral territory, and there completed her crew and equipment as a vessel of war, so that she has since been able to capture and destroy innocent merchant-vessels belonging to the other belligerent.—[Hear.] Having been thus equipped by an evasion of the law, I say it is a scandal to our law that we should not be able to prevent such belligerent operations."

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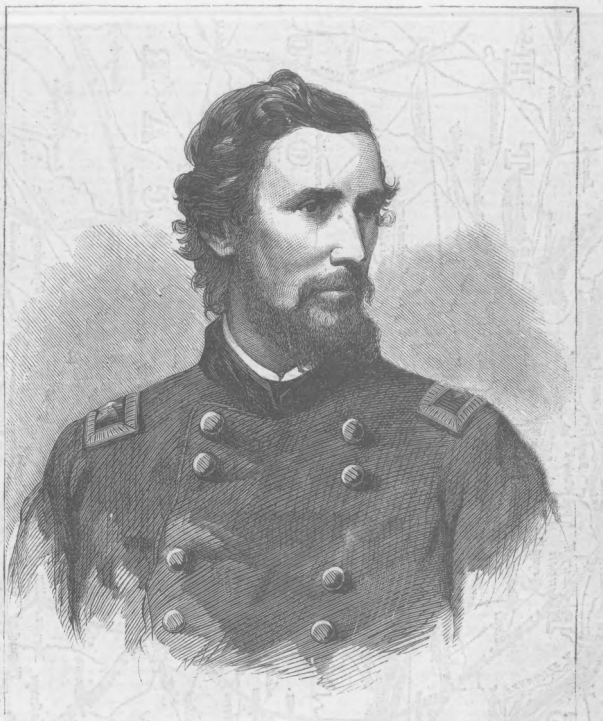


ESCAPING UNION OFFICERS SUCCORED BY SLAVES.—[SEE PAGE 173.]

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MAJOR-GENERAL PALMER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. B. BISHOP.]



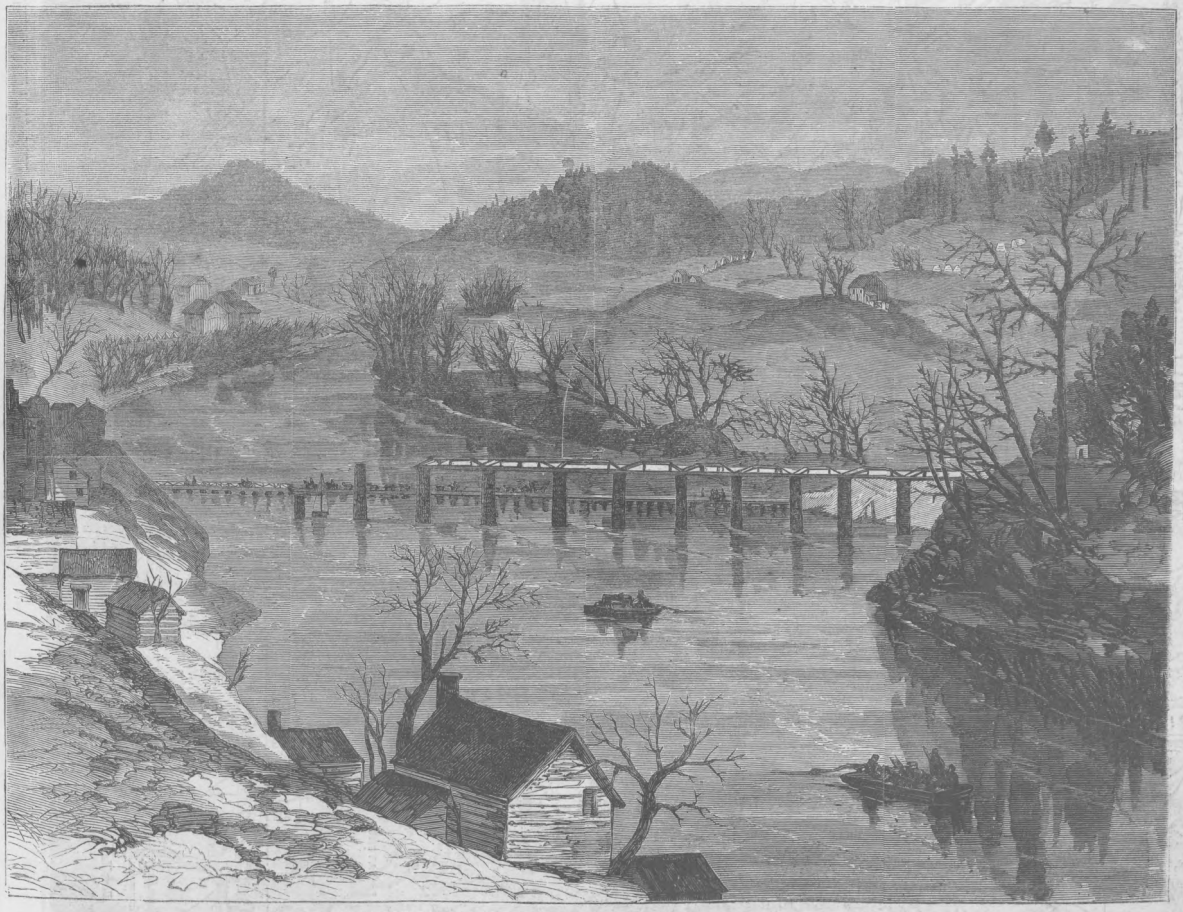
BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. S. SMITH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORSE & PEASELEE, NASHVILLE.]

GENERALS PALMER AND SMITH.

ON this page we give portraits of Generals PALMER and SMITH, the former connected with the late movement against Dalton, and the latter with General Sherman's expedition. The movement against Dalton was probably no more than a reconnoissance; but there was some very severe fighting, as the enemy were strongly posted, and our forces were compelled to give up the attack, which would otherwise have been successful. An account of this movement is given in its proper place, as also of General Smith's cavalry expedition, which started from Memphis to co-operate with Sherman, but which encountered the concentrated force of the enemy's cavalry, under Forrest, Lee, and Rhoddy.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE HOLSTON.

WE give below a view on the Holston River, which runs through Knoxville, Tennessee, showing the pontoon bridge and the bridge built by the United States Government, as seen February 5, 1864. On the right is a stone quarry, the rocks being used for filling the inside of the piers, which are built of timbers. The bridge is now completed. On the left are seen slaughter-houses and the remains of the gas-works destroyed by fire, the chimney still standing. Camps of the troops are seen in different places. The Holston River is the stream which has separated Longstreet from the Federal army at Knoxville, and from the banks of which the rebel General has lately retreated.



BRIDGE ACROSS THE HOLSTON, AT KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. PERRING.]

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MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST TENNESSEE, MISSISSIPPI, GEORGIA, ALABAMA, AND FLORIDA.

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THE HOSTESS OF THE BIG CABIN.

A FEW weeks ago my reportorial duties calling me in the vicinity of Knoxville, Tennessee, the tedium of my ride over the rough mountain roads was much alleviated for a dozen miles or so by the genial companionship of my friend, Captain Leighton, the scout. As we rode along I begged him to give me an account of an adventure which had created some interest in the army a few months before, and in which he himself had figured somewhat conspicuously. He complied, and his relation was very much as follows:

There were few pretty girls in the part of Tennessee we traversed during the last campaign southwestward, so that, so soon as we reached the Georgian frontier, and got wind of the old widow V—— and her three grand-daughters, Amelia, Cordelia, and Ophelia Granby, living in the Big Cabin, at the first fork of the lower Atlanta road, there was little else thought of by our "shoulder-straps," except, perhaps, Bragg and his crew, and they were making tracks for a more genial climate at so lively a rate that pretty soon the fair damsels of the liquid names began to trouble brass-buttoned bosoms to an alarming degree. I had first discovered the jewels in one of my lonely expeditions southward, and through me nearly all my chums had been introduced at an early stage of the halt, and half a dozen of us had been specially invited to the house upon several occasions, myself included, to the envy of the whole staff. Bouquets were not to be had, but all the sutlers of the division were besieged for their best notions, and silk handkerchiefs, snuff, hair-grease, lemon sirup, fine combs, baking powder, tooth-brushes, etc., etc., began to fly in the shape of compliments; and one poor fellow—Lieutenant Sloane, of the —th Ohio—could find nothing appropriate among the sutlers' stores, so he sent an enormous old pound-cake, as stale as a brick, with some charming verses, to the youngest. Even General K—— had gone head over ears with Cordelia to the tune of his seal ring, and had sent the old lady a spare camp-kettle, with an eye to grace in high quarters.

But the impression was slight. They were secesh all over; and though the presents were received with much willingness, I, for one, saw that we were "Yankees" still, and rated accordingly in their warm Southern estimation. It might have been different if the girls had been by themselves, but the old lady—there was the rub.

Besides being as proud as Lucifer (taking what she could get from our stores though, from sheer necessity), I sometimes caught an ugly twinkle in her eye, when some of our fellows were beneath it, immersed in the sweet converse of the younger doves, which led me to think that if a nice company of guerrillas could be let in at the back door, some of those delightful autumn evenings, upon an unsuspecting Colonel or two, that the old lady was just the girl to do it, and chuckle afterward.

The grand-daughters—whose sire was cooling his Southern blood in some Northern prison, and whose mother had quitted the hoe-cake and bacon of her native land for another, and, very probably, a better, world—are more agreeable, if less original, subjects to contemplate. And a compound description will answer for the three. There was just one year's difference in their respective ages, one inch difference in their respective statures, and, apparently, one shade (a positive one) of variation in the color of their respective hair; Amelia's—the oldest—being black, Cordelia's brown, and Ophelia's a brilliant crimson. Otherwise, they all looked alike; did about the same amount of smiling, laughing, and sighing—always in concert.

The Big Cabin, as their home was called and known from far off, was an exceedingly primitive, but not uncomfortable, manor house, only one story high, with a multitude of wings, sheds, porches, and additions of various dates, all built of logs, rough outside but plastered within—the whole structure appearing to spread itself over a full half-acre of ground, with a corn-field in front, and a kitchen-garden and stable-yard between the rear and the unbroken forest, which they called a pasture.

Well, something extraordinary was on the *tapis*. The old lady had apparently melted, and we were progressing in her favor, as well as that of the girls. There was to be a ball, a gathering, or whatever it may be called, at the Big Cabin. Hints had been slily dropped; some of our mess acted mysteriously, as if they were deeper in the secret, while all of us looked forward expectantly. And one morning I was officially apprised of the affair by a contraband about a yard long, who brought me the young ladies' compliments in a yellow envelope, a sheet of foolscap, and blue ink, which ran as follows, *verbatim:*

THE BIG CABIN, *Sept.* —, 1863.

Capt. Layeton:

We want you very much to come over to nite with the other fellars and partake the humbel fair of our festiv bord.

Very Aff. your

AMELIA
CORDELIA } GRANBY.
OPHELIA

P.S.—Mother is going to have some other gentlemen from the neighborhood she wants you to see.

P.S.—Do try and make Gen. K. come to. He thot he would butt we're afrade he wont.

Of course I was in seeming ecstasies at this gushing, guileless mark of esteem; but there was something in it that set me thinking. Colonel S—— was with me. He had just received a similar invitation, and was smiling all over like a pond in the wind. I exhibited my note exultingly as if it contained something signally tender, when he made haste to refute the idea of any favoritism having been shown me by displaying his own, which was almost in the same words, with a postscript running, "General K—— thought he would come over with the rest, but wasn't sure he could. Pray try to induce him. It will be so nice;" or something in that strain. And Captain D——, entering at that moment, displayed a similar epistle, with a postscript equally solicitous of the presence of the gallant General K—— at the morrow's gathering. "Lucky dog," thought Colonel S——. "Happy fellow," mused the Captain, aloud. "K—— has surely made an impression." And I said nothing, having something else in my mind, and not doubting that all the invitations, could they be scrutinized, would have postscripts of which the gay General would be the burden.

There were about twenty officers among the chosen; and such an ado in the way of toilet arrangements was a novelty in the camp. Whiskers were trimmed that had had their own sweet will for many a month. Pomatum was at a premium. Boots were polished, and new ones purchased; shirts borrowed, and neck-ties improvised; watch-guards prominently displayed, to the astonishment of the whole corps. But if any attempt was successful, if any rig was neat, unexceptionable, surely that of General K——'s was gorgeous. He commenced to dress himself in the morning, and had not finished when the evening fell. All the rest except myself were mounted and impatiently awaiting his pleasure, when I went to see how he progressed. He was so generous and handsome that four privates, two of them Germans, who had been barbers in St. Louis, had volunteered to assist in his "get up." Besides these, he had his own two contrabands who had followed his fortunes from Western Virginia; and the interior of his tent presented a novel and unwarlike spectacle as I entered. Sambo was polishing a pair of boots for probably the twentieth time, expending an incredible amount of saliva on the same; Cuffee was breathing on the epaulets and rubbing them with buckskin, the glittering spurs at his side attesting to the same office having been performed on them; one of the Germans was trying to twist some curl into the General's hair with a broken bayonet, which now and then he would plunge into the embers of the camp-stove near by, devoting his spare time to the whiskers; while his brother in nativity was brushing the coat and polishing its rear buttons. The two remaining soldiers were engaged on the saddle and harness metal with all their might in another corner; and the poor General himself was looking quite haggard and anxious in their midst. But he was not the least disconcerted at my entrance—sprang from the hair-dresser's last finish, with a satisfied glance in the small mirror before him, drew on his boots briskly, and finally worked himself inside of his coat with a smile of triumph on his lips.

Hardly refraining from laughter, I let my feelings have vent in a burst of spontaneous admiration, which he seemed to take as a matter of course. I let him get entirely dressed before saying another word—let the bushy epaulets gleam on his shoulders, the spurs on his heels, and the voluminous handkerchief half lose itself out of his manly bosom, and finally the presentation-sword dangle at his side, and the seldom-worn chapeau crown his noble brows, and then I begged a word in private.

"Nonsense," said he; "I have already kept them waiting. Let us be off."

But I was not to be put back in that way, but insisted; so the tent was cleared of attendants, and I proceeded to open my heart to the General for a few minutes, which had the effect of dissipating much of his self-satisfied air, and replacing it with a sheepish fidget painful to behold. But after a few minutes' further talk he looked better, and his eyes began to twinkle maliciously as I concluded.

"I leave it all to you," said he, and sitting down to a table he gave me a line or two of writing, with which I departed, and shortly afterward joined my comrades, first, however, depositing the order I had received with Colonel F——, the officer of the day, and borrowing a bugle, which I hung from my neck as an extra ornament.

"The General says he can't come for an hour yet," said I, and we galloped off through the twilight without him.

It was quite dark, but the Big Cabin was dotted with lights as we rode up and were welcomed by all the darkeys on the estate, some dozen in number, who took charge of our horses; and, leaving our caps and things in the sort of ante-chamber or hall we first entered, we walked and scraped and bowed and curveted into the great room of the Cabin, where the Misses Granby and a score or so of the lovely Georgians of the neighborhood were noisily awaiting us in their best garments, which, I may as well say, were by no means extravagant. None of the male Georgians we had expected to meet were yet on hand, but every one assured us they would join us soon; and we cared little whether they would or not, as there was only about a girl apiece as it was.

Although early autumn the mountain vicinity made the nights coolish, and a great fire, apparently composed of whole trees, was leaping and crackling in the fire-place, which occupied almost one end of the apartment. And there, at one side of it, sat the old lady, with her black pipe between her lips, and the set sneer on her brows and mouth, and the inveterate, high old sky-blue silk on her person. Not a word of welcome said she, but let the tide of "How d'ye do's," "Wa'al, I declares," and introductions of the strange damsels take its course for a few moments, when her harsh voice fell among us with,

"Whar's the Gineral?"

The girls also looked concerned; but I explained that his absence was only temporary, and they brightened up again.

Well, dancing was in the programme, and the civilian guests not appearing, we prepared for the "light fantastic." An old darkey, throned upon a hogshead at one end of the room, began to tune the screechiest old violin that ever tortured mortal tympanum, and a rush was made for the prettier girls, who were "gobbled" in less than no time, it being my fortune to lead forth the fair Ophelia—she of the crimson curls; and it was not long before all were paired except two—Lieutenant G——, a bashful fellow, and the most unengaging girl in the room. The latter had been introduced, if I remember rightly, as a Miss Curdy, and was not without considerable beauty of person; but there was something so spiteful, so repulsive in her vindictive eyes and angry lips that every one had tried to overlook her in the choice of partners, and all with success except poor G——, whose timidity had kept him in the back-ground, and who now seemed positively frightened at the prospect—she and he the only ones left unmated, except the lonely hostess at the fire-place. Actually the poor fellow's resolution seemed to waver between the two. He waited so long as to attract the attention of all, to the merriment of most. It was like the Malay on the post, with the crocodile on one side and the lion on the other. First he sidled over to the fair Curdy; but a glance from the repellent eyes brought him to a halt like a leveled bayonet, and at length, with something desperate in his demeanor, he made up to the old lady and commenced to bow and scrape as if demented. He was theatrically inclined, and we heard him stammer something about leading some one into the sylph-like maze, when the black pipe dropped from the lady's lips and her scorn broke forth.

"What! hey! look 'ere!" But there was no adequate expression of her wrath; so she began to laugh in a light, raspy way, and finally roared, almost every one but poor G—— joining in the chorus.

"Turn roun', man, turn roun' and look thar," said she.

"Whar?" cried G——, immersed in the idiom through sheer confusion.

"Thar! at Sal Curdy, you donk. Go 'long!" said the other, pointing at the scornful beauty close by; and G—— was before her in an instant, bowing and perspiring furiously, while she arose and took his arm like a queen.

Then the shiny bald forehead of the fiddler commenced swaying up and down as he bent to his task, the crazy instrument shrieked and wailed, and the dance began. It was a sort of wild cotillon, which none of the male performers had ever attempted before, so that there were frequent bumpings up against and unintentional changing of partners, which not only added to the hilarity of the occasion, but contributed much to the discomposure of the minstrel, whose shrill directions, as he called the figure, had little effect upon us. The unique manner in which this worthy performed the part of master of ceremonies was somewhat interesting as well as incomprehensible.

"Keep in de ring! keep in de ring! Fellahs to de right, gals to de lef'! Keep in de ring! *Now:* han's all roun'! han's all roun'! Swap de partners! Keep in de ring! *Now:* shassy, shassy—keep in de ring! Fellahs to de lef', gals to de right! *Now:* han's all roun'! han's all roun'! *Whoop!*"

Something of this nature, vociferated at the top of his mighty lungs, with a periodical Ashantee war-whoop rising through and mingling with the screams of the violin, while his great crank of a foot crashed up and down on the loose planks of the floor, contributed to the strangeness of the rude scene. Every one liked it as he got used to it, and the female portion seemed absolutely in ecstasies. Even the widow looked up excitedly from the fire-place, and cheered us on, all the mother leaping over her hard face at some master-piece on the part of one or another of her girls.

"Go in, Deely! Sling him, Pheely! Hooray, hooray, look at Meely!" would burst from her lips at intervals, while her eyes seemed to flash and her angular form to grow supple and rotund once more as we swept before her.

The whole thing ended in a tremendous waltz, for which we were prepared by the fiddlers—"Han's all roun', and den stan' by for de Georgia reel;" and then we fell into it as naturally as a chip in a whirlpool, and began to spin around the great room at an awful pace. If the excitement was furious before it was now delirious. Even the repellent beauty caught the contagion. Her eye fired and her sallow cheek bloomed, and poor little G—— was fairly lifted from his feet in the strong grasp of the wild being whom the music seemed to permeate and play through as they swung in the resistless whirl. The old lady shouted for joy, and the leather-lunged accents of the darkey would chime in periodically with—

"Sling 'em, sling 'em, ha, ha! Sling 'em, sling 'em—frow 'em roun'—whoop!" till at last the bow dropped from his exhausted hand, and we spun into our seats—perhaps two of us in one seat, for they are free-and-easy down in Georgia—and the air was loaded with our pants and congratulations.

Well, every one was in excellent humor. Ophelia told me some of her secrets; how some fellow had been "pocking posies to her" all summer, when the war took him off—by which she evidently meant that he had been courting her through the eloquent medium of floral gifts—and how some other fellow had tried to "crink in his tracks, but couldn't come it, because his feet wouldn't fit them," etc., so pleasantly that I began to forgive her the color of her hair, and wish she might imbibe a few *Union* sentiments for true love's sake. And then the gallant General entered at last, epaulets and all, amidst a perfect furor of applause from the girls. "'Ere's the Gineral!" "Oh my, look at the brass on him!" "My stars, what whiskers!" cried a dozen voices; and the widow herself arose to do him honor. I am compelled to say that, in spite of her "whars" and "thars," and her clay-pipe and slovenly attire, there was something of quiet dignity and courtesy in the old woman's mien when she had laid aside her pipe and stood beside General K——, which was not unreasonably in favor of the choice blood of which she boasted.

Another dance and then supper, which had been waiting long enough, the widow said, and should wait no longer for all the quality in Georgia. We were ushered by half a score of darkeys into an apartment narrower, but much longer than the one in which we had danced, with two groaning tables extending the whole length side by side, table-clothless, napkinless, but heaped with as noble a repast as ever dilated the eyeballs of a hungry man. A large pig—quite a hog, in fact—crowned the centre of one board, roasted whole. All sorts of fowl, land and water, with great dishes of preserves, of a humble kind to be sure, the vegetables of the season, and your choice of rye coffee, sweet cider, or army whisky. The whole affair was a surprising success for "the impoverished South;" but, nevertheless, we afterward learned that the neighbors had been borrowed from for miles around to crown the occasion with plenty. We were soon seated; the dark-eyes hopped about as busy as bees, and the feast commenced. The General took care of the widow. He toasted her and every one else. High glee was the order of the evening; and it was nearly midnight when we thought of rising, intending to close the occasion with a grand waltz.

We had just formed for the purpose, the shiny pate of the minstrel was beginning to bob up and down, and the instrument to plead for mercy, when we heard the hall door open, feet in the hall, and presently a knock at the inner door, which the widow opened eagerly.

"Wa'al, I'm shot, if 'ere ain't the rest of 'em. Come in. Gentlemen, this 'ere's Mr. Jenks."

"Wa'al, since you insist, I s'pose I must, ole gal," said that individual, entering.

"And, gentlemen," continued the hostess, merrily, "this 'ere's Mr. Simons. And this 'ere's Mr. So and So," with each expression ushering in a lank, ragged, barefooted cut-throat of a guerrilla, with half a dozen pistols and a knife or two in his belt, till they numbered about thirty, while our arms were in the hall.

Jenks, the leader, was a specially villainous-looking wretch, who had appropriated General K——'s sword, which he had found upon entering, and now eyed us, with an attempt at mirth on his unshorn, brutal features which was positively impious.

"How d'ye do, gents? What nice clothes them is!" said he. "And, bless me, what a gay little turnip you've got, Gineral!" turning his attention to our worthy superior as he spoke. "Let's see what time it is;" and he coolly drew it from the fob. "Twelve, as I live! Must go shortly. You'll go with us, won't you? Never mind; no thanks. Ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" roared the burly crew in concert, appearing to see a joke somewhere.

And then the leader passed from each, begging for seal-rings, watches, or whatever else we might have; while the girls tittered, and began to talk together about the "Yanks being skotched this time, shore." I had heard and read about the effrontery and treachery of rebel women—had seen something of it, but never such an exhibition as was here. It was difficult to comprehend how these beings—women, and true women evidently, lively, joyous, and sympathetic in a measure—could reconcile in their womanly breasts a betrayal so gross, sudden, and absolute of the men whom they had rendered happy for hours, with aught of the milk of human kindness. Yet not a blush of shame suffused a maiden cheek. Their candor was perfect. They did not seem to hate us particularly; the dance was too fresh in their minds; but they gave us over to the Philistines with an utterly artless air of duty which was wonderful.

All of us, except the General and myself, were troubled exceedingly at this unlooked-for *contretemps;* visions of Richmond prisons and rebel fare flitted ominously before them, and two or three reproached their fair deceivers in terms more deserving than elegant. But the darlings only laughed, and mocked them. The gang had each seized, by this time, a portion from the deserted feast, and were moving about with the girls, gnawing away at a bone or crust, and making themselves excessively merry at our woe-begone appearance. But they were somewhat taken aback when my turn to be pilfered came round.

"Maybe I hain't seen you afore?" growled Jenks.

"Maybe you hain't," I responded.

"Maybe you bain't the chap I seed on the lower road day before yesterday?"

"Maybe I bain't."

"But you air."

"True."

"That's a pooty bugle o yourn. Let's have it."

"You can't have it."

"What's to prevent me?"

"This!" And I caught the bugle from my side and wound a peal that shook the house; simultaneously we heard the door tried from without, and, almost before the blast had echoed away, we heard the door, which the scoundrels had bolted as they entered, crash in from the butt end of a musket, and the hall began to fill with many feet. Jenks made a horrible imprecation, drew a pistol and fired, but I knocked up his hand a second before the discharge, and put him to sleep with a blow from the poker, which I snatched from the fire-place close at hand.

"Put up your weapons, my friends," said I to the rebels, who, hardly comprehending the state of the case, were drawing knives and pistols for a free fight. "You will gain nothing by resistance. A regiment surrounds the house, and the hall is jammed with troops."

Then the door opened, and Colonel S—— entered with a file of our boys, who proceeded to disarm the rueful guerrillas without much ceremony. But if any one felt sheepish, the widow and her three promising daughters must have been the victims of deeper chagrin. The old lady was simply mad. She had schemed for this nice little affair for days and nights, and now if she used some hard words they might be excusable. Besides, she might have delivered us to the enemy before that good supper had been disposed of, if she had so chosen, and I, for one, was not so hard on her after all. A bucket of water on the head of Mr. Jenks (a guerrilla long notorious to the army) brought him to his senses; and he, together with his comrades, in a few hours was safely lodged in the camp. Jenks had broken his parole four times, and the oath of allegiance innumerably, was tried next morning by court-martial, sentenced, and shot at noon. The rest were sent to Johnson's Island. We have occupied that region a long time now, and all the needy homes of the vicinity, whether of friend or foe, have since drawn favors from our commissary department, with thanks and blessings upon the donors; all homes except one—the Big Cabin at the fork of the Atlanta road.

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QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER III.

NURSE PIGOTT.

THE festival came to an end at last, and the glittering company departed. Griffin Blunt lingered to the last, and wound his way to the door of egress, through a silken labyrinth of polite conversations and bowing adieux. Ivanhoff's last aria, and Malibran's last cadence; young Mr. Disraeli's "Henrietta Temple," Prince Esterhazy's last conversazione, and the Duke of Devonshire's last ball at Brighton: the odds for the St. Leger, the beauties of drawn tulle bonnets; the musical glasses—without Shakspeare—had each their graceful mention, as the dandy fluttered in and about the parterres of beauty and fashion. The scene at the gate was like the crush-room at the opera, only with mellow sunlight turned on instead of garish gas—like the "pen" at St. James's without the trains and plumes. The company had begun to yawn. The grandes dames wanted their siesta before dinner. The men languished for their clubs. Even Fashion is not exempt from the laws of fatigue; and perhaps one reason why great people grow so tired of one another, and are, in sheer lassitude, constrained to indulge in mutual disparagement and backbiting, is that they see each other so frequently. What is the beau monde, after all, but a huge convent in masquerade, with its vigils, macerations, mortifications, penances as voluntarily undertaken, and as painful often as those undergone in the monastery or the nunnery? Frets there never a hair-shirt or a spiked girdle beneath the embroidered corsage? Is there not often, appended to the perfumed dressing-room, a cell with its skull, its pallet of shards, its whips and scourges?

Mr. Blunt had divers offers of conveyance to town. He might have continued a Squire of Dames to the last, and sat behind the most expensively jobbed horses in the metropolis. But he courteously declined all such proposals. He had a little business to transact, he said, and he was every body's humble and devoted servant. He remained, however, chatting, bowing, smiling, until the crush grew thin, until the shame-faced people who had come down in glass coaches and hackneys took heart of grace, and bid the red jackets summon their shabby hired vehicles, and until one or two attachés of foreign legations, and hardened guardsmen, kindled their cigars before strolling away. In justice to them it must be admitted that even these offenders peeped round to see there were no ladies near. Nowadays, shame and the smoker have been hopelessly divorced. So far from hesitating as to lighting a cigar in a lady's presence, the worshiper of nicotine well-nigh presumes to ask Beauty for a Vesuvian. A qui la faute? Is Beauty or Bœotia to blame?

The trees of Chiswick were bathed in crimson and burnished gold, and cast shadows of deepest purple, before the dandy himself ventured to light a cigar. When he began to smoke he smoked vigorously, and as he walked away with a firm hasty tread, the blue wreaths of vapor circling behind him, his gait seemed very different from that of the mincing, tripping exquisite of half an hour before. Had you Fortunatus's cap, or been in the receipt of fern seed, you might have availed yourself of the privilege of invisibility, trodden on his varnished heel—marked how nervously he turned and started, although he but crunched a pebble—and then, looking in his face, have discovered, not without amazement, that his face was as the face of an old man.

Terribly jaded, haggard, and care-worn. A film seemed to have come over the eyes. No silver, but a rust rather, mingled with the jetty hair and whiskers. And the smile had fled away from the mouth, and left only furrows of cruelty and unpity there.

He struck into a by-lane, green and solitary as though it had been fifty miles from London, and walking rapidly, soon came upon a mean little wayside tavern, all thatch and ivy and honey-suckle, and with the sign of the "Goat" swinging before it. He passed through the bar, where two market gardeners sprawled over their pipes and beer on a bench—one awake and uproarious, the other asleep and snoring, and both as happy, doubtless, as the Great Mogul. He turned to a little side window, and in the most unaffected manner in the world ordered a glass of brandy. He order brandy! Maraschino, curaçoa, parfait amour, would have been seemingly more suitable to his refined taste. Nevertheless he not only ordered the liquor but drank it down without flinching; and, which is still more singular, paid for it—a performance to which he was, to say the least, unaccustomed. However, this was to be for Mr. Blunt an evening unusually marked for the disbursement of ready money.

"There is a person here with a child," he said, less asking a question than asserting something of which he entertained no doubt.

"In the parlor, Sir," the landlady replied, with a low courtesy, for gentlemen so gallantly accoutred were by no means frequent customers at the "Goat."

The dandy looked inquiringly for the parlor's whereabouts. The landlady bustled from behind her counter, and ushered him into a little room at the extremity of the passage, and then returned to gossip with her daughter about the beautiful teeth and whiskers and gold chain of the distinguished stranger. Both conceived from that hour forward an intense abhorrence for all market gardeners who drank small-beer, and got tipsy.

"And such a lovely little angel of a child as is a waitin' for him," the hostess pursued—"his da'ater, for sure!"

"Is her mother with her?" asked Phœbe, the daughter.

"Her mother!" echoed the landlady in great disdain. "Do you think, child, such a grand gentleman would bring his wife here among the likes of us? No, no—it must be the nuss; for she's only got on a cotton print dress and an eight-and-twenty shilling shawl, and her bonnet 'ud be dear at four and elevenpence, strings and all."

"What does he bring *her* here for, and what could such a grand gentleman want with four penn'orth of brandy?" persisted Phœbe, who was of an inquiring disposition.

"There, go along, child, and wash up your glasses!" cried the landlady in a pet, probably because she too was unable to answer these questions to her own satisfaction. "It ain't no business of ours. Maybe he likes brandy, though the nuss had a pint o' wine and a sweet biscuit, and paid for it like a lady. Go along, I say, and don't stand chattering there." Whereupon Mrs. Landlady, who was somewhat hot of temper, elbowed her daughter into a small cavern used as a lavatory for the drinking vessels of the establishment, and entered into communion with a piece of chalk and a slate, not, however, being able to dissociate perturbed cogitations as to her customers from the otherwise absorbing occupation of calculating what additions might be discreetly made to the score of the two market gardeners, while the one was snoring and the other singing a song, certainly without beginning and seemingly without end.

Meanwhile the object of this conversation had entered the parlor and made his salutations to its occupants. These salutations were of a two-fold nature.

"How do you do, Nurse Pigott?" he said, with an affable nod, and a condescending grin—but it was forced—to a fubsy dumpy woman with a very red round face, and for whose attire the brief but graphic summary given by the landlady to her daughter will amply suffice. "All well with you at home, I hope."

"Nicely, Sir, which it also left my husband, thankin' you kindly, and glory be," responded the dumpy woman, rising and dropping a profound reverence. "But oh, Sir, Miss Lily have been a takin' on dreadful."

"Why, what's the matter with her—the little puss?" exclaimed the dandy, sharply. And this was his second salutation.

The "Little Puss" was sitting on the dumpy woman's knee. Indeed she was a very little puss—a tiny fair girl of three years old. She had very long brown hair curling in thick profusion round her chubby face. She had very large wondering blue eyes; but these, on the present occasion, were red and swollen. Her whole face was suffused with the moisture of sorrow. Her little lips were twitching. It was evident that the "Little Puss" had been crying her eyes out.

"Be quiet, miss, and don't be naughty, or I shall tell nurse Pigott to give you a whipping," said the dandy.

His words were harsh and unfeeling; but oddly enough his manner was not so. He spoke less in anger than in the languid tone of an Indian Begum telling her slave girl that really, if she gave her any more trouble she would be compelled to have her buried alive. It may be that the dandy had enjoyed very, very little experience of children, and erroneously imagined that whipping was the only specific course of treatment available in the case of tears. At any rate the threat had not the desired effect, the child being evidently aware that Nurse Pigott was no more likely to execute it than to cut her head off with a carving knife, so she began, to the perturbation of the dandy, to cry louder than ever.

"Tut, tut, tut!" Mr. Blunt murmured, pacing the room in vexation. "Dear me, dear me, Nurse Pigott, this is very embarrassing, and not at all fair to me, you know. When I paid your last month's bill, and told you that I was obliged to take Miss Lily away, I distinctly informed you there was to be no crying; my nerves can't stand it, they can't, indeed." But there was little good in reasoning with Nurse Pigott, who was crying quite as copiously, if not so noisily, as her little charge.

"Oh, Sir!" she sobbed out, half essaying to comfort Lily, and half to dry her own eyes with the corner of her shawl, "I can't help it—I can't indeed, Sir, when I thinks of that there blessed innocent which I took from the breast, and have never left, night nor day, for three years Janiwery, likewise nussing her through measles and hoopin'-cough, and all her pretty ways, a pulling of us all to pieces, and hangin' round us, and my 'usband is a-fond of her as if she was his own, which we have buried two and the twins being the one of them that's left is but sickly, and will never make old bones, which the doctor told me only last Tuesday was a fortnight, it breaks my heart, it do, indeed, to part with the little darling. Oh, Sir, let the child bide with us, and don't take her away."

Griffin Blunt was too well-bred to bite his nails, besides he had not taken off his gloves, but he bit his lips, and contracted his brows, and paced the room more nervously than ever. "You're a stupid old woman," he muttered, pettishly.

"I know I am," acquiesced Nurse Pigott, with a fresh succession of sobs, "and so's my 'usband, that is in bein' fond of the little cherub, and glad would he be for us to keep it, though only a journeyman plasterer, and times is hard as hard can be."

"She is trying it on for more money," Mr. Blunt said, internally. "The old hypocrite. I told you," he continued, turning to Nurse Pigott, "that it was absolutely necessary for me to remove the little girl. I am about to take her to a place where she will be well educated.

"She ain't old enough to be eddicated," moaned Nurse Pigott. "Besides, my 'usband reads beautiful, and there's a lovely school round the corner at twopence a week, and let alone teaching, there's nobody but me knows how much bread and butter she wants."

"Pray let me have no more of this painful discussion," the dandy, with calm dignity, interposed. "When I made an appointment with you to meet me here you understood the purpose for which you were to bring the child. You have been paid for her maintenance, and I must tell you that if you have any views of gaining more money by her they will be disappointed.

"Money!" exclaimed Nurse Pigott, half choking, and by this time as much with indignation as with grief. "Money, I scorns it. It isn't money I want, nor my 'usband neither. If the dear child had been put out to us by the parish we'd ha' done our dooty by it. If its fathers and mothers were lords and ladies and hemperors, we'd ha' done the same. It isn't for the money, though little enough, goodness knows, and not paid regular, which you know Sir, not being disrespectable to you. And if you'd leave the darling with us, and money was a little short, I'm sure we'd wait for better times, and never trouble you for one brass farthing if you'd only let us 'ave our little, little Lily," and Nurse Pigott subsided after this into mere incoherence of grief.

The dandy winced when reminded that he had not been too punctual a paymaster. He could see, however, that the remark was totally devoid of malice. He could not help acknowledging that the child, whom he had seen perhaps six times during three years, had been reared with infinite love and tenderness by Nurse Pigott, all vulgar, dumpy woman as she was. And something like a feeling of shame made his mind blush at the remembrance that this love and tenderness had been bestowed upon Lily by strangers.

"There, there, Nurse Pigott," he said, as soothingly as he could, "I'm sure that you've done your best with the little thing, and her papa and her mamma (who is too ill, poor thing, to come and see her) are very much obliged to you. Only, you know, the best of friends must part. I told you that ever so long ago. Come, don't let us have any more fuss—you can't tell how it injures my nerves—and kiss the child and all that sort of thing, for I'm rather pressed for time."

Nurse Pigott had her nerves too, and for days she had been attempting to nerve herself to undergo with fortitude a separation, which the dandy, to do him justice, had warned her was inevitable. For you see that to part with a domestic pet round which the cords of your heart have twined themselves is very, very hard. And Nurse Pigott had known Lily long before she could speak or walk. She had taken her too from the breast. She had sat by her night after night in those sicknesses when the life of a little child is as easily blown out as a rushlight. She had rejoiced in her growing strength and beauty. For what light and knowledge there was already in Lily's mind Nurse Pigott, with rough, homely, kindly hands, had opened the door. She had taught the little morsel of Christianity to prattle out some prayers, to lisp some key-notes of reverence or fear about God, and the sky, and good and naughty people. Lily used to call her "mnmma," and the male Pigott (plasterer by trade, honest and kind-hearted fellow by nature) she accosted as "dada." Yes; the divorce was hard, albeit the youngling was none of their own. They had no girls; but Lily had possessed as a foster-brother the surviving twin, a tranquil little boy, with wisdom far beyond his years, who passed the major part of his time in sprawling on the ground, in earnest contemplation of the curious features of that eternal world of which the doctor forbade his parents to entertain a lengthened hope of his living to investigate. Lily's nurture under the auspices of Nurse Pigott had been the very reverse of refined, but it had never lacked affectionate and sedulous care. The good woman absolutely doted on her charge, although five shillings a week was all the amount of the remuneration she received for tending her. Work was sometimes slack with the plasterer, and he, his wife, and the twin (whose profoundly philosophical temperament led him to regard potato-peelings as an aliment equal in succulence to bread and butter, or even to meat) had occasionally to go on short commons; but Lily was never bereft of a meal abundant in quantity and nourishing in quality. She had never known what it was to go without pudding. A slight meat-eater she was, as beseemed her age; yet what morsels of flesh she required were never wanting, even if they had to be purchased from the proceeds accruing from the deposit in tribulation of the plasterer's great silver watch. The male Pigott's affection for her was prodigious. In her earliest youth he could with difficulty be deterred from offering her sups of beer from his evening pint; and when told that the fermented infusion of malt and hops was improper refreshment for a child, he, of his own motion, absolutely forewent a nightly moiety of his beer-money in order to purchase apples and gingerbread for his foster-baby. The price of half a pint of porter was not a very sumptuous bounty; but a penny, as you may be aware, goes a very long way in a poor man's household.

The stock of clothes, beginning in the mere langes of infancy, and renewed from time to time as the child grew old enough for little frocks and socks, had never been very extensive nor very abundant; but Nurse Pigott had kept Lily's wardrobe with admirable and scrupulous neatness. Only once during the three years and a half had she ever importuned the dandy (with whom she was instructed to correspond through the medium of a London post-office, and the initials F. B.) for money. That was after a journey to Kensington undertaken by the nurse, when in the window of a certain haberdasher's in the High Street she had seen a robe of mouse-colored merino, so curiously embroidered with silken braid that she had there and then determined to secure it for Lily, either by the legitimate means of asking Mr. Blunt for the money, or by selling or pawning her own goods and chattels, or by bursting bodily into the shop and stealing the much-coveted robe. Fortunately, however, measures so desperate had not to be resorted to. The dandy happened to be in funds, and in a good humor, when he received a pathetic and ill-spelt letter directed to F. B., and the sum demanded, which was but two guineas, was forwarded. But chiefly had Mrs. Pigott found favor in the fine gentleman's eyes from the exquisite cleanliness and neatness in which she had always kept Lily. The philosophical twin objected on principle to soap, and his father deprecated his being subjected to much lavatory discipline, on the ground that he (the twin) would be washed away if he were washed often; but there was always warm water for Lily and Windsor soap for Lily; nay, on one occasion, good Nurse Pigott had purchased a bar of Castile soap, the which, from its curiously marbled appearance, the child imagined to be sweetstuff, and essayed to suck. Winter and summer she never went without her bath, and although her poor little garments had frequently to be pieced and darned, she was always natty and shining as the newest of pins.

A very few words will suffice to explain how Lily came into Nurse Pigott's custody. Three years and a half before the commencement of this history the plasterer became cognizant of an advertisement in the day before yesterday's *Morning Advertiser* (it was before the days of penny journalism), which he was in the habit of borrowing from the hostelry where he purchased his modest allowance of beer. This advertisement set forth that a lady and gentleman were desirous of placing an infant at nurse with some respectable person in the immediate vicinity of London. The Pigotts then occupied a diminutive cottage at Brentford. Forthwith they answered the advertisement in an epistle which the plasterer considered to be a chef d'œuvre of calligraphy and composition, and which was, indeed, a marvel of archaic orthography and abnormal pot-hooks and hangers. In due time an answer arrived and an appointment made to meet the advertiser in London. Thither went Nurse Pigott, arrayed in her Sunday best; and, at a specified hotel in Dover Street, Piccadilly, she was received, not by the dandy, but by Monsieur Sournois, from Switzerland, his valet, who made all the necessary arrangements for the reception of an infant six months old, and paid a month in advance of the sum stipulated for. Being asked whether the child was christened (for Nurse Pigott was a stanch church of England woman), he replied that it did not matter. Being pressed on this point he said that it was all right, and that the child's name was to be Lily Smith. And as Lily Smith she was received by Nurse Pigott. The good woman did not feel herself called upon to ask any more questions. Infants are put out to nurse every year, and by the thousand, in and about London, without references more searching than a money payment in advance being given or required. Very often no name at all is asked for or furnished. I wonder whether such a system encourages immorality. I should like to hear, on this subject, those blessed Sisters of La Sainte Enfance—"the Holy Childhood" at Hong Kong, who buy babies from the Chinese mothers to save the little innocents from being cast into the sea, or thrown, as they are in the interior of China, to the pigs.

The little Lily Smith throve apace, and had not more than an average share of infantile ailments. I believe that I am correct in stating that she took the measles beautifully, that she got through her teething with promptitude and dispatch, and that only the most favorable symptoms were developed when she had variola ovina, as it was called among the fashionables at Richmond. With the unfashionables on the other side of the Thames at Brentford it was known as the chicken-pox. Monsieur Sournois came at first once a month to see Baby, and greatly impressed Nurse Pigott with the amenity of his manners and the affability of his conversation. By-and-by he was succeeded by Mr. Blunt, who never kissed the child, never fondled it, and, indeed, took not much more notice of it, in a languid survey through the medium of his eye-glass, than if Lily had been a waxen doll in a toy-shop. Thus did the little girl remain until she was nearly four years of age—the payments for her maintenance falling sometimes, as I have hinted, into arrear. But Nurse Pigott and the plasterer (who loved Lily as the apple of his eye) never grumbled. They would gladly, as the poor woman had said, have kept their foster-child for nothing; and it was a day of bitter sorrow for them when a curt letter arrived from Mr. Blunt—or F. B.—as he continued to sign himself, directing the child to be made ready and brought to the place of rendezvous he pointed out on such and such a day. So Lily, poor little shorn lamb, after having the wind tempered to her, was suddenly to be given up to the grim gaunt wolf.

I retract: gaunt if you please, but not grim; for all the while that I have been telling the story of Lily's babyhood Mr. Blunt's countenance has

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been robed in his most dulcet smile, and he has been exhausting his seductive arsenal to soothe and conciliate the sobbing child. He has shown her his trinkets, his teeth, and the gold knob to his cane: he has done every thing but kiss her. One loses the taste for innocent kisses as for that of bread and jam. Tiger Blunt liked his kisses condimented with caviar or cayenne pepper.

The nurse was consoled and the child quieted at last; and after an infinity of hugging, the poor plasterer's wife announced that she was ready to go, and that she was sorry for having kept the gentleman so long. Between the spasms of her parting embrace she told Lily that she should see her again very soon.

"And I may, mayn't I, Sir?" she continued, turning with an appealing look to the dandy. "Oh say that I may, if it's only once a year. I shall break my 'art, I know I shall, if I don't see my darling again."

"Of course, of course!" replied the dandy, who would have promised any thing to secure a good deliverance. "The child shall write to you"—poor little Lily, who didn't know great A from a bull's foot as yet: "that is, I'll write, yes, yes. Now, my good Nurse Pigott, we really must be going, you know."

So two heavy hearts and one very callous one went out of the little tavern parlor and into the road: the landlady and her inquisitive daughter craning their necks after them. There was no luggage to carry. Lily's little effects would not have filled an ordinary carpet bag; but the dandy had graciously informed Mrs. Pigott that she might keep the child's clothes, as new ones would be provided for her at the place whither she was bound. Where that place might be the good woman did not venture to ask, for although the dandy's teeth helped his mouth admirably toward a smile, they also looked as though they were capable on occasion of biting.

At the end of the lane—not that by which the dandy had approached, but its opposite extremity—a hackney-coach was waiting. It was now nearly dark. By the dandy's direction Nurse Pigott lifted Lily into the vehicle, which had already, as she could obscurely discern, one occupant, and that a man. The child was by this time half asleep and wholly tired. The dandy condescendingly gave Nurse Pigott a couple of fingers, dextrously hustled her on one side, and in another minute she found herself crying in the middle of the road, quite alone.

But not so lonely as poor little Lily, albeit she was in a carriage with two men, one of whom told her that he was her papa.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISS BUNNYCASTLE'S ESTABLISHMENT.

"EARLY to bed and early to rise," was the time-honored maxim in the establishment of the Misses Bunnycastle, Rhododendron House, Rhododendron private road, Stockwell. Time-honored indeed, and with justice it might be called, for it had been acted upon for at least twenty years, during which lengthened period the Bunnycastle family had kept a ladies' school in Rhododendron Road, as aforesaid. Stay; I have fallen into a slight error. When Mrs. Bunnycastle first undertook, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, those scholastic duties at Stockwell which her daughters subsequently and so efficiently performed, Rhododendron private road existed only in the form of a narrow path between two market gardens, and went, I fear, by the painfully unacademic name of Cut-throat Lane. But when culture came to Clapham, and civilization to Stockwell, the by-path became a "private road," neatly graveled, and bordered by trim villas. The old market gardener's habitation indeed remained, but was rechristened Rhododendron House. Formerly it had been known as Bubb's Folly. Bubb was the last market gardener, and inherited the house, a rambling one-storied structure of red brick, from his grandfather. Long and careful attention to horticulture brought him riches, and in his old age it was bruited about that he had become somewhat mad, not so as to require any restraint, or being in any way incapable of managing his own affairs (for he was to the day of his death as avaricious an old screw, and as keen a hand at a bargain, as could be found between Bermondsey and Brixton). His madness did not go further than that harmless eccentricity to which physiologists may have observed that enriched tailors, hatters, and market gardeners are frequently subject. In pursuance of this craze Bubb turned all his nephews and nieces out of doors, contracted a morganatic alliance with a bold face housekeeper, with an abusive tongue and an uncontrollable taste for silk dresses and ardent spirits, and—he who had sat for so many years under the reverend Mr. Bradbody of Stockwell, and had even been a deacon to that shining congregational light—plunged headlong into secularism, attended infidel lectures, and ceased to believe in any thing. He took to drinking also; and it is strange to find how often a contempt for revealed religion is combined with a fondness for cold rum-and-water. In a word, Mr. Bubb was in his latter days that by no means uncommon character, a "wicked old man;" and the good pietists of Stockwell, albeit they wrestled manfully with him, could neither convert nor extract subscriptions from him. Rumors ran in the neighborhood to the effect that he kept his coffin under his bed, and that he had sold himself to the Powers of Evil; but mere report should have little weight in presence of the facts that he was a quarrelsome old curmudgeon, who swore, drank hard, and didn't wash. As a climax to his strange proceedings he added a tower or Belvedere to his grandfather's old brick house. At the summit of this edifice, which resembled externally a Chinese pagoda brick faced, and with a dash of the truncated factory chimney about it, he built a smoking-room where he drank and took tobacco, and read unbelieving books till his time came, and he died. 'Twas the pagoda-chimney Belvedere that caused the house to be called Bubb's Folly; and long after his decease ancient people persisted in applying the old title to Rhododendron House.

If the Belvedere, however, was Bubb's Folly, the surrounding ground which he directed in his will to be carefully let out in building lots might, with equal propriety, have been designated Bubb's Common Sense. The morganatic housekeeper, to the rage and despair of the nephews and nieces, came into all the property, and even the High Court of Chancery could not pick a hole in the crazy old market gardener's testament. The enriched housekeeper removed to grander quarters at Clapham, and (doubtless to make amends for the latitudinarianism of her morganatic life) became a pattern of zeal, and sat under a congregational luminary even more shining than the Reverend Mr. Bradbody. The old brick Folly passed through many vicissitudes of alternate desolation and unprofitable tenancy, while houses in the most modern style of domestic architecture sprang up on either side. Bubb, however, had willed that his Folly was not to be demolished, and being advertised, at last, as "eligible school premises," with "an observatory admirably suited for scientific purposes," it was taken about the year eighteen hundred and sixteen by Mrs. Bunnycastle, and turned into an establishment for young ladies.

Mrs. Bunnycastle's husband was a gentleman who had taught writing, arithmetic, and the use of the globes in suburban seminaries for many years. He also gave instructions in the Belles Lettres; that is to say, he would recite, with the sonorous emphasis of the late John Kemble, any number of pages from the "Elegant Extracts," and "Enfield's Speaker." To this declamation young ladies of a literary turn (it was a blue-stocking age) listened with intense admiration. Mrs. Bunnycastle had been, in her youth, a nursery governess in a great family—as nursery governesses were then understood. She washed, and dressed, and physicked, and romped with, and, on occasion, castigated her young charges; she mended their clothes, dined in the housekeeper's room, called the butler "Sir," was very kindly treated by her noble employers, and was perfectly happy. In a word, she knew her place. In these times nursery governesses make themselves miserable because they are not put on a par with duchesses. They *don't* know their place. So, at least, their noble employers bitterly complain. Mrs. Bunnycastle (née Lappin) was of a soft and sentimental disposition. She was a great educational theorist, and had so filled her head with dogmas of tuition out of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Madame Leprince de Beaumont, and Mesdames Chapone, Trimmer, and Hannah More—to say nothing of Dr. Edgeworth, and the Reverends Messrs. Gisborne and Chirol, and Dr. Fordyce's "Discourse on the Character and Conduct of the Female Sex," that her educational system ended in her permitting her pupils to do pretty well as they liked. She was much beloved by them in consequence. Her favorite work after "Emile" was "Adelaide and Theodore; or, Letters upon Education"—that dreary, simpering old farrago of well-meaning inanities, in which the baroness writes to Madame d'Ostalis to tell her how Seraphine has bitten her little brother; but how she has succeeded in "producing perfection" in her daughter Adelaide, who is "fourteen years old, an excellent musician, drawing with amazing proficiency, speaking and singing Italian like a native, and absolutely cured of all little female deficiencies." Happy Adelaide, and thrice happy baroness!

The worthy Bunnycastle, who taught Belles Lettres, died a year before Rhododendron House was taken. His widow was faithful to his memory, and brought up her three daughters Adelaide (so christened after the baroness's paragon), Celia, and Barbara up in love and reverence of their inoffensive papa's portrait with its shirt frill, and its hair powder (the latter beautifully painted), and with the silver standish "presented to him by the young ladies of Ostrolenko Lodge, Camberwell, in slight testimony of his unwearied exertions in teaching them plain and ornamental writing, arithmetic (on Mr. Walkingame's principle), the use of the globes, and other polite accomplishments (to say nothing of the belles lettres), for so many years." Dulcet old Mr. Bunnycastle, mildest of powder-headed and shirt-frilled writing-masters: although he could at requirement rap the knuckles of refractory pupils, and incorrigible blot-makers, he had nothing in common with the vapid, pretentious humbugs—graduates of I know not what tinpot university in Germany, or in the moon—whom you meet with now, spouting, and pretending to teach that which they know nothing about, at "Ladies' Colleges;" places so-called of education, where the amount of instruction imparted is in inverse proportion to the amount of money paid. In the old times girls used to learn something at boarding-school—did it go no further than sliding, skipping, hunt the slipper, and making toffee in a bedroom candlestick. Nowadays, what with gymnastics, and calisthenics, and all sorts of thics and ologies, and Professor Windbag with his air-pump, and Il Maestro di Canto Granbirbone (a hulking bearded vagabond who has been in jail at Turin per un affare di scritura), they seem (to me at least) to learn nothing at all but to give themselves airs, and to be impertinent to their parents. On the other hand, as their intellectual capabilities have narrowed their crinolines have grown wider.

In the year 1836 the three Miss Bunnycastles were all old maids. There was no use in disguising the matter, for it was palpable. With Adelaide and with Celia the case was hopeless. They were both past thirty, and had made up their minds to celibacy. About Barbara only, who was barely twenty-five, could some faint and feeble matrimonial hopes be entertained. When such hopes were hinted in her presence by the charitable minded among her own sex—the married ladies, bien entendu, Barbara shrugged her pretty shoulders—she *was* pretty—and sometimes smiled, and sometimes sighed. Meanwhile she went on watching the piano-forte practice, and small toothcombing (after sundry soap-and-towel preliminaries) the little ones on Saturday nights. That was her department in the economy of Rhododendron House. She did not murmur. She was perfectly resigned; only, if any eligible young man had suddenly appeared before her, say from the Planet Mars, or the bowels of the earth, and said, "It is true that I am a returned convict, a professed forger and coiner, and a monster in human form—that I have a blighted heart and a seared conscience—that I murdered my great-aunt, and sold my country, and picked a gentleman's pocket of a yellow bandana at Camberwell fair; but still my intentions are strictly honorable. I have a marriage license in my right-hand trousers-pocket, and a ring and a pair of white kid gloves in my left. There is a glass-coach at the door, the pew-opener will officiate as bridemaid, and the beadle will be my best man. Come, my beloved, and I will lead you to the hymeneal altar;" if such an eligible bachelor had stood before her, I am inclined to think that Barbara Bunnycastle would incontinently have cast her arms about that eligible bachelor's neck, and cried out, "Take me, interesting stranger," with fully as much affectionate fervor as was wont to be manifested by Mrs. Fanny Kemble in the "Hunchback," when she cried, "Take me, Clifford."

In 1836 Mrs. Bunnycastle was a very old, smiling lady, with glossy-white ringlets. Her countenance was wrinkled, but it was still rosy. She was still soft and sentimental, and much addicted to the perusal of novels, standing, as regards these characteristics, in strong contradistinction to her eldest daughter, Adelaide, who was an exceedingly practical spinster, and was the inflexible disciplinarian of the establishment.

I have said that "early to bed and early to rise" was the golden rule abided by at Rhododendron House. The younger pupils retired to rest at half past seven. Those of medium age, that is, under twelve, went to roost at eight. By nine the elder girls reached their dormitories. At ten the governesses and parlor-boarders bid Mrs. Bunnycastle good-night. At half past ten the three daughters of that estimable and venerable person kissed each her parent on the forehead, and by eleven o'clock every light in Rhododendron House was extinguished. All the girls and their teachers were up by six o'clock in the morning; the three sisters only indulged in half an hour's extra somnolence, and, punctually at eight o'clock, Mrs. Bunnycastle, in her unvarying cap with the yellow satin bows, and her white ringlets arranged in faultless symmetry, made her appearance at the common breakfast-table.

All their meals, with one exception, pupils and preceptresses took together. Breakfast, dinner, and tea, were served in the great bow-windowed dining-room giving on to the lawn; but supper was a special and exclusive meal, which none of the children partook of at all, which the parlor-boarders and teachers consumed in a kind of still-room adjoining the pantry, but which Mrs. Bunnycastle and her daughters chose to enjoy in their own little parlor. The meal was served (tea having been got through at five) at nine P.M. The mother and daughters loved to linger over their meal, and although they ate and drank but little, it was often prolonged to close upon the time for retiring to rest. It was the only season throughout the weary monotonous day that they were alone, and at their ease. They were free from the restraint of keeping on their countenance that expression of simulated gravity, not to say severity, which all those whose vocation it is to educate youth, whether male or female, think it their bounden duty to assume while occupying the rostrum of pedagogic authority. This is why schoolmasters and schoolmistresses get so prematurely worn, wrinkled, and shrunken. They are always acting a part. Their facial muscles are always in a state of unnatural tension. They are perpetually grimacing. They are always à la something or another—now the Plagosus Orbilius, now Jupiter Tonans, now Minerva, but seldom, very seldom, au naturel. Good Archbishop Fénélon knew well enough what comedians instructors were forced to be when he made Minerva disguise herself as Mentor. Minerva, in her goddess form, was all majestic yet winning beauty; but as Mentor she wore spectacles and carried a birch-rod. It was necessary to keep that tear-coat young Telemachus in order.

Supper-time, then, was an hour of unmingled delectation for the Bunnycastle family. Then they were free from the heated and half-stifling atmosphere of the school-rooms: for ventilation, as an adjunct to education, had not been thought of in 1836. Then they were quit of the brawling, exasperating swarm of youngsters, the scarcely less tiresome elder girls, and the exigent and affected parlor-boarders, who, because their parents paid fifty guineas per annum for their maintenance at Rhododendron House, deemed it a prime article in their creed to hold, in secret, if not openly, Mrs. and the Miss Bunnycastles as the dust beneath their feet. For good sound money-and-ignorance begotten, infatuated, incorrigible, devilish pride, commend me to the middle classes of this sectarian country. There are a great many sectarians, and a great many proud people about Clapham. At supper-time, however, the schoolmistress and her daughters were relieved from the presence of these superb ones of the earth in short skirts and frilled trowsers. They were rid, too, of the teachers, amiable and worthy young persons all of them, no doubt, but infinitely wearisome on daily and unremitting acquaintance. Grown-up women in a boarding-school—those, I mean, having no ties of kindred, genuine friendship, or mutual sympathy—soon come to hate one another as bitterly as nuns in a convent do. It results, at last, in the old outcry of the ruined gamester: "Confound you, you are always tying your shoe." The gentleman who had been unfortunate at chicken hazard kicked the shoe-tyer. Sister Theresa seems to be always tying *her* sandal, and Sister Francis Joseph would like to shake her (in a saintly manner) for it. The Bunnycastles longed for supper-time, yearned for it, sighed for it, panted for it, almost prayed for it. They could chat without let or hindrance. They could run over the occurrences of the day. They could criticise the shortcomings of the professors and governesses, and canvass the misdemeanors of their scholars. They could dwell, now with satisfaction, now with discontent, upon how much their young charges paid, and how much they ate. They could concoct letters of thanks to complimentary parents, or of deprecation to remonstrant ones. They could revolve plans of scholastic aggrandisement, discuss points of discipline, compare methods of instruction, grumble at their lot in that luxuriousness of complaint which is well-nigh akin to content, and gossip about their neighbors. Supper in the little back parlor at Rhododendron House combined the gravity of a cabinet council with the hilarity of a symposium.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NO DOUBT.—The following is said to be an unfailing recipe to kill fleas on dogs: Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set him on fire. The effect is instantaneous.

Definition of a Naval Engagement.—A Water Mill.

How do you define "Black as your hat?"—Darkness that may be "felt."

Two gentlemen angling lately, could not agree upon the appearance of the horse-fly, and they agreed to refer the question to a rustic whom they saw plowing near them, and accosted him thus: "Did you ever see a horse-fly?" "Why," said Hodge, scratching his upper story, "nos, drat it, I never seed a horse fly, but I once seed a cow fall over a precipice!"

Practical Gardener is fitting up a new house, and wants to know what pictures he could put in his drawing-room suitable to his everyday work? We'll tell him: "*The Rake's Progress.*"

"What business does your husband follow?" asked a person who was engaged in noting the occupations of our citizens, lately, of a female. "Why, Sir," she replied, "he follows drinking rum." The canvasser at once entered opposite his name *gentleman*.

ARTICLES FOUND IN A SERVANT'S DRAWER.

Two aprons, a stocking, a brush, and a comb,
A piece of white string, and a dry marrow bone,
A duster, two walnuts, a reel of black cotton,
An old silver spoon that had long been forgotten,
A bodkin, a fruit knife, a glass rolling-pin,
A bottle containing a wee drop of gin,
A lot of curl-papers, an old pair of stays,
A tract telling sinners to mend their bad ways,
A paper of tea put there on the sly,
Her mistress's bustle (I can not tell why),
A thimble, some needles, an old book of songs,
Three clothes-pegs, a slipper, to the housemaid belongs.
The claw of a lobster but recently boiled,
A new cambric handkerchief, never been soiled,
A letter from a lover away in strange lands,
A pot of goose-grease for chaps on the hands;
Some buttons, a pencil, a bit of bath brick,
A small looking-glass, and a broken tooth-pick,
A bundle of rags, and a fortune-telling book,
Were the things that we found in the drawer of the cook.

"Boys," said a village pedagogue, the other day, "what is the meaning of all that noise in the school?"

"It's Bill Sykes, Sir, who is all the time imitating a locomotive."

"Come up here, William; if you are turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

A native of the green isle of Erin called at a chemist's shop the other day with a prescription, the putting up of which he watched with great curiosity. "What's that, ony way?" asked the customer. "This," said the obliging apothecary, "is tincture cemicitaga racemosa and liniment of saponis, cantharides, and opii." A look of bewilderment changed to one of grave concern as the Irishman inquired, "And what is the price?" "Sixpence," was the reply. "By jabers," said Pat, "I thought two such names as that would cost me at laste five shillings."

An incurable old bachelor, one who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes marriage as female despotism tempered by puddings.

THE SHAVERS.

The barber shaves with polished blade,
The mercer shaves when ladies trade,
The broker shaves at twelve per cent.,
The landlord shaves by raising rent,
The doctor shaves in draughts and pills,
The tapster shaves in pints and gills,
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The banker shaves in his own notes,
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
The peddler shaves where'er he goes,
The wily merchant shaves his brother,
The people all shave one another.

At a road-side inn in Bedfordshire is the representation of a gate, underneath which are the following lines:

"This gate hangs well and hinders none;
Refresh and pay—and travel on."

Sergeant Davy was once accused of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client. "I took silver," he replied, "because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the poor fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

A Spanish proverb says: "A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; but a little at night is too much." The Indian philosopher, equally profound, held that "too much rum is just enough."

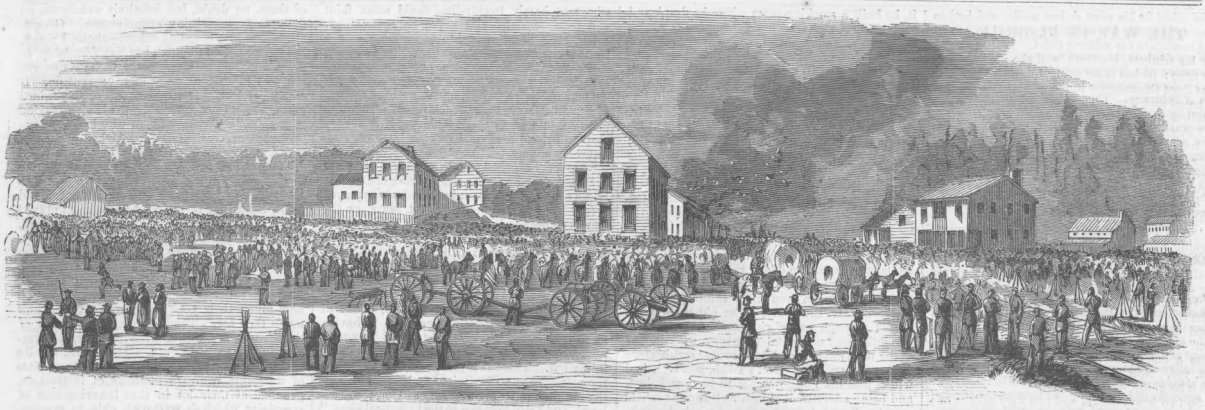
Many persons write because they have nothing to do, not duly considering that they have also nothing to say.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

An author had better ask himself why he is going to write a book than be asked afterward why he has written it.

It is very certain that a man will not walk straight if he follow his single heart.

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SANDERSON, FLORIDA, OCCUPIED BY OUR ADVANCE BEFORE THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.



SCENE OF THE FIGHT AT THE PLANK BRIDGE OVER BIG CREEK, AT BARBER'S, FEBRUARY 19, 1864.



BARBER'S HOUSE AT THE FORD ON BIG CREEK, COLONEL BARTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

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THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

WE publish on the preceding page three sketches illustrating the late movements of General SEYMOUR'S forces previous to the great battle on the 20th of February. The town of Sanderson was occupied by our advanced force. The main infantry force was in the vicinity of Barber's House. The artist who sends us these sends also a third sketch, giving the scene of the conflict on the 11th, at the bridge over Big Creek, near St. Mary's River. This bridge was carried by Colonel HENRY, assisted by Major STEVENS, with a loss of one man killed, three mortally and twelve severely wounded.

ESCAPING UNION OFFICERS SUCCORED BY SLAVES.

THE sketch on page 164 represents a party of the Union officers who lately escaped from Libey prison, under the guidance and protection of negroes living in the environs of Richmond. They are conducted by one of these poor slaves to his cabin for temporary safety and provision against cold and hunger. The attitude of the negroes assembled in the cabin, the apprehension shown on the faces of the prisoners who in every sound hear the tramp of Confederate cavalry, and the anxious but determined look of their guide tell the story better than could any verbal description. We are tempted, however, to say one word in favor of these poor negroes. Both in the South and the North they are helping us—helping our soldiers that escape from rebel prisons, and going from our midst to help them fight our battles for us. Hunted to death by the mobs in our cities, they retaliate by joining our armies, and they do their duty on the battle-field. In the late reverse at Olustee the First North Carolina and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts—both negro regiments—stood their ground with unflinching bravery and perfect coolness. "The Fifty-fourth," says the *Herald's* correspondent, "sustained the reputation they had gained at Wagner, and bore themselves like soldiers throughout the battle."

GENERAL SHERMAN.

WE give on page 161 a portrait of GENERAL SHERMAN, whose late advance from Vicksburg toward Montgomery has been one of the best executed and most important movements of the war.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN was born in Ohio in 1818. He graduated at West Point in 1840, in the same class with General Thomas, and was promoted to the First Lieutenancy in 1841. He served in California during the Mexican War, and was brevetted Captain for meritorious conduct. At the commencement of hostilities with the South he offered his services to the Government, and was appointed Colonel of the Thirteenth infantry, which regiment he commanded in Bull Run. Afterward appointed a Brigadier-General, he succeeded General Anderson in command of the Department of the Ohio. He was removed because he said that 200,000 men would be needed to fight the rebels successfully in Kentucky. This statement—afterward found to be true—was at that time suggestive of insanity At the battle of Shiloh he took so prominent a part that Halleck reported to the War Department that the final success of that battle was mainly due to him. Having been promoted to a Major-Generalship he was placed in command of the Fifth Division of General Grant's army, and took an important part in the siege of Vicksburg. The movement in which he is now engaged, taken in connection with the approach of Farragut's fleet, was at first supposed to be directed against Mobile; but this was probably no more than a feint to cover a more important aim in connection with movements from Chattanooga. Selma, where Sherman was stationed at last accounts, is on the Alabama River midway between Mobile and Dalton.



GENERAL TRUMAN SEYMOUR.

GENERAL SEYMOUR.

WE give on this page a portrait of GENERAL TRUMAN SEYMOUR, commanding the Florida expedition. He is a native of Vermont, and was appointed to the First Artillery from that State, July 1, 1846. He served through the Mexican War, and was made Captain by brevet. He was one of the officers of the garrison under Major Anderson's command at Fort Sumter, and has been engaged from that time in the work of suppressing the rebellion. His expedition to Florida was a perfect success up to the time of the occupation of Lake City. But the movement was of so much importance that the enemy concentrated a large force of 15,000 men at Olustee, on the Jacksonville and Tallahassee Railroad, and upon the advance of our forces against that point, with a greatly inferior force, General Seymour was compelled to retire with considerable loss.

WRECK OF THE "BOHEMIAN."

IN our news column last week we gave an account of the wreck of the steamer *Bohemian* off Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, Maine. We give below, this week, a sketch representing the wreck as it appeared on Tuesday morning—the next after the vessel sunk. The steamer lies about a quarter of a mile from shore, in Staple's Cove, where she sunk in four fathoms of water, on a sandy, pebbly bottom, with her bow off shore and two anchors out. The greater portion of the hurricane-deck and officers' quarters have broken up, but the main-deck and hull remain firm. As the baggage was stowed on the upper-deck and under the bridge, it was all washed overboard, and will undoubtedly be a total loss. The sea has swept every thing clear from that quarter.

Captain Borland, we learn, reports that he was entirely misled by the hazy state of the atmosphere, and supposed that he was some four miles further off than he proved to be. He also says that he was steaming but one and a half knots per hour at the time, as he was anxiously looking for a pilot, and had been throwing rockets and burning blue-lights for half an hour.

None of the officers were lost, but the loss of passengers is now reported at twenty-six, besides five of the crew, thirteen more than was at first supposed. Fifty-four mail-bags have been recovered, leaving but one to be accounted for.

A WISH.

DREARY are the nights in winter,
When the north winds blow,
Shouting, shaking at the casement,
With a mighty woe—

Panting, sobbing through the darkness
Like a child that grieves;
Moaning at the doorway—creeping
Low, about the eaves.

But to-night the snow is lying
In a still moonlight—
O my Love—whom Death has hidden,
Visit me to-night!

Can you hear me through the raptures
Of the shining fields?
Where the waste of rose and lily,
Breath of Eden yields;

Where you walk with troops of spirits
Purged from earthly tears—
Can you hear? For one short vision
I would linger years.

Come, my Love! the snow is shining;
You may walk in white,
As upon the floor of heaven,
If you come to-night—

Not a print of mortal treading—
It is chastely meet—
You may walk, nor fear the soiling
Of your gentle feet.

Come! the dawn will shine upon it,
The great face of day—
Like a dream—in tears and silence,
It will melt away.



WRECK OF THE "BOHEMIAN" AS SEEN THE MORNING AFTER SHE SUNK.

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MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Tightness of the Chest.

We sneeze, a slight, thin, sharp, ichorous matter comes from our nose; we have heaviness of the head, great oppression of the chest, some tightness and a little tenderness in the region of the lungs. Now attention must be given to this state of facts, or inflammation of the lungs or congestion may take place, and death be with us before we are aware.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

say two, four or six, according to age, sex and constitution, must be taken. They must purge very freely; drink warm drinks while the fever lasts, and as a diet eat plenty of good Indian meal gruel, or chicken broth with plenty of rice in it. By this treatment on the second or third day the disease will be cured. This complaint is going the rounds, and will be followed by dysentery and diarrhœa—but they will be cured by the same process. The wise will have BRANDRETH'S PILLS where they can be easily laid hold on, and by taking them by the directions safety and health will follow.

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For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

Accordeons from $3 00 to $25. Flutes FROM 75 CENTS TO $100. FIFES FROM 50 CENTS TO $25 00. BANJOS FROM $2 00 TO $20 00. DRUMS FROM $5 00 TO $12 00. FIFES DRUMS $15 TO $20. On receipt of the money will forward any instrument by Express. WM. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, N.Y.

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SMOKING CASE.



Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Single Cases* sent by mail, free to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality* and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade*. *All Orders* promptly filled.

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"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

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MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

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For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

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The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

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For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

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For $4 09 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

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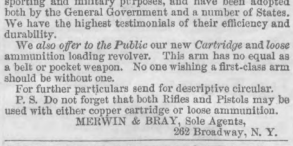
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A Great Literary Engagement.

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Has succeeded, at great expense, in securing the services of one of the greatest of living romance writers, who, for reasons of his own, chooses to write for us not under his own proper name, but under the *nom de plume* of

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Louis Leon's first contribution to the columns of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, which will appear on Thursday, March 17, is indisputably the finest of all his productions. He himself in a letter to us says:—"It is infinitely superior to anything which I have ever written." This splendid romance is entitled

THE SILVER SHIP;

OR,

The Bloodhound of the Carribbean.

A SPANISH-AMERICAN STORY.

The tale is historical, and the main incidents are true. The principal characters are CALLOCARRAS, the famous pirate, commonly called by the Spanish-Americans of his times, before the proper name was known, *El Sabueso del Mar Caribe*, or the Bloodhound of the Carribbean—a title that arose from his *terribly mysterious* way of learning about the movements of treasure-ships, and tracking them, a secret which is clearly explained for the first time in these pages. RUY LEOL, the hammock-maker of Iola Grande, who also lives and moves in a singular mystery. COUNT REGLA, of Mexico, the proprietor of the great silver mine of Regle. PADRE LASSO, the priest of Iola Grande. CAPTAIN ROMERO, the commander of the galleon *Encantadora*, the Silver Ship. SENON NERLE, a person of wealth and luxurious tastes, who lives retired at a beautiful villa on Iola Grande, and to whom an extraordinary mystery attaches. YOLA, a young girl of marvellous graces and loveliness, under charge of Padre Lasso, and reputed among the inhabitants of Iola Grande to be his niece—a glorious type of the Spanish-American woman, a being of sunshine and flowers, over whose life, at the moment of her introduction, rests a painful mystery, in which is threatened an appalling doom! IOLET LEOL, the foster-sister of Don RUY. THE COUNTESS OF REGLA.

It is useless to attempt to describe the sensations which take possession of one while perusing this truly great story. Language is too weak to give a true idea of its thrilling effect. The reader becomes so absorbed as to lose himself, and the effect is rather that produced by a thrilling melo-drama upon the beholder than that wrought by the simple perusal of a story, so acutely does the reader sympathize with the characters introduced—so entirely is he carried away by them as to imagine himself a veritable actor in the scene.

The work is dedicated to President Juarez in these terms: "To the Senor Don Benito Juarez, President of the Republic of Mexico, I dedicate this work, with a serene abidance of the rising of the entire world against the infamous pretensions of tyrants." The tale is a Spanish-American story, in a sense heretofore unknown to the Anglo-American public. It is the first *real* and *faithful* picture of Spanish-American Dons, Donnas, officials, pirates, etc., ever published in the form of a story. It is perhaps necessary to say, in advance, that although Pedro Lasso—one of the characters represented—is a villain who "has stolen the garb of Heaven to serve the devil in"—the moral of the story is such that no reader, whatever his creed, can take exception to it.

We confidently look for an immense increase in circulation on this story, and news dealers would do well to send in their orders in time.

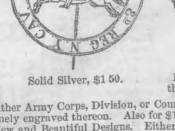
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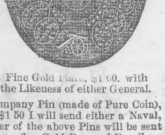
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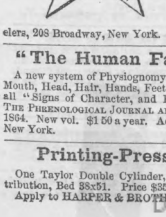
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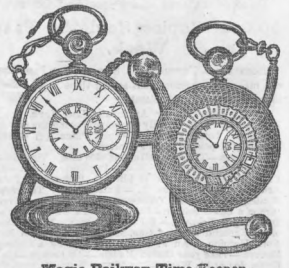
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Gold or Silver composite Hunting cases, with Patent Time Indicator, just invented for the Army. Very handsome, and of sterling quality. Sent free by mail for $15. If remitted in advance, a stylish Chain, valued at $5, will be sent gratis.

From numerous notices of the press we select the following, which appeared in the editorial columns of the *Scottish American Journal* of New York, February 6th, 1864:

"It is not often that we go out of our way to notice any of the numerous trade advertisements which appear in our columns, but we feel constrained to call attention to the new system of business adopted by the enterprising and respectable firm of ARRANDALE & Co. of this city, and which, we think, might be adopted with advantage by other houses. The new system we speak of consists in sending Watches and other Jewelry to any Express Office in the United States and Canada, there to be inspected by the buyer before being paid for. This is equitable and fair between buyer and seller; and as it removes the one great difficulty experienced by country buyers in ordering goods from city houses previously unknown to them, we can not doubt it will be extensively appreciated.

"We have lately inspected, among other novelties produced by this spirited firm, two watches which seem to us a great improvement on ordinary watches, and especially adapted for the use of soldiers. The one, an elegant silver Composite Watch, which we believe is warranted not to change its color, fitted with an ingenious arrangement, termed a Time Indicator, consisting of a circular opening in the upper case, combined with a second and small dial. By this contrivance the crystal is fully protected from injury, whilst the time can be readily ascertained without the trouble of opening the case. Every one knows how many positions occur where a soldier finds the opening of his watch case an inconvenient operation, and hence the the great value of this watch in the army.

"The other novelty to which we refer seems to combine all the advantages usually sought for in a watch. It is a handsome Duplex Watch, containing two distinct times, Washington and London, with patent adjusted stop.

"This watch will be, we should think, of great value to artillerists, and others in the army, wherever it is needful to mark time. It is also very useful in timing horses, etc., having what is termed sweep second hand and all the recent improvements. This watch is likely to be a great favorite in the army."



Double-Time Duplex Stop-Watch,
With Washington and London time,
FOR ARTILLERISTS,

Sportsmen, and all desiring a beautiful and accurate Timepiece. This watch has the Silver Hunting Cases, beautifully engraved Works in 15 jeweled actions. Gold balance. Sweep Seconds Hand. Patent adjusted Stop; and is in all respects a first-class watch.

EVERY OFFICER SHOULD HAVE IT.

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All Watches are sent out in good working order, properly regulated, mailed free to any address, and warranted for twelve months.

AGENTS WANTED in every County and every Regiment, on very liberal terms. Money in registered letters may be sent at our risk, if properly sealed.

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NEW ARMY WATCHES.

$15	THE GREAT NEW ARMY WATCH, expressly for SOLDIERS, in very heavy solid silver hunting cases, fine ENGLISH Movement, full ruby jeweled, handsome white dial and steel cut hands. Engine turned, engraved, or plain cases, warranted a perfect time-keeper for one year, $15.	$15
$15	GOLD COMPOSITE, same as above, exact imitation of the English Army Watch, $15.	$15
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$35	OFFICER'S WATCH. GENUINE AMERICAN LEVER WATCH in 4 oz. sterling silver cases, FULL JEWELED, gold joints, and double bottom cases, $35	$35
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$11	*Silver Hunting Watch, fine movement*, $11.	$11
$16	Ladies very small hunting Gold Composite Watch, beautifully engraved, magic spring, sunk seconds. Can scarcely be detected from gold, $16.	$16
$85	SPLENDID 18 CARAT HEAVY GOLD AMERICAN WATCH, in 40 *pennyweight cases*, $85.	$85
$92	SAME AS ABOVE, WITH CHRONOMETER BALANCE, $92.	$92
$38	GOLD HUNTING ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, RUBY JEWELED, *Screw Balance* M. J. TOBIAS, $38.	$38

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The SECOND has the name "APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name "P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name "WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

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Agents for the American Watch Company.
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Read the following Letters received from your comrades as indorsements of the
WORLD-KNOWN AND WORLD-TRIED REMEDIES
KNOWN AS
Professor Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force.

See to your Health!

All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay.

Your Life is Valuable!!

Not only to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives, and Brothers. Then while you may, purchase your Health!

For 30 cents, 70 cents, or $1 10,

Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the greenest and ripest old age.

The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office,

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT, 39th Illinois Volunteers, FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., November 26, 1863.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address
Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
39th Illinois Vols.

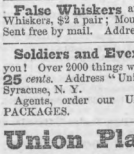
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Yours, &c.,
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A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its own machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

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First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

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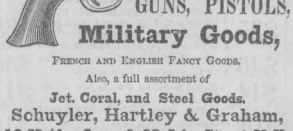
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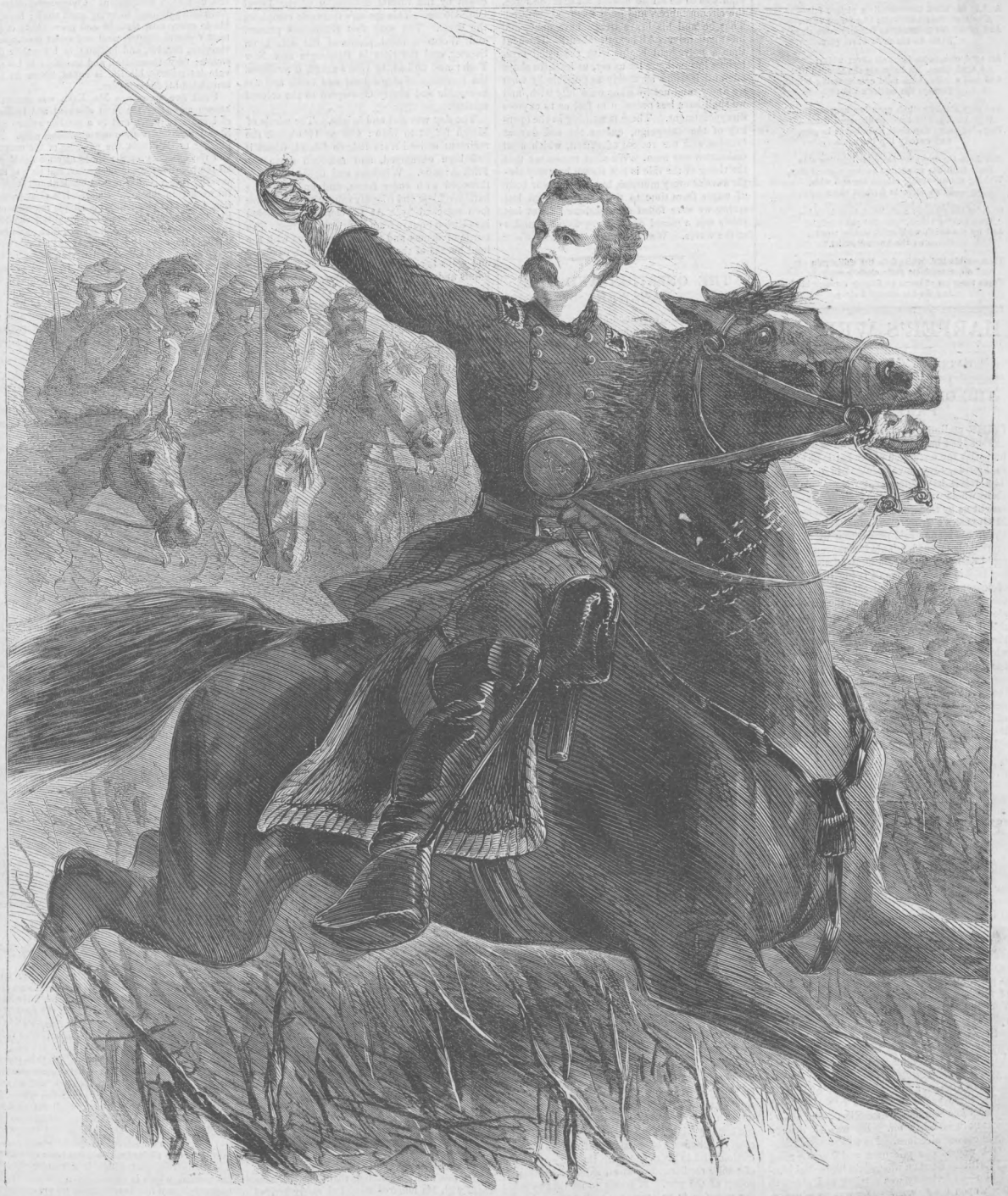
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THE SENTINEL ON MORRIS ISLAND.

With measured tread along his lonely beat,
At twilight, dawn, or in the darksome night,
Or when at noon the sun, with growing heat,
Lets fall his dazzling light—

The watchful sentinel, up and down the shore,
Paces with weary feet the yielding sand,
While the salt waves, with deep and sullen roar,
Shout hoarsely to the land.

At dawn he sees the glitt'ring morning star
Set like a jewel in the roseate sky;
And glimmering to the sight, within the bar,
The fleet at anchor lie.

He sees the city, distant, dull, and gray,
Its quaint old roofs and slender, tapering spires,
When darkly painted at the close of day
Against the sunset's fires.

At night he sees the heavens all spangled o'er
With shining gems that like bright watch-fires burn;
And though far off, and on a hostile shore,
His thoughts to home will turn.

Or maybe, in the pitiless, cold storm,
While moans the wind like some poor soul in pain,
With drooping head and weary, bended form
He braves the pelting rain,

And in his mind there dwells a picture fair—
A cottage-room with walls like purest snow,
And round the hearth-stone friendly faces there
Shine in the fire's warm glow.

An aged man, with locks all silver white;
An aged dame, his helpmate she through life;
And still a third, with mild eyes beaming bright,
Perhaps the soldier's wife;

And rosy children climb upon her knee—
With smiling face looks on the aged dame—
They, laughing, clap their little hands in glee,
And sweetly lisp his name.

Now from the frowning batteries bristling side
Peals forth the murderous cannon's awful roar,
Waking the answering echoes, far and wide,
From shore to farthest shore.

So fades the picture: each loved form is fled—
That waking vision, beautiful yet brief;
And up the beach with solid, steady tread
Comes on the brave "Relief."

Then on his bed, while falls the chilly rain
And other sentinels their vigils keep,
Sweet thoughts of home go flitting through his brain,
And fill his dreamful sleep.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF '64.

THE preliminary operations of the campaign of 1864 have not been entirely satisfactory, but, with the exception of the battle of Olustee, in Florida, they have resulted in no disaster. The rebels have been kept wide awake along their whole line, and the lesson which was taught us by General JEB STUART'S ride around M'CLELLAN'S army upon the Peninsula, KILPATRICK'S second raid proves that we have very thoroughly learned. This last movement was a rapid dash, breaking communications and scaring Richmond. Its result is inevitably a sense of insecurity in the rebel capital. It teaches that city and every spectator of the great struggle that we have at last learned war, and that the daring Yankee genius has recovered from the astonishment and apparent paralysis into which the outbreak of the rebellion seemed to have plunged it.

There has been considerable lamentation over the result of this raid and of SHERMAN'S mystic march. But any man who has closely watched affairs can only be amused by it. When SHERMAN moved from Vicksburg the advance of his column was accompanied by the most imposing newspaper columns of military speculation and promise. He was on his way to Mobile. He was flanking JOHNSON'S army. His "objective" was Meridian, or Selma, or Montgomery, or the Gulf. He would enter Georgia at this point or at that. It was a very fine array of hopes, surmises, theories, possibilities, probabilities. Meanwhile the solitary fact was that he had moved with an uncertain number of men and with the lightest artillery. If we had waited for some definite news from him we should have been spared much distress and disappointment. It is to the positive assertions upon half knowledge, and to the peculations upon inaccurate data, that we owe much of our chagrin at the problematical result. A mere raid, a reconnoissance in force, a diversion, were theories quite as plausible and more probable than the capture of Mobile or the turning of JOHNSON'S flank. Very much of our ill-humor is simply revenge upon our own mistake.

So with KILPATRICK'S raid. We had the usual mysterious leakage in the newspapers that the Army of the Potomac was in motion; that news might be expected; that there was no battle up to 10 A.M.; and all the rest of it, with which three years' experience ought to have made us good-humoredly familiar. Then KILPATRICK was fairly off. He was to destroy LEE'S communications. He was to sack Richmond, release our prisoners, and bag the rebel authorities. BUTLER was to join him—had joined him—and victory was settling and about to perch upon his flag. MEADE was to advance, fall upon LEE with no retreat behind him, and effectually finish him. And all this because the brave KILPATRICK with three or four thousand men was off upon a raid through the enemy's rear.

He makes his raid. He destroys railroads, canals, and bridges. He captures prisoners, and burns mills and supplies. He fights his way through the first line of defenses about Richmond. Colonel DAHLGREN is misled by a guide whom he hangs, and is therefore unable to join him in time. KILPATRICK withdraws. He comes riding safely into General BUTLER'S lines, his total loss in every way not more than a hundred and fifty men; and after three days' rest soldiers and horses will be ready again for duty. It is a brilliant foray; but because Richmond is not taken, nor LEE defeated, nor the rebel leaders snared, we cry pish! and exclaim, "Is that all?"

Now is this fair? Is not our disappointment the result of the failure of our theories rather than of the expedition? We make a plan which looks very admirable. It does not chance to be the plan of the movement, and we are disgusted. There can be no doubt that KILPATRICK'S plan was to do all he could; all that the force, the circumstances, and good fortune permitted. That he and his brave troops have done, and most gallantly. All honor to them! The next time a movement begins with the usual mysterious intimations, let us try, at least, to shape our anticipations as nearly as possible by what we know, and not by what we wildly wish, and we shall have less occasion to feel or to express disappointment. There is nothing in the opening of the campaign, except the sad day at Olustee and the retreat of SMITH, which need dishearten any man. We must remember that the rising of the tide is not shown by every single wave at every moment, but by the great body of water from time to time. How often last spring we were foiled at Vicksburg! But last year's was a grand campaign. Don't grumble at the waves. Watch the tide-marks.

THE QUESTION AND THE ANSWER.

THERE is surely no need of misunderstanding the reported correspondence between Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. CHASE. After the POMEROY Circular appeared Mr. CHASE asked the President if the attitude in which his friends had placed him of a candidate for the Presidency could prejudice the public interests under his charge. The President replied that he could not see why it should, but that, of course, Mr. CHASE must be the judge.

Nothing could be simpler or fairer on both sides. Yet it is equally clear that, if Mr. CHASE had known the contents of the POMEROY Circular, he could not honorably remain in his position: not because he is a candidate for the Presidency, but because he is the confidential adviser of the President, and the Circular charges Mr. LINCOLN with corruption and with treachery to the nation and liberty. But when Mr. CHASE assures the President that he had no knowledge of the POMEROY Circular, there is no more occasion for his withdrawal from the Cabinet than for that of Mr. STANTON.

The contest for the nomination promises to be warm, as is natural when men are in earnest. But it should be remembered that it is for the nomination, not for the election. And when the *Westliche Post*, a German paper in St. Louis, raises the standard of FRÉMONT, and says that it means to fight under that, whatever the Convention may decide, it merely declares that it will gratify itself at any cost or risk to the country. It is to be hoped that the *Westliche Post* does not regard such a course as loyal or patriotic. For while every man has a right to vote for whomsoever he will, yet at a time like this every loyal citizen will ask, *If I can't have my own way exactly, what is the next best course?* If the friends of Mr. LINCOLN, of Mr. CHASE, of General FRÉMONT, or of General BUTLER, should all take the ground that they will in any case vote for their favorite, and for nobody else, it certainly is neither worth while for Union men to go into an election nor to pay another penny for the prosecution of the war.

We do not anticipate such an early suicide of the country. Such expressions are but the first ardors of the canvass. They last often until the nomination, but if the heart of the people is sound they do not last until the election. We can remember very well that when Mr. LINCOLN was nominated at Chicago eminent political friends of Mr. SEWARD gnashed their teeth and vowed that New York would not vote for him. The eminent gentlemen thought better of it before the election, and imperial New York gave Mr. LINCOLN fifty thousand majority. Unless the party spirit of Union men is stronger than their patriotism the Union candidate will be surely elected. The question for us then is, simply, who of all the gentlemen mentioned is, under the circumstances, most likely to carry the country with the least peril through the necessary excitement of a renewal of the Administration, and to prosecute, with the largest share of public confidence upon all sides, the present policy of the war. It seems to us that to ask the question is to answer it with the name of Mr. LINCOLN.

THE TWENTIETH U. S. COLORED REGIMENT.

UNION SQUARE is fast becoming historic ground. Less than ten years ago we stood there one evening while a band played a serenade; after which FERNANDO WOOD introduced JAMES BUCHANAN from the balcony of the Everett House to the crowd beneath. Last week we stood there, while from a platform beneath the balcony the son of RUFUS KING, in lofty and touching words, presented the flag of the Union and of Liberty to the first regiment of colored troops that has marched from this city to defend both. Elsewhere in this paper there is a picture of the scene; and no scene of the war has been more striking or significant. In the same Square three years ago there was the first great gathering of the American people in support of the war; when General ANDERSON and the soldiers of Sumter were the heroes of the hour, and the war begun in Charleston harbor had been continued in the streets of Baltimore. Last spring, in the same Square, was the great meeting upon the anniversary of Sumter, preceded by the formal dedication of the Loyal Club-House. This spring's spectacle completes the cycle. The seed that BUCHANAN planted and WOOD watered produced the attack on Sumter, and the riots in Baltimore and New York; and no less, by God's grace, it produced the meetings of April 1861 and 1863, and the honorable and hearty God-speed to the colored soldiers.

The day was soft and bright. The winds of March forgot to blow; and at 11 o'clock the regiment arrived from Riker's Island, where it had been encamped, and marched down the Fifth Avenue. Windows and door-steps were thronged with eager forms, and under waving handkerchiefs and friendly salutations the brave men marched by. At 1 o'clock they wheeled into Union Square from Fourteenth Street. The music of drums and trumpets mingled with the loud huzzas of the great crowd. The windows and steps here also were solid with welcoming hands and faces, and on the Loyal Union Club-House the flag was flying, as on the chief buildings in the Square. A line of policemen kept the space clear where Seventeenth Street crosses the Square. The tops of the houses were dotted with spectators. A huge platform was built out from the windows of the Club-House and filled with ladies; and a smaller stage, from which the speech of presentation was to be made, stood between the Club-House and the Everett House. The regiment advanced into the open space amidst the cheers and tears of those who felt the significance of the spectacle. The soldiers had handled their muskets but five days; but when they obeyed the "order arms" there was a solid, simultaneous ring upon the pavement, which enforced the heartiest applause. Then President KING of Columbia College rose, and in a few noble and thrilling sentences, fervent, cheering, and pathetic, addressed Colonel BARTRAM, and handed him the national and regimental flags. The Colonel, who has seen constant service since the war begun, and who has commanded colored troops, and believes in them, made a manly and modest reply. Cheers were given for the Colonel and the troops. The band played the national airs. Then the regiment raised a mighty shout, and was dismissed for a time to lunch and say good-by. The officers went into the Club-House for oysters and coffee; and toward 4 o'clock the line was formed, and the march began down Broadway.

Every where the soldiers were greeted as a great city ought to greet its defenders, and as it has saluted every departing regiment since the Seventh marched on the 19th of April, three years ago. The flag of the country waved over them in benediction. The prayers of all noble hearts follow them. For these soldiers go to peculiar dangers. Officers and men, they have counted the cost; and for union, liberty, and peace they are willing to pay the price. "It has been the habit of those among us," said Colonel BARTRAM, "who sympathize with the traitors now in arms against us, to sneer at what they are pleased to term the cowardice of the negro. I hope that Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Olustee have forever settled this question." Yes, and he and his soldiers will settle it still further, and thereby help to lift the bitter prejudice from the national heart. To no holier work could any man be devoted. God bless the Colonel, the officers, and the men of the Twentieth United States Colored Regiment and the cause they go to defend!

ULRIC DAHLGREN.

"A PRISONER states that a Colonel with one foot had been captured," said the first report of KILPATRICK'S raid.

"A rebel deserter informs one of my Aids that a one-legged Colonel and about a hundred men were taken prisoners," telegraphed General BUTLER to the President.

"Of one thing the public may rest assured that these officers will escape if such a thing is within the region of possibilities," said a later account.

"The President received a dispatch from Fortress Monroe this afternoon stating that Colonel DAHLGREN, with his hundred men, had safely arrived within our lines. The Colonel was at Fortress Monroe. The President and Secretary STANTON immediately called upon Admiral DAHLGREN, to convey the glad tidings and congratulate him upon the safety of his gallant son," said one still later.

"Colonel DAHLGREN is dead," said yet another report.

ULRIC DAHLGREN is scarcely more than twenty years old. He was wounded in the leg last summer, just after the battle of Gettysburg, in the daring dash by which he succeeded in capturing the rebel dispatches from JEFFERSON DAVIS to General LEE. His leg was subsequently taken off. Four weeks ago he was a tall, slight, pale-faced boy, sitting quietly in Washington, and saying, pleasantly: "I am waiting for my new leg, and then I shall see whether I can ride again." Four weeks ago! We all know now whether he can ride again. The brave boy has not only dashed at the outworks of the rebel city, but, living or dead, he has ridden straight into the love and honor of his countrymen.

THOMAS STARR KING.

BY the death of the Rev. THOMAS STARR KING the country loses a most valuable citizen; and the large circle which knew him as a preacher, a lecturer, or a friend, deplores the loss of a most genial and delightful companion. Characteristically an American; devoted to every good work; hospitable to every new thought and movement; of the most cheerful temperament and sweet good sense; vigorous, incisive, and brilliant in his public discourse; racy, thoughtful, and generous in his private intercourse, his life is ended before he had completed his fortieth year.

Until five years ago Mr. KING was generally known as one of the most eloquent and brilliant of lyceum lecturers, and in a smaller sphere as a liberal preacher of the most charming gifts. Removing to California, the newness of the country and the exigency of the times at once developed all the peculiar force of his genius, and he was universally recognized as a most efficient and successful worker in the great cause. His clear perception, his fervid eloquence, his simple manners and life, his unassuming piety, his signal sagacity took the heart of the young and distant State, and held it fast to the common mother. It was a noble work nobly done. That mother has seen many of her best and dearest fall in the great struggle; some in the field, in the camp, at home, in the hospital, by sudden shot or by lingering disease. But no son of hers had consecrated himself more entirely to the service for which his powers had fitted him, of deepening and strengthening the purest patriotism, and inspiring the most faithful love to God and man, than THOMAS STARR KING.

A FAITHFUL WIDOW.

THE loiterer along Broadway who stops to look at the monument of General MONTGOMERY in St. Paul's church, will be glad to read this touching incident related by Mr. HUNT in his lately published "Life of Edward Livingston." MONTGOMERY was a captain in the British army when he first met Livingston's sister, Janet, whom he afterward married. When the revolutionary war began he was made one of the eight Brigadier-Generals of the army of the United Colonies. He had been married but two years, but his wife did not oppose his departure, and he took leave of her at Saratoga, in 1775, upon his way to Canada. His parting words to her were, "You shall never have cause to blush for your MONTGOMERY;" and she never saw him again.

In the year 1818 the Legislature of New York resolved to transfer his remains from Canada, and EDWARD LIVINGSTON'S son, Lewis, the nephew of Mrs. MONTGOMERY, was commissioned by Governor DE WITT CLINTON to superintend the removal. On the 9th of July they reached Albany, and lay in state in the Capitol. On Monday they were taken under military escort upon the steamer *Richmond* to New York. Mr. HUNT says:

"The Governor had advised Mrs. MONTGOMERY at about what hour the boat, bearing the remains of her husband, would pass her house, Montgomery Place. By her own request she stood alone upon the portico at the appointed time. She had lived with the General but two years. It was then almost forty-three years since she had parted with him at Saratoga. For a third of a century out of this latter period the waters of the Hudson, like all other waters, had been ignorant of steam vessels. The change which, in the mean time, had come over her person was not greater than that which the face of the country, its government, and all the objects with which she was familiar, had undergone. Yet she had continued as faithful to the memory of her 'soldier,' as she called him, as if she still looked for him to come back alive and unaltered. The steamer halted before her: the 'Dead March' was played by the band, a salute was fired, and the ashes of the departed hero passed on. The attendants of the venerable widow now sought her. She had succumbed to her emotions, and fallen to the floor in a swoon."

LITERARY.

THACKERAY, at the time of his death, was engaged upon a Novel, to be published simultaneously in the *Cornhill* and *Harper's Magazine*. He had completed and corrected about four of the monthly parts. The fragment will appear in *Harper's Magazine*, commencing in the April Number. The title is "Denis Duval;" the opening scenes are laid in France some half century ago. Of this story Charles Dickens says: "In respect of earnestness, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he had bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a master-piece." This picture, which is essentially a chapter from Thackeray's own life, is contained, we presume, in the first part, now before us.—We find upon our table a new edition of "Vanity Fair," published by

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the Harpers—the work by which Thackeray first fairly made his mark in literature. The illustrations are from his own sketches, and are as characteristic as the text. It is well known that the illustrations to all of Thackeray's writings are to a greater or less extent from his own drawings; but of late years he was too busy with the pen to often do more with the pencil than furnish bare hints to the artist. But in "Vanity Fair," produced when he had leisure, the drawings are wholly his own. They show that he might have succeeded in attaining the first object of his ambition—that of being the illustrator of Dickens's works.

"The Wife's Evidence," by W. G. Wills, forming the last number (240) of "Harper's Library of Select Novels," is a story of very decided interest.

The new edition, revised and enlarged, of Mr. Calvert Vaux's "Villas and Cottages; a Series of Designs prepared for Execution in the United States," is well worthy the attention of every man who proposes to build a house which shall be something more than a mere shelter—a home. It contains a series of designs, with plans of interior arrangements, ranging from the humblest log-cabin of the settler up to the village house, suburban villa, and city mansion of the man of larger means and more varied wants; from the country school-house to the stately church. The designs are so carefully prepared and fully worked out that any man who proposes to build can select one suited to his needs and means, and can fairly approximate to its cost. To our mind the most notable feature of this book is the proof which it presents that comfort and privacy may be secured in a dwelling erected at the most moderate cost, as well as in those of higher pretensions.

WHAT WAS IT?

It was not a scold, nor a cuff, nor a kick,
The wound of a sword, nor a blow from a stick,
A shot from any sort of a gun
That ever was forged beneath the sun,
A fall from a horse, nor a bite of a dog;
A burn from a torch carried out in a fog,
That made me ache confoundedly
Just where a gentleman's heart should be.

It was not a plaster, nor lotion, nor draught,
Homœopath practice, or Allopath craft,
Nor any description of patent pill,
That ever was pounded to cure or kill:
Nor the cure for nerves that are running to seed—
A sedative puff of the fragrant "weed,"
That cured my pain. 'Twas a smile for me
Just where a pretty girl's lips should be.

For my heart had been aching for many a day,
And my mind full of trouble and sorrow;
I vowed that I never would see her again,
But haunted her steps on the morrow.
I worried my friends and neglected my work,
Was horribly jealous of stupid young Smirk,
In short, was a nuisance to hear or to see,
Just as a fellow in love should be.

Well! well! it's all over, my smile I got,
And stole something else from its pretty birth-spot;
Went home with a breast that with rapture was thrilling,
Gave a beggar a dollar instead of a shilling,
And the sweet lips that cured me—at breakfast and tea
Are just where a gentleman's wife's should be.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March* 2. The bill to encourage foreign emigration was passed; its principal provisions have been given in our summary under date of February 18.—Mr. Grimes introduced a bill to equalize the grade of line officers in the navy. It provides for a board to examine into the moral, mental, and professional qualifications of all candidates for nomination to a grade below that of Commodore; any one failing to pass to be placed on the retired list.—Mr. Wilkinson, in the form of a personal explanation, made a speech censuring the different commanders of the Army of the Potomac, from M'Clellan to Meade. Among other things he asserted that at Gettysburg Meade had given orders for a retreat, which were countermanded only because an advance corps had become engaged, and so retreat was impossible. The battle of Gettysburg he thought the greatest on record; and if it had been followed up the enemy would have been annihilated; but the army was halted, and Lee allowed to recross the Potomac, while he had only ammunition enough to last four minutes. The want of success of the Army of the Potomac was due not to the soldiers, but to the incapacity of the commanders. Mr. Johnson replied, defending M'Clellan and Meade, laying the blame upon the President. Senators Anthony and Wade attributed Burnside's failure at Fredericksburg to the failure of officers in high command to obey orders.—A joint resolution was adopted for inquiry into the cause of the late disaster in Florida.—The request of the House for a joint committee on the Whisky tax, with instructions to agree upon a tax of not less than 20 or more than 40 cents upon spirits on hand, was refused, by 25 to 14; and a resolution agreeing to a free committee was adopted.——*March* 3. The Military Committee reported back the House bill extending to the 1st of April the time for the payment of bounties, with a recommendation from the Secretary of War; the bill passed.—Mr. Davis offered a joint resolution for amendments to the Constitution: First, "*No negro, or person whose mother or grandmother was a negro, shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any civil or military office, or to any place of trust or profit under the United States.*" Second, "*That the States of Maine and Massachusetts shall constitute one State, to be called East New England, and New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut shall constitute one State, to be called West New England.*" ordered to be printed.—Mr. Powell called up the bill, upon which the Military Committee had reported adversely, prohibiting officers of the army and navy from interfering in elections. We were, he said, the only people who would allow military interference in elections, and it was only recently that it had been permitted. He condemned the orders issued in Kentucky; said that the General Government had overthrown the laws regulating local elections in the loyal States, and held the President responsible.——*March* 4. Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Conference on the Whisky tax, said that after a full discussion the joint Committee of the two Houses had failed to agree; if the Senate adhered to its amendments the bill would be lost, and they would have to wait till another was matured. The Committee therefore recommended that the Senate should recede from its amendments. The bill would then impose a tax of 60 cents upon all liquor manufactured after its passage up to July, leaving any tax after that time to be provided for by future legislation. It also left an additional tax of 40 cents a gallon upon spirits on hand. This was incongruous, and was only to be remedied by future legislation. The Senate then, by 25 to 11, receded from its amendments, and the bill was passed.—Mr. Powell concluded his speech on the interference of the military with elections, reiterating his charges against the Administration, and claiming that the chief reason why the people had borne with the usurpations of power by the Executive was that they could soon have power to make a change. The President was using the military power to promote his own re-election. The amnesty proclamation was a move in that direction. This proclamation was revolutionary, because it overthrows the Constitution upon which the Union is based. What right has the President to dictate who shall be a qualified elector in a State? No honest man could take the oath prescribed in Louisiana by General Banks, for it bound him in the future to support a policy which would allow negroes to vote, provided the President should recommend it. It would require a standing army in each State to carry into effect the provisions of this proclamation, which would place nine-tenths of the population in a State under the control of the other tenth.—The Senate adjourned to Monday, March 7.——*March* 7. A memorial from the Geographical and Statistical Society in favor of a Commercial and Scientific mission to Eastern Asia; petitions for increased railroad and mail facilities between Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; and a petition from Eli Thayer for confiscating the lands of rebels and distributing them among soldiers and sailors; and a bill (amending a former one) for aiding in the construction of a railroad from the Missouri to the Pacific, were presented and referred.—Mr. Sherman offered a resolution, which was referred, defining the manner in which the President shall be chosen. It says that a quorum of the Senate shall consist of a majority of Senators duly chosen and qualified; if a majority of qualified Presidential electors vote for one person, he shall be President; if the election devolves upon the House, and the majority of the States represented be cast for one person, he shall be President.——*March* 8. A bill amending the act incorporating the city of Washington was passed.—The Committee on the Pacific Railway was instructed to inquire into the expediency of building a road from Lawrence to Fort Leavenworth.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill for the better organization of the Quarter-master's Department.—Mr. Powell's resolution calling for the report of the Committee to investigate charges against certain army officers at the West, the bill to promote enlistments, and that equalizing the pay of soldiers, were taken up, discussed, and postponed.

HOUSE.—*March* 2. Miscellaneous business was transacted, among which was the passage of a Senate bill appropriating $40,000 for the protection of overland emigrants, and an ineffectual attempt by Mr. Eldridge to call upon the Executive to furnish the names of persons confined in forts and prisons or banished to the rebellious States, and a call for correspondence relating to Mexican and Venezuelan affairs.—The bill declaring that the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims did not extend to any claims made for destruction of property by the forces engaged in suppressing the rebellion was taken up and debated at length. Several members of the Border States earnestly opposed the bill; their constituents had suffered severely, and should be indemnified; amendments were adopted providing that certain claims be referred to the Commissary and Quarter-master Generals, and to be paid if certified by them; commissioners to be appointed to examine other claims, care being taken to exclude disloyal persons from indemnity; and limiting to three years the time during which claims must be presented: the whole bill was postponed.—The House agreed to the Senate's proposal for a new Committee of Conference on the whisky tax.—*March* 3. The House, by a small majority, recommitted to the Judiciary Committee the bill, with the amendments relating to the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims.—The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell the surplus gold in the Treasury was taken up, debated, and postponed.—The question between the two Houses on the whisky tax was again brought forward, the Committee of Conference having again failed to agree. The House refused to ask for another Committee of Conference, and votes to adhere to its disagreement.——*March* 4. The day was devoted to private business.—A resolution was unanimously adopted thanking the surviving soldiers of the Revolution, twelve in number, and directing a copy of the resolution to be sent to each of the survivors.—After deciding an election case, in which Mr. Sleeper contested the seat of Mr. Rice, from Massachusetts, in favor of the latter, the House adjourned.——*March* 5. This day, being Saturday, was devoted to making and listening to speeches. Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, opened, condemning the Democratic party and the doctrine of State Rights, and censuring Mr. Buchanan as a weak and miserable man, unequal to the duties with which he had been intrusted.—Mr. Boyd, of Missouri, replied to a previous speech of his colleague, Mr. Blair, and asserted that the Radical members were the only true representatives of the Union sentiment of that State.—Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, made a long and violent speech against the Administration; affirmed that the republic was dying; that the war was an unchristian one; that the Union could be restored by negotiation; that the operations of the Treasury Department had rendered national bankruptcy inevitable; that General Burnside was infamous for his agency in banishing the statesman and Christian gentleman, Vallandigham. He warned the South not to look forward to separation, but to unite with the conservative men of the North, and return to their allegiance on a basis of perfect security for all their rights and institutions.—Mr. Anderson spoke in defense of the Union men of Kentucky, and said that they would support the President or any other man who would pledge himself to crush out the rebellion.—Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, replied to Mr. Voorhees and others; said that Mr. Vallandigham had been rightly served; and animadverted upon the Democratic party.—Mr. Hubbard spoke at length against slavery, and in favor of the war.—After listening to these speeches the House adjourned to Monday.——*March* 7. After some private business the Postal Committee reported a bill regulating the carrying of the mails between the United States and foreign countries, the essential feature of which is that all steamers from the United States to foreign ports shall receive and carry the mails for a reasonable compensation; it also provides for contracts for carrying the mails between the United States and the Pacific ports: the bill was passed.—The Deficiency bill came up, and after a discursive debate on various points, which assumed an unimportant personal turn, was postponed.——*March* 8. Resolutions were presented from the Iowa Legislature in favor of employing disabled soldiers in places under the General Government which they are competent to fill, and in favor of equal pay to white and colored soldiers.—The Deficiency bill was taken up, and an amendment agreed to appropriating $35,000 for medical attendance upon negro refugees and contrabands; and the bill was returned to the Senate, on account of certain amendments of that body to which the House refused to agree.—The Gold bill was taken up; various amendments were proposed and rejected, and finally a substitute offered by Mr. Boutwell was passed by 90 to 34, authorizing the Secretary to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt.—The bill providing for dropping from the Army and Navy Rolls all Generals not actually employed in accordance with their rank, was called up and discussed. According to a report of the War Department there are twenty-five Generals wholly unemployed, thirty-nine employed in various ways, but not in command of corps or brigades: postponed for a week.—The Senate bill establishing a uniform ambulance system was passed; also one increasing the rank and pay of the Provost Marshal-General to those of a Brigadier-General; and one continuing pay to chaplains when absent on leave, or from sickness, or when held by the enemy as prisoners.—The Committee on Public Lands reported a bill, which was recommitted, securing to soldiers and sailors homesteads on confiscated or forfeited estates in the insurrectionary districts.

KILPATRICK'S RAID.

This expedition left Stevensburg, Virginia, on Sunday night, the 28th ult., crossing the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, with Hogan's scouting party of forty in the advance. The picket-guard and reserve force along the river being captured before the alarm could be given, the expedition was divided, Colonel Dahlgren moving upon a specific errand first to Frederickhall, on the Virginia Central Railroad, destroying that road and the telegraph line, and then striking the James River Canal six miles east of Goochland Court House. This canal follows the course of James River almost directly west from Richmond. Here six gristmills were destroyed, one saw-mill, and six canal-boats loaded with grain. Several locks of the canal, and the works at the coal-pits at Manikin's Bend, were also destroyed. Dahlgren's command then struck the plank-road, and moved on to within three miles of Richmond, where it met with a rebel force, and withdrew. Colonel Dahlgren, however, with Major Cook and 100 men, took a different course from the main column, and many of them fell into the hands of the enemy, among whom was the gallant Colonel himself, who was killed at the time of his capture. In the mean time Kilpatrick moved on from Ely's Ford to Spotsylvania Court House. It was then late at night, but the corps moved on to Beaver Dam, which it reached at 5 P.M. on Monday. Beaver Dam is on the Virginia Central Road, about ten miles west of the point where the two lines from Richmond—that to Gordonsville and that to Fredericksburg—cross each other. Here both the railroad and telegraphic communication with Richmond was interrupted. On Monday night the command crossed the South Anna River, where the advance had a skirmish with a picket force near Taylorsville. By 10½ the next morning Kilpatrick had taken up a position within the second line of the defensive works at Richmond, 3½ miles from the city. Here a copy was obtained of the Richmond *Examiner* and *Dispatch* fresh from the press, announcing it *as a rumor that a brigade of Yankee cavalry had crossed the Rapidan.* An hour later the editors of these sheets heard Kilpatrick's guns attacking their third line of fortifications. Here Dahlgren was to join Kilpatrick; but the former not making his appearance, the latter decided to fall back. It was just after he had retired that Dahlgren came up, full three hours too late. Kilpatrick on Tuesday night encamped six miles from Richmond, two miles from the Chickahominy. Here he was attacked by the rebels. A number of horses were killed, but the enemy was repulsed. In the morning Kilpatrick retired to the Pamunkey and moved down the Peninsula. This movement was effected with some difficulty on account of the mud, especially as about a hundred men had been dismounted in the night attack, and had to make their way on foot. During Wednesday the main portion of Dahlgren's command came up, and the next morning the entire force, except Dahlgren himself and his missing hundred, was met by a detachment from General Butler and conducted to Williamsburg. Some three hundred prisoners were captured; several miles of the Central Railroad destroyed, besides property worth millions of dollars to the Confederacy; and on the whole this expedition, besides being the most daring, may be pronounced the most successful raid of the war.

To divert the enemy's attention from Kilpatrick's movements, two corps of the Army of the Potomac moved, on Thursday the 25th February, in the direction of Madison Court House, General Custer's cavalry force taking the advance. On Sunday the enemy's pickets were driven in north of the Rapidan, and his left flank threatened at the same time that Kilpatrick crossed at Ely's Ford. Near Charlottesville Custer fell in with Stuart's rebel cavalry, and destroyed his entire camp equipage, and blowing up six of his caissons retired, being outnumbered by the enemy.

THE SITUATION IN FLORIDA.

Our forces at Jacksonville are being rapidly reinforced. Their position is strongly fortified at right angles in front of the town, and the army is in good spirits. It appears from rebel reports that the Confederate loss was very heavy, almost equal to our own. The main body of the enemy, under General Finnegan, is encamped near Baldwin, a strong position on the route by railroad to Tallahassee.

EAST TENNESSEE AND THE SOUTHWEST.

The rumors which have been afloat in regard to Sherman's expedition are giving way rapidly to settled facts. It is known that at the first of last month Sherman's forces left Vicksburg in two columns commanded respectively by M'Pherson and Hurlbut, and that a cavalry force under General Smith left Memphis at about the same time for the purpose of immediate co-operation, and finally of junction. On the 5th Jackson was occupied, from which point Sherman proceeded to Meridian. From this point the record is not yet fully settled; it is certain, however, that detachments of his force were busily engaged in the destruction of railroad lines in every direction. What Sherman's destination from this point was has not transpired, for Smith's cavalry expedition, overpowered by the concentrated force of the enemy, was compelled to return to Memphis, and this necessitated also a retreat on the part of Sherman, who is now on his way back to Vicksburg.

In Georgia our forces have retired from Tunnel Hill to Ringgold. In East Tennessee Longstreet appears to still maintain his position at Bull's Gap with his cavalry, while his head-quarters are at Greenville. Both of these positions are on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad—Bull's Gap being 56 miles east of Knoxville, and Greenville 74 miles. Morristown, the advanced position of the Federal forces, is 14 miles west of Bull's Gap.

ELECTION IN LOUISIANA.

The Free State ticket has been carried in Louisiana by a majority of over 3000 votes, out of 8000, for Governor Hahn. A vote was cast three-tenths as large as the usual Presidential vote of that State.

ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gilmore has been re-elected Governor of New Hampshire by a large majority—estimated at 4000—which shows a Union gain over previous elections. The five Republican Councilors are elected; also nine of the twelve Senators are Republican.

SOLDIERS ALLOWED TO VOTE.

The election in this State on the 8th inst. resulted in the ratification of the constitutional amendment allowing our soldiers the right to vote. About one-third of the usual vote was polled, and the Opposition ballot was very weak all over the State.

THE DRAFT.

The Secretary of War has telegraphed to Governor Seymour that bounties will be paid until April 1. As our quota is now so nearly filled this amounts to a virtual suspension of the draft.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

On the morning of the 22d February, the Prussians drove in the Danish outposts and occupied Duppel, from which they were dislodged by a cannonade of four hours, when they retired with considerable loss. Previous to this attack on Duppel, the allies had invaded Jutland—or the continental portion of Denmark—advancing as far as Kolding, which is on the eastern coast, at the head of and commanding the channel (called *Little Belt*) in which Alsen is situated. The Embassadors of Austria and Prussia at Paris and London have explained this advance into Denmark proper as being undertaken solely for strategic purposes. In the mean time the Germans are busily engaged in destroying the Danevirke at Schleswig. A blockade was threatened on the part of the Danes against all the ports on the eastern coast of Holstein and Schleswig, except Neustadt, to be established from February 25. Other movements are now in operation looking toward a settlement. England has invited the German Federation and the Powers who signed the treaty of 1852 to a Conference in London. This invitation has been accepted by Prussia and Austria; there is doubt, however, whether this implies any cessation of hostilities in the mean while, although orders were to be given against a further advance into Jutland. Denmark herself refuses to regard any negotiations that will not restore Schleswig to its former relations.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DISPUTE.

The rebel ram question again came up for discussion in Parliament on the 23d February. The Attorney-General defended the position of the Government against the attacks of Disraeli and his Tory associates with such success as to obtain a majority of 25 in the House in favor of sustaining the action of the Ministry.

The Opposition having failed in the ram question, tried their luck on the case of the *Chesapeake*, with similar success. Mr. Layard, in behalf of the Government, produced dispatches, showing that, long before the British demand for redress had reached him, Secretary Seward had promptly anticipated the demand by the most courteous apology, with an offer of satisfactory reparation. The Ministry were also severely attacked for their policy in relation to Danish affairs. The London *Times*, however, lays the blame chiefly upon the other European Powers.

"A single word," it says, "from France, Russia, and Sweden would have prevented the invasion of the Duchies; but the ties of gratitude for all services do not bind France; a common nationality and a common danger can not move Sweden; treaties and alliances are alike lost upon Russia. These Powers will neither do any thing now nor tell us what they intend to do hereafter. It is their boast that England is isolated. Meanwhile the Danish monarchy itself seems to be threatened. Nothing would be easier than to send the Channel fleet to the Baltic. But it is not by sea that the fate of Denmark will be decided, and our small land-force could not permanently influence the decision of a war carried on by 40,000 to 50,000 men against States which could, if necessary, place ten times that number in the field; and calm reason steps in to remind us that it is no part of our duty to redress all the injustice which is committed under the sun."

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE *Alabama* was at Singapore on the first days of January, where she got coal, and steamed into Malacca Straits. A letter from an American shipmaster says that all her men are discontented, and many were deserting, in defiance of watchful officers. The writer adds that she has completely stopped American commerce in the East, and our vessels were lying up at all ports. A Bombay telegram, of the 29th January, announces that she was cruising off the west coast of India, and had captured and burned the ship *Emma*, of New York.

Late advices from Cape Town confirm the report of the seizure of the rebel privateer *Tuscaloosa* at that place.

The President has commuted the sentence of the deserters heretofore condemned to death to imprisonment at the dry Tortugas during the war.

It appears that the torpedo which sunk the *Housatonic* off Charleston was itself destroyed at the same time.

The negroes of Baltimore, Maryland, have held the first of a series of meetings for the purpose of calling the attention of the contrabands to the matter of enlisting in our army.

Captains SAWYER and FLYNN, who were sentenced to death by the rebel authorities at Richmond, in retaliation for the hanging of two spies, by General BURNSIDE, have been exchanged.

Admiral DAHLGREN is in Washington. It is rumored that he has been relieved from the command of the Ironclad fleet off Charleston. Admiral FARRAGUT will probably be appointed to succeed him.

Brigadier-General BARRY, Inspector of United States Artillery, has been relieved, at his own request, from artillery duties, in which he has been engaged, and ordered to report to Major-General GRANT.

A negro company of the First Mississippi Infantry were surprised and cut to pieces by rebel guerrillas, dressed in Union uniform, near Pecinon Landing, on the 14th ult., while standing guard for a foraging party from the steamer *Prinple*. Only two of the negroes escaped death or mortal wounds.

A commission has been appointed by the Secretary of War to visit the camps where all rebel prisoners are confined, and administer to them the oath of allegiance under the President's recent Amnesty Proclamation.

Lieutenant-Commander JOSEPH H. STERRETT has been detached from the *Katahdin* and ordered to New Orleans to the command of the *Aroostook*.

Lieutenant-Commander CHESTER HATFIELD has been detached from the *Aroostook* and ordered to return North.

Captain PINCKHARDT, who was captured with General SCAMMON, was killed by our own men while in the hands of a band of guerrillas.

Private IRWIN, Company D, Twelfth Illinois cavalry, has been dishonorably dismissed the service and sentenced to two years in the Penitentiary for representing himself as one of MOSBY's guerrillas and committing highway robbery within our lines.

The Richmond *Examiner* of March 1 says that on February 29th 400 more Federal prisoners were shipped for Americus, Georgia. Nearly 3000 have thus far been sent, and there are accommodations for 6000.

The rebel rams in the Roanoke and Neuse rivers, in North Carolina, are said to be almost ready, and are also said to be very formidable. They will doubtless get a warm reception.

There is a rumor that Major-General D. N. COUCH, now Commander of the Department of the Susquehanna, will be called to take an important command in the Army of the Potomac.

A private letter from Havana, dated March 1, states that the United States gun-boat *De Soto* was in the dry-dock there. The blockade-runners and secessionists in Havana had threatened to burn the vessel, and also threatened the officers with violence. The Spanish authorities, however, had given the officers of the *De Soto* permission to wear their side-arms, and they now visit the city fully armed.

Brigadier-General D. H. RUCKER, Chief Quarter-master of the Depôt of Washington, has asked to be relieved from duty here and sent into the field.

Committees from different Districts in Pensylvania are now visiting the Army of the Potomac to offer an additional bounty of $200 to veterans, the money to pay the same having been raised in their Districts.

Twenty-five of the thirty thousand veterans of the Army of the Potomac, whose terms of service expire within the next nine months, have re-enlisted. Of the six thousand veterans of the same army who have of late gone home on furlough, five thousand five hundred have already returned to duty, their furloughs having expired.

There is a great rush of Major and Brigadier Generals out of employment for active duty to avoid the effect of the bill to dismiss such from the service.

The total loss at the battle of Chicamauga on the part of the Federals was 17,200. The total loss of the Confederates was 19,600. The time consumed in fighting was 16 hours and 30 minutes. This makes a total combined loss of 36,800, or over 2200 per hour. The total Federal force engaged was 58,000, the rebel force (according to their own reports) was 64,000.

The Louisville *Democrat* says, in reference to the Court of Inquiry on the conduct of Generals M'COOK, CRITTENDEN, and NEGLEY, that the evidence elicited does not sustain a single charge against either of the Generals, but, on the contrary, it shows that "every thing that could be done or expected of a General or a man was done by them at the battle of Chicamauga."

Major-General RANDALL, of the New York State Militia, died on Thursday, in Buffalo, of disease of the heart.

General PORE is preparing for an active spring campaign against the Indians in the Northwest.

Official Treasury documents show that, during the year 1862, thirteen thousand claims of deceased and discharged soldiers were settled. The number settled during 1863 was 45,700, and there remained unsettled, on the first of January last, 74,600.

By statements from the War Department, furnished the Senate, it appears that there are 70 major-generals, the number allowed by law, in service and drawing pay, and 274 brigadier-generals, one less than the number provided for by law.

It is estimated that the cost per man of the army is nearly if not quite $1200 per annum.

The revised army regulations are amended so that enlisted men who lose or dispose of revolving pistols intrusted to their care will hereafter be charged $20 in each case.

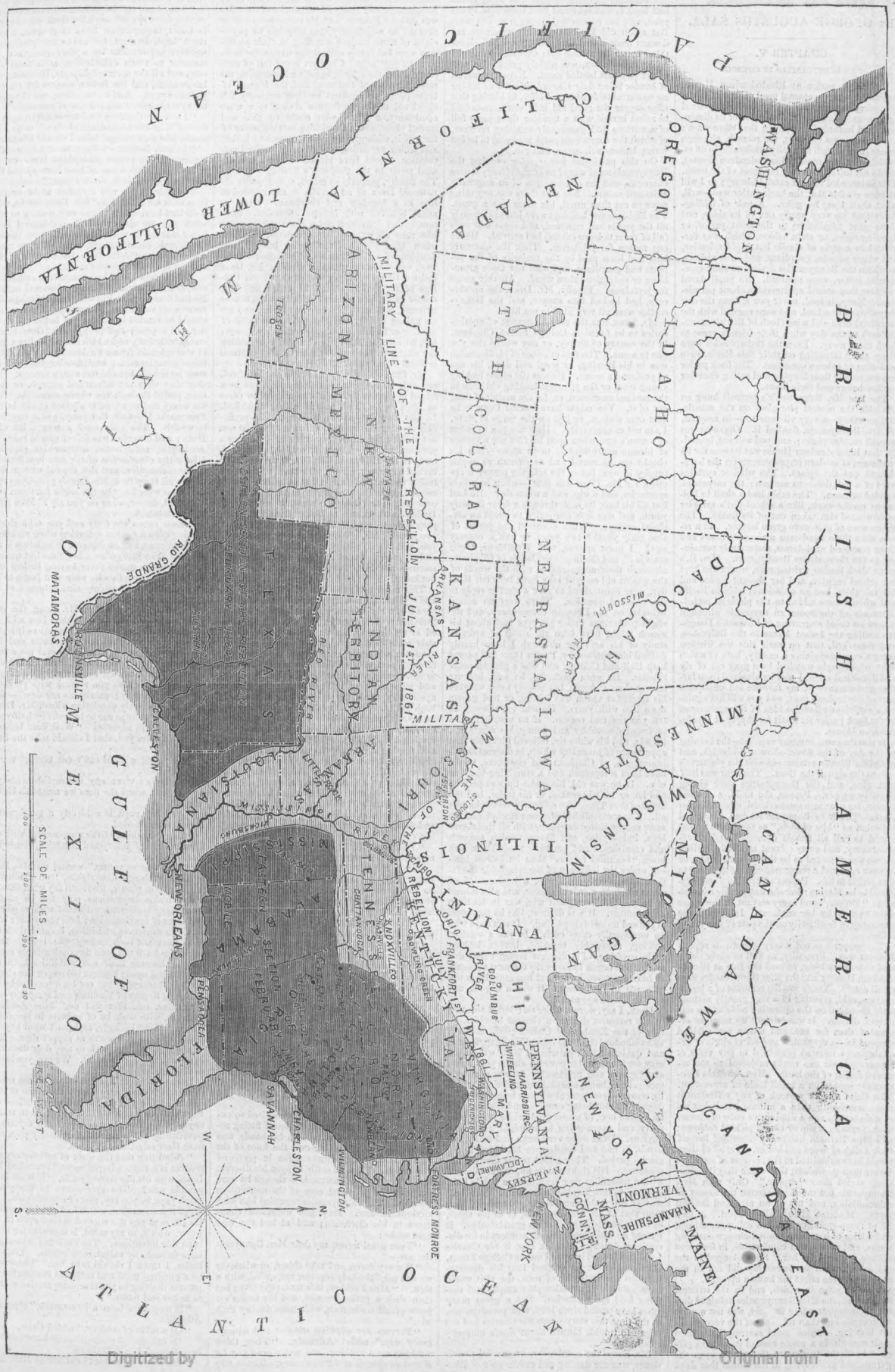
It ought to be generally known that the Government will furnish each soldier who loses a limb in its service with another one, free of expense, and take care of him while the limb is being fitted, through the medical director, 458 Broome Street, New York.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

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MAP OF THE REBELLION, AS IT WAS IN 1861 AND AS IT IS IN 1864.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

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QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER V.

THE BUNNYCASTLES IN COUNCIL.

THE back parlor at Rhododendron House, dedicated to the nocturnal meal spoken of in the preceding chapter, was a very moderately-sized apartment. Indeed, if an observer of its dimensions had hazarded an opinion that there wasn't room to swing a cat in it, the remark, although coarse (and as such naturally intolerable in an establishment so genteel as Rhododendron House), would not have fallen very far short of the truth. This is intended to be a candid history; so I will at once confess that the back parlor was—well, what shall I say?—poky. A pair of folding-doors took up very nearly one of its sides, and these gave admittance to the front parlor, or drawing-room, or state saloon, which was furnished in a style of classic but frigid splendor, and where parents, guardians, and other visitors, to whom the Bunnycastles desired to show ceremonial honor, were received. No pupil dared to enter that sacred apartment without permission. Many, indeed, never saw it from the day they arrived at school, and were regaled with the sacrificial cake and wine (both of British manufacture) to the day when their friends came to fetch them away. Even the Bunnycastles were chary about intruding on their Sala Regia, save on festive or solemn occasions. The back parlor was essentially their keeping and sitting chamber—their bower and their home.

The late Mr. Bunnycastle's portrait hung on one side the modest pier-glass on the mantle, and an effigy—a very vile one too—in crayons, of Mrs. Bunnycastle, flanked it. Opposite was a small cottage piano; and you will see, by-and-by, that Rhododendron House was famous for its specimens of modern improvements on the harpsichord and the spinet. The window curtains were of a dull decorous moreen; the carpets of a faded crimson. The table had a cloth in imitation needle-work, like a school-girl's sampler of unwonted size taken out of its frame. The chairs were of well-worn green leather. In a recess were three handsome mahogany desks and three rosewood work-boxes, respectively pertaining to the three sisters Bunnycastle. Mrs. B.'s great black leather writing-case, where she kept her school register, and her account-books, and her valuables, had an occasional table to itself; and when I have added to the pictorial embellishments of the room an agreeable although somewhat faded engraving of Pharaoh's Daughter finding the Infant Moses in the Bulrushes, and remarked, that on each side the window hung a cage containing a canary, both of which were unceasingly watched by a gray cat of sly and Jesuitical mien, I may be absolved from further performance of my favorite but unpopular part of the broker's man, and you will have gained a sufficiently definite idea of the appearance of the back parlor set apart for supper at Rhododendron House.

It was the same summer evening—the evening of the day of the flower-show at Chiswick, and of Griffin Blunt's rendezvous with the plasterer's wife at the sign of the Goat. The hour was half past nine, and the Bunnycastles were sitting down to supper. Pepper, the maid, a demure person, far gone into spinsterhood, attended upon them. The Miss Bunnycastles had a decided objection to "bits of girls," as they were accustomed to call all female domestics under five-and-twenty, and every servant at Rhododendron House was expected to be thirty years of age, or to wear caps and a countenance corresponding to that period in life. Pepper's Christian name happened to be Marian; but she was rigidly addressed as "Pepper," and every servant in the house went equally by her surname. It averted the possibility of familiarity on the part of the young ladies.

The supper was not a very sumptuous repast. It never was. Frugality, as well as early rising and timeous retiring, formed the rule at Rhododendron House; and the Miss Bunnycastles were small eaters. There was the remnant of a leg of mutton, cold, grinning in a very ghastly manner after its ordeal on the operating table at the one o'clock dinner. It was brought up more for ornament than for use, and unless some friend dropped in—a very small and select circle of acquaintances were so permitted to pay visits at supper-time—it was rarely subjected to the renewed action of the knife. Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle supped on a small basin of arrow-root. Miss Celia seldom partook of any refreshment more nourishing than a minute parallelogram of stale bread, and a diminutive cube of cheese, with, perhaps, a slip or two of pickled cabbage; and Miss Barbara habitually contented herself with a slice of bread and butter. Yet all of them would have submitted to the severest of sacrifices rather than go without that which they imaginatively styled their "supper." Only with Mrs. Bunnycastle did the meal assume the aspect of substantiality, and not of an airy and fanciful myth. Madame Mère really supped. A nice bit of rump-steak, or a boiled collop, or an egg and a slice of ham, or a mutton-chop, something warm, and meaty, and comfortable, in fact, was always prepared for her. She belonged to the old school, when sentimentality did not in the slightest degree affect the human appetite.

The beverage in which, and in the strictest moderation, the Miss Bunnycastles indulged during their unpretending banquet, was not a more aristocratic one than table-ale of the very smallest brewing. There could scarcely have been malt enough, in a whole cask of it, to have given a headache to the rat that noted upon the germinated grain lying in the House that Jack built. The ladies just took two or three sips of the mawkish infusion of gyle and hops, which had been more frightened than fermented by the yeast, and the ceremonial supper beer was over. But again did Mrs. Bunnycastle vindicate her descent from the old school. She liked something better than table-ale; and so, for her peculiar sustentation, was nightly provided a pint of the very best bottled stout. Nor—my protest of candor being duly allowed—shall I be taking an unwarrantable liberty, I infer, in hinting that after supper the good old lady was accustomed to refect herself with a tumbler three parts full of a curious and generously-smelling mixture, of which the component parts appeared to be hot water, lemon-peel, sugar, and gin.

On this particular flower-show evening the Bunnycastle meal was of an extraordinary festive character, and the conversation of an unusually animated nature. Not that there was any thing more to eat than usual, but there was a guest. The Mid-summer holidays were just over, nearly all the pupils had returned, and some new ones (all of them to learn extras) had arrived. Hence one reason for jubilation. Then the quarterly bills had been paid by the majority of the parents and guardians, and with not more grumbling or reductions than usual. Another cause for joyfulness. Finally, Mr. Drax, the apothecary, had looked into supper, and the Bunnycastles were all very glad to see him.

Mr. Drax was the very discreetest of apothecaries to be found in College Street, Clapham, in the county of Surrey, or any where else you like to name. The first evidence of his discretion was in his keeping, by word and deed, his age so profound a secret. He was the oldest looking young man, or the youngest looking old man in the medical profession, or, for the matter of that, out of it. You might have fancied Drax to be just over sixteen, or just on the verge of sixty. I am not exaggerating. How are you to judge of a man's age, when upon his face not a vestige of hirsute adornment is to be seen—when his cheeks are as round and as smooth as apples (apples in wax, before the coloring matter is applied, for Mr. Drax was pale)—when he wears spectacles, and a wig, and a white tie? He had lost all his hair, he said, through a fever in early youth, and was thus compelled to adopt an artificial coiffure. When occurred the period of that early youth? two years, or half a century ago? I must answer, with Montaigne, "que scais je?" and the inquisitive ladies of Clapham, although their acquaintance with the works of the quaint old essayist may have been but slender, were constrained to give a similar reply to the oftposed question. There were no actual wrinkles on the Draxian countenance, and the slight puckerings under his eyes and about his mouth might have been the result of arduous study of his art; for although I have hastily dubbed him apothecary, Parfitt Drax had passed both Hall and College, and was a general practitioner. He wore spectacles, he said, because he was short-sighted; but nobody knew whether his imperfect vision was inborn, or had grown upon him with years. He was too discreet to tell you the real reason. If he was, indeed, a profound dissembler and young, his spectacles, his wig, and his white tie, relieved him from that appearance of juvenility which, in discreet boarding-schools, at Clapham and elsewhere, would have been a reproach and a stumbling-block to him. If he was old, his make up was perfect, and he, or his wig-maker, or his tailor, had triumphed over Time, who ordinarily triumphs over all. The accomplished Madame Rachel, and her more accomplished daughter, with all their Arabian, Indo-Syriac, and Mesopotamian enamels and varnishes, could not have made Drax look more "beautiful forever" than he looked himself under the influence of imperturbable discretion, scrupulous cleanliness, a neckerchief of white cambric, a pair of glasses, and a false head of hair. This head, this wig, was in itself an achievement. It was discreet, like its possessor. It showed no tell-tale parting. It was rigid with no unnaturally crisp curls. It was a waving, flowing, reasonably tumbled, human-looking scalp covering, of a discreet mouse color, that might have begun to turn gray the next moment, or have preserved its natural hue until Drax was gathered to his fathers. It was a wig for any age, or for no age at all.

Drax, I say, wore a white tie; but it was not, in the remotest degree, a clerical kerchief, either of the Established Church (stiff, starched, and orthodox) or of the dissenting (limp, frayed, and dubious-hued) pattern, of both which you may see innumerable patterns all the year round at Clapham and Stockwell. It was a strictly medical neckband, a consulting neckcloth, a family cravat—symmetrical without being formal—degagé without being careless, and tied in a little square bow, of whose proportions an evening party and opera-going beau might have been envious. Drax wore very large and stiff wristbands, in hue and consistence belonging to the glacial period. They added to his discreet appearance. His right middle finger was adorned with a mourning ring containing a lady's hair, and an indecipherable monogram. The hair was of an ambiguous shade. It might have been that of his deceased wife, or of his sister, or of his sweet-heart, or of his grandmother. It formed an additional piece of artillery in his discretional battery. I think that if Sir Charles Lyell had looked in upon Drax in College Street, Clapham, before he entered into his dissertations on the antiquity of man, the visit would have afforded that philosopher ample and edifying food for cogitation. But a great many years have passed since 1836, and, peradventure, at the time this story opens Sir Charles had not begun to trouble himself about man's antiquity at all.

Mr. Drax, the apothecary, or general practitioner, was the darling and enfant gâté of Rhododendron House. He was the Vert-Vert of this semi-monastic community—without Vert-Vert's naughtiness and laxity of tongue, however. He was called "Doctor," and his ministrations were deemed so satisfactory that surgeons or physicians of more exalted standing in their profession were but rarely summoned within the Bunnycastle precincts. Clapham being full of doctors driving their broughams, and possessing the most funereal of footmen, and the biggest of brass plates, the genteel medicos naturally felt aggrieved at the preference shown to a mere apothecary, a fellow who made up pills and spread plasters in a flourishing establishment of forty girls, without counting the grown-up ladies, and which, according to ordinarily received calculation, should have yielded a handsome annual profit to the professor's healing vocation. The faculty, properly so called, consequently denounced Drax as an interloper, and sneered at him as a humbug and charlatan. Drax, as usual, behaved with infinite discretion. Contumely and detraction did not so much as make him raise his mild eyebrows in detraction; and when Miss Furblow, the parlor boarder, and daughter of a rich draper of Newington Causeway, was taken ill with the measles, Mr. Drax insisted that Dr. Hopscotch, of the Royal College of Physicians, should be called in. The doctor came, frowned at Mr. Drax, who, nowise irritated, was most obsequious to him, and got his guinea a visit, duly charged to the debit of the draper in Miss Furblow's quarterly account; but, for all that, Dr. Hopscotch failed in gaining the slightest footing as authorized or habitual medical attendant at Rhododendron House.

Mr. Drax was a frequent visitor at the school, not only in his professional capacity, but as a friend of the family. He was allowed to come as often as he liked, and to supper uninvited. In fact, he "dropped in." But on this particular evening his presence at the usual repast was not due to the immediate exercise of his own personal volition. The Bunnycastles had agreed, early in the afternoon, that Mr. Drax should be invited to supper, and in pursuance of the resolution unanimously arrived at in solemn family council, Miss Barbara Bunnycastle had, in her own exquisite (though somewhat attenuated) Italian hand, written to him, "Dear Mr. Drax, *pray* come to supper, as *soon* after nine as ever you *possibly* can. We want so *very* much to *see* you, and *consult* with you on a most *particular* and *important* matter." The original underscorings are Miss Barbara Bunnycastle's, and not mine.

This missive, signed with the initials B. B., and "yours *ever* faithfully," and sealed with Barbara's own signet, bearing the charming enough little motto of "Dinna forget," was duly dispatched at tea-time by the page and knife-boy (the only male creature, with the exception of the gardener, who came once a week for four hours, forming part of the Rhododendronian retinue) to Mr. Drax's surgery or shop in College Street; and punctually at half past nine the discreet apothecary made his appearance in the little back parlor. He had as small an appetite—or, in his discretion chose to be as abstemious as the Bunnycastles themselves; and so, after consuming a very thin slice of the grinning mutton, and sipping a very small quantity of the table-ale, Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle mixed him, with her own fair hands (never mind if they were slightly bony), a tumblerful of the warm, colorless, but comforting mixture which her mamma was in the habit of imbibing after supper. Then the conversation, which had hitherto been fitful and desultory, became concentrated and engrossing.

"Did you ever hear of such a strange, romantic affair?" asked Miss Adelaide.

"Only fancy," Miss Celia continued, "no name given—at least no real one—no address, no references, but an offer of fifty guineas a year, payable in advance, for a little girl not yet four years of age."

"And such a beautiful spoken gentleman is the dark one," remarked Barbara.

"And so beautifully spoken is the one with the bald head," interposed Adelaide.

"Rubbish, girls," quoth good Mrs. Bunnycastle. "The bald-headed one isn't a gentleman at all. He's the dark party's man-servant."

"He has lovely eyes," pleaded Barbara, "and charming teeth, and oh! such an angel smile."

"He wears a diamond ring as big as a four-penny-piece," said the practical Adelaide.

"I tell you he's nothing but the other one's valet. He as much as owned it to me the last time he was here. But, master or man, it doesn't much matter. Do tell us now, my dear doctor, whether we ought to take this little girl or not?"

All Mr. Drax's discretion was required to enable him to give this interrogation a fitting reply. He stroked his chin with his hands, and crossed the foot of one leg over the knee of the other, his favorite attitude when in profound meditation. Then he softly swayed his discreet head upward and downward, as though he were weighing the pros and cons of the momentous question. The Bunnycastles regarded him with anxious interest. They had unlimited confidence in his discretion; and at last the wise man spoke:

"Your usual terms, my dear Mrs. Bunnycastle, are—"

"We say forty, and take thirty, or whatever we can get," the lady superior responded, with a sigh. "Miss Furblow, it is true, pays fifty; but then she's a parlor boarder, and her father's a purse-proud tradesman, with more money than wit."

"Parents are growing stingier and stingier every day," added Adelaide. "They think washing costs nothing, and won't even pay for a seat at church or for stationery. That's why we've adopted the viva voce system of instruction, and so saved half the copy-books."

"They have the impudence to come and tell us that there are schools advertised, with unlimited diet, twenty-seven acres of ground, a carriage kept, lectures by university professors, weekly examinations by a clergyman, a drill-sergeant to teach calisthenics, milk from the cow, and all the accomplishments, including the harmonium, and the Indian sceptre for sixteen pounds a year. And no vacations, and the quarter to commence from the day of entrance."

"I wonder what they feed the children upon?" quotes Miss Barbara, disdainfully: "snips and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails, I should imagine."

"I thank Heaven *we* have never advertised," remarked, with proper pride, Mrs. Bunnycastle. "*That* degradation has at least been spared the principals of Rhododendron House."

"Which always will continue to be exempt from such a humiliation," Mr. Drax put in, with a decided bow. "It is not so easy a thing to bow when you are sitting down; although I have heard that the first gentleman in Europe, George the Fourth, could manage, when sober, to make a bow in bed. "Advertising has been overdone, even in the case of patent medicines."

The discreet Drax had committed one indiscretion in the course of his professional career. He had dreamed of a Pill which should eclipse the renown of Cockle and Holloway and Parr, which should be vended by millions of boxes one shilling and a penny half-penny each (Government stamp included), and which should realize a rapid and splendid future for himself. Drax's Antiseptic, antizymotic, antivascular Herbal Pills were launched, but did not attain success. Either they were not advertised enough, or they were puffed through the wrong channels. 'Tis not every one to whom is allotted shares in the Pneumatic Dispatch Company, whose terminus is wealth. The pills were a sore point with Drax; and his cellar was full of unsold boxes of Antiseptic, antizymotic, antivascular globules. I hope the constitution of the rats benefited by their consumption, and that the old women supplied with the pills at Mr. Drax's gratuitous consultations were likewise the better for them.

"Well, doctor, what do you say?" Miss Adelaide continued.

"Your terms are forty and you take thirty, making even a further reduction when vacancies are numerous, and an increase in numbers is desirable. You had rather a bad time last quarter but one, when, scarlet fever having broken out, of thirty-eight pupils who were sent home to escape infection only twenty-nine returned to resume their studies."

"And then, you know, Mr. Legg, the coal merchant, who had four daughters here with the smallest heads and the largest appetites it is possible to conceive, had the wickedness and dishonesty to go bankrupt, and we never got a penny for two quarters' schooling for the whole four."

"Rent and taxes are heavy; risks are numerous; parents are, as you remark with pardonable severity, stingy; provisions are dear"—thus went on, discreetly pondering aloud, Mr. Drax, and the fifty guineas are to be made by half-yearly payments, in advance. "Well, dear ladies, I think, if I were you, that I should take the little girl."

"So young a child can't eat much," mused Miss Adelaide.

"She won't want any accomplishments yet a while, and when she does we must ask higher terms."

"And her papa is evidently a gentleman," Miss Barbara added.

"To say nothing of the man-servant with the diamond ring," interposed Adelaide, somewhat maliciously.

"With one so young," wound up Mrs. Bunnycastle, with soft didacticism, "on a mind so tender and so plastic, who shall say what durable and valuable impressions may not be made? How many children are treated with harshness and want of consideration; how many have been set down as dunces and idlers, because their natures have not been understood; because their capacities have not been discriminatingly ascertained; because their susceptibilities have not been worked upon; because the responsive chords in their characters have not been touched by the judicious fingers of kindness and sympathy—?"

"There, ma, that will do," Miss Adelaide broke in, with a shake of sadness in her voice, "we're talking business, and don't want any extracts from the prospectus at supper-time. The principal stumbling-block to me, dear doctor, is in the absence of references. We are, you know, so very exclusive."

Exclusiveness at Rhododendron House meant this—and it has pretty nearly the same signification at five hundred boarding-schools—the Bunnycastles had a decided objection to taking any pupils, unless they were perfectly certain of punctuality in the receipt of quarterly payments from their relatives or friends.

"Admitting that the want of satisfactory references is a serious impediment," remarked Mr. Drax, with his discreetest smile, "is it an insuperable one? The appearance of the young lady's papa is, you say, that of a gentleman. He keeps a man-servant, which looks highly genteel. He offers to pay the stipend agreed upon in advance, which, to my mind, is a guarantee of his bona fide intentions. The child is too young to have formed any vulgar connections. Yes, dear ladies, I think I should take her. There may be a hundred good and sufficient reasons for her parents desiring to preserve comparative secrecy as to her real name."

"It may have been a love-match," suggested Adelaide.

"Or a scion of nobility," added Celia.

"Or one against whom dire machinations have been formed," said Barbara.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Bun-

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nycastle, with an energy unusual to one of her soft and sentimental nature. "When you've kept a school as long as I have, girls, you'll know that there are, as the doctor says, hundreds of reasons for putting a little bit of a child away, and leaving her under proper care till she's grown up. I think we're all agreed. The little one is to be taken?"

"Certainly," chorused the three maidens.

"You could not have arrived at a more sagacious decision," acquiesced Mr. Drax.

"But the most embarrassing thing of all is," Miss Adelaide resumed, "that she is to be brought here this very night. We expect her papa every minute. The gentleman with the diamond ring—the man-servant, I mean—said they might be as late as half past ten. Only fancy a visit at so late an hour, and from a stranger too, at Rhododendron House. Such a thing has never happened to us since we first came here."

"Nor is it likely, I should hope, to happen again," Drax interposed, with another sitting bow.

"And it was principally for that reason, doctor," pursued Miss Adelaide, "that we asked you to come. We wished, in case you advised us to take this little thing, to have you here as a kind of witness, as it were, when her papa brought her."

"Perhaps her papa will object," remarked Barbara.

"To what? To something he can't see any more than the man in the moon can?" retorted her sister, snappishly. "Nothing would be likelier than his objection to a stranger being present if his object is to secure secrecy; but, at the same time, nothing is easier than to avoid the slightest unpleasantness."

"Of course, of course," said the discreet apothecary. "I apprehend your meaning in a moment, my dear young lady. You wish me to be a witness, but an invisible one. You must receive the visitors in the front drawing-room. If you will kindly have the lamp lit there, and leave me here in darkness" (and he might have added, "in discretion"), "with one of the folding-doors the slightest degree in the world on the jar, I shall be an auditor to all that passes, and you may depend on my adroitness to see as well as hear."

Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle clapped her hands in grave applause at the apothecary's suggestion. Celia regarded him with eyes of favor. Barbara smiled upon him; and old Mrs. Bunnycastle was just on the point of asking him if he would take just one little drop more of spirits-and-water (although I am certain that Drax, in his discretion, would have refused), when the gate-bell was rung, and, a moment afterward, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard crunching the gravel-walk before Rhododendron House. The ladies hurried into the drawing-room. A solemn lamp with a green shade round it was hastily illumined; and presently Pepper announced that two gentlemen, with a little child with them, requested an interview with Mrs. and the Misses Bunnycastle.

CHAPTER VI.

LILY SITS UP LATE.

FRANCIS BLUNT, ESQ., sometimes called Frank, but now familiarly known as Griffin, entered the scholastic presence with the assured step of one who felt himself among those ready to do him homage. He was still exquisitely polite—indeed, courting was second nature to him; but his politeness was the condescension of a sovereign among his subjects—of the Marquis de Carabas among his vassals and his villeins. He did not cry "*Chapeau bas*;" but his look commanded more irresistibly than the most peremptory tone of his voice would have done.

Mr. Blunt had thrown over his attire of the afternoon a long ample cloak of circular cut, deeply faced with velvet, and made of the finest broadcloth. It was called a "Spanish" cloak; and in Spanish I am afraid the eminent Mr. Nugee, the tailor who had made it, was paid. Blunt had long since passed into that state of indebtedness when a man gets credit solely on the strength of his already owing so much.

In this Spanish mantle there was no denying that he had the aspect of a mysterious stranger. Some of his jewels were artfully permitted to peep from among the folds of the cloak, and glittered out of the dark shadows. His hair, whiskers, and teeth were more fascinating than ever.

Close upon the dandy's heels, and carrying a slight childish form wrapped up in a cloak, was Mr. Blunt's friend. Yes; he was his friend—his guide and philosopher too, although to the world the relation in which he stood to the man of fashion was not more exalted than that of a valet de chambre. Mr. Blunt's friend was hero and valet in one, and looked each character equally well.

In his way he was as exquisitely dressed as his master. It is difficult to make any thing remarkable out of a full suit of glossy black. You must needs look, in general, either like a waiter, or a doctor, or a schoolmaster, or an undertaker. The friend and valet of Francis Blunt, Esq., did not approach any one of the above-mentioned types of humanity. Mr. Nugee made the coats of the man as well as of the master. The valet's coat was perfection. It wasn't a body-coat, and it wasn't a swallow-tail—nay, nor a frock, nor a surtout, nor a spencer, nor a shooting-jacket. It was a coat with which no one could quarrel. It had the slightest clerical appearance, just tinged with a shade of the sporting cut. It was as a Cambridge Don strolling on Newmarket Heath. And then it subsided into the plain, unadorned, but exquisitely neat coat of the English gentleman. It was eminently a Conservative, a Chandos clause, a Test and Corporation, a "No-Surrender" coat. Mr. Nugee would have scorned to make such a coat for a Whig. For a Radical he would naturally have declined to confect coats at all.

There is little need to say any thing of the supplementary garments worn by Mr. Blunt's friend. That incomparable coat disarmed all ulterior criticism, and would have compensated for any shortcomings in the remainder of the attire. Such shortcomings, however, were non-existent. Every thing came up to a high standard of excellence. A delicate appreciation of art was shown in the thin brown gaiter, with pearl buttons, that showed itself between the termination of the pantaloon and the foot of the varnished boot. A refined spirit of propriety was manifest in the narrow shirt-collar, and the quietly-folded scarf of black ribbed silk, fastened with a subdued cameo representing the people of a Roman emperor. Even that diamond ring to which Miss Bunnycastle had called attention, large and evidently valuable as it was, had nothing about it on which the imputation of obtrusiveness or vainglory could be fixed. It was worn on the little finger of the left hand, and rarely brought into play.

It is time to say a few words about the individual for whom a skillful tailor and his own delicacy of taste had done so much. Nature had been partially kind, but, with her usual caprice, here and there hostile to the individual. He was of the middle size, and clean-limbed, but all the powers of the coat were needed—and they nearly, but not entirely, succeeded in disguising the fact that he was so round-shouldered as to be almost humpbacked. Without the coat he would have been Quasimodo; with it he was only a gentleman who, unfortunately, stooped a good deal. His head was large, but the collar of that invaluable coat was so cut as to make his neck sit well on his torso. His hair was of the deepest raven black—blue in the reflections, indeed—and, had it had its own way, would have grown in wildly-tufted luxuriance. Its possessor, however, had no wish to emulate the appearance of Clodion le Chevelu. From nape to temples his locks had been shorn to inexorable shortness; yet, close as the scissors had gone, you could tell at a glance that a forest had been there.

In the whole attitude of the man there was repose, concealed strength, abnegation of outward show. Had he given his eyes and lips full play, the expression of his countenance would have been terrible. But with rare self-denial he kept his eyelids habitually drawn down, and veiled his great flashing, devouring orbs with the yellow circle round each pupil. In the same spirit of abstention from show, his lips, naturally full and pulpy, were under inflexible management, and were kept firmly set together. Not half the world knew what large, regular white teeth he had. He sometimes smiled, but he never bit, in public. There was one concealment he could not or had not cared to make. The very large, bushy black eyebrows were untampered with, and notwithstanding the labored amenity of his physiognomy, gave him a somewhat forbidding look. Add to this that his complexion was dark, but so far removed from sanguineous hues as to be well-nigh sallow, and that on each cheek he wore a short, closely-cropped, triangular whisker strongly resembling a mutton cutlet in hue, and you have this individual's carte de visite complete. Pardon my mentioning photography so many years before its development from the first crude experiments of Niepce and Daguerre; but it is my habit to write retrospectively.

This individual was Monsieur Constant, valet de chambre and confidential factotum to Francis Blunt, Esq. He knew all that his master did; and there were a great many things within his, the servant's ken, of which the master had not the slightest idea. Monsieur Constant said that he was five-and-thirty years of age, bien sonnée, which means that he might have been between five-and-thirty and forty; and there was no reason for disbelieving his statement. Monsieur Constant came from Switzerland—from one of the cantons bordering upon Italy, I should opine, to judge from his swarthy complexion. I believe his Christian name was Jean Baptiste. Of his foreign antecedents he was reticent. His English ones could be known to all who were at the pains to inquire. They were enrolled in a long catalogue of distinguished service with the British aristocracy. His character, or rather his characters, were stainless. He had been courier to a Duchess. He had valeted the Duke of Pampotter, and attended on his son and heir, the young Marquis of Truffleton, at Oxford, and throughout the grand tour. He had been for a short time groom of the chambers to Lord Buffborough, when that nobleman was embassador at Paris. Griffin Blunt had won him from the diplomatic service, and although he lost promotion, if not caste, by the change, the valet clung with strange tenacity to his new master, in whose service he had now been three years. Master and man alike suited each other. Each, perchance, had his own game to play, and played it with tranquil skill. Mr. Blunt declared that his man Constant was unrivaled. "None of your five-act comedy valets," he would say; "none of your Mascarilles—your flippant, impertinent, dishonest jackanapes, but a steady-going, responsible fellow, who knows his business, and goes about it without boring you. I wouldn't lose him to know the winner for the next Oaks. He's a proud fellow enough. Sells my old clothes to a Jew, and has his own coats made by my tailor. Never dresses beyond his station, however. He does me credit; and, egad, I fancy he shares in it, though I dare say he's got much more money than I have." I fancy Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant had.

He spoke English fluently and idiomatically, as it is the custom of his countrymen to do. His foreign accent was apparent, but it was not grotesque. He did not call people "his little cabbage," nor say that he "mocked himself of them," nor translate as an expletive Ventre Saint Gris into "Stomach Saint Grey." I fancy that foreigners speaking English are not so accustomed to render literally their native locutions, and that to ascribe such a habit to them is an agreeable myth invented by English writers who can not speak French, and have contracted an imaginative way of making Frenchmen talk English.

As for the third person in this group, poor little Lily, the child was placidly slumbering in the folds of the great warm shawl. She had cried herself to sleep in the hackney-coach, and her waking, when the vehicle stopped at Rhododendron House, was but for a moment. Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant laid her gently down in the state arm-chair, with its elaborately worked anti-macassar, slightly to the horror of Mrs. Celia Bunnycastle, who had never seen a new pupil permitted to occupy that imposing throne of maroon-colored morocco, and then stood respectfully in the back-ground, a demure smile mantling on her dark face. Adelaide Bunnycastle admitted in the inmost recesses of her heart that the scene was eminently romantic. It was like Lara; it was like the Corsair; it was like Thaddeus of Warsaw.

Meanwhile the dandy had allowed his mantle to drop gently from his shoulders, and accepted with his gracefulest bow the seat offered him by Mrs. Bunnycastle, who had reserved the moreen morocco fauteuil for his reception, but had, in stress of upholstery, been fain to fall back on a high-backed chair of walnut wood. He was overwhelming in compliments and apologies for intruding on the ladies at so unseemly an hour; pleaded stress of business and an imminent departure for foreign parts, and having said something flattering all round to the Miss Bunnycastles, and thus fulfilled all the ornamental requirements of the occasion, turned, as was indeed his wont, to Monsieur Constant to supply what was needed in the way of utility.

"Ah! he's been abroad, has he?" mused Mr. Drax to himself, in the dark. "The man-servant's a foreigner too. Let's have another look at him." And in his anxiety to obtain a better view, Mr. Drax, slightly derogating from his reputation for discretion, opened one of the doors yet a little and a little more, till it creaked.

The dandy started. "What the devil is that noise?" he asked with an abruptness not precisely in unison with the tone of mellifluous suavity he had adopted a moment before.

Mrs. Bunnycastle had no time to be shocked at the irreverence of the stranger's query. She was too much flurried by the creaking of the door, and in a nervous murmur laid the blame of the occurrence on the cat. The dandy seemed perfectly satisfied when the grave, respectful voice of Monsieur Constant gave a fresh turn to the conversation.

He had politely declined the seat offered him by the youngest Miss Bunnycastle, and remained standing; but now advanced a couple of paces. "Monsieur, whom I have the honor to serve," he said, "has brought the little girl of whom mention has already been made. Monsieur is ready to pay the sum agreed upon, fifty guineas, for one year's board and education, and only requires a little paper of receipt undertaking that no further demand shall be made upon him until a year is past."

"We don't even know the gentleman's name if we made such a demand," Mrs. Bunnycastle remarked, with a grim smile. "But the young lady must be called by some name or other."

"Certainly, certainly," broke in the dandy. "Call her Floris. I'm Mr. Floris; the rose by any other name, you know, and what's in a name?"

"Floris; a very pretty name indeed," said Miss Barbara, writing it down on a sheet of paper. "And her Christian name? Will you oblige us with that as well, Sir?"

The dandy looked uneasily at his valet. I declare I think he had forgotten his daughter's name.

"Lily," said Monsieur Constant, thus appealed to.

As he spoke, the child woke up from her sleep, and thinking herself called, answered with a sob that she was "vay tyde." Poor little thing, she was tired enough in all conscience!

The sound of her voice was a signal to the two younger Miss Bunnycastles to hasten to the arm-chair, to unroll the little one from her shawl, to kiss her, and smooth her hair, and fondle her, and go through the remainder of the etiquette invariably observed at Rhododendron House at the reception of a new pupil of tender age. Not that the Miss Bunnycastles were either hypocritical or ill-natured. They were naturally very fond of children, but they saw so many and so much of them.

Miss Barbara continued to write. "Lily Floris," she repeated: "I have no doubt of her being an ornament to our school," she said, "and I am sure she'll be happy."

"If she understand most unremitting, the most watchful supervision, the kindest treatment and the most liberal diet can conduce to her physical or spiritual welfare, said Mrs. Bunnycastle, who had got the prospectus stop on, I can vouch for this establishment offering every guarantee for the happiness of those confided to my care. I think you said, Sir, that you declined giving a reference."

"Monsieur does not decline," respectfully interposed Monsieur Constant; "but he holds it to be unnecessary, and in three months, if not oftener, either Monsieur or myself, having the honor to serve him, will call to see how the child is progressing, and what she requires. She is to be Miss Lily Floris until further orders, and there are to be no extras and no vacations. I have now fifty-two pounds ten shillings in a bag, which I will hand to you if you will favor me with the receipt."

The required paper was duly made out, and signed by Mrs. Bunnycastle; and Monsieur Constant, advancing to the table, respectfully placed a little wash-leather bag, containing the sum he mentioned, in the hands of the schoolmistress. Nothing loth, Mrs. Bunnycastle proceeded to count it; and even the eyes of her two eldest daughters twinkled as the sovereigns gave out their faint "chink, chink," surely the pleasantest sound that can ever be heard by mortal ears, save and except only the voice of the dear one who murmurs "I love you," and the cry of your first child. Barbara Bunnycastle was insensible to the gold's seductive sound. Her eyes wandered from the dandy to his valet, and her soul was filled with wonder and admiration for both. It was like the Cottagers of Glenburnie; it was like the Children of the Abbey. It grew more and more romantic every moment.

Till the dandy, who had been toying with his rings, and flicking specks of dust from his boots, and subjecting his nails to such close ocular inspection that you might have fancied his eyes were Stanhope lenses, rose with an expression very much akin to relief in his countenance, to go. He was assured, he said, that the little one would receive every care and kindness at the hands of the ladies of Rhododendron House, and he left her in their charge with every trust and confidence. He was proceeding to make the entire company one of the most systematical of bows, and to have the honor of wishing them all a very good evening, when Mrs. Bunnycastle deferentially stopped him.

"There is only one little thing more," she said, rather hesitatingly; "has—a—has your—has the gentleman—(she indicated Monsieur Constant) brought the young lady's boxes?"

"What boxes?" asked the dandy, with a polite stare.

"Her clothes, her linen," explained all the Bunnycastle family with one voice.

Francis Blunt, Esq., looked at them generally in blank discomposure. He turned to Monsieur Constant, but that retainer shrugged his shoulders as though it were beyond his province or his power to interfere.

"Confound it," cried the dandy, "it's very vexatious; but the fact is, we've forgotten the clothes."

"A nice affectionate father," murmured Mr. Drax, in the dark. "Poor little lamb, to have fallen among these wolves!"

The dilemma was perplexing, but not irremediable. Monsieur Constant explained that Monsieur, whom he had the honor to serve, had left Mademoiselle's petit trousseau at his hotel in London. Would ces dames undertake to procure clothes for the child if a sum were left in advance sufficient for what she might probably require? Mrs. Bunnycastle bowed her head in gracious approval of this proposal. What sum would be requisite? Oh! merely a few pounds, the valet whispered his master. The latter, looking any thing but pleased, but still too well-bred to give vent to his wrath, seemingly acquiesced in what his companion suggested, and from a purse elegantly embroidered with beads and gold thread took out a couple of crisp five-pound notes which he handed to Mrs. Bunnycastle. Again he rose, suppressing a slight yawn, and saying that it was past eleven o'clock, and that he had detained the ladies an unconscionably long time, prepared to take his leave.

All the women's garments rustled too—for they had dressed themselves in silk attire, in expectation of his visit—as he made his reverence of farewell. Mrs. Bunnycastle was profuse in her thanks and protestations of solicitude for Lily's welfare. The young ladies chimed in harmoniously.

"She is to be brought up in the principles of the Church of England?"

"Of course—of course. By all means—eh, Constant?"

Monsieur Constant bowed diplomatically, as though to convey that, professing as he might himself a different creed, he had the profoundest respect for the Church of England, as that of the ladies before him, of Monsieur whom he had the honor to serve, and of the genteel classes generally.

"As her little mind expands," said Mrs. Bunnycastle, "no efforts of ours shall be spared, not only to instill into her the piety and virtue, but to lay the foundation of clever, ornate accomplishments—"

"Thank you, thank you," Mr. Blunt returned, rather hastily, and, cutting short a further installment of the paraphrased prospectus, "when she's old enough, of course she'll learn French and drawing, and that sort of thing."

"And dancing," suggested the valet, in a low, deeply respectful voice.

The dandy started as though a wasp had stung him. When he spoke again there was a strange, dry harshness in his voice. "Madam," he said, turning to the schoolmistress with a sternness unwonted in so urbane a gentleman, "I do *not* want my daughter to learn to dance. Mind that, if you please. No dancing for Miss Lily Floris. I have the honor to wish you a very good-night."

He was going. He was on the threshold when Monsieur Constant whispered to him:

"Monsieur has forgotten to bid adieu to la petite."

The dandy looked disconcerted. I declare he was departing without taking any more notice of Lily than if she had been a dog. He soon recovered himself, however, made a minuet de la cour step toward the moreen morocco fauteuil, and with his usual charming grace imprinted a kiss upon Lily's brow. The little one did not heed him. She had fallen asleep again. He turned, bowed, and touched the tips of all the ladies' fingers in succession. He was unrivaled in the art of touching your hand without shaking it. The women's garments rustled again

[Continued on Page 186.]

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FAC-SIMILE OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON, TAKEN BY Dr. HENRY DRAPER'S TELESCOPE.—[See Page 186.]

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[*Continued from Page* 183.]

as they bent in eddying courtesies. Monsieur Constant bestowed a bow on the company, reverential but not servile, as became his degree, and Pepper ushered the two to the door, and they went away.

"La petite n'est pas mal," Mr. Blunt vouchsafed to remark, as the valet held the coach door open for him.

Constant knew very well that by la petite his master did not mean his little daughter. He slightly inclined his head.

"The one they called Barbara—what a Gothic name," pursued Blunt, "why not call her Brunehilde at once. But she is passable. She has a fatigued air and long curls. C'est une femme qui rêve, et qui se tourmente. Does the coachman know where to drive, Constant?"

"Back to town. He has received his instructions. He never had so good a job in his life. Shall I give monsieur his cigar-case?"

"If you please," the dandy said. The valet handed it to him with a bow.

"Put down the glass," Mr. Blunt continued, in the polite peremptory tone.

The valet did as he was bidden. He sat with his back to the horses. His voice never rose beyond the bated breath of a dependent. He never took a liberty, Monsieur Constant. Between master and man there was not the slightest familiarity, but there was a good deal of mutual intelligence. Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant knew all that his master did, and was aware besides of a good many things to which that refined gentleman was an entire stranger.

So they drove away, the dandy yawning and stretching himself, and saying how tired and hungry he was, and what a bore it was to have any thing to do with children, and how glad he should be to get to bed. But Mr. Francis Blunt had much more work to go through that night before he retired to rest.

The first thing the Bunnycastles did when the sound of the hackney-coach wheels had died away was to bear the lamp and the money they had just received into the back parlor and rejoin the discreet Mr. Drax. Then they proceeded to count the fifty-two sovereigns and a half all over again. Then they examined the crisp bank-notes from the medallion of Britannia to the signature of Mr. Henry Hase. Then they turned to the backs of those documents, scanning the much blotted dorsal scribblings—the worst pens, the worst ink, and the worst pothooks and hangers in the world always seemed called into play for the indorsement of bank-notes—and wondered whether "Blogg," who dated from Isleworth, or "Cutchins & Co.," who gave their address in Leather Lane, or "C. J. Gumby," who seemingly resided at Bow, could have any thing to do with the mysterious strangers who had just faded away from their ken, leaving a little child, not four years old, a checked woolen shawl, and sixty pounds odd, sterling money of this realm, behind them. They could make nothing of the notes, however, beyond the fact that they were genuine, or of the gold, save that it chinked cheerily, or of either, save that the money looked very nice. Then they drew breath, and interchanged glances of pleasing perplexity.

I think it was Mr. Drax who, with his never-failing discretion, now suggested that it might perhaps be better to put the "new pupil" to bed, as she had come a long way and must be very tired. Poor little "new pupil!" The Bunnycastles had forgotten all about her. The tangible lucre for her first year's board and education had caused the tiny mortal of humanity, who was to be boarded and educated, to fade away into the extreme distance. They were on too familiar terms with Drax to manifest much shame when thus reminded of their forgetfulness. They never put on company airs before the apothecary. Adelaide acknowledged with a smile that the little body had quite slipped her memory, and while she rang the bell for Pepper, requested Barbara to fetch the child from the drawing-room. It was summer weather, and not so very chilly there. Besides, had she not the warm checked shawl?

The child looked up when she was brought into the cozy back parlor, but did not cry. She seemed to be rather relieved by the absence of the two men who had brought her to Rhododendron House. The dandy's resplendent attire and dazzling teeth, and the valet's coat, cameo, and smile had alike failed in producing a favorable effect on her. On the other hand, while she submitted to be patted on the head by Mrs. Bunnycastle, and severely smiled at by the three young ladies, she took very kindly to Mr. Drax, and coming toddling toward him essayed to climb upon his knees, stretching forward one of her plump little hands as though she desired to touch his discreet and mystic neckcloth.

"Ah!" smiled Mr. Drax, as he lifted her up and imprinted a discreet kiss on her forehead, just at the roots of her hair. "She won't be so very fond of me when she takes half the nasty things I shall be obliged to give her. Poor little thing! I wonder whether she's had the measles."

He leaned back in his chair and regarded her in fond anticipation, as though mildly glouting over a subject who was to conduce to the enlargement of his professional experience, and in the increase of his quarterly bills. Drax became for the moment a Rosicrucian. Even as the Sylphs, in the Rape of the Lock, hovered round Belinda at her toilet, so did the little baby girl to the discreetly expectant Drax seem encompassed by a multitude of gnomic forms, menacing to childhood, but conquerable by pills and potions, rhubarb and magnesia, sirup of squills, and compound extract of paregoric.

His reverie was put an end to by the arrival of Pepper, who, like a good-natured woman as she was, had stroked Lily's brown curls, kissed her on both cheeks, chucked her under the chin, hoisted her up in her arms, told her half a merry story about a little girl who was always ready to go to bed, and was, in consequence, much beloved by the angels, all, so it appeared, in a moment. The Bunnycastles were not great in striking out these impromptu acquaintances with small children. They saw too much of the big ones.

"This is Miss Floris, Miss Lily Floris, Pepper," Mrs. Bunnycastle remarked, with calm dignity. "Her papa, who is going abroad, was obliged to bring her very late. We must bestow her as best we can to-night. What beds are there vacant, Pepper?"

"There's number two, in the first room, mum," answered the domestic.

"Among the elder girls," interposed Adelaide; "that would never do. They never go to sleep until daybreak, I do believe, and they'd question her out of her life before breakfast-time. And Mamselle, though it's her duty not to allow them to talk, is just as bad as they are."

"There's five and nine in the second room; but there's no mattress on five, and as for nine, you know, mum—"

"Well, what do we know?" asked Miss Celia, sharply.

"It's the bed Miss Kitty died in," Pepper returned, with an effort.

There was a prejudice in Rhododendron House against sleeping in the bed that Kitty had died in.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Mrs. Bunnycastle, giving vent to her favorite ejaculation, when she wasn't sentimentally didactic. "What can it matter? what does she know about? Do you suppose Kitty Waynell's ghost walks the second room?"

"Well, ma," pleaded Miss Barbara, "if she wasn't frightened, the girls would be sure to terrify her with bogey stories. She'd better not go there. At least not yet a while. Are there any beds vacant in the third, the junior's room, Pepper?"

"Not one, miss, some of the young ladies are sleeping two in a bed."

"Well, where *are* we to put her?" Adelaide asked, impatiently. "We can't keep the child up all night."

Lily looked remarkably wide awake, and as though she intended to remain so. She was playing with the ribbons in Pepper's cap, and apparently would not have had the slightest objection to the continuance of that amusement until cock-crow. As for Mr. Drax, his discretion stood him in good stead during this essentially domestic conversation, and he feigned to be immersed in the perusal of a volume of the *Missionary Magazine* for 1829.

"Well, if you please, mum," Pepper ventured to represent, "I think that as the dear little gurl's so young, and so tired, and so strange, that I'd better take her to bed with me, mum, and then, to-morrow, you know, mum, you can see about it."

The ladies were graciously pleased to accept this suggestion, and it was agreed to nem. con. And then—it being now fully half after eleven o'clock—Lily and her new guardian disappeared, and the discreet Mr. Drax, vowing that he was quite ashamed of himself for staying so late, took his leave, promising to call in on the morrow afternoon, in case his advice should be needed.

"A very nice girl is Barbara Bunnycastle," said Mr. Drax, softly to himself, as he walked home to College Street. "A very nice girl, and one who would make any man's home happy."

It is not my purpose to inquire what Mrs. Bunnycastle and her second daughter Celia dreamed of that night, although probably the visions of both were engrossed by the mysterious strangers; but if I have any clairvoyant privilege, I am entitled to use it for the revelation that both Adelaide and Barbara dreamed of Mr. Drax.

DR. HENRY DRAPER'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.

SINCE the invention of the telescope, in the seventeenth century, many attempts have been made to delineate the moon's surface, but the best maps thus produced have only shown the position of the various parts, and have not given any idea of how the moon really looked. In the very infancy of photography, however, it was perceived that that art would give the means of procuring exact representations of our satellite; and in 1840 Professor J. W. DRAPER produced pictures, one inch in diameter, which he presented to the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and which showed what might be expected. A great many scientific men have worked at the same subject since, but owing to the enormous telescopes required, and the great expense necessary, but few have prosecuted it to any advantage. The value of photographs arises from their perfect truthfulness, and from the fact that, by comparing together those made at various dates, any changes the moon can be observed.

The telescope which Dr. HENRY DRAPER (Professor of Natural Science in the University of New York) has used is the largest reflecting instrument in America, and has been built by him especially for photographing the moon and heavenly bodies. It has taken nearly six years to construct it, and has involved a very heavy outlay, although the more delicate parts—as the silvered glass mirrors—have been made with his own hands. An Observatory at Hastings, near New York, 20 feet square and 22 feet high, is required to hold it, besides other buildings for photographic apparatus and machinery. The telescope, which is 16 inches in aperture and 13 feet long, has been mounted on an entirely new kind of stand; the revolving roof is turned around by a new method; indeed the observatory is full of novelties. A full description of it, copiously illustrated, is being published by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The photographs of the moon that he has made during 1863 have greatly surpassed any that have been made before, some of even three feet in diameter, which show the moon on a scale of 60 miles to the inch having been produced. The wood-cut on the adjoining page is a fac-simile of one which represents that luminary on a scale of 100 miles to the inch. The highest talent and skill have been required, both in the draughtsmen and engravers, to procure a faithful resemblance on the wood, and several weeks have been consumed in the operation.

The moon has always been an object of superstitious reverence to the uneducated. The Jews made their holidays accord with her phases, and the Gentiles named a day of the week after her. The Mohammedans chose the crescent as their symbol, and it is to be regretted that our Revolutionary Fathers did not do the same, considering its eminent appropriateness to a young and growing country. It would have strengthened the hearts of those who fear that our present eclipse may be permanent, and have shown them that, sooner or later, a very dark shadow was destined to cross our path.

Many people suppose that the moon exercises a direct control over human beings—an opinion shared in by the gallant knight Hudibras:

> "The Queen of Night, whose vast command
> Rules all the sea and half the land;
> And over moist and crazy brains
> In high spring-tides at midnight reigns."

And this belief was carried to such an extent that, in King Edward's reign, if a man would swear that when he signed a paper he was moon-struck, he was *ipso facto* released from his bond. What a convenience such a law would be to some India-rubber consciences now! Other writers of the period had the same ideas. Trinculo thinks that Caliban is a moon-calf—that is, a brute spawned by the moonlight on the scum of the sea—because he has an "ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest." So, too, Neocles of Crotona believes that Argive Helen, the cause of the Trojan war, was born from an egg that fell from the moon, and hence her extraordinary fairness. And Werenfels, speaking of a superstitious man—"He will not commit his seed to the earth when the soil but when the moon requires it. He will have his hair cut when the moon is either in Leo, that his locks may stare like the lion's shag, or in Aries, that they may curl like a ram's horn. Whatever he would have to grow he sets about it when she is in her increase; but for what he would have made less he chooses her wane. When the moon is in Taurus he never can be persuaded to take physic, lest that animal which chews its cud should make him cast it up again. If at any time he has a mind to be admitted to the presence of a prince, he will wait till the moon is in conjunction with the sun, for 'tis then the society of an inferior with a superior is salutary and successful."

If such was the opinion of lawyers and literary men, doctors were no better. The Honorable Robert Boyle (who poor Tom Hood says wrote "Boil on Steam") relates how "an ingenious physician, who practiced in Java, assured me that he observed some persons become lame by means of contractions caused by the moon's rays, and so continue for many weeks or months together. He also experienced it upon himself; for happening, while he was a stranger in that country, to sleep after a very hot day for a considerable time on the ground that lay fully exposed to the moon, upon waking he found his neck exceeding stiff, and his mouth drawn awry in a hideous manner, which obliged him to keep within doors till by the use of brisk aromatic medicines he freed himself from that disorder." The philosophers thought that meat set in the moonshine produced maggots.

We may smile at these old misconceptions, but there are modern ones just as gross. Many think that the moon appears as large as a cart-wheel, while almost all will agree that it is certainly "as big as a plate." One is about as far from the truth as the other, the real size to the naked eye being about that of a pepper-corn. The only astronomical observation made by the national Scottish poet Burns, as recorded in his "Death and Doctor Hornbook," may suggest to the public a modest and *sober* diffidence in expressing their opinion on such matters:

> "The rising moon began to glow'r,
> The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
> To count her horns with a' my pow'r
> I set mysel:
> But whether she had three or four
> I couldna tell."

If a pea is held up at the nearest distance of distinct vision (ten inches), between the eye and the full moon, it will be found that the moon's disk will be covered entirely by it. By the same means the delusion respecting its larger size when rising than when overhead is dispelled. The reason given by Alhazen, the Mohammedan astronomer, for this latter deception, was that it arises from comparison with intervening objects; but this seems at best unsatisfactory, for it looks equally large at sea. The actual diameter of the moon is 2160 miles, and her weight $\frac{1}{80}$ that of the earth.

Things weigh a good deal less upon the moon than they do upon the earth. A six-pound weight carried there would only be equal to one pound. Amateur astronomers have amused themselves with calculating the effect of this decreased force of gravity, and find that a man might jump 30 feet high, and not come down harder than he does from an ordinary jump on the earth. The distance of the moon from us, 240,000 miles, may seem to be very great, but is not so in reality. Mr. BAINES, in his history of the cotton manufacture, says that, even in 1833, the woven fabrics of that substance exported from England in one year would form a girdle for the earth passing eleven times round the equator, and therefore more than sufficient to form a continuous sheet from the earth to the moon—a fact that will interest those who may inquire whether the distance will ever be bridged.

An examination of the fac-simile of the lunar photograph (pages 184 and 185) shows the well-known bright and dark parts seen by the eye; but many more things too are visible. The surface is diversified with elevations and depressions, which are more and more apparent as the eye traverses from the rounded to the straight side, where the ruggedness is very marked. Some of our readers may inquire why it is that half only of the moon is shown, and not the whole disk. This is made apparent by considering what would happen if an individual were taken up to a considerable height above a mountain on the earth. If the sun were shining perpendicularly down on it, he would not be able to distinguish the mountain from the ground around; but if the sunlight fell sideways, so as to cast a shadow, it would be visible enough. So it is in the moon. The sunlight is falling upon it from a point away to the left hand in this picture, and consequently the elevations and craters cast shadows which enable us to see them, while in the full moon, which is just as easily photographed, the light falls straight down, and the mountains become indistinguishable from the rest of the surface. This was the case on the left side of the moon when this photograph was taken. But besides the variety of tints arising from shadows, there are variations belonging to the different reflecting power of the rocks of which the moon is made. The broad places called seas—which do not, however, contain any water—are of a darker substance than many of the volcanoes; just as a clay district on the earth, seen from a distance, would be darker than one in which chalk predominated.

Coming now to a closer examination, let us see why it is that the ruggedness of the straight edge is attributed to volcanic craters—that is, cavities blown out of the ground. If it is borne in mind that the light which is coming to us from the moon is reflected from the sun, and that he is away to the left hand, it will be noticed that these places must be pits, because the bright side is from the sun, and the dark side toward him. A well on the earth will have a bright side toward the west, and a dark one toward the east, when the sun has just risen.

The reader will observe that these craters are circular, and of very large size. As one inch in the picture corresponds to 100 miles, several of them must have that enormous diameter, those 50 and 75 miles across being quite common. Very many of the craters, too, as Aristillus (37), have a central conical mountain—resembling, in that particular, Vesuvius, near Naples; but the craters on the moon, as a rule, are far larger than those on the earth. This, however, is no more than we should expect from the greater lightness of bodies there, less force being required to eject the lava. Besides, there is no atmospheric resistance, because there is no air.

There are more volcanoes in the southern than in the northern hemisphere. In the latter there has been obviously a more gentle action, and ranges of mountains, as the Apennines (26), have been produced, which are precipitous on the north, and gradually sloping on the south side. The great valleys—as the Mare Imbrium (D), and Oceanus Procellarum (C)—are in the northern hemisphere, and show of a duskier tint than the elevations. They must be of darker materials, for where the lava mountain Copernicus (28) has ejected his streams over them, the lava shows as bright lines running for hundreds of miles in all directions. But these volcanoes are now probably all extinct, though Herschel thought he saw one burning. Nevertheless we are not without evidence that there have been great changes in the moon since man appeared on the earth. In the reign of King Nekherophis—"Beloved of the Moon"—(the second son of Menes, who was the first king of united Egypt), "the Libyans revolted, but alarmed by an unexpected increase in the size of the moon, submitted."—(*Wilkinson.*) The record does not state with enough precision what the change was; though, from its attracting popular attention and giving a name to a king, it must have been something extraordinary. It would be well for Chinese scholars to examine the records of that ancient people to see if it was noticed there.

The appearance of the moon at various times, from the new to the full, is constantly changing. To the naked eye she exhibits phases, as they are called, gradually increasing from a crescent to a circle, and then decreasing again. But in the telescope these changes are still more striking. At new moon it is night on all the side of the moon turned toward us, but the sun gradually rises on it, peak after peak, and the mountain-tops in succession receiving his beams, until at the end of a fortnight the whole hemisphere is in broad daylight. Along the rugged edge in the wood-cut there are seen several instances where the sun is just rising on the tips of mountains and edges of craters, giving at the first glance the idea that there are isolated bright places altogether separated from the body.

The first question that every one asks on looking at the moon is, Is it inhabited? Apart from the well-ascertained evidence of the absence of air and water, and the lack of any signs of vegetation—conditions essential to the existence of any organized being that we know of—the horrible rigor of the climate and the desolate and inaccessible nature of the country forbid the supposition. Not the slightest trace of any work of human hands has ever been discovered, though telescopes like Dr. DRAPER's enable the observer to contemplate the moon at a distance of 200 miles, and should permit us to perceive a city easily.

But although it shows no signs of living beings, it has been made by astronomers a grave-yard of dead philosophers, consecrating the different mountains to different men, just as Egyptian kings had pyramids. The parceling out has not, however, been conducted with fairness, for some almost unknown have good places, while great men like Galileo are put off under the fence. Some, too, are there who have no business among scientific people, whom they abhorred and ill-treated to their utmost while alive. The reader may judge of the comparative merits of Cyril (41), who has a splendid tomb, and Hypatia (49), buried in a minor one close by. The

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story is extracted from "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe:"

"Among the cultivators of Platonic philosophy whom the times had left, there was a beautiful young woman, Hypatia, the daughter of Theon, the mathematician, who not only distinguished herself by her expositions of the Neo-Platonic and Peripatetic doctrines, but was also honored by the ability with which she commented on the writings of Apollonius and other geometers. Every day before her door stood a long train of chariots; the lecture-room was crowded with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria. Her aristocratic audiences were more than a rival to those attending upon the preaching of the archbishop, and perhaps contemptuous comparisons were instituted between the philosophical lectures of Hypatia and the incomprehensible sermons of Cyril. It was not to be borne that a heathen sorceress should thus divide such a metropolis with a prelate; it was not to be borne that the rich and noble and young should be carried off by the black arts of a diabolical enchantress. Alexandria was too fair a prize to be lightly surrendered.....

"Cyril at length determined to remove this great reproach, and overturn what now appeared to be the only obstacle in his way to uncontrolled authority in the city. As Hypatia comes forth to her academy she is assaulted by Cyril's mob—an Alexandrian mob of many monks. Amidst the fearful yelling of these bare-legged and black-cowled fiends she is dragged from her chariot, and, in the public street, stripped naked. In her mortal terror she is haled into an adjacent church, and in that sacred edifice is killed by the club of Peter the Reader. With the blow given by Peter the aim of Cyril was reached, but his merciless adherents had not glutted their vengeance. They dismembered the corpse, and, incredible to be said, finished their infernal crime by scraping the flesh from the bones with oyster-shells, and casting the remnants into the fire! Though in his privacy Cyril and his friends might laugh at the end of his antagonist, his memory must bear the weight of the righteous indignation of posterity."

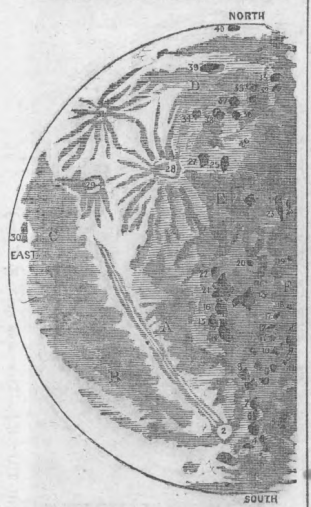


DIAGRAM FOR FINDING THE MOUNTAINS ON THE MOON.

As a sight-seeing traveler, guide-book in hand, examines the decaying tombs in Père la Chaise, when he does Paris, so we too will take a turn through this celestial church-yard, and examine some of the grave-stones, although hundreds must pass unnoticed. Our starting-point shall be Tycho (2), a great cavity, 55 miles across and 17,000 feet deep, with a high cone in the centre. This is dedicated to Tycho Brahe, the Dane, the builder of Uraniberg, one of the oldest observatories in Europe, which cost $200,000; one half of it he paid out of his own purse. He was not always so peaceful as he has been for the last 250 years, since it is related of him that he fought a duel with a nobleman, who cut off his nose. He, however, replaced it so skillfully with one made of colored wax that the loss was not perceived. He kept in his family a madman, whom every day at dinner he made a foot-stool of, in the belief that the remarks made in that position were prophetic. From the edge of Tycho there is a deep groove extending many hundred miles to the northeast.

Let us look to the south before we move. (1) away at the pole is named after Newton, and affords another instance of the unfairness we have alluded to. He, the Prince of Astronomers, deserves the most conspicuous place, although modern disparagers would have us believe that he became insane before he wrote on the prophecies, imputing it to his sitting up many days and nights in succession, trying to turn other metals into gold by the aid of a furnace.

To the southwest (3) is called Bacon. There are two claimants for this monument—Roger Bacon, the discoverer of spectacles, gunpowder, gases, whose writings were centuries in advance of his time, and who was imprisoned ten years for the sake of science, and endured it without complaint. The other, Francis Lord Bacon, who never made a discovery in his life, who inveighed against mathematics and the use of instruments, and who abused his power as a judge to torture men. He is now being found out. Which has the best right we leave to the reader to determine. If the latter is to have a place, let it be on the other side of the moon, out of the sight of scientific men, or in Milton's Limbo.

In the same vicinity is (4) Cuvier, whose discovery of fossil bones in the ground has taught us what animals roamed on the earth in long ages past, and how the tiger, elephant, and rhinoceros lived in England, under the shade of palm-trees growing in that (then torrid) climate. Close by (5) is Maurolycus, which exhibits a high central cone casting a long shadow to the right. Other more recent craters have broken here and there through its walls.

Toward the east (6) belongs to Fernel, who measured the earth by his carriage-wheel revolutions; and (7) to Nonius, whose true name was Peter Nunez, and who invented a scale for measuring minute parts. North of Nonius is a group of four, one of which (8) commemorates Werner, who thought that the face of the earth was made irregular entirely by the action of water. If he has since looked about him on the moon, and observed how pock-marked the surface is, and yet how devoid of water, he must have changed his opinion. A little to the northwest (9) is Geber. Dr. Johnson says that *gibberish* is derived from his name, because he talked so obscurely. Westward (10) is Tacitus, the great historian, distinguished for the very opposite quality, the pithiness of his sentences. Speaking of Roman conquests, he said, "They make a solitude, and call it peace." Between the two is interred the great caliph Almaimon (11), who did so much for Arabic literature, and in the seventh century measured the size of the earth on the shore of the Red Sea, and ascertained its true dimensions within a few miles. Astronomers have not been as much disposed to deny the Arabians their rights as historians have; for within a little distance Abulfeda (12) and Albategnius (13) lie. The latter more than nine hundred years ago determined the length of the year within two minutes. To the east are also Arzachael (14) and Alpetragius (15), distinguished Moorish astronomers; and close by the latter (16) Alphonso, the celebrated astronomical king of Castile, who said that if the heavens were indeed arranged as awkwardly as his contemporaries affirmed, he thought he could have fixed them better himself.

On the shores of the Sea of Nectar (F) are the volcanoes for Descartes (17), the rival of Newton, and (18) for Kant, the metaphysician. To the northeast are the monuments to Hipparchus (20), the father of astronomy, who first numbered the stars, and Ptolemy (21), whose book on the heavens was the great authority for fifteen hundred years. A crater (22), insignificant in size, commemorates Herschel, but, considering the great achievements of father and son, a double one should have been selected for them.

On the brink of the Sea of Vapors (E) are Julius Cæsar (23) and Sosigenes (24), who rearranged the calendar just previous to the birth of Christ. Cæsar, who was a good astronomer, found that autumn fell where winter used to, and winter where spring. He brought Sosigenes from Athens to Rome, to assist him in rectifying this confusion. They gave fourteen months to the next succeeding year, and invented leap year, to avoid the difficulty in the future. On the opposite shore of that sea is Marco Polo (25), the Venetian traveler, whose statement that he saw black stones (that is, *coal*) used for fuel in China was so disbelieved in Europe in the thirteenth century. North of him are the Apennines (26), and on their eastern verge (27) Eratosthenes, called the universe-measurer. Still farther to the east is (28) Copernicus, who is fitly placed, for he is the restorer of the ancient doctrine that the earth revolves around the sun, for which he was put in jail at Rome, and forced to recant on pain of death. Kepler (29) too, still farther to the east, deserves his conspicuous place, for he discovered the three great astronomical laws.

From the top of Kepler, and on the far edge of the moon, is (30) Grimaldi, who proved that light added to light may produce darkness. Aristarchus (31), to the north, occupies the brightest spot on the moon. He is properly located above Copernicus, for he originated the doctrine that the latter developed. The Apennine range, where it turns to the northwest, merges into the Alps, on the western side of which are Eudoxus (32) and Aristotle (33). Few men have exerted a greater intellectual influence than this latter, who, after spending his patrimony in scientific pursuits, kept a druggist's shop in Athens. Subsequently, however, Alexander the Great gave him a million of dollars, and the services of several thousand men to make experiments and write a history of animals. In the midst of the Sea of Showers (D), and surrounded by the cenotaphs of Timocharis (34), who first determined the motions of the planet Venus, of Cassini (35), the first Director of the French Royal Observatory, of Autolycus (36) and Aristillus (37), old Greek astronomers, stands (38) the volcano of Archimedes, the great geometer and mechanician of Syracuse. In the present age of big ships his doings are of the highest interest. Athenæus, in his Deipnosophists, relates how "Hiero, king of the Syracusans, was very earnest in ship-building, having built many vessels to carry corn, the construction of one of which is described. For the wood he caused to be cut down such a number of trees as would have been sufficient for six ordinary triremes. She was half finished in six months, and *plated* with lead held on by brass nails, three hundred master workmen besides very many journeymen being employed. Archimedes, the famous mathematician, was the engineer-in-chief, having undertaken the superintendence when the other architect had failed in the launch. He invented the screw, and so drew her into the water. It took six months more to complete the outside. The vessel was propelled by rowers and sails, and had 20 banks of oars. The length was more than 420 feet, and the height out of the water more than 60 feet. Inside there were the most luxurious fittings—gardens and fish-ponds, temples with beautiful mosaic floors, tents, and stables for 20 horses. On the deck were 8 *turrets*, and an engine that threw bolts 18 feet long a distance of 200 yards. The three masts were hollow, and served to convey darts and stones to the men and engines at the mast-heads and on the yards. The prow was furnished with more than one *ram*. When the ship was done Hiero found that no harbor in Sicily could contain it safely, and therefore sent it as a present to the king of Egypt."

We may boast in this age of progress of the things we are doing, but find that more than 2000 years ago there was an Ericsson alive who also could build formidable turreted metal-clad ships, and could launch them when they stuck fast.

On the northern shore of the Sea of Showers (D) is Plato (39). Every one knows how greatly his works were prized by antiquity, but every one does not know that when put up at auction and sold for a slave he only brought 420 dollars. Not far from Plato rests poor Captain Scoresby (40), whom many of us have seen in the flesh—a good whale-fisherman, a writer on magnetism, and Arctic navigator. He appropriately reposes near the north pole of the moon.

We might extend our journey back again toward Tycho, and examine hundreds more of these souvenirs; but as we have already come 3000 miles the reader must be fatigued, and will be ready to rest when he understands that Beer and Mädler, who were the *undertakers* of this funereal work, spent twenty years in accomplishing it.

GENERALS KILPATRICK AND CUSTER.

WE give on page 180 a Portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, whose late raid in the rear of Lee's army is the most successful of the war. He was born near Deckertown, Sussex County, New Jersey, on January 14, 1836, and is therefore only 28 years of age. He was admitted to West Point, where he graduated in 1861, and entered the United States army as Second Lieutenant of Artillery on May 6, just after the war broke out. A week after he received a First Lieutenancy. He entered the war as Captain of a company in Duryea's regiment (Fifth New York), and was severely wounded in the battle at Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. As soon as he recovered he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and afterward Colonel, of the Harris Light Cavalry. In Pope's Virginia campaign his regiment formed part of the late General Buford's brigade. He took part in the Maryland campaign under General Pleasanton, and in Burnside's campaign he particularly distinguished himself at Falmouth. He participated in Stoneman's raid, commanding a brigade, and traversing 200 miles in less than five days, capturing over 300 prisoners. For this success he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, his commission dating from June 13, 1863. At Aldie, Middleburg, and Hanover, Kilpatrick distinguished himself in the movements preceding the battle of Gettysburg: he also commanded a division in that battle, and was engaged in the pursuit of the rebels to the Potomac. Afterward he came to New York city, where he commanded the cavalry forces during the riots of last summer. General Kilpatrick has lately lost both his wife and child, and is also without father, mother, brother, or sister.

We give also on the first page a Portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER, who was born in Ohio, and was graduated at West Point, 1861, with the grade of a Second Lieutenancy of Cavalry. He was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and distinguished himself at Williamsburg in the Peninsular Campaign, for which success he was made a First Lieutenant. On June 29, 1863, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He participated in the Cavalry fights upon the Rapidan last fall, and was at one time wounded in the leg, though not seriously. He was married about a month since. In the late expedition, a full account of which will be found in another column, he commanded the Cavalry division lately under the command of General Buford.

THE REBELLION IN 1861 AND IN 1864.

WE give on page 181 a dissolving view of the Rebellion, representing the proportions to which it has been diminished since October 1, 1861. The light tint on the map shows the territory which since that time has been conquered by our forces, amounting to at least one half of the original Confederacy. And the half which has been left has, as the reader will perceive, been entirely cut into two separate sections by our possession of the Mississippi and our victories in East Tennessee.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

THIS town, which is now the head-quarters of General Logan, and a sketch of which we give on page 188, is the only one in the South that I have visited, says our correspondent, that in itself suggests inhabitants of cultivated taste and refinement. The streets are regularly laid out, and well shaded by fine trees. The houses, too, have architectural design—a something that few homes of "ye Tchivalrie" can boast—and have about them gardens well laid out, and very neatly kept. The inhabitants are disposed to be "Union," but are fearful of the consequence of an avowal in its favor, in event of the reoccupation of the town by the rebel troops. Still there are among the citizens very many stanch Union men, who do not hesitate to say their thought. I have seen but one female endeavor to show her dislike for the "wretched Yank." This one, after much effort, got up such a visage that I produced sketch-book and pencil to reproduce the novelty; but she would not stay *en pose*, and for consequence has not the distinguished honor of an appearance in *Harper*. The Court-house Square is each evening the scene of a dress-parade of the Thirteenth Regulars—General Sherman's body-guard, and a splendid regiment—Vicksburg heroes too. The command of General John E. Smith is in and near the town, in camps that are said to be the very neatest that have ever been seen.

THE TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

WE give on page 189 a sketch representing the TWENTIETH REGIMENT, UNITED STATES (COLORED) TROOPS, receiving their colors, in front of the Union League Club-House, Union Square. The regiment, composed of a thousand stalwart men under the command of Colonel Bartram, left its camp on Riker's Island at 9 A.M. on Saturday, March 5, and were conveyed by the steamer *John Romer* to the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, when they disembarked and formed in regimental line. The very streets through which they passed were those which, during the riots of last July, had witnessed a far different scene. The hunted then were the fêted now; the crouching suppliants for life then were now the upright and triumphant defenders of the Government that momentarily found itself unable to defend *them* against their persecutors. Over a hundred thousand spectators were assembled on Union Square to witness this noble act of revenge. We quote the following from Colonel Bartram's speech made on that occasion:

It has been the habit of those among us who sympathize with the traitors now in arms against us to sneer at what they are pleased to term the cowardice of the negro. I hope that Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Olustee have forever settled this question. In this regard I must be permitted to refer briefly to the conduct of the Eighth United States colored troops, in the last-mentioned action. My reason for doing this is, that for some three or four months I was on duty with this regiment, as its Lieutenant-Colonel, and during this period I had ample opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with its officers and the material composing its rank and file. No regiment ever went to the field better officered than the Eighth, and no regiment ever contained a braver or more resolute set of men. How well they fought is shown by their list of casualties; and, although a subordinate officer in a battery thought it a misfortune to be supported by a colored regiment, yet when we bear in mind that two vet ran regiments had already found the position too hot and had retired, I think we can afford to forgive the slander, and say that the misfortune, if misfortune there was, was not in having a colored regiment for a support, but in having an officer in the service of the United States so biased, so ungenerous, so cowardly, as to slander the brave men who fell around his guns.

LOGAN CROSSING LOOKOUT CREEK.

ON page 189 we give a sketch of GENERAL LOGAN'S TROOPS MOVING ACROSS LOOKOUT CREEK *en route* FOR EAST TENNESSEE—this movement having connection with the late operations of Grant's army. The command crossing the bridge is that of General Matthias. The view given in the sketch of Lookout Mountain is said to be the very best.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MUCH MORE LIKELY.—An "incorrigible young thief" is more likely to attain "age before honesty!"

A paper called *Le Gratis* has appeared in Paris. It costs forty francs a year. Every thing's dear in France, it seems. You can't get even gratis for nothing.

An Irish gentleman visiting some friends, was received with so much hospitality, and drank so very hard, that he departed in a shorter time than was expected; and when asked the reason, very gravely said, "that he liked them so very much, and he ate and drank so incessantly, that he was sure, if he had lived there a month longer, he would die in a fortnight."

M. About, in a recent publication, says of an avaricious man, that "it had been proved that, after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them."

Mr. Jones called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore oil-paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

The following contains the alphabet: "John P. Brady gave me a black walnut-box of quite a small size."

A REFLECTION BY A SCHOOL-BOY.—The man who plants a birch-tree near a school-house little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

A gentleman who was determined to outdo the horticulturist who raised chickens from egg-plants has succeeded in producing a colt from a horse-chestnut and a calf from a cow-ard.

The death of a miser was lately announced thus: "On Friday last died, Josiah Braintree, of Bennington, at the age of ninety-eight. He retained his *money* to the last."

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added, "I dush better as dat—I drinks de prandy, and den I rubs mine leg mit de bottle."

"Why don't you fire at those partridges?" exclaimed a gentleman to a Cockney sportsman; "don't you see you have the whole covey before you?" "I know I have," said Tomkins; "but when I have a good aim at one, two or three others will fly up right betwixt me and the one I aim at."

A poet has commenced a new epic, which begins well. It opens with an invocation to the Nine Muses, bursting forth with these words, "Ye demi-nines!"

"Boy!" called out Brown to the waiter at Sama's. "Don't call me boy, Sir; I'm no boy, Sir," said the latter. "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this mutton *lamb* any more."

A man noted for his calmness and a scolding wife was one night stopped in the woods by a pretended ghost. "I can't stop, my friend," said he. "If you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way, and let me pass. If you are the devil, come along and take supper, for I married your sister!"

The question has been asked, why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go in the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, while it is in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all?

Where should a captain of a packet-ship keep his poultry?—In the hatchway.

When do 2 and 2 not make 4?—When they are 22.

NEW DANISH OATH.—"Dash my Schles-wig!"

Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy?—Because it is feeling for others.

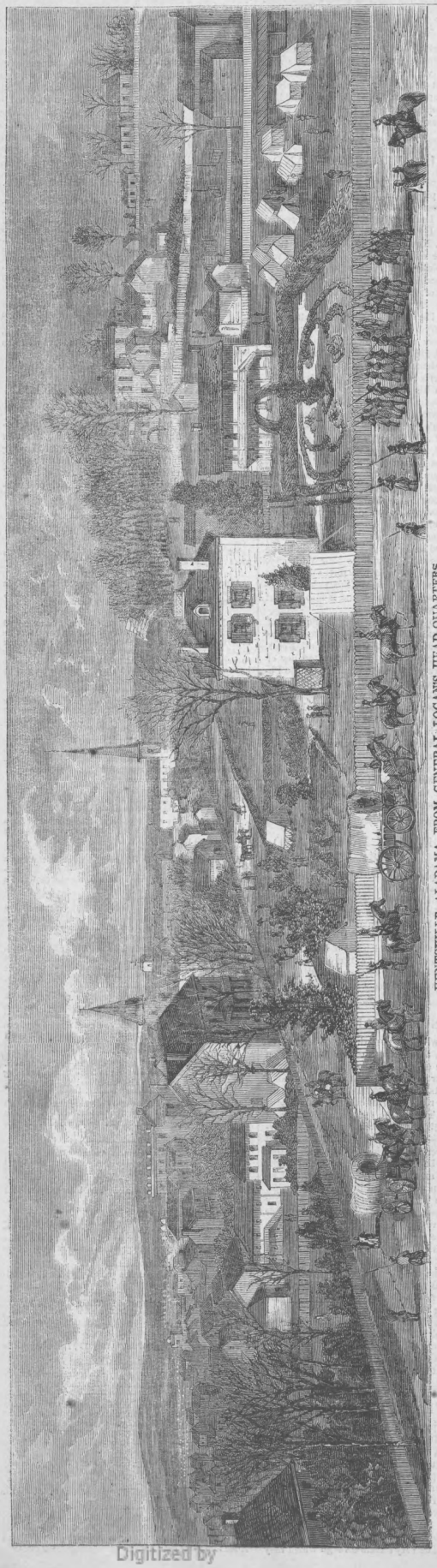
Some men not only forget their own names when they are drunk, but forget themselves when they are sober.

An Irishman, while fishing in a stream was suddenly caught in a shower of rain, which obliged him to take refuge under a bridge near by. On being asked if he expected to catch any fish there, he replied, "An' shure, won't they be afther comin' in here for the shelter?"

At a christening, while a minister was making the certificate, he forgot the date, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is the thirtieth?" "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed, but it's only the eleventh."

MRS. Partington, when Ike was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among other parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in it, for she did not want to see him come back a nigger.

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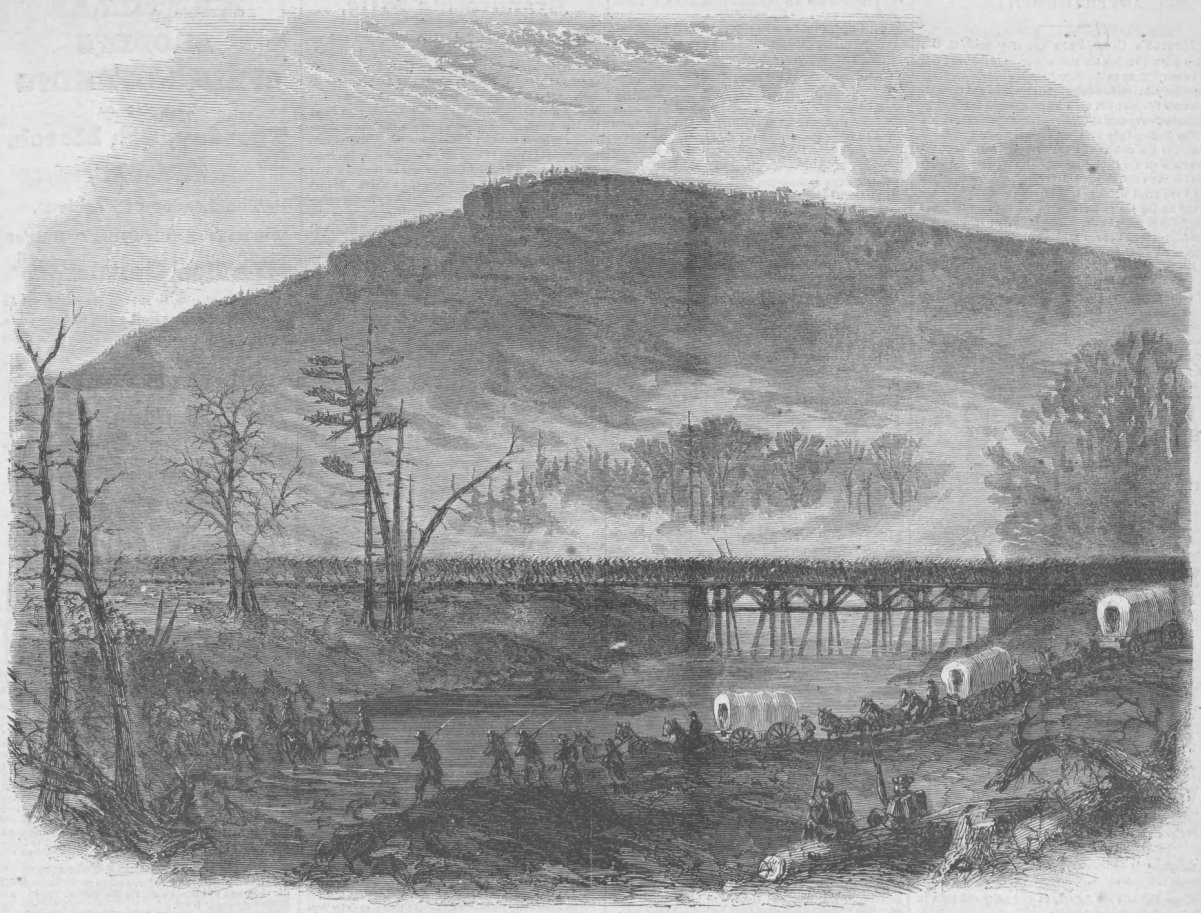


HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, FROM GENERAL LOGAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



DRAGGING ARTILLERY THROUGH THE MUD.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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A PORTION OF LOGAN'S COMMAND CROSSING LOOKOUT CREEK FOR EAST TENNESSEE.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



THE TWENTIETH UNITED STATES COLORED TROOPS RECEIVING THEIR COLORS ON UNION SQUARE, MARCH 5, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

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Standard Flavoring Extracts

For Cooking Purposes.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THESE EXTRACTS CONSISTS IN THEIR

Perfect Purity and Great Strength.

We select the following testimonials:

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"Our test has proved them very excellent."
ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York.

"Have been found really superior by *thorough* and *exclusive* use in our Establishment for years."
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"*Far superior* to any in the market."
WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, D. C.

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The best are the cheapest!

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

BOSTON.

LATEST INVENTION
IN
GOLD PENS.
JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with an Iridium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest price pen made, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced pens and calling them gold. We know that ours is the only solid gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

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No. 1. MEDIUM PEN,	$3 50.
No. 2. MEDIUM ENGROSSING PEN,	$3 75.
No. 3. LARGE ENGROSSING PEN,	$4 50.

A Discount of 10 per cent. made on all orders of $50 and upward.

Sample Pens.

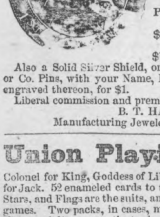
No. 1. MEDIUM PEN,	40 cents.
No. 2. MEDIUM ENGROSSING,	50 cents.
No. 3. LARGE ENGROSSING,	65 cents.

Warranted.

We warrant every pen for one year, and to be solid gold, genuine Iridium or Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.

We send these pens to any address in the United States, postage paid, on receipt of price. Money properly registered and sealed comes at our risk.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.



New Cavalry Badge, in Solid Silver, $1 50.
New Artillery and Battery Pin, in fine Gold Plate, $1 50.
New Battle Pin, with the likeness of either General, in fine Gold Plate, $1.
New Naval Pin, fine Gold Plate, $1 50.
New Pontonier's Pin, do., $1 50.
New Engineer's Pin., do., $1 50.

Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Div., or Co. Pins, with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1.

Liberal commission and premiums allowed to agents.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only*: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

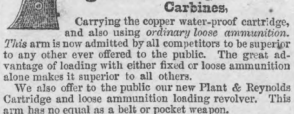
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Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition.*

This arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.

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For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

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THEIR MEDICAL QUALITIES.—In small and repeated doses, the effect of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills is to increase the activity of the secreting and excreting organs. The alvine discharges become more liquid, and contain a larger proportion of bile. The operation of this extraordinary medicine does not stop here; the membranes of the lungs, of the eyes, and all the membranes become moister; the urine is increased in quantity, except in cases of Diabetes, when the secretion is reduced; the skin becomes damper and at the *same time warmer* where too cool, and cooler if too warm. So that Brandreth's Pills seem to vitalize and promote the excretions generally. Even accumulations of fluids in the shut sacs—as the pleura, the peritoneum, arachnoid, and synovial membranes—diminish in quantity, and in some cases rapidly disappear, from the use of these Pills. They remove, at the same time, all glandular swellings, enlargements and indurations. Phlegmonous and other tumors are apparently melted away by their use, as well as small or large pimples from the face, eyebrows, &c., &c. In large doses, say of from five to ten Pills, they act as a powerful purgative, clearing the bowels first of their contents, and then acting upon the internal organs, cleansing them of slime, mucus, or any concretions not required for their healthy action. Thus the action of Brandreth's Pills is what is required to bring about that state in all the organs, which results in their full restoration to health. The blood-vessels, as well as the blood, are thus restored to perfect purity and vigor.

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P. S. *Money sent in registered letters is at our risk.*

U. S. G.

The immensely popular song for the times, sung by Bryant's Minstrels, Words and Music composed by Dan Emmett, author of "Dixie's Land."

U stands for Uncle, U. S. for Uncle Sam,
But U. S. G. it just suits me, or any other man.
He dug a trench at Vicksburg, and as sure as you're alive,
He'll dig one more round White House door, in 1865.

Also just published, **Beautiful Dreamer.** The last Song ever written by the late Stephen C. Foster, composed but a short time before his death. The publishers confidently recommend it. Price 30 cents. Copies sent by mail, postage paid.

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The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in suits, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Paillasses. WARREN WARD, 277 Canal St., N. Y.

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For Kerosene OIL LAMPS and LANTERNS, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell, and needs no chimney. We are now prepared to supply the increasing demand for this superior Burner, which everywhere gives satisfaction. Sample sent, post-paid for 25 cts. Agents wanted. P. ESSIG & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 2 Platt Street, New York.

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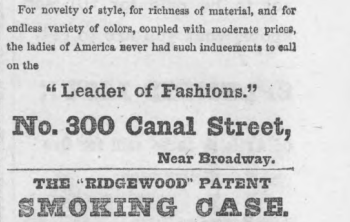
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BRODIE,
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Will make an early Spring Opening of
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For novelty of style, for richness of material, and for endless variety of colors, coupled with moderate prices, the ladies of America never had such inducements to call on the

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THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Single Cases* sent by mail, free to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

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ONE CENT.

AS the warm weather approaches prepare to reduce your household expenses by getting

FISH'S KEROSENE LAMP COOKING APPARATUS,

with which you may prepare a meal for FIVE PERSONS at a cost of

One Cent.

Price, from $2 to $6. Also, the

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to be used on a common lamp to heat water, cook food, or support a shade. Price 50 cents. No family can afford to be without one of these articles. For sale at the Lamp and Stove Stores. Trade supplied by WM. D. RUSSELL, Agent, 206 Pearl St., New York. Send for Circulars.

Complete Musical Library for $10.

Comprising nearly

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$100 a Month made by discharged Soldiers, and others, with Stencil Tools. Don't fail to send for a free Catalogue, containing full particulars. Address MILLIKEN & SPENCER, Vermont Record Office, Brandon, Vermont.

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A new system of Physiognomy. Eyes, Ears, Nose, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Hands, Feet, Skin, Complexion, with all "Signs of Character, and How to Read Them," in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED for 1864. New vol. $1 50 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

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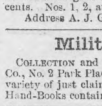
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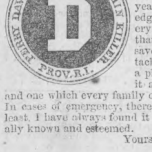
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 378.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN.

COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN, of whose death we give an illustration on page 196, was killed near Richmond, Virginia, during the recent raid of KILPATRICK. Colonel DAHLGREN, with a body of 100 men, having been sent on detached service, was entrapped and surrounded at night by the rebels, who posted their forces in ambush, and while attempting to cut his way out was shot at the head of his column by persons lying in wait. The Richmond *Whig* of the 8th inst. says that after DAHLGREN was fired upon a general volley was poured into the Federal ranks, causing a considerable panic, which was heightened by the intense darkness. His body was subsequently carried by the rebels into Richmond, and after having been exposed to public view for some hours, was buried in a common pine coffin in some place unknown to any but the rebel authorities. The rebels pretend to have found papers on Colonel DAHLGREN's body, directing the massacre of DAVIS and all the officials in Richmond; but it is denied by Federal officers that any such orders were ever issued or suggested. His address to his officers and men, upon starting on his expedition, certainly did not disclose any such blood-thirsty purpose. He enjoined upon them to "keep well together, and obey orders strictly;" to allow "no thought of personal gain to lead them off." "We will have a desperate fight," he added, as if with the voice of prophecy, "but stand up to it when it does come, and all will be well."

Moreover, a correspondent of the *Times*, who accompanied Colonel DAHLGREN, and saw his memoranda on the day he started, says positively that they "contained no such words as the rebels pretend to have found in them."

Colonel DAHLGREN had been engaged in the military service from the outset of the war, and, though only twenty-two years of age, had earned distinguished honors by his gallantry and courage on several fields. He was first assigned to duty in May, 1862, under Gen. FRÉMONT, but subsequently he was with Gen. SIGEL in West Virginia. Afterward he was placed on General HOOKER's staff, and passed with that General through his Potomac campaign, participating in all the cavalry engagements which then and afterward occurred. During the pursuit of LEE's forces in the invasion of last summer DAHLGREN was in every successful action, and was finally wounded at Hagerstown, Maryland, and lost a leg by amputation. For his services in this campaign he was made a Colonel by the President. He had not fully recovered from his wound when the KILPATRICK expedition was proposed. He asked and obtained leave to accompany it, being assigned to a separate command. His failure to accomplish the work apportioned to him is said to have been due to the treachery of a guide, who led him into danger and to death. His father, Admiral DAHLGREN, has attempted to obtain the body from Richmond, but has failed; but it matters not where such as he may be buried. A grateful people will shrine his memory in their hearts, and keep green forever the brave boy's name!

It is mentioned as an illustration of Colonel DAHLGREN's earnest patriotism, that when the war broke out he was traveling in the Southwest, where great inducements were offered him to enter the rebel service, but, fired with indignation, he at once made his way to Washington and applied for a place in the Army. His sublime daring on every field to which he was called after that time justified fully the sanction which the Government gave him in its first appointment to an honorable position. His temper and character as a soldier remarkably resembled that of the lamented WINTHROP, and his career affords another illustration, beautiful and significant, of that sturdy and courageous manhood which these troublous latter days are maturing as the future lords of the Republic.

GENERAL GRANT AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

WE give on page 197 an illustration of the formal presentation of the commission of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL to Major-General GRANT, by President LINCOLN, on the 9th instant. The presentation ceremony took place in the Cabinet Chamber, in the presence of the entire Cabinet and a number of high military officers. The President, in presenting the commission, remarked, "With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you." General GRANT, in replying, said he felt the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon him, and added that if they are met he felt it will be due to our noble armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which is over both nations and men.

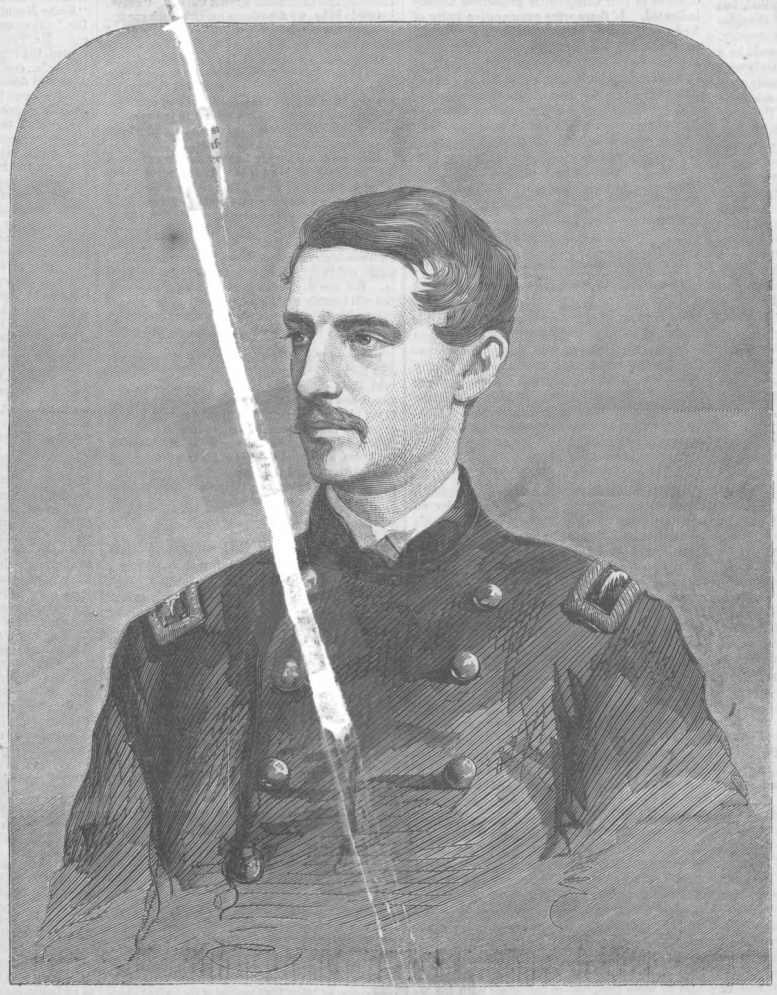
GENERAL CUSTER'S RAID.

WE present our readers this week, in a double page sketch by Mr. A. R. WAUD, several interesting scenes connected with General CUSTER's late movement against the rebels. This movement not only accomplished a successful diversion in favor of the commands directly engaged in KILPATRICK's raid, but served also the equally important purposes of a reconnoissance. "Leaving Madison Court House, a handsome town at the foot of the Blue Ridge," says our artist, who was the only civilian accompanying the expedition, "soon after midnight, CUSTER's command rapidly pushed on in the still night through a country alternately open and woodland toward the Rapidan. All went quietly until we reached Wolftown, where the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, being in the advance, was fired upon by a rebel force; but drawing their sabres they dashed on, putting the enemy to flight without loss, and the head of the column soon reached the Rapidan. Having captured a wagon loaded with hams and two negroes, the command forded the river without opposition and pushed on, seizing all the horses on their way and all the male citizens—as a precaution against bushwhacking and to prevent information being given to the enemy.

"As we proceeded we found a tolerably well-cultivated and high rail-fenced country, the farmers plowing in the fields; when the horses were worth it they were taken in the name of the United States; and occasionally some of the men would make a descent upon the poultry while their officers were not looking. In one place a very handsome lady, quite young, expostulated loudly with a cavalryman for taking the farm-horses. 'My dear Miss,' said the soldier, 'we do not want to take your horses; ours are much better; and besides it goes against our feelings, but military necessity requires this step, and we are merely the agents of unrelenting destiny.' In spite of her concern the pretty creature laughed at such eloquence from a rough cavalryman.

"At a turn of the road we met a couple of children on a horse; that horse the men did not take: they looked too innocent to be molested. In the town of Stannardsville the people came out to see the procession, as if it were a show got up for their amusement. The men were exceedingly disgusted when they found they had to accompany the column as temporary prisoners. The female relatives of one person hung about him with outcries and shrieks, as if they imagined he would be led at once to execution. In the afternoon we reached and crossed the Rivanna River, and found the enemy in force near Charlottesville. A squadron of the Fifth regulars, under Captain ASH, scouting on our left, came so suddenly upon an artillery camp that the gunners had barely time to run off the guns by hand. Before they had recovered their surprise the camp was in flames, the caissons blown up, harness, forges, and battery-wagons destroyed, and our handful of dare-devils off again. At this time train after train came up from Gordonsville with troops, and the General recalled his column, which was at this time being shelled in a random way by the enemy's artillery, answered by our two little guns, which checked an effort to turn our left. Recrossing the river, the pioneers soon put the bridge in flames, and destroyed a large mill full of Government corn and meal, the enemy's infantry keeping up a wicked but harmless skirmish-fire the while. Returning, the troops were halted about four miles from the river to feed and rest. The night was rainy, and all had to lie upon the ground and get wet through. It was difficult to get fires to burn, and the rain began to freeze upon the limbs of the trees, so that by morning every thing appeared to be cased in crystal; and when the enemy's forces got in our way, to contest the return of the troops, the cannon-shot made a wonderful crashing among the frost-bound limbs of the forest. After two or three pretty little skirmishes, in which our troops invariably had the advantage, General CUSTER inveigled them down a wrong road, and then, having started them upon a false scent, quietly recrossed the Rapidan, without the loss of a man, and with but few wounded, bringing with him a large number of horses and refugees—colored people—and some thirty prisoners, soldiers; the civilians being all allowed to return to their homes when it was no longer possible for them to do us damage. Like lost children the command was welcomed back into the lines by the forces of General SEDGWICK, who was not without anxiety that we should be all used up when he heard the distant guns in the morning."

The account of CUSTER's movement given above by our artist represents faithfully the incidents that usually enliven a cavalry expedition within the enemy's lines. The most striking of these incidents he has related with the pencil. Thus he has given us a portrait of Captain ASH, who surprised STUART's camp. In this connection he has presented us a scene representing the destruction of the rebel caissons by Captain ASH's command. This was in the vicinity of Charlottesville, the point which our forces had reached when they were compelled, by the superior numbers of the enemy, to retrace their steps toward the Rapidan. The rear-guard, as General CUSTER's command was leaving Charlottesville, has also received its share of attention from Mr. WAUD. He has also sketched for our readers the burning of the mill at Stannardsville, which contained a great amount of grain belonging to the Confederacy; also the burning of the bridge across the Rivanna, one of the tributaries of the James. One of the skirmishes in which our troops were engaged with STUART's forces in the retreat has also been portrayed. Not the least pleasant of these *tableaux* is that one which represents the negroes leaving their plows in the field to join our troops in the movement Northward.



THE LATE COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

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MARCH WINDS.

Come out to the moors, little friend, with me,
For the March winds whistle right cheerily;
Shut the Latin books, now our task is done,
Out, out, and away for a scampering run.

Ah, whengh, what a gust! Blow, Boreas, blow,
And set my young "rosy cheeks" all in a glow,
Play at "hide-and-seek" with his golden hair—
There is health in the touch of thee, Jolly March air.

It will brace your young limbs, little play-fellow mine,
And make your blue eyes like bright diamonds shine;
It will scatter your bonny brown curls out of place,
And bring the rich healthy blood into your face.

How the dead leaves rustle! Away, away,
To the hills for a game on this glorious day,
The green blades crunch crisp, yet the field-fares sing,
'Tis old Winter having a tussel with Spring.

Whist! away go the gray rabbits one by one,
With their white tails erect in a frenzy of fun,
Come along, little Tom, and we'll give them a chase,
Let us see which of us will be first in the race!

There's a cunning old raven sits looking at me,
From the high bare bough of yon withered tree,
The wary old fellow is out for a meal,
And *he* knows that *we* know he is longing to steal.

See the first of the lambs to the old ewe creeps,
And askant at the fondling the sly bird peeps,
But he dare not venture his bold attack
Till the mother sheep shall have turned her back.

Get away, cruel thief, shut your greedy beak,
'Tis a coward's act to assault the weak.
How he croaks, and he gloats on the old bare thorn,
Come, a good long shout! Ah, the rogue has gone.

O'er the rough plowed fields the gray plovers run,
And the purple violets nod at the fun,
In the sere dry brushwood the pheasants "whirr,"
And the sleepy red squirrel is getting astir.

What a famous wind! How the high elms shake;
How the tall, slim poplars quiver and quake;
How the chattering rooks to the tree-tops swarm,
Like rudderless ships blown about in a storm.

Come on, little friend, we are both in a glow,
While our arms are strong, and our legs can go,
And our voices can make the old woodlands ring:
What need we of wealth? We are each a king!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

A DANGER.

THE manifesto of the "War Democracy," as the Tammany party likes to be called, has one proposition which should be very thoughtfully pondered by the citizens of this country. It declares that the next President should be a military man. Yet if the country is truly wise it will never elect a chief magistrate merely upon the ground of military success. The school of the soldier is not the school in which a President of the United States should be trained. Military success dazzles a nation accustomed to despotic rule, but it ought not to deceive a free people who govern themselves. In a warlike community the triumphant chief is naturally the most captivating figure, but in a peaceful free society the qualities of the soldier are by no means those which are best fitted for the work of government.

That those who best serve the country should be most highly honored is true; but that a century ago any British General in the field or Admiral upon the sea better served England than Lord CHATHAM, who directed the Government, would be difficult to prove. Military success, however essential, however indispensable, is not necessarily the highest service. Military heroes, however pure, however single-hearted, however noble, are, by the necessity of the case, accustomed to regard their own will as law, and will inevitably incline to govern a country as if it were an army. If WASHINGTON was an exception to this rule, JACKSON was not; and WASHINGTON was exceptional among men.

Emerging from any great war, and especially from a civil struggle, the devotion of an army and its officers to their chief is an incentive to personal ambition, and a danger to civil liberty so vast and obvious that it needs but to be named; for History is the record of governments overthrown and people subjugated by victorious military leaders. But we are not driven to ancient or even modern history to find the evidence of these truths. The spirit which solicits a military head of the Government is simply that of despotism. The ascendency so long maintained in this country by the Southern Policy, under the auspices of what was called "the Democracy," was due to the absolute annihilation of the fundamental right of a free government—the right of debate. And when, under the same name, a plea is made for a military Presidential candidate, it ought to surprise no man that the most ardent supporter of the proposition says plainly of one of the Generals of our armies: "He must have as little respect for these wretches as CÆSAR had for those in Rome." By the word "wretches" he describes the lawful, constitutional authorities of the Government, and he calls upon a military leader to set them aside as NAPOLEON did the Convention and CROMWELL the Parliament.

This is the spirit from which a military candidacy springs. It is impatience of constitutional rule. It is the instinct of despotism. Let us hope that the people of this country, in so momentous a crisis as the present, will be governed in the election of a President by some principle more profound than mere enthusiasm for a soldier. When the soldier has shown the qualities for civil rule that WASHINGTON displayed, he may justly aspire to the chair that WASHINGTON filled.

MR. CHASE.

THE letter of Mr. CHASE, in which he asks that no further consideration be given to his name as a Presidential candidate, will surprise no one who has watched his patriotic course. The Presidency could not win him a higher honor than that of the masterly management of the national treasury during this war; and it is to the universal conviction of his great fitness for the office he fills, and the doubt where an adequate successor could be found, that much of the reluctance of the popular response to his nomination was to be attributed. Himself an essential part of the Administration which is now upon trial before the country, it could hardly be supposed that he seriously differed from its general policy, or that an Administration of which he should be the head would radically change that policy. While, therefore, he agreed upon the whole, it was certainly wiser to do as he has done.

Whatever honors may yet await him, Mr. CHASE will be known in our history as one of the most eminent of the leaders who early saw and always resisted the mortal peril which menaced the American Union and human civilization from the essential character of the spirit which now seeks its overthrow. Called into a vitally important responsibility in the Government when the struggle began, he has fulfilled it with singular ability. Nor will it be named among the least of his claims to the permanent regard of his countrymen that, in the midst of the great war, he saw so clearly the necessity of devoting every energy and effort to the suppression of the rebellion, that he would not allow any preference of his friends for his personal advantage to perplex the great issue. It would have been his duty to do so, however, had he felt that the public safety was imperiled.

We differ entirely from those who regret his withdrawal upon the ground that every man's candidacy should remain open until the nomination. We are to deal with facts, and the fact is that the Union candidate will certainly be one of three or four conspicuous gentlemen already indicated. If there were comparative unity of feeling—if, surrendering minor points of difference and criticism, the Union party of the nation could move forward to the election as the Union party of New Hampshire lately did to that of Governor GILMORE, and as that of Connecticut will, on the 4th of April, to that of Governor BUCKINGHAM—would it not be infinitely better for the country and the cause than the ardent debate upon various candidates is likely to be?

It is upon that ground, unquestionably, that Mr. CHASE has withdrawn, and for that reason his course will command the sincerest public approval.

GENERAL FRÉMONT.

IT is no secret that General FRÉMONT and many of his friends think that he has been unfairly treated by the Administration; that his opportunities of military distinction have been systematically baffled; and whatever explanation the General himself might give, it is very sure that his ardent personal friends attribute his treatment to political jealousy. It is the same feeling that the immediate friends of General M'CLELLAN indulge in regard to him, and it is a question which will never be settled to the satisfaction of either side.

We observe that some Union men, who, like the German-American Club of the Seventeenth Ward in this city, are resolved that under no circumstances will they support Mr. LINCOLN's re-election, are disposed to erect the name of FRÉMONT as a candidate in any case; and a journal, recently established, attacks the Government with the fury of the most malignant Copperhead writers, and plainly points to FRÉMONT as its candidate, while the chuckling Copperheads warmly applaud the "FRÉMONT diversion."

Now FRÉMONT has been a charmed name because it stood for unswerving fidelity to Liberty and Union; and to suggest that it could be used as a rallying cry to divide Union men, after they had deliberately decided who was to bear their standard, is insulting both to the General and to his friends. No candidate has any prescriptive right to the nomination. The field is clear; and it is of transcendent importance that the question of fitness shall be thoroughly discussed in every case. That General FRÉMONT may choose to try the popular confidence in his name so far as to await the action of the Convention is very probable. But that a man, who has been so truly respected, and who, when he was a candidate, was so faithfully supported by as earnest a body of men as ever voted, will permit his name to be used in any manner whatever as a menace—that he will allow any considerable number of persons to declare either that the national Convention must nominate him or some compromise candidate with his assent, or that he will take the field as an independent candidate, we no more believe than we should believe any other imputation upon his perfect patriotism.

A SOPHISM.

"IF the spring campaign is successful, nothing can prevent Mr. LINCOLN's renomination. If it fails, nothing can secure it," says some one.

That may be true; but it certainly does not follow that the change, however inevitable, will be advantageous. Governor SEYMOUR is a specimen of the kind of candidate that comes in upon a tide of general disgust and reaction. The President will unquestionably be held responsible for any disaster which may occur, and the public indignation may very probably demand that his place be filled by another. That he ought to be held officially responsible we are very far from saying or thinking. But we ask the gentlemen who deprecate any discussion of the Presidential question, and who declare that Mr. LINCOLN's renomination is impossible in case of defeat, whom they propose as his successor? Nothing is so uncertain as the event of a battle, and the fortune of war is a proverb. In the spring campaign we may suffer reverses. In that case there must be a new President, say the gentlemen. But is it worth while to take one at hazard? If the case occurs we shall need, more than ever, exactly the right man. Are we to know him by instinct? If so, who is he? "Oh! there are twenty men." Yes—and so there are twenty hundred. That is no answer—it is merely a poor evasion.

If the text be true, no man who urges it is justified in refraining from the fullest discussion of the Presidential question. For the contingency suggested is not impossible. Should it arise, do we prefer to find ourselves at a loss among the twenty or twenty hundred? Is it not rather the part of trusty and loyal and prudent citizens to consider most carefully what hand is fittest to take the helm if the storm shall wash the pilot overboard?

ABOMINABLE GOOD-NATURE.

THERE is something very pathetic and utterly futile in the periodical spasms of New York indignation with overcrowded cars and omnibuses. "Brave!" said a caustic critic as he saw people crowding into an omnibus when it was full. "Brave, indeed! Why, we Americans haven't pluck enough to keep the thirteenth man out of an omnibus." But we are trying very hard to do it. We have actually sent a petition to the Legislature asking them to do what we don't dare to. Let us hope the Legislature will reply that if twelve New Yorkers can not keep out the thirteenth from an omnibus, or if twenty in a car choose submit to the tyranny of the twenty-first, they may comfort and thank themselves for their own discomfort.

You say that it is very disagreeable to exclude a person. So it is. But it is more disagreeable to be excluded. And when half a New York finds that it can not get into the cars and omnibuses, New York will have sufficient accommodation of the kind. "My dear," says the chastising parent, "I punish you for your good. One day you will thank me for making you smart." So I say to the thirteenth and twenty-first: "Gentlemen, you can't get in. But one day, when you are amply provided, you will heartily thank us." The advantage is, that every citizen in turn is the luckless thirteenth or twenty-first, so that we shall know how pleasant it is.

But even if the Legislature passes the most solemn laws our own abominable good-nature will prevent their enforcement. We shall squeeze and crowd, and feel sure that the thirteenth man is going to see his dying parent, or will miss a boat, or will encounter some frightful calamity if we do not suffer him to get in. So he will get, and sit upon the knees, and grind the feet of his chicken-hearted fellow-citizens, and then jump off at his street and run crowing in to his wife, "My dear, nobody dared to keep me out of the car!"

A NEW THING.

THE British officers took their race-horses to the Peninsula, and General NAPIER complained bitterly that the luxury of the officers in the East was destroying the army. The Yankees make war after their own fashion, and carry *their* luxuries to the field. A gentleman was lately surprised by a letter inviting him to speak before the Lecture Association of the First Division, Second Corps, of the Army of the Potomac! This is the kind of army which the nation sends forth to fight its battles. These are not soldiers who carry brains as well as bullets to subdue the rebellion. This is the spirit and the strength against which hate and desperate fury are powerless. It has taken some time for the Yankee genius to uncoil itself. But an army which so calmly addresses itself to its work as to construct the Lecture Lyceum in camp, serves notice upon the world that it has gone out to stay until it is victorious. It has under its placid exterior the grim earnestness of the exhorting Ironsides of Cromwell.

FROM CHATTANOOGA.

A FRIENDLY lettter from the head-quarters of the Army of the Cumberland is full of the most alluring temptations to a visit:

"About the 1st of April we can show you green grass, and smelling buds, and other evidences of spring, wherever our soldiers have left enough vegetation to sprout, or to recognize at all 'those blind motions of the Spring,' which come so much earlier here than in your latitude.

"You will find this army in an admirable condition as to spirits, hopefulness, and a determination to finish the war under the guidance of 'good Father Abraham,' as the most ardent lover of his country can desire."

No man can doubt that the great armies of the West and East, by which the campaign is to be decided, are the most powerful and effective we have ever had in the field. The brave men among the Tennessee mountains know that the hopes and prayers of the sea-coast follow them; and the host in the shadow of the Blue Ridge are ready for their work. The Blue Ridge will reply to the Alleghanies, as

"Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, that call to her aloud."

GENERAL CUSTER'S RAID.

IN another part of this paper there are illustrations of General CUSTER'S late diversion in favor of KILPATRICK, and an account of it so simple and graphic that we are glad to call attention to it as a model of intelligible description.

HARPER FOR APRIL.

IN the April number of the Magazine begins the story, "Denis Duval," left unfinished by THACKERAY when he died. DICKENS has said what he thinks of it, and we have no doubt that the public will confirm his verdict. Its interest is profound and pathetic, as the great fragment of his literary life, while from the opening of the work his step is so light and free that the reader understands how fully he was himself and enjoying his work. In the same number there is a most genial and sensible plea for the children, enforcing the text that they are to be treated *as* children; or, as the old grandfather is quoted as saying, "Babies *ort* to be brooded jest like chickens." Another paper, "My Escape from Richmond," is a timely and graphic passage of military experience.

In the *June* number, which begins the volume, the new tale of CHARLES DICKENS will open. We advise our readers to begin it with the beginning, and to secure the regular reading by a prompt subscription to the new volume.

THE NEW PICTURES.

THE Sanitary Fair will have a picture-gallery in which there will be admirable works, and the National Academy will open its doors in April. Meanwhile there are pictures to be seen worthy of the most careful study. Three we have in mind at this moment—KENSETT'S "Lake George," BIERSTADT'S "Rocky Mountains," and THORNDIKE'S "Wayside Inn." They are all very American and very different. Mr. THORNDIKE'S picture, indeed, is now in Boston, but there is a charming photograph of it at GOUPIL'S, one of the truest and most exquisite American domestic winter bits that we remember. The landscape is muffled in snow. The huge comfortable gable-roofed inn sits broad and snug upon the ground, tucked in by the drifts, and unconsciously suggesting a homely comfort and spaciousness which belong to the ideal country tavern. The barn and hay-stack near by—chapel of ease to the Yankee temple of comfort—the exquisite tracery of the boughs of the trees against the gray sky—the rustic bridge—the gentle hill—the brook, and the boy fishing through the ice—all compose a picture so interesting and characteristic that the poet's publishers will greatly err if they do not make it the vignette of all future editions of the poem.

Mr. KENSETT'S "Lake George" is now upon exhibition at GOUPIL'S. It was painted for a noted connoisseur, who understands that one of the chief duties of those who are able to buy pictures is to let others see them. It is a thoroughly characteristic work, representing upon a large scale a certain aspect of American climate and scenery which no painter so exquisitely renders. The view is down the lake toward Caldwell. The fore-ground is a wood, traversed by a small stream which falls in a lovely cascade upon its way to enter the lake; and the gleam of the lake, broken by the islands, dotted with sails, and walled by the mountains upon the other side, complete the picture. The firm and faithful treatment of the single tree-trunks in the fore-ground, the perfect quality of the rocks, the clear shadows and the sunny greenness of the forest aisle, are points of artistic excellence which will escape no one. But the exquisite gradation, the delicate airy perspective, the depth of the sky, the fidelity of the mountain forms, are not less remarkable. Yet above them all, and in them all, and through them all, are the spirit and splendor of Nature in the serene triumph of her summer repose. And it is Nature in her American costume. It is not Italy, nor the Orient, nor Switzerland, nor England, nor the Tropics; it is the clear-breathed, soft-skied America of every day and of common experience. It is pure landscape also. Nothing wins the mind from its brooding delight in the tranquil scene. Fancy follows the bounding deer which the eye does not see. It lingers around the invisible camps. It muses upon the dusky departing race. It remembers the gay Sabbath flotilla of ABERCROMBIE'S army. It hears ETHAN ALLEN thundering in the name of the Continental Congress. Or, still receding, glides along the calm with the canoe of the Jesuit explorers. Thus it has the highest charm of landscape art, the undisturbed presentation of the scene leading on to all its historical and imaginative associations.

From this most thoughtful and masterly work the transition is not difficult to BIERSTADT'S "Rocky Mountains," which is no less thoroughly American. It is a scene upon the head waters of the Colorado at the foot of the great range of the Wind River Mountains, which fill the depth of the canvas, pouring the rills and streams from their sides and glaciers into the calm lake, upon whose broad green meadow, which forms the fore-ground of the picture, is an Indian camp. It is purely an American scene, and from the faithful and elaborate delineation of

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the Indian village, a form of life now rapidly disappearing from the earth, may be truly called a historic landscape. It is the curtained continent, with its sublime natural forms and its rude savage human life; nor do we recall any work in which the subject is so strikingly presented. It is an extremely interesting picture, stimulating the imagination and satisfying curiosity. And unlike Mr. CHURCH's pictures of the equatorial mountain scenery of America, which from their volcanic and tropical character, however luxuriant, yet forbid hope and leave an impression of profound sadness and desolation, this work of BIERSTADT's inspires the temperate cheerfulness and promise of the region it depicts, and the imagination contemplates it as the possible seat of supreme civilization.

It is a most interesting pendant to the "Lake George" of Mr. KENSETT. And who now will undertake the Prairie and the Mississippi Valley with the same thoughtful skill; or the bayous of the Gulf and the Everglades? Are not these, also, the kind of picture which should adorn the Capitol?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHAT horn produces the most discordant music?—The drinking horn.

A romantic young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

A matter-of-fact philosopher asserts that "Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow."

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed: "What for? why for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

A girl, hearing the lady of the house, at dinner, ask her husband to bring *Dombey and Son* with him when he came home to tea, laid two extra plates on the supper-table for the supposed visitors.

"How many years have you been dumb?" said a gentleman to an Irish beggar. "Five years, plase your honor," answered the mendicant, completely taken off his guard by the question.

The youth who stole a kiss has been discharged on condition that he will not embrace another opportunity.

The bellman of Watertown, in announcing a temperance-meeting, said it would be addressed by six women "who had never spoken before."

Voltaire says: "A physician is an unfortunate gentleman who is every day called upon to perform a miracle—to reconcile health with intemperance."

"'Wanted, expert needle-women to make babies' bodies!'—Well, that beats all!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, throwing down the newspaper in which, during the last fifteen minutes, she had been spelling out the advertisements, and peering indignantly over her spectacles across the breakfast-table at Ike, who was busily occupied in excavating his fourth egg-shell. "Did ever any body hear the like? I always said it was no good as tellin' Natur' she didn't know how to do her own work when they instructed steam-rams and donkey-engines. But this imposterous idea of makin' slop-work babies is enough to make the poor thing throw down her tools and shut up shop altogether. Mark my words, Ike—them sewin'-machines will be pressed into this 'ere new-fangled business afore long; and then all the emigratin' in the world won't be able to keep down the surplice popyulation."

Charles Lamb's opinion of the water-cure: "It is neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the deluge, when, in my opinion, it killed more than it cured."

In spite of the ill-founded contempt which Dr. Johnson professed to entertain for actors, he treated Mrs. Siddons with great politeness when she called on him in Bolt Court, and his servant could not immediately provide her with a chair, he said, "You see, madam, wherever you go there are no seats to be got."

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

"Have you any first-rate servant-girls for the kitchen? I want one that can mind her own business and attend to her work." Jones asked the question of a registry-office keeper.

"Oh yes," said the proprietor, "any quantity; let me show you one."

Jones is at once introduced to a daughter of the Emerald Isle, and is greeted with,

"An' does yer want a servant?"

"Yes," says Jones.

"How many have yer in yer family?"

Jones answered.

"And hev yer hot and cold water?"

Answers again.

"How many children hev yer? Do yer make yer girls wash Sundays? Is the church far away?"

All these questions, with about fifty more, were answered heroically by Jones, when he thought it about time to take the laboring oar himself.

"Your look," says Jones, "like a pretty nice girl; but I want to ask you one question. Do you play the piano?"

"No."

"Then," says Jones, blandly, "you won't answer my turn."

And away went the astonished Celt, feeling that she for once had caught a Tartar.

A pretender to science seriously maintained, one day in company, that the sun did not make a revolution round the world, either real or apparent; but that, having performed its journey from east to west, it came back again to be in readiness against morning. "How is it, then," it was asked, "that we never see it on its return?" "Because the journey is performed by night," he gravely replied.

When you see a man's likeness in a photographic album, it is a clear proof that he has been "taken off" with a stroke of the sun.

A photographic friend of ours, returning from giving a lady of high rank lessons in the art-science, and having a lens and camera in his hand, paused at the corner of a vehicle-crowded street, awaiting an opportunity of crossing the road. Beside him stood a costermonger, selling fruit in a barrow. "Been a forty-graphin', Sir?" inquired the fruit-vendor. "Why, yes, I have, my good fellow," returned our friend. "Ah," responded the costermonger, with a mournful shake of his greasy cap and dirty head, "I was a fortygraphy wunce, I wos! I had a place down at King's Cross, and I tooked a deal of money wunce; but hit failed off, yer see, Sir; there's sich a lot on 'em now! that's why I gived hit up." "Indeed!" ejaculated our friend, with a smile, as he thought of the amateur photographer he had just left, and the brother in the art then addressing him. "Yes, "continued he of the barrow, "it ain't wot it used to wos, ain't fortygraphy."

A young gentleman was fondling his betrothed's hand. "I hope it is not counterfeit," he said. "The best way to test it is to *ring* it," was her reply.

EPIGRAM.

Since Tom went first to law with Ned,
And made the suit attack,
'Tis said he scarce has had a *coat*
To put upon his back:
But, verily, the case is such,
That Tom has had a *suit* too much.

CLUB.—A bundle of sticks with a few *nobs* at the top.

"Jennie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar—"Jennie, it's a very solemn thing to get married." "I know, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it's a great deal solemner not to."

He who lives with a good wife becomes better thereby, as those who lie down among violets arise with the perfume upon their garments.

Macden, the actor, was once, at a dinner party, placed before a haunch of venison and requested to carve it. "Really, gentlemen," said he, "I do declare I know very little about table anatomy; I dare say, now, there is some particular cut in a haunch—some tid-bit—I dare say there is—but I assure you I am quite ignorant where to pick for it." A dozen knives instantly started from the cloth, and Munden was instructed where the rich meat lay. He uttered a long string of thanks, worked out a prime slice, loaded it with sauce and jelly, and then, with the plate in his hand, looked through his glasses round the table. Every hand was ready, and every mouth prepared. "Really, gentlemen," said the comedian, "I wish I could please you; but if I give the tid-bit to one, I shall offend the rest; so egad," added he, "I'll keep it myself, and let every gentleman help himself to what he likes best."

Which, on the face of the earth, is the best place for a sleeping infant?—The Rock-y Mountains.

If a young woman bids you take heart, you can probably take hers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March* 9. Mr. Wilson reported from the Military Committee a substitute for Mr. Carlile's resolutions on the war, declaring "that the object of the war is the subjugation of the rebels in arms to the rightful authority of the United States; that in the prosecution of the war the United States may adopt whatever measures not inconsistent with the rules of civilized warfare, may be deemed necessary to secure the public safety now and hereafter;" and approving the Emancipation Proclamation as a necessary and legitimate war measure.—Mr. Sherman reported the House joint resolution to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt, with an amendment as follows: "And he is hereby authorized to dispose of any gold in the Treasury of the United States not necessary for the payment of interest on the public debt."—Mr. Davis spoke in favor of his amendment to the bill equalizing the pay of colored troops, allowing the District Courts to appoint commissioners to ascertain and award to loyal owners a just valuation for their slaves.——*March* 10. A bill was passed giving the franking privilege to the President and Vice-President.—Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Slavery and Freedmen, reported a bill providing that the Proclamation of Emancipation issued by the President of the United States January 1, 1863, so far as the same declares that the slaves in certain designated States and parts of States thenceforward should be free, is hereby adopted and enacted as a statute of the United States, and as a rule and article for the government of the military and naval forces thereof.—Mr. Sherman, debating his amendment to the House resolution for the sale of surplus gold, argued that speculation in gold would be prevented by giving Mr. Chase the authority proposed.—Mr. Pomeroy addressed the Senate at length in reference to the circular lately issued urging Mr. Chase's claims for the Presidency. He denied that the circular was in any respect secret, and said distinctly that Mr. Chase had nothing whatever to do with it. Mr. Pomeroy maintained that the only safety from menacing dangers would be found in a hearty co-operation of the people in a vigorous prosecution of the war and the support of the most radical anti-slavery policy. Mr. Pomeroy reprobated the policy of Mr. Lincoln as slow and timid, and argued that disasters would continue to settle upon our arms so long as the Administration clung to its present "declared impolicies."—Mr. Davis's amendment to the bill equalizing the pay of soldiers, black and white, was rejected, and the bill passed, only six Senators voting Nay.——*March* 11. A message was received from the President establishing the northern point of the Union Pacific Railway "on the western boundary of the State of Iowa east of and opposite to the east line of Section Ten, in the Township Fifteen, north of Range Thirteen, east of the sixth principal meridian in the Territory of Nebraska."—The joint resolution authorizing the sale of surplus gold, after debate, was passed, 30 to 8, with an amendment that the Secretary of the Treasury shall only anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt "for a period not exceeding a year, from time to time."—The Postal Appropriation bill for the current fiscal year was passed.——*March* 12. The Senate was not in session.——*March* 14. Mr. Saulsbury reported an amendment to the Patent Act of 1863, designed to afford relief to inventors or assignees who have failed to perfect their rights through neglect to pay in season the final fee, by allowing them six months more in which to pay such fee.—Mr. Grimes introduced a bill in relation to naval supplies, providing for the appointment at each navy-yard of a Disbursing and Purchasing Agent, a Naval Store-keeper, and an Inspector and Receiver, who shall take charge of all supplies except those for the bureaus of Medicine and Surgery, Provisions and Clothing, and Navigation and Ordnance.—The West Point Academy Appropriation bill was passed, with amendments providing that no cadet shall receive any part of the appropriation unless appointed according to the laws of Congress, and that until the suppression of the rebellion the President shall be authorized to appoint from unrepresented districts such deserving young soldiers in the armies of the United States as he may select. During the consideration of this bill a debate occurred as to the policy of the Administration in the appointment of army officers.—Mr. Davis charging that the President was governed by political considerations. Mr. Wilson, replying, said our Generals do not receive their appointments because of their support of the Administration, but as a matter of public policy. At the beginning of the contest the Administration desired to bring to its support men of all parties, and in the first year of the war it was much easier for a Democrat to receive an appointment than one who voted for Mr. Lincoln. At the last session, out of 6856 nominations which came before the Military Committee, composed of four Republicans and three Democrats, there was never a divided vote, and the same was the case in this session in the examination of 2000 cases. The Administration in its military appointments sought to do justice without regard to politics.—Mr. Conness cited the case of California, where six Generals had been appointed, all of whom were Democrats, among them the present General-in-Chief and General Hooker.——*March* 15. Mr. Sumner presented the petition of one thousand citizens of Louisiana of African descent, to be allowed to vote in the reorganization of Louisiana. The petition represents that all are owners of property, many engaged in the pursuits of commerce, paying taxes for forty-nine years on an assessment of fifteen millions of dollars, and that at the call of Governor Shepley they raised the first colored regiment in forty-eight hours.—Mr. McDougall offered a resolution, which was agreed to, requesting the President to communicate to the Senate any correspondence or other information in the possession of the Government relating to any plan or plans having a view to the establishment of monarchical governments in Central or South America.—Mr. Doolittle introduced an act to amend the act of June 7, 1862, for the collection of direct taxes in insurrectionary districts. The bill provides that, under the sales of the Tax Commissioners in such districts, a writ may issue to said Commissioner to the Marshal of said district commanding him to put the purchaser in possession of said property. Property as above purchased by the United States may be divided into parcels of fifty acres, and preemption rights granted to persons for meritorious services in the crushing of the rebellion, who shall have resided in the States where the lands lie.—Mr. Sumner's amendment to the Consular and Diplomatic bill, raising the rank of the Minister resident at Belgium (Mr. Sandford) to a Minister Plenipotentiary, without corresponding pay, was adopted. Amendments were also adopted increasing the salaries of the Consuls of Shanghae, Nassau, Lyons, and Manchester.

HOUSE.—*March* 9. The Committee on Ways and Means was directed to inquire into the expediency of so changing the law as not to exempt United States bonds from State and municipal taxation.—A bill was passed for the protection of emigrants to the Territories, authorizing the distribution of arms, accoutrements, and ammunition by the Secretary of War to all emigrants passing through hostile Indian countries.—A bill to established a Bureau of Military Justice, to be connected with the War Department, was passed. The Bureau is to be composed of a Judge Advocate-General, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and two assistants, with the rank of Colonel.—The Joint Resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Major-General George Thomas and the officers and men under him for bravery at Chicamauga, was passed, with an amendment also thanking General Rosecrans.—The Military Committee reported a bill making the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, with the branches built and to be built, and the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad, public highways, and recognizing said roads as a post and military route.——*March* 10. Mr. Arnold introduced a bill providing for such appropriations for harbors on the Northern lakes and Western rivers as are necessary to preserve them in good condition.—A bill to abolish the Court of Claims was introduced.—A bill was passed giving to the Revolutionary pensioners each one hundred dollars annually, to commence from the 1st of January last and continue during their natural lives, in addition to the pensions to which they are entitled under former acts of Congress.—The Senate bill placing the name of John L. Burns, of Gettysburg, on the pension rolls for patriotic services in the battle of that place, was passed.—Mr. Arnold, from the Committee on Canals and Roads, reported a bill for the construction of a ship canal for army and naval vessels from the Mississippi River to the Western lakes and for other purposes, which was postponed to a future day.—A bill was introduced granting pensions to the surviving soldiers of the War of 1812.——*March* 11. The Senate bill, the better to carry out the law regulating trade and intercourse in the Indian country, so as more effectually to exclude spirits and wines from the Indians, was passed.—The Executive, Legislative, and Judicial appropriation bill, which provides mainly for salaries heretofore fixed by law, was passed.—Mr. Julian reported an amendment to the Homestead Law, designed to facilitate certain preliminary steps in pre-empting lands.——*March* 12. The day was occupied in making and hearing speeches on the general policy of the war.——*March* 14. Mr. Arnold introduced a bill providing for permanent peace by abolishing slavery in all the States and Territories where it now exists.—The Naval Committee was instructed to inquire into the propriety of fixing the proposed new naval dépôt on the Delaware River, at or near the town of Newcastle, Delaware.—Mr. Cox introduced a bill to prevent officers of the Army and Navy and other persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States interfering in elections in the States.—A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Rules to consider the propriety of so amending the rules as to compel all members to vote when the yeas and nays are called.—The Military Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency and necessity of increasing the cavalry force of our army by immediately raising 50,000 mounted men for that arm of the service.—The House passed the bill for the payment of nearly $193,000 to the Chippewa, Ottawa, and Pottawatomie Indians residing in Michigan.—The Gold bill, as amended in the Senate, was taken up, and speeches were made in opposition to it by Messrs. Kernan, Pruyn, Cox, and Boutwell, who opposed placing in the hands of one man the power lodged by this bill with the Secretary of the Treasury. The bill was not finally disposed of.——*March* 15. The Senate bill giving the franking privilege to the President and Vice-President was passed.—A bill to establish Assay Offices in Nevada Territory and at Portland, Oregon, was reported.—Ten thousand copies of General Meade's report of the battle of Gettysburg were ordered to be printed.—The consideration of the Gold bill was resumed. During the debate, a letter was read from Mr. Chase to the effect that he believed the passage of the bill would restrain speculation. Mr. Griswold and others advocated the passage of the bill, which was opposed by Messrs. Allen, Price, and Denison. A vote was not reached.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The military situation remains unchanged. It is intimated, however, in well-informed quarters, that important movements will soon be made. General Grant visited Washington on the 8th instant, and had a conference with the Secretary of War and General Halleck, and subsequently had an important consultation with General Meade at the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, whence he returned on the 11th, and immediately started for the West. He will, it is probable, direct a movement of all our armies according to a plan of his own. Preparatory to any movement in the East, it is hinted that the Army of the Potomac will be reorganized. On the 14th inst. the President issued an order retiring Major-General Halleck from the position of General-in-Chief, and assigning Lieutenant-General Grant to the command of the armies of the United States, with head-quarters in Washington, and also with the Lieutenant-General in the field. General Halleck is to be chief of staff under the Secretary of War and the Lieutenant-General. Major-General W. T. Sherman is to command the military division of the Mississippi, composed of the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Arkansas. Major-General M'Pherson is placed in command of the Department and army of the Tennessee.

From the Southwest we have intimations of a new movement, the object of which is not yet officially disclosed, though Shreveport, Louisiana, is supposed to be the point aimed at. General Sherman left Vicksburg on the 28th ult. for New Orleans, where he had a consultation with General Banks and other officers, in reference to, it is supposed, to the details of the projected movement. He has since returned North. Troops, meanwhile, are returning from Texas to New Orleans, and a formidable fleet of ironclads is collecting at the mouth of the Red River.

ANOTHER CALL FOR TROOPS.

On the 15th inst. President Lincoln issued a call for 200,000 men for the military service—Army, Navy, and Marine Corps—to be raised by volunteering, or, in default, by draft on the 15th of April—the present bounties to be paid until April 1. The men called for are required for the navy, and to provide an adequate reserve force for all contingencies. The proportional quotas for the various towns, cities, and districts will be made known at the earliest possible moment.

SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION IN GENERAL BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT.

On the 11th instant, General Butler sent two regiments of cavalry to King and Queen County, Virginia, to chastise the citizens, who had participated in the ambuscade of Colonel Dahlgren's command, elsewhere referred to. The expedition defeated and dispersed, with severe loss, the Fifth and Ninth Virginia cavalry, capturing their camp, killing a number of the enemy, taking seventy prisoners, and burning a number of mills and storehouses filled with supplies and arms.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION.

The details of General Sherman's expedition show it to have been one of the most important successes of the war. It failed, indeed, to reach Selma, Alabama, owing to the want of co-operation from General Smith's cavalry force, but the destruction of rebel property and of their railway communications inflicted an amount of damage fully compensating for all the difficulties and cost of the expedition. The results may be briefly stated as follows: The army marched 400 miles in 24 days, penetrating to Meridian, Mississippi, where it destroyed the rebel arsenal, stocked with valuable machinery for the manufacture of small-arms and all sorts of ordnance stores, and burned twelve extensive Government sheds, a number of warehouses filled with military stores and ammunition, several grist-mills with 20,000 bushels of corn, and nearly every building occupied in any way for war purposes. The town of Enterprise, Marion, Quitman, Hillsboro, Lake Station, Decatur, Brenton, and other towns were devastated; while depôts, flour-mills, cotton, bridges, at all points on the route, were either destroyed or rendered useless to the enemy. The seizure of Meridian alone is said to have been worth fifty millions of dollars to the Government. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad was destroyed for fifty-six miles, and all other roads within reach of our forces were damaged beyond repair. A large number of locomotives and several trains of cars were also destroyed. The Mobile and Ohio Road, which was so thoroughly destroyed, was considered by engineers to be the finest built road in the United States, costing $50,000 per mile. It was built principally by English capitalists, and George Peabody, the London banker, owned several thousand shares. The destruction of this road will prevent the rebels from reinforcing Mobile by rail, and effectually cuts off the fertile region of country in Northern Mississippi from which the rebels derived immense subsistence supplies.

Nearly ten thousand slaves were liberated by the expedition, six thousand of whom accompanied it on its return to Vicksburg. The entire loss of the expedition did not exceed fifty men in killed and wounded, with about two hundred captured.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Our forces in Florida are in good condition, and active operations are expected to be renewed shortly.

The rebels in North Carolina having recently hung twenty-one Union soldiers, the loyal North Carolina Government in that State have notified their officers that they mean to retaliate, in kind, upon all rebel prisoners who may fall into their hands.

Suffolk, Virginia, was reoccupied by Federal troops on the 10th instant.

Our forces in East Tennessee have penetrated some sixty miles beyond Knoxville, but have found no considerable body of the enemy. The North Carolina Cherokees, formerly in the rebel service, have laid down their arms and made peace with our authorities, under the Amnesty Proclamation.

A detachment from General Custer's cavalry command dispersed a gang of guerrillas, capturing twenty of the number, in Madison County, Virginia, a few days since.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

THE Conference proposed by England on the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, on the basis of guaranteeing the authority as well as the indivisibility of the Duchies, and preserving the territorial arrangements hitherto existing, has been declined by Denmark. The King has spoken decidedly in support of his war policy, and is warmly supported by the press and army. The Allies have made a reconnoissance toward Duppel, which the Danish General has declared they will not be able to take for several months under the most favorable circumstances. It was said that Italy had tendered the use of a fleet and an army of forty thousand men to England if she assisted Denmark. The London *Post* professes to believe that Russia and Prussia have made a "holy alliance" league, under the pretense of exterminating revolution, but in reality to erect a despotism in Europe. The *Post* says this object will be defeated by England and France, combined with the Italians, Scandinavians, Poles, Hungarians, and Turks. The King of Sweden had granted permission to Swedish officers to take service with the Danes.

THE REBEL RAMS IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons on the 25th ult. Lord Palmerston announced that orders had been sent to the Cape of Good Hope to release the pirate *Tuscaloosa*, whose detention was not justified by international law. In the House of Lords, on the 25th, Earl Russell said that there was no longer any objection to producing the papers in the case of the Mersey rams, and the rebel vessels *Sazor* and *Alabama*. The 5th of April has been fixed for the trial of the *Pampero* case in the Edinburgh Court of Session.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

The Archduke Maximilian still delayed his departure for Mexico until it was determined who was to have command of the French army after his arrival. The Paris *Moniteur* of the 4th instant denies a rumor to the effect that he had renounced the idea of going to Mexico.

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO.

News from the city of Mexico to the 26th ult. is to the effect that the national cause is rapidly losing ground. Juarez's Government is now reduced to four or five States. It was believed that as soon as the French could organize 15,000 men from the Foreign Legion and the native Mexicans they would withdraw their main army from Mexico, as the number named was regarded as sufficient to guard Maximilian. It is intimated that Minister Corwin will leave Vera Cruz in April.

Acapulco and Manzanilla have been blockaded by the French.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE examination of the Congressional War Committee into the management of the battle of Gettysburg by General MEADE has failed to sustain the charge that General gave an order for his army to retreat after the first day's fight. General WARREN has testified distinctly that no such order was given, and that the incidental charges against General MEADE are altogether unfounded.

General SIGEL has assumed command of the Department of West Virginia.

Another expedition, under General SULLY, will shortly be made against the Sioux Indians in the Northwest.

General LEW WALLACE has been assigned to the command of the Middle Department, with head-quarters at Baltimore.

Six hundred and sixty-four released prisoners, from Richmond and Belle Isle, arrived at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 10th inst. Forty-eight of the number were officers.

General WARREN has been appointed to the command of the Third Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

The Court of Inquiry, appointed to investigate the conduct of General M'COOK, CRITTENDEN, and NEGLEY at the battle of Chicamauga, has reported the result of its investigations, namely, that General M'COOK did his entire duty in the battle proper, but made a mistake subsequently in going into Chattanooga; that General CRITTENDEN was entirely blameless; and that General NEGLEY did nothing calling for censure.

Fifty thousand rations are now issued at Chattanooga daily for refugees and others who are without means of support.

Governor BRAMLETTE has remonstrated against the enlistment of slaves in Kentucky.

General W. F. SMITH (familiarly called "Baldy" SMITH) has been nominated by the President as Major-General in the regular army.

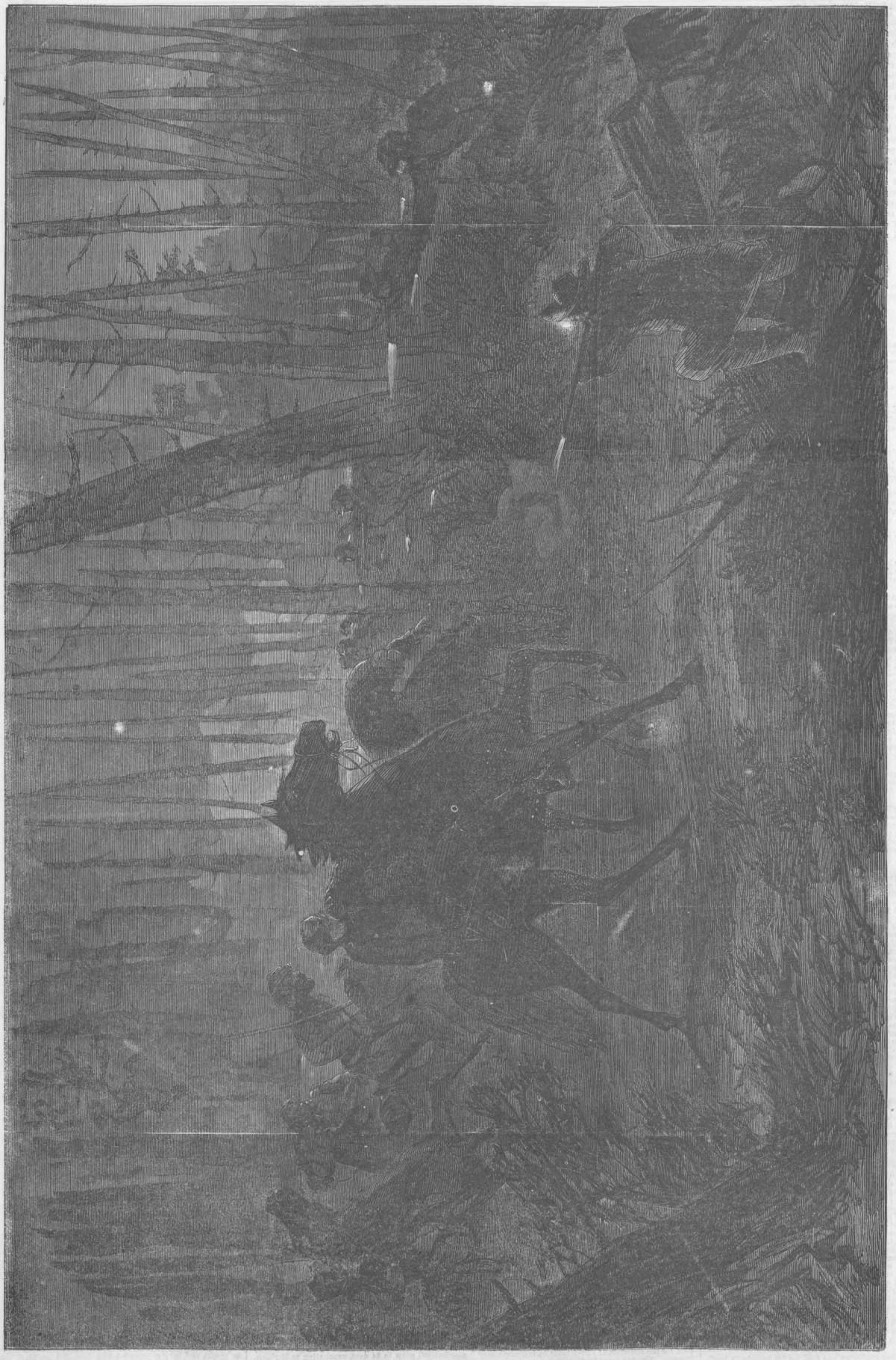
The Florida campaign is to be investigated by the Congressional War Committee, with a view of ascertaining how far General SEYMOUR is responsible for the disaster at Olustee.

Captains FLYNN and SAWYER, whom the rebels condemned to hang, have been released, and, with Major Dow, have arrived at Fortress Monroe.

The Paterson (New Jersey) *Press* says the Government has called upon the locomotive builders of that city for two hundred engines to be made forthwith, informing them that in case of default the Government would seize the shops. The engine builders have agreed to do the work.

The rebel salt-works at St. Monks, Florida, seven miles in extent, and having connected with them 390 shanties, 170 furnaces, and 165 buildings, were destroyed by a naval expedition a short time since. The loss to the rebels is estimated at two millions of dollars.

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AMBUSCADE AND DEATH OF COLONEL DAHLGREN.—[SEE P. —, 193.]

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GENERAL GRANT RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—[SEE PAGE 198.]

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DR. PEREGRINE'S PAGE.

I.

In one of the earlier volumes of my diary I find the following passage:

"*Tuesday, January* 17, 18—. This morning, at half past three A.M., poor John Bentmore expired. Conscious to the last—full of self-condemnation for errors which were more those of judgment than intention; pious, earnest, humble-minded, he died, bitterly accusing himself of having injured his boy's prospects. A touching end. I promised to befriend his child. How shall I fulfill that promise?"

Of all my humble protégés John Bentmore was the most grateful, and the least satisfactory. He was emphatically an unlucky man. Nothing prospered with him. He had tried every thing. Service in all sorts of capacities. He had been a greengrocer, a lodging-house keeper, a traveler for a wine-merchant, a traveler in the grocery line, foreman to an upholsterer. I got up a subscription for him, and fitted him out for Australia; but in less than two years he was back again, with little besides the clothes which, to use his own expression, he stood upright in. By-and-by he set up for himself in the upholstery trade with capital borrowed from one of his old employers. He had been brought up to it, his father having been an upholsterer; and he ought to have understood it himself. But his ill-luck, or rather his want of business habits, pursued him still. He employed the best men; he bought the best materials. Yet his wood always warped; his blinds never worked properly; his carpets wore white; his very nails never held. He was wont to admit himself with a sigh, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, that "there was a many complaints. He didn't know how it was, but there was a many complaints."

At last he sunk under his ill-fortune. On his death-bed he accused himself bitterly, and bewailed the destitute state of his son, whose future prospects naturally formed his chief anxiety. I had much ado to reconcile him to the idea of the boy's seeking his living (at any rate in the first instance) by servitude, and I undertook, before I sought a service for Arthur, to induce Mr. Moreen, the upholsterer—with whom John Bentmore had lived twice as foreman—to employ him; but John's hopes on this head were slight. "He won't do it, Sir," he said, with a sigh of self-reproach; "and I don't deserve that he should. He's a just man—Mr. Moreen. And I—I owe him money. I owe him a large sum of money, and he's not one to overlook that. If indeed he would let the boy work for him many number of years without wages, and so pay off what I owe, that would be a blessed thing; but he won't do it! he won't do it, Sir! I have engaged him; and Mrs. Moreen—she can't overlook his having lent me the money: not but what it would be the best thing they could do to get paid; for Arthur would do his duty by them, I'm sure of that. He's very different from me you see, Sir—a real letter. He's got twenty times my head for figures, and book-keeping, and that. He'll make a first-rate man of business, will Arthur. They say at his school that he's an uncommon turn for mathematics. It *is* a pity, ain't it, to make a menial of such a lad as that?"

And the father looked proudly and fondly at his boy, who was seated in the hospital window intent upon a book, and a single tear rolled down upon his pillow.

The hour came at last. He fixed on his boy a glance of loving recognition, and the tender light faded away; in its place there came a film, and all was over.

II.

ARTHUR BENTMORE had not completed his thirteenth year when his father died. He was tall for his age, with small and well-cut features. The mouth was full and handsome; but the compressed lips and square chin indicated firmness, while the singularly prominent eyes had in them a thoughtful abstraction unusual in one so young. I had learned from Mr. Gillies, his schoolmaster (whom I had met more than once by his father's bedside), that he was studious and persevering, though not particularly clever; and from the father himself, that he was dutiful and obedient in no ordinary degree. But my own observations had served rather to puzzle than to enlighten me, although at one conclusion I *had* arrived, namely, that he was reserved even to secretiveness. His nature seemed to be one of those which, to open at all, must be wrenched open.

His father's affairs were set in order with as little delay as possible. When all was sold, scarcely enough remained to pay the funeral and other necessary expenses; nothing whatever toward defraying Mr. Moreen's debt. I had clothed the boy in decent mourning, and paid his small arrears of schooling myself, taking him for the moment into my own lodging; and now I felt it was time to think of putting him in some way of earning an independent livelihood; but it was not without the utmost difficulty and considerable exercise of patience that I wrung from him the confession that he would rather be an upholsterer than a servant.

I took him to Mr. Moreen, whom I had long been in the habit of attending professionally, and who I believed had a real regard for me. I would make an attempt in that quarter. After all, it could but fail.

Mr. Moreen was a huge, sturdy, ruddy-faced giant, working hard, living generously, doing business as business should be done, in a business-like way. He piqued himself on the quality of his materials and the excellence of his workmanship, and was wont to look with an eye of something like contempt on any work but his own. Though as straightforward, shrewd, and experienced a tradesman as London ever produced, he was completely under the thumb of his wife. He came down to us now, from the comfortable meat tea he had been enjoying with Mrs. M. (as he respectfully called her) and the children, wiping the crumbs from his mouth as he entered. He smiled on seeing me, but cast a sharp glance of something like disfavor on my companion; who, pale and slender, looked above his station in his new mourning suit, relieved by an inch or two of his father's gold chain, that peeped from his waistcoat. I said it had been his late foreman's last wish that his son should be brought up to the trade he had followed himself, and that he had not been without hope that Mr. Moreen would permit the boy to be in his shop, at least for a while.

The upholsterer heard me attentively to the end. He was not one to speak hastily, nor yet one to mince matters when he did speak. He knew his own mind, in general—when Mrs. M. was not by.

"Sir, I wouldn't have a son of John Bentmore's in my shop, not if you was to pay me all he owed, and fifty pounds more to the back of that. I've had enough of the father; I don't want no more of the lot. That boy'll be just like 'em all—turn out as bad as the rest. John Bentmore used me ill, Sir. I trusted him, and he deceived me. He deceived me."

"Not willfully," I interrupted. "When he borrowed that money he intended to repay it."

"I trusted him, and he deceived me," Mr. Moreen resumed, not condescending to notice my interruption. "He promised in black and white that he would pay back that money before the year were out, and he never paid me a shilling of it—no, nor meant to it. There's no honesty in the blood, that's where it is! there's no honesty in the blood! Eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and threepence that man owed me, and I shall never see a farthing of it. No, Sir, I thank *you;* but I'll have nothing to do with his boy."

"Father would have tried to pay you if he had lived, Sir," Arthur's young voice was heard to say; "I know he would have done his best to pay you."

I glanced at the boy. He was pale, and the perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead. His eyes, full of an eager and glowing light, were fixed intently on the upholsterer. My heart bled for him. It was cruel to speak thus of his dead father in his presence.

"Not he!" Mr. Moreen replied, putting his hands into his waistcoat-pockets and jingling his loose silver, with a dogged kind of carelessness. "Not he! 'twasn't in him. 'Twasn't in *him*, no more than 'twas in his brother Charles, who died some eight or nine years ago, deep in debt. He was another of the same sort—always borrowing, never paying nobody again—always in trouble and difficulties—and *prison* (with a strong emphasis). It's in the blood. There's no backbone among them! And the boy's one of them. *Of* course!"

He jerked out these sentences with strong contempt, making short pauses between each, that seemed to add tenfold weight to his words.

I felt indignant at the cruelty of such remarks, before a lad whose parent was scarcely yet cold in his grave. "Mr. Moreen," I said, "you have a perfect right to refuse to employ the lad, but you have no right to wound him, by casting bitter reflections on the memory of his father."

"Sir," said Mr. Moreen, taking one square brawny hand out of his pocket, and stretching it toward me with a gesture of power, "I speak as I find. You forget as I've boys myself—a many boys."

He heaved a sigh, that seemed to come from some cavernous depths, and made a kind of draught in the shop. "I've no less than five of 'em, and Mrs. M. expecting again in October. Sir, them boys look to me to be fed and clothed, and put in the way of feeding and clothing their own selves. I've enough to do for *them*. They're brought up strict, and honest, and hard, *they* are—not taught to give themselves airs—not dressed like young Eton gents. What *they* wears is paid for, honest and reglar. I should scorn to borrow money for *my* boys."

He turned away, and bending a little forward, seemed to be examining a piece of old oak furniture that stood near. But his thoughts were evidently not with that. A moment afterward he resumed in a somewhat deprecating tone, as though willing to justify himself to me. "You see, Sir, I've had little comfort since the day when that money was borrowed. Mrs. M., she'll never overlook it. Nev-er overlook it. Not if she lives to a hundred. She has her ideas, has Mrs. M., and her opinions. Strong. She was always against lending of it. Many a time she says to me, says she, 'Mark my words, M. Don't you trust that Bentmore—he's a slippery fellow.' If you please, Sir," said Mr. Moreen, suddenly taking his hands from his pockets, and changing his tone to one of uncommon briskness, by way of changing the subject, "if you please, Sir, we'll say no more about it. Only I won't have nothing to do with his lad."

And so we parted.

III.

A PAGE'S place was soon found for Arthur Bentmore; and a good one. One of my patients willingly engaged him, inexperienced as he was, after hearing the particulars of his story from me. Admiral and Mrs. Sullivan were kindly, liberal people, living alone, spoiling their servants, as they would have spoiled their children if they had had any, laying themselves out to be imposed upon in a hundred ways, on all sides. Their butler, Mr. Tapps, having decanted their wine, and imbibed the greater part of it, for two-and-twenty years, was looked upon by them as a priceless treasure. Their coachman, a corpulent but lenient man, allowed them the use of their horses for an hour or two occasionally, when his wife thought it good for him to drive; nor was there a pair in all London that could match his for sleek and decorous slowness. The lady's maid had ruled her mistress with a yard measure of iron for thirty years, and was looked upon by that lady with a truly filial respect. The cook had grown fat on the proceeds of that which she sold out of her luxurious kitchen. The house-maid and scullery-maid might as yet be considered babies in the service, having been only three and four years in the family; but, influenced by the general tone of the establishment, they were of course prepared to remain there (if spared, and not taken possession of by the baker or the green-grocer) half a century at least. Every one of the domestics spoke of the house, and all it contained, as theirs. It was "our plate," "our carriage," "our dinner-parties," "our uniforms," "our court-dresses," and "our diamonds."

The first thing done by the treasure, Mr. Tapps, on the new page being respectfully presented to him by his mistress in my presence, was to alter his cognomen to that of Jeames. He could not be expected to call him any other. Of course not. Jeames were the proper name for a page, and had been ever since he were a page himself. "And if you does as I tell you," said Mr. Tapps, with dignified emphasis, turning to the ci-devant Arthur, and mingling encouragement with the stern dignity of office, "if you does as I tell you, and minds nothing nor nobody else, you'll do well enough in time, I des-say."

During the page's probation the reports of his conduct were excellent. Mrs. Sullivan had nothing to say but in his praise. Tapps, the treasure, spoke highly of him. Tapps was entirely satisfied. He had broken wonderfully little crockery for a raw lad in his first service, and there was a marked improvement in his double knocks.

I was sitting one morning in my consulting-room, having just dismissed the last of my gratuitous patients, when my page (I called him my page, from having put a guiding hand to his destiny) called upon me. He looked thin and ill, and paler even than usual.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" I said, thinking that the boy grew too fast, and that he ought to be well nourished, and not overworked.

"Nothing, Sir. I came to speak to you on a little matter that—"

He paused.

"What is it?"

"Well, Sir, I came to ask you—that is (correcting himself, as though he had not been sufficiently respectful)—I made bold to come and ask you, if you would kindly take care of this money for me, Sir?"

He took from his waistcoat-pocket something wrapped in a piece of old newspaper, opened it, and spread it on the table. There were three half-crowns, one shilling, a sixpence, and threepence in coppers. That amount was also set down on a little square of white paper, in clear figures, which I supposed to be his.

"Certainly," I said. "I will keep this for you, if you wish it. What is it for?"

He was silent.

"Is it for any particular object?"

"Well—yes, Sir."

"Perhaps you would rather not tell me?"

He considered a moment, and then answered that "It is toward paying that debt."

"That debt! What debt?"

"Father's debt to Mr. Moreen, you know, Sir. Father owed him eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and threepence," he said.

I looked at the little heap of money on the table, and involuntarily smiled.

"My good boy, you don't hope that you can pay such a sum as that?"

"I mean to pay it, Sir."

"You may mean to pay it, and it shows an honesty of intention that I can not too highly commend; but you can't pay it, my boy. Nor would Mr. Moreen dream of expecting you to do so. It would take a lifetime of service to pay off such a debt as that. Let me see. What are your wages?"

"Eight guineas a year, Sir; two suits of livery, and one working suit; one hat, and eighteenpence a week for beer."

"Tell me what put this idea into your head?"

"Mr. Moreen, Sir."

"Mr. Moreen! Have you seen him, then?"

"No, Sir, not again; but you remember, Sir, he said that—" The boy paused, and taking a step forward, adding very low, as though what he was about to utter was too dreadful to be spoken aloud—"that there was no honesty in the blood—*no honesty in the blood*, Sir!"

I felt a greater interest in him at that moment than I had ever done before. It was evident to me now that the boy had strong and deep feelings, though from some cause he never gave them expression.

"Now, don't let those words rankle in your mind, Arthur," I said, kindly, laying my hand upon his thin shoulder; "Mr. Moreen was angry when he said that, and not without cause, as you know; for your father—well! Your father did him an injury. People say things when they're angry that they don't hold to afterward. We all do."

"Mr. Moreen *will* hold to it. He believes it, Sir. He said we were a bad lot, all of us. He said I should turn out as bad as the rest. He said there was no honesty in the blood."

The boy still spoke low, but with rapid utterance, and as though he had repeated those words again and again to himself scores of times.

"Take back this money," I said. "I will answer for it that Mr. Moreen would wish you to do so. I know him better than you do; and I am certain that the last thing he would dream of doing would be to take the little earnings of a poor lad like you."

"I can't take back that money, Sir."

There was a pause.

"Shall I ask Mr. Moreen to consent to receive it, as a proof of your honest desire to pay what is owed?"

He became excited immediately.

"Oh pray! *pray* don't do that, Sir! I shall be sorry I told you at all, if you do. Pray keep it for me, Sir; just as it is. Only keep it for the present, and say nothing to him—nothing to him."

He seemed to lay the matter so much to heart, that, after a few more ineffectual remonstrances, I consented to humor him. So I sealed up the money in his presence, writing on the outside that it was a deposit of Arthur Bentmore's.

I did not forget to tell Mrs. Sullivan that I was less satisfied with her page's looks than she was with his conduct; that he was growing too rapidly, and was more emaciated than I liked to see. He should be generously fed, and, above all, not be stinted in his sleep. She agreed with me as to the alteration of his looks; said she had herself felt uneasy about it; had intended to consult me in the matter; and summoned The Treasure to our conference.

Tapps had volumes to say on the subject: no boy, especially a growing boy, couldn't expect to be strong that didn't take kindly to his beer; which Jeames, he never had from the first. Jeames was a strange boy. There was no knowing where to have him. He never took a drop o' beer from one month's end to another, didn't Jeames! Why not? Dr. Peregrine would ask; which of course—why not? Why! he actually preferred water! But some was like that; and a great misfortune too. It wasn't for the saving neither. Jeames was a strange party. In fact, Mr. Tapps had never known but one other like him—and *he* was a very strange party indeed.

Time passed on; and I felt so entirely at ease about the boy—so satisfied that he would now do well without any help of mine—that I troubled myself but little about him. He had been out of town with the family, and had grown so tall that he overtopped Mr. Tapps; a liberty which must have seemed strange to the well regulated mind of that individual. His mistress had been obliged to promote him from buttons to a regular livery; and in the social intercourse of the servants' hall he was now "our footman." Thus satisfactorily closed his second year of service; but with the opening of the third came the startling intelligence that he was "leaving to better himself!"

I did not attend Lady Fetherstone, Arthur's new mistress, and therefore saw less of him than before; although I did occasionally catch a glimpse of him on the box of his lady's old-fashioned barouche during my professional progresses: till at length the closed shutters of her ladyship's house in Bumption Street indicated that she, her companion, her lapdog, and the rest of the establishment, had adjourned for the autumn to Tunbridge Wells.

IV.

ONE morning in the following June I was awoke at about half-past six o'clock by a peculiarly sharp ring at my professional door-bell. I had been up all night with a patient in dangerous circumstances, and had scarcely been asleep a couple of hours; but I could not be insensible to the shrill urgency of that appeal. I was wide awake in a moment. There was a short pause, a muttered colloquy between my housemaid and some one else; she knocked at my door (I slept on the ground floor), and, opening it, showed a pale and startled countenance.

"Sir! Sir!" she said, in hurried tones, "Arthur Bentmore is come for you directly—a dreadful thing! the butler at Lady Fetherstone's has destroyed himself!"

I was soon at the scene of the catastrophe. I found a policeman already there in charge of the body, and perceiving at once that life had been extinct some hours, I lost no time in going up to the lady. She had recovered from her swoon, but was in a fearful state of nervous excitement, and for some time it was unsafe to leave her; for the shock seemed to have partially unsettled her reason. After a while, however, the remedies I employed began to produce the desired effect, and I had the satisfaction of seeing her at last gradually sinking to sleep, with her hand clasped in that of Arthur's former mistress, Mrs. Sullivan.

The scene in that house was a shocking one to witness. The mother and sister of the suicide hung over his mangled remains with tears and groans of anguish; while the servants of the establishment, distracted at the tragical end of one with whom they had lived in daily companionship, were totally unable to afford them any comfort.

The cause of the catastrophe was soon but too clear. The misguided man was known to have been long in the habit of betting; and it came out, through a friend who had chanced to call at the house, unaware of what had happened, that he had lost so large a sum the previous day at the Derby, as to make it easy to understand that he dared not face the ruin such a debt must bring upon him.

I was in and out of Lady Fetherstone's house constantly that day. Her stanch friends, Admiral and Mrs. Sullivan, insisted upon it. Thus I had ample opportunity of observing the conduct of Arthur under circumstances not a little trying to one so young. Of all the inmates of that house he was the only one who seemed to retain composure or common sense. Nothing tends to re-settle nerves that have been unusually excited—especially servants' nerves—so much as the sight of a calm and matter-of-fact attention to the small duties of life. Mrs. Cook began by taking no notice of what Jeames was about, and continuing her spasmodic heavings and groanings; but after a little she could not resist watching to see how he did what she ought to have been doing: from watching she got to correction and advice; and finally she condescendingly approached, and began to rectify his errors. When I entered the kitchen to prescribe for her—having been informed by the under housemaid that she was at the point of death—I found her with a very red face, in the midst of an animated argument with Jeames as to the proper management of gravy.

When the latter was interrogated as to the butler's habits of life some curious particulars came out. It appeared that the man never did any thing in the house except wait at table, and occasionally open the door in the absence of the footman. He was very rarely at home; often spending entire nights out, and returning about six in the morning, when he was always let in by Arthur, who, summer and winter, rose at five. When pressed as to his own reasons for rising so early, he hesitated at first; but at length replied that he always occupied himself about his own affairs before six o'clock, when he considered his day's work for the family ought to begin. Did his mistress know of her butler's proceedings? He could not say. Mr. Jacobs (the butler) had a key of the house-door.

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He had mentioned to him that he did not wish to have this spoken of, as it might occasion unpleasantness; and he should be sorry to lose the convenience.

Was *he* aware of Mr. Jacobs's practice of betting? He was. Had he ever been induced himself to do the like? No answer; and the question was, after a little discussion, withdrawn. Had he had any suspicion of the butler's losses at Epsom? He had had.

But in spite of the quiet and self-possessed manner in which Arthur had given his evidence, and its undoubted truthfulness, there was yet something about him which (although I should have been at a loss to define it) occasioned in my mind not only an uncomfortable impression that he knew much more than he chose to divulge of the butler's affairs, but that he was also, to a certain extent, a participator in the practice that had led to so fearful a result. I could hardly explain, even to myself, why I was convinced of this; but my impression grew in strength the more I saw of, and conversed with him. He did not indeed deny, though he never positively admitted, that he *had* betted; but many little circumstances that I not only observed now, but remembered to have noticed since his removal to Lady Fetherstone's (among others, a remarkable shabbiness in such articles of his attire as he had to purchase himself), tended to convince me that he had been led to indulge in this dangerous practice, and was greatly straitened in means in consequence.

I had much serious talk with him at that time; speaking with an earnest authority which I felt our mutual relations not only warranted but called for. But although he listened with respectful attention, and an appearance of being impressed by what I said; and although he once voluntarily promised me never to bet in future (he did not say *again*); he was still silent and uncommunicative, and therefore, to a certain degree, unsatisfactory.

I was much pressed for time at this period, and preoccupied with anxious and difficult cases; but the thought of Arthur Bentmore was seldom long absent from my mind. His pale, miserable face actually haunted me. His father had confided him to my care, and I trembled for his future. I saw him on the brink of ruin—perhaps of destruction—yet I was powerless to avert either. Meanwhile a change took place in his position and circumstances which tended rather to increase than to diminish my anxiety on his account. He obtained the late butler's place.

V.

ONE fine, clear winter's day, some fourteen months after the death of Mr. Jacobs, as I was standing with my back to the fire in my consulting-room, Arthur Bentmore, dressed in neat plain clothes, entered, hat in hand.

He had grown very much during the last twelvemonth, but he was thinner and paler than I had ever before seen him. He was literally cadaverous.

Our first mutual greetings over, he informed me that he had come for two purposes—the first, to announce that he was about to leave Lady Fetherstone.

I started. About to leave Lady Fetherstone? So good a service? so generous a mistress? who valued him, as I had reason to know, very highly! Something of undefined apprehension shot through my mind.

But he went on to explain that he had not felt well for some weeks; had been decidedly worse quite lately; and he was conscious that he required *rest*—rest, entire and complete. He was sorry, very sorry to leave Lady Fetherstone; she had been most kind to him; but he should be laid up if he remained. He had told her how it was, and she had quite acquiesced. He was to leave in a month, if her ladyship could suit herself. He required, as it were, to—to take breath. He drew—not without a visible effort—a long breath as he spoke; and I mentally resolved that as soon as his time was up he should come to my house and submit to regular professional treatment from me.

But what was the other purpose for which he had come?

He put his hat down on the floor. "You have by you, Sir," he answered, "some money of mine."

"Money of yours?"

"Some silver, Sir; only a trifle; nine shillings. I brought it, if you remember, when I was a lad, one morning in summer, and you put it in your desk to keep for me."

I remembered perfectly now the secret drawer in which I had placed it. Yes; there was the silver, almost black from age; three half-crowns, two shillings, and a sixpence, with the threepence wrapped up in a paper by themselves. As I pushed the little heap toward him I said, with a certain anxiety, "Surely, my good Arthur, you don't *need* such a sum as this."

He met my gaze without flinching; yet a slight tinge of color rose to his cheek. I saw it distinctly as he said, "I *do* want it, if you please, Sir. You remember my father's debt to Mr. Moreen?"

"Certainly. Full well."

"I wish to pay it; and I make bold to ask you to go with me when I pay it, Sir."

He made a step forward, and laying an envelope on the table, "There," said he, "are eighty-seven pounds, which, with the silver and coppers you have there, makes up the sum owing."

I was so much astonished as to be for the moment incapable of reflection. But soon, to amazement, succeeded another feeling. The old painful fear shot through me. I fixed my eyes steadily on his.

"Arthur, how came you by all this money?"

He put his hand in his pocket and laid before me a paper containing an exact account of every shilling he had ever saved in service, and how he had saved it.

This paper recorded a daily, orderly series of sacrifices throughout the long course of four years; begun at the age when self-conquest is the hardest, self-indulgence the most natural, continued with unchanging resolution in spite of every trial, every temptation; persisted in to the very end.

He spoke only once, as I was approaching the end of his extraordinary memorandum; but it was simply to explain that Mr. Gillies, the schoolmaster, had put this money, at various times, into the savings-bank for him, and had thus realized a small increase, which, with the fourteen shillings overplus in the account—the month's wages and beer-money that would be due to him next month—and a few shillings of presents he had accumulated, would go to maintain him while he should continue out of service. He might, he observed, have paid off this debt a little sooner, as I could see, but he considered that he should do wrong to leave himself entirely without money.

I heard him as he spoke, but I scarcely heeded him. My mind, my heart were too full. I was thinking of the suspicions I had harbored against him—of the wrong I had done him in my own thoughts; and he, all the while, biding his time, leading a life of such unexampled self-denial! To him it seemed, however, that he had done no more than was natural to be done in similar circumstances.

"You know Mr. Moreen said, Sir, that there was no honesty in the blood! *no honesty in the blood!* He said father was not honest; that we was all a bad lot together. Now I knew that father *was* honest. The debt had been his greatest distress in his last hours. I had reason to know that; for many and many a time he charged me to pay it, and so to clear his memory. How, then, could I do other than pay it?"

VI.

MR. MOREEN had risen materially in the world. He had increased in both bodily and worldly substance. But though a man, solid in every sense of the word, and with—well! we will say—*some* money in the funds, Mr. Moreen still stuck to the old shop.

In the doorway of this old shop stood Mr. Moreen now, as Arthur and I drove up in the modest brougham, which, in those days, I hired for my professional visits. He was respectfully seeing a great lady out: he flourished his rule by way of saluting me, and added his usual respectful bow and smile, but did not speak till the coroneted carriage with its high-stepping bays had dashed from the door. "That's the countess—that is," he said, as we entered. "She comes here most days, and stays—well! I suppose she stays an hour or more, choosing, and changing, and ordering of the carvings for the old oak side-board she's a having put together. It'll be a splendid side-board when done. A surprise, too, for his lordship. But, dear me, she gives herself a deal of trouble more than she need to! She will have this, and she won't have that, and she thinks she'd fancy the other! It would be better left to me—better left to me. But these great ladies, d'ye see, they're—they're *willful* (with a strong emphasis on the word); I suppose they've got nothing else to do."

He winked at me with that clear, honest, blue eye of his, and laughed with the low, lazy, internal chuckle common to such large men; and when I observed that it was not your great ladies only that were willful, he laughed still more. "Ha!" he said, "all women *was* willful, not a doubt about it."

A half-bantering, half-serious conversation followed, with mutual friendly inquiries as to health, and so forth; then there was a pause, and, for the first time, he looked at my companion. But his glance was momentary, and had nothing of recognition in it.

"I see you don't remember this young man," I said, "yet he is an old acquaintance of yours, Arthur Bentmore."

"Indeed?"

He turned and surveyed him with an easy, good-natured glance. "Young Bentmore! *Indeed!* He have grown precious tall—a good bit taller than my John, and they're about the same age, I think. But he don't look strong. I'm afraid you don't have your health, young man! Let me see"—Mr. Moreen put his rule meditatively to his lips, pursing them up as though about to whistle. "Didn't I see something in the papers about young Bentmore, a year or a year and a half ago? A inquest, or something? Ah! true! *I* recollect. Butler, in your family (turning to Arthur). True—true! Yes, I remember. And you give your evidence very proper. Mrs. M., she read it all out loud to us at tea; seeing of your name, and what the coroner said and all. But I hope," added the upholsterer, suddenly changing the expression of his good-humored face to one of stern severity, and laying a long, square, powerful forefinger upon Arthur's coat; "excuse *me*, young man, but I hope you don't bet yourself! Betting will never come to no good, be sure of that,"

"No, no!" I said, interposing, "Arthur has come to-day about a little matter of business with you, Mr. Moreen, if you have leisure to attend to it."

"With me?"

Again the upholsterer looked at the young man. This time more attentively; and in one moment he was a different person himself. It had been chat; good-humored, friendly chat, between us hitherto; now it was business.

"I suppose it's the old story," he said, laying down his rule, and putting his hands in his pockets, as if to guard what he might possess there. "The old story! Wants employment! But—"

He shook his head. It was a most expressive shake.

"I am not come to ask for any thing," Arthur Bentmore said, quietly. "You remember the debt my father owed you, Mr. Moreen?"

"I—should—think—I—did!" the upholsterer answered, very slowly, laying marked emphasis on each separate word. "I'm more likely to remember that debt than I am ever to get a farthing of it, by a precious deal! Eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and threepence. That was the amount. Mrs. M. and I had more words concerning of that debt than we ever had 'bout any thing; I think she's never forgotten it. Nor she's never discontinued throwing of it in my teeth. She were against my lending of it from the first; and that (turning to me), that give her a handle, d'ye see, against me. *Of* course. She'd no opinion of John Bentmore. Never had."

He had become confidential again. He never could help it, when he spoke of his wife. And he always jerked out his sentences, and made long pauses between, when that dreaded individual was in question. It was like an occasional brief letting off of steam lest the engine should burst.

Arthur waited patiently, without attempting to interrupt him.

"Well!" said Mr. Moreen, at last, jingling his silver with both hands; "what of that debt? You're not—" he burst into a low laugh of exquisite enjoyment. "You're not—come to—to pay it? Are ye, young man?"

He turned to me, his blue eyes swimming in tears of rapture at the extravagance of his own humor, and laughed till his face grew purple.

"I *am* come to pay it," Arthur Bentmore replied, slowly; and, opening the parcel he had all along held tightly in one hand, spread out on a buhl table that stood near the fruits of four years' self-denial.

There was a dead silence.

Not for a twelvemonth—not for a lifetime—of fees—would I have lost that scene.

Mr. Moreen's laugh had stopped. He stood silent; vacantly staring at the money.

At last he turned to me.

"Of course, Doctor, *you* lent him this!" he said, gravely, and with frequent pauses, as though reflecting; "but I couldn't think of it. Cert'nly not. On no account. I couldn't think of taking such a thing from you."

"No one has lent me this money," Arthur said; "I have earned it all. Doctor Peregrine knows it; Doctor Peregrine will tell you how it was earned. Sir, when I was a little lad, you told me here—in this very shop—standing where we now stand—that my father—God bless him!—was not an honest man. You said there was no honesty in the blood. You said I should turn out bad, like the rest of us! I was but young then—only thirteen. When you said those cruel words of my dead father, I resolved that I would never rest till I had paid you, and proved them false. It has been hard to do; so hard that it has changed my whole nature, I often think. No one knows what I have gone through—not a living creature but myself! but I would have gone through fifty times as much to pay that debt! I thank God that I have lived to pay it, and to clear my father's memory."

I write this now; I write the words I heard him speak, but I can no more give a notion of their effect than I could if I had never heard them. He, at all times so subdued, so self-possessed, so impossible to rouse, was suddenly transformed into another creature. Form, voice, countenance—all changed. His words came forth rapidly. The pent-up emotions of those four toiling, self-denying years found a vent at last.

"And now, Sir! now!" Arthur cried, raising his thin hand with a gesture that thrilled through my very heart, "believe me, who have never willfully uttered one false word from the hour when you did us that cruel wrong—my father was an honest man. I say it in my Maker's presence. Perhaps in his!"

Arthur stopped short; for he found himself suddenly seized by the powerful grasp of Mr. Moreen, and whirled, rather than drawn, to the window.

"Well, but you know," said the upholsterer, drawing him nearer, and then holding him further off, as you would a picture you were examining in different lights; but all the while clenching him in his tremendous hand as in a vice. "You're a grand fellow, you are! *You* pay your father's debts, do ye? But you're a grand fellow! What? You laid by to pay me, did ye? all these years! Why! you *are* a grand fellow! *You* did it, did ye? And I said you wern't honest. Well! I wish I'd been—I wish my tongue had been cut out before I said it. But you know you *are* honest. You! a little lad as you was. *You* pay the old man's debt. Yes! you have—you *have* paid it. Oh! but you're a grand fellow."

Ringing the changes on these words—unable to express the feelings that were bursting his heart—upheaving his broad chest—choking his voice—the tears rained down the honest man's cheeks, and he knew it no more than did Mrs. Moreen, sitting at work with her girls above stairs.

Mr. Moreen's emotion had the natural effect of calming Arthur's. The poor lad was passive in his grasp. But after a time the worthy upholsterer began to return as it were to himself. He relaxed his hold; and taking out his pocket-handkerchief, wiped his eyes and face.

"I ask pardon, Sir," he said, turning to me, and speaking in a low and apologetic tone; "I ask pardon, I'm sure; but I'm—I'm—I never was so—I never see such a thing as this before. It took me unprepared, you see. I didn't look for such a thing. Not at all. And to think—to think that them words of mine should have cut so deep—a poor young lad like that—that's where it is, you see." Then, turning to Arthur, "You're a grand fellow, Sir!"

Strange—the effect of that "Sir" in Mr. Moreen's mouth, as addressed to Arthur Bentmore. How well I understood it: better than he did himself. It was the involuntary, unconscious homage paid to the honesty of that stripling, by the sturdy tradesman who valued honesty above all earthly treasures.

"But you know I can't take it, Sir!" Mr. Moreen suddenly exclaimed, when he had become more cool; recalled to the consideration of the money by the sight of it spread out on the buhl table. "I can't take them earnings and savings of that lad's. It can't be. The thing ain't in nature. Mrs. M. herself, she wouldn't hear of it."

This was the signal for fresh excitement. A keen dispute followed this declaration, during which it was difficult to say which showed the most determined spirit, Mr. Moreen or Arthur. But it was clear to me that the latter must in the end prevail.

VII.

As soon as his month's notice to leave Lady Fetherstone's service had expired, Arthur Bentmore came to my house to be attended professionally, and, if need be, nursed. It was high time he should do so. He had tasked his constitution too severely. He had grown too fast, worked too hard, and slept too little. Now that the excitement was over which had hitherto borne him up under every trial, he collapsed. There was a reaction.

When at last I had the happiness of seeing him really restored to health, I proposed to him to remain with me as my servant. The plan was precisely what he wished. But after six months' trial of him, I made up my mind that I must give him notice. It went against my conscience to keep him. As a servant, Arthur Bentmore was entirely thrown away. He was intended for higher things. He had a mind capable of mastering almost any subject, and would do honor to any position. Ever since the day of that last memorable visit to my consulting-room his reserve with me had entirely disappeared. His confidence had been indeed hard to gain; but once gained, it was given wholly, and forever. He felt toward me now as toward a father. I had entered into, and sympathized with, the strongest feeling of his nature; I had rejoiced for, and in him, on the one great occasion of his life; and from that hour he was bound to me by the strongest of all ties.

I had mentioned his touching story to persons who had it in their power materially to befriend him; and the result was that he obtained a situation connected with one of our most important railways. He continued three years in that situation. In the fourth he was promoted to a more responsible post on the same railway. From this time his rise was singularly rapid. He made money. Being in the way of hearing of good investments, his keen sense and excellent judgment enabled him to avail himself of them. He bought land in the outskirts of a great manufacturing town, built good houses on it, and sold them at an enormous profit. With this money he entered into still larger speculations (invariably judicious and safe), and in a short time realized a considerable capital. At thirty, Arthur Bentmore was one of the men in that thriving town whose word carried the most weight with it. He remained single till he was five-and-thirty, and then brought to preside over his comfortable home one of the three daughters of his own parish clergyman: a pretty, unpretending, affectionate girl, who had been brought up in a pious and provident household, and was sure to make him a fond and grateful wife. At 47 he was mayor of his town, and had two sons and three daughters, promising and healthy.

During all these years he and I have kept up a constant and affectionate intercourse. He is now a director of more than one railway, and he comes frequently to London, sometimes alone—brought there by business—sometimes with his wife. On these occasions he always dines with Gillies—whom he has made comfortable for life—or with me. And nothing delights us so much as these quiet dinners.

"It all seems as though it were but yesterday," he would say, as we sat together over our dessert, and he looked across the table at me with those large, wonderful eyes of his, that seemed gazing far back into the past; "I often think I am a page again, and dream it too, sometimes. My wife says I still add up shillings and sixpences in my sleep."

With Mr. Moreen, grown very old and infirm, and retired from business (though he still lives in the old shop), Arthur Bentmore has kept up not only an acquaintance, but a steady friendship since those early days.

Arthur had not long quitted my service when the upholsterer was laid up with an unusually severe attack of bronchitis. He was always very hippish when ill, as many such strong giants are. But his mind, though morbidly sensitive from the state of his body, was full of Arthur Bentmore, toward whom he reproached himself with having acted the part of a brute. He would talk about him to me as long as my visit lasted, and shed tears when he recurred to the lad's early abstinence from *beer*. That point touched him more than all. "Yes!" he would exclaim, "I don't know as I ever said words I've repented of so much since. I *have* repented of 'em. Bitter. They'll sound to me when I'm a-dying—I know that. And he going on denying of himself his little drop o' beer—a growing chap like that, that wanted it."

In the course of this illness he confided to me that although Mrs. M. had been struck with admiration at the noble conduct of the boy, she yet had not at all agreed with *him* as to the propriety of refusing the money. She took a more business-like view of the transaction. The debt was a debt, she considered, and ought to be discharged. They had no more right to rob their own children of the money than they had to deprive the lad himself of the satisfaction to his feelings of paying it. "There wouldn't be no merit in what he done if he was to get it back again," said Mrs. M.

"I don't agree with her *there*, Sir," said Mr. Moreen, speaking low and confidentially, as though to differ from Mrs. M. even in the expression of an opinion were too dangerous a matter to be overheard; "the merit's the same in what he done, any how, it seems to me. But Mrs. M., she's so first-rate here, you see!" tapping his own broad forehead, "and she judges of things more by the headpiece than she do by the feelin's. *I'm* not equal to her in that—oh no!"

When he heard that Arthur was about to set up a house of his own, he entered into a little plot with me to furnish the living rooms gratis; and never was man more thoroughly happy than Mr. Moreen was during the mysterious consultations and arrangements necessary to effect this object. I persuaded Arthur to visit me in London while he went down to the manufacturing town in question to superintend every detail. He spared neither trouble nor expense. Nothing was, nothing could be, too good for that grand fellow! And the way in which he reveled in Arthur's astonishment and admiration, when on his return he discovered what had been done, was worth going miles to see.

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SCENES CONNECTED WITH GENERAL CUSTER'S LATE MOVEMENT ACROSS THE RAPIDAN.—[See Page 193.]

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER VII.

WHEN WILLIAM THE FOURTH WAS KING.

THE epoch, there was no denying it, was a wild and dissolute one. The imprint of the Regent's cloven foot had not yet worn away. A man was upon the throne. He made a decorous king enough in his old age, mainly through the influence of a pious and admirable wife; but his youth had been the converse of reputable. The sons of George the Third had not contributed in any great degree to the elevation of the moral tone of the country. The trial of Queen Caroline, and the private life of George the Fourth, had done a good deal towards depraving the national manners. There were no young princesses save one, the Hope of England, whom her good mother kept sedulously aloof from the polluting atmosphere of the age. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter went tranquilly about from watering-place to watering-place, and gathered shells and weeds upon the sands, and visited poor people in their cottages, and sat under evangelical ministers, and allowed the age to go by, and to be as wild and dissolute as it chose. They hoped and waited for better times, and the better times came at last, and have continued, and will endure, we trust.

Some of the profligate young princes of the last reign were dead, and those who remained, being gray and worn out, shut themselves up and did not exhibit their excesses in public. But they had left behind them their mistresses and their parasites, the nobles who emulated them in their vices, the rich rôturiers who emulated the nobles, the snobs who emulated the rôturiers, and a crowd besides of adventurers, sharpers, led captains, and convenient men. There was in London a populous colony of Anglo-Greeks, who had never, indeed, seen Athens or Byzantium, but who were, nevertheless, Greeks of the lower Empire—the very lowest of all—being affiliated to the dominions of the devil. The young generation was vicious, as their fathers had been vicious before them. Party-spirit ran high. We had been on the verge of a revolution about Catholic Emancipation, of another about Parliamentary Reform. Every thing was disorganized. The practicability of seizing the property of the church and abolishing the bishops was openly discussed by politicians, who have now subsided into moderate men of Conservative tendencies. There were commissions sitting upon every thing, with a view to the abrogation of most things. Barristers of seven years' standing fattened upon the treasures wrung from the sinecurists, and the pension-holders of the old Black Book. Commissioners and inspectors became as great a nuisance and burden to the country as the clerks of the Pipe or the Tellers of the Exchequer had been. Brougham and Birkbeck had bent down the branches of the tree of knowledge within the reach of poor men, who for centuries had been permitted to sodden in ignorance, and these were greedily gorging themselves with the unaccustomed food, and so fell into surfeits, and had malignant distempers, leading them to break spinning-jennies, burn down hayricks, and congregate with black flags and death's-head and cross-bones trumpery in riotous mobs, demanding "bread or blood." Upon which, the Whigs, their political preceptors, who had taught them to talk about their rights and claim the privilege of free meeting and speaking, sent down special commissions, headed by Whig judges, into the provinces to try the newly-emancipated serfs for sedition, combination, unlawfully assembling, and other misdeeds, of which they, the Whigs, in times gone by, had humorously taught them the trick.

I say that every thing was disorderly and disorganized. Every body had his theory for regenerating society, but lacked sincere faith in his own nostrums, and so after a while deserted them. It was a reign of terror without much blood. The Whigs had to hang some of their deluded disciples at Bristol, and to transport some more at Dorchester and elsewhere; and in Ireland there was, as there always is, a good deal of assassination; but beyond this, and a few private duels, the warfare was mostly one of words and principles. Abusive language was in vogue. In *Blackwood's Magazine* the Tories bespattered the Whigs and Radicals with foul words, such as beggars in their drink would not lay upon their callets. In the *Quarterly* a writer, styled "Right Honorable," who had been in Parliament, Secretary to the Admiralty, but was best known as the pander to a depraved nobleman, devoted his energies to the gallant and graceful task of throwing mud at ladies who ventured to write books, and presumed to hold liberal politics. In *Fraser*, the witty Doctor Maginn used to date from public houses—never twice from the same gin-shop—the raciest, most scurrilous Billingsgate, against the Whig nobility, and the Radical rabbledom. In the same high Tory magazine a great Scotchman was writing philosophical Chartism. Nothing was settled. Some people screamed the eternal Yes; to which others responded by howling the everlasting No. No reputations were safe; no principles were held sacred. Reverence, gratitude, decency, had gone to sleep for a while. O'Connell called Wellington a "stunted corporal," and Alvanley a "bloated buffoon," and Disraeli the younger "a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." That now staid county member, lord of a manor, leader of the Tory party, and flying buttress of the church, was then wearing long ringlets and black velvet pantaloons, and writing revolutionary epics, and wondrous tales of Alroy. Nothing was settled. Some crooned forth the pæan of crazy hope, while others intoned the liturgy of despair. Some drowned themselves in the Serpentine of Skepticism, and others jumped into the Slough of Puseyism, The Roman Catholics alone were steadfast and active and wide awake, and made the most of every thing. The drama was in a seemingly hopeless state of decline. Charles Kean had appeared, and Tragedy gave up, for a time, the ghost. Grimaldi was paralyzed. Sontag and Pasta had gone away. Malibran was not to be heard much longer. There were no historical painters but Haydon, whose Entry into Jerusalem was in pawn for a milk-score. Highwaymen and pickpockets had begun to be the heroes of romances. Cocking had cast himself into space in a parachute, and coming into contact with the earth was smashed to death. A crafty Frenchman lured many hundreds of simpletons into taking tickets for a passage in his navigable balloon or aerial ship. Then, timeously he ran away, and left them with their tickets, and an empty bag of oiled silk. There were people who did not believe in steam. There were others who did believe in it, but held that locomotives and paddle steamers were only the precursors of the end of the world. Meanwhile, Chat Moss had been drained by Stephenson, and Brunel was piercing the Thames tunnel. But nothing was settled. Nobody knew where any thing was to end. Steam and skepticism and tractarianism and Murphy's weather almanac, the abolition of slavery and the labor of children in factories, Warren's blacking and Rowland's Macassar, lions and tigers at Drury Lane, and the patents taken away therefrom, and from Convent Garden, too; commutation of tithes and reform of municipal corporations, charity commissions and the new Poor-law, chartism, trades-unionism, and the unknown tongues, oceans of pamphlets, new clubs starting up all over the West-end, pigtails, knee-breeches, and hair-powder beginning to be laughed at, and Brougham jumping up and down on the wool-sack like a parched pea in a fire-shovel, instead of gravely doubting, and doubting for years as Eldon had done: all these, with Irish outrages, colonial discontents and embarrassing relations with foreign powers (order reigned in Warsaw, and "Vive les Polonais!" in Paris meant the erection of barricades and a tussle between the blouses and the soldiery), made up a chaotic whirlwind of sand and pebbles and brickbats and scraps of paper, the whole accompanied by a prodigious noise, driving peaceably-minded people half-blind, and half-deaf, and parcel-mad. There were some of a desponding turn of mind, who said, "artum est de republicâ," and went off to New York. For nothing was settled.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that the morals of the epoch were dissolute? Political morality was at a discount; private morality fell likewise below par. Reckless demonstrativeness only was at a premium. We hear, in these days, of muscular Christianity. From 1832 to 1837 muscular devilry was in the ascendant. There was no slyness, no hypocrisy at all about the rakes of the period. The young bloods were well-nigh as candid in their overt acts as Sedley and Buckhurst and Rochester had been in Charles's days. The three dukes, by-blows of one king, who slew the watchman in Whetstone Park for a frolic, found lineal descendants who, however, held at their hands at knocking down policemen—always provided that the policemen did not knock them down instead. The Mohawks had arisen again. The young patricians were behaving themselves very much in the fashion of young blackguards, and the blackguards had no option but to behave themselves like the patricians.

Francis Blunt, Esq., and Monsieur Constant, had left Stockwell shortly after eleven o'clock. The hackney coachman had been well paid, and promised an extra fee for speed, but the era of rapid Hansoms was yet to come, and it was nearly midnight when the two jaded horses that drew his vehicle clattered over Westminster Bridge. Mr. Blunt felt so exhausted that he was compelled to descend at a tavern on the Surrey side of the bridge and refresh himself with a small glass of brandy. He re-entered the coach, making wry faces, and declaring the liquor to be abominable. Constant treated the coachman to a glass of ale, but did not presume to accompany his master to the bar of the tavern. He partook, outside, of a moderate sip from a small pocket-flask.

"Why didn't you tell me you had something to drink with you?" said the dandy, pettishly, as he saw his companion replace the flask in a side-pocket.

"I could not venture to ask monsieur—" began the valet, gravely.

"I dare say you couldn't, Constant. You're a sly fox, and always keep the best of the game to yourself. Here, give me the bottle. I have need of a little Dutch courage to-night."

Mr. Blunt took a pretty heavy draught of the Dutch courage, which was, indeed, the very best French cognac. He took a pretty deep draught of it for a man of such delicately-strung nerves.

"Capital brandy," he murmured, smacking his lips. "You have a talent for buying the best of every thing for yourself. Why on earth did you allow me to go into that atrocious gin-palace?"

"It is for monsieur to lead the way."

"And for you constantly and carefully to avoid following me, and to allow me to fall into the lions' den. Constant, do you know what I have to do to-night?"

"To be bold and to win."

"You have taught me how to manage the one. I think I can depend on my own presence of mind for the other. But do you know how much I want?"

"Monsieur's wants are extensive."

"And so are yours, monsieur the sleeping partner. Egad, unless I rise from the table a winner of five thousand pounds I am a ruined man."

"Monsieur's creditors indeed are pressing.

"The creditors be hanged," Francis Blunt, Esq., returned, with much equanimity. "It isn't for them I shall have to sit up till five o'clock this morning. But there are debts of honor, Constant, that must be paid. I owe Carleton fifteen hundred. I owe the Italian prince, what's his name? Marigliano, a monkey. I must send that she-wolf of mine a hundred pounds before to-morrow afternoon, or she will be crawling after me as usual. And then my ready money is all gone, or nearly so. I don't think I've got fifty pounds in my pocket. I've dropped over sixty pounds at that school at Clapham, Rhodo-something House, to pay for that little brat:—that was by your advice, Monsieur Jean Baptiste. I tell you that I must have five thousand pounds out of Debonnair before sunrise or I am done. I must have ready money to go abroad with, and then Dobree has most of my valuables; and then there are your wages, Constant."

"And my commission, if monsieur pleases."

"And your commission, most immaculate of commercial agents. Five per cent., is it not? You go abroad with me, Constant, so that you know I am perfectly safe. By-the-way, you couldn't manage to take the hundred to the she-wolf to-night, could you?"

"Ready money is not very plentiful," returned the valet, after some consideration; "but I think I can contrive to obtemperate by a little finessing to monsieur's demand. Might I, however, ask him to promise me one little thing?"

"What is it, Constant, a rise in your wages?"

"Monsieur's service is sufficiently remunerative," answered the valet, and I believe he spoke with perfect sincerity. "It is not that."

"What then?"

"Not to touch the dice to-night. As an amusement they are admirable, as a commercial operation they are destruction."

"Confound the bones, I know they are," Mr. Blunt, with some discomposure, acknowledged. "If I had stuck to the coups you taught me at Vanjohn I should have made ten thousand this season alone. I never get that infernal box in my hand without coming to grief in some way or another. And yet what money I have won."

"And what money lost."

"Your answer is unanswerable. Yes; I will promise you. I will keep my head cool, and won't touch ivory to-night."

"You are going to Crockford's."

"Must go there, you know. Sha'n't stop an hour. The only way of luring my pigeon out."

"And then?"

"To the umbrella-shop, of course. The worthy Count Cubford will expect his commission, of course, on the transaction, for permission to play Vanjohn in his sanctum. Every body wants his commission nowadays. I wonder Langhorne, of the Guards, doesn't ask for fifteen per cent. for having introduced me to Debonnair."

"You will be able to afford it if you only follow the instructions I gave you. You—I mean monsieur—must keep his head very cool, and, as much as possible, his eyes fixed on his opponent. Monsieur must never lose his temper, and never grow tired. Then, if he takes care, and Debonnair is gris enough, he will win his five thousand and more before morning."

"I believe I shall. Five thousand pounds are more than five thousand louis, most unsophisticated foreigner. Where are we? Oh, Charing Cross. We'll get rid of this ramshackle old tub here. I shall go to the club and have a warm bath, and then—"

"To St. James's Street?"

"No, Gamridge's. After that the business of the evening will commence. The night is young yet. It isn't a quarter past twelve."

"I shall therefore have the honor to leave monsieur?"

"Exactly, you will have that honor, most courteous Constant. You may also have the honor of staying out as late as you like on this side of six: for I can't expect to be home before that time, but please sit up for me, that you may know the results of the campaign. It may be an Austerlitz, you know, but it may turn out a Waterloo. Good-night. I have no vices to warn you against, for you don't seem to be troubled with any, or else you are up to them all, and keep them very dark indeed."

And so saying, Mr. Blunt waved his hand to his body-servant, and strode away in the direction of Pall Mall.

The valet paid the coachman five shillings in excess of his fare, at which jarvey drove away rejoicing. His master had flung him his cloak before leaving, saying that he would put on an overcoat, lighter in texture, at his club. Jean Baptiste Constant enveloped himself in this garment, but did not throw it into any melodramatic folds. It ceased to be the mantle of a Byronic-looking patrician. It was now merely the cloak of a highly-accomplished gentleman's valet, who knew his cloak and kept it.

"Yes," murmured Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant, very softly, to himself, as he walked round the hoarding of those old mews once occupying the area of Trafalgar Square, but then just in process of demolition, "it may be Austerlitz, and it may be Waterloo—more than Waterloo—it may end in St. Helena and captivity, and death. Ah! je tresis l'enfant. Ah, that dear old nabob at Cutchapore who writes such pretty letters about his little niece! Ah! le beau jeu que le vingt et un. Allons voir la Louve."

It was rather late at night to pay a visit to a she-wolf; but Monsieur Constant seemed bent on the enterprise, and diving into St. Martin's Lane, and through the mazes of Cranbourn Alley, was very soon in Leicester Place, Leicester Square.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOTEL RATAPLAN.

I DON'T know what has become of the Hotel Rataplan in these days. The neighborhood of "Laycesterre Squarr" is no more exempt from mutability than its Anglo-Saxon vicinage; and Rataplan may have faded into decadence, or undergone an aristocratic change of name—even as Bug has been lately transmuted into Norfolk Howard—or have been swept away altogether. It is not a matter of much consequence. It is no part of my business here, at least, to follow the vicissitudes of every house in London town. I am treating of the year '36; and in '36 the Rataplan flourished exceedingly, and was very much the Hotel Rataplan indeed.

Désiré Rataplan kept it. He was a gross, fat Frenchman. He looked not only like a landlord but a cook; and a capital cook he was. Who lards fat pullets should himself be fat, and Rataplan was larded all over. He was the most unctuous-looking man it is possible to conceive, and his face, like that of many other fat men, was perfectly pale and colorless. The great art of figure-painters is, I have heard, dextrously to represent flesh that has not an adventitious teint basané in immediate juxtaposition with white linen. For this reason the clumsy painters, when they give us a man or woman dressed in white, usually make the flesh swarthy, or sallow, or sanguinolent. Rubens is considered to have been the only painter who really triumphed over the difficulties of chair contre linge. His successors should have come to the Hotel Rataplan and studied its proprietor. Rataplan was head cook in his own hotel, and wore the orthodox costume of chef. His jacket, his night-cap, his long apron, his duck trowsers, his slippers, were all white, and dirty white. His face and hands were dirty white too, and yet the contrast between his lineaments and his habiliments was marked with satisfactory strength. It was the texture, perhaps, that did it. Otherwise, face and garments were identical. He looked like a pierrot who had grown fat. No, he didn't; he looked like what he was—a cook.

Rataplan's countenance was so seamed and pitted with traces of the small-pox that his cheeks presented a not remote resemblance to one of his own colanders. He had very little hair, and that was gray, and cropped close to his head à la malcontent, and all but concealed under his night-cap. Not a trace of beard, or whisker, or mustache did he show. Perhaps the heat of the fire had dried up the capillary forces, or the steam of many sauce-pans had acted as a depilatory. He was splashed in many places with ancient gravy, giving him the appearance of a blotted skin of parchment. He wore earrings. He had a thin gold ring on his left hand to tongue; and, strange to tell, Rataplan wore over his heart a discolored red ribbon sewed on the breast of his jacket, and which he declared to be that of the French Legion of Honor.

"Received from the hand of the Emperor himself on the field of Arcis-sur-Aube," he was accustomed to say. "C'est là que nous avons flanqué une raclée à ces canailles d'Autrichiens. Et les Cosaques! hein! c'est Désiré Rataplan qui leur donna à boire et a manger en 1813. Ma parole d'honneur, je les ai accommodés à toutes sauces ces Cosaques."

He declared that he had the cross of the Legion itself up stairs in a box. He had not always been a cook. Désiré Rataplan had served in the Grand Army. He had fought at the Beresina. He had been at Leipsic. He only missed Waterloo because the regiment to which he belonged had been stationed behind the Loire. "Et on m'a appelé brigand de la Loire, moi qui vous parle," he would say.

His regiment, he stated, was the Trente-septième Léger; but this his hearers would obstinately refuse to believe. That a soldier of the Grand Army should become a hotel-keeper or a cook was no such very astonishing thing; but that so corpulent a man should have served in the light infantry exceeded reason and probability. He endeavored to reconcile assertion with fact by stating that he had been drum-major to the Thirty-seventh. But his auditors remained obstinately incredulous. As a sapper and miner, as a heavy cuirassier, as a Grenadier of the Old Guard even, they were willing to accept him; but they declined all credence to his ever having been a "light bob."

He appealed to his wife. "Madame Rataplan was my comrade," he would say. "She was cantinière to the Trente-septième. She gave her own tabatière once to the Emperor, when he was out of snuff. Davoust has taken la goutte from her over and over again. Monsieur Le Prince d'Eckmuhl was very partial to Madame Rataplan."

To which Madame, who was a meek, brown little woman, usually habited in a chintz bed-jacket and a petticoat of blue serge, as though she had never had time thoroughly to equip herself in feminine attire after resigning the tunic and pantaloons of a cantinière, would reply: "T'as raison mon homme. C'est y moi-z-aussi qu'a servi le Grand Homme."

They were all frantic in their fanaticism for the memory of the great man. In a dozen rooms of the Hotel Rataplan his portrait was hung. There was a plaster statue of him in the hall; an ormolu bust over a clock in the coffee-room. Rataplan would have called his hostelry the Hotel Napoleon but for the entreaties of his wife,

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who represented that the establishment was of so humble a character that to affix the name of the Great Man to it would be desecration. He did a very comfortable business at the Hotel Rataplan, however.

M. Rataplan had two children. Désiré, his son and heir, was away in France, head-waiter at Calais, till in the fullness of time it should be his lot to assume the direction of the establishment in Leicester Place. "I should have placed him sous les drapeaux, to serve his country as a soldier," said the paternal Rataplan; "but what is that flag, what is that caricature of the tricolor I see now:

Hélas soudain tristement il s'écrie
C'est un drapeau que je ne connais pas.
Ah! si jamais vous vengez la patrie,
Dieu, mes enfants, vous donne un beau trépas."

He was very fond of quoting Béranger's Vieux Sergent, although he certainly looked much more like the foolish fat scullion in Tristram Shandy than a relic of the Empire. He had a daughter, Adèle, aged seventeen, whose only duties until she was old enough to be married were, as her parents understood those duties, to keep her eyes cast down, and to divide her time between needle-work and the piano-forte. She had a tambour-frame in the office of the hotel, and a pretty little cottage piano in her own little sitting-room; and she played, and sewed, and kept her eyes cast down with exemplary assiduity.

Stay! The list of the family is not quite complete. There was a very large poodle dog by the name of Azor, who in youth had been a sprightly animal, capable of going through the martial exercise and performing numerous other tricks, by means of which poodles have ere this won fame and fortune for their masters on the public stage. But Azor had grown lazy from long possession of the run of his teeth, in such a land of honey as the kitchen of a hotel. Formerly he used to be shaved, but was now allowed to wear the totality of his shaggy coat, so that he resembled a small polar bear quite as much as he did a large poodle.

Finally, there was at the Hotel Rataplan a prodigious old woman, who was called La Mère Thomas. Nobody could tell with precision who she was. Some said she was Rataplan's grandmother. Others that she was madame's aunt. She was evidently a kinswoman, for she tutoyéd the whole family, called Rataplan mon bichon, and his wife mabiche, and occasionally boxed the ears of Adèle, apostrophizing her as "eté Jeunesse, comme ça pousse! comme ça pousse!" when she ventured to raise her eyes to glance at a passing stranger. La Mère Thomas was of immense, but uncertain age. Her complexion was of a fine mahogany color, and she wore a mustache that might have been envied by many a subaltern in the Life Guards. On her chin, too, there sprouted sundry hairs, which, but for her otherwise jovial appearance, would have given her an uncomfortable family likeness to one of the witches in Macbeth. La Mère Thomas wore a crimson and yellow pocket-handkerchief bound lightly round her head and tied in a bow in front, another silk handkerchief crossed over her ample bosom and tied behind her, very much in the style adopted by the engaging damsels resident in the neighborhood of Ratcliff Highway, a large gold cross at her neck, a skirt of some indescribable fabric and of no color at all—people said it had originally been a flannel petticoat pieced with a soot-bag—and carpet slippers, like an upholsterer's assistant. She snuffed continually from one of those little tin boxes with a perforated top, like those which are used to keep gentles for fishing in. She was the night porter at the Hotel Rataplan, and travelers, whom she had let in very late, declared that she habitually smoked a short pipe after two in the morning. Her conversation was not copious. To the majority of questions addressed to her, her ordinary and expressive, but ungenteel reply, was Fichtre! Her English was monosyllabic, and not abundant, although she had been at least ten years in this country. She was a hearty old soul, however, and very fond of beer, which she drank by the quart.

Such was the Rataplan family. They were a good-natured group, all very fond of one another, and quarreling very seldom, as is the foolish manner with these French people.

The hotel was conducted without the slightest ostentation, but was, nevertheless, a sufficiently prosperous speculation. It was eminently French. Turning from Leicester Place into the hotel you might have fancied yourself at once in France—not necessarily in Paris, but in some provincial town. The hall was flagged with the same dirty marble, decorated with the same sham bronzes, and hung with the same array of shrill tinkling bells. The walls were gay with the same highly decorated placards relating to chocolate, corn plasters, bills, elastic corsets, and hotels at Geneva, Lille, Dunkirk—or, say Carpentras and Brives-la-Gaillarde. There was a little poky office, with pigeon holes for the lodgers' candlesticks, and numbered plates and hooks for their keys, a green-shaded lamp on the escritoire, limp, green, shagreen-covered registers to keep the accounts in, a long, low arm-chair covered with Utrecht velvet for Mademoiselle Adèle, another higher and black leather covered for La Mère Thomas. Madame Rataplan was seldom seen in the upper regions. She was, in fact, head chambermaid, her assistant being a dirty Irish girl, with a face like a kidney potato, and many chilblains, who got on very well with the Rataplans, principally for the reason that they were Roman Catholics. The salle à manger was a long, low room, uncarpeted, and the floor beeswaxed, furnished with the usual array of rush-bottomed chairs, the usual litter of half-emptied wine bottles, dingy napkins in dingier bone rings, knives that wouldn't cut, forks lacking their proper complement of prongs, copies of the *Siècle* and the *Charivari* seven days old, and a big mezzotint engraving after Horace Vernet, representing Napoleon rising from the Tomb. Every thing was very French indeed. Every thing was very dear indeed. There was a table d'hôte every day at half past six, at which the cookery was admirable and the wines were detestable. The hotel was generally full of foreigners. The Rataplan clientèle abroad was extensive; and foreign visitors to England were accustomed to declare that, although the hotel accommodation of perfidious Albion was in general execrable, that offered by the Hotel Rataplan was passable mais diablement cher. They did not seem to be aware of the possibility of any hotels existing any where in London out of Leicester Place, or at least "Laycesterre Squarr."

Rataplan, then, prospered. He only kept one waiter, a young man from Alençon, named Antoine, with a red head and a face like a fox. This serviteur appeared by day in a waistcoat with black calico sleeves and baggy pantaloons of blue canvas terminating in stocking feet. He was accustomed to shout "Vous etreservi," or "Vous y êtes," from the upper regions, but never to come down till he had been rung for at least a dozen times. At table d'hôte time he appeared in the black tail coat and white cravat de rigueur, and carried a serviette in lieu of a feather broom under his arm. He was very good-natured, and save on the question of the reckoning, passably honest. He had taught the Irish servant girl to play piquet with him, and when any of the lodgers wanted a little quiet gambling Antoine was always ready with a portable roulette box with an ivory ball. He did not appear to cheat until he was found out.

I have forgotten to state that from basement to roof the Hotel Rataplan smelt very strongly of tobacco-smoke.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Upon thy banks once more I sit,
Oh! river of my happy days,
Whose memories on my heart are writ
In lines which time can not erase;
The tuneful water rippies by
A shore of daisy-spangled green,
And on the grass I sit and sigh,
"What might have been! what might have been!"

Flow on, flow on, my happy stream,
With gentle murmur day and night,
And never want a sunny beam,
And be thy shores for ever bright;
My life might once have flowed as well,
In peaceful calm, for which it yearned,
But its wild waters would rebel,
And to another channel turned.

Flow on, oh! river of my life,
Whose flowery banks are left behind;
Flow on, mad stream that chose the strife,
And now no more repose can find:
I wandered from my mother's arms,
My better angel passed unseen,
I overlooked the truest charms,
And lost the world that might have been.

"MY LITTLE SISTER."

"WHERE'S Keighly? Has any body seen Keighly?" asked the Colonel, suddenly, and with anxious looks all about him as if he expected Captain Keighly to answer the question by bodily presence.

"Captain Keighly—who has seen him?" he demanded in a louder tone. A sergeant stepped forward, touching his cap.

"Captain Keighly is in the tint yonder—wounded, yur Honor."

"Badly?"

"I think he was, Sur. I caught him when he fell, and the blood was spurting from his side," answered Sergeant Murphy.

The face of the Colonel, that a moment since had been bright with triumph, now took on a sad, foreboding look.

"It was a famous victory," and Colonel Decker had distinguished himself, but if Jim Keighly was killed how much heart had he for success? He asked himself something like this as he went toward the "tint yonder" that Sergeant Murphy pointed out.

There he lay, who had been the foremost in the fight, his stalwart figure helpless, his ardent face ghastly with approaching dissolution. Decker saw it all at once as he entered. He could have cried out with sorrow, for almost as men love a woman had Tom Decker loved Jim Keighly.

The hollow, dying eyes grew brighter at sight of the Colonel. Decker himself could not speak. A man of singular eloquence and readiness of speech, he was dumb now. So it was Keighly who spoke first.

He smiled—the old gay smile; it wrung Decker's heart to see it—and said, faintly,

"We've won, Colonel!"

How the gay smile ran through the faint voice, and made it jubilant!

"Yes, Jim, we've won."

What was it in these simple words that conveyed another assurance than of victory to Captain Keighly? He had scarcely thought of himself. They had carried him in here after he was wounded, and he had thought only of the "famous victory." What else? His wound was not painful. He did not suffer save from weakness. He was very faint to be sure. What else, then, but the famous victory should fill his mind? But when Decker's dejected tones answered him; when, looking up radiant, he met Decker's grief-stricken face, his mind took in another idea. "It was a famous victory," but he was drifting away from it.

He turned his head and saw the sad looks of the two or three fellow-officers. Then back again to Decker.

"I believe I am going, Tom—is it so?"

There was no military etiquette between them now, and Decker's silence was the only response to these words. The two grasped hands. A moment more, then a spasm of anguish contracted Jim Keighly's face.

"What is it, Jim?"

"My little sister. I leave her all alone in the world. There is nobody—to look—out—" The voice was breaking off forever.

"I will look out for her, Jim. You leave her to me, old friend. To me, Jim—to Tom Decker—you'll trust me, dear old fellow;" and Decker's voice broke off too, but for sorrow.

How the dusky, dying eyes lit here.

"To Tom—Decker. Yes—yes—I trust him. Tell her—good-by—Tom. Dear little Elly. To—Tom Decker!" The dying eyes opened once more. There was a movement of the lips—no words. The arms stretched out with their last strength, and those two men embraced each other.

"It was a famous victory." But Jim Keighly lay dead. That was the price that Tom Decker paid. For two or three years these two had been such friends as history sometimes points out, or that sometimes discovers its splendid rarity to you in the modern days of life. Men who loved one another. And now Jim Keighly lay dead. Those whose natures can understand such a friendship between man and man can understand all the desolation that fell upon Tom Decker with this fact. Desolate, though covered with honor for his gallantry upon this field of battle, he went home on leave of absence. He had no family. There was only one tie to call him from his soldier's post. "My little sister."

As he walked the deck of the steamer that was bearing him on his way he thought perpetually of the loss that sent him.

"What a wonderful fellow he was! So true, so generous, so simple and brave! There was not another like him."

And he thought of the brief time that seemed so long, because so full, since their companionship. Business friends at first in New York. As soon as they knew each other more, friends and lovers for life—ay, and for death! Noble souls both of them, each loved the nobility in the other.

And he thought of this little sister. Honest Jim Keighly was not a man given to talking much of himself and connections. Decker knew that his sole relative, a sister, was somewhere up in Vermont, with old friends of the family. And now and then Jim would be absent on a visit to her, and now and then he would speak of "my little sister."

Thinking of all this, and in view of her loss, his heart ached for the little lonely thing. He had a dim fancy that in one of his visits to her Jim had carried her a doll for a gift. He didn't know much about children, especially little girls; but wouldn't it be a good thing for him to open her heart to him by carrying her a doll? So, with all tenderness and gentleness, this military hero turned these questions over and over in his mind with as much anxiety as he had ever turned over some weighty question of war or business. And when he started from New York northward, packed away in his valise was the most wonderful doll he could find in all New York. But in spite of this Parisian *bonne bouche* to win his way, I do not think that Colonel Decker ever contemplated a military step, or found himself in any situation, civil, social, or military, which embarrassed him like the thought of the coming interview with Jim Keighly's little sister. He wasn't used to children, and, to tell the truth, was a little afraid of them, regarding them with that mixture of gentleness and distrust which perplexes many of the tenderest men who have never been much associated with children. He always expected them to cry at any moment; and in anticipation of this catastrophe he was rather shy of making advances. With these ancient feelings, revived and exaggerated by the peculiarity of his position, Colonel Decker "waited" in the great old-fashioned parlor at High Mount, the place of the Westerlyns, just outside of Montpelier, the present home of Elly Keighly.

He heard a voice calling "Elly! Elly!" and to fortify himself he glanced nervously at the oblong box containing Elly's doll. "Elly! Elly!" and then some murmured words of explanation; and then a hush; and then the light fall of little feet. He looked anxiously toward the door; but it was a young lady who entered. So Elly wouldn't come. He went forward in his direct way.

"I am Colonel Decker, Captain Keighly's friend. I was with him when he died. He gave his little sister to my charge—a welcome charge to me, you will understand, for Captain Keighly was my best friend. Do you think the child will see me?"

He paused for an answer, looking still anxiously toward the door. The pause was so long his eyes came back more observantly to her whom he questioned. She was standing before him with a far-away look on her face—a young pale face, full of the self-absorption of some great sorrow. So absorbed was she there was no room for any personal consciousness. And when she raised her head at last and said, so simply, "*I* am Captain Keighly's sister," Tom Decker forgot his peculiar position, and lost any embarrassment he might have felt in the pity and sympathy that overwhelmed him at sight of that utterly stricken face and the dejected tones.

She sat down by him, and with a quiet gravity that was more heart-breaking than sobs and tears, listened while he spoke of the dead. She looked so like Jim, as she listened there, with her patient, melancholy face—so like Jim, and yet so unlike him in the drooping helplessness of her youth and sex—and her calm was so eloquent of the desolateness that had come to her, that altogether it was almost more than brave Tom Decker could bear. It was not until he had left her presence, and was driving back to town, that he realized what his mistake involved.

So this was Elly, the little sister whom he had received in charge from dying Jim Keighly. The consolation that he had anticipated was entirely out of place. A doll would not console this Elly Keighly whom he had seen. And then he remembered, with a half smile, that he had left the oblong box, with its Parisian treasure, upon the parlor-table at High Mount. But how could he console her? How could he be of service to his charge without wounding her delicacy? She had seemed a child to her brother—"My little sister." "Well, she can not be more than twenty," reasoned Colonel Decker. "She *is* a child to me, as she was to Jim: fifteen years makes some difference. I hope she'll see it so."

But the reasoning and the perplexed questioning proved that he feared she wouldn't.

He went to see her again the next day, and the next, and the next, until the days ran into weeks.

"She has such simplicity and fresh-heartedness, and she loved Jim so deeply that by-and-by she will associate me so with him that she will let me take his place as far as I can."

This was what the Colonel had meant to bring about by lingering and waiting so long. To take Jim's place to her as brother and guardian. She needed such a protector sorely enough, for with Jim Keighly's brave life had departed the sole support of hers. And to have her go out teaching, or any thing of that kind, this young, gently-nurtured, delicate creature, why it would have broken Jim Keighly's heart. He had taken steps, too, to prevent any such necessity. There had been an investment which promised ample support to her; but three months ago, what had seemed so safe to Captain Keighly proved rotten to the core, and thus Elly Keighly was pretty nearly penniless at the saddest time of her existence. So it was that Colonel Decker staid to let time and association teach Elly Keighly to regard him as a brother in Jim's stead. And waiting for this teaching he found himself taught quite another lesson.

There came a day when something must be said; for the furlough was nearly out. He began to her when she came into greet him that morning:

"Elly, in two weeks I must go back to my regiment."

Elly. He could call her Elly now for Jim's sake. He thought she loved now for Jim's sake.

"Elly, in two weeks I must go back to my regiment."

Not a word did she answer him. He waited, looking down at her. Such a pretty pale face, noble like Jim's, yet full of girlish freshness. By-and-by it lifted to him.

"I want to ask your advice about something before you go, because you were Jim's friend, and he would like to have had me appeal to you first for advice."

Yes, as Jim's friend. He had taught her the lesson. Well?

"What a blockhead I have been!" he murmured inwardly.

"I have had an invitation from the principal of the High Hill school to become a teacher there, but Mrs. Westerlyn thinks I had better take a situation as governess. The Gaylords need a governess in town this winter, and Mrs. Westerlyn thinks I might get the post."

She went on to tell him of the advantages and disadvantages of each place, that he might give her a clear judgment, but he hardly heard a word of what she said, his thoughts were in such a tumult.

"It must not be, it must not be!" he broke out at last.

She looked at him astonished.

"Elly, let me tell you how I came here." And he told her of his mistake in supposing she was a child; of his perplexity and doubt as he thought of their interview; and of the doll he had purchased on the way, to open her heart to him. "I had adopted you there at Jim's death-bed, Elly, for—'my little sister.'" With a broken voice he repeated every word that passed between her brother and himself at that death-bed. He had never told her all before: he could not.

"He gave you to me, Elly; his last words were: 'To Tom Decker.' You shall live here, or where you like; but you must let me do for you as Jim did. I have nothing else to do with what I have. Elly, it would have been the bitterest anguish to Jim to have had you wearing your life away in teaching. And, Elly, think—I am fifteen years your senior. You *are* a little child to me. And think too, Elly, that I loved him, and he loved me. He trusted you to me, Elly."

"There," he thought; "that is the only way now, and I will make it easy to her." But all the time he was groaning at "the way." While he was talking Elly's face was growing red and pale by turns, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

"No, no. I can't, I can't!" she presently faltered, never looking up, but trembling visibly in her effort at control.

"Elly, are you so proud? He was my only friend. I loved him almost like a woman. He left you to me as a legacy. It was my consolation."

"No, it is not because I am proud; but I can not, I can not!"

"*Why*, Elly?"

She looked up for an instant at that appealing voice. Her secret was in her eyes, but she did not know it.

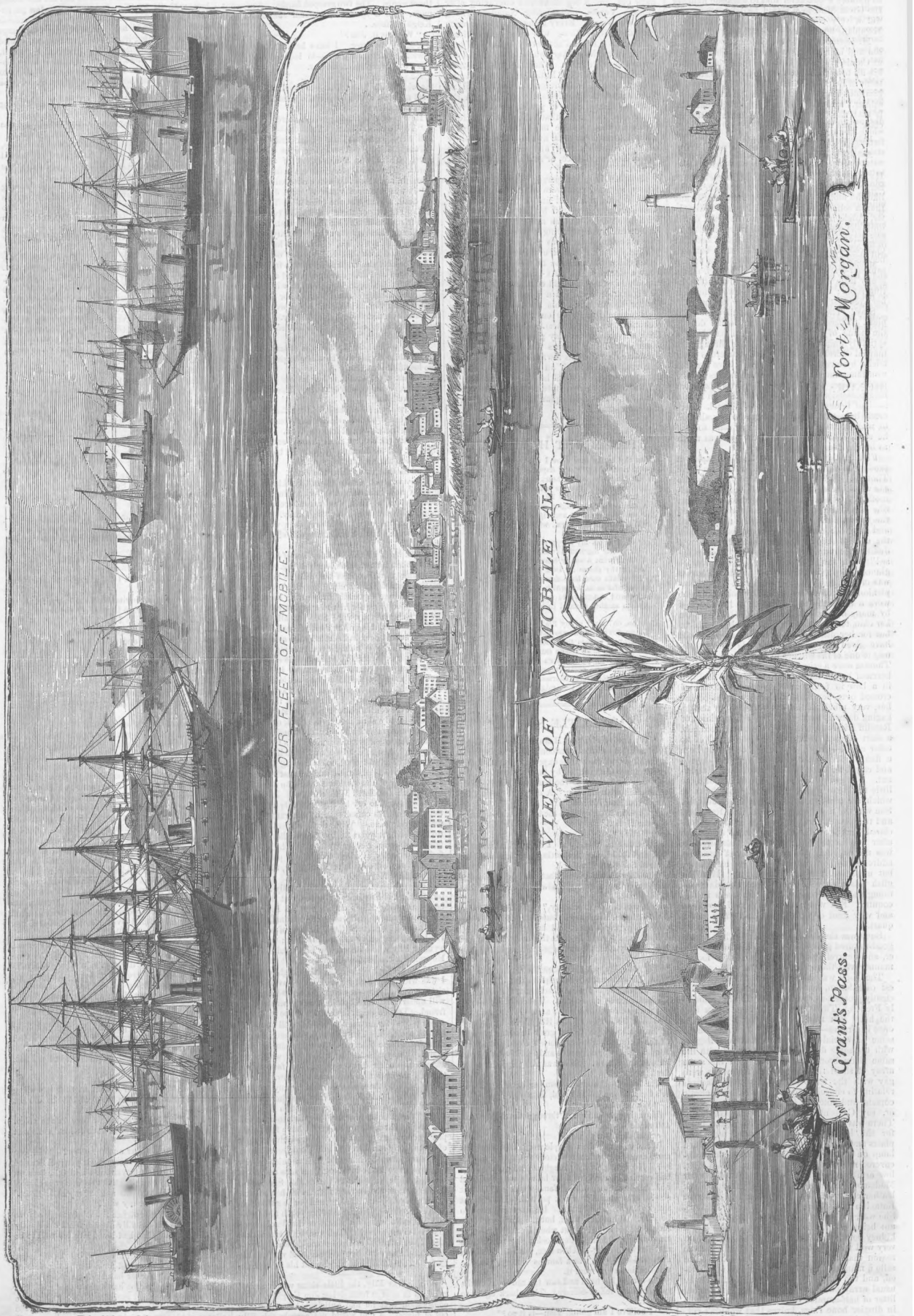
"Elly!" There was a new tone in the voice. Every thing had changed at once to him as he met her eyes.

"Elly, will you hear another story? Will you let me plead a different cause? If you had listened to the other I should never have told this, because I should have known then that that was your choice. But now—Elly, you will not be 'my little sister.' Oh, Elly, can you be my wife?"

And in this last sentence the whole story of love was told. What did Elly say? What *could* Elly say, who all the time had loved him too well to be his "little sister?"

And this is the end of my story, but not of theirs. God grant it may not end for a long, long time to them. Colonel Decker has been on other battle-fields since then, and he has won other laurels, but the one he holds most sacred of any is that where Captain Keighly lies buried; and sometimes, in the silence of his tent at night, he seems to hear again those last words—"To—Tom Decker."

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MOBILE AND ITS DEFENSES.

WE give on page 204 an illustration showing the position of the Federal fleet off the harbor of Mobile, together with the defenses of the harbor. At last accounts (25th ult.) Admiral FARRAGUT was bombarding *Fort Powell*, which commands Grant's Pass, on the left of the picture. This fort is bomb-proof, but, under the vigorous fire directed against it, could not, it was believed at the date of the latest advices, long hold out. The reduction of this fort is necessary to enable FARRAGUT to send his mosquito fleet through the Pass into the harbor of Mobile, by which he will cut off forts Gaines and Morgan. The distance from Fort Powell is thirty miles, nine of which are through a narrow channel, with its banks fortified the entire distance. Fort Morgan is a very strong work, protected on the sea front by a strong water-battery of masonry and turf. The fort and battery, with their full battery, mount forty-five guns, mostly Columbiads of heavy calibre. Fort Gaines is situated on Dauphin's Island Point, three miles and one fourth from and nearly opposite Fort Morgan, and is heavily mounted. Vessels drawing more than seven and a half feet are compelled to pass between these forts; and obstructions placed in the channel will make the passage for FARRAGUT still more difficult.

Mobile is one of the largest cities on the Gulf, and is fairly environed by defenses thrown up during the last two years. The authorities, however, do not appear to feel secure against assault; for on the 25th ult. the Mayor of the city issued a proclamation requesting all non-combatants to leave the city, intimating that its capture was not impossible, and that in any case, if the city should be besieged, suffering might result from the want of supplies.

HONORABLE MICHAEL HAHN,
GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

THE 4th of March was the beginning of a new era in the history of Louisiana. Not only was the Federal authority on that day formally re-established, but a State Administration fully in accord with the liberal spirit of the times was installed amidst the rejoicings of thousands of citizens. The inauguration of MICHAEL HAHN, the Governor elect, whose portrait we here give, was attended by a grand and imposing display—all the school-children of the city, all the veteran and volunteer soldiers, all the Federal and city officials participating in the demonstration. The inauguration ceremonies took place in Lafayette Square, which was densely crowded with people. Mr. HAHN, when formally installed, delivered his Inaugural Address, pledging himself to an unconditionally loyal policy, and taking high ground in favor of the extinction of Slavery, which he denominated the cause of all our present troubles.

Governor HAHN was born in Bavaria, Germany, in the year 1830, and is consequently in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He came to this country when a mere child, his mother settling in New York city. When ten years of age, he went with his mother and sisters to Texas, whence, some time after, they removed to New Orleans, where Mr. Hahn has ever since resided. In 1840 his mother died of yellow fever. At the age of 18 he commenced the study of the law, and at 20 graduated with honor at the Louisiana University, at once taking a prominent position in the community.

In politics Mr. HAHN was always a Democrat, and in the last Presidential campaign was a member of the DOUGLAS Executive Committee. When secession was first proposed in the spring of 1861, he took strong ground against it, and during all the time the rebels ruled in New Orleans refused to fall in with the prevailing madness. Upon the occupation of New Orleans by our forces he was among the first to step forward to the help of General BUTLER. In December, 1862, Mr. HAHN was elected to Congress, where he soon became recognized as a man of undoubted patriotism and ability. He was elected Governor in February last by a majority of 996 over both competitors, in a total vote of 11,346, every loyal paper in the State supporting his claims for the exalted and responsible position.



HON. MICHAEL HAHN, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.—[PHOT. BY THEO. LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS.]

BY THE RIVER.

THE sunshine quivered on the quivering poplars
That grow beside the stream;
And o'er the distant hills there seemed a glory,
A gold and purple gleam;
And I know
That even in the March wind there was music,
And in the river's flow.

I loved to hear the sighing of the water,
To mark its green depths shine;
But more I loved two brown eyes, calm and tender,
A dear hand clasped in mine;
For I know
I thought that love would last forever, changeless,
Though rivers ceased to flow.

Gone is the sunshine from the quivering poplars,
The glory from the land;
Gone, the brown eyes that made the sunshine brighter,
And gone the clasping hand;
But I know
My tears are like the river—ah, the river!
That can not cease to flow.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

THE Fashions for March are very much modified by the Siberian state of the temperature during the latter part of February. An exaggeration has been developed in the head-dress, which has become an amphitheatre composed of flowers, feathers, ribbons, velvet, and precious stones. On account of the space taken up in this manner, polite husbands mount the box by the side of the coachman. The more permanent bonnet, however, it is officially announced, is to lose in the coming Spring all that the head-dress has gained.

The chapeaux are no longer to be high floral expositions, but almost flat over the forehead, close-fitting to the outline of the face, and small in proportion every way; thus returning to the style so long adopted in England, which often indicated in Paris the nationality of the pretty British tourist contrasted with the Parisian belles, who now affect the black silk or velvet bonnet, ornamented with jet, *par préférence*. Other colors, mostly in velvet, are admissible, but neutral shades are the most distingués.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Lilac and taffety robe, with open corsage. The lapels are in red, blue, and green plaid velvet, buttoning over the waist by a double row of buttons. The waistband and cuffs are likewise in velvet plaid; but from the former depends a long and wide silk tartan streamer. The chemisette is embroidered and provided with a small upright collar, fastened with a narrow light blue cravat.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—White tulle robe, trimmed with six flounces of hollow plaits. Over the robe are placed three jupes of plain tulle, forming a tunic, and drawn up at the side by a bouquet of flowers to which they are attached. Pointed corsage, provided with drapery, fastened at the shoulders and in the centre with small roses. The coiffure is of the latest mode, the hair being raised in front and ornamented with an abundance of flowers.

Fig. 3. *Carriage Dress.*—Light green velvet robe of the style known as the *style Princesse*, trimmed above the seam, round the pockets, and on the sleeves with rolls of fur. The front of the skirt and of the corsage is closed with black velvet buttons. Brown velvet bonnet of the modified form, decorated with a feather fastened to the top of the crown by a large rose, similar to that ornamenting the front of the chapeau.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1864.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Millinery and Dressmaking Announcement.

MADAME BENEDICT invites the LADIES of New York for her OPENING DAY, TUESDAY THE 22D of MARCH, to inspect her NOVELTIES in MILLINERY and DRESSMAKING. Milliners not admitted.
12 WAVERLY PLACE.

Life and Anecdotes of Thackeray.

D. APPLETON & CO., 443 and 445 Broadway, N. Y., PUBLISH THIS DAY:

THACKERAY;
THE
Humorist and Man of Letters.

The Story of his Life, with *Particulars of his Early Career never before made public.* By THEODORE TAYLOR, Esq. Illustrated with a Portrait, one of the latest taken from life; View of Thackeray's House; Fac simile of his Hand-writing; Humorous Illustrations by George Cruikshank; and other Pictures and Sketches.
1 Vol. 12mo, Price $1 25.
Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

American Needle Co., 442 Broadway, New York.
J. W. BARTLETT,
Needle Manufacturer for all the Sewing Machines.
☞ BARTLETT'S BURNISHED HAND NEEDLES: any quantity, any sizes by mail or express. "We find them a wonderful improvement. Try 250 for 50c."—Mme. Demorest.

FLORIMEL.

BURNETT'S FLORIMEL is an exquisite handkerchief perfume.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

WHATEVER DR. BURNETT makes is the best of its kind. His famous COCOAINE, for the hair, and Flavoring Extracts sustain that reputation. For sale by druggists, grocers, and country dealers.

The Printer's Devil, a handsome illustrated family paper, will be sent six months on trial for 25 cents. Puzzles and Prizes in every number. Address
"PRINTER'S DEVIL," 113 Fulton Street, N. Y.
Sold by all Newsdealers.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



Major-General Burnside
Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use."

Gen'l Thomas Francis Meagher writes:
Feb. 5th, 1864.
To the Ridgewood Manufacturing Co.
Gentlemen:—I feel great pleasure in acknowledging, with many thanks, your present of the "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case," and beg sincerely to assure you of my belief, that your ingenious and beautiful little Invention will prove most convenient and useful to every Officer and Soldier, who can stand *Smoke as well as fire.*
And remain, faithfully yours, &c.

Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved.
☞ *Single Cases* sent by mail, *free* to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *prices* and **25** *cents*. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality* and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade.* Also half pound package of this FINE TOBACCO, full weight, (carefully put up,) sent by Mail, FREE, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* promptly filled.
OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

SOMETHING NEW
IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and two red stamps, and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Ongunent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.
These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.
The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.
Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.
The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.
The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.
The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.
"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.
In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.
Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.
All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.
Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.
TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $15, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.
Address, A. MORTON,
No. **25** Maiden Lane, New York.



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Our New Pocket Album,

holding sixteen pictures, and sold at

Seventy-five Cents,

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Sent by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five Cents.

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FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.



Opera and Field-Glasses
Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. B. H. HORN, Optician, 212 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., up stairs.
Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular.

Brandreth's Pills

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

It is not pretended that a single life, or even an extended experience of one hundred and twelve years with a medicine, however successful, is sufficient to establish a theory of cure. But if ages of experience since, and during the life of Hippocrates, have confirmed the utility of Purging in all cases of sickness, then it saould have weight with the medical profession, as it has with that portion of the public at large, whose attention has been directed to the subject, and who have seen the wonderful curative effects of Brandreth's Pills.
I have now in press, "The Literary Curiosities from the History of The Doctrine of Purgation," being selections from the writings of physicians, beginning with Hippocrates, 400 B. C., and ending with Rudolph Virchow, in 1860.
It will be thus seen that the advantages of Purging, when an innocent and effective agent is used, have been appreciated by more than one thousand medical men whose testimony is now preparing, and within a few weeks will be presented to the public. I think it will settle the propriety of the use of Brandreth's Pills theoretically. Their practical utility has already been tested for
ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE YEARS.

B. T. Babbitt's
Articles of Every-day Use.

68 AND 70

PURE MEDICINAL YEAST,
Manufactured from common Salt and Pure Cream Tartar. When used in Bread, Cake, or Biscuit, it turns to gas (like that from a bottle of Soda Water), and remains dormant in the dough until it is set in the oven, when the heat causes the gas to escape through the dough while baking. The Bread, Cake, or Biscuit is not only very light, but perfectly wholesome. Where this Yeast is used you will require about one-quarter the amount of shortening used with ordinary Yeast. It may also be used for Buckwheat Cakes, Johnny Cakes, and all kinds of Pastry. This Yeast is put up in one-pound and one-half pound cans, with checkered label. *Red, White, and Blue—no other is Genuine—beware of imitations.*

68 AND 70

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP with B. T. Babbitt's Pure Concentrated Potash, Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other Saponifier or ley in market, put up in cans of 1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 6 lbs., and 12 lbs., with full directions, in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

68 AND 70

B. T. Babbitt's Medicinal Saleratus. A perfectly pure and wholesome article, free from all deleterious matter; so prepared that, as the circular accompanying the Saleratus will show, nothing remains in the bread when baked, but common Salt, Water, and Flour.—Put up neatly in papers, 1 lb., ½ lb., and ¼ lb.

68 AND 70

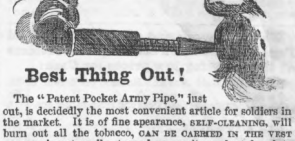
B. T. Babbitt's Concentrated Soft Soap. One box costing One Dollar, will make 40 gallons of handsome Soft Soap, by simply adding boiling water.

68 AND 70

B. T. Babbitt's Soap for Family Use. One pound of this Soap is equal to three pounds of ordinary Family Soap. One pound will make 3 gallons of handsome Soft Soap.—It will remove paint, grease, tar, and stains of all kinds. It will not injure the fabric; on the contrary, it preserves it. It will wash in hard or salt water. But little labor is required where this Soap is used. Machinists and Printers will find this Soap superior to anything in market. If your Storekeeper does not keep the above goods, send $5 by mail, and I will send a package of either article or an assorted box containing a part of each article, as you may direct. Send the name of your post-office, also the State and County in which you reside, with directions for shipping. Address,

B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 *Washington Street, N. Y.*

A liberal discount to Storekeepers.



Best Thing Out!

The "Patent Pocket Army Pipe," just out, is decidedly the most convenient article for soldiers in the market. It is of fine appearance, SELF-CLEANING, will burn out all the tobacco, CAN BE CARRIED IN THE VEST POCKET, is not easily stopped up, as it can be taken into FOUR PARTS immediately. The fire can not be seen, neither can it drop out. By a very ingenious arrangement the smoke is cooled and cleaned before entering the mouth, making it the cleanest, most economical, and delightful smoking pipe in the world. ONE DOZEN SENT FREE ON RECEIPT OF **$2 25.** We also manufacture the famous Magic Tobacco-Boxes, Thermometers, Union Chrystal Cement, Prize Packages, Match safes, &c., and we will send 12 different articles of our choicest styles, nicely packed, free, on receipt of $4 00. *Circulars sent free per mail.* Address in full RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., Box 3191, New York.
P. S. *Money sent in registered letters is at our risk.*

The "Star" No Chimney Burner.



For KEROSENE OIL LAMPS and LANTERNS, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell, and needs no chimney. We are now prepared to supply the increasing demand for this superior Burner, which everywhere gives satisfaction. Sample sent, post-paid for 25 cts. Agents wanted.
P. ESSIG & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 2 Platt Street, New York.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $8500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

MANTILLAS.
BRODIE'S
SPRING OPENING
Took place on
Tuesday, 8th March.
BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions,
Will make an early Spring Opening of
Ladies' Garments.

For novelty of style, for richness of material, and for endless variety of colors, coupled with moderate prices, the ladies of America never had such inducements to call on the

"Leader of Fashions."

No. 300 Canal Street,
Near Broadway.

LATEST INVENTION
IN
GOLD PENS.
JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with an Iridium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest price pen made, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced pens and calling them gold. We know that ours is the only solid gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

Trade Prices by the Dozen.

No. 1. MEDIUM PEN,	$3 50.
No. 2. MEDIUM ENGROSSING PEN,	$3 75.
No. 3. LARGE ENGROSSING PEN,	$4 50.
SILVER MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS IN MOROCCO CASE, EXTRA: PER DOZEN,	$4 00.

A Discount of 10 per cent. made on all orders of $50 and upward.

Sample Pens.

No. 1. MEDIUM PEN,	40 cents.
No. 2. MEDIUM ENGROSSING,	50 cents.
No. 3. LARGE ENGROSSING,	65 cents.
SILVER MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS IN MOROCCO CASE, EXTRA,	50 cents.

Warrantee.

We warrant every pen for one year, and to be solid gold, genuine Iridium or Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.
We send these pens to any address in the United States, postage paid, on receipt of price. Money properly registered and sealed comes at our risk.
GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.
We manufacture four styles of Watches:
The FIRST has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.
The SECOND has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.
The THIRD has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.
All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.
The FOURTH has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.
All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.
It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.
A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
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FURNITURE.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

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Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$115 00 each.
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200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..	18 00 each.
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2000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins.....	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
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5000 Sets of Bosom Studs.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
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5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

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New Cavalry Badge, in Solid Silver, $1 50.
New Artillery and Battery Pin, in fine Gold Plate, $1 50.
New Battle Pin, with the likeness of either General, in fine Gold Plate, $1.
New Naval Pin, fine Gold Plate, $1 50.
New Pontonier's Pin, do., $1 50.
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Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Div., or Co. Pins, with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1.
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USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, AND ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. MITTAM & CO., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y.
INSOLES, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

$100 a Month made by discharged Soldiers, and others, with Stencil Tools. Don't fail to send for a free Catalogue, containing full particulars. Address MILLIKEN & SPENCER, Vermont Record Office, Brandon, Vermont.

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A COMPLETE REVOLUTION.
TIME FOR A CHANGE.
FOREIGN EMBLEMS USED LONG ENOUGH.
NATIONALITY EVERYTHING.
THE AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
conceiving that the introduction of

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in the place of Foreign, in Playing Cards, would be hailed with delight by the people of the American republic, produced the
UNION PLAYING CARDS, NATIONAL EMBLEMS,
(the first and only genuine American Cards ever made), and they now take pleasure in being able to announce that they are rapidly becoming the
LEADING CARDS IN THE AMERICAN MARKET.
The Suits are
EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, AND FLAGS.
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As these emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American republic, all the games can be played as readily with the Union Cards as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Independent of the popular idea of national emblems, they are the prettiest cards ever made. They are handsomely executed, pleasing to the eye, and each pack is put up in an elegant card case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.
For sale by the trade everywhere.
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Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections (free of charge), by sending their address to
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Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition*. *This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.
We also offer to the public our new Plant & Reynolds Cartridge and loose ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon.
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We are now offering our Celebrated Gold Pens and Extension Silver Plated Holders at the following low prices for Cash:

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These Pens and Holders are all warranted, and will retail from $2 to $5 each.
A deduction of 10 per cent. will be made on all sums of $50 and upwards. Our Pens and Holders have nice fancy Cases, containing one dozen each, and are not soldin less quantities. Sent by mail or express pre-paid.
Address SALISBURY BROS. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

BAKER'S RHEUMATIC BALM,
BAKER'S FEVER COOLER,
BAKER'S COUGH MIXTURE,
BAKER'S CROUP ALLEVIATOR,
are four remedies which no family should ever be without. Price $1 per bottle each.
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PRINCIPAL DEPOT: No. 154 Tenth Street, near Fourth Avenue. Sold by the principal Druggists.
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Fine gold hunting case cylinder escapement Watches for ladies, forty, forty-five, fifty to sixty-five dollars each. Fine gold hunting case detached Levers for ladies and gentlemen, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five, seventy-five, one hundred, two, and three hundred dollars each. Gold hunting enameled Watches for ladies, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred to three hundred dollars each, some with diamonds outside. Gold Watches for ladies as low as twenty-eight, thirty, and thirty-five dollars each. Fine gold hunting case English Patent Levers for gentlemen, eighty-five, ninety, one hundred, one hundred and twenty-five, to two hundred dollars each. Gold hunting case American Watches, eighty-five, ninety, one hundred, to one hundred and twenty-five dollars each

SILVER WATCHES.

Silver hunting case Lepine, 16, 18, and $20 00 each. Silver detached Levers, 18, 20, 22, 25, to $35 00 each. Silver English Patent Levers, 35, 40, 45, 50, to $75 00 each. Silver American Watches, 28, 30, 35, 40, to $60 00 each. All Watches warranted to keep correct time, and sent by mail or express to all parts of the United States and Canadas without extra charge. Watches cleaned and repaired in the best manner, by the finest London and Geneva workmen.

EARRINGS AND PINS. NEW STYLES.

Two, three, four, five, six, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty-five, forty, fifty, to seventy-five dollars a set.

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Sleeve Buttons and Studs, New Styles.

One, two, three, four, five, six, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty, to thirty dollars a set.

Ladies Bracelets.

Two, three, four, five, six, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, to seventy-five dollars each.
For sale by GEO. C. ALLEN, 415 Broadway, New York, one door below Canal Street, formerly and for twenty-two years in business in Wall Street.

Gilt Combs. New Styles.

Two, three, five, six, eight, ten, and fifteen dollars each.

Paris Fans. New Styles.

Two, three, four, five, six, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, to thirty dollars each.

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Five, six, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, and thirty dollars each.
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Cavalry Badges.

Annexed is a fac-simile design of our newest style Cavalry Badge. Sent free to any address on receipt of price, with Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved thereon.
Solid Silver.....$3 00
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Solid gold..... 8 00
Solid gold enameled. 9 00
Also new style Artillery Badge, and every style Co. Pin and Corps Badge worn by the Army. Send for our illustrated Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

50 DUETS FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO, 50c. "Bugle Call," 50 Patriotic Songs and Quartettes, 50c. "Tunes of the World," Accordeon, Flute, Violin, or Flageolet, 50c. Italian and Silk Violin Strings, 25c., mailed. Descriptive price list musical instruments sent on receipt of postage stamp. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

New Catalogue of Jewelry
Sent free. Address
THOS. CAFFERTY & CO.,
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We are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Veteran Pins for all the Regiments and Corps now in the field, at $1 50 each. Also all the various Army Badges worn by the different Armies, by the single one, 100, or 1000.
Sent to any part of the country by mail. Send for a circular. Address
DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

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At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

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COLLECTION AND BANKING OFFICE.—SOMES, BROWN & CO., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.



POLLAK & SON,
MEERSCHAUM MANUFACTURERS, 357 BROOME ST., NEAR BOWERY, N. Y., sell wholesale and retail. Will send, free of charge, a genuine Pipe for 6 Dollars. Pipes cut to order and repaired.

Two Dollars made from twenty cts. Call and examine, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20c. Retails for $2, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

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The Convex Reflector Lantern,
(PATENTED APRIL, 1863.)
For burning Coal Oil or Kerosene without Chimney.
GIVES A PURE WHITE LIGHT *without Chimney*.
STANDS QUICK MOTIONS IN ANY DIRECTION.
FLAME IS REGULATED *from the outside*.
IS VERY SUBSTANTIALLY MADE, AND CONVENIENT IN FORM AND SIZE.
Sample sent on receipt of $1.
ARCHER & PANCOAST, Manufacturers of Gas Fixtures, Coal Oil Lamps, Chandeliers, &c., 9, 11 and 13 Mercer Street, New York.
N. B. Liberal discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Circulars with particulars sent free.

New Army Watches.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers, 212 Broadway, New York, want Agents in every county and every regiment, for the sale of their new styles of Watches. Unusually liberal terms are offered to Agents. Send for circular.



WATCHES
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Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their cheapness.—*N. Y. Weekly*, July 23d.
Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.
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The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.
The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!
AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial*, and *fancy cut hands*, in *good running order*, by the half dozen, $72; postage, $2 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case*. Can be safely sent by mail.
☞ TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

ONE CENT.

AS the warm weather approaches prepare to reduce your household expenses by getting

FISH'S KEROSENE LAMP COOKING APPARATUS,

with which you may prepare a meal for FIVE PERSONS at a cost of

One Cent.

Price, from $2 to $6. Also, the

"Union Attachment,"

to be used on a common lamp to heat water, cook food, or support a shade. Price 50 cents. No family can afford to be without one of these articles. For sale at the Lamp and Stove Stores. Trade supplied by WM. D. RUSSELL, Agent, 206 Pearl St., New York. Send for Circulars.

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For Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hip Complaint, Paralyzed Limbs, White Swelling, Neuralgia, Cramp, Spine Disease, Pain in the Breast, side or Loins, &c., &c. The almost magical effect of this remedy has enabled the proprietor to cure not only his thousands, but his tens of thousands within the last 40 years of his practice, and he challenges the world to produce an article of superior merit, as the ingredients combined possess virtues of the highest order. Try it afflicted sufferer. Price $1; 6 bottles $5. Send for circular.
DR. CLINTON KUYPERS,
Office 36 Beekman Street,
New York.

World's Conqueror.

For Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, &c., &c. No sick person need despair while a bottle of this medicine is left. Send for circular and see character of testimonials, and you will be convinced. It has no equal. Price $1; 6 bottles for $5.
DR. CLINTON KUYPERS.
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GENTLEMEN OPPOSED TO THE SOLDIERS' VOTING.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. "I'll tell yer what it is, Old Feller! New York is gittin' about played out. On'y last July you and me got a hundred fellers in this 'ere room to lamm the sogers; and we done it. Don't you rek'ect how we smashed O'Brien's head? An' now where are they? Some on 'em's in prison; an' some keep shady; an' half of the rest of the crowd has turned patriotic, an' gone an' voted to let the sogers vote! I tell yer, 4, 11, 44, an' bad whisky is 'bout played out; an' you'n me had better make tracks."

SECOND GENTLEMAN. "Yaas, I think so too."

FISK & HATCH

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

Watches Given Away.

Agents and Dealers look at the *Great Chance to make Money* we offer, by engaging in the sale of our NEW NOVELTY STATIONERY PRIZE PACKET. Only $15 capital required to obtain a WATCH, FREE, with first order. We also offer SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. $10 invested will yield $50. Never before such inducements were offered.

Full particulars in Circulars, mailed free.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, N. Y.,
The Oldest Established Prize Package House in the U. S.



Putnam Clothes-Wringer.

TESTIMONY OF MESSRS. JNO. W. WHEELER, of Cleveland, Ohio, and John C. Lefferts, of New York. PUTNAM MFG. CO.:

GENTLEMEN: I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized with zinc will not oxidize and rust one particle. I can safely say, after several years experience in the manufacture of chain, for chain-pump and water-drawers, in which I have tested the affinity of iron and zinc, that, if the process is conducted properly, it is a perfect weld of the two.

Nearly one year ago my family commenced using one of your Wringers. It now performs all of its functions as well as it did the first time it was used, and has become an indispensable article with us. I have closely observed several other kinds of clothes-wringers, the modus operandi being different, trying to produce the same results as the Putnam Wringer, but in my judgment they have failed. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use.

Respectfully yours, JOHN W. WHEELER.

Many years' experience in the galvanizing business enables me to indorse the above statement in all particulars.

JOHN C. LEFFERTS, No. 100 Beekman Street.

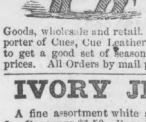
New York, January, 1864.

Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town.

No. 2, $5 50; No. 1, $5 00; No. A, $3.

Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by

The Putnam Manufacturing Co.,
No. 13 Platt Street, N. Y., and Cleveland, Ohio.
S. C. NORTHROP, Agent.



F. GROTE, Manufacturer of Ivory Goods, 78 Fulton St., New York, cor. Gold. Billiard, Bagatelle, Pool Balls, Ten Pin Balls and Pins, Checks in great variety, Martingale and Napkin Rings, and all other kind of Ivory Goods, wholesale and retail. Also Manufacturer and Importer of Cues, Cue Leather, Chalk, &c. The only place to get a good set of Seasoned Billiard Balls at reduced prices. All Orders by mail promptly attended to.

IVORY JEWELRY.

A fine assortment white and imitation of CORAL and JET BROOCHES $1 50. BALL EARRINGS, $1 50 pair. IVORY INITIAL BUTTONS, 75c. pair. New Patterns Pearl $1 00 pair. Sent free on receipt of the price. For sale at WELLING'S, 707 Centre St., N. Y., Sign of the GOLDEN ELEPHANT.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For Indigestion, Heartburn, &c., manufactured only by S. G. WELLING, and sold by druggists generally. 50 cents per box. Depot No. 707 Centre St., New York, second floor. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

A Bad Breath.—*The Greatest Curse the human* family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted. The subject is so delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentrifice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 105 and 107 Chambers Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send $1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Choker," to C. H. WELLING, 94 Pine Street, N. Y., and receive it by return mail.

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Prepared by Carreno Brothers & Co.

This celebrated and unparalleled medicine, composed only of salutiferous and purifying vegetables, has been for many years past the great popular remedy of South America, and is an infallible remedy for the speedy cure of phthisis, croups, and all other diseases of the chest and throat; affections resulting from falls, blows, or bruises, however severe; hemorrhages, wounds, contusions, ulcers, felons, burns, piles, headache, toothache, and other diseases. (See Directions around the bottles.)

Ever since this valuable medicine has been introduced in this country, its internal and external use has never failed to produce the most wonderfully successful results.

Heads of families are advised to keep always this Balsam by them, in order to use it in time in cases of wounds, hemorrhages, burns, bruises, &c.; also those who are devoted to such occupations as expose them to danger, or require the use of instruments wherewith they may be injured in any way. For valuable testimonial letters, see the Tribune and the Courrier des Etats-Unis.

Price of bottles, 37 cts. and $1.

General Depot at WM. E. SIBELLS, No. 7 Nassau St., near Wall, New York. Retailed at the drug stores generally in NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

[A CARD.]

TO PHYSICIANS AND INVALIDS.

The Rev. CHARLES E. KING, formerly Secretary to the London Evangelical Alliance, and recently connected, as resident Minister and Physician, with the Venezuelan Mission, will send **Free of Cost** the **Prescription** with which he successfully treated, while in charge of the large Mission Hospital, *upward of one hundred cases of* **CONSUMPTION** *in the first, second and third stages.*

The remedy is equally adapted to the treatment of **Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis,** and all affections of the **Lungs, Throat,** and **Air-Passages**: while it speedily invigorates the enfeebled NERVOUS SYSTEM, and energizes the deranged functions of the **Stomach, Liver,** and **Bowels.** Address, with stamp,

Rev. CHARLES E. KING,
Station D, Bible House, N. Y.

P. S.—I wish publicly to acknowledge the generosity of those publishers who, from a sense of humanity, have given this advertisement *gratuitous insertion.* Religious papers are earnestly requested to copy.

P. S.—RELIGIOUS PAPERS ARE EARNESTLY REQUESTED TO COPY.

Lands. To all Wanting Farms.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and fifty acre tracts, at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for MANUFACTURERS and others, churches, schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robertson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—It is one of the most extensive fruit tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for thorough farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.

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The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office,

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
39th Illinois Volunteers,
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., November 26, 1863.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address

Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA.,
January 7, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I want to try them, as Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me the worth of the enclosed.

Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, Tennessee,
December 26, 1863.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and seek cure.

Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER,
Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.,
January 12, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find 50 cents; for which I wish you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 10 cents for postage.

Address, ISHAEL C. HALL,
Co. D, 4th N. H. Vols.,
Port Royal, S. C.

CAMP OF 5TH EXCELSIOR BRIGADE,
January 22, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

SIR: Please send me for the enclosed 50 cents the worth of it in Pills; enclosed find 15 cents to pay postage, and you will oblige. Address,

Yours, &c.,
Sergt. WM. POWERS,
Co. E, 5th Regt. Excelsior Brigade,
Washington, D. C.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.,
January 21, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills.

Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM CHRISTY,
Co. D, 104th Regt. Penn. Vols.,
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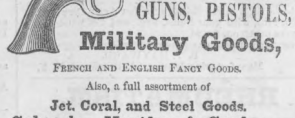
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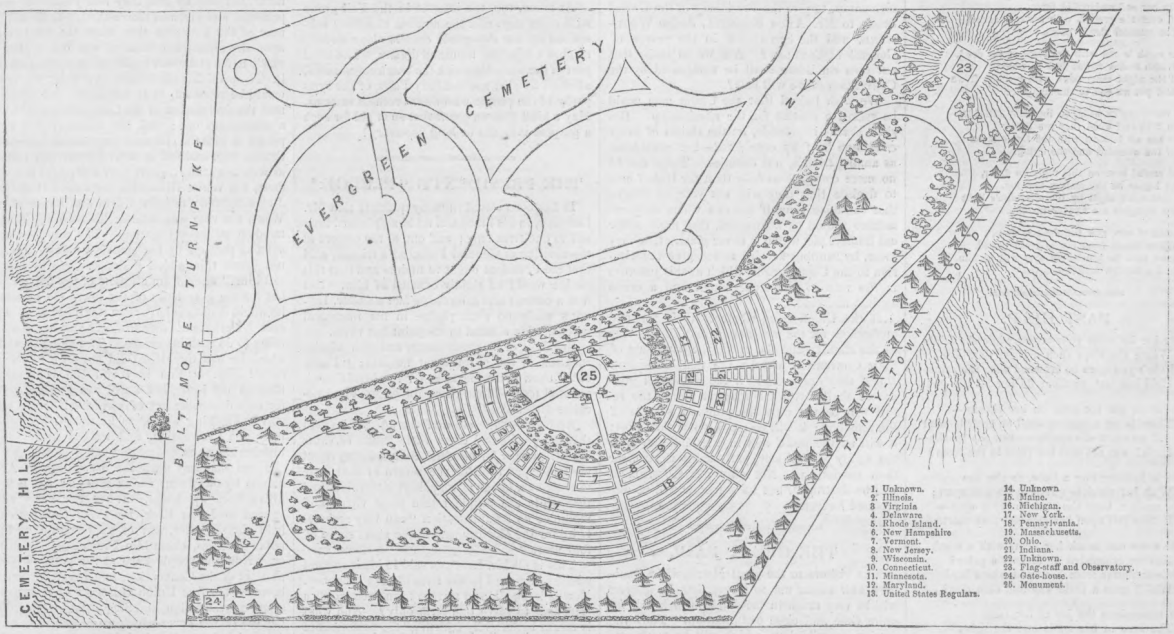
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 214.]



GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 214.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY E. DAVIES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

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BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

THE night was dark, and the fire-fly's spark
Glowed red in the reeds by the river,
And the fitful breeze in the weird pine-trees
Made their dusky branches shiver.

By the ruddy light of our camp-fires bright,
Which blazed in the trench before us,
We sat and sang till the wild woods rang
With the echo of our chorus.

Beyond the stream we could see the gleam
Of the fires that the foe had lighted,
And here and there in the flickering glare
Their forms we dimly sighted.

The night wind sighed as our chorus died,
And we thought of the coming morrow,
When the morn should wake, and the gray dawn break,
With its awful weight of sorrow.

* * * * * * *

I sit to-night by the camp-fire's light,
While the dismal rain is falling,
And in my breast beats a heart oppressed
By a sense of gloom appalling.

The river flows, and the firelight glows
On our sad and pallid faces,
And over the ground, with a weary sound,
The sentinel slowly paces.

The earth is red with the blood of the dead,
Which to-day flowed free as water,
Till the night came down with a sullen frown
And put an end to the slaughter.

By the turnpike wide, on the steep hill-side,
In field and wood they are lying;
And the air is sown with the feeble moan
Of the wounded and the dying.

And seated here on this night so drear,
As I gaze on the embers burning,
To that other night by the camp-fire's light
My thoughts are forever turning.

I think of one, now the fight is done,
Whom death from my side has parted,
I know that for him sweet eyes will be dim,
And a maiden broken-hearted.

PAST HELP.

LET her lie upon your breast while she faints,
Where she slept such a short time ago.
O! she's young to be crowned with the saints:
Hold her fast, mother; do not let her go!

The roses are not dead on her cheeks—
There is but a passing chill on their bloom;
It will go when she smiles—when she speaks—
Hush! was not that her voice in the room?

She is looking like a babe, as she lies
With her ringlets swept aside and apart;
Ah, mother, keep the tears in your eyes—
If they fall upon her face she may start.

Did some one break her heart with a word,
Having grasped it at first as a prize?
Did she flutter from his hand like a bird,
Which goes a little way and then dies?

He remembers the joy of her face,
The love in her smile and the light,
When, shrinking, she met his embrace—
Bring him here; let him look at her to-night!

O! first came the wonder and the doubt,
And the pale hope fading day by day;
So wistfully she wandered about,
Like a lost child asking its way.

And then came the silence and despair,
And the sighing after wings like a dove,
And the proud heart bleeding into prayer,
But hiding all its wounds from our love.

It is over, and the tale is all told,
And the white lamb lies dead in the frost:
We may cover up its limbs from the cold,
But we can not find a life that is lost.

Yet we thought that she moved; but her cheek
Was but stirred by the breast where it lay
Heaving a little, while we speak,
With the mute sobs forcing their way.

Let them come, poor mother! let them come;
You must turn, when your tears are all done,
To a blank in the sweet talk at home,
And a name on a little gray stone.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

UNION.

GENERAL FRÉMONT has been formally presented as a Union candidate for the Presidency, upon a platform which describes him as "the true representative of the instincts of the hour," and characterizes the policy of the Administration as "irresolute and feeble." The resolutions of the meeting declare that FRÉMONT is nominated as its candidate, but no reference was made to the action of a National Convention.

Mr. GREELEY, who was present, corrected this omission in his remarks. He did not say for whose nomination he should work, except so far as his adherence to the one-term tenure implied that it would not be for Mr. LINCOLN. But he said frankly that he intended to give his enthusiastic and hearty support to the candidate of the Convention. That was an honorable and timely assertion.

With him we are the friends of all the gentlemen named for the Union candidacy. But we have a preference among them, which does not in the least involve our personal respect and regard for them. We are very profoundly convinced that it is better for the good cause that Mr. LINCOLN be retained. But should the people in their Convention decide otherwise, we shall, with all loyal men, acquiesce.

All that we ask of those who favor General FRÉMONT, or General BUTLER, or General GRANT, or any other candidate, is that they shall openly declare their submission to the final verdict of the people in that Convention; and we complain that many of the friends of General FRÉMONT present his name as a candidate in any case, and that they wage war upon an Administration which they helped to bring into power, and which has carried out their own general policy—not always, indeed, in the precise way nor exactly as fast as they wished—with a ferocity which no Copperhead surpasses. They speak of Mr. LINCOLN very much as they spoke of Mr. BUCHANAN. Is such conduct fair, or is it wise? Does any sane Union man propose, by an exasperating quarrel in our own camp, to give the Presidency of the United States to Mr. AMOS KENDALL, Judge WOODWARD, and the SEYMOURS, in the person of General M'CLELLAN? Are we to insist that our own candidate shall be nominated by the Convention or we will bolt?

We wish indeed that the Union men could be spared a contest for the nomination. But since that is impossible, let the claims of every candidate be fully considered—but considered as among friends, not enemies. There can be no more conspicuous folly than for Union men to declare that they will not vote for this or that candidate; for if the one whom they renounce should be nominated, they must either eat humble pie, which is never pleasant, or they must, by running a third ticket, give the election to the Copperheads, which at this juncture is the ruin of the Government and a crime against mankind.

If the Union men, whatever their personal preferences for the nomination may be, are true to the country and the cause, the candidate of their Convention will be the next President. But if they are untrue—if the conflict of preference shall throw them out of power, the result will be not only the practical success of the rebellion; it will be much worse than that; it will be the proof that in a republic, even in the agony of civil war, party-spirit is stronger than patriotism. Not only our Government will be destroyed, but its principle will be discredited forever.

THE GREAT FAIR.

THE visitors to the great Metropolitan Sanitary Fair ought not to forget that its interest will be very much in the details, which will require time and close examination. Thus the foreign contributions, which will be many, are often of this kind, and they are already beginning to arrive. Indeed the foreign interest in the Fair is very marked and active. In Liverpool a meeting has been held for the purpose of organizing the details of collecting and forwarding. From Paris forty-four cases of paintings and various fancy articles have just been received. Mr. JAMES PHALEN sends a copy of a true portrait of OLIVER CROMWELL. From Frankfort-on-the-Main Germany sends money and boxes of books.

From Switzerland also considerable contributions are promised. In the Consular district of Zurich the money subscriptions have already reached the sum of four thousand francs, and were still pouring in at the last accounts. The monks of Einsiedeln have sent two large and superb volumes of the choicest engravings. Mrs. MARY GESSNER FASI, the grand-daughter of LAVATER, has given one of her grandfather's manuscript sermons in LAVATER'S own handwriting. The sermon was preached in Zurich, November, 1782, and closes with a short original hymn. The sermon has never been published. Mr. FASI GESSNER has contributed some original water-colored flower pictures; and several authors have given copies of their works. Many of the ladies of Zurich are still at work preparing fancy articles for the Fair. Among the minor gifts received by the Zurich Committee is a bead purse from a little girl who has a brother in the Union army, and whose young heart, no doubt, has found a deep joy in contributing her mite to the great Fund out of which her absent brother, and all absent brothers, are cared for and relieved in the sad days of hospital and camp suffering.

Italy organizes by a meeting in Rome, at which Rev. Dr. M'CLINTOCK, who from the beginning has done the good cause such valuable service in Europe, made an eloquent address. Two thousand scudi, or dollars, were subscribed for the Roman table at the Fair, which will be under the superintendence of Mrs. BLATCHFORD, wife of our late Minister to Rome. The money will be expended in characteristic Roman articles. Mr. TILTON, the painter, gives his picture of Torcello, near Venice. Mr. IVES, the sculptor, gives his bust of Secretary SEWARD at cost price to the Committee; and other sculptors are forwarding their gifts.

Among the foreign contributions we notice especially a noble one of coffee from Costa Rica, the most flourishing of all the States of Central America.

The "Old Curiosity Shop" will contain not a few interesting things, prominent among which will be a small collection of some relics from the Sir JOHN FRANKLIN expedition, exhibited by Captain PARKER SNOW, himself an Arctic explorer. They are mostly taken from the boat found on the west coast of King William's Island in May, 1859. In the boat were two skeletons. One was found with the head leaning upon the hand, and in the hand a prayer-book open to the service for the burial of the dead at sea. The stained pages of that service are in this collection. There are also a rusty razor, a bit of Windsor soap, shreds of cloth and buttons, parts of a stocking, a knot of rope, an Esquimaux pipe, etc. They are all very small, and the collection is in a case which can be easily lifted. There is also some sugar in a glass vial from the "Jury" beach stores, left in 1825, and some sugar as packed for the sledges of traveling parties. A profoundly sad interest invests all of them.

At home, too, the interest in the Fair grows with every day, and the amount of money subscribed by the dry-goods dealers alone already reaches a hundred thousand dollars. The third year of the war opens with the magnificent proof, afforded by all these Sanitary Fairs, of the sympathy of the people with their brothers in arms. May a kind Heaven grant that such aid for such a purpose may not be long necessary!

THE PRESIDENT'S "PLEDGE."

IT has been stated in many quarters that Mr. LINCOLN, in his inaugural address, pledged himself to one term only; and one of the orators at the meeting of General FRÉMONT'S friends, said that the President ought to understand that this pledge would be rigidly exacted of him. But it is a curious and interesting fact that Mr. LINCOLN made no such pledge in his inaugural speech. He alluded to the point but twice.

Speaking of his predecessors and their administration of the government he said: "I now enter upon the same task, for the brief Constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulties."

And toward the close of the address he said that the people had given their public servants but little power for mischief, and had with equal wisdom "provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals;" and that while the people retain their virtue and vigilance no administration "can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years."

This is all Mr. LINCOLN said in his inaugural address in regard to the term of the Presidency. How is it possible to torture from such words a "pledge" to serve one term only? And what is meant by "rigidly exacting" the performance of his pledge?

MR. AMOS KENDALL.

ON the 29th July, 1835, a mob broke into the Post-office in Charleston, South Carolina, and destroyed some anti-slavery publications which they found in the mails. Mr. AMOS KENDALL, Postmaster-General, was asked by the Post-officers in Charleston for instructions. He replied that he "had no legal authority to exclude newspapers from the mail, nor to prohibit their carriage or delivery on account of their character or tendency, real or supposed." We should rather think he had not. "BUT," says this faithful tool of Despotism, "I am not prepared to direct you to forward or deliver the papers of which you speak!" In other words, I have no authority to rob the mails, but I authorize you to rob them. And why? What is the reason which this present stickler for Constitutional rights alleges for the crime at which he winks? "We owe an obligation to the laws," says the Presidential sponsor of General M'CLELLAN, "but a *higher* one to the communities in which we live; and if the former be permitted to destroy the latter, it is patriotism to disregard them." In those dark days the higher law might be invoked to help slavery, but when it was called to aid liberty it was an infamy, and Mr. AMOS KENDALL and his kind held up pious hands of horror.

To secure the unquestioned domination of slavery in this country, by destroying the very cardinal principle of our Government, the right of free debate, Mr. AMOS KENDALL connived at the robbery of the United States mails. That is his sole claim to the remembrance of the American people. And when that despotism, strengthened by the acts of Mr. KENDALL and his associates, springs at the throat of the nation, and the Government in struggling for its life uses its war powers more gently and generously than any Government ever before used them, Mr. AMOS KENDALL cries out—Heaven save the mark!—against violations of personal right, and hopes we shall be very "kind" to his old masters, who are stabbing the Government whose powers he prostituted and whose name he disgraced.

This is the man who offers General M'CLELLAN to the people of this country as a candidate for the Presidency, and General M'CLELLAN must not complain if he is judged by his sponsors and his correspondents. The man whom AMOS KENDALL nominates, and who wrote a letter in favor of the election of Judge WOODWARD in Pennsylvania, can not be the chief magistrate of a people fighting for their lives and liberties against a despotism which AMOS KENDALL and Judge WOODWARD have always faithfully served.

GOVERNOR ISAAC MURPHY, OF ARKANSAS.

THE case of ISAAC MURPHY, who, by the verdict of the people, is now Governor of Arkansas, affords another illustration of the maxim that time brings its rewards as well as its revenges. No man's course has in it more of romantic interest than his. In the State Convention which voted Arkansas out of the Union Mr. MURPHY'S voice was the only voice raised boldly in denunciation of the final and decisive vote. Others had opposed secession down to that critical moment, but one by one they had yielded to the pressure, and given in their adhesion to the madness of the hour; so that when the final vote upon the secession ordinance was called MURPHY'S name alone was registered in opposition to it. The presiding officer announced that the vote would be repeated, as it was hoped and desired that the declaration of the Convention might be a unanimous one; and Mr. MURPHY was appealed to with the strongest persuasions to desert the old flag, and fall in with the current. But as well might the traitors have attempted to beat down the White Hills with persuasive rhetoric. Judge MURPHY remained firm and immovable. When the vote was retaken his voice again uttered an indignant negative. The conspirators, shamed perhaps by his steadfast loyalty, could not brook this added defiance. "Kill him! kill him!" came from all parts of the hall; and but for the gray hairs of the brave old patriot, he would doubtless have been sacrificed upon the spot. Perhaps his own firmness also had something to do with his escape. The violence with which he was threatened did not for a moment appall him. "You may run the cold steel through my heart, but I will never, never vote for any damnable act of secession!" were his still unflinching words, as he turned his back upon the Convention, and walked away with unfaltering steps.

From that day until the occupation of Arkansas by our forces Judge MURPHY was a fugitive from his home. When our army advanced to Little Rock, the State Convention, held shortly after, out of appreciation of his noble qualities, chose him Provisional Governor. Now the people have at the polls ratified that act of the Convention, and ISAAC MURPHY becomes the first Union Governor of Arkansas after her restoration, and the purging away from her life of the curse which was corrupting and destroying her. So, doubtless, out of the tribulations and distresses of these times, some just compensation shall flow for all who suffer for the nation's sake!

PRIVATE EXTRAVAGANCE.

WE hope that Congress will very seriously revise the Revenue Act, and by a more direct, copious, and skillful taxation compel private economy. Let us have the money for the Government and the war that is now paid for French wines and foreign silks. We need money more than ever, and we are wasting it beyond precedent. The extravagance of living is a menacing sign of the times. The war is proving us all. It is trying our quality. If we are not individually brave enough to retrench, we are not collectively heroic enough to endure the war and fight it to the end. The masses of the rebel States, the deluded and betrayed men who are struggling against their own liberties and interests, are yet tough enough to submit to extreme privation. Their women and children share the sacrifice. If the fight is more earnest and real to them than to us they will surely win. And if we idly squander the money, without which the war can not continue, what right have we to suppose ourselves equal to the task we have undertaken?

Let every man and woman take home the appeal. In the thousand nameless expenses of every day let the check be applied. Every thing costs immensely more than it did, and the national expenses are infinitely increased, and yet there is really no more money than there was. Let us bear these facts in mind; hold it to be a duty to waste as little money as we can, and the day of settlement will not be a day to be dreaded.

PARSEE GENEROSITY.

SOME two or three years ago two Parsee merchants came to this country and traveled leisurely through it as far as the Mississippi River, carefully informing themselves of our character and condition. They were very accomplished and interesting men, and preserved in all its purity the Parsee devotion to their land and faith. Temperate, truthful, and charitable, the Parsees are also among the most peaceful of men; and the agreeable impression made by these two merchants has been lately deepened by an evidence of their interest and sympathy in our country and its struggles.

Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, of Baring Brothers & Co., London, writes to his brother, Mr. H. P. STURGIS, of Boston, that five of the Parsee firms in London have contributed five hundred pounds sterling "for the support," as Mr. M. H. CAMA, one of the Parsee bankers, put it, "of the poor negroes who are emancipated in America from bondage by the be-

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nign Government of the United States of America." In accordance with the generous intention Mr. H. P. STURGIS has paid $1312.96 each to GOVERNOR ANDREW, STEPHEN COLWELL, and F. G. SHAW, Esquires, respectively Presidents of the Boston, Philadelphia, and New York Freedmen's Relief Associations.

It is one of the pleasant incidents of the time; for the Parsees, although the shrewdest and most successful merchants of the East, are still exiles for centuries from their native land of Persia on account of their religion. They know by sad traditional experience the bitterness of all kinds of persecution, and their charity in America instinctively turns to the most hapless and persecuted people among us.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March* 16. Mr. Howard offered a resolution, which was agreed to, directing the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of authorizing associations organized under the National Currency act to enter into contracts, to take and receive interest on loans and discounts.—Mr. Foster introduced a bill concerning the disposition of convicts in the courts of the United States, for the subsisting of persons confined in jail charged with violating the laws of the United States, and for diminishing the expenses in relation thereto. The bill authorizes contracts to be made for the labor of all convicts of this class. —Mr. Howard introduced a bill to organize the Invalid Corps of the army on an infantry basis, the corps to consist of four brigades of six regiments each, made up of men in the military service who are unfit for active duty, and of such soldiers as have been honorably discharged, or choose to enlist in it.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill in relation to deserters from the military service, disqualifying all deserters who are beyond the limits of the United States for voting or holding office, but authorizing the President to issue a proclamation of amnesty dependent on their return to the service, with no punishment but loss of pay during their absence, or their re-enlistment in new regiments; deserters hereafter, however, are to be deprived of the rights of citizenship.—The Consular Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.—Mr. Sumner moved to amend the bill to incorporate the Metropolitan Railroad Company of the District of Columbia by inserting a provision that there shall be no exclusion from any car on account of color, upon which debate ensued without any final result. ——*March* 17. A bill to carry into effect the convention of Ecuador was reported.—The bill to provide for the summary trial of minor offenses was passed.—The bill to incorporate the Metropolitan Railroad Company of the District of Columbia was taken up and discussed at some length, Messrs. Johnson, Saulsbury, and Doolittle opposing Mr. Sumner's amendment, that no person shall be excluded from the cars of the road on account of color. Finally the amendment was agreed to, and the bill passed.—The bill defining the pay and emoluments of chaplains, after the adoption of an amendment allowing them pay when absent on leave, or on account of disability from service, or in prison, was passed.——*March* 18. The House bill to provide for carrying the mails to foreign ports, and for other purposes, was passed.—The bill to promote enlistments was taken up, and debate ensued on Mr. Wilson's amendment providing for the freedom of the wife and children of each slave recruit. Mr. Wilson thought it was just that protection should be afforded to the families of all negroes who may enlist. Mr. Wilkinson moved to strike out the second section, authorizing commissioners to award to loyal owners of the wives and children or enlisted slaves a just compensation. He did not want the Government to become the purchaser of slaves, or to go too far in acknowledging property in slaves. Messrs. Lane, Brown, and Grimes favored the bill, which, after further debate, involving the whole question of the propriety of compensating owners for slaves, who, should the Constitution be amended, will be free without such purchase, was postponed for future consideration.——*March* 21. A report was presented from the Secretary of War communicating information in reference to the orders of Provost Marshals in Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland concerning elections in those States.—Mr. Lane introduced a bill to amend the act for a grant of land to Kansas in aid of the construction of certain railroads and telegraphs.—The bill to promote enlistments in the army, and for other purposes, was taken up. Mr. Wilson withdrew that part of his amendment giving compensation to loyal owners for slaves who may enlist. Mr. Davis offered an amendment providing that the United States District Courts shall appoint three commissioners to make a just valuation to be awarded to loyal owners for slaves set free under the bill. He spoke at length on the amendment. Mr. Wilkinson argued in favor of freeing and employing all the slaves that can be mustered into our armies.——*March* 22. The Senate bill amending an act relative to foreign coins, and the coinage of cents at the United States Mint, was passed. The bill provides that the standard weight of a cent shall be 48 grains, or 4-100 of an ounce Troy, and shall be composed of 95 per centum of copper and 5 per centum of tin and zinc, and that there shall be from time to time coined two-cent pieces, of the same composition, weighing 96 grains. The bill makes one-cent pieces legal tender to the amount of 10 cents, and two-cent pieces to the amount of 20 cents.—Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the final settlement of the claims of the Puget Sound and Hudson's Bay Agricultural Companies.—A resolution was adopted calling for information as to the number and treatment of nine-months' men.—Mr. McDougall offered a joint resolution declaring against the interference of France in Mexico.—A bill was referred for the increase of the Marine Corps.—A bill was reported to prohibit traffic in slaves between the States, and the transportation of slaves in any way by land or sea, under the authority of the United States flag.—The bill to promote enlistments was taken up, and Mr. Willey spoke at length in opposition to Mr. Wilson's amendments.

HOUSE.—*March* 16. The House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Post-office Appropriation bill, appropriating $640,000 for the payment of letter-carriers, and $1,500,000 to meet any deficiency which may exist in the Post-office revenue.—The consideration of the Gold bill was resumed. Mr. Hulburd's amendment providing that the obligation to create the Sinking Fund according to the act of February, 1862, shall not be impaired by the sale of gold, was agreed to. Mr. Higby opposed the bill on the ground that it proposed to enable the Government to gamble in gold, which he held to be undignified and discreditable. Mr. Kelley favored the measure as calculated to restrain speculation. Mr. Cox also favored the bill, stating that on the 1st of January next the Government will have $50,000,000 in gold on hand, and have a surplus of which we could make disposition. The previous question was ordered, and the bill was passed, 83 against 57.—The bill to drop from the rolls any unemployed general officers was taken up. Mr. Cox offered a proviso that "whenever any officer comprehended in this act demands a Board of Inquiry, and shall be willing to serve, such Board shall be convened, and if said Board shall find him competent to command in the rank in which he is entitled, he shall be at once restored to active service, with full pay; and, provided further, that all officers who have received the thanks of Congress during the present war shall be exempt from the operation of this act." Mr. Cox supported this amendment at some length, insisting that it would be rank injustice to General McClellan and other officers to dismiss them as originally proposed. In the course of his remarks, referring to the report that General McClellan had an interview with General Lee after the battle of Antietam, Mr. Cox said McClellan had not seen Lee since 1855. Mr. Farnsworth said the bill was not aimed at any particular general officer. It was simply designed to drop a "large number of Major and Brigadier Generals and their staffs who were drawing pay" without performing service—a proposition which seemed to him entirely just, in view of the vast legislative expenditures of the Government. Mr. Kernan opposed the bill as likely, if passed, to produce irritation, and inflict grievous wrong on many of our best officers. Mr. Garfield said that we ought by some means to provide a way for relieving the Treasury, which was paying officers who were rendering no service. Besides, it is simple justice to officers in the field that this bill should pass. The road to promotion should not be blocked up by those who were performing no duties. As to a Board for the examination of those officers, he considered it impracticable, as decisions on their qualifications must depend on many political or personal influence.——*March* 17. Mr. Boyd introduced a bill to complete the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad from Rolla to Springfield, Missouri.—The House postponed for three weeks, on motion of Mr. Ashley, the joint resolution to drop from the army rolls unemployed general officers.—The bill declaring the Camden and Atlantic and Delaware and Raritan Bay railroads a national post route was debated, but no vote reached.—A bill to carry into effect the Convention with Ecuador, for the mutual adjustment of claims, was passed.—The House passed the bills to enable Nevada, Colorado, and Nebraska, to form State Governments preparatory to admission to the Union. On a motion to strike out the section prohibiting slavery in the Colorado bill there were 18 yeas and 87 nays. All these bills require an election of delegates to a Convention, which shall submit a Constitution agreed upon to the people for their ratification or rejection, to be held on the second Tuesday of October. The Constitution shall be republican, and not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States and the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Slavery shall be prohibited therein by an ordinance forever irrevocable without consent of Congress. When the Constitution is submitted to the people, the President is to declare by Proclamation the admission of these States on an equal footing with the original States, each of which is to be entitled to one member of the House, until the next apportionment, and two Senators in the Congress of the United States.—A bill was passed creating the Territory of Montana, to comprise the southeastern portion of Idaho.——*March* 18. Mr. Julian introduced a substitute for the bill extending the principles of the Homestead law to persons in the naval and military service confiscated and forfeited lands. He argued that all such lands should be divided into farms, and settled by emigrants from the loyal States.—Mr. Bennett introduced a bill licensing, under the direction of the Treasury Department and the General Land Office, the working of the gold, silver, and copper mines of the United States.—The Senate bill to facilitate entries by soldiers under the Homestead law of 1862, enabling them to take the oath before a military officer instead of before land officers, etc., was passed.—Mr. Smith made a favorable report on paying Gales & Senton for certain volumes of Congressional Annals and Debates, claimed to be delivered before the resolution authorizing the supply was repealed. The whole subject was tabled, 67 against 55.——*March* 19. The day was occupied in speech-making, Messrs. Arnold, Wilson, and Miller speaking on the state of the country.——*March* 21. A resolution was adopted requiring the Illinois Central Railroad Company, the Burlington and Missouri, and the Missouri and Mississippi Railroad Companies to refund certain moneys paid to them for the transportation of troops, certain public lands having been given to those roads on condition that they would transport the mails and troops without charge.—Mr. Dimmick introduced a bill providing that all bonds, obligations, and underiakings, whether sealed or unsealed, heretofore made, or to be made, to secure the loyalty or good behavior and fidelity to their oath of prisoners of war or paroled prisoners, in order to secure them release, shall be declared valid and binding against the parties making the same and their securities, the penalties to be enforced in any circuit or district court having jurisdiction of the same.—Mr. Eldridge offered a resolution, which was laid over, calling on the President, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State, to furnish the names of all persons arrested and held as prisoners for political or other alleged offenses against the Government.—The Committee on Public Lands was directed to ascertain the best mode of securing to the Government the benefits of the gold-bearing region of the public domain.—The House concurred in the Senate amendment to the West Point Academy bill increasing the pay of cadets to that of midshipmen, namely, $500 per annum. Another amendment was concurred in—that, for one year from the 1st of July next, an additional cadet for each district shall be appointed, as now provided by law.—The House passed the Senate bill giving indemnity to the owners of the French bark *La Manche*, illegally seized by our blockading squadron.—A bill for the education of engineers and naval constructors at the Naval Academy was introduced by Mr. Rice.—A resolution was passed directing the Committee on Invalid Pensions to inquire into the expediency of legislation upon the equalizing of militia and naval pensions.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Army Appropriation bill. Mr. Kernan offered an amendment providing that no part of the money appropriated for army transportation shall be expended for the transportation of civilians employed in the departments of the Government to or from their homes at the public expense. Mr. Kernan stated as a reason for offering the amendment, that he had been informed that thousands had been transported over the railroads to vote at the Pennsylvania elections. This was strongly denied by Messrs. Stevens and Kelley, who called for the proof of the charge. Mr. Kelley said that not a single voter had been sent by the Government into Pennsylvania; the people understood the great issue involved, and themselves rebuked the disloyal party. Mr. Kelley, in the course of his remarks fastened upon Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania, an assertion, made before the consummation of secession, that, if separation did come, he wanted the line to be drawn north of Pennsylvania. The House rejected Mr. Kernan's amendment, and also one by Mr. Dawson, of Pennsylvania, providing that none of the money should be used to move negro troops, until the draft then in force nearly as it was reported.——*March* 22. A bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to stipulate for the release from attachment or other process of property claimed by the United States; in other words, to enable Government to make arrangements to sell property it wants without legal process.—The House passed the Senate bill authorizing the President to negotiate a treaty with certain Indians of Southern Oregon for the acquisition of land, appropriating $20,000.—A bill was passed requiring proof that fishermen have paid duty on foreign salt before they are paid the bounties provided for by law. The object of the bill is to prevent frauds on the Treasury, fishermen having procured salt for the curing of their fish in the British provinces, and then claimed the bounties.—The Anti-Railroad Monopoly bill was taken up, and two of the New Jersey members made speeches in opposition thereto. No vote was taken.—Mr. Winter Davis made a long speech on his bill to secure republican government to the several States in rebellious, and arguing against reconstruction under the Amnesty Proclamation and by martial law.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The week presents no change in the military situation. —On the 17th inst. Lieutenant-General Grant issued an order, dated at Nashville, Tennessee, assuming command of the armies of the United States, with head-quarters in the field, which, until further orders, will be with the Army of the Potomac. General Grant reached Washington a few days subsequently.—All the veteran regiments in Ohio belonging to the Army of the Ohio have been ordered to the Army of the Potomac, which has already been strengthened from other quarters.—Dispatches from Chattanooga represent that the rebels are in large force in front of General Thomas's army, but have made no threatening demonstrations.

From New Orleans we hear that General Banks was about (on the 12th inst.) to move with a considerable force into Western Louisiana. A fleet of Admiral Porter's gunboats had already started for Alexandria. It was expected that formidable works of defense would be encountered by the iron-clads on the Red River. General Lee's cavalry had also left New Orleans. An expedition consisting of three brigades has also started from Vicksburg, probably to co-operate in General Banks's movement.

In Virginia every thing remains quiet, except upon the Peninsula, where the enemy exhibit some signs of activity, as it contemplating a movement against General Butler's forces. General Lee is said to be re-organizing his army for the spring campaign.

TROOPS TO BE RAISED.

The War Department has issued a statement exhibiting the quotas of the several States under the last call for troops. Some of the States have large deficiencies yet to supply. The total number of men still to be raised in the various States is as follows: Maine 6641, New Hampshire 2428, Massachusetts 20,592, Vermont 170, Rhode Island 863, Connecticut 2574, New York 59,230, New Jersey 14,224, Pennsylvania 74,127, Delaware 1676, Maryland 21,720, District of Columbia 4855, West Virginia 3190, Ohio 30,223, Indiana 3063, Michigan 7187, Wisconsin 15,402, Minnesota 5457, Iowa 13,940, Missouri 8007, Kansas 2597, Kentucky 15,472—making a grand total of 321,724.

GOVERNOR BROWN ON THE SITUATION.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, has sent a Message to the Legislature of that State recommending a vigorous "State policy" on all war questions, denouncing the financial action of the rebel Congress as "resembling repudiation and bad faith;" objecting to the secret sessions of that body and the suspension of the *habeas corpus* as mischievous; declaring the new military bill to be unconstitutional, and remarking at length upon the unchristian character of the war. He calls upon the Legislature to rebuke the despotic course of Davis and his Congress, and urges that upon all possible occasions the South should offer peace, "keeping before the Northern people the idea that we are ready to negotiate when they are ready and will recognize our right to self-government and the sovereignty of the States." The Message illustrates most forcibly that the confidence of the rebel leaders in their ability to hold out against the loyal North is rapidly waning.

ELECTION IN ARKANSAS.

The State election in Arkansas resulted in the adoption of a Free State Constitution, and the election of Judge Murphy as Governor, with the rest of the Free State ticket, by an almost unanimous vote. The number of votes registered was about fifteen thousand, and the number polled about ten thousand. Eleven counties gave more votes than the whole number required by the President's proclamation to restore Arkansas in the Union.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

A Committee of the New York Working-men's Democratic Republican Association waited upon the President a few days since, to inform him that their Association had elected him an honorary member. The President received the honor with thanks, and said the Association evidently comprehended that the existing rebellion meant more, and tended to more, than the perpetuation of African slavery; that it was, in fact, a war upon the rights of working people. In concluding, Mr. Lincoln said:

"The most notable feature of the disturbance in your city last summer was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so. The strongest bond of human sympathy outside of the family relation should be one uniting all working people of all nations, tongues, and kindreds; nor should this lead to a war on property or owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable—is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

At the conclusion of the President's remarks he handed a copy of his speech to Mr. Still, the Chairman, who, upon receiving it, said:

"On behalf of the Committee, Mr. President, I thank you, and I will only add, that it is the general desire of the working-men of the United States that the next President of the United States shall be from Springfield, Illinois, and that his name be Abram Lincoln."

For which the President answered, "I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The town of Pilatka, on the St. John's River, Florida, a distance of sixty miles from Jacksonville, has been captured by our forces, and will be fortified and held. A large amount of cotton is stored in that vicinity.

In Mobile, according to the *Register*, a "supper for a dozen persons at a restaurant costs $1000." In Richmond, says the *Examiner*, shad sell at $20 apiece.

An immense amount of supplies is accumulating at Nashville. Two hundred thousand tons will probably be discharged there before the close of the high water season.

Jeff Davis has recommended that Friday, April 8, be observed throughout the rebel domain as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

General Peck has issued an order directing that free-schools for the education of poor white children shall be organized at once in Newbern, North Carolina, and in Washington, Beaufort, and other places, as soon as circumstances will permit.

An order has been issued by General Banks for an election of delegates to a Constitutional Convention in Louisiana, to be held in New Orleans on the 6th of April. There are to be 150 delegates.

Guerrillas have appeared on the Cumberland River, but have been prevented from doing much mischief by the vigilance of our forces.

General Forrest is reported to be organizing for a movement into West Tennessee. He has obtained a large number of horses, and is mounting his infantry. General Grierson's cavalry is watching him.

Rebel reports represent that a large force is at work on the railroads in Mississippi, repairing the damage done by Sherman's raid.

The Richmond *Examiner* is out again in favor of the "black flag" policy. It says the only way to bring the North to terms is to "take no more prisoners"—in other words, to slaughter outright every Union soldier who may fall into their hands.

Adjutant-General Thomas is stationing troops, mostly colored, at the principal points along the lower Mississippi River, to protect the plantations and trade depôts.

Two of the Judges of the Arkansas State Courts under the Confederate rule have voluntarily come forward and taken the oath of allegiance, and a third is on his way to do likewise. Albert Pike also wishes to come in under the Amnesty Proclamation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

DISPATCHES received in Washington from Santillo, February 2, show that the reports circulated by the French, that a conflict had broken out between Governor Vidaurre of New Leon, and the Mexican Government, are untrue. The French had made no advances in that month. On the contrary, they had fallen into deep troubles with the clergy. General Bazaine was at Guadalajara; but he would be obliged to return to the City of Mexico to settle this clerical difficulty, which, it was thought, would require the exile of some of the Bishops. Forays. Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican army, was about to attack Guadalajara with 10,000 men. General Diez was on the eve of attacking Orizaba with 8000 men on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico.

AFFAIRS IN JAPAN.

Letters from Kanagwa, Japan, dated January 4, represent that a grand council of Daimios was to be held at Yeddo, the result of which, it was believed by many, would be the adoption of an enlightened foreign policy. Fresh intestine disturbances had broken out in various parts of the realm, and assassinations, palace-burnings, and minor disorders were the order of the day and night. The Japanese Government has decided to send another embassy to Europe and America to secure the withdrawal of the treaty powers from Yeddo and Kanagwa, and the limitation of foreign trade and intercourse to the ports of Nagasaki and Hakodadi. The embassy was to leave Kanagwa early in February.—A great fire had occurred at Osaca, destroying 30,000 houses and 250 warehouses.

THE RAMS IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, on the 4th ult., Mr. Shaw Lefevre denounced in strong language the fitting out of rebel rams in England. He maintained that the privateers now afloat were British vessels, and it was folly to call them any thing else. He thought that the *Alabama* ought to have been seized, and contended that all such vessels should be prohibited entering British ports, and if they did British cruisers should seize them. The Attorney-General admitted the privateers might be prohibited entering British ports, and said the Government was considering the subject of excluding them. The appeal to the House of Lords in the *Alexandra* case had been entered for hearing.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

The Austrian troops have arrived before Düppel, and an attack was shortly expected. Three Prussian warships were to proceed immediately from the French port of Brest to the north. The people of Copenhagen, at the new election to the Danish Folksthing (House of Representatives), on March 5, declared in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. France as well as England has remonstrated with Prussia against the advance of Prussian troops into Jutland.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

The Archduke and the Archduchess Maximilian were received by the Emperor of France on the 5th of March. They were to remain in Paris only four or five days, and to proceed from there to England. The arrangements for the departure of the Archduke from Trieste were to be completed on March 15. Immediately upon his return to Miramas he was officially to receive the Mexican deputation and a number of Mexican notables, and formally to accept the crown.

EMANCIPATION IN POLAND.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree proclaiming the emancipation of the peasants in Poland. Another decree treats of the organization of the communal administrations on the principle of self-government.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE President has prescribed the necessary regulations for enlisting seamen from the army into the navy, and that the Secretary of War has designated the entire number, not exceeding 12,000, which it is desirable to have at each of the naval stations fixed upon by him as follows: At Cairo, 1000; Boston, 2000; New York, 5000; Philadelphia, 3000; Baltimore, 1000.

Commodore WILKES, who is now tried by court-martial in Washington, is virtually charged with suffering the *Alabama* to escape. The specifications set forth that he detained the *Vanderbilt*, sent to pursue the *Alabama*, contrary to orders, and afterward wrote an insubordinate letter to the Secretary of the Navy in relation to the affair.

An order has been issued from the Army of the Potomac directing that all ladies within the lines shall leave as early as practicable, and that no more passes shall be granted to such visitors.

All efforts to raise the five war vessels sunk at Norfolk have ceased, rumor says, not to be resumed again. The *Cumberland*, which was struck by the *Merrimac*, can not be raised under any circumstances. Three or four of the small vessels have been brought to the surface, but none of the large ones. About $18,000 have been realized from the sale of materials taken from the wrecks.

Our losses at the battle of Olustee, Florida, were as follow:

7th New Hampshire.—Killed, 17; wounded, 67; missing, 127; total, 211.

8th United States (colored).—Killed, 49; wounded, 193; missing, 64; total, 306.

7th Connecticut.—Killed, 6; wounded, 38; missing 27; total, 71.

54th Massachusetts (colored).—Killed, 9; wounded, 65; missing, 5; total, 79.

115th New York.—Killed, 34; wounded, 202; missing, 53; total, 294.

1st North Carolina (colored).—Killed, 28; wounded, 143; missing, 70; total, 241.

46th New York.—Killed, 17; wounded, 155; missing, 47; total, 219.

47th New York.—Killed, 16; wounded, 199; missing, 80; total, 295.

Artillery.—Killed, 16; wounded, 52; missing, 12; total, 80.

1st Massachusetts Cavalry.—Killed, wounded, and missing, 6.

46th Massachusetts (Mounted Infantry).—Killed, wounded, and missing, 32.

Total killed, 202; total wounded, 1142; total missing, 487. Grand total, 1831.

Thirty-two vessels are now ready for sea, but are waiting for crews. The transfer of sailors from the army will, it is supposed, supply the demand.

Lieutenant-Colonel SANDERSON, who was arrested on charges preferred by Colonel STREIGHT, of having disclosed a plot of the prisoners in Libey Prison to escape to the rebel authorities, has been sent to Fort Warren for detention until evidence can be obtained from released Union prisoners.

There are running at large at least 80,000 deserters. The whole number who have deserted since the war began is stated to be 137,107.

It is officially known that the statement that the *Rappahannock* has left Calais and gone to sea is erroneous. She was still detained at Calais on the 27th of February, and her case was under consideration of the French Government.

Admiral DAHLGREN has transferred his flag from the steamer *Harvest Moon* to the steamer *Baltimore* for the purpose of visiting Fortress Monroe to receive the remains of his son, Colonel DAHLGREN, expected to arrive there by flag of truce boat from Richmond.

It is announced that Minister DAYTON has served a written notification upon the French Emperor that if the rebel cruiser *Rappahannock*, now at Calais, is allowed to proceed to sea, the French Government will be held responsible for all the damage she may do to American commerce.

It is understood that General WADSWORTH is to be assigned to the command of a division in the Army of the Potomac.

A letter received at the Indian Office, from St. Louis, says that General SULLY, who is there, states that a large number of Sioux—two hundred and fifty lodges—have come into Fort St. Pierre to lay down their arms.

General GILLMORE'S Chief of Staff, now in Washington with dispatches, states that the City of Charleston is nearly all demolished. But one portion of it is occupied, and that only by troops.

The United States steam-frigate *Powhatan*, Admiral LARDNER commanding, was at Curacoa March 4, to sail for St. Domingo on the 8th.

It is said that General MEADE will retain his position at the head of the Potomac army, and will aid by his counsel and experience the operations of General GRANT.

The Ninth Army Corps (General BURNSIDE'S) has been ordered to rendezvous at Annapolis, Maryland. It is thought it will be sent to North Carolina.

General PRICE has resumed command of the rebel troops in Arkansas, and has issued an address to his army, promising to retrieve their former disasters.

The captured steamer *Chesapeake* has been delivered by the Halifax authorities into the possession of the Federal Navy.

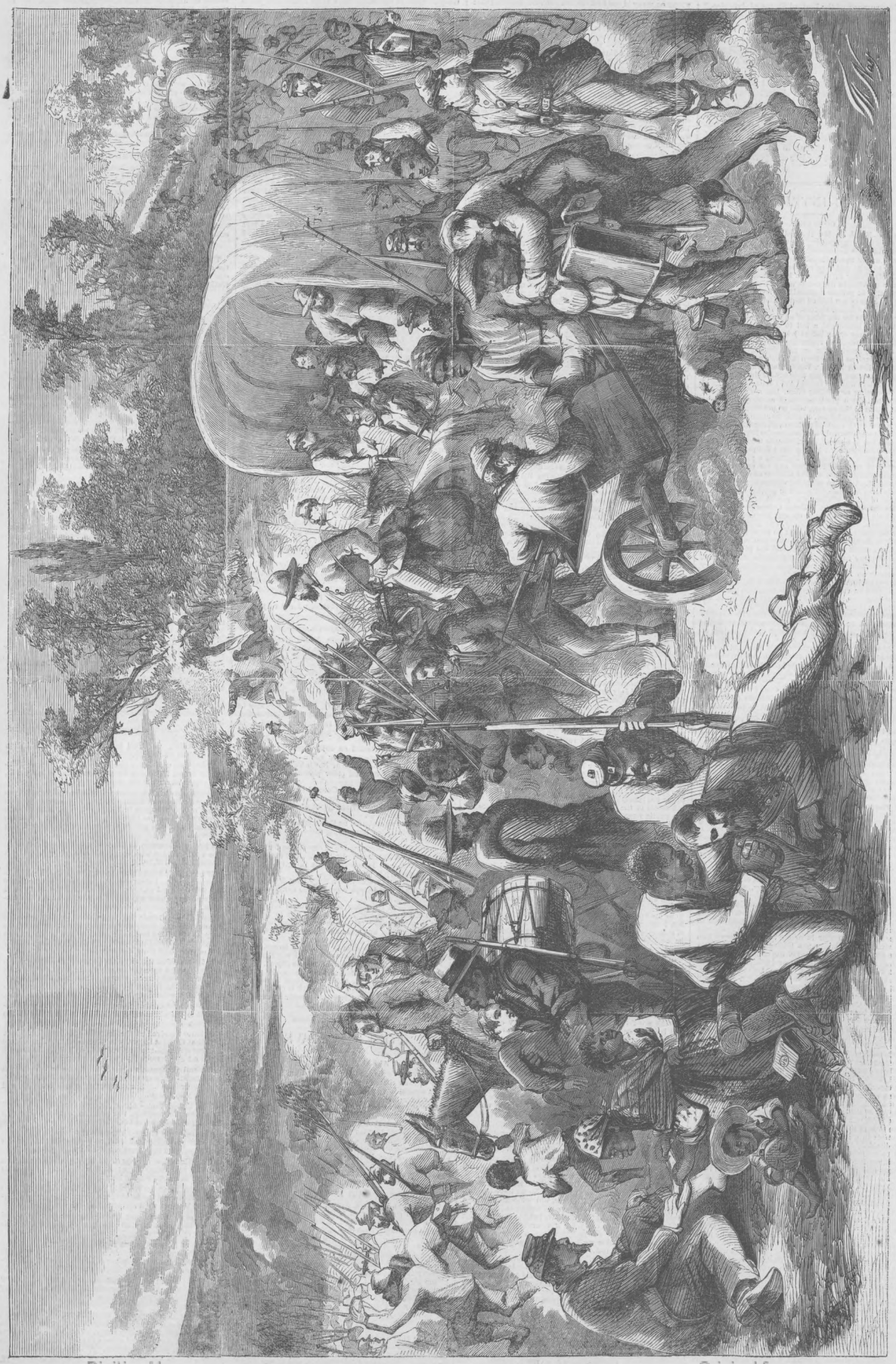
General ROSECRANS has issued an order rescinding all orders by whomsoever made, which prohibit the sale or distribution of any newspaper or periodical within his department.

Major-General GORDON GRANGER is not sick in New York as reported. He is in command of the Fourth Army Corps, head-quarters at Loudon, Tennessee, and is in excellent health.

General Dow arrived in Portland, Maine, on the 23d inst., and was received by the city authorities and a detachment of troops from Camp Berry, by whom he was escorted through the principal streets to his residence. All the church bells pealed a welcome.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Henry H. SIBLEY, of Minnesota, as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S REAR-GUARD.

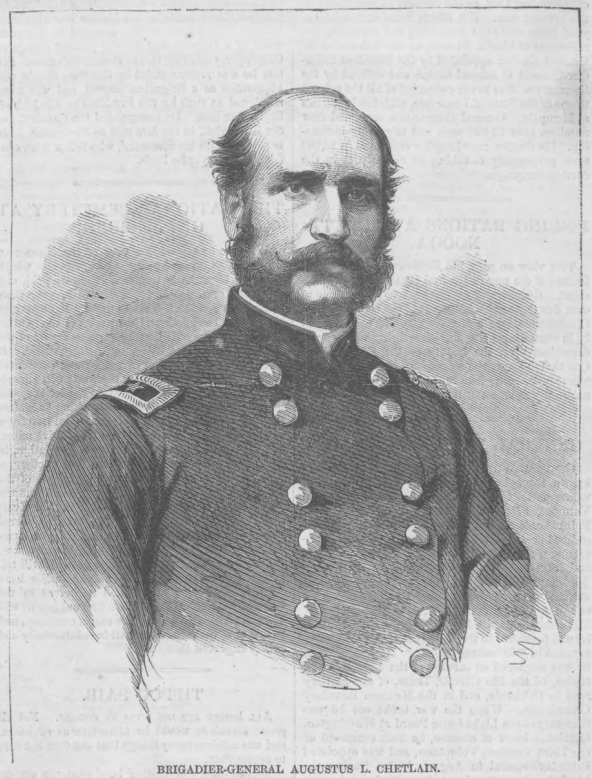
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MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES M'ALISTER SCHOFIELD.

GENERAL JAMES M'ALLISTER SCHOFIELD.

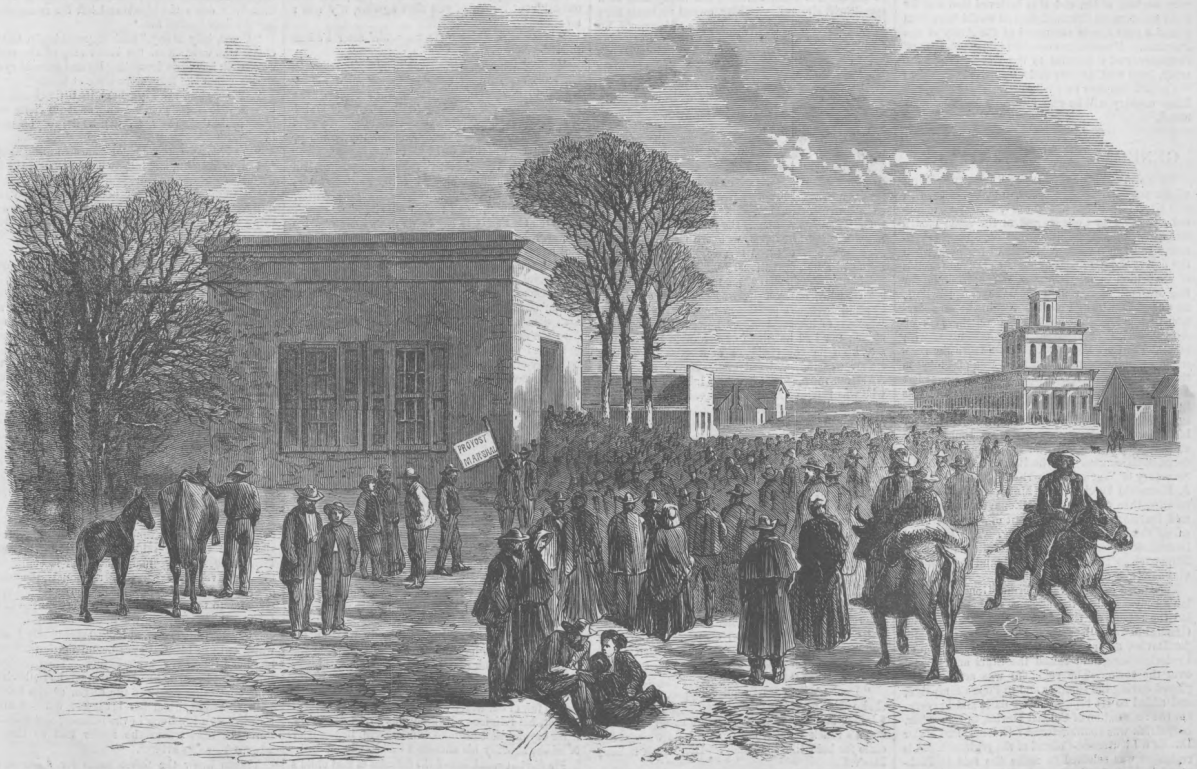
GENERAL JAMES M'ALLISTER SCHOFIELD, whose portrait we give on this page, was born in Chautauque County, New York, in 1831. He graduated at West Point in 1851, and his present rank in the regular army is Captain of Artillery. He has been connected with operations in Missouri from the commencement of the war until a recent date, when he was transferred to the Department of East Tennessee in place of General FOSTER. He was with General LYON at Wilson's Creek, where the latter was killed; commanded the Missouri Department temporarily when General HALLECK took the field in person in the Corinth campaign; commanded the Army of the Frontier, and fought the battle against HINDMAN and other rebel leaders near Boston Mountains, in Arkansas, in the summer of 1862; and subsequently, upon the removal of General CURTIS, was placed in full command of the Department of Missouri. His administration of affairs was not in all respects satisfactory to a large body of the people of the Department, and his transfer to another field was probably in obedience to the demand of those who regarded him as not fully in accord with the progress of opinion in that Department. General SCHOFIELD is claimed to be an officer of ability, and in his present field will have an excellent opportunity to vindicate his reputation as a commander in active service, free from the impediments which lately embarrassed his career.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL AUGUSTUS L. CHETLAIN.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHETLAIN, whose portrait we give on this page, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, December 26, 1824, of French-Swiss parents who emigrated to America in 1823. He received his education at Galena, Illinois, where he afterward embarked in mercantile pursuits. In 1859 he visited Europe and spent a year on the Continent, visiting the battle-fields of Magenta and Solferino, and interesting himself in military matters. On returning to this country he took an active part in the political campaign of 1860, and on the bombardment of Fort Sumter enlisted as a private, being the first man in Northwestern Illinois to respond to the nation's call. Five days after the bombardment he was joined by one hundred of his fellow-citizens of Galena, elected Captain, and marched his company directly to Springfield, being accompanied and assisted by Captain GRANT, now Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT, commanding the armies of the United States. CHETLAIN'S company joined the Twelfth Illinois Infantry, he receiving the Lieutenant-Colonelcy on the consolidation. At the battle of Donaldson he was in command of the regiment, and received a promotion from General YATES for gallantry in the field. Colonel CHETLAIN led the Twelfth Illinois in the subsequent battles of Shiloh, the siege of Corinth, at Iuka, and at Corinth. After the battle of Corinth he took command of the Corinth post, and there, in the month



SUPPLYING RATIONS TO THE DESTITUTE ABOUT CHATTANOOGA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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of December, 1862, raised the first colored troops of the present war. His efforts were successful beyond hope; and after organizing and equipping two regiments of blacks, he was, at the solicitation of General GRANT, appointed by the President Brigadier-General of colored troops, and ordered by the Secretary of War to the command of all the colored troops of the State of Tennessee, with head-quarters at Memphis. General CHETLAIN'S command now numbers over 12,000 men, and is rapidly increasing. He designs recruiting his command to 18,000 men, preparatory to taking an active part in the coming campaign.

ISSUING RATIONS AT CHATTANOOGA.

THE view on page 213 illustrates an interesting feature of the war in General GRANT'S late department. Government rations are now issued daily to over five thousand inhabitants of the country about Chattanooga, hundreds of citizens who were formerly in comfortable circumstances being now wholly dependent upon the bounty of the Government. Our sketch shows the office of the Provost Marshal, where orders are given to the hungry applicants for such army rations as can be conveniently dispensed.

GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH.

GENERAL WILLIAM FARRAN SMITH (familiarly known throughout the army as "Baldy Smith"), whose portrait we give on page 209, was born in Vermont, February 27, 1824. He entered West Point Academy in 1841, graduating with distinguished honors in 1845, being fourth in a class containing FITZ JOHN PORTER, CHARLES P. STONE, and JOHN W. DAVIDSON. He was assigned to the Topographical Engineers as brevet Second-Lieutenant, and for nearly two years, from November 1846 to August 1848, acted as Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the Military Academy. In 1853 he was promoted to the full grade of First-Lieutenant, and in 1859 became Captain. At various times he was employed on surveys of the Lake Superior region, of the Rio Grande, Texas, of the military road to California, and in the Mexican Boundary Commission. When the war broke out he was Secretary of the Light-house Board at Washington. Obtaining leave of absence, he took command of the Third Vermont Volunteers, and was appointed Brigadier-General in August, 1861. During the Chickahominy campaign he commanded a division in General FRANKLIN'S corps, distinguishing himself greatly by his bravery and skill. For his services in that campaign he was promoted to Major-General of Volunteers in July, 1862, but was not confirmed by the Senate. He participated in the battle of Antietam in September of that year, and commanded the Sixth Corps in BURNSIDE'S unfortunate assault on Fredericksburg, December 13. He was subsequently transferred with General HOOKER to GRANT'S department, then under ROSECRANS. He planned the campaign which resulted in the capture of Lookout Mountain, personally directing some of the important preliminary movements. On the 16th ult. he was a second time nominated as Major-General by the President, to take the place of General GRANT in the regular army.

General SMITH'S abilities as an officer are of the very highest order, and it is believed that but for some unfortunate circumstances he would have been placed a year ago in command of the Army of the Potomac. He possesses considerable magnetism of character, and is popular to the last degree in the army, both with officers and men. It is said that the expedition now preparing to operate in the Red River country will be under General SMITH'S command.

GENERAL HENRY E. DAVIES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY E. DAVIES, Jun., whose portrait we give on page 209, was born in this city, July 2, 1836. In July, 1857, he graduated at Columbia College, and in the same month was admitted to the Bar. He was acquiring reputation as a lawyer and a successful business when the call of the President summoned the true friends of the Union to rally, to avenge the insult to our flag at Fort Sumter. On the 19th of April, 1861, he united with others in this city in the organization of the Duryea Zouaves, and on the 24th of April marched as Lieutenant of Company C with 800 men to Fort Schuyler. While there the regiment was fully organized, and he was promoted to the Captaincy of the Company. The regiment left for Fortress Monroe on the 24th of May, and was in the fight at Great Bethel, Captain Davies receiving the commendations of his superior officers for his coolness and bravery under fire. Immediately after the battle of Bull Run the regiment was ordered to Baltimore. On the 19th of July, 1861, the Secretary of War gave a written authorization to J. Mansfield Davies, then Major, to Judson Kilpatrick, then Captain, in the Zouaves, and to Captain Davies, to raise a regiment of Cavalry, to be called the Harris Light Cavalry. The President immediately commissioned the former as Colonel, Kilpatrick as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Davies as Major of the new regiment.

The Harris Light Cavalry formed General M'CLELLAN'S body-guard in the advance on Manassas, and led the attack on the enemy at Falmouth, under General M'DOWELL. On the 5th of May, 1862, Major Davies, as Provost Marshal, took possession of Fredericksburg, and raised the Stars and Stripes over the town. The regiment was actively employed during the summer and in Pope's campaign, and added to its reputation for dash and bravery. On the resignation of Colonel Davies, in December, Kilpatrick was commissioned a Colonel, and Major Davies a Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. This regiment was selected to make the raid to Richmond in May, 1863, which it did under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Davies. In June, 1863, on Colonel Kilpatrick's promotion to a Brigadier-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Davies was appointed Colonel. In August he was assigned to the command of a Brigade, and led the gallant charge at Culpepper, capturing two of the enemy's guns. For this he was recommended by Generals Meade and Pleasanton as a Brigadier-General, and was commissioned as such by the President on the 16th of September last. He commanded the Cavalry, under Kilpatrick, in the late raid on Richmond. He is popular with his command, who follow with confidence wherever he leads.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

WE give on page 209 a view of the NATIONAL SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, which marks at once the terrors of that bloody field, and a nation's gratitude to those who there gave their lives to its defense. This Cemetery is pleasantly situated on the north and west sides of the gently-sloping Cemetery Hill, and comprises a part of the field over which the battle so fearfully raged. It contains in all an area of seventeen and one-fourth acres. It was purchased by the State of Pennsylvania, which presented each State the lot occupied by its dead. Arrangements are making to inclose the grounds with suitable and substantial iron fence and a stone wall. A general commemorative monument will be erected in the centre of the design, in which the fallen heroes are buried. An observatory, placed on the knoll in the back part of the Cemetery, will give a very extended and comprehensive view of the whole battle-field. The Evergreen Cemetery adjoining will be long remembered by our soldiers who fought so gallantly on the memorable first days of July. Its dilapidated fences, shattered head-stones, and broken grounds still tell of the fearful conflict. About 3100 bodies have been raised from the field and reinterred in the Cemetery. Each grave (known and unknown) will be marked by a stone, and the name, company, and regiment of the recognized will be substantially and neatly engraved thereon.

TIPPOO SAIB.

ALL heroes are not *héros de romans*. Not all *preux chevaliers* would be attractive as cavaliers, and one admires many things that one does not care to appropriate.

Tippoo Saib was neither handsome, nor accomplished, nor gently bred. He was a middle-aged negro of Congo descent, and formed after the ultra type of his race, with misshapen skull, immense lips, close-curled wool, and a skin as nearly black as human skin was ever tinted. He was heavy both of motion and intellect, and entirely ignorant of almost every thing a man should know. But at the end of my story deny, if you dare, that he was a hero, a *preux chevalier*, a man to be admired and revered.

When North Carolina joined the rebellion and began to raise troops, Mr. John Fernald got himself transformed into Captain John Fernald. When, furthermore, he was requested to furnish one or more negroes to labor upon the fortifications of Roanoke Island, he magnificently replied, "Certainly," and went home to consider how it was to be done. For John Fernald, the needy heir of a spendthrift sire and grandsire, owned no lands save his heavily-mortgaged plantation of Mossmoor, no stock save the fine horse who was destined to bear his master to the wars, a few cows and pigs, Tippoo Saib, his wife Marcy, their child Scipio Africanus (Mr. Fernald had a fine taste in nomenclature), and Aphrodite, commonly called Frite, a girl upon whom devolved the house-labor while Marcy wrought with her husband in the fields, except in some great domestic emergency, when she was summoned to the assistance of Frite.

The household was a meagre one, and its affairs administered in a spirit of fretful economy, inculcated upon Frite by her master with oaths, by her mistress with peevish complaints as to its necessity.

Such scanty revenue as the farm still yielded was to be credited to Tippoo, who, with Marcy and the occasional help of hired service, both directed and executed all its operations.

This trusty auxiliary was not then to be lightly parted with, and yet he was the only chattel in Captain Fernald's possession answering to the description of the contribution he was called upon to make; nor had he funds or available property of any kind for the purchase of a substitute. One course was left, and but one. Marcy and Scipio Africanus must be bartered for a laborer; and Frite, who was retained as being less valuable as a piece of merchandise, and more so as a household drudge, must be urged to redoubled exertions in her own province, as Tippoo in his, to make good her place.

The plan, once resolved on, was soon executed, and Marcy and her child were attached to a coffle of slaves traveling south.

And what did Tippoo feel or say at being thus in a day bereft of wife and child, and such poor ties to home and love as a slave may know?

What he felt the God who made him only knows. What he said was this:

"Mas'r, you loves lilly Missy?"

"Of course I do, Tip."

"An' what way would you fix it to 'pear de right ting, Mas'r, dat lilly Missy should be toted off where woudn't nebber see her no more?"

"Oh well, Tip—I know, of course. But then you see, boy, it is different. You know such things are a matter of course. My child—why it is altogether another thing."

"Don' see it, Mas'r," replied Tippoo, with a slow shake of his poor, bewildered head. "Scip he brack, I know, and lilly Missy she white as an egg; but den I's brack myself, an' don' tink de wuss of my chile fer bein' like his daddy. Don' see it nohow, Mas'r."

He stood leaning on his hoe and looking gloomily at the ground, not sullen or vindictive, only sorrowfully seeking a solution to the terrible injustice of his lot, dimly felt.

Captain Fernald, confusedly switching the weeds and the flowers about him, found no reply to make; and after standing for a few moments, presenting a remarkable contrast by his nervous irritability of manner to the solemn calm of Tippoo's mood, he muttered some incoherent words of vague consolation, and sauntered away.

Nothing more was ever said between them on the subject; but in the week intervening between that day and the one when the volunteer Captain joined his regiment he treated his silent slave with not only unwonted kindness, but in a certain apologetic and deprecatory manner, involuntary on his part, and unperceived by Tippoo's dim and preoccupied mind, but yet not without its effect on each.

The Captain joined his regiment. Tippoo Saib toiled early and late at his thankless tasks. Frite groaned and drudged unaided. And poor, feeble Mrs. Fernald took to her bed, with a complication of nervous disorders and distresses.

Only bright little Alice remained untouched by sorrow or wrong, to illuminate with the sunshine of her three summers some portion of the gloom of that dreary household.

"How's Mist's?" asked Tippoo Saib, one evening, about a month after his master's departure, as he entered the kitchen for his milking-pail.

"Wuss," responded Frite, sulkily; and after an embarrassed pause, added, "I'se comin' out to help you milk, Tip, quick's I put lilly Missy to bed."

"You don't need to, Frite. I'd as good be doin' as restin'," said Tippoo, heavily, as he went out.

But Aphrodite, who had her own purposes to further, soon followed him, and after a little preliminary complaint of the hardships she endured, said, suddenly:

"I's gwine off, Tip."

"Off! Whar's you gwine, Frite?"

"W'y to de Norf, or somewhere 'bout dere. You see, old Tip, Mist's she gettin' wuss berry fas', an' to-night she tol' me sen' you for de doctor."

"Whar's he?"

"Dere ain't none short o' Weston, an' Mist's said w'en you was dar you mout go tell her brudder's folks how she sick and not spectin' to get well no more."

"Hebbenly Marster! Am she dat bad, Frite?"

"I reckon she am," returned Aphrodite, stoically; and immediately added, "So I's gwine to cut an' run 'fore Mas'r Charles git here. I reckon he look sharp 'nough arter us, Tip, wedder he sister lib or die. I knows whar dere's some cullud folks in de swamp waitin' for to git Norf."

"Has you seen Pete?" asked Tip, referring to a brother of Frite's, who had disappeared from a neighboring plantation some weeks previously.

"Nebber you min' 'bout dat, ole man," retorted Frite, nodding her head shrewdly. "On'y if you'd like to git your freedom easy, you com' 'long o' me to-night to de Big Swamp."

"But be you gwine to leave Mist's an' lilly Missy all 'lone," asked Tippoo, incredulously, "an' she so sick as you tell for?"

"She ain't no sicker dan I be, o' slavin' here for noffin," returned Frite, angrily. "An' to-night's de las' chance fer jinin' dem folks. Dey spec's to move 'fore mornin'. I tole Pete I's be dar 'fore midnight."

"Be whar 'fore midnight?"

"Whar I's gwine to jine him," retorted Frite, dryly. "Ef you's a min' ter go 'long, yer'll find out all 'bout it; an' ef you ain't agwine, w'y 'tain't no matter."

"Wouldn' it do to-morrer mornin' arter I's ben to sen' de doctor to Mist's?"

"Tell ye no, nigger, 'twon't. Dey's gwine to start dis berry night arter moonrise, an' I ain't a gwine to gib ye no d'rections whar dey's gwine neider. Pete didn' want I should even say wot I has, but I worn't agwine to cut 'thout gibin you a chance fer to go 'long too. So now say, ole Tip, right smart, wot'll ye do?"

"Tank ye kin'ly, Frite," replied Tippoo, after a long pause, during which he softly smoothed and patted the head of Snowdrop, his favorite heifer. "Tank ye kin'ly, but I reckin I'll stop."

"Den all I's got to say is, de more fool you," responded Frite, venomously, as she lifted the full pail and turned toward the house.

"Stop a minute, honey. Don' yer tink dat I's ongrateful for de chance, nor yet dat I doesn' keer for freedom. But dere ain't no way to get to Weston an' back fore mornin', an' dat you sez is too late. Den dere ain't no house 'tween here an' dar, an' dere ain't never no one comes dis way, now Mas'r gone, and poor Mist's must die an' lilly Missy too, 'fore any one 'd know on't."

"Mas'r wa'n't so tender o' your ole woman an' pickaninny," retorted the disappointed Frite.

The thrust was unexpected, and the great, loving, ignorant heart was unshielded by any philosophy, any hope, any faith that what seemed so wrong must yet be right. Tippoo abruptly hid his face in the white heifer's neck, and great heaving sobs began to shake his brawny frame, and the hot tears rolled down wondering Snowdrop's neck and mingled with the dust.

"I didn' mean to make you feel so bad, Tip," said Frite, at last, in an awe-struck voice; "on'y I didn' see w'y yer couldn' do same as Mas'r jes' done by you. Look arter yerself an' nebber min' what come to oder folks."

Tippoo stood up wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his coarse shirt, and looked at the girl with a patient smile as he replied,

"'Pears like, Frite, I'd ruther do de way dat I'd ha' liked Mas'r to ha' done by me."

But do not think that Tippoo Saib, thus speaking, echoed mechanically, as so many of his white brethren do, that Golden Rule which is in all our mouths, and so few of our hearts. He had never heard of it—in fact, his religious education had progressed very little beyond that Mumbo Jumbo faith, in the odor of whose sanctity his ancestors had lived and died.

He did but speak out of the fullness of that child's heart of his, whose dumb anguish shook the uncouth frame that held it, but found no other expression than the tears that had rolled down Snowdrop's neck.

Frite lingered a moment or two, but not finding any better argument than those she had already used, and feeling also a little injured by Tip's superiority, she finally went into the house and slammed the door violently, after which demonstration her mind relapsed into its former placidity.

Tippoo Saib went to his lonely cabin, cooked his scanty supper, and then slept as a man who labors fourteen hours out of twenty-four must sleep whatever may be his mental disquietude.

Early in the morning he went up to the house to receive his directions for Weston from his mistress, and not without curiosity as to Frite's movements. The kitchen door stood open, and the autumn sunshine streamed merrily in, but, except the cat purring in the ashes, no creature was visible, nor any preparations for breakfast going on.

"She's cut and lef' pore Mist's all 'lone," soliloquized Tip; and his slow mind began a process of inquiry as to his own first duty in the case.

While he still stood pondering and scratching his woolly head the quick patter of small bare feet was heard along the passage, and in the open doorway stood a rosy little maid, her trailing night-dress deftly gathered in one hand, while the other "shed by the yellow hair" from her sweet but troubled face.

"Uncle Tip, go call Frite," began she, eagerly. "Baby wants her supper, and Frite all gone. Uncle Tip make Frite come dress baby, and get baby's supper."

"Poor lilly Missy!" was all Tip found to say, but his voice was tender as a woman's.

Lilly Missy came forward and put her morsel of a hand into his black paw, and when he knelt upon one knee and placed her upon the other she threw both arms round his neck and nestled close to his broad breast.

"Uncle Tip's good. Baby loves Uncle Tip; but baby wants her supper," remarked she, persistently.

"Lilly Missy go and get into her bed again, an' Tip 'll go an' git her some nice warm milk from the mooly cow, will she?"

"And give milk to poor mamma, too; nice warm milk, for mamma all cold, and don't want to talk to baby. Mamma don't wake up at all, when baby tells she to wake up."

A sudden horror woke in Tip's bewildered mind.

"Lilly Missy, show Tip where her mammy is, an' he'll ask if she wants some milk," suggested he; and Alice, sliding from his knee, seized his finger and led him on through the passage to the door of a large bedroom, where Mrs. Fernald had chosen to lie, after she was confined to her bed.

Standing at the door, with head reverently bared and breath suspended, Tip looked earnestly at the pale, pretty face turned toward him on the pillow. He needed not to approach. There is an unnamed sense, keener than sight, keener than touch, that unerringly warns living man of his neighborhood to death—a chill—a repugnance—a nervous desire to flee. Such it was that now crept through Tippoo's blood, and turned the rich brown of his honest skin to a muddy yellow. Such it was that, laying its chill hand even upon the innocent heart of the child, made her cling closer to the side of her strange comrade, murmuring:

"Baby's cold. Baby don't want stay here."

Releasing himself from her grasp, Tippoo Saib stole on tip-toe across the room, and reverently drew the fair linen sheet over that face as white as cold; then drew down the blinds and left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Come, lilly Missy," said he, soothingly, to the child, who now sat on the lower step of the staircase, with her little trembling lip and grieved eyes, showing that the tears were close at hand.

"Come, show ole Tip what's its little closes, an' he'll try to dress you. Den you'll go 'long wid him, milkin' de cows, an' den he'll gib you some breaksus."

And give mamma some nice warm milk, so she feel all well again, and talk to baby?" asked the little maid.

"Mammy don' want for nothin', lilly Missy, an' de nex' she eats an' drinks will be better nor any thing we could gib her," said Tip, solemnly, with hazy visions of a very objective sort of Paradise flitting through his mind.

The child was satisfied with the vague assurance, and patted off to fetch her clothes. These, with much trouble and anxious effort to understand the probable intent of their construction, Tip finally adjusted, with some little aid from Alice herself, and then lifting her in one arm, and taking his pails upon the other, he went out to milk.

This process completed, they returned to the house, and Tip, discovering some bread in a cupboard, prepared bread and milk for a family of perhaps six hungry boys, and setting it before lilly Missy, who had forgotten all her troubles in a frolic with the cat, he bade her "eat it all up, like a blessed lamb," and she should have some more.

Then seating himself upon the door-step, with his elbows upon his knees, and his chin in the palms of his hands, Tippoo Saib unconsciously entered upon the crisis of his life.

Before him lay two courses. The one led to freedom—and remember that this word to a slave carries the same illimitable blessing that the word Heaven does to a freeman—the other to continued, nay, aggravated slavery, for Mr. Bennett, the brother of Mrs. Fernald, was well known as a hard master, and to him, should Captain Fernald never return from the war, Tip would become thrall.

Tip raised his head and looked steadfastly Northward, until in his dull eyes began to glow a fire, a manhood they never knew before. Then suddenly turning his head, he fixed them upon the little child, who, chattering gayly to the kitten as she fed her with the remnant of her breakfast, did not know that her own life hung in the balance, and that the untaught man whom the father had so bitterly wronged was its arbiter.

Tippoo knew the forest paths for miles about his home. He knew the course the party of fugitives would necessarily travel. He did not doubt

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that by arduous exertion he could overtake them, or failing in that, make his own way to the North and to Freedom. But he knew, too, that for weeks no visitor might seek the lonely plantation house, that the child was entirely incapable of providing her own subsistence even for a day, or of making her own way to those who might care for her. Slow visions of the bright-haired child moaning for food, pining from weary day to day, until, lying exhausted in the lonely night, she should wail her little life away, or perhaps wandering to the forest perish miserably there; visions of the dead woman, who had been a kind mistress to him and his, lying unburied in that darkened room, until she who had been so beautiful became a thing of nameless horror; visions even of poor Snowdrop and her mates calling vainly to him for help, and suffering miserably for its want, passed in slow procession through his unaccustomed mind, and burying his face in his broad hands, Tippoo made his decision, chose his course, and with a deep groan closed his mental eyes upon those alluring dreams of liberty and manhood that had for one brief moment seemed within his grasp.

Rising heavily he went and took the child in his arms.

"Will lilly Missy kiss Uncle Tip jes' once?" asked he, humbly.

The white little arms closed about his neck in an instant, and the rose-bud mouth was pressed to his swarthy cheek in a merry shower of kisses.

"Baby love Uncle Tip ever so much. He very good," said she, as he replaced her on the floor, and with his large heart full of love and peace, the man who had freedom within his grasp elected slavery instead.

The only horse remaining on the place was lame, and it was on his own feet that Tippoo Saib traveled the twelve miles to Weston, carrying little Alice in his arms, besides a bundle containing some clothes for her and food should she need it on the road.

Reaching Mr. Bennett's house in the middle of the afternoon, he asked for the master, and telling his simple story, delivered up his charge, and waited to hear what should be his own fate.

"Dead! Your mistress dead? It is very sudden. Sit here, boy, till I carry the child to her aunt," said Mr. Bennett.

"Baby won't go. Baby like Uncle Tip, and stay with him," declared the little lady, quietly, but so resolutely that she could only be presented in the drawing-room in the arms of her uncouth nurse. Here, however, the affectionate caresses of her aunt, and the attractions of a kitten even prettier than the one she had left at home, soon overcame her shyness, and she at last consented that Tip should withdraw to the kitchen, where he vainly tried to eat the dainties set before him by the sable aunty there presiding.

The next day Mr. Bennett, accompanied by Tip, upon whose movements he kept a jealous eye, and two assistants and a clergyman, sought the lonely house; and after conferring upon his sister's remains the rites of Christian sepulture, he took possession of such valuables as remained in the house, and closing the doors and windows, abandoned it to the desolation that already had laid its hand upon the whole scene.

A letter, informing Captain Fernald of his bereavement, returned, after many weeks, unopened to Weston, with the brief notice indorsed upon the back that Captain Fernald was severely wounded in the head, was perfectly unconscious, and could not probably survive many days. Under these circumstances Mr. Bennett considered himself justified in taking possession of such part of his niece's inheritance as could be made available, and converting it either into cash or to his own use.

Tippoo was no favorite with his new master, nor did he find his life so comfortable as it had been under his former more independent circumstances. He did not complain in any manner, however, but the silent resolution to escape became more and more confirmed in his mind.

A suspicion of this determination in the mind of his master increased the disfavor he already entertained for his new chattel, and he resolved to forestall its execution by presenting him to Government, in compliance with a new requisition for laborers on the fortifications.

The transfer was accordingly made, and at the same time Mr. Bennett applied for and received a commission as captain of a volunteer company just raised in Weston, and already under marching orders.

Tip made no remark on being informed of his new destiny, but his dark face darkened with a gleam of satisfaction. Any change was to him a welcome one.

"Please, Mas'r, I'd like to say good-by to lilly Missy 'fore I go."

"Nonsense, boy, what should she care for you? She's something else to do, and I've no time to wait; follow me right along."

Tip patiently turned to do as he was ordered, but his mind went back to the morning when, sitting on the sunny door-step, he had given up his own cherished hope for the sake of that little child, and now he might not even hear her voice once more.

But of a sudden came the rush of little feet behind them, and a sweet voice crying, breathlessly, "I will, I will, I will see Uncle Tip again! Let me go, old Crissy. I will speak to dear old Tip!"

Master and slave turned to see the cause of this tiny clamor. It was Alice, who, escaping from her nurse, came flying down the street, her golden curls streaming in the air, one little foot unshod, and her face all aglow with rebellious love and determination.

Tippoo stooped, and catching her in his arms, raised her to his breast, where she clung and kissed him as she had done once before in the sunny kitchen of the old home.

"Tank you, lilly Missy," said Tip, solemnly, as he set her down. "'Peared like Uncle Tip couldn' ha' gone 'way widout dat. Hebbenly Mas'r bress you, lilly Missy; an' of you don' nebber see Tip no more, yer'll 'member onst in a while how he toted ye from de ole home down here, an' how he'd ha' ben glad to lay down his life, ef so be 'twould ha' done lilly Missy any good."

"I love Uncle Tip—Uncle Tip is good. Why is he sorry?" asked the child, with a perplexed cloud upon her sunny face.

"Good-by, lilly Missy." And Tippoo, with no word more, hurried after his master, who had walked on impatiently.

Roanoke Island was in possession of the Federal forces, and its rebel defenders had made a retreat more rapid than dignified to the main land.

In the camp of the conquerors all was exultation, mirth, and proud anticipation of future successes. In that of the vanquished reigned gloom, wrath, and the desire of vengeance. Plans for a counter-surprise, for a sudden dash, that should sweep away the invading force in one swift destruction, were loudly canvassed among the knot of officers, who had not lost heart and hope in the defeat of that dark night; but as a preliminary to any action it was necessary to learn accurately the position and force of the enemy; for of these particulars as many varying estimates were held as there were tongues to announce them.

A reconnoissance was obviously necessary, and of several volunteers for this delicate and dangerous service Captain Bennett and Lieutenant Fosdick were selected; and so soon as night again fell to conceal their movements they prepared to set about it. A light canoe was provided with muffled oars, the two officers seated themselves in the stern, and Tippoo Saib was elected to the onerous duty of oarsman, with a stern injunction from his former master to beware of any species of treachery, as himself should be its first victim.

To this intimation Tip meekly responded, "Yis, Mas'r," and noiselessly plying his oars, soon placed his little craft close under the lee of the island.

The night was intensely dark, with occasional showers of rain, and this circumstance, while favoring the movement of the spies in some respects, rendered them more difficult in others, especially as the most absolute silence, both of voice and motion, was necessary to avoid the observation of the sentinels, who would, of course, be posted at every point they might approach.

Finally, however, the Lieutenant was set ashore at the point of a long tongue of land, whose connection with the island was near enough to the camp fires to enable him to make a fair survey of its position without leaving the sheltering woods. Captain Bennett meantime was, according to previous agreement, to be rowed some distance farther north with a view of reconnoitring the fort, and the position and apparent numbers of the Federal forces in that quarter.

Arrived at a suitable point for landing, Bennett, with a whispered word, ordered Tip to guide the canoe inshore, and it soon grounded noiselessly upon the sandy beach.

After waiting a few moments to make sure that his approach was undiscovered, the Captain rose cautiously to his feet, and was in the act of stepping over the bows of the boat, when, with a sudden motion, a noose of small rope slipping over his head, settled down to his middle and was then drawn tight, effectually pinioning his arms to his side, while coil after coil of the same was rapidly passed about his lower limbs, his body, and one turn laid with grim pleasantry about his neck.

So sudden was the operation, and so perfectly taken by surprise was the Captain, that he was already securely bound before he succeeded in ejaculating,

"You scoundrel! what devil's trick is this?"

"Sh', Mas'r," returned Tip, with an affectation of great caution—"don' 'ee speak so loud; mabbe dem dam Yankee somewhar about, an' oberhear us."

A tremendous oath expressed Captain Bennett's appreciation of his slave's pleasantry, but suddenly remembering that his only hope of escape lay in the patient and amicable temper of his captor, he succeeded in smothering his wrath, and saying, in a tone where forced friendliness and vehement passion struggled strangely for the mastery,

"Come, Tip, you don't want to hurt me, you know. You wouldn't give me up to these —— Yankees. Think of my wife and children. Remember Alice—"

"An' 'member you, Mas'r, how you t'ought it couldn' be she'd keer to bid ole Tip good-by, an' how you alluz grudged de pooty creter saying a word to de pore nigger dat lubbed her so. 'Tain't dat, dough, Mas'r, dat's fetched you here. I tinks you idees 'bout de Yankees all wrong, an' I's gwine to gib you de chance to git 'em straightened out. Spec's you'll come back a puffeck 'postle o' freedom, Mas'r. Now s'pose we go up an' look at dis yur fort togedder, Mas'r? Spec's de Yankees will show us de inside's well's de out, an' dat's more nor you bargained for, Mas'r."

So saying, Tip raised his captive in his arms and carried him ashore as easily as if he had been a child.

"Now, Mas'r," said he, placing him carefully on the beach, "you's got you ch'ice. Will you be toted up yander like an armful o' cornshucks, or will you walk?"

"How can I walk, you black scoundrel, with my legs tied?" sullenly demanded the captive.

"I's gwine to loose 'em some, ef yer'll say yer'll walk right 'long straight widout a fuss."

"Untie them, then, you—"

"Now, Mas'r, dat ain't mannerly no how. Spec's I'd better tote ye," said Tip, in a tone of grave rebuke; and he was again about to raise the helpless form of his late master in his arms, when he, keenly alive to the ridicule of appearing before his enemies in such a position, hastened to make the required promise in more civil terms. Tippoo, signifying his satisfaction at the concession, proceeded immediately to loosen the bonds of his captive sufficiently to allow him to walk with some degree of ease, but not to run or to use his arms at all. Then inserting his brawny hand in the loose turn of the rope about the Captain's neck, he called his attention to the fact that a slight movement would be sufficient to tighten it to a very unpleasant extent, and that such movement would be the result of any attempt of escape or resistance on his part.

This intimation the Captain received in sullen silence, but showed his appreciation of its intent by following, or rather preceding, his captor (who guided him by the rope about his neck much as he would have done a refractory steer) to the neighborhood of the earth-works dignified by the name of fort, where they encountered a sentinel, to whom Tip briefly told his story, and was ordered to proceed to head-quarters, where he was relieved of his charge, amidst the wonder and merriment of a goodly crowd of spectators.

Tip, on leaving the boat, had taken the precaution of shoving it off shore, to prevent the escape of Lieutenant Fosdick, and that officer was captured in the course of the next day, and soon after accompanied Captain Bennett and numerous other of his countrymen on a voyage Northward, and a prolonged residence in one of Uncle Samuel's Marine Villas.

Tippoo Saib also traveled North, although not as a prisoner. For the first time in a life of forty years, and with a bewildering joy that no man who has never been a slave may appreciate, he now found himself free to move in whatever direction or to whatever distance he might find most to his own advantage, and his first impulse was to breathe the air of a free State.

For something more than a year he supported himself in Massachusetts by such labor as he could find to do; but as soon as the enlistment of colored troops was permitted by Government, Tippoo hastened to enroll himself among the first of the sable volunteers; nor among the hundreds of thousands of brave men who have fought beneath the Federal banners in this great war, has one soldier, black or white, given himself to the contest more ardently, more purely, more entirely than this poor untaught African.

His uniform courage and good conduct slowly won him such advancement as is at present possible to a man of his color, and on the tenth day of July, 1863, he followed his captain to the assault of Fort Wagner with the stripes of a sergeant upon his arm.

We all know who led that assault. A nation mourns, a nation glories, over the hero who there won himself a name that shall not be forgotten while his country holds a memory, a tongue, a pen; who, yet in brilliant youth, closed a career all glorious promise by its most glorious fulfillment; who lies where he fell, "buried with his niggers," more proudly, more honored than a prince or conqueror beneath an abbey's marble dome.

But no nation mourns, no poet sings, no history, save this rude tale, will chronicle the closing scene of another life as brave, as devoted, as earnest, as beautiful to those who have eyes to read the hearts of men as that of his hero-leader.

Foremost in that wild charge, dauntless in the front of that dauntless band, rushed Tippoo Saib upon the enemy, and fighting as he fights who feels that freedom or slavery for him and his hangs upon the contest. He had with as many blows sent three of his opponents to their doom, when he caught the gleam of a sabre descending with desperate force upon the head of the Colonel, who stood beside him cheering on his men.

Quick as light Tippoo's bayonet was interposed and caught the blow, delivered with such force as to shiver the blade close to the hilt. Changing the direction of the bayonet, Tip was about to plunge it into the breast of the disarmed officer, when, glancing up, he recognized with astonishment Captain Fernald, his former master.

It was but an instant that he hesitated, but who shall limit thought by time? In that instant the man remembered the wife of his youth, torn from his arms, sold to a slavery so barbarous that she had soon died under its severity: he remembered his merry boy, his one child, whom he had loved with all his loving heart, and of whose life or death not one echo had reached him in all these years; he remembered his own enslaved youth and manhood, and the bitter passions of his strong nature rose within him, and tightened with savage vigor the hand that still held uplifted the gleaming bayonet.

But before the blow fell, before the benumbed arm of Captain Fernald could be upraised in defense of the life that in one anguished pang resigned itself as lost, another memory shot athwart the vengeance of Tippoo's mood.

It was the vision of a little maid, all aglow with loving energy, with golden curls flowing back as she ran, with white arms uplifted to his embrace, with rosy lips that asked no better than to press themselves upon his swarthy cheek.

The vison flashed and passed, but it had wrought its work. Dropping his arm with its deadly weapon, Tippoo hoarsely cried,

"Go 'long, Mas'r, I won't kill lilly Missy's fader."

With a wild shout he was bounding forward to seek another antagonist, when the white man with an oath drew the revolver from his belt, and with deliberate aim discharged its contents full into the generous heart that had so faithfully garnered and so well repaid the one love that had illumined his gloomy life.

The fierce battle-cry ended in a wild shriek upon the negro's lips, and he fell forward upon his face dead, just as, a few paces from him, the noble life he had shielded a moment since was smitten down by the blow that gave a hero to deathless glory.

Tippoo Saib was one of the honored band that the fierce victors upon that bloody field laid down to their eternal rest in the same grave with their young champion, thinking thus to do dishonor to his remains, but in reality surrounding him with a guard of honor that, when the last trumpet shall sound *reveille*, shall arise with him; the corruptible body exchanged for the incorruptible, the faithful and noble spirit giving form and color to its new tabernacle.

And in this glorious hope rest peacefully and well, brave Tippoo Saib, satisfied that if thy life was lowly and thy death unsung, not less hath the Eternal Judge knowledge of thy temptations and thy triumph, thy loving heart and earnest soul!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"A FROG," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal what lickers on cold water and consequently invented the teetotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does himself. He perwides music for the million, which has been so called because it usually is heard in a millpond. He is a warmint what ain't so bad when boiled on a gridiron."

Bread is the staff of life, and liquor the stilts—the former sustaining a man, and the latter elevating him for a fall.

If some of our very conservative men had been present at the creation, they would have said, "Good Heavens! what is to become of chaos?"

Advice to smokers.—Cut Cavendish.

When is a baby not a baby?—When it's a-teething (*tea thing*).

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me!" roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool!" replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

THE LETTER H.—There is something profoundly lamentable in the conversation of a Cockney. An exchange paper gives the following as the direction of an English father to his son: "'Arry, 'op hup and go down to Mr. 'Arris's, and hask 'im hif 'e 'as a bit of hash or hoak to make a 'amner 'andle." We can remember something about as good, and quite true. An English actor was playing Pierre to William Tell. Pierre has the following speech: "Horrible! most horrible! To save his own and Albert's life, Tell has consented to shoot an apple off his own son's head." The actor knocked about his h's thus; "Orrible! most 'orrible! To save 'is hown and Halbert's life, Tell 'as consented to shoot hon happle hoff 'is hown son's 'ead."

Carlyle, listening to a party conversing upon Goethe—who, while lauding his talents, condemned his heterodoxy—said: "Gentlemen, did you never hear of the man who vilified the sun because it would not light his cigar?"

"Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbins of Stubbins the other day. "Oh, not at all; he has only assigned over his property, and fallen back to take a better position," was the reply.

Either there is a great deal of man's nature in a monkey, or a great deal of monkey's nature in a man.

What military order is like a lady crossing the street on a wet day?—Dress up in front, and close up in the rear.

"This is what they call a 'fellow feeling' for a man," as the thief said when the policeman was groping after him in the dark.

The finest ship in the world—*Friend*-ship.

People choose their opposites. Just so—the Goose and the Sage are generally associated.

He who has plenty of brass can generally get it off for gold.

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I've been wanting you to start for the last hour."

Mr. Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he; "it would be my luck to live forever if I should."

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

An Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment *for life*, only fifteen survived it!

A briefless young barrister says that any lady who possesses one thousand acres of land presents sufficient ground for an attachment.

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be the quarts.

Generally, as soon as a man is supposed to have a little money, his wife gets too lame to walk, and must have a carriage.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know as he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has only spent five shillings for fire-wood in eight years."

PROVERBS FROM THE OLDEN TIME.

Think of ease, but work on.
Manners often makes fortunes.
Forgive any sooner than thyself.
The table robs more than the thief.
Better go about than to fall into the ditch.
Youth and white paper take any impression.
Who looks not before, finds himself behind.
A man of gladness seldom falls into madness.
Children and chicken must be always picking.
Husbands are in heaven whose wives chide not.
Better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.
The mill can not grind with the water that is past.
They must hunger in frost that will not work in heat.
He that hath love in his heart hath spurs in his sides.
He who serves well need not be afraid to ask his wages.
Marry your sons when you will, your daughters when you can.
When the tree is fallen, every man goeth to it with his hatchet.
He may well be contented who needs neither borrow nor flatter.
The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.
All women are good; *i. e.*, good for something, or good for nothing.
He who hath but one hog makes him fat; and he who hath but one son makes him a fool.

Why is a table like a lion?—Because, if you have any fun in you, you can "set it in a roar."

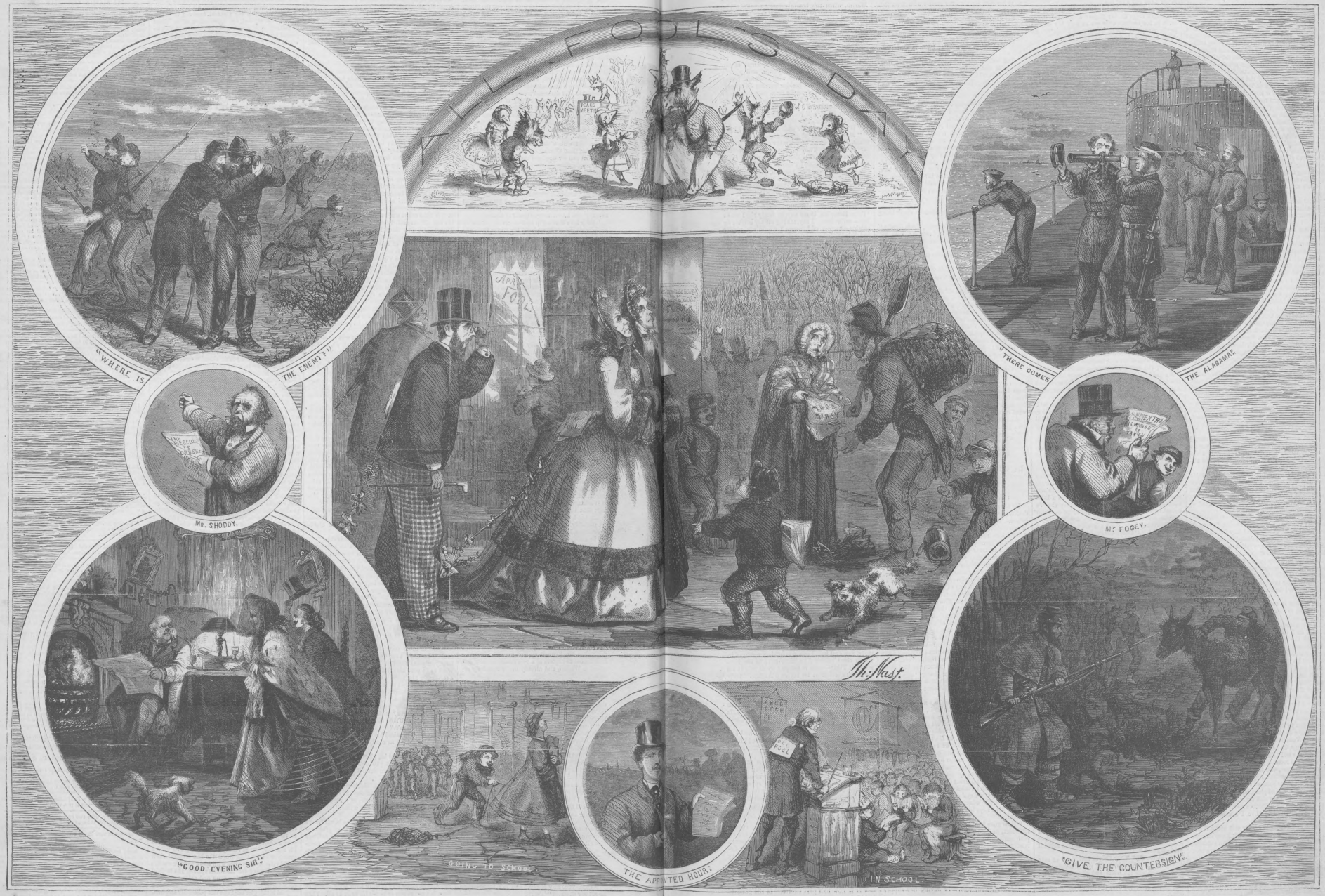
Men are born with two eyes and one tongue, in order that they may see twice as much as they say.

The coldest seat in an omnibus—the one nearest the Pole.

Some tourists, being exceedingly thirsty, stopped for milk at a house by the roadside; they emptied every cup that was offered them, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought out an enormous bowl of milk, and, setting it down on the table, said, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

While recently engaged in splitting wood Jones struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw, and knocked out a front tooth. "Ay," said Bill, meeting him soon after, "you've had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "accidental."

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THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1864.

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ESCAPED FROM LIBEY.

THE thermometer was somewhere in the region of zero.

Not that it was so very cold in the keen glitter of the February sunshine, but there was such a tempestuous, turbulent, shrieking wind—a wind that had been playing with the great green billows of light that tumble along the shore at Staten Island, and bringing briny whiffs from the salt marshes of New Jersey, and howling through the solemn old forests that hang over the Palisades! Was this a wind to be intimidated by the brown-stone palaces and plate-glass façades of Murray Hill? Not it; and in token thereof it howled noisily at the curtained casements, and tossed whirls of choking dust into the tesselated marble of stately vestibules without number, to the manifest discomposure of people who didn't understand its boisterous jokes.

It was a very warm, bright breakfast-room, with walls hung with crimson-velvet paper veined with wavy lines of gold, which made you think of tropic sunsets bathed in carmine glow—dark-red curtains, and a superb silver breakfast-service set out in front of a blazing Liverpool-coal fire. And Mrs. Vose was pouring fragrant amber-coffee into a colony of painted Sèvres cups in a most becoming breakfast-cap of lace and ribbon, and a sixty-dollar cashmere wrapper.

"What horrid weather!" she sighed, elevating her shoulders as the windows rattled ominously. "We never have such dreadful winds in the sweet South!"

Mr. Vose made no answer; he was reading the paper with a very expressive wrinkle between his Jove-like brows, and little Kitty Colvin was conveying surreptitious bits of broiled partridge into the jaws of an expectant black-and-tan terrier who sat beside her chair.

A dark-eyed, tiny thing with the shadows of Louisianian oleander-groves on her cheeks, and Louisianian sunshine swimming in the yellow brightness of her hair, the little heiress seemed out of place under the bleak skies of the frozen North. And yet Kitty had secretly made up her mind never, *never* to leave that same frozen North, sharp winds and icicles to the contrary notwithstanding!

"If I could only go back again; this climate is killing me!" plained Mrs. Vose, drawing a white shawl around her. "Gerald, how long shall we be wretched exiles in this ungenial North? Is there any thing favorable in the papers this morning; you never tell me a word of politics!"

"Hold your tongue, Sallie!" growled her morose better-half. "Women are born to drive men mad, I believe. Give me another cup of coffee, and don't talk about things you don't understand!"

"Then there's another Union victory or something," sighed Mrs. Vose, accepting her husband's "snub" as a matter of course. "And that ungrateful Kitty is actually looking pleased! Well, the treachery there is in this world, to be sure!"

"Indeed, aunt," said Kitty, demurely, "I should fancy the treachery lay in seeking refuge and shelter in a country whose downfall you are secretly wishing for—in living at the North, while you are a bitter secessionist at heart!"

Mr. Vose laid down his paper and looked his niece in the face. Kitty's oleander-shadows grew deeper, and her eyes fell. She was not aware that her uncle had been an auditor to that fierce little Union speech, but she was determined to stand to her gun nevertheless.

"Indeed!" was his dry comment. "Very fine, to be sure; the second-hand sentiments, I suppose, of Lieutenant Roy. A pity that Libey Prison should afford so poor a field for his talents!"

Kitty colored to the very eyelashes, her haughty red lip quivered, but she did not answer.

"Now look here, my young lady," he resumed, his tone of bitter sarcasm changing to an almost savage ring—"I will have no more of this absurd folly. Mr. Lamar is coming here this evening for a definite answer; he shall have it, or I'll know the reason why!"

"The answer is ready," said Kitty, defiantly. "I'm engaged to Lieutenant Roy!"

"This from *you*—a Southern girl, born and brought up under the shadow of the palmetto! Well, it is as I expected, you are thoroughly infected with the venom of that Yankee hireling. But his fortune-hunting shall avail him nothing. Lamar's creed and country are identical with ours, and he shall be your husband!"

"*Shall* be, Uncle Gerald?"

"Shall be, Miss Colvin. The odds are ten to one that your precious Yankee never comes back alive; and if he does, he may select himself another wife. Now you have heard my decision on the subject; see that you obey!"

Kitty Colvin never lifted her eyes from the floor; she knew how worse than useless it was to attempt any opposition to her uncle's iron will. But there was a stronger determination in that fragile frame than Gerald Vose had any idea of.

"Now, Kitty, do be sensible," drawled her aunt, when Mr. Vose had taken himself and his lowering brows out of the room. "Fernande Lamar is very handsome, I'm sure, and it's quite true what your uncle says. Lieutenant Roy will most likely die down in Libey, or be shot, or something—"

Kitty put up her hand pleadingly, as the thoughtless words jarred on her sick brain.

"It will make no difference to me, aunt," she said, calmly. "Dead or alive I am his, and his only!"

"Gerald and Fernande Lamar will settle that," thought Mrs. Vose, arranging her pink cap strings. "It would be dreadful for Arnold Colvin's daughter to marry a Yankee, whose father might have been a carpenter for any thing one knows to the contrary!"

Kitty Colvin went quietly up to her own room and stood before the fire a moment, her lovely liquid eyes gazing far out into the unseen future, and her hand mechanically smoothing the golden braids that hung from an onyx comb. Then she changed her crimson silk wrapper for a softer gray dress, and put on a bonnet edged with gray fur, and hidden by a thick blue veil. And then she took a little basket in her hand and went out.

Went out a homeless fugitive with nothing but the bright rings on her fingers, and a bold, brave heart in her bosom—went out to seek her fortune in the wide, cold world, rather than accept the lot which her uncle had portioned out to her.

"Sit down, Miss," said the red-armed Biddy, pushing a chair nearer to the stove. "Mrs. Clarke will be down d'rectly."

Kitty waited, in the plainly furnished parlor of the second-rate house, with her heart beating as though a frightened bird were fluttering at her throat. She had been very pale all day, but when the step of a stranger sounded on the stairs the color rushed in hot, scarlet waves over her face.

"Mrs. Clarke?" she faltered.

"Yes, my dear," said the fat, cozy little matron. "What can I do for you?"

"You advertised for a seamstress in to-day's paper, ma'am; I should be very glad to obtain the situation. I can sew very nicely, and—"

"How much do you expect by the day?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said Kitty, suddenly plucking up courage. "I only want a home; for that, and that alone, my services will be given."

Mrs. Clarke eyed the young girl very sharply and suspiciously, while a cold shadow of distrust crept over her plump features.

"Your references, of course, will be unexceptionable?"

"I have no references," said Kitty, almost inaudibly.

"Then, of course, it will be impossible for me to entertain your propositions," said Mrs. Clarke, turning away. But Kitty caught her dress, with a low, appealing cry,

"Don't send me away, Mrs. Clarke! I have tried every where for employment, and tried in vain; if you refuse me I shall despair! Believe me, I could refer you to well-known names, only—"

"Well, but why don't you?" questioned Mrs. Clarke, half relenting.

"I can not; it is impossible!" wailed Kitty. "Let me work for you, Mrs. Clarke; give me the shelter of your home, and you will never have cause to repent it. You have daughters of your own, perhaps; think of them, and don't turn me away!"

Mrs. Clarke bit her lip, meditatively. Reason and Caution said "Beware!" but Memory brought back the vision of her own daughter, sleeping quietly under the February snows—a daughter, whom, if she had lived, would have been about the age of this fair-haired girl. And her heart softened with a singular, yearning thrill, as she looked searchingly into Kitty's pleading eyes.

"Child, you are a strange little thing," she said, laying her hand not unkindly on Kitty's shoulder. "But you've got a good face, and a true one, and I'll trust you. So come up stairs and take off your things, and I'll find you something to do."

And Kitty, with a deep, shuddering sigh of inward relief, followed the portly lady up stairs. Providence had given the lonely wanderer a home at last.

"What do you think, Mrs. Clarke?" said Miss Diana Steere, who had come in from the corner grocery, partly to bring half a pound of cheese and two sperm candles, and partly to indulge in a little fireside gossip. "I've seen my cousin; she 't's housekeeper for them rich Southerners on Fifth Avenue, and their niece, the heiress, has run away."

"Run away? you don't tell me so!" ejaculated Mrs. Clarke. "Here's the hooks and eyes for that lining, Miss Robinson. What was that for?"

Kitty took the hooks and eyes in a hand that shook like a little autumn leaf; but Mrs. Clarke fortunately was not heeding her just then.

"Some says one thing, some says another," answered Miss Diana, with an oracular nod. "The general opinion seems to be that she wa'n't no great shakes; I guess she run away with some poor stick of a feller. No great loss, I calc'late; but Amandy says—that's my cousin—her folks have advertised in the papers and set the police on the look-out, and moved heaven and airth to find her. *I* wouldn't take that trouble, I know. Let her beau take care of her, now he's got her."

"It's a strange world," said Mrs. Clarke, philosophically. "Now, Miss Robinson, my dear, are the bias seams ready?"

Kitty's lip quivered convulsively as she sewed on. Was this a fair sample of the world's opinion in general? Would kind Mrs. Grundy render no more favorable judgment? She was just beginning to realize the terrible peril she had passed through, the risk she had unconsciously run.

The household of Clarke were gathered about their breakfast-table one bitter morning about a week subsequently—a table where the coffee was not Mocha, neither was the blue-edged ware of Sèvres manufacture—and its worthy head was complacently taking broiled pork and the newspaper by alternate installments, while his wife supplied a tribe of tow-headed little ones with the necessaries of life.

"Read the paper out loud, Thomas," said Mrs. Clarke. "D'ye s'pose we women folks don't care for the news? Miss Robinson, will you give Johnny another piece of bread?"

"There's so much news I don't know which end to begin at first," said Mr. Clarke, "and all of it good."

"Well, read the best first," said his wife, laughing.

"Well, then, there's a list of the officers' names that escaped from Libey Prison t'other day and got clean away, and if you'll keep the children still I'll read all about it."

It was the first Kitty Colvin had heard of that daring escape with which the whole country was ringing, and she sat white and silent, with compressed lips and wild, brilliant eyes, while good Mr. Clarke stumbled over the names one after another.

"*Arthur Paul Roy, First Lieutenant, —th —— Volunteers.*"

"Thomas! Thomas!" ejaculated his frightened wife, dropping the baby out of her lap as she started to her feet, "what's the matter with Miss Robinson? Merciful powers, she's dead!"

Not dead—joy seldom kills. Only the great rapture had checked the pulsing mechanism of her overglad heart a minute. And as she smiled up in Mrs. Clarke's face, the good woman scarcely knew the wan, sad-looking girl she had taken in a while ago—it was the smile of a happy angel!

And well might it have been so, for to Kitty Colvin, at that moment, the dark little dining-room of the master-builder's humble tenement was full of celestial brightness—a reflection from her own heart.

Mr. Vose was looking over his month's bills, and the contemplation thereof did not seem to afford him any great satisfaction. It wasn't agreeable to pay bills at any time, but to swell the riches of "Northern hordes" with money that was *not* in Confederate scrip was by no means according to his taste. So when there was a gentle tap at the door, he cried, "Come in!" very sharply.

Accordingly Kitty Colvin came in, the Louisianian sunshine more golden than ever in her hair, the saucy light more defiant in her liquid eyes.

"So it's you, is it, miss?" said Mr. Vose, leaning grimly back in his chair, and evincing no surprise whatever.

"Yes, uncle, it is I."

"Well, what are your conclusions about being married *now*?"

"I have altered them materially, Uncle Gerald."

"Very wise, my—my dear," said Mr. Vose, relaxing into a stony sort of smile. "Shall I send for him at once?"

"It is unnecessary, uncle—he is here now."

"He? Who?"

"Why, my husband, Uncle Gerald!"

"And who the—I mean who may your husband be?"

Kitty opened the door calmly.

"Come in, Arthur. Uncle, allow me to introduce Lieutenant Roy, just from Libey Prison. We were married this morning."

"And I gave the little bride away," interposed honest Thomas Clarke, rubbing his hands, and half afraid to speak in the awe-inspiring presence of the "rich Southerner."

Married! Well, Mr. Vose might look as green and yellow as he pleased, he could not untie the knot.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered, inwardly, while he shook hands galvanically with the newcomer. "Who would have dreamed of his escaping from Libey? If he'd been dead and buried I believe he'd have come to life again just to spite me. My niece married to a Yankee! Well, I don't care what happens now."

And Mr. Lamar, instead of pocketing the heiress's greenbacks, pocketed a little disappointment.

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER IX.

INTRODUCTORY TO A WILD ANIMAL.

RATAPLAN was entirely deficient in the Rhododendron characteristic. It was a very late house. Nobody dreamt of going to bed till one or two o'clock in the morning, save Mademoiselle Adèle, who retired at eleven, comme il convenait à une jeune personne. The French are accustomed to treat their daughters like children till they are twenty years of age, and their sons like grown up persons when they are ten. The paternal Rataplan came up from the regions of the kitchen toward eleven, and played cards or smoked a cigar with one of his guests for a couple of hours. People used to treat him to innumerable small glasses to hear him brag of his exploits during his campaigns with the Grand Army, and his colloquy with the Emperor at Montereau; although there were those of a malevolent turn of mind who insinuated that he had never been at the Beresina or at Montereau at all; but that happening to keep a wine-shop at the corner of a street in Paris during the three glorious days of July, 1830, a barricade had been erected close to his door, and at a critical moment he had rushed out, and, crying "Vive la Charte!" had stricken down a corporal of grenadiers with a soup-ladle, whereupon he had become a décoré de Juillet.

It was half past twelve on a summer night—I need not further particularize it, for I have not yet passed the limits of the four-and-twenty hours in the course of which all the events hitherto narrated have occurred—when Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant, in his master's Spanish cloak, entered the marble hall of the Hotel Rataplan, and passed into the salle à manger, as one well accustomed to the locality.

Rataplan was alone, smoking and sipping his "gzogs," as he was accustomed to call a very little brandy with a great deal of sugar and lukewarm water, and endeavoring to spell through one of the seven days' old *Siècles*. The gallant warrior-cook's education was defective. His woman-kind kept his books and wrote his letters for him.

"How goes it, mon vieux? Touchez-là!" said the valet, and he extended his palm, and Rataplan smote his own palm thereupon and went on reading.

"Will you smoke?" asked Rataplan, after a moment.

"Business to attend to"—the two men spoke French, "else I would first have presented my homages to the ladies. Is the countess at home?"

"Half an hour ago. Is having her supper now."

"And her little temper?"

"Ouf! n'en parlez pas. C'est une bête fauve. The whole menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes does not contain such a wild animal. L'ours Martin, when the bonne refused to throw him the second of her babies—vu qu'il s'était permis la mauvaise plaisanterie de manger le premier, was never in such a temper. Temper! It is a mania! a delirium, an ecstasy of spasmodic and anarchical passions. That woman is all the furies rolled into one, plus Frédégonde, Clytemnestra, and Madame Croquemitaine."

Rataplan had been a great frequenter of the boulevard du crime in his youth, and piqued himself on his familiarity with dramatic literature. He was given, besides quoting Béranger, to spouting long harangues from tragedies, both in prose and verse, which he called "débiter la tirade." Sometimes il leur en flanquait du vieux, as he phrased it, and recited long passages from Corneille or Racine.

"What is the matter with the countess?"

"Matter! what else but diabolical, sulphureous, Mount Etna of a temper can be the matter with her? They are not words, but red-hot lava streams that flow from her lips. You are Herculaneum and Pompeii before her, and she engulfs you. But, pardieu, she is not the Mnette de Portici! She has a tongue as long as a discours académique. There is no stopping, no satisfying, no pacifying her. She is implacable in her rages. She comes in here, passé minuit; and, without the slightest salutation, says, 'Papa Rataplan, is my supper ready?' I make her a reverence. I say, taking off my bonnet de cuisine—an act of homage I would not render to Louis Philippe, roi des Français et des pékins, 'Madame told me on going out that she would take no supper.' 'What?' responds she. 'Papa Rataplan, you are a ganache! Rien que ça, merci. On the instant let me have oysters of Colchesterre, a trout fried, tout ce que vous avez en fait de côtelettes, a sweet omelette, a Charlotte aux pommes, a salade de mâches, some Champagne, Burgundy, Bordeaux, and so forth. And all this on the instant. 'Madame,' I humbly represent, 'there are no oysters fit for the palate of any one but a fort de la halle. There is no salade de mâches. Covent Garden goes to bed at huit heures très precises. Quant aux côtelettes vous y êtes. Par rapport à l'omelette je suis à vos pieds. The Charlotte is an impossibility, vu que les pommes me manquent, à moins que vous ne désiriez que ça soit accomodé avec des pommes de terre. As for the wines, seeing that you bring them with you yourself, paying me a shilling a cork, and saying that mine are not fit to drink, ça me va. You see I can not serve you as you desire; but if you would like a mayonnaise de homard or some pickelle sammone de chez ce bon Monsieur Quin in the Aimarkette, in ten minutes vous serez à votre aise.'"

"And what does she reply?"

"She tells me to go to the five hundred devils. She outrages the Mère Thomas. She tells Antoine that he is a butor, a cancre, a Fesse-Mathieu. That woman's language smells of the stable in which she passes her time. 'Oui, Rataplan,' she says to me, 'je vous considère comme le dernier des derniers.' And then, forsooth, she must insult my sleeping cherub, and say that poor little Adèle's piano-forte practice lui agace les nerfs, and that if I do not put a stop to it she must find another hotel. It is likely, eh? when I pay Signor Tripanelli half a guinea a lesson for her instruction, and know that with two years' more practice elle sera la première pianiste du monde, and cause Thalberg and Chopin to hang themselves in envious despair."

"Why don't you give her her congé?"

Rataplan shrugged his shoulders. "Elle est farcie de truffes. Elle est cousne d'or pour nous. One does not like to lose so excellent a pratique. Bon an mal an, she is worth ten guineas a week to us whenever she comes to stay at the Hotel Rataplan. I should not like that chenapan, Grossous, at the Hotel Belgiosso, to get hold of her. That pied plat, Tripefourbe, of the Hotel du Belvédère dans le Soho, has already endeavored to seduce her away from us. And even the wild animal has her moments of amiability. Elle est assez bonne enfant de temps en temps. She gave only last week to Adèle a brooch qui ressemble à de la chicorée au gras—malachites I think you call it. I saw a snuff-box made of it, which the Cossack Alexander gave to the Emperor at Tilsit—dans le temps que les rois et les empereurs léchaient les bottes d'Achille. Only yesterday she threw her a cashmere, un vrai cachemire des Indes, in which she had burnt a hole with a red-hot poker, in a rage because milord did not come. Adèle will soon darn up the hole. C'est un cachemire éblouissant. Life seems to that woman an eternal vale of Cashmere—en fait de châles."

"Ah! And so milord did not come, and miladi was in a rage. Perhaps she expected him to supper to-night, and his failure was the secret of her mauvaise tête."

"Tiens, je n'y pensais pas. To be sure she sent the commissionnaire this morning to the Albany, where milord lives, and he was out, and lo and behold, when she made her appearance this night, there was a note waiting for her—a little pink note, qui sentait diablement bon, un vrai poulet aux roses, and having read it, she ordered the supper I told you of."

"Then milord may be coming."

"Du tout, un petit jockey, avec la culotte de peau et les bottes à revers—with breeches of leather and top boots—was here not five minutes before your arrival. By word of mouth he delivered the message that his master was very sorry, but could not come. No poulet this time. Antoine went up and told her. She flew into one of her sulphureous ecstasies, and nearly strangled him."

"It is now half past twelve. Is she gone to bed?"

"To bed! She won't seek her couch till three. She will scold that unhappy Barbette, her femme de chambre, till past two. Then she

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will walk about the room, and smoke like a sapper, and swear like a cuirassier, for another hour. To bed! It is lucky for her bed that she goes to it so late. She must quarrel with the bolster, and kick the counterpane all night.

"I think you had better announce me."

"I warn you that she is exceedingly ferocious to-night, and that grave results may follow even my intrusion to announce you."

"Have no fear. She may bite, but I don't fear her barking. I have been a gardien in the Jardin des Plantes, and am not afraid of wild animals. Allons, mon bon. Fais comme je te le dis."

Rataplan rose with any thing but a good grace, and murmuring something about the inexpediency of boarding tigresses in their den. He shuffled up stairs. Constant heard him timorously tap at a door. Then there was a tempest of words audible—confined, however, to a single voice; and after a while the host descended to the salle à manger again, with something positively approaching a faint violet flush on his pale face.

"I told you so," he said. "She is a panther of the Island of Java. A beautiful jaguar. Quelle sève! Comme elle rugit! Comme elle bondit! C'est une folle de Bicêtre dans son cabanon. However, if you are fond of bêtes fauves, there she is. Go, my friend, and be devoured. La Louve t'attend." And he sat down, drew the candle closer to him, mixed himself a fresh tumbler of "grog;" reillumined the but-end of his cigar—a Frenchman never desists until the weed begins to burn the tip of his nose, and then he sticks the stump on the point of a penknife—and so resumed his perusal of the *Siècle* seven days old.

Monsieur Constant went quietly up stairs, and softly laid his hand upon the handle of the door of the front drawing-room. I must keep Monsieur Constant with his hand upon the handle for the space of two chapters, while I cross the water on an excursion very necessary to this narrative.

CHAPTER X.

AN IDYL.

In the department of the Bouches du Rhône, and in the neighborhood of Avignon, there are few prettier villages than Marouille-le-Gency, in the sous-préfecture of Nougat.

There are not ten houses of more than one story, and not above a hundred cottages; but they are all pretty. They are built mostly of stone, or of sunburnt bricks whitened over, and roofed in with those convex tiles, laid on loose and secured only by pegs, such as you see in Italian villages. White as are their fronts they were half-hidden by clustering vines. A vineyard itself is not ordinarily inviting to the sight. In its picturesque aspect it exists only in the imagination of scene-painters, in the engravings of defunct landscape annuals, and in the fancy performances, in oil and water colors, sent every year to exhibitions. For real beauty I will match a Kentish hop garden, or a Twickenham orchard, against the most luxuriant vineyard in the sunny south. We say little about the south being chronically stormy as well as sunny. It is only on the banks of the Rhine, where the grapes grow in terraces, one above the other, to the very tops of the hills, that a wine-bearing district assumes a romantic look. It is the same with olive-trees. Olives in their saline solution, popularly, but erroneously, supposed to be sea-water, are very nice to eat with your claret, and very nice to talk or sing about in ballad poetry; but a plantation of olive-trees is, next to a field of mangel-wurzel, about the ugliest object in Nature you can come across. Hemp beats it. Flax beats it. Clover demolishes it utterly, in an artistic sense. The vines, however, that cluster beneath the cottage roof, and the olives that grow in the front garden, are certainly charming, and Marouille-le-Gency had an abundance of both.

The little river Bâve, one of the tributaries of the Rhône, ran right across the village street, and the villagers were great people for clean linen. They were even given to washing themselves as well as their clothes, a strange thing in the south. The village was girt about with real orange groves. There was an abundance of myrtles. The entrance to the hamlet was planted with gigantic plants of the cactus tribe. The rarest and most beautiful flowers grew nearly all the year round in the open air. Turtle-doves cooed from the tiles. Thickets of the maritime stone pine covered the hills behind Marouille, over which frowned the gray medieval Château of Ocques, once a baronial residence, then a fortress, then a barrack, now a penitentiary.

The "correctionnaires," or inmates of this house of penance, did not trouble the inhabitants much. They were kept with commendable stringency behind the strong stone-walls of the Castle of Ocques, where they worked for their sins at sailcloth weaving, rope-making, and mat-plaiting. Once in six months or so one of their number escaped; but Marouille-le-Gency had a breed of strong savage dogs, and a substantial reward being offered for the capture of fugitives, the refugee was soon hunted down. The house of correction was principally useful to the villagers as a bugbear, or bête noire, to scare their refractory children withal, who, when they did not behave themselves, were threatened with being sent là-haut, up there, to the big old castle.

The inhabitants were mostly small proprietors, each cultivating his own particular patch of vineyard or olive garden, and contriving to make both ends meet in a scrambling kind of manner at the end of the year. The necessaries of life were cheap. Bread was coarse but plentiful. Meat was seldom eaten, but as seldom asked for. Beyond a few river trout and some salt fish in Lent there was no consumption of piscine delicacies. Oranges and grapes cost nothing at all. The vin du pays cost only four sous the litre, and for luxuries the denizens of Marouille-le-Gency had a most profound disregard.

They did not occupy themselves much with contemporary politics. Theoretically they were legitimists, and kept as a fête the anniversary of the grand day A.D. 1815, when Monseigneur Louis Antoine, Fils de France and Duke of Angoulême had passed through Marouille-le-Gency on his way to unfurl the white flag at Bordeaux. By the same token their usual mild natures had undergone an eclipse of ferocity, and they mobbed and nearly murdered Napoleon on his way to Elba after his first abdication at Fontainebleau. The ex-imperial carriage halted to change horses at the village post-house; the moody occupant was recognized, hooted, insulted, stoned; knives were brandished at the windows; inflamed faces with fiery eyes glared in upon him; and but for the presence of mind of the mayor, who was known to be a Bourbonist, and who, baring his breast, stood at the coach door pointing to his breast and crying, "C'est un tyran, mais vous me tuerez le premier!" they would have dragged the fallen hero from his vehicle and flung him under the wheels. It is said that Napoleon shed tears of rage and shame at this unmannerly reception, and that as soon as he was clear of Marouille he changed clothes with one of his postillions, and in jackboots, a red waistcoat, and a hat flaunting with ribbons, clacked his whip, and bestrode the leader, in order to avoid similar insults at the next stage. It must be admitted that, although inveterate against him in adversity, the Marouillais had never fawned upon him in his prosperity. They had invariably detested his rule. The mothers and sweet-hearts of Marouille cursed him consistently and continually. The flower of their youth had been taken away from their vineyards to shed their blood in his incessant battles. What had Jean-Pierre or Louis-Alcide to do with his quarrels with the Austrian Kaiser or the Russian Czar; and why should their scanty brains have been blown out because he was ambitious and wanted more kingdoms for playthings of? When he was finally consigned to his dolorous captivity, the villagers sang the vindictive old complainte:

Napoléonne
Tyrannisait la Fran-ce
Napoléonne! Napoleonne!
Jeun-nes gar-çonnes,
Rentrez dans vos familles
Nez craignez plûs
La con-se-crip-ionne.

And "Napoléon! Napoléon!" Nevertheless, for years after 1821, they obstinately refused to believe in his death, holding that he was still secured by the English with a strong chain riveted to the wall of a dungeon in the island of St. Helena; and as a "bogy" for naughty children he divided popularity with the Château d'Ocques. Da capo. For the rest they were very pious, and the most docile of parishioners to their curé, believing implicitly in relics, the genuineness of modern miracles, and the direct intervention of the saints in curing the diseases of cattle, and in assisting the cultivation of the vine. Spells, incantations, second-sight, and the evil-eye, were in high repute among the Marouillais. They were grossly ignorant, and very happy.

In the year 1825, Charles the Tenth being King of France and Navarre, there came to live at Marouille-le-Gency, as landlord of its solitary auberge and post-house, a long low tenement, by the sign of The Lilies of France, a young Swiss called Jean Baptiste Constant.

He had been, according to his own account, in domestic service, and had saved some money. There was no mystery about him. His appearance harmonized with the signalement on his passport, and his papers were perfectly en règle. He had bought the good-will of the "Lys de France" out of a notary's étude at Avignon, where it had been deposited for sale by the executors of Madame Veuve Barrichon, who had been its hostess ever since the days of the Great Revolution. Carrier had once set up a guillotine in her back yard, and decapitated half a score of "arestos" there. The villagers declared that ever since that hideous day the water of the well in the back yard had worn a purple tinge. The incoming tenant of the auberge had paid a handsome price for it—twenty-five thousand francs, so the gossips of the village said, half down and half at mortgage on the security of the premises, besides a substantial pot de vin. A man who could command such an amount of capital was looked upon as a personage, and the villagers determined to be very civil to him. The mayor called on him the day after his arrival at Marouille. M. le Curé set him down as one of the future corporation of the fatrigue. Fortunately for his peace of mind at Marouille, he was, although a Swiss, a Catholic, hailing from some canton on the Italian frontier. This was fortunate, because the Marouillais dislike heretics, classing them with gipsies, poachers, and escaped correctionnaires. He was, likewise, a bachelor, and, although somewhat swarthy and down-looking, athletic, vivacious, and, on the whole, a very personable fellow. He brought neither kith nor kin with him to his new abiding-place, and the mothers of the village who had marriageable daughters looked upon him favorably from a matrimonial point of view. Elles le regardaient avec des yeux de convoitise. The girls thought him well enough, with his great bushy head of black hair and large white teeth, only they said his eyebrows were so thick as to give him a fierce and scowling expression, and complained that he never looked one in the face. Such was Jean Baptiste Constant. Suisse de naissance éligible, and, apparently, not more than twenty-eight years of age.

He was a good man of business, and looked keenly after the main chance, but was no niggard. He was willing to be treated, but could treat, too, in his turn, upon occasion. He soon drove a very prosperous trade at the "Lilies of France," and, being postmaster, made a good deal out of the rich English travelers on their way to Nice. He engaged as housekeeper a strong old woman called La Beugleuse. She was not handsome, and far from amiable, and had a desperate potency of harsh lungs, whence her name; but she was very strong and had a mania for hard work. She kept the stable-boys and postillions sober, and up to their duties, and looked after the lodgers while Constant served in the bar or waited on the customers in the billiard-room. Moreover, she brought a pair of hands with her in addition to her own. These supplementary hands belonged to her niece Valérie, who, in 1825, was a slut of a girl not more than fifteen years of age. She was an overgrown, loutish kind of a lass, and yet, for all her long limbs, seemed dwarfed and stunted about the head and shoulders. Her skin was coarse; her hands tanned with hard labor, her voice harsh and strident, her manners uncouth and boorish. She had magnificent brown hair, which hung about her head and neck in a tangled mass, and big blue eyes at which few people cared to look admiringly, seeing that they were enshrined in a sunburnt, dirty face. She was an incorrigible slattern, and her temper was abominable. Children are rarely beaten in France; it is looked upon as a cruel and dastardly thing even to box a girl's ears; but no one blamed La Beugleuse when she thrashed her refractory niece with a knotted rope or a leathern trace, or tied her up to one of the mangers in the stable. It seemed natural that Vaurien-Valérie should be treated like a stubborn horse or mule. The oldsters shook their heads, and said, "C'est dur; c'est pénible; mais que voulez vous faire avec une fille comme cela?" She was held up as a warning and example to the insubordinate juveniles of the village. "If you don't mind what's said to you, and give way to your temper, you will come to be flogged and tied up in a stable like Valérie à la Beugleuse." Nobody cared to inquire what her patronymic was, so they gave her a share of her aunt's nickname.

Perhaps the education she had received was not very conducive to the development of feminine character, or the cultivation of delicate manners. Her mother had died in bearing her. Her father had run away from his employment as a postillion after drawing a bad number in the conscription, and had then sold himself as a substitute in the army. It was in 1815, when the Emperor was desperately in need of men, and pressing questions were not asked. The substitute was three times promoted, through sheer desperate valor in the field of battle, to the rank of sergeant; and was as many times reduced to the ranks for flagrant misconduct. He didn't drink, he didn't gamble; he was honest, but incurably insubordinate. His colonel used to say, "I shall be obliged to recommend a galopin là for the epaulet, or to bring him before a court-martial and have him shot." Il est moitié Bayard et moitié pendard et tout à fait guerre. If the cross of the Legion had been given to him one day, he would have, within twenty-four hours, done something to warrant his degradation from the order. Fortunately for the glory of France, and the interests of society, Valérie's father got himself killed at the battle of Waterloo, where he was found by a party of Prussian foragers under a heap of slain, riddled with lance wounds, and his arms firmly locked round those of an English dragoon, whom he had dragged off his horse and killed by tearing his throat in sunder with his teeth. If the deeds of heroism which have been performed by incorrigible blackguards could be all published, the governments might be tempted to organize battalions of garroters and galley-slaves. For heading a forlorn hope Marley, who was hanged, would have been invaluable.

La Beugleuse took care, after a fashion, of the little orphan Valérie, who in her cradle bawled more than fifty ordinary babies. The adoption was not a very moving one. La Beugleuse was miserably poor. As long as the child remembered, her aunt had earned her daily bread by working in the fields as a day-laborer. When Valérie was old enough—that is to say, when she was seven—she too went aux champs to scare the birds away. La Beugleuse sent her to the village school, but she would learn nothing there. They put her on the fool's cap, or bonnet d'âne; they made her kneel across sharp rulers, but in vain. She came back, her hands and arms black and blue from the stripes of the martinet; and frequently she played truant, and remained away, among the thickets on the hill, for days together. The curé preached against her in church, for she declined to be catechised, and was the only black sheep among the snowy little flock whom he prepared for their first communion. When she was ten she might have earned ten sous a day by picking up stones in the vineyards, but she destroyed more vines than she picked up stones. The curé advised La Beugleuse to send her to Avignon to a convent, where the good sisters received such undisciplined colts as she, and broke them in with mingled kindness and severity; but Valérie coolly announced her determination of setting fire to the convent and murdering one of the sisters the first night she passed under a monastic roof. And all who knew believed her to be perfectly capable of deeds quite as desperate. She was now between thirteen and fourteen, and about this time Jean Baptiste Constant came to Marouilles and entered into possession of the "Lilies of France." La Beugleuse took service with him, and Valérie accompanied her. The vaurien soon grew familiar with the stable, and on most friendly terms with the horses and mules; would ride them barebacked to water, would litter and rub them down, feed them, and, indeed, was in a short time quite as useful about the establishment as an hostler. Partly from compassion, and partly from an idea that the girl could be overcome by other means than violence, Jean Baptiste persuaded the housekeeper, in her management of Valérie, to abandon her formerly unvaried specific of flogging. For a time the girl went on worse, and was intolerably riotous and rebellious; but after a while she came to show, toward Jean Baptiste at least, a strange surly docility which seemed to be in some degree due to affection, and to some extent to fear. She came at his call, and almost at his whistle, like a dog. She obeyed all his orders without a murmur. A stern word or a stern look from Jean Baptiste was sufficient to render her meek and submissive whenever she showed a disposition to defy her aunt. The mayor, M. le Curé, all the villagers, marveled at the phenomenon. Valérie was wholly changed.

But a stranger phenomenon was soon to take place. When the girl came to be sixteen she grew with astounding rapidity exceedingly beautiful. Like Peau d'âne in the fairy tale, she seemed, all at once, to have changed from a grubby little ragamuffin, a sordid beggar's brat, into a lovely and elegant princess. A princess in rags she might have remained, certainly; but that the landlord of the "Lys de France" brought her back after one of his visits to Avignon enough cotton print of Rouen manufacture for two work-a-day frocks, and a piece of mingled silk and wool for a Sunday dress. Valérie, who had hitherto been mocked at and despised as the lowest of the low, was now envied. She went through her long-deferred first communion with unexceptionable decorum. She combed out her tangled brown hair, and arranged it in sumptuous plaits beneath a natty little lace cap. She washed her face, and her big blue eyes shone out from the cleared surface like stars. A film seemed to have been removed from her voice, even as a cataract is removed by a skillful operator from a diseased eye. The voice was harsh and strident no longer, but full of deep rich tones and low whispers that thrilled to the very marrow of the listener. When she was in a passion now she was sublime, not repulsive. The angular movements of her limbs were replaced by an indescribable suppleness and grace. She began to dance without ever having learnt. She began to sing without ever having been taught. She was evidently one of those raw creatures who "pick up" accomplishments, or are gifted with them naturally. Her capacity had flowered late, but the product was marvelous in exuberant beauty. So are there some persons of one or the other sex, who can rattle forth voluntaries on the piano and drive tandem without the slightest apparent training for such feats. So you will find a journeyman carpenter who is a born mathematician; a consumptive tailor more logical in his pot-house orations than Whately in his study; more eloquent than Derby; more conspicuous than Mill. So an orange wench, who needs no greater transformation than a dozen silk dresses and credit at the bonnet builders, to courtesy and flirt and fascinate like a duchess.

Her curious obedience to the behests of Jean Baptiste Constant endured during a transitory period. When her beauty was definitively manifest the shackles, as well as the dirt and the coarseness and the clumsiness, fell from her limbs. The slave became a tyrant. She turned sharply round on the strong old woman who used to flog and tie her up to the manger, and in a moment, morally, trampled her aunt under her heel. La Beugleuse was dazed and bewildered by this radiant serpent, so suddenly emergent from a scaly, slimy skin. She gave in at once, and became Valérie's very humble and obedient servant. Her master, Jean Baptiste, held out a little longer, and once or twice essayed to scold the girl; but she soon determined the relations that were in future to exist between them. "Il n'y qu'une personne qui déra 'je veux' ici; et ce sera Moi." Thus she said, stamping her foot, and the inn-keeper bit his lips, and, looking at her curiously from under his drooping eyelids, said "I will" no more, so far at least as she was concerned, at the "Lilies of France."

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

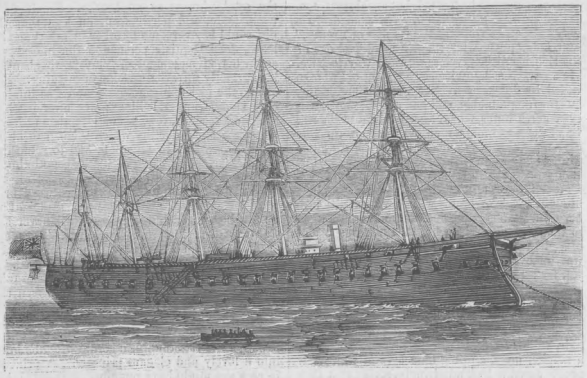
As breezes stir the morning,
A silence reigns in air;
Steel blue the heavens above me,
Moveless the trees and bare:
Yet unto me the stillness
This burden seems to bring—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

Strong ash, and sturdy chestnut,
Rough oak, and poplar high,
Stretch out their sapless branches
Against the wintry sky.
Even the guilty aspen
Hath ceas'd her quivering,
As though she too were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

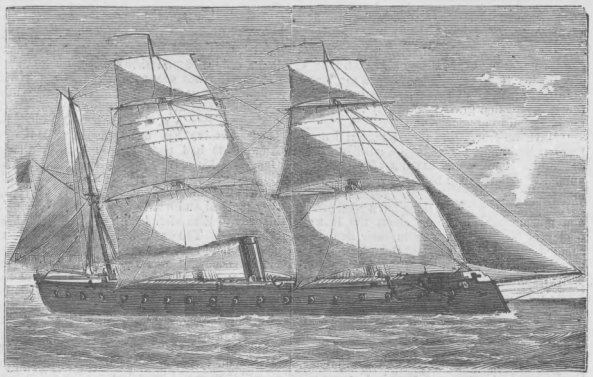
I strain mine ears to listen,
If haply where I stand
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute, O blackbird?
O thrush, why dost not sing?"
Ah! surely they are waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

O heart! thy days are darksome;
O heart! thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Like them, be silent, waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

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THE ENGLISH IRON-CLAD "MINOTAUR."



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD "LA COURONNE."

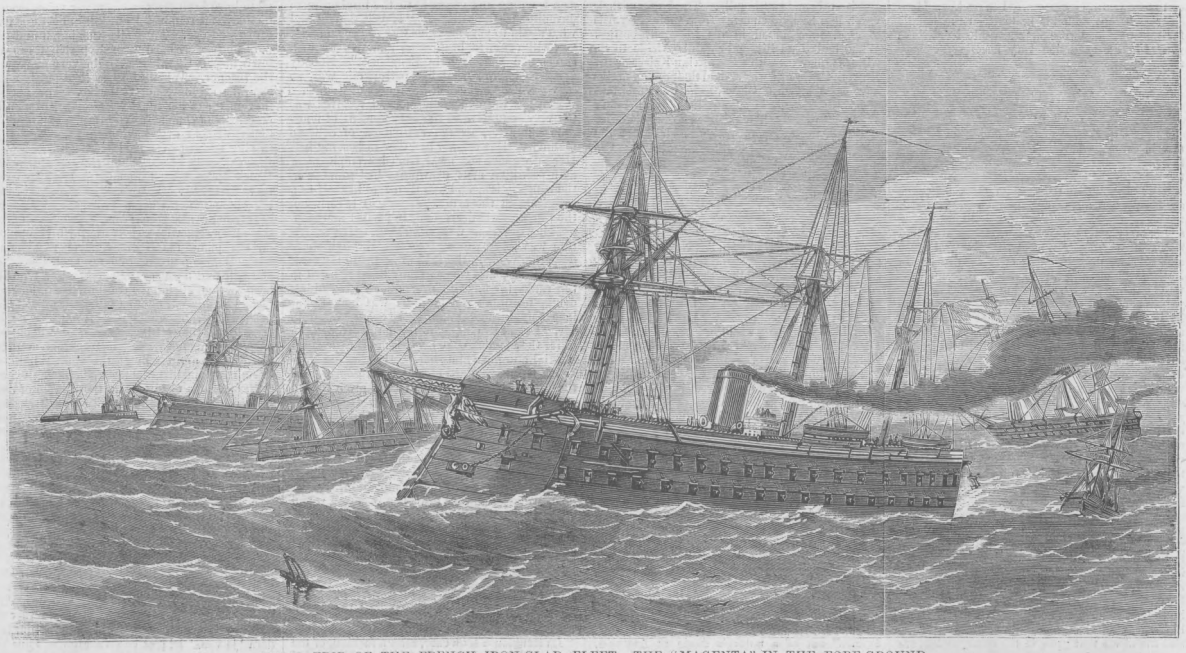
EUROPEAN IRON-CLADS.

THE illustrations here given are types of the style of iron-clad steamers which have been finally adopted by the French and English Governments. They are based upon the general idea of plating men-of-war of the old models with iron of sufficient thickness to resist the shot from guns which they think can be advantageously worked on ship-board. From 4 to 5½ inches of solid plates is the thickness fixed upon. The ponderous old three and four deckers are, with the exception of the French *Solferino* and *Magenta*—which have two decks, and are only plated in the middle—cut down to one. Otherwise the armament is disposed of, as in the old men-of-war, in broadside. Thus the English *Minotaur*, of 10,000 tons, has 50 guns; the French *La Couronne*, 6000 tons, has 40 guns. The *Invincible* is of nearly the same tonnage and armament. The floating-battery *Le Saigon* is designed solely for harbor defense.

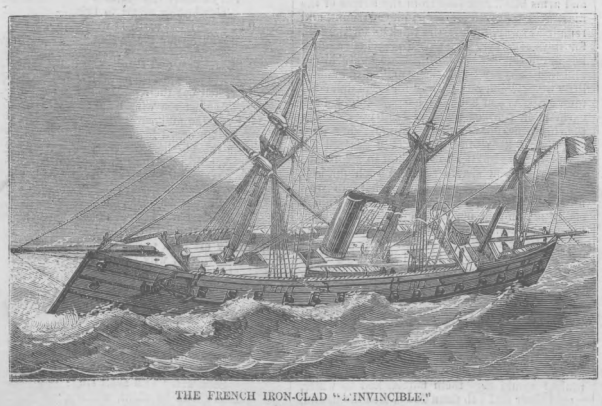
The first French and English iron-clads are now conceded to be failures. Of these a competent English writer says: "The mere multiplication of men and guns in great ships is, as Raleigh urged almost three centuries ago, not only a waste of means but a diminution of efficiency, as huge floating castles were slow in manœuvring, and limited in their movements by the depth of water which they drew. Whenever we have the misfortune to be engaged in a maritime war such will be found to be the case of our great show ships *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and the like." The trial-trips of these vessels were wholly unsatisfactory. They were even less seaworthy than our own "Monitors," which were never designed for sea-going vessels.

If, however, we can judge from the reports of the trial-trip made last October of the new French iron-clads, of which the *Magenta* and *Invincible* are types, their performances at sea were wholly satisfactory, and the French have practically solved the problem of building armored vessels of fair speed which may safely be dispatched upon distant service. They are, however, simply ships of war plated with four or five inches of iron, with a great amount of exposed surface, capable of fighting only broadside on, and thus in their numerous port-holes presenting many especially vulnerable points. If mere target experiments prove any thing, we may be assured that four or five inches of iron are no match for the heaviest modern artillery. But European constructors appear to go on the assumption that these heavy guns can not be used on shipboard, and hence the armament of these vessels is formidable rather from the number of pieces than from the power of any one singly.

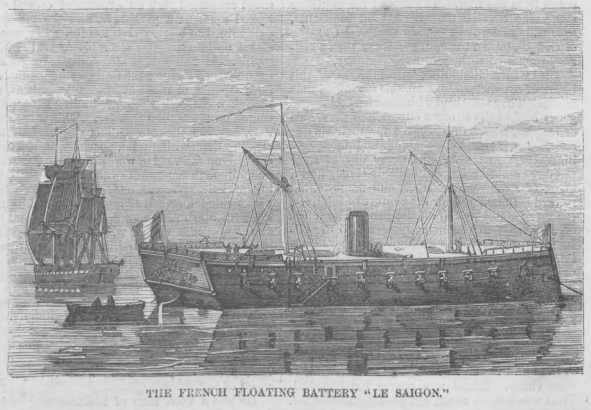
Our own iron-clads, with the exception of the *Ironsides* and the *Roanoke*, are constructed on a wholly different theory. We believe that the ship which can deliver the hardest blows will, other things considered, be most effective. We therefore construct our ships so as to leave the least possible surface exposed to the fire of the enemy, and to offer the fewest possible vulnerable points, concentrating their main offensive power into two or four guns mounted in revolving turrets. The exposed surface, being smaller, can be more heavily armored, with no increase of aggregate weight. Instead of the four or six inches of plating on the European vessels, our turrets have from nine to thirteen—a thickness which, as far as is shown by any experiments hitherto made, is not penetrable by any artillery yet constructed. While, as we think, our iron-clads are thus safe from any fire which could be brought to bear upon them from a hostile vessel, they are furnished with a pair of guns, one or two shots from which, fairly delivered, would destroy any French or English iron-clad. We think that no European vessel could deliver as heavy a fire as that which our "Monitors" have undergone before Fort Sumter with no essential damage, while



TRIAL TRIP OF THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD FLEET.—THE "MAGENTA" IN THE FORE-GROUND.



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD "INVINCIBLE."



THE FRENCH FLOATING BATTERY "LE SAIGON."

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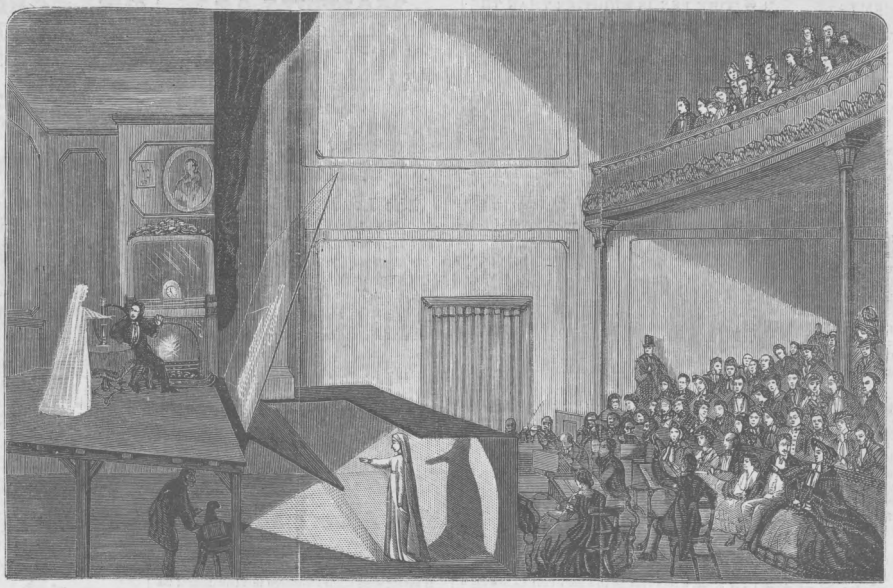
we think that the fire which they delivered upon that mass of masonry would have sunk any European vessel which had received it.

In some of the vessels now constructing, of which the *Dunderberg* may be taken as a type, there is a partial compromise between the two systems. She will have half a dozen of casemate guns, besides those in her turrets; but still the American idea of diminished surface and fire concentrated in a few large pieces predominates.

The great defects in our "Monitors" lie in their unseaworthiness, their want of speed, and in the uncertainty of the aim of their guns fired from turrets in motion. None of these defects seem to us irremediable. A turret with its two or four guns must be of less weight than an armament of forty guns, with its necessary ammunition. There can therefore be no insuperable obstacle in the way of placing a turret upon a sea-worthy hull, and providing this with engines capable of giving full speed. The uncertainty of aim may be fully obviated by the automatic mode of sighting and discharge, as proposed by the inventor of the Revolving Turrets, which was fully explained in our Number of April 18, 1863.

The European theory of iron-clads seems to have been practically carried to its ultimate point of perfection. Vessels have been constructed clad with 4 or 6 inches of iron, carrying 50 guns, fairly manageable, and apparently sea-worthy. That the British authorities are satisfied is shown by the construction of the *Minotaur*, the largest war vessel afloat, and one of three of the same class now building. The French *Numancia*, just launched, is of quite equal rate.

The American theory yet awaits full practical development. Still we believe that we have in construction iron-clads which would be an over-match for any of those of France or England. The only point upon which we are doubtful is the essential one of speed. If the *Dunderberg*, for example, attains the speed anticipated for her, we are confident that, with her two turret, two pivot, and six broadside guns, she will be able to cope with any European antagonist. Three things are now required of an iron-clad: *Speed*, to find or elude an antagonist; *Force* to assail; and *Strength* to resist. We believe that the worst of our vessels combine more of these than the best of their European rivals.



GHOSTS ON THE STAGE.

GHOSTS ON THE STAGE.

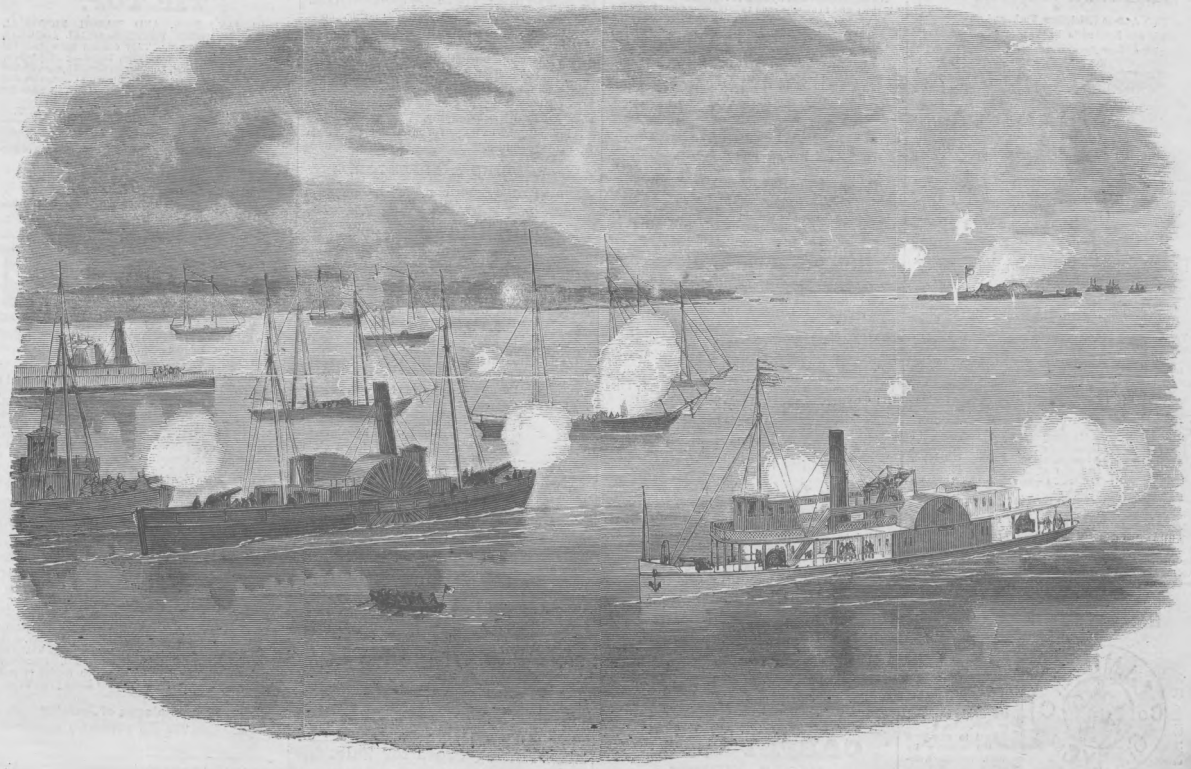
THE "Ghosts" which have within a few weeks figured so largely in all the European and American theatres are produced in accordance with well-known optical laws, and by a very simple apparatus, although considerable dexterity and practice are required to make the whole work satisfactorily. Let any one in a dimly-lighted chamber stand in front of a large vertical pane of glass, like that which is often placed in the sliding-doors between the front and back parlors, and he will see his own image as though reflected in a mirror, only it will appear to be behind the glass. The reason is, that more light is reflected from the glass than passes through it. Now behind the glass let other persons be placed, just as far behind it as the person whose image is to appear is in front, and the reflected figure will appear to be right among the real persons. Our illustration shows precisely how this law is made use of in producing "ghosts" on the stage. A plate of glass is placed at a proper inclination just back of the first "trap," the cover of which is lowered. The stage being dimly lighted the transparent glass is wholly invisible to the spectator. In front of this, under the stage, and concealed from the sight of the spectators, is the actor whose ghost is to appear. A strong illumination is thrown upon her, usually by means of an electric light, and in obedience to the optical law which we have mentioned, her image appears upon the stage apparently among the real actors. To the eye of the spectator she is as real as any one of them. If the electric light is shut off, the image of course disappears at once; if it is gradually lowered, the figure grows dimmer and appears to vanish slowly; if the light is increased, the figure becomes more distinct, and appears to the spectator to advance toward him. This augmentation and diminution of light is best effected by a proper arrangement of movable screens to be interposed or removed as the action of the play requires the figure to advance, recede, or disappear altogether. The whole principle of the exhibition is simple enough; but to make it "work" satisfactorily demands a vast deal of care and attention, and can be attained only by frequent and laborious rehearsals. This arises mainly from the fact that the spectral figure is not seen by the real actors on the stage, and yet they must "play to" it. They must kneel to it, cower before it, run from it, stab or shoot it, as the action of the play demands. The actors must, therefore, remember precisely where the spectre, invisible to them, appears to be to the eye of the spectators in front. The mistake of a moment in time may make the whole performance ridiculous. If every thing works well the illusion is complete. The senses of the spectator are completely cheated, even though he may know exactly how it is done. It would be well worth while to investigate how far the ghostly apparitions, which are recorded from the days of the Witch of Endor downward, have been produced by the thaumaturgists availing themselves of one of the most familiar laws in optics.

FORT POWELL.

WE give on this page a view, supplementary to our sketches of last week, of the attack upon FORT POWELL, at Grant's Pass, in Mobile Bay, by the mortar fleet under FARRAGUT, on the 24th of February last, as sketched during the engagement from the deck of the flag-ship *Calhoun*. Fort Powell is a sand battery commanding the Pass, which is a shallow strait connecting Mississippi Sound with Mobile Bay, along the northern side of Dauphin Island. The fort mounts eight or nine guns of various calibre, some of long range, and is so situated in relation to the shallow water that vessels of ordinary draught can not get within two and a half or three miles of it.

The bombardment of the fort was under the personal supervision of Admiral FARRAGUT, who directed movements from the deck of the *Calhoun*, and was principally maintained by the mortar schooners, or "Bummers," as they are facetiously called by the marines. Four gun-boats were in the action, namely, the flag-ship *Calhoun*, *Port Royal*, *Octorara*, and the *Jackson*. The method of attack was to tow the schooners up through and into the mud, to a position as near to the fort as possible, and leave them to pound away as best they could, the gun-boats taking post near by to render assistance in case the mortars were disabled.

After the bombardment was well opened the firing was vigorously sustained until it became apparent that the distance was too great to effect a reduction of the fort. The fleet accordingly hauled off to await reinforcements of light draught vessels from New Orleans. Of the shells thrown probably not more than a fifth part took effect; and the rebels repaired at night what damage was done during the day. The casualties of the fleet were unimportant.



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT POWELL BY ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET, ON FEBRUARY 24, 1864.—SKETCHED DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.

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To possess the secret of compounding the best purgative known to medical science is no slight responsibility. My chief object in life is to make the Brandreth Pills so they shall retain their high character, and hope that all the afflicted may be induced to try their merits and so be restored to health. THE BRANDRETH PILLS *increase the life principle and diminish the death principle.* If you ask how this is done, I reply: They cleanse the blood, correct and regulate all the secretions, and by purgation discharge the whole mass of morbid matter from the body, without reducing the strength! Purgation, with the remedies in fashion with the "regular profession," prostrate our strength to such a degree, in many cases, that an absolute injury to our general health is often produced; whereas BRANDRETH'S PILLS, while they cleanse the body by purgation, add strength to the vital powers.

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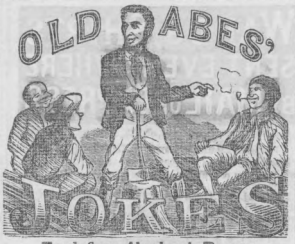
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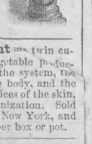
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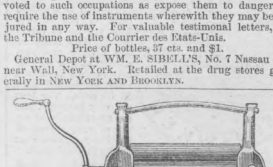
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TESTIMONY OF MESSRS. JNO. W. WHEELER, of Cleveland, Ohio, and John C. Lefferts, of New York.

PUTNAM MFG. CO.:

GENTLEMEN: I know from practical experience that iron well galvaized with zinc will not oxidize and rust one particle. I can safely say, after several years experience in the manufacture of chain, for chain-pump and water-drawers, in which I have tested the affinity of iron and zinc, that, if the process is conducted properly, it is a perfect weld of the two.

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Respectfully yours, JOHN W. WHEELER.

Many years' experience in the galvanizing business enables me to indorse the above statement in all particulars.

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* **Hoyt's Imperial Coloring Cream.**

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N.B.—Ladies' French hair-dresser in attendance to apply the Hiawatha.

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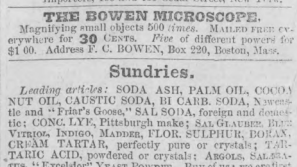
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

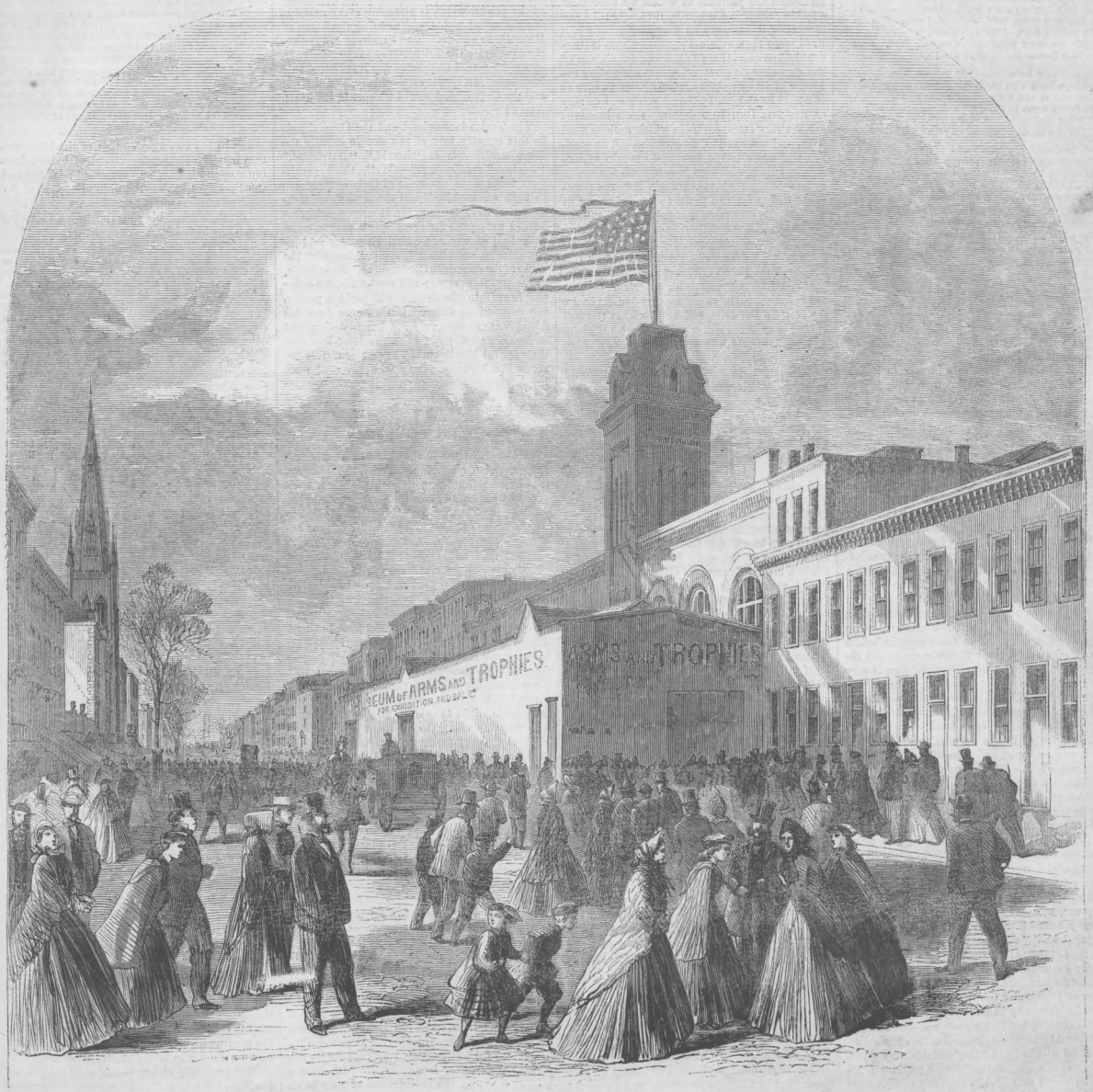
VOL. VIII.—No. 380.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR BUILDINGS.

WE give on this page views of the buildings on Fourteenth Street, and on page 228 those on Union Square, which have been erected and adapted for the uses of the Metropolitan Fair. The buildings on Fourteenth Street are appropriated to the exhibition and sale of the many varieties of goods contributed—the main building of the group, that with a cupola, forming a great bazar, with departments adjoining for the exhibition of pictures, for restaurant purposes, etc. The Book Department is in this building. These are the main buildings of the Fair, and to the majority of visitors will form the principal point of interest. The building erected over the sidewalk, and extending beyond it into the street, is occupied in part by the Indian Wigwam of Mr. BIERSTADT, the artist, in which Indian dresses and curiosities are exhibited; and during the Fair a band of the "Red Men" will perform some of their dances, and give other illustrations of Indian life. Another part of this building will be occupied by the Ordnance Department, which will give to our peaceful citizens a glimpse of the field and garrison appointments with which our brave defenders have lately become as familiar as they were aforetime with the plow and plane, or any other implement of industry. The Firemen's display in these buildings is creditable at once to the generosity and taste of this important branch of the public service.

The building on Union Square is appropriated, among other things, to a Children's Department, which will be remembered as one of the pleasantest features of the Fair. In this department daily entertainments will be furnished, during the Fair, by some thousands of children. There are ten booths, one containing a miniature skating-pond; another embracing contributions from the public schools; a third gifts from benevolent societies, etc. Another feature of the Union Square buildings is the Knickerbocker Kitchen, in which New York, as it was long years ago, is reproduced for the gratification of the Young New York of to-day. Here, too, as the Fair goes on, our friends from the country, whose ancestors used to make pilgrimages to New York once a year, half a century or so ago, will be able to see illustrated precisely the manners, customs, and life which their fathers looked upon, and can thus determine, from personal examination, in how far the new life is an improvement upon the old. Probably, however, some may conclude that the old life was better, more practical and full of soul, than the new, in whose responsibilities we all are sharing.



THE METROPOLITAN FAIR BUILDINGS ON FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

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THE TORN BATTLE-FLAG.

OVERHEAD are the milk-white clouds,
And the liquid blue of the April sky;
On either side are the jubilant crowds,
And the marble buildings towering high,
As up the street the veterans come
With screaming fife and rattling drum.

In front, by the color-sergeant borne,
Is the battle-flag that each loves well,
Grimy with battle smoke, and torn
By the whistling bullet and bursting shell;
And long and loud the people cheer
At sight of the flag that each holds dear.

Its stars were once of a glittering gold
On a field of glorious azure bright,
Of newest silk was each shining fold,
With stripes of crimson and purest white,
And delicate hands of women made
The woven tassel and corded braid.

As the drums beat loud and the people cheer
Each veteran there remembers the day
When, parting with wives and sweet-hearts dear,
From their peaceful homes they came away,
And bade farewell to their native hills,
To the verdant meadows and sweet-voiced rills.

Ah, through what scenes of strife since then
Has that tattered battle-flag been borne!
What meaning is there to these valiant men
In each fluttering remnant stained and torn!
And proudly they follow it up the street
While the shrill fifes scream and the loud drums beat.

It tells of marches through wind and rain,
In the summer heat and the solemn night!
It tells of a gallant comrade slain
Who bore it safely in many a fight—
Of the sudden skirmish where brave men bled,
Of the battle-field with its gory dead.

It tells of capture by traitorous foe,
Of rescue again by the hand of friend;
It tells of the enemy's overthrow,
Which must and shall be the glorious end,
When their fitful, ill-begotten rag
No more shall insult the dear old flag.

At sunset and at earliest morn,
At noon beneath the scorching heat,
On Southern slopes 'mid the tasseled corn,
In trodden fields of rye and wheat,
Up the rocky pathway, strewn with dead,
That banner the advance has led.

And now they have brought it home at last,
Though black with the battle's smoke and torn—
What tales it will tell of the stirring Past
In future years to the child unborn,
When gazing, mute, at the arsenal wall,
His eye on that tattered flag shall fall!

Beat, beat, ye drums, still louder beat!
Play fifes, with shriller, merrier sound!
Roll out, oh drums, along the street,
Till trembles all the solid ground!
And cheer, ye people, long and louder cheer,
For the brave old flag that your hearts hold dear!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

HAS the Union Convention been called to meet at too early a day? There are some loyal journals which warmly insist that it has, and that it should be postponed until the first of September. Their chief argument seems to be that we have a momentous campaign before us, which requires the hearty and united support of all good citizens, while the discussion of the claims of the candidates will certainly distract us, and consequently weaken our efforts. One journal, indeed, goes so far as to suggest that the coming campaign is in some sense final, and that if we do not crush the rebellion this summer we shall relinquish the struggle—a view which seems to us simply incomprehensible. But all the advocates of postponing the nomination are agreed that the failure of the campaign will be the virtual defeat of Mr. LINCOLN.

Now, since there is a President to be elected in November, and since he ought certainly, in order to secure a full and fair canvass, to be nominated at least two or three months before the election, it is clear that the argument for postponement drawn from the campaign is very inconclusive, because it can not be assumed that the campaign will end before the fine weather is passed. The battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chicamauga, and Lookout Mountain were all fought in the autumn or winter; and because we may be unfortunate in the opening, it does not follow that we may not be victorious at the close of the campaign. If it be asked whether great reverses during the summer would not be the proof of an incompetency in the conduct of the war which ought to be rebuked rather than rewarded? the reply is in the other question whether the best soldiers known to the country, and most cordially approved by loyal men, are not now in the chief military positions, and vested with all necessary discretion? If they are, and—after doing their best—fail, do these journals propose to sneer at the "interference" and "mismanagement" in Washington? Lieutenant-General GRANT, with a practically supreme military command, directs the pending operations. Even the stoutest advocates of postponing the nomination profess full faith in his ability to annihilate or disperse the rebel armies, but if he does not—woe to the President! is their remarkable conclusion. That he will be held responsible is very possible. That disappointment will produce a reaction which may lead to unhappy results, as it did in New York two years ago, when Mr. SEYMOUR was elected Governor, is very likely; but we are now considering what is wisest—what really thoughtful and loyal men and journals ought to advise.

And that brings us to the fundamental weakness of this whole policy of delay. It is simply an assumption that the candidacy of Mr. LINCOLN is to depend not upon the whole course of his administration for three years in the midst of frightful and unprecedented perils and disasters, but simply upon the issue of one campaign, which, by the admission of the objectors, is in the best hands to which it could be confided. Now to this reasoning we utterly object. These authorities admit that the present Administration has been, upon the whole, so "successful and fair," that it inspires more confidence than any untried Administration is likely to do. Why, then, we ask, should it be condemned by one detail? Upon what reasonable grounds is it maintained that the general success of three years is to be outweighed by the issue of a single campaign? If we have expressed an earnest preference for the re-election of the President, it is exactly because his course has been, "upon the whole, so successful and fair." It is because, in the extraordinary exigencies of these three years, he has shown such sagacity and fidelity, because he has so truly represented the great public opinion of that very heterogeneous mass, the American people, and has brought their cause steadily forward toward victory, that we can not agree that it is a wise thing to set him aside, even if General GRANT does not annihilate or disperse the rebel armies before the first of September, or even if he should suffer a reverse.

Indeed, whatever the event of the coming campaign may be, we think his re-election the best thing for the cause. If the campaign be fortunate, the journals of which we have been speaking concede his nomination. If it be unfortunate, it seems to us that the country will need more than ever a President whom it thoroughly knows. If we fail, an entire change of the executive department, except upon clear evidence of its culpability, would be as unwise as it would have been in the anguish and dismay of the first Bull Run defeat. Such moments are the very emergencies in which nations need tried, and not untried, magistrates. The sacrifice of leaders to the rage and chagrin of momentary disappointment is surely not the action of an intelligent people, nor will it be the counsel of truly wise and patient men. For, let us suppose the campaign successful, the President re-elected, and the following winter and spring operations unfortunate. He will then be the President for four more years, and yet by this argument the event of the campaign will show that he ought not to have been elected.

Inasmuch, then, as we support Mr. LINCOLN for what he has done, and not for what General GRANT is or is not going to do, we wish that the nomination could be made by May-day. Then, if, as we hope, Mr. LINCOLN were the nominee, all difference among loyal Union men would cease, and their undivided interest, sympathy, and energy would be given to the prosecution of the war. On the other hand, if the nomination be deferred until September, the whole summer will ring with the preliminary contest. To be exposed to such a debate for five months more, then to be involved possibly in disaster, and obliged, in the midst of the universal tumult and disappointment, to select a candidate for the Presidency, does not seem to us to promise a very desirable result. How the Union men are to gain in unity, peace, and concord by such a course we do not see. Indeed, the collective wisdom of Mr. BELMONT'S Chicago Convention would undoubtedly advise us to do that very thing. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Find out what the enemy wishes you to do, and then with all your might don't do it, was NAPOLEON'S advice.

But it is said that the war Democrats will wish to join in the nomination. Certainly they will. And what prevents them? They and we are equally devoted to the cause, and the names of Generals GRANT, BURNSIDE, BUTLER, DIX, LOGAN, and WALLACE, now in the highest and most important commands, show that there is no partisan bias in the conduct of the Administration, while its policy has no more faithful friends than they. Into what convention could these gentlemen and their companions enter but into a Union convention? And in what other assembly would their position and claims be so honored and acknowledged? It is, we presume, a matter of course, that one of the two names presented by that convention will be that of an old Democrat who has proved his democracy by his unconditional fidelity to the Union and Government. What PATRICK HENRY said of the Colonies is now true of old party lines: "Where are your landmarks, your boundaries of Colonies? They are all thrown down. The distinctions between Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." So say we all. The boundaries of party are thrown down. We are not Democrats or Republicans, but loyal American citizens.

In that spirit, and at a time when our view of the requirements of the Presidency may be unclouded by temporary excitement, let us name the man, whoever he may be, whose career certifies the fidelity, the patience, and the sagacity that we need, and God defend him and the right!

MR. "TEAR'EM" IN PARLIAMENT AND IN CONGRESS.

MR. ROEBUCK, in the British Parliament, has been throwing dirt at our Government with amusing ferocity, and Mr. Senator SAULSBURY, and gentlemen who sympathize with him, have been doing the same thing in Congress. This is perfectly intelligible. Mr. ROEBUCK is the representative in Parliament of the hate with which a privileged class regards a government of the people; just as Mr. SAULSBURY and his friends represent in this country the class and the policy which have always trampled upon the equal rights of men, which is the fundamental principle of our system. So long as the express and essential Constitutional guarantees of personal liberty and the right of speech for all citizens of the United States were openly scorned and lawlessly smothered in blood, throughout all the slave States, and in time of perfect peace, these latter-day patriots could see no danger to the Union or to the Government. They voted and acted in perfect accord with the despotism which left the country no alternative but the subversion of the Government or civil war. And now that the country has elected the latter they devote all their energies to perplexing and thwarting its efforts, and securing the restoration of that despotism in all its fatal supremacy.

The epithets of scorn and contempt which Mr. Senator SAULSBURY pours upon the Administration, the official representative of the American people, are re-echoed across the water by the bitter British Tory. It is not surprising. He instinctively applauds the fierce absolutism of the rebels, which is straining every nerve to destroy equal rights and to bring the name of Republic to shame. The successes of the people exasperate the British Tory as they disheartenen the American Copperhead. If GRANT should be defeated Mr. ROEBUCK would cry, Thank God! and the Copperhead would whisper in his heart, Amen!

The Tories in England and the Copperheads in this country talk of the war in exactly the same strain. It is "horrid," "fratricidal," "wicked," "infamous." Well, these gentlemen differ from the mass of their countrymen in each case. Mr. KINGLAKE and Lord PALMERSTON, in replying to Mr. ROEBUCK, said that he did not speak for the English people, more than half of whom, as Earl RUSSELL told us last autumn, most heartily sympathized with the cause of the American Government. So at home, as Senator SAULSBURY will remember, the sober people of Ohio (the Senator will perhaps pardon the expression) differed last autumn from his friend VALLANDIGHAM by a hundred thousand majority, and did not have the least fear that their lawful liberties were in danger merely because Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was prevented from helping the rebels destroy them.

OWEN LOVEJOY.

IN OWEN LOVEJOY the cause of Democracy loses a noble champion. From the moment that he rose from the side of his brother, murdered by the hate of free Democratic principles, down to the last time that he opened his lips to speak, he was the cheerful, steady, fervent advocate of the great American principle. A characteristic and faithful American, whoever studies his character will see the kind of moral heroism and dignity produced by our distinctive principles.

In his earlier career he was a clergyman, and he did not leave his faith behind him, but took it with him into Congress as he carried thither his generous heart, genial temper, and trenchant speech. His companions in Congress of every party-sympathy mingled their regrets over his grave. Mr. ODELL, of New York, in whose neighborhood, in Brooklyn, Mr. LOVEJOY died, said that his efforts to suppress the rebellion were paramount to every other consideration. Mr. PENDLETON, of Ohio, said that what Mr. LOVEJOY believed he expressed, and was at all times prepared to defend his positions. Mr. STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, said that he was not afraid to vindicate the right any where. Mr. FARNSWORTH, of Illinois, knew him as a good neighbor. Mr. ALLEN, of Illinois, found him always pushing vigorously on to promote what he thought the interests of his country and race. Mr. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, declared him wise, vigilant, incorruptible.

They are noble words to be truly spoken of any man; nor will any one doubt that they were true of him. His name as the brother of ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY—as much a martyr to liberty as NATHAN HALE—and for his own brave words and unspotted life, will be always noted in our history. The laborers are called away, but the work goes on. Devotion to the Democratic principle of equal liberty before the laws must be its own reward. With OWEN LOVEJOY it was so. His steady soul pursues its career; but wherever it may be, its faith in the love of God and the brotherhood of men is no surer than when his visible life illustrated it.

DOUGLAS AS A UNION MAN.

IN his recent striking speech upon Reconstruction, Mr. ARNOLD of Illinois—who in the last Congress introduced the bill establishing the freedom of the Territories, and, during this session, the resolution for a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery—recounts in a graphic and picturesque manner many of the incidents in our recent history. The whole speech will be read with peculiar interest as a review and defense of the present Administration. We have room but for one or two passages which the friends of Mr. DOUGLAS will see with especial satisfaction:

"No so impressive an inauguration as that of Mr. LINCOLN has occurred since the inauguration of WASHINGTON. He had been threatened with assassination, and the rebels had intended his murder as he passed through Baltimore. On his arrival here he found the public offices filled with traitors. Strange as it may seem, the rebel generals LEE, and JOE and ALBERT JOHNSON, and EWELL and HILL, STEWART and MAGRUDER, PEMBERTON and WINDER, held in March and April, 1861, leading positions in our Army. Traitors were every where. The citizens of Washington were, a large portion of them, in sympathy with the rebels. Secession had been preceded by secret conspiracy, concocted by those holding the highest official trusts. It had been veiled by perjured professions of loyalty. On Mr. LINCOLN'S arrival here these were the men he found in all the public offices, and he was encircled on every side by spies and traitors. None who witnessed it will ever forget the scene of that inauguration. Standing on the eastern front of the Capitol, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Senate and House of Representatives, the high officers of the army and navy around him, a mingled crowd of traitors and patriots, with many an eye looking searchingly into his neighbor's to learn whether he gazed upon a traitor or a friend; standing there amidst scowling enemies with murder and treason in their hearts, LINCOLN was cool and determined. He read his inaugural with a voice clear and distinct enough to be heard by twice ten thousand people. When with reverent look he swore by the Eternal God that he would faithfully "*preserve, protect, and defend*" the Constitution, his great rival DOUGLAS stood, *not by accident*, at his side. DOUGLAS knew, perhaps, better than the President himself, the dangers and difficulties which surrounded him. He was observed to whisper in the ear of Mr. LINCOLN, and I believe gave to the President the assurance that in the dark and difficult future he would stand by him and give him his utmost aid in upholding the Constitution and crushing treason and rebellion. Nobly did DOUGLAS redeem that pledge. After the rebel attack on Sumter, he boldly made the well-known declaration that there could now be but two parties, patriots and traitors. Had he lived he would have sustained the President with all the vigor and energy peculiar to his character."

It will not be forgotten that at the Inauguration ball Mr. DOUGLAS entered with Mrs. LINCOLN upon his arm, and remained near her and the President during the evening. Indeed the conduct of Mr. DOUGLAS at that time, and until his death, shows his sincerity in the following remark, which Mr. ARNOLD reports:

"Here I will pause a moment to state a most remarkable prediction made by DOUGLAS in January, 1861. The statement is furnished to me by General C. B. STEWART, of New York, a gentleman of the highest respectability.

"DOUGLAS was asked by Colonel STEWART (who was making a New Year's call on Mr. DOUGLAS), 'What will be the result of the efforts of JEFFERSON DAVIS and his associates to divide the Union?' DOUGLAS replied, 'The cotton States are making an effort to draw in the border States to their schemes of secession, and I am too fearful they will succeed. If they do succeed, there will be the most terrible civil war the world has ever seen, lasting for years. Virginia will become a charnel-house; but the end will be the triumph of the Union cause. One of their first efforts will be to take possession of this capital to give them *prestige* abroad, but they will never succeed in taking it; the North will rise *en masse* to defend it; but it will become a city of hospitals; the churches will be used for the sick and wounded; and even this house and the Minnesota block (now the *Douglas Hospital*) may be devoted to that purpose before the end of the war.' General STEWART inquired 'What justification is there for all this?' DOUGLAS replied, 'There is no justification nor any pretense of any. If they will remain in the Union, I will go as far as the Constitution will permit to maintain their just rights, and I do not doubt but a majority of Congress will do the same. But,' said he, rising on his feet and extending his arm, 'if the Southern States attempt to secede from this Union without further cause, I am in favor of their having just so many slaves, and just so much slave territory, as they can hold at the point of the bayonet, *and no more.*'"

UNDER WHICH?

ON the 28th day of March in this year, Mr. BRYANT, a Democratic member of the New York Legislature, supported in an able speech the proposition that a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery would be the truest conciliation, securing a peaceful and perpetual Union. Mr. ALVORD, one of the most faithful Democrats in the country, followed him, declaring that this atrocious rebellion of Aristocracy against the Democracy can be radically suppressed only by destroying slavery, and that Free Labor is the only corner-stone of an enduring Democratic government.

On the same day Messrs. CHANLER, HERRICK, GANSON, PRUYN, STEELE, and other Democratic representatives in Congress voted against a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery; and, of course, in favor of retaining the system which has brought the war upon the country, and which must always hereafter, as always heretofore, prevent a true and hearty and untroubled Union.

Between these gentlemen let the country and mankind judge. "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal," said the father of Democracy in this country. Who are his true descendants? who are Democrats? the men who ask to abolish slavery constitutionally, or those who refuse to abolish it at all?

What a dreary and terrible record is the simple list of the ayes and nays upon this resolution in Congress, for the children of those who

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shall hereafter see that their fathers voted for the continuance of a system which the human heart and the enlightened mind of mankind instinctively repudiates and scorns.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

THE Metropolitan Sanitary Fair will be opened by the time this paper reaches many of our readers. It will be one of the great events in the history of New York, and we advise all who can easily come not to fail to pass at least a day at the Fair. We begin in this number of the paper a series of illustrations, with copious accounts of whatever is most remarkable and interesting among the wonders and charms of the exhibition. We are glad in this way to convey to our brethren in the field some adequate representation of a spectacle of which they will hear so much, and which is inspired by sympathy with them. They will see in this Fair, and in all that have been and will yet be held, as in the great majority of the State of New York in favor of their voting while still on duty, that they are not forgotten by their friends at home; but that the good cause of the country is served by all its faithful children wherever they may be.

Besides the general contributions to the funds of the Fair, persons engaged in almost every department of business in New York and its environs have made special contributions. Below we present a list of those made up to March 25 by the "Book Trade." Hereafter, when the lists are made out, we propose to put on record the amounts of the contributions from other trades and professions.

WILLIAM K. CORNWELL (Cash)	$1000
D. APPLETON & Co.	1000
HARPER & BROTHERS	1000
IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN, & Co.	500
E. WALKER & SONS	400
SCRIBNER & Co.	350
G. P. PUTNAM	250
GEORGE W. CARLETON	250
A. D. F. RANDOLPH	250
AMERICAN NEWS Co.	250
GEORGE R. LOCKWOOD	250
OAKLEY & MASON	250
D. VAN NOSTRAND	250
COLLINS & BROTHER	250
THOMAS NELSON & SONS	250
J. G. GREGORY	250
DICK & FITZGERALD	250
T. W. STRONG	250
W. J. WIDDLETON	250
ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS	250
JAMES B. KIRKER	250
SHELDON & Co.	250
G. P. PUTNAM	
FRANK MOORE	250
HENRY HOLT	
JOHN WILEY	100
LEGGAT BROTHERS	100
F. A. BRADY	100
JAMES O'KANE	100
G. P. PHILES & Co.	100
HOWE & FERRY	100
A. S. BARNES & BURR	100
MASON BROTHERS	100
WALTER LOW	75
MOHUN, EBBS, & HOUGH	50
C. H. GREEN	50
MILLER & MATHEWS	50
JAMES MILLER	50
GEORGE W. ALEXANDER	50
J. H. TINGLEY	50
W. H. KELLY & Co.	50
T. M. PERLEY	25
MITCHELL & SEIXAS	25
AUG. BRENTANO	25
F. W. CHRISTERN	25
S. N. FERNAM	20
M. A. MACFARLAND (Cash)	10
E. GOODENOUGH	10
THEO. BERNHARD	10
HILTZ & ALEXANDER	25
L. W. SCHMIDT	20
L. G. WEYMISS	20
JOHN PYNE	10
DION THOMAS	10
C. A. MILLER	10
A. TURNBULL (Cash)	5
M. M. PILLSBURY	5
R. J. RICHARDSON	5

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND COLORED TROOPS.

NEW YORK has sent off its second regiment of colored volunteers. On the morning of Easter Sunday, standing upon the deck of the ship in which they sailed, Mr. JAY made the speech in presenting the flags, and the brave men went to join the great army of the American Union and Liberty. They are to be attached to General BURNSIDE'S Ninth Army Corps; and that officer, whose name is dear to every loyal heart in the land, wrote a letter of regret that an imperative official engagement in New England prevented his being present at the presentation. In this letter, addressed to JONATHAN STURGES, President of the Union League Club, he says:

"It may not be amiss for me to mention a remark made by me at a breakfast given at the Astor House in November, 1861, to the officers of one of my Massachusetts regiments, then *en route* for Annapolis, preparatory to our starting on our North Carolina expedition. It was on the morning that we heard of DU PONT'S success on the coast of South Carolina. I said it should be a source of congratulation to every loyal person that a lodgment has been made by Union troops upon that portion of the Southern coast where slavery exists to the maximum extent. The monstrous assertion has been made by the traitors that their new Government is to have slavery for its cornerstone, and that the institution can be used by them as a positive belligerent force. And now we will have an opportunity of determining whether 'or not this force can not be turned to our own account; and it is clearly the duty of every General in the field to neutralize or turn to his own account any force that he may find himself confronted with by the enemy, whether it be active or latent.'

"And now, Sir, your Association is to send to-morrow, to the same rendezvous, Annapolis, a regiment, the rank and file of which are colored men, many of whom were, in November, 1861, producing by their labor food for traitors in arms, or doing other work which enabled armed traitors to leave their homes for the purpose of striking at the Government that had done them naught but good.

"I am very sorry that I can not be with you to-morrow. Very sincerely your friend,

"A. E. BURNSIDE, Major-General."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March* 23. A resolution was passed appropriating $20,000 for the expenses of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.—A bill to establish a depôt and Navy Yard at Cairo, Illinois, was introduced.—The bill in relation to deserters, disfranchising all those who may refuse to return to the service on a call of the President, was taken up. Mr. Wilson, in favoring the bill, said there were probably 40,000 deserters from the army, of whom 8000 or 10,000 were in Canada and the British Provinces. Some of these were said to be anxious to return, and he argued that opportunity should be given them to so return on the President assuring them of pardon if promptly returning. No vote was taken.—Mr. Powell's bill to prevent military interference in State elections was taken up, and Mr. Howard spoke at length against the passage. The bill, he argued, was unnecessary, and also in violation of the Constitution, which gives to Congress no authority over the subject of State elections.——*March* 24. The bill to prevent military interference in elections came up as unfinished business. Mr. Howard concluded his speech, and was followed by Mr. Saulsbury, who insisted upon the necessity of a law of this nature in order to protect the rights of the citizen.——*March* 25. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill to construct a ship canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, for the passage of armed and naval vessels.—Mr. Doolittle introduced a bill to aid the Indian refugees to return to their homes in the Indian Territory.—Mr. Harlan reported a bill to extend to Kansas the benefit of the act to appropriate the proceeds of the public land sales, and to grant pre-emption rights; the bill giving authority to devote the income accruing to the support of the Kansas common schools.—Mr. Collamer introduced a bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for carrying the mails overland from Atchison, in Kansas, to Folsom, California, appropriating a million dollars annually, the transit to occupy sixteen days during eight months, and twenty days during four months. The Pacific railroad, as fast as completed, will take the place of the overland mail service.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to prevent Military Interference in Elections. Mr. Saulsbury supported the bill in a speech of great length.—The Senate agreed to the report of the Committee of Conference on the West Point Academy bill.—*March* 28. A bill giving Revolutionary soldiers an additional bounty of $100 was passed.—Mr. Wilson reported against the use of concentrated feed for army horses and mules.—A bill was introduced authorizing the President to appoint two additional cadets in the Military Academy from each State represented in Congress; they must have served honorably two years in the army, and be between seventeen and twenty years of age.—The Senate took up the bill amendatory of the Constitution to prohibit Slavery. Mr. Trumbull spoke at length in support of the bill, arguing that the annihilation of slavery is essential to the national unity and peace, and that the amendment of the Constitution is the only effective way by which that result can be accomplished. A colloquy took place between Messrs. Sherman and Wilkinson, the former defending himself against certain criticisms of the latter. Mr. Wilson spoke at length in favor of the proposed amendment.—*March* 29. Mr. Cowan introduced a bill to establish a Navy-yard and Naval Dépôt on the Delaware River, the location to be selected by a commission of seven scientific men, none of whom shall own land within fifty miles of the river.—A bill was referred appropriating $920,000 to pay expenses in suppressing Indian hostilities in 1862.—The proceedings of the House on the death of the Hon. Owen Lovejoy were communicated to the Senate, and after remarks by Senators Trumbull, Pomeroy, and Sumner, the resolutions were adopted.

HOUSE.—*March* 23. Mr. Kernan asked leave to introduce a resolution for a special committee to inquire whether civilians in the employ of the Government were sent home, at Government expense or otherwise, to vote at elections. Mr. Stevens objected, unless the inquiry should be conducted by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, to which Mr. Kernan would not consent. The resolution was not received.—A resolution was passed directing the Ways and Means Committee to report upon the expediency of imposing an adequate duty on imported wool.—The Judiciary Committee were discharged from further consideration of the memorials calling for the impeachment of Judge Miller.—A violent personal altercation occurred between Mr. McClurg and Mr. Blair of Missouri, ending in the adoption of resolution to appoint a committee of inquiry into the charges made against Mr. Blair that, while in military command, he had issued an order for smuggling liquors into Missouri. Messrs. Higby, Clay, and Pruyn were appointed as the committee.—The House then resumed the consideration of the Delaware Bay and Raritan Bay Railroad bill. Mr. Davis favored the bill. Mr. Perry opposed it, arguing that there was no necessity for declaring it a military and post road. The discussion was terminated by the expiration of the morning hour.—The House then proceeded to consider the amended National Currency and Bank bill, but adjourned without vote.——*March* 24. The Ways and Means Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of proposing an amendment to the Constitution by striking out the article which forbids the laying of a tax on articles exported from any State.—The consideration of the bill declaring the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad to be a military and post road was resumed. Mr. Broomall opposed the measure as an invasion of State jurisdiction. Mr. Garfield favored it on the ground that increased railway accommodations between Washington and New York were absolutely necessary. No vote was reached.—The report of the Committee of Conference on the West Point Academy bill was concurred in. The report strikes out the amendments providing for the appointment of additional cadets, leaving the law as it now stands.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill amendatory of the National Banking Law. Mr. Brooks spoke in opposition to the bill and the whole currency system, maintaining that the war should have been prosecuted on a hard money basis. Messrs. Kernan and Pruyn spoke to the same effect, the latter proposing some unimportant amendments, which were rejected.——*March* 25. The bill punishing frauds in the change of names of vessels was passed. A letter was read from the Secretary of the Treasury, who says the laws are inadequate for that purpose, and that worthless hulks are repainted either to be sold or sent on voyages under new names to the danger of property and the lives of passengers. While the old names are left on the stern, new ones are painted on the wheel-house for the purpose of deception.—Mr. Clay reported back the Senate bill extending the time in which to accept lands heretofore given for the Agricultural College purposes, and including West Virginia in its provisions. Several amendments were proposed. Further consideration was postponed for two weeks.—It was agreed that after the 26th Saturdays shall be devoted to public business instead of speech-making, and that on April 9 the District of Columbia business shall be considered.—The House passed the Senate bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue to certain parties duplicates of bonds to the amount of $8000, the originals having been lost on the steamship *Golden Gate*.—The House went into Committee on the National Bank bill. An amendment was offered, but on vote there was no quorum present. There was then a call of the House, after which the House adjourned.——*March* 26. The day was devoted to speech-making.—Messrs. Morehead, Pennsylvania, and Eckley of Ohio, favored the claims of the Administration to the confidence and support of the country, and favored the vigorous prosecution of the war. Messrs. Herrick of New York, Harrington of Indiana, and Harding of Kentucky, criticised the measures of the Government.——*March* 28. Mr. Norton introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting Slavery in the States and Territories.—Mr. Ashley reported a resolution granting the use of the hall of the House to the Washington Literary Association, for the delivery of a lecture by the Hon. George Thompson, the proceeds to be distributed among the families of the District of Columbia soldiers. Mr. Holman moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was agreed to.—Mr. Stevens offered a joint resolution proposing a new article to the Constitution, which, when ratified by the requisite number of States, shall be valid as a part of the Constitution, namely: Slavery and involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, is forever prohibited in the United States and all the Territories; and so much of Art. IV., Sec. II, of the Constitution as refers to the delivery of persons owing service or labor, escaping into another State, is annulled. Mr. Holman objected to the second reading of the resolution. The House refused to reject it by a vote of 28 against 69. The question recurred on the second reading. Mr. Holman raised the point that the vote not being a two-third one, as required, the result was, in effect, the rejection of the proposition. The Speaker overruled Mr. Holman's objection. The proposition was then read a second time. Mr. Stevens withdrew the latter part of his proposition, namely: to annul the fugitive slave feature. Before the question was taken on the other point of the proposition proceedings were interrupted by Mr. Washburne, who announced the death of his colleague, Mr. Lovejoy. Brief remarks were made by Messrs. Washburne, J. C. Allen, Stevens, Farnsworth, Pendleton, Odell, Pike, Ashley, Foster, Davis, Grinnell, Morrill, and Arnold. Resolutions of condolence and regret were passed, and a committee of three appointed to superintend the removal of Mr. Lovejoy's remains from Princeton, Illinois.——*March* 29. Mr. Washburne reported a bill, which was passed, providing for the collection of hospital dues of vessels sold or transferred in foreign ports. The collections are to be made through Consuls and commercial agents.—Mr. Stevens said as several gentlemen desired to deliberately consider the proposed amendment to the Constitution introduced by him, he would move its postponement for two weeks. The motion was agreed to.—Mr. Rice reported a bill, which was passed, that persons between twenty-six and thirty years of age may be appointed Assistant Paymasters, provided that the number is not thereby increased; and that examinations of students for admission into the Naval Academy shall take place when they are between fourteen and eighteen years of age.—Mr. Rice reported a bill regulating and changing in some particulars the method of making promotions in the Navy. Heretofore promotions have been made according to seniority; but this bill provides for promotion according to official capacity and physical fitness, to be determined by a Board of Examination to be appointed by the President. Officers not recommended for promotion are to have an opportunity to be heard through a revisory board. The bill was passed.—Mr. Rice also reported a bill for the classification of Paymaster's Clerks in the Navy, making four classes, at the following salaries: $1200, $1000, $800, and $700 per annum.—Mr. Rice also reported a bill fixing the date of the loss of the brig *Boxer* at the 24th of August, 1863, in order to fix the pensions to the families of the deceased officers and sailors. Both these bills were passed.—Mr. Pike reported a bill, which was passed, authorizing, during the present war, the appointment of Acting Lieutenant-Commanders and Commanders, at the same rates of pay as are allowed to such grades in the regular navy.—Mr. Pike also reported the Senate bill regulating courts-martial, which was passed, after striking out the first section, which provides that volunteer appointments in the navy shall be subject to the action of the Senate the same as regular appointments.—The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill amendatory of the National Banking law. Amendments were agreed to providing that banks with a capital of not less than $50,000, may, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, be organized in any place, the population of which does not exceed 6000, authorizing the issue of bills of the denomination of one, two, and three dollars; and directing that not more than one-sixth of the circulation furnished to any bank under this act shall be of a less denomination than five dollars; and that after specie payments shall have been resumed no circulation of a less denomination than five dollars shall be furnished to any such association.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The week presents some events of importance. On the 23d of March the President issued an order reducing the number of army corps comprising the Army of the Potomac to three, namely, the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps. The same order assigned Major-General G. K. Warren to the command of the Fifth Corps, and detached from that army the following General officers, who are to report for orders to the Adjutant-General, namely: Major-General George Sykes, U. S. Volunteers; Major-General W. H. French, U. S. Volunteers; Major-General John Newton, U. S. Volunteers; Brigadier-General J. R. Kenly, U. S. Volunteers; Brigadier-General F. Spinola, U. S. Volunteers; Brigadier-General Solomon Meredith, U. S. Volunteers. Following this order, General Meade made the following arrangements in pursuance of its provisions: "The Second, Fifth, and Sixth Army Corps will be consolidated into two divisions. The First and Second Divisions of the Third Corps are transferred to the Second Corps, preserving their badges and distinguishing marks. The Third Division of the Third Corps is transferred permanently to the Sixth Corps. The three divisions now forming the First Corps are transferred to the Fifth Corps, preserving their badges and distinctive marks, and on joining the Fifth Corps they will be consolidated into two divisions. Major-General Hancock will command the Second Corps, and Major-General Sedgwick the Sixth Corps.

General Grant went to the front on the 24th ult., and has his head-quarters at Culpepper.

The Red River Expedition, under General A. J. Smith, which left Vicksburg on the 10th of March, has been, so far as heard from, entirely successful. The expedition landed at Summersport, Louisiana, on the 13th, and thence marched hurriedly to Yellow Bayou, where strong rebel fortifications and some stores were captured. Thence it proceeded 28 miles to Fort De Russey, which, after a sharp engagement, was occupied on the 15th, our forces outstripping the rebel army under Dick Taylor, which endeavored to reach the fort in advance of our troops. The victory at Fort De Russey was complete, resulting in the capture of 325 prisoners, including 24 commissioned officers, and two 9-inch Dahlgren guns, two 4-pounders, four 32-pounders, two 6-pounders, a lot of small-arms, 2000 barrels of fine powder, an immense quantity of assorted ammunition, and several thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores. Fort De Russey is a most formidable work; it is quadrangular in shape, with bastions and bomb-proofs covered with railroad iron. A powerful water-battery connects with the fort, the casemates of which are capable of resisting the heaviest shot and shell. About 800 negroes were employed a year in constructing the earth-works. The capture of Fort De Russey opens the Red River all the way to Alexandria, Louisiana. From that point it is believed Admiral Porter will proceed with his gun-boats to Shreveport, long occupied by the enemy as a depôt of supplies.

REBEL MOVEMENTS IN TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

The rebel General Forrest, with 2000 men, attacked Union City, Tennessee, on the 24th ult., and captured the small force of Union troops, only 400 in number, garrisoning the town. The garrison made a vigorous defense, repulsing their assailants three times before surrendering to superior numbers. The enemy destroyed the fortifications, and immediately marched their prisoners southward.

On the 25th, Forrest, with a force of over 5000 men, attacked and destroyed Paducah, Kentucky, the citizens flying across the Ohio River. A large amount of plunder was secured. Colonel Hicks, commanding the post, occupied the fort below the city, with about 800 men. The rebels made four assaults on the fort and were repulsed each time. Three of our gun-boats opened on the city during its occupation by the enemy. Our loss was 14 killed and 45 wounded. From 150 to 200 rebels were killed, among them General Thompson. Twenty five houses around the fort were destroyed by our troops, as they were used by the rebel sharp-shooters as a screen. The head-quarters and Government store-houses were burned by the enemy. Toward the end of the battle it was discovered that our ammunition was nearly exhausted. Colonel Hicks then ordered that when it gave out the fort would be defended with the bayonet as long as a man remained alive, which determination was received with hearty cheers by all the troops. The negroes in the front, 220 in all, fought with great gallantry.

THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.

The President has issued another proclamation explanatory of his amnesty proclamation of the 8th of December. It states that those who are in confinement, or out of prison on bonds or parole, are not entitled to the clemency offered in the proclamation. It further defines the officers who are entitled to administer the oath of allegiance, viz.: Any commissioned officer, civil, military, or naval, in the service of the United States, or any civil or military officer of a State, or Territory not in insurrection, who by the laws thereof may be qualified for administering oaths.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is reported from Charleston Harbor that the rebels have mounted six rifled guns in the casemates of Fort Sumter, which command the channel, and will prevent the advance of the gun-boats should they attempt to run in.

Fifteen hundred sick were brought to Washington from the Army of the Potomac last week. A large number of ambulances were about the same time sent to the front.

An expedition sent out by General Butler to Matthews County, Virginia, returned on the 23d ult., having captured a large number of horses, cattle, and mules, together with three hundred contrabands.

Nine hundred Union prisoners from Richmond arrived at Annapolis on the 24th ult. Four hundred of the number were sick.

A dispatch from Chattanooga reports that the rebels are in very strong force on our front at Dalton, and have 3000 cavalry this side. Deserters report that General Bishop Polk is reinforcing General Joe Johnston's army. General Longstreet's cavalry, under General Martin, has arrived at Marietta, Georgia. The rebels are moving up their artillery from the rear. Our army is said to be in splendid condition.

It is announced from Fort Smith, Arkansas, that the Army of the Frontier is in motion, and that its supposed destination is Northern Texas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SCHLESWIG QUESTION.

A BATTLE took place between the Germans and Danes at Viele, a town at the head of Viele Fiord, in Jutland, on the 9th ult, in which the Danes were defeated, the loss on both sides being heavy. The Prussians have laid siege to Frederica, and the Austrians, marching northward, have occupied Horsens and other towns. The Prussians meanwhile have taken possession of Aubel and Rackebull, near Düppel, and have captured the island of Fehmern with the entire Danish garrison. The Danes still manifest a determination not to abandon the contest until Schleswig is restored. Several Prussian ports on the Baltic have been blockaded.

The Cabinet of Vienna has, it is said, issued a circular professing the readiness of Austria to take part in a Conference and consent to an armistice with Denmark, and declaring that the Austrians and Prussians will retire from Jutland if the Danes will evacuate Düppel and Alsen, will cease to capture German ships, and will restore all the prizes which they may have made. The King of Sweden has opened the Storthing (Diet) of Norway, and announced a bill for an extraordinary credit, to give material aid to the Danes in certain emergencies. The three Prussian men-of-war which were at anchor in the harbor of Brest have been placed under the command of the Austrian Admiral.

The entire reserve of the Austrian navy has been called out. The authorities of Hamburg were fortifying the entrance of the Elbe.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS IN PARLIAMENT.

The Attorney-General of England, in the House of Commons, in answer to a question, said that a rebel war-vessel had the same right to visit, search, and capture British vessels carrying contraband of war to a Union port as a Union vessel had to capture such ships when carrying contraband to a rebel port. In every case, however, the captured vessel should be brought before a prize-court. In the Commons, on the 15th of March, Mr. Roebuck made another violent attack upon the Government of the United States, declaring that he would be glad "if American shipping were swept from the seas." Mr. Bright remarked that Roebuck's speech was unworthy of any member of the House, and Mr. Kinglake condemned it in strong terms. The *Alexandra* case was resumed in the House of Lords on March 14. Sir Hugh Cairns commenced his argument on the part of the defendants, and contended that the Court of Error was right in refusing to hear the appeal from the Court of Exchequer. On the 15th the Attorney-General replied on behalf of the Crown, and the case was concluded. Judgment was deferred, and it was expected that on the 17th the Lord Chancellor would announce when the House of Lords would deliver judgment.

MEXICO AND MAXIMILIAN.

Maximilian and his wife have visited London. They were entertained at dinner by Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, meeting the King of the Belgians, the father of the Empress elect, on each occasion. Quite a number of distinguished personages paid their respects to the royal pair at their hotel. According to the *Memorial Diplomatique* the draft of a treaty between the Archduke Maximilian and Louis Napoleon has been agreed upon. This agreement settles the two questions of the French occupation and the claims of France on Mexico. The latter will probably amount to $25,000,000, and are to be paid in fourteen annual installments. The French troops are to be withdrawn from Mexico as soon as Maximilian is firmly seated on his throne.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

☞ A CORRESPONDENT corrects the statement made by us last week that the 46th New York Regiment and the 40th Massachusetts Mounted Infantry were in the battle of Olustee, Florida. It was the 48th New York, a Brooklyn regiment, and the 40th Massachusetts which participated in the engagement. The loss of the 48th Regiment was 17 killed, 155 wounded, 47 missing, making a total of 219.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Brigadier-General WM. F. SMITH to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from March 9, 1864.

The Raleigh, North Carolina, *Progress*, of the 8th, says that General BEAUREGARD has been transferred from the command at Charleston to the army of the Southwest, and that General D. H. HILL succeeds to the command at Charleston.

In addition to the general order rearranging the Corps of the Army of the Potomac and relieving some of its general officers, elsewhere referred to, it is stated that General PLEASANTON has been relieved from the Cavalry Corps, and is to report to General ROSECRANS; that General SYKES is to report to General CURTIS; General NEWTON to General SHERMAN; General FRENCH at Philadelphia; General MEREDITH at Cairo; General SPINOLA to a Court-martial; General CALDWELL to be relieved to sit on Court-martial; and Generals RUCKER, GIBBON, and WADSWORTH, to report to General MEADE for assignment to command. General SYKES, on taking leave of the Fifth Corps, issued an order expressing his profound regret at parting with men who have so distinguished themselves on every field. The other officers made similar farewells.

The steamer *San Jacinto* has captured another prize, with one hundred and thirty-two bales of cotton on board, off the coast of Florida. She immediately pursued another blockade runner, which was supposed to have four hundred bales of cotton on board.

Lieutenant-Commander GEORGE A. STEVENS has been ordered to the command of the steamer *Pontoosuck*, built at Portland, Maine.

General ROSECRANS has suppressed the circulation in his department of the *Metropolitan Record* of New York.

General PHILIP SHERIDAN, for a long time in command of a division of infantry in the Army of the Cumberland, has been appointed to the command of the Cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, to succeed General PLEASANTON.

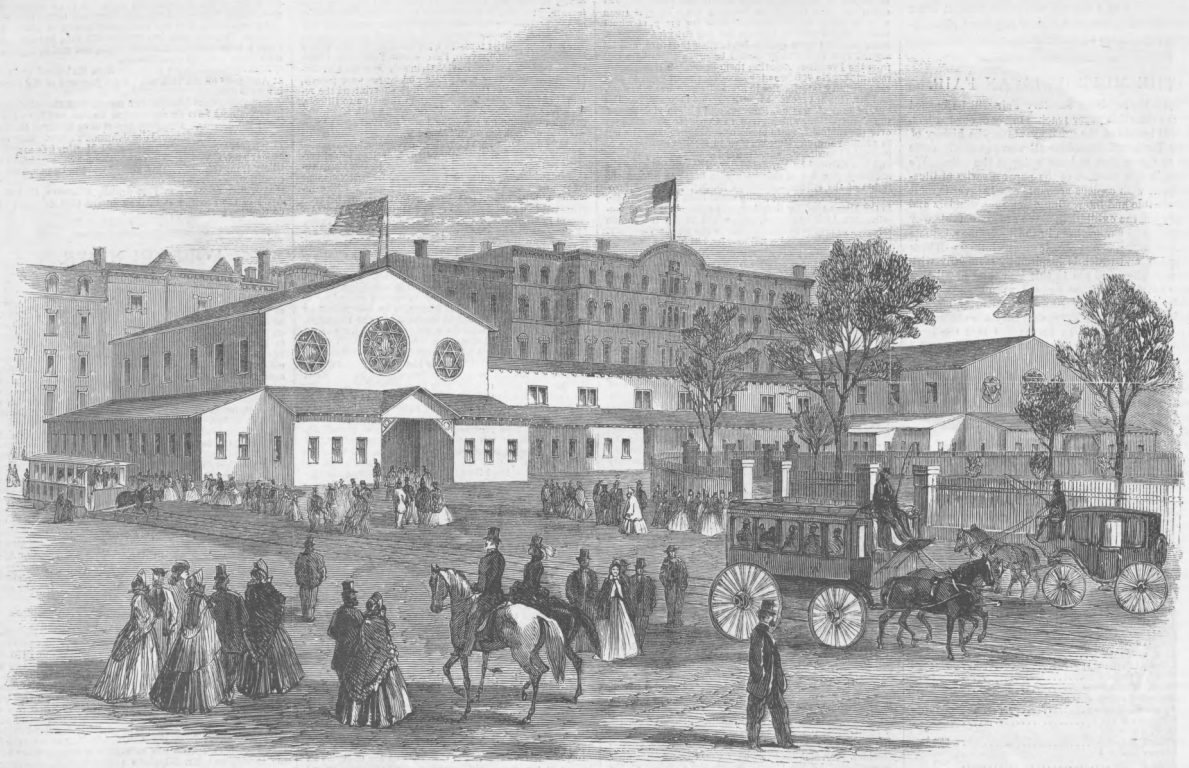
It is said that both Generals MCCLELLAN and FRÉMONT will shortly be given commands.

Lieutenant-General GRANT has issued an order requiring all furloughed men of the Ninth Army Corps to rendezvous at Annapolis, Maryland, as soon as their leave expires. Nearly all the officers who have been spending the winter in Washington are going to the front under immediate orders.

The number of volunteers in the Massachusetts regiments who have re-enlisted is 5564, so far as returns have been received. Reports from the Twenty-ninth Regiment and other detachments of troops will probably swell the aggregate to 6000, to be counted on the quota of the State.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of HENRY H. SIBLEY, of Minnesota, as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

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METROPOLITAN FAIR BUILDINGS, ON UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

THE United States Sanitary Commission, originated in that spirit of sympathy with the army which has so embellished with bright deeds the darkest pages of our sad conflict with rebellion, was never more necessary, as an ameliorating agency, than at this time, when all along the lines preparations are making for active hostilities, which will probably involve greater suffering and loss than any previous campaign. It is the appreciation, no doubt, of this possibility that is now impelling the people, every where, to unprecedented efforts in aid of its funds. The entire money receipts of the Commission, since its organization, probably exceed $2,000,000, while the money value of the supplies poured in by the women of the country can not be less than $9,000,000. The management of the Commission has been, from the start, most economical and efficient. Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, who is at its head, and whose portrait we give on this page, has given himself to this work with an industry and zealous self-sacrifice which the whole country will applaud long after the tumult and the sufferings of war have ceased from the land. Dr. BELLOWS is about to proceed to California for the purpose of laboring there in aid of the Commission, in place of the late Rev. THOMAS STARR KING, whose death left it without any special agent in that rich field.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

The Metropolitan Fair, in aid of this Commission, will undoubtedly surpass, in the magnitude of its display and the aggregate of results, all previous efforts in a similar direction. The preparations for the Fair have been made on the most extended scale, exhibiting the most liberal purpose on the part of the managers, who manifestly feel that the people will equal, in their generous giving, the largest possible expectations. Contributions are still flowing in from all parts of the world, Americans every where seeming to rejoice at the opportunity to show their sympathy with the men who are defending the cause of liberty and good government. Nor are contributions from abroad confined to Americans away from home. Thousands of foreigners, who look to America as the beacon-light of the nations, are sending their offerings in most liberal profusion. The steamship *Germania*, which arrived from Hamburg on the 24th ult., brought many costly gifts from the citizens of Hamburg, who, notwithstanding the excitement consequent on the Schleswig-Holstein war, find time to give practical expression to their interest in our brave soldiers. From Italy, Switzerland, and other far lands, similar contributions have been received, and in the Fair will appear as so many testimonies of the sincerity of foreign sympathy with the loyal men of the nation in their struggle with barbarism.

General JOHN A. DIX, whose portrait we give on this page, is President of the Fair Association. It is fit that a soldier should thus head the movement of the great city of New York in behalf of the army upon which the future of the nation so largely depends. General DIX is now nearly sixty-six years of age, and during his life has filled many positions of honor and trust, but in none has he proved himself a sturdier patriot and truer man than in this contest, on the peace side of which he now appears as the head of our Fair.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX, PRESIDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D., PRESIDENT UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XI.

ENDS AN IDYL.

THE Marouillais began to talk scandal about J. B. Constant and his too precocious stable-girl and chambermaid, for she now officiated in both capacities, still preserving her ascendency as mistress of the horse, but having a lad to assist her. The mayor warned the inn-keeper against the "whispering tongues that poison truth." M. le Curé insisted that, for morality's sake, the girl should be sent away.

"She is fit for something better than a fille d'auberge," he represented.

"Granted, monsieur," returned Constant. "But how is her condition to be bettered?"

"The good sisters at Avignon," hinted the ecclesiastic.

Constant shook his head.

"The good sisters," he remarked, "would, I much fear, be powerless in turning Valérie into a Sister of Charity or a village schoolmistress, and what more could they do with her? It is a pity that she was not sent to them two years ago. Then they might have had the credit of her sudden conversion. For the rest, it is no affair of mine; an inn-keeper may have a servant-maid. She is a capital servant, and her aunt is there to watch over her."

It was the curate's turn to shake his head. "Mon ami," he said, "that poor ignorant old woman is a mere baby in the hands of that girl. She can no longer be chastised. The time for the cord and the thong is past."

"I should like to see any one attempting to lay a hand on Valérie," exclaimed the inn-keeper, with a sudden start, and clenching his fists. "Ma parole d'honneur! I would exterminate him."

"There is no fear of such an eventuality," the curé returned; "nor," he continued, in gentle reproof, "is there any need for a fallible human creature to speak of 'extermination'—a terrible power, vested only in Omnipotence."

"I ask your pardon, M. le Curé."

"'Tis granted, my friend. But, nevertheless, get rid of that young creature; if you don't, malicious tongues will continue to wag, and evil will follow."

Constant was privately of the priest's opinion, but certain reasons, at which the intelligent reader may have already hazarded a surmise, rendered him reluctant to follow the friendly advice of his pastor. He passed several days in perplexity, anxiously revolving plans in his mind for modifying the condition of his too handsome servant, when Valérie brought the matter to a solution by a voluntary suggestion that she should be sent to school for a couple of years.

"I'm tired of tending horses," she said. "My hands are not yet quite spoiled; but six months more of stable-work will make them as hard as buffalo-skin. I am tired of being ignorant. It is as much as I can do to read the big painted letters under the four lilies on the sign-board. I can't write at all. I want to be able to read the *Gazette de France*, and to play the piano, and paint pictures, and write letters, and be a lady."

"Vastly well, mademoiselle," replied Constant, with subdued irony. "But who, pray, is to pay for your education?"

"That is your affair, not mine. If you choose to send me to school it will be better for you. If you won't, I will get a livret from M. le Maire, and seek a servant's place at Avignon. My aunt will give me permission, and you must give me a character."

The argument was unanswerable. Jean Baptiste had prospered at the "Lily of France," and could well afford the outlay. For the sum of a thousand francs a lady keeping a pensionnas de demoiselles at Lyons consented to receive Mademoiselle Valérie Sablon—for that was the real name of her aunt—for twelve months, and to instruct her in all the accomplishments. The girl had refused point-blank to enter a conventual school, and had selected Lyons in preference to Avignon, because, she said, she did not wish to meet any of those people of Marouillais by chance in their visits to the town. J. B. Constant agreed that in this particular she was in the right; nor, when she left Marouille-le-Gency, did he make public the fact that she was about to proceed to school to receive a polite education. He merely said that a married sister of his, who kept a hotel at Lyons, had agreed to receive Valérie, and to look after her morals, and make her useful. La Beugleuse did not care to contradict this statement. Perhaps she was never enlightened as to the real state of the case. In truth she had not fairly recovered from the state of bewilderment into which the sudden metamorphosis of the little grubby good-for-nothing she had adopted had thrown her. So, when Valérie went away La Beugleuse looked upon her withdrawal very much in the light of a relief from an embarrassing position.

But why this concealment on the part of Jean Baptiste? Why should the upright J. B. Constant think Lyons preferable to Avignon? Why should he have given an untruthful account of the girl's change of life? The always intelligent reader will have little difficulty in answering these questions.

Yes, the bushy-headed, down-looking inn-keeper was savagely in love with Valérie. I say savagely, because there was something morose and ferocious in the passion that devoured him. He could not bear the girl to be out of his sight. He chafed at the necessity of parting with her, even for a time, and for her benefit. He went into silent rages at her caprice, her arrogance, her cool assumption of superiority over him—all ignorant as she was, and next door to a castaway. He loathed and longed to rend in pieces all whom she talked or laughed with. He was madly jealous of her, mere child as she was.

He had no bad designs toward Valérie. At this time he was an honest man, and there was not much harm about J. B. Constant. He had never loved till now. His only hope was that the girl would be grateful to him. His wish was that she should grow up a beautiful and accomplished woman, and become his wife.

"I will leave this wretched little hole of a village," he said to himself in his day dreams. "I have made some money and can borrow more. I will take a grand hotel in Paris—in the English quarter in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Valérie will be my wife. She will sit in the bureau in a black satin robe, and with a gold chain round her neck, and keep the accounts. The waiters will bow, and call her Madame la Patronne. She will go to mass at St. Roch or the Madeleine. On Sundays we will dine here and there, go to St. Cloud, and to the opera, and the theatres. Jean Baptiste, my boy, you shall be envied; you shall be happy." So he thought, and so he dreamed. Poor fellow!

"If she should be ungrateful," a voice sometimes whispered to him. The fear of her ingratitude was a black phantom not to be conjured away. "She can not, she will not," he would mutter. "If she refuses to love me I will kill her."

When Valérie had been six months at school, J. B. Constant undertook a journey to Lyons to see her. He found her more beautiful than before. The schoolmistress said that her progress was wonderful; that she had already distanced many girls who had been in the establishment—and with the advantages of previous education—three and four years, and that, if she were allowed to remain with her two years instead of one, she would answer for her leaving, fitted to move in the very highest circles. She did not know that J. B. Constant was a mere village inn-keeper. He had seen the world, and served noblemen, and at Lyons he put on his best clothes and his best manners.

There was one drop of bitterness in the hurried account the governess gave of her pupil. Mademoiselle, she said, was a young person difficult to manage. She would not endure reproof. She would not hear reason. Her temper was terrible. "We will make the pension twelve hundred francs a year instead of a thousand, and you must make allowances for Mademoiselle's temper," said Constant. "Poor child! she never knew her mother, and in early years was unkindly treated." The schoolmistress was a sagacious as well as a sympathizing instructress, and for the extra stipend agreed to say nothing more about Valérie's indisposition to hear reason.

When J. B. Constant had an interview with his protégée, the governess being present, she received him with a stately courtesy, and eyes demurely cast down; but when Madame du Verger discreetly left them together, she accosted the inn-keeper with a haughty familiarity that was half redolent of the old rough manners of the stable-girl, and half satirical.

"Ah, ça, mon homme!" she cried. "What do you think of me now? Am I grown? Are my hands coarse? Is my voice harsh?"

As he was going away, full of love and hope, though slightly discomfited by this reception:

"And La Beugleuse, the old hag who used to flog me—is she dead?"

"Your aunt is alive, Valérie," Constant said, with a reproachful look.

"I am sorry for it. Such old witches ought to die. I hate her, and will pay her out for all the blows she has given me. Besides, when I go into the world she will disgrace me. To have an aunt who has worked in the fields! To have an aunt who was a mere beast of burden! Quoi! Mon homme, you must take care that she never leaves Marouille." And so, with the stately courtesy, in strange disunion with her hard and bitter talk, the girl left him.

She never wrote to her aunt. The old woman was by no means despondent under this neglect. She merely muttered that Valérie would be a good-for-nothing even if she were married to M. le Préfet, and then went on working harder than ever. To Jean Baptiste the exemplary pensionnaire at Madame Du Verger's wrote with tolerable regularity once a month. Her letters always began "Mon bon ami," as if this young patter had been an empress, and Constant president of a republic. Madame du Verger had suggested "mon cher bienfaiteur," but Valérie had refused point-blank to adopt the formula. She wrote in a bold flowing hand: her letters contained a dry summary of her educational progress—of the books she had read, and the accomplishments she had mastered—and ended, "Valérie Sablon" tout court. Madame du Verger had hinted that "votre toujours reconnaissante Valérie," would be a slightly graceful acknowledgment of the kindness of the person who was paying for her education, but Mademoiselle Sablon very scornfully replied, "I shall do what I like, and I am not his Valérie."

She left Lyons when she was on the verge of eighteen. This was in 1828. Constant was fearful of her coming back to Marouille yet a while. He wished her to return only once, as his wife, to astound those who had known her in her poverty and her degradation, and then quit the place forever. His plan was that she should enter a school in Paris or in England for another year or fifteen months—not as a pupil, but as a boarder—and that she should then make him happy. He unfolded this scheme to her, in the parlor of the school, on the day when he went to fetch her away. He avowed his love, and said, with a smile, that it was pure and honorable.

The girl laughed at him. "What a fairy tale!" she cried. "Beauty and the Beast over again! Yes, monsieur, I am Beauty, and you are the Beast, with your sleepy eyes, and your great black head like a primeval forest. Ah! you thought a pretty grape-vine was growing up for you. Ah! you thought you had but to shake the tree and the pear would fall into your mouth."

"Valérie," the inn-keeper humbly expostulated, "I implore you not to speak in that mocking spirit. Think of my devotion, of my love."

"I know nothing about it," sneered Valérie. "What should I, a school-girl of eighteen, know about devotion! Love was not taught in this school. It was forbidden."

Again, and with the eloquence which sincerity alone can give—and gives, too, to the most tongue-tied man—he pressed his suit.

"Don't be absurd," was Valérie's reply. "You will bore me. I know nothing of life yet. I have only seen one stupid provincial town. I am tired of schools, whether as pupil or boarder. I have had enough of books, and want to see the world. I must be free and independent. I don't want to tie myself for life to a stupid old man with a head like a grisly bear. Do you wish to ruin my career?"

"Your career," repeated Constant, in sorrowful surprise. "Valérie, what would your career have been but for me? Ah! do not be ungrateful."

"Do not exaggerate your claims to my gratitude. It appears you had your own purpose to serve in educating me: you merely picked up what had been abandoned. The next passer-by might have done the same, and not have been a village publican. Men are not so blind as you take them to be. Somebody would have been sure to have discovered the pearl on the dung-hill, sooner or later."

So she reasoned with the pitiless logic of an ungrateful heart. There was no moving or softening her. In a moment of justifiable irritation Constant threatened to withdraw his protection. She coolly answered, as before, that her character was unimpeached; that the mayor of her native place was bound by law to give her a passport and a livret, and that she would have no difficulty in obtaining employment as a servant in town or country. Constant knew that in this matter she had right on her side, and that he could gain nothing by breaking with her. He thought that to lose her would be death or madness to him. He suggested a negotiation—a compromise. Valérie was willing to negotiate—in the spirit and on the same bases recently proposed by his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, when the Great Powers remonstrated with him on his flagrant violations of the treaties of 1815, and his atrocious treatment of the Poles. The autocrat, if I remember right (for I am no politician), expressed his benevolent willingness to "show clemency" to the Poles "after the insurrectionary bands had been dispersed." So Valérie argued. "Grovel in the dust at my feet," she implied. "Abandon all your pretensions, and then I may extend some 'clemency' to you." The negotiation was concluded in this wise: When J. B. Constant had told the Marouillais that Valérie was to be placed under the protection of a married sister who kept a hotel in Lyons he had told a lie—but a white one. There were extenuating circumstances in his fraud. He really had a sister, and a married sister, who kept a hotel—but she lived in Paris, and not in Lyons. She should go to Paris, and live a year with this sister, Madame Hummelhausen, wife of a German, formerly of the profession of boot-making, but now principally of certain sixth-rate estaminets on the Boulevards, where he smoked, drank beer, and played endless parties of dominoes, while his wife worked hard at home. She would go to Madame Hummelhausen, but a wardrobe suitable to the position of a young lady brought up in affluence was to be provided for her, and she was to be completely her own mistress. A strange treaty, of a verity! where one of the contracting parties had all and the other nothing, and where the pauper dictated terms to the capitalist; and yet such treaties are registered by the bundle in Love's chancery. Constant signed all the protocols, as in this issue he would have signed away his last crust, his liberty, his life. There was no need for Valérie to return yet a while to Marouille. She was not so very anxious to see her aunt again. There are handsome and well-stocked shops in Lyons, and the expenditure of some fifteen hundred francs soon furnished Mademoiselle Valérie Sablon with the articles of wearing apparel she required for the moment. "When I want more dresses," she said to her slave, calmly, "I will write, and you will open a credit for me with Madame what do you call her—Hummelhausen—quel nom de Visigoth! As for jewelry, there will be time enough to think about that afterward. That gold cross you were ridiculous enough to buy me yesterday I shall not wear. It is absurd. Je ne suis pas vouée à la Vierge, moi."

The inn-keeper uttered a low moan of rage, disappointment, wounded love.

"I thought you would have admired it, Valérie."

"And I don't. Take me to the Palais Royal, and I will talk to you about ornaments. How I long to see that Palais Royal! These Lyons goldsmiths are barbarians."

He had taken a place for her in the coupé of the diligence to Paris, and was bidding her farewell. He looked at her with gloomy, greedy eyes.

"*Ah! bah!*" she cried, "one would think you were the wolf, and I Little Red Riding Hood. Is it for my pot of butter that you make those great eyes, monsieur! What large eyes you have, grandmamma!"

Constant abandoned further conflict. "I am ready to accompany you to the coach-office," he said, with dolorous meekness.

"There is a good little wolf. You'll make Little Red Riding Hood quite fond of you if you go on in that way.

Je pourrais m'amouracher,
Je pourrais m'amouracher,
Je pourrais m'amouracher,
D'un riche, riche, riche, très riche richard.

Do you know the chanson? The master didn't teach it me. The girls used to sing it in the dormitory under the bed-clothes. Ah! we learn a great deal at school."

"I am ready, Valérie."

"And I too. It is agreed upon, n'est-ce pas, that you leave me in peace for six months?"

"For six months I will not trouble you. I will not even write to you if you are averse to receiving communications from me. What I have to say shall be said through my sister."

"No, that looks like surveillance. Write to me; it will amuse me."

A gleam of passionate satisfaction shot across Constant's face.

"I will write," he said, his heart palpitating.

"But no long letters. No love, or nonsense of that kind. Don't bore me. Now I am ready. Nay, perhaps you would like to kiss my hand."

She held out her hand to him as she spoke. She had never granted him that slight favor before. It was not a small hand. She was a grandiose woman; but it was very white, and soft, and plump. Who, to look upon it, could have thought that it had drawn country wine for bumpkins and stable-boys, or wielded a pitchfork to toss stable-litter about?

He accompanied her to the coach-office, put her in her seat, wrapped her up in warm shawls and rugs, placed a basket full of dainties and wine by her side, and would have pressed if not kissed her hand once more, even in the open coach-yard, but that she said sharply:

"Enough of that. You nearly bit my hand just now, besides all but wrenching it from the wrist. You are too affectionate, mon homme. Good-by, and go back as fast as ever you can to that stupid old Marouille-le-Gency. Adieu! Love for you, life for me!" And the diligence clattered and rumbled away Parisward, and Jean Baptiste Constant was left desolate.

He could not make up his mind to return to the village. He wandered about Lyons for two whole days. He called again on Madame du Verger, asking her futile questions. The schoolmistress knew well enough what ailed him. He had been a good customer, and she sympathized with him. The girl had left some inconsiderable fal-lals behind her—a gauze scarf, a pair or two of gloves, a piece of music. These were given up to him, and he treasured them with burning avidity. Then he went to the theatre, and tried to listen to an opera; but the mocking voice of Valérie rose high above the braying and tinkling of trumpet and cymbal, and the flourishes of the singers. He went from café to café, and drank deep—which was not his custom; but Valérie's scornful accents were audible, to him, above the clattering of the dominoes, the jangling of the coffee-cups, the cries of "Trois-six!" "A qui la pose!" and the shrill "V'la monsieur" of the waiters. Valérie's face was in the cup, and Valérie's form wreathed itself out from the thready vapor of the cigars. At last he went back to Marouille, to see after the wants of the billiard players, and to scold the postillions and stable-boys. But, two days after his return, he went to Avignon, and instructed the same notary of whom he had purchased the good-will of the "Lilies of France" to advertise the Lilies again for immediate disposal.

It was a month before any reasonable offer was made. At last a customer was found, in the person of an Avignon linen-draper, who thought that country air would do him good. After much haggling, he agreed to give forty thousand francs for the premises and good-will—a considerable advance on the sum Constant had paid for them; but, by his energy and perseverance, he had much improved the property. He had written to his sister to inform her of his approaching departure, but begged her to keep it, for a while, a secret from Valérie. He wished to be in Paris without the girl's knowledge. His successor in the post-office promised, in case any letters arrived for him, with the Paris post-mark, to redirect them to him. Then he took his place in the diligence, and in two days' time found himself in the French capital.

When he arrived in Paris he wrote to his sister, telling her to meet him at an obscure furnished lodgings in the Marais. The Hummelhausens lived in the Rue St. Lazare, in one of the noisest, liveliest quarters of the brawling capital. Madame Hummelhausen came, and brought her budget of news with her. Valérie was more beautiful than ever. She had engaged a music-master. She sang divinely. She was passionately fond of the Opera and the theatres; but her temper was insupportable; "and I for one will not put up with it," quoth Madame Hummelhausen. "Jean Baptiste, my brother, you are a simple. Turn this girl out of doors if she won't have you, and make the happiness of some honest woman whose temper does not turn the world topsy-turvy, and who knows how to love and obey a good, kind man."

J. B. Constant was far too much in love to see the force of this argument. He implored his sister to wait until the expiration of the stipulated twelve months—or at least of six, when he would see Valérie, and come to some definite understanding with her. Meanwhile, faithful to his promise of leaving Valérie in peace, he waited patiently for the post from Avignon to bring him that long-expected re-directed letter with the Paris Post-mark. But it never came. At his in-

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stigation, Madame Hummelhausen gently hinted to Valérie that it might be as well to write a line to her brother.

"A quoi bon," retorted the girl, "that my letter should travel five hundred leagues backward and forward to no purpose? Do you think I am an idiot? The great dolt is here. Yes; Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant has been prowling about Paris these two months engaged in the highly dignified occupation of playing the spy over a young girl. Since when have you kept spies in your family, madame? Does Monsieur Constant belong to the Police? I have caught sight of him hundreds of times, on the Boulevards, in the Luxembourg and Tuileries gardens, at the theatres, at church even. What does he mean by this insolence, in dogging my footsteps? Why does he not come here, like an honest man, and tell me what he wants?"

"He promised to leave you in peace for six months," pleaded Madame Hummelhausen.

"Let him come now. I wish to see him. I have something to say to him."

He went to her, his heart bounding with the hope that she had relented; that she would say to him—"Constant, I have teased you long enough. I am changed. I am grateful. I am yours." But the nether mill-stone still held its place in her breast. She received him with the old mockery—the old disdain. Her inflexibility had gotten a Parisian gloss upon it, and would have been horrible, had she not looked more beautiful than ever.

"I am sick of being a pensioner," she said; "of being told that I ought to be grateful for this and for that. I want to be free, and to earn my own livelihood."

She had the hardihood to tell Jean Baptiste that she wished to go on the stage. "I have a mission for the dramatic career," she said, with lofty conceit. "And you should enter me as a student of the Conservatory, as a singer, or a dancer, or an actress; but that I abhor discipline, and before a week was over should undoubtedly box the ears of one of the professors. Imagine boxing the ears of Monsieur Cherubini! No; I must go where I can give orders, instead of receiving them."

She unfolded her plans. She had made acquaintance, through the Hummelhausens, with one Duruflée, who had a kind of private theatre for dramatic aspirants at the Batignolles. She would pay him a premium—the funds, of course, to be furnished by M. Constant—and would practice among his pupils for a few months. Then Duruflée would get for her, for a commission, an engagement at one of the petty Boulevard theatres. Thence to the Gaité. Thence to the Porte St. Martin, thence to the Théâtre-Française.

J. B. Constant understood, and shuddered, but he did not demur.

"And after that?" he asked.

"After that we shall see," she replied; "after that, if you are very, very quiet, and well behaved, the ice may melt. How many years did the bon homme Jacob wait for Laban's daughter?"

'Twas the first inkling of a promise she had ever given him. It threw him into an ecstasy of joy. He agreed to all she asked. Madame Hummelhausen was glad to be rid of her troublesome charge, but said little to encourage her brother's hopes. "She has no heart, not an atom," she persisted. J. B. Constant would not listen to his sister. He would not have lent an ear, where Valérie was concerned, to Solomon, or to Nathan the Wise, or to the seven sapient men of Gotham. What could those last-named wiseacres have done beyond advising him to go to sea in a bowl?—and was he not already launched upon the ocean in a skiff quite as frail?

Valérie chose to have apartments of her own at the Batignolles, close to M. Duruflée's private theatre. This worthy had been a chorister at the Académie till he lost his voice, when he turned chef de claque, or head of a band of hired applauders at the theatre. He lost his place through venality—for there is a code of honor even among claqueurs—being detected in taking money from two rival actresses who were to make their début on the same night. The claque applauded both. The two affirmatives made a negative: neither triumphed. The rivals were furious; the direction scandalized, and Duruflée had his congé. After such a Fontainebleau (if to be kicked out can be considered an abdication) there was clearly no Elba for the banished potentate of the claque but in the Rue de Jérusalem. He became affiliated to the police; then he served the Tribunal of Commerce as one of its bailiffs; then he went on the Bourse, and, by assiduous speculation for a fall, contrived to win some ten thousand francs of the basest money in the world. His dramatic propensities were still strong within him, and he invested his gains in the organization of a Théâtre de Jeunes Elèves at the Batignolles. He was very fat, good-natured, clever, gross, humorous, astute, and a consummate blackguard. He still kept up his connection with the Préfecture. His insatiable thirst for absinthe made him one of those rare monstrosities—a drunken Frenchman; but he was a better spy when intoxicated than when sober.

In the spring of 1831, Valérie, being then in her twenty-first year, made her first appearance, at the Folies Dramatiques. She came out in some sanguinolent drama of the then new romantic school. She represented some great wicked lady covered with guilt and diamonds, and created a furore. The wickedness she was enabled to portray with rare fidelity from her accurate observation of human nature. It was J. B. Constant who found the diamonds. The money he had received from the sale of the inn at Marouille was all gone by this time. He was taking up money at a hundred per cent. from the usurers. He had borrowed from his sister all she could afford to lend, and more; but Valérie wanted diamonds, real diamonds—she laughed paste to scorn—and she had them. If she had ordered J. B. Constant to forge the name of M. Jacques Lafitte to bills to the extent of five hundred thousand francs with a certainty of the court of assizes, the pillory, and the galleys, in perpetuity, commencing from the very next day, he would have obeyed her.

She was soon engaged at a handsome salary at the Porte St. Martin. Her wish was attained. She was free and independent; but she did not offer to give back to J. B. Constant the money he had spent on her education, or the diamonds he had lavished upon her. On the contrary, she wanted more diamonds from him, and she had them. J. B. Constant was living, in usurers' clutches, at the rate of fifty thousand francs a year, and his clothes were growing shabby, and he dined every day at a restaurant for thirty-two sous.

Valérie played in a piece in which she had to wear a robe of flame-colored satin, and to show a considerable amount of her legs. Paris was entranced. A sculptor modeled the legs in wax, and they were exhibited, under a glass case, in the Galerie d'Orléans. Her bust was carved. Her portrait was lithographed. Béranger went to see her. His criticism was conclusive, but not complimentary. "Vous n'êtes pas Lisette," he murmured, and walked out of the box. The romancer, M. Honoré de Balzac, then beginning to make his way in literature, looked at her long and anxiously through his opera-glass. "She is a Cossack in petticoats," he said, "and will occupy Paris."

Up to this time she seemed impregnable. Diamonds, from other quarters than poor Constant, were laid at her feet. She took them up and laughed in the face of the donors. She had a wonderful power of digestion. She took every thing—songs, dedications, money, jewels, bouquets, love-letters, compliments, and gave nothing in return but scorn. She was a Bacchante in cold blood. She was Venus rising from the ice.

At this time there was a great English dandy in Paris by the name of Blunt. The French had got it into their heads that he was "Sir François Blunt, Baronet;" but, titled or untitled, they persisted in declaring him to be the wealthiest and most sumptuous of milords. He lived in great state, on a first floor in the Rue de la Madeleine. He associated with all the English aristocracy resident in or visiting Paris. He played high, at Frascati's and elsewhere. He had his baignoires at the little theatres. He gave his dinners at Véfour's, or the Rocher de Cancale; he gave his suppers at the Café Anglais. He drove a four-in-hand—a vehicle the Parisians had never set eyes upon before—a cabriolet, a phaeton, a dog-cart—he drove any thing you please. He was a capital French scholar, and a great favorite in women's society. He could ply the small-sword if challenged, and could hit the ace of hearts thrown up in the air with a pistol-shot at fifty paces.

Blunt was a great play-goer. He went to the Porte St. Martin to see the actress after whom all Paris was flocking. It is not very difficult for an Englishman, who is cultivated and fashionable, and is supposed to be rich, to procure an introduction to a French actress. He was in a short time permitted to make his obeisance to Valérie. There was a quiet mocking manner about him, a polished impertinence which at first pleased her infinitely.

"At all events," she said, with an engaging candor to Constant, in one of the rare audiences she now granted him in the forenoon, and in her boudoir, "he is neither imbecile like the young Frenchmen who buzz about me, nor ridiculous like the English dandies. If he is insolent, he is witty. If he can give sharp stabs, he can take them. He pleases me, ce Sir Blunt."

She believed in the stories of his rank and wealth, although she often said that it mattered little to her whether the man she chose to favor was a prince or a rag-picker. She determined, on New-Year's Day 1832, to give a grand supper in a gorgeous new suit of apartments she had taken in the Chaussée d'Antin. Half the fashionable roués and actresses in Paris were to be there. She was good enough to ask Constant to come, and also to condescend to borrow from him a thousand francs toward the expenses of the entertainment. Constant gave her the money, and found himself at four in the afternoon of the day on which the party was to come off with exactly twenty-seven francs in his pocket. He was proceeding to dine at his usual thirty-two sous restaurant in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, when he was arrested on two bills of exchange for ten thousand francs each, held by one Nabal Pixérifort, a Jew, and was carried off to a debtors' prison.

Soon other judgments crowded in upon him, and he found himself detained for a total of sixty thousand francs. As a foreigner he was liable to lie in prison for a long term of years, his creditors being merely bound to pay a sum of ninepence halfpenny per diem for his maintenance: but fortunately he had not been incarcerated a month before he found succor. The Hummelhausens, who were worthy people, would gladly have "executed" themselves—that is to say, would have sold their hotel stock, cock and barrel—to help their suffering kinsman, but there was no need for this. An uncle of the Constants happened to die at Ticino, leaving an inheritance of two hundred thousand francs. The use of this, for her life, he left to his wife, who was eighty-two years of age and bedridden. At her death a hundred thousand francs were to come to Jean Baptiste, and fifty thousand to the Hummelhausens. The prisoner found no difficulty in selling his reversion for a hundred and twenty thousand francs. He paid the usurers in full, and left the whitewashed walls comparatively a rich man.

On the day of his enlargement, and while he was treating to a vin d'honneur some of the gentleman captives in the establishment, one of the turnkeys brought him a copy of the *National*, asking him if he would like to look at it. The ex-inn-keeper's eye fell on a paragraph, in which it was stated among the Faits Divers that one of the "illustrations dramatiques," or theatrical celebrities of the day, "la belle Mademoiselle Valérie," had suddenly broken her engagement with the direction of the Porte St. Martin, and winged her way to the "brumous" land of Albion, where she was "incessantly" to be united in marriage to the Honorable Sir Francis Blunt, Baronet, and member of the Upper Chamber.

Jean Baptiste Constant rushed out of prison to his sister. He had written to Valérie half a dozen times since his arrest, not asking for money, but craving a word of sympathy. She had not sent him one. His devotion to her was so servile, so houndlike, that he had never murmured. Madame Hummelhausen had no good news to tell him. The paragraph in the *National* was true. At least she had Valérie's word for its genuineness. The girl had written her a cool letter from Dover, saying that she had been married there, and that she was now Miladi Blunt. "As to Constant," she went on, "you will say to him that I am very sorry for him, but that he bored me." This was his dismissal; this his recompense for all he had done to train and nurture this beautiful devil. She had married another man. She was sorry for Constant; but he bored her; he made her yawn; she needed amusement, and the other man could amuse her. There was an end of the idyl.

Constant said nothing, but asked Madame Hummelhausen to give him the letter. "I shall go to England," he said.

"To kill Sir Blunt?" asked his sister, terrified.

"We are not in the Middle Ages. Lucrèce Borgia is all very well on the stage, but will not do in private life. I have been in England before. I have served in noble families. I have the most flattering testimonials. I will serve in noble families again. Good-by, my good sister. Perhaps some day I shall have the high honor to stand behind Miladi Blunt's chair."

Miladi Blunt's honey-moon was soon over. The honey-moon was very speedily followed by the beeswax-moon, and that by the gall-and-wormwood-moon. Valérie discovered that she had wedded a gentleman with no money, and who was over head and ears in debt. Blunt told her so plainly, and that it was useless to think of going to London. They crossed from Dover to Ostend, and thence went to Brussels, where, Valérie's Paris prestige being thick upon her, she easily obtained an engagement. This was in the spring of 1832. By December in the same year they had separated. Her accusations against her husband were no fictions. He had insulted, outraged, beaten her. He had lived in luxury upon her earnings. She gave birth in Brussels, and at Christmas-time in this same year '32, to a child—a girl—who was christened Lily by the English chaplain resident in the Belgian capital. The day after the performance of the ceremony Blunt deserted his wife, but took his child and his child's nurse with him. He had made an acquaintance in Brussels at this time, who lent him money, and talked to him of brilliant prospects, but whose name he kept secret from Miladi. The acquaintance accompanied him to England, and there became his valet de chambre. And this valet's name was Jean Baptiste Constant, Swiss by birth.

After her abandonment by her legitimate protector, the career of Madame Valérie Blunt was rather more varied than reputable. She did not bewail the loss of her infant much. She was more in a rage with the infant's papa. She went back to Paris, and purged her contempt toward the direction of the Porte St. Martin by payment of a round sum of money which somebody paid for her. Somebody had become necessary now; and when she grew tired of somebody she changed somebody. But, although her beauty was now in its zenith, her prestige as an actress was gone. Some other "illustration dramatique," who showed more of her legs, wore a grass-green tunic, and had more diamonds than she, was convulsing Paris with admiration. "I will never sink to the second-rate," said Valérie. "I am tired of men and women. Let us see what can be made out of horses."

Madame Hummelhausen and her husband, going, one summer night, in 1834, to Franconi's Circus, saw Valérie, in a riding-habit and a man's hat, caracoling on a beautiful brown mare in the midst of the tan-carpeted ring. Stout Monsieur Adolphe Franconi followed her obsequiously, not so much as venturing to crack his whip. Monsieur Auriol, the clown, suspended his jokes during her performance. She was doing the haute école. Valérie of the Circus had become a greater celebrity than Valérie of the Porte St. Martin. She was the rage. When she came to England in the summer of '35, and to Astley's Theatre, Mr. Ducrow gladly paid her thirty guineas a week salary. She came again in '37 at higher terms; but she always wanted money, and more money.

This was the lady who was good enough to patronize the Hotel Rataplan. Constant had found her there, and, walking straight up to her room, had looked at her. She would have struck him, but there was something in his look that cowed her. He was no longer humble—no longer her slave.

She held out her hand.

"Let us sign a treaty. Allons! Let us be friends!"

So, without pens or paper, and on the basis of this protocol, the treaty was signed, and they were friends, after a fashion. And now that I have kept Monsieur J. B. Constant so long with his hand on the handle of the She-Wolf's door, he may surely turn it and go in.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FUN should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a funny man to be a bad one? On the contrary, is he not, nine times out of ten, generous, humane, social, and good? To be sure he is. Fun—it is a great thing. It smooths the rough places of life; makes the disposition fresh and rosy as a maiden's kiss; scatters sunshine and flowers wherever it goes; gives the world a round, jolly countenance; makes all the girls as pretty as June roses, and mankind one of the best families out. We go in for fun. The man who won't cultivate it must keep a good half rod between us.

In bull-fight days, a blacksmith who was rearing a bull pup induced his old father to go on all fours to imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding parental roaring, exclaimed, "Hold him, Growler, boy! hold him! Bear it, father, bear it; it'll be the making of the pup!"

A SINGULARLY PLURAL WHIM.

This world is full of whims and woe,
Without, there would be no man—
While love and virtue ever flow
From that blest woe called Wo-man.
Man's heart will thus rejoice in woe,
The glass, no face look grim in,
Who loves the whim of genial glow,
The whim of whims called Women.

PROVERBS FROM THE OLDEN TIME.

Wide ears and a short tongue.
Beauty draws more than oxen.
The danger past, and God forgotten.
Riches are but the baggage of fortune.
Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.
Who spits against heaven it falls in his face.
There are none poor but such as God disowns.
Who weds ere he be wise shall die ere he thrive.
Little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out.
For what thou canst do thyself rely not on another.
He that hath a head of wax must not walk in the sun.
He who hath much pease may put the more in the pot.
Love of lads and fire of chats is soon in and soon out.
The smoke of a man's own house is better than the fire of another's.
The best remedy against an ill man is much ground between both.
There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.
Who spends more than he should shall not have it to spend when he would.
A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.
The foot on the cradle, and the hand on the distaff, is the sign of a good housewife.
When the good man is from home the good wife's table is soon spread.
There is no natural connection between great wealth and happiness; but great poverty and misery are nearly related. Though wealth won't warrant welfare, want won't withstand woe.

WEAR A SMILE.—You can, if you will, live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

Some burglars, upon entering a house, blew out the lights, and tied the occupants in different parts of the room. One took it to heart sadly, and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm undone—I'm undone!" Upon which the other replied, "Then come and undo me."

TO AGRICULTURISTS.—In consequence of 1864 being Leap-year, we may be sure it will go off with a good Spring.

BOTH ARE RIGHT.—Tom Moore compared love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes," "or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by paring."

A STANZA FOR SPRING.

See, now reminded by the weather,
The birds work hard their nests to feather;
And thou, my son, think not of rest
Till thou hast feathered well thy nest.

A doctor in Scotland made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experiment a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail and applied some of the salve to the stump. A new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the piece of tail which he cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which.

COUNTRY PARSON'S WIFE (*to butcher*). "Oh, Cleaver (indignantly), what a quantity of bone there was in that last piece of meat we had of you!"

CLEAVER. "Was there, Mum? I couldn't help that, you know, Mum; but, howsomever, the very first fat bullock I do kill without any bone I'll let you have one joint for nothing."

Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

What country of Europe should have the largest capital? Ireland; because its capital is always Dublin (doubling).

Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore?—Because they are murmurs of the *tied*.

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1769. It runs thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in.

A reservoir of water for the supply of a city is like a Dutchman—it never works without a pipe in its mouth.

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

"Pardon my warmth," as the red-hot poker said to the clown when he inadvertently put it in his pocket.

A new tenor is engaged to appear with the promising name of Holler.

Which of the feathered tribe lifts the heaviest weight?—The crane.

The best preventive of fits is to buy your clothing at a slop-shop.

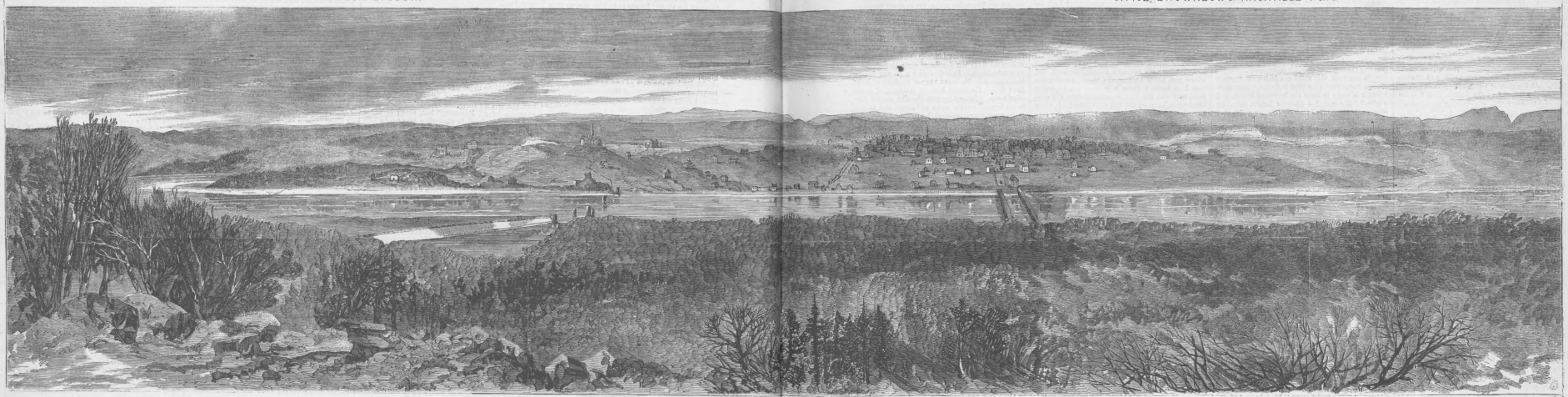
The young lady that kept her word has found it very useful.

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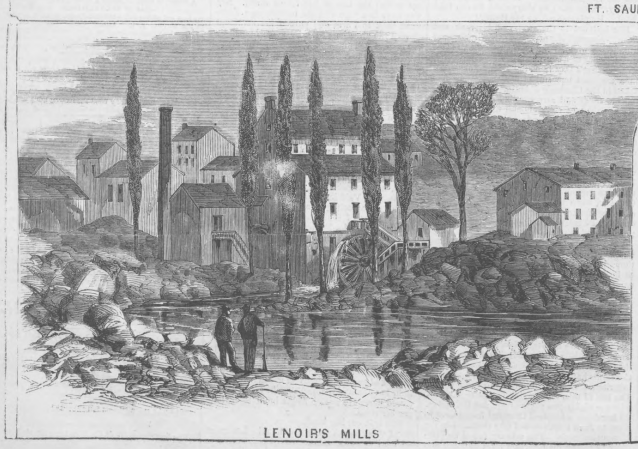


BRIDGE AT LOUDON.

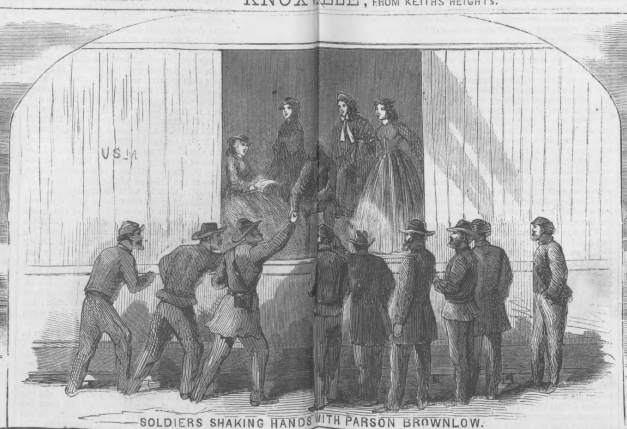
OFFICE, BROWNLOWS KNOXVILLE WHIG.



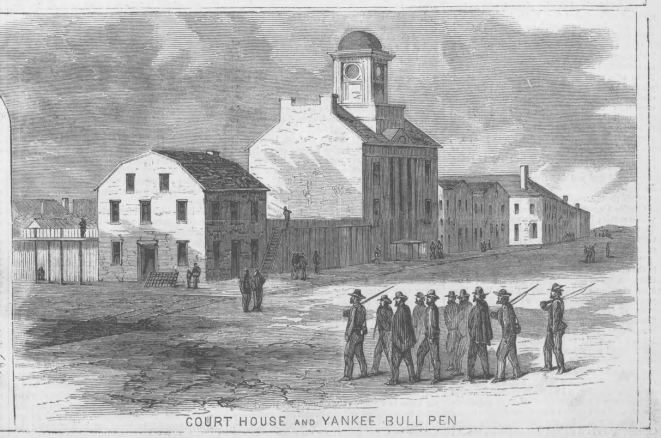
FT. SAUNDERS. COLLEGE. KNOXVILLE, FROM KEITHS HEIGHTS. CUMBERLAND GAP.



LENOIR'S MILLS.



SOLDIERS SHAKING HANDS WITH PARSON BROWNLOW.



COURT HOUSE AND YANKEE BULL PEN.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—VIEWS AT KNOXVILLE AND VICINITY.—[See Page 234.]

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VIEWS ABOUT KNOXVILLE.

THE sketches of KNOXVILLE AND VICINITY given on pages 232 and 233, obtained during a recent visit by our artist, T. R. DAVIS, will give an idea of the place and some of its surroundings. Sketching from the fortifications on Keith's Hill, or, as the place is known to the inhabitants, Big Bluff, the country seems a vast map, upon which a pretty little city is prominent, environed by rifle-pits, which at each knoll and hill become fortifications of size and strength. Far in the distance, to the right, the Cumberland Gap is just distinguishable. In the town the *Whig* office and the "Yankee Bull Pen" seem objects of interest. The prison known as the "Yankee Bull Pen" was for a long time the abode of the loyal East Tennesseeans who were unfortunate enough to stray into the hands of the rebels. Now it is used as a residence, kept entirely for the accommodation of its old proprietors.

Near the prison is the Court-house, now a hospital, over which DR. BARRITT has control.

Near Knoxville is a picturesque place known as Lenoir's Mills, looking almost New England-like, so neat and thrifty is it, with quiet cottages and busy mills. The place has its local interest, having been the scene of frequent skirmishes between the loyal and rebel inhabitants of the country about.

From another illustration it will be seen that the military roads are not provided with special accommodations for ladies. As a consequence, ladies in that country generally stay at home.

In illustration of another of our views, MR. DAVIS writes: "Returning from Chattanooga, Parson BROWNLOW was on the train on his way to the 'land of plenty.' The soldiers at the different stopping-places crowded about the cars, generally introducing themselves with, 'Parson, I'm an Indiana boy,' or 'I'm from Illinois,' or whatever other State might be represented; 'shake hands.' They had all heard of him, and were glad to see the leading Union man of East Tennessee."

The railroad bridge over the Tennessee River at Loudon is rapidly rebuilding. This will complete the line of road between Knoxville and Chattanooga. At the present time passengers and stores are ferried over, and so the former have a quiet walk of a mile or more.

OUR LITTLE FRIEND.

OUR little friend is in his grave;
The sod is green with April rain.
We weep for him. What would we have?
To him at least our loss is gain.

We lose the hope of future years—
Our child, our gallant little man;
But he, the future's pain and tears.
We will be happy if we can.

Or, if not happy, still, content
His peace should solace our despair.
God takes away the gem he lent
To set it with the star-beams fair.

AT THE FAIR.

I.

"WELL, Jordan!"

"Well, Charley!"

"Ain't you going?"

"Going where?"

"Going to the Fair," laughing at the chime of words.

Jordan settled himself comfortably in his seat again.

"No, Charley, my boy, I'm not going to the Fair. But you are, I perceive. How you are got up though! I should never dare to travel in such brilliant company."

"Oh, bother!" and Charley glanced, with an honest blush on his honest face, at his dandy clothes.

"I say though, Jordan," he quickly resumed, "you ought to go."

"Oh, hang fairs, Charley. I hate 'em. A fellow's always bored to death to buy a lot of rubbish. I'd rather by half contribute at the beginning what I can afford. That's my way. The buying is yours. You'll be a young swell there, Charley. I can fancy you beset by sixteen of those girls at once, with sixteen different propositions for you; and you'll think it fine fun. They'll delude you into buying any thing; dolls, and pin-cushions, and prayer-books. It'll be all the same to you; and you'll bestow them with the grace and discretion of a young prince. I really envy that way of yours, Charley."

"A good deal you do," returned Charley, disbelievingly.

"I do though, really. I'm in earnest, Charley."

Charley Duganne looked in surprise at his companion at this; but Ellery Jordan's face was serious. There was no sarcastic play of the lips, no laughing twinkle to the eyes, of which honest Charley Duganne was always somewhat in dread.

"Yes, I really do envy you, Charley. You come to the pleasant turns as easily as I do the disagreeable ones. You extract the sweet from life, while I am chewing the bitter cud. Every body likes you, every body smiles upon you; and all from that 'way' of yours; and it's the way of your heart, Charley, so I can't learn it. And all the time you look at me and think I'm such a smart fellow—that I know the world and a heap of things that you don't. And you think I look down from my wise height sometimes and laugh at you when you come in with your Fair-pleasures, and in a stunning new suit. Instead of that, Charley, I look at you with genuine admiration. I rejoice in your freshness, in your capacity for enjoyment of all sweet and simple pleasure. Don't think I regard you as any the less of a man for it. It's the generous boy's heart, Charley, that's in it all, and that makes me like the man who owns it. As for me, Charley, I am 'a great hulking fellow,' whom nobody cares very much about. I never carry sunshine with me, I never win hearts or smiles. I'm a gloomy, sullen, surly wretch, who perpetually gets the wrong side of things, and blunders at every step. There, Charley, go your ways, go your ways, and don't mistake me any more."

He turned with his old laugh to his book, a little disconcerted at the earnestness into which he had been betrayed; but Charley, touched and bewildered out of his senses, stammered thanks and praises and deprecation in a breath. But Ellery Jordan had had enough of the topic.

"Go your ways, Charley, go your ways," was all he said to him now; and at last Charley was wise enough to go. Jordan heard him whistling *Il segreto per esser felice*, as he ran down the stairs.

"That is his natural comment upon *my* way;" and Jordan smiled, then looked thoughtful and a little sad, then lost himself in his book. What do you think roused him from it, this cynic, this "gloomy, sullen, surly fellow?" A child's voice, crying. He had been conscious of it a good while before he felt called upon to look into the cause. He knew very well who it was. His landlady's little boy, Bobby Greene. But the grieved sobs continued so long he flung down his book and opened the door.

"Bobby!"

Bobby, surprised, held his peace for a moment.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

The little figure, sitting on the first stair disconsolate, burst out afresh at this sign of interest. Between broken words and sobs his questioner discovered that somebody, some nefarious uncle Dick or other, had failed to carry out a promise to take Bobby to the Fair. It was a heart-breaking thing to Bobby. In vain Jordan, moved to pity, took the urchin into his room, and laid before him treasures that would at another time have made him hilarious. The boy hushed his crying, indeed he seemed to appreciate the efforts made for his amusement, but, as Jordan thought, "It was no go." Bobby had set his mind upon the Fair. The Fair, of which wonderful stories had fired his youthful imagination. Jordan looked at the small face, expressing the depth of childish melancholy.

"So not even this child can be happy, because of some hungering after what is denied," he mused. "But it is early to learn the universal lesson, and a pity." He mused a moment longer, scowling over a new thought. Presently he gave a sigh that was partly a laugh.

"Bobby, go and ask your mother to wash off those tears, and tell her *I'll* take you to the Fair."

The transformation of the melancholy face into a bevy of smiles was a very swift one. Bobby ran off shouting with delight, while Jordan rose to effect some changes in his toilet. *His* face was not quite so full of delightful anticipation as Bobby's. He elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders as he thought of what he was about to inflict upon himself, for he hated Fairs, you know.

And this was a Soldiers' Fair. "How selfish of him!" you exclaim. Wait. He acknowledged that he preferred contributing what he could afford. And he did. But he has contributed more than those United States bills to the country. Long ago he gave *himself*. This is Captain Jordan, of the Hundred and something New York Volunteers. He is home on a furlough, not of simple ease and relaxation, but of necessity. Waiting for that right arm to get strength enough to wield a weapon. And leaving him here dressing for the Fair, let the story of the Fair run backward for a little in part.

II.

"SOPHY, you *must* help us in the post-office. We have counted upon you. Tell her it's her duty, Mrs. Hamlyn, to do the work that lies nearest. And this *is* her duty, for nobody is so swift of hand, and writes so beautifully as Sophy. Oh, Sophy, how *can* you refuse? Yes, yes, I know you've written heaps of letters—lovely letters I know they must be—but now at the very last to refuse to write the addresses! You never expected to take that place. Why, Sophy, where were your ears in all our preparations?"

If Sophy Hamlyn was firm, Ida Jocelyn was hopeful and persistent. Again and again she presented the case in its most piteous aspects to Sophy, and at last departed with the words:

"I shall come in to-morrow night again, and shall expect you to have yielded, Sophy; you know I ask it as a personal favor. I should never have accepted my post but for the belief that you would be with me."

Sophy did not reply. She kept on a cool steady face until Ida had departed, then she went up to her room and "had a good cry."

If I tell you what she cried about, I am afraid you will think my Sophy a very empty-headed young lady; but have patience with her, and with her story, and do not condemn her at first.

Sophy Hamlyn cried those vexed and bitter tears because—because she had "nothing to wear." You look about the pretty room, the curtains, the carpet, the vases. You note all the indications of a luxurious home, and you see Sophy in her graceful morning attire, and your lip curls disdainfully, and you comment severely upon the weak and wicked exaggeration of our girls. But you can not see the meaning of every thing at a first glance. Ida Jocelyn would tell you that the Hamlyns were not rich. That Mr. Hamlyn failed a few years ago, and has never been fortunate since. "Not actually poor, you know," the gay girl would go on; "only the Hamlyns can't give parties and keep a carriage, and Sophy don't have so much money to spend as she used."

This was all Ida Jocelyn knew about it. And this was all any body knew about it, but the Hamlyns themselves. When Ida Jocelyn went there, and had such a nice time with Sophy in that "home-like house," as she called it, she did not perceive that Mrs. Hamlyn looked tired and worn. She did not know how very, very simply they lived; how much they pinched and straitened. She saw only the pretty rooms just as she had always seen them, looking fresh and bright—for the years of change were too few to turn things shabby yet. And since that time, when Mr. Hamlyn went down, there had been no outward difference in their surroundings. Why should there have been? The house itself was Mrs. Hamlyn's; and there were no rare pictures, no statues of great value to sell. So they lived on amidst the same curtains, and chairs, and carpets, but with only a single servant in the whole house. Mrs. Hamlyn had turned, and pieced, and re-made, with her own hands and Sophy's help, dress after dress, until now poor Sophy's wardrobe furnished nothing further; and Sophy, sitting there alone in her room after Ida Jocelyn's departure, cried vexed and bitter tears over all the vexation and bitterness of this constant planning and pinching; over the want that kept her from accepting a post which could not but look alluring to her.

So you see that although Sophy cried because she had "nothing to wear," it was not so much for the one dress lacking for the one occasion, but for the constant wear and tear of that poverty which hides its thousand cares, its humiliating annoyances, its petty details behind a smiling mask. It was for the necessity that laid the limits so narrowly that a new dress even was impossible at this time. It was for all this that the bitter, vexed tears came, though the one dress was the one final drop in the cup that set it overflowing.

Poor little Sophy! she was but human. Brave little Sophy, too, as you would say, if you knew how she kept repinings out of sight, and almost out of suspicion; who taught herself much handiwork unknown before, and showed a bright face always to father, and mother, and those three boys. But it was hard about the Fair. Oh, if she could discover some way to make her only silk dress presentable! It was of no use, no use.

"Ah me!" and she sighed wearily. "I am too proud, I suppose, but I can not go shabby. I shouldn't enjoy it. I should have a sense of unsuitableness."

She lies there with her tears, thinking, thinking on the dismal prospect; while Ida Jocelyn, never dreaming of such thinking, makes her brilliant plans. Ah, Ida Jocelyn, there are many such homes, where an outward serenity is kept, and where you never suspect the many, many cares that hide beneath those who have known better days, and who, not from vanity, but from the educated taste, keep up the fair semblance! Is there a much sadder suggestion in life? But Sophy sees a rainbow through her tears.

"There's Aunt Martha's things!" And with this suggestion she slips from the couch, and dashes out of her room up into a far, dark corner of the attic, where lies that long-forgotten chest of relics, nearly a century old. The camphor-wood has kept them intact, and Sophy drags out a lilac brocade, with glistening eyes. It is no great flourishing pattern, but a trim design of star-work; not at all outlandish, Sophy thinks, and the color suited to her fair hair. Only three days before the evening of the Fair; but Sophy will undertake it. Fly, little fingers, over your pretty work. Ply, smoothly-shining needle, to aid this busy remodeling.

Ida Jocelyn, who came the next night, was radiant at the success of her persistence.

Two nights after she went into raptures over Sophy's toilet.

"Where did you get such a lovely dress—so strange, so piquant, and so becoming? And that lace at your throat is an heir-loom; and your hair all crimped and rolled into such pretty puffs, and the dear little red rose to crown it—oh, Sophy, you look like a little marchioness!"

Sophy bloomed like the red rose, and laughed blithely at *her* success, but she told no one of the heartache that preceded it. Sophy never told any one of her heartaches. First, because she was too proud to make confidantes of her girl friends; secondly, because she was too generous to burden her already burdened mother. She sewed her heartaches into her work, perhaps. Poor little Sophy! brave little Sophy! were there any of those gloomy threads stitched into the brilliant gown you wear to-night, or did the rainbow turn them all to shining promises?

III.

CAPTAIN JORDAN stood patiently by while Bobby refreshed himself on cakes and ices. Standing there twirling his mustaches, and looking forth from under heavy brows at the scene, he spies Charley Duganne.

"I declare the fellow is eating a tart like a school-boy!" he said, aloud.

Charley glanced up.

"What, Jordan!" And then: "How came you?"

And Jordan pointed with a shrug to Bobby.

"I came to keep the peace; this urchin was breaking it into flinders because somebody had disappointed him."

Charley's admiration saw through this version, but its expression was cut short by a growling "Pshaw!"

Walking with him through the rooms, Adjutant Duganne's finesse brought him at last before a window draped with flags, and glimpsing fair faces within. It was a charmed spot, as many a bearded loiterer testified.

Gay Ida Jocelyn nodded and smiled. "Do you expect another letter, Mr. Duganne? The California mail is just in."

Duganne nodded, and smiled back again. Gay Ida turned with a pretty, mock-business air. "Sophy, see if there is a letter for Mr. Duganne in this mail."

"Allow me to present to you Captain Jordan, Miss Jocelyn."

Then, as the Captain expressed it, he found himself "in for it;" and with an indifferent air he went through with the expected question, which Post-mistress Jordan preferred to her assistant, Sophy Hamlyn. "A letter for Captain Jordan?" The white missive dropped into his pocket, and dropped out of his mind at the same time. But with an eye for the beautiful, he could not help admiring the lovely faces that held their little court within.

"Isn't she a stunner for beauty?" exclaimed Charley, enthusiastically, as they withdrew a few paces for new-comers.

"Which she do you mean?"

"The post-mistress—Miss Jocelyn."

"She'll do very well; but who was that girl with the yellow hair and the red rose in it?"

"Miss Hamlyn. She'd suit you, Jordan; let me introduce you."

"You mistake, Charley, boy. I am admiring her as a fixed star in another planet. It's altogether too resplendent to shine in my orbit. She looks like a duchess—to come down to earth; and I am by no means a possible duke."

But there was certainly a Fate in that night. When Jordan sat by his fire an hour later, and thrust his hands into his pockets in meditative mood, he came upon that letter again. Vaguely as his hand touched it he drew it forth. "Captain Jordan." It was a firm hand for a woman.

"So that girl with the yellow hair wrote it. The pretty duchess! I should not care to look at her long; her brightness would put my eyes out."

He opened the letter and read it through. Strangely enough, the same handwriting within as without.

"One of her contributions, eh?" He settled himself for an airy epistle, made up of an occasional *bon mot* and French phrases. He found a curious kind of letter for such a gay-looking duchess. A straightforward letter, full of simple strength, purporting to come from a soldier's wife. Where had the gay duchess learned so much of the straitened lives of such as these?

He discovered his eyes moistening at the reality of the patient endurance; the sad, waiting hope that was presented; and, most of all, at the brave sentence: "But though I am very, very lonely; though my heart dies within me at every report of a fresh battle, yet I would rather have you there than here, because I know that there is your duty, there your honor." There were some tender, prayerful words, and then the letter ended. He folded it up and put it away. But he could not put away the contents from his mind. It seemed so real; as if it came from the depths of some strong, deep, womanly heart. And that girl with the yellow hair wrote it! He found himself thinking of it the next day. He found himself thinking of it the next week. By-and-by this thought carried him to see her. He went again and again, and in that home atmosphere, spite of the gay duchess air, he discovered how it was that this girl with the yellow hair could see so deeply into life. He saw that she wrote from her own heart—a heart deep and strong, and womanly and heroic. He went again and again; and if her brightness put his eyes out, he gained a clearer vision wherewith to see. He saw no longer a gay duchess, but Sophy Hamlyn, a brave little philosopher—Sophy Hamlyn, the only woman in the world to him.

A fellow-officer, who came home the other day and offered cordial congratulations to Captain Jordan on his success in winning Miss Hamlyn, said, wonderingly,

"And where did you find her? I did not think such a woman lived except in a book—so simple and earnest and charming!"

And Captain Jordan answered, smiling,

"I found her at the Fair, where, I am inclined to think henceforth, are to be found all the good things of life."

AUNT DEBBY'S BROWN COTTAGE.

THROUGH the vines curtaining with green the low windows the morning sun fell with shattered rays into a cozy chamber, plainly but tastily furnished, with rude pictures on the walls, an old-fashioned clock on the mantle, a Bible and hymn-book on the stand, and bouquets of newly-gathered flowers filling every corner-perch. From an airy niche, just within the eastern window, a canary piped a welcome to the morning; and without, in the stately trees, whose leaves blushed radiantly under the kiss of the sunrise, robins caroled cheery strains, rehearsing joyously their loves and hopes to the listening air.

Lucy Larcom, looking out amidst the vines, catching in one view the glory of the scene, stood enraptured, each revelation of minuter beauties increasing her delight. Eighteen summers had drifted over her head; but none of them, though they had been all galleries of splendors, had ever unfolded a picture of such rare loveliness as that now spread out before her. Until yesterday her foot had never pressed the green country sward; until this soft June morning she had never seen the sunrise broadening over field and meadow, touching the hills with glory, and flooding the valley-depths with waves of light. City-born, her memories were all of city pleasures and city scenes. She was as much a stranger, walking with doubtful feet, in the realm to which she had now come, as she could have been had a veil all her days obscured her sight and hidden the world in impenetrable shadow.

Why had she slipped away from her city home and found a refuge in the brown cottage of Aunt Debby, on the edge of Riverton? She could hardly have told—at least she would not have cared to tell—had you asked her. It was not because her city home did not abound in all pleasant things; it was not because society had closed its doors against her, or her authority in the circles of fashion had been discarded. Lucy Larcom was welcome every where; her word was law whenever she pleased to have it so. Nor was it because she had wearied of life's pleasures; she relished them, when innocent and timely, as keenly as she had ever done. It was simply because she was dissatisfied with the temper of the world about her; with its materialistic dogmas and practices in a time of vast moral needs; its coldness and apathy in the presence of sublime duties; its pursuit constantly of other than innocent amusements and pleasures. She could not forget that the nation was at war; that hundreds and thousands of homes were darkened by suffering; that multitudes of maimed, smitten ones were walking up and down with shadows on their lives; that a great principle, involving not merely

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peace and safety, but the life of liberty, was at stake in the conflict whose murmurs filled all the air and made the land vocal with its cries. Ever since Ned had gone to the field—Ned, the dear brother who shared with her every confidence, rambled with her in dewy twilights in the same familiar walks, read with her the same books, and sung the songs she taught him—her thought had grown constantly more serious and earnest; through every scene of gayety her eyes looked to fields ghastly and dismal, to camps crowded with grim paraphernalia of war, to homes with chairs empty and the feet of orphans pattering on their floors. But society around her was not touched with this mood: its days were full of merriment; its nights radiant with gayeties. Indeed, more than once she had been rebuked for what her associates termed her "sickly sentimentality," her growing abstraction in the presence of the grandest social events; and so at last, dissatisfied with herself, at issue with society about her, she had quitted her home and stolen down to plain Aunt Debby's, yearning for rest and refuge, longing to study and enjoy the Real and the True, with her own heart only as interpreter of Nature's honest teachings.

Captain James Hunt, lying at his tent-door in the June twilight, looking listlessly down upon the Rappahannock flowing silently below him, was suddenly saluted with,

"Here's a letter for you, Captain, right from Riverton."

Captain Hunt was upon his feet in a moment.

"A letter for me! Who can it be from? I haven't, so far as I know, a correspondent in all the world."

Captain Hunt, let it be stated here, was an orphan, standing alone in the world, without brother or sister, or any near kith or kin. From boyhood he had fought his own battle, and had fought it bravely, with a true manliness of soul. One friend he had, a woman, many years his senior, who, for his father's sake—who once had been very dear to her heart—had more than once exhibited a direct interest in his welfare; but with all her kindness there was a crust in her character—a brusque, sharp something he could not define—which had made intimate communion impossible; thus leaving him, after all, self-dependent. When the war-trumpet was blown over the land he was a tutor in the village academy, respected by all, but without any close companionships; and with the first alarm, putting by his books, he went to the one person whose counsel alone he had ever sought, and said, "The flag, Aunt Debby"—so she was called of all who knew her—"has been insulted; war is upon the land; ought I not to go to the field?" The answer was, "Yes; no true soul will falter now!" and in a week he was at the Capital, enrolled in the Union service, prepared to do and die in its behalf; more happy than he had ever been before, because now he felt he had a sublime work to do—an object to accomplish whose grandeur all history must celebrate.

But this June evening he had been saying to himself, "This is a lonely life I am leading, with no intimate friendships, no close attachments; with none in whom to confide—it is a very, very dreary life!"

Just then came the announcement, "Here's a letter for you, Captain, right from Riverton."

You may be sure his nimble fingers were not long in clutching the secret of the precious pages.

"I have felt anxious, James"—so the letter ran—"that you should know I have not forgotten you, though you have been so long away out of our sight. It has been a joy to me that, thus far, no harm has touched you. I think of you very often, James, hard as my nature is; and, in my poor way, pray that you may still be kept from all evil. And thinking of you so much, my fingers could not keep still, and so I have made you a few homely handkerchiefs, and the like, which I shall send soon after this. Maybe you will find them useful in some day to come; and if they only help you to remember the lonely 'Aunt Debby'—much as it may surprise you to have me say so—I shall be content."

"The dear, good old soul!" said Captain James to, himself, brushing a tear from his eye, "who would have thought that, under the rough crust of her demeanor, there was such a wealth of thoughtfulness and love?—But what's this?"

Turning the leaf, Captain James had discovered at the top of the page this: "P.S. Lucy Larcom, my brother's child, has just come down from the city to stay with me a while. She bids me send her 'duty'—for every soldier, she says, is her friend."

Captain Hunt folded his letter and put it away with a puzzled, wistful look in his face.

"Lucy Larcom—I have heard of her. A handsome, brilliant girl, rich and cultivated, shining in drawing-rooms, at operas and fêtes. And yet"—it seemed to please the Captain to add the "and yet"—"she must have a true woman's heart if, amidst all her gayeties, she has found time to think of the poor fellows in the field."

The Captain somehow thought very often that day, and during after-days, of the postscript to Aunt Debby's letter. Coming just at the moment when a sense of loneliness oppressed and saddened him, the thought it suggested that mayhap, sometime, he would find comfort and joy in the love of a true heart, stirred new depths of feeling, started a whole brood of pleasing fancies, and dissipated all the despondency which was gathering upon him.

But all these thoughts were put effectually to flight at last. Suddenly the intelligence came that Lee's army had moved into Pennsylvania, and this, almost immediately, was followed by an order for the whole Federal force to march in pursuit.

Captain Hunt, restless and uneasy, hailed with delight the prospect of active duty. He might, at least, if he could do nothing for the cause, escape the troubling thoughts which were pressing upon him, filling his mind with images that might, after all, prove only a delusion and a cheat.

His corps was the first to break camp. The march was a long and weary one, but it had its glimpses of rest, its anticipations of battle and victory; and at last, on the morning of the 1st of July, the corps came in sight of Gettysburg, around which the enemy were already concentrating.

Soon the battle began, rolling along the hills in fiery grandeur. Captain Hunt pressed into it with an enthusiasm amounting to rapture. At first success was ours at every point; the enemy could not resist the impetuous assaults of our gallant braves, and gave way in confusion and disorder. But soon reinforcements came upon the scene; the enemy hastily re-formed their lines, and again met the pursuers with solid front, slowly driving back our jaded columns toward Seminary Ridge. Captain Hunt, always the first in assault, was among the last in retiring. Fearless to a fault, the white heat of battle could never appall him, but the mere thought of possible defeat was full of pain. So moodily, almost recklessly, he followed the retreating column, as, sweeping along the plain, it began to climb the height and take fresh position.

But his mood found complete change before the crest was finally reached. Trudging forward he suddenly came upon a lieutenant lying, with a gaping wound in his side, just at the foot of the hill, and vainly endeavoring to stanch the blood flowing from the hurt. In the confusion the young officer—he did not seem to be over twenty—had apparently been forgotten, and was lying just where he fell in the first advance. There was something in the face of the wounded boy which instantly attracted Captain Hunt; and gathering him in his arms, with the aid of a soldier he carried him at once out of danger, when, leaving the boy in charge of the other, he hurried away for his regimental surgeon, whom finding, he dispatched at once to the relief of the stranger.

Meanwhile the battle was growing hot again. The Eleventh Corps, coming to Reynolds's help, the enemy had again been pushed backward over the disputed ground, and we held once more the line first occupied. But the conflict was desperate and terrible. Nor was victory permanently ours. A second time our line was driven back; Reynolds had fallen; whole regiments had been swept away in the fiery storm; and so at last, bleeding, broken, sad, the brave columns again retired, and at four o'clock in the afternoon found pause and safety in a position whence they did not be driven.

But Captain Hunt did not this time accompany his command. In the very thick of the conflict, while bravely leading his men, he was struck down by a brace of rebel bullets, and for an hour lay helpless and bleeding where he fell. Then, found by a surgeon who was passing over the field, he had been carried to a hospital, and there, while his regiment was establishing itself in the early evening in its new position, was suffering the amputation of an arm, hopelessly shattered by the bullets which some unerring sharp-shooter had sent him as an autograph.

The battles of Gettysburg were ended; the news of our great victory had flashed over the land like a new benison on our dear Independence-day; the dead on the battle-field had been buried, and the wounded gathered up and cared for, and in thousands of homes waiting hearts, trembling with anxiety and fear, yearned through day and night for intelligence of absent dear ones, or smitten households, mourning over heavy losses, yet thanked God that the foe had been vanquished, and his pride broken in the dust.

In the brown cottage of Aunt Debby at Riverton, hung as it was with summer bloom, two such waiting hearts questioned every passing hour for news from the field. Lucy Larcom thought continually of Ned; what fate had been his; was he yet alive, or lying among the dead on the field, his face ghastly under the bleaching sun and rains? And Captain Hunt, Aunt Debby wondered with sad thought, what had been *his* fate? Would he ever come again with his old smile to the brown cottage, or must the years go on, scattering only on his nameless grave their faded leaves?

With such thoughts as these, full of pain, sharper at times than any knife, keener than any sabre-thrust, these two waiting ones sat through the drifting days.

"Out of the deepest dark rises the starriest hope." So Lucy's anxiety, almost amounting at last to despair, found full relief one bright afternoon, when a Lieutenant, with bronzed face and faded uniform, alighted unexpectedly at Aunt Debby's door, and, walking hastily up the graveled walk, caught the old lady in his arms, and before she knew it had half smothered her with kisses.

"Why, Ned!"

That was all the dear woman found voice, at first, to say in reply to this sudden, full-hearted salutation. She had been taken completely by surprise, having no pickets out, and could only look at the captor with astonishment, not unmingled, however, with affection. Lucy, when she came in from a ramble, in which she had thought only of the brother absent, was no less surprised and delighted. Ned said he would as soon face a battery as encounter the fusilade of questions, exclamations, and interjections which the sister, supported by the inquisitive Aunt Debby, poured upon him. But he succeeded at last in satisfying all inquiries; and Lucy, with no shadow now upon her heart, became happy again as a brother's presence could make her.

Ned, so he told them, had been wounded in the first day's fight; had been carried to a house in Gettysburg, where, slowly growing in strength, he remained for a fortnight, when he was permitted to go home. There he spent some days, when, missing Lucy's pleasant face, he had run down into the country, hoping there to recuperate fully his wasted energies in the few days that yet remained to him of his furlough.

Happy as Aunt Debby was to have Ned under her eye, safe from the battle's rage, her anxiety as to Captain Hunt did not abate. At times she felt inclined, woman as she was, to go in quest of him; but this, reflection told her, would most probably be a useless labor, and so she could only wait and watch, hoping that in some way her solicitude would ultimately find relief, even if the Captain himself should never again be restored to her sight.

It was Commencement-day at Riverton Academy. In the old church, poplar-guarded, on the village green a crowd of anxious fathers, mothers, sisters, and friends were assembled in honor of the occasion. Lucy Larcom, with brother Ned at her side, was there, scores of manly eyes fixed upon her pleasant face. The scene was not as brilliant nor the company as fashionable as at many entertainments Lucy had attended, but she enjoyed it none the less keenly; it had the spice of simplicity and novelty; the people around her were something better than artificial shams; the inspiration of the place was robust and practical; and, besides, was not Ned sharing with her the pleasure of the hour?

The exercises were almost concluded, when, during a little pause, there was a sudden stir at the door, and a moment after an officer with a single arm, his face pale, and step weak and faltering, was seen moving up the aisle, half-supported by the village squire and a white-haired deacon known to all Riverton. Suddenly, as the pale face came in full view, a great shout rose from the assembly, and rolling into a cheer, was again and again repeated, every face brightening, almost every hand fluttering "a cambric welcome" to the coming one.

For one in that assembly the pale face of the one-armed officer, standing silent and abashed in the presence of the tempest of applause, had a peculiar fascination. As Ned Larcom looked upon that face he remembered, instantaneously, another scene—a scene of carnage and death, with streams of blood-stained litters, crowded with wounded, flowing through it; with heaps of dead lying far and near; with the flash of guns running along the hills, and the roll of drum and bugle throbbing grandly through the battle-pauses; and chief of all, himself lying helpless with *that* face bending over him, and the tongue, that seemed powerless now, whispering words of cheer and comfort.

He saw in the wounded man whom all Riverton saluted with applause his deliverer on the field of Gettysburg.

"Who is it, Ned?" said Lucy Larcom, when the cheering for a moment ceased.

Ned did not for a moment answer. Then he said, his eyes resting still on that face,

"I can not tell you his name, sis, but I can do something better than that: whatever his name, he is the man who saved your brother's life on that dreadful day."

Ned had told both aunt and sister the story of his rescue, and Lucy, understanding now Ned's interest in the stranger, felt her own heart warming toward him with gratitude.

Just then a voice was heard in faint, fluttering accents, speaking words of thanks for the unexpected welcome. "I left an arm at Gettysburg," the weak voice said, "but this more than compensates for the loss." And then the voice was still again, but another broke the silence with, "Let us thank God that Captain Hunt is safe again;" and then every head was bowed, and the old clergyman of the village gave voice to the thanksgiving of every heart.

Captain Hunt! Here was a wonderful revelation for Ned and his sister. This brave fellow who had saved his life was the same about whom good Aunt Debby was so troubling her thought. He did not wonder now that all Riverton rose to do him honor—he was ready himself to lie at his feet, the brave, manly, modest hero.

At last the programme was ended; the crowd slowly drifted away; and then Ned Larcom, unable longer to restrain his impatience, pressed impetuously forward, caught the empty sleeve in his grasp, and, with tears in his eyes, vehemently exclaimed,

"The arm that was in that sleeve, Captain Hunt, carried me from death unto life; I am here to offer you my arm to lean upon, if need shall be, in life's coming days." Then, in a moment, in a voice more subdued, "You remember it, Sir?"

Captain Hunt looked into the eager face; and he *did* remember.

How Ned Larcom thereupon narrated to all within hearing the story of his rescue at Gettysburg; how brave Captain Hunt blushed like a girl at hearing his praises so warmly sounded; how Ned told him of Aunt Debby's alarm for his safety, and how he carried him away at last to the brown cottage, supporting him on his stronger arm as he went—all this is recorded in the history of that day in Riverton chronicles, but need not be repeated here.

But where, meanwhile, had Lucy gone? The moment Ned had left her, she had stolen away, with a strange sensation at her heart, to tell the glad news to Aunt Debby, who was yet in ignorance of every thing, Captain Hunt having been taken prisoner the moment he arrived in the village and hurried off by force to the church; and now as the two approached, the Captain walking feebly, she met them at the gate with a smile, hiding under it whatever feeling the events of the day may have stirred in her heart.

"This is my sister, Lucy Larcom, Captain Hunt."

A quick flush crept into the Captain's face at that name. He remembered the message sent him in that name in Aunt Debby's letter when he was lying, months before, on the Rappahannock; remembered what sweet dreams and ardent hopes that message had excited—how life for the time grew full of promise and bloom; and it was with something of the old hope in his eyes that he met the greeting which Ned's "And this, sis, is my preserver, you know!" made necessary.

A month had slipped away; September had come, trailing her scarlet glories along upland and valley; but still Lucy lingered with Aunt Debby. Ned had gone; almost daily letters came, entreating her to return to her city home; but she thrust them all aside with indifference and remained. She had grown strangely silent and reserved in the few weeks gone; her face, indeed, was still bright and fresh, but it wore a more sober look than aforetime; her manner had become more subdued; in a word, she seemed to be hiding her thought within herself, and yet clearly it was a sweet thought which had no need to fear the eye of the world.

Captain James Hunt, too, seemed wonderfully changed in these latter days. He came often, it was true, to the brown cottage on the village slope. At first, while Ned remained, he had talked freely, as he had been wont, sometimes sitting for hours in the pleasant parlor, looking by stealth into Lucy's face; but of late he had become reticent, sometimes distant in his manner, Lucy's reserve seeming only to increase his own, and add to the discomfort he manifestly felt.

But one soft twilight, sitting with Lucy on the vine-hung piazza, a look of rare resolution came into the Captain's face. You could see at a glance that some new purpose was nerving his thought and making him strangely bold.

"I am going away soon, Miss Lucy—in a week at most."

He said it abruptly, and in the dim light he saw the girl's face grow white as the answer came, haltingly,

"So soon, Captain Hunt?"

"But," he continued, as if he had not spoken, "before I go I have one thing to ask." He paused a moment, and then, in a low voice, added, "I have been all alone in the world, Miss Lucy; in the hot battle-days, in the silence of the bivouac, on the weary march, no memory of a love in some home behind me has ever strengthened my soul or lifted me to lofty deeds for its sake. But these last days in which I have loitered here away from duty have brought me a Hope, Miss Lucy, which has sung to me in the night, has brightened my days, and made life dearer than it ever seemed before. One thing only I now lack, and that is the assurance that some day that Hope may blossom into fulfillment—and *you* alone can tell me, Lucy, whether it ever may."

Lucy Larcom's heart beat sharply, almost painfully; her face grew luminous, but she did not answer.

"My hope, Lucy, has been only this: that *you* might be mine; that when I go away again to the field I may bear *your* love with me as a comforter and friend. Must that hope, Lucy, be in vain?"

The downcast eyes were lifted now; the white hands, lying so listless before, crept into the waiting palm at once so tender and so true; and Lucy Larcom, with a look of love and trust on her face that made it shine as the sunrise of a great hope, replied,

"You have given one arm, James, to your country; I shall be proud and full of joy to find shelter and refuge under the other."

SPIRITS AND ANGELS.

LONELY musing in the twilight,
When the lengthening shadows fall,
Spirits bright and holy Angels
Come obedient to my call:
Lost and loved ones gone before me,
Phantoms fair from memory won,
Seem to flit before my Fancy,
Midway to the setting sun.

I can see them, robed in Beauty,
Some rejoicing, some forlorn,
Friendly all, and sent to guide me
Out of Darkness into Morn.
On the chimes I hear their voices
Whispering solace from the skies.
Holy Angels, hover near me!
Fit my soul for Paradise!

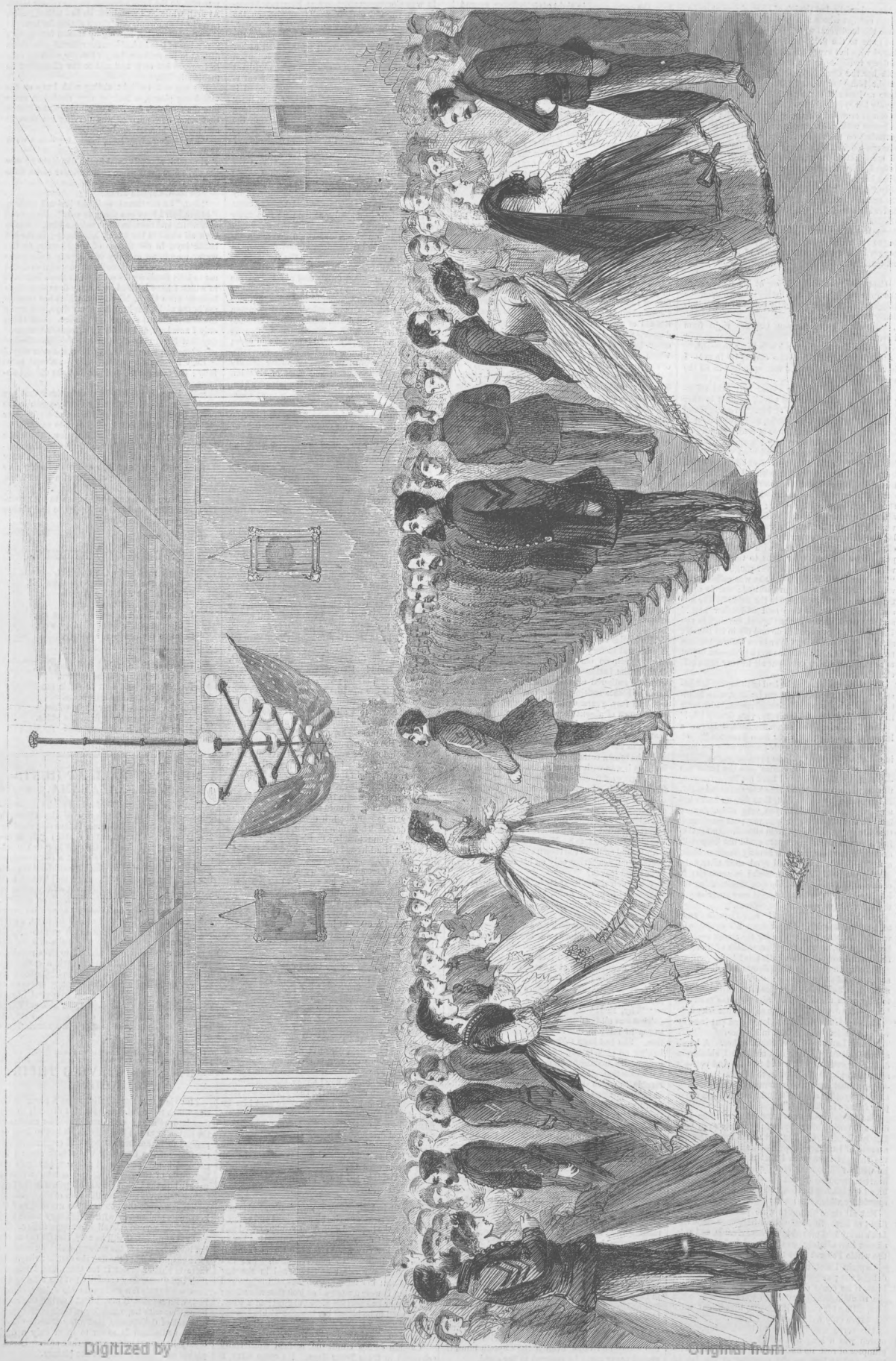
MILITARY BALL AT HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

THE view on page 236 of a ball of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Fifteenth Corps at Huntsville, Alabama, is thus described by Mr. DAVIS, who furnishes the sketch: "Since the occupation of this place by General LOGAN the soldiers have made many friends, and a few evenings since they gave a ball, at which a considerable number of ladies were present. The ball was as well conducted and as full of enjoyment as any affair of the kind ever given in this place. The soldiers, with their well-brushed though somewhat worn uniforms, clean white gloves, and bronzed, happy faces, presented a sight well worth seeing. Their very intimate acquaintance with balls of a far different nature and mission seemed to have peculiarly prepared them for enjoying such a gathering. The sketch gives the 'Virginia Reel,' danced with energy, and often performed as many as seven or eight times during the evening. General LOGAN attended the ball for a short time, and expressed himself pleased to see the quiet respect that was every where shown the gentler sex by their brave attendants."

NEGROES LEAVING THEIR HOME.

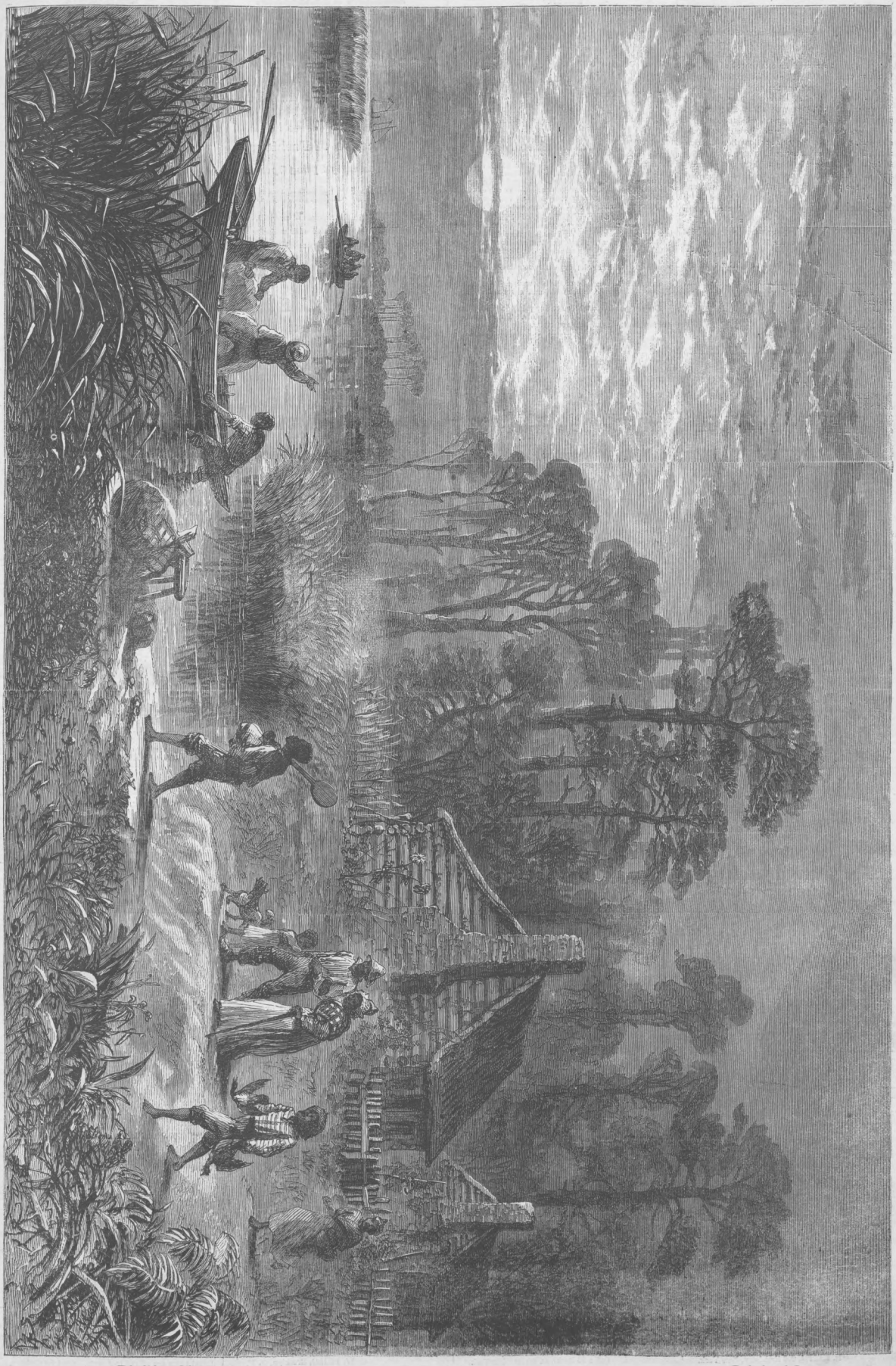
THE view on page 237 illustrates a phase of the war which the rebels have found it difficult to contemplate with any complacency. The exodus of the slaves from the bondage which has so long oppressed them has been steady and continuous from the moment the first blow was struck against the national honor, and it still goes on, hundreds and thousands of the poor, outraged creatures coming weekly into the Union lines at all points in the field. Our sketch gives an admirable view of the desolation which surrounds the homes of the negroes, and the heartiness and energy with which they make their way to freedom upon the slightest opportunity. The Federal gun-boat, it will be seen, lies far out at sea, but the sharp eyes of the waiting, watching bondmen have caught sight of the flag she carries; they know there is shelter under it for them, and launching their little boat, they carefully put the aged and infirm, with their few more valuable effects, aboard, and, with a pang, it may be, at leaving their rude home, but with hope and joy in their hearts at the prospect of deliverance, pull away from the shore, which henceforth is to be to them only a dark, dreary line marking a yet darker past. There is pathos as well as history in the picture.

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SOLDIERS' BALL AT HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA—DANCING THE "VIRGINIA REEL."—[SEE PAGE 235.]

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NEGROES LEAVING THEIR HOME.—[See Page 236.]

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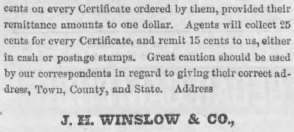
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Ballard Patent Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

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Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use."

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Compact and portable as a *Cheroot Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved.

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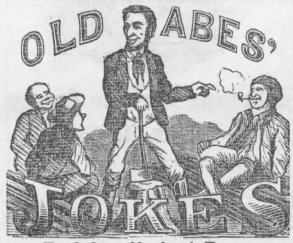
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A SUPERB "*Extra Double Gold Plated*" engraved or engine turned Hunting Case Watch, Magic Spring, "*Genuine English Jeweled* or *Nickel Movements*," "M. J. TOBIAS" Independent Action, Self Balance, and has a NEAT MINIATURE COMPASS set in the movements, making it a "*Correct Guide*" to the *Soldier or Traveler*. Perfect timekeeper, "*warranted one year*." WILL STAND ACID, and is an

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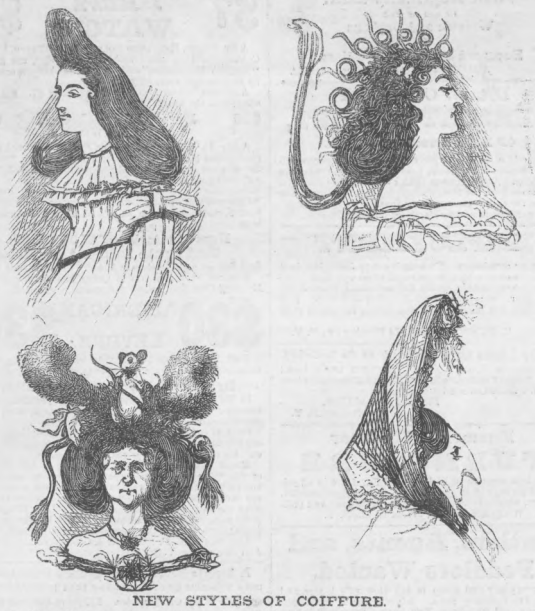
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New York, January, 1864.

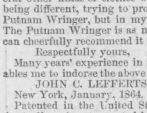
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They are self-adjusting, and require no holes punched in the strap. Dealers or manufacturers can enclose Ten Cents Currency, and I will mail sample of two patterns.

FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 Pearl Street, New York,
and
68 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 50 cents. Address G. F SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

Soldiers of the Union!!!

Read the following Letters received from your comrades as endorsements of the

WORLD-KNOWN AND WORLD-TRIED REMEDIES

KNOWN AS

Professor Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force.

See to your Health!

All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay.

Your Life is Valuable!!

Not only to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives, and Brothers. Then while you may, purchase your Health!

For 35 cents, 88 cents, or $1 40,

Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the greenest and ripest old age.

The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office.

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT, 20th Illinois Volunteers, FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., November 26, 1863.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address

Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M., 39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., January 7, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I want to try them, as Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me the worth of the enclosed.

Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, Tennessee, December 26, 1863.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and seek cure.

Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER,
Co. I, 24 Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., January 12, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find 50 cents; for which I wish you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 10 cents for postage.

Address, ISRAEL C. HALL,
Co. D, 4th N. H. Vols.,
Port Royal, S. C.

CAMP OF 5TH EXCELSIOR BRIGADE, January 22, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

SIR: Please send me for the enclosed 50 cents the worth of it in Pills; enclosed find 15 cents to pay postage, and you will oblige. Address,

Yours, &c.,
Sergt. WM. POWERS,
Co. E, 5th Regt. Excelsior Brigade,
Washington, D. C.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., January 21, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills.

Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM CHRISTY,
Co. D, 104th Regt. Penn. Vols.,
Morris Island, S. C.

CAUTION.

If the reader of this "notice" can not get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they can not make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cents, and $1 40 per box or pot.



WHAT A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IS PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER!

It not only cures the ills of the human family, but is also the sure remedy for horses with colic. It has never been known to fail in a score of the worst cases; and for sprains, galls, etc., it never fails—try it once. Directions accompany each bottle. Sold by Druggists generally.—*Kenton County (Ky.) Democrat.*

250 Rare Receipts.

17 Superb Electrotype Engravings.
TELLS WHAT TO DO, AND HOW TO DO IT.
Both sent free by mail for 25 cents.
HUTCHINSON & CO., Publishers,
442 Broadway, New York.

TROPICAL BALSAM

Prepared by Carreno Brothers & Co.

This celebrated and unparalleled medicine, composed only of salutiferous and purifying vegetables, has been for many years past the great popular remedy of South America, and is an infallible remedy for the speedy cure of phthisis, croup, and all other diseases of the chest and throat; affections resulting from falls, blows, or bruises, however severe; hemorrhages, wounds, contusions, ulcers, felons, burns, piles, headache, toothache, and other diseases. (See Directions around the bottles.)

Ever since this valuable medicine has been introduced in this country, its internal and external use has never failed to produce the most wonderfully successful results.

Heads of families are advised to keep always this Balsam by them, in order to use it in time in cases of wounds, hemorrhages, burns, bruises, &c.; also those who are devoted to such occupations as expose them to danger, or require the use of instruments wherewith they may be injured in any way. For valuable testimonial letters, see the Tribune and the Courrier des Etats-Unis.

Price of bottles, 37 cts. and $1.

General Depot at WM. E. SIBELL'S, No. 7 Nassau St., near Wall, New York. Retailed at the drug stores generally in NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

GOLD PENS AND CASES

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a circular. Pens returned on receipt of 25 cents.

F. S. JOHNSON, 18 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

$47 AMERICAN $47 LEVER WATCHES.

Trade Mark, P. S. Bartlett, Waltham, Mass., Full Jeweled, WARRANTED, in 4 oz. coin silver hunting case, gold joints, fancy push pin, for $47.

Also every variety of *good* Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches.
208 Broadway New York.

FINE WATCH FREE,

And $15 Per Day made Easy.

By selling the GREAT "*original and only genuine*" RICKARDS' PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, each of which contains "*more real valuable articles*" than any half-dozen other packages ever sold. Each Package contains Fine Writing Materials, Engravings, Fashion Plates, Fancy Articles, Yankee Notions, Games, Recipes, Many Ways to Get Rich, Rich Presents of Fine Jewelry, &c. The whole worth several dollars if bought separate. Price only 25c. Wholesale rates to Agents low. Profits large. Sales immense. Every soldier and every family wants them. Agents wanted in every town and camp. $15 per day guaranteed, and a splendid Gold or Silver Hunting-case Watch, *genuine* English movements, perfect timekeeper, PRESENTED FREE TO EACH AGENT. Beware of imitations.

We are the sole manufacturers of the GREAT ORIGINAL RICKARDS PRIZE PACKAGES, each of which we have copyrighted according to law. None others are genuine. For an expose of the swindling operations as practised by other parties, see editorial in New York *Tribune* of Friday, Feb. 26. Send for our great new Circulars for 1864, containing "*extra premium inducements, free.*"

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y.
Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

HOYT'S HIAWATHA

HAIR RESTORATIVE.

The standard preparation for the hair. Warranted in all cases to restore faded and gray hair and whiskers to their ORIGINAL color. It restores the natural shading of one hair with another, and thus gives a life appearance instead of the dull dead black of dyes, so that the most critical observer can not detect its use. It does not require previous soaping and washing, and hours for its application, nor does it stain the skin; but is as readily applied and easily wiped from the skin as any hair-dressing. It does not claim to make the hair come in when it has once fallen out; nothing will do that, whatever may be advertised to the contrary; but it will prevent it from falling out, make it soft and silky, and cleanse it and the scalp from all impurities and humors, and entirely overcome the bad effects of previous use of preparations containing sulphur, sugar of lead, &c.

Hoyt's Imperial Coloring Cream.

An appropriate accompaniment to the Hiawatha; oils and colors the hair at the same time, and changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black. Sold everywhere.

N.B.—Ladies' French hair-dresser in attendance to apply the Hiawatha.

JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 10 University Place, N. Y.

INFANTRY PIN FOR THE SOLDIER!!!

In Coin Silver!! For $1 50. Including the engraving of the Name, Co., and Regiment. Also the National Battle Pin, Cavalry and Artillery Pin, Monitor, Engineer, and Signal Corps Pins.

LOUIS PHILIP & CO,
No. 2 Murray Street, New York.

Straight Hair made Wavy!! without heating it, by using *Ives's Patent Hair Crimpers*. For sale at Variety Stores.

Lands. To all Wanting Farms.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and fifty acre tracts, at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for MANUFACTURERS and others, churches, schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robertson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.

Common Camphor will not *kill* moths—they only dislike it. Sweeping suffocation to Moths and Millers is

CEDAR CAMPHOR

Sold by druggists, and factured by HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston. Cheap, Durable, Certain, Fragrant, *Best*. Write for a circular.

Diarrhœa and Dysentery will decimate the Volunteers far more than the bullets of the enemy, therefore let every man see to it that he carries with him a full supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Their use in India and the Crimea saved thousands of British Soldiers. Only 35 cents, 88 cents, and $1 40 per box.

Distilled Dew

For the

Skin and Complexion.

Removes, tan, freckles, and discolorations, and renders the skin beautifully clear, soft, and white. Contains no chalk or powder. Sold by all Druggists. Principal Depot, 579 Broadway, N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to Dr. Uncas Brant, Box 5571, New York. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

To Consumptives.

Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections (free of charge), by sending their address to

Rev. E. A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings Co., New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 381.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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FLORAL DEPARTMENT OF THE GREAT FAIR.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

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THE SOLDIER'S REST.

At the breaking of the morn
Fresh and fair,
When the brightness of the dawn
Lit the air,
The clangor of a horn
To the drowsy ear was borne
Of a soldier wan and worn
With toil and care.

Upspringing he arose
From the plain,
Where he sought a calm repose—
Sought in vain.
Forgets the sleep he wooes,
And with dauntless heart he goes
To fight his country's foes
Once again.

For that bugle-call had thrilled
Him before,
When the blackened air was filled
With the roar
Of the ruthless guns that stilled
Many a heart with ardor filled,
And the hail that thousands killed
Fast did pour.

His weariness and all
Were forgot,
Through his veins that bugle-call
A frenzy shot,
Where the blows do fastest fall
He would conquer over all,
Or a hero's funeral pall
Should be his lot.

With a purpose widely rash,
And hot desire,
In the fiercest fight he'd dash;
Ne'er retire.
He'd fight where sabres clash,
Where leaden bullets crash,
And belching cannons flash
Deadly fire.

When the day had almost gone,
And the night
Was kindly coming on
To hide the sight,
At the setting of the sun
A great victory was won,
But some precious blood had run
In the fight.

And where they closest press'd
O'er the ground
As their numbers did attest,
Strewn around
'Mid the bravest and the best
Who had stood the fiery test,
His last unbroken rest
He had found.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

To Advertisers.

☞ THE PRICES for Advertising in *Harper's Weekly* will hereafter be as follows:

INSIDE pages, $1 00 per line; OUTSIDE page, $1 50 per line, *each insertion*, Cash.

Harper's Weekly has a circulation of about ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every country house whose inmates take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the householding class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as *Harper's Weekly*.

SHALL GENERAL M'CLELLAN BE CALLED INTO SERVICE?

TO supply the excitement which the quiet tone of the daily news at present fails to secure, those indefatigable gentlemen, the newspaper reporters, inform us from time to time that some retired General is about to have an active command. General M'CLELLAN is the favorite hero of such rumors, and it is not without a sly sarcasm that the post to which the reporters assign him is the defenses of Washington. The story is readily believed by many who ask why, if General M'CLELLAN be a good soldier, he should not be restored to some command; and whether a purely military personage ought to be set aside for political reasons?

The war has taught us all not to prophesy, and we do not say that General M'CLELLAN may not be called into active service; but the reasons why he should not be are evident enough. One very conspicuous reason is that he has ceased to be exclusively a military personage, and has become the chief of a political party. Indeed he has been little else since he fell into the hands of political managers upon the Peninsula, who hoped by means of his popularity to restore themselves to power. The names of these managers are well known. They have controlled the General ever since, and had some difference among themselves as to the wisdom of the letter in favor of a Copperhead candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. But the letter was written. The people of Pennsylvania rejected the advice and repudiated the candidate; while the military gentleman whose political sagacity and influence were to be revealed by that performance was left in a still more ludicrous position than when he sat down, with a magnificent army, to reduce MAGRUDER'S garrison at Yorktown. The managers of General M'CLELLAN ought to be held to severe account by his admirers for the extremely bungling way in which he is brought before the public. The exhibition in Boston; the copious and incessant praise of Copperheads; the Woodward letter; and at last the report, which is simply a special plea to prove that the General is a man who would have done extraordinary things if only circumstances had not been so perverse, and which omits many facts of which the omission might be serviceable, except that they were all previously printed in the report upon the conduct of the war—all these are such blunders of management that the control of the new chief of the party ought to be intrusted to other hands.

But the decisive reason which should continue General M'CLELLAN in retirement is the fact that he does not comprehend the war; and that although while in the field he professes to fight for the Union, yet his sympathies are with the system and the policy which are trying to destroy it. Consequently he does not approve the policy adopted by the Government for the overthrow of the rebellion, and in a very feeble and foolish letter, written to the President, he urged him not to take exactly the course which has been fully approved by the country. A civil war is not and never can be a mere question of fighting. Foreign wars, which involve merely questions of territory, or succession, or special insult or injury, may be waged exclusively by technical military means, by ships, armies, and guns. But a civil war, which involves a conflict of political principles or social systems, or the defense of natural rights, is not to be disposed of so readily. The contest in such cases is between the principles quite as much as the brute force. Your policy must aim not only at overcoming the form but the spirit of resistance. Thus South Carolina muttered rebellion in 1833. She was silenced by the thunder of Jackson's voice; but she was only silenced. Mere force could not make peace in such a case, any more than knocking off the fruit kills the tree. While the roots live the danger is untouched. So Romanist might conquer Huguenot in the field in the French wars. But the victory was no peace, it was only a truce. To-day we may beat the rebels in the field and hang JEFFERSON DAVIS. But DAVIS and rebellion are only blossoms upon the tree of Slavery. So long as you leave that you will have an endless crop of DAVISES and rebellions.

These are the elementa. truths of this war, and General M'CLELLAN has not yet seen them. Many of our generals who began fighting without believing that slavery had any thing to do with the war have long since accepted the logic of facts, and now heartily embrace the only possible policy for a Government in earnest. But General M'CLELLAN is the chosen representative of those who believe that slavery is compatible with a free democratic republic, and that in this fierce struggle which it is making to ruin the country it ought not to be touched. How can a soldier be victorious who does not believe in his cause, or who can not understand it? Suppose he says that he is fighting for the Union. If, after the experience of seventy years of peace and three years of war, he still believes the Union possible with slavery, how can he effectively or heartily serve a Government which does not believe it? In the civil war between CHARLES STUART and the Parliament Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX was the first Parliamentary General. He was an honest man, but he believed in the monarchy; and of course the war languished until OLIVER CROMWELL took command. He did not believe in monarchy, and he ended the war. There was a reaction, indeed, and CHARLES SECOND returned. But then came a counter-reaction, and the supreme royal prerogative which CHARLES FIRST fought for, and which OLIVER CROMWELL destroyed, from that time has disappeared. FAIRFAX may have been a better technical soldier than CROMWELL. What then? CROMWELL understood the cause, and believed in it. FAIRFAX did not. So, at the beginning of our Revolution, there were two candidates for the command of our army, GEORGE WASHINGTON and CHARLES LEE. WASHINGTON was a country gentleman, who had seen military service in his youth; LEE was an accomplished and approved soldier. It was the business of his life. If it had been a purely military question, LEE had the advantage. But his foreign birth, and the universal confidence in WASHINGTON'S entire comprehension of the cause and devotion to it, decided the question. LEE afterward served in the army; but he was of little real use; for he had little faith in the cause or care for it. He was a soldier seeking his own advancement. WASHINGTON believed in the cause of America, and he won it. Suppose LEE had been put in command solely on the ground that he was a good soldier, what would have been the result?

General M'CLELLAN may be the best soldier in the country. But unluckily for his claim, with the best opportunities in the world to prove it, he has not succeeded. On the other hand, the one thing he has proved beyond question is his sympathy with slavery and slaveholders and their friends, and his total want of faith in the policy of the war. Unless that policy is changed he could not honestly support it. Why then should he be asked to devote his military abilities to a cause which he does not approve? Until it is changed, therefore, his friends ought not to wish him to be recalled to the field. But when it is changed, when it becomes the policy of the American people to overthrow the rebellion of slaveholders by saving slavery, then General M'CLELLAN will undoubtedly be made Commander-in-Chief. The hands that now manage him will then manage the country—and the Lord have mercy upon us!

CONGRESSIONAL LETHARGY.

THERE are two bills before Congress of the utmost importance, the passage of which should not be delayed, but which have been put aside for matters of much less moment. They are the bill regulating the payment of colored troops and the bill establishing a Freedmen's Bureau. Both of them relate to the negro question, but considering that shirking the negro question has brought us into the war, it is tolerably clear that continued shirking will not get us out. The three most vital points to which public and legislative attention should be constantly directed are the financial question, the military question, and the negro question. They may be very disagreeable subjects, all of them, but they are unavoidable. And if the Union men in Congress would let the Copperhead twaddle about the eternal negro dribble itself away at its own sweet will, the great and necessary legislative steps would be taken.

There is no more pressing practical issue than the payment of the colored troops. There can be no doubt that if it is right to enlist such soldiers it is wrong not to pay them exactly as all other soldiers are paid. And if the wages of an apprentice enrolled under a draft or otherwise are not paid to his employer, there is still less reason to pay the wages of a slave so taken to his master. Again, if the children of a poor non-slaveholder are liable to a draft without compensation to the parent, there is surely no reason why the slaves of a rich slaveholder should not be regarded and treated exactly in the same way. It is intolerable that in a republic any class whatever should be privileged, but it is inhuman that a class based upon the meanest injustice should be preferred. Nobody insists, not even those friends of man, the New York city Copperhead delegation in Congress, that the poor laborer at the North should be paid for his children who are taken into the army; but these gentry insist that it is very tyrannical and unconstitutional if a rich man on the border is not well paid for the slaves whose wages and work he has always appropriated to himself. The truth is that the Government should summon every man it wishes, black or white, and pay them all equally for an equal service. Until it is ready to do that the policy of colored enlistments is premature. But Congress may be perfectly well assured that the people of this country are fully prepared for that policy, and heartily approve it. Let Messrs. GARRETT DAVIS, POWELL, SAULSBURY, & Co., in the Senate, and Messrs. COX, PENDLETON, WOOD, & Co., in the House, therefore, talk about the eternal negro until they are tired, and then let the bill be promptly passed which shall wipe out the class distinction among citizens in the army of the United States, which, by not being wiped out hitherto wherever it appeared, has produced its inevitable consequence, civil war.

Nor is the other point of the Freedmen's Bureau less pressing or less practical. Statesmen and sensible men are to deal with facts, and the fact is that the overthrow of slavery, a natural and inevitable result of the war, has cast almost a race upon our hands. Under the circumstances we can not abandon them. We are bound to give them the same chance that all other people have, and to leave them alone is to deprive them of that chance. Our policy, therefore, should be universal and uniform. The freedmen are to be protected in their equal rights with other men and nothing more. They are not to be made serfs attached to the land; they are to be defended against the consequences of slavery as shown in their servile fear of the white race and against the contempt bred by slavery in the whites themselves, which holds that they have no rights to be respected. The effects of slavery and the condition of the emancipated slaves are every where effectively the same, and there is consequently not to be one policy in Louisiana, and another in South Carolina, and another in Alabama. The late slaveholders in all those regions are to be made to understand clearly that the colored people are free, and have exactly the same rights of respect and protection under this Government that they have. They are to make fair bargains with them and keep them fairly, or suffer the consequences, as we are all suffering the direful consequences of departure from this simple and equitable rule hitherto.

Mr. ELIOT'S bill, already passed by the House, is good; but Mr. SUMNER'S, which will be introduced in the Senate, is simpler and more comprehensive. There should be no delay in its ample consideration and prompt passage. The grave questions imperatively thrust upon the country by so wide and radical a social convulsion as the present war are not to be settled by scoffing and sneering and jeering on the one hand, or by shirking and drifting on the other. The Union men in Congress have the work to do, and they must do it without the least sympathy or help from the Copperheads. We have no reason to suppose that the Union men seriously differ in their convictions upon the necessities and duties of the times. But all legislative bodies have a dangerous habit of delay. Let us urge our friends to be active, firm, and careful.

No. 2 PALACE GREEN, KENSINGTON.

THE late sale of THACKERAY'S furniture, books, pictures, and collections of every kind occupied four days, and excited great attention. The prices were very high; nor is it surprising, because the peculiar character of the man gives its own geniality to every object associated with him. There was much plate and china for which he had a great liking, and the decorations of his house illustrated the taste which built it, and which is the pervading tone of so many of his writings—the fashion of Queen Anne. It is impossible to read the description of the busy scene without a painful feeling, for it is precisely one of his own texts.

It is the more striking because of a passage describing his presence at a similar scene at Gore House, the residence of Lady BLESSINGTON. It had been a merry house. WILLIS, in his earlier letters from Europe, describes it well. The wits, the beauties, the gay world of London—all met there. BULWER, DISRAELI, MOORE, and the later set—they all came and sat at the feasts of the blithe Irish lady, when suddenly Debt gave such a thundering double-knock at the door that the revel ended in a twinkling, and Lady BLESSINGTON, with her exemplary son-in-law, Count D'ORSAY, crossed the channel to Paris. The sale at Gore House followed. The old habitués came to look their last. THACKERAY came with the rest, and one can imagine with what feelings. His heart ached, we may be sure, as he saw for the last time the *cari luoghi*. His eyes shone kindly as his heart whispered, *Vanitas vanitatum*. But we need not imagine it only; we have the record. The French valet wrote about the sale to milady in Paris. He describes the crowd, the eagerness, the confusion; and he adds: "Mr. THACKERAY came also, and there were tears in his eyes as he went away. He is, perhaps, the only person whom I have seen really affected at your departure."

It was very characteristic. It is a very touching scene to remember. THACKERAY did not stand there censorious. He did not think the soft-hearted Irish woman the greatest or the best of beings, but he was just to his own memories. He owed many a pleasant hour to the gay rooms, and he was not ashamed to pay the tribute of regret. She was not Aspasia; no. But as he moves through the rooms, with moist eyes, can you not hear him humming,

"Had I Homer's fire
Or that of Sergeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy."

It is of *his* Gore House that we read now, and of those who come to look upon his *cari luoghi*. How many as they moved sadly about the rooms must have murmured his own words: "We moralize upon *his* life when he is gone, and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon:"

EQUALITY.

IT was very amusing to read the report of the debate between Mr. PENDLETON of Ohio, and Mr. BROOMALL of Pennsylvania, upon the Montana Territorial bill. The Senate made the very natural provision in that bill that only male citizens of the United States should vote. Now the pro-slavery gentlemen repose in great comfort upon what they call a decision of the Supreme Court that negroes are not citizens; so that if they really believe that the question is settled, they ought not to be troubled by a bill in which the word "white" would be sheer tautology.

So when Mr. PENDLETON called attention to the fact that the word white had been stricken out, Mr. BROOMALL asked him why he was troubled, since the court had decided that negroes were not citizens? Mr. PENDLETON replied that his anxiety was to know whether Mr. BROOMALL and his friends agreed with the court. Mr. BROOMALL asked him if he were not satisfied with the decision. Mr. PENDLETON asked him in return whether he thought that it had been so decided. Mr. B. said that he had read so. Mr. P. still wished to know if Mr. B. thought so. Mr. B., according to the summary, replied that he was not called upon to review the decision. Whereupon Mr. PENDLETON an-

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nounced that his object in bringing the matter to a vote was to test the sincerity of the oft-repeated declaration of the Union men that they were not in favor of negro equality.

"Here's richness!" quoth Mr. SQUEERS over his skimmed milk. Here's statesmanship! We trust that Mr. PENDLETON will have had his vote before this, and that every Union man in the House will be present, and in a clear voice declare that the Congress of the American people holds this truth to be self-evident that all men, including Ohio Copperheads as well as the brave brethren of ROBERT SMALLS, and the black heroes of Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Olustee, are created equal, and with an inalienable right to life and liberty so long as they behave themselves, and that the right to throw a vote shall not be determined by a man's height, nor the fashion of his clothes, nor the shape of his hat, nor the color of his skin.

It is quite time that this absurd talk about "negro equality" was ended. Does Mr. PENDLETON believe in "French equality," or "Irish equality," or "Chinese equality?" Does he think a drunkard and degraded man of any nation, who can neither read nor write, who is a nuisance and a pest, has a higher claim to "equality" than FREDERICK DOUGLASS? Let him be careful how he answers. *Noscitur a sociis.* ROBERT SMALLS is a much more valuable and honorable citizen of the United States than ROBERT TOOMBS.

OLD AND NEW COPPERHEADS.

As an illustration of the utter extinction of the right of *free* speech, which, with all other rights and liberties in this country, the bloated tyrant LINCOLN has annihilated in blood, we commend the following extract from a "Democratic" journal, the *Metropolitan Record*, a most faithful servant and expositor of the "Democracy" which consists in toadying slave-lords, and supporting the theory that *capital* ought to own *labor:*

"As to the freedom and independence of the South *we have no apprehensions.* Her people can never be conquered, and, if that were possible, ABRAHAM LINCOLN is not the man to accomplish that subjugation. The address of the Virginia Assembly is a proof that the resolution which animated Virginia all through this war is as unbroken as ever; that there is no faltering, no wavering. In the eloquent words of this great document, *'Virginia takes no step backward.'*.....Grand old State, may we never see the day when you shall have to bow beneath the yoke of the oppressor! If that day should ever come, then will the friends of freedom, the lovers of true heroism and manhood, mourn over the sad fate of a great people, *and fall while fighting for liberty and independence*—fall on the same soil that gave birth to WASHINGTON, to one whose name should have been sufficient to save the great Commonwealth from *the tread of the heartless invader.*"

This is like the speech which FERNANDO WOOD made last autumn at Bergen, in New Jersey, in which he said: "There is no such thing as rebellion under the institutions upon which the Government of this country is founded. Suppose New York chose to secede, who dare attempt to prevent her? Virginia has the same right as New York.....It is the duty of the people now to refuse to give another man or another dollar for the purpose of carrying on the war."

If any man asks why the Government, in the midst of a civil war, does not silence such talk, the reply is very obvious; because it is quite strong enough to tolerate it. But its constitutional right and power to send FERNANDO WOOD to Fort Lafayette and to suspend the *Metropolitan Record* are as indisputable as its right to kill a rebel upon the battle-field. They are not derived from the clause which declares that treason shall consist in levying war, but in that which empowers the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* when, in time of rebellion and invasion, the public safety requires it. In such instances as these, and at this time, the Government rightly judges that the public safety does not require it. For the great mass of the American people feel toward such orators and newspapers as their fathers felt toward Bache's *Aurora*, which said of General WASHINGTON, when he retired from the Presidency: "The man who is the source of the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens.....The name of WASHINGTON from this day ceases to give currency to political iniquity and to legalize corruption."

What the slanderers of Washington said of him their descendants, the Copperheads, now say of the Government of which he was a chief founder. They are equally safe in public contempt. They and their falsehoods will be equally held in the undying scorn of the American people.

GENERAL ORDER No. 28.

GENERAL DIX has issued a strict order against thieves. General Order No. 28 recites that his attention has been called to the fact that the county of Richmond (Staten Island), the town of West Farms, Westchester county, and several other towns have provided for a bounty of three hundred dollars to recruits, and that the authorities have provided that a hundred of this sum shall be paid to the recruit, leaving the disposition of the rest to be settled between the recruit and the bounty broker—in other words, giving the broker two hundred dollars.

This infamous connivance of the authorities with the bounty brokers whom the United States liberally pay for their services, General DIX wisely intends to stop summarily; and therefore orders that no enlisting officer shall receive any recruit who has not received the bounty raised for him in the county or town; and that no recruit shall be allowed to pay any part of his bounty to the runner, even though an agreement be shown, such agreements being almost always fraudulent. The General most properly holds that when a certain amount, per man, is levied upon a town or county as bounty money it must be paid to the recruit, and any other appropriation of it is unlawful. But if the money be raised upon conditions specifically stated, as for instance, that two hundred dollars shall be paid to the recruit and one hundred to the runner, then the General says that the only remedy for the recruit is to enlist where he is more liberally treated, and for the tax-payers to place their money in the hands of men who will not lavish it on runners and bounty brokers.

This is an admirable order, and we wish only that it had been earlier issued. The tax-payers of Richmond county especially have suffered grievously from this business. Notwithstanding that much of the money was subscribed upon the express condition that able-bodied young unmarried men should not be bought off, we learn that the quota of the county was bargained for with substitute brokers, and that a large share of the money raised has gone into their hands. But if strictly enforced General DIX's order will put an end to such proceedings, and, as he says, "protect recruits from the frauds practiced upon them," and also the tax-payers from the frauds to which they have been subjected.

THE BOOK TRADE AND THE FAIR.

WE published last week a statement of the contributions made by the "BOOK TRADE," up to the 25th of March, to the Fund of the METROPOLITAN FAIR. Since that time the following additional subscriptions have been handed in to the Booksellers' Committee of the Fair, making an aggregate, so far, of about Eleven Thousand Four Hundred and Thirty Dollars from this source.

CARLTON & PORTER	$500
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE	250
W. I. POOLEY & CO.	100
J. W. & G. D. BURNTON (Cash)	100
M. W. DODD	100
AM. S. S. UNION, per GEO. S. SCOFIELD, Agt.	100
ROUTLEDGE, WARNES, & ROUTLEDGE	100
P. O. SHEA	25
JAMES POTT, Agent	25
CHAS. PROSETTING	20
THEO. BERNHARD (Additional)	10
ALEX. FLEMING (Cash)	10
A. TUENBULL (Additional Cash)	5

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March* 30. Several bills were reported from committee and referred.—Mr. Sherman submitted a letter with details of the claim of Mrs. Mary Throckmorton for compensation for six negroes emancipated as her own, when the District Commissioners of Emancipation could not allow her husband being in the rebel army, though a son is an officer in the Union army.—Mr. Harlan reported a bill to aid a railroad in Iowa, from McGregor along the forty-third parallel to a point on the Missouri River, with a branch up Cedar Valley, toward Mankota, Minnesota, and one from Sioux City to Mankota, giving five alternate sections per mile.—Mr. Wade called up the House bill to provide a temporary Government for the Territory of Montana. Mr. Wilkinson offered an amendment to the sixth section, striking out the words "free white male inhabitants," and inserting "the male citizens of the United States, or those who shall have declared their intention to become such."—The morning hour expired, and the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amendatory to the Constitution. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, made a speech against the measure.——*March* 31. The House bill to provide a temporary Government for the Territory of Montana was taken up, the pending question being to strike out the word "white" in the fifth section, defining the qualifications of voters and eligibility to office within the Territory. The amendment was adopted—22 to 17. After a brief debate the bill was passed—29 to 8.—Mr. Saulsbury then addressed the Senate on the joint resolution to amend the Constitution to prohibit slavery. Mr. Davis moved the following amendment as a substitute: "That no negro, or person whose mother or grandmother is or was a negro, shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any civil or military office, or any place of trust or profit under the United States." On this he called for Yeas and Nays, but no quorum voted.——*April* 1. Mr. Nesmith called up the bill to establish assay offices at Carson City, Nevada, and Dalles City, Oregon, and moved an amendment establishing a branch mint at Portland, Oregon, instead of an assay office at Dalles City. He advocated this motion at some length.—Mr. Powell endeavored to obtain the floor to get up his resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information in regard to the churches and property of Christian denominations taken possession of by his own orders or the orders of generals of the army. Several Senators desired to get up other bills.—The Senate, after a long executive session, adjourned until Monday.——*April* 4. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to consider the expediency of so amending the Neutrality Laws as to make them reciprocal to each Government, extending entire neutrality to those which return the same, and to others the exact measure of neutrality which they extend to us.—Mr. Sumner reported a bill to establish a Bureau of Emancipation.—A bill for the adjustment and satisfaction of claims for spoliations committed by the French prior to July 31, 1801, was reported. This bill provides satisfaction to the amount of five millions of dollars for damages through seizures, detentions, and captures made by the French. It does not favor claims embraced in the Convention of 1803, nor those in the treaty of 1819 between the United States and Spain, nor those in the treaty of 1831 with France.—The House bill providing for the enlistment of residents of one State into the regiments of other States was taken up. Mr. Grimes opposed the bill. Under it, he said, States unsuccessful in filling their quotas could go into the States in rebellion and enlist colored men who had been slaves to make up their deficiencies. To this he had a decided objection, as it would make confusion worse confounded and demoralize our army. Mr. Sherman also opposed the bill, and Mr. Trumbull believed its passage would produce great mischief. Mr. Wilson argued in its favor, on the ground that it would secure thousands of men for our armies from the States partly under rebel control. No vote was reached.—The joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery was taken up, and Mr. Howe spoke in favor of the measure.——*April* 5. A bill for the collection of taxes in the insurrectionary districts, with amendments striking out the provision authorizing grants of forty-acre lots to soldiers, and that empowering the TAX Commissioner to set aside sales deemed to be unfairly made, was reported.—Mr. Anthony submitted an amendment to the bill for the relief of the Justices of the Supreme Court and District Courts at the age of seventy, if they desire it; giving Justices of the Supreme Court from $4000 to $6000, according to the length of their official service, and three-fourths of their salaries to Justices of the District Courts, provided such salaries shall not be less than $2000 each in cases where the service has exceeded fifteen years.—The joint resolution to amend the Constitution came up as the prior order. Mr. Johnson spoke with great force and eloquence in favor of the removal of slavery, which has produced so much mischief. Mr. Davis's amendment, that "no negro person whose mother or grandmother is or was a negro shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any civil or military office, or any place of trust or profit under the United States," was rejected, as were other amendments offered by Messrs. Powell and Davis.

HOUSE—*March* 30. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the National Bank bill, and a number of amendments to the thirtieth section, principally as to the rate of interest, were adopted.—The House then proceeded to consider the bill for the reconstruction of States subjugated by the rebellion, Mr. Ashley advocating its passage.——*March* 31. Mr. Shannon reported the Senate bill, which was passed, for the better organization of the Department of Indian Affairs in California.—The House then resumed the consideration of the bill, declaring the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad to be a Post and Military road. Mr. Garfield advocated the measure, when the subject was passed over, and the House went into Committee on the National Bank bill. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute for the thirtieth section, with a view to restore the 7 per centum interest on loans, accounts, etc., the Committee having the day before reduced it to six, which was agreed to. The substitute, in effect, restores the original thirtieth section, which provides that every association may receive, charge, or retain on any loan or discount made, or upon any note, bill of exchange, or other evidence of debt, interest at the rate of 7 per centum per annum. The knowingly taking, receiving, or charging a greater rate of interest is to be held and adjudged as a forfeiture of the entire interest. Those paying it may recover back in an action of debt twice the amount of interest thus paid. The section designating the places of redemption was amended so as to include St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, San Francisco, Detroit, Pittsburg, Albany, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Portland, and Buffalo. Mr. Eldridge moved an amendment, proposing that the notes be redeemed in gold. No further action was taken on the bill.——*April* 1. Mr. Wilson asked leave to introduce a bill regulating commerce among the several States. It declares that each and every railroad company is authorized to transport freight and passengers from one State to another, any thing in the laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. Objection was raised.—Mr. Blaine introduced a bill to provide for refunding to loyal States certain sums of money expended by them in raising, organizing, and equipping troops for the Union army. It provides for a Board of three Commissioners to hold sessions in Washington, and report to Congress the ascertained sums due the States, towns, cities, and counties. The bill was referred.—Mr. Eliot reported a bill fixing the rules for preventing collisions on the water, by signals, fog whistles, etc. Mr. Eliot explained that the object of the bill was to contribute toward a uniform international code of rules. The importance of such a code had for a long time been felt by the parties interested, but up to this time none had been established by this Government. The bill was passed.—A bill regulating the admeasurement and tonnage of ships and vessels of the United States was passed.—A bill was passed providing that the name of the Collection District of Presque Isle be changed to the District of Erie.—Another bill was passed exempting from the payment of tonnage duties after August 1 next, all canal-boats, freight-barges, scows, and other crafts without masts, and confined to tide-water or within certain bounds.—Mr. Ward reported a joint resolution to give notice of terminating the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada at the end of twelve months from the expiration of ten years from the time the treaty went into operation.—The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the National Bank bill. The Committee struck out, by a vote of 84 against 50, the ninth section, which provided that no association shall pay out or put in circulation the notes of any bank or banking association not authorized by this act.——*April* 2. Mr. Pendleton called up his motion to reconsider the vote by which the House disagreed to the Senate's amendment to the Montano Territory bill, and asking a Committee of Conference. He said that the Senate's amendment striking out the word "white" was to give negroes the right to vote in the Territory. He therefore wanted the House to adhere to its disagreement. Mr. Beaman moved to lay Mr. Pendleton's motion to reconsider on the table. Agreed to by yeas 63, nays 49.—The House then resumed the consideration of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad bill. Mr. Sweat spoke against the Bill, believing it had no warrant in the Constitution of the United States or laws of the country. The subject went over with the expiration of the morning hour.—The House then went into Committee of the Whole and resumed the consideration of the National Bank bill, and acted upon several amendments.——*April* 4. A resolution calling on the Secretary of War to inform the House as to the amount of money received as commutation for drafted men, and the disposition made of the same, was laid on the table.—A resolution calling for information as to the number of negroes enlisted, the cost of their enlistment, etc., was also laid on the table.—Mr. Arnold, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported the following joint resolution, which, after remarks from Messrs. Davis, Brooks, and Cox, was unanimously adopted: "*Resolved*, That the Congress of the United States are unwilling by silence to leave the nations of the world under the impression that they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable events now transpiring in the Republic of Mexico; therefore, they think it fit to declare that it does not accord with the convictions of the People of the United States to acknowledge a Monarchical Government erected on the ruins of any Republican Government in America, under the auspices of any European Power."—The consideration of the National Bank bill was resumed. Mr. Blaine offered a new section, which was adopted, "That 7 per centum be fixed under the thirtieth section of this bill, shall be deemed the lawful rate of interest in States where no rate is established; but each bank shall be governed by the State law where it is located."——*April* 5. Mr. Arnold reported the bill, which he explained to be a bill amendatory of the Post-Route act of July, 1862, and providing for the construction of two bridges over the Ohio River, to enable the railroads of Indiana and Illinois to meet those on the banks of the Ohio in Kentucky, and for the security of navigation by directing the bridges to be built from 260 to 300 feet high. The bill, after some debate, was recommitted.—A resolution directing the Military Committee to report a bill increasing the pay of privates of the army, was referred.—Mr. Rice asked for the Committee on Naval Affairs leave of absence for ten days from the 7th, in order to visit the West for the purpose of examining several sites for a Navy-yard on the Mississippi and its tributaries. The request was laid on the table.—The House then went into the Committee of the Whole on the National Banking bill. Several amendments were adopted, when the Committee reported the bill to the House. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute substantially the same as amended, but fixing the rate of interest at 7 per centum, and omitting the clause giving to the States the privilege to tax the capital stock.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Operations in the Southwest are actively continued. The armies of Generals A. J. Smith and Banks have effected a junction at Alexandria, Louisiana, the enemy retreating to Shreveport by land. Our gun-boats seized over 4000 bales of cotton, and large quantities were still coming in. Two steamers, with 3000 bales of cotton, were burned by the rebels to prevent their falling into our hands. The magazines at Fort de Russey were blown up by General Smith on the 16th ult. On the 21st ult. a reconnoissance was made under General Mower to Henderson's Hill, a place twenty-four miles above Alexandria, where the enemy was surprised, and our forces captured 282 prisoners, including twenty commissioned officers; one full battery, Edgar's Texas Artillery, four pieces, two 6-pound and two 12-pound howitzers; several wagons; 150 good horses, embracing 36 fine artillery horses with complete harness and other necessary equipments. Franklin, Louisiana, has been evacuated by our troops, and the Government stores removed to Brashear City.

From Texas we hear that Indianola was evacuated on the morning of the 13th of March. With the troops several Union families, principally Germans, left, taking with them in some instances the lumber of their tenements, as they had taken the oath of allegiance, with the expectation that the army would remain. The troops, under General Fitz Henry Warren, took the land route, crossing the bayous by pontoon ferries. In doing so thirty-four men and two horses were drowned by the swamping of the boats. General McClernand had gone down the coast to make a visit to Arkansas Pass and Brownsville.

Ten thousand effective troops have marched south from Fort Smith, Arkansas. The whole number in the department under General Steele, now moving southward, is from 30,000 to 35,000. This force, it is supposed, will unite with those of Banks and Smith in some movement in Northeastern Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

General Grant, accompanied by Generals McDowell and "Baldy" Smith, last week visited Fortress Monroe, and had a conference with General Butler. General Smith will have command of the troops and personally conduct military operations in General Butler's Department.

Over 900 rebel deserters came into Chattanooga during the month of March. The receipts of deserters have fallen off for a few days past.

Two rebel steamers, loaded with cotton, have been captured on Lakes George and Harney, in Florida, by Federal expeditions from Pilatka.

Operations against Fort Powell, near Mobile, have been suspended for the present.

Robert Ould, the rebel Commissioner of Exchange, last week visited Fortress Monroe and had an interview with General Butler. The interview was cordial and pleasant. An arrangement for the further exchange of prisoners was effected.

A serious riot occurred last week in Coles county, Illinois. An armed body of "butternuts," over 1000 strong, marched into the town of Charleston, and without provocation assailed a body of soldiers whom they found there. The Union citizens armed themselves and went to the help of the soldiers, when a fight ensued, in which several persons were killed. Subsequently the "butternuts" took up an intrenched position, whence they threatened to advance upon the towns of Mattoon and Charleston. A large body of military, however, was sent to the scene, and the rioters were dispersed, a considerable number of them being taken prisoners.

The rebels have appeared in some force at Grand Junction and Somerville, Tennessee, and at the latter place defeated a Federal cavalry force with some loss.

No demonstration has yet been made by the enemy in front of our position at Chattanooga. They are said, however, to be moving a large force of Cavalry below Ringgold, Georgia.

A report was in circulation at Vicksburg on the 28th ult., to the effect that Polk's rebels were taking up their old lines on the Big Black and Yazoo.

Several troopers belonging to Dahlgren's command, captured near Richmond, have succeeded in effecting their escape and rejoining their regiments.

THE SPRING ELECTIONS.

The State election in Connecticut on the 4th instant resulted in the success of the Union ticket by over 5000 majority, a gain of nearly 3000. The gains in some of the larger towns were unexampled. The Legislature is about three-quarters Union. In the Senate there are but three Democrats.

In St. Louis, on the 4th, the Radical candidate for Mayor was elected by 2500 majority.

In Leavenworth, on the 4th, the municipal election was attended by a serious riot. The "Conservative" candidates were elected, having driven the friends of the opposing ticket from the polls.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR.

On the 18th ult. three Prussian men-of-war attacked the Danish blockading squadron off Greifswalde, and after an engagement of two hours the Prussians returned to the harbor. The Danish Government has decreed the release of the Hanoverian ships under embargo in Danish ports. From the 17th to the 19th ult. there was heavy cannonading all along the line of Düppel, and the Sonjeberg portion was carried by the Prussians after a severe assault. Düppel was still unharmed. The Germans have abandoned the siege of Frederica, after burning part of the town by their bombardment. Fresh disturbances have taken place in Stockholm, the object of which was to force the Government to conclude an offensive alliance with Denmark. The King of Denmark has declared that he is ready to do any thing to obtain peace, but he would never submit to humiliation.

The Conference proposed by England, without a detailed basis or armistice, has been accepted by Austria and Prussia. The territorial integrity of the Danish monarchy under the present dynasty will be maintained. The Conference is to meet at once.

MAXIMILIAN AND THE REBELS.

The Emperor Maximilian would embark for Mexico on the 13th of April. It was rumored that a line of policy, embracing entire neutrality as regards American affairs, had been agreed upon between Napoleon and Maximilian. During Maximilian's visit to Paris, Mr. Slidell applied by letter to him for an audience. After consulting his Imperial host, Maximilian firmly but courteously declined to grant it. The rumors, therefore, of an early recognition of the Confederate States by France and Mexico, and an alliance between the latter empire and the Southern Confederacy, are altogether devoid of foundation.

THE PIRATES.

The pirate *Florida* was at Santa Cruz, Tenerife, March 4, and coaled and left on the 5th. The United States sloop-of-war *St. Louis* arrived in pursuit on the 6th. A decision had been made in England in the *Pampero* case, which sends it to trial on its merits, and refuses the motion for an appeal to the House of Lords. Four new and very swift blockade runners were on the point of leaving Liverpool to engage in the nefarious business.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Garibaldi had embarked from Caprera on the 22d of March, and was expected at Southampton shortly.

In the elections in the fourth and fifth Conscriptions of Paris, the Opposition candidates were chosen by large majorities.

The Earl of Aberdeen died on the 22d of March. Lord Ashburton is also dead.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

IT appears from an official communication of the Secretary of War that the strength of the forces in Kansas and the Indian Territory, subject to the order of General CURTIS, is 16,000 men.

There are 162 Colonels now commanding brigades, without including those temporarily commanding in the absence of the proper brigade commanders.

All sutlers have been ordered to leave the Army of the Potomac.

General ORD, specially brought on from TEXAS for the purpose, is to command the forces in Western Virginia in the field, ranking General SIGEL in this respect. General SIGEL is to be in command of the Department, but will not conduct active military operations.

General BANKS has issued an order establishing a bureau for the instruction of freedmen in Louisiana.

The Fifth Regiment New York Volunteers has given to the army no less than five Major and Brigadier Generals, to wit: ABRAM DURYEE, G. K. WARREN, J. M. DAVIES, JUDSON KILPATRICK, HENRY E. DAVIES.

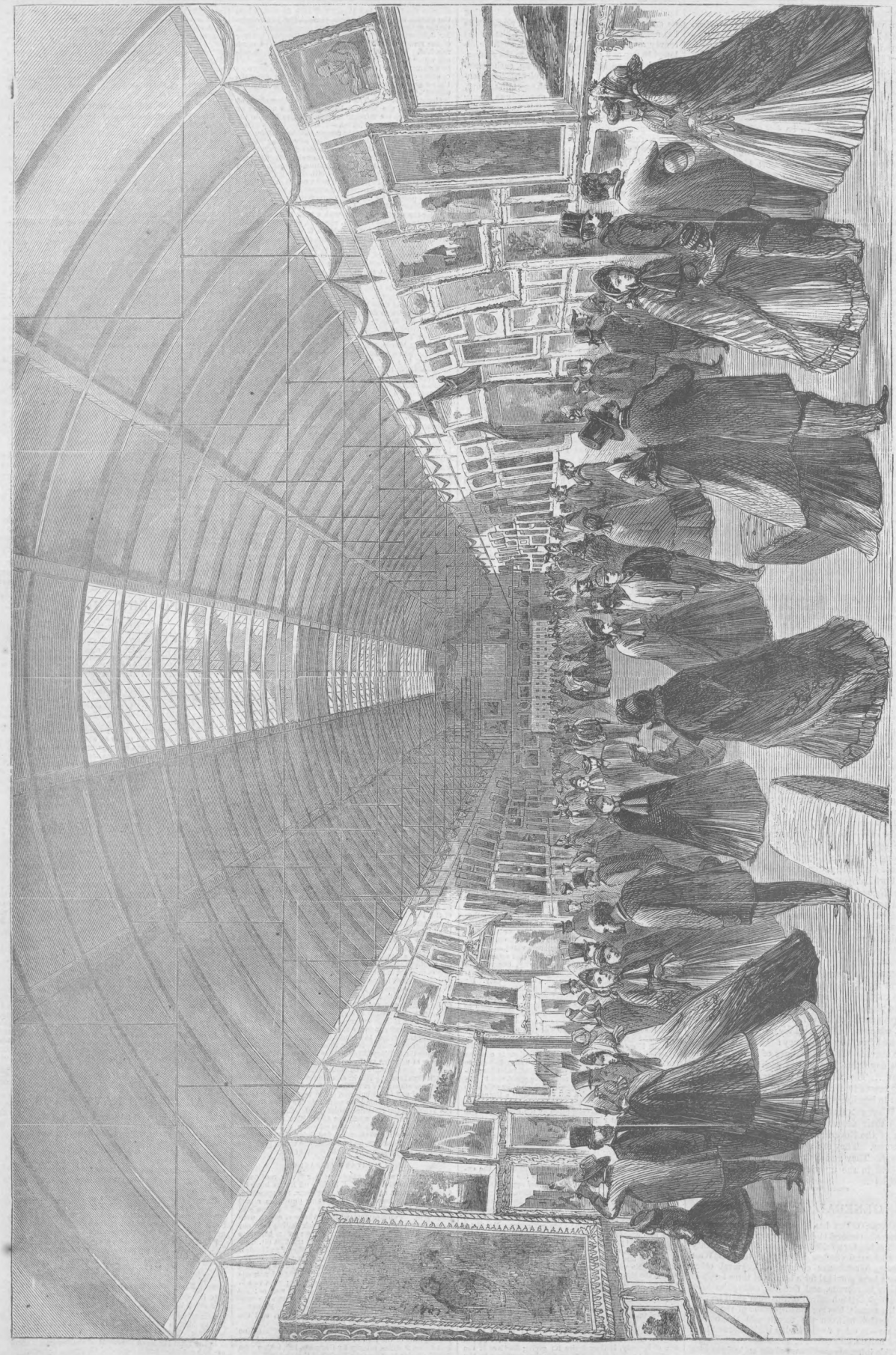
It is said that General BUELL will succeed General SCHOFIELD in command of the Department of the Ohio.

General CARLETON has been relieved from his command in New Mexico and Arizona, and a court of inquiry has been ordered in his case.

In the First Michigan Regiment of sharp-shooters there are two companies of full-blooded Chippewa Indians.

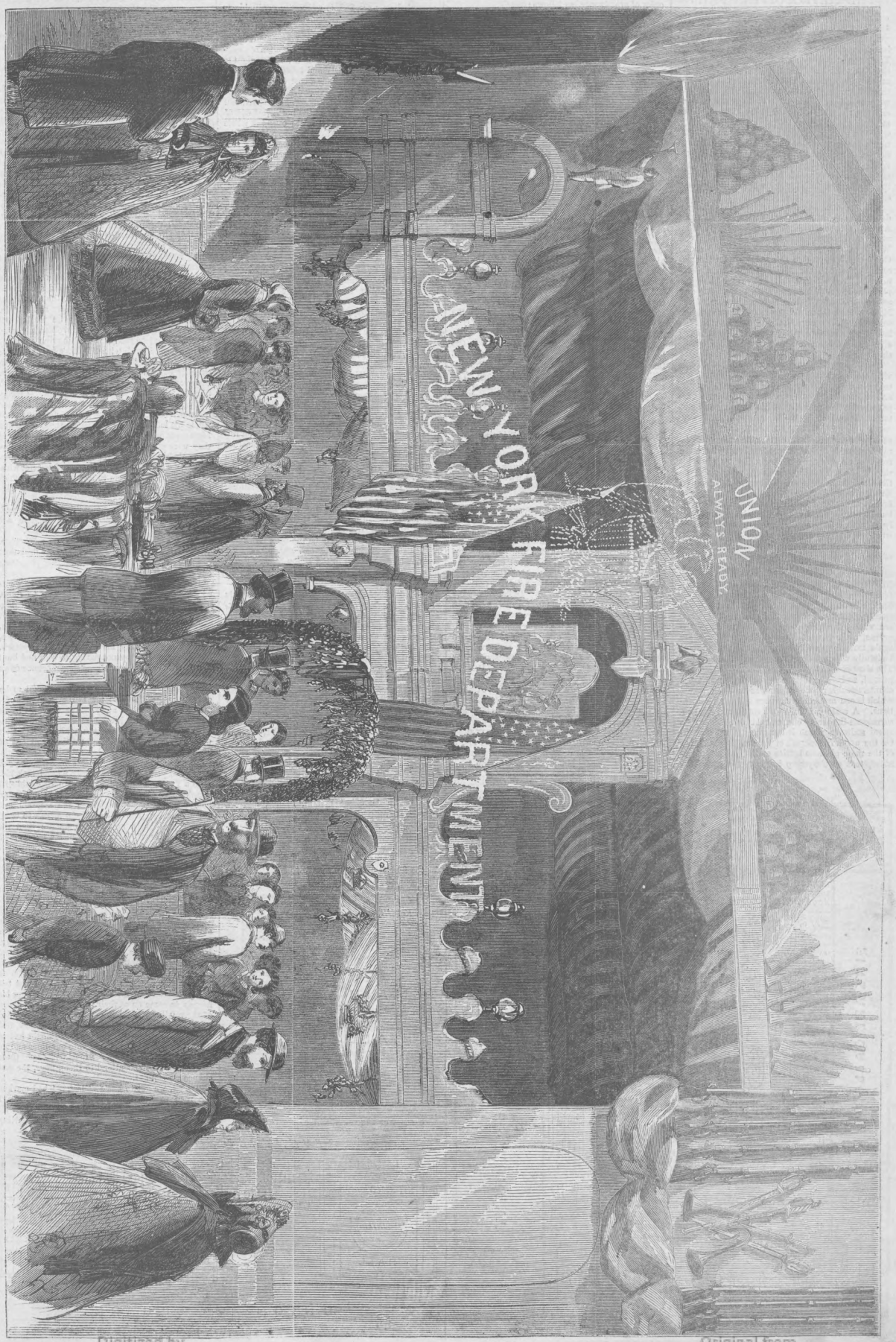
Our gun-boats have established a blockade at the mouth of the Red River.

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PICTURE-GALLERY OF THE FAIR, FOURTEENTH-STREET BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

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THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN THE FAIR.—[See Page 246.]

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THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR, which opened on the 4th instant, is in every respect a demonstration worthy of the large-hearted and patriotic benevolence of the commercial metropolis of the country. The opening display, in which all the military in the city participated, was magnificent, attracting universal attention. For the most part, business throughout the city was suspended, and the streets were in holiday attire, gay with flags and banners and great throngs of enthusiastic citizens. The military procession embraced some 8000 infantry, with 2000 cavalry and artillery. The United States troops were commanded by Major-General DIX, and the Volunteers and State militia by General SANDFORD. The display on Broadway was in every respect the finest which has been witnessed since the reception of the PRINCE OF WALES some years ago.

The inauguration ceremonies took place on Monday evening. After prayer by Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS, and the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner, and the Army Hymn, composed by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, General DIX, on behalf of the Gentlemen's Executive Committee, formally presented the contents of the Fair to the Ladies' Committee. In his remarks, which were warmly applauded, he complimented in high terms the zeal and enthusiasm displayed by the women of the North in their labors for the relief of our suffering soldiers. Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, in behalf of the ladies, responded to the speech of General DIX; after which the ceremonies were concluded by the singing of "Old Hundred" by the entire audience.

We give in this number a series of admirable views of some of the principal features of the Fair, together with an illustration of the grand opening, and a diagram showing the location of every department and section of the main building on Fourteenth Street.

THE GRAND HALL,

as we give it on pages 248 and 249, presents a picture which can be fully appreciated only when seen from the point from which our artist has made his sketch. The whole interior is one mass of decorations and beautiful displays of tasteful ingenuity. Every available inch of space is filled, and every branch of business is represented in the goods offered on exhibition and sale. An inventory merely of the articles on exhibition in this building would occupy pages of our paper.

Among the many pleasant and attractive features of the Fair, none probably surpasses

THE FLORAL DEPARTMENT

(illustrated on page 241), which occupies the centre of the principal building. The structure is of elliptical form, about twenty-five feet in length, and twenty-eight in diameter. The symmetrical pillars are wreathed with flowers, and moss, and evergreens, while flowers of every hue and name are again trained up on spiral wreaths, blending most tastefully with the darker tracery of the columns. The show-counters stand about three feet from the ground, and are handsomely paneled. From those counters double rows of columns ascend to the dome, which is one mass of evergreens and floral decorations. A smaller temple—a Temple of Liberty—surmounts the larger one, and this is reached by a spiral staircase, which is but one path of flowers. On the upper frieze-work of the temple the names of the more glorious battles of the war are designated, that of *Gettysburg* being prominently presented. The names of other battles follow in the order of prominence, as follows:

GETTYSBURG.	ANTIETAM.
FORT DONELSON.	VICKSBURG.
PORT HUDSON.	NEW ORLEANS.
PORT ROYAL.	ROANOKE.
SHILOH.	CHATTANOOGA.

The names are wrought with different-colored immortelles, Gettysburg being in crimson flowers, Vicksburg red, Antietam blue and white, Roanoke yellow and white, etc.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT,

illustrated on page 245, occupies the northeastern corner of the main building. The stand is 60 feet in length, and is covered with a canopy of flags reaching to the roof of the building. An ornamental front of exquisite design hangs down to within six feet of the counter. The apex of the front is ornamented with hooks, ladders, brass pipes, lanterns, and hose, and arranged in such a manner as to represent the rising sun. Underneath is the motto "Union," constructed of gas pipes, which is lighted at night, and produces a brilliant effect. A large transparency overhangs the counter, and at night attracts great attention. Immediately over the centre of the counter is an extensive panel containing the coat of arms of the State of New York in alto relief. On each side hang signal-lights of the various steam-engines set between shields bearing the names of the principal battles in which the Fire Zouaves were engaged—"Antietam," "Gettysburg," "Fair Oaks," and "Malvern Hill," overhanging the counter to the north, and "New Orleans," "Port Hudson," "Vicksburg," and Chattanooga to the south. This department is crowded with every variety of rare and costly offerings. The arrangement was made under the direction of Mr. JAMES L. MILLER, and reflects the highest credit on his taste and skill.

THE PICTURE-GALLERY,

Of which we give a view on page 244, is an eloquent witness of the wealth, magnificence, and progress in art and refinement of the greatest city of the Western continent. The upper division of the main hall—by far the largest part—is devoted to the more massive of oil-paintings, of immense value, lent by citizens for the whole period of the exhibition. These paintings are all carefully labeled with the subject of the work, the party to whom each at present belongs, and the artist whose brush produced it. The value of these paintings alone exceeds $400,000. Among the paintings exhibited are LEUTZE'S "Washington crossing the Delaware;" CHURCH'S "Heart of the Andes;" BIERSTADT'S "Rocky Mountains;" HUNTINGTON'S "Mercy's Dream;" GIGNOUX'S "Indian Summer," with others of the old and modern masters. The collection of engravings in the lower section of the upper gallery embraces selections from the galleries of GOUPIL & Co. The photographic section includes photographs of our most eminent men. Among others the following are conspicuous: A fine photograph of Secretary STANTON. Portrait of Secretary WELLES. Portraits of Generals GILLMORE, SHERMAN, KILPATRICK, HALLECK, CUSTER, DE TROBRIAND, MEAGHER, and PLEASANTON, and groups of American, English, French, Italian, and Russian sailors.

Every visitor to this Department will carry away with him higher estimates of the beautiful, and a keener appreciation of its exalted ministry in embellishing and purifying human thought and life.

THE NEW JERSEY DEPARTMENT,

presented on page 252, is eminently creditable to the loyal men and women of that State, who for weeks have labored with unwearied enthusiasm in preparing for this event. The arrangement of the Department, which was under the direction of CROPSEY, the painter, who gave himself for a fortnight to the work, is at once tasty and effective, while the goods on exhibition embrace a vast variety of offerings, representing almost every department of production and home manufacture. This Department occupies a space of 90 feet on the northwest end of the wing toward Fifteenth Street; over the whole the name of the State spans a large portion of the wall, the letters being in the national colors, red, white, and blue, and arranged in segment form. Under this is a large American eagle bearing the shield of the United States in his talons, and surrounded by a multitude of flags artistically arranged. Under this, and over the tent occupied by the Soldiers' Department, is another shield, upon which the arms of the State are depicted, and on both sides are hung tablets with the names of the counties inscribed upon the blue ground. American streamers float between. In the corner at the extreme right is the Cockloft Summer House—a fac-simile of the original, which IRVING and PAULDING have celebrated in their "Salmagundi"—and at the extreme left an Alhambra, the intermediate space being occupied by bazaars representing the four seasons, in which goods appropriate to those seasons are sold. The Cockloft Summer House is adorned by some picturesque surroundings, including a little garden with plants from the place where the original stood (at Newark, New Jersey), and some ivy from Sunny Side. Inside this house are a great variety of memorials, including a table upon which Mr. IRVING wrote.

In the *Union-Square Buildings*

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

is one of the most interesting features. The department is handsomely decorated, and has an immense assortment of toys, baby-dresses, musical instruments, rocking-horses, baby-houses, fruits, confectionery, etc., making it a bazaar, a museum, and a curiosity shop all in one. This department occupies the eastern end of the building. A platform advantageously situated, and ornamented with banners and paintings, affords the necessary conveniences for tableaux, concerts, and other entertainments given by the children. No visitor to the Fair should fail to look in upon the little folks, and participate in the joy of their carnival.

Another department in the Union-Square Buildings,

THE KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN,

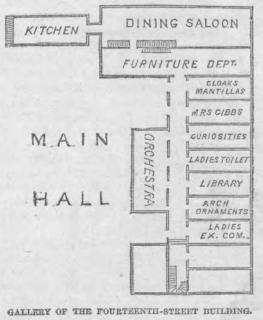
attracts deserved attention. All the appointments of the Kitchen are of the antique pattern, not excepting the chimney ornament, in the person of an old negro, who discourses music from a violin for all who care to hear it. The wood-fire burning on the hearth—the old crane and pot hanging over the flame—the iron candlesticks on the mantle shelf—the deal dresser scrubbed into whiteness—the old crockery cracked and marked with the wear of a hundred years—the long low settees—the old bed with its curious coverlet—all remind the spectator of the time when the Knickerbockers reigned supreme through the bounds of Manhattan. The meals, too, spread on the Kitchen tables, are precisely such as the fathers sat down to daily in the olden time.

THE INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT

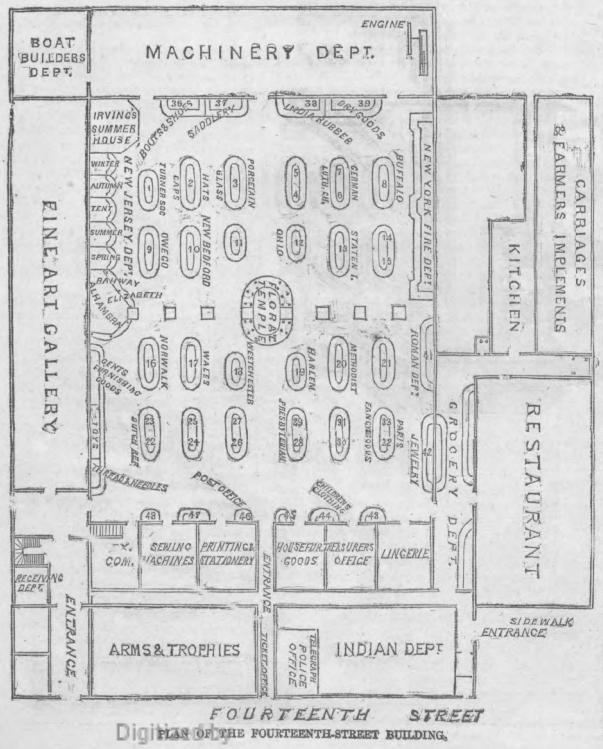
is one of the largest in the Fair, all nations being represented. Upon the window-screens are the arms of Russia, Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Belgium, Hamburg, Turkey, Sweden, Greece, Poland, Spain, Bavaria, Germany, Ireland, Brazil, Mexico, Ionian Isles, and Venezuela.

THE RECEIPTS OF THE FAIR

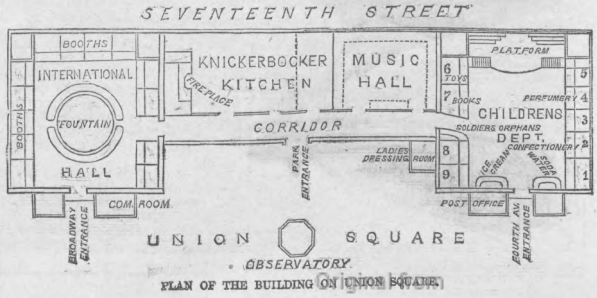
for the first two days amounted to $150,000. On the second day over 13,000 visitors were present.



GALLERY OF THE FOURTEENTH-STREET BUILDING.



PLAN OF THE FOURTEENTH-STREET BUILDING.



PLAN OF THE BUILDING ON UNION SQUARE.

CORPORAL SIMPSON'S STORY.

"IT was a grand ride and adventure—that we had last week!"

The boys drew closer to the fire; they knew my story was worth hearing, and, lighting their pipes, got ready to listen.

"Yes, a right jolly ride! You remember, boys, that on the 25th of March Captain Gere, of the Griswold Light Cavalry—you have fought at their side more than once—was sent out with a hundred or so of men to the neighborhoods of Berryville and Winchester on a scout. Well, we encamped at Millwood, a straggling sort of place, you remember, about seven miles from Berryville. After the fires were built, rations not being over-plenty, Dick Weatherbee, sergeant, private Harry Johnson, and myself determined to indulge in a little foraging on our own account, and in prosecuting our laudable purpose went some two miles from camp to a farmhouse, where we ordered supper from an old woman, apparently the only occupant of the premises. She didn't seem to care about giving us what we wanted, but we sat down resolutely by the fire, giving her to understand that we meant to stay until our wants were supplied; and so at last she went about preparing us a meal. She moved very slowly, however, and seemed feverish and uneasy, as if she was waiting for something she did not wish us to know about. Finally, however, the supper was ready, and we were just sitting down at the table, when we were treated to a 'surprise' we had not bargained for. Suddenly several revolvers advanced threateningly into the room, each having a shaggy fellow behind it with 'shoot' in his eyes, and a firm set about his mouth that wasn't at all pleasant, considering how close the pistols were to our heads. Now you know, boys, I'm not a coward, but I *didn't* like the 'situation' just at that moment. I recognized the foremost of the three who came into the room as Mosby, and I knew he was not apt to care where his bullets hit; and besides, the Captain and Lieutenant who accompanied him did not look as if they were to straining the quality of mercy. Upon their demand, therefore, that we should surrender, we signified immediate assent, but not without a pang that we were to lose our suppers, which seemed all the more tempting now that they were beyond our reach.

"Mosby, however, was any thing but depressed. Indeed he was in the jolliest humor possible, and indulged in all sorts of jokes at our expense. We didn't, however, lose our wits in our misfortune. We had been in worse scrapes a great deal than that, and we did not altogether despair of getting out some way or other.

"After helping himself to what supper he wanted Mosby told us we must follow him to Paris, where he had his head-quarters, and we accordingly went out, watched by the Lieutenant, to get our horses, which were tied near the barn. Johnson, somehow, managed to give the Lieutenant the slip, and, instead of getting his horse, hid in a haystack, and so got off, Mosby not daring to wait and hunt him up lest some of our fellows should pounce down upon him.

"Well, Weatherbee and I mounted, and under strict guard we started for Paris, ten or twelve miles, you remember, away. The ride was by no means a quiet one, Mosby constantly taunted us with questions. 'Were you with Colonel Cole when I thrashed him at Upperville?' was one of his first queries, to which, however, he got no satisfactory response. Then, after a while, he asked, 'What do you think of my gray nag—I took him from a Yankee Lieutenant.' Weatherbee said that wasn't the only instance of a rascal riding on an honest man's horse, at which the Captain and Lieutenant laughed. Then Mosby began to brag, 'Don't you Yanks now fear me more than the regular cavalry?' 'How do you like my style of fighting?' and a dozen other such questions were addressed to us in swift succession, showing how little of a hero and how much of a braggart this fellow, with all his feathers, really is. Of course we were mad; but we held our tongues as well as we could, and rode on with as much apparent indifference as possible.

"As we went along frequent pauses were made at farm-houses along the road, and at each two or three recruits were secured for Mosby's gang. Nearly every house appeared to have some friend of his in it. He would ride up to a place, call Jim or Jake, tell them that he wanted men at such an hour at the usual place, and that they must tell Joe and Mose, and then would ride on, leaving his friends to come on at their leisure. A good many of these fellows I had seen before, and all claimed to be Union citizens; some of them, I know, had taken the oath of allegiance, and no doubt had in their pockets passes to come into our lines and go out whenever they chose. I marked some of these chaps, and we must attend to them, boys, the first chance we can get.

"Well, we got to Paris at last. I had marked the road pretty closely, thinking that maybe I might want to travel it some time; and I was all the while on the look-out for some means of getting

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away. The chance came before I expected it. Mosby, as we came up to the house where he had his head-quarters, dismounted and went in, leaving his pistols in the holsters. How my heart fluttered when I saw that! My horse stood close by Mosby's, and his pistols were almost within my reach. But there sat the Lieutenant with his revolver in his hand, ready to shoot me down at the first imprudent movement. Caution was necessary. So, leisurely getting down, I pretended to tie my horse. As I fumbled about the bridle I saw out of one eye that the Captain was moving off, to look, as he said, for an orderly to take the horses. Mosby's horse was between the Lieutenant and myself. Here was a chance: if I could only get the pistols, I might fight my way out. Suddenly I put my foot into the stirrup of Mosby's saddle, and laid hold of one of the shooting-irons. But the Lieutenant saw the movement and fired. Fortunately his aim was bad, and he missed me. In an instant I was in the saddle; and, aiming straight at the fellow's heart, shot him dead. Heavens! how excited I was! But I wasn't out of the woods yet. The Captain, hearing the discharges, turned round instantly and fired; but he too shot wide of the mark. Mosby, all excitement, rushed to the door, shouting,

"'What's all this infernal row about?'

"We were too polite, boys, to swear at him in return, so I just leveled at him as he stood in the door, sending a bullet close to his ear, and making him dodge out of sight. Then what time we made! But we didn't leave without a benediction. As we flew away Weatherbee shouted,

"'How do you like *our* style of fighting, Colonel Mosby?'

"And I sent back this parting cry:

"'Come and see us, boys, we're of the New York Twenty-first.'

"So, lads, we got away, leaving one vacancy among Mosby's officers, and carrying with us his 'gray nag,' saddle, pistols, and over-coat. You will find them all in the tent there, except the horse—he is out yonder in the woods eating Union provender, on which, if Mosby told the truth, he was brought up.

"One good thing came out of our capture. Mosby, as we learned during our ride, and from his talks with the farmers, intended to attack Captain Gere at daylight, hoping to surprise and cut him to pieces. Of course we spoiled that nice little plan by getting back in time to give the Captain notice of what was going on, and enable him to make preparations for defense. Mosby evidently thought better of it, and didn't come."

Corporal Simpson's true story, told round the camp fire, has a sequel. His regiment were so pleased with his exploit that they have determined to buy from the Government the horse, arms, and equipments he captured, and present them to "the Yankee corporal who beat Mosby out of his pet nag."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

A LONG merry shout broke the stillness of the autumn afternoon as a troop of children came thronging out from the brown school-house among the maples, and then, breaking into groups of two or three, scattered along the worn wood-paths to their homes.

School was out, and yet the mistress lingered within, still seated in her chair, with listless, drooping figure, and hand shading her heavy eyes.

How those weary eyes had watched the lagging hours of that long day—how miserably long it had been to her! Never had her pupils seemed so restive and troublesome, never her calling so irksome and distasteful; the reins of authority had lain loosely in her nerveless fingers, for thought, and energy, and impulse had all that day refused to exert themselves, while in her woman's heart Love and Duty waged fierce and doubtful strife.

As she sat there now so drearily, a shadow crossed the sunny floor, and Lois Deane sprang up with a little cry, half of alarm and half relief, while her hot, tremulous little hands were clasped in those of the tall young soldier bending over her.

A regretful, passionate wail broke from her lips:

"Oh! Allyn, my Allyn, why must you go? All I have to care for me in this bleak, bitter world. I have been thinking of it all day long, and indeed I *can not* have it so."

The mists that had been gathering so long over the violet eyes melted into tears, falling thick and fast over the flushed cheeks.

Allyn Winthrop could only draw the poor throbbing temples down to his breast, and whisper sweet words of love to soothe and comfort her; smoothing the rippling fair hair with tender hand, while shades of grief, perplexity, and doubt chased each other over his fine, firm face.

That was indeed a hard struggle that had dispossessed her gentle soul of its life-long patience and repose—its shrinking reticence, and made her so different from his quiet love, his shy little Lois. How his heart still thrilled with that passionate cry, "Allyn, my Allyn!" She, his timid little betrothed, who scarce ever whispered a caressing word, though he *knew* she loved him dearly.

A little while, and the tempest of grief had sobbed itself to repose, and the tenderly patient look came back to her eyes, though still the mouth now and then quivered, like a little grieved child's.

The clock ticked on with monotonous drone in the school-room, and from the pine table there floated up sweet odors of the blossoms her little pupils brought her as fresh love-offerings every morning. Ranged, in vases of broken tea-cups, on either side her piles of books, they were breathing out to her their fragrant hearts. Allyn's arm was about her, and his cool, soothing fingers still stroked her hair. How naughty and rebellious had she been all day! Those tears had eased her heart-ache, and she could think now that every one was very kind to her in her lonely orphanage, and even try to smile at her lover's cheery talk. The natural buoyancy and hopefulness of youth were coming back, and she was ready to talk with him quietly and almost cheerfully of their uncertain future. They even found themselves drawing vague yet delicious pictures of happy days when, peace returned, their lives, which were now to be so widely raveled apart, should be knit into one forever. Then they dwelt with kindling enthusiasm upon the Great Cause, to which they had both given all their hopes and aspirations; and while Allyn spoke with proud energy of the certain triumph of the Republic, Lois felt all the mists of doubt and fear breaking away before the glowing flame of patriotism, and herself lifted above all selfish sense of grief and loss, out of the shadows, to those shining heights of self-abnegation and devotion where his firm feet trode.

The fresh breeze came through the open door, freighted with faint sweetness of wood-scents and pleasant dreamy sounds, the lowing of distant cattle, a song from the village, and the clear note of a bell. On the verge of the blue October sky ebbing sunset billows broke in surge and foam of gold and snowy splendor and waves of ruby light, rolled back athwart the heaven, flooding the dusky school-room with crimson glories till it seemed beautiful in their eyes.

Presently Lois unlocked a drawer in her table, and drew out a little worn volume.

"I want to give you this, Allyn," she said, very softly, "because I value it more than any thing else I have. It was my mother's Prayer-book, and it lay under her clasped hands, open at our own beautiful Litany, when her heart was almost done throbbing here. I have nothing more precious to give you," she said, looking up with a sad, tender smile.

The light was fading now, the shadows falling among the maples, and the breeze growing damp and chill. Oh! sweet parting hours, why must they end? Allyn wrapped the shawl carefully around her slight form, and together they left the darkening school-house, wandering down toward the village. Deeper shadows drifted down into the maples, and one by one golden stars stole out, and looked down upon them with loving eyes.

"Lois, when I am gone you will go often to see Hannah, will you not, for *my* sake? I know that she is moody and petulant at times, but I am *sure* she loves you, as who does not? and she has been a kind, faithful sister to me. Ruth, too—poor, sensitive girl!—seems lonely and depressed, and since Will went away it has been my task to comfort and cheer *her*."

Tender, parting bequests, how fervently little Lois accepted them, though her own heart in its great loneliness was rising in strong, rebellious throbs!

Again she bent her head to listen to the low tones.

"And *you*, my darling, whom I love better than my life—better than all else save Honor and God—He will surely have you in His holy keeping, and love and comfort you always, dear Lois."

Another long silence, and they had reached the low red house where the young schoolmistress lodged. At the gate they paused. A long, clinging pressure of hands—a long, sad kiss—a broken "good-by"—and they had parted.

"Must other women's hearts yet break to keep the Cause from falling?
God pity our brave lovers, then, who face the battle's blaze,
And pity wives in widowhood. But is it unavailing?
O Lord, give Freedom first, then Peace, and unto Thee be praise."

The autumn had passed, and the bleak, early winter had set in. Fierce northern blasts swept through the long lines of forest trees, rending the scarlet banners of the maples, and beating in fitful gusts against the brown school-house, where Lois still gathered daily her little pupils, and patiently strove to guide their tasks. But it was *hard* to be cheerful, now that her letters, those white-winged messengers from the camp, had become so few and irregular. She knew that Allyn's regiment had marching orders; that an engagement might be brought on very soon; and oh! how this great care clouded her young life. She could only pray and wait.

So the days wore on till near Christmas; then, the children dismissed for their holiday week, she should enjoy a brief respite from work, and have a little time to sit and dream of Allyn, or fashion with her swift, slender fingers little love-tokens, warm socks and mittens, to send him in Hannah's waiting box of good things.

Christmas-eve. And there came to the village painful tidings of fierce conflict, of repulse and loss. They found their way into the village church where a group of laughing, chattering girls sat among piles of fragrant green weaving wreath and garland for font, and chancel, and column.

There came a hush upon them as they glanced at Lois, sitting a little apart framing cross and star—for Allyn's regiment had been in the fight. The light shone down on the pretty head bent gracefully over her work, the violet eyes full of dreamy sweetness, and the parted girlish lips. The subtle, spicy aroma of the pine and cedar had wafted her thoughts back to *last* Christmas-tide, when Allyn and she had spent a short, bright afternoon in gathering greens for this same pleasant task. Again she felt the fresh wind blowing on her face, felt the pressure of Allyn's strong arm as he bore her, half-frightened, half-laughing, through the tangled woods in search of laurel and ground-ivy, and the delicate rose-tint deepened in her cheek while she recalled the swift kiss falling on her brow, as she stood on tip-toe stretching up her arms for the dropping boughs.

The sudden stillness brought back her wandering thoughts. One of the girls crossed over and put a paper into her hands. Her eyes ran swiftly down the lists of killed and wounded. She gave a little sob of relief, "Not there; God be thanked!" Further on she read, "Missing: Private Allyn Winthrop."

"Oh, girls, I can not work any more to-night!" she said; and hastily left the church; then ran down the street to Hannah Winthrop's door.

Weeks passed by and no further tidings came. How the bitter tears would start when returning from her fruitless errand to post-office or news-dépôt, or from searching Hannah's stern face with her wistful eyes and reading their answer, "No tidings!"

Poor little Lois! poor lonely child-heart! She had no mother on whose kind breast she might sob out her love and sorrow; and day after day she must go through her humble tasks, though her heart was crushed within her. Hannah was kind to her at times—as kind as her hard nature would permit; yet she sometimes met the poor, sensitive girl with blunt words, and even bitter reproaches, when she was yearning for love and sympathy.

Thus it happened one night, when, through thickly falling snow, Lois had struggled to Hannah's door only to find a fresh disappointment awaiting her. As she shivered over the bright hearth-blaze, Hannah stood looking at her with slowly darkening gaze. Suddenly she spoke, fiercely: "Yes, Lois Deane, it is just a piece of *your* work that Allyn ever went to the war at all; filling his head, as you did, with your fine nonsense about duty and patriotism. Wasn't it—I want you to answer me—more plainly his *duty* to stay at home and care for his own kith and kin?"

No response came from the shrinking girl, only the poor head drooped more meekly.

"Yes," continued Hannah, with fresh vehemence, as if provoked by her silence—"and even when he had made up his mind to enlist, *you* could have stayed him if you had lifted so much as a finger. Oh I don't believe *you* cared for him a bit."

Poor Lois, that last thrust was *too* cruel. Not care for him! How *could* she say that? Merciful Lord, how hard it was! The poor, friendless girl felt a sense of utter desolation creeping over her. Those harsh words, coming from Allyn's sister, pierced her like stabs of an icy knife. And he, the beloved one, all her world, and the only light of her sombre life, dead, perhaps! Ah, she was desolate indeed!

"Mercy on us," cried Hannah; "the child is fainting! God forgive me, what have I done!" Here, Ruth, Ruth, quick!"

"Oh, Hannah, what have you been saying to her?" cried Ruth, springing to help her sister raise the unconscious form, now stretched prone upon the floor.

"Oh, sister, my heart was so bitter with sorrow!" Hannah answered, as they bore Lois to the low settle before the fire. Then, "If she'll forgive me, she shall never hear a harsh word from my lips again."

Long and tenderly the two sisters bathed the pallid temples and slender wrists, dropping pitying tears upon the little pinched face, in which now, as it lay there so like death, they could see the ravages of a grief of whose intensity they had no conception.

But consciousness at last returned, and it was pitiful to hear the plaintive moan which rose to her lips as she slowly unclosed her eyes.

"O Hannah, Hannah, if I could only die!"

Thenceforth Hannah would not hear of Lois's leaving her. "She should stay and take Allyn's place. She must give up teaching for *that* winter, for she wasn't fit for any thing, and must rest and get recruited up."

She was, indeed, too weak and ill now for any work, and she gratefully accepted Hannah's offer. In truth she would not have been denied. So the school was closed for a while. Hannah grew to love her very dearly—she was so gentle, so grateful, and repaid affection with such sweet interest.

Lois found it very pleasant to be a petted child; it was to her a new and delicious life, and she began to grow strong, almost cheerful again.

She was sitting quite alone one afternoon, Hannah and Ruth being out on some household errand, when she heard a knock at the door. Was it a terrible premonition of some great evil that drove the blood suddenly to her heart? Faint and trembling she opened the door. There stood a soldier, brown-faced, and travel-stained.

"Does Hannah Winthrop live here?"

Lois tried to speak, but could only bend her head in response.

"Is she at home?"

"No;" nearly inaudible.

The soldier looked at her steadily, and a grave intelligence overspread his face.

"Well, perhaps you will be good enough to give her this. I picked it up on the ground after the battle, and saw Allyn's name in it. I had heard him speak of his sister Hannah, and I thought I would take the trouble to hunt her up, as she might value it. I should expect a comrade to do as much for *me* if my time should come."

The soldier handed Lois a package, and, with a respectful touch of his cap, was gone, leaving the poor girl clutching the door-post for support, for every thing had reeled and turned black before her as she received that small square parcel.

Then she turned with tottering steps to the room, and sank down upon a chair, feeling a sickness at heart she had never known before, for now the dread certainty of that she had only feared before came crushingly upon her.

Pallid and mute, she still sat there when the sisters returned, and silently she held out the package to Hannah. Her wistful eyes watched the trembling fingers as they untied the wrappings and brought to view a little book—*her* Prayer-book, torn by a bullet, and stained with blood.

Lois rose from her seat and staggered forward. "O Hannah, give it to me—it is *mine!*" pleaded the quivering lips.

It was not until she had reached her own room that she ventured to examine that dread souvenir. No tears came to her hot eyes as she turned the stained pages, and her temples throbbed with pain. Oh! bitter, bitter grief and loss. The bullet, as it had crashed through the pages, had marred that sublime petition in the Litany in which her full heart had so often and fervently been lifted up, at church, in her lonely walks, and in the silence of night at her quiet bedside:

"From battle, and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord deliver us!"

Vain, vain and ineffectual prayer. It could not shield from the death-shot the heart she loved so truly. Oh, what was there left to live or to pray for any longer? As the eyes fixed upon the book mechanically traced the page, another petition caught their gaze,

"By Thy Cross and Passion—"

Oh sinful and rebellious heart, was there not One beside whose heavy cross all human griefs were light? She felt this even from the depths of her sore and heavy heart. Now came sweet and soothing tears. She would look up to HIM, the merciful One, the Healer, and ask Him to pity and sustain her. And then she remembered Allyn's parting words—that God would love and comfort her. She would strive not to sink under her terrible grief. There were other bereaved hearts in the world. She would live for them. And then there came floating back to her memory a fragment of a hymn her mother used to sing, in those far-off days when, a light-hearted child, she never dreamed of sorrow or loss:

"What if thou always sufferest tribulation,
What if thy Christian warfare never cease,
Soon thou shalt gain the quiet Habitation,
There thou shalt find thine everlasting peace!"

Perhaps the women who then wept in the adjoining room—the one with stormy, passionate cries and sobs, and the other with plaintive, tender moanings—divined, when the three came together again, the source of Lois's quiet resignation; but it is certain that they both turned to her for consolation. It was strange to see Hannah leaning on this feeble child, who, strong in the strength of the Everlasting Arms, was now the pillar of the household.

So Lois lived on, finding comfort in pouring balm into other wounded hearts. She thought only: After all, life is short, and heaven a long, blissful rest.

Lois began her school again, gathering together her scattered flock, and teaching them with new love and zeal. At home she bore with never-wearying patience Hannah's now-returning querulousness, and strove to infuse into that hard and meagre life some of the beauty and fragrance of her own. Poor, pining Ruth, too, who grieved so unceasingly over the lost brother, her baby lying in the church-yard, and her husband away at the war, was an object of her kindest attention. All these helped keep her mind from dwelling on her own great grief, and she thanked God for this power to work and care for others.

Passion-Week, with all its gloom and sorrow, had gone by, and the happy Easter morning dawned fair and beautiful. Its warm, delicious sunshine flooded the church where Lois knelt among the Sunday-school children, and filled her heart with something almost like gladness—certainly with grateful love. The exquisite odors of flowers—pure white lilies, jasmine, and violets, that her hands had helped to place around font and altar—seemed to float softly down upon her like the benedictions of martyrs and saints, once bowed in deathly anguish, now risen to life and glory. The joyful strains of the organ joined the pure voices of the children as they soared upward in their Easter carol:

"Easter Day is come at last, Hallelujah!
Mournful thoughts of Lent are past, Hallelujah!
Day to faithful hearts so dear,
Not a feast in all the year
Dawns so bright, and shines so clear, Hallelujah!

"Shame, and pain, and woe are fled, Hallelujah!
Glory crowns the wounded head, Hallelujah!
And the Lamb in torments slain
Breaks the gate and bursts the chain,
Rising to an endless reign, Hallelujah!"

Bright tears stood in Lois's eyes, and sparkled on her fair cheek. And yet she felt so peacefully happy—on that adoring strain her soul had been lifted up above the crosses and ills of life. The music had ceased, the children passed out of the church, and Lois followed. It would be some time before service began; so she walked slowly home, and gained her own room so quietly that no one heard her. How pleasant that neat, maidenly chamber seemed to her, with the bright morning sun shining in on the low walls, lighting up the few pictures, and kissing her pet geraniums into bud and bloom! She threw off shawl and bonnet, and sat down with her Bible on her knees. The *Mater Dolorosa* that hung over her bed was not more fair, or pensive, or peaceful—

"Lois! O Lois! are you here, child? O Lois, *do* come quickly!"

The voice was Hannah's, and there was something in it that made Lois's heart stop beating, but not with dread.

"Don't faint, dear; don't be frightened!" hurriedly whispered Hannah to her as she sprang swiftly down the stairs. Lois only gave one look at Hannah's face, flushed with some great joy, and fled on to the parlor. All the sweet, saintly calm was gone now; only a poor woman's heart shone from those eager, startled eyes. The next moment she was resting on Allyn Winthrop's breast.

After a while, when the tumult of joy which greeted the lost one's return had subsided, Allyn told them with his old, grave sweetness how it had happened that he was spared to them. The bullet aimed at his heart had only inflicted a severe wound, having spent its force on the book that lay in his breast; and so Lois's parting gift had saved his life. Then another shot came and shattered his arm; and while striving to drag himself from the heat of the action he had swooned, and the book had fallen from his nerveless grasp. He told them of his sufferings those weary months he had been a prisoner, unable to send any news to those at home, and how at last, escaped from captivity, he had come back with lost arm and broken health, but with undaunted spirit, still firm and faithful in the Great Cause.

Then there came over all a silence deep and tender, out of whose stillness each heart was lifted up in a fervent, though unuttered Easter psalm of praise and thanksgiving.

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GRAND HALL OF THE FAIR BUILDING, FOURTEENTH STREET.—[See Page 246.]

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT is a sure sign when a man slips down in the mud that he has had a drop too much.

A soldier in one of the Kentucky camps, during one of the cold nights, says the motto with them is: "United we sleep; divided we freeze!"

What language does an Arabian child speak before it cuts its teeth?—*Gum*-Arabic, unquestionably.

"And ye have taken the tectotal pledge, have ye?" said somebody to an Irishman. "Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it, nither." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

The softer the head the harder the work of driving any thing into it.

Miss Tompkins says that every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself drowned."

"Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbens of Stubbens, the other day. "Oh, not at all; he has only assigned over his property, and fallen back to take a better position," was the reply.

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," was the reply, "to see how you open your mouth, that I may know what words will fill it."

"Time works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after an eight years' courtship.

A lady, teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed to something in the book, and asked, "What is that, my dear?" "Why, don't you know?" inquired the child. "Yes," said the mother; "but I wish to find out if you know." "Well," responded the little miss, "I do know." "Tell me, then, if you please," said the lady. "Why, no," insisted the little one, with an arch look, "you know what it is, and I know what it is, and there is no need of saying any thing more about it."

"Grandmother," said Ike, seriously, to Mrs. Partington, "have you heard the report that the Prince of Wales's baby has not got all his fingers on one hand, and that both his legs are not right?" "Lor' bless me!" exclaimed the old lady. "Then how could he ever wield the sceptre of the realm, or walk as he ought to do?" Ike, however, pretended not to hear the remark, but began clipping the cat's whiskers, and grinning to think that his grandmother did not see that nobody has all his fingers on one hand, nor any body two right legs.

A tavern-keeper in Newark, when giving a New-Year's present to his "help," told one of his porters (a smart Irishman) that he was about the best man in the house, and therefore he should give him the most costly present. "Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his hands with delight, "I always mane to do me juty." "I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year." "Thank yer Honor," replied Pat: "and may all yer friends and acquaintances treat *you* as liberally."

A half-famished fellow in the Southern States tells of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "smaller by degrees, and beautifully less") who, when going his rounds to serve customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave you bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole!"

A good story is told of an Irishman who went to see the gorilla in the cabinet of Amherst College. Not knowing the difference between that animal and the guerrillas, he remarked, on seeing it, "If they have got such soldiers as that off South, I ain't going to war!"

It is said that the rebel guerrillas have killed and carried off more than 50,000 hogs on the Kansas border. A fact which proves conclusively, says an exchange, that the *sword* is mightier than the *pen*.

A poor fellow who pawned his watch says that he raised money with a lever.

Father O'Leary and Curran were cracking their jests at a dinner party one evening, as was their wont, when the celebrated advocate turned abruptly to the good Father, saying:

"I wish, O'Leary, that you had the keys of heaven."

"Why, Curran?" asked the divine.

"Because you would then let me in," said the facetious counselor.

"It would be much better for you, Curran," said Father O'Leary, "that I had the keys of *the other place, because I could then let you out.*"

Before the days of the teetotalers, a neighbor of Mr. Bisbee saw that gentleman, at an early hour of the day, crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground. "Why don't you get up and walk, Mr. Bisbee? Why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor. "I w-w-would, b-b-but it's so almighty *thin* here that I'm a-a-afraid I shall b-b-break through!"

"I'll bet a sheep," said old Meredith to his better half, "that our boy Otho is going crazy. Fur he's grinnin' at the plow, he's grinnin' at the barn, and he's grinnin' to himself wherever he goes."

"Shoo! old man! You don't know nothin'. The critter's got a love-letter."

A country schoolmaster once asked one of his pupils if he had ever seen an elephant's skin. "Yes, Sir, I have," shouted the young hopeful. "Where?" inquired the schoolmaster, quite amused at the boy's earnestness. "On an elephant," was the reply, accompanied with a most provoking grin.

Stocks are subject to tumbles, but crockery dealers are the boys for *tumblers*.

When does a fine sentence assume a lady's name?—When it is mis-construed.

A drunkard leaning against a church railing, replied, in answer to a question from the sexton, that he didn't *exactly* belong to that church, but he was *leaning* that way.

Money, like a boot, when it's tight, is extremely trying.

A SHEEPISH QUESTION.—Will *ewe* marry me?

A fool may commit an error, but it takes a wise man to *own* it.

The young woman whose modesty was so shocked the other day at the mention of a *bare idea* has been detected in the act of concealing the *naked truth* under a *falsehood*.

A tourist stopping at a French hotel saw the phrase "fresh-water chicken" on the bill of fare. Desiring to know what this meant, he sent for a dish of water chicken. He tried it, and finding it excellent, recommended it to the rest of his party, ladies and all. All liked the dish wonderfully, and so became frog-eaters without knowing it.

When is a lady like a spoon?—When she is in-*tea*-resting.

What is that which nobody wants, and nobody likes to lose?—A lawsuit.

ONE OF MANY.

"JOHN GASTON, private, killed."

It was a short record—only a line in long columns of other lines; but to a home in the New Hampshire hills it came with the power of a great despair, making all of life dreary and sad.

It was a right pleasant home, with all beautiful surroundings, to which, that August day, this brief announcement brought grief and desolation—a home made luminous by love, musical by the prattle of sweet-tongued children, holy by the voice of daily prayer—a home where bright eyes looked lovingly into life's depths of joy and hope, and brave hands performed with cheerful industry life's daily work. Vines clung tenderly around the low windows; flowers—scarlet, pink, and gold—fringed the pleasant walks; and all day long, from the poplars at the door, birds sung their jocund airs in the drowsy ear of summer, dreaming amidst the glories of her own nursing.

But it was dark now; there were shadows on the faces which had been bright all the summer through, and there were sobs and sad plaints wailing through the prayers of the stricken mother of the fold, kneeling with the dear wondering ones around her.

"I am dying, comrade." The voice was faint, and had a moan in it. "I am dying; put your hand here on my heart. See! it has almost ceased to beat. Dying, dying!"

Over the hills and along the valleys the battle rolled with noisy grandeur. Through the thick smoke great flashes of smoke burst now and then like sudden sunrisings. But the ear of the soldier, lying there on the edge of the flaming field, was closed to the battle's tumult. In his ears softer voices were breathing; on his eyes a sweeter than battle glory was shining—shining from far-off New Hampshire hills, where the sun was lying like a benediction.

"Lift me up a little," the weak voice said; "so," and the pale face brightened for a moment with an expression of relief. Then—"I have a home, comrade, in dear New Hampshire, and a wife and three little ones are waiting for me there. I had hoped to go to them in a little while—my time would have been out in September. I have dreamed many a night, lying under the stars, of walking up the village street, and finding Tom and Kate and Susy waiting for me at the gate, their little faces all aflame with joy. Sometimes I have seemed to hear them praying for me, comrade—praying with their little hands folded on their mother's knee; and the dark hours have all been made bright by that thought, the sight of that picture lying in my heart. But all that is over now. I shall never sit again in my great chair at the table's head, nor lie with my children round me on the grass-plat, under the poplars, at the door."

A spasm checked his speech for a moment. His heart was bleeding as well as the wound in his side. Presently, as if God were holding up to him the past, he went on, dreamily:

"I remember well, comrade, the day when Jenny and I were married. It was in the old church on the village green—you will see it if you go there, with a grave-yard full of weather-beaten tombstones behind it; June was blowing her sweet breath in at the windows, filling all the place with a delicious balm; friends and neighbors stood around; the white-haired old minister—he had christened us both when it was still summer with him—with a happy face knit us together; and then, with a benediction resting upon our heads—I remember it as if but yesterday—we walked homeward, oh, how joyously, along the narrow by-path, under the apple-trees, whose boughs seemed to whisper blessings on us as we went. Then, I remember, I took Jenny to my own little home, just on the village border, and we began life's work together, summer in our hearts, summer overhead, summer under our feet. Then, after a while, comrade, a boy came to us—a boy with his mother's eyes; and a new song was put into our mouths. How like a vineyard, purpling with luscious fruits, life seemed to us then! How we watched and loved our boy! How our hearts opened to receive his sisters when they came, seeming to know he was yearning for playmates! We used to think, Jenny and I, as we looked into the faces of our darlings, that God must have missed three of His brightest ones after these our babes had wandered down to our home."

The soldier paused again, tears on his cheek, his voice tremulous. Then, "Put your arm under me, comrade," he said. "I will soon be done. Our little ones grew up around us; we had to work harder, for their sakes, than before; but content lightened all our toil; we would have given our lives for them. If you have a flock at home, comrade, you know what that feeling was. Well, we were happy, never dreaming of going apart, when, suddenly—you remember it—the old flag was assailed, and a cry came for help, for men to defend the life of the nation. My grandfather, comrade, was with Washington at Trenton and Yorktown; I have at home a sword he wore in those old days, and my blood leaped at that call. But for a day, a week, I resisted my own heart; I could not go, I thought, and leave my home, my wife, my little ones, so dear, so more than precious. But then, what was home worth without a flag to cover it? what would become of my dear ones if chaos came?—if we could not walk the streets, and lie down at night, with the confidence, the consolation, that we had a country, a Government, a law stronger than any mob, greater than the maddest fury of rebellion? I could not hold out against these thoughts, comrade; so at last I told Jenny all that was in my heart; and she, God bless her brave soul! said, firmly but with tears: 'Go, John—the Father will care for us; the country needs you; go!' And so, comrade—you are listening?—I kissed my little ones, and, with Jenny's blessing, I left my home, every thing, and now"—a sob lingered round each word—"I am here, dying!

"But," he added, rallying, "don't tell them, Sergeant, that I murmured or feared to die. Oh, no; I can not but think of and sorrow for them; but the old flag is worth ten thousand such poor lives as mine; it is glorious to die where its stars are shining; yet," and the voice broke again, "I will be missed in the home far away, and the days will be dark because I am so long, so long in coming. But, comrade, bid them bear up; tell Jenny to teach my boy never to despair of the Republic; never to be false to it for one hour; never to strike hands with any man who has faltered now. And hark, comrade, tell her to kiss my darlings night and morning for me; I shall see her, and think, maybe, *my* lips are pressing theirs, from the celestial Lookout my feet are climbing now."

A cheer from the hill where the battle raged fluttered down the slope to the soldier dying.

"Victory!" the pale lips cried; the weak hands clutched for the ground, the feet were nervous a moment as if he would once more stand erect and salute the flag, victorious now; then a deeper shadow fell on the face; the voice murmured, "Comrade, remember!" the limbs grew rigid, and John Gaston, private, was dead.

And the shadow that only the eye of Faith can penetrate and find clear sky beyond was lying on the home among the Granite Hills.

They buried him on the field, and there, these spring days, whose warmth is wooing all Nature into blossom and fragrance, sift sunshine over his ashes, and the summer, when it comes, will fold over his stilled heart the same robe of emerald and gold that kings lie under through God's going years.

There are hearts, indeed, that miss him; but their sorrow is not without consolation. He fell for his country, fell in the place where duty put him; and that thought sweetens the cup, and may help them at last to find the pearl of perfect peace at the bottom.

So war's ravages go on. So, on scores of fields, noble lives, full of sublimest impulses, come to a glorious pause, saluting the Great Captain with a smile as they pass to the Last Review. We who remain at ease in our homes, with only the murmurs of the distant conflict breaking on our ears, know little of the heroism, the sublime martyrdom, the sweet faith and resignation which illustrate every battle-day, and brighten hospital and camp all along the path of strife; know little what sums of hope go down forever in the smoke of bloody fields, what ties are rent never to be knit together again, what histories full of noble daring are ended in one flash and cannon peal. But should we not remember and think of all this, and so be juster than we are to those who, all unsuspected in peaceful times of carrying under their homely garbs souls with the robust strength and faith of the martyr in them, are giving to-day on every field such exhibitions of the depth and affluence of our national character and aspirations as shall make all coming time bright with the glory of this?

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE WILD ANIMAL.

MONSIEUR CONSTANT, giving one low but authoritative tap at the door of the front drawing-room, turned the handle, and found himself in a moment in the presence of the "wild animal."

She was not lying on straw. There were no bars before her. She was not groveling à quatre pattes. The wild animal was merely a very beautiful young woman in a black satin dress and with a great diamond necklace round her neck, and great diamond bracelets on her arms. Neck and arms were bare.

"I put on these for him. I dressed for supper," she cried out in a fury so soon as she saw the valet, "and the traitor sends me word that he can not come. Sends me word by a vile little jockey—a lackey. Il en a l'âme," she continued, paraphrasing, perhaps unconsciously, Ruy Blas. "I will poison him. I will trample upon him. My next guest shall be that brute of a German embassador, who eats onions and drinks stout."

The countess was a Frenchwoman, pur sang.

"Tut, tut, tut," quoth Monsieur Constant, in French. "What a disturbance you raise to be sure! You should have devoted yourself to melodrama, madame, and not to the manége. What a pity that Fate should compel you to be a personnage muet, and that you should have nothing better to say in public than 'Haoup! hup là!' and that to a horse, too."

"Coquin!" screamed the lady. "Are you come to insult me?"

"Do you want to wake Mademoiselle Ratalan, qui dort du sommeil des justes? She does not ask milords to sup with her. Nor would you—were you wise—the wife of an English gentleman, un fashionable, un lion, quoi!"

A deep crimson veil—a blush not of shame, but of rage, fell, like a gauze in a scene in a spectacle, over the woman's white neck and arms. She set her teeth for a moment and ground them, and then, starting up, began with the passionate volubility of her nation:

"The wife of an English gentleman! The wife of a swindler, un escroc! a gambler, un gueux. He was to have millions, forsooth. Je devais rouler voiture. I was to have horses, parks, châteaux."

"Well, you have four horses as it is."

"Yes, and I put a pad-saddle on, and dance on them for a livelihood, en maillot. My beautiful husband allows me to become a horse-rider in a circus. I am the Honorable Lady Blunt."

"Not a bit of it. Your husband is not in the least a titled personage. He is a gentilhomme Anglais, rien de plus."

"He is a filou, et il finira galérien," the lady returned, with concentrated bitterness. "Enfin, I am the wedded wife of Monsieur François Blunt. Monsieur je suis votre très devouée. Oh! he is an angel, my husband!"

"Mon père m'a donné pour mari,
Mon dieu, quel homme, quel homme petit."

Thus softly whistled between his teeth Monsieur Constant.

"Say rather un homme lâche—a prodigy of baseness. He married me by subterfuge and fraud."

"He did," Constant echoed, agreeing with the wild animal for once; "subterfuge and fraud are the words. Après."

"His millions turned out to be all in protested bills, long overdue, and for which he was responsible. He was criblé de dettes. He made me dance and sing at his infamous supper parties for the amusement of his vagabond aristocrat friends. It was I who paid the Champagne à ces beaux festins. Monsieur was not too proud to draw my salary month after month. Monsieur was unfaithful to me."

"Vous lui avez donné la réplique, ma belle."

"He insulted me, neglected me," the lady went on, seeming not to have heard the valet's scornful remark. "He beat me. Beat me, on whom no parent or governess ever dared to lay a finger."

"Don't you remember the Beugleuse who used to make you dance to the music of a cord and a leather strap. You tried to strangle Blunt twice, to stab him once. You would have put something in his coffee had you dared."

"Only when the marks of his brutal hands were on my face, when the livid bar raised by his cravache was on my shoulders. There are women who like to be beaten. He should have married one of them. I tell you he is un lâche."

"I know it was not a happy ménage. Love flew out of the window soon after the honeymoon, and the furniture after it. You used to smash a great deal of crockery-ware between you. Well, you would have your own way. It has brought you to the Hotel Rataplan, and to asking milords to supper."

"He deprived me of my child—of my little Lilé," the lady went on, after a few moments' silence, during which her bosom heaved, and she panted as though want of breath, and not want of grievances, compelled her to a temporary surcease in invective.

"No," cried Constant, quietly. "You have nothing to accuse him of with respect to the child. *He* didn't deprive you of it. *I* did."

"Monster!" cried the lady. Her looks, however, did not bear out the acerbity of her speech.

"Benefactor, rather. I did not choose to have the little one continue in the inferno its papa and mamma were making round it. If Blunt had been left alone with it, he is so lazy, insouciant, thoroughly and incurably heartless, if you will, that he would have left it on a borne, or sent it to the work-house. Had it been confided to you it would have had its brains dashed out in one of your mad rages; or else, à coups de cravache, it would have been educated for the pad-saddle and the circus. One amazon in a family is quite enough, countess."

He gave her the name bestowed upon her, half in envy, half in mockery, by her comrades of the theatre, whom she offended by her haughtiness and terrified by her temper.

"Bon; and the child, where is it?"

"Safe and sound, away from temptation, at school, chez de bonnes dames puritaines. When she is old enough she shall be a nun, and pray for her wicked papa and mamma."

"The brat is the child of Francis Blunt, and that is enough to make me hate it," said the woman, disdainfully.

"A nice speech for a mother. Nature, you are a potent influence. To be sure, you have scarcely ever seen the poor little thing. It was ample time, however, to deprive you of it. Since the morrow of her christening you have never set eyes upon her. I will take care you never do again, if I can help it. Your tenderness is of a dangerous nature. When Heaven gave you that beautiful body, and that brilliant intellect, how was it that so trifling a matter, such a mere bagatelle as a heart was left out, madame?"

As he spoke he raised his flaccid lids and gazed upon her with gloomy intensity. She tossed her head scornfully, and adjusted the glittering baubles on her arms.

"Do you wish to revive the old story?" she asked, with a sneer. "I thought that in our treaty of amity and alliance, offensive and defensive, there was a secret article to the effect that nothing ever was to be said about the days when we were young and foolish."

"When *I* was young, and a fool—a madman," the valet retorted. "I am growing old. Je grisonne. You are still young, but foolish no more. You never were. Oh no! You were always wonderfully wise."

"As you please," the wild animal, who had become strangely tranquil, perchance through sheer lassitude, uttered. "I must beg you, however, not to bore me with these old histories of Colin and Jacqueline. They are all very well in pastel, or in porcelaine de Saxe, mais elles m'ennuient en prose. What do you want here, so late at night?"

"We are both night-birds. My visit in the end will be a welcome one. I have brought you a hundred pounds from your husband."

"Donnez," said the lady, coolly, and held out her hand.

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"Not so fast. I know your capacity for absorbing money. A hundred or a thousand pounds would slip with equal facility down that pretty swan-like throat. It is not the first time that I have been your bailleur de fends. Certain conditions, not very hard ones, are attached to this advance. We, that is monsieur," he was respectful to the dandy even in his absence, "must not be annoyed for six months."

"And you offer a miserable hundred pounds. C'est peu."

"It is all we can give. Business has not been prosperous. Times are very hard with us; and this hundred pounds even can be ill-spared."

"I dare say. Times also are very hard with me. But tell me, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, has my precious husband any funds of his own?"

"Not a sou. He ate up his patrimony years ago."

"Have you? I can understand the other."

Constant shrugged his shoulders. "What can a poor domestique à gages be worth?" he replied.

"C'est donc de l'argent volé. You have stolen this hundred pounds then. Keep it. Je n'en veux pas."

"Hypocrite! Your mouth is watering for it, and you only wish that it were ten times as much. No, madame, it is not money stolen; it is money won."

"By cheating."

"As you please. I have it here, in five-pound notes."

"Give it me, then. I don't think my husband has yet devoted himself to forgery. He has not application enough. You may tell him from me that I shall not trouble him again for six months. Milord, lui, n'est pas dans la débine."

"What are you going to do with your milord?" the valet asked, with a darkling look.

"C'est mon affaire. I don't ask you with what little lingères you are en bonne fortune. If you must know what I mean to do with milord, then by Debonnair it is to bleed him for the good of his constitution. Il a trop de sang, ce moutard-là."

"He is not of age."

"The usurers are kind to him."

"Do you love him?"

"Did I ever love any body, Jean Baptiste Constant?" asked the woman, with candid contempt.

"I don't think you did. It will be your lot some day to love, and to be spurned as you have spurned—never mind whom."

"Connu," replied madame.

> "Qui que tu sois tu vois ton maître,
> Qui est, qui fut, ou le doit être."—
> Who e'er thou art, thy master see,
> Who is, or was, or is to be.

"A charming sentiment, more charmingly expressed, although I never believed in it for one moment. Love is no master of mine, never was and never will be. But the couplet is exquisite. It is Voltaire, is it not? A charming writer, Voltaire. It is growing very late. I think you had better give me the money and let me go to bed."

"Here are your wages, Harpy," muttered Constant, and he handed her a packet of notes.

"Thank you. C'est pas grand' chose, mais c'est du numéraire tout de même. I have almost forgiven milord. He will come to-morrow and be on his knees."

"Good-night, Valérie."

"Hun," quoth the wild animal, with a look of simulated surprise, but profound disdain. Since when, Monsieur qui brosse les habits de mon mari?"

"Good-night, Mrs. Blunt, then."

"The Honorable Lady Blunt you mean, faquin!" but this last she said in mockery.

"Bah! that will do for France, but in England it is absurd."

"Au revoir, donc, under any circumstances. Be sure you give my love to my husband."

"I will give him as much love as you send him; and shall not, I should say, waste much breath. Again good-night."

"Bonsoir, mon ours."

He had never taken a seat during the entire interview, but had half stood, half lounged against the console on which he had placed his hat. He now advanced, bent over her as she sat, swimming in her jewels and her satin, on a sofa, and putting his face close to hers, said in French, and I will quote his very words.

"Tu es une créature sans cœur et sans mœurs, digne d'être fouettée et flétrie en plein Châtelet."

"So I have no heart, and no manners, and ought to be whipped, eh? Thank you, my complimentary professor of moral philosophy. Au revoir et à bientôt."

Constant did not care to renew the colloquy, and without directing another glance toward her left the room. His face had turned livid, and he was trembling all over. But he had great command over his emotions, and by the time he reached the salle à manger again his countenance was as unruffled as ever.

Rataplan had gone to bed. Constant, however, was an old habitué of the house, and made himself comfortable with the female night-porter, La Miss Thomas. He was no smoker; but she brewed him a silver timbale full of mulled claret, of which he partook in moderation. And so remained, after a game or two at dominoes with the mahogany-colored sentinel, until past four in the morning. His conversation was mainly about the "countess" and her temper; to which the old woman's general response—she agreed, however, perfectly in what he said—was "fichtre." Many of the lodgers at the Hotel Rataplan were very late night-birds indeed; and it was four in the morning before Monsieur Constant left Leicester Place. Often, during his vigil, his eyes sought the smoke-begrimed ceiling, as though they could pierce through the joists and planking, the laths and plaster, and light once more upon the beautiful woman with the bare neck and arms, and the black satin dress.

CHAPTER XIII.

TO GAMRIDGE'S.

GAMRIDGE'S Hotel was in Pump Street, Regent Street. Gamridge's was much frequented by the junior members of the aristocracy, and by officers bearing his Majesty's commission. Gamridge's was the legitimate and lineal successor of the old Slaughter's Coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane, of whose ancient waiter and young military frequenters Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" discourses delightfully. Gamridge's, in 1836, was at the apogee of its popularity and renown; but a few years afterward—such is the mutability of human affairs—Gamridge's was destined to be eclipsed by the Rag and Famish.

Why "Rag" and why "Famish?" I, as a poor slouching civilian, am not, I hope, bound to know. The Rag and Famish seems to me a most palatial edifice, superb in all its exterior appointments. I have heard that its inner chambers are decorated in the most lavish style of Oriental splendor; that its smoking-room vies in gorgeousness with the Court of the Lions at the Alhambra; that, in its drawing-rooms, the genius of the most eminent upholsterers in London has run riot. Nobody can be in rags, nobody can possibly be famished, at the R. and F. The cuisine, I have heard, is exquisite, the wines and liquors are beyond compare. The lightest-vested and brightest-buttoned foot-pages in the parish of St. James's gambol and grin behind the plate-glass doors. The most majestic and the longest-mustached military bricks puff their cigars on the steps. There are always half a dozen Hansoms in waiting before the portal. On the Derby Day drags by the score start from the Rag. The prizes in the race sweeps at the Rag are said to be enormous.

Let me see, what is the pay of a subaltern in the Line? Some seventy or eighty pounds a year, I believe. What is the half-pay of a general officer? Not many hundreds per annum, I am afraid. It strikes me that the establishment, not only of the Rag, but of the Senior and Junior United Service Clubs, must have been an inestimable boon to the young warriors who are ready to fight their country's battles, and to the old braves who have fought them, and retired to grass, and whose helmets are now hives for bees. To live like a fighting-cock, and to be housed like a prince; to have all the newspapers and periodicals, and a first-rate library: billiard and smoking rooms, baths and lavatories, lounging and elbow-resting room; a numerous staff of silent, civil, and deferential servants in imposing liveries, and as much stationery as ever you want; these are joys familiar to the members of the Rag, and of other cognate mansions. The young fellow on active service can run up from Chatham or Aldershot, and have the free range of a Venetian palace till his leave is out. The battered half-pay has but to provide himself with a bedroom at half a guinea a week in Jermyn Street, or St. Alban's Place, and, from nine of the clock on one morning till two or three of the clock on the next, he may live as luxuriously as a Sultan of Cathay. The annual subscription is moderate. The table-money is inconsiderable. Beer, bread, and pickles are dispensed gratuitously. The cigars are foreign. The provisions and wines are supplied at rates very little exceeding cost price.

Whereas, I can't see what a civilian wants with a club at all. He has a home, which the soldier and sailor, as a rule, have not. He has a cook at home. He may refect himself in a decorous dining-room at home. If he wants books, let him subscribe to the London Library, or ask Mr. Panizzi for a ticket for the Museum Reading-room. He needs no smoking-room. Civilians have no right to smoke. He needs no billiard-room. Civilians should be men of business, and men of business have no right to play billiards. "Clubs," says Solomon Buck, in one of his wisest apophthegms, "are weapons of offense, wielded by savages for the purpose of keeping off the white women." S. B. is right. Clubs, for your dashing, rollicking, harum-scarum soldiers and sailors, are all very well. The gallant fellows need a little relaxation after the irksome restraints of barracks or ship-board; but clubs, to the unworthy civilian class, are merely the meanest pretexts for selfishness and self-indulgence.

Having, I flatter myself, in the preceding paragraph, set myself right with the ladies (whom I am always trying to conciliate, and always unsuccessfully), I will proceed to the consideration of Gamridge's. Social clubs of the palatial order were rare in 1836. St. James's had its exclusive political réunions—White's, Brooks's, Boodle's, and the like; but none save the elect of the elect could obtain admission to them. Crockford's was very fashionable, but it was a gaming-house. The Carlton wasn't built. The Athenæum and the Reform were arrogant with the flush of the March of Intellect, and looked down upon the men of the sword. The members of the now defunct Alfred were quarreling among themselves. The United Service only admitted officers of high grade. What remained, then, for the young or middle-aged warriors but Gamridge's.

Gamridge's was not a club; its coffee-room was open to all comers; yet the character of its frequenters was so strongly marked that an outsider rarely, if ever, ventured to set foot within the mysterious precincts. A bagman who presumed to enter Gamridge's would have had a bad time of it. There would have been wailing in Lancashire if a Manchester man had so far forgotten himself as to intrude, uninvited, on the Gamridgean exclusiveness. In its distinctive typification, and its invisible but impassable barriers, Gamridge's resembled one of the old coffee-houses of the preceding century. They, too, were open to all; yet you seldom found any but merchants at Garraway's or Jonathan's, soldiers at the Crown in Whitehall, gamesters at Sam's St. James's Street, country squires at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, Jacobites at the Harp at Cornhill, booksellers' hacks at the Devil in Fleet Street, lawyers at the Cock, and publishers at the Ball in Long Acre.

There had never, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the parish, been a Gamridge. Who he was, if ever he were at all, there is no knowing. In '36 the landlord—landlady, rather—was Mrs. Vash: a handsome, portly widow, who wore bishop's sleeves, and a multitude of ribbons in her cap. She had many daughters, whom she kept scrupulously at boarding-school to preserve them from the perils of Gamridge's; for, if the "wild prince" was dead "Poins" was about wilder than ever. Mrs. Vash was a woman of the world. A few, a very few, of her oldest customers—old gentlemen who had been so long and so consistently raking about town that they seemed, on the principle of extremes meeting, almost steady—were sometimes admitted to the luxurious privacy of Mrs. Vash's bar-parlor. She was an excellent judge of port-wine, and, being a generous hostess, would occasionally treat some of her prime favorites to a bottle with a peculiar tawny seal. In the coffee-room Mrs. Vash tolerated cigars, and carefully charged ninepence apiece for them. She was equally careful to charge exorbitant prices for every article consumed. You might give a dinner nowadays at the Rag for what a breakfast cost at Gamridge's.

The politics of Gamridge's were High Tory in tone. The true-blue patrician class had lost much power and influence by Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, and threw themselves for a change into dissipation. Liberal Conservatives had not yet perked up into existence. Among the Whigs and Radicals it was held to be the orthodox thing, just then, to be steady and sober, to bring in moral acts of parliament, to attend lectures at the Royal Institution. The Tories sneered contemptuously at education and morality. They were stanch churchmen, but in the "flying buttress" sense, like Lord Eldon, supporting the sacred edifice from the outside. They called the London University "Stinkomalee," or the "Gower Street Pig and Whistle." They held schools where the birch was not in daily use as the vilest hot-beds of sedition, and were careful to send their children to seminaries where they knew they would have plenty of flogging in the good old Tory style. The society at Gamridge's was a permanent protest against the Penny Magazine, and the steam-engine, and the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and the educational whimseys of your Broughams, Benthams, Faradays, De Morgans, and compeers. Nothing useful, save eating and drinking, was ever attempted at Gamridge's; and even those elementary functions were performed in the manner most calculated to confer the least amount of benefit on the human frame. The guests breakfasted at three in the afternoon, and dined at midnight. Gas blazed in the coffee-room at noon, and knocked-up roués went to bed at teatime. There were many white-faced waiters who never seemed to go to bed at all, and to like this perpetual insomnolence. Pale ale was unknown in England then, but the popping of corks from bottles of mineral-waters was audible all day long. Dice, only, Mrs. Vash rigidly refused to wink at. "If gentlemen, who were gentlemen," she remarked, "wanted to call a main, they must do it in the parish of St. James's, and not in the parish of St. George's." Mrs. Vash was one of the old school, and liked to see things done in their proper places.

It was a vicious time, and yet somewhat of the patriarchal element remained. Plebeian dissipation was confined to the youngsters. The old gentlemen went to the Deuce, mounted on steady ambling cobs. A new race of rakes drove them gradually from the coffee-room at Gamridge's, and Mrs. Vash's back-parlor, where they piped disparagement of the rapscallion age over their port with the tawny seal. Thence, by slow degrees, they subsided into Pump Street, and to Bath, and Cheltenham, and Fogydom, and went home to bed, and fell paralytic, and so died.

Mr. Francis Blunt walked into Gamridge's at about a quarter to one in the morning, with a light, tight-fitting over-coat buttoned over him, swinging his cane, and looking, on the whole, "as fresh as paint." The coarseness of the simile may find an excuse in its literal fidelity. A fresh pair of lemon-colored kid gloves decorated his hands, the many rings bulging from beneath the soft leather. His whiskers had been rearranged—perhaps those ornaments and his hair were not strangers to a recent touch from the curling-irons, for there were hair-dressers in the Quadrant who kept open till past midnight for the behoof of exquisites such as he—his clothes had been brushed, his whole exterior spruced and polished up. He had passed a hard day, but he was ready to begin a night as hard.

There was nothing particular about the exterior of Gamridge's. It was a George-the-Second mansion of sad-colored brick with stone dressings, and the lamp before the door was generally in a state of compound fracture from the exuberant playfulness of late-returning guests. "Lamp-glass broken, one pound five," was a common item in Mrs. Vash's long bills. When the late-returning lodgers didn't smash the lamp, they smashed the fan-light, or the soda-water tumblers, or the coffee-room panels, or the waiters' heads. They were always breaking something, and every thing was charged in the bill. You entered Gamridge's by a long, low, oblique passage, seemingly specially designed for the benefit of gentlemen who came home late, overtaken with liquor, and swerved in their gait. They could not well tumble down in their progress along that sporting passage. The coffee-room was almost devoid of decoration. Had it been papered the gentlemen would have torn the paper off; had there been a pier-glass somebody would have smashed it, but as pier-glasses then cost twenty pounds the item might have been subject to inconvenient dispute in the bill. So, to be on the safe side, Mrs. Vash provided her guests with a thick circular mirror in a nubbly frame, which defied even a poker. En revanche, the gallant youths who frequented the coffee-room had scratched their names on it, as well as on the window-panes, in a hundred places, with their diamond rings.

There was an immense dumb-waiter. The tables were of mahogany, brightly polished; wax candlesticks, in silver sconces, were always used, to the disdainful exclusion of gas—and with one of those same candlesticks many a tall fellow had been laid low—but the floor was sanded, and triangular spittoons were dispersed about. It was the oddest combination of luxury and coarseness, of a club-room and a pot-house.

In this room a dozen of the greatest dandies in England were assembled. Some had fifty thousand a year, and some had nothing, and owed thrice fifty thousand pounds; but, poor or rich, all were fashionable. It was a congregation of prodigal sons and prodigal fathers, but fathers and sons were both accustomed to sit in the high places, and to have room made for them.

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON SMITH, whose portrait we give on page 253, and who has recently come prominently before the public as commander of the Red River Expedition, was born in Pennsylvania, and graduated at West Point in 1838, in the same class with BEAUREGARD and HARDEE, of the rebel army, and Generals BARRY, M'DOWELL, and other officers in the Federal service. For seven years he was Second Lieutenant in the First Dragoons, with whom he served during most of that time in the Territories. In 1847 he was made Captain, and served against the Indians in South Oregon. In 1861 he was appointed Colonel of the Second California Cavalry, and in March, 1862, was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In October of that year he was placed at the head of the First Division of General GRANGER'S army in Kentucky; but subsequently was attached to General GRANT'S army, as commander of the Tenth Division of the Thirteenth Corps. General SMITH led the right division in the attack on Vicksburg in December of that year, and afterward commanded the Second Division of the Thirteenth Corps at the battle and capture of Fort Hindman, Arkansas Post, in January, 1863. After the return of this part of the army to the vicinity of Vicksburg, General SMITH was placed in command of the district of Corinth, from which post he was removed to take charge of the post of Columbus, Kentucky, in order to keep open the communications along the Mississippi River with General GRANT'S command, near the rebel strong-hold. Having cleared that part of Kentucky of guerrillas, General SMITH was, on January 24, 1864, relieved of his post command, and ordered to lead the Third Division of the Sixteenth Corps in the Sherman expedition through Central Mississippi. After the return of the forces under General SHERMAN to the Mississippi River, General SMITH was placed in command of the Red River Expedition, which he has so far led to victory.

HON. OWEN LOVEJOY.

HON. OWEN LOVEJOY, whose death was recorded last week, was born in Albion, Maine, on the 11th of January, 1811. His father was Rev. Dr. DANIEL LOVEJOY. Until eighteen years of age his time was spent on a farm. He then fitted for college, and worked his way through Bowdoin by his own exertions. He studied for the ministry, and in 1837 was in Alton, Illinois, when his oldest brother, Rev. ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY, fell, as JOHN QUINCY ADAMS said, "*the first American martyr to the freedom of the press and the freedom of the slave.*" Over his dead body OWEN, at the age of twenty-six, vowed a life-long hostility to the system of American slavery. The same year he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Princeton, Illinois, and held that relation until 1854, constantly maintaining resolute anti-slavery ground, leading his church to exclude slaveholders and apologists for slavery from its communion, and the community at large to protect all fugitive bondsmen seeking shelter on free soil. As the conflict with slavery deepened, Mr. LOVEJOY was selected to represent the people in the Legislature, and subsequently, in 1858, was sent to Congress, where he at once took a commanding position, and became known, throughout the whole country, as an unconditional and courageous advocate of Liberty. He was emphatically a man who could not be put down, and even the enemies of his principles soon learned to respect his character and worth. In Congress, during the present war, he was one of the pillars of the Administration, taking such an intense interest in public measures that once, when unable from sickness to be present, he sent his views in writing to be read before the House. The Chicago *Tribune*, summing up the features of Mr. LOVEJOY'S character, says: "In public as well as in private life Mr. LOVEJOY was a sincere, upright, thoroughly honest man. It is not believed that any man living or dead ever accused him of departing from the principles of strict integrity.

"At home, of late years, he has been a large and successful farmer, with fine improved breeds of cattle and fertile fields.

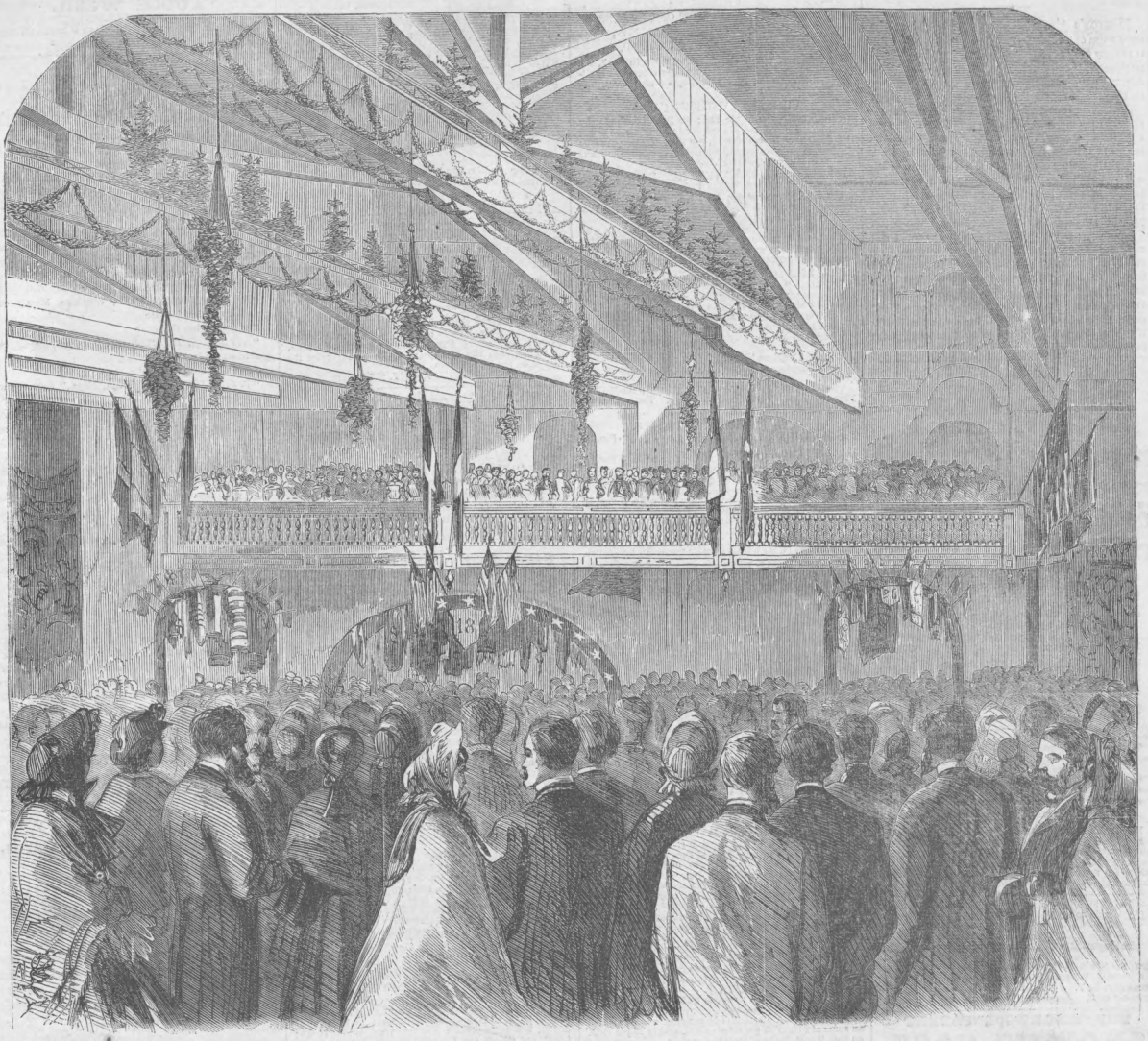
"In the bosom of his large family he was the idol of their affections, the most exemplary of husbands, the most indulgent of fathers. A widow and nine children are left to cherish his name and his virtues as a rich legacy, and to mourn what seems to them and to the world his untimely departure." Two brothers and one sister of Mr. LOVEJOY are still living.

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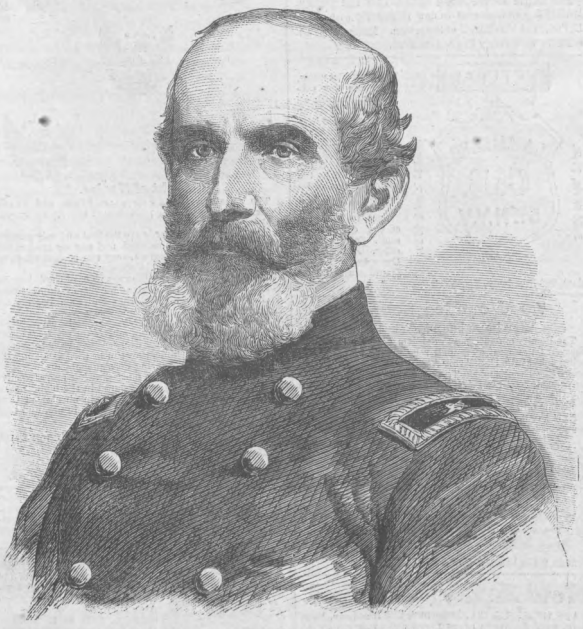


NEW JERSEY DEPARTMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—[See Page 246.]

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GRAND OPENING OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—[See Page 246.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.—[See Page 251.]



THE LATE HON. OWEN LOVEJOY.—Photographed by Williamson, Brooklyn.—[See Page 251.]

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MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-In-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

LATEST INVENTION
IN
GOLD PENS.
JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with an Iridium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest price pen made, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced pens and calling them gold. We know that ours is the only solid gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

Trade Prices by the Dozen.

No. 2. MEDIUM PEN,	$3 50.
No. 3. LARGE PEN,	$3 75.
No. 4. ENGROSSING PEN,	$4 50.
SILVER MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS IN MOROCCO CASE, EXTRA, PER DOZEN,	$4 00.

Sample Pens.

No. 2. MEDIUM PEN,	40 cents.
No. 3. LARGE PEN,	50 cents.
No. 4. ENGROSSING PEN,	65 cents.
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We warrant every pen for one year, and to be solid gold, genuine Iridium or Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.

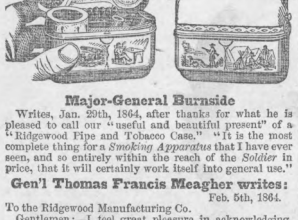
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THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use."

Gen'l Thomas Francis Meagher writes:
Feb. 5th, 1864.

To the Ridgewood Manufacturing Co.

Gentlemen:—I feel great pleasure in acknowledging, with many thanks, your present of the "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case," and beg sincerely to assure you of my belief that your ingenious and beautiful little Invention will prove most convenient and useful to every Officer and Soldier, who can stand *Smoke as well as fire*.

And remain, faithfully yours, &c.

Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved.

☞ *Single Cases* sent by mail, *free* to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and **25** *cents*. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality* and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade*. Also half pound package of this FINE TOBACCO, full weight, (carefully put up,) sent by Mail, FREE, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* promptly filled.

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The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in suits, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Palliasses. WARREN WARD, 277 Canal St., N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
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THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridesmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

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For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

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For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridesmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

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Widows and Orphans
OF
Deceased New York Soldiers.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, April 25, 1864.

I loved that dear old Flag the best. Why I love her. My love is on the battle-field. "FINNEGAN'S WAKE," piano. EXCELSIOR music book; violin, flute, or cornet, each 25c. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS; price list mailed on receipt of stamp.

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"Mother would comfort me," &c., &c.
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Words and Music by
Charles Carroll Sawyer.

(The Colonel of one of our Regiments thus concludes a letter written to the family of a noble soldier, who was killed in battle; "You will always have these cheering words to console you—'HE WAS NOT AFRAID TO DIE!")

The Music of this beautiful Song is published by SAWYER & THOMPSON, 59 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.
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☞ EVERY COLLAR is stamped

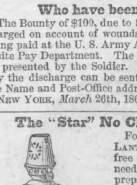
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We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

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Eight of Eagles.

The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. Colonel in place of King; Goddess of Liberty for Queen; Major for Jack.

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3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
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3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins.....	2 50 to 8 00 each.
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5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
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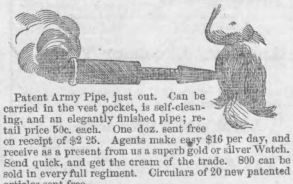
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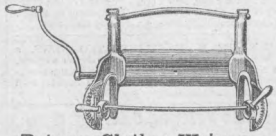
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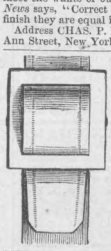
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 382.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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LADIES IN ATTENDANCE IN REGULATION COSTUME AT THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—[SEE PAGE 260.]

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HOME-NEWS IN BATTLE-TIME.

DYING! Along the trodden, bloody field,
Along the hills where still the tide of battle ran,
The Night came down with flaming spear and shield—
Came down with starry legions marching in her van—
Came down and touched the rows of mangled dead,
Across the knolls and by the little ridges lying,
With loving smile, and, silent, bowed her head,
Like some pale mourner, o'er other brave ones dying.

Just on the edges of the stormy fight,
As the soft night came down, a group of soldiers knelt
Around a comrade, lying calm and white,
A stain of flowing blood upon his bayonet-belt;
Close by him on the trampled meadow-grass,
Beside his musket an unopened letter lay—
A message from the home which now, alas!
Must be forever dark because of this sad day.

"Read to me, Corporal," he said at last—
"Read me what Mary says; I shall die happier so;"
Then, while across his face a spasm passed,
He sadly moaned: "It only came to-day, you know;
Just as I came afield 'twas given me—
I could not pause to read it then; but, comrades, hark!
I'm going now—the long, dim way I see—
Read me what Mary says; 'twill cheer me in the dark."

They read him, as he wished, the precious lines—
The words of love, of brave encouragement and cheer—
Read him how Mary, 'mid her household shrines,
Was hopeful and content; how Baby, "little dear,"
Had learned to walk; how Tom had won the prize
At school last term; how he, the dear one far away,
Was prayed for nightly; how with straining eyes
They waited his return, as for a festal day.

They ceased. Upon the pallid, vacant face
A deeper shadow fell, and with a weary cry
The dying soldier sobbed: "Give them Thy grace,
O blessed Father; shield them till the storm goes by!"
His voice grew faint, then ceased—but one who bent
Close to the fading lips heard this: "Good-night, my dears,"
As if with death's cold chill and pains were blent
Sweet memories of home—dreams of life's brighter years.

And still the battle throbbed along the hills,
And still the dying and the dead in billows lay
Along the slopes and by the crimson rills—
The night shades folding all in mantles dun and gray.
There, where he fell, they scooped a shallow grave,
And with *her* letter on his heart, so cold and calm,
Left him to wait the roll-call of the brave,
The summons to receive the victor's crown and palm.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

WHILE the great preparations for the campaign are proceeding let us not fall into the old and foolish error. General GRANT will have a large and trained army. He will have at his command all the military resources he requires. He has already the confidence of the people and the hearty support of the Government. He has the cause of the country, of humanity, and of civilization to fight for; and he and his men will fight like men and Americans. On the other hand, he will be opposed by a skillful and tried soldier; by a trained army, swelled by a remorseless conscription, fighting upon ground familiar to it, and for a cause which it has ardently espoused. The battle will be desperate, as the issues are momentous. But before it is joined, let us, as sensible men, remember how uncertain the event of every battle is, and not take leave of our common sense by declaring that we must and shall win. Unquestionably our cause will finally prevail, but only upon the condition that we show the qualities which compel final victory; and we merely prove the want of those qualities by a blind and exulting confidence that we can not be defeated.

However desirable success may be, and however ample our preparation, those who say that, if we do not triumph in this or in any particular campaign, there will be a reaction of indignation menacing civil war among ourselves, say so merely for a mischievous purpose, and with a profound want of appreciation of the American character. For what does it mean? If GRANT, for instance, is defeated, is it proposed to give up the war for the Union and to sue the rebels for such terms as they may vouchsafe? Or is it intended that we shall concede our task to be impossible, and ourselves propose a separation? No: those who speak in this manner mean that they would prefer to take the risk of civil commotion here, rather than that the conduct of the war should remain in the civil and military hands that now control it.

The attempt is a party movement ingeniously made, and loyal men permit themselves to be parties to it when they insist that we must not allow ourselves to contemplate the possibility of failure in this campaign. Yet the device is as transparent as it is ingenious. For knowing that no truly loyal men would wish to remove GRANT, or SHERMAN, or THOMAS, or MEADE, or ROSECRANS, or FARRAGUT, or BURNSIDE, or PORTER, or BUTLER, or SMITH, from their present commands, seeing that they justly have the popular confidence, the game is this: to say constantly in advance, if GRANT succeeds, it is in spite of the Government: if he fails, it is because of the interference of the Government. In either case, it will be urged that the Administration is imbecile. And it is for this result that the "Democratic" managers are waiting. They declare in advance that his success is sure if only he is let alone, in order to whet popular exasperation if the fortune of war goes against him. Should General GRANT succeed, these managers will present him as the man who has saved the country both against the arms of the rebellion and the impotence of the Government. Should he fail, they will present General M'CLELLAN as the man who represents a new and more promising policy, counting for support upon the same popular disappointment and disgust which elected Mr. SEYMOUR Governor of New York. This is the little game; and every man plays into the hands of its managers who abandons himself to exulting and unreasonable confidence.

Let every faithful citizen bear steadily in mind that the Government and the Generals are now in accord; that, even seconded by all the energy of the Administration, no General can have a patent of victory; that if the rare military good fortune of the Lieutenant-General should desert him, it will neither be his fault, nor that of his soldiers, nor of the Government; that his want of success will not change in the least the character or the necessity or the final issue of the contest; that General M'CLELLAN's position toward the war and the cause will be exactly what it is now, and that his elevation to any influence in the country would be the practical abandonment of the struggle and the betrayal of the cause—not because he is a bad man or a traitor, but because he does not in the least comprehend the struggle, as his own Report and letters show; and because he is in the hands of designing men without convictions of any kind, the recent political allies of the rebels, and the present silent or very doubtful friends of the Union in extremity.

Three years of fierce civil war, as they have made us sadder, should certainly make us wiser men. Editors may declare, as they did three years ago, that we shall dine in Richmond on the 4th of July, and that General GRANT needs only to strike one blow and he will break the back-bone of the rebellion. But events turn no such fine periods. We are to have varying fortunes in the war hereafter as heretofore. Its progress and promise are to be marked from month to month by the whole course of events and the growth of opinion, not by the issue of any single battle or even isolated campaign. Summer does not leap at once perfect from the winter snows. There are warm days in March, and then chill winds and frosts in April. Even May may have its biting air. But through frosts and chills and storms the summer is surely coming. O ye of little faith, could ye not watch one hour? Let us be men, not children, and then we shall be equal either to present victory or defeat.

MR. LONG AND MR. HARRIS.

THE principle in the case of these gentlemen is perfectly clear. There is a vast conspiracy against the Union and Government of the United States. Mr. LONG and Mr. HARRIS are legislators sworn to support both. They declare frankly that they are in favor of allowing them to be overthrown: for Mr. LONG says that we must recognize the Confederacy, and Mr. HARRIS frankly hopes that we shall not succeed in the war. Now, if these gentlemen are honest in saying so they confess that they can not, and do not wish to keep their oaths. For how can they legislate for the maintenance of what they declare can not be maintained at all, and ought not, in any case, to be maintained by force? They acknowledge the success of the rebellion. They are, practically, rebels, since they pronounce for the dissolution of the Union, which is all that the rebels wish. If they are honest, and that may be granted, why should they not be taken at their word?

They do not, indeed, as yet bear arms against the Government, nor did BRECKINRIDGE when he made similar speeches in Congress after the war began; for he did not take arms until October, 1861. But if, as even Judge BARNARD allows, a man who discourages enlistments is traitorous, and may be properly punished, the House of Representatives, which is the judge of the qualifications of its own members, may surely expel two of them who honestly justify the attempt to overthrow its authority. It is true that consent to the overthrow may not be so culpable as by force of arms to attempt it. But under these circumstances the moral distinction between the acts disappears. The accessory to a murder is hanged equally with the murderer himself. Nor, if they are expelled, are they punished for words spoken in debate, but for a practical complicity with the conspiracy, which, except for that speaking, could not be known.

The question becomes, then, merely one of expediency. But surely they should be expelled or left alone. In refusing to expel and at the same time declaring them to be unworthy members—that is, worthy of expulsion—the House stultifies itself. Suppose that either of the members had said upon the floor, "I have sent arms to our Southern brethren." They would be merely words spoken in debate. But would the House content itself with voting that the gentlemen were unworthy of their seats, and then proceed, with these gentlemen still voting, to legislate for the suppression of the rebellion? Now Mr. LONG and Mr. HARRIS deliberately acquiesce in the overthrow of the Government as a foregone conclusion. Can a House which really means to put down the rebellion by force, and which has a discretionary power of expulsion by a vote of two-thirds, suffer such members to remain for the sole purpose of retarding and perplexing its action lest, if they are expelled, the right of free speech should seem to be violated?

The famous case of Mr. QUINCY and Mr. CLAY in the debate upon the war of 1812 has been cited. But Mr. QUINCY, with all his bitter vehemence, professed himself as devoted as Mr. CLAY to the defense of the integrity of the country, and the maintenance of the Government intact. If he had declared his acquiescence in the overthrow of the Government, does any body suppose that Speaker CLAY would not have moved his expulsion, and been supported by the common-sense of the whole country? It is not the policy of the war for the Union, nor the details of its conduct, nor the corruption and weakness which they might declare attended it; but it is the *object* of the war, namely the maintenance of the Government and the Union, which Mr. LONG and Mr. HARRIS abandon. How can they, under their oaths, continue to be members of that Government? If the President should declare that he was convinced of the impossibility of success, and that he would sign no more bills for the prosecution of the war, ought the honesty of his conviction and the frankness of his speech to save him from removal? So in this case; it is not a question of freedom of opinion or of speech. We are engaged in a war which must be prosecuted or abandoned. Congress represents a people which wishes it to go on. Its members swear to do all they can to promote that purpose. If any one of them says honestly, "I have changed my mind, and I can not keep my oath, because I believe success to be impossible," ought he not to wish, and ought not Congress to insist, that the question be referred to his constituents? Then, if he were re-elected, it would be evident that he spoke their opinion. Until then it must be assumed, in such a crisis, that he does not. As for making them martyrs if they are expelled, and creating sympathy for the rebellion through sympathy for them, the case of VALLANDIGHAM shows that loyal men need not be troubled. That case is perfectly well understood by the people of this country, and this would not be less so.

JUDGE BARNARD'S CHARGES.

JUDGE BARNARD's name has been lately brought before the public by a charge to the Grand Jury of the Oyer and Terminer, and by another charge against one of the editors of the *Evening Post*. The latter was immediately branded as false by the journal assailed, and we presume nobody believed or believes it, because character is even more convincing than some vehement assertions even from the bench.

The other charge, that to the Grand Jury, contains several wholesome truths which, had they not been hitherto uniformly despised and outraged by the political allies of the Judge, would have saved us from the war. The learned Justice declares that the right of free discussion is a cardinal condition of a republic. Nothing is truer. And because slavery can not coexist with it, slavery is incompatible with a republic. We congratulate the magistrate upon his perception, although it be somewhat tardy, of an elemental political truth.

But the Judge's charge was not so carefully pondered as it should have been. When a learned pundit announces that white is white, he should take great care not to say that it is black before he sits down. His Honor says, and very truly, in one part of his essay: "This is essential to the political freedom of a Republic that every citizen should have the full right to express his views on any political measure or any act of administration, and endeavor, by argument or persuasion, to bring others to adopt his views." But presently after he says that it is a traitorous act to induce and persuade men not to enlist. Why so? If a man thinks the war wrong, and the acts of the Administration in prosecuting it unjustifiable, why, upon the Judge's own ground, may he not say so to his fellow-citizens in the hope of persuading them not to support those acts by enlisting in the army? The learned Judge is guilty of a gross and absurd inconsistency.

The muddle in his Honor's mind is occasioned by his failure to remember that the Constitution provides for war as well as peace; and that many things are lawful in the one condition which are not in the other. The most fundamental right of personal liberty, for instance, is arbitrarily suspended by the Constitution when rebellion or invasion requires its suspension. And the greater includes the less, your Honor. If your Honor's self may, in time of war, be constitutionally and summarily arrested by General DIX without the relief of the *habeas corpus*, not less may Mr. VALLANDIGHAM be silenced at the discretion of the military commander. It is very sharp practice, if the Court please; but such is the nature of war, and such is the prevision and the provision of the Constitution.

The men who made the Constitution had just emerged from a war. They knew its necessities and conditions. They laid down the cardinal rights of citizens in peace; but they were much too wise not to foresee that those rights might be appealed to in war to overthrow the very system which permanently secured them. They foresaw VALLANDIGHAM and the whole gentle tribe of Copperheads, and they prescribed for the case.

The learned Judge is right in saying that to discourage enlistments for the Government when it is struggling in civil war is traitorous. But it is only because in such an emergency the citizen has *not* the full right "to endeavor by argument or persuasion to bring others to adopt his views." Of course this formidable but necessary power of summary suppression must be exercised with discretion, for the people watch it closely, and hold the authorities responsible. But not the less is it expressly Constitutional, and a fundamental necessity for every government at war. By our own Government it has been wielded so temperately and honestly, that even in Ohio, where its exercise provoked the loudest opposition, the Government was sustained by an enormous majority of a hundred thousand voters.

THE AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

ON the 8th of April, 1864, at the close of the third year of a civil war produced by the tragical and futile effort to unite in one peaceful government the principle of the fullest popular freedom and of the most abject despotism, the Senate of the United States, by a vote of thirty-eight to six, proposed to amend the Constitution in the manner itself provides, for the purpose of prohibiting slavery in the United States. That nothing might be wanting to the moral grandeur and dignity of the occasion, the resistance offered to this truly American act by the truly un-American advocates of human slavery was as contemptible as the system itself is revolting.

Of the six Senators who voted against the resolution four made brief speeches. Mr. POWELL, of Kentucky, said that if there had been no Abolitionists there would have been no rebellion: an inanity too incredible. Mr. SAULSBURY, of Delaware, proposed to secure liberty of speech and of the press, and re-establish the principles of the Missouri Compromise—which was a proposition to feed a fire with water. For how can slavery and free speech coexist? Mr. DAVIS, of Kentucky, declared the constitutional abolition of slavery a wicked and unjust act, against which he was aware the protest of an angel would be of no avail; forgetting that the only angel who would have wished to protest was named LUCIFER, and fell from heaven. Mr. M'DOUGALL, of California, announced that he was devoted to human freedom, and therefore, as a true friend of man, should vote in favor of slavery.

And this was the expiring gasp in the United States Senate of the infernal iniquity to whose service the clear, cold casuistry and subtle sophistry of CALHOUN was formerly devoted; before which WEBSTER used to bow; from whose snare the human-hearted CLAY could never break away; which, by the universal obsequiousness of the American people, had succeeded in coiling its horrid folds around all our liberties, and from whose fatal embrace this war is the struggle of the national life to escape. Yet that final escape is worth the war. The innumerable hearts that are broken, the countless homes that are desolate in our own land, and the earnest friends in other countries who understand the scope of the struggle, will own that when the great act initiated by the Senate is completed, the costly sacrifice of youth and hope and love is not in vain, and that the future of equal justice which this measure secures is well bought by all the blood and sorrow of the war.

The issue is at last openly joined. If the House fail to concur by the necessary two-thirds vote, the Congressional elections of next autumn will turn upon the question of the Constitutional Amendment, and the vote of this spring shows what the result will be.

"MEAN PETTIFOGGING."

THE feebleness and poverty of the Opposition in Congress are in nothing more conspicuous than in the tacit recognition of Mr. COX as its leader upon the floor. It is natural, indeed; for as the Opposition clings to the defense and the protection of slavery, so its orator displays in debate, whatever may be the amenities of his private life, the unqualified insolence of the plantation ranters; and it is surprising that the Union members should suffer themselves for a moment to be badgered and dragooned by this gentleman, the personal offensiveness of whose manner in debate is not relieved by any weight or cogency of argument, or by the impression of any profound patriotic conviction.

Why should a man like General GARFIELD, for instance, whose devotion to the Constitution and the country has been tried and proved by fire, bandy words for an instant with Mr. COX upon the question of their comparative regard for the Constitution? Mr. COX was the chief supporter of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM for Governor of Ohio. Could his position be more clearly defined? Or could any amount of loud talk in Congress about his overpowering regard for the Constitution obscure that position? What was the last object for which he obstreperously professed his respect for that instrument? It was

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to shield from expulsion a member of Congress who openly professed his wish that the Constitution may be overthrown. Is this the kind of gentleman upon whom it is worth while for men soberly engaged in defending that Constitution to waste words? When Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, said that he had risen to expose the mean pettifogging of the champions of secession upon the floor of Congress, he did not characterize by too strong an epithet the speeches to which he triumphantly replied.

AUTOGRAPH LEAVES.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALEXANDER BLISS, of General WALLACE'S staff in Maryland, has prepared a unique and most valuable contribution to the Sanitary Fair which is to open in Baltimore upon the 19th of April, a day of tragical interest in the history of the city. He has obtained manuscripts of ninety American authors, including all the most distinguished, living or dead, each manuscript the autograph copy of some famous poem, or page from some noted work of the author. These have all been lithographed in fac-simile, so as to reproduce the originals perfectly. The originals are to be bound in a volume and sold, either by raffle or otherwise (for they are no more religious in Baltimore than in Boston), and there is to be an edition of the fac-similes for sale, bound in the same exquisite style, with TICKNOR'S Life of Prescott. The book will be called "Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors," and will have a neat introduction by JOHN P. KENNEDY, author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," and one of the stanchest of Maryland patriots, of course in fac-simile autograph. The two opening autographs of the volume, after the preface, are KEYES'S Star-Spangled Banner and President LINCOLN'S speech at Gettysburg, the most perfect piece of American eloquence, and as noble and pathetic and appropriate as the oration of PERICLES over the Peloponnesian dead. The last piece in the volume is the autograph of "Home, sweet Home!"

Among the other autographs which we remember from a cursory glance, are a page of the Life of Washington by WASHINGTON IRVING; some pages of the Bravo by COOPER; the character of William the Silent by MOTLEY; a letter of PRESCOTT'S; the Excelsior by LONGFELLOW; 'Zekle's Wooing by LOWELL; the Army Hymn by HOLMES; The Mariners by BAYARD TAYLOR; the passage describing sunrise from the Dudley Observatory Oration by EDWARD EVERETT; Rosalie, a poem by WASHINGTON ALSTON; a page of Dr. CHANNING'S; Thy will be done, by WHITTIER; a charming poem by Mrs. H. B. STOWE; some pages from One of the Twice-Told Tales by HAWTHORNE; a translation from the Spanish by GEORGE TICKNOR. These are but a dozen from the host. There could not well be a more interesting book, and Colonel BLISS has done us all a favor by the happy thought of multiplying it. Whoever wishes to secure a copy, to have his cake and to eat it, may send his name and address to CUSHINGS & BAILEY, or to Lieutenant-Colonel ALEXANDER BLISS, Baltimore.

MRS. KIRKLAND.

THE death of Mrs. KIRKLAND is a loss even to those who did not personally know her, and who had never read her books; for so strong, sweet, and cheerful a nature is an elevating and purifying public influence. We are all better for the lives of such persons, as the air is clearer and more inspiring around us because of the steady winds that blow elsewhere. Her ample sympathy, her remarkable sagacity, her moral intrepidity, her fine sense, and exquisite tact, blended with the most feminine loveliness, made her a power in our society and time, and we shall all be the poorer now that she is gone. And yet a great, generous nature like hers impresses itself so deeply upon all who are brought into personal contact with it that it destroys the idea of death. It interprets the phrase, "Though dead, he yet speaketh." Richly gifted in character as in mind there is a completeness in Mrs. KIRKLAND'S career which, although her life ended so suddenly, will always prevent its seeming to be a fragment. Steady and faithful, ready for every moment and every duty of life, whenever death may strike, such souls are equally ready, and life ends harmoniously. Almost until midnight she was busy with heart and hand in devotion to the work by which this nation is to be saved and mankind helped forward, the work of the war, and with her hands, as it were, still lifted, she passes forward out of sight. Her work in this world was truly prayer. Her life was a benefit. Her memory is an inspiration. Early and always about her Father's business, what new meaning the old words have, as we think of her, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

AMONG the timely and valuable publications which the great Fair has occasioned none is more instructive than the "Washington and Napoleon; a Fragment," by Dr. FRANCIS LIEBER: an exhaustive and striking contrast of the two most conspicuous men of the last century. The little paper is clear and complete. Dr. LIEBER'S admirable scholarship furnishes him all the data, which he succinctly combines and analyzes. It is his fine comprehension of the true character of American institutions that has made the author so efficient an ally in the great struggle. His long residence among us, his profound and sagacious apprehension, his various and accurate knowledge, give a value to all his criticisms upon our political and social development which is seldom found in the comments of the best foreign observers; while his domestication for many years in South Carolina peculiarly fitted him for experimental criticism upon the social spirit which is attempting our national destruction.

We can not quote copiously from a little paper of such uniform excellence, but we hope that this word may serve to direct attention to the "study" before the Fair closes, for whose benefit it has been printed and prepared. Ten thousand or a hundred thousand copies distributed as a tract in the army would be a good service to the good cause. We commend the good sense of this passage as a timely lesson:

"Washington was not personally popular; his power consisted in the universal conviction that he could be confided in; an almost unlimited trust in his integrity and wisdom by soldier and by citizen was his strength; but no endearing name was bestowed on him by his soldiers; or if it ever was done it did not adhere, and has not become historical. Napoleon was worshiped by his soldiers, and received the soldierly nickname of the Little Corporal, as old Fritz, Marshal Forward, and old Hickory were bestowed on FREDERICK THE GREAT, on Prince BLÜCHER, and on General JACKSON, and adhered to them so that the names passed over into history and into the songs of the Bérangers and the Arndts."

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

WE have to record, besides the death of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. KIRKLAND, that of the well-known Boston publisher, WILLIAM D. TICKNOR, which was equally sudden. Authors and publishers will bear equal testimony to the uniform courtesy and kindliness of Mr. TICKNOR, while his name will be always pleasantly associated with the publication of many of our standard works, in a form which had given the books with the imprint of his house a special reputation. Every visitor of the old gable-roofed house at the corner of Washington and School streets, in Boston, will long miss his cordial greeting, and regard with a sincere regret the place which knew him so long and will now know him no more forever.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*April* 6. Mr. Grimes presented a bill repealing the joint resolution authorizing the transfer of men from the army into the navy.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amending the Constitution. Speeches were made by Messrs. Harlan and Hale in favor, and by Messrs. M'Dougall and Powell against it. Mr. Powell proposed an amendment as an additional section, providing that the President and Vice-President shall not hold their offices more than six years, which was rejected, 12 to 32. The bill then passed to a third reading.——*April* 7. The bill to aid Indian refugees to return to their homes was passed. It appropriates about $200,000 for the benefit of the Indians who fled into the frontier States a year ago, from Indian Territory, on account of the rebellious position taken by some of the tribes. —The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amending the Constitution. Speeches were made by Mr. Hendricks and Mr. Henderson, the former opposing and the latter advocating the amendment.—Mr. Saulsbury offered but did not succeed in introducing a resolution indicating the form of prayers the chaplain of the Senate should observe in his daily ministrations.——*April* 8. Mr. Trumbull reported the proposed amendment to the rules of the Senate requiring nominations to be acted upon in open Senate, with a recommendation that it do not pass: the report was adopted.—Mr. Sherman introduced a bill to provide for a National currency, secured by the pledge of United States stocks, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof. The bill is that proposed by Mr. Hooper in the House, without material change.—Mr. Harlan introduced a bill for the relief of certain friendly Indians of the Sioux nation in Minnesota. It appropriates $10,000 to make provision for the welfare of such Indians as perilled life in saving from the massacre many whites in 1862.—By unanimous consent, Mr. Hale called up the bill to repeal the first section of the joint resolution of February 24, 1864, relating to the transfer of persons from the military to the naval service, which was passed.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amending the Constitution. Mr. Sumner addressed the Senate at length, favoring the amendment. Messrs. Powell and Davis spoke against it. Finally the amendment was adopted, 38 to 6. It is as follows: "ART. XIII. *Sec.* 1.—Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, of which the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction. *Sec.* 2.—Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." This must be passed by the House, signed by the President, and ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States, when it will become a part of the Constitution.——*April* 11. Mr. Cowan presented a remonstrance of the Pennsylvania Legislature and several railroads in that State against the Goodyear India Rubber Patent.—Mr. Wade made a report with the evidence in the case in relation to the late military expedition into Florida, which was ordered to be printed. —Mr. Grimes rose to a personal explanation, and read from the report of the Naval Committee, of which Mr. Hale is Chairman, an extract condemning the manner in which the resolutions concerning the transfer of seamen from the army to the navy had been introduced without the cognizance of the Committee. Mr. Grimes denounced Mr. Hale as an unrelenting enemy of the Secretary of the Navy, and as seeking to embarrass his Department. Mr. Hale replied briefly.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the House Naval Appropriation bill for the year ending June 30, 1865, as reported from the Finance Committee with amendments, the most important of which strikes out an appropriation of $520,000 for the purpose of building floating dry-docks for Monitors at the New York and Philadelphia navy-yards. The amendments were all concurred in, with the above exception. Mr. Hale offered various amendments, proposed by the Naval Committee, which were adopted. Without final action the Senate adjourned.——*April* 12. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to establish a Bureau of Freedmen, to be placed in the Treasury Department. It provides for a Commissioner at a salary of $4000, a chief clerk, and two clerks of each class. It guards very strictly the rights and interests of freedmen against loss or failure from cupidity, cruelty, or accidental causes. It looks toward making the Bureau self-supporting, by applying to its uses the proceeds of leases.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill relating to the pay and subsistence of the army.—The bill granting lands to Iowa to aid in building a railroad from M'Gregor to a point on the Missouri, to connect with certain lateral roads in Minnesota, was passed.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Naval Appropriation bill in the Committee of the Whole. The amendment appropriating money for the purchase of land to extend the wharf at the Charlestown navy-yard was adopted. An amendment returning the Naval School to Annapolis, Maryland, on or before the academic year commencing in September, 1865, was adopted. Without final action the Senate adjourned to Thursday, out of respect to the memory of John C. Rives, for many years publisher of the *Congressional Globe*.

HOUSE.—*April* 6. Mr. Pendleton reported a bill providing that the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior, the Attorney-General, and the Postmaster-General shall be entitled to occupy seats on the floor of the House of Representatives, with the right to participate in debate upon matters relating to the business connected with their respective departments, under such rules as may be prescribed by the House. The bill further provides that the said Secretaries, the Attorney-General and Postmaster-General shall attend the sessions of the House of Representatives immediately on the opening of the sittings on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, to give information in reply to questions which may be propounded to them under the rules of the House. In order to carry out the intention of the bill, Mr. Pendleton reported an amendment to the rules.—The House proceeded to the consideration of the National Banking bill. After a speech from Mr. Hooper several amendments were adopted, rendering the bill unsatisfactory to the Ways and Means Committee. A substitute was then proposed by Mr. Stevens, which was rejected. He then moved to lay the bill on the table, which was carried, 89 to 44. ——*April* 7. The Secretary of War was directed to inform the House how many commissioned officers, with their names and rank, have been dismissed from the military service by authority of the President, without trial by Court-martial, since the beginning of the present war, and how many such dismissals have been revoked. The House resumed the consideration of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad bill. Mr. Woodbridge argued in favor of the constitutionality and expediency of declaring the roads and boats of that Company to be military and post routes. The subject went over.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of business relating to the District of Columbia. Several local bills were passed, and one appropriating $250,000 for the erection of a Penitentiary, Jail, and House of Correction in the District of Columbia, was discussed. Pending a motion to lay the bill on the table, the House adjourned.——*April* 8. Mr. Ganson made a report accompanied by a resolution, declaring that Benjamin F. Loan is not entitled to a seat in this House as a member from the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri; and another resolution that John P. Bruce, the contestant, is also not entitled to the seat. Mr. Upson submitted the views of the minority that Mr. Loan is entitled to retain his seat.—The House recommitted the bill to erect a Penitentiary, Jail, and House of Correction in the District of Columbia, with instructions to inquire into the expediency of reporting one merely providing for building a House of Correction.—The House proceeded to the consideration of the Senate bill, extending the time for States to accept grants of land for agricultural and mechanic college purposes. After some debate the bill passed with an amendment, including the State of West Virginia in its provisions.—The House went into Committee, and took up the President's Annual Message, and Mr. Long made a speech in which he declared himself in favor of recognizing the Southern Confederacy, and avowed other sentiments indicative of sympathy with the rebellion. Mr. Garfield replied, in appropriate terms of condemnation.——*April* 9. At the opening of the session Mr. Colfax offered a resolution to expel Mr. Long, of Ohio, for disloyal sentiments uttered in his speech of the day before. After an exciting debate the resolution was laid over until Tuesday. During the discussion Mr. Harris, of Maryland, boldly avowed his gratification at the secession of the South, justifying it fully, and rebuking the Democratic party for not daring to come up to his standard of political morality. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, instantly offered a resolution to expel Mr. Harris, which received 81 votes against 58, but two-thirds being required, the resolution was not adopted. A resolution of censure upon Mr. Harris was, however, adopted, with but 18 dissenting votes.——*April* 11. The Speaker laid before the House General Grant's report of the battle of Chattanooga, and the reports of the sub-commanders, which were ordered to be printed.—Mr. Hooper introduced the National Bank or Currency bill, the consideration of which was postponed till Saturday. Mr. Brown introduced a joint resolution authorizing the President to appoint a commission of three officers, whose duty it shall be to examine the different harbors of the Northwestern Lakes, with the view of selecting an appropriate site for a Naval Depôt. Mr. Cravens offered a series of resolutions to amend the Constitution in favor of Slavery, and moved the previous question upon them, which was decided in the negative, by 42 against 74. Debate arising, the resolutions went over.—Mr. Davis introduced a bill, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, establishing a Board of Naval Administration. The House proceeded to the consideration of the preamble and resolution offered by Mr. Finck condemning the war. Mr. Ashley moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was carried by yeas, 81; nays, 64. The House then resumed the consideration of the following resolution offered by Mr. Colfax: "That Alexander Long, a Representative from the Second District of Ohio, having, on the 6th of April, 1864, declared himself in favor of recognizing the independence and nationality of the so-called Confederacy, now in arms against the Union, and thereby giving aid, countenance, and encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility to the United States, is hereby expelled." A long and excited debate ensued, the main features of which were a speech by Fernando Wood, opposing the war, and favoring the appointment of Commissioners to proceed to Richmond and negotiate a peace, and a reply by General Schenck, reviewing Mr. Wood's general course, and strongly condemning all conduct calculated to encourage rebels in arms. Henry Winter Davis also denounced the course of Mr. Harris in very strong terms. Without coming to a vote the House adjourned.——*April* 13. Mr. Stevens, from the Ways and Means Committee, reported a bill to prevent a depreciation of the currency. It provides that every person, bank, association, or corporation issuing notes to circulate as money, shall pay a duty of one-fourth of one per centum per month on the amount issued. Monthly returns are to be made. After one year it shall be unlawful to issue such notes unless authorized by act of Congress.—The House then resumed the consideration of the resolution of Speaker Colfax for the expulsion of Mr. Long of Ohio. The entire day and evening was occupied in debate. Finally, the House agreed to vote on the question at noon on Thursday, and thereupon adjourned to that day.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The Red River campaign goes on successfully. On the 26th ult. a fight took place on Cane River, thirty-five miles above Alexandria, Louisiana, between General Smith's forces, consisting of 6000 infantry under General Mower, and Dudley's brigade of Lee's Cavalry corps, and Dick Taylor's rebel army, estimated at 12,000 strong, posted in an advantageous position. The fight lasted about three hours. Our loss is reported at eighteen killed and about sixty wounded. That of the rebels was much greater, some placing it at two hundred killed and wounded. We captured five hundred prisoners, and others were still coming in. Our troops did not halt on the battle-ground, but pushed on in pursuit of the retreating foe. No rest would be given the rebels. It was General Smith's design to force the enemy to make a stand, and defeat them in a pitched battle, if possible. A considerable number of deserters have entered our lines. Nine hundred contrabands, men, women, and children, had arrived from Alexandria. A report that our forces have occupied Shreveport lacks confirmation. Soon after our troops left Alexandria a large rebel force, under Dick Taylor, attacked our fortifications, but were vigorously opposed by our troops. The rebel loss was considerable.

By way of New Orleans we learn that the Union cavalry, 4000 strong, have occupied Eagle Pass, Texas, capturing 800 prisoners and immense quantities of stores. Eagle Pass is 400 miles above Brownsville, and has been a great rebel highway for running cotton and other articles into Mexico. It was determined that our troops should permanently occupy the place. Corpus Christi has also been reoccupied.

The rebels made a desperate attempt to blow up Admiral Lee's flag-ship *Minnesota*, off Newport News, on the night of the 9th inst., with a torpedo. It did not succeed, however, although the crew and officers received a terrible and unexpected shock. It appears that the rebels approached the *Minnesota* in a small boat, with a torpedo attached, which, when they reached the frigate, exploded with a report equal to twenty pieces of artillery.

Active preparations for the opening of the campaign are going on in the Army of the Potomac. Generals Meade, Humphreys, Patrick, and Ingalls had an interview with General Grant on the 8th instant. On the same day an order was issued, ordering all civilians, suttlers, and their employés, to the rear by the 16th. Members of the Sanitary or Christian Commissions, and registered newspaper correspondents only, can remain. All property for which there is no transportation also goes to the rear, and the authority of Corps Commanders to grant furloughs is revoked, and none are to be granted save in extreme cases, or in case of re-enlisted veterans.

Another order for the consolidation of army corps was issued on the 4th inst. The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps are consolidated, and Major-General Hooker assigned to the command. The corps will hereafter be known as the Twentieth. Major-General Howard, formerly of the Eleventh Corps, takes command of the Fourth, relieving General Gordon Granger, who reports to the Adjutant-General of the Army. General Slocum reports to General Sherman. Major-General Schofield is assigned to the command of the Twenty-third Army Corps.

A small Federal force of infantry and cavalry sent against Mount Elba and Longview, Arkansas, returned to Pine Bluff on the Arkansas River, on the 31st ult., having inflicted serious damage on the enemy. Mount Elba and Longview are 25 and 50 miles south from Pine Bluff, on the Washita River, in Southeastern Arkansas. At Longview they destroyed the pontoon bridges, burned a train of 35 wagons loaded with camp and garrison equipments, ammunition, quarter-masters' stores, etc., and captured 320 prisoners. On the 30th they engaged General Docking's force of 1200 men, from Monticello, routed him, and pursued him ten miles, with a loss on his side of over 100 killed and wounded. Our men captured a large quantity of small-arms, two stands of colors, many wagons, and over 300 horses and mules. Our loss was 15 in killed, wounded, and missing. Several hundred negroes were brought in.

The movements in the Southwest indicate the approach of active operations there. All the recruits in Missouri are ordered to the field, and veterans who are on furlough are to proceed at once to the front. Already the movement of troops to the front in Tennessee and Georgia is on an unexampled scale. Nearly all the re-enlisted regiments go back with from three to five hundred recruits.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The rebel ram *Tennessee* was struck by a squall on the 1st instant, while lying near Grant's Pass, off Mobile, causing her to keel over and sink. Her armament will prove a heavy loss to the rebels. It consists of six 100-pounder rifled Parrotts and nearly as many small pieces.

Advices from General Gillmore's department state that a few shells are occasionally sent into Charleston. Also, at long intervals, Fort Sumter receives the attention of both the land and naval batteries. The famous 30-pounder Parrott at Cumming's Point, which has been so actively engaged in shelling Charleston, exploded after having fired 4615 rounds. The pieces of the gun have been collected for transmission to the North.

Ten rebels attacked a large Government plantation near Vicksburg a few days ago and entirely destroyed it. The rebels were afterward repulsed by a negro regiment.

A dispatch from Louisville reports that nineteen rebels, belonging to the Third Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, of General Forrest's command, came into Hopkinsville, on the 7th inst., and took the oath of allegiance. They report that on March 26, when between Mayfield and Paducah, Forrest disbanded the Third, Seventh, and Eighth Regiments Kentucky Cavalry, and permitted them to go home. News from Memphis to the 8th reports Forrest moving southward with his trains and plunder, and General Grierson as watching and harassing his columns, though not strong enough to attack Forrest in force.

Little Rock advices say the only news from Steele is that he was at Arkadelphia on the 28th. He had constant skirmishing with the enemy on the route, but the progress of the expedition was no time impeded. Arkadelphia is 76 miles southwest of Little Rock.

THE SPRING ELECTIONS.

The Rhode Island election, which took place on the 6th, resulted in the re-election of Governor Smith, Union, over George H. Browne, Democrat, and Amos C. Barstow, Independent. The Legislature is strongly Union.

The election in Maryland on the 6th instant, for members of a constitutional convention, resulted in the success of the Radical Emancipation ticket by 10,000 majority. The Convention will declare, it is said, in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation.

The election for delegates to the Louisiana State Convention has resulted in favor of the Free State Party by a large majority.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

EUROPEAN advices are to the 30th of March. The Archduke Maximilian had postponed the reception of the Mexican deputation to March 27. Nothing authentic about the Mexican loan had been disclosed.

On March 28th the Prussians attempted to carry Düppel by storm, but were repulsed, after a five hours' engagement, along their whole line. The Conference for settling the Schleswig-Holstein question was to commence on April 12, at London.

JAPAN.

Accounts from Japan have a pacific aspect. A commercial treaty, between Japan and Switzerland, had been concluded, but was not signed yet according to the latest accounts.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE following officers compose the staff of General GRANT as now completed: Brigadier-General JOHN A. RAWLING, Chief of Staff; Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. COMSTOCK, Senior A. D. C.; Lieutenant-Colonel O. E. BABCOCK, A. D. C.; Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. DUFF, Assistant Inspector-General; Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. ROWLEY, Military Secretary; Lieutenant-Colonel ADAM BADEAU, Military Secretary; Captain E. S. PARKER, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain GEORGE H. LEE, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant W. H. DUNN, Jun., Acting A. D. C.; Captain H. W. JONES, Staff Quarter-master.

It is announced that since the passage of the resolution authorizing the transfer of seamen from the army to the navy, already over five thousand have been thus transferred.

The official Navy Register for 1864 has just been issued. It reports the number of vessels, including those still building, to be 617; among them 72 iron-clads and two rams, the *Avenger* and *Vindicator*. From December 31, 1862, to March 6, 1864, the navy has lost 39 vessels by capture, destruction, snagging, wreck, etc., including six iron-clads and three rams.

The iron-clad frigate *Ironsides* has fired since she has been in service 4361 rounds; has been hit 241 times; has only had one man killed; has not been seriously injured, and is probably the best iron-clad vessel in the world.

The rebel privateer *Florida* was reported to be at the Canary Islands on the 4th of March, where she remained for one day, and took in coal and provisions.

General GILLMORE'S report of the Florida expedition is published. It shows, *First*: That the plan of the expedition was General GILLMORE'S, and that it had three distinct and sufficient military objects, to which a fourth, not military, was at a later period adjoined by the President. *Second*: That the battle of Olustee was fought in consequence of an advance by General SEYMOUR, not only without, but clearly against, General GILLMORE'S orders. The effort of the latter to countermand it was frustrated by a storm, which delayed his messenger.

By order of the War Department, the Department of the Monongahela has been merged into the Department of the Susquehanna.

Brigadier-General W. H. T. BROOKS has been ordered to report for duty to Major-General BUTLER.

The steamer *Maple Leaf*, with troops on board, bound from Pilatka to Jacksonville, Florida, was blown up in the St. John's River on the 30th ult. by a rebel torpedo, which was placed in the river. She sunk in ten minutes, and four of her crew were drowned.

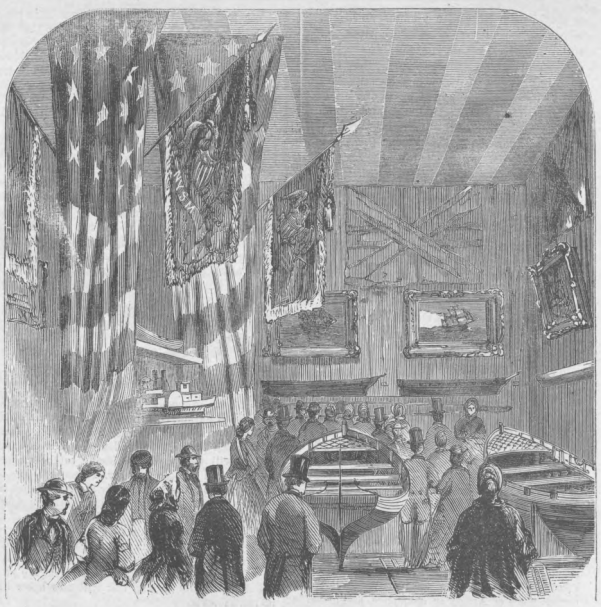
The name of the Invalid Corps is, by order of the War Department, changed to that of Veteran Reserve Corps, which sounds more pleasantly to the officers and the commands.

A brigade of loyalists is forming in Northern Alabama,

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BOOK DEPARTMENT.



BOAT-BUILDERS' DEPARTMENT.

SKETCHES OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

WE continue this week our illustrations of the METROPOLITAN FAIR, which for a fortnight has engaged the attention of all New York and its environs. In every respect the Fair has been a success, and thousands of our brave defenders in the field, in days of suffering in camp and hospital, will gather benefits from the munificent charity which has poured, through this Fair, into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission. And tens of thousands who are to-day preparing for the shock of conflict will carry themselves with a grander heroism and robuster faith, in the white heat of battle, because of the assurance this Fair gives that the people at home remember and care for the soldier, and delight to soften the rough places of his experience. On the first page we give a view representing

THE COSTUMES OF THE LADIES IN ATTENDANCE AT THE FAIR.

This illustration, aside from its prominent presentation of the ladies' costumes, gives a very accurate idea of the general appearance of the Fair interior, showing its magnificence of display more conspicuously, perhaps, than any illustration yet given.

In the Fourteenth Street Buildings BIERSTADT'S

INDIAN WIGWAM

has been constantly crowded by vistors desiring to study the habits and peculiarities of the aborigines. Several entertainments have been given daily by the Indians. Our sketch represents a WAR DANCE, as given on several occasions to the intense gratification of all spectators. Historically, no feature of the Fair has greater interest than this in which the life of those who, only a little while ago, held undisputed possession of our continent, is reproduced by a handful of the once absolute tribes for the pleasure of the pale-faced race, whose ancestors pushed them into obscurity and historical oblivion.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT,

of which we give a view on this page, forms a most attractive feature to all persons of a literary turn, and a very considerable part of the receipts of the Fair will be derived from this source.

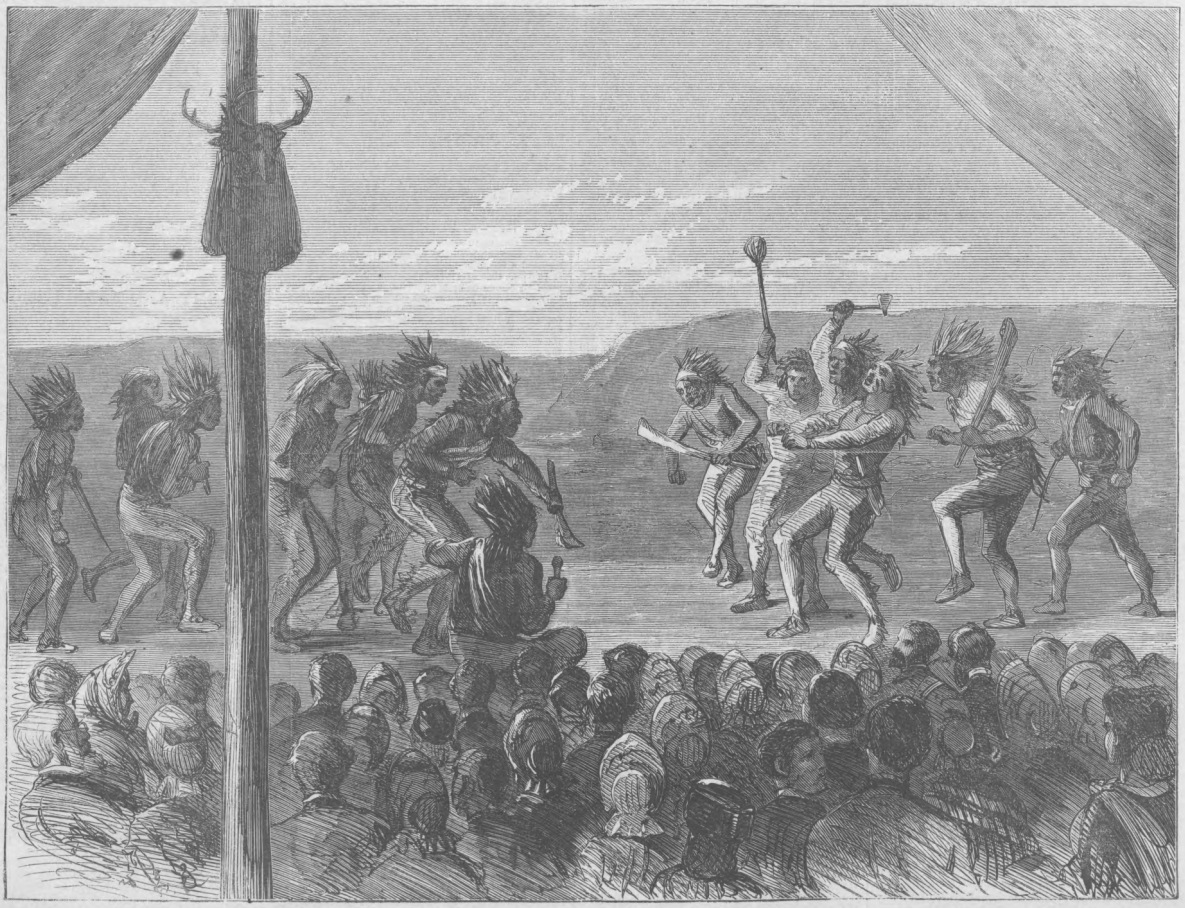
THE BOAT-BUILDING DEPARTMENT,

also in the Fourteenth Street Building, is full of interest not only to nautical visitors, but to the general public, who can not but be concerned, just now, in whatever relates to naval architecture and that branch of the public service, which, in this war, has achieved so many triumphs for the National cause.

Much interest in

THE DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES

is manifested, and considerable speculation has been indulged in as to who will become the recipient of the two handsome swords—one of which is to be presented to a navy and the other to an army officer. The swords cost $1500 each, and as the subscriptions are without limit a handsome sum will be realized by the zeal of the friends of military and naval officers to secure the prizes for their favorites. Every person who pays one dollar has one vote, which he indicates on a book opened for the purpose. For the army sword the strife is between the admirers

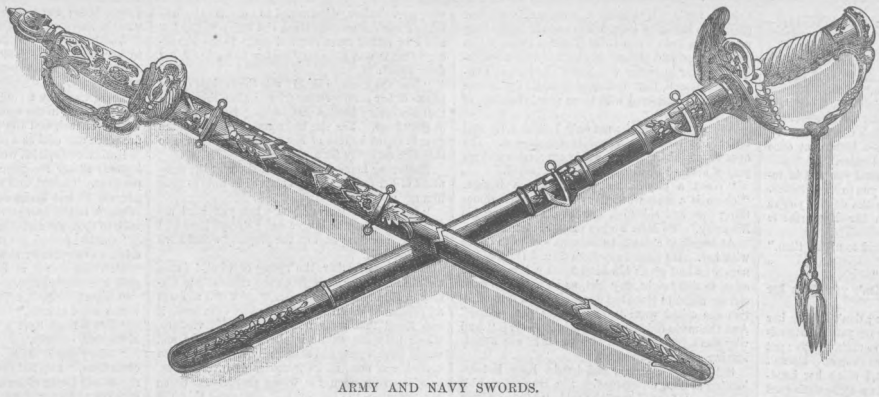


WAR DANCE—INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

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of General GRANT and General M'CLELLAN. For the navy sword the favorites are Admiral FARRAGUT and Commander ROWAN, of the *New Ironsides*.

The Museum of Flags, Trophies, and Relics in the Union Square Buildings, contains a wonderful collection of rare and curious articles. The whole number of relics on exhibition is one thousand and twenty-two. There are old guns, old uniforms, old swords, old pistols — relics of the Revolutionary fight, and specimens from the battle-fields of the present war against rebellion — balls, hand-grenades, shells, tomahawks, rapiers, Sandwich Island daggers, and Indian arrows,— battle-flags and guidons — regimental colors that went through the Mexican war and reappeared in this one—Ellsworth memorials, and relics made sacred because Washington used them—a mere description of which would fill a volume. Among the more interesting momentoes of the present war are two or three dozen of BATTLE-FLAGS of NEW YORK REGIMENTS,



ARMY AND NAVY SWORDS.

The Mexican trophies consist of a Mexican flag captured at Mazatlan, pieces of flag-staff, swords, etc.—all illustrating the heroism of our army in the Mexican war.

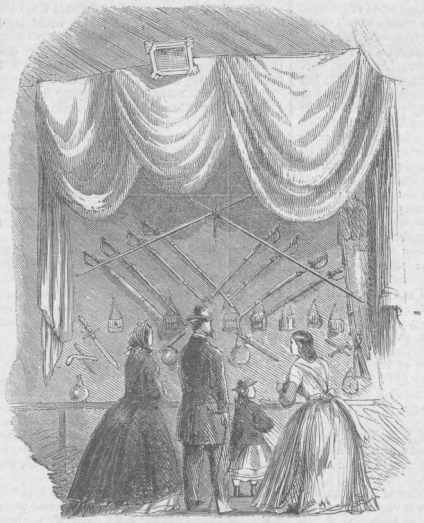
Our artist also presents an illustration of the spur worn by Major ANDRE at the time of his capture, and the sword carried by LAFAYETTE while in the service of the Colonies. The original bowie-knife—the first of its kind—is also exhibited. It was forged in a common blacksmith shop on the Red River, by James Bowie, who subsequently lost his life at the Alamo in 1836, and was used by him in the celebrated running-fight at Natchez, in 1828, where half a dozen persons were hacked to pieces. This knife was given by Bowie to its present possessor in gratitude for kindness to him when wounded. The relics of the war of 1812 consist of the flags of the British ships *Cyane*, *Frolic*, *Peacock*, and *Highflyer*—all contributed from the collection of the United States Naval School at Newport.

Among the rebel curiosities on exhibition are two flags bearing the "Southern Cross;" a piece of the flag that was found flying on the State House at Baton Rouge; and another flag captured by a naval officer, bearing this motto:

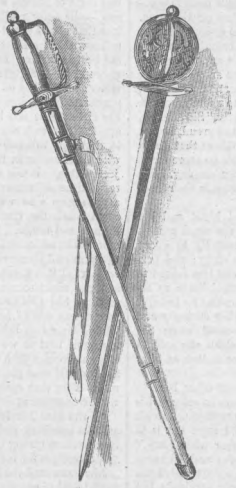
"Our cause is just, our duty we know;
In God we trust, to battle we go."

There are also bits of shell, grape-shot, round projectiles, hats and caps, over-coats and gray-rolls, telegraph-wires, boarding-pikes and mail-bags—all of which were once rebel property, and now speak to the fathers and mothers of our brave volunteers of the dangers through which they are passing in defense of liberty and good government.

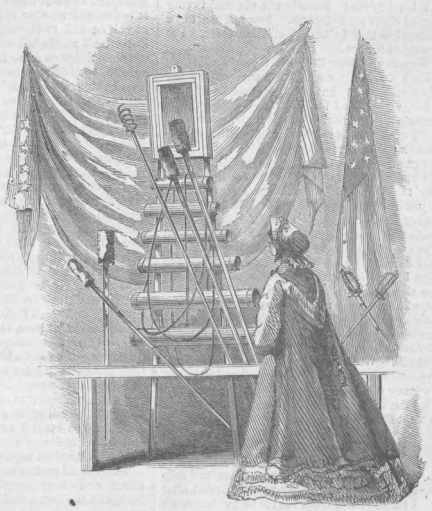
Several views of the interior of Libey Prison and of the exterior of Ligon's Tobacco Factory at Richmond, the Jail at Columbia, South Carolina, and Castle Pinckney, at Charleston, have a similar interest to visitors, many of whom, no doubt, have had friends in those habitations of rebel cruelty.



DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—MEXICAN FLAGS CAPTURED AT MAZATLAN, MEXICO.



1. SWORD SURRENDERED BY GENERAL BURGOYNE TO GENERAL GATES.—2. HIGHLANDER'S SWORD.

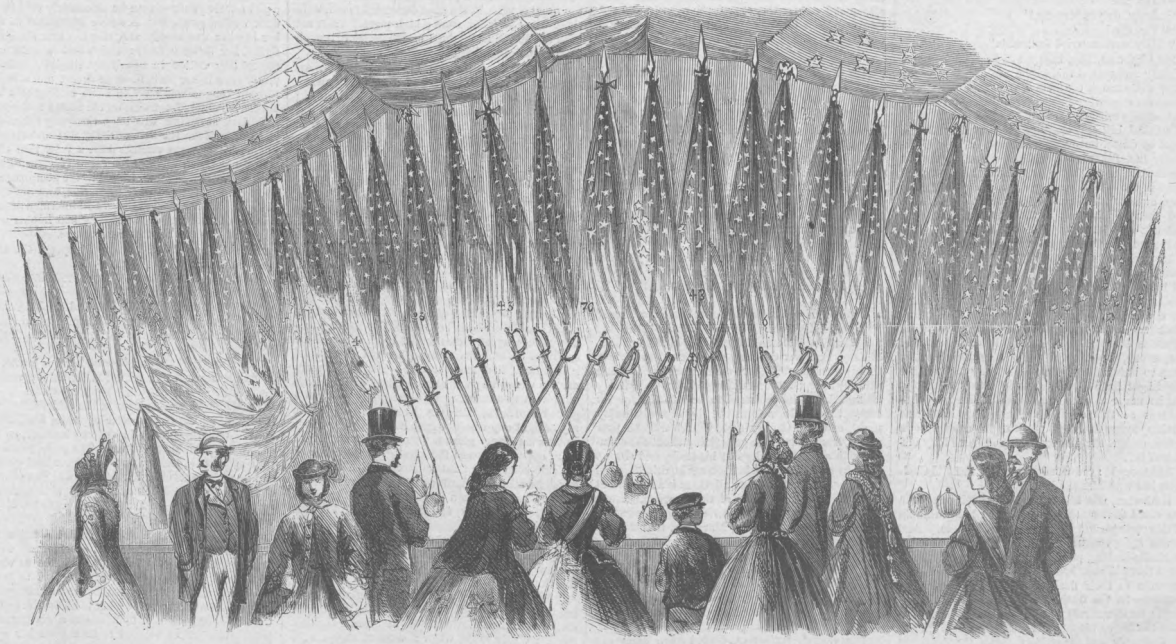


DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—PIECES OF FLAG-STAFFS.

some of which have been riddled by the enemy's shot, their staffs splintered, their bearers killed, but were still saved from the rebel clutch. We give on this page a view of these flags as they appear at the Fair.

sword surrendered by BURGOYNE to General GATES on the battle-field of Saratoga, and another of a Highland sword found in a house in Cherry Street after the evacuation of New York.

Among other relics in this department are the



DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—FLAGS OF NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

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THE GOVERNESS AT SHANNON-LEIGH.

I.

"WHAT is her name, did you say? Oh! Katherine, spelled with a K. Humph."

"Oh, you think that is sentimental, fanciful, I suppose! *I* think it is good taste. Why shouldn't we go back to the pure old English when we can?"

"That's it, Sid. Let's have a lecture at once here, in this ball-room, upon æsthetics."

"Duke, what a villianous mood you are in to-night. Come, let me introduce you to Miss Rothes. I'll promise that she'll exorcise the demon you've got behind your eyes, though her Katherine *is* spelled with a K."

"My demon won't be exorcised to-night, then."

"You won't be introduced?"

"No, I won't be introduced."

"Doesn't she please you; don't you think her handsome?"

"Bah! doesn't she please me; don't I think her handsome? It is edifying to hear you high-minded, transcendental fellows talk sometimes; you put yourselves quite on a par with us sinners. Doesn't she please me now, and don't I think her handsome! Suppose I had offered up some dark-eyed houri to you in that manner, George, wouldn't you have opened upon me with hints of my sultanic way of approaching women? Wouldn't you have asked me if that was the chief charm—the first, the final attraction—the pretty flesh and blood of her?"

"Duke, the demon is particularly unruly to-night. What ails you, old fellow?"

"What ails me? Poverty ails me, and twenty thousand other wickednesses. You ask me to be introduced to that Princess Katherine there. I'm a fit subject for her!"

"Why not? Miss Rothes is a fashionable girl, but she's a sensible one; she doesn't choose her company for the amount of their possessions."

"Sid, what have I to do with such lovely things as women and flowers? They are the luxuries of life. I can't afford even the contemplation of luxuries now; it isn't good for me."

"You are morbid, and exaggerate, Duke."

"Oh, do I? Let us see. Here am I, five-and-thirty to-day, with four children on my hands, and just means enough to keep their bodies and souls together, and provide a second-rate governess to teach them manners, morals, and religion. You'd advise me to lower my lance at this Princess Katherine, I dare say, and ask her if she wouldn't like to bestow her hand and fortune upon a fellow in need; to go there and take charge of those four young ones, who are like so many young savages; to help restore order and harmony to Shannon-Leigh, where there is nothing but decay and ruin and neglect. You wouldn't like to make me a visit now, Sid, at Christmas. We keep but one servant—Mrs. Gill, who manages somehow. One servant and two fires. How many of both were there, Sid, when you spent the holidays there? You'd black your own boots if you went down now; and if the Colbys should invite you over to a Christmas party, you'd look in vain for flowers in the conservatory to carry to Miss Louisa. I believe Mrs. Gill—you remember Mrs. Gill?—she was the housekeeper then, and calls herself a servant now. She's my best friend after all. I believe she'd make me the best wife. She's a faithful creature who believes in her Bible, and mends the children's clothes and their bad ways at the same time. Why shouldn't I ask her the question, some fine morning, that Robert Hall, the famous English divine, asked his housekeeper."

"Eh, what was that? I have forgotten."

"She came in with the breakfast things, and he met her with:

"'Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'Betty, do you love me?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"They were married forthwith."

Sid Chalmers, gay, happy, and prosperous, could scarcely understand this bitter, scornful talk. He knew well enough the facts of the case: that Duke Shannon, otherwise Marmaduke Shannon, had met with serious misfortune. That he had lost his wife, a beautiful, brilliant creature Sid remembered well—not by death, but by that greatest tragedy of domestic life, flight with another. And almost at the same time a fine property had suddenly melted away in the villainous keeping of his man of business, and Duke Shannon, of Shannon-Leigh, who had spent all his life as he listed, with books, and art, and travel, and social intercourse; who had never concerned himself about the making of money, only the spending of it; found himself brought to the limits of a slender pittance, and of all his houses and lands but one remaining for the shelter of himself and his deserted children. These were the facts—bitter facts enough; but young Chalmers was disqualified from judgment of their effect, as well by temperament as by circumstances. He, serene, easy, tranquil-natured, could never have been so hard and sardonic under any trial of life. He might have been saddened into melancholy, but he never would have known such savage discontent as this of Duke Shannon. Katherine Rothes, flying down the room to the numbers of a waltz, caught the glances of these two as they discussed her.

She thought: "I wonder who it is that Sid Chalmers has with him to-night."

Katherine, who had more people to think of than she could well remember, could not help thinking of this stranger Sid Chalmers had with him. And it was little wonder, for Duke Shannon was a remarkable-looking person. Specially striking as he stood there in that brilliant ball-room, where even the men in their dark broadcloth had a fête appearance in the freshness and finish of their apparel; for in contrast, this gloomy face glowered out from the heavy tossed masses of hair that fell upon his forehead; and the stalwart figure, that by every movement betrayed the grace of an accomplished gentleman, was clothed carelessly and somewhat roughly in an ordinary traveling suit. The hands, too, which now and then brushed back the falling hair or made slight gesture, were ungloved, but they were carefully kept, white and elegant as they might have been when Duke Shannon sat at noblemen's tables, and pledged his hostess over the costly wine; for in so far was Duke Shannon the native gentleman, that no degradation, no misfortune would have interfered with these simple services of refinement.

As he stood there he not only looked surly and bitter, but he had a dissolute appearance. The eyes were sunken, and the whole expression and aspect of his face was haggard and exhausted.

"What a pity!" thought Katherine Rothes. "There is a man who ought to have been something fine and splendid, but who is throwing his life away." So Miss Rothes passed judgment.

At length it came Sid Chalmers's time to dance with her. He went away from dismal Duke Shannon, who had given his kind heart a sympathetic ache, to this bright, gay girl, as he would go from stormy night to cloudless day. But the first question she asked was: "Who *is* that dark man?" And she made Sid tell her the whole story. "And why don't you introduce him to me?" she asked, looking at Sid inquiringly.

Sid colored fiercely, and bright Kate Rothes, looking at him, understood. She laughed and bit her lips. "I see, I see," she said; "you have been proposing me for an introduction, and the gentleman declines." Her head nodded once or twice in conclusion, as if she were fixing the fact in her mind.

Then Sid tried to make her comprehend how this unfortunate man, with his cares and struggles and griefs, had no heart for forming new acquaintances. It is doubtful whether Sid Chalmers comprehended half so well as Katherine Rothes all the time. Katherine's nature had some of the quick, sensitive elements which go a great way in bringing comprehension, even about matters where experience has been lacking. "He ought to have an office under Government, or something of that sort," went on Sid. "Why, he ought to be a minister to a foreign court. He'd represent the country splendidly," Sid kept on, warmly. "But no; he's so bitter and proud, he just takes himself out of the way and toils at that dingy brokerage in Wall Street; and he's no more made for business than a dog is made for singing. He doesn't understand; he has no interest in their thousand-and-one ins and outs."

And Katherine, with her kind heart and her keen relish for any thing beyond the usual routine of fashionable life, listened interestedly to every thing Sid said about this curious story; and perhaps the next night, when some one else talked to her of one of their friends, she would listen as attentively, and forget Duke Shannon and his history. But this night, at least, he piqued her curiosity and occupied her thoughts. As she stood while Sid Chalmers put on her white silk cloak, she said to him, archly, lifting her bright face to look at him, as he bent over her:

"I'm convinced that some time or other I am to know this ungallant friend of yours in spite of his refusal. You know I am very prophetic. Don't go and tell him now every word I say: but it is fated that we shall meet; remember what I say."

This was all spoken with a laugh; and Sid knew that it came from the gay, high spirits which the hour, and the scene, and the music inspired; but it somehow made him feel grave. Long after he remembered not only what she had charged him, but the very look of her bright face, with its least tinge of pride, which her prosperous, happy fortune had never developed. It was the last time that he saw her that season. But he little conjectured it to be the last. He thought as he had said: "I shall see you to-morrow."

But that to-morrow found Katherine Rothes hastening to the summons of her dying father. The season at Newport was over for her. She did not return to those lovely shores for many and many a day.

II.

"IT is my only opportunity, Sara. I must go."

"Come with me and wait a while, Kate."

Katherine Rothes's eyes filled with tears.

"I have waited, Sara; it is six months since I began to look out for a situation. If I wait much longer I shall not have money enough to bear the expenses of the journey."

"Oh, Kate!"

Katherine knew well what Sara Fielding meant by that vehement exclamation, but Katherine was too proud to be helped when she could help herself; too proud for Sara Fielding to offer more than hint and suggestion.

"And you ought to get a better salary, Kate. To think of your going to such an out-of-the-way place, and such a Bluebeard for the master of it, too."

"Who told you so much about the master, Sara?"

"Mary Kingston. She visited somewhere in the neighborhood last summer, and heard all about him. She says he never calls any where, and two or three times when the neighbors called upon *him*, he was actually rude, almost insulting to them, and plainly intimated that he preferred to be left alone. He comes tearing down from the city every Saturday night, and instead of going to church with his poor motherless children, he goes riding about the country with a parcel of dogs at his heels, and sits up half the night when he is back again, drinking and smoking. And more than all, there is a report that he is going to marry one of the servants. Now, Katy dear, I do think it's a risk to go into such a place—I wouldn't. Why, Mary said that the last governess there didn't get enough to eat, and they never have fires enough in the winter."

"Sara, did you ever know a man or a woman to live much to themselves without Mrs. Grundy's taking offense, and making mountains out of mole-hills in her stories about them? I dare say this is something of the case in the present instance."

But though Katherine offered such calm explanation of the difficulty, she by no means felt the ease and confidence she expressed. To tell the truth she was really disturbed and depressed, and a little dismayed at the prospect before her; but she was, nevertheless, determined to go. As she had said, it was six months since she had made up her mind, or rather since she had come to the knowledge that it was necessary for her to work for her daily bread.

"Has she come to that?" was the curious query of one of her summer-time friends when they heard that Katherine Rothes was seeking for a situation as governess. Yes, she had come to that—she, the gay, brilliant heiress of last summer, had come to this dire necessity for a woman!

Hastening home from the sea-shore at the summons of her father, she had arrived in time to hear him say:

"Kate, I am leaving you when you need me most—three months longer and I should have had every thing arranged, and the property would have been doubled."

He got no further, the agony of what he contemplated for her brought on the crisis of his disease, and in half an hour after these words she was an orphan. When his affairs were examined, it was found that some new and splendid venture, which his clear, subtle intellect had planned and would have executed successfully if life had been spared, was now, in its inextricable involvement, bringing ruin upon the whole property. When Mr. Scranton, the lawyer, told Katherine this, she knew what her father had meant by those last words. But it took months to settle every thing, and to bring Katherine, who had never known any thing but the most lavish luxury, to a knowledge of her situation. As she sits there talking with Sara Fielding, one of those rare persons who do not, through either carelessness or any other selfishness, lose sight of friends who have "ceased to sit in the sun"—she fully realizes her situation; fully realizes that she is about to pledge herself to a life of unknown toil amidst strangers. And Sara, with the best intentions, only puts another stone in her rugged path, only gives her another pain and fear when she tells her dismal story of the place and its master. But it does not move her determination. For six months she has advertised, she has made applications, and answered both; the result of all is, that only this one that is now under discussion with them seems in the least feasible, the least objectionable. It was an advertisement that she had read in the *Advertiser*, just a simple statement that a governess was wanted for four children, who could teach the common English branches, with French and music. The salary was $300 per annum. The address given was: "Mr. Shannon, firm of Shannon & Greaves, Wall Street. Now as Katherine read this name she did not once recall that summer night so many months ago when she listened to Sid Chalmers's story. Forgetfulness of names was one of her peculiarities, and the intervening time had been so crowded with bitter loss and trial that it was enough of itself to overlay older memories than this story of Chalmers's; and Sid himself was not near to recall it for her. Directly after that summer season he had sailed for winter-quarters at Jamaica.

So she sent her letter with its references to the address specified, and received a brief but satisfactory answer, giving the location of Shannon-Leigh, and directions for reaching it.

She examined the handwriting of this letter with a good deal of curiosity. It was very unlike a business-hand, open and clear—the strokes were firm but delicate; there was no waste of ink; and the free, flowing, connected style suggested more an elegant man of letters than one whose pen was employed at a commercial desk. The brief wording, too, was that of a gentleman, formal though it was. Katherine caught at this indication of civilization as a straw of comfort; Sara, less wise, laughed at her for it, suggesting "that a domestic fiend could have the exterior of a polished gentleman. Indeed the worst of tyrants, the most dissolute of men, were those who had fallen from a high place." But not even this moved Katherine from her decision, though it made her going harder.

It was a dark, dull day in February when she arrived at the last station. The rest of the journey was to be by private conveyance—only a few miles; but night was fast closing in, and every thing was so new and strange to poor Kate, who had never in all her life traveled without careful companionship. She found, too, that there was no carriage in waiting for her, and that it was rather unusual for a passenger to require attendance to Shannon-Leigh.

"Shannon-Leigh?" and the ticket-master looked curiously at her. "Well, I dunno. Jim, go down to Bates's, and see if he can send a lady over to Shannon-Leigh. Any baggage, mum?"

He looked at her again as she told him the number of her trunks, and Katherine felt her face flush uncomfortably. It was quite dark when the carriage appeared, and the whole way she tried to reason herself out of the dismal forebodings that assailed her. Why hadn't she listened to Sara's warning voice, was her first thought as she entered the carriage. Then she essayed her old determined reasoning without much success. And in this manner the weary way was accomplished, and she finds herself at Shannon-Leigh. She dimly discerns a great house as they drive up the wide avenue, but no ray of light any where to give it warmth and cheer. But as the driver gives a vigorous ring at the bell there appears through the great ground-glasses of the side-windows a faint radiance, which presently develops into the glaring flame of a candle as the door opens. It was a large, hard-visaged woman who stood before her, and her face was full of cold question.

"I am the new governess; did you not expect me?" Katherine asked, abruptly, and with some hauteur, for she was getting her spirit roused by this time.

"Mr. Shannon didn't say when you were coming," was the explanatory answer; and she turned civilly enough for Katherine to enter, and was showing her where to go, when Katherine stopped her with:

"Will you tell one of the men-servants I should like my trunks in my room immediately?"

"There's no men-servants now at Shannon-Leigh, Miss; I'm the only one, man or woman," was the sharp reply to this request.

And then Katherine heard her giving directions to her charioteer outside, and presently saw her assisting him, in a strong, helpful way, about the trunks.

There was only a single candle left her to light her room, and in the open wood-grate there was no vestige of fuel, and the register at the side of the fire-place was cold as a stone.

Katherine's spirits, which had roused at the carelessness of her reception, fell now at this desolate prospect. Chilled, and weary, and faint with hunger, she at last broke down, and burst into tears. A knock at the door startled her. She turned her back to the light and Mrs. Gill entered with towels.

"Could I have a fire in my room?" asked Katherine, as composedly as she could.

Mrs. Gill stared at her; and the grim visage grew more forbidding.

"A fire! Miss MacCunn hadn't a fire the whole winter she was here."

"But I must have a fire every day," answered Katherine, quickly.

"Every day? Miss, I don't know where 'twill come from. I've had the last stick cut from Shannon woods I ever mean to, and what money we get will never go far if we make fires out of it every day for the bedrooms. You've come to a poor place, Miss; you might as well know first as last. 'Twasn't always so. Shannon-Leigh was kept up in fine fashion once, but every thing's changed now; the money's gone. I do what I can with what I get, and that's all any body can do."

This was said with a scowling defiance that took away half the force of truth, which would have given it the dignity of simplicity.

Katherine did not know whether to pity or dislike this strange, unprepossessing speaker, but said to her less hastily and indignantly than before:

"I must have a fire, and will pay for it myself. I will only trouble you to give the order to some countryman for a supply of wood."

The woman gave her a scrutinizing look and left the room. By-and-by, as she stood brushing her hair, another knock came upon the door; and there entered a boy of perhaps eleven or twelve, large of his age, and roughly clad in coarse, gray cloth, but with an air like a young prince, as he flung his cap down and deposited the basket of wood he carried upon the hearth. This uncovering of his head was the only recognition of her presence that he gave; and Katherine watched him curiously as he proceeded to build a fire in the grate. As the blaze sprung up the boy involuntarily held out his hands, which were red and marred by outdoor exposure, but shapely in form and graceful in gesture.

He was going, when Katherine detained him by asking: "You are Master Shannon, I presume." A pair of black eyes lifted to her face, perused it slowly for a moment, then took an inventory of her figure, before he answered that he was Ralph Shannon. The voice was cold, the manner sullen, but Katherine could not help being interested in him, he was so haughtily handsome, and with that singular, unboy-like tinge of the pride of broken fortunes.

She was presently summoned to tea by Mrs. Gill herself, who conducted her into a room whose depth and space looked gloomy and desolate by the light of the one candle, which flared from a stately silver candlestick in the centre of the table. It had been a handsome room once, with its crimson draperies and damask-laid furniture; but constant use without any renewing had worn and marred its pristine elegance. But Katherine gave these details only a cursory glance. What interested her most were the four faces that were clustered about the fire. Ralph's first, locked and haughty in expression; next him, a girl a little younger than he, as coarsely clad in a dark woolen gown, but as active and talkative as her brother was moody and silent. Her straight figure, her delicate face, round which a mass of flaxen hair curled in disorderly ringlets, looked pretty even in her dark, ill-made dress; and a little flippant tongue was busy in some teasing talk as Katherine entered. Down on the hearth a smaller girl, dark as Ralph, was busy thrusting splinters of wood between the bars of the grate; and standing beside her was another boy, a pale, thin elf, whose magnificent blue eyes alone redeemed him from ugliness. They all turned as the door opened and Mrs. Gill entered with Katherine, and the two elder bowed their heads as Mrs. Gill informed them, by way of introduction, what they had known before, that this was their new governess.

"What's her name?" loudly whispered the elf upon the hearth to his sister.

"My name is Miss Rothes," answered Katherine, smiling in spite of herself.

"Every one we've had before had a Mac to her name: there was MacCunn, and MacNeil, and MacLean," remarked the little dark girl, without looking up.

The fair girl giggled and tossed her head, whereat Ralph frowned and muttered something under his breath.

As they took their places at the table, Ralph at the head and his oldest sister opposite, Katherine noticed that they did it in an easy manner, as if such was their natural custom. The table, too, was well appointed; there was both silver and glass, and the china was of India. There was also plenty of food, of a homely character, and well cooked; and Mrs. Gill, whom the children called Gilley, waited in grim propriety.

This evening was a pretty good indication to Katherine of what she might expect. They were confidential, sympathetic, companionable to each other as their tempers were; they seemed to have no distrust among themselves, no enmities or quarrels beyond a little teasing; but to an outsider they were cold, or sullen, or flippant—in a word, unapproachable. They seemed to look upon her specially, or upon her office, as one to distrust.

That first week was a sore trial to her—gently bred and gently reared for—and at the end came the master of Shannon-Leigh.

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III.

IT was Sunday morning, and Katherine went down little thinking whom she was going to meet. She opened the door of the breakfast-room, which was the only room, besides the kitchen and her own room, where fires were kept, and which was consequently breakfast, dining, and school room; and, thanks to Mrs. Gill's vigorous efforts, always in remarkable order.

As Katherine opened the door that Sunday morning she saw standing by the fire a gentleman, whose dark haggard face, whose careless grace of figure, struck her as oddly familiar. He lifted his head, tossing back heavy masses of black hair, and came forward. For a moment, as he greeted her with the habitual manner of common courtesy, his eagle eye scanned her with closest scrutiny. Then the children came trooping in, and he turned to them. Arriving late the previous night, this was his first meeting with them. Katherine was curious to see this strange family salute its head and master. Ralph, who was before the others, went up to his father and put out his hand. There was an eager, excited look in the boy's face, Katherine could not tell then whether of pain or pleasure. Mr. Shannon held the smaller hand in his own a second; then, with half a smile, said, "I've brought down a new book for you, Ralph."

Floy, the graceful golden-haired girl, here stepped up, her *insouciance* a trifle subdued, and looking more womanly and lovelier than Katherine had ever seen her yet. There was a beautiful bright color in her rounded cheeks, and her soft silk hair was put into exquisite order. She had put on, too, over her dark dress, a white cambric apron, with cross-capes, whose fine ruffling gave her an indescribable air of womanly decoration. As Mr. Shannon's eyes met this pretty picture his face grew cold and hard, and with the least touch of her hand he turned from her to the two younger, Maud and Richard. These two only he bent and kissed, specially observant of Maud, the little dark girl, who chattered, without the least fear of him, when it pleased her, about her rabbits, her cats, and the fine white mice Gilly's cousin had brought her. As she talked, and Mr. Shannon answered her in a half-jeering, sarcastic manner, which would have daunted some children, Katherine, looking at him, wondered vaguely. Suddenly he ceased this banter, raised his eyes to Floy, who was playing off her pretty teasing airs and jests upon sullen Ralph, with a stern look which spoke plainly as a command. Floy desisted with painful blushes and tears of vexation. Ralph's glance seemed to meet his father's in deprecation, but it was met by another glance and a gesture of the white, elegant hand, which put away all deprecation to his will. That gesture, that stern, half-savage look! As Katherine met them the mist of forgetfulness floated away, and she heard the intoning of a German waltz, and met the blue eyes of Sid Chalmers beaming beside a darker, gloomier pair. She heard, too, that strange sad story told over again, and remembered with wonder her last words to Sid as they parted. It was impossible to tell whether the moody self-contained man who sat before her remembered her as well. He was polite to her; but his cold, absent manner, unless he made some observation directly to her, which was seldom, seemed utterly forgetful of her. He passed the day mostly in his room, and walking over the place with Ralph. Early on Monday morning he was off, before they were down stairs. So week after week went by, bringing the same presence, almost the same routine of action. To Floy, who grew day by day in beauty, his conduct was inexplicable from Katherine's point of observation; and more than once she had been roused to some expression, either by manner or her treatment of the child when her father was specially harsh or oppressive. At these times Mr. Shannon's eagle glance would fall upon her with piercing intensity; but Katherine did not blench.

Once, as the spring approached, Floy came in from a walk home from church, where she had been alone that morning, and Katherine, sitting by the window, saw that she had a companion with her—a stripling of fifteen perhaps, who paid her boyish admiration of look, and for whom Floy was putting on all her little graces and airs—a miniature woman in every gesture and expression. Katherine looked up, smiling; but the view she caught of Mr. Shannon's face, who from the other window was also observant of this scene, struck her with indignation. It was full of passion—bitter, angry passion—and a certain shuddering scorn. But as the girl came into the room Katherine's indignation broke bounds while she listened to the scathi severity of reproof which was administered. " words were not only severe, but humiliating. They seemed to accuse the child of worse than childish vanity. Scared and bewildered, poor Floy burst into passionate tears, and ran sobbing from the room.

In her haughtiest tone, with something of that old manner of state which once used to rise up on occasions, Katherine said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Shannon, this child is yours, but she is also placed under my care; and I can not see injustice like this done without a protest."

"You think I have been unjust to her?"

There was that in his tone, a mocking devil of sarcasm that roused her still more. She burst out vehemently:

"I think, Sir, that you are cruel and ungenerous to her!"

He stooped down from his height and picked up the review he had dropped. When he lifted his face again to view it was cool and passionless, and he said, coldly: "I am the best judge of her character." His tone and manner seemed to dismiss the subject. Katherine was so incensed against him, so sympathetic with the wild burst of grief that had sent poor Floy away, that she could have cried herself. Her thoughts following the culprit, she rose up with the object of going to comfort her in some way. Mr. Shannon must have read her purpose in her face, for as she moved to the door he stepped forward and put a detaining hand upon her arm, saying, as he did so,

"Miss Rothes, I must insist that you will not interfere by any consolation with my management of Florence."

"I had no intention of interference, Mr. Shannon," she returned, haughtily; "I trust that I can discriminate between needful kindness and partisanship, and I hope that I should never be guilty of the sin of alienating a child from its parent."

There was meaning asperity in this concluding sentence which struck home to her hearer. He drew back, his dark, haggard face more haggard than before, and only said: "You do not understand."

After this, for some weeks, there was a better atmosphere. Either Mr. Shannon saw no cause for reproof, or he was warned into forbearance by the outbreak of that Sunday. Gloomy and abstracted as he was, Katherine could not help seeing that the children were more or less attracted to him and fond of him; and as she saw more of him she perceived that beneath his rough or jeering manner there was somewhere good. Proud and fastidious as he was, fond of all refinements and elegance, she saw him wear coarse and threadbare garments while he brought home to Ralph some costly book, into whose mysteries of Latin or Greek he himself inducted the boy; and once, when the eight-years-old Maud had wept the loss of her only doll, he had remembered to bring home to her a pretty Parisian substitute at the end of the week.

To Katherine herself he had relaxed something of his silence—nothing of his coldness. But pacing up and down the room, or at the table, he would gravely enter into conversation with her about books, or any abstract question, never a word of the society they had both left. In these conversations she got glimpses of a mind original and cultivated, and now and then flashes of wit and humor that indicated what this man might once have been, under happier influences; of Mary Kingston's account of him, and her own estimate when she first met him, she saw little corroboration. Gloomy, stern, and unjust she had seen him, but never coarse, brutal, or dissolute.

June at length came, making the desolate fields and the wild neglected garden of Shannon-Leigh full of blossoming beauty. As these soft days approached the master of Shannon-Leigh fell into the habit of coming home in an earlier train; and wandering about in the woods, his face grew softer under the soft spell of the days; and his mood relaxed a little of its gloom and bitterness. At times he would appear to Katherine and the children as they sat botanizing under some old elm; and the remarks or suggestions he would make were invariably full of keen, subtle knowledge.

Up to this time Katherine had seen no visitor enter the house; but one night, as she strolled home from a late walk with Ralph, who was really attaching himself to her, she heard new tones floating from the open window. New yet familiar. She went in, and somebody came forward in the twilight with outstretched hands.

"What, Sid Chalmers!"

"What, Katherine Rothes!"

And he held her hands for a moment, looking down upon her out of his kind eyes with an expression of sympathy that made Katherine think of all the time since she had seen him last. When lights were brought Sid exclaimed, in his honest way,

"How thin you are, Katherine!"

She colored under all the thoughts his words brought, and, looking up, caught the keen eyes of Mr. Shannon fastened upon her. Hastening to turn the conversation she asked,

"Did you know that I was here?"

"Know? To be sure. Sara Fielding told me."

Then he looked from her to his host in a speculative sort of way.

"How odd it all is!" was his remark, after a moment. Here Mr. Shannon walked out of the room, to Katherine's great relief; and in her long talk with Sid he was made to understand how utterly she had forgotten his friend and their talk about him, until she found herself an inmate of his house.

"I came unbidden, you know, Katherine; Duke is too proud to invite guests now; but I heard that you were here, and I meant to see you."

This unbidden guest brought brightness and gayety with him. In his genial presence Katherine found something of her old sparkle. With him she talked about the people they knew. With him she sung again, letting her lovely voice out along the sweet measures of her old songs. With him she walked through the woods of Shannon-Leigh, coming back with the olden bloom tinting her cheeks.

Mr. Shannon came home now every night while his guest staid, but his mood was gloomy, and he looked pale and care-worn. Mrs. Gill's face as she regarded him, Katherine observed, was anxious. Mrs. Gill was no longer hard and distrustful of the new governess. She had discovered that she was a lady, and her heart had melted gradually to her with this discovery, and still more when the children, one by one, came over to their allegiance to her. Mrs. Gill was as faithful as Birk the mastiff. She had lived in the Shannon family for years, and known Ralph as a baby. When their fortunes went down she stepped without loss of dignity from her sole position as housekeeper and took up all the cares of the household; and nothing could move her from her purpose. She was a strong, hard-featured woman, but her heart was of gold.

"The master's running down," she said to Katherine. "There's a hungry look in his eye, and his mouth is getting drawn."

Katherine went back to the parlor and looked to see these signs. He was standing listening to his guest, his dark face fully revealed in the sunset glow. As she looked Mrs. Gill's words seemed prophetic.

Sid ceased talking as she approached. Putting out his hand as she was passing, with one of those gentle, gracious movements of his, he drew her arm in his and led her to the piano.

"Sing," he said, in a tone that made it entreaty. "I am going in the morning."

"In the morning?" she exclaimed, her voice expressing startled regret.

She sang; and leaning against the instrument, Sid Chalmers stood listening, his soul in his eyes. She had lost herself in memories as her voice went floating down "Agathe," when a child's long-drawn, gasping sob smote her ear. She lifted her head and saw a vision that made her voice falter. Floy, scarlet and quivering under the stern eyes, the severe words of her father, who stood before her in the hall beyond the parlor, his face expressing so much of angry, bitter passion that Katherine's soul sickened. In a moment she obeyed an impulse, and rising from her seat left the room, with a hasty "Wait for me, I will come back soon," to her companion. The feeling that had sickened her soul caused her to close the door between him and the scene she approached. Mr. Shannon was unobservant of her until she stood before him. Then he started back a step, and in a hoarse voice and with an authoritative gesture, he said,

"Go to your room, Florence, and remain there until I send for you."

As Floy disappeared he wheeled round to Katherine with bent brows. "Miss Rothes!" Katherine shrank from him with an involuntary motion, and burst into tears. He flung his head up. "Good Heaven! have I been such a brute, then?" he exclaimed, in horror-struck tones. "But you do not know. Come in here for a moment." He opened the door of an apartment she had never seen entered, and stood aside for her to pass in. It looked like a lady's boudoir, long since deserted; for on the mirrors and work-stand there was thick dust, and the draperies had an odor of mildew and mould. He walked across the room to a picture that hung shaded by a piece of damask, and turned it to the light. It was a woman's face, of whom Florence's was the exact resemblance. There was a moment's pause while Katherine made her observation. Then he went on hastily, as though a necessity urged him: "You know my history—all the world who has heard the name of Duke Shannon knows it!" with a bitter emphasis of stung pride. "You are at no loss, then, to conjecture whose face this represents. You see for yourself where the resemblance lies, but you do not see the deeper and more fatal points of resemblance. You do not see that with every turn of the head, every trick of vanity, every taste for decoration and display, even the pretty wiles which win *you* to affection, I detect those sure and fatal signs of weakness which led her mother to her ruin. God knows, I may be faulty in my treatment of these evidences in the child; but I tried gentleness and forbearance *once*; and now, if I err on the other side, Heaven help me!

"Do you wonder that I bring you here, where no one but myself has been for years—that I tell you what I have never told before? Do you think it is to exonerate myself from blame, to make your judgment of me less harsh?" He stopped a second, bending down upon her a gaze that held her thrilled by its passionate intensity. "It is not because I care for blame or exoneration from you as Miss Rothes, the governess of my children; it is because I care what pain I may have inflicted upon the heart of Katherine Rothes, because it adds the last drop of bitterness to my life to think that she may hold me as a causeless tyrant. Go now, Katherine Rothes—go back to where your lover and my friend awaits you. Go away from my accursed house—as you will—and make this man's happiness. I do not complain; it is my fate. I told him long since, when he proposed your acquaintance, that there was danger in it. Some instinct warned me even then."

His look did not seek hers now; he only turned to open the door for her. But Katherine had forgotten to rise, forgotten what was expected of her by any womanly caution. A white dizziness of emotion had passed over her, blinding her eyes with tears. He caught that look; caught that vivid soft flame that suffused her soft cheek with its scarlet, and the next moment he was bending over her, his dark face glowing with surprised emotion.

"Is it so, Katherine? is it so? Has this heaven of love come to *me*?"

At first naught else but this heaven of love in his accents; then, in the last sad emphasis, the remembrance of his narrowed life, the cares, the struggles, the deprivations; all these rose up as impassable barriers. But he held her clasped closely against his breast while he said: "So—stay with me for a moment, Katherine, before you go."

The passionate pathos of his voice aroused her to his sorrowful meaning. She lifted her head; her eyes met his; a smile broke softly the sweet line of her lips. Eyes and smile, what new meaning did they give him! What hope, and strength, and determination did they awaken from that pall of pride which had shut him in!

"What! Katherine Rothes married to Duke Shannon? I thought he had turned misanthrope, had buried himself alive in a Wall Street office, where he was surly as a lord, and proud as a beggar if any one chanced to unearth him."

Sid Chalmers looked wistfully out toward the great sea that flowed before him, and when his voice fell in answer it was with a melancholy musing tone.

"Yes, Duke Shannon was all that until *she* came. She conquered all his sullen pride, his misanthropy, and made him believe in life again. Not a year ago he was lost to interest of any kind. Stunned, as it were, by his bitter misfortunes, he would not put out his hand to seek or take. Now—well, you knew that he had got that appointment to Munich? It's a fine thing for him, I am told."

But Sid Chalmers, sitting there calmly viewing the distant sails, told no one that he had rejected this very appointment to suggest "one who would fill it much more creditably"—these were his generous, modest words; and Duke Shannon, when he thanked him for this suggestion, believed that Sid was glad to escape the post to which he was hastening. Yet not a year ago Sid Chalmers had made bright plans about his life there; had fancied himself hastening away as eagerly as Duke Shannon, and in the self-same company.

But as he sits there viewing the distant sails he does not think of what *he* has done; he thinks of Katherine and that other summer when, in the pride of her beauty and fortune, she laughed at the avoidance of his gloomy friend, and, half in pique, made her playful prophecy thereat. And he thinks: "So the governess of Shannon-Leigh has the power to restore what Katherine Rothes the heiress could never have accomplished. And Katherine is happy—well."

And the distant sails fade out upon the far sea-line, and still others come and go, watched by those wistful eyes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MAXIMS BY OUR SAGE.

A SICK dog isn't generally strengthened by a course of bark.

Men slip on water when it is frozen, and on whisky when it isn't.

Be careful of your table-talk. Do all your biting at table in biting your food. Don't be biting in your remarks.

It is often a pretty good matrimonial firm that consists of three-quarters wife and one quarter husband.

Quilp is a great admirer of children, and says he likes the crying ones best. A matron with a baby in her arms smiled at his odd fancy, and asked him the reason of it. "Why, you see, madam," observed Quilp, "I have observed in well-ordered families as soon as a child cries they carry it out of the room."

In a village church-yard in England there lies buried a young man who was killed by the fall of a piece of ice. His tombstone bears this inscription:

"Bless my i, i, i, i, i, i, i's,
Here he lies,
In a sad pickle,
Killed by an icicle,
In the year Anno Domini 1717."

An old bachelor says, of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Beans, after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

Why does the letter R hold an enviable position?—Because it is never found in sin, but always in temperance, industry, virtue, and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war.

THE WHISKY DUTY.—Help yourself and pass the bottle.

The long head is never headlong.

Do you indorse a scoundrel when you make your mark upon his back?

A slow pulsation is the sign of a long life, not only in individuals but in lawsuits.

A cross wife, like the bird of Minerva, does most of her hooting at night.

A lady in Brooklyn is known to be so extremely humane that she will not allow even her carpets to be beaten; and was frightfully shocked on hearing a boy, who was relating a story about a donkey, tell his companion to cut his tale short; and she actually fainted away when a relative said he had been killing time.

Dr. Jasper Main, who lived in the reign of James I. of England, was celebrated as a scholar and a wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for innocent raillery and practical jokes. Just before he expired he told his servant, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he had left him something that would make him drink. The servant, as soon as his master was dead, impatiently opened the legacy, expecting, of course, to find a heap of treasure; but, alas, his disappointment was great in finding nothing but a red herring!

A passage-at-arms between a police justice and a strong-minded woman has thus been recorded in rhyme:

"The brass upon your face," he said,
"Would make a brazen skillet."
"Your Honor's head," the wench replied,
"Has sap enough to fill it."

One man is as good as another, if not better. One woman is as bad as another, if not worse.

A crusty old bachelor, not liking a way his landlady's daughter had of appropriating his hair-oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball to which the girl was invited, and she staid at home in consequence. It was a fiendish revenge.

A country editor, praising a successful politician, called him "one of the cleverest fellows that ever lifted a hat to a lady or a boot to a blackguard."

"Willy," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulders; "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, I know," said Willy, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes; "that's my flannel shirt!"

A man seeing an oyster-vendor go by, called out, "Give me a pound of oysters." "We sell by measure, not by weight," was the oysterman's reply. "Very well," said the other, "then I'll take a yard of them."

THE REAL TRIAL BY JURY.

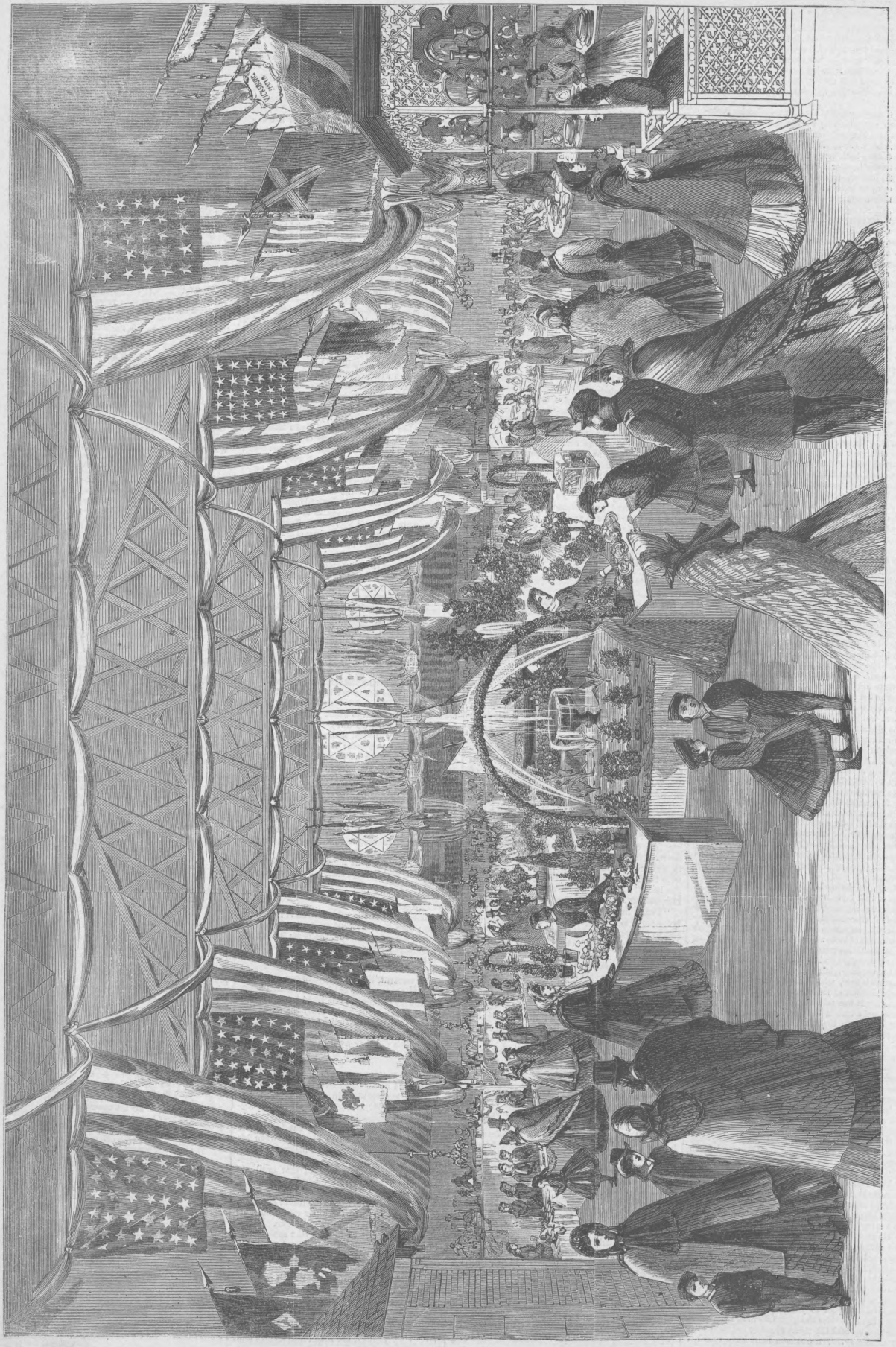
Called away from avocations,
Worried by a day's vexations,
Dragged from home to go a distance,
From appealing no assistance,
No day's pay for that day's working,
Have to pay ten pounds for shirking,
Can not make the court prove lenient,
Though you say it's inconvenient;
For your loss of occupation
Not the slightest compensation;
Packed in box with dust that smothers,
Martyr with eleven others,
Coughing, wheezy, damp, and sneezy,
Space confined and forms uneasy;
Doomed to question and replying,
Temper all those hours trying;
Bored by speeches long and prosy,
Thinking of your fireside cozy:
These are things that, I assure ye,
Make a *real* Trial by Jury.

A lady occupying room letter B at a hotel wrote on the slate the following: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says, 'Let us be,' don't let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at half past seven." The porter, a better boot-black than orthographist, did not know at seven whether to wake "letter B" or "let her be."

An Irishman, in describing America, said, "I am told that you might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh-water oceans inside, that ye might drown Ould Ireland in; and as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd niver be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell o' whisky."

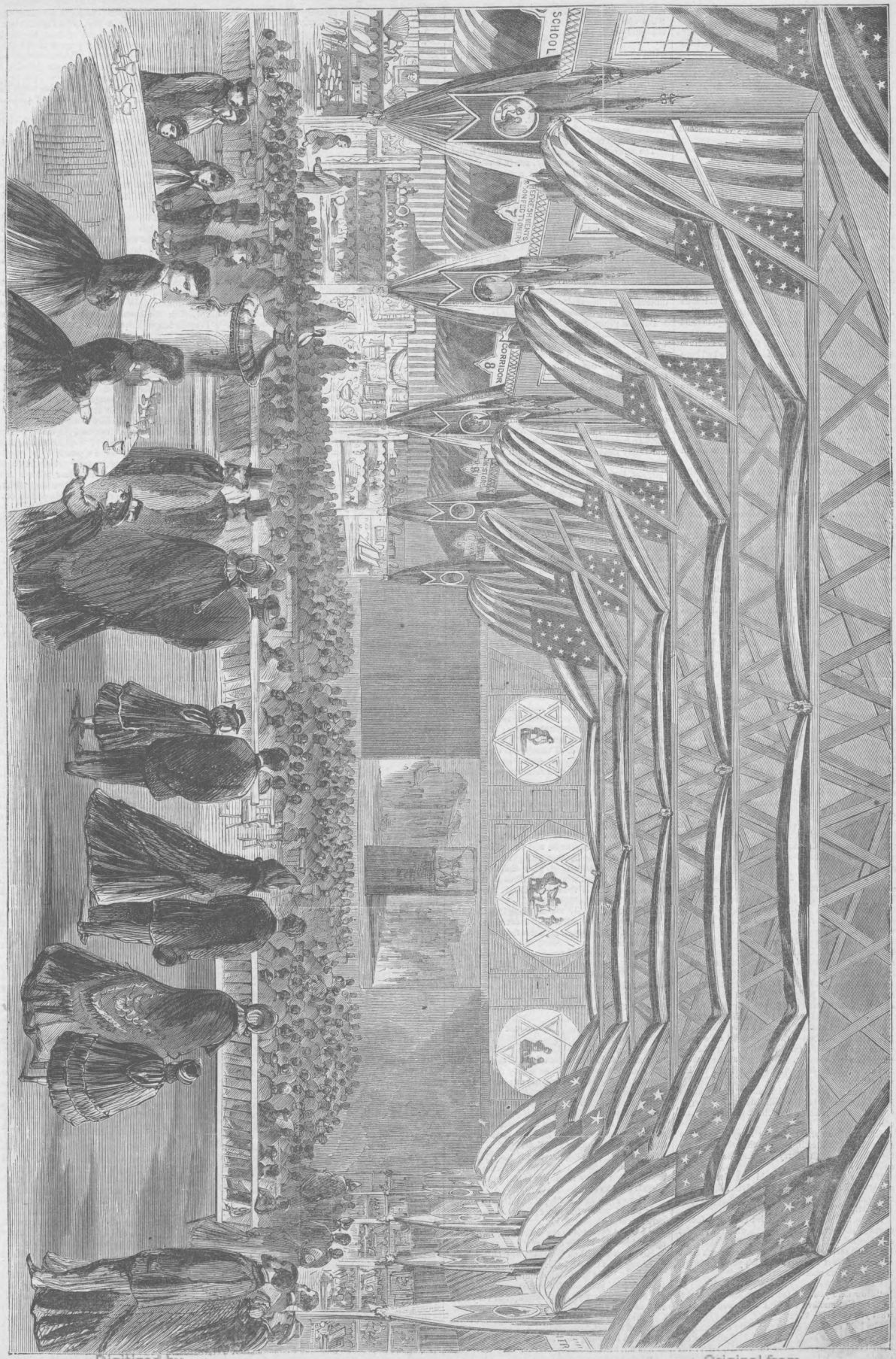
The best-directed label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

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INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

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THE METROPOLITAN FAIR—THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, UNION SQUARE.—[SEE PAGE 269.]

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LEAP-YEAR.

"NOTHING but a private—a common private!"

It would be in vain to attempt to portray the Lady Macbethian scorn which curved Harriet Deane's lip as she spoke the sentence. John Carlyle, albeit he was quite conscious of not deserving the keen-edged contempt, quailed beneath it, nevertheless.

"But, Harriet—"

"Hush!" said the imperious beauty, holding up a warning finger, "I want to understand this matter. Gilbert Armour was promoted to be second lieutenant, was he not?"

"Yes."

"And you are his equal in all respects?"

"Yes."

"Might you not also have shared his honors?"

"I might, I suppose, Harriet," said the young soldier, fixing his calm dark eye upon her fair, flushed face, "if I had chosen to share them at the expense of poor Talcott, who earned his shoulder-straps long ago. They should have been his by every right, months since, but poverty and obscurity are not the best place-winners. Either Gilbert Armour or I must stand aside to see a wronged man righted. He did not choose to sacrifice promotion to a scruple. I did, Harriet—was I wrong?"

"Oh, of course, it's nothing to *me*," said Miss Deane. "You were perfectly right in consulting your own choice. Will you be good enough to hand me that work-basket?"

John Carlyle sat looking at the pretty creature around whom the love of his strong nature had been entwined with a fervor rare enough in these matter-of-fact days, in wistful perplexity. Shining auburn hair parted away from a low, pearl-pure brow—deep blue eyes, like the velvety petal of a pansy, and a mouth whose intense crimson reminded you of the inside leaves of a Lord Raglan rose—she was by no means disagreeable to look at, and Mr. Carlyle was quite sensible of the fact.

"Harry," he said, with an unconscious tremor in the syllables, "I came—"

"Excuse me, Sir," interposed Miss Deane, with studied ceremony. "I am particularly busy counting these stitches—if you would be so obliging as not to interrupt me!"

All unversed as he was in the devious windings of feminine nature, John Carlyle instinctively felt that this was no auspicious season for the furtherance of his suit.

"I'll try again to-night," he mused, walking homeward. "She won't be doing crochet-work forever, and I can not go away in such torturing suspense as this. She is vexed about the shoulder-straps; I wish, for her sake, I had them, yet I would not wear them tarnished by the faintest stain of injustice or dishonor!"

The clear January sky was jeweled with frosty stars, and the solemn old church-clock had just chimed nine from its dim belfry, when he entered the bright room with its mossy blue carpet and hangings of azure silk, and Parian statuettes hidden by vases of vivid crimson roses.

It was not empty, however, as he had hoped and expected. Lieutenant Armour stood in the middle of the apartment, decidedly conscious of his fine new shoulder-straps, and patronizing half a dozen pretty girls. He nodded laughingly to Carlyle, and went on with the sentence which the new arrival had interrupted.

"Leap-Year! to be sure it is. And I may as well state at once that I'm quite ready to receive any propositions you ladies may have to make."

"Nonsense, Gilbert!" said Mary Elphinstone, his cousin.

"Nonsense, eh? Well, I'm glad you consider it in that light—*I* don't! I think it's a great shame the girls don't avail themselves of their privilege, when we men are ready with our blushes and timid glances!"

He looked at Harry Deane as he spoke, half in earnest, half jestingly. John Carlyle's eye followed the direction of his, as by a sort of fascination, and saw the rose-tint mounting to Harry's cheek, and the purple-blue eyes hidden by their white lids.

How long he stood there, with a giddy pain surging through his brain, and a chill at his heart, as of a cold hand grasping at its fibres, he did not know; it might have been five minutes, or it might have been five hours; but he was roused by the breaking up of the little party, the sound of merry voices and playful adieux.

Harry Deane was standing under the chandelier, one light hand resting on the carved back of a Gothic chair—Gilbert Armour lounged on a sofa, where the blue silk curtains swept over the entrance to a bay-window. As John Carlyle pressed forward, Miss Elphinstone laid her hand on his arm softly.

"No, no," she whispered, archly, "don't you see it's an understood matter with Gilbert and Harry? Give me your arm home, for Gilbert will never think of me again."

John Carlyle turned silently away with white lips and clenched teeth, blind to the wistful glance that shone through Harry's lashes, the uncertain quiver of her lip!

He was gone. Yes, the field was clear for the newly-made Lieutenant. He advanced, a little nervously.

"Harry—"

But to his horror and surprise she burst into a storm of passionate tears, through which her violet eyes flashed with ominous sparkles.

"Don't speak to me!" she sobbed; "don't come near me, Gilbert Armour! I wish you'd go home, and never come near me again!"

"Harry!"

"How dare you call me Harry, Lieutenant Armour? Not another word; I don't want to hear what you are going to say!"

She held open the door, imperially dignified, although the tears hung on her lashes, and the auburn braids, escaping from their pins, swept her shoulders; and Lieutenant Armour walked out, crest-fallen.

"Well, I've got my dismissal!" quoth he to himself, biting his long mustache in impotent wrath. "But who would ever have thought she was such a confound—ed little vixen!"

"You might take off the upper arm just here, without—"

"What's the use? He won't last out the day any way, and we may as well let him go easily, even if we had time to waste in unnecessary operations!"

"I'm not so certain about that. Give the man a chance for his life. Where's the ether?"

"You want no ether; he is totally insensible!"

The words fell like meaningless jangles of sound on John Carlyle's ear as he lay, one in a multitude of wounded and dying men, in a weather-beaten old shed. The busy doctor and the kind-hearted young cadet made no impression on his fading mind; he heard what they said as if they had been talking of some one else. There was no volition—no intellect. Life seemed ebbing away from him as the sparkling tide goes creeping—creeping from under the stranded boat!

All at once there came a sudden, sharp pain as the surgeon's keen instrument cleft the arm, and then followed insensibility.

"Ten to one he'll die," said the surgeon, indifferently, as he replaced the glittering tools. "There's no use bandaging it so carefully."

But the young cadet knelt down to fasten the wrappings, wondering in his secret heart if the time would ever come when he, too, should speak so carelessly of a fellow-creature's life, God-given!

John Carlyle did *not* die, the grim old surgeon to the contrary notwithstanding.

There had been a glorious thunder-shower. Along the west hung heavy draperies of violet-black cloud, edged with dazzling fringes of gold, while the blue zenith, smiling through its brief tears, seemed literally to swim in liquid light. And from far off apple-orchards pink with billows of tossing bloom, and sunny slopes all empurpled with wild violets, came sudden sweeps of fragrance on the city winds, carrying the Wall Street jobbers and shriveled money-makers back to the time when they were boys, looking for the first strawberry blossom under the rosy canopy of the old apple-trees!

The fresh breeze, eddying fantastically into the wide, open hotel window, lifted the damp masses of hair on John Carlyle's wasted forehead as he sat in the easy-chair beside the casement, and passed its cool fingers softly over his burning temples, as if it fain would whisper, "Don't repine any longer! Look out on the glad blue sky, and feel Heaven's healing sunshine on your cheek!"

As if man ever heeded Nature's silent monitions! John Carlyle was no exception to the general rule.

"A common private!—those were her very words," he murmured to himself, with a faint crimson spot burning on his wan cheek—"and crippled now for life! Ah, it was well that I drew back into the shadow of the curtains when I heard *her* step in the corridor. Why did they bring me here of all places in the world? Must I drink the bitter cup of humiliation to the very dregs? They should have let me die that dismal night in the hospital, when the ligatures slipped off and the red life-stream drained slowly from the vital sources; that night when fever throbbed in all my veins, and I madly fancied I could feel Harry Deane's tears dropping on my cheek. If I had died—never awaking from the delusion! But now—a common private with only one arm!"

He laughed bitterly as the perpetually-recurring conviction pressed itself upon his mind—a laugh that was almost a sob. Only twenty-six, and weary of his life; it is not often that heart and hope die out of a man's breast at twenty-six.

And the clustering domes and the spires of the great city, leaning against the gold and purple cloud-columns of the sunset, grew dim, and seemed to reel, as he looked upon them, through the mist that was more bitter than rivers of salt tears.

"John!"

He turned listlessly around, fancying that the word had syllabled itself somehow out of the vague imaginings and unspoken fantasies that were whirling in his brain.

But it was not fancy.

A slender little figure in a dress of pale pink—the very dress he had been used to admire long ago—was kneeling on the carpet beside him, and Harry Deane's auburn hair, gleaming golden in the sunset, fell over the arm of his chair where the fair head drooped.

"Harry! Not there, dearest—not there. Let me raise you."

"Oh, let me kneel here, John!" she sobbed; "let me hide my face until I have told you all. If I could but call back those dreary days when I was so heartless, so cruel toward you; and you have undergone so much since! But indeed I loved you all the time, John, even when I was most willful; and I love you still! And oh! if you will only let me be your little wife, I will nurse you so tenderly and care for you so fondly! Don't send me away from you *now*, John, or I shall die!"

The sweet, pleading face, with its velvet-blue eyes shining through tears, and quivering scarlet mouth—what a new loveliness it had won to John Carlyle's glad vision!

"Harry," he said, softly, "would you sacrifice your bright young life to a common private with only one arm?"

"I would devote it to the noblest hero who ever spilled his blood for his country!"

His forehead fell on her shoulder; he was sick and dizzy with the flood-tide of happiness.

"Harry," said he, after a minute, "do you know that I fancied you liked Gilbert Armour?"

The superb scorn on her arched lip was very comical, and not unpleasant to behold.

"Gilbert Armour, indeed! You are worth ten thousand Gilbert Armours!"

"Even including his shoulder-straps?"

She put her hand softly over his lips.

"You need not suppose, Sir," she said, with a pretty defiance that became her no less than the tearful humiliation of a minute before, "that I should have come here courting you, if you hadn't been so sick and worn, and if—"

"Well?"

"If it hadn't been Leap-Year!"

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIV.

AT GAMRIDGE'S.

IT was very late, or rather very early, and Gamridge's was in full conclave. There was laughing, and there was swearing; bets were laid, and taken, and booked; stories were told; and jokes were created; and scandals were, not covertly buzzed, but openly roared about. There was much sincerity at Gamridge's, toward two in the morning. A few of the dandies were drunk, and their candor was, consequently, comprehensible; but others, older and more seasoned vessels, were quite as sincere, being simply cynical. They did not, perhaps, wear their hearts upon their sleeves, the majority of the possible wearers not being troubled with centres of vitality; but they wore, instead, an impudent glorying in unholy lives, an insolent contempt for all that was good or pure—or stupid—which was the Gamridgean synonym for goodness and purity; a bold, defiant, almost chivalrous, and completely diabolical pride—pride of birth, pride of rank, pride of person, pride of dress, pride of intellect (there were some fools there, certainly, and they were proud of their folly, and plumed themselves upon their drawl or their lisp), pride, in fine, of the power of doing evil, and of impunity in wrong-doing. When a very vicious man has very good health, he becomes, indeed, the roaring lion, raging up and down, and seeking whom he may devour. It is only when his constitution is impaired, and his limbs grow shaky, that he begins to crawl in the dust, like a serpent, and wind his body round trees, and whisper counsels full of perdition to the silly.

So most present spoke their minds at Gamridge's. There was no concealment. Every body was as bad as his neighbor. At two o'clock in the morning there was no need for concealment. In the day time, at the clubs, at Chiswick, in the parks, at the theatres, you saw the beautiful Gobelins tapestry, marvelous in the minute finish of its work, suffused with glowing yet tender tints. But at two o'clock in the morning, at Gamridge's, the tapestry was turned up and pinned against the wall. You saw the reverse of the picture—you saw what was behind the exquisite work and the glowing tints. A lamentable arras, indeed: full of knots, and loops, and cobbles, and darns, and frayed ends of dirty worsted protruding from a coarse canvas ground.

A roar of acclaim broke forth as Blunt entered the room. He was a great favorite among the dandies. The famous marquis of those days thrust forward his shoulder-of-mutton palm and squeezed Blunt's delicate hand. Francis Blunt, Esquire, was, perhaps, the only frequenter of Gamridge's who kept his mask on at two o'clock in the morning.

The dandies crowded round him, for he had a renown for saying things which, if not brilliantly clever, were at least spiteful, and consequently amusing. But Mr. Blunt was, this morning, in no mood for venting epigrams or retailing scandalous anecdotes. He could ill conceal his preoccupation.

"Is Debonnair here?" he asked.

"Been here these two hours," answered the colleague he addressed, Captain Langhorne, of the Guards. "Been drinking oceans of soda-and-B, and getting very spooney. Mounthawkington says he's in love. I say it's lush."

In the reign of King William the Fourth the aristocracy were not ashamed to use habitually the language of costermongers. In these days, the writer believes, the superior orders never soil their lips with slang terms.

"Will he play?" Blunt whispered to the Guardsman.

"Whom d'ye mean? Mounthawkington?"

"He play? A hurdy-gurdy, perhaps. I don't mean him. He's not worth playing beggar-my-neighbor with; for my neighbor, Mounthawkington, is beggared already. I mean Debonnair."

"I tell you he's spooney. He'd do any thing you told him to do. He is the soft and verdant spinach, and sighs for the due accompaniment of gammon. If you stretched a tight rope across the room he'd dance upon it like Madame Saqui—till he tumbled off tipsy. He's game to play any thing, from blind hookey up to chicken hazard. He's very spooney, and decidedly sprung."

"Will you see that he doesn't drink too much? Keep him off Champagne. It'll drive him mad. Keep him on his soda-and-B. That won't do him any harm."

"Do you want him, then, that you're so very anxious about his precious health?"

"My dear fellow, I want him between this and five in the morning, for as much as ready money and I.O.U.'s payable within four-and-twenty hours will give me."

The Guardsman whistled. "You've been hit rather hard, Blunt, lately," he remarked, "and you want your innings, I suppose? Well, Debonnair is as good as another, I suppose. Only don't knock him down as though you were pitching at the pins in a skittle-alley. Let him down softly, poor lad. Let him fall on a feather-bed."

"Have you so much sympathy for him?"

"Well, he's only a boy, you know. It's a pity to knock him down all at once, because—because, you know, he's young, and there's a good deal more plucking about him—and if you skin him alive all at once, he might get sick of the thing, and turn steady."

"I see. Well, you shall have him when I've done with him. There'll be plenty of pickings left, I'll promise you."

"Deuce doubt you. Do you want any fellow to-night in with you?"

"Thanks, not one. Lord Henry Debonnair and self; that's all."

"And old Nick as double dummy. Well, I've no wish to spoil sport. Good digestion wait on appetite, and luck on both, and a potful of ready on all three. What do you go in for? The bones?"

"No; not for serious business. We must, for form's sake, have an hour at Crockey's, but the real affair must come off at the count's. I want him at King John, in a side-room, while the rest of you fellows are deep at hazard. Debonnair, how are you, old fellow?"

All this, save the concluding salutation, had been uttered in the discreetest whisper; but, "Debonnair, how are you, old fellow?" was voiced in the bland and cheery tone of which Francis Blunt, Esquire, was an admirable master.

"The Griffin means mischief to-night," Mr. Langhorne, of the Guards, cursorily remarked a few moments afterward to Lord Claude Mounthawkington.

"Oh! confound him," replied the dandy addressed, who was a younger son of a poor nobleman, and had been ruined too early: "he always does mean mischief after midnight. He has had me many a time, and for many a thousand. How in the world does he manage it? He plays on the square, I s'pose?"

"On the squarest of squares. A perfect cube. He's the soul of honor, my dear fellow. I'm peckish, and want some oysters and stout." And Mr. Langhorne of the Guards passed on.

"Debonnair, old fellow, how are you?"

Lord Henry Debonnair liked to be called "old fellow." He was very young. He was a boy. He had a fair round smooth face, quite innocent and blooming. His russet hair curled about an unfurrowed brow. His blue eyes were cloudless. His pretty lips seemed quite untainted by contact with pollution. How should they be? If the inclinations of his secret soul had been laid bare the discovery that he was still fond of lollipops, and never passed an apple-stall without longing to pilfer a couple of the rosy-checked fruit of the dozing Irishwoman to whom they belonged, might have been made. He smoked, and the act of fumigation made him very sick; but he continued to smoke, almost without intermission, because the other fellows did it, and it was the thing.

It was likewise the thing, in those days, to drink; so Lord Henry Debonnair drank—Champagne, Moselle, Tokay, soda-and-B., and not unfrequently the fortifying but stupefying dog's-nose with the friendly cabman, or the enlivening but poisonous Geneva with the convivial gladiator, or affable hanger-on of the prize-ring. It was the thing in the reign of King William the Fourth to associate with cabmen and pugilists. As Lord Henry's little head was very weak, intoxication, in its most demonstrative form, was of by no means rare occurrence with him; and he had been at least half a dozen times locked up in various metropolitan station-houses, and the next morning fined five shillings. It was the thing to be locked up at night, and banter the police magistrate in the morning.

He had always—from reason's first dawn, at least—experienced considerable difficulty in settling, to his own satisfaction, that two and two made four. But he kept a voluminous betting-book, and backed the favorite, or laid against the field, for all sorts of events, double and single, to the extent of some thousands of pounds yearly. He betted as he gambled, as he drank, as he did worse, as he went to prize-fights and cock-fights and ratting-matches, as he drove a four-in-hand (he who was hardly out of a go-cart), as he kept race-horses and bull-dogs, not because he cared much about those amusements, or those luxuries—for next to lollipops his most pronounced taste was for boiled mutton and turnips, suet-pudding, and ginger-beer—but because it was the "thing" among the "set" to which he belonged. He was very lazy, very thoughtless, and very profligate, because it was the thing to be so; and he had never done, and never intended, any harm to any living creature. Lord Henry Debonnair belonged to a class common enough in the reign of William the Fourth, but whose type in the reign of Queen Victoria is extinct.

Francis Blunt, Esquire, had twisted this young nobleman round his finger. He had passed a silken string through his nose, and led him by it, with perfect ease and comfort to both parties. He was far too clever to toady the young lord. He patronized him. Lord Henry looked up to him, with implicit trust and confidence, as guide, philosopher, and friend. He recognized all the attraction of Griffin Blunt's brilliant depravity. He felt, in his boyish mind, proud to know so experienced a profligate, so cultivated a master of nefarious arts. It was the respect a youngster at school pays to an oldster. Blunt was too wary to borrow ready money of his protégé. It was not the thing to be in need of a five-pound note. But Blunt obtained the noble name of Debonnair as acceptor, as endorser, or as drawer, to innumerable bills of exchange, at all kinds of dates. His lordship was never troubled to part with ready cash when the bills came due. He had only to sign his noble name once more, and so, the interest was paid, the bills were renewed, and Francis Blunt, Esquire,

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was flush of cash, and would be able even to give Jean Baptiste Constant a trifle on account of his wages. Oh, the wonderful power of paper-money, and how wide-spreading are the wings of Icarus until the wax melts off! Then he comes down plump; as Law did; as Turgot did; as the latest edition of Chevy CHASE will do.

Frank Blunt drew his arm through that of Lord Henry, and soothed, and flattered, and told gay stories to the noble boy he meant to cheat before sunrise, and whose brains he would have been, under any circumstances, glad enough to blow out: believing, as he did, that Debonnair admired his wife too much. Poor boy! Has there not been seen, ere now, a little spaniel puppy dog frisking about in the den of a Bengal tigress? Blunt allowed no trace either of his design or of his resentment to show itself. He was a diplomatic villain, not a melodramatic one. Plunder your enemy first, and murder him afterward, if there be occasion for it: so ran the cautious current of Francis Blunt, Esquire's, reasoning.

As fate would have it, he was destined, that night or morning, neither to rob nor to kill Lord Henry Debonnair. For, just as the boy and he had quitted Gamridge's hospitable roof, and were mounting the former's cabriolet, en route for Crockey's, two men of mildewed, slightly greasy, decidedly shabby, and unmistakably Jewish, mien, made their appearance in the lamplight, one on either side of the aforesaid cabriolet. A third man, who was older, and shabbier, and greasier, and more mildewed, but not Jewish, appeared, with pantomimic suddenness, at the horse's head.

"Good Heavens, Blunt, what is the meaning of this?" cried Lord Henry.

"It only means," replied the dandy, with well-assumed coolness, but with a very pale face, "that I am taken in execution—arrested, as it is called—for three thousand five hundred pounds, and that, instead of going in your cab to Crockford's, I must take a hackney-coach, with these respected gentlemen, to Chancery Lane."

CHAPTER XV.

GETTING UP.

THE morning broke very sadly and drearily to the little child left, quite alone, at Rhododendron House. The servant-maid, with whom she had been put to sleep, had risen at six o'clock, for her work was of the hardest, and her pabulum of rest infinitesimal. So when, about half an hour afterward, the bold sun came hammering through Lily's eyelids, preaching to old and young alike, that eternal sermon against Sloth, the girl's place beside her being yet warm, but deserted, it is not, I hope, to be taken as a very wonderful event if Lily began immediately to cry. It does not take much to bring tears from the eyes of a little child. The infant weeps instead of cogitating; and the result arrived at is about as logical in the one case as in the other. Lily's dolor was as yet of no very outrageous kind. It was less a fractious roar than a meek wail of expostulation. Her sorrows dawned with the day: the noontide of misery was to come. She had but a very faint idea of where she was, and a fainter still of how she had come there. Every thing was strange to her. Her memory was naturally short. The events of the previous day had been rapid, crowded, and unusual. The upshot was hopeless confusion. So she betook herself to tears. The sun, however, after vindicating his dignity and potency before stirring her up so rudely, seemed to relent. He condescended to console her. He was a generous giant after all, and acknowledged that so tiny a lie-a-bed might urge some plea in abatement of his wrath. There was time—hard and cruel time enough—for Lily to acquire habits of early rising. So murmuring (if the Sun indeed can sing) that beautiful burden to the old nurse's ballad,

> Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
> When thou art old there's quite enough for thee,

he, too, began to smile on Lily, and to show her wonderful things. He had a plenteous store, and a rich, and a brave; and the child smiled in his company. The sun's beams dried her eyes. She looked, and saw the motes dancing in the golden rays; the strip of druggct tesselated in a bright pattern, the knobs on the chest of drawers gleaming in the shine. Then, outside, some creeping green plants, stirred by the morning breeze, chose, with a merry furtiveness, to peep in upon her through the panes; and the sun turned them to all kinds of colors. Her mind was yet as light as a leaf: volatile, and carried hither and thither as the wind listed. She laughed, and forgot her little woe, and found herself playing with the pillow, which, to her, speedily became animate and a thing to be fondled, dandled, chidden, and apostrophized. It is the privilege of very little girls to be able to turn any thing into a puppet; as it is of very little boys to make any thing into soldiers. I once knew the small daughter, aged three, of a tinker, who nursed for a whole hour a dead rat for a doll.

As nobody came, however, and the painful fact of the pillow having no legs became apparent, and the sun went in (to cast up his yesterday's accounts, maybe), after showing for a moment his jolly red face at the door of his dwelling, gloom came again to overshadow Lily's soul. The petty horizon was very soon darkened, and the rain-drops began once more to patter. She felt very lonely, very friendless, very hungry; and though the sun, in his back parlor, hearing her sobbing, looked up from his ledger, and opening a casement, drove a lively beam across her bed, she was inconsolable now, and wept with unassuageable bitterness.

All at once there came a dreadful bell. It must have been made of Chinese gongs melted down with revolutionary tocsins, fire-alarms, jarring chimes from brick chapels in grim towns of the shoddy country, peals from jails and work-houses, bells from men-o'-war where discipline was rigid, and whose captains were Tartars: the whole hung in the Tower of Babel, furnished with a clapper forged from Xantippe's tongue, and finally cracked and flawed under the especial auspices of Mr. Denison, Q.C. It was a most appalling bell. It elected, first, to creak and groan, and then to emit a frightful rasping clangor that set your teeth on edge, and made your bosom's lord sit so uneasily on his throne as to seem in danger of tumbling off. You could hear the duller sound of the tugging at the rope, and the thud of the outer rim of the bell against the brick wall by the side of which it was hung, besides the persistent bang, bang, banging of the clapper itself. It was a campanile of evil omen, a sound of doom, a most abominable bell—the school-bell of Rhododendron House.

The five-and-thirty boarders in Rhododendron House knew well enough, from long and sad experience, what the bell meant. It signified Get up! Get up this minute! Get up this instant! Get up, you lazy little minxes, under pain of ever so many bad marks, extra lessons, and diminished rations of bread-and-butter! So, sluggishly or speedily, but still inevitably, the pupils proceeded to rise, to dress, and to lave themselves. All of these processes were ill-done; and at prayer-time few of the five-and-thirty were more than half-dressed, half-washed, or half-awake. But they were all there.

To poor little Lily the bell represented only so much deafening noise, mingled with some vague and indefinite menace of she knew not what. It made her cry more than aught else that had previously excited her emotion; and if, at the end of five minutes, or thereabouts, the horrible instrument had not surceased in its uproar, it is not at all out of the range of probability that the terrified child might have screamed herself into a fit.

"Hoity-toity!" quoth Miss Barbara Bunnycastle, entering the room at this juncture, "what's all this noise about? No crying allowed here, Miss Floris. You should have been up and dressed half an hour ago, little one."

She was quite another Miss Barbara Bunnycastle to the young lady who had received Lily the night before. Her voice was sharper, her gait firmer, her manner more determined. She seemed to forget that there were any such persons as parents, and spoke only to pupils. Cake and wine existed no more in her allure; she was suggestive only of bread and scrape and sky-blue. The holidays were a million miles and ten centuries away. She was not cruel, only cross; not severe, only strict. She was still the guide, philosopher, and friend of her young charges; but she was, above all, their governess.

Miss Barbara had at first some difficulty in reconciling herself to the gross infraction of scholastic discipline committed by a young lady-boarder, who had not only neglected to leave her couch at the first sound of the "getting-up bell," and apparel herself in her everyday garments, but was also so ignorant of the arts of the toilet as to be behindhand in reaching the dingy corridor, dignified with the name of a lavatory, where the five-and-thirty matutinally fought for the possession of two jack-towels and three squares of yellow soap. Miss Floris was not even competent to hook-and-eye another young lady's frock, or entreat her, in return, to tie her pinafore. What was to be done with a pupil who could not even part her hair, and knew nothing of the proper maintenance of a comb bag? But, by degrees, it dawned on Miss Barbara that Lily Floris was a very little, little child—a mere baby, in fact—and that there was plenty of time to break her into the manége pursued at the Stockwell academy of female equitation. Even the education of Adelaide and Theodora, those paragons of judicious training, must have had a beginning. Next, it occurred to Miss Barbara that the little one represented so much good money, already paid in her behalf, and that she might be made to represent much more equally good. Accordingly, bowing to the force of circumstances, she shrugged the shoulders of her mind, and concluded that the affair, although dreadfully irregular, must be made the best of; and, in pursuance of this sage resolve, she condescended to order up Miss Floris's trunk, and to array the new inmate in the garments provided for her. Nay, she even went so far as to take soap and towel in hand and to frictionize and slouch, in alternate douches and dry rubs, the face and hands of her protégée.

Lily felt more alone than ever. She missed the warm bath, the soft sponge, the soothing words and merry tales, with which her old nurse used to make the ordeal of the tub tolerable. Now the tub was replaced by the servant-girl's wash-hand basin, a fictile bowl of many cracks, not much bigger than a pie-dish. She was dreadfully afraid—she knew not why—of her instructress; but she could not subdue a stifled sobbing. When, added to anguish of mind, you happen to have some soap in your eyes, it is hard to refrain from lamentation.

Miss Barbara observed the child's grief, and, as she washed her, chid her.

"You mustn't cry," she said, sharply. "It's wrong and foolish; and besides it'll prevent your learning your lessons. Do you know what it is to learn lessons?"

"Ess," replied Lily, who had once or twice essayed to put a doll through a course of elementary instruction, but, for the rest, had no more idea of lessons than of the Teeloogoo language.

"That's right," quoth Barbara. "You'll have plenty to learn while you're here, I can tell you. Idleness is the parent of vice; and you'd better be dead than a dunce. Above all, no crying; it's wicked. Do you understand me?"

"Ess," replied Lily again, feeling that she was called upon to say something, but understanding about as much of the drift of the query as of the primordial organization of matter.

"Then dry your eyes directly. You mustn't look as if you were unhappy. Nobody is allowed to be unhappy here. You're to be brought up under the law of kindness. I've washed and dressed you this morning, and, till you're able to do it yourself, the servant will see after you. I'm not a nursery-maid; understand that. Now come along."

"Ess," replied Lily again, bewildered between the exposition of the law of kindness and the soap still smarting in the aqueous humors of her eyes.

"Then why don't you do as you're bidden?" pursued Miss Barbara, giving a very slight stamp with her foot.

Somehow Lily couldn't do as she was bidden. She was not naturally rebellious—only dismayed. But in her helplessness, and with this terrible personage, who spoke so sharply and scrubbed so hard, hovering over her, an indefinable feeling of insubordination took possession of her small frame. She was a very tiny leveret to stand at bay; but she clenched her fists, and crammed them into her eyes, and stammering out, "I won't," sat down in the middle of the drugget; and the rest was inarticulate moaning.

Here was a fine piece of work! The logical Miss Barbara felt that it would be a lamentable dereliction of the law of kindness to have recourse to slapping; on the other hand, the child only responded to commands by more passionate outcries. So Miss Barbara took a middle course, and seizing the recalcitrant by one arm, shook her.

"Will you come now, you aggravating little thing?" she exclaimed.

The shaking was slight enough, but it was quite sufficient to subdue the aggravating little thing—she who, up to that moment, had never had a finger laid upon her in anger. Miss Barbara had not clutched her with any extraordinary vigor; but she was muscular, and her fingers had left faint red streaks on Lily's baby-flesh. The child looked at these marks, and acknowledged at once the presence of superior will, of irresistible force. An extinguisher descended quickly, and for good, on the flickering flame of revolt. She gave in—rose—suffered Miss Barbara to rearrange her rumpled frock—and very meekly followed her down stairs, clinging to the bombazine skirt of her instructress.

Miss Barbara Bunnycastle had probably never perused the famous work on Education written by Mr. John Locke, author of an Essay on the Conduct of the Human Understanding, in which that profound philosopher relates a light-hearted anecdote of a lady—a most affable maternal person, and an ornament to her sex, I am sure—who whipped her little daughter on her coming home from nurse eight times in succession, in the course of one morning, before she could subdue her obstinacy. "And had she stopped at the seventh whipping," opines the grave Mr. Locke, "the child would have been ruined." Fortunately Lily's little outbreak had been got under by the first overt act of coercion. I am not prepared to surmise what the result might have been after eight shakings.

So down they went, passing through the lavatory before mentioned, when two or three lagging boarders, who had been late in obtaining a hold on the jack-towels and the yellow soap, or were still dallying with the comb-bag, or vainly endeavoring to find eyes for their hooks, fled, half unkempt, before Miss Bunnycastle's face, like chaff before the wind. Then they descended half a dozen break-neck stairs, and leaving a lobby, hung with bags, and cloaks, and playground hats and bonnets, behind them, entered a long, low, white-washed room, barely furnished with desks painted black, and wooden forms, and a few maps, and a closed book-case strongly resembling a meat-screen, and at the upper end of which, at a raised rostrum, sat Mrs. Bunnycastle, with a pile of open volumes before her. She was supported on either side, like her Majesty in the House of Lords, by lower chairs of estate, occupied by Miss Celia and Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle. The English and the French governesses, or "teachers," as they were less reverently called by the pupils, occupied desks at the further end of the school-room, and Miss Barbara had a kind of roving commission all over the academic premises, to inspect, to watch, to report, and to reprove. Her eye was every where, and her body was in most places.

It would seem that, on this particular morning, the whole pomp and state of the establishment of Rhododendron House had been brought out to impress the new pupil—though she was such a very little one—with a due sense of awe and reverence. It was rarely, under ordinary circumstances, that Mrs. Bunnycastle made her appearance in the school-room until after breakfast; and as seldom did more than two of the sisters deign to attend the earliest assembly of the pupils. However, on the first appearance of Lily in the school-room, she found herself face to face with the whole dread hierarchy of her future home—to say nothing of the five-and-thirty boarders sitting at their desks, whose gaze appeared to be directed toward Miss Floris with the concentrated force of one eye.

"Don't stare about you so," whispered Miss Barbara to Lily; she had to stoop a long way down to whisper. "Little girls shouldn't stare. It's an idle, wicked habit. Now kneel down and be very quiet."

Happily Lily needed but slender instruction in this last particular. She had been taught to pray. She plumped down on her little knees, and, folding her hands with edifying decorum, bent her fair head, and began to murmur God knows what. Emphatically He knew what.

There was a shuffling, rustling noise, as the girls, at a signal, rose from their desks to kneel upon the forms. Then Mrs. Bunnycastle read prayers in a mild bleating voice, taking care to pronounce "knowledge" with an omega. After the orthodox orisons she read a lengthy homily from a thin dog's-eared book, which, according to a tradition among the girls, had been written by a dean, who was Mrs. Bunnycastle's grandpapa. The homily was full of very hard words, and consequently most wholesome and improving; but its arguments seemed to have a direct reference to some by-gone theological controversies than to the immediate spiritual wants of the five-and-thirty boarders. However, there was a beautiful passage about the idolatries of Rome—which Mrs. Bunnycastle, according to diaconal precedent, scrupulously pronounced Room—and the homily was accompanied by at least one gratifying circumstance, that every body seemed very glad when it was over. The girls, who had joined in the responses to the prayers with great zeal and apparent zest, and in divers degrees of shrillness, now rustled and shuffled into their places again, and Mrs. Bunnycastle proceeded to promulgate divers bills of pains and penalties, in the shape of lessons and bad marks for offenses committed between the setting of the sun on the previous evening and the rising of the same that morning; and then, when one young lady had broken into a dismal howl at being condemned to learn by heart a whole page of Télémaque, and another had been relegated to the penal study of a cheerful genealogy in Genesis, and a third had seen the prospect of the after-dinner play-hour dashed from her lips by the stern behest to copy out thrice the verb Se Désobéir, and when all the inculpated young ladies had vehemently denied the sins of omission and commission imputed to them, and when the governesses appealed to had emitted lava floods of crimination and recrimination, and when Mrs. Bunnycastle had rapped her desk several times in a minatory manner, with the dean's volume of homilies, and somebody's ears had been boxed—for the law of kindness did not exclude some occasional commentaries and marginal references of a sterner character—the cook of Rhododendron House, who, to all appearance, had been lying in wait below till the climax of shrill outcry and uproar should be reached, suddenly burst upon the assembly, not in person, but vicariously, by ringing the bell for breakfast. A very hot person was the cook. She would bend over her sauce-pans in the kitchen till she attained, as it seemed, a red heat, and would then rush up stairs into the play-ground, and tug at the bell till she was cool: thus triumphantly vindicating the principle of counter-irritation.

MORNING.

> FROM rounded hills and dimpling vales
> Night's shadowy shrouds unfold,
> And the lonely star of morning pales,
> And the mists are bathed in gold.
>
> Soft zephyrs are breathing from the west
> Over the rippling corn,
> And the ruby kiss of the sun is prest
> On the white brow of the morn.
>
> The flowers shake off their dewy sleep,
> And their pe'aled eyes unclose
> With innocent looks on the calm blue deep,
> That curtains their repose.
>
> From nestling homes all leaf-embowered,
> The birds pour matin songs,
> And fields and river banks are showered
> With new-born insect throngs.
>
> All things are glad at the wakening breath
> That heraldeth the day,
> When sleep, so nearly akin to death,
> Passeth upon its way:
>
> The sweet foreshadowing of that waking
> When under heavenly skies,
> While the morn of another life is breaking,
> We shall open these darkened eyes.

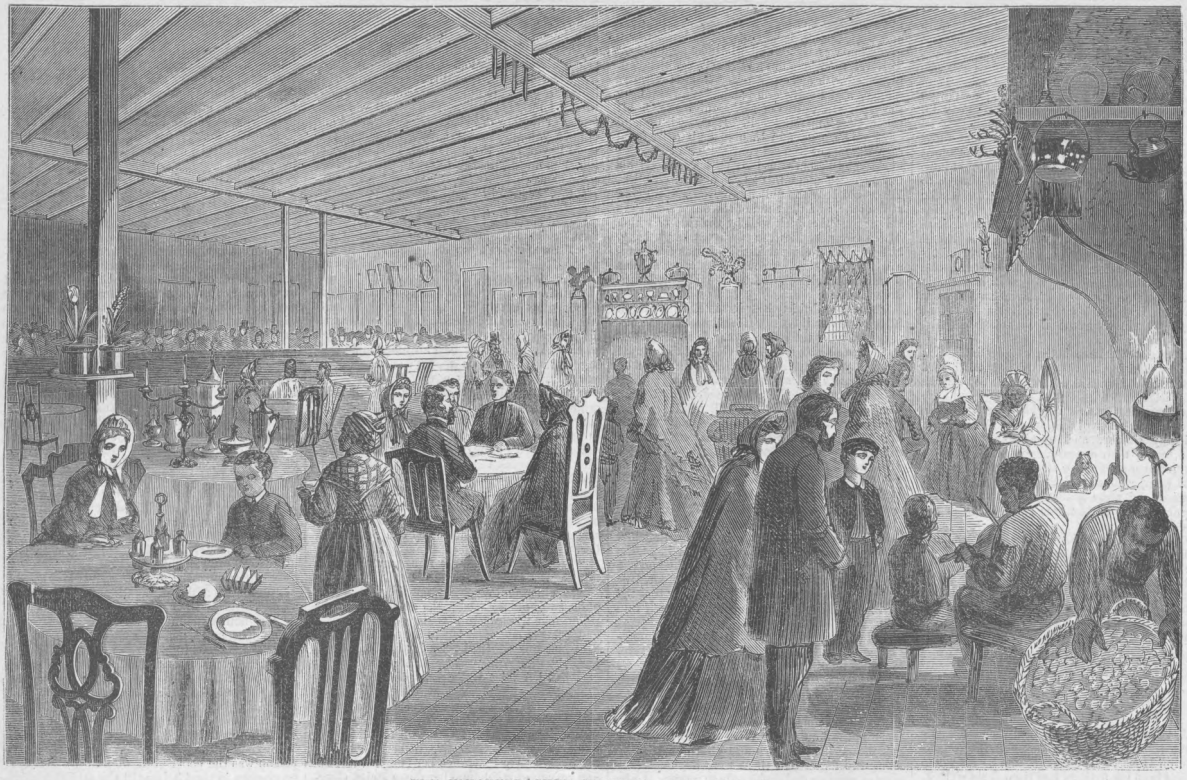
THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND HIS WIFE.

FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH, Archduke of Austria, and Emperor of Mexico by the intrigues of LOUIS NAPOLEON, whose portrait we give on page 269, is the son of Archduke FRANCIS CHARLES and of Archduchess SOPHIA, Princess of Bavaria, and is the eldest brother of the present Emperor of Austria, FRANCIS JOSEPH I. He was born July 6, 1832, and is now consequently just in the fresh summer of his years. He holds the rank of Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the Austrian Imperial Marine, having worked his way up from the lowest rank of his profession, aided very materially, of course, by the fact of his exalted birth. He is described as a remarkably plain and republican sort of personage, and has certainly enjoyed great popularity in his rule over the people of the Lombardo-Venete and in every other position he has filled. Ambition is probably his greatest weakness.

The offer of the imperial crown of Mexico was made to the Archduke by a Mexican deputation on October 3, 1863, and was accepted by him under the condition of the election being ratified by the whole Mexican nation. The latest advices from Europe represent that the Emperor was about to sail for Mexico to take possession of his throne, in occupancy of which he is to be supported by a force drawn from two sources—1. A Foreign Legion, in the service and pay of MAXIMILIAN; 2. A body of native Mexicans, such as can be hired to uphold the usurpation. The Foreign Legion, which is to consist at first of 6000 men, is making up in part from the army of Paris, and the first installment of 500 men were embarking at Cherbourg three weeks ago.

The wife of MAXIMILIAN is Princess CHARLOTTE, daughter of King LEOPOLD I. of the Belgians, to whom he was married July 27, 1857. Princess CHARLOTTE was born June 7, 1840, and is consequently twenty-four years of age, and is said to be a woman of many charms of character.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN, UNION SQUARE.

SKETCHES OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR—CONTINUED.

IN the Union Square Buildings the

KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN

—illustrated on this page—attracts a large share of the attention of visitors. Meals are served up in the old Knickerbocker style to all who wish them; and old Knickerbocker gentlemen visit the place nightly to smoke their pipes and chat pleasantly together in the corners. Several of the ladies having this department in charge appear in the apparel of the old times, made of the most costly and elegant materials. Some of the visitors to the Kitchen, according to the reports of the daily papers, carry extensive appetites. One day "one youthful gormandizer boasted that he had 'put away upward of fifteen Dutch cheeses' in the course of a tolerably long meal. An old gentleman from Ulster County appeared early in the day and called for breakfast. Soon after he returned and inquired for a little lunch. That having disappeared, he retired apparently satisfied. Not many hours elapsed, however, before he again turned up craving for dinner. At 9 o'clock he was enjoying a little something once more before retiring for the night."

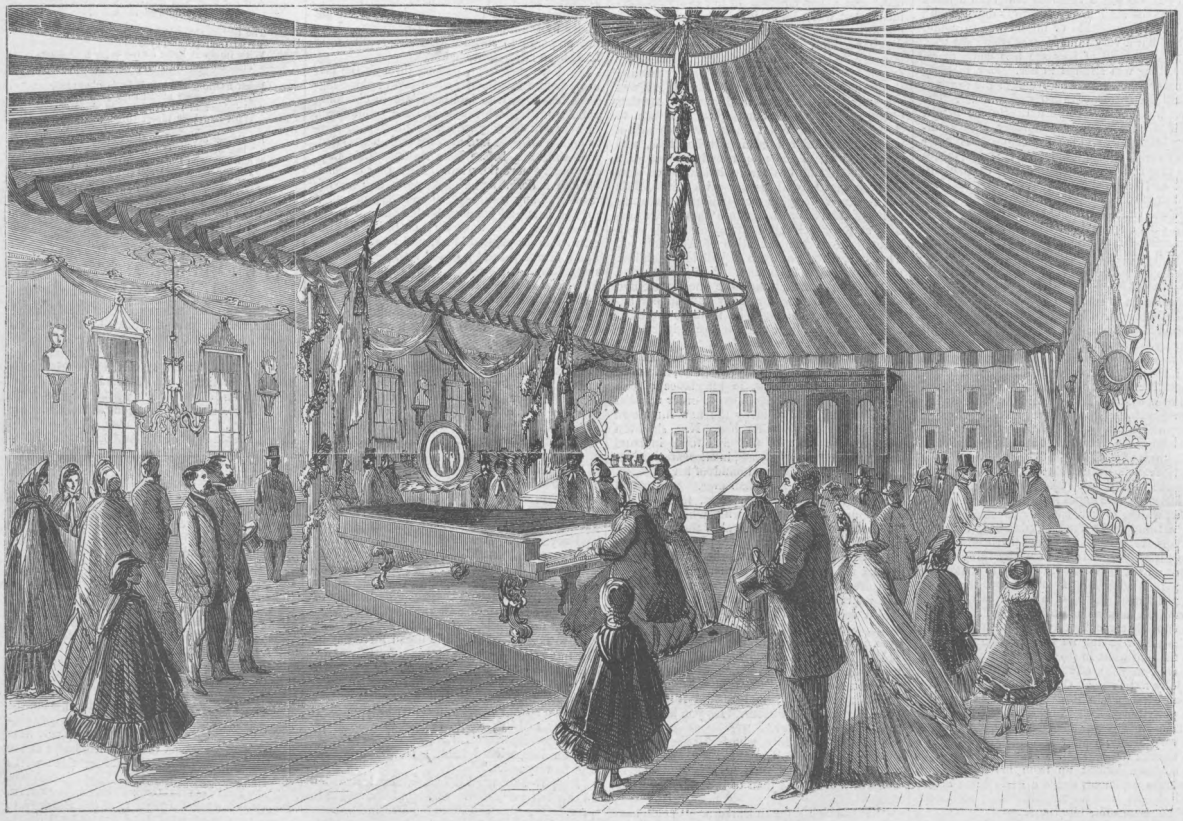
THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

is a most delightful resort, in which lady visitors find especial pleasure. The instruments are all of the first class, and have been sold at large prices. There is also a select assortment of sheet music, musical books, etc., and at all hours of the day some performer discourses sweet sounds for those present.

Another point of great interest in the Union Square Buildings (illustrated on page 264) is the

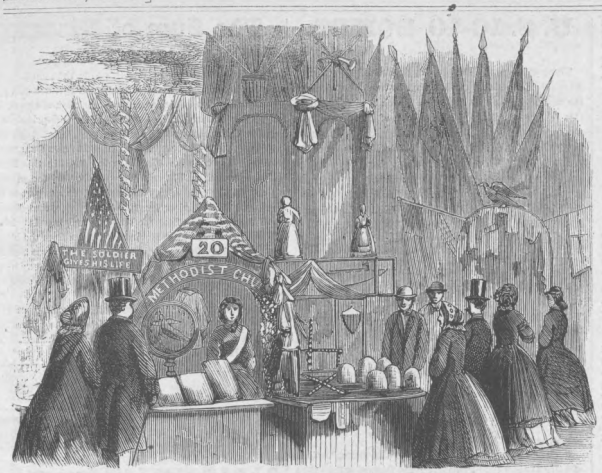
INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

which is crowded with rare selections of Science and Art contributed from different countries. One of the principal ornaments of the department is a fountain in full play, margined by vases of flowers. The sales here have been very large.



THE MUSIC HALL, UNION SQUARE.

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METHODIST TABLE.



INTERIOR OF IRVING COCKLOFT.

A main point of interest in the Fourteenth Street building is

COCKLOFT HALL,

or the Salmagundi Summer-House, in the New Jersey Department. This house abounds with relics of IRVING, to whose memory it is consecrated. Copies of every portrait ever taken of him are to be found there, together with the table on which he wrote, sketches and paintings illustrative of his life and works, original manuscripts and editions, etc. Here are also exhibited a scarf of ROSE STANDISH, worn in 1620, and many other things equally interesting—among them the flag of PAUL JONES, when in command of the *Bon Homme Richard*. The interest which visitors manifest in every thing about this house furnishes an eloquent testimony of the power of a great name, and the reverence all men feel for a good and noble life. Our sketch gives an interior view of Cockloft Hall.

One of the most attractive of the miscellaneous stands in the Fourteenth Street Building is that of the

METHODIST UNION,

illustrated on this page. At this stand—No. 20—nineteen churches of the Methodist denomination are represented. The contributions consist of camp-stools, library-chairs, silk sofa-cushions, cloaks, Afghans, a large assortment of embroidered goods imported from Paris, infants' clothing, wax and other artificial flowers, mechanical toys, dolls of all sizes and colors, shell-work, and perfumery. The assortment is one of the largest in the Fair, and is presided over by one of the ladies.

In the Union Square Building

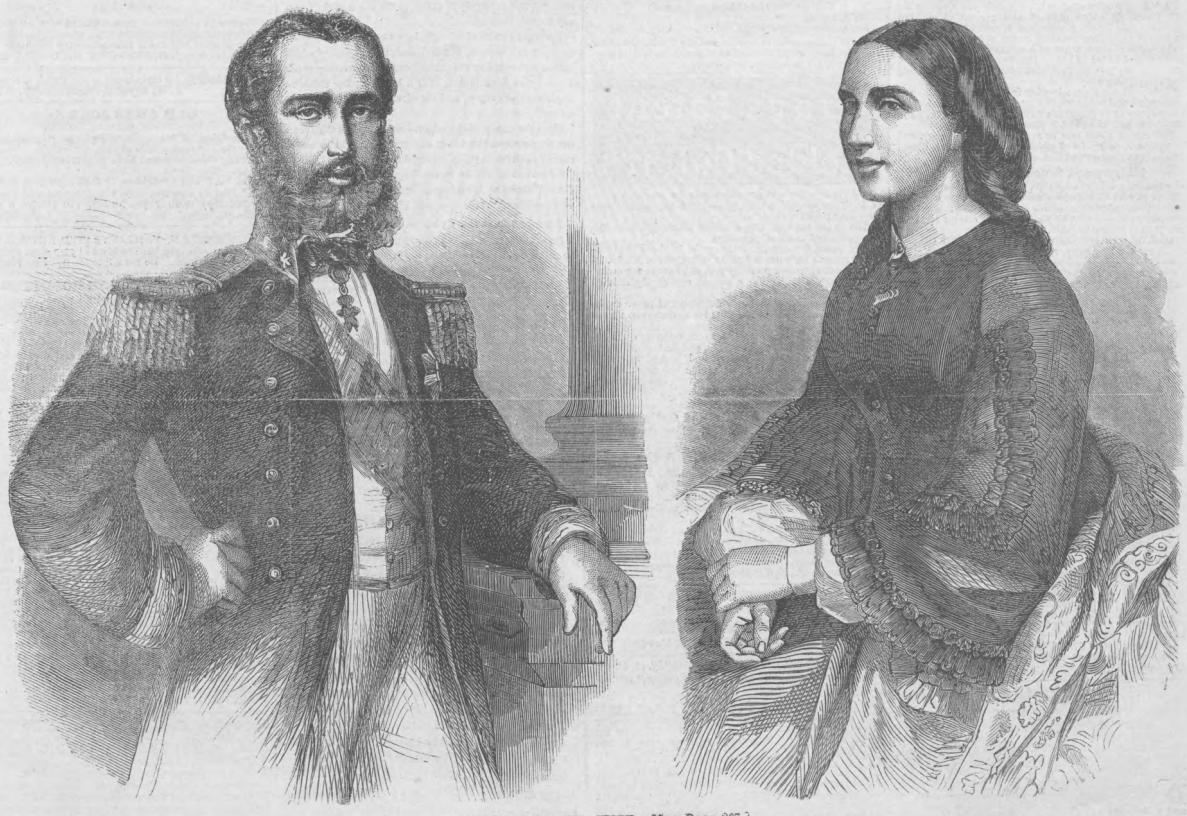


FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

referred to last week, has proved a great success, not only affording the little folks an opportunity to do something for the soldier, but furnishing a constant source of amusement and profit to visitors. The sales in this department have been very large; but all vacancies created by purchasers have been promptly supplied, so that the display has been uniform and complete throughout. The profit derived by visitors to this department has not been merely of the pocket or the eye. In thousands of hearts the spectacle there presented has revived sweet reminiscences of childhood; and many a withered, weary face has grown bright again, no doubt, in the presence of the memorials of that time, when the winds of June blew along their paths, and the birds of spring warbled in the green boughs of their young lives. Our sketch of this department represents one of the entertainments which have been given nightly, to the delight of thousands of visitors.

The view entitled "FLORA M'FLIMSEY" on this page represents a Doll contributed to the Fair by a lady and her daughter, with twelve complete sets of dresses, etc., all of the finest description, and made entirely by the hands of the contributors. The wardrobe thus provided for the miserable Flora includes every garment and accessory the richest taste or heaviest purse could suggest, and yet the whole is offered at a price which would not, probably, pay for the material at present rates. As a triumph of womanly patience and skill "Flora M'Flimsey" must challenge the admiration of all visitors. "Nothing to Wear" never had a more perfectly satirical illustration than this.



MAXIMILIAN AND WIFE.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

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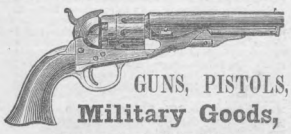
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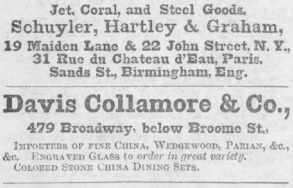
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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APRIL 20, 1864.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

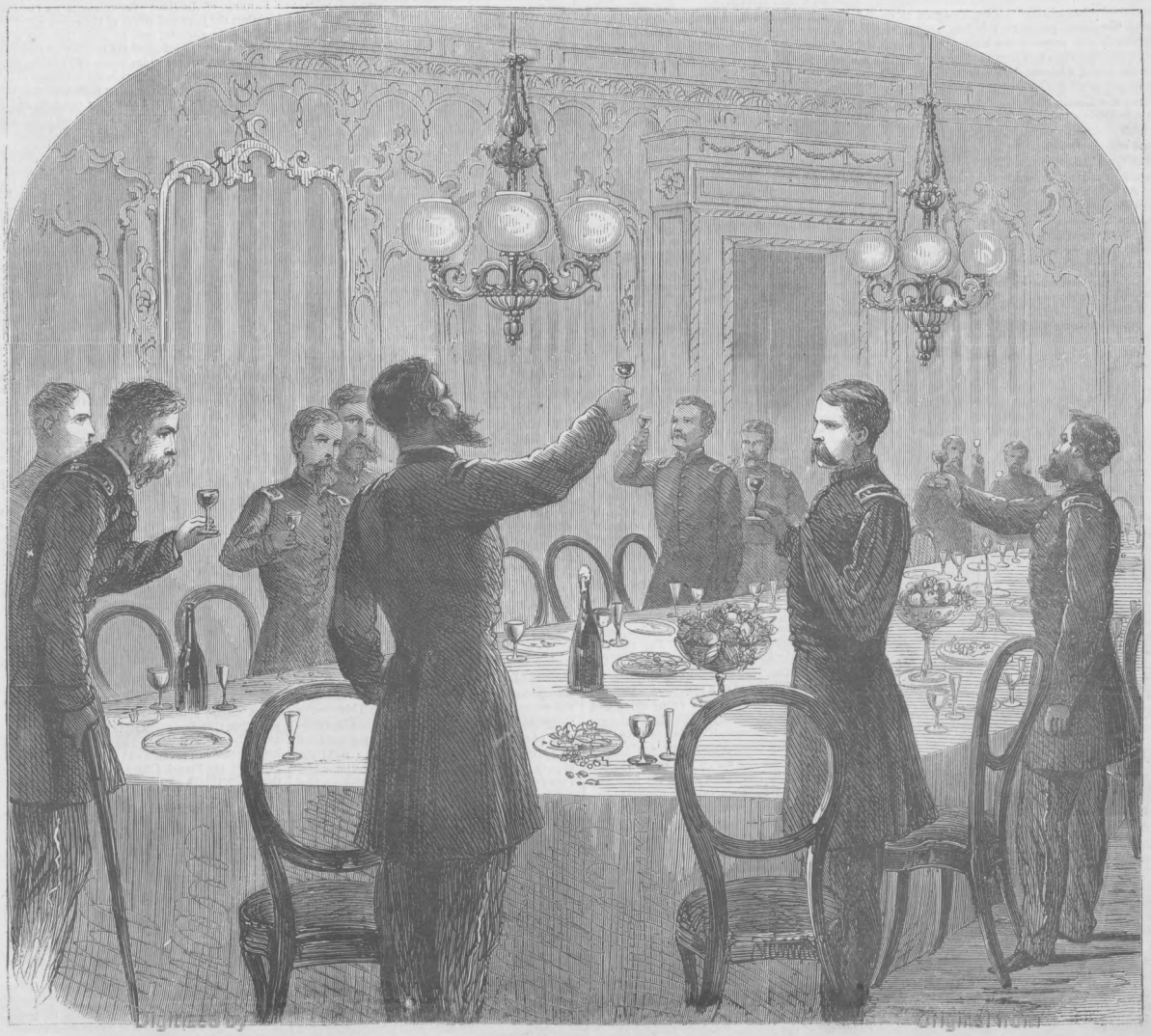
THREE years ago to-day
We raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to heaven.

Oh 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessèd sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup
As we toasted "Our flag and land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up—just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us THIRTY-SEVEN!



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

THE NEW EMPEROR.

THE arrival of an Austrian Prince to seat himself, under French protection, upon a throne built upon the ruins of the Mexican Republic, is one of the most significant events in the history of this Continent. Somewhat less than fifty years ago the chief Powers in Europe allied themselves against constitutional governments. They enforced their will by arms in Naples and Spain. Great Britain, which, under CASTLEREAGH, at the Congress of Vienna, had gone near to a total betrayal of her own cause, awoke, under GEORGE CANNING, and asserted the rights of constitutional governments. The Holy Alliance, France taking the lead, restored the "grace of God" monarchy in Spain, and proposed to compel the Spanish American colonies to return to their old allegiance to the Spanish crown. CANNING proposed to Mr. RUSH, then United States minister in England, to recognize the independence of the colonies, if the United States would join in the recognition. Mr. RUSH had no instructions, but upon being urgently pressed he consented to unite in the declaration; and in the next Message of Mr. MONROE the doctrine was laid down by the President, which has been known ever since as the Monroe doctrine; the substance of which is a declaration by the United States that any effort upon the part of any European power or powers to extend their system to any part or portion of this Continent would be regarded as dangerous to our peace and safety. We would not interfere with existing colonies, but an attempt to control the destiny of American States whose independence we had recognized would be considered an unfriendly act.

The reason of this action was evident. The Holy Alliance had assumed the political dictatorship of Europe. They wished to grasp that of the world. They denied the right of constitutional governments, and they had overthrown them by force of arms. They designed to extend the same policy to this hemisphere, and naturally and properly the United States, seated here, and the chief free popular government in the world, declared that it assumed the championship of all the established free governments upon this Continent. Absolutism was triumphant in Europe and threatened America. Europe threw down the gage. America picked it up and replied, "You strike at your peril." This was the Monroe doctrine, the league of Liberty against the Holy Alliance and despotism.

Although never formally allowed, it has been practically recognized by the European Governments, until, under cover of our civil troubles, the declaration of forty years ago and our constant policy have been disregarded. A European army lands in Mexico; subdues the country; overthrows the Republic; establishes an Empire; and calls and escorts an Austrian Prince to the throne. Thereupon the United States Congress, pausing in the midst of the fiercest party conflicts in a civil war, unanimously declares that the feeling and purpose of the people have not changed, and that they can not acknowledge a government so established upon this Continent.

If the original declaration of 1824 were wise and necessary, and we can not think any man familiar with the history of that time will deny that it was, its reassertion to-day is even more necessary, for we are menaced by the exact danger against which it was leveled. The attack of France upon Mexico was made under the conviction that our Government was destroyed. Its occupancy of that country will depend upon our division. And unless it means to retire, the cardinal object of its policy upon this continent must be the destruction of the Union. No European monarch, and least of all LOUIS NAPOLEON, supposes that if the United States were at peace they would look placidly on at the invasion and conquest of Mexico under the pretenses alleged by France. LOUIS NAPOLEON comes because we are at war; and the moment he is established here, in the person of the Austrian, he becomes, politically, a party to the war. From that moment, and especially after the late resolution of the House, it is in every way his interest that we should not succeed.

Meanwhile what is the actual position of our diplomacy upon this question? On the 23d of October the Secretary of State writes that this Government does not consider the Mexican Government, with which it has friendly relations, namely the Republican Government, overthrown; but that it will recognize whatever political action the Mexican people may "freely" take. Whether the progress of the French occupation since November has brought the authorities to regard the Mexican Government as overthrown, we do not know. But whether it is, or is not, it is very clear that the Mexican people, voting for an empire in the presence of a French army sent to impose an empire (for ALMONTE and the priests were in Paris to ask MAXIMILIAN to be emperor before the army left, as appears from the diplomatic correspondence of 1861) are not acting "freely."

MAXIMILIAN will arrive. He will be enthroned. He will invite diplomatic recognition of his empire. The United States Government will politely defer and delay, or it will gravely decline. Is LOUIS NAPOLEON likely to fall to sucking his thumbs until our war is over?

Shall we, then, make war upon France? asks an impatient reader. But the question rather is, whether France will make war upon us. Is it likely, in view of the recent vote of the House and of public sentiment upon the subject, that France will remain in Mexico unchallenged by us? If the probability is that she will not, is LOUIS NAPOLEON likely to wait until we are better able to oppose him?

It is unfortunate that Mr. CORWIN'S treaty was not approved in the summer of 1861; but much may be forgiven to our total inexperience and incredulity. We thought we had our hands full at home. There are many who think so now, and who therefore advise that the Mexican question should be supposed not to exist. But it is too practical a question to be evaded. It is not whether we have not our hands full now, but whether they will not be fuller when MAXIMILIAN arrives. The ostrich is not the symbol of wisdom. Sooner or later we must decide the question whether the Monroe doctrine shall be maintained or abandoned. If the moment for decision has not yet arrived, and if we mean to decide wisely when it comes, we must consider meanwhile how we ought to decide.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE opening of the campaign by the rebels shows the spirit in which it is to be conducted. The massacre of the black soldiers at Fort Pillow; the burning of the Quarter-master of the Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment; the ferocious tone of the rebel papers; the brutal mutilation of Colonel DAHLGREN'S body, are all indications that in their fierce extremity the men who have been so long barbarized by Slavery have virtually raised the black flag, and propose to dash themselves with the fury of despair upon the stalwart Union armies.

The immediate consequence of this will be the most terrible fighting. The loyal Union soldiers in Virginia and the West who read the accounts of rebel inhumanity will settle themselves more grimly to their work. The true men at the North, as they see more clearly the spirit and scope of the rebellion, will dismiss minor differences and concentrate their energies upon the support and supply of the armies. The plain declaration of the rebels that they count upon the aid of Copperheads and Peace men at the North, will but confirm the conviction and the knowledge of all thoughtful citizens. That they are the recognized accessories of the rebels will remove the doubts that any man may have entertained of the necessity of the summary measures which the authorities have occasionally taken.

Every month simplifies the contest. It is between the haughty aristocracy of the South allied to the Northern Copperheads, who, to help that aristocracy, try to excite discontent and trouble among ourselves, and the great body of the American people in the free States. Every Northern Copperhead and Peace man is a pander to the party at the South, which is fighting for the principle that capital ought to own labor, and that laboring men of every color and nationality ought to be slaves and treated like cattle. Men like ANDREWS, who led the rioters last summer; like FERNANDO WOOD, who is constantly talking about "the laboring classes," and who carried the taxes of the city of New York nearly to nine millions; like HARRIS and POWELL in Congress, who delight in being the owners of men and women, are the champions of a system which would degrade and imbrute every laboring man in the country. If they could have their way they would make peace with JEFFERSON DAVIS and his faction upon DAVIS'S own terms. What do laboring men think they would gain by a peace which would enable a Virginian to sell his slaves in New York? For the war will end either by opening every State in the Union to the free immigration of free laborers, or by the establishment of a system in which the laboring men of the North of every color and race will be treated exactly as the black laborers of the South have been. The demagogues, the Copperheads, and Peace men will say that it was not so before the war. But every intelligent man in the land knows that the war was made by the slaveholders upon the country because their effort to accomplish this result was resisted. And the present leaders of the Peace men were the most conspicuous abettors of that effort.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the rebels openly confess these leaders to be their friends. Do they not know that if they can get to Maryland Mr. HARRIS, for instance, will not oppose them? He prays that we may not succeed. Do they not know that he will heartily welcome them? Yes, they know it, and we know it. The war as it progresses clears our eyes and strengthens our hearts and hands. Every such incident as the massacre at Fort Pillow reveals more plainly the true spirit of this rebellion, and the true character of the Northern sympathy with it.

RETALIATION.

WITH the fine tact of simple honesty the President, in his little speech at the opening of the Fair in Baltimore, said exactly what we all wished to hear. The massacre at Fort Pillow had raised the question in every mind, does the United States mean to allow its soldiers to be butchered in cold blood? The President replies, that whoever is good enough to fight for us is good enough to be protected by us; and that in this case, when the facts are substantiated, there shall be retaliation. In what way we can retaliate it is not easy to say. There is no evidence from Richmond, and there will be none, that FORREST'S murders differ from those of QUANTRELL. On the other hand, we must not forget that the same papers which brought the President's speech promising retaliation brought us also the return of the rebel General in Florida, containing, for the relief of friends at home, the names and injuries of our wounded men in his hands, and that the list included the colored soldiers of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts regiments.

But if public opinion has justified a stronger policy from the beginning — if the criminally stupid promises of M'CLELLAN and HALLECK to protect slavery and to repel the negroes coming to our lines had never been made, we should not now be confronted with this question, because the rebels would never have dared to massacre our soldiers after surrender. But yet to be deterred from retaliation from fear of still further crimes upon the part of the rebels is simple inhumanity. Let us either at once release every colored soldier and the officers of their regiments from duty, or make the enemy feel that they are our soldiers. It is very sad that rebel prisoners of war should be shot for the crimes of FORREST. But it is very sad, no less, that soldiers fighting for our flag have been buried alive after surrendering, and it is still sadder that such barbarities should be encouraged by refraining from retaliation. Do we mean to allow Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, or this man FORREST, or QUANTRELL, to dictate who shall, and who shall not, fight for the American flag? The massacre at Fort Pillow is a direct challenge to our Government to prove whether it is in earnest or not in emancipating slaves and employing colored troops. There should be no possibility of mistake in the reply. Let the action of the Government be as prompt and terrible as it will be final. Then the battles of this campaign will begin with the clear conviction upon the part of the rebels that we mean what we say; and that the flag will protect to the last, and by every means of war, including retaliation of blood, every soldier who fights for us beneath it.

A NEAT EXTINGUISHER.

IN his speech in the Senate in favor of human slavery, Mr. POWELL of Kentucky had a great deal to say about the freedom of the press and of speech. He was haranguing in favor of a system which denies and annihilates every kind of liberty whatever, and intentionally degrades and imbrutes human nature, and the Senator exclaimed, "Before God, I shall advise the people every where, rather than submit to the degradation of having free speech, a free press, and free ballot taken from them, to strike the usurpers to the ground!" Will it be believed that the man who says this boastfully declares that he is a slaveholder—that he not only takes free speech, a free press, and free ballot from those of the people whom he claims as his property, but deprives them of their personal liberty, buys them, sells them, sells their children; holds them fast in a system by which they are regarded as cattle—and then stands up in the Senate of the United States and declares that milder usurpers than he ought to be struck to the ground? Mr. POWELL seems to be prepared to take the first steps in that road which led his late colleague, BRECKINRIDGE, from his seat in the Senate of the United States to the camp of the rebels.

Nor is this all. But that the miserable subterfuge of this slaveholding Senator, bewailing the loss of free speech, might be made perfectly transparent, Senator HARLAN quietly read from the record of the first session of the Thirty-sixth Congress that, upon his proposition to allow freedom of speech and of the press on the question of Slavery and all other subjects—a right expressly guaranteed by the Constitution—Mr. POWELL voted *nay*. Of course he did, and he would vote nay to-day, if a proposition were gravely made to allow the same free speech in New York. Mr. POWELL'S reply to this crushing citation of Mr. HARLAN'S was that free speech in the Slave States would make the slaves rebel. Very well. Were his own words not warm in his mouth that rather than submit to the degradation of having free speech taken away he would advise striking the usurpers to the ground? and does he not see the exquisite absurdity of gravely confessing in a republic that you have an institution which is too dangerous to discuss?

Mr. POWELL'S speech was only an expiring gasp of the hydra in whose folds our liberties have been suffocated for thirty years. But we all owe Mr. HARLAN the heartiest thanks for his neat extinguisher.

ART-CRITICISM.

SEVERAL recent articles in the *Tribune* upon the pictures in the Fair Gallery and elsewhere lay an imperative hand upon all the fine laurel wreaths which we easy-going "gentlemen of the press" have been so industriously weaving for the heads of our friends the painters, and cast them upon the ground. Naturally there is much excitement, both among the artists and the critics; and we are glad of it, for the discussion is sure to lead us all to reflect a little more carefully what a picture ought to be. It was impossible that we should not feel in this country, sooner or later, the influence of the spirit known as Pre-Raphaelitism, of the originality of RUSKIN'S criticisms, and of the curious fidelity and detailed care of the modern French and Belgian schools. The progress of that influence has been for some time evident upon the walls of our exhibitions; and now it appears, fully ripe and ready for the contest, in the articles of which we speak. Their attack blazes all along the line. The critic plays at bowls with the pates of the luckless artists from which he strips the crowns. And yet he has so positive a conviction, and so clear an understanding of what he means and what he likes and dislikes, that we congratulate our art and our artists and ourselves, the spectators, upon the vitality of interest which such criticisms evince. For whether our art be mannered, conventional, and false, or not, certainly our criticism has often enough been weak, unintelligent, and flat, and as little independent or sincere as an ordinary book-notice.

But while we heartily rejoice at the unconventional spirit of these criticisms, and can easily see that their sharpness springs from the mental strain of a conscientious resolution to do something which is known to be disagreeable, yet we by no means agree with all their verdicts. The philosophy set forth by the critic is that Truth is the end of art, and not "a something called beauty." Yet, not to reply that in art it is a fair question whether Truth is not necessarily Beauty—or, as GOETHE says, whether every true work of art must not necessarily please, whatever the character of the subject may be—we admit that Truth should be the end, and that pictures are good in the degree that they are truthful. But is there any other criterion of this truth than individual experience? Can it be so inevitable, palpable, and universal as to justify a tremendous vociferation of any individual judgment as of necessity the true judgment?

For instance, the critic defends a picture, by Mr. FARRER, of *An Hour after Sunset in the Catskills*, against the jeers and mirth of the crowd which its peculiarity attracts; and he adds that our other painters have so befogged our minds with falsehood that we can not recognize a true and faithful work when we see it. Now what is the substance of this remark? Surely it is nothing more than this, that nature appears to Mr. FARRER in one way, and to Mr. KENSETT, for instance, in another; and that the critic sees it with Mr. FARRER and not with Mr. KENSETT. But on what ground is it asserted that Mr. KENSETT does not see it as he represents it; in other words, that his picture is a falsehood? The critic says, "I have observed Nature, and this is the way she looks under this aspect." Mr. KENSETT says, "I have observed Nature and studied for many years her various effects, and this is *not* the way she looks to me under this aspect; and Mr. FARRER'S picture is therefore false and ideal." Will the critic reply that it is not a matter of opinion, because the facts of Nature are so and not otherwise? But how is any man to know what is the fact except by reference to his own experience? Thus he merely completes the circle and ends where he began.

Is it not true that Nature looks very differently to different men? By what right does one man turn upon another and say, "I see Nature as she really appears and you do not, consequently this picture is true and that is false." Criticism of pictures does not admit of such absolutism. RUSKIN ran a tilt at CLAUDE. He might as well have decried the love of roses. "Those trees, why, they are flocks of sheep, they are not foliage," says RUSKIN. "Yes, and I neither know nor care whether they are oaks, chestnuts, or pines, while I breathe Arcadia," is the inevitable reply.

The artist can but represent Nature as he sees her. Whether his interpretation is correct, who shall say? There is no other test than its acceptance by the general assent of mankind. Do not answer that popularity is no test because TUPPER goes to the one hundred and seventeenth edition, and BROWNING sticks fast at the first; for this is SHAKESPEARE'S birthday, and the greatest of poets is the most renowned. There may be the truth represented in poetry in other ways than BROWNING'S. TENNYSON is popular. Is he less a poet? The truth of nature may be told in other pictures than those of the Pre-Raphaelites, of the modern Frenchmen, or the Belgians, fine and faithful as they are. It certainly does not follow that Mr. KENSETT is not a sincere artist because Mr. FARRER is, any more than that ADDISON'S style is bad because CARLYLE'S is good. Does our friend the critic recall the little picture of FLECHER'S in the Fair Gallery, the supper of the French Guard (we do not remember the exact title)? How carefully studied! How exquisitely and even subtly rendered! How it conveys the same moral, although in so different a manner, with the Goat Revel of BEARD'S, which, instead of seeming to us too indecent to mention, is not without a startling strain of Rabelaisque satire and warning.

Or look at HENNESSY'S Mother by the Cradle, in the National Academy Exhibition; how tender! how sincere! how careful! And yet in the various landscape works of Mr. KENSETT we find no less sincerity, fidelity, and care. Last evening the New Jersey heights toward Morristown were banked in solid purple against the "orange sunset waning slow," and it was not difficult to understand Mr. FARRER'S picture. To-day the same hills float and glimmer in sunny haze, and KENSETT is justified. Last night the mazourkas of CHOPIN filled the moonlight with the vague figures of "dear dead women" in Venetian palaces. This morning it is *Mourir*

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pour la patrie that rings through the sunshine. The truth of nature? Yes; but how infinitely various in spirit, in influence, in form!

THE WASTE OF WAR.

As an illustration of the inevitable waste of war, and in connection with the song on our first page from the pen of MILES O'REILLY, it may be mentioned that one of our New York regiments re-entered the service after the first battle of Bull Run nine hundred strong. After participating in the toils and battles of the Peninsula, it carried over the Rappahannock into the battle of Fredericksburg 240 enlisted men and twenty officers. Two of the fullest companies, after crossing the river, were detailed on a duty which kept them out of actual fire, leaving the Colonel with but 168 men and 16 officers to take part in the storming of the heights. At the close of the day, 2 of the 16 officers were dead and 14 wounded; and of the men, 142 out of 168 were either killed or wounded. This regiment belonged to a brigade which left this city 3400 strong, there being four regiments in it; and which returned not many months ago, the four regiments having been consolidated, reduced to a battalion of 620 able-bodied men, under the command of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Facts like these exhibit with sad emphasis the lamentable waste and exhaustion of life which the rebellion has occasioned. But while the holy war goes on, and homes are made desolate, and lives are stripped of their bloom, let us remember that through all Freedom is winning new triumphs, and that every heart that bleeds for her sake shall somewhere find its compensation, and every life that is bruised in her defense shall find brighter blossoms among its leaves than ever grew there before.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

NOT only the critic, of whom we have elsewhere spoken, has been stirring the placid waters of our art life, but Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS writes a caustic letter to the Hanging Committee of the National Academy; and the friends of Mr. NEHLIG declare that the same gentlemen excluded a very fine work of his; and it is evident to every body that MAYER'S picture of the Sick Soldier and the Sister of Charity should have been hung upon "the line," while we have our own protest to make to the same gentlemen that the striking and beautiful picture of Mr. NAST'S "Faithful unto Death" should have been hung high in a corner out of sight, while Mr. HAYS'S Deer in the Water, a broad daylight effect, which hangs upon "the line" below Mr. NAST'S, could have been as well seen and studied had it been placed just above, and the small landscape been hung in the high corner.

Of course the Hanging Committee expect to be assailed. They always are. If the favorites of *nous autres*, the critics, are not well placed the Committee must pay the penalty. They lay their account with the exasperation of the artists and their friends. But why not be courteous? If you are an A. or an N. A., why not insist that Mr. NAST, or Mr. SWAIN, or Mr. PARTON, or whoever he may be, who is neither, shall have the place of honor? If the Academy Exhibition be designed merely to show the works of members of the Academy we do not complain, and we go thankfully and look at the pictures. But if it be meant for an exhibition of new pictures, often by fresh hands, then we go and ask that *some* of the new men shall have *some* of the best places.

The Exhibition this year is not large, but it is very good, notwithstanding the sharp rivalry of the Fair Gallery. CONSTANT MAYER'S "Consolation" (192), NAST'S "Faithful unto Death" (144), THORNDIKE'S "Wayside Inn," M'ENTEE'S "Woods and Fields in Autumn" (147), CRANCH'S "Venetian Views" (106 and 254), HENNESSY'S "Mother" (41), the rocks in HASELTINE'S "Iron-bound Coast of Maine" (153), LA FARGE'S "Fog blowing in" (54), are among the pictures which struck us upon a rapid glance through the gallery; others as interesting doubtless await us. M'ENTEE'S landscape is peculiarly beautiful and subtle; while NAST'S dead soldiers, whom the rising moon sees grouped around the gun faithful unto death, is a true ballad of the war.

There are not too many pictures for careful observation and study in detail. It is clear that the average excellence is much higher than that of previous years, and that the influence of the best contemporary European art is felt in our own. The new names that have vindicated their claim to honorable mention are many. LA FARGE is among them, who takes his place at a bound among our most promising painters. There is less obsequious and traditional work than heretofore, although the works of the distinctively Pre-Raphaelite school are not many.

Next week we shall look at some of the newest names upon the catalogue.

THE OPERA.

THERE is something in the pertinacity of Mr. Manager MARETZEK which is truly admirable. Other managers come and go. They dazzle for a season. They are meteoric. But here, certainly for the sixteenth or seventeenth year, the indefatigable conductor takes his seat, and gives us the best opera we have had for many a day. We are very glad to know that he is here. We shall be still more glad to know that his success is equal to his deserts. In Brignoli he has the best and richest tenor we have had since Mario. We may say so much for an old servant of the public without paining the other admirable singers. Miss KELLOGG has "created" Marguerite in *Faust*, which has been more popular than any opera since the *Trovatore*. Give us, once or twice, the *Sonnambula*, Mr. Manager, and *Lucrezia*, and, somehow, let us hear again the *Barber*. ROSSINI has been feasting PATTI in Paris—let the friends of PATTI in New York honor the old maestro in cheering his music.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE—*April* 14. The bill to enable the people of Nebraska to form a Constitution and State Government was passed without amendment.—Mr. Powell renewed his amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill providing for fishing bounties, but afterward withdrew it. The bill was then passed with the amendments agreed to in Committee of the Whole, restoring the Naval Academy to Annapolis.—The bill to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the final settlement of the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Company was passed.—Mr. Chandler introduced a bill, in addition to the several acts in relation to commercial intercourse between the loyal and insurrectionary States, providing for the collection of abandoned property, etc.—The House bill fixing the date of the loss of the brig *Bainbridge*, and for the relief of the officers, seamen, and marines of the same, passed.—The joint resolution of thanks to Admiral Porter was adopted.—The House bill amending the act equalizing the grade of line officers in the Navy was passed.—Mr. Sherman reported a substitute for bill No. 106, prohibiting gold gambling, and especially designed to put an end to time-sales. Contracts for the purchase, or sale, or loan, or delivery, of gold or exchange at any time subsequent to the maturing of the contract, or for the payment of differences, etc., are prohibited under penalty of a fine not exceeding $1000, and of imprisonment not to exceed a year. The bill further forbids dealings in gold except by owners in actual possession of the same, and confines all transactions and contracts in gold to the ordinary places of business of the parties to them, under the same penalties as above.——*April* 15. The session of the Senate was mainly occupied in debate upon Mr. Sherman's bill to prohibit speculation in gold. Several amendments were proposed and rejected, and the Senate adjourned without taking a vote upon the proposition.——*April* 16. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill supplemental to the act to prevent frauds upon the Treasury of the United States. It enacts that any person heretofore or hereafter holding office, who may willfully neglect to or refuse to deliver to his successor any paper, record, book, or document, shall be guilty of felony.—The bill relating to donation claims in Oregon and California was passed.—The bill granting lands to aid in the construction of railroads in Wisconsin was passed.—Mr. Howard offered a resolution, which was adopted, that the Committee on the Conduct of the War inquire into the late massacre of Union troops at Fort Pillow, and report as soon as possible.—The Senate took up the bill prohibiting speculative transactions in gold and foreign exchange. An amendment was adopted, making a uniform fine of $1000, instead of that heretofore of from $1000 to $10,000. The bill was then passed, 23 to 17.——*April* 18. Bills to ascertain the settlement of certain private land claims in California, and to aid in the construction of railroads in Minnesota were introduced.—Mr. Fessenden reported the Army Appropriation bill, with unimportant amendments; the only difference in the appropriations being the specific enumeration of items in hospital supplies, the aggregate being $8,987,640, instead of $8,935,649.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the House appropriation bill for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. The amendment increasing the appropriation to pay clerks and employés of the War Department some $500,000 was agreed to in Committee. An amendment was adopted increasing the pay of messengers and others to an amount not exceeding 50 per cent. and not over $900 per annum. The bill was not completed when the Senate, of the Whole.——*April* 19. Mr. Sherman's Pacific Railroad bill was reported with amendments.—A bill was passed to incorporate the inhabitants of the District of Columbia.—The House bill to amend the Enrolling act so as to raise the rank, pay, and emoluments of the Provost-Marshal-General to that of a Brigadier-General was passed.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill. An amendment was adopted providing for the publication of the laws in places contiguous to the rebellious States, that their dissemination among them may be the better secured. After a few unimportant amendments the bill was passed.—Mr. Sumner called up his bill to repeal all acts for the rendition of persons to service or labor. The bill passed to a third reading without debate. The Yeas and Nays were called for on its passage. Mr. Sumner said he did not intend to say a word about the bill; it was as plain as the multiplication table, a diary, or the Ten Commandments. Mr. Hendricks did not think that there should be such an amendment to the Constitution as this. Mr. Sherman always thought the law of 1850 was unconstitutional, and had no objection to its repeal now. He doubted the propriety of going back as far as 1793. He would give the loyal people of the South all their rights. The States, to a great extent, in which the law of 1793 was operative, were for themselves rapidly perfecting measures of entire emancipation. He moved to amend the bill by inserting "except the act approved February 12, 1793, for the rendition of persons from service or labor." This amendment was adopted. Without reaching a final vote the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—*April* 14. The House resumed the consideration of the resolution to expel Mr. Long. After a speech from Mr. Rogers in opposition to the resolution, Mr. Colfax accepted Mr. Broomall's substitute for his own resolution, declaring Mr. Long an unworthy member of the House, and on that demanded the previous question, which was ordered. Mr. Colfax then supported the proposition, which he had presented in the performance of his duty. He answered various gentlemen, contending that just such speeches as that of Mr. Long incited riots in New York and Illinois, and encouraged the enemy at Richmond and elsewhere, gladdening their hearts and strengthening their hands. The debate was continued by Mr. Long and Mr. Colfax until a late hour, when a vote was taken upon the first resolution, viz.: "That Alexander Long be, and he is hereby declared to be, an unworthy member of this House." This was adopted—Yeas, 80; Nays, 70. The second resolution, that the Speaker should read that already adopted to Mr. Long during the session of the House was laid on the table. The preamble setting forth Mr. Long's offense was then agreed to, and the House adjourned.——*April* 15. The House disagreed to the report of the Conference Committee recommending a concurrence in the Senate amendment to the bill organizing the Territory of Montana, striking out the qualification of "white" voters, and substituting "every male citizen of the United States, and those who have declared their intention to become such."—A bill authorizing the establishing of an ocean mail-steamship service between the United States and Brazil was passed. The bill authorizes the Postmaster-General to unite with the Post-office Department of Brazil in establishing direct mail communication between the two countries, by means of a monthly line of first-class sea-going steamers, of not less than two thousand tons each, of sufficient number to perform twelve round trips per annum between a United States port north of the Potomac River and Rio Janeiro, touching at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and at Bahia and Pernambuco, provided that the expense to the United States shall not exceed $200,000 per annum.—Bills establishing a postal money-order system, and compelling all railroads to carry the mails, were also passed.—The joint resolution to dispose of the unemployed Generals was postponed for ten days.——*April* 16. The Military Committee was instructed to inquire as to the expediency of connecting Cincinnati with Cumberland Gap, as recommended by the President in his Annual Message, in 1861.—Resolutions from the Legislature of New York, asking that General Robert Anderson be placed on the retired list, with full pay, were referred to the Military Committee.—A report and bill to facilitate immigration were presented by the select committee on that subject, and ordered to be printed. It is estimated that a million and a quarter of men have been withdrawn from industrial pursuits since the war began, and the object of the bill referred to is to fill the vacuum.—The Committee on Elections reported adversely to Mr. Kitchen's claim to represent the Seventh Virginia District, which lies contiguous to the District of Columbia; but the House adopted a resolution declaring him entitled to a seat.—A joint resolution was unanimously adopted that the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, or such members thereof as the Committee may designate, proceed at once to Fort Pillow and examine into the facts and circumstances attending the recent attack and capture of the fort by rebels, and that they report with as little delay as possible.—The bill amendatory of the National Bank act was then taken up. Mr. Fenton offered an amendment, which was agreed to by ten majority, authorizing the States to pay a partial tax upon the banks, whereupon the bill was ordered to a third reading.——*April* 18. Bills were introduced to amend the Pension laws, and to regulate the pay of certain officers of the army.—Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was adopted, that after to-day, until otherwise ordered, excepting Saturday, the House will take a recess at 4½ P.M., to meet again at 7 for the transaction of business. During the day session the House will consider the Internal Revenue bill, etc., and such of the evening session bills as the House may order.—Resolutions were adopted that it is the duty of Congress to raise the taxes and increase the duties on imports so as to largely increase the revenue of the Government.—Mr. Stevens then made three attempts to secure the passage of a joint resolution that from and after its passage until July 1, 1864, all the duties and imposts on imported goods and wares and merchandise, now provided for by law, be increased by the increase of 50 per centum, and that upon all goods now imported free and exempt from duty, there shall be paid 10 per centum ad valorem. In each case the House voted down the resolution.—The National Bank bill was passed, 73 to 63. The bill confines the entire notes for circulation issued under this act to $300,000,000, not more than one-sixth of them to be of less denomination than five dollars; small notes to cease after the resumption of specie payments. Every association may charge on any loan or discount interest at a rate not exceeding 7 per centum per annum. The places of redemption, St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Albany, San Francisco, and Portland. No association shall have a less capital than $100,000, nor less than $200,000 if in a city of more than 50,000 inhabitants. Any State bank may become a National association by the name prescribed in its organization certificate.—The House insisted on its disagreement on the Montana Territorial bill, and asked another Committee of Conference.—Mr. Morrill offered a resolution proposing that until July 1 the foreign duties be increased 25 per centum, and articles now free pay 5 per centum. He moved a suspension of the rules, but no quorum voted. The vote stood 80 Yeas against 4 Nays. Mr. Morrill said the purpose was distinctly manifested in the House not to make provision for carrying on the Government. Then there was a call of the House, but before it was completed an adjournment took place.——*April* 19. The House concurred in the Senate amendment to the House resolution so as to read that the Committee on the Conduct of the War inquire into the truth of the rumors attending the recent attack on Fort Pillow, and whether that fort could not have been sufficiently reinforced; and report the facts as soon as possible.—The House then went into Committee on the Internal Tax bill. Speeches were made by Messrs. Morrill, Stebbins, Brooks, Kasson, and others, after which the Committee rose; when Mr. Garfield proceeded to make good his former assertions by producing a letter from Judge Eckles of Indiana, which came into his possession, recommending a young man to John C. Breckinridge as desirous of entering the service of the South in some capacity, and safely commending him as a faithful man.—At the evening session the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad bill was taken up, when Mr. Wilson offered a substitute therefor, namely, that for the better regulation of commerce among the several States, every railroad company in the United States, whose road is operated by steam, be and is hereby authorized to transport freight and passengers from one State to another, any thing in the law of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. The consideration of the bill was postponed for two weeks.—The House passed the bill authorizing the construction of a railroad bridge over the falls of the Ohio, near Louisville.—Mr. Rice reported a bill setting apart the old House of Representatives as a National Statuary Hall, the several States being invited to send thither statues, in marble or bronze, not exceeding two in number, for each of their most illustrious civic or military men.—After several speeches on the bill for the reconsection of rebellious States the House adjourned.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The principal event of the week in the Southwest is the massacre at Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi, of which we give an account elsewhere.

General Steele has reached a point on the Little Missouri River in Southwestern Arkansas, where he expected to effect a junction on the 8th of April with a force under General Thayer from Fort Smith. On the 2d the rebel General Shelby attacked General Steele's rear-guard under General Rice, with 1200 cavalry and two pieces of artillery, and was repulsed with the loss of 100 killed and wounded. Our loss was 44 killed and wounded, and 15 prisoners. On the 4th the rebel General Marmaduke attacked General Steele, with 3000 or 4000 cavalry and five pieces of artillery, on the south side of the Little Missouri River, and after five hours' fighting was repulsed with the loss of 4 killed and 23 wounded. Our loss was 23 wounded.

The rebels in Southern Alabama are showing some signs of activity. A large force is said to be concentrating at Pollard to operate on the line of the railroad from Pensacola to Montgomery. Most terrible persecutions are inflicted on the Southern people in that vicinity who try to evade the conscription. Hundreds of men and women are concealed in the swamps, and many die of starvation.

General Hincks, commanding at Point Lookout, Maryland, returned on the 14th from an expedition across the Potomac into Virginia, having captured $50,000 worth of tobacco on its way from Richmond to Baltimore, and also having taken prisoners a gang of blockade-runners.

The Red River expedition has met with disaster. Advancing from Alexandria toward Shreveport, General Banks's army passed Grand Ecore, sixty miles from Alexandria, on April 6, the fleet having, meanwhile, got within one hundred miles of Shreveport. On the 8th our cavalry, after driving the enemy for two days, were attacked in force at Pleasant Hill, De Soto Parish, Louisiana, and infantry coming up, a stubborn battle ensued, resulting in the rout of our whole force. The Nineteenth Army Corps finally came up and checked the enemy, who were 10,000 strong. Our loss was over 2000. The enemy also lost heavily. General Ransom, who commanded the Third and Fourth Divisions, was wounded in the early part of the fight. The Chicago Mercantile Battery lost all its guns, and four officers and twenty-two men. The army fell back to Grand Ecore, and would there reorganize. At last accounts Alexandria was strongly defended. A large Union meeting was held there on the 4th of April, and over five hundred citizens had taken the oath under the Amnesty Proclamation.

It is reported from Chattanooga that Hardee's corps of Johnston's rebel army has left Dalton, Georgia, and is supposed to have been ordered to Virginia.

The rebel forces have retreated from Eastern Kentucky. A dispatch from Louisville says that, on the 14th, Colonel Gallup, while falling back to get an advantageous position, attacked 1000 rebels, killing and wounding 25, including a rebel Colonel, and capturing 50 rebels, 100 horses, and 200 saddles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A large emancipation mass meeting was held in Knoxville, Tennessee, on the 16th of April. Resolutions favoring emancipation, recommending a Convention to effect it, and requesting Governor Johnson to call the same at the earliest possible period; and indorsing the Administration and the war policy of President Lincoln were unanimously carried.

A dispatch from the Army of the Potomac says that on the 15th inst. a party of rebel cavalry made an attack on the pickets at Bristow Station, but were driven off after a brisk skirmish. One man was killed and two wounded, belonging to the Thirteenth Pennsylvania. Several of the rebels were wounded, but were carried off by their comrades. The mail train, with General Grant on board, had just passed a few minutes before the attack was made, and it is supposed the intention was to capture him.

A large force of rebel cavalry appeared at the Sulphur Springs, on the Rappahannock, six miles from Warrenton, on the 18th, and it is understood has been moving in the direction of Leesburg.

The steamer *Alliance*, built on the Clyde, a famous blockade-runner, was captured on the 12th of April near Dawfuskie Island, in the Savannah River, where she ran aground. All but six of her crew were taken prisoners. She was from Nassau, with a cargo of assorted stores for the rebel Government valued at $55,000.

Nassau papers state that Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington are less rigidly blockaded than ever. They also say that fast steamers are coming into Nassau with supplies for the rebels, which promise large profits.

The Savannah *Republican* of the 4th says that the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia, are dying at the rate of 20 to 25 a day.

Five hundred and sixty-three sick and wounded Union prisoners from Richmond arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 17th.

We learn from North Carolina that the attempt to enforce the rebel conscription in the western part of that State resulted in the hanging of the officers who endeavored to carry it out.

Captain Phelps, of the gun-boat No. 26, captured a rebel mail-carrier near Crockett's Bluff, Arkansas, on the 4th, with five hundred letters from Richmond and other points, and sixty thousand percussion caps for General Price's army. The letters contained official communications for Shreveport, and a considerable sum of Federal money.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR.

HOSTILITIES in Schleswig and Holstein are actively continued. From Copenhagen and from Gravenstein we learn that a heavy bombardment of Düppel took place on Sunday, April 3, and that Sonderburg was set on fire in several places. An attempt is to be made to cross over into the Island of Alsen, and thus turn the Danish position. Should this manœuvre be successfully accomplished, the Danes would be placed in a most critical condition. The official journal of Dresden asserts that Denmark has now officially notified her acceptance of the Conference without armistice and without basis. The *Flyvepostren*, a Copenhagen paper, states that M. De Quaade, Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Privy Councilor Krieger are to represent Denmark at the Conference. Lord Palmerston has announced, in the House of Commons, that all the Powers that signed the Treaty of 1852 have consented to send representatives to the Conference.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Garibaldi has arrived in England, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. At Southampton he was the guest of the Mayor, and at London will be the guest of the Duke of Sutherland.

The *Alexandra* case has been decided by the House of Lords against the Crown.

In the House of Commons, on the 5th, Lord Clanricarde moved for the correspondence relating to the dismissal of British Consuls from Southern ports, when Earl Russell, in reply, defended the action of Lord Lyons, and showed that the said Consuls had been dismissed for a good and sufficient reason—for using their official positions to aid the rebels.

Mr. Stansfeld had resigned his position in the Government, as Junior Lord of the Treasury, because of the connection of his name with Mazzini and the Greco conspiracy.

MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

The difficulty which had arisen in the Imperial family of Austria respecting the presumptive right of Archduke Maximilian to the Austrian Crown has been settled. The Council of the family wished the Archduke to resign his right in case the Crown should revert to him, but the Archduke hesitated to comply with this request.

Rumors that Maximilian's acceptance of the Mexican throne were doubtful are again in circulation. It was reported that the Courts of London, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Spain, and France, have agreed to recognize the Emperor of Mexico immediately on his accession.

Dates from Mexico are to the 22d of March. The treason of Vidaurri is confirmed; he had 2000 men in Monterey; Doblado was marching from Saltillo to give him battle, and another force was coming up from Durango. The report that the latter place had fallen into the hands of the French is not true. Nueva Leon and Coahuila had acknowledged Juarez's authority, and were raising men to oppose Vidaurri. The French had been driven from Chiapas, Tabasco, and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Colima has been occupied by the French. Proposals have been made to old Juan Alvarez to acknowledge the Empire. He declined to listen to them, and said that the French were the enemies of his country, and he would resist them to the last extremity. It is believed that the French will find the mountaineers of Guerrero among their most unconquerable enemies in Mexico.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Several new engagements have taken place in Poland between the insurgents and the Russians.

The Japanese embassadors, with a suite of fifty persons, have arrived at Suez. Besides Paris, where they are to apologize to the Emperor for the misdeeds of the Tycoon, they are to visit London, Vienna, and also Switzerland, whither they are going to see an existing republic.

BRAZIL.

In the Brazilian Senate a proposition that foreigners should not be allowed to hold slaves in Brazil was rejected. Owing to the failure of rains in the sowing season there was a frightful famine in the Island of St. Jago, Cape de Verdes. Numbers of the unfortunate inhabitants were dying of starvation in the streets.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE report of the Commissary-General of Prisoners, accompanying the Secretary of War's report, has just been published. It shows that the number of rebel officers and men captured by us since the beginning of the war is: 1 Lieutenant-General, 5 Major-Generals, 25 Brigadier-Generals, 186 Colonels, 146 Lieutenant-Colonels, 244 Majors, 2497 Captains, 5811 Lieutenants, 16,565 non-commissioned officers, 121,156 privates, and 5600 citizens. Of these we had on hand at the date of the report 29,229 officers and men, among whom were 1 Major-General and 7 Brigadiers. There have been 121,937 rebels exchanged against 110,866 Union men returned.

The new steam gun-boat *Chenango*, while proceeding to sea on the 15th, when abreast of Fort Richmond, in New York Harbor, burst her port boiler, killing one man, and horribly scalding 32 others, among them three of the officers of the Engineer Department. The *Chenango* was sadly shattered, and was towed to the NAVY-YARD for repairs. The unfortunate sufferers were transferred to the United States Naval Hospital, where every thing possible was done for their relief. Twenty-two of the number subsequently died.

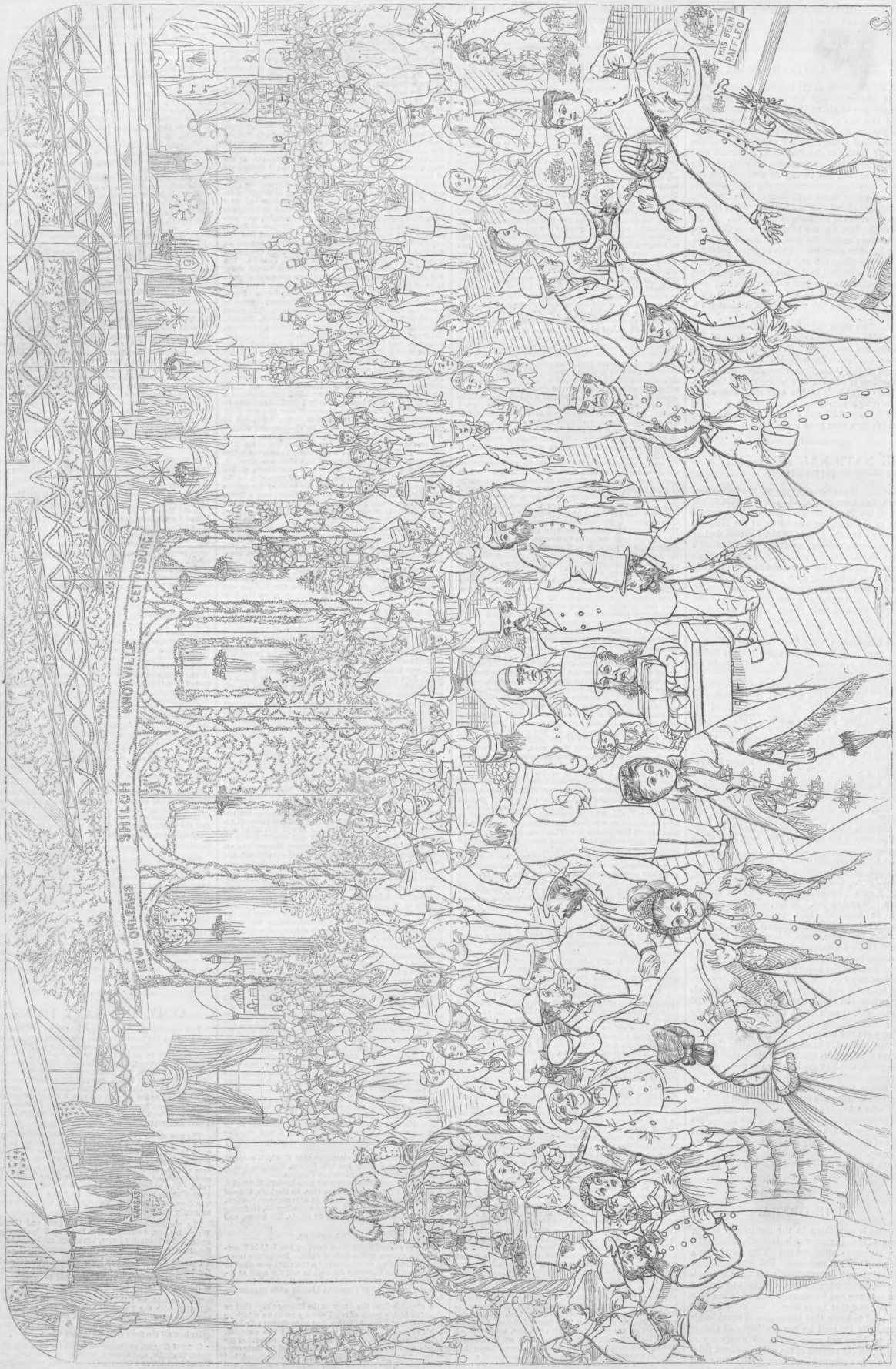
The nominations of Captain HAWKINS and Colonels WILD, BERNEY, CHEEHAM, and PILE, as Brigadier-Generals in the Volunteer forces, have been confirmed by the Senate.

General KILPATRICK has been relieved from duty with the Army of the Potomac, and ordered to report to General SHERMAN at Memphis. He is succeeded in the command of the Third Cavalry Division by General WILSON.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War, after consultation with the President and Secretary of War, determined to send a sub-committee, composed of Senator WADE and Representative GOOCH, to Fort Pillow, to inquire into all the facts relating to that affair.

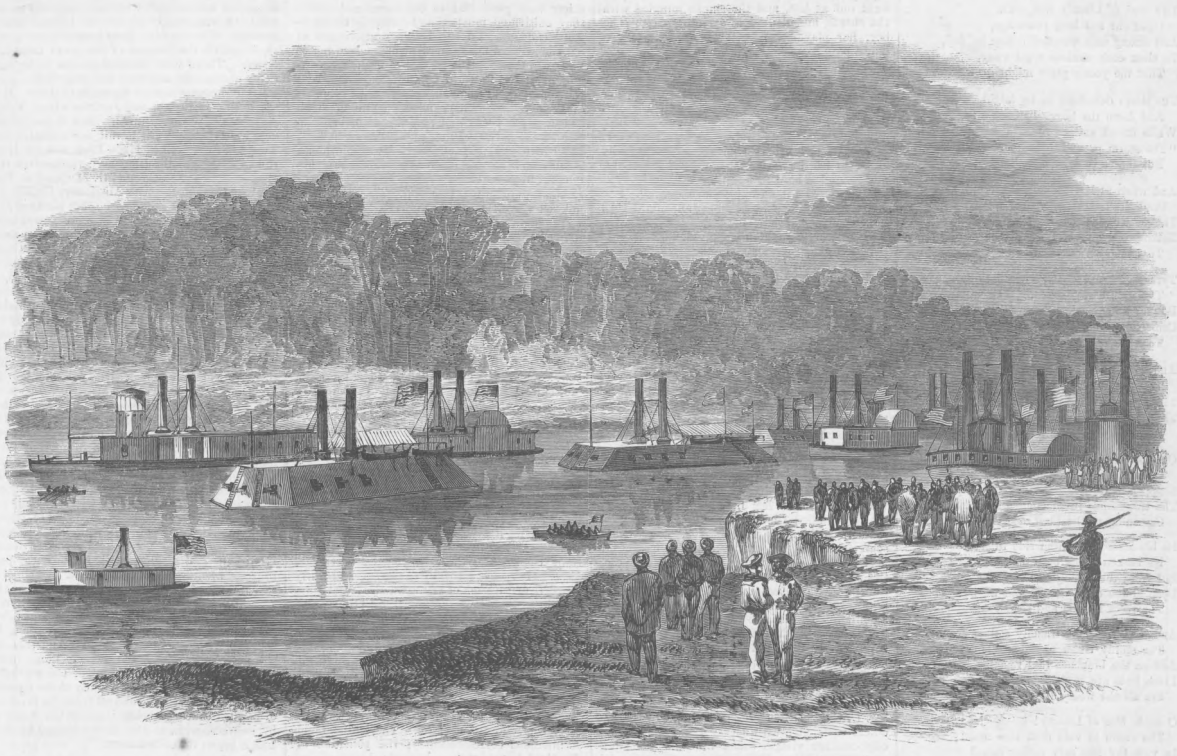
General GRANT, accompanied by Major-Generals HANCOCK, WARREN, and BERNEY, together with a large number of Division and Brigade Commanders, reviewed General SEDGWICK'S Sixth Corps on the 18th. The Commanding General afterward reviewed the Reserve Artillery. The Second Army Corps, Major-General HANCOCK, and the Third Division of the Cavalry Corps were reviewed by General GRANT on the 19th.

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IN THE FAIR.

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ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLOTILLA.

SKETCHES OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

WE give on this page three sketches illustrative of the Red River Expedition, which has so far been attended with such marked success. FORT DE RUSSY, which is here accurately presented, was captured by our forces on the 15th of March last. The fort was a formidable work, quadrangular in shape, with bastions, and bomb-proof, covered with railroad iron. A powerful water-battery connected with the fort, the casemates of which were considered capable of resisting the heaviest shot and shell. It is said, however, that the gun-boat *Essex* tried some of her guns on these casemates, and succeeded in sending her shot straight through them. About 800 negroes were employed a year in constructing the fort and adjacent works, all the guns of which, upon its capture, fell into our hands, including one belonging to the *Indianola* when she was captured by the rebels.

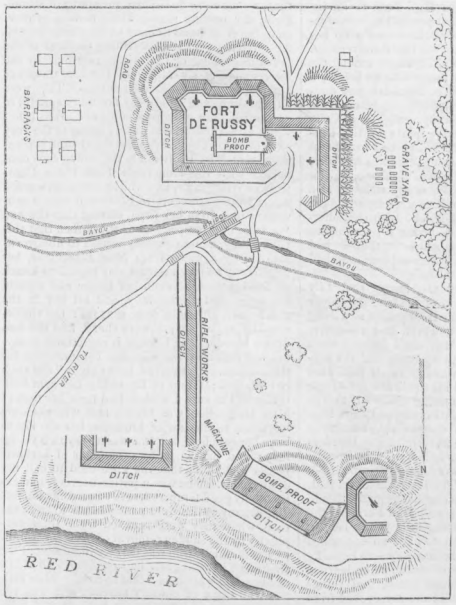
Our sketch of the celebrated ram *Switzerland*, belonging to the Mississippi squadron, represents her as she appeared in "full dress" on the 22d of February last. This ram will be remembered as having attempted, with the *Lancaster*, to run the Vicksburg batteries on the 25th of March, 1863, when the *Lancaster* was sunk and the *Switzerland* badly disabled.

Admiral Porter's flotilla, which has done excellent service, consists of twenty-two gun-boats, together with several supply steamers, hospital-boats, etc. Among the vessels are the following: *Fort Herman*, 7 guns; *Cricket*, 8 guns; *Lafayette*, 9 guns; *Neosho*, 3 guns: *Oscark*, 2 guns; *Eastport*, 9 guns; *Choctaw*, 8 guns; *Osage*, 3 guns; *Chillicothe*, 4 guns; *Louisville*, 14 guns; *Carondelet*, 14 guns; *Benton*, 18 guns; *Pittsburg*, 14 guns; *Gazette*, 8 guns; *Mound City*, 14 guns; *General Price*, 4 guns; *Lexington*, 8 guns; *Ouachita*, 3 guns; *Black Hawk*, 13 guns. Of these, the *Osage* and *Oscark* are turreted. The *Lafayette*, *Eastport*, *Choctaw*, *Chillicothe*, *Benton*, *Carondelet*, *Louisville*, *Pittsburg*, *Mound City*, and *Essex* are iron-clads. The *Lexington* is one of the three wooden boats first put in commission on the Mississippi. The *Ouachita* and *Black Hawk* are formidable wooden vessels partially plated. The others are denominated tin-clads. Our sketch was taken as the vessels were lying near Alexandria, preparing to go up the river. At last accounts they had passed the obstructions placed in the channel by the rebels, and were approaching Shreveport.

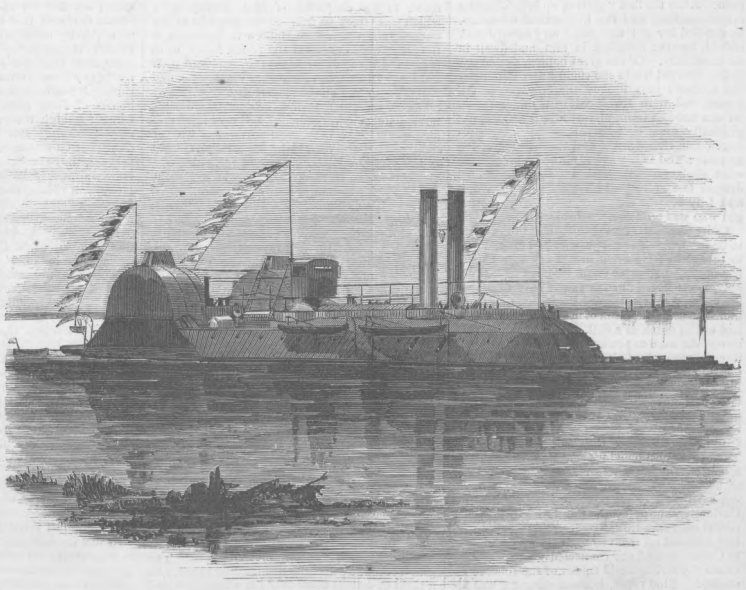
The opening of the Red River region has placed within our reach a vast amount of cotton, which the enemy had stored away for export or sale. On the 17th 800 bales from near Fort De Russy reached Cairo, and large quantities were still awaiting transportation at the date of our last advices. In the vicinity of Shreveport thousands of bales are believed to be hidden away; and should our army arrive in time to prevent its destruction a large sum must be realized from this source. While thus weakening the rebels in the seizure of one of their main elements of strength, the advance of the Federal forces has also achieved a vast positive advantage in delivering the loyal people from the oppression which has so long restrained them. The moment the old flag was restored hundreds of citizens seem to have come forward rejoicingly to testify their devotion to the cause it symbolizes. Many who had been exiled from their homes hastened to resume their old places, and aid in the necessary work of social and civil reconstruction; all animated, according to the newspaper accounts, by an intense hostility, not only to the rebellion, but to slavery, as its great cause and principal source of strength. Thus Freedom is every where achieving its own revenges.

THE PRESS ON THE FIELD.

WE give on pages 280 and 281 a view illustrating a very important department of every army—namely, the NEWSPAPER BRIGADE. Every large camp in the present war has had in it some representative of our leading journals; and the country is more indebted to these industrious, energetic, and courageous reporters for early and authentic accounts of battles and important movements than the mass of our people usually admit. But for these enterprising and adventurous spirits, who penetrate into all sorts of dangers, and sketch, with the hail of battle falling around them, the scenes and actions in which the public has so great an interest, we must very often have remained in ignorance for days and weeks of events vitally affecting our interests and happiness. Nor is this all: the materials for the history of this great conflict are furnished almost entirely by these gatherers of "things great and small" on the field, and posterity would be wholly ignorant, but for them, of that vast body of incident and adventure which finds no mention in official reports, and which is absolutely necessary to a proper appreciation of central facts and events.



FORT DE RUSSY.



THE STEAM-RAM "SWITZERLAND."

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THE SOWING OF THE SEED.

THE seed of Liberty was sown
Upon our soil long years ago,
And strong men watched it day by day,
To clear each noxious weed away,
That the young plant might grow.

The storm descended in its might,
And down the heavy hailstones fell;
While far-off nations smiling, said,
"The storm prevails—the seed is dead!"
But the earth kept it well.

And when at last the sun shone out,
And the tempestuous time was o'er,
The seed unfolded to a tree,
Bearing the fruit of Liberty
To scatter on our shore.

Tyrants frowned on its rapid growth—
Their stern revilings filled the air—
But up from North, South, East, and West,
Came the wise men, and the oppress'd,
To see a tree so rare;

And beg some of the precious seed
To plant in lands beyond the sea,
Till where'er stood a tyrant's throne,
The seeds of this young tree were sown,
Bidding the world be free!

Once more the fierce storm rages round,
Once more the rain falls thick and fast,
Stripped of its foliage, grim and bare,
The tree stands in the tempest's glare,
Careening to the blast.

Its branches sway from side to side,
Its broken limbs bestrew the ground;
But from the raging of the storm,
Deep in the earth, secure and warm,
The roots lie safe and sound.

And still above the friendly soil
The sturdy trunk unyielding stands,
And on the branches that remain,
Fresh buds are swelling out again
For all the weary lands.

O noble tree of Liberty!
The storm in vain doth thee assail;
In vain thy foes may gather round
To rend thee quivering from the ground,
For thou shalt still prevail!

Still tower aloft thy giant form,
Abroad thy leafy branches wave;
Scatter the good seed far and wide—
On lonely heath—on mountain side—
On every patriot's grave!

Bid the whole earth the lesson learn,
That where'er Freedom's seed takes root,
Though often sown in doubt, or haste,
Not one shall die, nor turn to waste,
Nor cease from bearing fruit.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVI.

LILY BEGINS TO LEARN THINGS.

RHODODENDRON HOUSE was to Lily a mysterious monster, a dragon that devoured children. After the first "getting-up bell," the first prayer-meeting, and the first school breakfast, he gobbled her up; and she, a very small Jonah indeed, became absorbed in him, and dwelt in his immensity. Of the great boiling, turbid sea of the external world she could know nothing—the dragon's jaws formed the entrance to the school, and were garnished with many fangs. So she abode within, and at first trembled, but gradually grew accustomed to the arched-inwards, and ribbed sides, and vast viscera of the monster; and as it was her nature to love things when she became accustomed to them, the school dragon lost at last all his terrors for the child, and Lily became that exceeding rarity, a little girl who was fond of her school.

Quite alone, she had nothing else in the world to be fond of. The people who had brought her to school had forgotten to put any toys among her needments. Her exquisite papa had, probably, never heard of such vulgar frivolities, and Jean Baptiste Constant had, perhaps, matters more important to think of at the moment. Lily had not so much as a doll. The rough old playthings she used to potter about with in the plasterer's house soon faded into the nothingness of oblivion. So, too, did the plasterer himself, and his wife her old nurse, and their little boy her foster-brother. First, she forgot their names, and only bore them in mind as the good people far away, who used to be fond of her, and romp with her, and bear with her little tempers. Then, the plasterer's face and form began to be a matter of doubt, and she could not tell whether he had red hair or black hair—whether he wore a beard, or whiskers, or both, or neither. Curiously, she remembered latest his strong ribbed corduroy trowsers—probably because she had careered on them so many times cock-horse to Coventry, and she connected with these garments the strong acrid fumes of the tobacco he smoked. Blue vapor, hot and pungent, was always curling from that excellent man; without his pipe Lily would have lost her last definite conception of her foster-father. But the pipe went out at last, and the smoke mingled with the clouds, and drifted away into space. The boy, her playmate, she forgot in one sudden landslip of recollection. He was there, for a moment, with a rough head she used to tousle, a top he used to spin for her amusement, a back that was always at her service. He was her horse, her dog, her coach, her ship, her steam-engine, but all at once his fastenings loosened, and he tumbled down into the gulf forever. And then, last of all, poor nurse went. Lily clung to her image as long as ever she could, and struggled hard to retain it, but the inevitable law asserted it, and nurse melted away. She came to have two faces, like Janus, and then none at all. Her hands and feet disappeared in a wreath of filmy imaginations. Long after that her checked apron remained—the apron on which Lily used to sit before the fire, warm and dry and glowing from her bath, purring like a kitten—the apron which had strings to be pulled, and twisted, and untied by her uncertain little fingers, to the great discomfort, but never-failing delight of the good woman—the apron to whose corner Lily used to cling in her first venturesome excursions into the back garden. But the apron was doomed. The records of that court of exchequer crumbled into decay, and away went nurse, apron, and all, not to be remembered again on this side death, when—oh! joy for some, and woe unutterable to others—we shall remember every thing.

This last holdfast being taken away, what remained? Rhododendron House, and nothing more. The apparition of the two strange men who had brought her by night to school had scarcely ruffled the surface of the lake, had scarcely breathed upon the mirror. They could scarcely have been forgotten, for they had never been remembered. When the Miss Bunnycastles spoke to Lily about her papa, and told her that he was a perfect gentleman, and brought a man-servant with him who was almost as grand a gentleman as he, she could respond only by a vacant stare. She knew no papa. Little by little there came over her a vague consciousness that she ought properly to have one, for most of the young ladies were continually vaunting their possession of such a parent; and when she was about six, she toddled up one day to Mr. Drax, when he was paying one of his periodical visits, and, with a very grave and knowledge-seeking visage, asked him this alarming question: "Missa Drax, are you my pappa?" The discreet medical practitioner was dreadfully disconcerted at this crude interrogatory. Old Mrs. Bunnycastle bleated, "Lawk a' mercy, what next?" Two of the Miss Bunnycastles tittered; but the third, Miss Barbara, told Lily, severely, that she would never be any thing better than a little idiot.

Meanwhile she had set herself, first intuitively, next of her own volition, to learn things. I don't mean lessons. For the first year all the resources of the law of kindness were powerless to teach her even her lessons; and although Miss Barbara had a dim impression that she should properly by this time be deep in the mysteries of Mangnall, she forebore, after a while, to set her tasks which she could not by any possibility grasp even the remotest meaning of, and consoled herself with the thought that there was plenty of time to rescue her from the perilous condition of a dunce. So Lily was left to a few books that had pictures in them, and but few attempts were made to drum the significance of the accompanying letter-press into her head. She was too small to stand up in a class—too small to have copy-books, or good marks, or bad marks—too small for any thing, in fact, save to wander or trot about as she listed, from house to play-ground, from play-ground to school-ground—now talking to the furniture, and now to the teachers—now listening, with demure astonishment, to the eloquence of Mrs. Bunnycastle, which was Greek to her—to the orations of the governesses, which were Hebrew to her—and to the monotonous drone of the young ladies, as at appointed times and seasons they repeated their lessons. In fine, she became as much a pet and plaything in the establishment as any very tiny domestic animal that was neither troublesome nor spiteful, but very playful and very affectionate, might have been. Miss Barbara was of opinion that she should be kept "strict;" but at last even she joined in the general concession, and seemed to be as fond of Lily as every one else in the house was.

But all this time Lily was learning things. She knew the play-ground by heart. She had almost a pre-Raphaelite acquaintance, mentally, with the bricks, with their various hues, now red, now russet, now purple; with the mossy rime that covered some of them, with the small beetles that did wonderful acrobatic feats on their acclivities, rivaling the soldiers of General Wolfe, who marched up rocks that were quite perpendicular. She knew the tears which the strong mortar had shed on first being laid between the courses, and which the trowel had forgotten to scrape away—tears which the air had hardened into imperishable durability. She knew the spider's web in the southwest angle, by the holly-bush. She was on speaking-terms with the spider (a monstrous glutton, who died at last of delirium tremens, brought on by eating a blue-bottle who had tipsified himself with the saccharine fermentation of fivepence-halfpenny moist at a grocer's shop in High Street, Clapham, and so had staggered to Stockwell, to be devoured and die). She knew that the spider did not always dwell in his web, but that he lay in wait, sometimes, in a little cavern or niche in the bricks, where a French bean peg once had been. The gravel of the play-ground was familiar to her, and a thrill of delight came over her when she found among the pebbles one day a broken shell. She knew all about the miniature allotment gardens which the most meritorious among the five-and-thirty were permitted to cultivate, and where they cultivated mustard-and-cress, to be afterward consumed on half-holidays afternoons at tea-time—mustard-and-cress which tasted hot as ginger to the tongue, and was rather uncomfortably gritty to the teeth. Into these garden-beds the young ladies frequently emptied the proceeds of their pocket-money, in the guise of small brown paper packets of seeds, presumably containing the germs of rare and gorgeous flowers, but which generally ended in disappointment, coming up in various forms of weediness or scrubbiness, but never turning out to be geraniums, or fuschias, or any thing practical. Then was there not the speculative Miss Newton, who was always planting acorns in the fond hope that some time between their plantation and her going home for the holidays they would sprout up into giant oaks? Was there not Miss Close, the miserly boarder, who buried halfpence, nay fourpenny pieces even, in her two flower-plots? And then Miss Furblow, the draper's daughter, had a dandy set of garden-tools, all shining in iron and newly-turned wood—tools which excited the bitter envy of her companions, who had usually about one half-toothless rake, and one bent spade with a broken handle, to half a dozen horticulturists—tools which she didn't know how to use, and which brought her at last to signal grief and mortification?

All these things were noted by Lily; likewise the grim little back-door, fast bolted and barred, which, in former times, had communicated with Mr. Jagg's garden—the cross old gentleman next door. That door was as much an object of grave and wistful contemplation to Lily as the Debtors' door of Newgate is to some grown people. Would it ever open? Why was it closed? What was there behind it? Mr. Jagg hated the Bunnycastles, and the Bunnycastles hated Mr. Jagg. He spoke scornfully of the five-and-thirty boarders as "a pack of young hussies," and spitefully lopped off half the spreading branches of his best cherry-tree because a bough overhung the wall of the Bunnycastle play-ground. Whereupon Miss Celia Bunnycastle called in a cunning worker in iron, and caused him to erect a formidable palisade of spikes on the wall, as though to repel any attempts at midnight escalade for nefariously amative purposes by Jagg. Jagg denied the legal right of the Bunnycastles to erect this chevaux-de-frise. There was much acrimonious correspondence; the solicitors of the rival houses were consulted; Jagg only refrained from going to law with Rhododendron House because Rhododendron House had him on the hip, in the fact of one of the maid-servants making solemn asseveration that he was not only in the scandalous habit of winking at her when she went out on errands, but had on one occasion had the unmanly brutality to tell her that she was a "duck." Had justice taken cognizance of the wretch's misdeeds it would have been an aggravated assault case at the very least—supposing, at least, that wholesome statute to have been in force at the period. The feud at last was compromised, and the chevaux-de-frise was suffered to rust in peace. They were not very firmly fixed, and half of the spikes tumbled over into Jagg's garden: who avenged himself, let us hope, by forthwith disposing of them at marine stores.

There had been, of course, a primary cause for this envenomed quarrel, but it was wrapt in uncertainty. A teacher who had gone away knew all about it, but to the existing generation it was a mystery. Some said that Mr. Jagg, a widower with one daughter, had wished the Bunnycastles to take her on reduced terms, but that they had declined—standing out to the last that washing, music, and seat at church, should be extras. Others declared that the ladies of Rhododendron House had manifested an almost unseemly anxiety to secure Miss Jagg as an inmate; but that her uncivil parent had contumeliously declared that he would sooner send her to a charity school than to the Bunnycastles. Finally, it was darkly bruited about among the elder girls that, not so many months before, a treaty of alliance, offensive, defensive, and matrimonial, had been in contemplation between the houses of Jagg and Bunnycastle—Miss Celia being the high contracting party of the last-named family. But the treaty had come—as treaties often do—to nothing; and this was why, perhaps, the Saint Scholasticas of Rhododendron House always spoke of the crusty widower as a monster, a villain, and a base wretch; while the unfeeling Jagg, on his side, and with characteristic coarseness, declared, laying a scornful finger by the side of his ribald nose, that he had found out the whole thing was a Plant, and had declared off in time.

This was not among the things that Lily learned; but the mention of the barred-up door reminded me of the great Bunnycastle and Jagg vendetta. It is time, however, to go indoors. There, the things that the child learned were manifold. Into the drawing-room and the supper-parlor beyond she was but rarely permitted to peep, but she studied all the bedrooms—from Mrs. Bunnycastle's imposing chamber to the less pretentious apartments occupied by the Miss Bunnycastles, and the dormitories, numbered one to five, where the five-and-thirty boarders slept on seventeen and a half iron bedsteads. The half bed was a turn-up one—an impostor—by day an escritoire. The law of kindness had, somehow, omitted to enact that the pupils should not sleep two in a bed; and Miss Furblow, the draper's daughter, was the only young lady in statu pupillari privileged to have an entire bed—it was the half one, the impostor—to herself.

There were all kinds of things to be learned in these bedrooms—things grave, and things gay. There were hours of musing evoked from huge chests of drawers—as to whether they grew there, and what they held. There were fearful speculations as to the birds and flowers on chintz draperies, and dreadful images conjured up of what, or who, might be hidden behind heavy curtains, or under Mrs. Bunnycastle's four-poster, or within the parapet of the great canopied tester. There were looking-glasses to be furtively glanced in, and then run away from; portraits and engravings on the walls to study; Moses in the Bulrushes, and Jephtha's Rash Vow; Abraham's Sacrifice, and his late Royal Highness the Duke of York in full regimentals; the Temple of Concord in Hyde Park, and the Horrible Ceremony of Suttee as performed in the East Indies; the Reverend Mr. M'Quashie, Editor of the Pædo-Baptist's Missionary Chronicle, and the Island of Corfu; with other works of art, to be pondered over. There were gowns and shawls to be detached, in imagination, from their pegs and peopled with flesh and blood. There was the great lumber-room, where all the five-and-thirty boarders' boxes were deposited when they came home for the holidays—a very caravanserai full of trunks. There was the maid-servant's room, where Lily had been woke up by the sun, and half terrified to death by the bell, on the first morning after her coming. There were chairs to jump on, and hearth-rugs to lift the corners of, and clocks to whose ticking an attentive ear was lent. There were books in cases, and books in hanging-shelves, and plated candlesticks, and snuffer-trays, and two great old china mandarins, ready, on the slightest encouragement of a little finger, to loll out their tongues, and wag their peacock's feather and blue-buttoned heads in a manner wonderful, though somewhat awful, to behold. All these objects of research were, to Lily, beautiful, but perplexing. During the long hours of study, while the girls were pent up in the school-room, droning and gabbling, and the governesses squabbling with and girding at them, Lily was permitted, whenever she grew tired of school—which was generally about five minutes after she had taken her seat on the little stool apportioned to her—to slip out, and wander up and down the house; whose contents gave her, spark by spark, a little glimmering light. And then, in the play hours, she would ask questions innumerable, both of the girls and of the teachers, with a frank fearlessness amazing to the former, who were generally warned off from the premises of inquisitiveness as being "unladylike," and so by degrees, without any book-knowledge, Lily Floris began to learn things.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE YOUNG LADIES.

CÆSAR and Pompey were very much alike; especially Cæsar; by which I mean, the days at Rhododendron House. For weeks, for months, from half year to half year, they knew scarcely any change. It was a well-ordered school, and the management most methodical. The result was a dead level of uniformity, distressing to erratic minds, but delectable exceedingly to those who loved regularity and appreciated discipline.

The "getting-up bell" was the same every day; the five-and-thirty rose amidst the same yawning, stretches, and inarticulate grumblings; there were the same peevish scuffling and unsatisfactory toilet in the lavatory; the same prayer-meeting, the same homilies; that is to say, when Mrs. Bunnycastle had reached the end of the dean's volume she began again at the beginning and read the salutary tome through again. The boarders should properly have known those homilies by heart; but I question whether any three of them could have repeated, without book, four consecutive sentences of any one of the dean's discourses. The fact is, the time occupied in this lecture was the time chosen by the young ladies for comparing notes in low whispers on those minor cosas de España, the affairs of schoolgirls: for passing surreptitious articles of merchandise from hand to hand under the desks, and for "having out" sundry trifling disputes of the previous evening or the instant morning, by the interchange of sly nips and pinches, nudgings and raspings of boots against ankles. They were but children, and I dare say not more spiteful to each other than nuns in a convent. Was it not while Mrs. Bunnycastle was warming to the very close of one of the dean's most flourishing perorations, that Miss Dallwallah, the young lady connected with the Honorable East India Company's Civil Service, and who had been forwarded direct from Scrampore to Stockwell with a cautionary note from her papa, stating that she had "a devil of a temper"—was it not then that this young lady, being suddenly roused to ungovernable ire by a pinch from Miss Libscombe, her neighbor, who had a remarkably ingenious knack of holding flesh between her finger and thumb, fell upon that young lady, and bit her in the arm? Mr. Drax had to be sent for; the vindictive Dallwallah's teeth were sharp, and she had drawn blood. The biter, it is regrettable to say, did not manifest the slightest compunction for the outrage. "It served Libby right," she coolly remarked; "and as for biting her arm half through, I'm sure I wish it had been her nose!" Miss Dallwallah was fifteen, and was not only insensible to the law of kindness, but too big to have her ears boxed. She was a very rich young lady; and had so many ornaments of barbaric pearls and gold, that the girls used to call her Juggernaut. She was a parlor-boarder, and exceedingly good-tempered, save when contradicted. The Bunnycastles were puzzled how to treat the case, when they were relieved from their perplexity by the sudden removal of Miss Libscombe by her mamma, who was fiercely indignant at the treatment her daughter had received, and spoke of Miss Dallwallah as "that hyena." Miss Miller, who came of country parents, and was the great retailer of superstitious legends and folk-

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lore to the establishment, opined that Miss Dallwallah was mad, and that sooner or later Miss Libscombe would be seized with hydrophobia.

"She'll bark like a dog," quoth Miss Miller, "and run about biting other girls, and then her father and mother 'll be obliged to have her smothered between two mattresses."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Tallboys, the eldest of the parlor-boarders, and the captainess, indeed, of the school, for she was nearly seventeen years of age. "Smothered between two mattresses indeed! What next? Why, the magistrates wouldn't allow such a thing."

"I tell you it would be done. It's the law."

"I think I ought to know," retorted Miss Tallboys, loftily. "My papa is in the commission of the peace for the county of Kent, and I'm sure he wouldn't allow such cruelty."

"Your papa is only a brewer," Miss Miller went on, in great wrath, "and magistrates are gentlemen."

"I remember his beer," little Laura Smiler broke in, maliciously. "Tallboys & Co.'s Creaming Rochester Ales. My papa used to have it till he said they put gall instead of hops into it."

"You're an impudent little—" was beginning, in great indignation, the insulted county magistrate's daughter, when the formidable Miss Dallwallah came lounging into the room—it was a half-holiday, and the elder girls were gathered chatting round the stove—in her usual lazily defiant manner.

"Miss Miller says you're mad," broke in a chorus of shrill voices.

"Perhaps you'd like to bite me," Miss Miller herself continued, tossing her curls, which were flaxen, and turning up her nose, which was snub.

"I don't want to bite any body," replied the Indian, quite humble now. "I *am* a mad, passionate creature, and I ought to have said I was sorry I bit Lizzy Libby. I'm sorry I bit her. Only she vexed me. I'm sorry she's gone away, and if I could find out where she lived I'd take her my little enameled gold watch, and ask her on my knees to accept it and forgive me. But she shouldn't have vexed me."

"She was a vulgar little thing," Miss Tallboys remarked, disdainfully.

"But it was very wicked of me to bite her," went on the repentant Begum. "And Mrs. Bunnycastle ought to have punished me. I deserved to be locked up in the coal-hole, with bread and water for a fortnight, only my papa's so rich, and I've always been brought up to do as I like."

"She says her papa's a magistrate," resumed the malevolent Smiler, giving a turn to the conversation.

"*My* papa's a judge, and is the head of a district twice as big again as Yorkshire," resumed Miss Dallwallah, with tranquil dignity.

And, forthwith, all the young ladies plunged into emulous vauntings of their respective parentage, as is the custom of young ladies, and middle-aged ladies, and old ladies—to say nothing of gentlemen—with or without encouragement; and when we are old, and can no longer brag of our parents, we brag of our children, or, haply, being celibate, of our parrots or our lap-dogs, our port or our pictures. And so the world goes.

Miss Tallboys, whose Christian name was Grace, and who was a slender and elegant blonde; Miss Dallwallah, otherwise Juggernaut, otherwise the Begum, otherwise Lallah Rookh, otherwise the Sultana Scheherazade, otherwise a hundred other fantastic sobriquets culled from Oriental sources, and sportively bestowed upon her by her comrades, who loved her very dearly when she did not bite; and Miss Thrupp, whose parents were commercial (Thrupp & Calliper, ship-brokers, Mincing Lane), who was nearly sixteen, and who was amiable, but afflicted with red hair; were the three senior pupils in Rhododendron House. Their relatives were all wealthy, and they were, consequently, held in much consideration by the Bunnycastles. They did pretty much as they liked. They "studied," instead of learning lessons, and filled exercise-books with indifferent caligraphy, instead of repeating set tasks. They had masters for all the accomplishments, and acquired as many, or as few of them, as senior pupils at middle-class schools—remember, I am writing of the ante-"college" period—generally do. They spent their liberal allowance of pocket-money as they chose; and I hope young ladies, who have left school, will not accuse me of libeling their sex, when I record that the major portion of their revenues went in sweetstuff. Now and then a servant-maid was bribed to smuggle in a novel from the circulating library; but, as a rule, a plentiful supply of almond rock, chocolate drops, and candied horehound, was held to be a more satisfactory pabulum than sentiment in three volumes. At happy sixteen a girl can dream novels, and invent a hero every five minutes; but it is not enough to dream of almond rock. Sweetstuff is a thing that must be bought.

Mesdemoiselles Tallboys, Thrupp, and Dallwallah, then, condescended to take into high favor and affection the little girl who was left, quite alone, in that scholastic desert. They made a pet and a plaything of Lily Floris. Had she been a little pauper her pretty face, guileless heart, and winning ways would have made her a favorite, even with the work-house matron; but Mrs. Bunnycastle's parlor-boarders were predisposed in favor of the baby pupil by mysterious hints from Miss Barbara, who, in her occasional unbosoming of gossiping confidence with the seniors, was wont to descant upon the very grand folks whom she imagined Lily's parents to be. The dazzling diamonds, and scarcely less dazzling teeth of Mr. Blunt were still fresh in Miss Bunnycastle's recollection; and she gave the daughter of the possessor of those valuables full credit for them. Miss Barbara's unbosomings were quite enough to make Lily, in the eyes of Miss Tallboys and her companions, a little heroine. There was something mysterious about her they were glad to recognize. She might be a nobleman's daughter; the offspring, perchance, of a foreign prince. She could tell nothing about her mamma. Poor, little, deserted innocent! They saw it all. A forced marriage; an infant torn away from her agonized parent; an obscure retreat found for the heiress of perhaps boundless domains! They wanted fewer three volume novels smuggled in from the circulating library than ever, for Lily was a whole cabinet library of fiction in herself. But if they required less romance they stood in need of more sweetstuff, for they had now an associate to share it. The three friends solemnly adopted Lily and at once proceeded to make much of her to the no small content of the ruling powers, who, as the child was too small to stand up in a class, and was occasionally, though not often, given to fretting if no notice were taken of her, were sometimes puzzled to know where and how to bestow her. Lily profited, not only physically but intellectually, by the patronage of the "great girls," as the three redoubtable parlor-boarders were called; for Miss Tallboys, shocked at her backwardness, began to teach her in earnest, and before she had been at Rhododendron House a year had contrived, by kindness and caresses, to instill into her a very fair acquaintance with great A, and little a, and words in one syllable. Miss Thrupp must needs undertake to teach the mite of a thing to dance, which means that she romped about with her in most mad-cap fashion; and confident of her educational mission, gravely proclaimed that she was about to "ground her" on the piano. A great many music-books and a backgammon-board, falsely purporting to be Hume's History of England, had to be piled on the stool before Lily, mounted thereupon, could get her plump hands on a proper level with the key-board of the rickety old practicing piano (Popkinson, Great Swallow Street, Oxford Street, 1809), and her "grounding" did not extend beyond her being allowed to thump the keys, which were worn, and dented, and yellow, like the teeth of an old horse, till she began to crow with delight at the noise she made, or her instructress, laughing, and stopping her ears at the din—though a quarter of the battered clefs were dumb—bade her, with a kiss, desist. As for the Begum, Juggernaut was not behindhand in activity of patronage to the little darling. She hung strange ornaments of golden filigree round her neck. I believe she would have pierced her ears—and her nose too, so the mischievous girls said—to hang jeweled rings in, had not that surgical operation been expressly inhibited by the scholastic home government. Debarred from the exercise of this decorative Orientalism, it was Miss Dallwallah's chief delight to curl, to brush out, and to curl again, in all sorts of ringlets, tapers, sausages, and cork-screws, Lily's soft brown locks. The child's hair curled naturally, and wanted neither tissue paper nor irons; but Miss Dallwallah was continually improving on nature, and nothing seemed more to delight her than when Lily's hair, after half an hour's elaborate frizzing, or compression under the influence of caloric, assumed the appearance of a highly ornate mop. The child submitted, and was pleased. Once, only, she gave way to a short howl, when Miss Dallwallah inadvertently touched the tip of her ear with the hot tongs, but in general she regarded the philocomic ordeal as a rare game and sport. However, one day, she thought fit to remonstrate against that which was decidedly a work of superogation.

"My hair curl with water, Missa Lally," she said, looking up into the hairdresser's face with her large blue eyes.

"What a great stupid I am! Of course it will," exclaimed the impetuous Indian (whose petit nom among her familiars was "Lally"). "There, I've half spoilt your hair with these nasty hot irons. It'll curl all the wrong way now, of course. It's just like me. I never can do any thing properly. I wonder I haven't bitten you into the bargain." And Miss Dallwallah, who was of an impulsive, and not a very strong-minded temperament, and who bitterly remembered her dental escapade with Miss Libscombe, would have taken refuge in tears, had she not been consoled and assured that no harm was done, by Miss Tallboys and Miss Thrupp.

It was a merry time. The "great girls" dressed Lily, and put her to bed. Had she been a squirrel, or a marmoset monkey, they could not have made more of her. As yet, the child had been deemed too small to go to church, and the homilies of the dean, before breakfast and bedtime, had been thought sufficient theological food for her; but the "great girls" begged so hard that she might be allowed to accompany them, that at last the authorities acceded to the request. To walk to church on Sunday mornings hand in hand with one or the other of her three protectresses, was to Lily the source of enormous pride and gratification. She was very good in church, although she sometimes swung her small legs—which did not reach to within a foot of the ground—in a manner to endanger the stability of neighboring hassocks; and once or twice, on hot summer Sundays, she went to sleep, and would have tumbled off but that Miss Tallboys caught her. But take her for all in all, she was a most devout congregationist, and it was very pleasant to behold her gazing with a rapt wistfulness at the clergyman in the pulpit, and with interest not much less at the clerk in his desk; or nodding her head smilingly to the Psalms (I am dreadfully afraid that she manifested a desire to dance to the Thirty-third), or sitting with a very big prayer-book, of which she could not read one line, open and clutched in her hands.

"MASSACHUSETTS! MASSACHUSETTS!"

THE golden sunshine gleams o'er hill and glade and wave,
The blue sky every eve is studded thick with stars.
Ah, sunshine falls so brightly on a new-made grave!
And God's blue banner ne'er is furled for our wars.

The summer came and went among the Berkshire hills,
Where weary watches kept true hearts as brave as those
Whose throbs were hero-marches, till the deathly chills
Hushed heart and lip and eye into a long repose.

But Charlie still was safe—thank God!—through many a fight;
At last he wrote (Ah me, such strange and feeble strokes!),
"Don't fear for me—I'm wounded, but 'twill all come right;
Our boys have had tough work at terrible Fair Oaks.

"Perhaps when golden autumn sets the woods aflame
I may get home to show the tattered flag I bore.
You'll have your soldier back—a trifle thin and lame—
But *looks* won't trouble me when I get home once more!"

Poor fellow, brave and hopeful, how he stood the pain,
The torture all those weeks! They brought him North at last,
And fever laid her crazing hand on heart and brain,
Yet still in pity bore him to the happy Past.

His moan through heated days and through the moonlit nights
Was "Massachusetts! Massachusetts! Take me *there*!"
Sometimes he rushed in memory into deadly fights,
But always ended with that pleading, homesick prayer.

Strange nurses, doctors chilled by death to seeming cold,
Whose faces bent unmoved o'er many a soldier's bed,
By Charlie Howard's cot were men of gentle mould,
And tender as their mothers' were the words they said.

Yet still that cry, "My home! the hills! the scarlet trees!
Oh only take me *there*, before it is too late!
Now bring a little honey from my father's bees,
A little home-made bread upon a fair white plate!"

No name except the Saviour's made him still and calm;
But when we spoke of Jesus how his dark eyes filled,
As if above the battle rose a fireside psalm,
And in the holy peace each thought of strife were stilled.

"Oh Jesus! Know Him? Yes! He is my Only Friend,
He's all around me *always*." Then his eyes grew dim
With unshed tears. "He says He loved unto the end.
I couldn't stand the waiting if 'twasn't now for Him!"

"He *won't* forsake you, Charlie!" How his face grew bright!
"He says so, and I'm *sure*." "If even death should come?"
"No matter! 'Tis the ending of the long long fight!
So take me home!" The wildness came again with "home."

Poor shattered harp, whose every string was out of tune
Except the one that answered to the Deathless Love!
The earthly craving passed when Heaven's higher boon
Brought him in gladness to the Hills and Home above.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DON'T COMET TOO STRONG.—Professor Neumager says that in 1865 a comet will come so close as to endanger the earth, and should it not attach itself to us (as one globule of quicksilver to another), or annihilate us (that's a cheerful alternative), the effect will be very beautiful (we should think so). "During three nights we shall have no darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing train"—an express train, we suppose. It is to be observed that the Professor avoids the use of the word tail. We don't, but we spell it *tale*, and apply it to the Professor as a bit of a wag.

"All is vanity," *saith* the Preacher. Yes; but what does the preacher *think*? This question occurred to us a few days ago, when we saw an episcopal equipage literally groaning with mitres, etc., etc., etc.; and then we couldn't help reflecting that a bishop should be more easily recognized by his *demeanor* than his *carriage*!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

As sure as Sol will rise to-morrow,
So sure will sin conduct to sorrow.

A certain quack calling one day on an invalid, asked him "how he did?" "I didn't," was the sufferer's reply. "Then," cried the undaunted disciple of Galen, "it must have been your brother." With this he pocketed his fee, but never returned to the house.

At a recent party one of the candles was leaning slightly. Gliffkins, who boasts of his geography, remarked that it represented the Tower of Pisa. "Yes," said facetious Sniffkins, "except that one is a tower in Italy, and another is a tower in *grease*."

An over-curious person thinks the antediluvian life must have been a great contrast to ours, and pictures it thus: "Only fancy having two dried whales hanging in your larder, and a cold mammoth 'cut and come again' on the side-board. 'Shall I help you to a bit of the ichthyosaurus?' 'Thank you; I should prefer a slice of your mastodon!' Stewed plesiosaurus! Leviathan *à la crapoderie*. Imagine a bill, not at twelve months, but two hundred years, and a fellow who carried off your plate-box getting sent to the tread-mill for fourscore summers. Consider an elderly gentleman, with a liver complaint of only one hundred years' standing, wearing out four sets of false teeth, and finally carried off, after a brief illness of three hundred and ten years, in a galloping consumption."

How near akin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying: and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

Denmark is to be called the "Champion of the light weights," and to be girt, of course, with "the little *belt*."

Why is the letter R very unfortunate?—Because it is always to be found in trouble, wretchedness, and misery: it is always the beginning in riots and ruin, and never found in peace, innocence, or love.

The gentleman who attempted to cut his throat with a sharp joke, a few days since, has again made a rash attack by stabbing himself with a point of honor.

What comes after cheese?—A mouse.

"I hope it won't be long," as the school-boy said to the lesson.

The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.

Wanted, two stamps of indignation and one of true nobility.

"I say, Sam? Yah, yah!" (*Laughs idiotically.*)
"Wa'al, Nigger? Yah, yah!" (*Laughs more idiotically, and whistles like a steam-engine.*)
"Yar's a Conundidrum. Lookee yar. If I tells you a lie, why's dat like my ole arm-chair? D'ye gib it up? 'Cos it am *de seat* dat I use."

"Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a Southwester to a Downeaster, who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide-open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi.
"Wa'al," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what yeow call a handsome critter, but he's got a great deal of openness when he smiles."

If you want to be a "swell" of the first water get the dropsy.

A cynical fellow, who can't muster the cash for a sleigh-ride, publishes the following recipe for its sensation: "Sit in the hall in your night-clothes, with both doors open, so that you can get a good draft; your feet in a pail of ice-water; drop the front-door key down your back; hold an icicle in one hand and ring the tea-bell with the other." He says, "You can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it is a great deal cheaper."

What do we seek redress for?—Injuries. Where do we find it?—*In juries.*

The "twelve gentlemen of the jury" sometimes exhibit a stupid futuity that is quite astonishing. The following is a case in point. The jury were sitting upon the case of a man found dead in a sand-pit. They first returned a verdict of manslaughter. The coroner recapitulated the testimony adduced, and sent them back. They re-entered the court with 'We find that the deceased was still-born.' For a third time they were dismissed, with Lord Campbell's well-known formula, 'Gentlemen, you will retire to consider of your verdict—this man was found dead in a sand-pit.' So they avoided technicalities, and came soundly to the conclusion, 'that the said Robert Trelawney is dead, and died of sand!'"

"What is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces?" said the Captain to Gussie the other day. Gussie cogitated a minute, and then answered, "Because the men have something better to kiss, and the women haven't." The captain "saw it" immediately.

A furrier, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to his advertisement: "N.B.—Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles out of their own skins."

"You're quite welcome," as the purse said to the shilling.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

Now, Charley, I never
Would have married you, dear,
Had I known of your passion for smoking:
Of that horrible stuff
You've had surely enough—
Put it down—you are very provoking!

I've sat by your side
Till I feel quite defied
To speak, for the vapor is choking;
But 'tis useless to plead—
You puff! puff! at "the weed,"
As if a man were created for smoking!

That 'witching old pipe,
I'm half tempted to gripe,
And cast in the fire I am poking;
And would, too, but bother,
You'll still find another,
And cleave to the habit of smoking.

Ah, well! I'll give way,
For, perhaps, as you say,
No business have wives to be croaking;
You wed us "to cherish,"
And, lest we should perish,
Like plants, we must suffer a smoking.

An Oxford student joined without invitation a party dining at an inn; after which he boasted so much of his abilities that one of the party said: "You have told us enough of what you can do; tell us something you can not do." "Faith," said he, "I can not pay my share in the reckoning."

A story is told of a German who attempted to court in English with the aid of a dictionary. Having obtained an interview with an English lady, who, having recently lost her husband, must be open to new offers, he opened the business thus:
"High-born madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket—"
"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.
"Oh, pardon—hine, ten thousand pardon! Now I make new beginning—quite order beginning. Madam, since your husband have cut his stick—"
It may be supposed that this did not mend matters; and reading as much in the lady's countenance, he said, perspiring with shame at having a second time missed fire:
"Madam, since your husband has gone to kingdom come—"
This he said beseechingly, but the lady was past propitiation by this time, and rapidly moved toward the door. Taking a last hurried look at his dictionary the German flew after the lady, crying out in a voice of despair:
"Madam, since your husband, your most respected husband, have hopped de twig—"
This was his sheet-anchor, and as this also "came home," of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used had put down the verb *sterben* (to die) with the following worshipful series of equivalents: 1. To kick the bucket. 2. To cut one's stick. 3. To go to kingdom come. 4. To hop the twig; to hop off the perch into Davy's locker.

Is the "singing" of a cat involuntary, or is it done on *purr-puss*?

Why is spermaceti like a busybody?—Because it makes scandals.

The following is a singular calculation of the number of stitches in a shirt: Stitching the collar, four rows, 2000; sewing the ends, 500; button-holes, and sewing on buttons, 150; sewing the collar and gathering the neck, 1204; stitching wristbands, 1228; sewing the ends, 68; button-holes, 148; hemming the slits, 264; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1468; stitching on shoulder-straps, three rows each, 1830; hemming the bosom, 333; sewing the sleeves, 2532; setting in sleeves and gussets, 3059; tapping the sleeves, 1536; sewing the seams, 841; setting side-gussets in, 454; hemming the bottom, 1164. Total number of stitches, 20,049.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man?
Because it is down in the mouth.

If you met a pig in tears, what animal's name might you say to it?
Pork, you pine (porcupine).

Why is an ill-bred man like lightning?
Because he does not know how to conduct himself.

What belongs to yourself, and is used by every body more than yourself?
Your name.

A blind man took something from the breakfast-table, and recovered his sight—what was it?
He took a tea-cup and saucer (saw sir).

Legs I have got, but seldom walk;
I backbite all, but never talk?
A flea.

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SPRING HERALDS.

A SOFTER murmur in the leafless woods,
And over meadows wide;
A joyous rushing of long-frozen floods
Down furrowed mountain-side.

A fitful sunbeam lighting up the scene,
Too dazzling bright to last,
Gliding storm-riven forest boughs between,
A waif of summers past.

Some star-bright snow-drops, winter's pretty flowers,
Fresh from their snowy fold;
A daisy smiling through the long, lonely hours;
Or crocus-cup of gold.

Sweet clustered primroses in forest-nooks,
Where dead leaves strew the ground;
And daffodils bent over purling brooks,
As listeners to their sound.

The glad new song of winged chorister,
The earliest of the grove,
Breaking the winter silence of the air
With thrilling notes of love.

Soul-stirring impulses of recent birth,
Which round the heart may cling:
An all-pervading influence on the earth—
The spirit of the Spring.

NOTHING BUT A FARMER.

I.

"MY poor boy—poor Calvert!" sighed Mrs. Brande, dropping the letter she had been reading to look after a pair just sweeping past her window on horseback. One was a gentleman in the prime of life—a handsome, stately-looking gentleman—who bent almost to his saddle-bow from time to time, as he turned with unmistakable glances of admiration toward his companion, a girl in the freshest bloom of youth, and beautiful as June blossoms are.

The face was roguish, yet sweet, with a lurking flash in the dark bright eyes. There was something of pride, too, in the short upper lip, that was curving now with smiles as she talked, and shook back from her cheeks the intruding curls.

"I knew it," sighed Mrs. Brande—"I knew all the while that a girl like Katharine Vaux, so pretty and so gay, and with so many chances to marry, would never be contented to have a man with his way to make in the world, as my Calvert has. Poor boy! He a-coming home to-night, and she a galloping over the country with George Hawley, a man old enough to be her father."

Crossing the room, Mrs. Brande stood mournfully, and slowly folding Calvert's last letter previous to putting it away.

"Well, mother!"

Two strong hands upon her shoulders, and a brown but handsome face close to hers.

She started, for he had come in softly—stolen over the threshold to surprise her, just as he had used to do when he was a little boy; and now he was a man grown—a tall, stalwart, strong-limbed young fellow as one could wish to see.

"Oh, Calvert!" she cried, putting her arms round his neck, "I'm so glad you've come."

"So am I, mother." And shaking back the heavy darkness of his clustering locks, half bashfully—"How's Katharine?"

The widow shrunk a little; but either Calvert did not or would not notice it, and putting her motherly hand on his hair, she looked fondly yet sadly up at him, saying,

"How handsome you have grown, Calvert!"

"Have I?" with a little flushing of the frank, brown cheek. "Hope Katharine'll think so." Then: "But such a little palace as I have been building, mother! All rigged up inside and out—all but the women fixins, you know; Kathie'll tend to that. But you don't tell me how's Kathie?"

The widow's lip quivered a little; but she was by this time busy at some household task, and she pretended not to hear the question.

"Ah!" she said—"so you've got your house done?"

He ran on for a moment in reply, talking of his house; saying that he would rather be something else than a farmer if he could, and that Katharine would no doubt like it better if it could be so, but that he meant, nevertheless, to do well the work he had undertaken; and then, coming back to the one thought, asked again,

"Have you seen Kathie lately?"

"I saw her this afternoon," said Mrs. Brande, with a stern setting of her lips.

"Oh! did you? Good girl! She promised me she wouldn't let you get lonesome." And Calvert's fine eye had a tender gleam in it.

"Kathie Vaux hasn't been over this threshold in more'n three weeks," Mrs. Brande said, shortly.

Calvert looked anxious and puzzled. Then a bright smile broke like sunshine over his face. "She's sensitive, you know, mother; and I dare say the proud little thing got afraid of coming to see Calvert's mother so much for fear of talk. Women are so foolish that way."

"Katharine Vaux is not, at all events. She staid away for a better reason than that, Calvert."

She lifted her head and looked steadily at her son.

The look told him more than the words had—smote him with a vague and pained wonder.

"What do you mean, mother?" he asked in a low voice, coming toward her. "What is the reason Katharine staid away—is she sick?"

"Sick!" the widow said, contemptuously. "Not she; she never was in better health in her life—never had a merrier laugh, or a lighter heart, than since you went away. I don't believe she's thought of you half-a-dozen times since you went away, Calvert."

"Oh yes, mother; she has written me more letters than that. I see how it is; you never liked Katie very well. She's a little wild, and high-strung, and—I see, mother."

"It is not that at all, Calvert. She's a most ridiculous young flirt! That is what she *is*; and the reason she hasn't come here lately is because she didn't like what I said to her about her goings-on the last time she did come."

"Kathie a what? Oh, mother!" Calvert said, almost angrily, "I told her not to mope while I was away, but to be gay, and do any thing to enjoy herself. What did you say to her, mother?"

"I gave her my opinion of her goings-on. She had no more right to do as she did than though she had been your wife all the time, and I told her so."

"Oh, mother, how could you!"

Looking at him with tender sorrow she said,

"Well, well, Calvert, we won't talk of it. Go and see Katharine for yourself."

"Why should Kathie break her promise to me? Is there any one she cares more for? I sha'n't hinder her if there is." But his cheek grew pale through its bronze as he said it.

"I've an idea that there's somebody's money she likes better if she don't like him," said Mrs. Brande.

"Who is it, mother?"

"It's George Hawley!"

"Ah!"

He was standing at the window now, with his face to the street, and Mrs. Brande could not see how he set his teeth as he said it, and how his eye flashed. It is bad enough to have another man win the woman you love, but to a man like Calvert Brande to find himself rivaled in the heart of the girl he worshiped by *money* the thought was unutterably humiliating—bitter.

Even as he stood there the music of a low, sweet laugh came trilling through the roses at the open casement, and in a moment more the same pair that Mrs. Brande had seen pass an hour before came riding slowly by, the bridles of their horses hanging loosely upon their necks; and Mr. Hawley was bending, with a deference that was almost tender, toward the beautiful face that laughed up at him—the sweet, bright, roguish face. Calvert saw it all—the dark floating curls, the uplifted face, the laughing eyes (he had not seen them before in six months, and now to see them thus under another's glance); he *saw*, and clenched his hands till it seemed as though they would never unclench again.

As the two came opposite—they could not see Calvert for the roses that grew at the window—Mr. Hawley seemed to make some remark, which he emphasized with a gesture toward the house.

From even that distance Calvert could see the girl's dark eyes flash and her color rise. She never looked toward the house, but drew her little form up like the proud Kathie Vaux she was, and touching her horse sharply with her whip she gave Mr. Hawley a haughty little nod and dashed on.

He was by her side again in an instant. And Calvert Brande, parting the rose-bushes, sprang through the window, and went trampling away—any where, so that no human eye should see his anger, and humiliation, and pain.

His *Kathie! his* Kathie! and she had written him such fond and tender letters all the time that he had been gone; such frank, merry, loving, girlishly sweet letters, and—what falsehoods girls were! He wouldn't ever believe in woman again! If Kathie Vaux were a lie no other woman could be true.

II.

IN the low doorway of the porch at Woodbine Cottage stood Kathie Vaux that evening, little dreaming that her lover was so near. The sunset glow shone on her, and lighted up as charming a picture as one could wish to see. A deep setting of vines and blossoms framed her in, and some sprays of scarlet and gold were in her hair, and others still drooped from her little hand and trailed beside her. June-lights were in her soft, dark eyes; and some thought, tender and bright as the young June itself, shed rare bloom upon her face as she stood.

George Hawley had just left the house, and she did not look after him. Her red lip had curled with something very like scorn as he bowed his "Good-evening" to her and went down the walk, with his face cloudy and his brows knit. But that expressiveness had passed now, and she stood like a fair and sweet embodiment of that June twilight, thinking of what? Calvert Brande wondered *what* as he came toward her up the pretty flower-bordered walk.

Whatever her thought was it must have been a very enthralling one, for she did not seem conscious of his approach till he stood almost beside her. Then she turned swiftly, with an eager cry, and the blushes trooping over her face.

"Calvert Brande! Calvert Brande!" she cried, with a movement of her snowy arms that sent scarlet petals showering about her. If ever gladness and lovingness looked out of woman's eyes they did out of Kathie Vaux's.

But for a memory Calvert would have caught her to him and sealed those tender eyes with kisses. But coming up through the thicket there, he had seen George Hawley just passing away from Woodbine Cottage, and the sight had made him grind his teeth with rage. That pretty picture of Kathie in the porch did not tranquilize him. "*He* has been standing there with her ever since they came home from that ride," he said to himself, passionately; "and while I was trying to strangle my jealousy and find excuses for her, she was looking in his eyes as she'd like to look in mine now. No, Katharine! No!" He had just said that to himself as he came up beside her, and the look she gave him, and that involuntary lifting of the soft arms, whose clinging he remembered six months ago, almost made him cast away his anger as though it had been a serpent.

Not quite, for he recoiled as she bent toward him, and standing erect, and with folded arms before her, looked at her out of eyes lurid with scorn and anger. The blushes died out of Katharine's face slowly; her arms drooped to her side again while she looked at him; and then, putting a little hand upon his shoulder as he stood upon the step below her, the girl said, faintly,

"Why don't you speak to me, Calvert?"

He thought her pallor was the pallor of a guilty and accusing conscience, and he said, speaking for the first time, and speaking scornfully, as though her deceit seemed, as it did, unutterably contemptible to him,

"If I had come a little earlier I should have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing and congratulating my successor."

Kathie understood him. She had been just enough wrong, just enough what Mrs. Brande said, during his absence, to be angry at his tone and words, which the more she deserved the less inclined was she to submit to them. Besides, Mrs. Brande had reproached her in language that rankled still, and the mere conjecture that she had repeated these very reproaches to Calvert was almost unendurable. He was looking at her as these thoughts passed through her mind. Her hand had dropped away from his shoulder, and color had come into her cheeks again.

"I thought something terrible had happened, to come to me, after so long, this way," Kathie said to herself; "but he is only jealous, and jealousy is a very hateful thing, and I don't deserve to be treated so at all!" and with a little toss of her head Kathie broke off a spray from the vine beside her and carelessly drew it through her white fingers, while she said aloud, and without looking at him, "When did you get home, Calvert?"

"I came about three hours ago; I was at the window when you passed."

"Were you?" Her eye flashed a little, and she swept a torrent of the blossoms down with her impatient hand. She was saying to herself, "He has been away from me six months, and the first word he says is an unkind one."

"She is glad to be rid of me so easy," Calvert was thinking with paling eyes, for he *had* hoped against hope that Kathie would have something to say for herself. And Kathie, the more she thought the longer he was silent, the more hurt and angry she was at his coldness. "I am angry enough to cry," she thought; "but I won't. To think that he should come to me this way after so long; he might say right out whatever he's got to say, and give me a chance for myself. I'm sure I haven't done any thing so very dreadful." But she knew well enough she had done as she would not have done if Calvert had been able to see all.

"Will you come in, Calvert?" she asked, after a long pause.

"Thank you, no," Calvert Brande said, haughtily, and setting his teeth; "I only came to tell you, Katharine, that you are free of me, free as the wind, that is more like you than any thing else is."

The girl's face was like snow, but she only drew the green leaves about it, and without lifting her white eyelids said, quietly,

"Very well, Calvert."

He raised his hat with a look at her that she could not see, and strode away down the walk with a single muttered utterance, "So that dream is dead!"

Katharine's dark eye flashed as she looked after him. "Cruel, unkind!" she murmured; but even as she said it conscience smote her a little, and clasping her slender hands upon her bosom, she stood almost resolved to call to him, and beg him to forgive her.

But pride forbade still, and she reassured herself that he loved her too well to really stay away from her long. He would come back if she waited, and if would be all right again then.

But he did not come all the next day, and the next, and Katharine's heart grew heavier and heavier, till she could scarcely carry it about.

The third day, at evening, she put on her hat, and stealing affrighted glances about, crept away by a path through the wood, to the vicinity of the house in which Mrs. Brande lived.

There, shrouded among the trees, she stood and watched a long time, but saw no one save Mrs. Brande passing in and out. She went nearer, so that she even saw into the little sitting-room, and incurred great risk of being seen herself. But still she saw no form save the widow's.

"Where can Calvert be?" she moaned to herself—"if I could only see Calvert one minute!" and then she fled away home again, thinking he might have come during her absence.

But he had not; and the next day she heard through a servant that Calvert Brande had been home and gone right away again—gone back West people said.

Kathie waited for no more: seizing her hat, she stood very soon panting and breathless in Mrs. Brande's doorway.

The widow was sitting by the window, and as she looked up Kathie saw that she had been crying.

Kathie hesitated, her large eyes wandering over the room away from, and then back to Mrs. Brande, with a half-affrighted expression. Then clinging to the door-post, and pushing back her curls with one little hand, she asked, in a low voice,

"Has Calvert gone away again, Mrs. Brande?"

"Yes, he's gone," said the widow, shortly; "my boy's gone away again as quick as he came. It wasn't my fault his going though." She looked sternly through the window.

"Was it mine; do you think it was mine?" questioned Katharine, timidly, advancing a little and lifting her dark eyes to Mrs. Brande, with a world of woe in their depths.

The widow did not look at her. "He came home to see the girl he loved, and he found a false, heartless flirt in her place. That's why he went away again so soon, if you want to know."

Once such words would have angered Katharine terribly. Now she only clasped her hands over her eyes, and grew paler than before. "Has he gone clear away?—gone has he gone clear away West? Oh! I didn't mean to make him so angry as that."

"You shouldn't have done it then. Yes, he's gone back, to live alone in the house he built for you and him, and his heart was so bitter about it that he didn't even ask his old mother to go with him. You'll never find a kinder heart to love you, Katharine Vaux, than Calvert Brande's was."

"I know it," Katharine said, and drooped against the wall, covering her blanched face with her hands.

Mrs. Brande even was touched by the hopelessness of her tone, and she went on to tell her in her sympathy what tortures would not have wrung from her pride. "He was like a crazy man that night after he left you," she said; "he never slept a wink, and he walked the floor, tramp, tramp, all night."

Presently she added, "Some men now would be for forgiving you; but Calvert ain't one of that sort."

"But he'll forgive *me*—he *must* forgive me, Mrs. Brande," Katharine said, clinging to Mrs. Brande's dress; "he used to love me so, and I loved him all the time—indeed, indeed I did. I know he'll forgive me!"

The widow shook her head. "I doubt it, child. But I'm to go to meet him somewhere on the way in a few weeks; he didn't ask me, but I told him I should; and he's got business on the way that'll keep him back a while for me to get ready. But that ain't what I was going to say. I was going to say that when I see him I'll tell him how sorry you are. It won't do no good, but I'll tell him. I guess you do feel bad, and I like you the better for it. I didn't think really that you had got so much heart as that." Mrs. Brande had a great deal of heart, and the sight of Katharine's distress touched it to compassion. "It's a pity, too," she went on, "but what you and Calvert should make up. He's laid out a sight o'work on that house you and he was to live in. He said it would be all covered up with vines by another spring, just like Woodbine Cottage. Poor fellow! he won't care whether it is or not now."

It was too much. Pride and resolution had kept Katharine hitherto from tears, but those last words of Mrs. Brande's were too much. She gave a wild glance around, and then, dropping upon the floor, burst into such a passion of weeping as frightened Mrs. Brande terribly. The girl's hat had fallen off, and, kneeling down by her, Mrs. Brande smoothed the soft bright curls and begged her not to cry. But the sad heart would not be comforted.

The poor lady felt a little conscience smitten and self-reproachful herself. She never *had* quite liked Katharine, just as Calvert had said, and she was afraid she had been a little too ready to condemn her. She suspected, too, with pretty good reason, that if she had not irritated him so before he saw Katharine that the quarrel would not have taken place.

"But what made him most angry, Katharine," she said, "was seeing you and George Hawley ride by together, and looking so taken up with each other too."

"I wasn't taken up," sobbed Kathie, "and I don't like George Hawley a bit. He tried to be very witty about Calvert's going to be a farmer, just as we were passing the house, and I got so angry I wouldn't talk to him all the way home, and not much when we got there. He would go in, and I went off and left him to talk to father; and—and he asked me to marry him before he went away, Mrs. Brande, but I couldn't help that."

"He did, did he!" exclaimed Mrs. Brande, opening her eyes, "and he knew you was promised to Calvert all the time, for I told him myself. What did you tell him, Kathie?"

"I told him something he didn't expect to hear. I can't tell you what it was."

"Maybe you told him you'd have him if you couldn't get Calvert," the widow said, suspiciously.

"I *didn't!*" Katharine said, indignantly. "Calvert's worth a thousand like George Hawley, and more too."

"Well, I don't know why you need make such a secret of what you said if you ain't going to have him," Mrs. Brande said, with a lurking jealousy in her tone.

Katharine did not answer. She got up after a while and put on her hat, and, bidding the widow a tremulous "good-night," went away.

She came back the next morning with a face that blushed curiously, and had a tint of brightness in it.

Mrs. Brande was in the little back garden tying up some morning-glories when Kathie came through the house to her, and put her red lips to the widow's cheek. There was something very pleasant in the touch of those young lips. There were not many who kissed Mrs. Brande, and though she was well aware that the kiss was more for Calvert's sake than her own, Mrs. Brande liked it, and thought, as she stole admiring glances at the lovely face, "that it *was* a pity but what Calvert and Kathie should make up."

As she proceeded with her work, she said:

"It seems like lost time to tie 'em up when I'm going away so soon; but I can't bear to see the poor things dragging in the dirt and looking up at me reproachful like."

Kathie's little fingers fluttered about among the morning-glories, and she helped the widow fasten them all upon the frame, talking sometimes, but in subdued tones; and when she looked up, as she did rarely, there was a gleam in her dark bright eyes that was half tears, half something else, that Mrs. Brande could not make out, and was a little afraid of. She understood it after a while.

"Wouldn't it be nice to go out to Ashley and tie up Calvert's vines for him before he gets back?" said Kathie, with a shy look at Mrs. Brande.

"Y-e-s," said the widow, hesitatingly. Somehow she suspected that speech meant more than it said.

"Mrs. Brande!" A white arm stole round her neck, and a white little hand patted her cheek. Mrs. Brande felt uneasy; but the hand was so soft and caressing, the arm so white and coaxing. "Mrs. Brande, let me go with you out to Ashley, won't you?"

She lifted her eyes as she said it, and Mrs. Brande saw that the brightness that had puzzled her was a sad kind of roguery. The widow felt somehow very much shocked—pitiful, but shocked.

"Why, child," she said, bluntly, "you wouldn't go out there and ask *him* to have *you*, after all, would you?"

"I'd give him a chance to ask *me*, and I'd tell him how sorry I am that I treated him so."

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Mrs. Brande shook her head. "I don't believe it would answer at all, Kathie. Calvert's very nice in his notions, and I don't think he'd like it at all. No, no, child; just you be patient, and I'll tell him, and I'll make it all right, if it can be made right. But I doubt it myself."

"So you won't take me with you?" said Kathie, with a queer smile, still patting the widow's cheek with her soft fingers, and looking at her out of thoughtful, dark eyes.

"I'd like to, my dear; indeed I would. I'm getting to like you wonderfully well myself. But it wouldn't do at all to take you out there with me; I wouldn't dare to do it."

"Can you tell me where to write to him, then?"

"No, I can't, dear; and I doubt if he writes me at all. He won't feel much like writing now, poor fellow!"

"Then I'll do the other thing," said Kathie, with a half-defiant look.

"What other thing, dear?" asked Mrs. Brande. She was suspicious in her innocence that Kathie might mean to drown herself, or get lost in the woods, or marry Mr. Hawley, or something of that desperate sort. So her eyes opened very wide as she asked, "What other thing, dear?"

"A very dreadful thing indeed, and you'll say so when you know," said Katharine, solemnly. "Good-morning, Mrs. Brande."

"What! You ain't going? Well, don't do what you're thinking of, dear. *I* wouldn't. Just be patient a little while, and who knows what may happen? I wish you would tell me what you said to Mr. Hawley, child?"

"I'll tell you when I tell Calvert, dear Mrs. Brande." And with a low laugh and her eyes full of tears, Kathie ran away.

III.

MRS. BRANDE got ready in due time to follow her son. She heard, meanwhile, with some consternation and some relief, that Katharine Vaux had gone to visit some cousins in another part of the State.

"She might have come to bid me good-by, after all," she said, considerably piqued.

When she met her son afterward, at a point agreed upon previously, to journey with him toward Ashley, she began, at the first opportunity, to say something to him about Kathie.

"Not a word, mother; I won't hear a word," he said, sternly. "Her treatment of *me* was enough, and it don't matter how sorry she is now. A woman who could let me go so easily as she did couldn't care much about me, and that is the end of it. Don't mention her name to me."

Perhaps but for her pique at Kathie's not coming to say good-by Mrs. Brande would have persisted some longer. It is impossible to say or to know whether Calvert Brande would have relented if she had.

Meanwhile Katharine had got a very daring project in her small head, a project which she kept all to herself, even coaxing a suspiciously-large sum of money out of her papa, without telling him her secret.

She was not very accustomed to traveling alone, and Mr. Vaux was of the opinion that she was taking an immense amount of baggage for the shortness of the trip she pretended she was going.

"Maybe it won't be so short," she replied to him. "I may take a fancy to go to the moon or to California before I get back."

"Oh! I thought you were going to your Aunt Maylie's," said indulgent Mr. Vaux.

"Well, I may go there," said Kathie, nonchalantly. And never suspecting that she could go any where else, Mr. Vaux saw her off, laughing, as at a good joke.

With very vague geographical ideas of the country she was going to, and the route to be taken to get there, Kathie yet made a pretty direct way to Ashley. She never stopped to think whether she was doing an imprudent thing or not. She was a spoiled child, used to having her own way and carrying out the strangest whims. She wouldn't allow herself even to imagine what Calvert would say. She got to Ashley about the last of June, and found it a new, rather pretty, and quite small country village.

She knew that Calvert's farm was on the outskirts of the town, and, with some ado, found the snug little house on which her lover had expended so much labor for her.

A charming little nest it was too, with green grass all about it, and a grove behind it, two immense shade trees in front, and a perfect wilderness of flowers.

The windows of the house were curtainless, and peeping in, Katharine saw fresh marks of her lover's hand.

The doors were all fast, but she found a window that she could open, and, blushing guiltily, she raised it, and after much poising of herself on the window-sill, and much hesitating whether to get out or in, she got *in*, laughing and crying in the same breath as she stood up in the room that Calvert's loving hand had fitted up for her. It seemed almost sacrilege to stand there thus alone, and having *stolen* in to the Eden from which she had voluntarily expelled herself.

The rooms were all simply but very prettily furnished—carpets down in all of them excepting the snug little kitchen, the floor of which was painted, and in a corner of which stood a new cooking-stove with the wood placed in it ready to light.

Kathie sat down and cried again when she saw that. "He thought he should bring his wife back with him, and he got every thing as ready as he could."

She had a long cry in a good many of the rooms, where so many things reminded her that Calvert had studied her desires.

She found that the back door fastened with a bolt on the inside, and she opened it to pass in and out.

She had found plenty of places for a woman's hand to put in order. Calvert had done his best, and a very good "best" it was. But he had been shy of asking any woman into the little household shrine he was fitting up (he wanted Katharine to see it first), and he himself was but a man, and, though a very wonderful man, of course couldn't be expected to know about such matters as a woman would. Kathie went round with her deft little hand and put the finishing touch upon every thing.

She hung snowy draperies at the windows, and put some dishes in the pantry that Calvert had never thought of. There wasn't a mirror in the house till she put them there, nor a picture on the walls.

She hired a man to help her trim up the yard from the few weeks' luxuriance of grass and overgrowth, and she tied up the "said" vines that had begun to clamber over the walls of the house.

That was the beginning of a difficulty that no genius less matchless than Kathie Vaux's could have conquered.

She had been careful hitherto of being seen in her operations; and the house being somewhat retired, she had escaped observation till she went into the yard to work. The afternoon of the first day that she did that one of the townsmen came riding by, and seeing what was going on stopped in some surprise.

"Halloa!" he cried, riding up to the fence, "Calvert Brande hain't come back, has he?"

The man, whose assistance Kathie had obtained, said *he* "didn't know nothin' about it;" and gave a nod toward Kathie, who pretended not to hear.

"Well, you'll find out if you please," said the townsman, sharply. "Mr. Brande left the key of his house with me, and gave strict orders that I wasn't to let no one enter the house or yard during his absence. If he's come, it's mighty odd he hain't bin after the key; and if he hain't come, I should like to know."

Katharine heard every thing, and after an instant's frightened hesitation came forward.

The man started at the exquisite little face that lifted itself toward him—Kathie wasn't unconscious of *that;* and she bewildered the man still more by looking straight at him with a pair of the brightest, darkest eyes it had ever been his lot to encounter, while she asked him, with a sufficiently demure air, what he wanted.

With some stammering the man repeated what he had previously said. He stammered, but he evidently meant what he said. Katharine had got to account for her presence there or quit the premises.

She was ready to cry with vexation. She might have told the man that she was Calvert's sister. Doubtful if he would have believed her though, even if she had not scorned to tell the lie.

Desperate emergencies call for desperate expedients. Kathie Vaux was just the rash, impulsive girl for such an emergency.

Dropping her long lashes, she watched the man from under them, while she said, gravely,

"If I had known you had the key I should certainly have been after it before now."

"Ah?" the man said, with a tolerably mystified look.

"Yes," Katharine said, with the same grave demureness, "it has been a great inconvenience to me not having the key—it has really;" and her bright eyes bewildered the man again. He gave a short, embarrassed laugh, saying,

"I don't want to be impertinent, Miss, but I should like to know who you be, any how?"

"My name is Vaux—Miss Vaux, Sir."

"Then you ain't Brande's sister."

"Oh dear, no! I'm just going to be his housekeeper, you know."

Katharine couldn't help blushing as she said that, and she with great difficulty kept from laughing at the man's astounded "Ah!"

"Why didn't Mr. Brande tell you where to find the key?" he asked, presently.

"It was singular, wasn't it? But *he* never said a word about it, nor *I*. We didn't either of us think of it, I dare say. I hope you have it with you, Sir."

The man looked bewildered still, but he said he'd send the key over, and rode away, wondering what Brande wanted of such a housekeeper as that. However, he sent the key as he had promised; and after another day's interval came himself to see how things were going. He had his misgivings about letting a stranger, though ever so pretty a one, into Brande's house without better warrant than any Kathie had ever given him, when he came to think it over.

Katharine had vanished, however, probably anticipating something of the sort, and the house was locked. The man went away in a tolerably anxious frame of mind, and was not at all relieved when he got home and found a letter from Brande, saying he should be there on the following day, and *not* mentioning the housekeeper.

Back he posted, and this time found Kathie, who had not expected him to return so soon. She had been expecting such news as this, however, and was prepared for it. The complete *sang froid* with which she received it relieved the man's mind some, and he went away and left her to her fate.

IV.

IT was about two hours before sunset that Calvert Brande and his mother drove slowly up to the house.

He had called for the key as he came through town, and received the somewhat mystifying intelligence, from the wife of the man with whom he had left it, that it was down at the house.

However, he was devoured by too many conflicting emotions to be critical, so he drove on.

An altogether different coming home was this from the one he had pictured when he went away, and he felt the difference to his heart's core.

Here, he had thought as he unhasped the gate, Kathie would have turned toward him, with loving tears in her bright eyes, to say, "Oh, Calvert!" as she always did when she was glad at something he had done for her.

Had he by any possibility been unjust to Kathie? He had half a mind to write to her, and see what she would say. But no; he had trusted her to an unlimited degree, and she had carried matters so far with another man, that he had dared to ask her to be his wife (he knew that from his mother). She must have encouraged George Hawley very much, or he would never have gone so far as that; and then, hadn't she let him come away, scorned to offer him any explanation of her conduct? Oh, she hadn't any! She was married to Hawley, perhaps, by this time. Hawley was rich, and he wasn't a *farmer*. Kathie didn't like farmers.

He paused upon the step, with his hand upon the door-knob. It seemed to him that he could not bear to enter thus into the scene of so many happy dreams, now forever blasted; for, as his mother had said, he was very unforgiving; and having lost faith in a love that he had thought would stand all tests, he was not likely to make the first advances toward reconciliation, or to forgive easily if such were made to him.

He stood a moment, and finally, opening the door, turned away without looking within, and suffered his mother to enter first.

"Why, Calvert," said Mrs. Brande, "I thought you said there wasn't no curtains to the windows—*you* didn't put *them* up, I'll be bound. Calvert, I say!"

Mastering his emotion with a strong effort, Calvert entered in reply to his mother's call.

"You don't mean to tell me you did them yourself?" she questioned, pointing to the curtains that swept snowily down.

Calvert looked, and his eye lightened.

"I gave orders that no one was to be suffered to enter here during my absence," he said, angrily. "And this is not at all as I left it."

He passed on to the next room, noting every where the indescribable change that had come upon every thing, and noting it with an eye that flashed with surprise and anger.

The sound of a retreating footstep, light though it was, fell upon his quick ear, and he passed instantly into the next room, his cheek flushing to think that strange hands had been upon any thing in these rooms that had been so sacred to him.

No one was in the room he entered—a glance showed him that—but there was a small closet opening from it. He crossed instantly to it, wrenched opened the door, which at first slightly resisted his efforts; wrenched it open—and started back as though a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet!

A but too familiar form was that drooping there—drooping so low that the soft, bright curls trailed the floor.

Poor Kathie had kept her courage very well until almost the last moment. Many a time, as something like a realization of what she had done came over her, she was ready to fly, to leave the house and Ashley; but having gone so far she reassured herself always, laughed at her own weakness, and staid. When she saw them drive up to the gate, however, every particle of courage suddenly left her.

She had never planned how she should meet him; she had vaguely meant to tell him all, how wrong she had been, and ask him to forgive her. Of course he wouldn't be able to resist such an appeal as that; and she had imagined how romantic it would all be.

But now scales seemed suddenly to drop from her eyes, and she saw herself, when it was too late, convicted before the man whose loving esteem she prized above all others—convicted before him of a course so forward and unmaidenly that it would be impossible for him to do any thing but despise her all the days of his life hereafter.

Mrs. Brande, who had followed close beside Calvert, understood every thing at a glance, and with a look of deprecation at her son—shocked as she was herself—passed between him and poor shrinking Kathie.

"Go out, Calvert, please, and leave her to me," she said.

Calvert Brande hesitated a moment, and then, with a strange light in his eyes, and a grave sweetness settling about his mouth, he said, gently, "Go you, mother," and he led her to the door.

"Don't be hard on her, poor thing; don't be hard on her, Calvert!" Mrs. Brande said.

But he only smiled strangely at her, and shut the door.

Going back to Kathie, though she shrunk and would not lift her head, he took her quite up in his strong arms and went and sat down.

His face was pale as death, and he let her hide hers yet a little while he questioned,

"What does all this mean, Kathie?"

No answer.

"Does it mean that you love me?"

She tried to writhe away from him, and would have knelt upon the floor again, crying:

"It means shame, humiliation, self-reproach, all unhappy things for poor Kathie! I wasn't satisfied with what I'd done already to make you hate me, and I had to come here. I was mad to come, I know it now. Let me go, Calvert, let me go!"

But he held her and would not let her go. Forcing her face to uncover itself to him, he read an instant through all its humiliation and scarlet shame the old sweetness, the old Kathie Vaux. And then he kissed the little face several times gently, and let her hide it in a strange and rapturous wonder upon his shoulder.

It was long before he could make her entirely comprehend that he loved her just as much as ever, and a great deal more.

"After this, too?" she questioned.

"After this too," he said, smiling; "it was a wild, strange thing to do, but it was just like Kathie Vaux to do it; and while I disapprove—because she did it out of love for me, because I should not have her here in my arms now if she had not done just as she has—I am glad."

They had no other explanation than that. Calvert Brande had not meant to forgive, but he was fairly taken by surprise, and in a weak moment when his heart was tender with memories of her.

One day, when they had been married some weeks, Mrs. Brande suddenly brightening up, said, "I declare I had forgotten! Kathie, you never told me what answer you made George Hawley; and seeing you made such a secret of it, I should like to know what it was."

Kathie colored, and glanced at her husband.

He only smiled. He could afford to smile now at mention of George Hawley or George Hawley's money.

Kathie hesitated so long, however, that it made him curious.

"Well, what was it?" he asked.

Kathie stole a hand within his and said, bashfully,

"He said something, while we were out riding, about Calvert being nothing but a farmer. It made me angry at the time, and when he asked me why I would not marry him, I said I was going to marry Calvert Brande, if he were nothing but a farmer."

Mrs. Brande said "Oh!" with some significance, and Calvert put to his lips the little hand that nestled in his, and whispered, "My darling!"

LOVE AND WAR.

I.

HE stooped and kissed her again and again—
Oh, it was hard for the two to part!
Her tears fell fast as the summer rain,
And her bosom heaved with its weight of pain
As he held her to his heart.

She watched him pass down the village street,
Where the elm-trees cast cool lines of shade,
Moving along in the ranks while beat
The echoing drum, and the tramp of feet
Kept time with the tune it played.

Oh, lovers, now is your time to kiss!
Kiss and embrace while yet you may,
For there comes an end to all human bliss;
Ah, never was cruel war like this
Which darkens our land to day!

II.

See flash from afar those tongues of fire;
Hark to the din of the savage fight;
Pray matron, and maid, and gray-haired sire
That through the battle's terrible ire
Great God will defend the Right!

The sunset's gold in the burning west
Is deepening now to twilight's red;
And fades the light on the mountain's crest,
While down in the vale, where the shadows rest,
Sleep the unburied dead.

And one is there whose unconscious eye
Seems with wonder fixed on the evening star;
No more shall his lips breathe a fond "good-by,"
Nor burn with a lover's vow or sigh—
And this is Love and War!

THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

WE give on page 284 a sketch of the horrible MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW. The annals of savage warfare nowhere record a more inhuman, fiendish butchery than this, perpetrated by the representatives of the "superior civilization" of the States in rebellion. It can not be wondered at that our officers and soldiers in the West are determined to avenge, at all opportunities, the cold-blooded murder of their comrades; and yet we can but contemplate with pain the savage practices which rebel inhumanity thus forces upon the service. The account of the massacre as telegraphed from Cairo is as follows:

On the 12th inst. the rebel General Forrest appeared before Fort Pillow, near Columbus, Kentucky, attacking it with considerable vehemence. This was followed up by frequent demands for its surrender, which were refused by Major Booth, who commanded the fort. The fight was then continued up until 3 P.M., when Major Booth was killed, and the rebels, in large numbers, swarmed over the intrenchments. Up to that time comparatively few of our men had been killed; but immediately upon occupying the place the rebels commenced an indiscriminate butchery of the whites and blacks, including the wounded. Both white and black were bayoneted, shot, or sabred; even dead bodies were horribly mutilated, and children of seven and eight years, and several negro women killed in cold blood. Soldiers unable to speak from wounds were shot dead, and their bodies rolled down the banks into the river. The dead and wounded negroes were piled in heaps and burned, and several citizens, who had joined our forces for protection, were killed or wounded. Out of the garrison of six hundred only two hundred remained alive. Three hundred of those massacred were negroes; five were buried alive. Six guns were captured by the rebels, and carried off, including two 10-pound Parrotts, and two 12-pound howitzers. A large amount of stores was destroyed or carried away.

THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

WE give on page 285 a view of a SIGNAL-STATION of the Army of the Cumberland, whose advance is at Ringgold, Georgia. This town was formerly a place of considerable importance, but is now a scene of utter desolation. The mills, factories, and store-houses are a mass of ruins, having been destroyed during the retreat of the rebel army. Of his sketch, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS says: "From the Signal-station of Captain HOWGATE on the Ridge which was so gallantly carried by the troops of General HOOKER just after the Lookout and Mission Ridge fight, the smoke of the various camps of the rebel army near Dalton can be clearly seen. The smoky range of mountains, an occasional picket, and Buzzard's Roost—the Gap at which the late reconnoissance ended—are also visible, as presented on the right of the sketch. As showing the rugged nature of the country in which our Western army has operated with such distinguished success, and something of the nature of the signal-service, our illustration has a marked interest.

Ringgold, of which we also give a view, is probably nearer the centre of the Confederacy than any other point now occupied by our troops.

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THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.—[See Page 283.]

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THE ADVANCE SIGNAL-STATION NEAR RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.

RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.—[See Page 288.]

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REFUSED!

"Nor yours the fault," you say—not yours?—
You women keep some bitter cures
For our proud spirits. How I long
To think you have not done me wrong.
Believe me, this is half my pain
To feel I can not give again
Respect and trust, which were your due
When I believed you wholly true!

The words of love you said one day,
"You meant the next day to unsay.
And if I thought of them—what then?
I must be fooled like other men:
Must learn to woo is not to win:
That women's falsehoods are not sin:
Must bear what other hearts have borne:"
—I give you, lady, scorn for scorn!

It was for *love* I vainly sued!
It was a *woman* that I wooed!
Not something in a woman's guise,
To make my trusting heart a prize—
Rejoice to feel me in her power—
Play with her new toy for an hour,
Then fling it down, with cruel jest,
And mocking scorn, at my request!

No! it was something kind and true
I fancied that I saw in you!
Before a high ideal shrine
I laid this honest love of mine.
I woke to find that shrine a dream—
That maidens are not what they seem.
Henceforth I, too, will share their mirth,
And take their *love* for what it's worth!

LOVE AND ENTERPRISE.

So small a thing as the scratch of a nail sometimes affects the history of a lifetime.

We had ridden all day at a smart pace, pausing only now and then in the shade of wayside forest stretches to breathe our horses, jaded and worn by long travel. We had set out, with high hopes and resolute purpose, to inflict a blow at the very vitals of the Confederacy; and under Grierson's gallant lead we had, so far, swept every thing before us, scattering in dismay the bands of rebel troopers marshaled to resist our progress, and leaving on every side the evidences of our avenging presence. Inspired by success, running over with the love of adventure, we dashed along—past thrifty fields, past scattered houses with affrighted inmates peering from door and window, past villages too contemptible for our notice—singing, laughing as we rode, careless of present danger, indifferent altogether to the probable hazards of the future.

While, however, we had so far been successful at all points, we had not escaped conflict and slight loss. At several points in our excursion we had been sharply engaged; and while many of the enemy had been made to bite the dust, a few of our own gallant riders had been left to keep them company on the field. But notwithstanding all this we swept gayly forward, spreading terror every where, even with smiles on our faces and laughter on our tongues.

We had ridden smartly all day, and now in the twilight a detachment of us were sweeping into Enterprise, Mississippi, to the left of the route pursued by the main column. We knew the enemy had concentrated there in some force; but that only heightened our interest in the place, and with firm and steady columns we charged straight into the town. Before the stars had come out we had fought and vanquished the rebels, and, with our horses picketed in the streets, were foraging for such cheer as we could obtain from the inhabitants. In the main, they were by no means the hospitable people we had expected to find them; but we managed, notwithstanding their coolness, to make ourselves very comfortable, taking some liberties, it must be confessed, which probably a strict construction of army regulations would hardly have permitted.

But we could not loiter long—it was a long way yet to Baton Rouge—so, after resting our horses and refreshing ourselves, we prepared to mount and be off. I had taken supper just on the edge of the town, with an old man and his daughter, occupying a neat little house, and had been treated with great kindness. I said my adieux, therefore, in my very politest style, and started for my horse, most of my comrades having already mounted. But I was to ride no more, that time, under Grierson's brave lead. As I leaped toward my horse, in my haste to join my comrades, a nail projecting from the side of the gate caught my coat. Stooping hurriedly and with a sort of blind impatience to extricate myself from the annoying duress, another sharp point struck me straight under the eye, and with a howl of pain I fell back stunned and bleeding, being blind indeed, for the moment, from the agony of my hurt.

An hour after, opening my eyes, I found myself in a pleasant little room, lying on a faded lounge, with the old man whose hospitality I had shared sitting by me. A candle, standing on a table, gave a feeble light, which made my face seem spectral in the little looking-glass just opposite.

In a moment I comprehended the "situation," and inquired, nervously,

"Where are my comrades? Have they all gone?"

"Yes, an hour ago."

"And left me here all alone?" Then in a moment I added, bristling, "And among enemies?"

"All alone, Sir, but not among enemies. They didn't know, perhaps, you were not with them. It was dark, and they didn't move in much order." Then, as if to reassure me, he continued: "But you needn't be afraid, Sir; we'll take care of you."

"But my horse," I said; "what has become of him?"

"I cut him loose and let him go some time ago; it wouldn't have done for any of the neighbors to have found him picketed before my door. No doubt he has followed the others."

Here was a fix indeed. Left alone, half blind, with a stinging pain in my face and eyes, with not a loyal man, probably, in all the town, liable at any moment to be taken out by some gang of rebel cannibals, and hung up, or quartered, or buried alive. I had started to ride through the bowels of the Confederacy to Baton Rouge, but I was likely only to ride into the bowels of some rebel Hades.

The old man evidently comprehended my thoughts.

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness," he said. "We haven't forgotten the old flag in *this* house;" and a glow came over his face, "and we will be glad to keep all harm from one of its defenders! Jane!"

"Here, father!" and a moment after the daughter stepped into the room. I looked at her more carefully now that I was likely to be her guest for a season. She was a round, rosy little body, with clear black eyes and thick wavy hair falling over her face, and a soft, cheery tone in her voice that was like music.

"Jane," the old man said, as she came into the room, "where is the flag?"

She slipped out a moment, and then, coming softly back, held out to the father a little flag with all the stars upon it. He fondled it a moment.

"We have kept it, Sir," he then said, "hidden away out of sight for two long years. I look at it every morning before I go out; it keeps fresh in my heart the memory of the good old times before treason had tried to blot out its stars. You see, friend, you will be safe with us if you will only keep out of sight.

Well, I *was* safe for a time—safe from the rebels, civilians and soldiers, swarming all around us, but not safe from the little minx, Jane Weston, who sat with me every afternoon in the little upper room where they had stowed me away. My eye was too much inflamed to permit of my reading, so Jane read to me an hour or so every day. Of course I very soon fell in love. I hadn't any thing else to do, in fact; and if I had been ever so busily employed, I couldn't have kept my heart from making what "raids" it pleased on its own account. Jane saw at last what state I was in, and grew shy and reserved. But I was too old a campaigner to be alarmed at that. I just took her one day in my arms, told her I loved her from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot; that I wouldn't ever fight another day for the Union if she did not consent to be my wife; and, strange to say, the shy little creature, overcoming her reserve, accepted me right out, saying, roguishly,

"Not for your own sake, John—I only take you on patriotic grounds, so as to secure you to the country—for no other reason, I assure you."

Of course I had my revenge for this impertinence; but that is neither here nor there.

Late one afternoon the old man—his name was James Weston—came hurriedly home with a troubled face.

"Somehow," he said, "it has been found out that you are here, and they have threatened to burn the house over my head for giving you shelter, and to hang *you* forthwith."

I had always expected to be discovered sooner or later, and the old man's communication did not startle me.

"All we have to do, then," I said, "is to leave at once."

"That is easier said than done," he replied. "Pickets are every where, and it will be impossible to get away."

But I thought differently, and so after a time, with many tears, the father and daughter determined to attempt with me to reach our lines. How much it cost them to abandon their home and all the precious belongings, to turn their faces toward a strange land and people, only those who have suffered as they have done can ever know; but life was more than estate, and *that* was in peril every hour they remained.

That night we stole out under a starless sky, and with such light effects as we could carry, set our faces Northward. Patrols were all around us, but I dodged them all, how I can not tell. For days we traveled on, following unfrequented roads, sleeping often in forests and fields, telling such tales as we could to avoid detection; and at last, foot sore, weary, with poor Jane half wild with fever, reached the Tennessee, crossed over in a scow found ready to our hands, and in the midst of a thunder-storm, that rolled with the noise of a thousand guns along the heights of Lookout, came into Chattanooga.

There, very soon, kindly hands soothed our weariness, nursed Jane into health, and rubbed from our lives all the grime and pain of our long journey. Then, one day, I said to Jane,

"We are under the old flag now, darling; I am ready to become its defender again; shall we be married?"

With a blush she said Yes; and a week after we stood up before a chaplain, and with tough General Thomas looking on as a witness, were married; the flag hanging over us, its stars seeming to shine down royal benedictions upon our union.

Thus it was that the scratch of a nail got me a wife, and as fair and sweet a wife as any soldier ever won.

Three months ago, when Sherman dashed into the heart of Mississippi, putting his hand on its veins and arteries, and one day paid his compliments to the town of Enterprise, I rode with others in the van. Old James Weston's house I found standing unmolested still, though weeds were growing thriftily about its door, and disorder appeared every where. They told us a rebel colonel occupied it now as his own; but I managed to save it from destruction, thinking that perhaps some day, when Mississippi is wholly redeemed, the rightful owner may return and set up his altars afresh, with grandchildren of the name of Smith prattling to him as the years grow old.

Already one grandchild is his, for only last week he wrote me from the home in Vermont, where my dear ones abide, "A fat, bouncing boy dropped into Jane's arms yesterday; and she says his name is to be Enterprise Smith."

My name is John Smith. But Enterprise and a rusty nail gave me a wife; and it is only fair that my boy, crowing in his mother's arms away up there in Vermont, should be called Enterprise Smith, in memory of the day that brought me my fate. Besides, the name may serve him as capital when he comes to man's estate.

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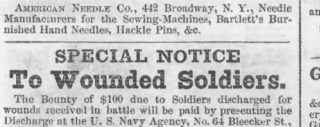
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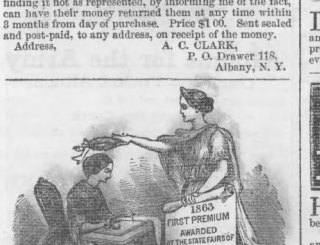
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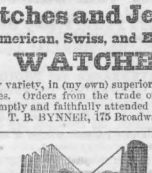
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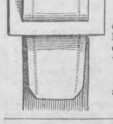
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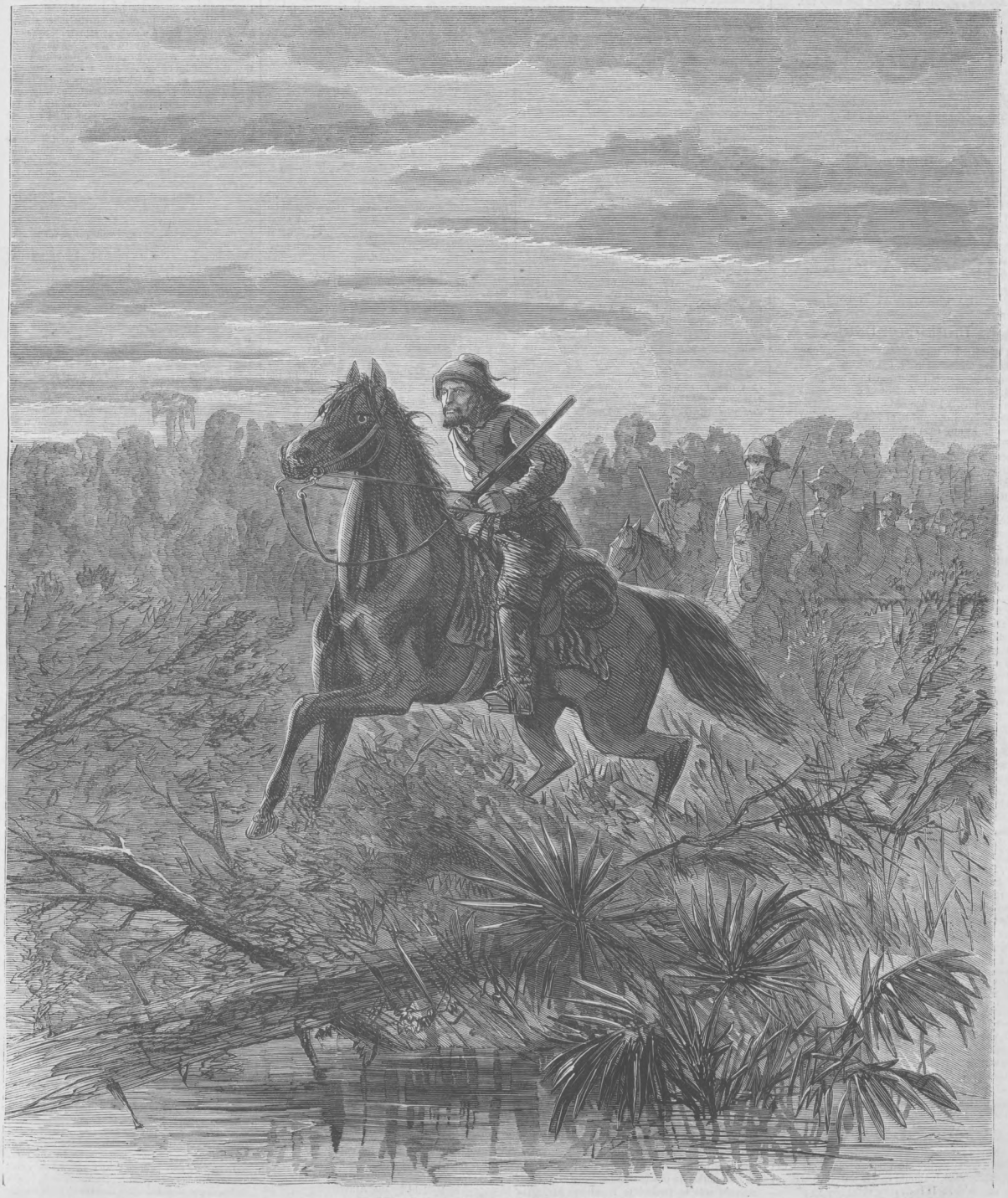
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UNION SCOUTS IN LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 294.]

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No mortal tremors through faint pulses throng
In the unshrinking armies of the dead.

No straggler slinks away in pallid fear,
No sick list swells before the battle day—
No mixed and broken columns throng the rear
When on the front war's booming engines play.

They are invincible in hand and heart;
Before the fight their victory is sure;
From elbow-touching comrade none shall part—
None shall the after-thirst of wounds endure.

No cry for help from front ranks pressed and sore
Rises above the storm of fire and hail;
They hold each forward post forevermore,
And no supports are needed lest they fail.

The fortresses they guard shall never yield
To gnawing famine or to bursting shell;
No widening breach shall ever be revealed,
No pallid flag its tale of shame shall tell.

They ask no furlough ere the next campaign;
Through the dark winter hours of storm and frost,
Fixed as the earth's foundations they remain,
The whole two hundred thousand, at their post.

Their term of service with no time expires;
The hidden future need shall see them stand
With changeless front to guard the altar fires
Set up to Freedom on a ransomed land.

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They were enlisted for the eternal years,
To keep humanity's fair name from stain,
To lay forever all its rising fears.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

UNION FOR UNION.

THERE are three classes of persons engaged in manufacturing opinion hostile to the Union Convention called at Baltimore. First, the enemies of the American Government and human liberty known as Copperheads. Second, the declared opponents of Mr. LINCOLN'S nomination in any case whatever. This class calls the Baltimore call "insolent!" and criticises the Administration with all the acridity of the fiercest rebel journals. Third, the class which is wholly devoted to the country and to liberty, but is dissatisfied with the influences that surround the President, and are persuaded that Mr. SEWARD and Mr. BLAIR are almost as dangerous to the good cause as JEFFERSON DAVIS or LEE. This class wishes the Convention to be postponed until after General GRANT has fought, and, in any case, asks that the terms of the call may be so changed as to include War Democrats and all other loyal Union men.

As to the first part of their objection, it is clear that under no circumstances whatever could the policy of a man like the President be altogether agreeable to them. It will always be a more cautious and patient policy than they approve. The practical point, therefore, for them to decide is, whether, looking at the whole course of his administration, the cause will be imperiled by its continuance; or whether, all the circumstances considered, any other man known to us is more likely than he to accomplish the great work. If they know such a man, clearly it is their duty to persuade the country to adopt him. If they merely wish that there were such a one, do not the times require something else than expressions of regret and dissatisfaction? If they believe the continued presence of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. BLAIR in the Cabinet to be detrimental to the country, let the attack upon those gentlemen be made openly, fairly, and incessantly. But let it be based upon facts, and not upon rumors nor bald assertions. When the President is persuaded that the cause is injured by any of his advisers, and that public opinion demands their removal, we are very sure they will be removed. But a dumb dissatisfaction is of no use. Why should a few men go to Washington and privately decry any secretary to the President? The public have a right to know, at such a time as this, why any great change is made in high public officers, and therefore the discussion should be as open as possible. The treatment of General BUTLER was formerly one of the chief charges against what was called the influence of Mr. SEWARD. Well, Mr. SEWARD remains, and General BUTLER declares himself to be entirely satisfied with his present treatment. We are not defending Mr. SEWARD nor denouncing him; but our friends ought to bear in mind that it is very easy to overestimate the influence of an obnoxious person.

Now in the matter of the call to the Convention. It is surprising that any man who has carefully read it should call it narrow, partisan, or exclusive. It is as comprehensive as patriotism, and as little tainted by party-spirit. Indeed we do not understand how a better call could have been issued. It is addressed to "all qualified voters who desire the unconditional maintenance of the Union, the supremacy of the Constitution, and the complete suppression of the existing rebellion, *with the cause thereof*," by vigorous war, and *all apt and efficient means*." Such voters are requested to elect delegates. Is this not a platform upon which every loyal Union man can stand, Generals BUTLER and DIX, Mr. DICKINSON and Senator JOHNSON equally with Generals FRÉMONT and BANKS, Mr. WEED and Senator SUMNER? How could it be simpler, broader, better?

Every man who wishes to see equal popular rights established in all the States, and the final overthrow of the oligarchical spirit which generated the rebellion, and is a perpetual insurrection against our national peace and freedom, is invited to take part in the elections to the Convention by the very terms of the call, "the complete suppression * * * of the cause of the rebellion." Its complete suppression is its total destruction by the establishing of equal rights. To change the form of the call to "all who are in favor of the people against an aristocracy" does not change its nature, nor make it broader or stronger. It is already addressed to those very persons and to none other. It certainly is not addressed to gentlemen like the SEYMOURS, VALLANDIGHAM, the WOODS, LONG, and HARRIS, nor to JEFFERSON DAVIS and his Confederates. But to every loyal Union man who wishes to establish peace upon equal liberty it is addressed with a directness that he can not avoid.

And how is it a party call? It is issued, indeed, by the Chicago Committee; but that is a necessity of the case. That Committee is the recognized representative of a great mass of voters, and speaks by their authority. And by that authority a party platform is repudiated altogether. Had a few gentlemen of the several late political organizations combined in a call, it would have had the force of their personal influence, but it could not have been so weighty as if they had been by consent of the voters, their representatives. And it is obvious that at this time the fact of the late party ties of the Committee is of no importance whatever, in view of the entire absence of partisan character in their call. They propose nothing but the salvation of the country by every necessary means, specifying the destruction of slavery as one of them. Can this, in candor, be stigmatized as a party call or a narrow call? Is there a loyal citizen any where in the country, whatever his party antecedents, who may not heartily and wholly respond to it? And is it not the duty of all men who wish as little division as possible among the true enemies of the rebellion to refrain from hypercriticism upon the terms of a call which was intended and is framed to include every earnest and unconditional Union man in the country?

The Union men are unquestionably the mass of the people of the free States. But they must not forget that every spring and autumn the elections are not unanimous. They must remember that last November Pennsylvania was carried by less than twenty thousand majority for the Union, and that if the summer campaign in the field is unsuccessful we shall need all our unity and ardor to withstand the disarrangement which will ensue. Let us seek, then, rather for grounds of union than of difference. We can not all be satisfied altogether. Shall we not take counsel of our patience and faith in justice and the people rather than of impatience and distrust?

THREATS.

IT is a very important question how far the menaces of refusal to abide by the nomination of the Union Convention at Baltimore which are uttered by the immediate friends and supporters of General FRÉMONT are authorized by him. Has General FRÉMONT interests different from those of the country? Is his nomination so essential to the national cause that the cause itself may be risked in order to secure it? We are unwilling to believe that he would acknowledge it. Yet he must be fully aware that it is privately and publicly asserted that he means to be a candidate in any case; that those who declare their intention under no circumstances to vote for Mr. LINCOLN, even if he be nominated, use the name of FRÉMONT as their rallying cry; and that his continued silence under such circumstances is an injury to the national cause. Certainly if General FRÉMONT should declare that he means to abide by the decision of the Convention, he would neither decrease the favor of the Convention toward him nor the respect with which so many Union men, who intend to support the Baltimore nomination, have been accustomed to regard him.

Those who speak in his name repudiate the action of the Union Convention in advance, because they declare that it will not represent the people, but the politicians; and they propose to obviate this difficulty by calling another Convention. *Quis custodiet custodes?* How is the new Convention to be purged of politicians? These gentlemen object that the Baltimore Convention will be packed to nominate Mr. LINCOLN. And what is their remedy? To pack another at Cleveland to nominate General FRÉMONT. But which is the more promising alternative?—an unpledged assembly called to nominate the best candidate, whoever he may be, or one which is called to defeat the nomination of a certain candidate? The friends of General FRÉMONT have as fair a chance to send delegates to the Baltimore Convention as the friends of any other candidate; and when they declare that they will have nothing to do with it, they say very frankly that, as they can not hope to control it, they will repudiate it.

If this is the spirit which animates them—if the interests of one man are dearer to them than the welfare of the country—if they are seriously resolved to resist the nomination of the Union Convention, if it should not be that of their favorite, and to bring a third candidate into the field, the incalculable misfortunes which may befall the country in consequence will be justly attributable to them. When the order relieving General FRÉMONT of the command of the Western Department reached him in camp near Springfield, Missouri, more than a hundred officers came to his tent, threw their swords upon the ground, and declared their intention to retire with him. "Take up your swords, gentlemen," said FRÉMONT; "remember that you are the soldiers of a cause, not of a man." Has the General himself now ceased to be the soldier of a cause?

RELUCTANT JUSTICE.

THE Senate has at length done its duty in providing for the equal payment of the colored troops, and for the fulfillment of the promises made by authority to those already enlisted. The House ought not to delay for a day to agree to the bill. For nothing is clearer than that the policy of employing colored troops should be renounced altogether, or that we should treat them honorably. Professor PECK, of Oberlin College, who has investigated the condition of these troops on the Atlantic coast, reports that the difference of pay between them and white soldiers is rapidly demoralizing them. Chaplain CONWAY writes to the same effect. At Fort Esperenza, in Texas, a colored battalion of the Fourteenth Rhode Island Artillery refused to receive their pay, and declared themselves out of the service; and the sad case of Sergeant WALKER in Florida, who was shot because he would not submit to be cheated by the authority of the United States, is fresh in our memories, and will always be shameful for our name. And while we refuse to treat these brave men honorably the rebels massacre them like dogs. The rebel conduct is fiendish, but at least it is consistent. If men, because they are of a certain color, may justly be deprived of liberty and all the other rights of human nature, they may certainly be deprived of life at the will of their captors. Massacre, barbarism, the most shocking inhumanity, are to be expected in a people who have been unfortunately bred under the slave system. But we have the right to require manliness and honor and justice of those who have been more fortunate. Shall we sacrifice the good name of our native land to the indulgence of a wretched prejudice?

"Well," says some reader, "I think they had better be paid—but what a pity that we had to call upon them to help us!" Why so? Why should the Government be dearer to any one class of citizens than to another? When it is threatened why should not the call for its defense be universal? You don't think it a pity to call in the aid, as soldiers, of foreigners of every race; why is it so that native Americans of every hue should be summoned? The remark is only an evidence of the far-reaching taint of the slavery from which our troubles spring. For, except for the system which brands black men as pariahs, it would be as natural, and as much of course, that they should fight for the Government which protected their rights in common with all others, as that Gascons and Normans should fight together for France, or Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Yorkshiremen for England.

Of all the inane remarks with which the earlier days of the war were rife none was more ludicrously silly than the exclamation, "Well, if white men can't put down this rebellion it had better succeed." It might as wisely have been said, "If the men with pug noses, or red whiskers, or who are five feet high, or the blue-eyed men, or the left-handed men, can't suppress it, it had better not be suppressed." The spirit which makes this kind of discrimination is one which entirely misapprehends the character of our Government. It is not a Government of any class of men whatever, but of all the people, of every descent, complexion, or race they may be. The cause of the United States is the cause of human nature, said JAMES MADISON, speaking for the Continental Congress. And in the introduction to the edition of the *Federalist*, just published by LIPPINCOTT, Mr. JOHN C. HAMILTON records with emphasis the well-known sentiments of his father: "All men have one common original: they participate in one common nature, and consequently have one common right." His son and editor adds, "He meant the whole human race, and looked to the emancipation of the blacks as part of the great sacrifice to be laid by the American people on the altar of freedom." If we had always believed and acted as the fathers of our Government believed we should have had no war. Long ago the purely arbitrary distinctions between citizens would have been destroyed. And when we fully believe our own principle, and bring the Government to conform, we shall have permanent and prosperous peace, and not before.

ART CRITICISM.

LAST week we welcomed the art criticisms of the *Tribune* for their sincerity and ability, however we might differ with the judgments they expressed. This week we wish to speak of the utterly unfair way in which those criticisms have been attacked. They are the plainest opinions of pictures founded upon principles plainly stated, and they are denounced as "personal injuries." The critic is insulted, if not threatened, in private speech and in published communications, for a faithful performance of his duty. But the insult is addressed to every man who discusses art quite as much as to the individual critic, and every journalist ought to take up the gage thus truculently thrown down.

The only open question in the whole matter is, whether there has been any personal attack made by the critic; a question which the most exasperated artist will not dare to answer in the affirmative. Their names are used merely as representatives of their paintings, as we say "a Titian," "a Raphael," "a Teniers." When, for instance, the critic says that the promise of Mr. KENSETT is fading away in such pictures as the October Afternoon upon Lake George and the Massachusetts Coast, you may not agree with him; but it is perfectly clear that he is no more insulting Mr. KENSETT than if he should say that he thought Mr. FARRER had a truer eye for nature than Mr. KENSETT. And even if there had been personality in the criticisms, certainly the account has been balanced by the petulant, and contemptuous, and, we must add, contemptible personality of the rejoinders.

But what right has the critic to write as he does? Simply the right that every man has to express his opinions. If he have insufficient knowledge—if he be merely presumptuous, shallow, and conceited, he writes himself down an ass much more emphatically than any one else can write him by calling him so. If you ask what right he has to have an opinion, you ask a question not worth an answer. Or, again, if you demand what he knows of pictures, the reply is, that the articles themselves answer. If they show that he knows nothing, why all the exasperation? Mr. LEUTZE, for instance, paints a picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware. He has thought upon his subject, he has studied and practiced his art. His picture may be assumed to be the result of long reflection and preparation. He paints it so and not otherwise, because he is convinced that so it ought to be. Now, is it conceivable that, if the artist be correct in his conception and method, so elaborate a work is to lose in reputation because somebody who knows nothing looks at it and says, "It is all false?" If the artist be as profoundly convinced as he should be before painting that or any picture that it is all true, are he or his friends likely to be more than amused or interested if some ignoramus pronounces it unnatural in conception and extravagant in execution?

Or is nobody to express an opinion of pictures except painters themselves? The same rule must then be applied to all other arts. Only poets must criticise poetry; only musicians music. MOTLEY only may be allowed to criticise BANCROFT. BRYANT must be the sole critic of LONGFELLOW. But if any one has often listened to music in the company of musicians, or if he recalls what he may have heard painters say of each other's pictures, he can readily fancy whether criticism would be gentler if it were confined in every art to experts in that art. Are pictures painted for painters or for the public? Do poets sing for poets or for the world? Why are the works of the year annually exhibited in the National Academy if it be not that their merits may be judged by the public taste? Has a man no right as he looks at the present Exhibition to prefer M'ENTEE to GIFFORD, or GIFFORD to COLE, or COLE to HUBBARD, or HUBBARD to COLEMAN, or COLEMAN to any body else? We can not too strongly condemn the spirit which has been displayed in the rejoinders to the *Tribune* criticisms, as if it were a mortal offense in a critic to say that CHURCH is not a great painter and that FARRER is; that LAFARGE is untrue to nature and HENNESSY is true.

But is it not unkind, you ask, to speak of any men as HUNTINGTON and DURAND are spoken of in those articles? They are denied every kind of excellence. Very well, grant that it is unpleasant; but what is the way to meet such criticism? Is it to declare that gentlemen of such unblemished lives and amiable characters must necessarily paint fine pictures; or to show that they do paint them? We are very sure of the answer both of the gentlemen named would give to the question. They would say that neither they nor any painters had a prescriptive claim to praise, and that, as artists, they must be judged by their works. They stand exactly as BRYANT stands in a kindred art—as indeed every artist always stands, at the mercy of any man who can show that their reputation is unfounded.

Yet once more, we shall be asked if it is not ungenerous in any man to spoil another man's market for his wares? Here, we are told, are some young artists who club together, and hope to realize a pretty sum by the sale of their studies and pictures, and on the very eve of the sale an article appears, with a knowing air, in a leading paper, declaring that the pictures are unworthy the gentlemen who offer them for sale. The community of buyers, who are not very sure of their own taste, are alarmed, and they refrain from buying lest they should make themselves ridiculous. Is this, we are asked, not rather hard upon young artists who, in any case, have no very easy path to tread? Now surely this is not an honorable question for the friends of the artists to put, since it implies that the pictures would, except for the criticism, have been sold under a misapprehension. Do the artists wish higher prices paid for their works than they are fairly worth; and

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how is that worth to be established but by a frank expression of opinion? Are authors also to be allowed to protest against adverse criticism, because it injures the sale of their books? If, indeed, a man paints a picture as a piece of furniture, and merely wishes to get the highest price he can for it, without regard to its intrinsic value or to the intelligence of the purchaser—counting, indeed, upon the ignorance of the buyer—he must be held to prostitute his art, and be judged accordingly. But in that case the intelligent buyers have a right to protest. They may justly ask why the market should be spoiled by the high prices of poor wares. Every man who is sincerely interested in the elevation of art and the consequent refinement of society, is also interested to see that the prices of pictures, so far as possible, shall have some relation to their excellence.

In fact, the whole discussion comes to this single plain point—shall there be any criticism of pictures whatever? If there may be, who shall criticise—the painters, their friends, their enemies, or the spectator? If it be allowed that the spectator may be the critic, the question of his competency can not be arbitrarily determined; it can be settled only by the criticism itself. If this assaults traditions in art and traditional reputations, it may be confounded by an equally strong statement of opposing principles, but it can not be evaded by personal acrimony and indignation. For it should be remembered that every man who attacks any established reputation does so at the risk of annihilating himself. We all know that there has been really very little art criticism in this country at any time, and we ought to welcome heartily any effort at it, however mistaken we may believe the philosophy to be upon which it is founded. For it gives us the opportunity of setting forth what we may believe to be the true philosophy, and of establishing the works of our favorites upon clearly defined grounds. The criticisms in the *Tribune* are evidently the result of careful study and profound interest in art. They are personally impartial, and evidently wholly sincere. We do not agree with them altogether; but then, on the other hand, the critic does not probably agree with us. And if there is any painter who can not read them without indignation, we beg him humbly never to show another picture. For all the signs show that criticism as an art is beginning in this country, and "Notices of Pictures" are hereafter to be something else than a weak wash of compliment

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."

THIS is the title of DICKENS'S new novel, the first part of which will appear in the *June* number of *Harper's Magazine*. There has been a good deal of comment upon the title, for it is assumed that the author must know that the phrase is ungrammatical and inelegant, and that he has a special purpose in using it. It is hardly possible that he announced it without submitting it to his literary friends. And as JOHN FORSTER, to whom he dedicated one of his earlier stories, is one of the most intimate of DICKENS'S associates, and one of the most fastidious of writers, it seems that the phrase could not have escaped unchallenged if it had been a slip of the pen. Yet it is so common an error, and DICKENS is so far from being an exact or dainty writer, that there is some reason for supposing that he has made a mistake. Mutual is a word implying reciprocity. Mutual friendship is the feeling entertained by two persons each for the other. A and B are mutual friends. C is their common friend. WEBSTER says that the word mutual may be and often is applied to numbers acting in concert. But the only true standard of language is elegant contemporary use, and that condemns the phrase mutual friend as applied to a third person.

But whatever may be the dispute about the title there is likely to be very little about the story itself. The profuse power and fertility of the author are unsurpassed. There seems to be no exhaustion or even weariness upon his part. We know that there are some readers who can not find the old charm in his new works. But fortunately for our own enjoyment we are not of them, and we believe them to be very few among the multitude of his audience. We look for "Our Mutual Friend" with the same eagerness that the readers of "Ivanhoe" looked for the next work by the author of "Waverley."

CAPTAIN SPEKE'S BOOK.

THIS elaborate and amply illustrated journal (just published by HARPER & BROTHERS) is the account of the solution of one of the greatest, most interesting, and longest hidden geographical problems, the source of the Nile. Whether Captain SPEKE is entitled to the credit of the *theory* of the rise of the Nile in the Lake N'yanza, is a question which BEKE will always dispute. But there can be no question whatever that he was the first explorer known to us who actually beheld the lake and the outlet of the stream. His work must take its place as a most essential and crowning chapter of African research.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*April* 20. Mr. HARRIS introduced a joint resolution providing for taking an industrial census in 1865 by the several States.—The bill making an additional grant of lands to the State of Kansas to aid in the construction of railroad and telegraph lines was passed, with an amendment requiring the road from Leavenworth to go by way of Lawrence to Emporia, and to carry one line to Fort Riley.—The question of appointing a Committee of Conference on the Montana disagreement was discussed, but no conclusion reached.—The bill repealing the Fugitive Slave Law was taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Foster, Sumner, and Brown until the hour of adjournment.——*April* 21. The House bill for the relief of Postmasters who have been robbed by the Confederate forces or guerrillas was passed.—The Senate joint resolution to provide for the printing of official reports of the operations of the armies of the United States was passed.—Mr. HOWE called up the bill to establish an Assay Office at Carson City in Nevada, and at Dallas City, Oregon. An amendment proposed by Mr. NESMITH, of Oregon, for establishing a Mint at Dallas City, instead of an Assay Office, was adopted, and the bill laid aside.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, and Mr. VAN WINKLE spoke at length on the certainty of the extermination of slavery.—The House bill to provide for a National Currency was reported, with some amendments in reference to the taxation by States of capital, circulation, and business of banking associations.——*April* 22. The House bill to establish a bureau of military justice was amended so as to give the Judge-Advocate-General the rank of Brigadier-General with a salary of $4000, and no other allowances. The bill was then passed.—The Army Appropriation bill for the year ending June 30, 1865, came up, and all the amendments of the Finance Committee were agreed to. Other amendments were adopted—that all enlistments hereafter made in the regular army during the continuance of the present rebellion, may be for three years; that all persons of color who have been or may be mustered into the military service shall receive the same uniform, clothing, arms, emoluments, etc., other than bounty, as other soldiers of the regular or volunteer forces of like arm of service; and that all persons enlisted and mustered into the service as volunteers under the call of October 17, 1863, who were at the time of enlistment actually enrolled and subject to draft in the State in which they volunteered, shall receive from the same bounty without regard to color. The bill was then passed.——*April* 25. The subject of the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the bill to provide a territorial government for Montana was taken up, and Mr. DOOLITTLE, of Wisconsin, made a speech in opposition to the extension of the right of suffrage to negroes. Mr. WILKINSON, who offered the amendment permitting negroes to vote, replied briefly, and the Senate agreed to the request of the House for another Committee of Conference.——*April* 26. Mr. HALE introduced a bill to amend the act to provide for the efficiency of the Navy, which provides that no officer shall be retired under the age of sixty-two, and whose name shall not have been borne upon the Navy Register forty-five years after the age of sixteen.—Mr. WILSON introduced a resolution, which was referred, that $25,000,000 be appropriated for volunteers that may be received by the President for not less than 100 days after their muster into service by regiments.—The House bill establishing a postal money-order system was passed with amendments.—The Senate resolution in relation to franked matter, which permits all communications to be received by the heads of Executive Departments and Chiefs of Bureau where entitled to the franking privilege, without being indorsed "official business," but with the name of the writer thereon, was passed.—Mr. SHERMAN called up the special order, the House bill to provide a National Currency secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof. No vote was reached.

HOUSE.—*April* 20. The day session was occupied in considering the Tax bill. Forty-two sections of the bill were acted upon, and several amendments adopted, mainly of a verbal character.—During the evening session the bill for a new coinage of one and two cent pieces was passed.—The bill for reconstructing overthrown State Governments was then taken up, and Messrs. NORTON of Illinois, and BROOMALL of Pennsylvania, spoke in favor of the bill.——*April* 21. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the consideration of the Internal Tax bill, and acted on all the general provisions, comprising 47 sections. Mr. WASHBURNE offered an amendment providing that the stocks of liquors on hand be taxed 50 cents a gallon. A long debate followed, when the amendment was rejected—52 to 79. An amendment was adopted including naphtha in the section which provides that all distilled spirits and all refined coal oil upon which an excise duty is imposed, may be exported without payment of duty when the same is intended for exportation. An amendment was added providing that beer, ale, porter, and all other similar fermented liquors in bottles, shall pay no lower rate of duty than the proportion of $1 a barrel.—At the evening session the bill for the construction of a ship canal to unite the Mississippi and the Northern Lakes was postponed until the next session of Congress.—The bill to encourage emigration was passed.——*April* 22. The consideration of the Internal Tax bill was renewed. Amendments were adopted under which wholesale dealers are required to pay $50 for license when their sales are under $50,000 a year, and $1 on each $1000 over that; retail liquor licenses are increased to $25. The other licenses were fixed as follows: brokers with business under $25,000 pay $25, and $1 for each $1000 over that; steamers and vessels carrying passengers (except ferries) pay $25 each; hotel and tavern keepers must have an extra license of $25 to sell liquor to be drunk on the premises; bowling alleys and billiard saloons $10 for each alley or table; builders and contractors pay $20 when doing business under $20,000, and $1 per $1000 over; coal (except pea and dust) is taxed five cents a ton; coal illuminating oil was put up from 20 to 25 cents per gallon; oils distilled from coal, asphaltum, or shale were taxed 50 cents per gallon; crude petroleum $1 per barrel; the duty on pig-iron was raised from $1 to $2 a ton.——*April* 23. A bill was passed creating an additional Supervising Inspector of Steamboats for New Orleans, and Boards of Local Inspectors at Portland, Oregon, and at Memphis, Tennessee.—A resolution was adopted amending the fourth section of the Act of March 2, 1793, empowering United States Commissioners to take bail in criminal cases and providing them with a seal.—The committee who investigated the charges against Representative BLAIR, of Missouri, of speculating in liquors, while in military command in the Department of Missouri, reported that Mr. BLAIR had not violated any law. Some remarks followed of a personal character from Mr. BLAIR and his accuser, Mr. MCCLURG.—The consideration of the Internal Tax bill was then resumed, the House having resolved itself into a committee for that purpose.——*April* 25. A bill was introduced providing for the more speedy punishment of guerrillas. It authorizes the commanding generals in the field to carry into execution sentences against guerrillas and persons guilty of robbery, arson, burglary, rape, and violation of the laws and customs of war, and spies, mutineers, and murderers.—The Internal Tax bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole. Amendments were adopted taxing sales of gold, silver, bullion and coin, sterling exchange, promissory notes, and securities at every description one-fifth of one per cent.; slaughtered swine ten, and sheep and lambs five cents per head; and increasing the taxes on various other articles.—At the evening session a joint resolution increasing the duties on all imported merchandise, excepting printing paper, fifty per cent, till July 1, was adopted, with not more than a dozen dissenting votes.—On motion of Mr. DAWES a resolution was adopted requesting the President to communicate to the House whether Hon. F. P. BLAIR, Representative from Missouri, now holds any appointment or commission in the military service; and if so, whether he is now acting under any such appointment.——*April* 26. The House went into Committee on the Internal Revenue bill. An amendment was adopted that incomes derived from the interest of notes, bonds, or other securities of the United States shall be included in the estimate of incomes under this section, which places the duty at five per centum on all over six hundred dollars. Mr. FRANK offered an amendment, which was adopted, providing that on incomes exceeding $600 and no more than $10,000, a tax of five per cent. shall be imposed; on incomes of $10,000 and not exceeding $25,000, a tax of seven and a half per cent. shall be imposed, and on incomes of over $25,000 a tax of ten per cent. shall be imposed.—Several bills granting lands to Wisconsin, Iowa, and Michigan, for railroad purposes, were passed.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Further details of the battles on the Red River show them to have been among the most desperately contested of the war. The first battle was fought on the 7th, between our cavalry advance and a body of the enemy, who were driven several miles, with serious loss. The second engagement took place at Sabine Cross-Roads, between the rebel army, some 20,000 strong, under Generals Kirby Smith, Dick Taylor, Moulton, Greene, and Price, and a portion only of General Banks's army. Our troops, though greatly outnumbered, fought with desperate gallantry until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when another part of General Banks's army came up, and was followed during the afternoon by fresh detachments, all of which became engaged. At last, however, our line gave way, and slowly retired, fighting as it went, to Pleasant Hill. In this engagement we lost heavily in men, guns, and material, a wagon-train falling into the enemy's hands. On the 9th the enemy again attacked our position at Pleasant Hill, where, during the night, General Andrew Jackson Smith had arrived with fresh troops. Skirmishing was kept up with varying success until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels had completed their arrangements for the grand final assault. What followed is thus described by the New Orleans *Era:*

"About this hour (5 o'clock) General Emory's skirmish line was driven in on the right by the rebels, who appeared in large force. They soon reached the open ground, and moved on to the attack in three lines of battle. Our batteries and infantry opened with terrible effect, doing great slaughter with grape and canister, while the enemy's artillery, being in the woods and in bad position, did scarcely any damage.

"Colonel Benedict's brigade on the left was first engaged, soon followed by Dwight's and M'Millan's. The fighting was terrific—old soldiers say it never was surpassed for desperation. Notwithstanding the terrible havoc in their ranks, the enemy pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the Nineteenth Corps back up the hill, but not breaking their line of battle. A sudden and bold dash of the rebels on the right gave them possession of Taylor's battery, and forced our line still further back.

"Now came the grand *coup de main*. The Nineteenth, on arriving at the top of the hill, suddenly filled off over the hill and passed through the lines of General Smith. We must here mention that the rebels were now in but two lines of battle, the first having been almost annihilated by General Emory, what remained being forced back into the second line. But these two lines came on exultant and sure of victory.

"The first passed over the knoll, and all heedless of the long line of cannons and crouching forms of as brave men as ever trod mother earth, pressed on. The second line appeared on the crest, and the death-signal was sounded. Words can not describe the awful effect of this discharge. Seven thousand rifles and several batteries of artillery, each gun loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat through which a tornado had passed. It is estimated that 1000 men were hurried into eternity or frightfully mangled by this one discharge.

"No time was given them to recover their good order, but General Smith ordered a charge, and his men dashed rapidly forward, the boys of the Nineteenth joining in. The rebels fought boldly and desperately back to the timber, on reaching which a large portion broke and fled, fully 2000 throwing aside their arms. In this charge Taylor's battery was retaken, as were also two of the guns of Nims's battery, the Parrott gun taken from us at Carrion Crow last fall, and one or two others belonging to the rebels, one of which was considerably shattered, besides 700 prisoners. A pursuit and desultory fight was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle.

"And thus ended this fearful and bloody struggle for the control of Western Louisiana."

Our entire loss in these engagements was over 2000, including many officers. The loss of the rebels was probably 3000. Among their officers killed were Generals Morton, Parsons, and Greene.

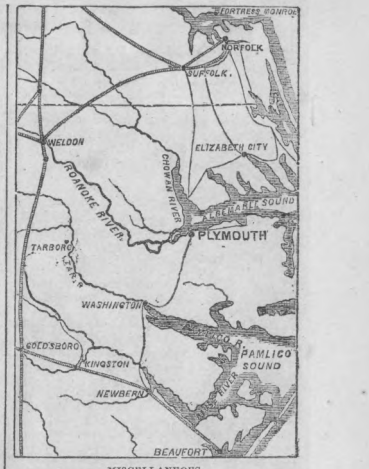
At the close of the third day's engagement General Banks fell back to the line of the Red River, and took up position at Grand Ecore, near Natchitoches. On the 9th an engagement took place on the Red River above Grand Ecore, between the gun-boats and a rebel force, in which the latter were routed, with a loss of two guns and 160 killed and wounded.

We give on page 292 a view of the grand repulse of the rebels at Pleasant Hill; and, below, a map showing the scene of the several engagements.



Disaster has befallen our arms in North Carolina. On the 17th a force of from ten to fifteen thousand rebels marched upon Plymouth, and opened an impetuous attack upon its defenses. Fort Gray, about one mile from the town, was vigorously bombarded, and twice attempted to be carried by the bayonet. In each instance, however, the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter. Our gunboats bore the brunt of the fighting, and did effective work. Four of the enemy's gun-boats and one iron-clad ram came down to the obstructions in the Roanoke River, six miles from the town, to co-operate with the land-forces. On the 18th the ram passed the guns at Plymouth without being discovered, and attacked the fleet. She floated with the current, and was not discovered until close under the bows of the *Miami*. Lieutenant-Commander Flusser rushed forward, sighted and fired the bow-gun loaded with shell, which struck the ram, rebounded, and instantly killed him, a piece of the shell penetrating his breast. The ram then attacked the *Southfield*, and she sank in five minutes. The *Miami* was somewhat injured. The ram is 150 feet long, draws about eight feet of water, and carries only two small guns. The Federal gun-boat *Bombshell* was also sunk, having been struck by a rebel battery. Finally, after four days' fighting, Plymouth was taken by the enemy at noon on the 20th, the capture including General Wessels and his force of 1500 men. The enemy obtained possession of the town at 8 o'clock in the morning. General Wessels and his troops retired into Fort Williams and held out until noon, repulsing the enemy in seven desperate assaults. Their loss is said to be 1700, while our loss was slight. Two companies belonging to the Second North Carolina (Union) Volunteers were among the captured, the most of whom were taken out and shot by the enemy after our forces had surrendered. All the negroes found in uniform were also shot. At last accounts the enemy were moving in force on Washington and Newbern. The ram has control of the inland waters, but Federal gun-boats have been dispatched to the scene, and it is believed she may be destroyed.

The following map illustrates the scene of these operations:



MISCELLANEOUS.

On the 19th a band of eighty mounted rebels attempted an invasion of Kentucky through Pound Gap, but were at once driven back by a detachment of the Forty-fifth Kentucky Mounted Infantry. A band of 150 guerrillas was also driven out of the State into Macon County, Tennessee, eight of them being killed, and ten captured, as well as fifty of their horses.

The Governors of the several States are taking active measures to place the militia in service, so as to place the volunteers and regulars entirely at the disposal of the general Government. The President has accepted the tender on the part of the Governors of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa of an aggregate of eighty-five thousand volunteer infantry, to serve one hundred days from the time of their being mustered in as regiments. These troops are to be paid, clothed, subsisted, and transported by the Government, and employed in fortifications, either in their several States or wherever required. Governors Brough of Ohio, Yates of Illinois, and Morton of Indiana, have issued proclamations calling on the citizen soldiery to turn out and assist in rendering the approaching campaign a decisive victory.

Advices from the Department of the South report the evacuation of Pilaika, Florida, by General Gillmore, and the destruction of another steamer in the St. John's River by a rebel torpedo. The steamer destroyed was the *General Hunter*, one of the finest and swiftest light draft transports in the department, and the explosion occurred in precisely the spot where the *Maple Leaf* was blown up a few weeks since. All on board the boat escaped with their lives, excepting one of the quarter-masters. Fort Sumter attempted, on the 13th, to celebrate the third anniversary of its capture from the United States by a salute from mortars, but its sauciness was effectually rebuked by the fire of Fort Gregg.

Orders have been issued by General Burnside, at Annapolis, to prepare the Ninth Corps for immediate movement.

General Price has evacuated Camden, Arkansas, and General Steele occupied the place.

The Army of the Potomac is preparing to move. The army is said to be larger than ever before. Hospital accommodations in Washington have been greatly enlarged, and every provision made for the contingencies of battle.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IN the British House of Commons, on the 8th, Mr. LAYARD said, in answer to a question, that the British Government was taking measures to investigate the alleged kidnapping of Irish emigrants into the service of the Federal army. The Financial Budget was announced in the House of Commons on the 7th, by Mr. Gladstone, and made a very favorable impression. The estimated expenditure for the past fiscal year was £68,283,000, but the actual expenditure was £67,656,000.

The particulars of the rebel cotton scheme are published. A large company has been formed with a capital of $1,000,000, to purchase steamers and run the blockade, for the purpose of bringing out cotton to redeem the rebel loan. Collins J. M'Rae is the rebel agent in the matter.

THE DANISH WAR.

The Danish war is vigorously prosecuted by the Germans. On the 7th the Prussians opened a terrible bombardment on Düppel and Sonderborg, and it is stated that in the latter place 80 women and children were killed, they not having had notice to leave. The German steamer *Rembrandt* had been captured by a Danish man-of-war. The Conference would meet in London on the 19th.

MEXICO.

Matamoras letters announce the flight from Monterey of Governor Vidaurri, after he had declared his hostility to President JUAREZ, and boasted of his ability to defend himself against any force the latter might send to attack him. He left the city in the night, with all the forces he could muster, some time before the soldiers of the Liberal army made their appearance. He fled toward the Texas border, being last heard of at Morelos. The Constitutional forces occupied Monterey on April 3. General DIAZ is reported to have defeated a French force of 600 men at Juajuapan, only eighty of the enemy escaping.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE Secretary of War has ordered that the new regiments of heavy artillery that may be organized and filled up to the legal standard of 1738 officers and men, within the period of twenty days from this date, will be received and credited. If regiments are not full on or before the 10th day of May, the recruits will be put into other artillery or infantry organizations. This order will not postpone the draft, but such troops as may be raised prior to the draft will be deducted from the quotas for draft.

The recent order of General GRANT banishing sutlers from the army rids it of over twenty-eight hundred supernumeraries.

The President has assigned Major-General BLAIR to the command of the Seventeenth (M'PHERSON'S Army Corps), now in the Department of the Mississippi.

Lieutenant-Commander D. HAVEN has been ordered to the command of the *Tallapoosa*.

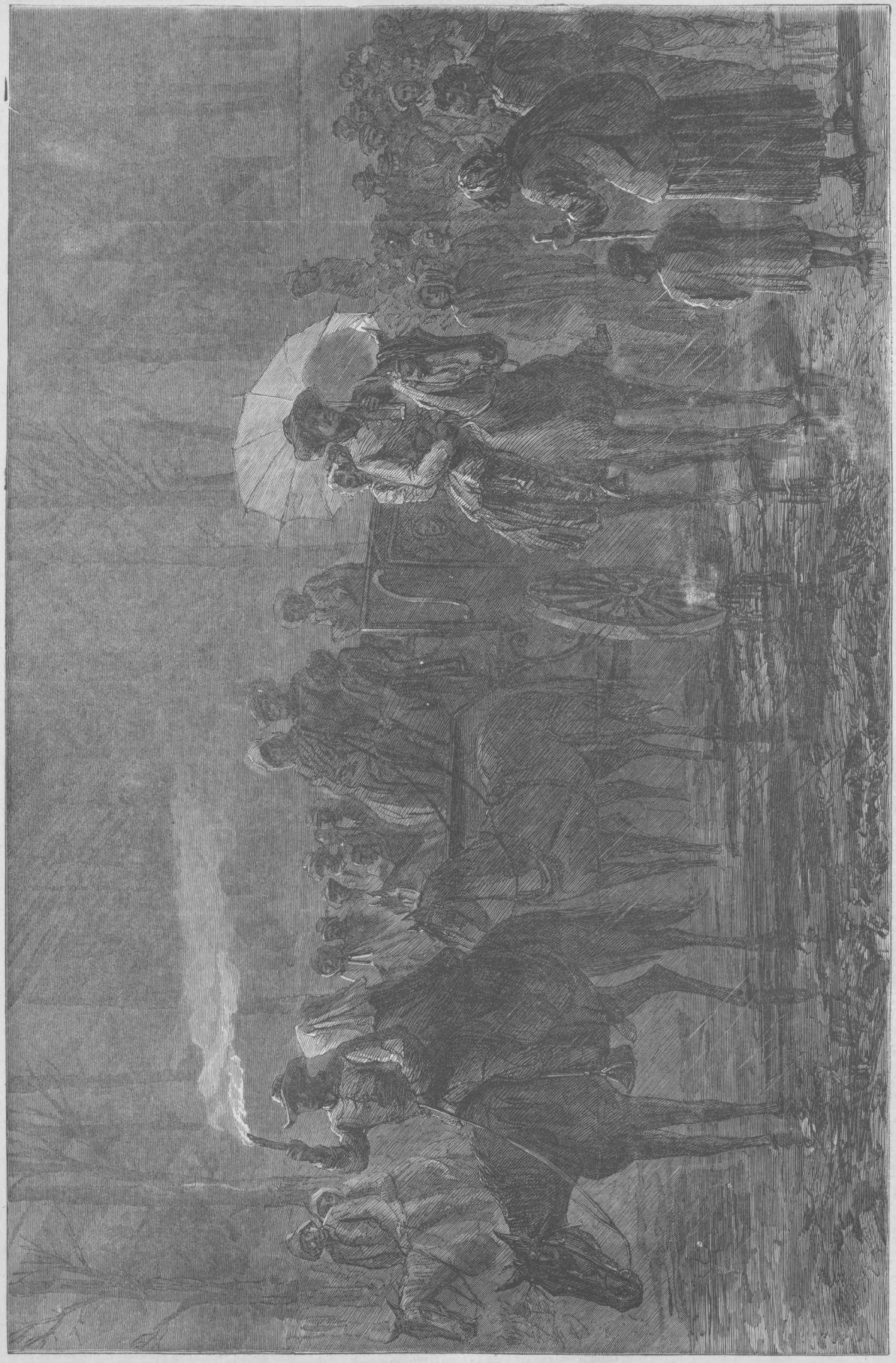
The Petersburg *Express* reports that the First Auditor of the rebel Treasury has been ordered to remove his bureau from Richmond to Montgomery, Alabama.

General FOSTER has applied for an active command in the field.

Governor PARKER, of New Jersey, has received instructions from the War Department to raise one regiment of twelve batteries of heavy artillery by the 10th of May, which, no doubt, he will accomplish.

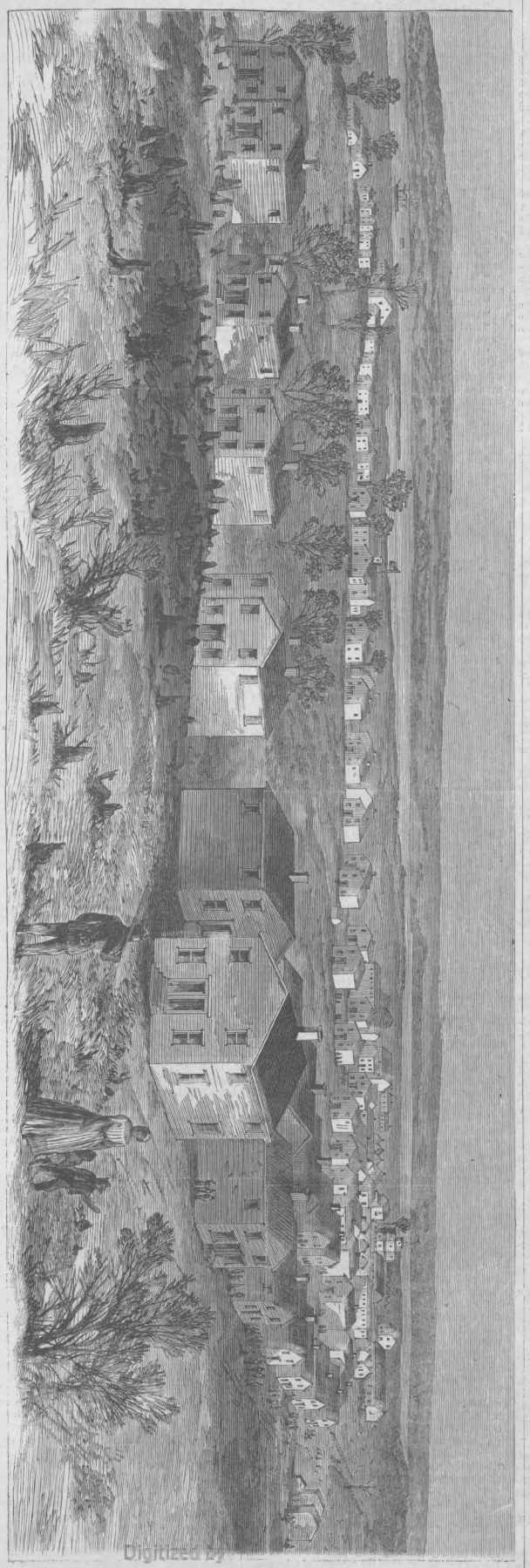
Colonel FISH, late Provost Marshal of Baltimore, under General SCHENCK, has been sentenced by court-martial to one year in the Albany Penitentiary.

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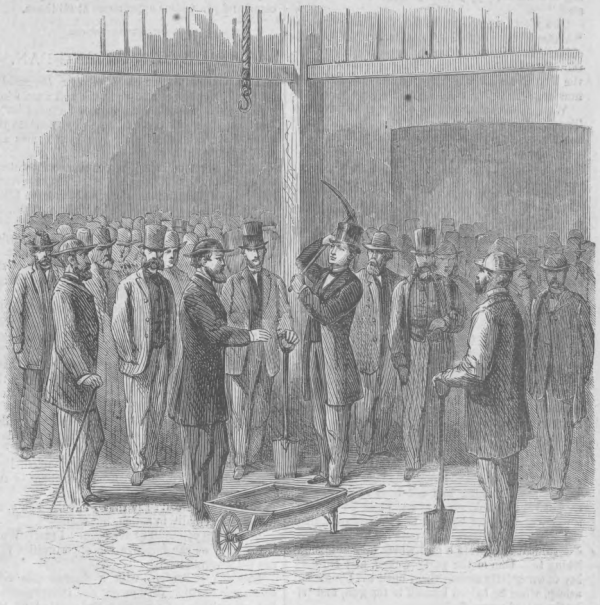


NEGROES ESCAPING OUT OF SLAVERY.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 294.]

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FREEDMAN'S VILLAGE, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 294.]



BREAKING GROUND.

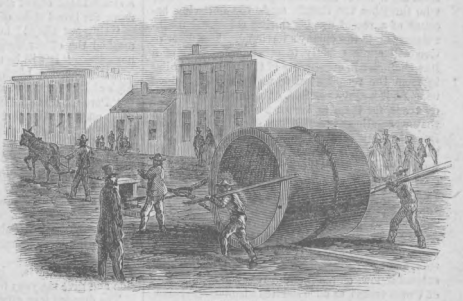
THE GREAT LAKE TUNNEL AT CHICAGO.

ONE of the greatest works of the kind ever undertaken has just been commenced in the city of Chicago, under the auspices of the authorities, by Messrs. DULL & GOWAN, contractors; namely, the construction of a Tunnel under Lake Michigan, two miles in length, by which to supply the city with pure and wholesome water. Our correspondent gives us the following account of the enterprise:

"Chicago is situated on a low and nearly level prairie, being but a few feet above the level of the Lake, so that even the earliest settlers found wells to be impracticable, from the fact that the surface water could not be avoided, while the river is nothing but a sluggish canal, the current of which sways up or down stream, as the wind outside the harbor happens to send the waters of the Lake inshore or out. A great deal of the sewerage of the city is also discharged into the river, together with all the refuse of the slaughter-houses and distilleries, so that it has become a vast and serious nuisance.

"The water with which the people are at present supplied is taken from an artificial basin close inshore, about three-fourths of a mile north of the mouth of the river, and by means of immense pumps, which are worked by two engines of two and five hundred horse-power.

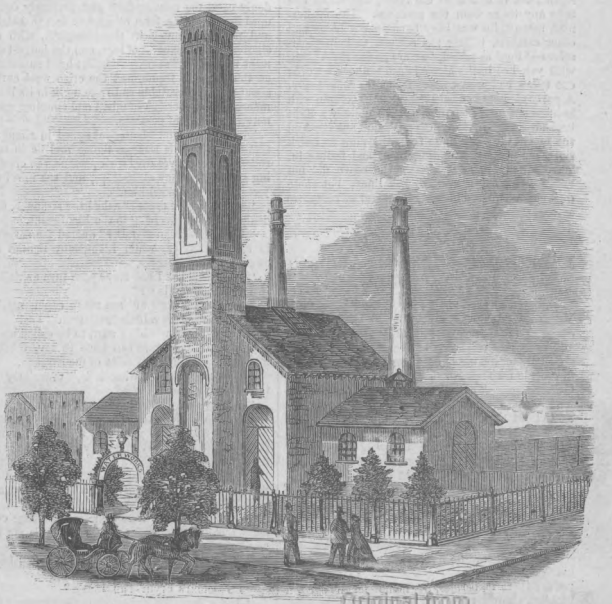
"When the wind prevails from the south or southwest the current of the river setting outward is carried up the shore and is more or less deposit-



IN TRANSIT.

ed in the basin, causing the water to partake largely of the disagreeable flavor arising from a combination of ingredients neither agreeable to the taste nor smell, and at times rendering it altogether unfit for use.

"By the construction of this Tunnel it is proposed to take the water from a distance of two miles from the shore of the Lake, thereby insur-



WATER-WORKS BUILDING.

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ing a constant supply wholly clear and unadulterated."

The views we present in this Number show the "Water-Works Building," which contains the machinery used in supplying water as at present obtained; "Breaking Ground for the Tunnel;" and the Iron Cylinders which form a lining to the shaft now being sunk.

We may hereafter give a sectional view of the Tunnel, showing the plan of construction and other matters of general interest connected with it.

UNION SCOUTS IN LOUISIANA.

WE give on our first page a sketch illustrating an interesting feature of the war in Louisiana. Among the most useful auxiliaries of General BANKS, in his operations in that State, is a band of native Scouts, led by Captain DUDLEY, who, knowing the country and accustomed to danger, penetrate every where in search of information. Many of these scouts are desperate men, who have suffered all manner of outrage at the hands of the enemy, and who, on that account, lose no opportunity to inflict the heaviest punishment on those who have driven them to the shelter of the swamps and forests. Captain DUDLEY is described as a slight, wiry man, about forty-five years old, with a small eye which is all black, and a face which strikes one as full of cunning. A correspondent says of him: "He told me that he had been a physician on the Calcasien River; that he escaped the conscription and had been living a wandering life for three years; that he had been back and forth from the Rio Grande to Mobile, had always escaped wounds, and I think had not been even shot at. One of his men told me that one night he followed a party of conscript-hunters to their camp, waited till they were asleep, then crawled among them, determined to capture a gun which he had taken a liking to. One of the party waked, and DUDLEY lay down quietly among them until his hunter fell asleep, when he helped himself to the gun, and 'silently passed away.'"

NEGROES ESCAPING OUT OF SLAVERY.

WE present on page 292 another view of one of the principal features of the war; namely, the escape of negroes, at all points within the rebel lines, from the house of their bondage. Mr. A. R. WAUD, who furnishes the sketch, sends the following account of a recent exodus during a Federal reconnoissance into the enemy's territory. The description will apply exactly to other movements of a like character in other parts of the field: "Coming in from the reconnoissance many negroes joined us. As it was not possible, on account of the muddy roads, for them to keep up with the horsemen, they were allowed to ride the spare and captured horses—many of them, however, coming to us on their masters' horses. One party fell into the column with an old family coach, said to contain eighteen, principally pickaninnies. This was preceded by an old fellow with a torch, carrying a woman 'a-straddle' behind him. All the women rode this way, side-saddles not having been provided by the ordnance officers. Sometimes three would mount upon one horse, and in one instance a father, mother, and two little children rode one animal. One colored fellow, on making out that the column was of Union troops, at once saddled his masters' horse, mounted, and taking another 'boy' up behind him, waved his hand gracefully to the rest of the slaves, mostly girls. 'Good-by, folks!' said he; 'I'se gwine to follow the Yanks.' He was asked how he could leave so comfortable a place. Scratching his head, and waving his hand toward his white-headed master, he answered, 'There's a kind o' poor class of whites about here; don't have enough to eat.' Some others told us that the 'Mas'r' had gone to Charlottesville to 'sell a nigger,' and had left them with strict injunctions to look after the house, and let no one take any thing from the premises. The spokesman meanwhile was busy handing out hams and other eatables, telling the soldiers to help themselves—'For,' he added, 'we are gwine right along with yer, he! he!' Many joined without a word; one fellow had been *waiting* for us for some hours. A party plowing in a field regarded the column with indifference for some time, when suddenly a light broke upon one: 'Why, boys, it's de Yanks!' And the horses were cut loose from the plow in quick time, the negroes mounting them and falling in. They all got in safely; even the coach did not break down till it reached the lines; but these dusky ones suffered horribly from fear of recapture several times."

FREEDMAN'S VILLAGE, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.

WE give on page 293 a view of the FREEDMAN'S VILLAGE, established on Arlington Heights, Virginia, by the Government. The village is a neat and extensive collection of frame-houses, erected especially for the use of such contrabands as, failing to provide for themselves, become a burden to the Government. The village is surrounded by farmland, which the negroes cultivate for their support. To Colonel ELIAS M. GREENE is due the principal credit of thus assisting the negroes to help themselves.

All the smartest and strongest among the released slaves find employment as servants of different kinds—barbers, teamsters, etc. But there is still a number who fail to get employment, and these Colonel GREENE has tried to make self-supporting on the Government lands, and so far with considerable success.

The village is quite lively, having a large number of children in it. For these there is a schoolhouse; there is, besides, a "home" for the aged, a hospital, church, tailor and other work-shops, with other public buildings. The principal street is over a quarter of a mile long, and the place presents a clean and prosperous appearance at all times.

THE DEVIL'S FRYING-PAN.

THE United States sloop of war *Dragon-Fly* swung lightly to her anchor in the soft west wind, and the officers and men of the larboard-watch lounged idly about the decks or slept beneath the bulwarks dreaming of their Northern homes and waiting sweet-hearts.

Astern stretched broad leagues of moonlit waters, ahead gleamed among his countless islands the stately Sound of Altamaha, and close abeam rose Little St. Simon's Island, while a dark cloud upon the horizon showed where Sapelo lay.

"Dull work this blockading, Fenwick," yawned Lieutenant Benton, to Dr. Fenwick the surgeon, who had come on deck to enjoy the beauty of the night, and now stood lounging against the taffrail close beside the young officer.

"Rather so. But these long days are grand for study. Why don't you get yourself up in an 'ology,' Benton, and astonish our fair friends in Boston by your erudition when we return?"

"H'm. A fellow that has seen service as I have doesn't need any erudition to recommend him to the fair sex nowadays, Doctor," responded the Lieutenant, foppishly twisting his little mustache.

"True. I forgot that." And the surgeon pulled away at his cheroot with a merry twinkle in his dark eyes.

"Have you ever been seriously wounded, Benton?" asked he, carelessly, after a moment or two of silence.

"Why, no, I can't say that I have. You see I never was actually in action, but then—"

"But then you might have been. I see. Well, we none of us can improve the opportunities that are not given to us."

Lieutenant Benton, with a disagreeable consciousness of being very young and inexperienced, left off pulling his mustache and walked up the quarter-deck, casting a scrutinizing glance aloft, and sternly bidding the look-out man to "mind his eye."

The seaman thus exhorted suddenly restored his attention from the stars to things terrestrial, or rather maritime, and immediately shouted,

"Boat ahoy!"

"There it is," remarked the surgeon, as Benton sprang to the side and looked over, and pointed to a small black object slowly approaching the sloop down the broad wake of the setting moon.

"Dug-out ahoy!" he might have hailed, "remarked the officer, forgetting his momentary annoyance. "It will be a contraband, I suppose."

"Running the blockade. Now is the *Dragon-Fly's* chance for distinguishing herself."

"Perhaps it is a fetich-man come off to compare notes on the healing art with you, Doctor."

"Or some dusky maiden who has heard of your mustache, Lieutenant," laughed the surgeon.

"Bother!" ejaculated the young man, and leaned farther over the rail to scrutinize the clumsy little craft now within hail of the sloop.

"It's a boy—no it's a dwarf—or a monkey! What *is* it, Doctor?"

"One of Count Monboddo's humans in an early stage of the transformation from baboon to man, I should say."

"Well, here he is. Hallo there! Range alongside and give me your name and business."

The dug-out was, after many awkward attempts, placed in the required position; and a voice from the lumpish heap of clothes, arms, legs, and close-curled wool, responded:

"Lor, mas'r, 'tain't noffin but me!"

"And who are you, and what do you want?"

"I's Ban, mas'r, dat's short for Caliban, an' I's come to tell yer sumfin."

"Well, Ban, make fast your dug-out to the cable there and come aboard."

A few moments after a dark ball alighted suddenly upon the quarter-deck and presently developed into a human form about four feet in height, and nearly as much in shoulder-girth, with the shortest and crookedest of legs, and the longest and most muscular of arms. A bullet-head surmounted this singular frame, and the crisp wool curled about a face inscrutable as to age, ugly in its lineaments, and expressive of mirth and cunning, good-nature and violent passions.

The surgeon and Lieutenant gazed in silent astonishment at this strange figure, and he in turn rolled his large eyes over their persons, the clustering group of sailors amid-ships, and the novel objects that surrounded him.

"Be you mas'r cap'n?" asked the stranger, suddenly, his eyes reverting to the Lieutenant.

"Lord, Sirs! can it talk?" quoted the surgeon, in an under-voice, while Lieutenant Benton answered, good-naturedly,

"No, Ban; but I can serve your turn as well as if I were. What is it?"

"Reck'n I'll wait an' see mas'r cap'n, mas'r," returned Ban, after a little hesitation.

"The old man wouldn't want to be called up for any thing this creature can have to say, think?" inquired the Lieutenant aside of the surgeon.

"That depends on what it is," oracularly returned the surgeon.

"Well, you try him, Doctor. You're older than I, and perhaps he will be more willing to confide his secret sorrows to your ear, if indeed my first guess is not the right one after all, and he is the fetich man."

"We will see." And the Doctor bidding Caliban follow him, led the way to a secluded part of the deck, where he placed the negro full in the light of the waning moon, and stood looking curiously down at him from the altitude of his six feet two inches.

"Where do you come from, Ban?" asked he, at length.

"De Debbil's Fryin'-Pan, mas'r."

"And a very likely specimen of his cookery you are," mentally ejaculated the Doctor, but the only audible response was a wondering repetition of the name,

"The Devil's Frying-Pan!"

"Yis, mas'r, dats whar we lib."

"Who lives there besides you?"

"Dad an' mam, an' lots o' pickaninnies."

"And how did you get here?"

"In de dug-out, mas'r."

"I know. But where is the Devil's Frying-Pan? and how far from here?"

"Right up in de Soun', mas'r, 'bout two mile from dis, I reckon."

"Is it an island?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"And who gave it that name?"

"Donno, mas'r, I's sure. Reckon it alluz had it."

"And who named you Caliban?"

"Oh, mas'r! my mammy, she brung up on de ole plantation, an' daddy he free nigger. So he bought mammy an' me, an' de rest of de young uns has come along since."

"And your father brought your mother and you to the Devil's Frying-Pan to live?"

"Yis, mas'r. It don't b'long to no one in 'ticlar, an' so we jis libs dere."

"And how old are you, Caliban?"

"Donno, mas'r. Didn' nebber ask."

"And how do your father and you live? How do you earn money, I mean?"

"We ketches fish, mas'r, an' isters, an' lobsters, an' we raises some truck in de gardin, an' w'en we wants money we totes a load o' fish an' sarce up to town an' trades it off. Den I' fiddles for de dancin' sometimes an' gits w'at I kin."

"You fiddle!"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Well now, Ban, what did you come here for to-night? You had better tell me, and if I judge it of sufficient importance I will send to ask the Captain to see you. He is asleep now, and we don't like to disturb him without necessity."

Ban, in whose mind the surgeon's magnificent proportions had inspired a much greater degree of reverence than he was inclined to accord to the juvenile Lieutenant, drew confidentially close to his side, before he replied,

"Yis, mas'r, I tell you all 'bout it. Dis yer ship am sot to cotch all dem dat tries to go in an' out dis yer Soun', ain't she?"

"All that belong to the rebels, or are trying to trade with them. Why do you ask?"

"Cause dere's a big schooner in here, hidin' away 'mongst de islan's, all loaded down wid cotton, an' dey's gwine to git out sure dey says, fer all de dam Yankees kin do to hender 'em."

"When will they sail?" asked the surgeon, hastily.

"Jes' arter moonset 'morrer night. Jes 'bout dis time."

"How do you know?"

"De ossifers an' some ob de gen'lemen dat's gwine passinger in her come ashore dis arternoon to look roun' at de Debbil's Fryin'-Pan, cause its kind o' curus dere, an' I heerd 'em talk. Den dey tole dad to kitch a right smart chance o' fish an' git some isters or lobsters to-morrer, an' mam's gwine to cook a supper fer 'em, an' I tole 'em I could fiddle fust-rate ef they'd a mind fer a dance. Dey liked dat tip-top, an' 'greed to come jes' arter sundown, an' den I heerd 'em say dey couldn' sail till nigh two 'clock in de mornin'."

"And they are to be at your house after sunset?"

"Yis, mas'r. So den I 'flected dat ef de Yankees wanted fer ter kitch 'em all, dere'd be a fus'-rate chance, an' mabbe mas'r Cap'n 'd gib a pore nigger suffin fer de news."

"And what do you think the Captain, or whichever of us got hold of you first, would give you if you led us into a trap, and sold us to the rebels, just as you now offer to sell them to us?" demanded Fenwick, sternly, as he fixed his penetrating eyes upon the negro's face.

"'Spec's you'd shoot me jes' like dog. Sarve um right too," returned Ban emphatically, and with such unflinching steadiness of voice and eye as set at rest the momentary suspicion in the keen mind of his examiner.

"You are right. Whatever happened to us, your own life would be the price of treachery. Remember that, my boy, and draw back even now if you are not sure of yourself."

"I wish I was as sure ob ten dollars as I is o' de truve ob what I sez," remarked Ban, tranquilly.

"Very well. I will ask Lieutenant Benton to report your errand to the Captain. I suppose you want to return before morning."

"Lordy, yis, mas'r. Ef de folks aboard de *Sword-Fish* sights de ole dug-out, an' 'spects whar she's ben, it's all day wid dis nigger, an' wid yore plans too, mas'r."

"Very well. Stay just here till you are called."

The visit of the dwarf was reported to the Captain, and Caliban was soon summoned to the cabin to repeat his story, which he did with the utmost steadiness, unshaken by the somewhat severe cross-examination of the astute commander.

This over, Ban was dismissed under charge of the steward to refresh himself, and a hasty council was held as to the best manner of using his information.

It was finally decided that two boats' crews under charge of the two Lieutenants should, early in the ensuing night, quietly land at the Devil's Frying-Pan, surround the house and secure the merry-makers, and then proceed to capture the schooner, it not being thought advisable to involve the sloop in the intricate channels and dangerous reefs of that portion of the Sound.

Dr. Fenwick volunteered to accompany his young friend, Lieutenant Benton, and his powerful assistance was gratefully accepted.

The next question was of a guide. It was obvious that the absence of Caliban after his engagement as musician would cause suspicion in the minds of the guests, and might defeat the whole plan, and yet no one on board the *Dragon-Fly* could boast the slightest knowledge of the *locale* of the Devil's Frying-Pan or of the contraband schooner.

Under these circumstances Ban was recalled to the council, and the difficulty stated.

"'Twon't nebber do for dis chile to be mongst de missin'," said he, thoughtfully, "nor dad n'ither. But Nep 'd do fus-rate. He knows de chan'l an' all jes same's I do. I'll fotch ye Nep."

"Who is Nep?" demanded the Captain, cautiously.

"He one o' mammy's young uns. He smart chile, Nep is."

"How old is he?"

"Lord, mas'r, we don' none ob us know noffin 'bout dat. We jes grows same as de grass, nebber mindin' when we begun. Nep he good big boy."

"Well, you may bring him off, and we will see what we think of him. When will you be here?"

"Ain't got time to go home an' back 'fore day, nohow," considered Ban. "But Nep he'll take de dug-out roun' back side o' de Pan, an' jes paddle off easy arter dey gits dere. Den he tell mas'r cap'n how many of 'em come, an' p'raps hark roun' an' fin' out suffin 'bout how many's lef' aboard de *Sword-Fish*."

"And can he find his way out to the *Dragon-Fly* alone and in season?"

"Lord, yis, mas'r. Nep he smart fellow."

"We will judge of that before we trust him as a pilot; and remember that the first sign of treachery will be his death-warrant, and yours too, if we lay hold of you," said the Captain, sternly.

"Ef mas'r cap'n tinks I's lyin' to him he no need to come. I's tryin' to 'blige him, an' he talks 'bout shootin' an' hangin' me an' my brother as ef we was tryin' to do him all de bad we could." And Caliban, half-sulky, half-hurt, left the cabin abruptly, and laboriously climbed on deck.

"He's honest, Captain, take my word for it, and I have no doubt his information is perfectly reliable," said Dr. Fenwick, earnestly. And the Captain, who depended very much upon his friend's judgment, ordered the steward to regale Ban with another glass of grog, and then to bring him to the cabin to receive his final directions.

The dwarf's injured feelings were easily pacified by this attention, and half an hour later he paddled away from the *Dragon-Fly* in the fullest amity with all its inmates.

Sunset of the following day found such of the crew of the sloop as had been detailed for the approaching expedition full of busy preparation and anticipation, while the unfortunate remainder either watched their comrades in envious silence, or indulged in open complaints of their own inactivity. Some few croakers found pleasure in intimating that the whole affair was a trap, and that those who were so "precious green" as to walk into it with their eyes open deserved no better than the fate probably awaiting them. Another party held that the negro, terrified by the Captain's threats, would not dare to pursue the matter, and that no pilot would appear. This suggestion, however, was speedily negatived by the hail of

"Boat ahoy!"

And the next moment the dug-out once more ranged alongside the *Dragon-Fly*, and a tall young fellow leaped nimbly to the deck, with the brief announcement,

"He' I is."

"Oh, you're Nep, are you?" inquired Lieutenant Benton, who had been anxiously waiting for his appearance.

"Yis, mas'r."

"Own brother to the fellow who was here last night?"

"Dunno, mas'r; 'spec' so, dough."

The question was pardonable; for this second envoy from the Devil's Frying-Pan presented as great a contrast to the first as can well be conceived in members of the same family. Tall, straight, and finely proportioned in figure, his features were regular and lofty, his eyes large and clear, and his expression bold and intelligent. In fact, could his bright brown skin have been changed for Saxon red and white, Nep would have ranked indisputably as an uncommonly fine-looking fellow. In age he appeared to be about eighteen years old, but like Ban he had no ideas of his own upon the subject.

Ordered to the cabin for examination, Nep acquitted himself very satisfactorily, and after a brief interview the Captain dismissed him, and proceeded to give his formal orders, as he had not yet done, for the expedition.

It was not considered expedient to set out until about ten o'clock, the boat from the *Sword-Fish* having been ordered to return for its passengers at twelve, and the schooner expecting to sail at two, or soon after. Nep brought the additional information that the passengers mentioned by Ban as forming part of the proposed fish party were the officers of a brig just purchased by the rebels from the English Government, and now awaiting its armament and crew at Nassau, N. P.

The schooner was expecting to escape the blockade by running some distance South among the numerous islands and intricate channels of that part of the coast, and finally making out to sea through some one of the innumerable inlets and sounds, offering a ready egress whenever the blockading squadron should be momentarily absent.

Punctual to the appointed hour the two boats silently parted from the side of the *Dragon-Fly*, and guided by Nep, who crouched in the stern of the foremost one, steered by the first lieutenant, they struck out into the broad waters of the Sound.

The moon, slightly obscured by vapory clouds, gave just sufficient light to allow Nep to distinguish the various islands and other landmarks by which he directed his course, but not sufficient to reveal distant objects with any degree of certainty. This point it will readily be seen was much in favor of our adventurers, should they come within eye-range of the *Sword-Fish*—a danger little to be feared, however, as Nep, pursuing a devious and intricate course, kept his charge concealed behind the islands and high rocks whenever practicable.

"Now, mas'r, here we is," announced he, suddenly, in a whisper, pointing ahead to a small round island, around whose entire circumference rose a

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low ridge of naked rocks, while a long reef of the same extended straight out into the Sound, whose waters broke over it in loud reiteration of angry menace.

No appearance of life or even vegetation was visible, and the first lieutenant demanded, in an incredulous whisper,

"Is *this* the place?"

"Yis, mas'r. Dis de Fryin'-Pan, and dat's de handle," said Nep, pointing to the low reef, over which and a small intervening island the upper part of the masts and rigging of a large topsail schooner were dimly visible.

"And how do you get ashore?"

"Jis in here, mas'r;" and, under Nep's directions, the boats were laid close inshore, at a spot where a break in the natural fortifications of the little island afforded access to its interior.

With as much expedition and as little noise as possible, the two boats' crews, well armed and full of eager anticipation, were now landed upon the narrow beach, the boats anchored off, under charge of a small guard, and the party, numbering twenty stout fellows besides the officers, proceeded noiselessly inland, still under guidance of Nep.

Passing through the rocky gap they found themselves in a large level area, comprising perhaps a dozen acres, divided into field and pasturage, with a somewhat neglected garden-patch surrounding a cabin of considerable extent, from whose low windows streamed a ruddy light, while the shrill notes of a violin, mingled with roars of laughter, gave evidence that the inmates of the Devil's Frying-Pan were in a very jovial mood.

"Stop here, mas'r, wile I go an' peek roun' a lilly bit," suggested Nep, and the party were accordingly halted while he crept softly up, peered through the windows for a moment, and then noiselessly retreated.

"All right, mas'r," whispered he in a gleeful tone, "Dey's hard at it, singin', an' dancin', an' drinkin' like de berry ole Nick. De feller dey sot to watch roun' de house has got a mug o' likker, an' he's settin' in de doorway wid he gun on de floor 'side ob him, an' Ban he fiddlin' away fit to t'ar de ole fiddle to bits, an' rollin' he eyes dis way an' dat lookin' arter de comp'ny he axed to de breakdown fer hisself."

"He sha'n't have long to look, then. Forward men, and remember no noise till the word is given."

With stealthy tread the party approached the house and surrounded it. Dr. Fenwick, foremost of the line, paused at the same window through which Nep had reconnoitred the interior, and cautiously peered in.

It was a large low room occupying nearly the whole area of the cabin, and generally used by the numerous family as kitchen, parlor, and hall. Now, however, it had been cleared of much of its usual disorder, including the countless tribe of sooty youngsters, who, having been packed into the loft with terrific threats of what should befall them in case of their becoming visible, were now regaling themselves with an airy view of the festivities below through the chinks in the floor.

In the centre of the room stood a table covered with the remnants of a savory supper, prepared in old Sally's highest style of art, and around it were seated twelve men, smoking, drinking, and watching with much amusement the exertion of two of their comrades, who had undertaken to give the company a specimen of the genuine Spanish fandango.

None of the negroes were visible except Ban, who, perched upon the top of a heavy bureau or chests of drawers, with his stunted legs coiled beneath him, and his long arms writhing sinuously in the vehemence of his exertions, was dragging from the bowels of a battered old violin a perfect storm of sound, with no particular reference to either melody or harmony, but very expressive of his own condition of nervous excitement, ever since the moment when his wildly-rolling eyes had encountered those of his brother peering in at the window.

The surgeon had barely had time to master these details when the voice of the first lieutenant shouted, clearly,

"Now, lads!"

And through the opposite door rushed a crowd of blue jackets, overpowering the sentry before he could even recover his musket, and grappling fiercely with the revelers, who, although taken by surprise, drew their revolvers and knives in an instant, and were ready for resistance.

The surgeon applying his shoulder to the frail sash, burst it in, and throwing himself through the aperture, laid an irresistible grasp upon the collar of a stout fellow in the uniform of a naval commander, and ordered him to yield himself prisoner. The Captain, who had just aimed his revolver at the curly head of Lieutenant Benton on the opposite side of the room, drew the trigger, but missed his mark, and with a furious oath turned upon his new antagonist, drawing a formidable bowie-knife, and thrusting savagely at his breast.

Seizing the uplifted wrist in his left hand, the Doctor suddenly shifted his right from the collar to the waist of his antagonist, and tripping him at the same instant, brought him heavily to the floor, disarmed him, and bound his arms behind his back with a bit of rope snatched from the surgeon's ready pocket.

"You're safe, my fine fellow," muttered the victor, coolly, as he rose to his feet and looked about for another antagonist. In a corner he saw little Benton grappling with a muscular rebel, whose brawn and muscle were evidently an overmatch for the stripling strength of the Lieutenant, even backed as it was by an illimitable amount of pluck. Both had lost their weapons, and the rebel (who, dressed in plain clothes, gave no indication of his rank) had succeeded in throwing his antagonist, and with one knee upon his chest, and one hand fiercely griping his throat, was at the moment the Doctor's eye fell upon him reaching after his knife.

Fenwick sprung across the room, but, slipping in a pool of blood, fell forward; and although he recovered himself almost immediately, the instant thus gained sufficed for the stalwart rebel to reach his weapon and raise it, with a fearful oath, over the heart of his prostrate victim. At this moment Fenwick, recovering his feet, threw himself upon the uplifted arm; but, although he diverted, he was too late to arrest the blow, and it fell, inflicting a long flesh wound upon the cheek and shoulder of the almost insensible lad.

"Coward!" shouted Dr. Fenwick, roused for the first time from his usual phlegmatic calm at seeing the blood of his young favorite, and wrenching the knife from the hand of the astonished rebel, he was about to inflict summary vengeance, when Ban, springing like a cat from the perch where he had crouched throughout the fray, shouting and screaming with all his might, alighted full upon the head of the Lieutenant's assailant, and bore him heavily to the ground.

"Now, Mas'r Doctor! Pitch in wid de knife. Ban hole him steddy fer yer."

"Hold hard, then, Ban." But much to the negro's disappointment, the Doctor, instead of the knife, merely armed himself with another bit of rope, of which it may be as well to confess he had prepared a small private stock for this very use, and proceeded to bind his second captive as securely as the first.

This done, and the fight being now well-nigh over, the surgeon turned his attention to the wounded Lieutenant, and was relieved at finding his wound far from serious.

"There, my boy," said he, after rapidly dressing it, with the help of his pocket-case of instruments and Ban's ready aid, "that's all over; and, if it smarts a little for a few days, console yourself by remembering how much better an honorable scar is than the stiffest of ologies."

The brave young fellow smiled gayly, in spite of the stinging pain of his wound, and was beginning to declare his determination of accompanying the party in the attack upon the schooner, when his lips suddenly turned white, his eyes rolled wildly, and he fell back insensible in Ban's arms.

"Poor lad! poor, brave boy!" murmured the grim surgeon in woman-soft tones. "It is his first experience. Ban, you must get some pillows and coverings, and make him comfortable here till morning, and then bring him off to the *Dragon-Fly*. Any other wounds to attend to?"

There were a few, but none very serious. The contest had been so brief and so close that it had been more of a hand-to-hand struggle than a fight, and few of the combatants had found time for more than one blow before the outnumbered and outwitted rebels had yielded themselves prisoners. These, being carefully bound, were now secured in the shanty to await the event of the attack on the schooner.

The surgeon's arrangements for the wounded Lieutenant were approved by the officer in command of the party, who, moreover, stimulated Ban to faithfulness and zeal by promises and threats, which the surgeon, with more tact, had omitted to employ.

"Mas'r Doctor, I wants to 'peak a lilly word to you den," whispered Ban, mysteriously, as the party were about to leave the cabin.

"Speak quickly, then, as we go down to the boat. There is no time to spare."

"Mas'r Doctor, dere's a gal in dah 'long o' my mammy dat's wantin' to git Norf powerful bad. How's we gwine to fix it?"

"A girl! What girl!"

"Name's Livy. She 'mos' white, an' she mighty pooty; do you eye good ter look at her. Too pooty to stay roun' dese parts, mas'r, 'less she one o' dem no 'count gals dat don' keer wot dey does. Livy ain't one o' dem sort, mas'r. She mighty good, an' so she run'd away from her ole mas'r, an' dad an' me fotcht her down here las' week. But she sot on gwine Norf."

"She is nearly white, very pretty, and has run away from her master because she wants to be virtuous?" asked the Doctor.

"Yis, mas'r, dem's um."

"Well, she must be helped. But she had better cut off her hair, pretty though it may be, and slip on a suit of Nep's clothes. Pretty young girls, especially if they are not white, are somewhat out of place in a man-of-war. Let her come off with you when you bring Lieutenant Benton to-morrow morning, and I will see what can be done."

They had now reached the strip of beach, and Ban was placed in one boat and Nep in the other to guide the helmsman in avoiding numerous rocks and shoals, rendering the vicinity of the Devil's Frying-Pan a very dangerous one to the uninitiated mariner.

The drowsy watch on board the schooner had scarcely recognized the cautious dip of oars as the two boats rapidly approached when they were alongside, and the crews swarming up the sides. Taken entirely by surprise, without officers or discipline, the rebel crew made but slight resistance, and the schooner was captured and its astonished inmates secured below hatches before many of them had fully understood their position.

The boats were next dispatched to the Devil's Frying-Pan for the prisoners and wounded, and no sooner were they aboard than sail was made upon the schooner, the rebel pilot consenting to serve his new masters as faithfully as he had done his old under temptation of a handsome reward in *posse*, and a loaded pistol in *esse*. And so well did he perform his task that, when the sun next morning shot his first rays across the blue Atlantic, they glanced aside in astonishment from the white sails and brilliant bulwarks of a large top-sail schooner anchored under the guns of the jubilant little sloop of war *Dragon-Fly*.

Not long after sunrise the clumsy old dug-out appeared creeping slowly across the sunny Sound, and on its nearer approach was found to contain Ban, the Lieutenant, already convalescent, and a smart-looking lad of quadroon caste, with great shadowy eyes and cheeks, where the color came and went each time that any body looked at him.

No sooner were the three aboard than Ban drew the Doctor aside.

"Mas'r," asked he, anxiously, "what dey gwine to do wid de prize—dem *Sword-Fish*?"

"Send her to New York, Ban, under a prize-master and crew."

"An' w'y couldn' dis yer boy—Tom's his name, mas'r—why couldn' he an' me go long wid 'em?"

"You can, I suppose. But why are you going, Ban; your family are all free, why do you care to go North?"

"Now, mas'r, dat am powerful hard question fer to answer; but I's tell ye honest, an' then yer kin laugh ef yer o' mineter. De truf is, mas'r, dat dis chile can't help—"

"Well, Ban?"

"Mas'r, ain't she powerful harnsum?"

"What, this boy Tom?"

"Hi, hi! mas'r," chuckled the negro, nervously. "Dey don' pull de wool ober you eyes berry easy. Well now, ain't she a picter?"

"She is very handsome certainly," assented the Doctor, wondering more and more what all this should come to.

"Well, mas'r, dough I's dat ugly dat I nebber dare to look down in de water w'en it still, I's got eyes, an' I knows dat Livy mighty nice gal to look at, an' got awful pooty ways too, an' de sof'est leetly v'ice dat eber you hear, mas'r. Now I don' 'spec,'" and here Ban sighed deeply, "dat dis pooty leetly gal gwine to look at a pore ugly creter like dis yer, dough mas'r she's dat good an' kin' to ebery one dat she nebber showed she t'ought Ban look any dif'ent from Nep, fac' she olluz seemed 'o like Ban de bes', an' so, mas'r, I's gwine to foller she wharsumebber she goes, trew de worl', an' take keer ob her, an' work for her, an' see dat no one do she harm, an' den ef she take up wid some good feller by-an'-by, w'y Ban will be de fus' to say, 'All right.'"

"Poor Ban," said the Doctor, softly, his dark eyes shining as he looked down upon the misshapen form that had so unexpectedly developed a heart romantic and delicate as that of a poet.

"Boat ahoy!" hailed the look-out, and the Doctor turned to see Nep's agile form suddenly appear over the rail. He respectfully doffed his torn hat to the Captain upon the quarter-deck, but his eyes eagerly ranged forward until they fell upon the form of the disguised quadroon girl, and the Doctor saw with a real pang of grief and dismay that as Livy met this gaze her own eyes drooped suddenly, and she blushed intensely.

"Poor Ban!" murmured the Doctor again, and went aft to hear Nep offering his services as seaman on board the prize into whatever Northern port she might be bound for.

"All right boy! Your brother and that other fellow have just shipped as passengers, and you can work your passage and theirs too."

"Yis, mas'r," joyfully assented Nep, and hastened forward to Livy, who shyly welcoming him, soon allowed herself to be drawn aside to the bows, where leaning over the rail, a long and whispered conversation ensued.

Dr. Fenwick returned to Ban.

The dwarf was squatted in a coil of rope, his arms grotesquely crossed upon his knees and his chin resting upon them. But the deep eyes of the kindly surgeon saw no grotesquerie, no deformity in the soul that dimly struggled up and looked out in the gaze that the dwarf so steadily fixed upon the graceful and happy lovers.

Had Ban shown jealousy, anger, revenge, the Doctor would have consoled him with money, and turned away with his habit of cynicism a shade more firmly fixed upon him. But the uncouth features and great eyes showed none of these, nothing but deep despair struggling with a love that could not be crushed but would be purified and elevated by its very hopelessness.

Dr. Fenwick took his hand out of his pocket, and sat down in another coil of rope, close beside him.

"Ban, you are a man. Now is the time to show it," said he, quietly.

"Yis, mas'r," said Ban, in a choked voice.

"If I can help you, Ban, in this or any thing else, remember I am your friend."

"T'ank you berry kin'ly, mas'r," said the negro, in the same tone, but never moving his eyes from those two graceful figures.

"What do you mean to do now, Ban?" asked the Doctor again after a little pause.

"Folly her trew de worl', an' sarve her faithful, an'—an' him fer her sake," said Ban, and the Doctor humbly said,

"Shake hands with me, Ban. You are stronger than I."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY is a journey by railway like a street row?—Because it is a *low commotion* (locomotion).

An Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an hour before."

A PAINFUL REFLECTION.—It is in matrimony as in warfare—there is many a conference without an armistice. In fact, we have known (to our sorrow, be it mentioned, as well as to the sorrow of innumerable others) the fighting to have been all the fiercer while the conference was going on, and even to have continued with tremendous severity long after the conference had been over. It may appear like weakness or cowardice not to have parted the belligerents; but the truth is, intervention, in such cases, is always a most perilous proceeding. He who interferes generally is exposed to the fire of both sides.

Why is a lawyer's mouth like a toll-bar gate?—Because it is seldom opened but for money.

A dull day, and an empty pocket, and being in love, affect a man's spirits most seriously.

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper has been trying to get a perpendicular view of a rainbow.

George Selwyn once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when after her signature stood: "P. S.—Who is right now, you or I?"

At the close of a silly book the author, as usual, printed the word "Finis." A wit put this among the errata, with the pointed couplet:

"Finis!—An error or a lie, my friend!
In writing foolish books—there is no end!"

HINTS TO THOSE WHO RIDE IN OMNIBUSES.—Never, on any account, assist any person, particularly if such person be infirm or a female, in passing in or out. Scrupulously avoid making room for a new-comer, although you may occupy twice as much of the seat as you have any right to. Be particular in placing your wet umbrella as close against your neighbor as possible. Always stretch out your legs so that your feet may be an annoyance to your opposite fellow-passenger. If you carry a stick do not fail to stand it between your knees, and, resting both hands thereon, thrust your elbows out to the inconvenience of those persons who may be fortunate enough to be sitting near you. Never ride outside, not even on a beautiful warm day, to oblige a lady, unless she be young and pretty.

Who finds all the umbrellas that every body loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he buys, but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain?

REFORT UNCOURTEOUS.—"Do you know," said a would-be wit to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together at Newgate?" "Indeed, brother; then it's as well you and I are not there!"

A couple of travelers stopping at the Hôtel Français, in the city of Cordova, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, were surprised and amused by noticing on the bill of fare, "Eggs on horseback!" Determined to know what it meant they called for the equestrian dish, when it was steak with two eggs on the top.

Quilp says that women will pardon a great deal to their own sex unless they are guilty of beauty. When they say they "don't like the looks of that woman," you may be pretty certain that *men* do! Quilp had better look out for his hair.

The distinguished individual known among the ancients as Cupid has recently changed his name to Cupidity, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money as well as matrimony.

UMBRELLAS.—"There are three umbrellas," said little Nell. "The hat is one—the smallest; the umbrella is another; and the sky is the third—the greatest of them all, but also the leakiest."

LIFE'S "PLAY-GROUND."—The church-yard.

"Jane," said a wag, "it's all over town." "What's all over town?" "Mud." Jane's eyes dropped.

Whisky is quoted as unsteady. So are those who drink it.

"What o'clock is it?" "I don't know, but 'tis only a question of time."

A fellow's eye may be cowardly when his nose is *pugnacious*.

The *Maid of Judah* is announced from Melbourne with 3200 ounces of gold. Brown says that's the maid for him.

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you pop the question, and are answered No."

Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him if he had ever been at Cork. "No, Sir," said Foote, "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

"It is remarkable that you are always forgetting my name," said a quasi-acquaintance named Flint. "Why," said Quilp, "it is a confounded hard name to remember."

"None of your raillery," as the stage-coach said to the steam-engine.

"There is no living with you," as the thief said to Jack Ketch.

Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh yes: I know," said the child: "it is a whisper of a laugh."

ANGRY MAN TO COOL OPPONENT. "You'll come to the gallows some day."

COOL ONE. "With pleasure, if you will let me know when you are to be hanged."

A skeptic once said to Dr. Parr, "That he would not believe any thing he could not understand." To which the Doctor replied. "Then, Sir, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

A person who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colors recently complained, in M. Auber's presence, how hard it was that people must grow old. "Hard as it is," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to me the only means of enjoying long life."

"Who was David?" asked a Government Inspector, examining a school not many miles from Canterbury. "The son of Jesse, and King of Israel," replied the boy. "Who was Jesse?" "The Flower of Dumblane."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?" "Thin," replied the other, "I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

Doctor Bolus, who was very angry when any joke was passed on his profession, once said, "I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely, Doctor," replied a wag; "dead men tell no tales!"

During the recent performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at a provincial theatre, the fair *Juliet's* question, in the soliloquy before taking the sleeping draught, "What if this mixture do not work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the gallery, "Then take a dose of pills."

Sir Robert Walpole was fond of playing at billiards, at which his friend, Dr. Monsey, excelled him. "How happens it, Monsey," said Sir Robert, "that nobody beats me at billiards or contradicts me but you?" "The solution is easy," answered Monsey; "I want neither places nor money from you; perhaps if I did, I should be as great a bungler at billiards as you are."

A large steamboat proprietor, although a man of immense wealth, is an old-fashioned Methodist, and dresses very plainly at all times, and sometimes rather shabbily. Being on one of his own steamers, not long since, he was accosted by a passenger, who took him for one of the crew, with the interrogatory, "Do you belong to this boat?" "No," said he, quietly, "the boat belongs to me!"

A white man not long since sued a black man in one of the courts of a Free State, and while the trial was before the judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the counsel stated to the court. "A verbal settlement will not answer," replied the judge; "it must be in writing." "Here is the agreement in black and white," responded the counsel, pointing to the parties: "pray what does your Honor want more than this?"

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What is the difference between form and ceremony?
You sit upon one, and stand on the other.

What was Joan of Arc made of?
Made (maid) of Orleans.

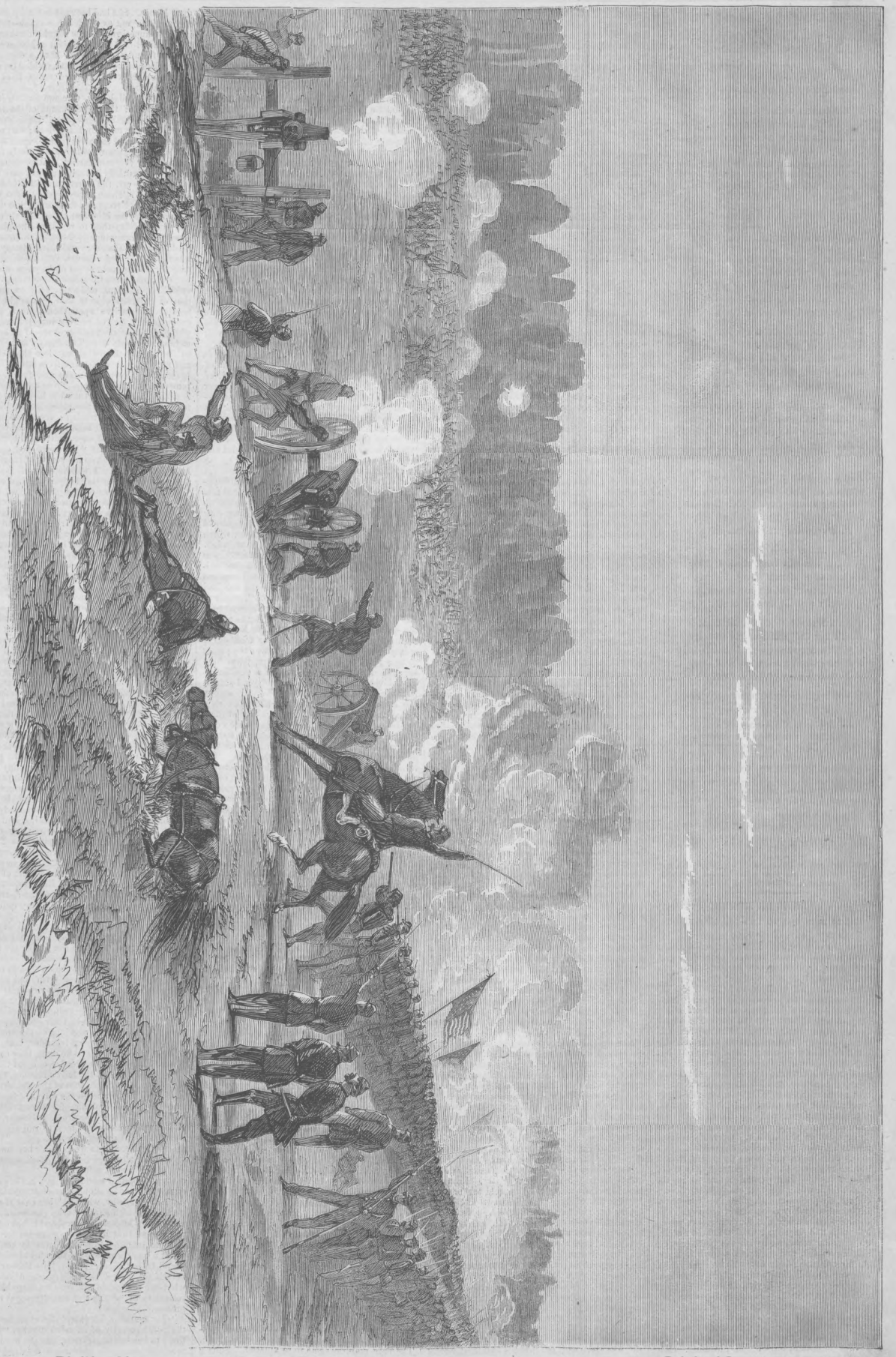
I view the world in little space,
Am always ranging and changing place;
No food I eat, but by my power,
Procure what all the world devour?
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STOCK GAMBLING AT "GALLAGHER'S EVENING EXCHANGE."—[SEE PAGE 299.]

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REPULSE OF THE REBELS AT PLEASANT HILL, LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 291.]

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THE SWEETEST SONG.

CLOUDS were flying, blue skies glancing
Bright and shy as April bluebirds
Or a bashful maiden's eyes;
Coral reefs of maple-blossoms
Reached up toward the changeful skies.

Violet censers wafted fragrance,
Crocus-cups stood brimmed with beauty
And the new wine of the spring;
Eagerly I drank and drank it
From earth, air, and every thing.

I had turned my steps that morning
From the restless, sombre city,
To a quiet port I know,
Where the houses, quaint and olden,
All cast anchor years ago.

There in grass-grown paths I lingered,
Listening to the waves' low laughter
Breaking on a pebbly shore;
Sweet their free, glad chorus after
Winter and the town's uproar.

Long I lingered; balm for lonely,
Tired spirits groweth only
In some green, still haunt like this;
And I turned away, reluctant,
From a spot so full of peace.

Homeward, past long rows of houses,
Past low fields where famine browses,
Gaunt and lean as Pharaoh's dream;
But I heard a blithe bird singing,
And the sky wore April's gleam.

And adown the trodden pathway
Stepped a little figure toward me,
Spring winds blowing back her hair;
Something, ere I met her, drew me,
In her quaint yet childish air.

As she nearer came, I wondered
What it was this trim, small Quaker
Prattled to herself about,
Till I heard, "Put on my shaker,"
Spoken without fear or doubt.

Then I stooped to do her bidding,
Kissed her lips, and saw the treasure
Which her chubby, small hands held—
Pebbles gathered from the road-side,
That was all *my* eyes beheld.

If you'll tell me what the brooks say,
And the crocuses and robins,
I'll translate her artless lay;
But I know whose was the sweetest
Of all songs I heard that day.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LILY IS SENT FOR TO THE DRAWING-ROOM.

YEARS sped on, and the baby became a child, the child a school-girl. Years sped on—outside in wars, tumults, and revolts, in famines and shipwrecks, in debates and dancing-parties, in pestilence and in new operas; inside, in the same dull round of little tasks, little duties, little quarrels, little pleasures, little pains. Rhododendron House did not trouble itself about Corporation Reform, or the new Poor-Law Board. Unmoved it beheld Strasburg expeditions, Fieschi conspiracies, trials of Dorchester laborers. Fashions came in and came out, but there was no material alteration in the cut of pinafores at Stockwell. Corn-law questions convulsed the country, and Miss Bunnycastle grumbled at the baker's bill, but the five-and-thirty boarders had four thin parallelograms apiece, of bread thinly veneered with Dorset butter, for breakfast, and four for tea, whether wheat was up or down in the market. Currency controversies agitated parliaments, engendered monstrous blue-books, and made financiers' lives a burden to them; but every Saturday, at noon, Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle appeared in the school-room with a tray set out with the boarders' weekly pocket-money, piled in symmetrical little heaps, mainly composed of coppers. The hebdomadal average was fourpence. A young lady who had sixpence a week was held to have an intimate connection with the plutocracy; a shilling a week, and she was set down wealthy. As for the parlor-boarders, who brought golden sovereigns to school with them after the holidays, and were continually having five shillings (with a cake) sent to them per carrier, they were considered as daughters of the house of Rothschild. Miss Dallwallah had once actually exhibited a five-pound note, payable on demand by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. It was bran-new, crisp, and gleaming. She showed it to her chosen companions as a mark of high favor toward them. Many were of opinion that it should be framed and glazed. Mrs. Bunnycastle, alarmed at the idea of a young lady not yet sixteen having so much money, remonstrated with Mr. Coopinghurst, the commercial gentleman in Austin Friars who was the agent in England of Miss Dallwallah's papa, and at whose country-house at Balham the Sultana Scheherazade passed her Midsummer and Christmas holidays. Mr. Coopinghurst curtly replied, that, if Mrs. Bunnycastle was not satisfied with her pupil, he was ready to remove the young lady at the next vacation, and that, indeed, he had been thinking of seeking out a superior school for Miss Dallwallah, who, in all probability, would be the inheritress of great wealth. Mrs. Bunnycastle thenceforth grumbled no more; if the Begum had brought half a dozen lacs of rupees back with her in her play-box at the beginning of the next half-year, the schoolmistress would never have proffered a word of complaint.

Lily had grown up to be eight years old. It was agreed on all hands that, although her figure was graceful and well formed, she would never be tall. She had developed by easy stages, and had not "shot up" in the bean-stalk fashion. The Bunnycastles granted that her brown hair was very soft and wavy, that her hands and feet were very small, that her skin was exquisitely white, that her eyes were very large and blue, that her mouth was delicate and well formed, and garnished with teeth of irreproachable regularity and whiteness; but they authoritatively declared that she was not pretty, and would never become a beauty. She would be "pleasing," nothing more. The truth must out, and I don't think the Bunnycastles libeled her; Lily's nose was so decidedly retroussé as to be close upon the absolute snub. But it was a very charming little nose for all that—the coral and ivory nostrils almost transparent, the bridge slight and short, but coquettish, as a bridge over an artificial rivulet in a pleasure-garden. Then her forehead was decidedly a little too low. It has been my fortune to make acquaintance with a number of ladies and gentlemen of all ages, with foreheads as broad and lofty as pumpkins, and who were more or less idiots; therefore I am not disposed to abide by the dictum of Miss Barbara Bunnycastle, who deplored the shallowness of Lily's brow, and was certain that she would turn out a fool. Finally, the shape of her visage inclined more to the square than to the oval. Unrelieved by expression or animation Lily's face would, from physiognomists—whose broad principles of doctrine one should respect, but whose minute dogmatism on details is to be contemned—have received a sweeping verdict of censure. It is certain that Miss Furblow, the draper's daughter, who was not very refined in her conversation, once told Lily that she had a face like the portrait of Mr. Tom Spring, the prize-fighter. But all that was irregular and all that was animal in the little girl's countenance found compensation, a hundredfold, in the merry smile that lighted up her lineaments at the slightest encouragement; in the wistful, wishing, intelligent beam that played in her eyes; in her soft and pleading look when she was told a doleful tale. She had a temper of her own, a warm and somewhat peppery one, but it found no vent in black looks, bitten lips, flashing eyes, and clenched hands. When she was moved she turned very red, and spoke very quickly, and then all the pent-up feelings found relief in a flood of passionate tears. It was dangerous to meddle with her then, for she would shake you off with that delightful childish backward movement of the hand which can only be thoroughly conveyed to the mind of a non-spectator by registering the accompanying interjection: the French "Na," the English "I sha'n't." But when Lily had said "I sha'n't," and "Be quiet" (in crescendo), and "It's a shame," a few times, she calmed down, and the sun of her smiles came out in splendor. Her tempers were as easy to quell as they were difficult to rouse. She would bear a prodigious amount of teasing. Injuries, cross words, she would endure with a surprising meekness and equanimity; or she would strive to disarm her persecutor by caresses and endearing speech. But contempt irritated her. She was, when scorned, as pugnacious as a robin-redbreast. You might laugh at her, but it were better not to sneer at her. Perhaps this passionate resentment of contumely arose from Lily being somewhat vain.

She was now eight years old, and neither a dunce nor an intellectual prodigy. Her masters and mistresses had very few complaints to bring against her. Since that first memorable morning when she sat down on the drugget and said, "I won't," she had always rendered an implicit and cheerful obedience to Mrs. Bunnycastle and her assistants. In the way of "doing as she was told" she was a pattern to the other young ladies. Now and then in the school-room she was reprimanded for talking at unseasonable times; for her tongue was as alert and vivacious as the "clever pony" in a butcher's cart, and required to be reined in occasionally. Now and then Miss Barbara had had to scold her for carelessness, for treading her shoes down at heel, for inking her pinafore, or losing her pocket-handkerchief. Once or twice one of the governesses—but this was when Lily was very young indeed—had been compelled to interfere when she was in her tempers, and had recommended a short sojourn in the corner as a means of cooling those tempers down. These were her gravest scholastic offenses, unless, indeed, I take account of one or two desperate attempts she made when she got older to shield her play-fellows from reproof, and to take upon herself the blame they had incurred. I believe all candid and unprejudiced instructresses of feminine youth who read this will agree with me that the two master vices with which they have to cope are the proneness of their young charges to pertness and sauciness in reply, and their painful addictedness to that form of deception which is known as "slyness." But Lily was never pert, and she could not be sly. With the exception of the attempts at shielding offenders mentioned above, which were usually so transparent as to be at once detected, she would not venture even upon a white lie.

Be it also, to the honor of the little woman, recorded that she never grumbled. Now, in order to be a grumbler at school it does not at all follow that you must be ill treated. Discontent is as often the result of satiety as of privation. A lapdog oftener growls over his chicken and cream than a mongrel does over his bare bone. At plentiful harvests farmers (who murmur at every thing, and would have "wanted rain" in the Garden of Eden) murmur most. I dare say that a work-house child fed on gruel and "seconds" bread from year's end to year's end is, in the long-run, less given to repine at her lot than a young lady at boarding-school, with three abundant meals a day, and the certainty of enjoying meals as many, and as abundant, on the morrow. The Bunnycastles were economical, and made as much out of the housekeeping as they, with decency, conveniently could; but they neither starved the five-and-thirty, nor fed them on coarse and unwholesome food, pregnant with boils, and blains, and skin diseases. The butcher's cart called regularly, and the joints he brought were, if not prime, nourishing. But Lily lived, nevertheless, in an atmosphere of grumbling. The great girls had no dearer pastime than to gird at their instructresses, and accuse them of the most deliberate meanness in the article of dietary. The Miss Bunnycastles could never assume a new silk dress without its being darkly hinted in the school-room that it was "got out of us girls." The first plateful of meat at dinner-time was denounced as shamefully deficient as to quantity and quality; the second "help" was held up to scorn as a shameful and cruel imposture. The Wednesday mess of fish and boiled rice was cited as a standing attempt to rob the boarders of their due, and their parents of the money they paid. "Unlimited diet indeed!" would cry Miss Furblow, tossing up her head. "Is that nasty suet-pudding they give us twice a week unlimited diet?" Satirical poems were made against the meat-pie, which made its appearance every Monday morning. Occasionally the round of beef and mutton was relieved by a piece of veal, and then the malcontents declared that Clodshop (Clodshop was the butcher) had lost a calf by disease, and had sold it to the Bunnycastles cheap. There was no end to their grumbling. Lily listened to it all, marveling greatly, but forbearing to join in the chorus of complaints. She ate her meals thankfully, and did not find her food either scanty or repulsive. Perhaps she was too young to be a judge of cookery. Perhaps, never having had a home, she was not in a position to draw invidious comparisons. And yet I scarcely think that the young ladies who were among the most inveterate grumblers had been, as a rule, nursed in the lap of luxury; many of them had been at other schools, where they were worse treated and worse fed. But it was the fashion to abuse the dietary; and those who spoke well of it were voted mean-spirited creatures. The insatiable appetite of female youth—for between ten and fourteen there are few things, out of the line of a cormorant, to equal a girl's voracity—may have had something to do with it; nor, on the other hand, are young ladies at school the only persons in the world who are given to quarreling with their bread-and-butter.

If Lily had been any thing of a tale-teller there would have been sad work between the authorities and the pupils, owing to these chronic criticisms on the cuisine. The child had full license to come and go between the school-room and the parlor; and might have been found a very convenient spy in the two naturally hostile camps. A Jesuit's mouth would have watered to instruct her in the arts of secret diplomacy; but she knew nothing of leasing-making; and somehow her open face and artless ways made those who might have trained her to be a hypocrite at school ashamed of their design, and abortive in their intent.

She had now been three years and a half at Rhododendron House, and the sum agreed upon for her maintenance and education had been regularly paid in yearly sums, always in advance, by orders on a banker in Cornhill. The drafts came accompanied by short notes written in a foreign hand, but in very good English: in which a person signing himself J. B. Constant said that he had the honor to inclose the amount of Miss Floris's account, and that he would not trouble Mrs. Bunnycastle to make any communication to him, for the information of her papa or to the young lady's health and progress, since, from means at his command, he was well informed upon those matters himself. To the satisfaction of the Bunnycastles at receiving so liberal a stipend for the board and education of such a very little girl was added a vague apprehension of losing her if they did not treat her with every kindness, and a dim consciousness that their proceedings were being watched over by some occult external influence. It was under these circumstances, and when Lily was fast verging upon her ninth year, that she was one morning dressed in her best and told that she was to be taken at once to the drawing-room, where a strange lady waited to see her.

CHAPTER XIX.

LILY'S VISITORS.

MISS FLORIS sent for to the drawing-room! A strange lady for Lily! The whole school wondered at the news. There was a commotion. The very maid-servants were amazed. Such a thing had never occurred during the little girl's three years and a half's residence at Rhododendron House. She had been set down, by general acceptation: not as a friendless child—for that implied pauperism, and the regular discharge of Lily's school-bills was sufficient evidence of her having friends somewhere—but as one whose connections, whoever they were, resided far away, and were deterred, by major reasons, from coming to visit her.

Miss Dallwallah was, to some extent, in the same position: the requirements of the Indian Civil Service detaining her papa in his distant bungalow, and her mamma being dead; but no one would have dared to call Miss Dallwallah friendless. The Begum went home, regularly for the holidays, to the commercial gentleman at Balham; whereas Lily had never passed, save under scholastic escort, the outer gates of Rhododendron House. Those weary weeks passed in the deserted school-room and the scarcely less deserted house—for the Miss Bunnycastles were accustomed in holiday-time to repair to the pleasant shores of Ramsgate and Margate in quest of health and husbands; and Mrs. Bunnycastle was not, at the best of times, very amusing company for a little girl not yet eight years of age—were full of sorrowful memories for Lily. Inquisitive as she was, and fond of the contemplation of external objects that she might build mental speculations upon them, one is apt to grow tired at last of peering into inkstands in whose caked depths florid growths of white fungi have accumulated. The dusty débris of last half's slate pencils will at last lose their charm, and novelty cease to emerge from the names of by-gone pupils cut on desks and forms. Lily remembered, with a shuddering dread, the lonely dinners and teas that used to be served to her in the school-room; the sepulchral ticking of clocks all over the premises; the boldness of a certain black rat that used to sally from beneath the meat-screen book-case, and watch her as she fed, and wink at her with fierce red eyes, as though he said, "Drop me plenty of crumbs or, by my grandmother's whiskers, I will scale the stool on which your tiny body is perched and eat you up!" Lily was always glad when the holidays were over. And when Mrs. Bunnycastle's young friends came back grumbling, as usual, at having to recommence their studies and leave their beds when the "getting-up" bell rang, she wondered, in her simple soul, whatever they could have to be discontented with.

After she had been dressed, and brushed, and tidied, and made generally spruce and shining as a new pin, Miss Barbara took her by the hand, and led her to the best parlor.

There was a lady waiting for her. She was a very handsome lady, not in her first youth, but in her second, which, very probably, was handsomer than the first had been. She was very splendidly dressed: so splendidly that Lily, suddenly collecting all that she had heard about the Arabian Nights, instantly put her down as the absolute and visible impersonation of that Sultana Scheherazade, of whom Miss Dallwallah was the imaginary type. She had a great deal of silk about her that rustled, and of lace that fluttered, and of flowers that waved, and a great many ornaments of jewels and gold that jingled and made a shine. It occurred to Lily that had she purchased the picture of that lady from the gallery of Mr. Marks, or Mr. Park, for a penny plain, she would cost at least twelve-and-sixpence to emblazon and finish off completely in tinsel.

The visitor did not appear, however, to be either a very patient or a very good-tempered lady. She had been kept for some time waiting, and it had made her cross. She was drumming on the ground with her feet, and rapping Mrs. Bunnycastle's great circular walnut-wood drawing-room table with her parasol: a potent lady, indeed, so to presume to rap that revered article of furniture! Moreover, when Miss Barbara, with Lily meekly trotting after her, entered the apartment, she turned to the former with a very quick and fierce movement, and said:

"Had you not better keep me all day? Is this little brat a princess that I am to dance attendance for hours before she grants me an audience?"

Lily opened her eyes at being spoken of as a brat. No such ill-natured term had ever yet been applied to her. This was evidently a very cross lady: as cross as the tall English teacher who was sent away for pulling the girls' ears when they were remiss in their geography—the Miss Bunnycastles observing, at the time, and with perfect propriety and candor, that, if any thing of that kind was to be done, they could do it themselves. Lily noticed, too, apart from the angry vehemence of the lady's manner, that her voice did not resemble that of the Bunnycastles, or of any English girl in the school. She spoke more like Mademoiselle, for shortness called "Mamselle," French governess at Rhododendron House, who was accustomed to rail against the Bunnycastles as "tyrannical Megæras," to have the toothache, and to weep about her ancestors.

Miss Barbara drew herself up somewhat at being thus abruptly addressed. Alone, it would not have so much mattered; but, in the presence of a scholar, to be snubbed was intolerable. Did not Doctor Busby, when he went over Westminster School with King Charles the Second, apologize to his Majesty for keeping his hat on, upon the ground that if his boys were led for an instant to imagine that there was in the whole world a greater personage than he, his authority would be lost forever? So Miss Barbara drew herself up, and looked sharp-edged rulers, or whatever the law of kindness was capable of resorting to in moments of resentment, at the aggressor.

"My mamma, Madam," she explained, with the polite severity of offended dignity, "is confined to her bed by sickness, else she would have received you. My sisters are detained in the school-room by their scholastic duties. With my own hands I have prepared Miss Floris for the

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visit which, during three years and a half, her friends have never condescended to pay her instructresses."

"She ought not to want any preparation," returned the lady, with undiminished violence. "Do you keep her in a pig-sty, that she is not fit to be seen when her"—she stopped herself for an instant—"when her friends call upon her? Come here, child."

Lily answered the summons not very willingly. The handsome angry lady terrified her. She was accustomed, however, to do as she was bid, and obeyed the command: approaching the lady, however, sideways, and with one small forefinger in her mouth.

"Don't look like a fool!" cried the handsome lady.

Lily did not know what else to look like; or, to an uninterested spectator, she might have looked very much like a little girl in active preparation for a good cry. Her perturbation was increased when the strange visitor, pulling the child toward her, and with no very gentle hand offered very unmistakable evidence that she was about to undress her. She stayed her hand, however, at the sight of Lily's little gleaming white shoulders, which—a most curious and inconsequential lady this—she proceeded, incontinent, to cover with very fierce hot kisses. And then, that nothing might be wanting to the oddity of her demeanor, she pushed the child away again.

"There," she said, "I see you're clean enough. Do you give her a bath every morning?" she resumed, addressing Miss Barbara.

"Miss Floris," retorted that young lady, combining a diplomatic evasion with much moral suavity, "has constantly received unremitting attention, both as regards her physical and mental requirements."

"How fine you schoolmistresses talk!" the lady went on, not, apparently, in the slightest degree touched by the governess's eloquence. "It is all in the advertisement, I suppose—l'annonce. What is your name, child?"

The little girl opened her eyes, and Miss Barbara opened hers too. Had not the strange lady asked for Miss Floris?

"Lily," the child answered.

"Lily what?"

"Lily Floris, ma'am."

"Beast of a name. We must change it. How old are you?"

Lily looked appealingly at Miss Barbara.

"I have reason to believe," Miss Bunnycastle remarked, with lofty condescension, "that Miss Floris is rapidly approaching her eighth birthday."

"Are you happy here?" resumed the lady, not deigning to acknowledge Miss Bunnycastle's volunteered statement.

"Yes, ma'am," the child replied, with all the sincerity of eight years of age. The lady frowned at this somewhat; but Miss Bunnycastle rendered thanks to Lily, in her secret soul. "It was always an engaging little thing," she admitted mentally.

"Do they beat you?" the lady continued.

"No, ma'am," the child returned, opening her eyes wider than ever.

"Tant pis," said the lady. "When I was young they used to beat me like a sack. It is true," she added, turning to Miss Barbara.

Miss Bunnycastle made a genteel inclination of the head, which might mean any thing; but I believe that in the recesses of her mind the thought just then was uppermost, that if that handsome lady had been one of her young ladyboarders, and of a convenient age, she would have given her some viva voce exemplifications of the law of kindness, which should have been of a nature to astonish her.

"I suppose it's good for children, the stick, and all that," the lady added, musing. "It did me a torrent of good, to be sure. It made me love every body so. There," she cried, giving her body a sudden wrench, as though she wished to rid herself of an unpleasant theme of thought, "I dare say you're too frightened to tell the truth while your schoolmistress is near. Please to have her dressed, and I will take her out for a walk."

The last part of her speech was addressed to Miss Barbara, and the governess thought it high time to make a stand upon it.

"Madam," she said, with freezing politeness, "Miss Floris was placed here, three years and a half since, by two gentlemen who, in confiding her—then almost an infant—to our charge, strictly stipulated that she was never to leave it, save under direct instructions from—"

"Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant," the lady interposed, and, for a wonder, very coolly. "I know all about that. M. Constant is the agent for Miss Floris's guardian, and M. Constant pays her school-bills every year."

"Precisely so," Miss Barbara returned. "Therefore without instructions from M. Constant—"

"You wouldn't let her go: at least you'd say you wouldn't, although, if I choose, I'd have the child out of this house if fifty dragoons with drawn swords stood at the door to oppose it. But what nonsense all this is! Do you know the handwriting of M. Jean Baptiste Constant?"

"Perfectly well, Madam."

"Then read that: get the child's hat and pelisse on, and let me hear no more about it."

She opened a pretty reticule, all velvet and golden beads, and flung rather than handed to Miss Bunnycastle a note written in M. Constant's remarkably small and neat handwriting, in which, with many compliments to the amiable Madame and Mesdemoiselles Bunnycastle, he requested them, in all respects, to obey such directions as should be given to them in respect to Miss Lily Floris, by Madame la Comtesse de Prannes, that young lady's nearest female relative.

"The letter, I see, is dated Paris," Miss Bunnycastle replied, after reading and re-reading the note, but still with a certain amount of hesitation.

"Whence else?" returned the lady, with impetuosity. "He being in Paris. M. Jean Baptiste Constant is ill. He is in bed. He has an aneurism."

"And you, Madam?"

"You are very inquisitive. I am Miss Floris's nearest female relative. I am Madame la Comtesse de Prannes. There is my card, which I gave to your dirty slut of a servant. Would you like to know any thing else? Where I was born? When I was baptized? At what age I made my first communion?"

The last straw broke the camel's back. The Bunnycastle had borne, though with much inward raging, with all the discourtesy of the strange lady, but that allusion to her neat-handed Phillis as a "dirty slut" was too much for her. She cast M. J. B. Constant's letter from her, and, with a heightening color, exclaimed:

"I won't let the dear little child go. I don't know who you are, or what you mean. Your manners are most insulting, and unless the gentlemen come themselves to fetch Miss Floris, or M. Constant sends a messenger who knows how to behave herself, the darling sha'n't go. Do you want to go, Lily?"

The subject of this controversy, simply reasoning that the strange lady frightened her, and that she was very fond of Miss Bunnycastle, and, moreover, that it was decidedly preferable to be called a darling than a brat, replied, her little heart palpitating violently, that she was very happy where she was, and that she didn't want to go away with any body.

"I thought so!" Miss Barbara exclaimed, triumphantly catching the child to her. "A pretty thing, indeed, to be tutored and domineered over in one's own house. You have your answer, Madam, and I must wish you a good-morning." And she made as though she would have rung the bell to have the importunate visitor ushered out.

But Miss Barbara Bunnycastle reckoned without her host. The strange lady rose in a rage.

"You devil!" she cried. Such language in a genteel establishment for young ladies! "I will have the child. Do your worst. I say she shall go with me. You mad-woman, go and ask your mother and sisters, and they will make you listen to reason. Call in the police, if you like, and see what a charming figure your school will make in the journals. Go, idiot, and take advice!"

She set her teeth together, and glared at Miss Barbara as though she would devour her. The schoolmistress was fairly appalled. Was the lady mad? Something must be done, and on reflection she concluded that the best thing she could do was to consult Celia and Adelaide. The front gate was fast locked, and the lady would hardly be so desperate, she thought, as to scale the iron railings. But how to leave her in the drawing-room, and how to get her away from Lily?

The stranger seemed to divine her thoughts. "Ring the bell, if you like," she said, "and tell the other women to come here. I'm not afraid of twenty of them. But I'll tell you what! Before I leave this room without the child, I'll smash every window, and set fire to the house." And the lady decidedly looked as though she meant what she said.

It was a strange dilemma; an uprooting of all the conventionalities, an unheard-of revolution in the ordinarily placid world of Rhododendron House. A servant was rung for, and the Miss Bunnycastles summoned. Then a special embassy was dispatched to Mrs. Bunnycastle up stairs; but the old lady, who was now growing very feeble, and was not quite valid, mentally, could suggest nothing, and confined herself to a general remark that "she never heard of such goings on." As a last resource, Mr. Drax was sent for. That discreet practitioner happened fortunately to be at home, and on his arrival at the school did his best to throw oil on the troubled waters. He advised concession. M. J. B. Constant's handwriting was undeniably genuine. M. J. B. Constant's wishes must be attended to. Moreover, there was nothing owing. Lily's bill was always paid in advance, and there were at least six months to run, to the next term of payment. The lady was evidently a lady. (To be sure, Mr. Drax had not seen her in a rage.) Clearly, the only course to adopt was to accede to her very rational demand.

It happened, at this conjuncture, that the strange lady's bearing underwent a remarkable change for the better. She condescended to smile on Mr. Drax. She told him that he had acted with great discretion: which expression tallied so exactly with the quality on which he so much prided himself that Mr. Drax was in ecstasies, and even Celia and Adelaide thought that their sister had been a little too hasty. To be sure, they, too, had not seen the handsome lady in a rage. She, on her part, volunteered the information that she was Lily's aunt, that her only object in temporarily removing her was to take her out for a holiday and purchase her some new clothes; and she faithfully promised to return with the child, on that self-same evening. Finally, a treaty of peace was arranged. As a matter of form, a fresh embassy was dispatched to Mrs. Bunnycastle, to obtain her consent, as chief of the establishment, to Miss Floris's temporary departure; but that good lady merely told her daughters that they might do as they liked, and expressed a desire not to be "worried." Poor, placid Mrs. Bunnycastle: we shall see thee no more.

Lily, who had stood and wondered throughout the whole of this strange argument, was at length conducted to a bedroom and arrayed in her walking clothes. Miss Barbara it was who buttoned on her pelisse, and tied her hat beneath her dimpled chin; but Miss Barbara, although she had been forced to yield to superior numbers, was by no means satisfied in mind at the upshot of the dispute.

"You'll be sure to come back early this evening," she said, as, kneeling on the floor to adjust a bow, she gazed earnestly in the child's face.

"Yes, Miss Babby" (this was the petit nom which, of all the five-and-thirty boarders, Lily, the chartered pet of the establishment, was privileged to address Miss Barbara by).

"Yes, Miss Babby," Lily whimpered; "and I'm sure I don't want to go away at all."

"There, you mustn't cry," Miss Barbara, who was on the point of shedding tears herself, hastily interposed; "it's naughty, and not like a great girl, you know. Mind you're back by evening prayers. If you don't, you'll be punished." This was said with a touch of Miss Barbara Bunnycastle's ordinary and scholastic sententiousness; but her heart was not in her words, and, casting her arms around the little girl's neck, and without any valid reason in the world that I know of, she wept over her as though her heart would break.

The same quite irrational impulse led Miss Barbara, after Lily had been carried off in a kind of sweeping and defiant triumph by the strange lady who had so remarkable a temper, to shed many more tears. It was foolish, she admitted, but she couldn't help it. The child would be back soon. There was no harm in her going out. Her sisters were quite satisfied. Mr. Drax had pledged his discretion to the authenticity of J. B. Constant's autograph. But Miss Barbara mistrusted and Miss Barbara wept, she knew not why. Somehow, this little brown-haired blue-eyed maiden had twisted herself round her heart, and she felt as though the charming little parasite had been rudely torn away. She dried her eyes, and put on, as well as she could manage it, the scholastic countenance, and then she went down into the school-room and took a geography class. Her temper was tried in the usual manner. There was the usual average of stupid young ladies, careless young ladies, young ladies who were pert, and young ladies who were aggravating. She ground, for the five thousandth time, the dreary old barrel-organ to its accustomed round of tunes, but her spirit was far away. Her heart yearned for Lily. She distributed good marks and bad marks unconsciously, and she was inexpressibly grateful for tea-time: not alone because her wearisome task was over, but because the time had grown nearer when she thought the child would return.

That a schoolmistress is a "cross old thing," and nothing more, whole generations of young ladies have unanimously agreed. In regions far remote from the school-room and its petty verdicts, polite society finds little difficulty in setting down the governess as a prim, precise, fastidious personage, full of angular ways and ludicrous rigidity. She is somebody to be caricatured, or snubbed, or superciliously patronized. Ah! if we only thought a little more of what she had to go through. Ah! if we only reflected a little on how sick grows the head that has to listen to the strains, how numbed grows the hand that has to turn, turn, turn, that everlasting barrel-organ! Men, with a smug complacency, repeat, one after the other, that women have a special aptitude for teaching; that they are patient, willing, persuasive, and the rest; and then, with pitiless politeness, condemn them to grind the barrel-organ for the term of their natural lives. That men are not so eminently fitted for the task of tuition is shown by their losing patience half a dozen times in the course of a lesson, and falling on the cubs they are licking into shape and thrashing them fiercely; but gentle, long-suffering woman is contented to go on mildly nagging, and wrangling, and moralizing over the cubs, when they decline to dance to the very genteelest of tunes. In the female wards of every lunatic asylum you are sure to meet with one or two demented schoolmistresses. I often wonder that for the one or two I don't meet a dozen.

Tea-time came and went; then play-hour; then study-hour; at last the times for reading prayers and going to bed. Miss Floris had not come back. Her continued absence was common talk in the school-room. Among the girls, one party, the more imaginative, speculated on the dreadful things that would be done to a pupil who staid beyond her leave; another, and more practical section, opined that Lily would be held harmless, seeing what a favorite she was with the authorities.

Time went on, and the Miss Bunnycastles sat down to that supper which they were too sick at heart to eat. The clock was on the stroke of ten when the outer gate bell rang.

"'Tis she! 'tis Miss Floris!" cried Barbara; "the dear little thing!"

"The naughty little minx, rather!" added Celia, with some asperity.

"Perhaps it isn't her fault," pleaded Adelaide; "she may have been taken ill. But here she is!"

The door opened, and the maid appeared, with a scared face, announcing not Lily, but a gentleman; and, close upon her heels, there followed, nearly breathless with haste, nearly wild with excitement, Jean Baptiste Constant.

"The child!" he cried; "the child, dear ladies! Has she come back?"

A trembling negative had to be returned to his question.

"Oh! I am ruined, I am ruined!" the Swiss went on. "Where is she? What have you done with her? Oh! my little, little Lily. She has been stolen, stolen by that monster of a woman. Malediction!"

And for a long time this was all that could be got out of J. B. Constant. He persisted in declaring that he was ruined. By degrees he calmed down a little, and explained that at five o'clock that afternoon he had seen the child pass, in a hackney-coach, with a person in whose company (so with much vehemence he declared) she had no right to be. It was in Regent Street. He had followed the coach as rapidly as he could, and, by voice and gestures, had endeavored to arrest its progress. But all was in vain. The place was Regent Street; the time, the full tide of afternoon life. At length, in despair, he had been compelled to abandon the chase, vainly endeavoring to persuade himself that he might have been mistaken. He had made scores of inquiries—perquisitions, he called them—in places whither he thought it at least faintly probable that Lily might have been conveyed, and at length he had come to Rhododendron House.

The Bunnycastles could do little to console him. They made the most of their reluctance to allow Lily to leave; but what were they to do? They had long hesitated, but had at last acted on the advice of Mr. Drax, a trusted and discreet friend.

"Curse Mr. Drax!" cried the valet, fiercely. "Drax is a goose, a pig, a donkey!" And I am afraid the discomfited Miss Bunnycastles felt at that moment very much inclined to agree with J. B. C. Drax's renown for discretion was gone forever.

They showed J. B. Constant the note purporting to be in his handwriting. He flung it from him with something very like an oath and a yell of rage.

"A forgery, an infamous forgery!" he cried, distractedly. "Fool that I was not to have foreseen the possibility of such a fraud! That woman would do any thing!"

"And whatever will your master say?" naïvely remarked Miss Adelaide, who had been eying the valet with much curiosity.

"My master!" he repeated; "burn my master! This little angel was worth twenty thousand masters to me."

Grief made him garrulous, but his communicativeness was not of a nature to satisfy the Bunnycastles. As the payments had all been made in advance, and the customary references dispensed with, they felt the indelicacy of pressing him with direct questions. Very little that was definite could be extracted from J. B. Constant. He would mention no names; but when the card of Madame la Comtesse de Prannes was shown to him, he tore it, contemptuously, in half, and muttered, "Bah! one of her twenty aliases."

The council remained in session until an hour was attained quite unexampled in the annals of this well-conducted establishment. But Lily did not come back. Indeed to Rhododendron House she was not to return again. J. B. Constant, with lowering looks, but with many protestations of regret at having disturbed the ladies, took his leave, saying, that if the child did not come back they were very welcome to keep what remained of her wardrobe as some slight compensation for the trouble they had taken. And then the Bunnycastles were left desolate. The compensation was very slight indeed. Barbara had to mourn the loss of her darling, and would not be comforted; and her two more practical sisters were bound in bitterness to acknowledge that the payments, having been made in advance, they could not demand even so much as a quarter's notice for the sudden removal of their young lady-boarder.

GAMBLING IN STOCKS.

THE excitement attending stock-gambling is finely depicted in our sketch on page 296. The scene here represented is one that may be seen nightly at the new stock-board in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where operators, whose eagerness for speculation is not satisfied by their day-experience, congregate in numbers and gamble far into the night.

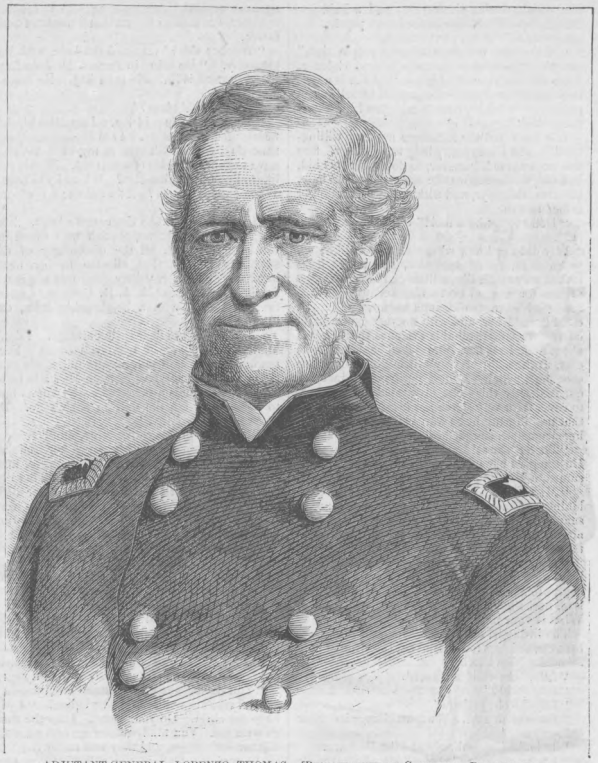
GENERAL GREGG.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID M. GREGG, whose portrait we give on page 300, is a native of Pennsylvania, and is only thirty years of age. He entered West Point as a cadet in 1851, and graduated on the 30th of June, 1855, standing No. 8 in his class, among the members of which were Generals WEITZEL, TORBERT, HAZEN, MERRILL, DU BOIS, AVERILL, Colonel COLBURN, and many others in the Union army. On the 1st of July, 1855, he was brevetted Second Lieutenant of the Second Dragoons, and was transferred to the First Dragoons, with full rank, on the 4th of September, 1855. He was distinguished in several conflicts with the Indians in Washington Territory, in September, 1858, and in the early part of 1861 was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was further promoted to a Captaincy in the Sixth United States Cavalry (a new regiment), and afterward was appointed Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, or Eighty-ninth Regiment of Volunteers. He served during the peninsula campaign, and was brevetted Major of the United States Army for meritorious services in reconnoissances before Richmond from July 1, 1862. At the death of General BAYARD at Fredericksburg, he was, on the 14th of December, 1862, appointed to the command of his Brigade, with rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers from November 29, 1862. This appointment was confirmed in March, 1863. In February, 1863, he was appointed commander of the Third Division of Cavalry under General STONEMAN, and in that position distinguished himself on several occasions. At present he commands the Second Division of the cavalry corps. He is among the most capable and daring cavalry officers in the service, and with CUSTER, PLEASANTON, KILPATRICK, SHERIDAN, and others, has stamped his name indelibly on the annals of our great conflict.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID M. GREGG.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 299.]



ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

THE NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS CROSSING CANE RIVER, LA.

WE give below a sketch of the NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS, belonging to General BANKS's army, crossing Cane River, Louisiana, on a pontoon bridge. The crossing took place on the 31st of March, two days having been occupied in laying the bridge. Cane River, thirty-five miles above Alexandria, is one of the more considerable streams that flow into or out of Red River, according to the relative height of the water in the two streams. Like Red River, its banks are divided at short intervals by sloughs, or bayous, as they are called by the natives, which are sometimes magnified by rains into small rivers, and sometimes as dry as a brick sidewalk. Cane River is a fixed stream, its waters being supplied by the drainage from the higher lands on its west side. As its name implies its banks are lined with extensive "cane-brakes," which in some places cover many thousand acres, and furnish grazing for large herds of cattle. Two days after crossing the river the Federal cavalry engaged the enemy in force, and defeated them with heavy loss. All the rebel cavalry engaged were under command of General DICK TAYLOR. The entire force of the enemy amounted to about 10,000. The success at that point will give Cane River a historic importance.

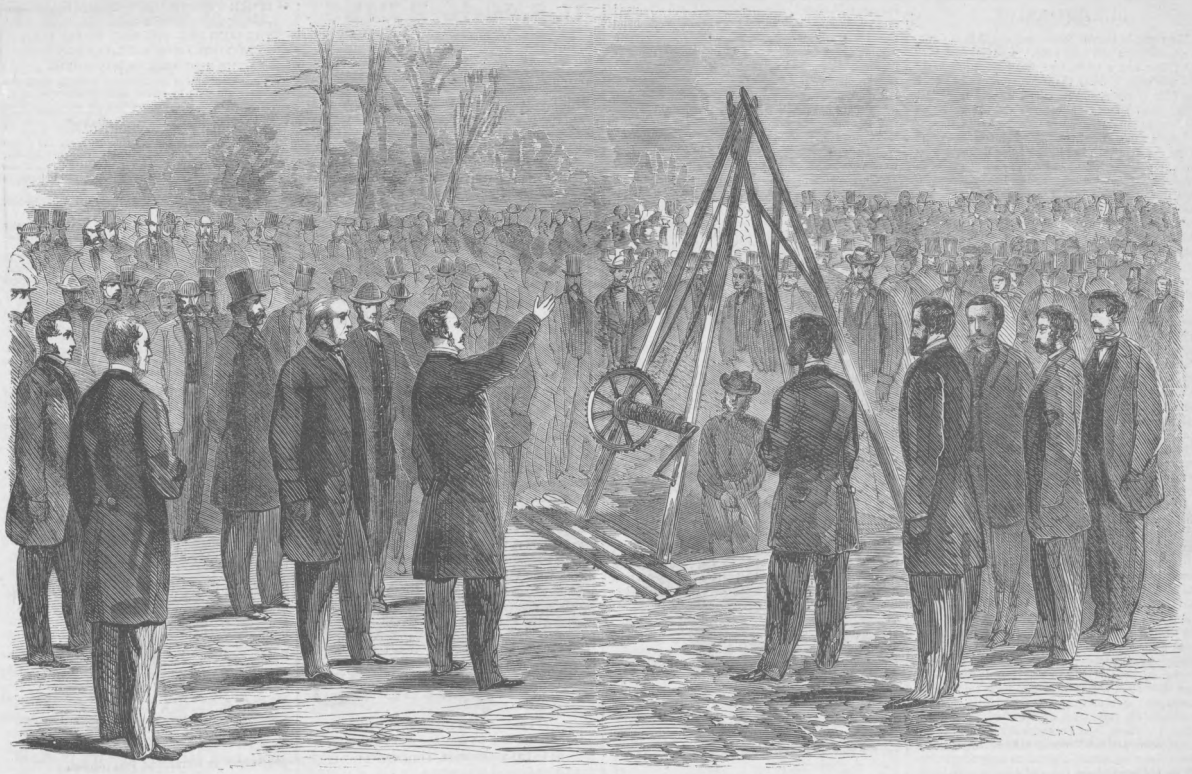
ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS.

WE present on this page a portrait of ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS, whose name has been prominently before the public during the whole of the present war. General THOMAS is a native of Delaware; he entered West Point in September, 1819, and in July, 1823, was made Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. From March, 1828, to February, 1831, he acted as Adjutant, and in 1836 was made Captain. In September, 1836, he became Assistant Quarter-master, and in July, 1838, was made Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Major. In September, 1846, he was made brevet Lieutenant-Colonel "for gallantry and meritorious conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, Mexico." Subsequently, he was made Major of the Fourth Infantry, and relinquished his rank in the line. On the 15th of July, 1852, he became Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At the commencement of the war he occupied this position, but for several months past has been engaged in the West in the organization of negro regiments, and the superintendence of the work of establishing the Free Labor system on abandoned plantations. In this work he has displayed great energy and wisdom.



THE NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS CROSSING CANE RIVER, LOUISIANA.

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THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

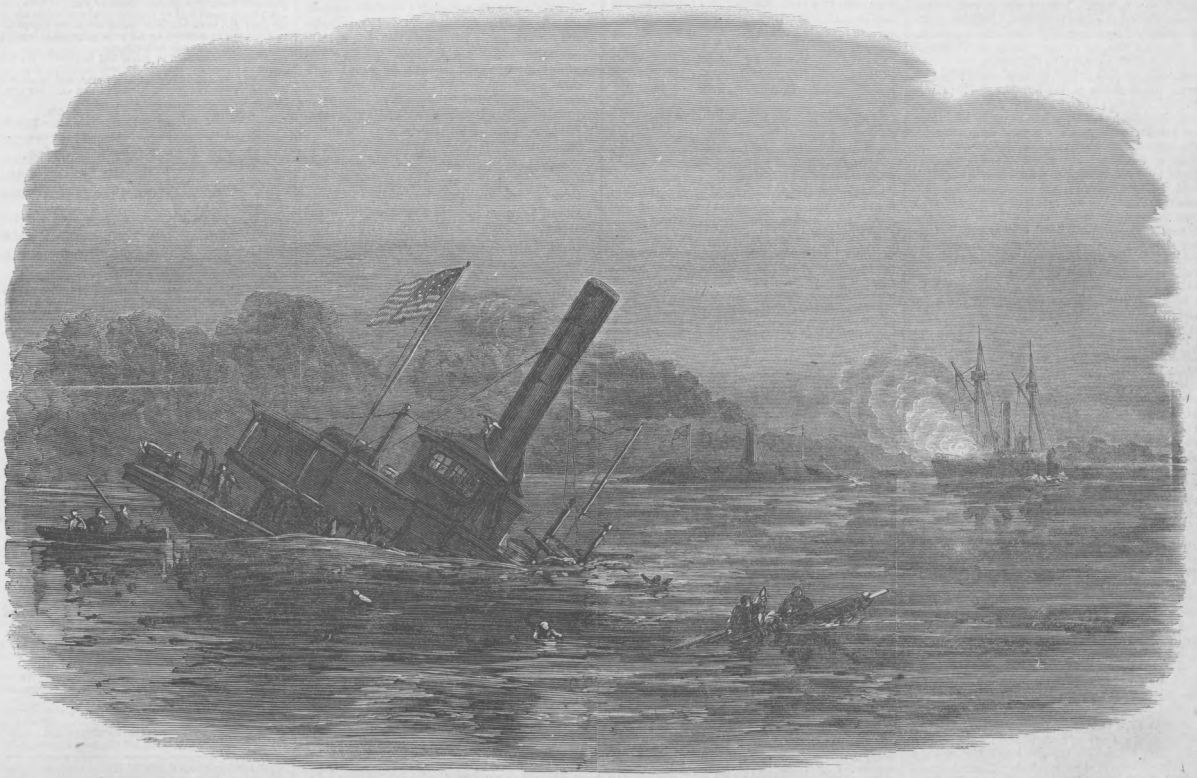
THE three hundredth anniversary of the birth of SHAKESPEARE was commemorated (April 23) in New York by laying the corner-stone of a Monument to his memory in Central Park. The ceremonies were witnessed by a number of distinguished citizens. The principal features of the occasion were addresses by Judge DALY and Mr. WHEATLEY, who recited an original poem, and the formal laying of the stone by Mr. HACKETT. The ceremonies closed by the formal acceptance of the monument by Mayor GUNTHER on behalf of the city. The site of the proposed statue is at the south end of the Mall, one of the most attractive and delightful within the limits of the grounds. A space staked off and surrounded with ropes protects the excavation, in which rests an oblong block of granite, bearing the following inscription:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
APRIL 23, 1864.

The Monument will add another permanent attraction to the Park.

THE REBEL RAM AT PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

WE give on this page a sketch of the encounter between the Rebel Ram and the Federal gun-boat *Miami* in the Roanoke River, near Plymouth, North Carolina. Our sketch shows the gun-boat *Southfield* in a sinking condition, having been run down by the Ram. The *Southfield* was formerly a ferry-boat, and carried a battery of six guns. Upon finding the *Southfield* disabled, the Ram gave chase to the *Miami*. Captain FLUSSER stood by the large gun, and asked what charge it contained. He was answered, "A shell;" and he made the remark, "Let us fire this, and afterward we will give him a better dose, solid shot." Captain FLUSSER sighted the gun himself, the iron-clad being only a half-length from him. The shell fired was a 10-second fuse, which struck the roof of the Ram, rebounded, and hit Captain FLUSSER. In striking him the shell exploded, and killed the gallant officer instantly, almost tearing him to pieces. The *Miami* then retired below Plymouth, having succeeded in picking up a number of the officers and crew of the *Southfield*.



THE REBEL RAM ATTACKING FEDERAL GUN-BOATS AT PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

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BURIED ALIVE.

My name is Daniel Tyler, and my skin is dark, as my mother's was before me. I have heard that my father had a white face, but I think his heart and life were blacker than my mother's skin. I was born a slave, and remained a slave until last April, when I found deliverance and shelter under the flag that my master was fighting to dishonor.

I shall never forget the day when freedom came to me. I was working in the fields down in Alabama, my heart full of bitterness and unutterable longings. I had dreamed for two long years of escape from my bondage; the thought sung to me through the dark nights, and filled all the days with a weird sort of nervous expectation. But my dreams had proved nothing more than dreams; the opportunity I yearned for did not come. But that day, working in the fields, suddenly along the dusty road there flashed a long column of loyal cavalry, the old flag flying at its head. How my heart leaped at the sight; how, like a revelation, came the thought: "This, Daniel Tyler, is your opportunity!" Need I tell you how I acted upon that thought; how, in one second of time, I leaped out of slavery into freedom, and from a slave became a man?

Well, joining the flashing column, I rode with them for days, coming at last into Baton Rouge, and thence, having joined a regiment of my own people, came to Memphis. Thence four hundred of us came to Fort Pillow. But there are not four hundred of us to-day, for three hundred and odd were murdered in cold blood only a week ago by Forrest's rough-riders.

It was a day of horrors—that 12th of March. There were seven hundred of us in all in the fort—three hundred whites of the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, and four hundred blacks, as I have said, all under command of brave Major Booth. The fort consisted simply of earth-works, on which we had mounted half a dozen guns. We knew that Forrest had been pillaging the country all about us, and imagined that perhaps he would pay us a visit; but the thought did not alarm us, though we knew, those of us who were black, that we had little to expect at the hands of the rebels. At last, about sunrise on the morning of the 12th, Forrest, with some 6000 men, appeared and at once commenced an attack. We met the assault bravely, and for two hours the fight went on briskly. Then a flag of truce came in from Forrest, asking an unconditional surrender, but Major Bradford—Major Booth having been wounded—declined to surrender unless the enemy would treat those of us who were black as prisoners of war, which, of course, they refused to do, and the fight went on. The enemy, in the next few hours, made several desperate charges, but were each time repulsed. At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, they sent in another flag. We ceased firing out of respect to the flag; but Forrest's men had no such notions of honor and good faith. The moment we stopped firing they swarmed all about the fort, and while the flag was yet withdrawing, made a desperate charge from all sides. Up to that time only about thirty of our men had been hurt. But in this charge the enemy got within the earth-works, and forthwith there ensued a scene which no pen can describe. Seeing that all resistance was useless, most of us threw down our arms, expecting, and many begging for, quarter. But it was in vain. Murder was in every rebel heart; flamed in every rebel eye. Indiscriminate massacre followed instantly upon our surrender. Some of us, seeking shelter, ran to the river and tried to conceal ourselves in the bushes, but for the most part in vain. The savages, pursuing, shot down the fugitives in their tracks. There was Manuel Nichols, as brave a soldier as ever carried a musket. He had been a free negro in Michigan, but volunteered a year ago to fight for the Union. He, with others, had sought a shelter under the bank of the river, but a cold-blooded monster found him, and putting a pistol close to his head, fired, failing however to kill the brave fellow. He was then hacked on the arm, and only a day after died, delirious, in the hospital. Then there was Robert Hall, another colored soldier, who was lying sick in the hospital when the massacre commenced. The devils gashed his head horribly with their sabres, and then cut off part of his right hand, which he had lifted in a mute appeal for mercy. Then there was Harrison, of the Thirteenth Tennessee, who was shot four times after surrender, and then robbed of all his effects. Before I was shot, running along the river bank, I counted fifty dead Union soldiers lying in their blood. One had crawled into a hollow log and was killed in it, another had got over the bank in the river, and on to a board that run out into the water. He laid on it on his face, with his feet in the water, and when I saw him was already stark and stiff. Several had tried to hide in crevices made by the falling bank, and could not be seen without difficulty, but they were singled out and killed. One negro corporal, Jacob Wilson, who was down on the river bank, seeing that no quarter was shown, stepped into the water so that he lay partly under it. A rebel coming along asked him what was the matter: he said he was badly wounded, and the rebel, after taking from his pocket all the money he had, left him. It happened to be near by a flat-boat tied to the bank. When all was quiet Wilson crawled into it, and got three more wounded comrades also into it, and cut loose. The boat floated out into the channel and was found ashore some miles below. There were, alas, few such fortunate escapes!

I was shot near the river just about dark. Running for my life, a burly rebel struck me with his carbine, putting out one eye, and then shot me in two places. I thought he would certainly leave me with that, but I was mistaken. With half a dozen others, I was at once picked up and carried to a ditch, into which we were tossed like so many brutes, white and black together. Then they covered us with loose dirt, and left us to die. Oh, how dark and desolate it was! Under me were several dead, and right across my breast lay a white soldier, still alive! How he clutched and strained! How, hurt and weak as I was, with only one hand free, I struggled for air and life, feeling my strength waning every moment! It was a strange thing to lie there buried, and yet be able to think and pray. Maybe, friend, you have known what agony was, but you never had such pains of soul as I had down there in that living grave. I thought I could feel the worms gnawing at my flesh; I am sure I had a taste of what death is, with the added pain of knowing that I was not dead, and yet unable to live in that dark, dismal tomb. So I clutched and strained and struggled on, digging upward as I could with my one puny hand. At last—oh joy!—a faint streak of light looked in; my hand had carved an avenue to the world of life! But would I dare to lift my head? Might not some rebel, standing by, strike me down again on the moment? But I could not die *there* in that grave; I *must* escape. Slowly, painfully, I rolled the burden from my breast—*he* was dead by that time—and then carefully crept out from that living death. It was dark, and no one was near. A moment I stood up on my feet; then—

The next thing I remember I was in the hospital where I am now. They had found me just where I fell, and brought me to a place of safety, where, after a while, consciousness returned. I have been here a week now; and I think I shall get well.

I lie in the cot where poor Robert Hall lay when he was butchered by the rebels. They showed me, yesterday, a letter he had written the day before the massacre to his wife. He had learned to read and write at Memphis, after his enlistment, and used to send a message to his wife and children, who still remained there, every week or so. This was his letter which a surgeon had helped him put together:

"DEAR MAMMY"—it ran—"I am very sick here in the hospital, but am better than I was, and hope to get well soon. They have been very kind to me; and I find it very sweet to suffer for the dear flag that gives me shelter. You must not worry on my account. Tell Katy she must not forget to say her prayers and to study her lessons carefully now while she has an opportunity. And, mammy, take good care of the baby; I dreamed of her last night, and I think how sad it would be to die and never see her little face again. But then chaplain says it will all be right in heaven, and he knows better than we do. And, mammy, don't forget we are free now; teach both the darlings to be worthy of their estate."

That was poor Hall's letter—it had not been sent, and we have no heart to send it now. He will never see the baby's face here; but then God may let him see it up yonder!

I hope to recover and get away from here very soon; I want to be in my place again; for I have something to avenge now, and I can not bear to wait. Poor Hall's blood is crying to me from the ground; and I want to be able, sometime, to say to Manuel Nichols's wife, up there in Michigan, that *his* fall has had its compensation. And may God speed the day when this whole slaveholders' rebellion—what remains of it—shall be "Buried Alive!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE COLLECTION OF
Pianoforte Songs, Ballads, Duets, Quartets, &c.
"THE SILVER CHORD."
An elegant volume of two hundred pages. Price, plain binding, $2; cloth, $2 25; full gilt, $3 00. Mailed, post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Attention Company!
Clark's Onguent, a powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of whiskers or moustaches in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented, by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 3 months from day of purchase. Price $1 00. Sent sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money.
Address, A. C. CLARK,
P. O. Drawer 118,
Albany, N. Y.

MME. DEMOREST'S IMPERIAL DRESS ELEVATOR, a very durable, convenient, and perfect arrangement for raising the dress in graceful festoons, the fashionable style, uniformly all around, and letting it down at will. Price 50 cents. Sold at all the fancy and trimming stores, or sent by mail free on receipt of the price. No. 473 Broadway. Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

Union Playing Cards.
Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 6, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the loan authorized by the Act of March 3, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow from time to time, on the credit of the United States, not exceeding TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS during the current fiscal year, and to prepare and issue therefor Coupon and Registered Bonds of the United States: and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN COIN at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable at those dates, and the annual Coupons on the 50 and 100 dollar Bonds are payable on the 1st of March.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), One Thousand Dollars ($1000), Five Thousand Dollars ($5000), and Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000), and Coupon Bonds of the denomination of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), and One Thousand Dollars ($1000).

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1, by paying the accrued interest in coin—(or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium), or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is holden to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from $50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The fact that all duties on imports are payable in specie furnishes a fund for like payment of interest on all Government Bonds largely in excess of the wants of the treasury for this purpose.

Upon the receipt of subscriptions a certificate of deposit therefor, in duplicate, will be issued, the original of which will be forwarded by the subscriber to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, with a letter stating the kind [registered or coupon] and the denominations of bond required.

Upon the receipt of the original certificates at the Treasury Department, the bonds subscribed for will be transmitted to the subscribers respectively.

Subscriptions will be received by the *Treasurer of the United States* at Washington, and the *Assistant Treasurers* at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and by the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, No. 4 Wall St.
SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, 23d St. and Broadway.
FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, Pine St.
SIXTH NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, 6th Avenue and Broadway.
TENTH NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK.
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And by all National Banks which are depositories of public money. All respectable banks and bankers throughout the country will furnish further information on application, and afford every facility to subscribers.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering, in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
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Eagle Gas Stove Works.
Summer Cooking Stove.

GAS the CHEAPEST FUEL.
BOIL, BROIL, ROAST, BAKE, TOAST, and do IRONING.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.
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UTERINE CATHOLICON (Marshall's).
An infallible cure for "Female Weakness," and all Uterine complaints of women.
Price **$1 50** per bottle. Five bottles for SIX DOLLARS.
THE GRAEFENBERG VEGETABLE PILLS.
The best Pill in the world for family use, and for all Bilious and Liver complaints. Price **25** cents per box.
Address all orders to J. F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Resident Physician GRAEFENBERG COMPANY,
No. **139** William Street, near Fulton, New York.
☞ INQUIRE OF DEALERS EVERYWHERE. ☜

Do they Pray for Me at Home? The best song out. Mailed for 25 cents.
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Baker's Rheumatic Balm.
This remedy has been used in the family of the proprietors and his friends for many years, and they have induced him to offer it for sale to the public, feeling confident, after a trial, that they will consider him a public benefactor.
In cases of Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism it is invaluable; and if, after a fair trial, it fails to cure, the money will be returned. Price $1 per bottle.
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Two Dollars made from twenty cts. Call and examine, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20c. Retails for $2, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

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Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

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Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$115 00 each.
100 Gold Watches.....	70 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..	18 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins.....	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings.....	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets.....	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

New Army Watches.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers, 212 Broadway, New York, want Agents in every county and every regiment, for the sale of their new styles of Watches. Unusually liberal terms are offered to Agents. Send for circular.

DEMOREST'S N. Y. ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—This spicy and valuable Weekly will give some startling novelties this week. Do not fail to see it. Now ready.

SOMETHING NEW
IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and two red stamps, and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

DEMOREST'S NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS, THE LIVE PAPER OF AMERICA.—Everybody and his wife are in ecstacies, and are complimenting DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS, as the most spicy, interesting, and live illustrated paper ever published. It needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS vs. FEVERS.

Fevers are caused by an effort of Nature to throw out from the body poison that has been absorbed, either from another body, from checked perspiration of our own body, or from the atmosphere. Putrid exhalations, whether from living or dead bodies, or from swamps, or decayed vegetable matter, will produce fever. THE GENERAL EFFECT IS TO DIMINISH THE POWERS OF LIFE. Should these exhalations form part of the air we breathe, they are carried into our fluids through the lungs, and actually act as a CORROSIVE POISON, which seriously disorders the digestive organs, and occasions the deposit of offensive matters in the liver, and particularly in the stomach and bowels. If timely medicine is not administered to unload these organs of their unhealthy contents, they may be so excited by diseased actions as to ulcerate, and then no means will scarcely save life. What shall we do under these circumstances? When you are affected with dizziness, pain in the head, confusion of ideas, dimness of sight, pain in the back, loins, and side, sickness of stomach, or a general weariness, take at once four or six of BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS, and repeat every four hours until they have operated well upon the bowels.

Remember, this evacuation, produced by these celebrated Pills, does not weaken, but the patient is usually stronger, because they have removed the cause of weakness—the CORRUPT HUMORS WHICH WEIGHED DOWN HIS LIFE PRINCIPLE. This evacuation of the bowels is most necessary in all malignant diseases, but more particularly in Yellow Fever, and all fevers and violent diseases generally; for the stomach and bowels are the parts most effected in all diseases of a severe character, whether they appear so or not, as is proved by what is brought away. But, by purging them with Brandreth's Pills, their putrid contents are timely discharged before they produce incurable effects. This timely evacuation not only cleanses the bowels, but

THE BLOOD IS ALSO FREED FROM A LOAD OF DEPRAVED HUMORS.

I have often noticed, in cases of fever, that, after a few doses of Pills, the vital powers were so restored that a gentle sweat has broken out and carried off all remains of fever, and the patient has been well in a few days.

WEAKNESS OF THE BODY.

Let not an ill-timed fear about the weakness of the body prevent the Pills being given and continued until the bowels have been most thoroughly evacuated of their contents; for it is this very weakness which calls for this treatment, which nature ever attempts, but is often not able to accomplish unaided by Brandreth's Pills. Believe me, ye sick, it is the only method by which your lives can be CERTAINLY SAVED. I can affirm that I have given Brandreth's Pills in these cases when the patient was so weak he could not walk across the room without help, and the pulse so feeble as to be scarcely felt, and the general prostration extreme, and yet, after the Pills had operated, he was stronger, as was evident to himself and all around him.

The U. S. 10-40 Loan.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued from the Treasury at Washington until March 26th. The Banks did not generally begin to receive subscriptions until one week later, and in distant parts of the country have yet hardly begun to work, but the subscriptions reported by mail to the Treasury up to April 22d amount to over $33,000,000, and the sum actually subscribed but not yet reported at that date is much greater. The attempts of interested parties to compel the Secretary of the Treasury to raise the rate of interest on this loan have signally failed. The experience of the last few weeks gives us every reason to believe that all the money the Treasury desires to borrow, can be obtained for five per cent. interest in gold.



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Our New Pocket Album,
holding sixteen pictures, and sold at
Seventy-five Cents,
is the cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.

Sent by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five Cents.

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A small treatise, with valuable recipes on this subject, will be sent FREE, by mail, to persons who will send their address to E. KETCHAM & CO., 289 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Preparations of JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., of Boston, are the "*ne plus ultra.*" Sold every where.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Ongunent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

COPY.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 12, 1864.

B. T. BABBITT, New York—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed I send you a check for $36. You will please send me six boxes of your French Chemical Exsative Soap. I wish two for myself, two for a friend, and two for a grocery merchant in our city, whom I want to keep it for sale hereafter, and he wishes to try it. I first ordered it from you three or four years ago, and have used it ever since. My wife thinks she can not do without it; she informs me that the girl is enabled to do her washing in half the time required with ordinary soap, and has the clothes cleaner and whiter. We are both fully satisfied that clothes like shirts, or other articles requiring much rubbing, last fully one half longer or more when washed with the Exsative Soap, as so much rubbing is saved; and a still greater saving is made in the way of fuel, in not boiling the clothes. This matter of not boiling the clothes puzzled her for a long time; she had had her clothes boiled all her life, and could hardly give it up; but she soon found it was entirely unnecessary, and that clothes unboiled were a great deal cleaner and whiter than when boiled; boiling seemed to boil the dirt into them, or to make them yellow, but when left without boiling they were white as snow. I intend to get some of our grocery merchants to keep it hereafter, so we can get it with less trouble. Should this amount not pay for six boxes of SIXTY pounds each, write me, and I will send you the balance; and if it overpays, send seven or whatever it pays for.

Send by Merchants' or Great Western Dispatch, to

J. S. DUNLOP, Indianapolis, Indiana.

N.B.—Above letter refers to B. T. BABBITT'S celebrated NEW YORK CITY SOAP, manufactured at Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., New York, and for sale every where.

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The bounty of $100 due to soldiers who have been discharged on account of wounds received in battle, is now being paid at THE UNITED STATES ARMY AGENCY, 64 Bleecker Street, New York, opposite Pay Department. The discharge must be presented by the soldier; when residing out of the city the discharge can be sent by mail, giving distinctly the name and post-office address of the applicant.

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SOLID SILVER AND GOLD BADGES of every description constantly on hand, and NEW STYLES to order. Also a SOLDIER'S RING, with Name, Co., and Regt. beautifully engraved on the outside, in solid silver, at $2 50; 18 karat gold, $6 00. Gold Pens, with Silver or Ebony Holders, $1 00 each. Sent by mail. Agents wanted.
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New Spring Styles for 1864.
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Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. Also, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.
For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

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The best assortment of Enameled Furnitire in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in suite, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Palliasses. WARREN WARD, 277 Canal St., N. Y.

5000 Agents Wanted,
TO INTRODUCE OUR
NEW GOLD PEN.

This gold pen is something entirely new, and is now offered to the public for the first time, and is made by an entirely new process, enabling us to offer them very cheap. Every pen is warranted one year, and to be genuine diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity and writing qualities of the highest priced gold pen made. Single pens sent by mail on receipt of the following prices:

WITH SILVER-MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS, IN MOROCCO CASES.

No. 2. Medium Pen and Holder,	each 90 cents.
No. 3. Large, " "	each $1 00.
No. 4. Engrossing Pen and Holder,	each $1 15.

Great inducements to Agents and the Trade. Send for our Circular. GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.

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The Great New Army Watch, especially for Soldiers, in heavy and beautifully finished solid silver hunting cases, genuine Lever movements, ruby jeweled, and warranted as represented, and a perfect time-keeper, only $18.

Constantly on hand Watches of every description. Agents wanted throughout the country. Send for our circular. Sample Watches sent free. Postage, by the case, $2 28; Registering, 20 cents.

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We warrant every Watch to be as represented, or money refunded. A written warrantee given if required.
GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Importers of,
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50,000 AGENTS WANTED.
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I will send a sample of either of the New Artillery, Cavalry, Pontonier, Engineer, or Naval Pins for $1 50, or a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Company Pins with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular.

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Solid Silver Company Pins (engraved to order),			$1 00 ea.
" "	Corps Badges	" "	$1 50 "
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Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:
SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address
Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M., 39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., January 7, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR: I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I want to try them, as Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me the worth of the enclosed.
Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, Tennessee, December 26, 1863.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and seek cure.
Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER,
Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., January 12, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find 50 cents; for which I wish you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 10 cents for postage.
Address, ISRAEL C. HALL,
Co. D, 4th N. H. Vols.,
Port Royal, S. C.

CAMP OF 5TH EXCELSIOR BRIGADE, January 22, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
SIR: Please send me for the enclosed 50 cents the worth of it in Pills; enclosed find 15 cents to pay postage, and you will oblige. Address,
Yours, &c.,
Sergt. WM. POWERS,
Co. E, 5th Regt. Excelsior Brigade,
Washington, D. C.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C January 21, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills.
Yours, &c.,
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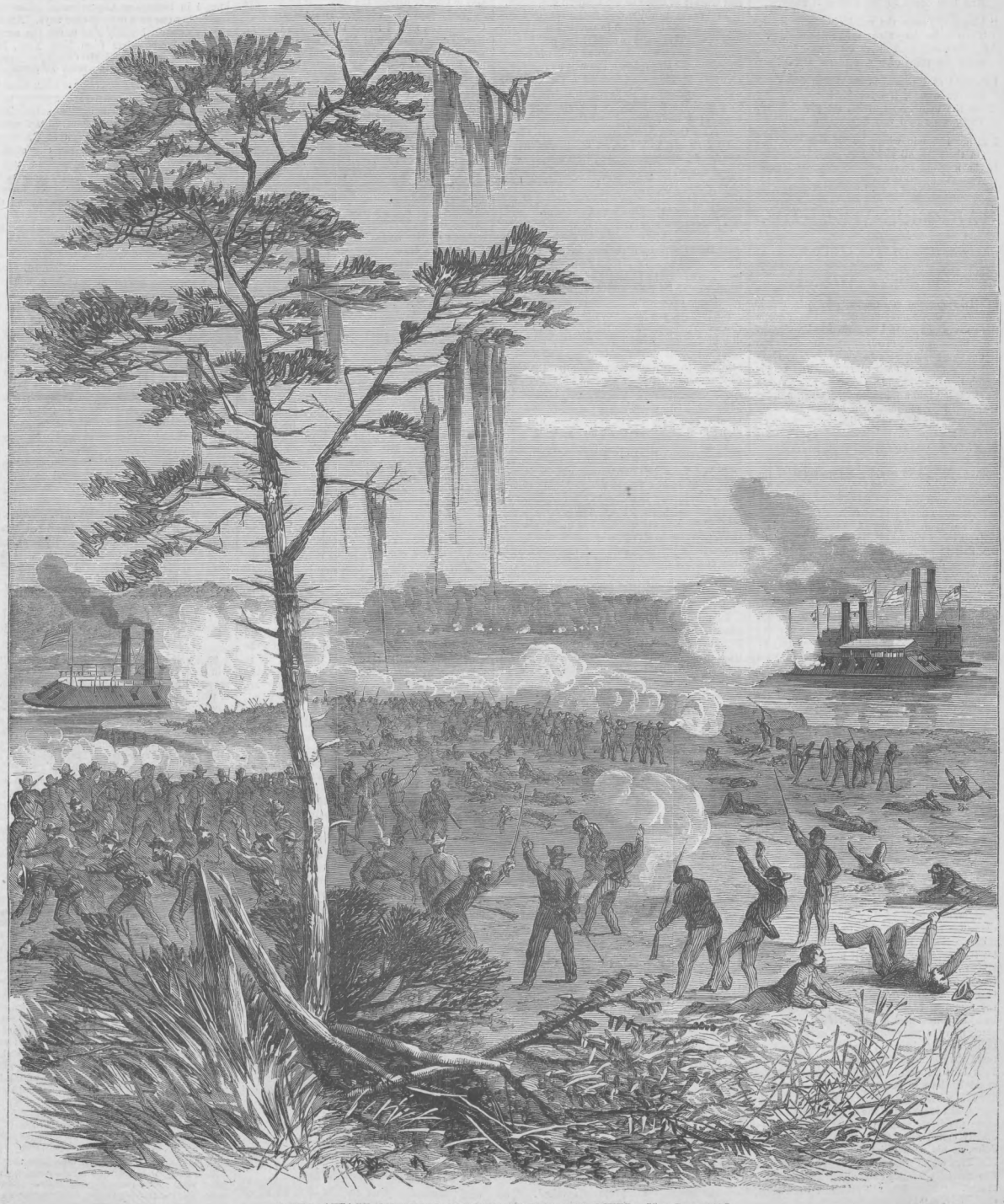
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 385.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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REBEL ATTACK ON OUR GUN-BOATS IN THE RED RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 310.]

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THE SHARP-SHOOTER.

SOMETIMES I climb to the top of a tree,
And sometimes I hide in a thicket,
Or, crouching low in the tall, lank grass,
I fire on the enemy's picket.

All's fair, it is said, in love and war,
And both are concerned in my story;
To the lover, why, life and love are all—
To the soldier death is glory.

'Twas down in Virginia; the sky was fair,
And the hour of noon was nearing;
The sun poured down with a Southern fire;
And I stood at the edge of a clearing—

While opposite lurked a rebel in gray,
Where the open space was bounded
By a dark pine wood; and shrill and sharp
The crack of our rifles sounded.

Then a deadly aim I took at my foe—
Now hear to the end of my story,
And I'll tell you what to a lover is love,
And how death to the soldier is glory.

"Advance!" came the word along our lines;
Then woke the echoes infernal!
And clear and loud above crash and roar
Rang the voice of our grim old Colonel.

I glanced as I passed at my fallen foe—
Do you wonder if I faltered?
'Twas the man who married the girl I loved,
Though his face was strangely altered.

I rather had lain where he lay that day,
On the field, all rigid and gory,
If she had but loved me as she loved him—
And so ends this sharp-shooter's story.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

THE summer opens upon a situation which is every where most interesting. In Europe the question of general war will be virtually decided by the success of our campaigns. Europe is undoubtedly ripe for revolution. The Governments mistrust each other, and the people watch the Governments. Austria and Prussia have rushed into a war with Denmark, in order that they may continue their hold on Germany and thwart the free constitutional tendencies of Denmark, which would inevitably affect the German frontier and be felt in Berlin and Vienna. The London Conference will doubtless agree upon some way to avoid a continuance of the war, which is a threat to the present condition of affairs, and which makes Europe more sensitive to the chances of our struggle. In England the ministry of Lord PALMERSTON, strongly intrenched for many years in the lymph of the British people, now begins to totter. It has been defeated in Parliament. Even the liberal journals prophecy its fall, and it has yielded to the Tory assaults in the resignation of Mr. STANSFELD. Meanwhile the Queen is losing her popularity by her long seclusion, nor does she regain it by announcing that she can no longer fulfill the merely ceremonial duty of her position. Ceremonial duty! And your Majesty's self—? The Prince of Wales, the dull-looking youth who came to us four years ago, is inclined to Toryism. If the Queen abdicates, and the old mill continues to grind, as PALMERSTON goes out DERBY will come in. It is always a choice of cake or smelts in England. If they can not have the traditional Whig, they must take the traditional Tory. Whether there is any secret reason for the Queen's privacy is not generally understood. But it is not easy to forget, under the circumstances, the rumors that have been always whispered about the misfortune of insanity in the royal family.

But while there is evidently the sign of change in England, it is amusing to watch the recent conduct of the governing families. GARIBALDI, who is the incarnation of the popular revolution in Europe, was announced as on his way to England. Instantly public expectation was on the alert, and the papers fell to wondering and speculating. If London is not to see the most formidable riot of many years, said one of them, let the Government be well prepared. GARIBALDI is the Anti-POPE, and a commotion of the Romanist masses was feared. But, also, GARIBALDI is the Anti-LOUIS NAPOLEON, and the friend of MAZZINI, and LOUIS NAPOLEON had just condemned MAZZINI (if he could only catch him) to transportation for an alleged attempt at assassination; and England had refused the conference proposed by the Emperor. Poor John Bull was dreadfully perplexed. What could be done to keep right with every body? First, Mr. STANSFELD, a personal friend of MAZZINI's, had to go out of the Government. Then came the irrepressible GARIBALDI, and immediately called upon STANSFELD and MAZZINI. John, at his wit's end treats the Liberator as Mr. PICKWICK treated the horse, of which he was mortally afraid, and which he could not mount. "Poor fellow!" said Mr. PICKWICK, soothingly. "Poor old horssy!" and he revolved around him in the effort to placate his possible wrath, until he declared that it was like a horrible dream. So John Bull pats GARIBALDI: "Good and great man, please come and dine with PALMERSTON, and ride in the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S carriage; and three cheers for the noble patriot who says that he wishes no political demonstration! No, no; of course not. Let's go to the navy-yard. Let us show all the sights to this great and good GARIBALDI, who has promised to behave so sweetly!" and while he shouts this cheerful speech he whispers to Lord CLARENDON, "For Heaven's sake, run over to Paris and tickle LOUIS NAPOLEON. Tell him that it is nothing but a tub to this terrible whale of the people; and that John Bull now, as in the time of CHARLES and JAMES SECOND, of blessed memory, is the most humble servant of his dear ally!" That the noble and best men in England see with shame and sorrow that KINGLAKE was right, and that Great Britain is humiliated by France, is beyond question. They feel as we Americans felt when the policy of our Government, a few years since, was to bully the world and truckle at home to the meanest despotism.

France, meanwhile, crosses the sea, and enthrones herself in Mexico in the person of MAXIMILIAN. When she is once there, and has ascertained that we do not assent to the Mexican conquest and subjugation, she will be ready, directly or indirectly, to become a party to our war. The assent of the Governments of Europe to French participation in our affairs will be based upon their natural and earnest wish that a popular Government may conspicuously fail; for our success would be an inspiration to the people of Europe too threatening to be calmly contemplated by the aristocratic class. On the other hand, any European interference in our war would be the signal for the rising of the people all over the European Continent.

Thus every where the most momentous movements undoubtedly depend upon the issue of our campaigns; and by a curious fortune General GRANT has become a pivotal man. Yet in any case there is for us no cause of profound apprehension. If he fails, and France in any way interferes, even with the tacit assent of the great Powers, the people of the free States will rise as they have not yet risen. What France did in her old Revolution, namely, maintain herself against domestic intrigue and foreign combination upon contiguous soil, that the United States are perfectly capable of surpassing. Every European State will suddenly bristle with our friends and allies. On the other hand, if GRANT succeeds, LOUIS NAPOLEON will bow himself out of Mexico as soon as possible.

In all these speculations upon contingencies and possibilities the true ground of faith in the issue lies, for a loyal American citizen, in the good sense of the people. The history of the war is the history of the steady development of that good sense. There are doubt, dissent, apprehension, and open hostility to the people and their purpose. But that purpose was never clearer, nor the popular mind more resolved, than at this moment.

WORDS.

IN the blessed days when that incorruptible patriot, FERNANDO WOOD, was lamenting to ROBERT TOOMBS that he could not send him rifles to shoot loyal men with, there was a great deal said about "coercing" States. The right of secession was not exactly clear to some minds, but the wrong of "coercion" was palpable. In other words, it was doubtful to these minds whether the Government of the United States had the right to enforce its laws; or, in truer words, a convenient sophism being wanted by which the Northern mind might be cajoled into assent to anarchy and the overthrow of the Government by a defeated faction, it was declared that "coercion" was unconstitutional. Those were the days in which all practicable methods of saving the Government were unconstitutional—when the only clearly constitutional thing was to connive at the destruction of the Constitution.

The word "coerce" played a great part in the debates of those days; but since the first battle of Bull Run it has gone out of fashion. Since the American people have soberly addressed themselves to the maintenance of the Union and Government we have not heard so much of the Constitutional duty of submitting to national ruin. But another word now serves the purpose for which the word "coercion" was employed. The new word is "subjugation." Mr. LONG informed us in his famous speech that the alternative is now concession of the success of the rebellion, or the subjugation of the rebels. He calls them States, but that does not alter the fact.

We beg to ask Mr. LONG if there has ever been any other alternative? Either the rebellious citizens of the United States are to be compelled by force of arms, and by every other effective measure, to submit to the Government, or they are to overthrow the Government. There is no middle ground, and there never has been. The insurrection has taken the proportions of a war. It is treated of necessity as a war. All warlike methods are properly invoked. The struggle has endured now for three years. But it still remains what it was at first—an armed and powerful insurrection of citizens of the United States against their Government; and either that Government will subjugate the insurgents, or the insurgents will subjugate the Government. The word subjugate means bringing under the yoke. And that is exactly the business in which we are now engaged. The rebels are being brought under the yoke; that is, the authority of the Government.

If the question is asked, "What then becomes of the assent which is declared to be the basis of the Government?" the reply is, that it is the assent of the people collectively which is intended. When a people have formed a Government by common consent which provides for its own amendment and change, no portion of that people, without appealing to the prescribed method of amendment, can insist that their interest shall prevail by arms over the interest of the whole. Nor in half the region in revolt was that assent ever given, while to-day those who do not assent are brutally murdered. When it is said that the Government rests upon common consent, it is not meant that every citizen is at liberty to obey or disobey the laws. If he disobeys he justly pays the penalty. If the County of Chautauqua should refuse to obey the laws of New York, what would New York do? She would compel the citizens of New York living in Chautauqua County to submit to the laws, exactly as the United States are compelling the citizens of the United States living in the State of Georgia to obey the laws. For the Government of the United States exists, or it does not. If it does, its first duty is to enforce itself against armed citizens in rebellion, and to subjugate them; that is, to compel them to yield to the laws which they, in common with all other citizens, have made.

This process was formerly called coercion. It is now called subjugation. In both cases it is exactly the same thing. It is the forcible maintenance of the authority of the Government. ALEXANDER HAMILTON long ago declared what all experience confirms, that the vigor of government is essential to the security of liberty. This will henceforth be the first lesson in our political primer.

THE FREEDMEN.

IF our conduct toward the colored race in this country during the war has been harsh, unkind, uncertain, and most tardily just, how noble and generous theirs has been! Despised and insulted as an inferior race, as less than human, as properly enslaved and degraded, the history of these three years is full of stories of their heroism, humanity, and unfailing fidelity. And while their bearing as soldiers is now beyond question there is a point hardly less interesting and important, and that is their temper and capacity as freemen. This point is touched in a most timely and able paper in the *North American Review* for April upon the present aspect of the cotton question. We commend its clear and conclusive summary to the most careful attention of every reader who wishes to understand the prospects of the cotton supply hereafter, and the capacity of the freedmen as successful cultivators.

We may add to the testimony of the article that of a gentleman who for a year past has had several hundred freedmen in his employ on the Mississippi River. He affirms that they are in every respect superior as a working class to the "mean whites" of the South; that they are faithful, industrious, and comparatively provident; that they display the utmost eagerness to acquire useful information; and that they are in every instinct loyal to the Government and solicitous for its success. On the two plantations worked by this gentleman nearly every laborer has grouped about his cabin—in addition to a little garden—a variety of improvements, exhibiting at once an appreciation of his home, and a sentiment of taste suggestive of a deeper nature than we have been generally willing to allow to his race. In the cultivation of his "patch" of ground, and the raising of poultry and pigs, he takes the greatest delight, giving every moment of time not otherwise employed to this pleasing work. In a word, the freedman, whenever an opportunity is afforded him, is demonstrating that he is a man, with the instincts, feelings, and yearnings of a man, and anxious most of all to qualify himself for the responsibilities and duties to which he has been at last restored.

The manifest desire of very many of the freedmen in Government service and the employ of planters on the Mississippi to save the proceeds of their toil has suggested to General THOMAS and others, as we are trustworthily informed, the propriety of establishing savings-banks on the various plantations, in which the laborers may deposit their earnings, and so provide for future contingencies. Plantation hands of the first class under the present regulations receive twenty-five dollars a month with rations; and as they for the most part support their old and infirm, as well as their small children, from the sale of the products of their henneries and gardens, they are able to put by the greater portion of this amount, and with proper encouragement would immediately do so. It is to be hoped that General THOMAS, who has so far exhibited a most benevolent interest in the welfare of this unfortunate class, will at the earliest moment establish some system by which this spirit of providence and thrift may be developed into practical results, and the freedmen set on the high road to that prosperity which they have already demonstrated their capacity properly to appreciate and employ.

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

THE House of Representatives has at last agreed to the Senate's amendments to the Army Appropriation Bill, by which the merest justice is done to the colored soldiers in the army; and by the time these words are printed we trust it will have the President's signature and be a law. The act of justice was, of course, resisted to the last by the representatives who steadily and consistently repudiate the fundamental principle of the American Government, equal rights, and who, being the most industrious panders of an aristocracy and of class legislation, call themselves Democrats, but are called by the common sense of the American people, and will be known in history, as Copperheads. The vote was eighty-one yeas to forty-nine nays. Among the yeas we are heartily glad to see the names of two representatives from New York, Mr. GRISWOLD, of Troy, and Mr. ODELL, of Brooklyn; who, if they are unwilling to relinquish the party name of Democrat, yet often show by their votes that they conceive Democracy to be something else than contemptible subservience to the system of human slavery. Of course Messrs. JAMES BROOKS, WINTHROP CHANLER, and FERNANDO WOOD, from the city of New York, voted against the proposition; and it would be difficult to name a single measure for the maintenance of the national honor, the salvation of the American Government, and the advancement of liberty and justice, against which Messrs. JAMES BROOKS, WINTHROP CHANLER, and FERNANDO WOOD did not vote.

Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana, was very anxious lest Congress should "equalize" men. Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana, need be under no concern. No Congressional act can ever make a base man equal to a noble one; an unjust man equal to a just one; an enemy of equal rights as true an American as a friend of liberty. No power in Congress can make a tool of prejudice and an advocate of caste so safe a legislator for this country as a man who believes the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence. No law can "equalize" intelligence and ignorance; generosity and meanness; treason and loyalty; or sympathy with rebels and devotion to the country. No legislative act, however unanimous and stringent, could ever "equalize" the infamy of ROBERT TOOMBS and the heroism of ROBERT SMALLS; or the spirit that grudges a soldier his fair pay with that which inspires the same soldier to fight and fall in the front of battle; or to enlist notwithstanding a threat and prospect of massacre if he is captured. Let Mr. HOLMAN be comforted. Congress can not put asunder what God has joined; as, for instance, heroism and instinctive admiration of it: nor unite what he has severed, as, for instance, patriotism and party-spirit.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

THE Fair of the Western Sanitary Commission will begin on the 17th of May in St. Louis, and we are sure that the same charity which has not tired of well-doing at the East will not shrink from the new demand. Missouri is a State which has been tried by fire. The war has wasted it for three years. Lying upon the border, and being a Slave State, it has been full of rebels and ruffians; and, on the other hand, like every border State, it has been the scene of the most devoted heroism and the most patient endurance of suffering. The loyalty of loyal border men is the most vital of all. It means personal proscription by traitors and constant danger and alarm. But the heroic fidelity of such men has held Missouri fast in the Union, has sent GRATZ BROWN to the Senate, and will redeem the State from the last desperate clutch of Slavery. To help them in their work her true sons and daughters now make their appeal to us. General ROSECRANS is the President of their Committee; Governor HALL is the first Vice-President, and Mayor FILLEY second, and General FISH third. JAMES E. YEATMAN, the steadfast, energetic, and sagacious head of the Western Sanitary Commission, is chairman of the Standing Committee, and to him every thing is to be addressed; while bills of lading or notices are to be sent to Major ALFRED MACKAY.

But no proof of the earnestness of border Union men could be more striking than this, that in a Slave State, almost upon debatable ground, the Western Sanitary Fair is the first of all, so far as we know, to assign by the unanimous vote of its Executive Committee a special Department for the interests of Freedmen and Union Refugees, and, as we are informed, one of the tables will be under the charge of a man who was a slave until a few months since. And this is in a city where slaves are still held and sold.

Whatever is sent to the Fair and is intended for this Department should be marked F. and U. R. Department, and it will be so appropriated. "It is not a sectional work," say the Committee, "and they make no sectional appeal." We hope that our friends every where will do all they can for this great, good work; not forgetting that of the vast receipts of the Eastern Fairs for the United States Sanitary Commission the Western Commission receives nothing, as it is a separate, although co-operative organization.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"UNION AND LIBERTY."

A FRIEND in New Jersey writes: "HON. THOS. S. GRIMKE, of South Carolina, deceased since 1835, was noted not only for his rare virtues, commanding talents, research, and learning, but for his nationality at a time and among a people when it almost involved martyrdom. His speech in the Senate of South Carolina in December, 1828 (prior to the famous debate which gave Mr. WEBSTER his deserved renown), on the resolutions respecting the tariff, excels all on the topic of State Sovereignty except that of Mr. WEBSTER, and is richer in learning than his. And the following ode, for July 4, 1823, is certainly worthy of comparison with any produced by its ennobling subject:

"'Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw th' invidious line?
Though, by birth, one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest!
Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West!

"'By our altars pure and free!
By our law's deep-rooted tree!
By the Past's dread memory!
By our WASHINGTON!
By our common kindred tongue!
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young!
By the ties of country strong!
We will still be one!

"'Fathers, have ye bled in vain?
Ages, must ye droop again?
MAKER! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! Receive our solemn vow,
While before Thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now,
Union and Liberty!"

A MONUMENT.

OUR readers have not forgotten the terrible explosion at the Alleghany Arsenal in Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, on the 17th September, 1862, by which fifty women were destroyed. They lost their lives in the act of working for our soldiers, and it is proposed to erect a simple monument to their memory in the Alleghany Cemetery. A photograph of the design has been sent to us. It is a simple shaft standing upon a raised pediment, and surmounted by an urn. Any gift for the purpose, however slight, will be a sign of sympathy to the poor families interested, and may be sent to M. M. BOSWORTH, clerk to Paymaster, United States Arsenal, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

A CORRECTION.

WE reprint the following letter from the *Louisville Journal:*

NEW YORK, *April* 9, 1864.

"*To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:*

"I have just seen in your paper of the 31st of March a letter signed 'At the Front,' and dated 'Chattanooga, March 26,' in which 'a few friendly hints' are offered to me. The letter is so instructive an illustration of the carelessness with which personal criticisms are often publicly made, that I venture to trouble you with this reply.

"'At the Front' having read in the *Round Table*, a literary journal of this city, an anonymous article which he assumes that I wrote, proceeds to castigate me for it, and warning with his work, fortifies his remarks by a quotation from memory of what he says 'Mr. Curtis tells us' in *Harper's Weekly.*

"I have never seen the article in the *Round Table* of which your correspondent speaks, nor have I expressed in *Harper's Weekly*, or elsewhere, the sentiments which he attributes to me. I hope sincerely that, bravely fighting 'at the front,' as I have no doubt he is, he will not happen to fire at one of his own comrades upon the wholly gratuitous assumption that he is a rebel picket.

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS."

DRAPER'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON.

THE illustration made from DR. HENRY DRAPER'S Photograph of the Moon, published in *Harper's Weekly* (March 19th), is exciting great attention in Europe. It is proposed by the Committee of the British Association having the matter in hand to use it in rectifying the names that have been given to the lunar mountains.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have in preparation, and will soon commence the publication of, an elegant Library Edition of The Works of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. This edition will contain only those elaborate works by which the author wished to be known to after-ages, leaving out those transient writings, which, having served their momentary purpose, he wished to let die. THACKERAY, who missed being a great artist only by becoming a still greater writer, designed many of the most characteristic illustrations to his works. These illustrations will be faithfully reproduced in this edition. "Vanity Fair," being the first of that series of tales by which THACKERAY won his place as a great writer, will be the first in this edition. This story, the first volume of which is nearly ready for publication, will contain a portrait of THACKERAY, engraved upon steel, after the famous drawing by SAMUEL LAURENCE.

"The National Almanac and Annual Record for 1864," published by GEORGE W. CHILDS, is admirably designed and carefully prepared. It contains more than five hundred pages of facts and statistics, any one of which may at any moment be worth more to almost any man than the whole cost of the book. These are so arranged and classified that any man of fair intelligence may, in a short time, know precisely where to look for any fact respecting which he desires information. The work we consider to be an indispensable one for any man who has ever occasion to refer to a fact or figure belonging to the military, political, or financial transactions of the past year, whether at home or abroad.

"The Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1864," edited by DAVID WELLS, and published by Gould & Lincoln, is also one of those indispensable works of reference for which we can not be too grateful to editor and publishers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*April* 27. The following House bills were passed: For the prevention and punishment of frauds in relation to the names of vessels; fixing certain additional rules and regulations for preventing collisions on the water; to regulate the remeasurement of tonnage of ships and vessels of the United States; and to provide for the collection of hospital dues on vessels of the United States sold or transferred in foreign ports.—Mr. WILSON reported a bill concerning the subsistence and pay of the army, which makes the ration the same as it was at the beginning of the war, and pays to the non-commissioned officers and privates $2 per month, that being something more than the cost between the present ration and the old one.—The consideration of the bill to provide a national currency, secured by the pledge of the United States bonds, etc., was resumed, but no vote was reached.——*April* 28. Mr. Chandler reported adversely on the memorial of the convention of commercial men of Ohio Valley, praying for the improvement by Congress of the navigation of the Ohio River.—The following bills were passed: Granting honorable discharges to coal-heavers and firemen in the navy; for the relief of the clerks in the Kittery and Philadelphia navy-yards; to change and define the boundaries of the judicial districts of West and East Virginia; and the joint resolution for the classification of the clerks of paymasters in the navy and the graduation of their pay.—The joint resolution from the House to increase for sixty days the present duties of foreign imports fifty per centum, except printing paper, was also adopted after an ineffectual attempt to introduce several amendments.——*April* 29. Mr. RAMSAY introduced a bill for the benefit and better management of the Indians, by which the President is authorized to locate them upon new reservations.—Mr. HENDERSON offered a joint resolution, which was adopted, to provide for the printing of the report of the Committee, of which Major-General Irwin M'DOWELL was President, to examine into cotton speculations and frauds on the part of officers in the West.—Mr. NESMITH called up the Senate bill to establish branch mints at Carson City, Nevada, and Dalles City, Oregon. An amendment striking out Carson City was adopted, and the bill passed. The National Currency bill came up in order, but no result was reached.——*April* 30. A bill was introduced establishing a Board of Examiners of candidates for all civil offices or promotions in such offices excepting those appointed by the President.—Mr. SUMNER offered a resolution requesting the President to communicate to the Senate the opinion of the Attorney-General as to the rights of colored persons in the army and elsewhere; but Mr. POWELL objected, and consequently the proposition was laid over.—A bill granting land for a railroad in Minnesota was passed.—The National Bank bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, the Finance Committee's amendment taxing banks agreed to, and the bill was then reported to the Senate. At this stage of the proceedings, there being no quorum present, the Senate adjourned.——*May* 2. The bill to grant pre-emption to certain lands in California was passed, as was also the Senate bill to regulate the foreign and coasting trade on the northern frontiers of the United States.—A resolution was adopted for the provision of additional grounds for the cemetery at the Soldiers' Home in Washington.—The National Currency bill was taken up, and after some slight amendments was laid over.—The bill appropriating $25,000,000 for the pay of the hundred-day volunteers from the Western States was discussed and put to vote; but no quorum appeared and the Senate adjourned.——*May* 3. The Senate non-concurred in the House amendments to the army appropriation bill, and asked a committee of conference.—Mr. SHERMAN called up the following resolution: That a quorum of the Senate shall hereafter consist of a majority of the Senators present duly qualified. After some remarks the resolution was passed over until the following day.—The Senate passed the bill appropriating $25,000,000 for the pay of the hundred-day volunteers.

HOUSE.—*April* 27. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Internal Tax bill, and a great variety of amendments were adopted, generally increasing the rates of taxation.—The Committee then rose, and Mr. GARFIELD reported a joint resolution appropriating $25,000,000 to pay for arming, equipping, clothing, subsistence, transportation, and pay of Western Volunteers for a period not less than 100 days, which was passed.—Mr. FENTON reported the Senate bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to increase the compensation of Inspectors of Customs, not to exceed $4 a day, which was also passed.——*April* 28. The House, in Committee of the Whole, resumed consideration of the Internal Revenue bill. Amendments were adopted taxing bank circulation one-fourth of one per cent. a month, and also taxing the average capital stock of banks. A section was also agreed to to tax liquors on hand on the 1st of May fifty cents a gallon. The bill was then passed, 102 to 33.—Messages were received from the President in regard to the condition of loyal citizens in East Tennessee, and as to the appointment of Frank Blair as Major-General. The message in reference to the latter subject stated that, when Generals Blair and Schenck resigned their commissions, it was with the understanding with the President and the Secretary of War that they could withdraw their resignations whenever they wanted to and resume their military rank. General Schenck denied that there was any such understanding in his case, and asked leave to offer a resolution calling for the documents in the case, which, however, was not granted.——*April* 29. The report and evidence in the case of Mr. Blair, charged with a liquor speculation while at Vicksburg, were ordered to be printed.—Mr. Schenck reported the Senate bill to legalize and increase the pay of soldiers, giving notice that he would call it up at an early day. This bill increases the pay of privates in the army, black and white alike, to $16 a month, and of corporals to $18.—Mr. DAWES offered a resolution calling upon the President to communicate to the House copies of all letters, notes, telegrams, orders, and other documents which have connection with the answer to the resolution asking whether F. P. Blair holds any appointment or commission in the military service.—Mr. BROOKS offered an amendment calling for an examination into the condition of the Treasury Department, and especially as to the bureau in which the United States currency is printed. Upon this an exciting debate ensued. Finally Mr. DAWES's resolution was adopted, Mr. BROOKS failing in his motion.—The House took up the bill relative to providing a republican form of Government for States subverted or overthrown by the Rebellion. Mr. SCHOFIELD made a speech showing that slavery has been an element of discord in our republican system, has produced the present contingency of affairs, and ought therefore to be removed.—Mr. STEVENS offered a substitute for the bill, declaring that the Confederate States, by waging an unjust war, have no right to claim exemption from the extreme rigors and rights of war: that none of the States which have seceded with the consent of a majority of their citizens can be tolerated and considered as within the Union, so as to be allowed a representation in Congress, or take part in the political Government; that they can not participate in our amendments to the Constitution, and, when amendments thereto are proposed, they can be adopted by a vote of two-thirds of the non-seceding States. Whenever the Federal forces conquer the seceding States they shall be regarded as separate Territories, and be represented in the House of Representatives the same as other Territories.——*April* 30. A resolution for a Special Committee to investigate the charges against the Treasury Department was adopted, and Messrs. Garfield, Wilson, Davis, Fenton, and Jenckes, Republicans, and Brooks, Stewart, Dawson, and Steele, Opposition, were appointed said Committee.—The Army Appropriation bill was then taken up, the question being on agreeing to the Senate's amendment thereto. The amendment placing colored troops on an equality, as regards pay, rations, and allowances with white soldiers, elicited a long discussion, but finally the amendment was adopted by a vote of 81 against 49.—The evening session was devoted to political speeches.——*May* 2. The House took up Mr. WADSWORTH'S resolution declaring that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved respectively to the States, or to the people, and that the Executive can neither directly nor indirectly exercise any of the powers thus reserved, or lawfully restrict or obstruct the exercise thereof by the people. Mr. COX moved to lay it upon the table, in order to get a square vote upon it. This was disagreed to. Mr. COX then asked for a vote directly on the resolution, which he said merely affirmed the language of the Constitution, but the House referred it to the Select Committee on the Rebellious States by a vote of 70 against 50.—A message was received from President LINCOLN and read, giving the information called for respecting the assignment of Mr. Blair, of Missouri, to a command in the army.—The House passed the bill appropriating over a million of dollars to indemnifying citizens of Minnesota for losses sustained and depredations committed by Sioux indians in that State.—The House also passed the Senate bill appropriating two hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars to enable refugee Indians in Kansas to return to their homes in the Cherokee country, and for other relief, and the bill for the relief of the Weas and other Indians, making an appropriation to reimburse them for their losses by the abstraction of their bonds from the Interior Department.—At the evening session Messrs. Longyear, Donnelly, Denison, Stevens, and Cravens made speeches on the bill for the reconstruction of the rebel States.——*May* 3. The House unanimously passed a bill providing that on and after the 1st of May the pay of privates in arms shall be increased from $13 to $16 per month, and of non-commissioned officers as follows: Corporals, $18; sergeants, $20; orderly-sergeants, $24; sergeant-majors, $26 per month; clerks to paymasters, $1200 per annum, etc.—Mr. STEVENS reported amendments to the Navy Appropriation bill, and the House concurred in them, appropriating $7,200,000 for the completion of sixteen screw steam sloops, $4,000,000 for the purchase and repair of vessels for Western waters, and $3,000,000 for the purchase and charter of vessels for blockading purposes.—The House concurred in the Senate amendment providing that the Naval Academy shall be returned and re-established at Annapolis before the commencement of the next academic year.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill guaranteeing a republican form of government to the States subverted or overthrown by the rebellion, and the matter was debated at length by Messrs Gooch, Fernando Wood, Kelley, and others.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

News from the Red River to the 19th of April is to the effect that General Banks, having strongly fortified Grand Ecore, had marched out to meet the rebels, and that skirmishing had been in progress for some days. Reinforcements for General Banks's army were going forward. The Red River was falling, but the Mississippi was rising fast. General Stone and others of the staff of General Banks had arrived at Alexandria, on their way to New Orleans. General Stone had been superseded by General Dwight. A small Union fleet has gone up the Washita River. A cavalry expedition had been sent out on the north bank of the Red River, near Alexandria, by General Grover. The Federal losses in the late battles foot up over 4000, and those of the enemy are placed as high as 7000, which is probably an exaggeration. A rumor that General Banks had fallen back to Alexandria has not been confirmed.

Advices from Camden, Arkansas, say that General Steele's army is at that place. General Thayer joined General Steele at Elkin's Ferry, on the Little Missouri River, where the rebels were driven from a line of breastworks commanding the river bottom. The enemy next made a stand at Prairie de Anna, which was fortified with a line of rifle-pits and epaulements, for guns in barbette, a mile and a half long. General Steele flanked their position, and General Price retreated, after a brisk fight, toward Washington. General Steele pursued the rebels toward Washington, and then suddenly turned and pushed for Camden. Price discovered the trick, and started for Camden also. A desperate race ensued, and although heavy skirmishing occurred all the way, Steele came out victor, and entered the enemy's fortifications unopposed. Camden is strongly fortified with nine forts. All its approaches are well guarded, and it is held against a largely superior force. The report that General Steele has occupied Shreveport is repeated by persons arrived in New Orleans from Red River, but is probably premature.

The rebel ram *Roanoke*, which assisted in the capture of Plymouth, North Carolina, was somewhat injured in the fight, but it is reported that as soon as she is repaired the enemy will attempt the capture of all the towns in North Carolina now held by our forces. From all accounts General Wessels and his little band of 1500 men at Plymouth, fought like heroes for four days and nights, leaving the rebels dead in heaps in every street, which they admit will number 1700.

The rebels in Charleston harbor attempted to blow up the *Wabash* frigate, on the 18th ult., with a torpedo-boat. They were, however, discovered and repulsed. Commander Rowan gives the following report of the affair: "On the night of the 18th the deck officer of the *Wabash* discovered a dark object about one hundred and fifty yards distant from that vessel, which corresponded in shape and movements to the torpedo-boat of the rebels. It moved rapidly up against the tide till opposite the main-mast, and then turned and stood directly for the ship. The men of the *Wabash* quickly rushed to their quarters upon the beat of the gong, and when the supposed torpedo-boat was about fifty yards distant round shot were fired at her from each of the spar-deck guns. A round shot is supposed to have struck and sunk her, as she was seen no more after the first fire, and the second volley struck in the immediate vicinity of the first."

The Army of the Potomac still occupies its old position. General Lee is reported to be massing a large force on our front, near Orange Court House. Beauregard's army from Charleston, and the rebel force in Florida, are both said to have been brought to Virginia, giving Lee an infantry force of eighty thousand, and a cavalry force of twenty-thousand. Meanwhile General Grant is also concentrating a heavy force, and conferences of our Generals are held frequently, evidently looking toward an early movement. The town of Madison Court House was burned by our forces last week, the troops having been fired upon from the houses by rebels, who took refuge in them on our approach. A cavalry expedition from the Army of the Potomac returned on 2d inst., after having visited Leesburg, Rectortown, and Upperville. Near Upperville a portion of Mosby's guerrilla band was encountered, when a sharp fight ensued, which resulted in the loss to the rebels of two killed and four wounded, and twenty-three taken prisoners.

In General Butler's Department unusual activity is reported.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Richmond paper says that provisions are scarce in that city, and that the town people will have to live on half rations until the country people who have provisions to spare shall have heard of the defeat of Grant's army.

The Union troops have evacuated Little Washington, North Carolina, being needed elsewhere.

Four hundred exchanged Union prisoners arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 1st instant. They were horribly emaciated, and many of them entirely helpless.

The Committee to investigate the Fort Pillow butchery have taken fifty-seven depositions, which more than confirm the newspaper accounts of the massacre. Among the witnesses who were examined was the negro who was buried alive. There is no doubt of the fact that one or more persons were nailed through their flesh to pieces of wood, and then burnt alive. Not only on the day of the surrender were such fiendish acts perpetrated, but on the next day in cold blood.

A fire occurred at Wilmington, North Carolina, on the 28th ult., by which about 4400 bales of cotton, 25 freight cars, the railroad offices, the rosin and oil works, cotton-press, a ship-yard, etc., were burned. The loss is estimated at $5,000,000. The Confederate Government lose about $1,000,000.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 29th ult. says: "If we hold our own in Virginia until summer is ended, the North's power of mischief every where will be gone. If we lose, the South's capacity for resistance will be broken. The Confederacy has ample power to keep its place in Virginia if its means are employed with energy and consistency. And this is the last year of the war, whichever wins."

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR.

FRESH disaster has befallen the Danes. On the 18th ult. the Prussians made a fierce assault on Düppel, which they captured after a stubborn engagement. The loss of the Danes was 2600 men, 400 officers, and 90 guns; that of the Prussians amounted to about 600 killed and wounded. The greater part of the Prussian army, immediately after the engagement, was ordered into Jutland to occupy all that province and besiege Fredericia. Nothing now remains to the Danes of the Duchy of Schleswig but the island of Alsen, and even this, according to a dispatch from Hamburg, has already been occupied by the Prussians.—The Conference met in London on the 19th, but adjourned to the 25th without organizing, to await further arrivals of delegates.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The entry of Garibaldi into London took place on April 11, and was one of the greatest ovations the capital of England has ever witnessed. At every step the General was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. On the 16th he had another enthusiastic reception at the Crystal Palace. The number present was estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000, composed of all classes. Quite a sensation was created in all England by the report that the General intended to bring his visit to a close and leave immediately for Italy. The state of his health was assigned as a reason; but it was believed, notwithstanding the denial by Earl Palmerston and the *Moniteur*, that an outside pressure to induce him to quit the country had been brought to bear upon the mind of the great Italian. He embarked for Caprera on the 26th, having first issued an address to the people of England for their generous hospitality.

The paternity of the famous Laird iron-clads is said to have been acknowledged by the Pasha of Egypt, who, a correspondent of the London *Times* asserts, states that he ordered their construction.

It is stated that France, England, and Russia had been completely reconciled by the efforts of Lord Clarendon in Paris.

The demonstrations in England in honor of the tercentenary of Shakspeare were in full progress. In Liverpool they had gone off with great *éclat*. The Interdiction of the English Shakspeare banquet at Paris was withdrawn on the 22d ult.

MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

Maximilian accepted the crown from the Mexican deputation at Miramar on the 10th of April. The formality was conducted with great pomp. The new Emperor made a speech in reply to the deputation, stating that he was convinced that the throne was voted by a great majority of the Mexican people. After this he was addressed as Emperor and the Archduchess as Empress. On the 18th the Emperor and Empress visited Rome, receiving a most enthusiastic welcome. On the 19th they had an audience with the Pope; and on the 20th left for Civita Vecchia, where they immediately embarked. The subscriptions to the Mexican loan in France are said to be large.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

ON the 2d inst. the National Guard of Ohio reported for active duty under the 100 days' call with greater promptness than was expected. Returns have been received from all but 43 companies, and the strength, so far, is 34,914 men, which will be increased to 38,000 by organizations yet to report.

Commodore WILKES has been sentenced to a public reprimand by the Secretary of the Navy, and suspension from duty for three years, for disobedience of orders, insubordination, refusing obedience to general orders, etc.

There are thirty-three war vessels at the Brooklyn Navy-yard undergoing repairs.

By direction of the President the Indian Territory and military post of Fort Smith, included in the Department of Kansas, are transferred to the Department of Arkansas, Major-General BLUNT, United States Volunteers, is about to repair to Fort Leavenworth, and report to the commanding officer of the Department of Kansas for orders.

Major-General N. J. T. DANA has been ordered West on a tour of inspection. General DANA formerly commanded the United States forces in TEXAS.

It is stated that the *Ossaneica*, iron-clad, which recently left Boston, is of draft sufficiently light to operate in the North Carolina waters.

Colonel OSBORNE, commanding a regiment at Memphis, was recently murdered by some of his own soldiers, to whom he had made himself obnoxious.

On the 21st ult. an expedition in boats from the gunboats *Nyphon* and *Fort Jackson*, under command of Captain BERCK of the *Nyphon*, proceeded to within seven miles of Wilmington, North Carolina, where they succeeded in destroying the North Carolina Salt Works and other property valued at over $100,000, and brought away fifty-five prisoners, workers in the salt lines.

It is said that Major-General HALLECK has been put in command of the Cavalry Bureau.

Our dispatches from New Orleans report the burning by the rebels of large quantities of cotton on the Red River as somewhat exaggerated. Not more than 75,000 bales have been thus destroyed.

The army Appropriation Bill appropriates $2,715,000 for medicines, instruments, and dressings.

A draft was commenced in New Jersey on the 3d inst., for a deficiency of eight thousand eight hundred and fifty men on the two previous calls of the President.

General MARTINDALE, an experienced and thorough soldier, will have command of a division under General BUTLER.

Missouri's quota is said to be full, except 530, and more than that number of colored volunteers are yet to be credited.

Several important changes have taken place in the Department of the South. General GILLMORE has been relieved from duty at Hilton Head, and is succeeded by Brigadier-General JOHN P. HATCH. Brigadier-General WILLIAM BIRNEY, of the colored troops, takes General HATCH's place in Florida.

Major-General WALLACE, in command of the Middle Department, has issued an order from his head-quarters at Baltimore, directing that all real estate, slaves, railroads, and bank stocks, which are the property of those who have joined the rebel army and gone South to obey the rebels, shall be forthwith turned over to the United States Quarter-master.

It has been learned through various sources that the rebel force that attacked Plymouth consisted of eighteen regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and eleven pieces of artillery. Twelve of these regiments were borrowed from LEE's army; the rest were North Carolina State troops. Three sections of the artillery were taken from Kinston, two sections from Tarboro, four sections from Raleigh, and the rest from Richmond.

Brigadier-General SEYMOUR, who was in command at the time of the Florida disaster, has arrived in Washington. It is understood that he is to have a command under General GRANT.

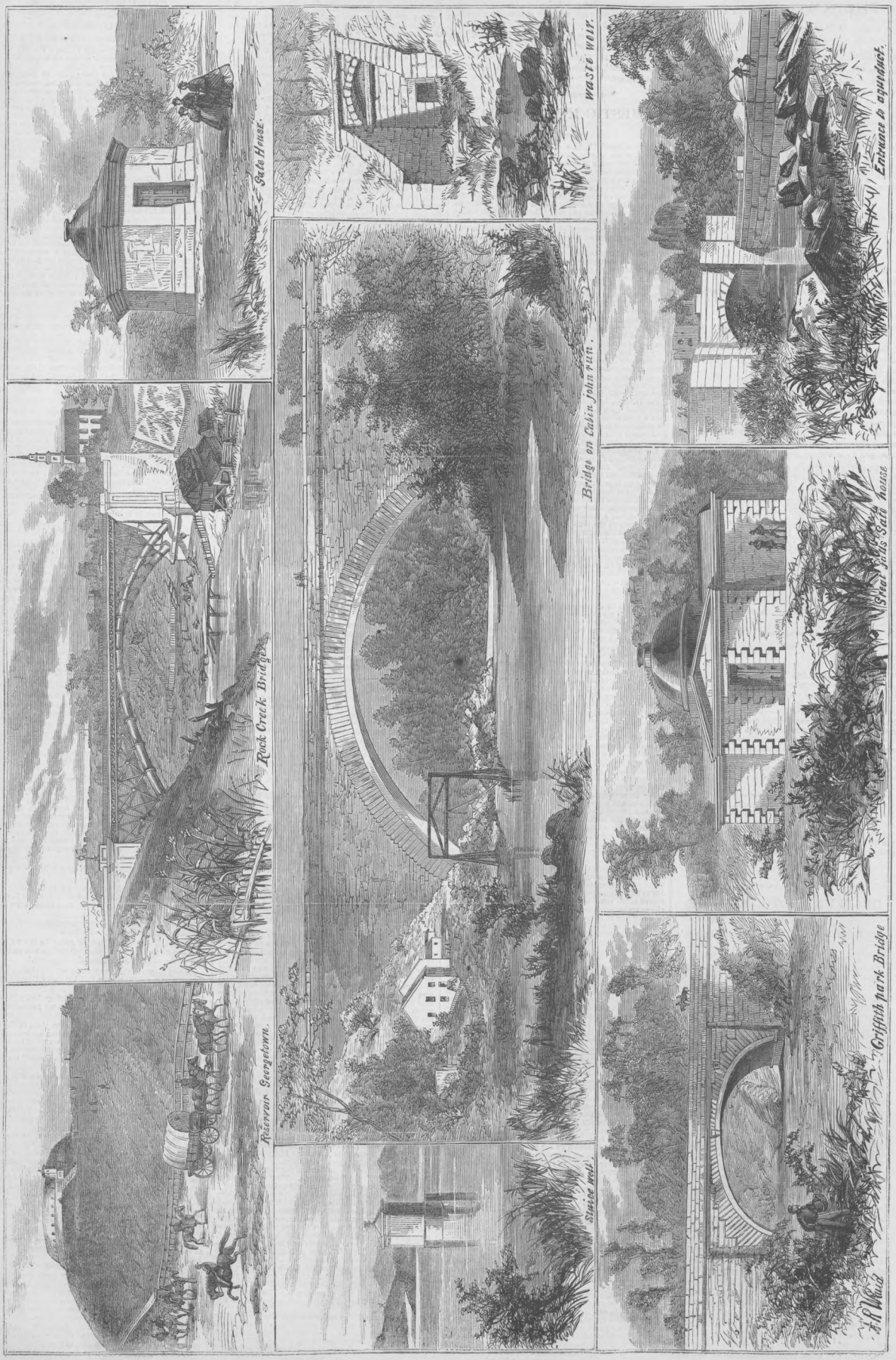
General BEAUREGARD is said to be placed in command of the rebel forces in North Carolina. General PECK has been removed by our Government from command in the same district, and General PALMER appointed in his place.

Dispatches to the Western papers state that General STEELE captured at Camden, Arkansas, nine fortifications of great strength, fourteen hogsheads of sugar, four hundred barrels of molasses, several tons of rock-salt, and three prisoners. The cotton for ten miles round had been burned by PRICE, numbering two thousand bales.

A court-martial has been ordered to try the publishers and correspondents of newspapers who have been guilty of promulgating news contraband of war.

Admiral DAHLGREN has left Washington to resume command of the iron-clad fleet off Charleston.

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VIEWS OF THE GREAT AQUEDUCT, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—[SEE PAGE 309.]

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THE TWO POETS.

APRIL 23, 1864.

SHAKESPEARE.

GRAMERCY! what a night for stalking deer!
My kingdom for a— Hold! what have we here?
A head of Schiller? Phœbus! can it be
Schiller in Central Park ahead of me?

SCHILLER.

Goodden, good Shakespeare, *Guten Abend*—long
Have I thy coming waited, Prince of Song,
Guarding the snowy flocks that round me throng.

SHAKESPEARE.

What flocks, O Schiller!—*cujum pecus?*—say
Whose errant sheep into thy pasture stray?

SCHILLER.

No errant sheep; but the white birds that yon
The lakelet's placid bosom rest upon,
And are to mankind thy comparison.

SHAKESPEARE.

O faithful Schiller! who, by lake and river,
My truant swans thus unto me deliver,
Half of my white-necked flock be thine, forever!

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, commander of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, whose portrait we give below, was born of Irish parentage in Perry County, Ohio, in 1831. He was appointed to a cadetship at West Point in 1848, and graduated there in June, 1853. In the same year he was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the First United States Infantry, and ordered to duty at Fort Duncan, Texas, where he remained about two years. Early in 1855 he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy in the Fourth United States Infantry. In July of that year he went to California in charge of a body of recruits, and was appointed to the command of the escort of Lieutenant WILLIAMSON, engaged in surveying a route for a proposed branch of the Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to the Columbia River, Oregon. Detached at Vancouver's Island, in September, 1855, he was assigned to a command of a body of dragoons which accompanied Major RAINE'S expedition against the Yakima Indians. In an engagement with them, April 28, 1856, Lieutenant SHERIDAN acquitted himself so gallantly as to be mentioned in general orders. In May, 1856, he was in command of the Indian Reservation in the Coast Range of Mountains. In 1857 he received the compliments of General SCOTT, then General-in-Chief, for bringing about an adjustment of a difficulty with the Coquillo Indians. Later in the same year he erected a military post at Yamhill, on the Indian Reservation.

On the 14th of March, 1861, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the Thirteenth Infantry, and from that position gradually advanced until June, 1862, when he became commander of the Second Brigade of the Cavalry Division, Army of the Mississippi, having served with great gallantry in some of the heaviest engagements in the Southwest. In July, 1862, he defeated the rebel General CHALMERS before Corinth, and was at once promoted to the grade of Brigadier-General, and given a stronger command; being assigned, in October of that year, to the command of the Eleventh Division of the Army of the Ohio, accompanying General BUELL in his advance upon BRAGG, and participating in the battle of Perryville, where he held the key of the Federal position, and repulsed two desperate charges of the rebels. General SHERIDAN was in command of a division at the battle of Stone River, and distinguished himself in a most remarkable manner, for which, on the special recommendation of General ROSECRANS, he was made a Major-General, December 31, 1862, his appointment receiving the confirmation of the Senate, March, 1863. In the battles of Chicamauga and Mission Ridge he won fresh laurels; and in his present position he will no doubt fully maintain his already exalted reputation.

General SHERIDAN is under the medium height, but is robustly built, and is full of life and energy. He knows more about the various fields of action than any one of his associates. Like the lamented KEARNEY, he makes all his leading reconnoissances in person. He informs himself thoroughly on all the topographical features of the hostile country through which he marches, and all the resources of the enemy. He is never taken by surprise. The wants of his soldiers are always amply provided for. Hence, wherever he leads his men are sure to follow, confident alike in his courage, in his discretion, and his sympathy in all their needs.



SHAKESPEARE AND SCHILLER.

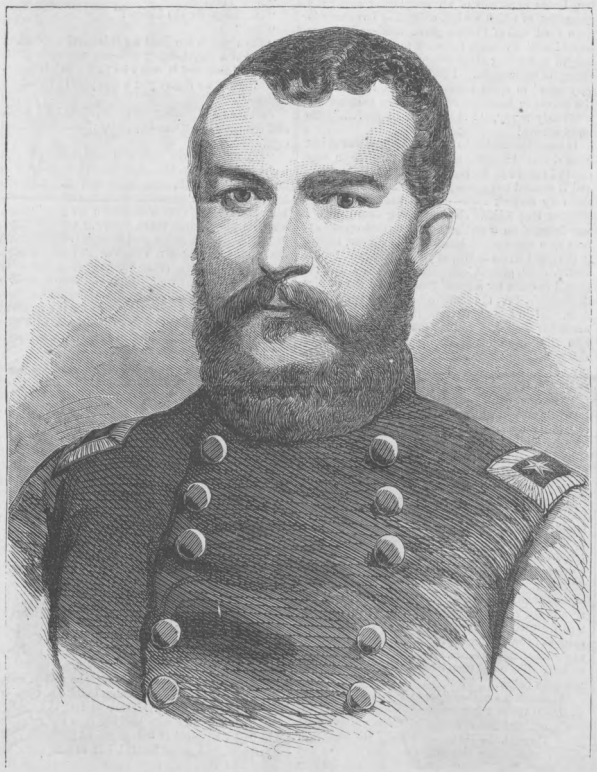
GENERAL THOMAS E. GREENFIELD RANSOM.

GENERAL THOMAS E. GREENFIELD RANSOM, whose portrait we give on this page, was seriously wounded in the battle at Sabine Cross Roads, Louisiana, on the 8th of April. He was born in Norwich, Windsor county, Vermont, on November 29, 1835. He is the son of Colonel RANSOM, who fell at Chapultepec, September, 1847. General RANSOM entered the service as Captain of the Eleventh Illinois Volunteers on April 26, 1861, and became Major in May, and Lieutenant-Colonel in July of the same year. He was stationed at Cairo, and afterward at Charleston, Missouri, where he was wounded. During January, 1862, he removed to Paducah, to take part in the reconnoissance, under General GRANT, into Western Kentucky, to the rear of Columbus. He next took part in the movement upon Fort Henry and the contests before Fort Donelson, where he was again wounded, commanding his regiment on both occasions. In February he was promoted to the Colonelcy, in place of W. H. L. WALLACE, appointed Brigadier-General. He participated in the battle of Shiloh, where he was a third time wounded, and afterward assisted in guarding the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. On November 29, 1862, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and confirmed on March 9, 1863. During the latter month he formed one of the examining board of officers for the Seventeenth Army Corps. He was next placed in command of the First Brigade of the Sixth Division of that corps, and took a prominent part in the siege operations of Vicksburg, gaining great distinction, his brigade forming part of the force selected to occupy the city after the surrender. He was next placed in command of the post at Natchez, from which he was relieved during September, 1863, and ordered to the Department of the Gulf. There he has shown the highest soldierly capacities, distinguishing himself especially by his gallantry at Sabine Cross Roads, where he was wounded for the fourth time while standing among the guns of one of our batteries.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT.

WE give on page 308 a series of views of the WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT, at Washington, District of Columbia. The first of the series represents the high Service Reservoir at Georgetown. The next shows the handsome Bridge over Rock Creek, on Pennsylvania Avenue, the water being conveyed in the pipes which form the arch of the bridge. The octagonal building is the Gate-house of the Receiving Reservoir; the Sluice-well or Tower regulates the flow of water from the receiving reservoir. The Bridge over Cabin John Run, a muddy stream, is a splendid piece of masonry, with an arch of 220 feet span. The Waste Weir, as its name implies, is a drain for the aqueduct. The Griffith Park Bridge is a dry arch over a ravine. The Gate-house, at the head of the aqueduct, is a triumph of engineering and a handsome building. The last sketch, the Entrance to the Aqueduct, describes itself.

The Washington Aqueduct was built by the Unit-



MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]



GENERAL THOMAS E. GREENFIELD RANSOM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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ed States Government, for the "purpose of supplying the cities of Washington and Georgetown with pure and wholesome water." The original surveys and plans were made by Captain (now General) M. C. MEIGS, of the United States Engineers, in the winter of 1852-3. The plan adopted was to bring the water from the Great Falls of the Potomac, through a conduit, built of brick and stone, circular in form, of nine feet diameter. The Potomac is to be dammed about half a mile above the Falls by a cut-stone dam of solid masonry, 3000 feet in length, in the form of an arc, extending to the Virginia shore. At present the water is supplied only from a small portion of the river, a temporary dam having been thrown from the Maryland shore to an island. Ten miles from "the Falls" is the Receiving Reservoir, a natural basin of some sixty acres, filled with water from a number of small streams entering into it. It is this water which the inhabitants of Washington have been using for some four years; but on the 5th of December last the Potomac water was introduced with appropriate ceremonies. Unfortunately, in the original plan no provision was made for bringing the Potomac water around this Reservoir. Consequently the purer waters from the river are mingled with those of the small streams which receive the surface-drainage from a large area, and are rendered turbid on every shower. The present accomplished Chief-Engineer, Colonel SILAS SEYMOUR, proposes to remedy this by constructing a separate connecting conduit around this Reservoir, and this plan is recommended by the Secretary of the Interior in his annual report. Two miles nearer the city is the Distributing Reservoir, yet unfinished. When completed this will be a double basin of some forty acres' extent, the banks all lined with substantial slope-walls. From this the water is distributed to the city through cast-iron mains.

The crossing of Rock Creek, between Washington and Georgetown, is effected by a unique and beautiful bridge of iron pipes, the arch, of about 200 feet span, being composed of the mains through which the water passes. The structures of masonry along the line of the aqueduct are all built in the most substantial manner.

The total length of conduit is about twelve miles, and the level of water surface in the reservoirs 146 feet above mean tide. The diameter of conduit is nine feet, and the capacity 85,000,000 gallons daily. The estimated cost of the work is $3,500,000.

ENGAGEMENT OF GUN-BOATS ON THE RED RIVER.

WE give on our first page an illustration of the engagement between Admiral PORTER'S gun-boats and a large body of rebels on the Red River, above Grand Ecore, on the 12th ult. Admiral PORTER thus refers to the affair in his report to the Navy Department:

On the evening of the 12th inst. we were attacked from the right bank of the river by a part of the rebel army which two or three days previous had gained success over our army, and, flushed with victory, or under the excitement of liquor, appeared suddenly upon the right bank and fearlessly opened fire on the *Osage*, Lieutenant-Commander F. O. SELFRIDGE (iron-clad), she being hard aground at the time, with a transport (the *Black Hawk*) alongside of her, towing her off. The rebels opened with 2000 muskets, and soon drove every one out of the *Black Hawk* to the safe casemates of the monitor. Lieutenant BACHE had just come from his vessel (the *Lexington*), and fortunately was enabled to pull up to her again, keeping close up to the bank, while the *Osage* opened a destructive fire on these poor, deluded wretches, who, maddened by liquor, and led on by their officers, were vainly attempting to capture an iron vessel.

I am told that their hooting and actions baffle description; force after force seemed to be brought up to the edge of the bank, where they confronted the guns of the iron vessels, only to be mowed down by grape-shot and canister. In the mean time Lieutenant BACHE had reached his vessel, and, widening the distance between him and the *Osage*, he opened a cross-fire on the infuriated rebels, who fought with such desperation and courage against certain destruction that it could only be accounted for in one way. Our opinions were verified on inspection of some of the slain, the men actually smelling of Louisiana rum. This affair lasted two hours before the rebels fled. They brought up two pieces of artillery, one of which was quickly knocked over by the *Lexington's* guns; the other they managed to carry off. The cross-fire of the *Lexington* finally decided this curious affair of a fight between infantry and gun-boats. The rebels were mowed down by her canister, and finally retreated in as quick haste as they had come to the attack, leaving the space of a mile covered with dead and wounded, muskets and knapsacks.

A PARROTT ON THE RAMPAGE.

THE spirited sketch on page 312 represents a scene which has often been witnessed by naval officers and sailors. The scene of the incident here illustrated was the forecastle of the United States steamer *Richmond*, off Mobile. During a high sea, causing the vessel to roll heavily, a Parrott gun broke from its stays and knocked about with the utmost disregard of the consequences, occasioning great excitement among the sailors, who at once, however, proceeded to secure the gun as best they could. Our sketch represents the hardy fellows laboring to placate and restore the monster to his proper position by such appliances as they had at hand, taking care, however, while engaged in their persuasive task, not to put themselves in too close proximity to the frolicsome Parrott. Such scenes, while sometimes exposing the sailors to peril, always produce an agreeable excitement on shipboard, where even misfortune, if it only comes in a novel shape, is sometimes welcomed as a relief to a monotony which no pen can describe.

UNION REFUGEES IN THE LOUISIANA SWAMPS.

WE give on page 313 an illustration showing a RENDEZVOUS OF UNION REFUGEES IN THE SWAMPS OF WESTERN LOUISIANA. In no part of the Union have the loyalists suffered greater persecutions at the hands of the rebels than in the region where General BANKS has recently operated. A correspondent who accompanied General BANKS's army says that many Union men have been in the swamps for two years, having been driven there for refuge from the conscription. In many cases they were hunted by dogs, in others they escaped with wounds from the smoking ruins of their own homes, and did not dare to discover themselves until the advance of the Union forces, when they came out by hundreds from their dismal retreats, and enrolled themselves as scouts and rangers. Our illustration gives a vivid picture of the life which, for two years or more, these men have been compelled to live, for no other crime than refusing to turn against their flag and country.

AT PLEASANT HILL.

[On the battle-field at Pleasant Hill, the night following the engagement, a boy only nineteen years of age and an old man were found dead, lying side by side, each face wearing a smile.]

Two faces lying pale and stark
Beneath the solemn midnight calm:
Two rifles gleaming in the dark,
Dropped from the unnerved dying palm:
Two faces bleak and stark and white,
In silence fading through the night.

One face a boy's, with auburn hair
Its outline fringing like a veil;
A forehead rounded, soft, and fair,
That until then no pelting hail
In all life's storm had scarred or torn,
That never one sad look had worn.

Still on the lips a smile remained,
As if some dream had loitered there—
Some dream of home that, travel-stained,
Had come to him with holy prayer—
Had come and whispered words of cheer,
And fond good-bys from kindred dear.

One face a boy's:—The other sown
And seamed with prints of weary years—
Sad years that in their march had strewn
Life's way with shadows, losses, tears—
A face with beard of silver white,
Wet with the falling dews of night.

No braver souls than theirs that day
Had faced the battle's fiery rain—
Through all, sweet voices far away
Talked with them, soothing all their pain—
The pain of wounds they panted for,
And, having won, as trophies wore.

Death came at last—came in the flash
Of desperate charge, and here they lie—
Lie in a sleep no cannon's crash
Shall ever break—no storms that fly
Shall ever smite with harsh alarm—
A sleep God-watched against all harm.

The noble dead!—Not lost are they:
Through all the years their worth shall shine;
Their deeds shall live, and light our way
To those far heights where God shall twine
All royal souls with garlands white
As were these faces on that night.

A STORY OF LAWRENCE.

MUSIC sounded from below, and a cheery bustle of people moving about in the drawing-rooms, while in the dimness of my chamber I could scarcely see my scarred and disfigured face in the long dressing-glass before which I stood, idly sticking in and out a great pin in the white frilled toilet cushion. We are not specially apt, I think, to confide in ourselves. I did not say to myself that I lingered because the drawing-rooms were all one flood of merciless light, and Philip Hays had not seen me since I had lost all that smooth dazzle of skin, and flitting rose-red, that he used to praise; but I straightened the slide at my belt, and tied and retied the bow at my collar, and then losing courage altogether, sat down by the window, and looked out on the quiet starlit street till Alice called me, and there was no further possibility of evasion; and then I slipped quietly adown the stair and in at my seat (which fortunately was in the shadow), never once glancing up till they all were fairly seated; though I might have spared that pains, since Philip, after an absence of four months, was too busy with Eliza Vaughan to bestow on me more than a brief look and careless smile.

Mother is the calmest being in the world, and never forgets her lofty courtesy; but I could see that every drop of the Morton blood was boiling in her veins, while Alice, who is like our father, and has less reticence and more of the King Lake fire, followed me to the recessed window, where, the wretched meal over, I made haste to hide myself out of sight. It was almost like a little room, that window, shut out by heavy curtains, and holding a stand of heliotrope and the great fauteuil in which I sat, my face turned away from Alice, that she need not see its comment on what was passing without while I listened to her in silence. I hate sympathy and condolence, because that shows that people know that your heart is sore.

At last:

"I know you want to be alone," said Alice; "but, my dear, I am in a rage, and I can't go out there yet, and smile into Eliza Vaughan's eyes. If she means, in an honest business-like way, 'a bold stroke for a husband,' why, Heaven save the mark and help the husband! say I; but I detest her would-be strategy. Imagine her telling him before us all that she never dreamed of finding him here!"

"Well."

"Oh, be ice if you choose, Georgia; but you know as well as I that two hours ago she was in wrapper and slippers and that toilet was the result of seeing him pass the house."

I could not help a glance out at the perfection of the toilet in question. It was daintily and well fancied, even to her film of a handkerchief, and the scarlet flowers drooping from her black hair, and Philip I knew noted all these things.

"As for Philip Hays," pursued Alice.

"What of him?" demanded a pleasant voice, as the person in question parted the curtains and took possession of the footstool near me.

Alice gave a little shake and shrug of the shoulders for all reply, and vanished.

"What of Philip?" he asked again, looking searchingly up in my face.

"What should there be?" I answered, lightly. "You knew our thoughts of you when you left us, and four months is too short space for the growth of new opinions concerning an old friend."

"Are you quite sure of that, Georgia?" he asked, quickly. "Is it only my fancy that tells me you looked at me then with different eyes from now?"

Our tongues wag often without leave, and, "Ah, the eyes were set in a different face!" slipped from mine, as if the words had been those of some third person.

To that the answer came swift as thought.

"Not for me, my darling. I loved the face then, and I love it now, better than my life. *You are* my life, and that for which I care to live;" and then I hardly remember more than that my hand was taken into his clasp, and that so we sat in a sort of charmed hush, looking out through the open casement on the soft dark of the summer night, till Eliza Vaughan had gone away in a pet; and some time on, late in the evening, Alice and George, my brother-in-law, parted the curtains and peered in, laughing at us.

"Why were you not at town-meeting, Dr. Philip?" he asked, with merry malice. "The Croakers and the Wise men were there in full force, and not having you to turn the scales, we were equally divided and have done nothing. The Croakers will have it that, at five seconds after midnight precisely, the guerrillas will be upon us, and that every man of us should sleep with a powder-horn for a night-cap, and with one eye open; while the Wise men, of whom, as you all know me, it is not necessary to say that I am one, incline to the belief that there are no guerrillas within fifty miles, and that Ewing's men are quite competent to protect us."

Philip looked grave.

"And in case they *do* come? What have you done?"

"Done! why nothing; unless we except a few resolutions specially affecting that much belabored future generation."

"Have you any arms?"

"Not I! except those nature gave me. Are you going to turn Croaker on our hands! What would you have us do? Patrol the streets and frighten our little girls out of their senses? Here is my stout-hearted Alice trembling in her shoes already."

"Why did you tell me of your meeting?" rejoined Alice, petulantly. "I am quite certain that I shall not sleep to-night."

"Nor any of us," observed mother, placidly, "unless we move bedward soon. It is getting on to twelve."

All this time, under this surface chat, half-grave, half-jesting, was going on that quiet, electric, unspoken talk, in which is transacted so much of the business of home; for you see they had all an honest pride and pleasure in my fair looks, and it was a sore blow at mother and Alice on that first day when I had tottered down from my sick room; and when it was known that Philip was coming, the kind souls had worn an air of waiting and anxiety that my pride only half liked; and now I found the pleasure shining in their eyes almost as ill to bear. Perhaps, too, I was impatient of all this pother about the guerrillas, of which we had enough in Lawrence to grow tired, and of Philip's grave, anxious looks, as he still held my hand, red with the pressure of his fingers tightening their grasp in the unconscious energy of his thought. I had been "heart hungry, very poor" in spirit for many weeks, and now, in the parvenue insolence of my sudden happiness, I was ready to say, "I shall never be moved." So blind are we!

It was after midnight when the house was at last hushed and the lights out, and an hour or so later before I could lose my tumultuous thinking in sleep; and it seemed but a few short moments when, from the very deepest abyss of that heavy, dreamless slumber that follows close on strong excitement, I was dragged on a sudden up to startled consciousness by a hideous and inconceivable uproar, raging in the quiet street below, of clattering hoofs, hoarse shouts, cries, groans, cracking pistol-shots, and repeated hurrahs for a name that I could not at first distinguish. At the same instant Alice opened my door, still in her night-dress, her long fair hair all about her shoulders, and her bare feet hastily thrust into slippers, leading, or dragging rather, poor sleepy little Susie by the hand. She came close to my bed, and in all that horrible tumult whispered, as though those without could hear her,

"Georgia, don't you hear! Get up at once; the guerrillas are in Lawrence!"

I knew then what it was they said. "Hurrah for Quantrell!"

We are all ready enough to avow ourselves heirs to all manner of indefinite human ills, but if by chance we come into sudden possession of any of this species of property we accept it always with a feeling of astonishment that calamity should have found *us* out. I had this species of incredulity strong upon me, the nightmare feeling that this was some dreadful dream to be shaken off by an effort of will. I dressed with a sort of stony apathy, frozen into despair rather than maddened by the hideous outcries without. Alice wandered aimlessly from one spot to the other, incapable of any exertion. She was distracted with terror. Mother came to us calm as ever, but for the tremble in her steady tones as she was hushing Susie. George and Philip joined us last. They had been looking after the doors and windows below.

"Though it's useless," said George, with a bitter oath. "We're fairly trapped; caught here without arms, and not a door that those villains can't crash through in three minutes. Do you hear them? They are shooting men down right and left out there. What the devil are the soldiers doing across the river, while loyal men are murdered here like rats in a trap?"

Out on the gray sky of the early dawn flamed now a wicked blood-red light, shooting up in pointed, climbing flame, and making all the dim street as bright as noonday. They had fired the house just below (Eliza Vaughan's), and we saw her grandfather, poor old man, crazed with terror, run with feeble, tottering steps from the shadow into the great flare of light, and drop upon his knees, lifting up his hands for mercy; and so kneeling fall to the pavement, his white hair all dabbled in blood, shot with deliberate aim by one of the men of whom the streets were now full, mounted and on foot, their scowling faces putting on the look of veritable demons in the glare as they aimed at every head showing either in door or window, and picked off unlucky fugitives trying to make good their escape. They worked with system and deliberation, dividing into smaller gangs, and entering the houses one after the other; and every where followed the pistol-shots, and sickening cries and screams, and bursting smoke, and mounting flame, while household goods were tossed out on the stones, and covered all the pavement; and there were more bodies now near Mr. Vaughan, lying with ghastly faces upturned to heaven, as if calling down its vengeance. Some we knew. One was Mr. Newton, our dear pastor.

I have been long in telling this, yet it was done with a horrible rapidity; and while scarce out of our first amaze we yet stood shuddering and sick with horror, sounded heavy blows and a dull crash below. At that Alice ran to George and flung her arms about him; mother dropped upon her knees, still holding Susie, praying; while I felt Philip's arm about me, and heard his low voice as if in a dream.

"Courage, dearest! Even these brutes will not harm women!"

As if I trembled for myself or wished for life without him! I remember too, dimly, that I saw him offer George a pistol, and that George motioned it back, saying, briefly, "Of what use!" but every faculty, thought itself, was swamped in a strained intensity of listening—listening to the sounds below. As George had said, the fastenings were of about the worth of so much straw. There was a second storm of blows, a crash and clatter of falling panels, a rush and shout, the jingling fall of a mirror, a hurrah! proclaiming that they had found the silver, a brief pause and debate, and then a heavy tramp on the stairs.

I sicken even now when I recall that instant of dreadful waiting; the wild prayer, the utter hopeless helplessness, the agonized grasp with which we held our dearest in our weak arms, the dying down of our hearts as the ruffians stood at last in the doorway, coldly scanning us. Oh, gay girls and happy women! on that soft, gray dawning, sleeping securely in your great peaceful cities of the North and East, and your quiet country towns, you know of war but by hearsay, and think on it coldly, or you could never sparkle in your gems, and tread out gay measures to gayer music, while such deeds are done! You *must* be in more solemn earnest could you but feel the sorrows of our land, as of your land also, and not of a thing far off; could it be shadowed even in your dreams, what it was to stand there as we did that day, a whole lifetime of suspense in that instant's pause, an instant only: then a brief command to Alice, "Out of the way, woman!" a short, stern questioning of George,

"From what State are you?"

"New York."

"Do you go for the Union?"

"Yes."

"Then you're too good for this earth; we mean to make it a slaveholding concern, the whole of it, afore we finish, and it won't be fit for an abolitionist. Reckon we'll give you a free pass to the upper regions."

And then a glittering barrel leveled at his head, and George's low "Good-by, Ally;" and her frantic cry,

"Oh no! you can not, you will not have the heart to kill him! Oh! you do not know—he is so dear, so good—men, men, have mercy! Kill me instead!" and we miserable women, clinging about him, and trying to cover him with our poor bodies, and the pistol close there, between us, and blinding smoke, and a groan, and George lying there on the carpet, as did Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Newton without, and quick, sharp ringing shots, one after another; this time from Philip—as with a terrible cry of rage and anguish he flung himself on them headlong, and with such fury that for the moment they were staggered and gave back. A wild turmoil, a fearful struggle, and then Heaven was merciful to me and I saw no further.

Fire leaping out at windows, and gliding down the stairs, and bursting up through the floors, and curling about the doorways, and toppling down chimneys, and crashing in our roof, was what our enemies left us—and the bodies of our dead. Lawrence was free of them. It was clear daylight now, and the country was rousing, and they departed in prudent haste loaded with our spoil. We, at least, could find refuge in the street from the devouring flame that swept all before it. Alice still knelt beside George's stiffening body, but at mother's touch she rose and followed us mechanically. As we went I looked shuddering for another rigid, ghastly figure, but neither in hall, nor on stairway, nor pavement saw what I dreaded. Mother divined my thought.

"Best so," she said. "Don't look, love. Better to remember him as you saw him in life, than—like—dear George."

The streets were full of wretches like ourselves. Women distraught with anguish, sobbing children, homeless families; weeping mothers, wives, sisters, kneeling beside bleeding bodies. The sultry, heavy air, blue with smoke of burning buildings, resounded with lamentations. True, at last the soldiers were coming, and men pouring into the rescue in hot haste, with old swords snatched from the chimney-piece, and guns hunted out of the barn, and grief and rage in every rugged feature, as they vowed a bitter vengeance; but vengeance would not bring us back our dead, and the weeping and wailing went on.

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My uncle's house had been left unharmed, and we took refuge there. There too, came Eliza Vaughan, and in that strange way in which the veriest trifles will obtrude themselves on the most sacred grief, came back the remembrance of how I had seen her with the scarlet flowers trailing from her black hair, and of my paltry jealousy, and a dim amaze at such pettiness, in a world where was murder, and death, and this unutterable bereavement; and while I sat there thinking wearily men passed the door of the room bearing something tenderly, and before I had time to question mother beckoned me, and oh! it was Philip; sorely wounded, almost unto death, but living yet, and to live, through the great mercy of God.

They had left him for dead in the open street, where he had fought his way, and it was only what men called a chance, and I a Providence, that discovered the life yet flickering in him. He has lost an arm, crushed by a falling beam; but I will be to him arm and hand, and I am very happy, though after a subdued and chastened fashion; and awhiles with a something like remorse, as I look at Alice in her widow's weeds, and with lines of gray in her beautiful fair hair, and think how selfish looks my happiness to her mourning.

ORIGIN OF THE DEW-DROP.

THE sable Midnight rose one day
To woo the Early Morn;
But the coy maiden fled away,
Away, away,
On light wings gay,
With laughing glee and scorn:
For Cupid, watching closely by,
Had quickly let his arrow fly,
But missed for once,
Ha! Ha!

Then grieving he had missed his mark
(So much for shooting in the dark),
His tears fell down in sparkling showers,
And 'lighting on the early flowers,
Lay glistening there,
Till Early Morn and Sunbeam Bright,
Both laughing at poor Cupid's plight,
Did with their smiles the dew-drops dry,
And thus revived the archer sly;
While he with glee,
Cried out "I see,
Though I've missed one,
Though I've missed one,
I've hit another."

MILLY GRAHAM'S ROSE-BUSH.

MANY a lounger along the streets of N—— paused to look at Milly Graham's rose-bush, bending under its fragrant hood of pink and scarlet, just within the white little gate before Widow Martin's door. It was worthy of the admiration so bestowed upon it. No other rose-bush in all the town bloomed and flushed like this of dear, brown-eyed little Milly. No other pair of hands ever tended flower, or shrub, or plant so carefully as she watched and guarded hers.

Lottie Cushing came in one day just as Milly was giving her pet a cool, refreshing drink.

"I do believe," she cried, "you think more of that bush than of yourself; you're almost a gosling in your devotion to it."

Milly laughed.

"But you know I have nothing else to care for—no brother or sister, no dear precious mother or fond old father"—and a shadow came over the bright face. "Why shouldn't I find companionship in Nature, and employ myself in nursing her darlings?"

"Well, I won't quarrel with you, Milly dear. But why don't you let other people share in your wealth? There's the hospital now; why not send a bouquet, now and then, for some poor fellow lying weak and mangled in the hot, dismal rooms! They'd relish flowers amazingly, and somehow people seem to think they only care for bread, and meat, and custards—as if they haven't the same sense of the beautiful as ourselves. If I had your wealth of flowers I know I'd do it instantly."

Milly Graham seemed struck with the suggestion. It was strange the thought had not dawned on her before; but it had not, so that now it came like a new revelation of duty.

She was not slow to act upon the hint. Many a rose, fresh and fragrant, found its way to the hospital after that day; many a bouquet from the cozy garden solaced the lonely hours of faint and mangled ones lying in the dreary, crowded wards. Other hands too, after she had led the way, laid their fragrant offerings daily beside hers. Hearts which loneliness and absence of sympathy had filled with pain and despair grew hopeful under the ministry of the voiceless ministers, telling of the green fields, and smiling gardens, and kind hands gathering the fruits of field and garden for *their* sakes. Life became brighter; Hope flooded its heights, a little while before so dark, and its depths, filled before with shadows; the thought that there might be boughs bending with fruit under which their now crippled, weary feet might again, some day, walk—fields waving with harvests in which their now pale, thin hands might, some day, glean affluent sheaves, strengthened and comforted the suffering soldier-boys, lying there in rows, with little tables beside them filled with the offerings of kind hearts, fresh, bright flowers standing chief of all.

One bright day Milly Graham, going her rounds with her basket of flowers on her arm, came to a cot having a strange face as its occupant. It was a noble face, but so pale and wan that it almost startled her. The eyes were shut, the hands lay folded over the still breast, and hardly a breath stirred the lips. She paused a moment and looked sadly into the pallid face; then with a sigh put down her basket, and sitting down took the thin hands into her own. "Perhaps I can help him," she said to herself. And her touch *did* help him. The eyes slowly opened, looked a moment wonderingly, and then brightened with gratitude deeper than any words could express. A faint whisper, too, fluttered from the pale lips: "You are very kind." It was brief, faint, but it was full of meaning: and she understood it perfectly.

"Shall I leave you a rose?"

He nodded, with a dim smile on his lips. Then, "Let me have it in my hand, if you please," he said.

She put the flower into his hand, and, with a pleasant good-by, stole away.

Daily, after that, obedient to some impulse she could not explain, Milly visited the cot, smoothing the pillows of the invalid, preparing him cool, refreshing drinks, and leaving always a fresh bouquet on the little pine table at his side. One day Lottie Cushing, accompanying her, rallied her on her devotion to her one favorite patient. The bright face flushed. In that moment, for the first time, Milly comprehended that she was finding it a pleasure to minister to that patient's want, and that, possibly, something more than an ordinary interest lay at the bottom of her action. But the thought did not wholly disconcert her. She answered gayly her companion's banter, and went right on, day after day, as if nothing had been said.

At last he was able to sit up for an hour or so daily in his cot. The ugly wound in his side, out of which it had seemed probable, for a time, his life would flow away in driblets, was healing, and in a month or so, if nothing happened, he would be able to return to the field. Why was it that Milly contemplated the fact, when she came to know it, with a throbbing heart?

She came in one morning as he was sitting thus, propped with pillows. His face brightened as, approaching, she sat down, with a word of greeting, beside him. Presently, after their talk had ran for a little time in accustomed channels, he said, suddenly:

"Miss Graham, you have been very kind to me within these last few weeks. Will you do me one more favor—simply act for an hour as my amanuensis?"

"Certainly," she said, wondering what he could mean to write.

At once she bustled about and procured pen and paper, then sat down to her task. It would be pleasant, she thought, to write for him. Then he began to dictate:

"Dear Charlotte—"

Why did Milly's fingers tremble? It was only a common name.

He went on, telling how rapidly he was recovering; how he hoped soon to be discharged; and then added, "I shall make haste, darling, to come to you, and we will be very happy together."

A strange look came over Milly's face as she wrote these words. His darling! Who could it be? He had never told her of a sister. It must be some one nearer and dearer than any sister. But she would know presently. She poised her pen, waiting his command. In a minute he went on, telling "dear Charlotte," as he called her, how kindly he had been cared for; how a thoughtful hand had daily put a bouquet in his hand— Milly stopped there, and refused to write it; but he said, with a smile that had something imperious in it, "Do not refuse me this, Miss Graham," and, with a blush, she wrote it down; how the world was growing brighter every day—and at last closed all by simply adding his name, "Charlie." Then Milly sealed the letter and awaited his direction. She would know now whether it was a sister or some other dear one to whom he was sending his loving remembrance.

"What name?" she asked, finally.

"Miss Charlotte Somers, Bridgeport."

Poor Milly! It could *not* be his sister, for *his* name was Benton. But she wrote it, nevertheless, though with a shadow on her face. And then, having received his thanks, she took up her basket and crept away homeward.

Was the sun clouded that the world looked so dark to her as she hurried along the street? Had the day grown suddenly black and dismal that her face should wear such a look of pain and hopelessness? No; the sun shone as brightly as ever; the world was as full of song and beauty, the sky smiled as tenderly as two hours ago. But there lay a shadow on her heart, and *that* obscured every thing. She loved this Charlie Benton—she, Milly Graham, had given her heart to her patient without his asking. He, indeed, clearly loved another; and so she, Milly Graham, must hide her thought and carry a bruised heart and dead hope about with her through the smiling days! *That* was the pang which wrote its autograph in the lines of her face and the hopeless sorrow of her eyes.

She confessed to herself now that the hope she might some day be his had filled her heart with a strange joy in the few weeks gone. He was so patient, so brave, so full of generous, noble thoughts that she could not help loving him and longing to share with him life's burdens and triumphs. But it was over now—Charlotte Somers had the heart she would have given her life to win.

One day it was noised abroad through N—— that Milly Graham was seriously ill; she had contracted a fever, the gossips said, while waiting on the sick at the hospital, and the physicians doubted whether she could recover. It was a most malignant fever, they said, and usually only the most rugged and robust patients survived. Others of the volunteer nurses were also seized soon after with the fever, and before Milly had been sick a week a panic prevailed, and Widow Martin was left all alone to nurse her through her illness. Lottie Cushing had, indeed, spent a day or so at her bedside, but she was suddenly called away, and none others came to supply her place. Poor, deserted Milly Graham!

One day, Charlie Benton, lying in his cot, heard one of the physicians say to another:

"It's shameful, I wouldn't have believed that dear Milly Graham would ever have wanted for a nurse in sickness—she whose hand has smoothed so many aching heads."

Charlie Benton leaped from his cot and approached the speaker.

"What did you say, Sir, about Miss Graham?"

The doctor scanned him with a peculiar look. Then,

"I said it was a shame that now, when she is sick, maybe unto death, there is not one of all those in all this community, to whom she has in her noble life been a blessing and a help, with soul enough to go to the assistance of her heart-broken old nurse, herself dying by inches for want of that very help."

A look almost savage in its earnestness came into the soldier's face. Then, laying his hand upon the doctor's arm, he said, earnestly,

"Doctor, can't *I* be her nurse?" Then, seeing the grave questioning of the other's face, he added, hurriedly, "She nursed and saved *me*, Sir; why shouldn't I do something, if ever so little, for her?"

The doctor at first thought it was impossible; but at last he agreed to arrange it, if it could be, as Benton desired, and with that went away. It would be better to save Milly's life, even at the risk of scandal, than to lose it for the want of *any* effort.

One day, weeks after, Milly Graham, opening her eyes and looking through the window opening at her side, saw Charlie Benton sitting on the little piazza, in the shadow of the vines which since she had seen them last had faded in the late summer, and wore now russet robes. How had he come there? *why* was he so near when her first conscious thought had been of him? What wonderful fairy had contrived it all? She shut her eyes with a dreamy happiness, and tried to think. How long had she been sick? what had happened meanwhile? and what was *he* doing there—there, where her eyes could see him the moment God brought her out of the dark and swung open her soul again to the light of reason, and opened the doors of memory that she might walk again in its dim galleries? It was all a mystery, a blank; and weary with the effort at thinking she fell asleep, and for the first time in weeks dreamed. Of whom? When, an hour or so after, she awoke Charlie Benton was gone. He had remained with the widow from the day he had obtained the physician's permission to do so, aiding her in every way possible, proving as tender as a woman and as thoughtful; but on this day Milly had been pronounced out of danger, and he had gone away, enjoining on Mrs. Martin perfect silence as to all that had happened. The gossips had had much to say of his action—it was so out of the ordinary course that it justified discussion at every assembly of scandal-mongers; but he was indifferent to it all, and he meant that Milly should be shielded from all unfavorable remarks.

At last, when he knew that Milly was able to sit up, Charles Benton dropped in upon her. She had, somehow, expected him before; but she had feared to ask any questions, and so had waited patiently. Why she had hoped for his coming, feeling, as she did, that another held his heart, she could not have told; she only knew he *had* been there, for some reason, on the day when consciousness came to her after her long sickness, and that gave her, somehow, a sweet consolation.

How pale and thin she looked as he came and sat down by her side! How she trembled as he took her hand, saying, in his soft way,

"I am very glad, Miss Milly, to see you thus; life looks brighter to me now, I think, than ever before."

She looked at him with a startled, yearning expression.

"Yes, Milly," he said, answering the look, "life is brighter since you are given back than I had ever hoped to find it. It would have been always dark to me had you never come to us out of the Shadow into which God carried you for a little time. Now I am happy, because, maybe, you will consent to knit to mine the life He has given back."

Poor Milly Graham! How sweetly the words sounded in her ear! How she had longed to hear them! And yet—

A sad, pained look stole into her eyes; a cold suspicion and dread crept over her heart. Then, in a moment, all her thought broke into words:

"I thought you loved Charlotte Somers!"

"Charlotte!—why, Milly dear, she's my dear pet half-sister—born to us after my mother had married a second time. She is only fifteen; she has been my playmate, my pet, for all those years. Love her? of course I do, but not as I love you, Milly."

It was all clear now, and the afternoon sunshine, lying among the faded vines, was not brighter than Milly's face. Then he told her, as delicately as he could, how he had hovered near her in her sickness; how he had been filled with trouble and anxiety; how he had loved her from the day she had laid her first bouquet in his hands.

"But you never told me, Charlie, nor even hinted your thought."

"No, I was a weak, wounded, helpless man; I did not know I should ever recover, and I could not think of telling you my love while I lay thus, a wreck, with no prospect of ever becoming capable of shielding and protecting your young life. But I saw, Milly, the day you acted as my amanuensis that you were not indifferent to me, and that gave me hope and strength such as no medicine could give."

They talked thus, the twilight coming on and folding them with its halo. Then, sealing their betrothal with a kiss, he took a faded rose from his breast, and placing it in her thin hand, said, simply, "Let that be the sign between us," and so went away.

The sign between them! It was the rose she had given him that first day when she smoothed the matted hair from his pale face in the still hospital ward in the flush of the early summer.

So out of Milly's rose-bush sprouted a flower more fragrant and beautiful than any she had ever gathered there before—a flower which, through all the coming years, she will wear upon her heart lovingly and proudly, as her soldier-husband wears on his breast the ribbon Kearney gave him for bravery on the field.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN IMAGINARY BEING.—A new work is advertised under the title of "A Woman against the World." This is announced as a story, and could hardly be supposed to be any thing but altogether a work of fiction. Whoever knew a woman to set herself against the world? If "A Woman against the World" is illustrated, the heroine should be represented as wearing no crinoline.

We have simply the choice either always or never to fear; for our life-tent stands over a loaded mine, and round about the hours aim at us naked weapons. Only one in a thousand hits, but, in any case, better fall standing than bending like a coward.

A Jerseyman was lately arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying he was near-sighted, and thought it was his wife.

DR. CUMMING'S LAST.—By advertisement we are informed of another new work by Dr. Cumming, "The Destiny of Nations as indicated in Prophecy." A motto which the prophetic Doctor might prefix to this last production of his literary constructiveness is "Small prophet and quick returns."

RODS.—"How many rods make an acre?" a father asked of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home one night from the town school. "Well, I don't know, governor," was the reply of the young hopeful; "but I guess you'd think one rod made an acre if you'd got such a tanning as I did from old vinegar-face this afternoon."

MAKING BAD WORSE.—It is related of a Parisian portrait-painter, that having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed,

"It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?"

"It is my mother," calmly replied the artist.

"Oh, pardon, a thousand times!" from critic, in great confusion. "You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely."

To omit a good deed out of an apprehension of being discovered is to stretch caution too far, and to keep up one precept by the breach of another.

REALITY AND IMAGINATION.—Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance. Reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, brightening, and moving before our eyes, sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

CAREFULNESS NOT MEANNESS.—To be careful, however, is not to be mean. Meanness is a vice, and impolitic, not less than prodigality and carelessness. The proverb well says that "The penny soul never came to two-pence." Generosity and liberality prove the best policy. Looking at the most conspicuous examples of men who have raised themselves from a humble position to affluence and eminence, we find that they have generally been liberal men—men whose conduct has been as remote from meanness and shabbiness as from carelessness and prodigality.

A new sign for a tavern has recently been invented—Dew-drop inn (do drop in).

"I think I now see a new *fee*-ture in this case," as the lawyer said when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

Why are the drinking-saloons in Washington like a corn-cob?—Because they are generally surrounded by colonels.

Why must Shakspeare be a first-rate poet?—Because he's the A *von* (A 1) bard. [N.B.—Ten minutes and an unlimited supply of refreshments allowed for the reader's assistance in discovering this.]

A REFLECTION BY AN ANGLER.—Nature's Aristocracy. Mortal man being but a worm, is therefore by nature of *gentle* birth.

A Mormon preacher lately said, "I have forty-eight children, and I have reason to hope that Heaven will vouchsafe me a good many more. Before a hundred years my direct descendants will exceed in number the population of the State of New York, which consists of four million souls."

Love, like a sailor upon a wind-calmed sea, beholds no earth, only heaven. Heaven opens above. Heaven opens beneath, and the water that bears it up is merely a paler heaven.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire!" "No danger of that," replied Sally, "you are too green to burn!"

A Frenchman writing a letter in England to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word "preserve," and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows: "May you and your family be pickled to all eternity!"

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—The love of the beautiful and true, like the dew-drop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of the soul.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are poultry the most profitable things a farmer can keep?
Because for every grain they give a peck.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed?
When he slept with his four (fore) fathers.

What part of speech is a kiss?
A conjunction.

What heavenly thing and what earthly thing does a rainy day have the same influence over?
The sun and your boots, for it takes the shine out of both.

My first relieves each pain and care,
My second we an honor deem;
My third is found in every home,
Both rich and poor, though strange it seem.
Bed-post.

Why are people born deaf the most virtuous of beings?
Because they never erred (heard).

If all the oceans were dried up, what would Neptune do?
He would not have a notion (an ocean).

What is the difference between a young lady and a hat?
One has feeling and the other is felt.

My first is equality,
My second is inferiority,
My whole is superiority.
Matchless.

Why is a dead doctor like a dead duck?
Because they have both done quacking.

Why is A like a honey-suckle?
Because a bee (B) follows it.

Why are married people like a pair of shears?
Because they are so joined that they can not be separated without trouble, they often move in opposite directions, yet always punish any one who comes between them.

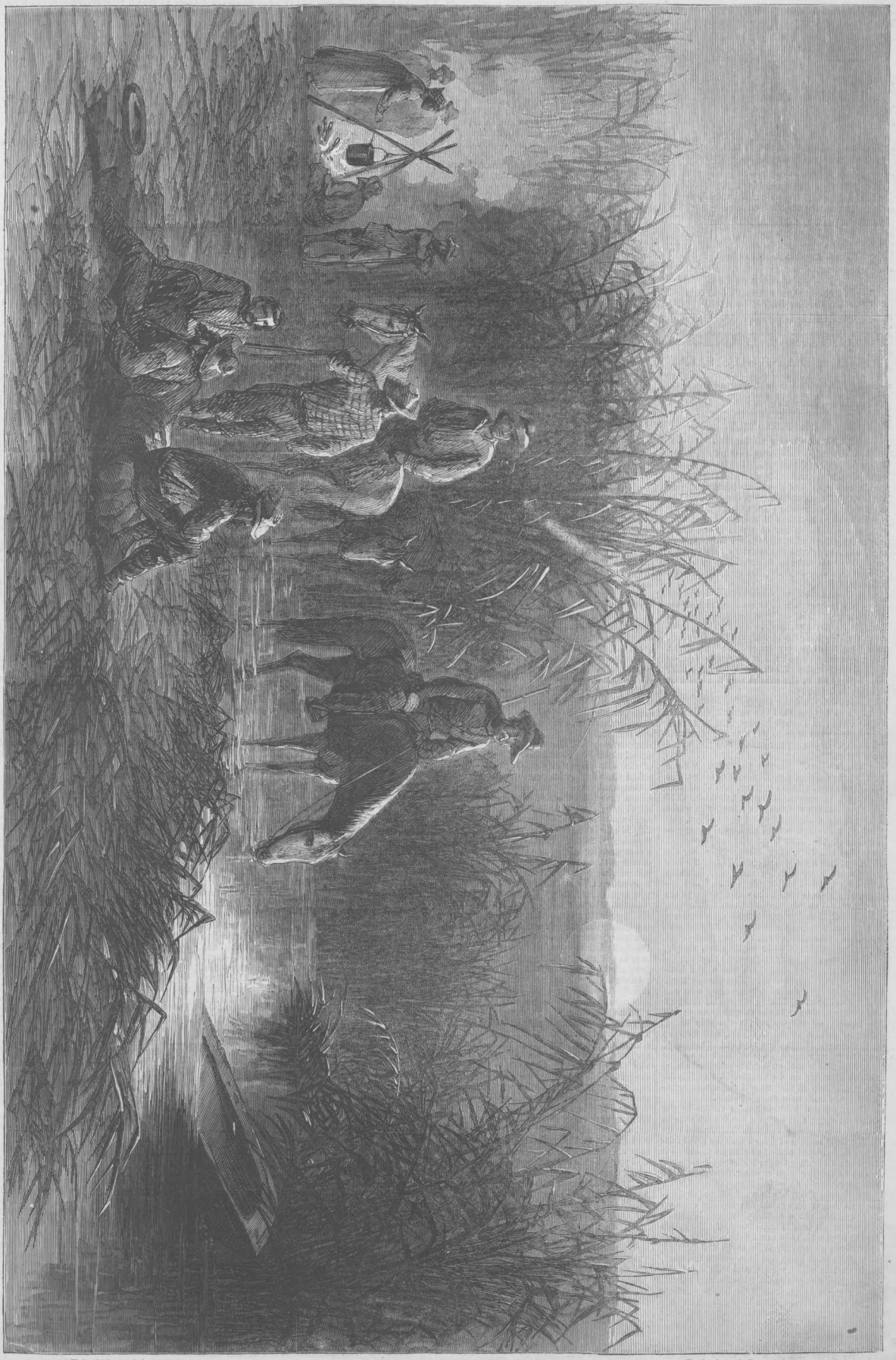
My first is a dirty little brute,
My second's at the end on't,
My third, like many an honest man,
Is on a fool dependent.
Pig-tail.

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THE PET PARROTT ON THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "RICHMOND" IN A STORM.—[SEE PAGE 310.]

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UNION REFUGEES IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 314.]

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ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE!

ONLY a baby's grave!
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave!
To children even so small,
That they sit there and sing—so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all!

Only a baby's grave!
Strange! how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space—
O more strange, could we forget!

Only a baby's grave!
Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead,
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave!
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave!
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer Heaven for it!

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XX.

LILY GOES OUT TO DINNER.

THE handsome lady, who, probably to serve her own purposes, had been bland and almost affable while the treaty of peace with the Bunnycastles and Mr. Drax was being concluded, was seemingly of a most capricious disposition. At all events, she informed Lily, so soon as they were outside the gate of Rhododendron House, that she would box her ears well if she made any noise, or gave her any further trouble; and the child, quite unaccustomed to harsh treatment, or even threats, followed her new protectress in a very subdued, but scarcely cheerful manner.

The Clapham stage—peace to its short memory—was in existence in those days, and it was by means of this conveyance that Lily was brought to the metropolis. First of all, however, the lady took her into a pastry-cook's shop, and bought her a very large Bath bun, which she apparently considered a sovereign remedy for all the sorrows of childhood, for when Lily had half eaten it, she said to her, not quite so sharply as before:

"Now, are you quite happy?"

Lily had not attained the summit of human felicity, but she deemed it expedient to temporize with a personage so stern as the personage who talked of boxing her ears. She murmured an affirmative.

"That's right," pursued the lady. "Be a gentle little darling, very sage and obedient, and I will love you. Don't vex me, or I shall have an attack of nerves. Satanée migraine, va!" This last remark she made in a language which Lily did not understand; and she noticed that the lady made remarks in the same incomprehensible tongue rather frequently. She noticed, also, that the lady, after bestowing on her the Bath bun, ate a macaroon herself, and called for a glass of cherry brandy; that, after drinking it, she declared it to be "detestable," and demanded a glass of water, the which beverage she characterized as "infamous poison." Likewise, Lily noted that her protectress apostrophized the young person in ribbons and ringlets who officiated behind the counter of the pastry-cook as an "impertinent"—an impertinent, simply, not an impertinent any thing—and that she vehemently protested that there was a bad halfpenny among her change. The change itself she flung at the head of a beggar-boy who was lurking at the door, licking his lips at sight of the greasy delicacies in the twopenny tray; but the handful of halfpence hurt the side of his head, so that he yelped with pain, and forebore to thank her. Then she swept out of the shop, nearly overturning an old gentleman in a white hat, who was seated on a cane-bottomed chair, meekly lunching on a sausage-roll, and leaving the young lady in ribbons and ringlets in semi-hysterics of indignant mortifications.

There were two inside places vacant in the Clapham stage, and Lily, for the second time in her life, was installed in a coach. She had been such a little recluse at school that the great outside world seemed almost as strange to her as it might to a cloistered nun, transferred, for some occult monastic reason or other, from convent to convent.

Lily gazed about her as wistfully and as earnestly as ever a nun could do; but she wore no veil, nor had she a breviary; so she began to ask the lady a host of questions about the things on the road which she saw from the windows of the stage; as who lived in those tall houses; why there were gates and bars across the road, with men in white aprons, and with red faces, who darted out of the little hovels, and seemed so angry—to judge from their hoarse voices—whenever a carriage came through. The lady was not very communicative. Once or twice she said, "Absurd!" Then she cried, "Peste!" At last she bade the child be silent.

The journey, however, was saved from being entirely uneventful by a few fierce verbal encounters between the lady and the two other inside passengers. One of these, a tall young man, with weak eyes, an eruptive countenance, speckled stockings and shoes, the lady accused of rudely staring at her. She called him several injurious names, and made him generally so miserable that the young man, well-nigh moved to tears, got out at Kennington Common, foregoing half the amount of locomotion to which he was entitled. Then she had a passage of arms with an old gentleman in a bottle-green spencer and a frill, whom she charged with having willfully trodden on her feet; but in this last case she had reckoned without her host, for it turned out that the old gentleman had a temper of his own, and was not inclined to brook indignity with meekness.

"I didn't do any thing of the sort, mum," quoth the old gentleman, with rising wrath, on the charge being repeated.

"Sir, you are gross! you are brutal! you are elephantine!" retorted the lady.

"Upon my word, I think the woman's mad!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I'm very glad that I'm not your husband, mum."

"Insolent: again your horrible boots are crushing my feet."

"Confound your feet!" screamed the old gentleman, in a fury. "I never touched 'em. Here, guard, guard, let me get out. And as for you, my darling," he continued, turning to Lily, "I wish you joy of your grandmother, and I wouldn't be in your shoes for something. Good-morning, mum, and a more Christian temper to you!" And, so saying, the old gentleman got out in dudgeon at the southern foot of Westminster Bridge.

They went on without any more adventures to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where they alighted. The lady and her charge swept away, and the coachman and the guard both turned their heads to look at them.

"Fine woman, Bill!" observed the coachman.

"Good stepper!" agreed the guard; "stunning action and rattling pace. But ra-a-ther a kicker; eh, Josh?"

"I shouldn't like to be the splashboard," replied the coachman, "that she was in the pheaton of. Kick! She'd kick the Tower of London into toothpicks. Good 'un to bite too, I should think. Say nothin' of rearin' and plungin'. She's a real live woman, Bill, and no mistake."

The subject of this criticism had hold pretty tightly of Lily's hand, and walked with her a few paces eastward. Then she stooped and said:

"Ah! you've just come from school: you'd like to be amused, wouldn't you?"

It was certain that Lily hadn't been very much amused up to that moment; and she saw but little chance of recreation in the company of this very strange lady. She murmured something, however, which the hearer might construe pretty much as she chose; and the lady, electing to take the words as a sign of acquiescence, proceeded to amuse Lily.

She took her first into the Adelaide Gallery, which was then a kind of Polytechnic Institution, and crowded with numbers of models, and skeletons, and maps, and drawings, all supposed to conduce toward a knowledge of science among the million. The million were there, in the shape of many old ladies in beaver bonnets, and school-children, and raw bumpkins, and persons of the country-cousin order generally. They poked their fingers into the models, and peered between the decks of the pretty toy-ships to see where the captain's cabin was, and gave themselves galvanic shocks, at which they danced, and—the younger ones—howled dismally. Then they inhaled doses of laughing-gas. And then they had a stocking-weaving machine, and a steam-gun, explained to them, and tried hard to look as though they understood those scientific inventions. Subsequently Lily looked through a number of little round holes, and saw some very brilliant pictures, which, she was told, represented Lisbon, Chandernagore, Manilla, and the like: at the which she clapped her hands in not unfamiliar glee, for a man with a peep-show had once been admitted to the play-ground of Rhododendron House. The Bunnycastles took care to put his entertainment in the bills of the five-and-thirty boarders, under the head of "Admission to a geographical and pictorial exhibition." Then, at the ringing of a bell, they were conducted into a dark room, where an unseen gentleman with a hollow voice, as from the tombs, delivered a lecture, the preliminary part of which was so dreary, and so full of long words, that it almost made Lily cry; and then he exhibited on an illuminated table-cloth, something that was like the spider at Rhododendron House, only magnified eight hundred million times; and to this strange presentment he gave a name to which that of rhododendron was monosyllabic. There was another lecture in another room from a pleasant gentleman with a bald head and a north-country accent, who was surrounded by bottles and glasses, and poured the contents of one vial into another, and turned green water into red, and popped little twisted pieces of tow into them, whereupon they caught fire, and who seemed to be trying his very hardest to blow himself up—which, indeed, in his ardor for science, he did, on an average, once in six months. "A pleace the filin's oonder the receiver, and boobles of gass weell arise," quoth the bald-headed gentleman; and then bubbles of gas did arise, and there was a sharp crackling noise, and the audience clapped their hands, till another bell rang, and every body ran off to see a patent potter's wheel, supposed to make any number of cups and saucers, elaborately painted, by merely touching a spring, but which habitually confined itself to spattering cascades of white mud upon the clothes of the spectators. Lily was delighted with every thing, only somewhat confused, and the lecture with the magnified spider and the long name decidedly frightened her.

She was not sorry when, it being about three o'clock in the afternoon, they went out into the Strand again. The lady had swept through the Adelaide Gallery in the disdainful manner customary with her, and now and again sternly reprehending strangers for crowding upon her, or treading on the skirts of her robe. The country cousins, however, did not seem to mind her much, and one of them was venturous enough to ask if, the room not being big enough for her, she thought St. Paul's would be? Whereupon she tossed her head, and looked Perkins's steam-guns at him. She condescended, however, to laugh at the galvanic shocks the cousins gave themselves, and remarked that the invention was droll.

Lily observed that when they were in the street she always held her very tight by the hand, and looked about her a great deal, and that once she told her, if any one tried to take her away, to allow herself to be torn in ten thousand pieces first.

"Not that there is any danger," she continued, more to herself than to Lily, "not that I am afraid. Oh no. I am strong—strong enough for ten armed men. But bah! let them come. What nonsense. My monsters are abroad. Are you hungry?" she went on, looking down at the little girl.

Lily, accustomed to the early and regular meals of Rhododendron House, answered that she would like to have her dinner, if the lady pleased.

"Dinner!" repeated the lady. "Absurdity! You are to dine by-and-by with the gentleman. You must wait. Come, little glutton, and have another cake."

She took the little glutton into another pastry-cook's, and presented her, as heretofore, with a Bath bun. But when Lily had picked the caraway seeds and the spiculæ of lump sugar off the sticky varnished surface, she found she had no appetite for the sweet, saffron-colored dough beneath. She wanted her little plate of meat, and the potatoes that mashed up so nicely in the gravy. She longed for a slice of the plain school-pudding, at which the big girls used to grumble so, and to which they applied such opprobrious epithets. Seeing her distaste, the lady snatched away the Bath bun, and cast it with great contempt on the counter, and then ordered some ox-tail soup for Lily, but it was so hot that it burnt her mouth, and so peppery that it brought tears into her eyes, to say nothing of its being thick, and slab, and greasy; so the end of it was that the ox-tail soup shared the fate of the bun, and the lady, in a fume, pushed Lily before her into the street again.

"Intolerable little plague!" she cried, furiously. "What am I to do with you? Comport yourself sagely, or you shall be given to the black man. Entends-tu?"

A buxom mamma in flame-colored silk and a chinchilla tippet, who was passing with five little children, laughing and prattling round her in noisy glee—they had just come out of the Adelaide, and were bound for the Industrious Fleas—looked up with surprise as she heard the voice of the handsome savage woman who had dominion over Lily. Like a prudent hen, she gathered her chicks around her in a kind of nervous tremor, lest unkindness should be contagious.

"Blessings on us all!" murmured the buxom flame-colored mamma, as Lily and her monitress went on their way, the latter scowling. "What a Fury that woman looks! How cruelly she spoke to that innocent little darling. Priscilla, my love, mind the crossing."

It was a very dangerous crossing—from the Golden Cross to Hungerford. Metropolitan improvements have since diminished its perils; but in those days it was a fearful ford. That day there was a man run over. Lily could only hear a yell, and see the rush of people to the spot, and a rapidly formed crowd with a policeman cleaving his way through it; but when the ranks of the throng opened and they came out carrying something covered with a tarpaulin, and the jolly red face of the man—a van driver, who had unwittingly done the mischief—turn, high up on his box, a yellowish white, as the crowd cried out that somebody was killed, Lily turned quite sick with terror, and had she been old enough to swoon would have fainted on the spot. She would have run away; but the lady's grasp was tighter than ever; and the lady herself seemed grimly interested in the catastrophe. She scanned the burden they were taking to Charing Cross Hospital: she questioned the policeman; and but for Lily's agonized entreaties that they might go away, she would have crossed the road to the scene of the accident.

They went into a hackney-coach after this; and the lady ordered the driver to proceed to Baker Street. Lily was taken to see Madame Tussaud's famous exhibition of wax-work. Old Madame Tussaud herself was alive in those days, and a very wonderful old lady Lily thought her, in her black silk bonnet and hood, handing about those inevitable bills at the door. And then was there not Mr. Cobbett, looking so remarkably like life, with his broad-brimmed hat, and his spectacles, and his placid face, and breathing hard, like a benevolent grampus? And the recumbent lady with the black lace veil, whose bosom rose and fell by clock-work? And were there not the kings and queens in velvet and sham diamonds, looking quite as brilliant as real ones? And the cavaliers in armor, and M. de Voltaire with his shriveled face, and the old coquette in her hoop and brocade? Lily was in ecstasies, and for a time forgot about the poor man who had been run over. Here were all Mangnall's questions, answered in the most splendid manner without the trouble of learning a single lesson.

The Napoleon Museum was not then in existence; but the Chamber of Horrors was already one of the lions of London. 'Twas a strange place to take a little school-girl, out for a holiday, into; but the strange lady paid the extra sixpence—I don't know whether they admit children, now—and they went inside, and supped full of horrors. That horrible guillotine. That dismal cavern where the royal victims of revolutionary ferocity bore their captivity with such dignified resignation—in wax-work. That appalling torso in the ensanguined shirt. That gloomy dock full of murderers. Bishop and Williams were there, and Greenacre and Courvoisier; but it was too early yet for Goulds, and Hockers, and Mannings.

Lily had not been long in the Chamber of Horrors before she began to think of the man who had been run over. The air of the show seemed hot and thick. She could scarcely breathe. The glass eyes glared upon her. The sordid garments had a musty smell. She piteously besought the strange lady to take her out, promising to be very good and quiet if she would only take her away from that dreadful place.

"You are a little fool," said the lady. "La vue de ces marands-là m'a donné de l'appétit." And then, with a sharp "Come along," she led the way out of the Chamber of Horrors. "Now," she said, when they had entered another hackney-coach, "we are going to dinner, and mind you are very good, or the sweep shall come and eat you."

Lily was too big to believe in any apocryphal devouring propensities attributed to the harmless, albeit unwashed, individual who carries the soot-bag; but the lady was so very strange, and, at times, so very fierce-looking, that she thought it not at all improbable that she herself, failing the sweep, could have done something in the child-devouring way. So Lily bowed her head, and tried to look as good as she felt.

It was a very long way to dinner. They went through a number of brilliant crowded streets, of which she did not know the names; but they were Oxford Street, Regent Street, and the Strand. Then they walked down a narrow street on to a narrow pier by the water-side. Then a man called out "Greenwich!" and they went on board a steamboat, where, to Lily's delight, they remained a whole hour. The ships, the wherries, the wharves, the distant steeples, the bridges, the blue dome of Paul's, the towering Monument, the gray old Tower, filled her soul with joy. She forgot how frightened she was at the strange lady. She forgot how hungry she was, and was quite happy.

"To-morrow," said the strange lady, as they landed on the pier at Greenwich, and Lily followed her to a large handsome house, "to-morrow you will go to school."

"Not to-day, ma'am?" asked the child. "What will Mrs. Bunnycastle say?"

"Mrs. Bunnycastle," returned the lady, "is a ridiculous old sheep. You are not going back to her, but to another school, where you will be taught to be very sage, and to behave yourself."

The child was amazed, and lapsed into silence.

"What are you thinking of?" the lady asked, as they ascended the steps of the large handsome house.

"I was thinking, ma'am," Lily answered, "of what a curious smell of hot fish there was every where."

CHAPTER XXI.

LILY IS REGALED ON WHITE-BAIT.

A BURST of laughter broke from a balcony overhead as Lily and her protectress entered the large handsome mansion; and the child, looking upward, could see a number of gentlemen congregated outside, who were leaning over the railings, and were very grandly dressed, and appeared to be enjoying themselves very much.

"By Jove!" cried one of the gentlemen—but this Lily could not hear—"she's come!"

"And brought the little one with her, too. She said she would; for propriety's sake."

"I wonder whether she will oblige us with a rapid act of horsemanship round the room, after dinner."

"It's more likely that she will fly into one of her passions, and fling the water souché, plates and all, at the waiters' heads."

"Or at us."

"I've seen her do something very nearly approaching that. Once, at the Star and Garter, she grew jealous of somebody, and tried to strangle herself with a table-napkin."

"Pretty little thing, the girl."

"Her daughter, possibly. Tigresses have cubs, sometimes."

"Hush! here's the tigress herself.—Countess, how delighted we all are to see you!"

The countess and Lily were received at the door of the mansion which smelt so strongly of warm fish, by a stout gentleman in a blue coat and buff waistcoat, whose chief aim and end in life appeared to be to show to every visitor how white, smooth, and polished, the centre of his bald head was, and how perfectly joined the sutures of his skull were. He was continually bowing at, not to, the visitors of the establishment of which he was the respected landlord—he has been dead many years, and his name, I beg to observe, was neither Hart nor Quartermaine—and he butted at you, so to speak, with his baldness, like an affable albino. The pacific nature of his mission was manifested by the snowy flag of truce which he continually waved. This flag was not precisely a napkin—that would have been too much like a waiter—nor a pocket-handkerchief—that would have been too much like a dandy—but a combination of the two: a cross between cambric and damask. But he ever waved it in peace and amity, as though to say, "Be not afeard. This is the habitation of fish and of felicity. Let no cares sit behind your chairs. I know all my customers and respect them. If you do not choose to pay the bill on

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the spot you can send me down a check by the post, or by your body-servant at your convenience: only, don't dispute my charges, for that would hurt my feelings. This is not a vulgar cook-shop. Last week I entertained his Majesty's ministers. We don't want common people here. Let them go up the town, toward the Park, and have tea and shrimps for ninepence. Here, we desire the attendance of the superior classes only. Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen. This is feeding time; and the bait is in excellent condition."

If a trader resolutely make up his mind definitively to address himself to the "superior classes," and if he carry out his intent with tact and nerve, he shall scarcely fail, I take it, to achieve success. The superior classes reward that tailor who boldly says, "Let others vaunt their sixteen-shilling garments: no puff of mine shall ever claim insertion in the columns of the press, and I will go on charging seven pounds ten shillings for a frock-coat. There are people who like to be mulct for wax-candles at a hotel, and who would think it derogatory to their dignity to pay less than seven-and-sixpence for a fried sole and a mutton-chop. Yes, there are persons who are uncomfortable unless they are overcharged. Dearness has a kink of affinity with high Toryism, and others of our glorious institutions. Cheapness is democratic; cheapness is leveling. I have always been of opinion that a daily newspaper printed on cream-laid bank post, hot pressed, gilt-edged, and sold at the rate of half a crown a number, would be a success. It might have but a small circulation, but it would pay, and it would be read by the superior classes by the light of three-and-sixpenny wax-candles, after seven-and-six-penny dinners, and while sipping port at fourteen shillings a bottle.

The validity or otherwise of this hypothesis is no excuse, however, for keeping a number of very hungry people waiting for their dinner. The lady passed the bald-headed landlord with a stately inclination of the head. The landlord called out in a rich, but subdued voice—a voice like iced Moselle—"Show the Benbow!" An obsequious waiter, with curved red whiskers, very like the claws of a lobster, conducted the guests up the softly carpeted staircase, and handed them over to the mistress of the robes, a buxom chambermaid.

As the lady, deftly unshawled, but still keeping on her bonnet, swept toward the Benbow, preceded by another waiter, the buxom chambermaid, who had just taken off Lily's hat, and fluttered a brush over her brown curls, stooped down and kissed the child.

"Poor little innocent darling," she whispered. "Is that your mamma, my darling?"

"I don't know," answered the child, looking up to the face of her querist with a very trustful look, for by the young woman's voice she was kind and honest.

"Poor little thing," the chambermaid continued, "what does this pet know about deviled bait? Why, they'd burn her tongue out! Don't you eat no devil, my dear."

Lily gazed at her with blank surprise. She had heard—what child has not? of the devil—and had been warned to avoid him and all his works; but she had never been counseled not to eat him.

"Nor yet don't you take no punch, nor no sauce pickang," went on the chambermaid. "There, go along, dear, your ma's calling you."

"It's a shame to bring children here," the buxom chambermaid subsequently remarked to the waiter with the lobster-claw whiskers. "It can't do 'em no good, and it's enough to ruin their little stomachs. I don't mind the Eton boys that come here with their pas, and always manage to get tipsy unbeknown, and nearly dash their young brains out a-trying monkey tricks outside the balcony, and then race up and down stairs like mad. I don't mind *them*. Mischief they're born to, and mischief they're bred to. But what does that Frenchwoman want here with that little bit of a thing! I don't believe she's her ma. She's been here four or five times this season. Last time she brought an old Frenchwoman who spilt snuff into her salmon cutlets, and got tipsy half an hour before the ducks came up. My belief, William, is, that she's nothing better than a play-actress."

Another groom of the chambers threw open the Benbow, a pretty saloon overlooking the river, and announced the new arrivals.

He was a waiter with very light dun-colored hair and a pale pasty face. He was warm in appearance, but not moist; the rather, crisp. It was scarcely an unnatural fancy to imagine that he had been fried in batter, and that, although now a waiter, he had, according to the (not then broached) Theory of Development, sprung from a white-bait.

Have you never observed how very like fish the waiters at Greenwich are? There is the John Dory waiter; the miller's thumb waiter, plump and plethoric; the white-bait waiter; the eel waiter, who wriggles very much as he waits.

A group of gentlemen advanced to meet the lady and her little client. They received her with many bows and more smiles. Lily was not at all frightened of them, for though so very grandly dressed they were all very kind and friendly to her. There was a large old gentleman with an embossed velvet waistcoat, and a great gold chain meandering over it, and a beautiful fringe of white whisker round his purple face. He had a fine hook nose, very prominent and very deeply colored, and to Lily he looked like a splendid Punch. She had seen Punch, once or twice, by sly peeps from the windows of Rhododendron House, and had woven a child-legend about him that he and the Little Hunchback, and the porter who boxed the Barmecide's ears, were brothers. This old gentleman his companions addressed, but without much restraint, as Marquis. He had a loud voice, and often addressed the countess in that which was an unknown tongue to Lily. There were two or three gentlemen equally splendid, but younger, who were addressed indifferently as Tom, Dick, and Harry, whichever you please; and there was a spiteful-looking gentleman with very big black whiskers, which looked as though they had not been originally sable, but had acquired that hue by means of some artful pigment. This gentleman wore a high black stock, and a coat buttoned up to his chin, and his trowsers were strapped very tightly over his boots: to the heels of which boots Lily saw something long and bright attached, with a spiky star at the end of each.

Finally, there was a very tall gentleman—a painfully tall gentleman, for there seemed no end to his legs—who kept a little apart from the others, and did not laugh so loud as they did. He had a long face, very thin and pale, and a good deal of beautiful black hair thrown back from his forehead. His hands, as Lily soon knew, were very small and thin; you could almost see through them. His clothes seemed to fit him very loosely, and when he spoke he lisped.

He was the last of the gentlemen who made friends with Lily, but she liked him the best. He drew her toward him while the men were bestowing compliments on the handsome lady, and, parting her curls, printed a very soft kiss on her forehead. Not one of the other gentlemen had done that. Had they touched her, Lily would have blushed, and her little temper would have risen, and she would have cried "Don't." But she did not reject the thin pale gentleman.

"And so your mamma has brought you to dine with us, little one?" he said, looking in her clear eyes.

The handsome lady was her mamma. This was news to Lily. She did not reply directly to his question, but began to chatter on what a pretty place it was, and how beautiful all that glass looked on the table.

"Ay, ay," returned the pale tall gentleman, nodding his head, "there are plenty of pretty things here, and prettier things to put into them. Are you fond of pretty things?"

"Oh! I love them so dearly," the child cried, joining her small palms together. And then she began to tell him about the spider on the wall, and a squirrel that belonged to Miss Furblow, and Miss Dallwallah's golden ear-rings, and a great doll with a blue satin frock and pink shoes and a sash, which Miss Babby had once shown her, and which had belonged to Miss Knee-crops, the poor girl who died before Lily came to school.

"You are a strange child," the tall gentleman said. "What's your name?"

"Lily Floris."

"The rose by any other name would smell as sweet. And how old are you, dear?"

"Nearly eight," quoth Lily; "and what's your name, Sir?"

"Tom Jones," replied the gentleman.

"No it isn't," pursued Lily, shaking her head; "it's something much prettier than that. Do tell me, or I won't talk to you any more."

"Well," replied the gentleman, smiling, "my name's Long."

"Long what?"

"You little inquisitor! My Christian name is William, and people call me Sir William Long. At school they used to nickname me Long Billy."

"And how old are you? I should so like to know?"

"I am twenty-eight."

"Then you're just twenty years older than I am. How nice! Are you married?"

"No," gravely answered the tall gentleman who said his name was Sir William Long. "I am Quite Alone."

"And so am I," quoth Lily, laughing. "All the girls told me so. I have always been Quite Alone till to-day. May I sit with you at dinner?"

Sir William was about to give a smiling affirmative to the naïve question, when the countess—the handsome lady—who had been watching this little by-play from afar off, addressed the tall gentleman by the name of Good-for-nothing, and asked him how long he intended to keep them waiting?

"I have been flirting with your little girl," he said, as he placed the child beside him.

Lily did not know any thing about flirting; but she knew the tall gentleman had been very kind to her, and she liked very much to sit near him.

"Flirting!" exclaimed the countess, scornfully. "You begin early."

"You had better teach the little one her A B C: she scarcely knows it."

"She'll get on fast enough if you take her away from school and teach her yourself," the old gentleman, who was a marquis, remarked, with a bow.

"When I want her to learn wickedness she shall come to you," retorted the lady. "Please to give me some souché, and, Sir William, I entreat you not to let that unhappy child eat too much."

The lady brightened up more and more after each course, and when the sparkling wines were passed about, was quite radiant.

"I like this Greenwich," she said, holding a brimming glass of Moselle to the light; "it does me good. It makes me breathe. Give me Greenwich and Richmond, and you may sink the rest of your sad England to the bottom of your muddy Thames. How good these little fishes are! How crisp they eat! Good-for-nothings, I drink to you." The lady was enjoying herself.

TO-MORROW.

THERE'S sunshine on life's path to-day,
The flowers bloom fresh and fair;
It is youth's balmy month of May,
There's fragrance in the air.
Around his way no cloud is cast
By memory or sorrow;
He looks with rapture on the past,
And hopeful on to-morrow.

But Time strides on, and from his wing
The autumn shadows fall;
Alas! the buds of early spring
Are wither'd, one and all.
And summer mem'ries only seem
A distant light to borrow;
While still the heart will vainly dream,
Joy may return to-morrow.

Then winter, with a ruthless hand,
Throws gloom across the scene;
And snow-storms fall upon the land,
Where sunshine late hath been.
Age shudders by the hearth a while;
And, bow'd by care and sorrow,
Looks to *that* future with a smile,
Where there is *no* to-morrow!

THE BLACK-EYED SMUGGLER.

"DID I tell you the story of Mary Simpson, the female smuggler?"

This inquiry was addressed to a knot of Federal soldiers grouped before a tent, standing with a score or so of others just out of Memphis. The questioner was a burly fellow with a good-humored face, in the plain uniform of a private, who seemed to be a favorite with the little company, all of whom insisted that they had never heard the story and would be delighted to do so.

"Well, here goes. Several weeks ago, by order of Captain Posten of the Thirteenth Tennessee, I set out from Fort Pillow, some miles, you know, above here, to guide a party of four citizens to a point where a large quantity of cotton was said to be stored. We rode along through the woods at an easy gait, laughing and chatting pleasantly together, when, after making several miles, we were suddenly overtaken by a woman riding a mule—the sorriest looking affair I ever saw—who, in the sauciest way imaginable, ordered us to halt. Of course we slackened our pace to hear what the woman had to say, when, with the coolness of an old highwayman, she drew a revolver, and aiming it straight at my head, ordered me to get down and give her my horse, remarking that she was tired of mule-riding and meant hereafter to travel entirely on horseback. The impudence of the demand was too much for my gravity, and, though her pistol looked dangerous, I broke into a regular gust of laughter, in which the rest of the party joined instantly. That a woman, and a smuggler at that, should think to vanquish me, Peter Slocum, who had gone through a dozen battles and counted it play, the idea was too farcical. I must have laughed if death had clutched me; and yet, comrades, the woman was clearly in dead earnest. She was handsome, too—handsome as a picture—not over thirty years of age, with black hair, a brunette complexion, and a deep, dark, penetrating eye, which seemed to say, 'Get down instantly, you rogue, or I'll blow you to pieces!' But I didn't get down; on the contrary, laughing in her face, we just put our horses on an easy trot and coolly rode away, leaving the fair highwayman alone in the woods to practice, if she chose, on the trees, not having had the courage to make us her targets. She was clearly too much surprised at our coolness to shoot. She had supposed that, of course, we would surrender at the first demand, none of us having any weapons visible; and when we simply laughed at her, she no doubt saw instantly how absurdly she had acted, and in the confusion of her thoughts permitted us to slip away unmolested.

"We rode on for a mile or so, chatting of the adventure, when suddenly it struck me that maybe it was not safe, after all, that this woman should be at large. I knew there were scores of female spies and smugglers in the rebel service, and no doubt she was one of the number. I determined, therefore, to ride back to the fort; and, leaving the party to make their own way toward the interior, at once struck into a by-path, and made all haste to report the affair at head-quarters.

"Immediately upon hearing the story Captain Posten gave me a squad of men, and we set out briskly in pursuit of the bold rider on the little mule. The men were full of jokes at the idea of chasing a woman, and hazarded all sorts of conjectures as to the probable effect of a collision on their hearts, some of them bantering me sharply on my want of gallantry in not having at once complied with the invitation of the mule-heroine to exchange steeds. Finally, after riding some five miles, one of the men exclaimed 'There she is!' and looking down the road we saw she was there, in truth, riding leisurely up to an old house that stood by the roadside. In a minute or two we had overtaken her, and I had her mule by the bridle.

"'I'll trouble you to keep your seat,' I said, as she was about to dismount. 'I am authorized by the commander of Fort Pillow to say that having heard of your late exploit, he would be happy to make your acquaintance; and, if you please, we'll go right back.'

"That, boys, was the politest speech I ever made; even when I proposed to Nancy, the mother of my great strapping boys up there in Illinois, I wasn't half as polite as on this occasion; but the fair highwayman didn't seem in the least impressed by my style; on the contrary, she looked as savage as a meat-axe, and no doubt wished for the moment that she was a boa-constrictor that she might just swallow me whole. She was still trying to get down from her mule, but I again interrupted her with:

"'Stay where you are, please,' and with that turned her mule and gave the bridle to one of the men.

"'You're a brute!' she cried, savagely, her eyes snapping.

"'Thank you for the compliment,' said I, coolly, and mounted my horse.

"'I won't go a step,' she said, as I gave the order to march.

"'But your mule will,' I answered; 'he's a splendid beast and loves good company if his mistress don't,' and the men laughed.

"She gave up at last, murmuring, however, that no two men could have conquered her, but numbers overpowered her and she must succumb. With that she gave up her arms, and taking the reins into her hands jogged along pleasantly enough between two of the guard.

"Well, after a time we reached the fort, and the little woman, spite of her protests, was properly examined. It was a decidedly delicate business, but I think the commander got through with it in a satisfactory manner, for he found upon her person orders from the rebel Colonel Hicks for a list of contraband supplies, such as gunpowder, cavalry boots, and similar articles—all of which, had she not been detected, she would no doubt have furnished.

"The next day, having been given a night's rest, she was questioned as to her mode of operation, and with no sort of hesitation told her story. She acknowledged that she was regularly employed by the rebels in obtaining goods necessary for their comfort and smuggling them through the lines, which she boasted she had done with entire success for a year or more.

"'What do you get for this service?' Captain Posten inquired.

"'One hundred dollars a month,' she answered, promptly.

"And how much of the money which the rebels give you to make purchases do you put into your own purse?'

"She looked at him indignantly. 'I'd have you know I'm honest, Sir,' she said; 'I'm not in the habit of stealing!'

"'Oh!' ejaculated the Captain, and whistled, winking to his companions, as much as to say, 'Here's an oddity—a smuggler and highwayman who won't steal!'

"Presently the questioning went on. Her purchases were usually made, she said, in St. Louis, whence she brought down the goods by steamer. On her last trip she had landed at Randolph, some miles, you remember, above Fort Pillow, and had got through our lines in safety. When taken she was on her way, she said, to the house of a rebel sympathizer, whose name we obtained, and whose place I had the honor of visiting a day or so after and capturing a considerable quantity of contraband goods that had been smuggled out of Memphis.

"'Your story is a most interesting one,' Captain Posten remarked, when she had concluded. 'Now, if you please, what is your name?'

"'Mary Simpson.'

"'Do you never sail under any other?'

"'Oh yes. At Randolph I was known as Mary Timms.'

"That was about all we could learn then of the history of the black-eyed smuggler from her own lips. Some days after, however, I was sent up to Randolph to make inquiries as to her associations and movements when there, and, by a little judicious management, soon gathered some very interesting additional facts. She was well known in Randolph and the surrounding country, having a year or so ago passed under several *aliases* and been strongly suspected of acting as a spy for the rebels, and in that capacity carrying intelligence from Jackson, Tennessee, to the Hatchie. Over six months ago I found she had proposed to the rebel Colonel Stewart to purchase ammunition for his command. She was generally considered quick and determined, and not easily disconcerted, and, withal, fearless to a fault. Once, I was told, she had boasted that she could wind at will around her thumb any Federal officer she had ever seen; but she found one exception, at least, in Captain Posten.

"But the romance of the story, boys, is yet to come. We found that this woman was married, and that her husband was actually one of our own loyal soldiers in Fort Pillow. When she discovered that she was really fast she disclosed this fact and asked to see her husband, thinking, maybe, that for his sake she would be let off, or that he would intercede for her and secure her some privileges in her confinement. Her desire was explained to the husband, but he positively refused to see her, saying she had brought disgrace upon him and their family by aiding the enemies of their country, and she must take the consequences of her perfidy. He took steps, too, at once, to have his children taken from her care; he didn't mean, he said, that his boys should be taught to hate the flag he was fighting for. The man was a Tennesseean, and you know, comrades, where these Tennesseeans are loyal they go the whole figure, suffering nothing in the world or under it to swerve or twist them.

"The woman seemed touched when her husband's answer was given her, but she soon recovered her haughty, insolent air. She utterly refused to tell where the goods she had orders for were concealed; but we poked about, gathering up a thread here and a clew there, until at last we discovered evidence sufficient to justify the arrest of several persons as her accomplices, and the Captain hopes still to discover the contraband stock. Meanwhile Mary Simpson has an opportunity to think over her past exploits in prison, and can speculate as she pleases of the future, which, just now, she must consider any thing but promising. And that ends the story of the Black-eyed Smuggler."

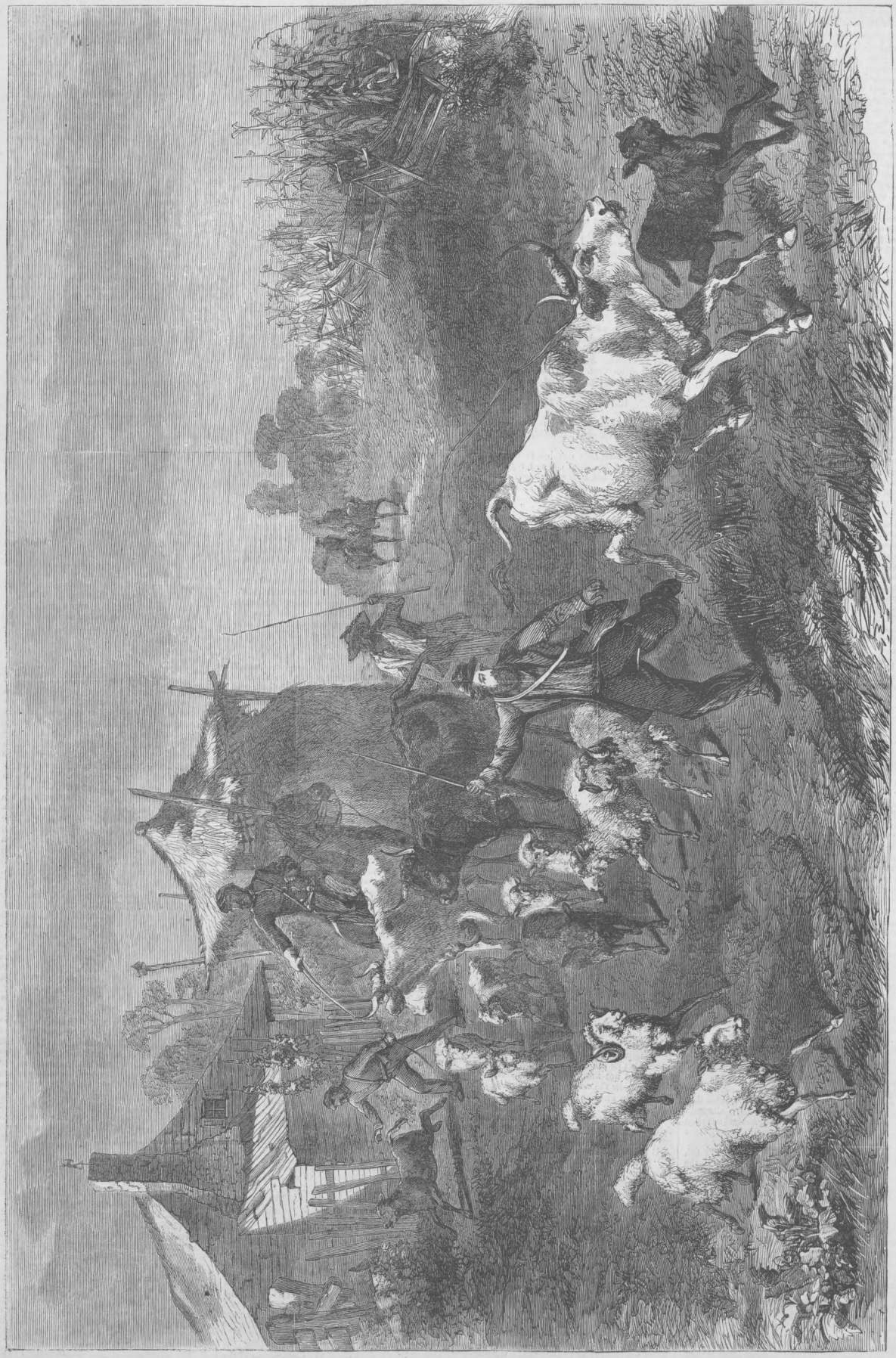
"But," said one of the listeners, "what became of her mule?"

"Oh, he was confiscated. The last time I saw him he was hitched to a cart, hauling wood for head-quarters."

"So all greatness fades. To-day the charger of a black-eyed, dashing, pretty woman-warrior; to-morrow hauling a great cart along muddy roads, with a wrecked, battered contraband for driver."

"Pshaw, Sergeant, you're sentimental. Put out your pipe, and let's to bed. Good-night, comrades!"

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FORAGING IN LOUISIANA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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FORAGING IN LOUISIANA.

WE give on the preceding page a spirited illustration of the war in Louisiana, showing the manner in which the army is at times furnished with supplies. Necessarily, in advancing into the enemy's country, our forces are obliged to depend in some degree upon the resources of the region occupied for supplies of beef, etc., and probably no experiences are more pleasurable and full of excitement than those which are ordinarily encountered in expeditions such as our artist has presented.

JOHN MINOR BOTTS.

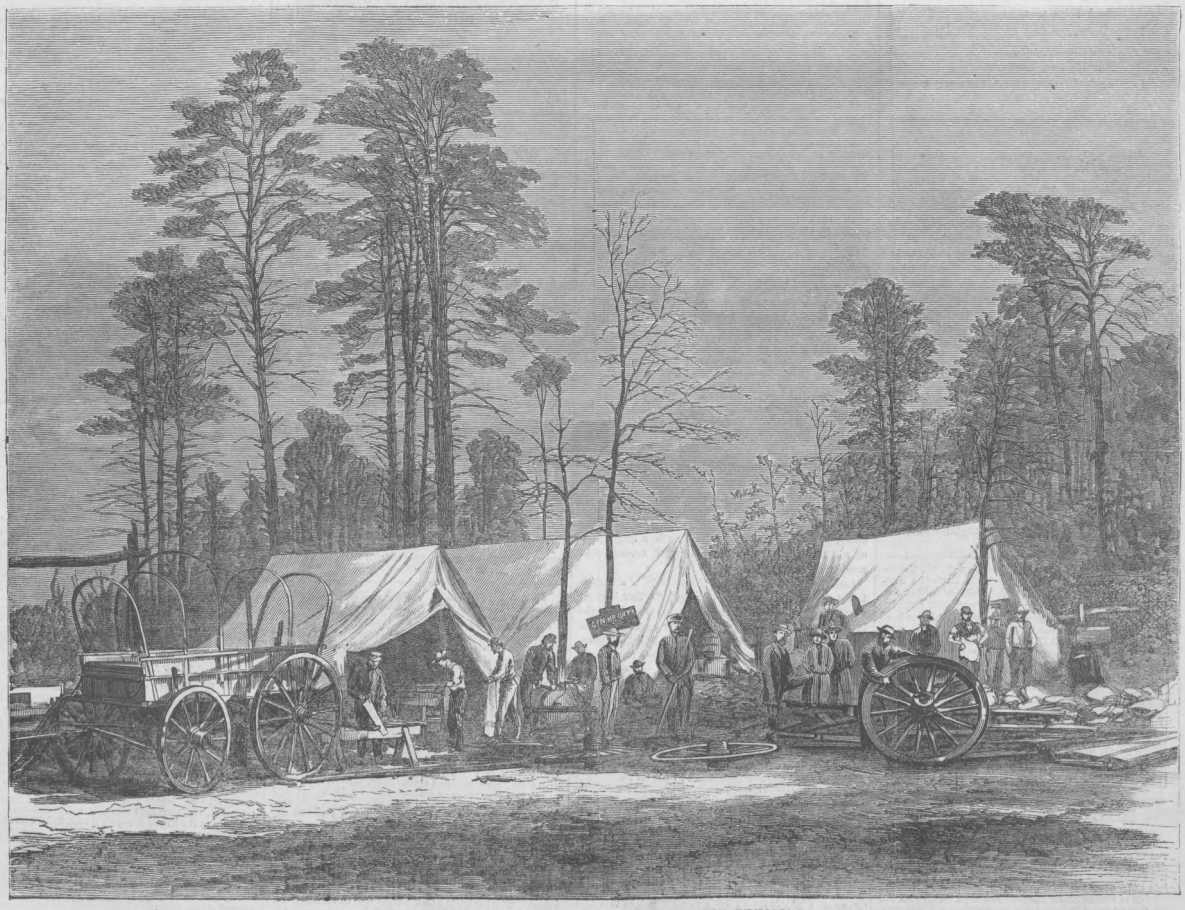
JOHN MINOR BOTTS, whose portrait we give on this page, and who occupied for many years a distinguished position in American politics, was born in Dumfries, Prince William County, Virginia, on the 16th of September, 1802. He early entered upon political life, attaching himself to the Whig party when, in 1834, it assumed its definite form, and becoming from the first one of its most ardent and prominent supporters. The previous year he was elected to the Virginia Legislature, and was afterward several times re-elected. In 1839 he was elected to Congress, and there distinguished himself as an advocate of a national bank, a protective tariff, and other measures of which HENRY CLAY was the great originator and expounder. In 1843 he was not returned to Congress, but four years after he was elected to that body for the third time. After the death of Mr. CLAY he attached himself to the American party, as a member of which he opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and sympathized with those Southern members of Congress who opposed the passage of the Lecompton bill in 1858. Upon the secession of Virginia he fell under suspicion on account of his known hostility to the movement, and for some time after war had broken out was held under close surveillance by the rebel authorities, being once or twice arrested by military direction. He has steadily refused to lend his support to the rebel movement, but at the same time has refrained from any distinct avowals justifying arbitrary measures on the part of the Richmond Government, which, probably remembering his great popularity, has hesitated to visit upon him the punishment which it has no doubt desired to inflict. Since our army has occupied the Rapidan his house at Culpepper has at all times been open to our officers, many of whom have been entertained with lavish hospitality. His last entertainment was given on the 28th of April, when Generals GRANT, SEDGWICK, HANCOCK, BIRNEY, HUMPHREYS, GIBBON, and some others were present, the affair being, in the language of a report, "of the most sumptuous character."



JOHN MINOR BOTTS.

ARMY WORK-SHOPS.

WE give below a view of the WORK-SHOPS of the Army of the Potomac. As illustrating the manner in which necessary repairs are made at the head-quarters of an army, the picture is full of interest. Our sketch is made from a photograph furnished us by our artist, A. R. Waud, at the Army head-quarters.



WORK-SHOPS—HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

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FAR AWAY.

Upon the shore
Of Evermore
We sport like children at their play;
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say;
But through our souls
A whisper rolls
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears
The voice of years
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day;
We stoop to hear,
As it draws near,
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells
We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday,
And pick no more
Upon that shore
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide,
Far out and wide,
The yearnings of our souls do stray;
We long to go,
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep
Doth slowly creep
Up on the shore where we did play;
The very sand
Where we did stand
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all
Beyond our call
Are passing hence, as we too may;
Unto that shore
Of Evermore,
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,
And Him to save
Beneath whose feet as marble lay
The rolling deep,
For he can keep
Our souls in that dim far away.

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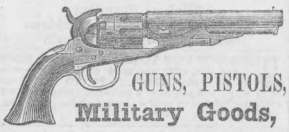


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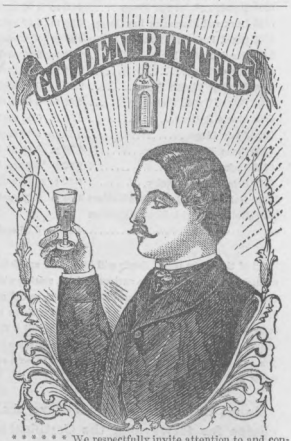
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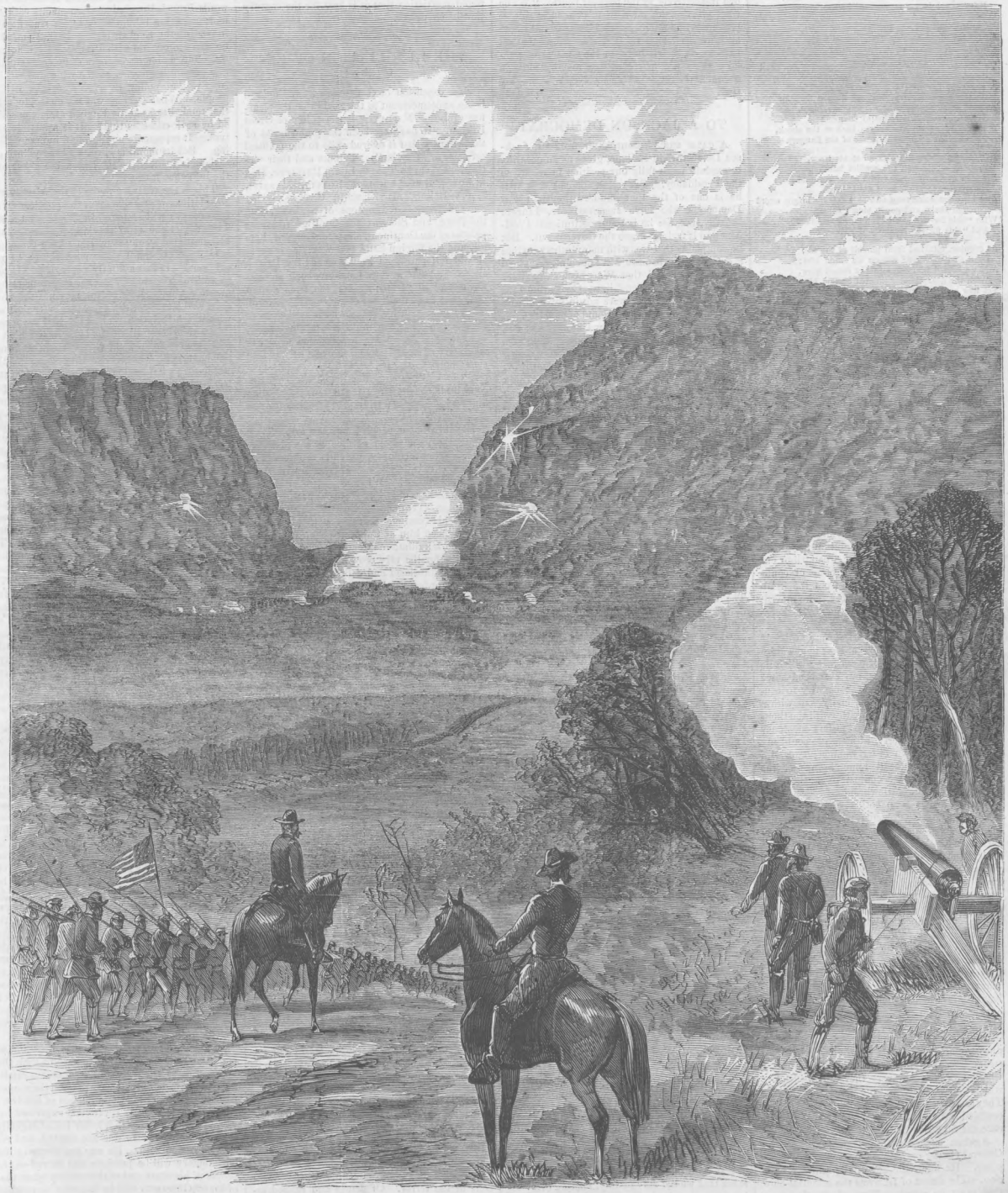
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—BUZZARD'S ROOST PASS, GEORGIA.—[SEE PAGE 338.]

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AT GETTYSBURG.

LIKE a furnace of fire blazed the midsummer sun
When to saddle we leaped at the order,
Spurred on by the boom of the deep-throated gun
That told of the foe on our border.
A mist in our rear lay Antietam's dark plain,
And thoughts of its carnage came o'er us;
But smiling before us surged fields of ripe grain,
And we swore none should reap it before us.

That night, with the ensign who rode by my side,
On the camp's dreary edge I stood picket,
Our ears intent lest every wind-rustle should hide
A spy's stealthy tread in the thicket;
And there, while we watched the first arrows of dawn
Through the veil of the rising mist's quiver,
He told how the foeman had closed in upon
His home by the Tennessee River.

He spoke of a sire in his weakness cut down,
With last breath the traitor flag scorning
(And his brow at the mem'ry grew dark with a frown
That paled the red light of the morning).
For days he had followed the cowardly band,
And when one lagged to forage or trifle
Had seared in his forehead the deep Minié brand,
And scored a fresh notch on his rifle.

"But *one* of the rangers had cheated his fate—
For him he would search the world over."
Such cool-plotting passion, such keenness of hate,
Ne'er saw I in woman-scorned lover.
O who would have thought that beneath those dark curls
Lurked vengeance as sure as death-rattle;
Or fancied those dreamy eyes, soft as a girl's,
Could light with the fury of battle?

To horse! pealed the bugle, while grape-shot and shell
Overhead through the forest were crashing.
A cheer for the flag! and the summer light fell
On the blades from a thousand sheaths flashing.
As mad ocean waves to the storm-revel flock,
So on we dashed, heedless of dangers;
A remnant our long line surged back at the shock,
Then swept through the ranks of the Rangers.

I looked for our ensign—ahead of his troop,
Pressing on through the conflict infernal,
His torn flag furled round him in festoon and loop,
He spurred to the side of his Colonel.
And his clear voice rang out, as I saw his bright sword
Through shako and gaudy plume shiver,
With "this for the last of the murderous horde!"
And "this for the home by the river!"

At evening, returned from pursuit of the foe,
By a shell-shattered caisson we found him;
And we buried him there in the sunset glow,
With the dear old flag knotted around him.
Yet how could we mourn when every proud strain
Told of foemen hurled back in disorder,
When we knew that the North reaped her rich harvest grain
Unharmed by a foe on her border!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

THE VICTORY.

THE earnestness with which the loyal people of this country are sustaining the war has been in nothing more signally shown than the sobriety with which the great news of GRANT'S victory was received. Before he moved, every thing that was heard from the Army of the Potomac revealed a unity, an unselfishness, a hearty faith in the cause, a grave resolution to fight to the end, which prepared us for a campaign entirely unprecedented. "My ground of confidence," said one who returned from the headquarters of GRANT a fortnight before he moved, "is in the moral as much as in the physical condition of the army."

In an hour like this comparisons are untimely and vain. We only know that the popular faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause—which no disaster, however grievous, has ever been fierce enough to shake—enables the country to contemplate its success without levity, but with a universal and sorrowful sympathy with the thousands of brave men whose dauntless constancy has saved human liberty, although it could not save themselves from bitter wounds; and with a lasting and regretful remembrance of the dead. The desperate contest upon the Rapidan, the shock of battle through two long summer days, shows upon both sides the qualities which will make the regenerated nation invincible. LEE and his rebels had every prestige in their favor. They stood upon ground which their valor had maintained against us for three years. They were intrenched upon the Rapidan, where they had defeated POPE. They were near Fredericksburg, from which BURNSIDE had been forced to retire. They were flanked by Chancellorsville, where they had worsted HOOKER. They had before them Gettysburg, from which they had retreated in good order to recuperate; and Antietam, from which they had been allowed to retire. Far to their rear were the melancholy swamps of the Chickahominy, in which a noble army had been encamped so long within an easy possibility of victory, which had been surrendered with terrible disaster. All around them were the famous places of their triumphs or of their secure retreats. They were confronted with an army whose unwearied bravery they had tested, but which they knew lacked the prestige of success. They saw new toils spreading for them, but they confided in the past, and believed they could secure the future.

Against such men, with such advantages, General GRANT organized his army and laid his plans. He knew the key of the military position. The defeat of LEE was the essential blow that must be struck. First of all, therefore, General GRANT secured absolute unity of purpose among his Generals. He established that moral discipline which is the source of permanent strength in every army. He brought with him the personal inspiration of vast and continuous success. He assembled a host. He and his officers, filled with the profoundest conviction of the importance of victory, imparted it by all they did and by all they were to the men. And when March and April were passed, when the soft May sun announced steady weather, and all the elemental conditions were ripe, he gave the word to his faithful and indomitable ally, BUTLER, and the Union armies moved to a battle which they knew must be desperate, and which all men believed would be decisive.

The chapter of our history which opened on the 3d of May is not ended as these words are written. But the first week's work is of such augury that we have the right to hope for a success which should bring every true American to his knees in religious gratitude—a success which will be a victory for the people of every country, and will mark an epoch in the advance of civilization. The words of the President are echoed instinctively by the popular heart. "While what remains undone demands our most sincere prayers to and reliance upon Him (without whom all human effort is vain), I recommend that all patriots, at their homes, in their places of public worship, and wherever they may be, unite in common thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God."

TO A JACKSON DEMOCRAT.

A CALM and pleasant letter from "a Jackson Democrat" in Indiana, gives us an occasion to explain more fully our position in regard to the Presidency. Our correspondent says that he is one of the four hundred thousand War Democrats who have sustained Mr. Lincoln heartily, because he is the constitutional President and is trying to save the Government. But he complains that we, with many others, evince a *determination* to have Mr. Lincoln nominated at Baltimore, and that War Democrats have been rejected by Republican Conventions as delegates because they were not in favor of him as a candidate. Does not sound policy, he asks, require the formation of a new Union party; and if so, ought not the Baltimore candidate to be a War Democrat?

Since the appeal is made to us, we answer, frankly, that for ourselves we know no other party than the Union men: than the men, that is to say, who, before the war, belonged to all the parties, Democrats, Republicans, and Bell-Everett men, and who are now united in an unflinching and intelligent support of the policy of the Administration in conducting the war. It is for that very reason that we deprecate such an attitude as that of our correspondent. Are you a War Democrat or a Union man? If you are a War Democrat, what do you mean by it? If you are a Union man, why do you insist upon using a name which is not agreeable to other Union men who have not been Democrats? And what prevents the formation of a genuine Union party, except the refusal of gentlemen like you to renounce your old party name? The Union men who were lately Republicans do not call themselves War Republicans, or Republican Union, or Union Republican. They say truly that they are not Republicans, in a party sense, but that they are Union men. And they say as plainly as men can that they will support heartily any true Union man whom the Convention shall nominate. Why should not you do the same? Do you not see that your insistence upon recognition as a Democrat is entirely inadmissible, unless you recognize other Union men as Bell-Everetts, or Republicans, which is plainly absurd?

Therefore the call to the Baltimore Convention, although issued by a Committee appointed at Chicago by the Republican Convention in 1860, is perfectly free from the least party allusion. General DIX, Mr. DICKINSON, Governor BROUGH, Mr. EVERETT, General GRANT, or General BUTLER have no more reason to complain that they are not invited, because nothing is said of War Democrats, than Senators SUMNER, or SHERMAN, or LANE, or Speaker COLFAX have to make the same complaint because nothing is said in it of Republicans. General DIX, Governor BROUGH, Mr. EVERETT, and Senator SUMNER are invited as Union men. If they stand on any other platform they will, of course, not feel themselves summoned.

Now Union men may certainly have decided preferences among candidates. Our correspondent prefers General BUTLER. That General is a man whom the whole country honors. But we, for our parts, prefer Mr. LINCOLN; and we do so, not because he is a Republican, for he is not. He is simply a Union man, and the strongest opposition to him springs from those who were formerly Republicans. We prefer him because he has proved by his administration of public affairs, that he has the qualities, the sagacity, the fidelity, and the ability which seem to us essential to our final success; and he has the experience, which at this time must count for much. We do not say that other men have not the indispensable requirements; but we think that we see very plainly, making every allowance, that he has. And we put it to our friend whether it would not be extremely foolish in us to advocate his giving place to another man, who seems to us less desirable, merely because that other had been formerly a "Democrat?"

If the majority of Union men, at any primary meeting or convention in the land, have been formerly Republicans and are now in favor of Mr. LINCOLN'S nomination, and send delegates to secure it, we can not see why our correspondent or any man, who is only a Unionist, should have any other than the common feeling of disappointment when we do not have our way. He may be very sure that the old Republican party will no more be revived than the old Democratic party; and if the Baltimore Convention shall nominate a candidate of Democratic antecedents, our friend will see the Union men who were Republicans working and voting for him just as earnestly as they expect, and have a right to expect, their late Democratic friends will work and vote for a candidate of Republican antecedents, should he be nominated.

Meanwhile our "determination" that Mr. LINCOLN shall be nominated is only a very profound conviction that it is best for the country that he should be.

THE HUMILIATION OF ENGLAND.

THE expulsion of GARIBALDI from England is the announcement to the world that the pleasure of LOUIS NAPOLEON is the policy of Great Britain. It has long been the proud boast of that country that it offered exile to the political refugees of every land. Tyrants and their victims. CHARLES TENTH, LOUIS PHILIPPE, DON MIGUEL, ROSAS, LEDRU ROLLIN, MAZZINI, LOUIS BLANC, METTERNICH, GALENGA — the escaped from the dungeons of Spandau, and Spielberg, and Siberia; the fugitives from the palaces of the Continent, she would receive them all, and the foreign hand that would seize them should fall paralyzed as it touched the British shore. And now comes a hero, such as does not appear in modern history, not from a dungeon, but from the heart of his countrymen and the confidence of his King, who is welcomed to England by the great multitude of the people, from the poorest weaver in a London cellar, to whom the name of GARIBALDI has a certain music of hope, to the Prince of Wales. The people, the Government, the town, the country, conspire in the greeting; the nation salutes him; his foot is raised for a triumphal progress through the summer land.

Behold what a people! was the cry. They salute the man whom nations love and kings hate. What a country, which is so strong that feasts GARIBALDI, and sits at council with Austria and France! What a——, when LOUIS NAPOLEON says quietly, "GARIBALDI must go;" and LOUIS NAPOLEON is obeyed! He does not prevent his coming. He does not whisper dissent to keep him at Caprera. No, for he will have the humiliation utter and overwhelming. He waits for the very crowning moment of the English enthusiasm and delight in their guest, and then orders England to expel him, and England obeys! So grievous a humiliation has not befallen so proud a State since JAMES SECOND'S prostitution to LOUIS FOURTEENTH. CARLYLE'S picture of the posture of England during the Continental wars of the last century is not flattering, but it shows nothing so sad as this. It is the most melancholy confirmation of KINGLAKE'S picture of English submission to the same man in the Crimean war. It suggests the impotence of England and the ascendency of France more than any contemporary event.

In one of its very able articles the London *Spectator*, a liberal and sagacious journal, frankly admits that "for the present there is nothing for it but alliance as hearty as common interests can make it between Great Britain and France." Alliance—yes; but upon such terms? alliance upon condition that lips warm with welcoming a national guest shall quiver into whispering "Please go; he says you must not stay." What makes it worse is, that the same article confesses that there is no diminution of the ancient jealousy and the ancient fear. "England was and is armed against France, and France alone." Put this sentence with the other we have just quoted, and what a condition of things it reveals! Surely when it is known that GARIBALDI went not because he was ill, not because his physician said he must go, as Lord PALMERSTON declared, who, two years ago, declared that there might be war with this country when for a fortnight he had had Mr. SEWARD'S disclaimer in his pocket, but because the French Emperor ordered Lord PALMERSTON to order him away, there will either be a popular tempest which will whirl the present ministry from power, or Great Britain deliberately accepts the post of French lackey.

PICTURE PREACHING.

IN the Gallery of the Metropolitan Fair there was a very striking and painful picture of "The Last Day of the Guillotine." It represents a huge room in the Conciergerie or some other of the prisons of Paris swarming with the victims of the terror. Of gentle and refined aspect, most of them, dressed in the fashion of the time made familiar to us by the portraits of MARIE ANTOINETTE and CHARLOTTE CORDAY, the crowd sits or stands, cowed and shuddering, while a wretch, who seems the very incarnation of the hideous ferocity of the Revolution, has climbed a column, and, elevated above the heads of the crowd, points leeringly at a woman whose name he calls, to join the melancholy procession to the scaffold which is seen in the corridor passing the grated door. The victim has half risen from her seat, clasping her hands, but without turning her head, while her lover sits not far away, mute, motionless, frozen with horror.

It is one of the most tragical pictures ever painted. At the first glance it seems too great an outrage upon human nature to perpetuate a moment so terrible. But after a little while the real justification of the work is apparent in the utter loathing which seizes the mind of the spirit from which such atrocities spring. A thousandfold more fervent than the most eloquent description or denunciation the picture exposes the true character of the great crime, and helps to explain the profound indignation which thrilled the world at that time, and has made the very words French Revolution synonymous with the most revolting inhumanity. The student who in reading the English history of that period is disposed to quarrel with PITT'S coercive domestic policy, no longer wonders as he contemplates this palpitating scene, at the wide and willing support that policy received from the British people. What sacrifice was not cheap, he asks, that tended to keep the English annals unstained by such crime as this? It is a terrible picture. It represents unalleviated human suffering. But its moral is clear, and the pain it occasions is justified by the lesson it teaches and the influence it exerts.

This is the reply we make to the friendly expostulations we receive upon the publication of such cuts as will be found in this paper to-day. They depict the most shocking barbarities, the bloodiest crimes. "How can I take the paper home? How can I show such things to my children? Is this a family paper, if you curdle us with such horrors?" are the questions asked, and in a kindly spirit. But may not the children well be taught the character of the enemy with which their fathers and brothers are struggling, and the spirit of the barbarism which is seeking to overthrow the Government, and ruin the country? The earlier they learn it, the stronger the impression will be, the better and truer Americans they will become. Our paper is and ought to be a vivid history of the time, and it can not avoid the tragical details. And for every child who may be grieved by the spectacle of this suffering and crime, how many a manly heart will be strengthened with a wholesome detestation of the infamy of this rebellion and the means to which it naturally resorts! A hundred descriptions of the massacres of our faithful soldiers will not strike home so deeply as a vivid picture of them. This little sheet goes into a thousand homes, and into the camps of the army, from the ocean to the prairies. To the quiet home circle it reveals with sad emphasis the perils which brave men confront and endure to secure the happiness of those homes. To the camp it brings a living witness of the constant sympathy and care which follow the fortunes of the soldier, when they are tragical as well as picturesque. Perhaps in some such considerations our friends who differ may find a little justification for strengthening the public nerve as well as pleasing the public heart.

GENERAL WADSWORTH.

OUR victory is costly. We all knew it would be. None knew it more certainly than General WADSWORTH, and none was more willing than he that the price should be paid. The story of his public service is simple. He early saw the danger that threatened the country. Before the first shot was fired, he knew that war had begun in the country between the principles of despotism and democracy. He devoted his time, his influence, his means, every power he had, to the sacred duty of arousing the public mind, and standing fast for the great original principles of the Government. As the crisis approached he went to the Peace Congress, and did willingly all that a man and an American could honorably do. When the smoke of the opening battle cleared he was seen in the van of the brave men who hastened to the front, wishing only to serve his country and her cause. Personal ambition, self-seeking of every kind he put aside as naturally as every other dishonor. An aid to the young M'DOWELL at Bull Run, General of a Division at the Wilderness, his heart beat and his hand struck for the same object, the true welfare of his fellow-men.

In the midst of the war, solicited to stand in another post of duty not less important than the purely military one he held, he became a candidate for Governor of New York, upon the simple issue of unconditional maintenance of the Government and Union. He frankly expressed his views of public affairs in a letter full of sagacity and earnestness. He was not elected, and remained in the field. He was not elected; but his memory will be precious and sacred to the people of his State and of the country when that of many Governors will be forgotten or recalled with shame.

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Brave, courteous, and gentle; beloved by his neighbors, and friends, and all who knew him; busied to the last moment before the march in caring for the comfort of his soldiers, he is seen next, and for the last time, his noble gray head bared in the bright May sunshine, leading those soldiers into the fiery storm of battle, and falling, shot through the brain. So they die, the old and young together. So, with infinite sorrow to a thousand hearts, all over the land, on the shore, among the hills, in the wilderness, the heroic blood is poured out which shall baptize into the faith and love of liberty the nation which it saves.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

MANY excellent ladies in Washington and elsewhere propose a general movement to dispense with superfluities and luxuries in order to reduce unnecessary importation and the price of the necessaries of life. The members of the society in Washington pledge themselves to use "no imported article of apparel" for three years. As a sign of earnest devotion and patriotism this is most welcome. It springs naturally from a profound conviction of the vital significance of the war; and if the spirit it evinces had been universal from the beginning of the rebellion we should to-day have many millions of dollars for actual use that have been squandered upon the vainest display. It has always been a question whether, while the war has raged at a distance from our own homes, we have felt seriously enough the necessity of individual sacrifice, and the success of this movement will be a kind of test of national earnestness.

We hope that so good an intention will not be marred by any folly in the fulfillment, and that a purely voluntary assent to the sacrifice will be the sole test of its reality and value. There was a disposition, when the subscriptions to the great Fair were collecting, to whip in certain classes of persons and employments. The hotel keepers were stigmatized, we remember, as not having contributed to the fund. But the whole significance of the vast sum realized was that it was a free gift. With what pleasure could a compulsory contribution, a forced loan, have been regarded? It would then have been no indication whatever of real sympathy. So in the present case, if there should be any moral coercion applied, there may be money saved, indeed, but there will be no sign of a free will to save money; and that free will is the important thing, because that shows the spirit which makes the saving of money serviceable to the cause.

The movement has been formally begun by women, but it is one in which we all have a common interest, and with which every truly loyal person will wish to conspire. The poor are doubly pinched by the large prices consequent upon the wild speculation which always accompanies great wars. Let us remember that charity, to others, to our country, and to ourselves, begins at home.

REV. DR. M'CLINTOCK.

ONE of our most valiant and faithful champions in Europe since the war began was the Rev. Dr. M'CLINTOCK, who has lately returned home, and will hereafter occupy the pulpit of *St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church*, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, every Sunday morning. He lost no proper occasion while abroad to vindicate the cause of his country, and his sagacity and ability have been of signal service. Of his general work the *Christian World* thus speaks:

"DR. M'CLINTOCK has done a most glorious work for the cause of Christ during his residence in Paris. Through his able and efficient labors the Chapel has been entirely self-sustaining; nor have his labors been confined to the duties which devolved upon him in connection with the Chapel. The Doctor is a noble-hearted Christian patriot, and his labors have been untiring for the welfare of his country. Two years since he went to London to attend the anniversaries, and there, like our friend MR. BEECHER, nobly battled for the right. Through his influence and speeches the great body of the Wesleyans in England have been our firm and steadfast friends."

WILLIAM SIDNEY THAYER.

MR. THAYER, late Consul-General of the United States in Egypt, died at Alexandria on the 10th of April—an event which we record with sincere regret in the columns of this paper, to which he had been a contributor. He had been long in feeble health, but he had youth and hope upon his side, and his friends trusted that an entire change of climate and occupation might work also an entire change of health. But profoundly interested in his important duties as a foreign representative of his country, thoroughly in sympathy with the great cause for which we are struggling, he could hardly give mind or body the absolute needful rest. Even the soft touch of Egypt could not heal him; and at the age of thirty-four the modest, genial, energetic, accomplished man dies at his post, and dies leaving no one who ever knew him who will not long and deeply regret his loss.

ALL HAIL, OHIO!

ONE of the most striking and significant facts of the times is, that upon the late call of Governor BROUGH for thirty thousand men, the State of Ohio responded by putting *forty thousand men into camp in three days.* SHERMAN'S army now moving into Georgia "commits its lines of communication and supply to the men now mustering in the Northwest," says a Cincinnati paper; and it is supposed that SHERMAN will be stronger by twenty thousand veterans than if the call had not been made, or rather if it had not been so grandly answered. How faithful Ohio was to the glorious cause her majority against Vallandigham last year showed. How true and steady the Buckeye State *is*, this sudden rising of her noblest citizens proves.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*May* 4. The resolutions of Mr. Sherman came up as the special order—that a quorum of the Senate consists of a majority of the Senators duly chosen; that if a majority of the Presidential electors, duly appointed and qualified, vote for one person, he is the President: that if the election of President devolves upon the House of Representatives, and the votes of a majority of the States represented in the House be cast for one person, he is the President. After discussion, they were adopted, 26 to 11.——*May* 5. Mr. Chandler reported a bill to prevent smuggling, which provides that after the 4th day of August next all baggage and effects of passengers, and all other articles coming into the United States from any foreign country, shall be inspected, and if any dutiable articles shall be found, the trunk, valise, or other envelope, shall be confiscated.—Mr. Collamer reported back the House bill to establish an ocean mail steamship service between the United States and Brazil, with amendments relating to the details of the contract with steamship owners, which were adopted.—Mr. Ward presented a bill to amend the act to enable the people of Nevada to form a State government and constitution. It provides for holding an election for the adoption of the constitution on the first Wednesday in September, instead of the first Tuesday in October. It was passed.—Mr. Wade made a report from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, accompanied by the evidence, in relation to the capture of Fort Pillow, and moved that 25,000 copies be printed for the use of the Senate. Adopted.—Mr. Sumner moved a substitute for the Finance Committee's amendment to the Bank bill. It provides that every Association shall pay to the United States a duty of one per cent. upon its circulation, one half of one per cent. on its deposits, one half per cent. on its capital stock above the amount invested in United States bonds, each half year after January, 1864.——*May* 6. The bill to amend an act entitled an act to promote the progress of useful arts, granting six months extension to patentees in which to pay their fee, was passed.—The bill to amend the Charter of Washington City was called up by Mr. Dixon, with an amendment compelling the registration of colored citizens. Mr. Cowan moved to insert the word "white" as a qualification for voters. Debate ensued on the amendment until the expiration of the morning hour.—The National Currency bill was taken up, and the amendment offered by Mr. Sumner, increasing the tax on the circulation and deposits and capital stock was rejected by a vote of 24 to 21. An amendment establishing Clearing-Houses at New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, at a rate of discount of not exceeding one quarter of one per cent., was adopted.——*May* 7. Mr. Ramsay introduced a bill making an additional grant of land to aid in constructing a railroad from St. Paul to a point between Big Stone Lake and the mouth of the Sioux Wood River.—A resolution of Mr. Hale, calling upon the Secretary of the Navy for a copy of the record of the Wilkes Court-martial was adopted.——*May* 8. The bill for the erection of a branch mint at Philadelphia was passed.—Mr. Howard reported a substitute for the Pacific Railroad Bill.—The Senate considered the Bank Bill at length, but little or no progress was made. An amendment by Mr. Doolittle, to keep the circulation within certain bounds, was voted down.—Mr. Wade, of Ohio, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, made a report in reference to the returned prisoners at Baltimore and Annapolis.—Mr. Cameron read a despatch from the Secretary of War, announcing a victory by General Grant, when the Senate adjourned.——*May* 10. There was very little business done of an important character, save the passage of the National Bank Bill in an amended form, which sends it back to the House for concurrence.—The bill to prevent smuggling was passed.—The bill organizing the veteran volunteer engineers of the Army of the Cumberland was also passed.

HOUSE.—*May* 4. The Fortification Appropriation bill was passed, with amendments for repairs at Great Brewster, Lovell's, and Deer islands, in Boston Harbor, appropriating $50,000 therefor, and for repairs to the sea-wall at Buffalo $37,500.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill guaranteeing a republican government to rebellious States. After a long discussion the bill was passed; yeas 73, nays 59. The bill provides for the appointment of provisional governors, and as soon as the military resistance shall be suppressed such measures be taken for calling a convention for the formation of a State Constitution. Certain classes of persons who have voluntarily borne arms or held office under the Confederate usurpation are excluded from voting or being elected as delegates. The conditions on which such States shall be admitted include a provision that involuntary servitude shall be prohibited and freedom forever guaranteed, and that no debts created under the sanction of the usurping power shall be recognized or paid by the newly-created States.—At the evening session the bill extending to soldiers and sailors, without regard to color, the benefits of the Homestead Law on rebel confiscated lands was passed.——*May* 5. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Special Order, viz., the bill to reimburse Pennsylvania for the expenses incurred in calling out troops to repel invasion. After rejecting several amendments the Committee rose, when the House rejected the bill, which, however, was subsequently reconsidered, and the bill was passed, appropriating $700,000 for the Pennsylvania militia, with an amendment appropriating $15,000,000 to defray the expenses of other loyal States in repelling raids.—Mr. Morrill moved that evening sessions be dispensed with until further order, leaving the House to adjourn at such hour as it may see fit, which was adopted.——*May* 6. Mr. Dawes reported two resolutions, one declaring that F. P. Blair is not, and the other that Mr. Knox, the contestant, is, entitled to a seat in the House as the Representative of the First District of Missouri.—Mr. Ganson called up the resolution of the Committee on Elections, declaring that neither Mr. Loan, the sitting member, nor Mr. Bruce, the contestant, is entitled to a seat as the Representative of the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri. Debate followed, continuing nearly through the session.——*May* 9. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to examine into the expediency of locating the proposed navy-yard on the west side of the Hudson River, nearly opposite Yonkers.—Fernando Wood asked, but failed to obtain, the unanimous consent to introduce a resolution that the President be required to furnish this House copies of correspondence between the Secretary of State and Mr. Adams or Lord Lyons on the subject of a simulated report and document of the Navy Department of the so-called Confederate States.—The House resumed the consideration of the Missouri Election Case, which was debated until the hour of adjournment.—Mr. Gooch made a report of the ill-treatment of prisoners in rebel hands.——*May* 10. The Missouri contested election case of Bruce *vs.* Loan was finished by adopting a resolution declaring Mr. Loan, the sitting member, to be rightly entitled to the seat, which rejects the report of the Committee on Elections.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The Grand Movement of the Army of the Potomac is in progress. The order of General Meade to march was issued on the morning of the 3d. General Gregg's cavalry took the advance, and was engaged until late at night in repairing the roads leading to Ely's Ford, on the Rapidan. About midnight another cavalry division moved to Germania Ford, and both were successful in establishing crossings. The Second Corps broke camp at midnight, and effected a crossing at Ely's Ford about daylight on the 4th. The Fifth Corps crossed at Germania Ford, followed by the Sixth. No serious opposition was met until the advance reached the Wilderness, General Lee not having, apparently, anticipated the movement. It threatened his communications with Richmond, and forced him out of his formidable intrenchments around Orange Court House, covered by Mine Run. Accordingly, on Thursday morning, the 5th, before General Grant had fully established his lines, Lee exhibited, in his disposition of troops, a determination to advance, evidently with the design of cutting our lines. On discovering his intentions General Warren was directed to attack him at once, which he did at about 11 A.M. A determined musketry fight of an hour and a half ensued, in which Warren handsomely drove him from his position, with the infliction of great loss. Griffin's division of the Fifth Corps led the attack and suffered severely, its loss being nearly 1000 in killed, wounded, and missing. Finding his efforts to break our centre futile, the enemy next attempted to interpose an overwhelming force between Warren and Hancock, the latter of whom, in accordance with orders, was marching his corps rapidly to form a junction with the former. Fortunately, his advance, consisting of Birney's division, came up not a moment too soon, and just in time to circumvent the rebel General, who, at 2½ P.M. commenced a terrific onslaught on the divisions of Birney, Gibbon, and Getty, the latter of whom had been temporarily detached to form the extreme right of Hancock's command. The fight raged hotly until some time after dark, and resulted in the complete repulse of the enemy at all points. Our loss in this engagement is about 1000 men. Scarcely any artillery was brought into requisition, the character of the ground rendering it useless.

During the night picket firing was kept up, and early on the morning of Friday, the 6th, the battle reopened, the enemy making a desperate attempt to turn the position of the Sixth (General Sedgwick). This assault, after an hour's hard fighting, was repulsed. The enemy then suddenly attacked the left, under Hancock, but were again driven back. The battle then became general along the entire line. At a quarter past eleven o'clock a desperate assault was made upon the Fifth Corps, particularly upon the Fourth Division, commanded by General James S. Wadsworth. While gallantly rallying his men, and at their head, leading the charge, this noble soldier was shot in the forehead, and fell dead, his body remaining in our possession. A partial lull ensued about noon, when another desperate assault was made on General Hancock. His veteran columns temporarily yielded to the shock, but soon rallying, recovered their line, and sent staggering back the massed columns of the foe with most frightful slaughter to them. During the afternoon comparative quiet prevailed, but about seven o'clock in the evening the enemy made a furious charge upon Sedgwick's right, throwing it into confusion, and in fact turning his position. A stampede ensued, but the line was soon re-established. Our loss in this engagement was quite heavy, but that of the enemy was said to be greater than our own. General Seymour and a considerable number of our troops were captured in the confusion. Later in the night another assault was gallantly repulsed, reinforcements having been sent to Sedgwick's help. The estimate of losses on the right wing are given as follows: Wounded up to six o'clock, Friday P.M., 2100; killed up to same time, 500; killed, wounded, and missing during the turning of the right wing, 4000; total, 6600. No artillery lost, as from the position none could be used. During Friday night General Lee withdrew from the field, establishing himself on a new line. This movement was caused by a manœuvre of General Grant, who had swung his left flank (Hancock's Corps) down toward Spotsylvania Court-House, threatening Lee's communications. This forced the latter to retreat. Dispatches received from Grant, dated Monday noon, indicated that Lee had made a stand at Spotsylvania Court House, six miles from Wilderness, but that at that date, though there had been some hard fighting, no general battle had taken place. General Grant was replenishing his army from his supply-trains, so as to advance without them. The same dispatches bring the sad intelligence of Sedgwick's death. He was killed in the fighting of Monday, above referred to, by a ball from a sharpshooter. His remains were at Fredericksburg. General Wright, commanding the First Division, succeeded to the command of the Corps. Generals Robinson and Morris were wounded. The former commanded the Second Division of Warren's Corps; the latter the First Brigade of the Third Division of Sedgwick.

THE LOSSES.

Among the casualties reported from the field are the following: Generals Sedgwick, Wadsworth, and Hayes killed; Generals Getty, Gregg, Webb, Owens, Robinson, and Morris wounded. A large number of Colonels and other field and line officers were killed. The total loss is believed not to exceed 15,000. We took 3000 prisoners up to Friday night. Very many of the wounded were but slightly hurt, and walked from the field to the rear.

The rebel Generals Longstreet and Pegram were severely wounded, and several high officers of Lee's army were killed and wounded. Intercepted dispatches from General Lee acknowledge the loss of "many wounded."

Fredericksburg was occupied on the night of the 8th, and the depôt for our wounded was at once established at that point. Stores and medical help arrived promptly on the spot the day following.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN.

Simultaneously with the advance of the Army of the Potomac, the campaign on the Peninsula was opened by General Butler, who proceeded to West Point on the York River, and landed a considerable body of men from transports, as if intending to advance on Richmond from that point. This deceived the enemy, who at once hurried their forces from Fort Powhatan and other defenses on the James River to meet the threatening column. Under cover of the night, General Butler then withdrew his force, and re-embarking, sailed at once for the James River. Before the enemy had discovered their mistake our troops had been landed at City Point and other places on that river, and General Butler was master of the situation. This was accomplished on the morning of the 5th, the whole army being transferred in 20 hours from Yorktown and Gloucester Point to within striking distance of Richmond. Five Monitors and a large number of gun-boats accompanied the expedition, which consisted of the Tenth Corps, under General Gillmore, and the Eighteenth under General W. F. Smith. Fort Powhatan, a rebel work, was occupied, and all the points along the river which commanded the bends were captured and fortified. To cover this movement, cavalry expeditions were sent out in various directions, preventing a concentration of the enemy, and placing their communications in danger. Immediately upon fortifying his base, General Butler advanced his army eight miles into the interior toward Petersburg, ten miles distant from City Point. On the evening of the 6th, Generals Hickman's and Brooks's divisions took possession of the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, after a severe fight in which the rebel Generals Jones and Jenkins were killed and General Pickett and Mr. Hunter severely wounded. The railroad bridge crossing one of the tributaries of the Appomattox River, within about seven miles of Petersburg, was set on fire and totally consumed, and the railroad track torn up and rendered useless long enough for our forces to carry out other and more important operations. Our success was not gained without some loss, but precisely how great can not as yet be ascertained. On the morning of the 6th, the United States gun-boat *Commodore Jones*, while on picket duty in the James River, near Turkey Bend, was blown up by a torpedo, one of the cigar-shaped infernal machines, and several of her officers and men were killed and some 40 wounded. The rebel who had charge of the torpedo was shot, and two of his companions made prisoners.

Our latest dispatches before going to press indicate Butler's complete success in breaking up the railroad communication south of Richmond, and in two Beauregard's and also that a battle had been fought with one portion of the latter, led by Beauregard in person, resulting in a victory to the Federal force.

SHERMAN'S MOVEMENT.

A severe battle for the possession of Dalton, between Sherman and Joe Johnston was being fought on Tuesday. Sherman had occupied Tunnel Hill on the Dalton and M'Pherson's corps was on Johnston's communications Southward.

MISCELLANEOUS.

General Banks's campaign in Western Louisiana has terminated unsuccessfully. Finding the position at Grand Ecore unsafe, the Army retreated to Alexandria, being pursued by the enemy, who constantly harassed the rear column. When near Cane River an engagement took place, in which the rebels lost 800 men and nine pieces of artillery. At the last accounts our position at Alexandria was secure, and the gun-boats in the Red River above the Falls, where they were detained by the low water, were still safe, though greatly harassed by the enemy. Two or three transports had been lost on the river, and it was feared others would have to be abandoned.—On the 7th inst. Brigadier-General E. R. S. Canby was appointed and confirmed as Major-General of Volunteers, and ordered to the command of all the troops west of the Mississippi. He has already gone to the field. General Banks's position in this new arrangement is not defined.

General Steele's army has returned to Little Rock, Arkansas. His main body was greatly harassed by the rebels during his retreat from Camden, and he was compelled to destroy his trains and every bridge behind him. On the 30th ult. he crossed the Saline River; but before crossing he was attacked by the rebels under General Fagan, whom he repulsed. A portion of the rebel cavalry crossed above, and proceeded within eight miles of Little Rock, causing considerable alarm there. Latest reports from Little Rock assure us that both that place and Pine Bluff are safe. A Union train of two hundred and forty wagons, while returning to Pine Bluff, was captured by the rebels on the 26th ult., together with the escort under the command of Colonel Drake, comprising the Twenty-sixth Iowa Regiment, the Seventy-seventh Ohio Regiment, and the Forty-third Indiana Regiment, with four pieces of artillery.

General Sturgis's cavalry had a fight near Bolivar, Tennessee, on Monday last with the rebels under Forrest. Our troops numbered 700, with two pieces of artillery; those of the enemy were 1000. After a fight of two hours, in which General Sturgis lost only two killed and ten wounded, the rebels were driven across the Hatchie River, destroying the bridge behind them.

Dates from Jacksonville, Florida, are to the 2d inst. General Birney had gone, with his colored troops, on an expedition into the interior; his destination was not known. Orders were issued on the 28th that all residents of Jacksonville who had not taken the oath of allegiance should do so immediately, or be sent beyond the lines.

News from Port Royal is to the 5th inst. General Hatch had assumed command of the Department, General Gillmore having been ordered to the Tenth Army Corps. Admiral Dahlgren had arrived. The rebels were actively pushing around the creeks and islands, trying to find some weak place in our lines, but gun-boat reconnaissances kept them at a respectful distance.

The Navy Department has information of the capture, by the gun-boat *Owasco*, of the English schooners *Lily*, *Fannie*, and *Laura*, off Velasco, Texas, the prisoners stating that they did not know the character of their cargoes. On the *Fannie*, however, were found eight cases of rifles for the rebel General Magruder.

REBEL ATROCITIES.

In the United States Senate, on the 9th, Mr. Wade, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, submitted a report upon the condition of the returned prisoners at Annapolis, proving beyond all doubt, in the estimation of the Committee, that the rebel authorities have determined to subject our soldiers and officers who fall into their hands to physical and mental suffering impossible to describe, many presenting now the appearance of living skeletons, literally little more than skin and bones, some maimed for life, and some frozen by lying without tent or covering on the bare ground at Belle Isle. The general practice is shown to be the robbery of prisoners, as soon as taken, of all money, valuables, and good clothing. The food allowed was totally insufficient to preserve the health of a child. It consisted usually of two pieces of bread made of corn and cob meal, badly cooked, with about two ounces of meat, unfit to eat, and occasionally a few black, worm-eaten beans. They were obliged to sell clothing received from home to buy food to sustain life. Those in the hospitals were little better fed. Worn and neglected wounds remained for days undressed. They were submitted to unmerciful and unnecessary amputation in the case of some of them. They were shot and killed for violating rules of which they had no knowledge. When they arrived at Annapolis their clothing was so filled with vermin that it had to be destroyed, and repeated washings failed to relieve their heads and bodies of the pests. They are now dying daily, and the physicians in charge entertain no doubt that their emaciation and death are directly caused by the brutal and merciless treatment received while prisoners of war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE Dano-German Conference had assembled in London, and the *Memorial Diplomatique* of Paris states that England and France have agreed to recommend and insist upon an armistice. This appeared to be the main point for discussion, as it was thought that unless an armistice were enforced by the Conference Alsen must fall to the Prussians. It was alleged in some quarters that France would try to turn the Conference into a General Congress. Others thought that the Berlin Cabinet, intoxicated with its military success of Prussia, would propose an ultimatum, and leave the other Powers to discuss it.

There is no later news from Düppel. The Prussians were at work on the batteries, which are, if possible, to repeat on the Island of Alsen the feats achieved on the main land. The King of Denmark issued a proclamation declaring that the sufferings of the army will not be without fruit in the struggle for national existence. The King of Prussia had returned to Berlin from the battle-field.

Garibaldi sailed from England, after visiting the royal farms at Windsor. The working-men's meeting, which was called in London in order to express the opinion of the laboring classes as to the reason for the sudden departure of the General, was dispersed by the police.

The *Alexandra* was to be delivered up to her owners on April 25. The privateer *Alabama* on March 20 had entered Table Bay. She had destroyed seven American vessels in the Indian Sea.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE sub-Committee on the Conduct of the War have submitted to Congress an elaborate report with respect to the raid of FORREST and the Fort Pillow massacre. From testimony taken it appears that the conduct of FORREST at Paducah was characterized by deceptions and atrocities entirely foreign to civilized warfare; that the demand for the surrender of Columbus was made for the purpose of gaining time to steal horses and cattle; that all that has been related of the massacre at Fort Pillow is fully confirmed; and that FORREST'S object throughout seemed to be to wreak vengeance upon negro troops and their officers, and upon loyal Tennesseans who had joined the Union army. The acts of the rebels thus placed upon record are unparalleled for their cruelty, and disgraceful to those participating in them, or under whose direction they were perpetrated.

Rear-Admiral PORTER recently sent an expedition up the Washita River, as far as Monroe, which captured three thousand bales of Confederate cotton, brought away eight hundred negroes, and destroyed much rebel property.

A Norfolk correspondent says that General BUTLER has compelled that city to pay for its own government, and at the same time introduced a number of improvements.

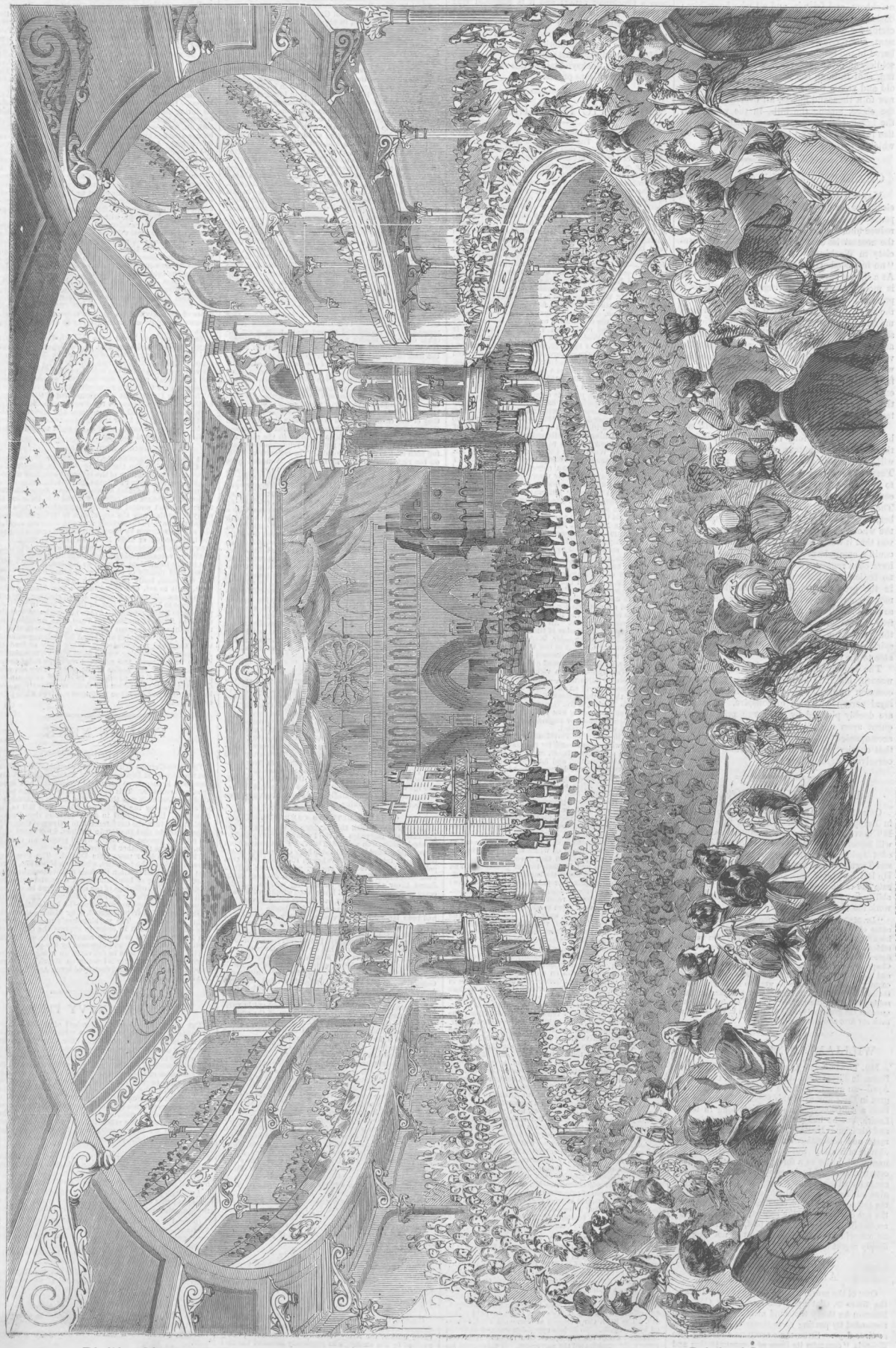
General WASHBURNE has hung a spy and smuggler at Memphis, and has arrested several others. General Forno consequently prevails among the secessionists in that vicinity.

Major-General HUNTER has gone to Alexandria, Louisiana, where he will probably have a command.

General DIX has published an order retiring Brigadier-General STANNARD from the command of the troops in New York city and harbor, and putting Brigadier-General R. DE TROBRIAND in the place. General STANNARD goes to Fortress Monroe.

General KILPATRICK had a narrow escape in a skirmish with the enemy near Bold Knob, Georgia, recently. His horse was killed by a ball which grazed the General's side.

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GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA IN AID OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

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ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ADVANCE AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 5, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 324.]

DEPARTURE OF THE UNION FLEET FROM NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 4, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 324.]

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QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXI.—*Continued.*

THE dinner was a very grand one; but with all its grandeur piscine culinary art has progressed since those days, and by the side of a Greenwich banquet, as we now understand it, the repast might have seemed mean. Still there was an almost inconceivable variety of fish. Still rare wines came up with every course. The glass and damask would have appeared paltry in comparison with the sumptuosities of crystal and napery which are now displayed at such feasts; but it was a dinner fit for a king, and one Lily settled in her own mind of the precise description partaken of every day by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. She fancied Giaffar calling for more salmon cutlets, and eating a deviled bait with his fingers. And then the bait themselves became the fish that turned in the pan and reproached the cook in the Fisherman and the Geni. And the pasty-faced waiters were black slaves with jeweled collars and armlets, and the rare wines were sherbet cooled with snow, and the child ate her dinner in a dream.

Sir William Long was faithful to his trust, and took the most sedulous care of her. He gave her some nice fried sole, and warned off the waiters who would have approached her with perilous preparations of salmon and stewed eels. He bade the man bring him some Seltzer-water, and gave Lily a modest glass of the beverage mingled with Champagne. He gave her some white-bait, which, with the thin brown bread-and-butter, she thought delicious, but he made her eschew the condimental cayenne pepper and lemon. He watched over her with a careful tenderness, very curious to behold, and, though he drank fearfully long draughts of the rare wines, he took little more solid food than Lily herself.

"You must be very thirsty!" the child said, simply, as he drained another bumper of claret-cup.

"I am always thirsty."

"How funny! Why don't you drink tea, or go to the pump?—unless, of course, you are hot. Miss Babby will never let us go to the pump when we are hot. Miss Furblow begged a jug of water from the cook once, when we had come in from a long walk, and broke out, two hours afterward, in a—O so dreadful rash. Mrs. Bunnycastle said it was a judgment upon her."

"I dare say it was. My being always thirsty is a judgment, I suppose, on me. I drink because I am alone, and because I am ill."

"Ill! You look very well, only you are so tall. Have you got a cold?"

"Much worse than that. I am in a consumption."

"What is that? I never heard of that."

"Fancy, for aught I know," the tall gentleman replied.

"What do you do all day? Have you any holidays?"

"A great deal too many, my darling. It is always holiday-time with me, and a dreadfully dreary time it is."

"Then you don't learn any lessons?"

"I have learned some that have cost me very dear."

"Are you good?"

"Not the least bit in the world, dear; I am very bad."

"How dreadful! Every body ought to be good. Miss Babby says so."

"And who is Miss Babby?"

"One of my governesses. The one who is so kind to me. You ought to be good, you know, because then the angels will love you. We had a missionary-box at our school. Have you got a missionary-box?"

"I'm afraid I haven't got such a thing."

"But you go to church?"

"I am ashamed to say I don't. Do you?"

"Yes; but only this last half. I am growing a great girl, you know," and Lily drew herself up proudly. "And then all the big girls begged for me, and promised Miss Babby that I should be very good and quiet."

"And you like going to church?"

"Oh! it's so nice. They sing so beautifully. But I don't like the Litany, it is so long, and always the same thing."

"And the sermon?"

Lily blushed. "Miss Babby scolded me for going to sleep all through the sermon. Miss Heavylids was kept in for sleeping, too. Miss Browncett was punished for reading a story-book in church-time. Were you ever punished?"

"I punish myself at present. The rest is all to come. But at last this long-winded dinner is over. Here is dessert. Will you let me peel you an apple? A nice red, juicy apple, Lily?"

"If you please," said the child. "I like to be called Lily."

She watched with much amused curiosity the process of peeling a ribstone pippin. Sir William accomplished the task very deftly, and having removed the peel in one long spiral, threw it over his shoulder upon the carpet.

"There," he cried, "the letter the peel will form will be the initial of your sweet-heart's name. Let's look at it. Why, it's a W!"

"And W stands for William," exclaimed Lily, in an ecstasy. "How nice! And will you be my sweet-heart?"

"Of course, if we ever see one another again. Countess," he continued, "we have been trying the Sortes Virgilianæ, and Fate declares that I am to be your little girl's sweet-heart."

"Sortes! Virgile! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" replied the lady addressed. "I don't know what you are talking about. Est-ce que vous radotez, mon garçon?"

"We hadn't a copy of Virgil, so we tried an apple. The peel came down in a W."

"Absurdity!" cried the lady. "What nonsense to put into the child's head!"

To the most magnificent feast there must be a termination, and at last the Greenwich dinner came to an end. It had been a very merry dinner indeed, and the two quietest guests were Lily and Sir William Long. It had been a very merry dinner, and when the cloth was removed, and more wines—red wines—were brought on, it became quite an uproarious dinner. After a time one of the gentlemen rose and proposed the health of their charming guest, the countess, in a speech which was very eloquent, and very full of compliments, and which was received with thunders of applause; but in which there was faint suspicion (I am inclined to think) of the speaker making fun of the countess. The audience, however, laughed and cheered tremendously, and in the midst of the oration, and the thumpings on the table, and the clattering of the plates, and the clinking of the glasses, Sir William Long stole away quietly with Lily into the balcony.

He bade her look out on the river, so calm and glassy, and the great ships with their dusky hulls lying so tranquil, and the cottages with curling smoke, and the cows and horses in the meadows opposite. They looked for a time quite silently at the glories of the setting sun. The child was glad to be away from the hot room, and the fumes of the wine, the riotous noise, and the strange wild company. She nestled close to the tall gentleman and looked up in his face lovingly.

"Are you happy, dear?" he said, smoothing her curls again.

"I should be, if I was going back to school; but the lady says that I am to be taken away from Mrs. Bunnycastle's and sent to another school. Perhaps they will be unkind to me there. Oh! I do wish I was going back to Miss Babby."

Sir William muttered something. Lily could not gather its entire purport, but she thought she heard him say that he was a fool, and that it was no concern of his. And then he turned toward her, and asked her in a strange voice if she liked him.

"Of course I do," the child answered, readily. "Lily always loves the people who have been kind to her. I should like to be your little wife, and make you a pair of nice red muffatees for the winter. I should like to go to the wax-work show every day—but not into that dreadful room where the naughty men are—and I should like you to be very good, and take me to church every Sunday, and always give sixpence to the poor old blind man with one leg, who now stands at the corner by our school. Miss Babby says he was at the battle of Waterloo, and was very brave there, only they won't give him a pension because he is fond of rum, and beats his wife."

This rambling prattle was interrupted by the countess, who came abruptly into the balcony, and demanded whether Sir William Long intended to elope with the little one, and what he meant by keeping her out there in the chilly night air?

"The chilly night air is better," the baronet—for such was his title—replied, "than that noisy oven inside. However, your little girl has made me quite meek and obedient, and we will go in if you wish it. How long do you intend to remain, countess?"

"Are you tired of my company? It is true that you have not condescended to bestow much of it upon *me* to-night. Are you fascinated with la petite?"

"A very harmless fascination, I humbly think. I wish I had known no worse."

"Ah! vous en avez fait des belles! Upon my word, you have been a most gallant cavalier—to a baby."

"I have done my duty by the baby, and my best to preserve her from bogies and vampires."

"You are an excellent nurse."

"I have tried to prevent her wanting any pills or powders to-morrow."

"*You* will want brandy and soda-water to-morrow, as you always do. There, let her go with the chambermaid, and get ready to go home. We return to town to-night, and we have a long journey to make to-morrow."

"What are you going to do with her, countess?" asked Sir William Long, when the chambermaid, notwithstanding a unanimous protest against the lady's threatened departure, had been rung for, and conducted the child to her robing-room.

"C'est mon affaire. She belongs to me. Do I ask you where you spend your evenings, or what you do with the things that belong to you?"

"Heaven knows, I should be able to give you but sorry answers, if you did. I am sick of my life."

"Why don't you marry?"

"You have tried it. How did you like it?"

The countess shrugged her shoulders. "It is different," she said. "I am not a man; I only wish I were one. Mon mari était un lâche—un miserable."

"Countess."

"Well, Sir William."

"I think there are few things you would hesitate about selling."

"Well, I am not particular. I like money; it buys so many things, and enables one to mock one's self of the world. Well, what then?"

"I wish you would consent to sell me your little girl."

"To put her in a cabinet among the china and the pictures that you give such mad prices for? Thank you."

"I will give you a check for a thousand pounds and my bay mare, Sontag."

"What would you do with her?"

"By Heaven's help I would endeavor to save her from perdition."

"Whither I, her guardian and protectress, am leading her. I am very much obliged to you, Sir William Long, but you are not rich enough to buy her. Nor yet is M. de Rothschild. I bought her, voyez-vous, or I stole her, whichever you please. She represents to me success, triumph, vengeance. By having her to do what I like with, I win a bet ten times greater than all you ever had in one of those little books English gentlemen ruin themselves over—a bet I made to myself seven years ago. I have won it, and I have the honor to wish you a very good-evening."

She went into the dining-room, Sir William following her sadly. She contemptuously resisted all entreaties to stay, to take coffee, to try one little cigarette. She bade her "charming Good-for-nothings" a scornful farewell, and bestowed on them, at parting, a blessing that sounded curiously like a curse. Then she went and robed herself, and flinging the chambermaid a crown piece which that buxom servitor felt much inclined to fling back again, she led the child, who was beginning to feel sleepy, although it was scarcely yet dark, down stairs.

The affable landlord once more butted at her with his bald head, when Sir William Long, who had quietly followed, made his appearance.

"I must bid my little pet good-night," he said, taking both the child's hands in his. "May I kiss her, countess?"

"Yes; but don't slip a sovereign into her hand. I saw you take one out of your waistcoat-pocket."

Sir William bit his lip. "It was not a sovereign," he was beginning to say, but he stopped himself prudently. "Keep that," he whispered as he stooped down and pressed Lily's forehead with his lips. "Don't lose it; keep it in remembrance of the man with the tall face and the long legs you met at Greenwich. Keep it, and don't, on any account, let your mamma see it."

"Good-by, Sir," said Lily, grasping something hard and smooth that he had given her.

"Good bless you!" returned the baronet. "I heartily wish you were my little sister or my daughter."

The landlord and the waiters were obsequiously anxious to know whether the lady had a carriage, or whether they should procure a carriage for her. She had not the one, and did not require the other, she said. She felt hot, and intended to take a walk, and then engage a fly for her conveyance to London.

"I have my drag here," said Sir William. "I can drive you to town in it, if you like."

"You are wanted up stairs. On vous demande là-haut," the countess returned. "The Good-for-nothings are clamorous for you back again. Go away. Adieu." And she swept off.

But Sir William Long did not rejoin the choice knot of boon companions in the dining-saloon. He lighted a cigar, and ordered his drag to be brought round. By-and-by came up a stately four-in-hand, with two grooms, the horses champing. He mounted the box, covered himself up with coats and rugs, and, amidst a tempest of bows from the assembled waiters, drove moodily back to town, smoking all the way.

Sir William Long was one of the wildest young men in London. He was immensely rich, and his prodigality, reckless as it was, could scarcely keep pace with his revenues. That evening, however, he felt very little inclined for prodigality. He did not go to Gamridge's. He forbore to look in at Crockford's. He went nowhere in the direction of such places. He drove straight to Pall Mall, and went up stairs to some chambers he had there, where he drank soda-water, and smoked, and read Robinson Crusoe till two in the morning. And, when he went to bed, he had confused dreams of being married, and sitting in a garden with children about his knee. And all the children were like Lily.

"Poor little creature!" he murmured, turning on his pillow, next morning. "What a life there lies before her! What does that monstrous woman intend to do with the child? To make her a rope-dancer, or a horse-rider, or what?"

"The governor's hipped, that's sure," Mr. Vernish, Sir William's valet, observed that day to Mrs. Springbone, the lady who officiated as housekeeper at the chambers, 290 Pall Mall. "He wouldn't have no brandy-and-soda this morning; he wouldn't have no deviled kidneys, and no anchovy toast. He breakfasted on a cup of tea and a roll, and he set off for a walk by hisself in the Green Park. I think he's in love."

"By Jove! I *will* get married," cried William Long to himself that very morning. "I'll go to Peignoir's and have my hair cut, and I'll call on the Cœurdesarts."

The which he did punctually.

CHAPTER XXII.

LILY IS FITTED OUT BY CUTWIG & CO.

GREENWICH PARK was kept open later long ago than it is at present. It was getting dark when the lady and the child entered by the western gate. The countess seemed to know her way perfectly well, and they pursued the path toward the Observatory. The moon was up, and Lily looked about her in wonderment. The tall trees and the brown bars of shadow they cast upon the moonlit grass, which looked almost frosty in its brightness; the deer—more numerous then than now—that peeped furtively, showing their gleaming heads from the thickets, like fairies playing at hide-and-seek; the birds, disturbed in their dreams (by imaginary cats, perchance), that came fluttering off the boughs, and then, reassured, went fluttering back again; at all these sights the child looked, and marveled, and forgot her sleepiness.

When they had skirted One-tree Hill, and gained the earth-work rampart that runs round the picturesque old edifice where Halley dwelt, they found it almost deserted. A soldier in a bearskin cap much too big for him, was whistling for want of thought, and flicking his penny cane against the brick wall. He was a temperate Grenadier, or else fortune had been unkind to him, and he had not got as much beer as he wanted. At all events, he was melancholy. A sweet-hearting couple were wrangling in a subdued tone on one of the benches. A long day spent in the society of the adored one of our hearts not unfrequently ends in mutual distaste.

The Grenadier had disappeared, whistling, and they were left alone. It was very calm and still. The stars seemed to smile on Lily. She looked up at the moon, and tried to shape its tranquil face into the pale, handsome countenance of the tall gentleman who had been so kind to her. She still kept the something hard and smooth he had given her slightly clasped in her hand. She did not dare to look at it, but by a quick, furtive movement slipped it into the bosom of her frock. Was Lily naughty to practice concealment so early?

It was a time for good and tranquil thoughts; a time to be at peace and good-will with mankind; a time for studious men, of pure and blameless lives, to ascend their watch-towers, and read the starry heavens through their long glasses. Lily gazed wistfully upon the shadowy prospect, the great panorama of verdure now bathed in soft haze, upon the distant river, the hospital domes looming large, the lights twinkling from the ports of the great hospital ship. The child, though no longer drowsy, felt as though this was her bedtime out of doors, and longed to say her prayers, and lie down under one of the tall trees, with the deer to keep watch over her.

The lady, seemingly, was in no such tranquil mood. She had been muttering to herself all the way, and Lily had been far too nervous to speak to her.

"Yes; they will have a wild night," she said, between her teeth; "an orgie! And my life! Is it any thing better?—orgie upon orgie, feast upon feast, boiling oil upon red-hot coals. Look here, you young cat," she pursued, turning upon Lily, "attend to me. Do you know who I am?"

The child, trembling in every limb, stammered a negative.

"I am your mother."

"I thought my mamma was in heaven, ma'am," Lily answered, in a very low voice; "Miss Babby always told me so."

And, indeed, when the child, perplexed by the frequent questions and occasional jeerings of the girls who had mammas, had interrogated Miss Barbara Bunnycastle on the subject the governess had returned her the answer quoted above, not knowing what else to tell her. Had not M. J. B. Constant said that Miss Floris's mamma was dead?

"You are not likely to meet either of your parents there," pursued the lady, in a scornful voice. "Va chercher ailleurs, mon enfant, c'est là-bas que tu les trouveras. You will never have any other mother than me. Do you love me?"

The child was silent.

"That's right. Don't tell me a lie. If you had, I would have beaten you. Ah, my pullet, you don't know what blows are. Your little entertainment is all to come. Listen to me; you are going to school a long way off. You are no longer to be made a pet and a darling of. Nobody ever petted *me*. You shall live hard; you shall work. Sacrebleu! you shall work, you cub!"

The child was, fortunately, too young to understand more than that the lady was very cross. What had she done that the lady was so angry with her? Lily was too frightened to weep; but she trembled more than ever.

"Ah! the night air. You will gain a chill," cried the strange lady, with capricious tenderness. "There, don't be frightened. Be still, and nobody shall hurt you." And she dragged the shawl off her own shoulders, and, hastily kissing the child, wrapped her in it. Her kiss seemed to burn Lily's cheek.

They went down the winding path again, and out of the Park, and into the town. And there—though the railway was open—the lady engaged a flyman to take them into London. The man named ten shillings as his fare, and the lady was too haughty to bargain with him, but she took it out in tormenting the unhappy wretch all the way to the Elephant and Castle, and all the way from the Elephant to Golden Square, Regent Street. She abused him for driving too slowly, and then for driving too fast; she declared that the horse was lame, and that one of the wheels was coming off. She accused him of being intoxicated (he was as sober a fellow as need be); she vowed that she would prosecute him for not having lamps; and she called all the turnpike-men robbers and extortioners.

"I suppose you want to cheat me out of some money to drink now," she observed, when this long-suffering Jehu had landed her at her destination.

"I don't want nothing to drink," cried the man, desperately. "I don't want nothing from yer. I only wants to be quit of yer."

"Don't be insolent!" the lady replied.

"Hinsolent!" exclaimed the flyman, throwing up his arms. "'Ear 'er. Am I a man or am I a convic? Am I a man or am I a slave?"

"You are an impertinent drunken fellow. Go home to bed!"

"Ask the p'lice. Ask my master, which I

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have jobbed for in the same yard going on for nineteen year," continued the man.

"Now, what's the matter here?" the gruff voice of a passing policeman interposed.

"Nothin's the matter," returned the flyman, gathering up his reins, and settling himself on his box. "I've got my fare, and I'm satisfied. Only next time that lady wants to be driven to Old Scratch, I 'ope she'll 'ail another fly." With which he drove off.

The lady certainly did not possess, or else she did not care to cultivate, the art of conciliating the lower orders. The number of enemies she had made that day might have been calculated by the number of inferiors with whom she had come in contact.

They slept that night in a house in Golden Square, where this benignant person had taken lodgings. And the first thing Lily heard in the morning—for to her great joy she was not put to sleep with the strange lady, but was bestowed in a small adjoining bedroom—was an alarming commotion with the servant-of-all-work respecting breakfast: in the midst of which a stout landlady arrived, breathless, to give the lodger warning.

"Flesh and blood can't stand it no longer," said the indignant dame. "I'd rather have the parlors empty for six months than be scarified in this obstroperous manner. A true-born Englishwoman ain't to be treated like a black Injin."

"And like the dirt under your feet," added the servant-of-all-work, who was in tears.

"And you'd better suit yourself elsewhere, mum," the landlady continued.

"Canaille!" the countess replied. "I would not remain another twenty-four hours in your wretched hovel for twenty pounds. Give me your swindling bill, and I will pay it. I leave this evening."

The day was a strange one, and the lady scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with Lily. She was in too great a rage after the commotion to breakfast in Golden Square, so took the child to a French coffee-house under the colonnade of the Italian Opera. Then they had a hackney-coach, and went a long long way through low and darkling Temple Bar into the City, until they reached a large shop in a crowded street. They entered this warehouse, and the lady said to the assistant, "This little girl is going to school, supply her with all she wants, and put it in a trunk."

The assistant, who was a joyous, middle-aged man in spectacles, and whose stiff shirt collars made indentations in his plump cheeks, submitted that it would take a good hour and a half to furnish the young lady's outfit; and asked where he might have the honor of sending the esteemed order?

"I will take it away with me," she answered. "We will return in a couple of hours. Stay, can you take charge of the child for that time?"

The assistant replied that they would only be too happy to take care of the young lady for that period.

"Then stay here," said the lady to Lily, "and don't get into mischief. At four o'clock (it was now close upon two) I shall be here." And she went away.

"Is that your mamma, my dear?" the stout assistant with the spectacles asked, when the lady had taken her departure.

"Y—y—es," answered Lily, hesitating somewhat.

"Ah! Dear me. A handsome lady, *quite* the lady, in fact," he continued. "A proud one, too," he said to himself. "Looks as if she had a devil of a temper. A Tartar, I'll be sworn. Now, Miss Eldred, my good young lady, will you be good enough to come here, and we'll get this little matter in hand."

Miss Eldred was a tall lady, but the prefix "young" could be applied to her only in courtesy. She was bony, but benignant. She was clad in brown merino, which fitted her so straight that her dress looked like the section of a pair of trowsers. She smiled affably on Lily, and asked her whether she had ever been to school before? Upon which Lily told her all she knew about the Bunnycastles, and things in general, and soon grew quite companionable with her. And then the little matter of her outfit was put in hand.

Lily never spent a pleasanter two hours in her life. It was a wonderful shop, and they seemed to sell every thing. They showed her cabins complete with swinging cots, and lamps, and delightful little shiny washing-stands, and miniature chests of drawers, which they fitted up on board ships bound for Australia. They showed her great black sea-chests with "Captain Widgeon, Madras," and "Lieutenant Rampelbuggins, Cape of Good Hope," painted thereupon in white letters. They showed her bales of shirts, stacks of stockings, hives of straw hats, bags, portmanteaus, writing-desks, dressing-cases, sextants, chronometers, and cases of digestive biscuits.

"We sell saddles," the stout assistant remarked, with conscious pride. "We sell beer. We sell anchors, likewise school-books, also bonnets, and pickles, and parasols, and anchovy paste. We are general shippers. If you require preserved beef, there are five hundred cases of it in the left-hand corner. Do you want any curry powder? That's your sort. You've only to ask for a chain cable, my dear, and you can have it at per foot. We fit out every body. A bride, or an Admiral of the Blue, a midshipman or an Indian rajah, a little school-girl, or the governor of Cape Coast Castle; it's all one to us. When you go to school, and they ask who fitted you out at two hours' notice, just hand 'em the card of Cutwig & Co., will you?"

He presented the child with a packet of address cards on the spot. "We furnish funerals, too," he went on, chirpingly, "and we've sent out wedding-breakfasts in hermetically sealed tins; but we couldn't get the lobster salad to keep in the Indian Ocean, so that branch had to be given up. But if they want any Devonshire clotted cream at Singapore, or any canary-birds in New Zealand, they send to Cutwig & Co. for 'em. We might have done a powerful stroke of business in portable theatres for the colonies, but the late Mrs. Cutwig was pious, and wouldn't hear of it."

Meanwhile Miss Eldred, assisted by a slender, pretty girl, whom she addressed as 'Melia, and who was her niece, had been busied in trying various articles of apparel on Lily, and asking if she thought them pretty. And then the stout assistant, whose name was Ranns, asked Lily for her name, saying that he only knew her mamma as a customer, and a very good customer she was, but rather uppish. Lily said her name was Floris, not knowing whether she would escape censure from the strange lady for making that revealment unlicensed; and then Mr. Ranns whispered something down a pipe, and in a quarter of an hour afterward a man in a fur cap suddenly popped up a trap in the floor, in one corner, and heaved forward into view a neat trunk covered with black leather, and inscribed with the name of MISS FLORIS in capitals of white paint.

"Stenciled and varnished at once, by our patent instantaneous process," remarked Mr. Ranns, rubbing his palms together in quiet complacency at the expedition in all matters observed by Cutwig & Co. "Lord bless you! we'd knock all the names of the officers of a seventy-four, with brass nails into their chests, in forty minutes. Yours is rather an uncommon name, my dear, else we generally keep the names of every body in the Post-office Directory ready painted on portmanteaus, chests, and traveling bags, in sets of two hundred and fifty apiece."

At this stage of the conversation Miss Eldred suggested that the young lady must be hungry; and Lily, nothing loth, accompanied her to a back parlor of triangular shape, smelling rather too strongly of new chests of drawers, fresh feather beds, and oilskin hats, but still very snug and comfortable. And there, Lily, and Miss Eldred, and 'Melia, and Mr. Ranns, dined off a roast leg of mutton, and vegetables, and a very nice apple-pudding. Lily observed that Miss Eldred dined in her thimble, and Mr. Ranns in a hurry, with a pen behind his ear; likewise that the front of 'Melia's dress was so garnished with threaded needles, that it might have done good service as a martial buckler.

"Half a glass of sherry, and a nice rosy-cheeked apple—we export 'em, my dear, by hogsheads—for Miss Floris," chirped Mr. Ranns, "and then we must go to business. This is a mill that never stops, my dear." And, indeed, it never did. Business had been going on very briskly all through dinner-time; and a dozen times at least Mr. Ranns had popped up from the table, and bustled into the shop to supply intending shippers with flannel jerseys, or barometers, or bird-cages, or something of an equally miscellaneous description. The ad interim charge of Cutwig & Co.'s establishment was, however, left to a lanky youth of vacant mien, whom Mr. Ranns described as being rather soft in his head, and a poor salesman, but a capital hand at accounts.

After dinner Lily was taken into the counting-house—a dark little box with a raised floor, to which you ascended by half a dozen steps, and which was fenced all round by balustraded panels, like a family pew. Here the vacant youth kept the accounts of the house, in a series of immense volumes, covered in rough calf and bound in brass. He was a good-tempered lad though imbecile, and permitted Lily to peep into one of the big ledgers, where she saw a great deal of writing in a neat, fat, round hand, almost as beautiful as copies.

"We call 'em our week day Bibles," remarked Mr. Ranns, facetiously. "We ship to all the world six days in the week, and go to church on Sundays."

Lily thought the big ledgers very beautiful, but wondered by what clairvoyance the vacant youth could contrive to write in them in the dark.

"Are you fond of apples?" the vacant clerk whispered to her, with a friendly leer.

Lily modestly avowed a partiality for the fruit in question.

"Then 'ere's another," pursued the clerk, "and another; I dote on apples, I do. I always buy 'em when I'm sent out with bills for acceptance. My wages is eighteen. I gives my mother, which is a widder, twelve, and I spends the rest on apples. I don't go to the theayter. Cutwig & Co. don't like it. It's wicked. I eats apples all day. They 'elps me with the figures." And the clerk resumed his caligraphy in the dark, munching as he wrote.

And now nothing would suit Mr. Ranns—by whom this amicable conversation had not been heard—but that Miss Floris should be taken up stairs and presented to the head of the house, Cutwig & Co. itself. So, up stairs went Lily, pleased and amused, and in a front drawing-room they found, reading a newspaper, and with a bottle of wine before him, such a nice dear old gentleman, with a powdered head which wagged to and fro, and with gold-rimmed spectacles. This was Mr. Cutwig, head of the firm, Co. and all. He was eighty years of age, and father of his company. "Might have been alderman and passed the chair long ago, but the late Mr. Cutwig was a lofty soul, and couldn't bear the corporation. She thought it low," said Mr. Ranns.

"Fitted her out, Sir," was the simple speech accompanying the presentation of Lily.

"Good lad, good lad," piped old Mr. Cutwig in a very shrill treble (Mr. Ranns might have been on the shady side of forty). "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he'll be worth eighty thousand pound, and on the Court of Assistants. Here's a new shilling from the Mint, my dear."

He pulled out of his waistcoat-pocket a very dazzling piece of money, which, with a shaking hand, he gave to Lily. The child had some scruples as to accepting it, but, at a discreet sign from Mr. Ranns, she took it and thanked him.

"I came into this town nigh upon seventy year ago, by the Dover wagon, with one-and-fippence-halfpenny in my pocket," piped old Mr. Cutwig. "I slept on a hop-sack in the Borough market. Many a little makes a mickle. Honesty is the best policy. Ask Ranns. He's a good lad, and has been with me, man and boy, over seven-and-twenty year. I always took care of my shop, and my shop always took care of me."

Here the old gentleman's head began to wag more rapidly, and Lily noticed that he was holding his newspaper upside down.

"He's breaking fast," Mr. Ranns mentioned confidentially, as, the interview being over, he conducted Lily down stairs, "but he's as good as gold. Wonderful man of business in his time, my dear. He'd get up at six o'clock and ship two tons of goods to the colonies before breakfast, but he's a little out of date now, and when you come back from school you mustn't be surprised to see Ranns & Eldred over the door, late Cutwig & Co. Unless," he continued in a contemplative undertone, "Ranns turns into Eldred, and Eldred into Ranns."

It was four o'clock when they reached the shop again. Lily's outfit was quite completed, and she sat down meekly on her trunk, and waited for about half an hour longer, when a grand carriage came driving furiously to the door, and a powdered footman (there were two behind the carriage) descended and handed out Lily's protectress. The child saw the lady turn on the threshold as she entered and wave her hand in token of farewell to an old gentleman in the carriage. He was a splendid gentleman, with a fringe of white whisker round his face, and Lily somehow fancied that she had seen him before. Was it at the Greenwich dinner yesterday?

The handsome lady was radiant. Lily had never seen her look so good-tempered. She was pleased with every thing, and, to Miss Eldred, was positively civil. Mr. Ranns handed her, with a low bow, the invoice for the child's outfit. The lady, just glancing at the sum total, instantly, and without question, disbursed the amount in crisp bank-notes. Then a hackney-coach was called, and the trunk hoisted on to it, and Lily herself was lifted into the vehicle.

The coach was just driving away, when Mr. Ranns, bearing a package which seemed to be a small canoe wrapped in brown paper, came running to the coach door.

"Beg pardon for the liberty, ma'am," he said, deferentially, "but would you allow this parcel to be put into the coach? Miss Floris is such a dear little girl, and we forgot to take off five per cent discount for cash. It's only a Noah's ark, with Cutwig & Co's compliments. And Mr. Ranns ran back again as hard as he could into Cutwig & Co's premises: thus obviating the possibility of the lady indignantly declining the present, or launching the canoe bodily at his head.

But the lady didn't decline it. She was in far too good a temper to do that. In fact, she condescended to tell Lily that it was kind, really very kind, of the people in the shop; and she so smiled on her, and looked generally so splendid and so benignant, that the child gazed upon her face with an admiring awe, as though she had been an animated rainbow.

"What do you think of *that*, little one?" she said, in a triumphant voice, flashing before the child's eyes a great bracelet which encircled her wrist, and which blazed with diamonds. When suddenly she descried something shining in Lily's hand. It was the new shilling from the Mint.

The child, blushing and stammering, explained that the nice old gentleman with the powdered head had given it her, and that she had at first hesitated to take it, but that the other gentleman had told her to take it. The lady was in great wrath, snatched the coin from her, and flung it out of the coach window.

"I've a good mind to throw the Noah's ark after it," she cried with a furious look. "You mean little wretch. Ma foi, you begin early to be a beggar. You have thief's blood in you. He would take any thing, that base monster;" and she went on scolding Lily, but in a rambling incoherent manner, for full five minutes. Her good temper was all gone.

By-and-by they came to Thames Street, which was full, as it always is, of carts, and drays, and barrels, and sugar-loaves, and piles of dried haddocks, and dirt, and clamor. And there, at the entrance to a narrow lane, stood an individual in a suit of oilskin, who was crying at the top of his voice, "The Bolong steamer! The Bolong steamer! This way to the Bolong steamer!" till he almost deafened Lily.

There was a porter waiting by the side of this individual, and he had a truck and some luggage on it. The luggage belonged to the lady. The porter touched his cap, and assisted the coachman to remove Lily's trunk to the truck, which he trundled down a steep passage and along a wooden pier, and so on board a ship, much larger than the steamer in which Lily had gone to Greenwich. The deck was covered with people, luggage, and merchandise. Every body was running about in the most distracted manner, and a great bell kept ding-donging furiously. Then a rope fell across Lily's feet and hurt her toes, and the steam began to make a hideous noise, and the funnel began to vomit great masses of black smoke, and the captain, who stood on a bridge above the deck, gave a number of orders in a hoarse voice, which a dirty boy who stood below him repeated in a shrill one. And then the wharf and the warehouses beyond it, and the people upon it, all seemed to be moving away; but it was the steamer itself, and its crew, and Lily, who were moving.

She was on board the *Harlequin* steam-packet bound for Boulogne. The shore drifted away from her; the last sound she heard on shore was the voice of the porter, with whom the lady had had a trifling dispute respecting payment, and who was shaking his fist at her and bawling out:

"You call yourself a lady! You call yourself a lady! Yah!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

"I say, Bill, what do those chaps mean by an accordion?" "Don't you know? Why, it's an edicated bellows."

"Pa, has Mr. Jones's eyes got feet?" "Why, my boy?" "Because I heard mother say at a party the other evening that Mr. Jones's eyes followed her all over the room."

Mr. Home, the medium, states that before his expulsion from Rome he was required to sign the following declaration in the presence of the Chief of the Inquisition: "I, Daniel Douglas Home, do hereby solemnly declare and avow that I have not sold my soul to the Devil, nor have I on any occasion been cognizant of holding communication with the Evil One."

What snows does summer never melt?—The snows of age.

A reformed gambler says that he who lives by the card may die by the cord.

There is no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, because every shoe is soled before it can be got ready for the market.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece. "Let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation, and an eye like an asterisk; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

How many parts of speech are there?—It depends upon the speaker, who may sometimes divide his speech into several parts, and sometimes show a total want of parts in speaking it.

"Pray, Sir," said a young belle to the clerk of a circulating library, "have you *Man as he is?*" "No, miss," replied he, "but we have *Woman as she should be!*"

Men slip on water when it is frozen, and on whisky when it isn't.

So long as a woman loves she loves right on, steadily. A man has to do something between whiles.

A lady of somewhat dignified demeanor, having lost her way, said to an urchin in the street, "Boy, I want to go to Bond Street." "Well, marm," replied the boy, coolly walking on, "why don't you go there then?"

Many a judge has passed hundreds of sentences who could never parse one.

An offender fined a second time is not necessarily refined.

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if *my* grandfather was alive he would now be a hundred and fifty years old."

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that in writing his name he simply used the letter "J," and then punched a hole through the paper.

A farmer in a village in Hampshire was invited to attend a party at the Squire's the other evening, when there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? were not the quartettes excellent?" "Why, really, Sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever did eat."

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND"—Charles Dickens, of course.

A teacher, one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he hollered."

Queen Elizabeth said, "Anger makes dull men witty, but it keep them poor."

What weapon of war is an angry lover like?—A cross-bow (beau).

An old woman in Yorkshire crossed a bridge that was marked as "dangerous," without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fact on the other side of the river, she turned about and immediately recrossed.

Ill temper puts as many briefs into the lawyer's bag as injustice.

"Mr. Smith," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean that you preached?" "No, Sir; I held the candle for a man who did." "Ah, the court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you." "No, Sir; I only throwed a light on it."

Why is a butcher's cart like his boots?—Because he carries his calves there.

"Have the jury agreed?" asked the bailiff of a locked-up set of twelve, whom he had left under care of his man, Denny Garry, and whom he met upon the stairs with a can in his hand. "Oh yes," replied Denny, "they have agrade to sind out for another half-gallon."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are the fixed stars like wicked old men?
Because they sin-till-late (scintillate).

The name of a fish not very uncommon,
The pride and the boast of a young married woman.
Her-ring.

Why is a man in search of the philosopher's stone like Neptune?
He is sea-king (seeking) what never was.

We hear of the mother of pearl, who was the father?
The venerable bead (Bede).

Why is a married man without any children like a bald man?
Because he has no hair (heir) apparent.

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REBEL ATROCITIES.—[See Page 334.]

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GOING NOWHERE.

"WHERE are you going, my fair one?"
"Nowhere," she softly replied.
"May I go with you?" he asked her.
A look, and he walked by her side.

I saw them go off together—
In the darkness disappear.
"They are going straight to their ruin!"
Was whispered close to my ear.

Oh, Parents! with sons and daughters,
Be sure they have Somewhere to go.
From their homes teach them never to wander
Through the mazes of Vanity's Show.

Beware lest, in going Nowhere,
They come to a life of shame.
It lies in your fireside teachings,
And with you rests all the blame.

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN PARIS.

IN 18—, before I had taken my degree at Oxford, and before, by my uncle's death, I had succeeded to the title, I made arrangements to spend the whole of the long vacation abroad. I was by no means desirous of a solitary journey, and was glad to find that ——, whose rooms were on the same staircase with my own at Brasenose, and with whom I was tolerably intimate, was also meditating a continental tour. We made arrangements for starting together at the end of the summer term, and in order to lose no time, I determined not to go into Scotland to my mother before my departure, but to travel as quickly as possible to Dover. —— had as little to detain him as I. We slept a night in the capital, and a night in the port, and three days after leaving Oxford were lodged in the Hotel Dessin. Neither of us had ever left England before, and we were both full of the spirit of enjoyment. We reached Paris, still together, but the first fortnight of our journey had taught us that we were not very well suited for companions. It was my delight to stop to sketch some tawny old market-woman, in her stiff white cap; I could spend a whole day in a church, and have still somewhere a port-folio full of corbels and screens and cornices, marked St. Omer, Lille, Cambrai, Amiens, and other places of smaller note. —— grew terribly tired of all this. He said the scenery was detestable, he thought all the churches were shockingly out of repair, and was anxious to hasten his arrival in the French metropolis. But in Paris we were separated more than ever. In addition to the incongruity of our tastes, political feeling tended to keep us apart. We both had a fair number of introductions to families moving in good society. The friends who were most pleased with —, and with whom —— was most pleased, though by birth entitled to hold their heads as high as any of the blue-blooded inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, had been induced to give their countenance—so they regarded the transaction—to the court of the Citizen King. An old friend of my mother's, married to a Marquis de ——, who took me under her especial protection, assured me that it was impossible for the loyal hearts who still cherished love and hope for the (temporarily) fallen cause of the white flag to associate with those who had degraded their race by recognizing the position of a usurpation as detestable as it would be ephemeral. I confess that I cared very little whether the older or younger branch of the Bourbons issued the invitations for the assemblies at the Tuileries, and I had small hopes that Charles X. would be recalled. But I grew to like Madame de ——, and, as a necessary consequence, formed different acquaintances from those of my fellow-traveler. We had been in Paris about three weeks, and though we were staying in the same hotel, I had not seen —— for several days. We met by accident on the staircase of the hotel.

"We are quite strangers; where are you going?"
"To call on Madame de ——."
"What! still the legitimist Marquise! Shall we dine together?"
"By all means. Meet me here at six."
—— agreed, and so we parted. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The day was intensely hot. Reflected backward and forward on the white stone house-fronts the sun's rays seemed to scorch up all that was breathable in the atmosphere. The stones of the streets were hot to the tread. I entered the gardens of the Tuileries, hoping to find some slight shade for my dazzled eyes. I know of few scenes brighter than those Tuileries gardens. The water was mounting and falling with its musical plash in the shallow basin, wherein two little boys, under the superintendence of a black-eyed bonne, were swimming their toy-boats. More children and more nurses were playing among the orange-trees. Two or three National Guards were lounging about. Nor were other uniforms wanting to give color to the picture. The tri-colored bunting flapped lazily over the dome of the palace. A man in a queer snuffy-brown coat walked by: he had on green spectacles, and his button-hole showed a shred of ribbon. I sat for perhaps twenty minutes listening idly to the plashing fountain, wondering whether Auguste or Jules—he must have been either Auguste or Jules—would get his boat within reach by judiciously shelling over it with pebbles, fancying now Napoleon pinching some honored ear, or the longed-for Louis dozing over his favorite Horace in that very garden, watching the figure of the man in the brown coat and the green spectacles, growing "fine by degrees" in the narrowing vista of trees. Then I thought of Madame de —— and my visit; but remembered that it would be more decorously paid in the evening than in the afternoon. What should I do with myself? I felt strangely disinclined to move. And my head? What is it that seems to weigh it down? Is it the sun and the heat? I never felt any thing like it before. The pain attacked me suddenly. Pain! It was hardly pain. Perhaps the sensation can not be described to those who have not felt it. I had suffered from violent headache for some days; but my head did not ache now. It felt dull and heavy. My natural impulse was to lift my hand to my brow. I willed the movement of my arm, if I may so express myself; but no movement resulted. I had no power to stir. I then became sensible that my respiration grew feebler, and that there was a kind of lull in the pulsation of my heart. It is difficult for me, as I have said already, to describe my condition. I can only say that I seemed suddenly to have less life in me; my vital powers seemed to dwindle down to the smallest possible force. I existed, because I was conscious, but that was all. My senses remained to me; but not all in equal strength. The plashing of the fountain was as distinct as before the paroxysm; my eyesight was slightly dimmed. Whether I could smell or taste, of course I could not tell. Of touch I had hardly any sense at all. There were a score of people within the sound of my voice. I willed to cry; but there was no sound. My tongue refused to articulate. I was horror-struck; but I was sensible of none of the usual symptoms of horror. My heart did not beat more quickly. I could feel no sweat on my brow. Was this death? No; it could not surely be death. I had all my wits about me; and all my impressions were mundane. The life of Paris was moving round me just as it was wont. I alone was motionless. Then there flashed across me the recollection of a strange tale of cataleptic seizure, in which my grandfather's name had figured. I remembered that my mother had seemed distressed that the subject should be mentioned; the guest who had made casual allusion to it turned the conversation, and I had really thought little more about the matter. I remembered two mysterious expressions in the letters which I had received from my mother immediately before my departure from England—expressions which, when read in the light of my present brief experience, led me to the opinion that my family must be cursed by some fearful hereditary evil, an evil which my mother had never yet dared to communicate to me. "I am very anxious," she had written, "about your journey. Of course you will not travel alone. Who is to be your companion? Do I know him? I know that you like society, my dear boy, and I should be sorry to think of your wandering through strange cities alone. Nothing is more melancholy. Pray let me know if you are intimate with your proposed *compagnon de voyage*, and if you are likely to remain together for the whole of your tour." All these thoughts flashed through my brain in a very few seconds. I knew that I must have fallen into a kind of trance. I felt horror and alarm, of a vague and indefinite kind; but I also felt intense curiosity.

I was sitting on a seat with a back to it, a few feet removed from the main alley of the garden. My arms were folded, my head was slightly drooped on my breast, my legs were crossed. There was nothing in my attitude to attract attention, so I sat rigid and immovable for what seemed to me an age. I imagined all kinds of possible terminations of my adventure. I should be found, of course. I should be carried to my hotel; doctors would be sent for, I should learn what was the matter, and I should probably recover; these fits were rarely of long duration. Carried to my hotel! They would find my pocket-book in my pocket, containing letters addressed à Monsieur ——, Hotel de ——. Would they? Was my pocket-book in its place? I could not feel. Suppose the pocket-book was left, as was sometimes the case, in another coat? What other means of identification would remain? A seal with a coat of arms on it, a hat with an English maker's name; neither of much use in Paris. But what matter was it who I was, or where I lived? I should of course be taken to the Hotel Dieu. What will they do to me, I wonder? Will they—ha! what was that?

"Qu'est ce que tu fais donc, petit méchant! Demande pardon à ce Monsieur que tu as—"

It was the bonne who spoke. Alphonse, or Jules, in his infantile gyrations, had stumbled against me. He knocked one leg off the other, and the shock threw me into a posture so obtrusively unnatural that I could not longer remain unnoticed. The nurse stopped short in her expostulation.

"Mais, mon Dieu! Il est mort!"

"No, I am not dead, I thought; but I am very glad that you have found out that I am not wholesomely alive. Now I shall be properly cared for. In a very few moments I was the centre of a small crowd, and presently two or three gens d'armes shouldered their way through the starers. They lifted me up, and laid me along the bench. I felt—no, I did not feel; I was aware that I was quite stiff. One of them put his hand on my breast and held it there a while.

Presently the little group of by-standers, at command of an official, fell back some paces, and a search was commenced in my pockets for some name or address. I was excited by the thought of this search. You see how difficult it is for me to express myself. I can not say "I trembled," "I held my breath," "my pulse beat quicker;" there was no palpable evidence of my agitation. But I was excited.

They fumbled, finding only a watch, but no porte-monnaie, grumbling among themselves thereat.

No, there was no pocket-book. My heart sank; at least I felt as though my heart ought to have sunk. I can not tell how long this search occupied. My consciousness seemed now to become a little duller. Not by any means lost: only a little less acute than in ordinary life. In the mean while a stretcher had been brought to the ground. I was lifted thereon, something was put over my face, and they bore me away. I could hear the fountain plashing, and the many children's voices ringing through the avenues. Oh that I could have spoken! Oh for power to say but one word!

We passed out of the garden; I could not be sure in which direction. By the noise of traffic I perceived that we entered the crowded street. Presently we stopped; a door was opened and shut, and the hum of the moving world ceased. I was sensible that I was no longer being carried along, and guessed aright that I was in some office of the police. Here, I thought, the worst of my troubles must end. They will send for a doctor; he will know of the probable duration of the fit, and will take such measures as will mollify its most painful symptoms, or perhaps release me from it altogether. From the confused murmur of several voices in conversation which sounded in my ears, I gathered that in a room communicating with that in which I lay the officials were deliberating on my condition. I could not distinguish the words. Presently the voices grew plainer, and the speakers were evidently approaching. The face-cloth was removed. There were the same gens d'armes who had discovered me in the garden, accompanied by several more. And with them—yes, there was no doubt of it—with them entered the little old gentleman in the brown coat and green spectacles, whom I remembered to have seen before my seizure. This, then, was the long-desired physician; he would tell these blunderers that I was not dead.

"He is stiff already. Such is not unfrequently the case in disease of the heart. I should have believed him dead before the hour which you say. In the garden of the Tuileries? I made there a promenade myself this afternoon. And neither name nor address? That is droll. Ah! it is already six hours! And I am invited to dine in a quarter of an hour! Poor young man! Close his eyelids, Louis; they have an expression quite living. Monsieur will permit me to sign the procés-verbal without delay? Let us go."

So much for my hopes of the doctor! And then an authoritative voice said, "Vous le porterez là bas tout de suite, Louis."

A door shut, and there was silence.

I began now to realize the awful horror of my position. Officially declared to be dead, I experienced all those emotions which are said to be felt by the dying in cases where an accident plunges them from the enjoyment of health and life to the immediate prospect of passing to another world. My past actions rose in swift succession in my thoughts. I reflected on the frivolity of many of my occupations, on the time I had thrown away, and the small use I had been to any body. I remembered that my mother's last letter, full, as were all her letters, of expressions of the fondest endearment, had not been answered. And that lie that I had told at school!—and my young life cut off horribly and mysteriously, none to be near me dying, none to know what had become of me. And ——, he would be waiting to dine with me. Where would he dine? I wondered. What would he do to find me? Perhaps I might yet recover before—before what? Frightful, damning thought. I was dead; I should be buried. I tried to pray. It was not death I feared, I said to myself; it was the manner of death.

Yet through all this I must confess that my agony was not so intense as now, knowing the circumstances in which I was placed, I should suppose it might have been. From apathy or hope my mind was very calm, and I was very curious. I speculated on what would befall me almost as though I had been the unconcerned spectator of the adventures of another.

And what did "*là bas*" mean? The voice of authority had spoken of carrying me "*là bas*." The door opened again. My eyelids were closed now, and I could not see who entered. I need hardly say that I could not open my eyes. The voices were none of those which I had already heard. I was lifted again. The sounds of the street fell on my ear with a sound slightly dulled, and I felt that I was covered with some kind of cloth. My bearers walked for some ten or fifteen minutes. There was a fresh sound of opening and shutting doors, and I was thrown rudely on some hard surface; not laid decently as I had been in the office of the gens d'armes, but thrown down like a worthless burden. Could I complain? Was I not officially dead?

But what was this? I felt rough pecks at my arms and legs. I was being stripped of my clothes. Was this for the coffin? I thought now that all was over, and I felt weary and confused. A partial blunting of my senses spared me much of the pain I must otherwise have suffered. I waited, still perfectly conscious of all that was going on around me, as far as any one can be conscious of what he does not see, and wondering what would happen next. I was stripped of my clothes—stripped entirely. Then I was carried through another door. A faint and sickly stench immediately smote my sense of smell. I was laid down on my back on an inclined surface, my head somewhat higher than my feet. A horrible chill ran through me. Was this the grave? I could not tell. Nothing covered me, with the exception of a cloth which had been thrown over my loins. Was I in a coffin, waiting for a pauper's burial on the morrow? O God! to what should I awake!

No. It could not be the grave. It must be—the thought flashed across me in an instant. How came it that I had not thought of it before? That of course was the destination of the unclaimed dead. That of course was what was meant by the *là bas* of the gendarme. I was in the Morgue!

You may think it strange, but my first feeling was one of relief. To be buried alive was my great dread. That fate was certainly postponed. Perhaps I might be saved from it altogether. So for some time I lay congratulating myself on the renewed probability of my safety. I should lie here, perhaps, for days. It would be remarked that my body showed no signs of decomposition. Possibly —— would seek me in this grim receptacle of the dead. At any rate, there was hope. Should I starve to death? No; surely in cases of catalepsy the appetite is all but dead. The little life left in the body requires but little sustenance. At least, I felt no hunger. There was hope!

Then came a reaction. This horrible place that I was in! and I bound hand and foot, as tightly as Lazarus in his grave-clothes. A deadly cold seemed to chill all my frame. And always that faint fetid stench telling me of my—hideous thought!—of my companions. I was not alone. I began to speculate on the appearance of the place. I had heard what it was like. I had never seen it. I pictured to myself the maimed and rotting corpse of some unhappy suicide, recovered too late from the current of the Seine; for such suicides, I had heard, were the most frequent denizens of the Morgue. How close was I to that loathsome body? Could I touch it if I were able to put out my hand?

Filled with these fearful fancies, I hoped that the fit might not leave me till it was day. My blind helplessness was a sort of protection to me. To have all my horrors of life restored to me, and to be imprisoned for hours in that hideous place, would kill me in reality, I thought. It was better to lie there impotent as I was. If only I could sleep; if only I could escape from that consciousness which was all that was left to me.

I lay tortured and distracted by these reflections for what seemed to me to be many hours. Soon, I expected, it would be day. And then?

But now a strange shiver shot all over my frame. The blood seemed to rush to my head and fill it with violent darting pains. A tingling, somewhat resembling that of cramp, ran along my extremities. Did these mean that the paroxysm was coming to an end—that I could move—that I could speak? I hardly wished the surmise to be true, as yet. The pain in my head grew more acute. Instinctively I willed to lift my hand, and press it on my aching forehead. The limb obeyed the volition.

Though this movement of my arm came to me as a kind of order of release, I yet hesitated to make trial of my recovered powers. I still kept my eyelids down. I held my hand fixed on my brow. Then the idea sprang up in my brain of using all my force to try to effect my escape from my foul prison. I made a low sound with my voice. I then muttered several articulate words. My tongue obeyed me. I moved my arm to my side again, and raised one of my legs. The pain in my head was less. The shivering had altogether ceased. Still I was affected by a strange weariness—a disinclination to use the smallest exertion. Courage! I thought; up, and save yourself! I slowly opened my eyes. A little light from a dull moon struggled in through a sky-light over my head, and by its help I could distinguish with tolerable clearness the aspect of my lodging. Immediately in front of me it shimmered on panes of glass. Through these, as I surmised, my friends would seek me. It fell on some six or seven hard cold beds of stone or metal, like the slabs in a fishmonger's shop. On several it showed nothing but the smooth shining surface. On two others, besides my own, it rested with a dull gleam on Something that had once contained the spirit of a man. One of these corpses looked little more deadly than I did myself. It was lying next to my own couch; and I could clearly see the fair and gentle features of a well-looking lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, drowned, in all likelihood, in the river that ran behind me. His face showed few or no signs of a violent death. A slight abrasion on his cheek-bone was all the disfigurement. His close-cropped curly hair looked full of life, and his lips were almost smiling. The other body was as far removed from me as the size of the room would permit. I could just see a mass of bloated and discolored flesh. The moon seemed to make a kind of foul halo over its misshapen outline. The stench of the dead smote my nostrils again, and I turned to the wall with a shudder. I looked behind me. There all the clothes of the dead were hanging, waiting the recognition of the interested, or the criticisms and jests of the inquisitive. I now rose, and, groping among my own, partly dressed myself with as little delay as possible, for I was bitterly cold. But I did this with difficulty; I was very weak. Now, I thought, is there any one near me who will hear me cry out? The work-people will probably be soon going out to their labor; or, perhaps, some gendarme is left to watch in the precincts of this place. What time was it, exactly? I wondered. I felt for my watch in my pockets, but it was not to be found. Then I tried the door; locked tight: the windows; fast too. Here my strength failed me. I tried to knock on the panes of glass, but I felt myself sinking to the ground. I tried to call aloud, but my cry was very feeble. After this, I remember nothing more of the night. Worn out with pain and anxiety, utterly exhausted by the attack to which I had been subjected, I became totally insensible.

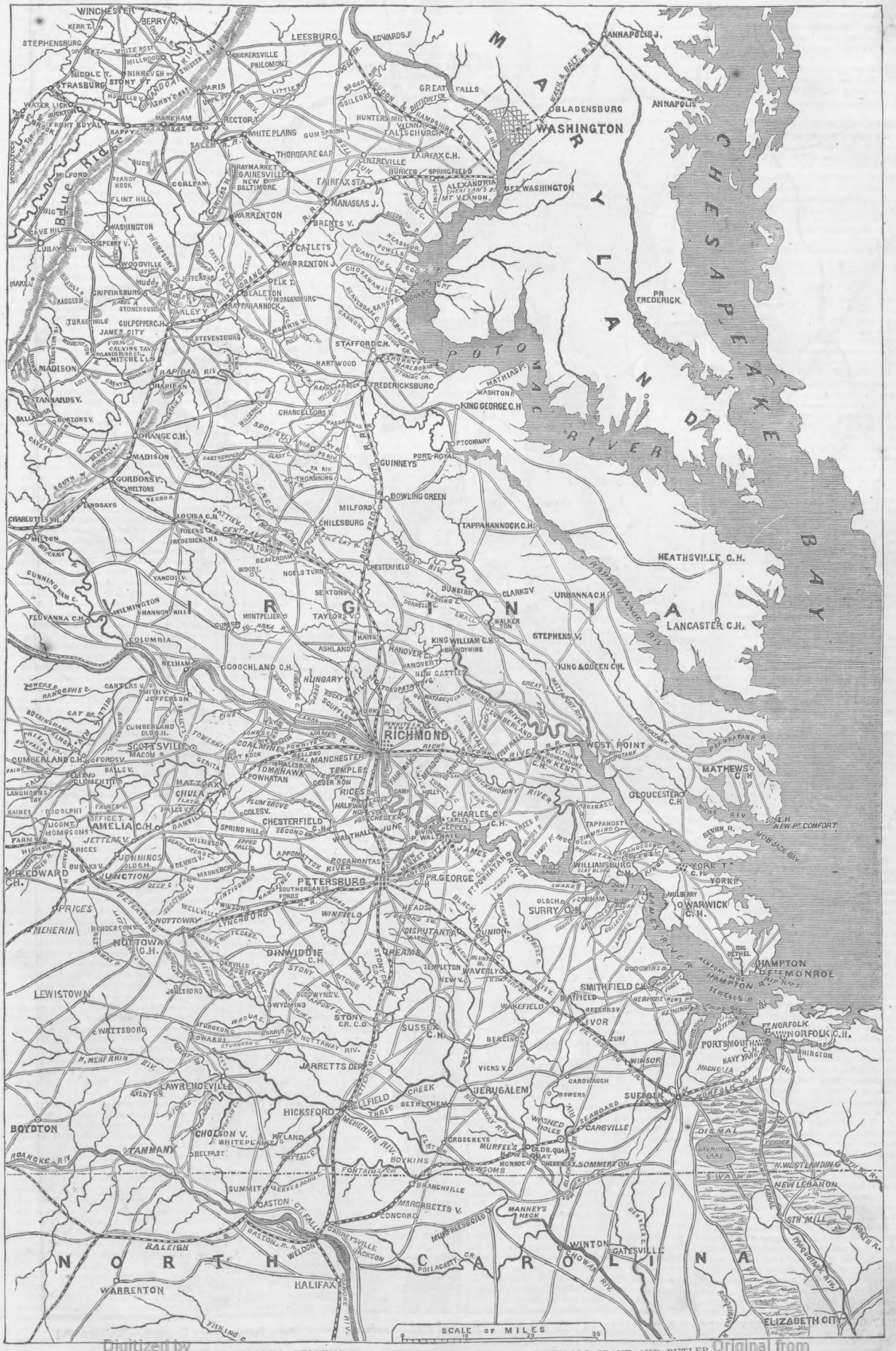
When I came to myself again it was broad daylight. I found myself lying crouched up in a corner of the room. I lifted my eyes for a moment to the bodies on the two occupied slabs, with a strange fancy that they, too, might have been shut up alive. The corpse of the youth was just as it had been in the night, lying as if asleep. And the other? How should that be again a receptacle of life? Bronzed and swollen, it was a loathsome sight to see. For an instant I said, "It is the body of a negro." It was no negro: it had not that black skin in life.

At last a key rattled in a lock. The functionary in charge of the establishment opened a door, not the door of the part of the room in which were the bodies, but a door opening into the little passage behind the windows. I could see him through the panes of glass, proceeding along the passage; but he did not turn his head. I made as loud a cry as my strength would allow. He was just disappearing through the farther door, when he suddenly turned and looked through the glass. Under any other circumstances I should have smiled at the man's expression of ludicrous perplexity. His eyes opened to their utmost extent, and he nervously twisted his finger in an end of his mustache. I beckoned feebly with my hand. In another minute he was by my side.

"Mon Dieu! On ne sait jamais ce qui peut arriver! Cependant il a encore bien l'air d'être un cadavre. Filons au moins de cette diable d'odeur."

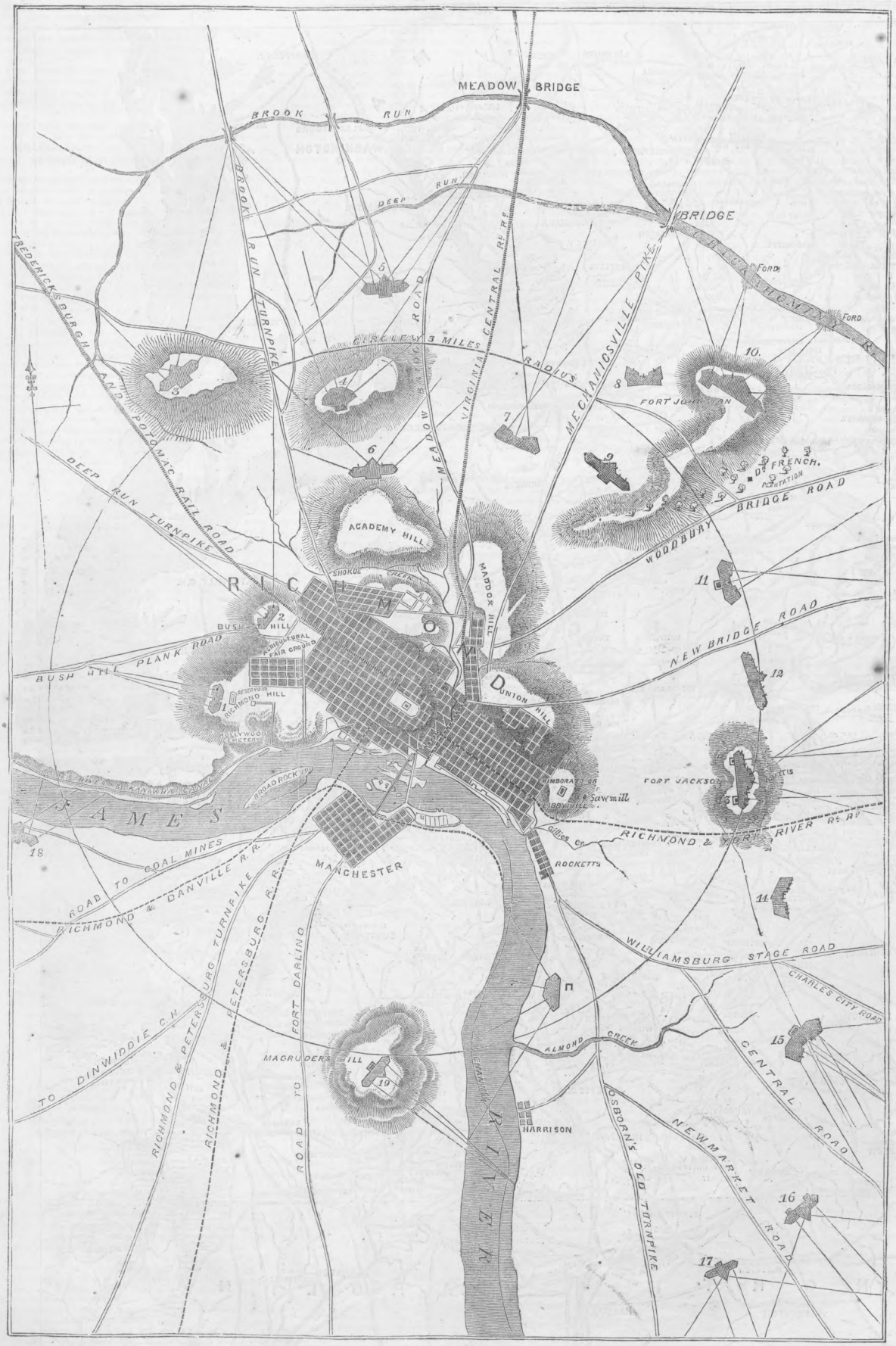
Muttering these words between his teeth, he took hold of my hand, perceived in an instant how utterly weak and helpless I was, lifted me in his arms, and carried me out of the Morgue. I have never seen my one night's lodging since.

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MAP OF VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE MILITARY OPERATIONS OF GENERALS GRANT AND BUTLER.

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MAP OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, SHOWING ITS DEFENSES AND RAILROAD CONNECTIONS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES SHOLL, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEER.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

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GEN. JAMES S. WADSWORTH.

GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH, who fell at the head of his command in the battle of the 6th inst., in the Wilderness, beyond the Rapidan, was one of the first volunteers of the war. His first service in the field was under M'DOWELL at Bull Run. About the 1st of August, 1861, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General; and during the long drilling months which succeeded General M'CLELLAN's appointment to the command-in-chief General WADSWORTH won for himself the credit, among the most experienced army officers, of having his brigade, long before the close of the year, in the most efficient condition alike as to drill and discipline. In the spring of 1862 General WADSWORTH was appointed Military Governor of the District of Columbia; and on the advance of General M'CLELLAN to Manassas, and subsequently to the Peninsula, General WADSWORTH's command extended to Occoquan Bay. In the winter of 1862-3, after his defeat as candidate for Governor of New York, he passed several months in the field, and was engaged at the battle of Chancellorsville. He was charged later in the season with a mission to the Southwest and the Gulf States, in connection with the organization of colored troops; and his latest position was that of General of the Fourth Division of the Fifth Corps. He gave his sons as well as himself to the service of his country, and used his large means with the utmost liberality to aid the national cause. He was nearly fifty-seven years of age.



THE LATE GENERAL WADSWORTH.

DESTRUCTION OF EAST TENNESSEE RAILROAD.

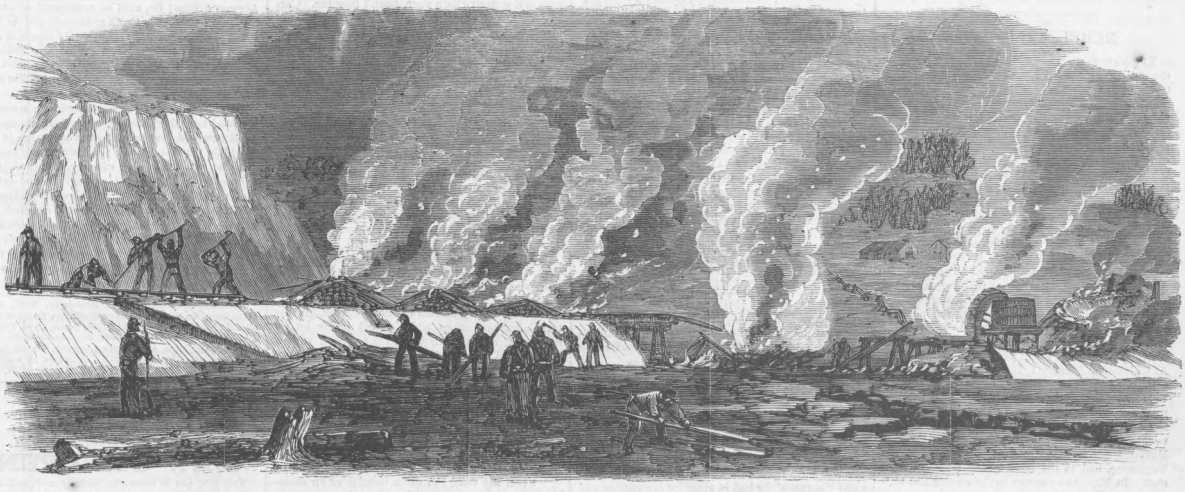
WE give on this page a sketch of the incident referred to in the following letter from a correspondent at Bull's Gap, Tennessee: "The First Brigade of the Third Division of the Twenty-third Army Corps started from camp on the morning of the 25th inst. to destroy the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, and returned last evening, having torn up the road for fifteen miles between Lick Creek and Greenville, burning every bridge and railroad tie, and bending every rail, so completely destroying the road that it can not be repaired in months. The Second Brigade left on Sunday morning to destroy the railroad bridge over Watauga River, fifty-four miles distant. The force had a fight with the enemy under 'MUDWALL' JACKSON, completely routing him, and on their way back burned all bridges and tore up the entire track. The sketch sent you was taken on the spot."

DESTRUCTION OF SCHOONERS OFF HOMOSASSA RIVER.

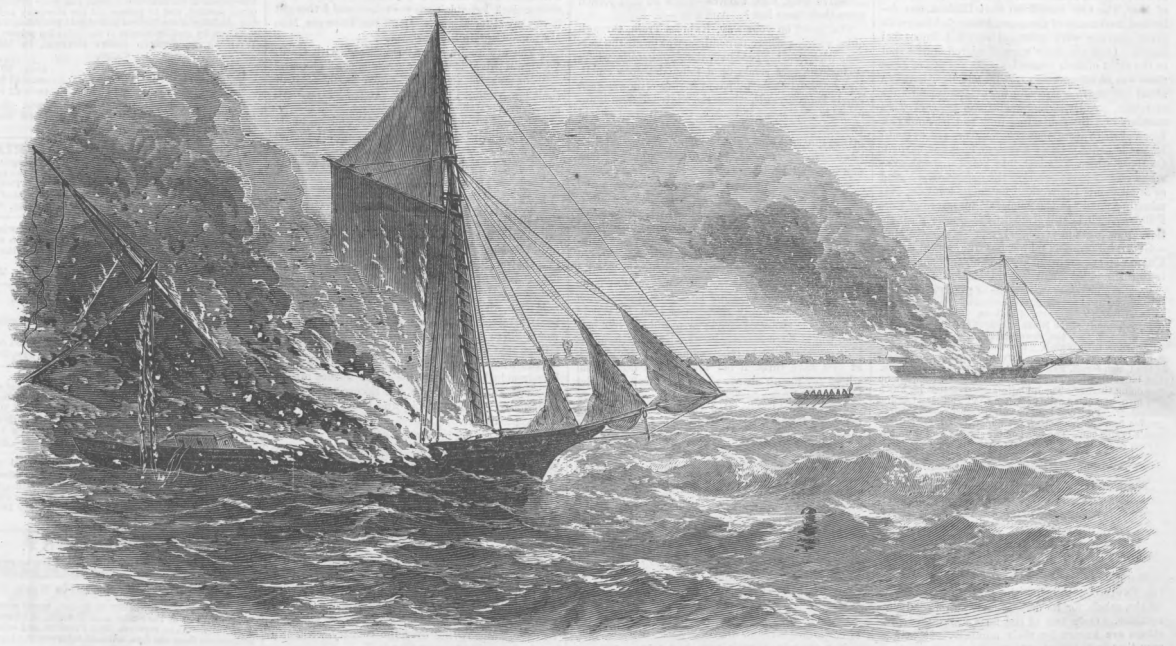
WE give below a sketch of the DESTRUCTION OF TWO REBEL SCHOONERS OFF HOMOSASSA RIVER, FLORIDA, by a boat's crew from the United States steamer *Sagamore*. A correspondent on board the *Sagamore* sends us the following account of the affair: "About three o'clock on the afternoon of April 1 we saw a schooner making in for one of the rivers to the southward of Cedar Keys, and immediately gave chase with the steamer; but soon shoaled our water so much that we had to come to anchor and send off boats. One boat soon distanced the others, finding two schooners instead of one. The crews of both had run them ashore and taken boats for Dixie. Our boats' crew soon had good fires going on both of them. The first one boarded was a 150-ton schooner with an assorted cargo, the other was a 70-ton schooner loaded with castor-oil and poor whisky."

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

THE view of BUZZARD'S ROOST, which we give on the first page, from a sketch made by THEO. R. DAVIS, is of particular interest at this time. Buzzard's Roost is a gap in Taylor's Ridge, which runs parallel with Pigeon Mountain, and is situated



DESTRUCTION OF THE EAST TENNESSEE AND VIRGINIA RAILROAD.



DESTRUCTION OF REBEL SCHOONERS OFF HOMOSASSA RIVER, FLORIDA.

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between Tunnel Hill and Dalton, Georgia. The Roost forms a very strong natural defense, and in February last, at the time of General PALMER'S advance, the enemy were enabled, in the shelter of the gap, to offer a stubborn resistance with but little risk, while inflicting serious loss upon the assailants. Our picture will enable the reader to form a tolerably accurate idea of the character of the country in which General SHERMAN'S army is now operating.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

WE give on page 324 a sketch of the opening scene of the GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL in aid of the Sanitary Commission, in Philadelphia, on the night of the 4th instant. The feature of the occasion was the production of a new opera, "Notre-Dame of Paris," by WILLIAM H. FRY. The scene is described as most brilliant.

The festival which opened with this representation is the beginning of a series of entertainments preliminary to the great Sanitary Fair to be held in Philadelphia in June. This Fair promises to be the most magnificent and extensive yet held, and will add another substantial evidence to the many which that city has already furnished of unconditional loyalty to the Union, and profound sympathy with the wants and sufferings of those who are battling in its defense.

GENERAL BUTLER'S MOVEMENT.

WE give on page 325 two illustrations, representing the DEPARTURE OF THE UNION FLEET FROM NEWPORT NEWS, in the grand movement against Richmond, and the ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ADVANCE AT CITY POINT. Our sketches were taken on the spot by a naval officer, and present an interesting view of the formidable character of General BUTLER'S movement.

REBEL ATROCITIES.

THE picture on pages 328 and 329 illustrative of the atrocities committed by the rebels upon Union troops, white and black, is of particular interest at this time. The scenes presented represent only a few of the sad facts which rebel inhumanity has forced into the history of the time, but they are significant types of the whole, while the design of the central scene most happily presents the origin of the black flag policy and the persons responsible for its adoption. All these butcheries are the result of the proclamation of JEFFERSON DAVIS, issued December 23, 1862, in which he declared, "That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the Executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States. That the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States when found serving in company with said slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different States of this Confederacy." Under this proclamation the rebels proceeded to act at the first opportunity. At Galveston, January 1, 1863, part of a Massachusetts regiment was captured, and the rebels took two negroes, free-born citizens of Massachusetts, residents of Norfolk county in that State, and sold them into Slavery. Near the end of that month, twenty teamsters driving a wagon train of General ROSECRANS'S were captured near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, tied to the trees by the road-side, and shot. In May, two negroes in the service and uniform of the United States were captured on picket at Port Hudson and forthwith hanged. On the 27th of May, the first assault on Port Hudson was delivered, and many of the negro troops fighting with great courage were wounded and fell into rebel hands. Of these, some were murdered on the spot in the sight of their comrades. On the 6th of June there was an engagement at Milliken's Bend between about 200 negro troops and an overpowering force of rebels. A large number of the negroes were murdered on the field after they had surrendered. Some of them were shot. Some were put to death by the bayonet. Some were crucified and burned. Of those whom this last fate befell, several were white officers in command of the negro troops. And so at all points the work of butchery went on, culminating finally in the wholesale massacre at Fort Pillow, which is still fresh in the public recollection. The incident presented in one of our sketches —General FORREST murdering the servant of a Union officer—occurred about two years since, and is thus stated by Major-General STANLEY:

> About the middle of the summer of 1862, FORREST surprised the post of Murfreesboro, commanded by Brigadier-General T. T. CRITTENDEN, of Indiana. The garrison was composed mostly of the Ninth Michigan and Second Minnesota Infantry and the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. After some little fighting the troops were surrendered. A mulatto man, who was a servant of one of the officers of the Union forces, was brought to FORREST on horseback. The latter inquired of him, with many oaths, "what he was doing there?" The mulatto answered that he was a free man, and came out as a servant to an officer—naming the officer. FORREST, who was on horseback, deliberately put his hand to his holter, drew his pistol, and blew the man's brains out. The rebel officer stated that the mulatto man came from Pennsylvania, and the same officer denounced the act as one of cold-blooded murder, and declared he would never again serve under FORREST.

The treatment of our prisoners at Belle Isle and in Southern prisons is well known to the public, and need not be referred to here.

MAP OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

WE give on page 332 a MAP OF RICHMOND AND ITS ENVIRONS, showing the fortifications erected by the rebels for its defense, and its railroad connections. Only two of the forts are named; the others are known by their numbers. It will be seen that on the south side the city is comparatively unprotected.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

SAY, when the infant sleeps its wakeless sleep,
Its life-blood cold—its heart can beat no more—
Its little eyes, 'erst bright, with hazy film
Are clouded o'er—
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the warrior sinks upon the field,
The hard-fought battle o'er, his duty done,
The last wild cry that strikes upon his ear—
"The fight is won!"
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when, the old man having run his race,
And seen his friendships fade and loves decay,
Life's evening closes, and in Heaven awaits
A brighter day—
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the heart is fresh, and love's young dream
Together binds two hearts, two souls, two lives,
The loved one perishes, one memory lives,
One heart survives—
Say, what is this?
Ah! this is truly death!

SURPRISED.

"TICKET, Sir, if you please!"

Between dusk and daylight—the warm gold of the sunset sky just fading into crimson, and the Express Train thundering over the iron track like some strong, furious demon. Carll Silver became dimly conscious of these things as he started from a brief, restless slumber, wherein his knapsack had served as pillow, and stared vaguely into the sharp Yankee face of the obdurate conductor.

"Ticket! I suppose I've such a thing about me," he muttered, drowsily, searching first one pocket and then the other. "Oh, here it is! I say, Conductor, are we near New York?"

"Twenty minutes or so will bring us into Jersey City, Sir—we're making pretty good time."

And the sharp-faced official passed on, to harass the next unfortunate man who had neglected to put his ticket in his hat-band; while Captain Silver dragged himself into a sitting posture, putting his two hands back of his head with a portentous yawn, and smiled to remember the fantastic dreams that had chased one another through his brain during that half-hour of cramped, uneasy slumber from which the conductor's challenge had roused him—dreams in which bloody battle-fields and lonely night-marches had blended oddly with sweet home-voices, and the sulphureous breath of artillery had mingled with violet scents from the twilight woods around, and gusts of sweetness from tossing clouds of peach-blooms, through which the flying Express Train shot remorselessly.

And then Carll Silver began to think of other things.

"Conductor!" whispered the fat old lady opposite, in the bombazine bonnet and snuff-colored shawl.

"Yes 'm," said the man of tickets, stopping abruptly in his transit through the cars, and inclining his ear.

"That young man in the military cap, Conductor—I-hope he ain't an escaped lunatic dressed up in soldier's clothes. I've heerd o' such things. And I don't a bit like the way he keeps grinnin' to himself and rubbin' his two hands together. He's acted queer all day—and I'm travelin' all alone, Conductor!"

The conductor laughed and passed on. The old lady bridled in offended dignity. Bless her anxious heart! how was she to know that Captain Silver was only rejoicing in the thoughts of the glorious "surprise" he had in store for his mother and dimple-faced sister that night? Was it not a year—twelve long, long months—since he had looked upon their faces last? And now—

Oh, speed on your way, Express Train, through quiet villages where daffodils sprinkle all the gardens with gold! Speed over the sloping hills, where springing grass sends up a faint, delicious smell, and brooks babble under swinging willows—past lonely church-yards, where the white hands of innumerable grave-stones beckon through the twilight and are gone; for every throb of your iron pulse brings one true heart nearer home! Shot and shell have spared him for this hour; fever and pestilence and foul malaria have passed him by; and now—

Suppose there should be an accident! He had heard of such things on these lightning routes. Suppose he should be carried home a dead, mangled corpse, the words of greeting frozen into eternal silence on his lips, the glad light sealed forever under the heavy eyelids! Strange that such morbid fancies should never have assailed him in the fire and smoke of Gettysburg, yet come to him now, like guests that would not be driven away, when he was within twenty minutes of home! Would it break his mother's heart; or would she live on? And would Kate Meriam care?—Kate Meriam, the blue-eyed, shy little fairy, who never would look at him save through her long brown lashes, and whose coy mouth always made him think of scarlet cherries and roses dashed in dew.

"To think!" ejaculated Carll Silver, bringing down his bronzed fist on the window-ledge with a force that made the glass rattle ominously and struck a chill to the heart of the old lady in the bombazine bonnet—"to think that I, who would knock down the man who ventured to tell me I was a coward, should be afraid to say frankly to a little slender girl that I love her! To think that the very touch of her glove, the sound of her footstep, the rustle of her ribbons can frighten my self-possession away, and make a staring, silent idiot of me! After all, what is a man's courage worth? There's no use in thinking of it. I shall die an old bachelor, for I'll never marry any woman but Kate Meriam, and I never shall dare to plead my cause with Kate. I wish I hadn't such an absurd streak of cowardice through me."

Yet Captain Silver's men had told a different tale when he led them over the bridge in that dreadful charge at Antietam. Cowardice! there are several different interpretations to that word.

"Carriage! carriage! No, I *won't* have a carriage. Get away from me you fellows! you're worse than the locusts of Egypt, and ten times as noisy," growled Captain Silver, energetically elbowing his way through the swarms of eager hackmen, who were making night hideous, at the foot of Cortlandt Street. "Do you suppose I'm going to spoil my precious surprise with a *carriage?*"

Broadway by gaslight! How strange, yet how familiar it seemed to the returning exile, with its stately façades of freestone and marble, seeming literally to rest on foundations of quivering fire, and its throngs of people, coming and going in everlasting succession, like the tides of a never-resting sea. Carll Silver's heart leaped up in his breast with a quick, joyous throb at the old accustomed sights and sounds. It was good to feel his footsteps ringing on Manhattanese ground.

No lights in the house! His heart stood still a moment. That was strange—ominous. But then he remembered that his mother was fond of sitting in the twilight, and dismissed the lingering doubt from his mind. How lucky, the door was on the latch and swung noiselessly open.

Hush! not a creaking stair or clanking spur must betray him; through the old familiar hall he passed and into his mother's room, lighted only by the ruddy glimmer of a bright coal fire.

"Where the mischief are they all?" ejaculated Captain Silver under his breath. "No matter—they'll be along soon; meantime I'll wheel this big chair up, and take a bask, for the air's chill if it *is* the first week in May. Won't they be a little astonished, though, when they come in? Upon my word, things couldn't have happened nicer! Faugh! what a smell of paint—whitewash, too, as I'm a living sinner! Confound it, I've kicked over a pail of the stuff! If the women-folks aren't house-cleaning!"

The Captain gave an indignant and contemptuous sniff as he surveyed the desolate scene.

"What comfort a female can find in turning things upside down, and deluging the house with soap and water twice a year, *I* can't imagine. Carpets all up—floors damp—curtains torn down—not one familiar object to greet a fellow's eyes after a twelvemonth's absence from home. Heigh-ho! I think I'll light a cigar."

Which he did, and began to smoke and meditate.

There was a rustle and a tripping footfall on the stairs. The Captain took out his cigar and listened.

"That's Minny," said he to himself. "Mamma doesn't dance up stairs like that."

He rose, and leaned against the door-casing as the dancing feet came nearer and nearer. How his heart beat as the fire-light shone upon a crimson merino dress and a little white apron on the threshold! And the next moment he had caught the slight form in his arms, and was showering kisses on cheek and brow and lips and hair.

"Caught for once, Miss Minny!" he exclaimed. "*That's* to pay you for presuming to clean house without my permission! No, you're not going to escape!"

Such a piercing scream as she rewarded his fraternal demonstrations with! Carll Silver let go her waist, and retreated against the wall with a faint idea of breaking through the lath and plaster, and hiding himself in the general ruin. For, as truly as he stood there quaking in his regimentals, the voice was *not* that of his sister Minny, but—Kate Meriam!

"How dare you!" she ejaculated, with crimson cheeks and quivering lips. "I'll ring the bell and call the servants if you don't leave the house this instant!"

"Upon my word I'm not a burglar or an assassin," pleaded Carll, recovering his self-possession in a measure as he saw Kate's breathless terror. "It was so dark I couldn't see your face, and I thought it was my sister Minny. Don't you know me, Miss Meriam—Captain Silver?"

"You are an impostor," said Kate, with spirit. "Captain Silver is with the Army of the Potomac."

"No, he's not, he's here," urged Carll. "How shall I prove that I'm *myself?* Kate! Miss Meriam—"

For she had sunk into the chair and begun to cry. He knelt beside her with a rough attempt at comfort.

"Kate, you are not sorry to see me back again?"

"No," she sobbed, "only—only I was so frightened!"

The little, trembling, blue-eyed thing! Carll Silver had never seen her in tears before. No shy assumption of dignity now—no royal airs—only brown disheveled hair and cheeks like red-clover blossoms in a shower. *He* was the brave one now—how natural it seemed to clasp the tiny palms in his one strong hand!

"Kate, dearest, I love you! With my whole heart, Kate. Nay, do not be so frightened—I would die to save you one moment's terror! Only tell me that your heart is mine!"

And when the tears were dried, leaving the eyes like drenched violets, and the cheeks flushed brightly, Carll Silver had leave and license to keep *one* little fluttering hand in his, and knew that he was an accepted lover.

"But where are my mother and sister?" he asked at length. "And what is the solution of this strange riddle?"

"Don't you know," laughed Kate, "they do not live here any more?"

"Not live here!"

"No; have you forgotten that yesterday was the 1st of May? *We* occupy this house now—papa, and Aunt Milicent, and I."

"Oho!" quoth Captain Silver. "So they've moved. And I never to hear of it. Upon my word they treat me pretty coolly."

"Ah, but you would have heard of it," said Kate, "if you had staid quietly in camp to get your letters instead of roving over the country without a word of warning to your friends!"

"Give me one one more kiss, Katie, and I'm off to see them. One more, my betrothed wife. Does it not seem like a dream?"

"And you are *my* soldier now," whispered Kate, playing with the gold buttons of his coat with tremulous fingers. "*Mine* to send out into the battle-field to dream of and to pray for. Carll, I have always repined that I had no gift for my country, *now* I can give my best and dearest to aid her cause."

"Spoken like a soldier's wife, Kate," said Silver, with kindling eyes. "If you but knew how much better we rough men fight for knowing that woman's love and woman's prayers enshrine us with a golden, unseen armor—nonsense! I'm getting sentimental. Good-night."

So there were three surprises that May evening—one for Kate Meriam (wouldn't *you* have been surprised, Mademoiselle, to be caught and kissed in the dark, and never know who the kisser was?), one for Captain Silver (a very agreeable one, though), and one—the old original surprise, if we may so term it—for his mother and sister. And Carll has not yet left off congratulating himself that his "leave of absence" happened to fall in the flowery and migratory month of May. For *if* he hadn't blundered into Miss Meriam's house and kissed her by mistake, thereby bringing matters precipitately to a focus, the probabilities are that to this day he never would have mustered courage to tell her of his love.

And when the golden armadas of the autumn leaves float down the forest brooks, and the blue mist of Indian Summer wraps the hills in dreamy light, Carll Silver is coming back to seal Kate Meriam's destiny with a wedding-ring.

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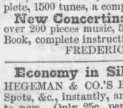
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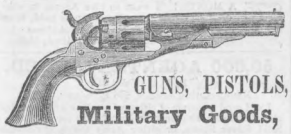
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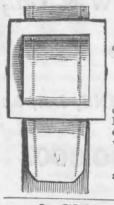
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

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THE SONG OF GRANT'S SOLDIERS.

PILE on the rails! Come, comrades, all,
We'll sing a song to-night;
To-morrow, when the bugles call,
Be ready for the fight.
Be ready then with loud hurrah
To battle or to die;
When Grant shall yield, the Northern star
Will fade from out the sky.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Before us lies the rebel host,
Their watch-fires we can see;
We laugh to hear the traitor boast
Of Southern victory.
Three cheers for Grant, and one more cheer,
Until the woods ring back!
Ah, well the rebel chief may fear
The blood-hound on his track.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

In Freedom's cause our blades were drawn;
The traitor yet shall feel
Before the day of Peace shall dawn
How strong is Northern steel.
Three cheers for Grant, my gallant men,
Give three loud, roaring cheers!
Until the foe within his den
Shall tremble while he hears.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Thus far we've come through fire and flood,
Still further on we'll press,
Although the way be red with blood
As through the wilderness.
Then cheer, brave comrades, let the night
Ring with your loud hurrahs,
For Grant, who knows so well to fight,
And for the Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Our longing eyes shall yet behold
Proud Richmond's slender spires;
Our children's children will be told
How fought their valiant sires.
Look well to cap and cartridge, too;
And as we onward press
We'll cheer for Grant, who brought us through
The bloody wilderness.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Brave soldiers of the Lord are we,
In solid ranks we come!
The Southern traitors yet shall see
How fight the "Northern scum."
Be ready, then, with loud hurrah,
To battle or to die;
When Grant shall yield, the Northern star
Will drop from out the sky.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

OUR ARMIES.

THE history of the last fortnight is the story of a tremendous battle between the armies of the Union and of the rebellion. No man will complain that we are not now making war in earnest. The rebels fight with valor and tenacity, and their own papers no longer deride the loyal army as the scum of creation, but confess that it fights with nerve and desperation. The face of General GRANT, of whom we publish a portrait to-day, is itself a victory. Its fixed resolution is terrible. And his career is the commentary upon it. At the West, and conspicuously at Vicksburg, when foiled in one way he tried another. He did every thing but doubt or despond, and always carried his point at last.

At the end of May, last year, GRANT made his brilliant march inland from the Mississippi. At once our papers announced the fall of Vicksburg. It was a premature exultation, and was followed by a corresponding doubt and depression. But on the 4th of July he finished his work, and Vicksburg fell. There has been the same eagerness now, and the same impatient hurrah. If the morning papers did not record a new victory there was a general inclination toward the same doubt. Yet every body knew that GRANT had entered upon a campaign which would be long and must be bloody. Every body knew that LEE had expected the assault and had prepared himself for it, and would contest the ground inch by inch. At the end of ten days the advantage unquestionably remained with us. "But he has not taken Richmond!" whispered the desponding. No, for he aimed at LEE. LEE was Richmond. When LEE is driven, Richmond totters. When LEE is overcome, Richmond falls.

And what blows he has dealt! How grand the spectacle of the Potomac army, officers and men, inspired by one sublime purpose, and all worthy of each other! "Turn my face to the enemy," said the dying General RICE, and every living soldier said the same thing in his heart, and kept and keeps his face turned there. Every soldier trusts his commander, and every commander the General-in-Chief. There is a unity which that army has never known, a confidence which is unprecedented. It is based not merely upon the prestige of success which surrounds the Lieutenant-General, but upon the result of his operations. If at the end of ten days GRANT had not outfought LEE, certainly LEE had not outgeneraled GRANT. The rebel was forced by arts as well as arms from two chosen positions. The strong hand of the Union army obeys irresistibly its clear head, and whatever the immediate result of this campaign may be, the army of LEE has been terribly shattered and its prestige is destroyed forever.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

ALTHOUGH so much nearer to Virginia than to Georgia that we have had daily more copious details of military movements from MEADE than from SHERMAN, our friends of the Western army must not suppose that their course has not been followed with a sympathy and interest proportioned to the importance of their struggle. The crowds which have gathered at morning and evening around the bulletin-boards have beheld with the same joy and pride the big black letters which announced Sherman's successful progress; the withdrawal from Dalton; the evacuation of Resaca; the capture of prisoners, guns, and trains. The public confidence in the quality of the Army of the West has never been shaken by any event; nor will it be disturbed by any result. The names of SHERMAN, of THOMAS, of M'PHERSON, and the rest, are names of heroes and soldiers. Remembered in the same prayers with their brethren of the Potomac, the same national confidence in the final triumph of liberty and law over anarchy follows from day to day the men of the Cumberland. Upon the green hills through which they press the roses already bloom; and beautiful upon those mountains will be their feet of victory!

THE DEAD HEROES.

THE friends of the heroes who have fallen in the late battles in the East and West need no assurance of the universal sympathy with which the whole nation mourns with them, for they see and hear every where the tokens of a common sorrow. Death for the country makes the citizen especially the country's child, and it is not a private but a public grief which now solemnizes the land. Every one of those brave men, officers and soldiers, died that all our homes may be happy and all our liberties secure. Smitten by a foe who took arms not because any right or liberty of his had been endangered, but only that he might endanger the rights and liberties of others, the dead of these battles of ours have a sweet and holy memory; for they have saved more than their country, they have befriended human nature. "Wherefore," says PERICLES in his discourse over the Peloponnesian dead, "to the parents of the dead, as many of them as are here among you, I will not offer condolence so much as consolation.....For while collectively they gave the country their lives, individually they received that renown which never grows old, and the most distinguished tomb they could have; not so much that in which they are laid as that in which their glory is left behind them, to be everlastingly recorded on every occasion for doing so, either by word or deed, that may from time to time present itself."

But this universal public and private grief sees something else than blood and suffering in the great field of national glory. It will leave to those who burn orphan asylums; who ferociously slaughter the most innocent men, women, and children; who have no tear for the living death of millions, and no sigh for the awful massacres of Pillow and Wagner, to call themselves "peace" men, and to affect regret at the horrors of war. Why they should deplore the loss of life, who would willingly sell all that makes life honorable, will be always a question. Vultures and snakes will take one view of a field on which the battle of national regeneration has been fought; God and good men another.

On the 17th of June, 1775, JOSEPH WARREN, a young man who had every thing to live for, who might have had ease and quiet and "peace," if he had only counscled submission and compromise with the great British empire instead of advising a silly struggle of Yankee farmers with the trained troops of Great Britain, "after discharging his duty in the Committee of Safety resolved to take part in the battle. He was entreated by ELBRIDGE GERRY," says BANCROFT, "not thus to expose his life. 'It is pleasant and becoming to die for one's country,' was his answer." At two o'clock he crossed Bunker Hill alone with a musket in his hand. The foolish farmers were fighting instead of sending commissioners to the enemy to propose compromise. They fought until they had spent all their ammunition. They fought until they were forced back. They lost 145 killed and 304 wounded; and "just at the moment of the retreat fell JOSEPH WARREN, the last in the trenches." Did he die as the fool dieth? No, no; he died as all our brave and dear ones in the late battles, East and West, and in all the battles of this war, have died. "Sorrow could now no more come nigh him, and he went to dwell in men's memories with HAMPDEN." It is true of WARREN. It is true of every faithful brother of his who has now fallen; and it is not his wounds, his blood, his suffering, that we see, but his immortal heroism and the cause which it helps to secure.

What the President said upon the field of Gettysburg in that speech, whose rare felicity not PERICLES nor any orator ever equaled, is said by every faithful American heart as it contemplates the battle-fields of the last fortnight in Virginia and Georgia: "It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE EARLY HOPES OF THE REBELS.

DURING our present occupation of Fredericksburg one of our correspondents discovered in the office of the Fredericksburg *News* in that city a large number of letters written during the maturing of the great conspiracy against the Union. From these we select for present publication the two following, written by that infinite charlatan, M. F. MAURY, who, finding his efforts to "stir up" the British Government against us futile, has now returned to the head-quarters of rebellion at Richmond for further orders. The letters were addressed to ALEXANDER LITTLE, who was at that time the editor and proprietor of the *News*. They show three things: first, that the rebellion was long and carefully plotted; second, that its object was to secure the ascendency of slavery; and third, that it counted upon Northern assistance, especially from New Jersey. That little State, by the favor of Heaven and her good citizens, has kept herself unstained from all complicity in the stupendous crime. These letters show only more clearly the deadly peril which this country has escaped; and reveal the true character of those arch-criminals against their country and human nature whom the Copperheads are now anxious to propitiate after they have desolated the land with the blood of her noblest children, by conceding the very conditions which the rebels prescribed before they began the war. The man who would consent now to compromise would have heartily worked with MAURY and his masters three years ago.

How far MAURY and his fellow-conspirators were justified in their hopes of seducing New Jersey into the rebellion, may be gathered from the correspondence that took place in the spring of 1861 between Ex-Governor PRICE of New Jersey, who was one of the representatives from that State in the Peace Congress, and L. W. BURNET, Esq., of Newark. Mr. PRICE, in answering the question what ought New Jersey to do, says: "I believe the Southern Confederation permanent. The proceeding has been taken with forethought and deliberation—it is no hurried impulse, but an irrevocable act, based upon the sacred, as was supposed, 'equality of the States;' and in my opinion every Slave State will in a short period of time be found united in one Confederacy.....Before that event happens we can not *act*, however much we may suffer in our material interests. It is in that contingency, then, that I answer the second part of your question—'What position for New Jersey will best accord with her interests, honor, and the patriotic instincts of her people?' I say emphatically *she should go with the South from every wise, prudential, and patriotic reason.*" Ex-Governor PRICE proceeds to say that he is confident the States of Pennsylvania and New York will "choose also to cast their lot with the South," and after them the Western and Northwestern States.

"[PRIVATE.]

"OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, *21st Dec.*, 1860.

"DEAR SANDY,—FRANK MINOR tells me that the BISHOP OTEY letter has been published. Of course you will see it, and there is no occasion for my sending you my copy. See the inclosed from BRODIE HERNDON. Doesn't BRODIE know—please make him understand—that those meetings at the North who are sending Commissioners down South are, the moment they adjourn, like Macbeth's witches, thin air; that what we want is to get into communication with the people of the South in their *sovereign capacity;* and there is no way of doing this except by getting the State of New Jersey and her people to go down there in their *sovereign capacity*, and in the person of their Commissioners ask them for their proposition? I have written to Dr. CABELL to stir up ALEXANDER: you write to him as if on your own hook, and get a town-meeting to encourage New Jersey to act. She has got clean hands: we'll welcome her.

"In haste, yours truly, M. F. MAURY.

"ALEXANDER LITTLE, Esq., Fredericksburg, Va."

"[PRIVATE.]

"OBSERVATORY, *Jan.* 18, 1861.

"DEAR SANDY,—The OTEY letter is out of date, and the New Jersey plan is 'no go,' *I reckon.* Too much politician.

"But we must change plans as circumstances change. See my Tennessee letter, and do with it any thing you please.

"If Virginia accept the CRITTENDEN proposition, without any power of veto against sectional majorities, you and she will be in honor bound, if the North say so, to shoulder your musket and go down South to fight South Carolina and other seceding States back into the Union. Does not the North claim the power to coerce under the Constitution? Will not the North have the power to make the laws, and to make you help execute them?

"Where is the 'courageous wisdom' of Virginia now? With the CRITTENDEN and PRICE proposition alone the South is at the mercy of the North; and such a settlement can't stand.

"Don't you see, SANDY?—Suppose you make all south of 36° 30' a Slave State, won't the North have the entire control, through Congress, of the public lands there? Won't the North give them away to poor white settlers from Europe? and then you'll have a Slave State in name only. She will send to Congress worse men than Missouri and Maryland have sent.

"No, Sir. We can have, and ought to have, no settlement that is not based on the fact that the country is divided, and the Union is to be made up of *two sections*—two peoples—as antagonistic as two nations; and if you put one section at the mercy of the other, we are *obliged* to have another blow-up.

"Yours, M. F. MAURY.

"A. LITTLE, Esq., Fredericksburg, Virginia."

A FRIENDLY ACT OF DENMARK.

DURING the absorbing interest in the domestic events of the last two or three weeks, a sign of friendly regard from Denmark to this country may have been overlooked. Struggling like ourselves for national existence, and attacked by Austria and Prussia because of her declared policy of a free constitutional government, the ancient and valiant little Denmark, at the request of our Government, has permitted the Bremen and Hamburg steamers plying to New York to pass free of seizure by her cruisers, although they are the ships and the ports of an enemy. This is a most unusual act of amity, and is done by Denmark, as her Government expressly states, from her friendly feeling for this country. Nor is it likely to be soon forgotten.

The exigency of our own affairs has prevented that general attention to the Danish question, and clear apprehension of it, which in a time of peace it would certainly have received from us. But it is enough to determine our sympathies to know that liberal Denmark is attacked by reactionary and despotic Austria and Prussia. The cry of "nationality" is one by which the absolutist rulers of Germany lead the German people to a war upon free institutions; and we have now the melancholy and absurd spectacle of liberal Germans cheering an Austro-Prussian army in destroying the hope of constitutional government upon the Continent. Doubly cordial, therefore, is the grasp of the hand of friendship which Denmark stretches to us out of her cloud of war. Her fate is almost sure. The impending extinction of that old kingdom can hardly be averted. But, in some form, the spirit of Danish constitutionalism will survive and be felt in European affairs. Meanwhile the people of the United States will remember, with a gratitude which may one day be serviceable, an act so friendly in the midst of their great struggle.

AUTOGRAPH LEAVES.

WE mentioned a few weeks since the beautiful book of fac-simile autographs prepared by JOHN P. KENNEDY and Lieutenant-Colonel ALEXANDER BLISS for the Baltimore Fair. Since then it has appeared, and it is certainly one of the most unique and interesting collections possible. Every noted American author is represented by some perfectly faithful specimen of his writing, and in almost every instance by some poem, a page or pages from a familiar work. It is not often that the promise of such a book is so fully and faithfully kept, and the six dollars for which it is sold goes straight to help the soldiers. It is published, our readers will remember, for the benefit of our great national charity, the Sanitary Commission, and copies may yet be had upon application to CUSHINGS & BAILEY, Baltimore.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*May* 11. The Rev. Mr. Bowman, Methodist, was elected Chaplain. A resolution was introduced by Mr. Lane calling for an investigation, by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, into the causes of the late reverses on the Red River. Amended so as to comprehend Banks's entire administration.—A resolution was passed appropriating $30,000 for the relief of the commander, officers, and crew of the Mississippi River gun-boat *Eseex*, which destroyed the rebel ram *Arkansas*, and which was commanded at that time by the late Commodore William D. Porter.—The bill to equalize the grades of naval officers was passed; as were also the bills making an appropriation for the relief of the friendly SIOUX; allowing Surgeon Sharp, of the United States Army, to receive a testimonial from the English Government; providing for the better organization of the Quarter-master's Department of the army; and granting lands to Iowa for railroad purposes. The Judiciary Committee asked to be relieved from further consideration of the joint resolution to repeal the resolution which was adopted in March, 1861, to the effect that no amendment for the abolition of slavery shall be made to the Constitution.—A preamble and resolution condemning the President's action in the cases of Generals Blair and Schenck were introduced by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, but were not disposed of.—A joint resolution providing relief for the machinery contractors of the double-ender gun-boats was adopted.—The Conference Committee's report in reference to volunteer naval officers, requiring their confirmation by the Senate, was agreed to. Without transacting further business the Senate adjourned.

——*May* 12. Mr. Wilson reported in favor of the bill to facilitate communication between the several States.—Mr. Wilson submitted the joint resolution calling for informa-

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tion as to the general officers commissioned since the war, and otherwise, their birth, etc.—The bill regulating the purity of elections in the District of Columbia was called up, and discussion ensued on the amendment of Mr. Powell, to insert the word "white" before the word "male," as a qualification for an elector. No vote was taken. Adjourned to Monday, May 16.——*May* 16. A joint resolution was introduced requesting the Secretary of the Interior to make the necessary preparations for the taking of the national census in June of next year.—Bills were introduced making grants of land to Dakota and Idaho to aid in the construction of railroads, and for the relief of citizens of Denver, Colorado.—A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire if further legislation is necessary to protect passengers and seamen on board war steamers.—The resolution of Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, condemning the President's proceedings in connection with the commissions bestowed on Generals Blair and Schenck, was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—Bills were passed for the relief of the widows of Generals Edward D. Baker, E. P. Whipple, and Hiram G. Berry.—The request of the House for a conference committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was acceded to.—The House bill granting pre-emptions to confiscated rebel lands was referred to the Public Lands Committee.—The bill for the establishment of a line of steamers between this country and Brazil was laid over.—The bill to amend the act of December, 1861, to "promote the efficiency of the navy," regulating the retirement of naval officers, was passed.—A message from the President, communicating intelligence relative to the misunderstanding between Chile and Bolivia was received and ordered to be printed.—The bill to equalize the pay of soldiers was taken up, and some amendments to it were adopted; but the Senate adjourned without final action on it.——*May* 17. A bill to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to stipulate for the release from attachment or other process property claimed by the United States was reported with amendments.—The Chair submitted the report of the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California.—Mr. Conness called up the resolution authorizing a grant to the State of California of the lands embracing the Mariposa or Big Tree Grove.—A bill was passed equalizing the pay of soldiers in the United States army.—Mr. Anthony called up the bill to expedite the public printing, and for other purposes. The amendment that it shall be the duty of the Heads of Departments to furnish the Superintendent of Public Printing with copies of their reports on or before the third Monday in November was adopted.

HOUSE.—*May* 11. The Senate amendments to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill were resumed. That providing for the appointment by the President of twenty-five consular pupils was agreed to; and that authorizing the raising of the grade of our representative in Belgium to that of a full minister was non-concurred in.—The joint resolution to drop from the army rolls all unemployed general officers was taken up, and after some discussion, and the offering and rejection of a few amendments, was adopted.—The Senate's amendments to the Postal Money Order System bill were concurred in.——*May* 12. The Speaker presented the resolution of the New York Chamber of Commerce, commendatory of Mr. Collins's scheme for a line of telegraph between Europe and the United States, *via* Siberia and Behring's Straits.—The bill to give soldiers and sailors homesteads on the confiscated estates of rebels was taken up and passed.—The House then resumed the consideration of the bill declaring the Camden and Atlantic and the Raritan and Delaware Bay railroads national postal and military routes. After an extended discussion a substitute for the bill was passed. This substitute provides, in effect, that every railway company in the United States whose road is operated by steam is authorized to carry over said road all freight, mails, passengers, Government supplies, and troops from one State to another, and receive compensation therefor.——*May* 13. Mr. Washburne read a dispatch, dated at the head-quarters of General Grant, detailing the brilliant successes of the Army of the Potomac. Then the Speaker read General Ingalls's telegram to Senator Nesmith. These documents were greeted with great cheering. A bill was passed to punish counterfeiting of the national coins. A resolution was reported from the Committee of Elections declaring that Mr. Yeaman is entitled to the seat for the Second Kentucky District, and that Mr. M'Henry, the contestant, is not. A bill was reported by Mr. Pendleton, from the Ways and Means Committee, for the relief of the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company of New York, which gave rise to a long and somewhat personal debate. The object of the bill is to instruct the Secretary of the Treasury to issue Treasury notes bearing the same numbers as were borne by certain other notes, the property of the aforesaid company, which were lost at sea. The bill was finally passed, and the House adjourned till Monday.——*May* 16. Captain Reynolds's report on the exploration of the Yellowstone River was ordered to be printed. The credentials of Mr. A. A. C. Rogers, member elect from the Second District of Arkansas, were presented and referred to the Committee on Elections.—Resolutions calling for the proceedings on the trials of Robert Taylor, of Tennessee, and Commodore Wilkes were agreed to. Also a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to inform the House by what authority Brigadier-General J. M. Hubbell, Military Commandant of the City of Natchez, issued an order which forbid contrabands remaining in the City of Natchez, unless employed by some responsible white person, and forbidding any contraband from hiring or occupying any house in that city, under which regulation hundreds of the wives and children of soldiers in the field had been turned out of their homes.—A bill granting fifty million acres of land in aid of the construction of a railroad and telegraph by the northern route to the Pacific was passed. Also a bill to continue the printing of the debates in Congress.——*May* 17. The House acted on the report of the Conference Committee on the amendments to the Navy Appropriation bill.—Mr. Dawes called up the resolutions of the Committee on Elections, declaring that Messrs. Segur and Chandler are not entitled to seats in this Congress from the First and Second Districts of Virginia. The two cases being similar, the House considered them together, and by a vote of 93 against 23 adopted the resolution that neither of the contestants were entitled to seats.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On Wednesday, March 9, Ulysses S. Grant received his commission as Lieutenant-General of the Army. Hitherto he had been known as the great General of the West—the hero of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga—the hero of wingless victory. The South declared him conqueror in virtue of his blunders—at the North his blunders were glorified; the South said all his strategy consisted in outnumbering the enemy—the North rejoiced that sufficient strategy had been developed in any of its generals to make even numbers available: and in a fortunate moment Congress and the President made him Lieutenant-General. Then the Confederacy professed itself jubilant over the prospect of Grant's having to meet Lee—the Unionists, on the other hand, contemplated with considerable satisfaction the prospect of Lee's having to meet Grant. Nor did the Lieutenant-General shrink from that conflict, but from the moment of receiving his commission transferred his personal presence to the Army of the Potomac, leaving Sherman as his vicegerent to carry out the Western campaign. During the season unfavorable for active operations he promptly reinforced and judiciously reorganized Meade's army, and formed his plans for the most momentous campaign in American history.

Warren, Sedgwick, and Hancock were made the corps commanders of Meade's army, with subordinate officers not only carefully selected but wisely distributed, so that the entire Army of the Potomac became as harmonious as it was efficient: to Burnside was given a separate army corps: and Butler at Fortress Monroe was reinforced by the Tenth Corps from Charleston under Gillmore, and the Eighteenth from the West under "Baldy" Smith.

On Wednesday, May 4, just eight weeks from the day Grant received his commission, his two grand columns were ready to move—the one well in hand on the north bank of the Rapidan, seventy miles north of Richmond, and the other at Fortress Monroe, one day's sail from Richmond on the James.

CROSSING THE RAPIDAN.

Our army at Culpepper broke camp on Tuesday, May 3, and made preparations to advance with six days' rations in light marching order. In the afternoon Gregg's and Wilson's cavalry opened the way to Germania and Ely's Fords—the former twelve and the latter eighteen miles from Culpepper—and at midnight Hancock's corps left camp on the road to Ely's Ford, and Warren, closely followed by Sedgwick, on the road to Germanna. Wednesday morning, preceded by the cavalry, who drive in the enemy's pickets and then proceed to reconnoitre the roads toward Fredericksburg and southward, Hancock and Warren commence the crossing of the Rapidan, the points of their arrival on the south bank being six miles apart. At nightfall the whole army, with the exception of Burnside's corps, is across; Hancock having his head-quarters at Chancellorsville, his line extending back to the river; and Warren at Wilderness Tavern, with Sedgwick's corps in his rear stretching back to Germanna Ford. The position thus taken by the Federal army flanked the enemy on the east; Grant's reason for turning this flank rather than the other being, that on this side he would be able at the various stages of his progress to keep open his communications by water.

THE BATTLES IN THE WILDERNESS.

There is good evidence that Grant's movement across the Rapidan surprised General Lee. Unless the rebel army can, with an audacious rapidity of motion, get into a position on the front and southward of Meade's army, the latter will inevitably reach its rear, and compel Lee to fight a battle with his communications cut off—a battle in which, if he is beaten, the disaster is irretrievable and decisive of the campaign. Lee succeeded in gaining this position, and in so doing compelled General Grant to fight him at a disadvantage. For the position held by Grant on Thursday morning was most unfavorable for an engagement. The ground was rolling and covered with dense thickets of dwarf pines and chaparral, so that artillery would have to be dispensed with on either side. A great portion of the Federal army had not yet come up so as to be immediately available; the roads were bad, and the trains of supplies were only partly across the river. Lee had no impediment except the nature of the ground, which was common to both armies, and the absence of Longstreet's corps. He was fronting his foe, which gave him the all-important advantage of being able to move by the shortest and easiest routes, and thus by rapidity of movement be able always to anticipate attack, keeping Grant on the defensive. Lee made the most of this advantage.

The order of the day for Thursday was to have been for Hancock to march down southwesterly from Chancellorsville to Shady Grove, to connect on Warren's left, who was also to advance to Parker's Store, five miles toward Mine Run: Sedgwick was to move up and take Warren's abandoned position. This would have given Grant a line running almost directly north and south from Germanna Ford to within a short distance of Spottsylvania Court House, the occupation of which would have followed, giving Grant a favorable position commanding the direct route to Richmond. But this plan was only partially carried out, on account of the presence of the enemy on the right centre, reported after the march had commenced. Warren had reached a position near Parker's Store, when the menaced attack on his right led to an order recalling Hancock to fill the gap between him and Warren's left.

Already the cavalry advance with two infantry regiments have been driven back, and at noon Griffin's division is engaged on the plank road, and shortly afterward Neill's and Upton's brigades of Sedgwick's corps further to the right. On the plank road Warren comes up, and takes the command in person; Bartlett's and Ayre's brigades are ordered to advance up the road to the right and left, supported by Sweitzer. But the enemy is in great force, and Griffin's division is borne back, when it is relieved by Wadsworth and Robinson. Sedgwick also is so hard pressed that he sends a dispatch to Burnside, who has just crossed, for reinforcements, which Grant withholds. But, after severe fighting for over two hours, the Confederates are driven back, and Sedgwick, sending Getty's division to guard the left, advances hard against the enemy on the right, while Warren holds fast his former position. The enemy have retired from the right only to reappear at 3 o'clock in a concentrated attack on the left. Hancock has only brought up Mott's brigade to the front, Gibbon's corps from the centre; and Mott and Getty hold the enemy until Hancock's remaining force is brought up, under Barlow, Birney, and Gibbon.

The engagement lasts two hours: Hays is killed, and Webb is wounded; but reinforcements come up from Warren; Sedgwick presses on the right; and an advance is made along the whole line, before which the Confederates are driven back.

During the day earth-works have been thrown up, and these are strengthened during the night. Friday morning the position was that of the previous night. Each army seemed eager to anticipate the other's attack. The federal army was to advance at 5 A.M. At 4.45 Sedgwick's right was attacked, Seymour's provisional division (from Florida) and Wright's meeting and repulsing the Confederate columns. In the mean while Hancock, in pursuance of the programme laid out for the day, gained ground on the enemy's left, pushing it back two miles, and capturing a line of rifle-pits, with five colors. Warren also gained ground; but this advance of the Second and Fifth corps was soon checked by a long line of swamp in front commanded by rifle-pits on the other side. Two assaults were made against this position toward the centre. General Wadsworth, leading in one of these, was killed, falling into the hands of the enemy. Finally Hancock, for want of ammunition, is obliged to retire about noon.

The gap which yesterday intervened between Hancock and Warren is still open, General Burnside who was to have filled it being still held in reserve, probably to guard the trains in the event of a Confederate success on the right. Lee, after the attack on Grant's right has been repulsed, concentrates his entire force against this point, and Hancock is in danger of being surrounded. Colonel Frank's brigade (of Barlow's division) holding the extreme left is borne back, and the whole line retires to its entrenchments. The greater portion of Burnside's corps is brought up to a position between Warren and Hancock, and the latter is drawn up nearer to Warren.

In the middle of the afternoon Longstreet arrives on the field, and, joining Hill, attacks the left and centre at their junctions, the brunt of the assault being borne by Crawford's, Carr's, and Stevenson's divisions. The attack was made in four lines, each giving way, then Crawford and Carr. At this juncture Hancock sends Colonel Carroll (commanding Third Brigade, Second Division) to attack the enemy in flank. This manœuvre is successful in forcing the enemy back; and it is supposed that the battle is over for the day. But just at dusk, while Sedgwick's men are engaged in the intrenchments, Lee's army having gathered itself up for a desperate blow attacks the left. Seymour and a number of his division are captured; Shaler also is captured, and an apprehension for the safety of the Federal supply trains that artillery is posted to bear upon the Confederate advance in that direction. But the exhaustion of Lee's army by so much marching and fighting, together with the lateness of the hour, prevents him from reaping the fruits of this marked success, both armies sleeping on their arms—a scene which our artist has depicted on pages 344 and 345.

LEE'S CHANGE OF POSITION.

On Saturday there was no engagement, but skirmishes along the line clearly discovered that the position of Lee's army was materially changed. This might have been expected, as it was evidently Lee's policy—the only safe one for him to adopt—to break off Grant on the Fredericksburg road to Richmond. This led the Confederate General to take up a new line on the Po. On Saturday he was making preparations. In the afternoon a cavalry battle was fought near Todd's Tavern, in which Custer, Gregg, Merritt, and Davis were engaged, with no decisive result. These cavalry forces had been keeping the way open for the advance of the Federals toward Spottsylvania Court House, which had been our original goal, and which it was now the important object of either army to hold in force. The day was necessarily exhausted in preparations on both sides. In the evening the Twenty-Second Cavalry occupied Fredericksburg, which was held as a station for the accumulation of stores and for hospital purposes.

At ten o'clock Saturday night Longstreet left the old field, and Hancock just an hour after; and the two armies were on a race, by roads nearly parallel, to the Court House. The Confederate army having the start and the interior route, came out ahead. Early the next day the Federal advance was within two and one half miles of the Court House when Robinson's Division, with Bartlett's Brigade on the right, attacked Longstreet, under the mistaken notion that they were moving against cavalry. This force was terribly broken up. The First Michigan, out of one hundred men, brought off only twenty-four after a fifteen minutes' fight. Crawford's and (the late) Wadsworth's divisions come up, and the fighting was maintained, Rittenhouse's battery supporting the Federal attack, until finally, when an open space was gained. General Robinson was wounded.

Sunday evening the Confederates were again attacked by Crawford's and Getty's divisions; one line of breastworks was carried, and a hundred prisoners taken. Although there was no general battle, the Federal loss was about fifteen hundred.

Monday the rations of the soldiers being exhausted, they were replenished from the trains, and the troops were allowed to rest during the day. A change was made in the Federal line—Hancock being transferred to the right, and Sedgwick to the left. Early in the afternoon an attack was made, though unsuccessful, on Wilcox's Division (Ninth Corps), as Burnside's forces were engaged in skirmishing on the extreme left. Late in the day Grant ordered an advance, and Hancock threw Barlow, Birney, Gibbon, and Carrol over a branch of the Po, and moved against the enemy's left.

BATTLES ON THE PO.

The line of the Federal army on Tuesday extended over six miles in the form of a crescent, the horns pointed toward the enemy. The latter holding Spottsylvania Court House, had its left wing resting on the Ny River, north of the Po (a tributary of the Ny), opposite Burnside, and his right opposite Hancock on Glady Run. His centre was advanced and on commanding ground. Wright's (formerly Sedgwick's) corps faced the Court House, at Burnside's right, both corps being supported by Arnold's, Rodgers's, and Sleeper's batteries, while Meade's, Martin's, and others, covered the right. The position resembled that held by the two armies at Gettysburg, only this time the advantage of position was decidedly in favor of the Confederates.

Early in the day a furious cannonade was opened on the enemy's position preparatory to a general attack, which had been ordered to be made along the line, but especially at the centre. For this purpose Birney, Gibbon, and Mott were withdrawn from the advanced position on the right, which was now held by Barlow alone. Wadsworth's and Robinson's divisions led the attack on the centre through the woods, the enemy shelling the latter from his intrenchments. Pressing up close to the breast-works an attempt was made to carry the rifle-pits, but in vain. Gibbon and Carroll, participating in this attack, suffered seriously, the latter losing 800 men. General Rice was killed here.

The enemy, taking advantage of Barlow's isolated position, attacked him in great force and drove him back; but assistance came from the east side of the river and he was brought over.

In the evening Grant attacked again, preceding the assault as before by a heavy cannonade. Upton's brigade of Wright's corps led in this attack, accompanied by Russell's, moving forward without firing, under a murderous fire themselves, scaling the enemy's works and capturing several hundred of the enemy and three guns. Too far in the advance, Upton was forced to fall back. The assault thus begun continued until night closed on results as indecisive as those already gained. Robinson's division lost over 2500 men.

Wednesday morning opened quietly; and the Lieutenant-General sent his first dispatch. He says:

"We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result to this time is much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over 5000 prisoners in battle, while he has taken from us but few except stragglers. I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

Toward noon our line was advanced, and there was considerable skirmishing. It is reported that Lee asked a truce for forty-eight hours to bury his dead and take care of his wounded. Grant refused, and said that he himself would take all possible care of the dead and wounded of both sides within his lines.

During Wednesday night Hancock moved around to a position between Wright and Burnside, and the dawn of Thursday found his men face to face with Major-General E. Johnston's division. One charge and the works were gained and the entire division captured. Johnston confirmed the report that Longstreet was severely wounded.

Toward noon the whole line was engaged, Burnside and Hancock on the left, Wright and Warren on the right. General Grant penned the following dispatch at the close of the day:

"The eighth day of battle closes, leaving between three and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two General officers, and over thirty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate, and seem to have found the last ditch. We have lost no organization, not even a company, while we have destroyed and captured one division (Johnston's), one brigade (Dobbe's), and one regiment entire of the enemy."

General Meade at the same time issued the following address to his soldiers:

"SOLDIERS!—The moment has arrived when your Commanding-General feels authorized to address you in terms of congratulation.

"For eight days and nights, almost without intermission, in rain and sunshine, you have been gallantly fighting a desperate foe, in positions naturally strong, and rendered doubly so by intrenchments.

"You have compelled him to abandon his fortifications on the Rapidan, to retire and attempt to stop your onward progress, and now he has abandoned the last intrenched position so tenaciously held, suffering in all a loss of eighteen guns, twenty-two colors, and eight thousand prisoners, including two General officers.

"Your heroic deeds, and noble endurance of fatigue and privation, will ever be memorable. Let us return thanks to God for the mercy thus shown us, and ask earnestly for its continuance.

"Soldiers! Your work is not yet over. The enemy must be pursued, and, if possible, overcome. The courage and fortitude you have displayed renders your Commanding General confident that your future efforts will result in success.

"While we mourn the loss of many gallant comrades, let us remember that the enemy must have suffered equal if not greater losses.

"We shall soon receive reinforcements which he can not expect.

"Let us determine then to continue vigorously the work so well begun, and under God's blessing in a short time the object of our labors will be accomplished.

"GEORGE G. MEADE,
"Major-General Commanding."

On Friday Hancock's advance discovered another change in Lee's position, due probably to the advantage gained on the previous day by General Grant on his right. On Thursday Carroll, one of the bravest officers of Hancock's corps, was severely wounded.

SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY RAID.

On Monday, May 9, General Sheridan marched around the enemy's right flank, and reached the North Anna River in the evening. He there destroyed the Confederate depôt of supplies at Beaver Dam, three large trains of cars, and a hundred besides, two fine locomotives, 200,000 pounds of bacon and other stores, amounting in all to a million and a half of rations, also the telegraph wire and railroad for ten miles with several culverts; he recaptured 378 of our men, including several officers.

Tuesday he crossed the South Anna, and on Wednesday captured Ashland station, a locomotive with a train of cars, some Government buildings with stores, and six miles of railroad, including three culverts, two trestle bridges, and the telegraph wire. After this he set out for Richmond, and finding a Confederate cavalry force at Yellow Tavern, he made an attack, capturing two pieces of artillery, and driving the enemy. The Confederate force was commanded by General J. E. B. Stuart, who was killed in the engagement. In the mean while a party charged down the Brock road and took the first line of works around Richmond. After some skirmishing Friday found him at Bottom's Bridge, having lost somewhat over 300 men. The Virginia Central Railroad bridges over the Chickahominy were destroyed. At 3 o'clock on Saturday Sheridan reached Turkey Island and joined General Butler.

BUTLER'S COLUMNS.

General Butler, having made a feint of landing at West Point which completely deceived the enemy, proceeded on the 5th of May with his fleet of gun-boats and transports, and the Tenth and Eighteenth Army corps, up the James River, landing at Wilson's Wharf a regiment of Wild's negro troops, and two brigades of the same color at Fort Powhatan; thence up to City Point, where Hinks's division was landed; and at Bermuda Hundred, just below the mouth of the Appomattox, the entire army was disembarked. The gun-boats and Monitors went before the fleet, and crossed the bar at Harrison's Landing.

On the 7th five brigades, under General Brooks, struck for the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, which, after a severe encounter with the enemy, they succeeded in cutting: a bridge on the road was destroyed seven miles north of Petersburg.

In the mean while General Kautz with 3000 cavalry burned the railroad bridge at Stony Point, cutting Beauregard's army in two. Kautz has also cut the Danville Railroad. On the 9th a portion of Beauregard's army was met and driven from their intrenchments.

After intrenching himself Butler closed about the defenses of Fort Darling at Drury's Bluff and carried a portion of the earth-works. The latest dispatches bring information of successful assaults made by Gillmore and Smith.

The *Commodore Jones*, one of the smaller gun-boats, was destroyed on the 6th by a torpedo. This incident is illustrated by our artist on page 348. Two other small gun-boats were destroyed by explosion.

GENERAL SIGEL'S MOVEMENTS.

The movements of Sigel's column has been shrouded in some mystery. It was supposed that his mission contemplated a move on Lynchburg, but he was heard from at Woodstock in the Shenandoah, too far north for any direct co-operative movement. At the latest advice he had fought a battle on Sunday, the 15th, with Imboden at New Market, in which his own loss was 600 and that of the rebels 1000. Sigel lost five pieces of artillery and retreated across the Shenandoah and fell back on Strasburg, thirty miles further north and a little above the latitude of Manassas.

SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

Sherman, simultaneously with Grant's advance Richmondward, moved on Dalton in three columns: Thomas in front, Schofield from Cleveland on the northeast, while M'Pherson threw himself on the line of communication southwest at Resaca, fifteen miles south of Dalton. On Saturday, the 7th, Thomas occupied Tunnel Hill, ten miles northwest of Dalton, and took up a strong position at Buzzard's Roost. By the flank movement on Resaca Johnston was forced to evacuate Dalton. On Sunday, the 15th, a battle was fought at Resaca, in which Sherman states his losses to have been 3000.

Sherman captured Resaca on Monday, the 16th, with 10 guns and 1200 prisoners, and expected that evening to reach Kingston, whither Johnston had retreated. Kilpatrick had been wounded.

THE SOUTHWEST.

Admiral Porter, at late advices, was at Alexandria. A large force was engaged in damming up the river so as to give sufficient depth to allow the gun-boats to pass over. General Grover was in command there. No communication was opened with the army at Grand Ecore. M'Clernand was at New Orleans to reinforce Banks, and Smith was to return to Vicksburg. From the latter place an expedition was being fitted out to move on Yazoo City, where were the rebel Generals Lee, Ross, and Adams. This expedition, under the command of General M'Arthur, has succeeded in capturing Yazoo City. Sturgis had not overtaken Forrest.

In Arkansas Steele was confident of maintaining his position on the Arkansas River, although Kirby Smith was menacing Pine Bluff. If this rebel should be able to cross the Arkansas, Steele's communications on the White River will be imperiled.

THE ATLANTIC COAST.

The rebel forces in North Carolina are being withdrawn into Virginia. General Palmer commands at Newbern. Our fleet have again opened upon the rebel forts and batteries on James and Sullivan's Island, Charleston.

About 9.30 A.M. on Monday last, May 9, the *Harriet A. Weed*, army transport, armed with two guns, was blown up and sunk by collision with two torpedoes in the St. John's River, off Cedar Creek, not far from the military post at Yellow Bluff, about ten miles from Jacksonville.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

The Secretary of War has issued an important order with regard to prisoners, stating that as it has been officially reported that Mr. Ould, Rebel Commissioner of Exchange, has declared, without consulting with the authorities of the United States, that all rebel prisoners delivered at City Point up to the 20th of April were exchanged, it is ordered that all Union prisoners of war and all civilians on parole prior to May 7, 1864, be declared exchanged. The order further states that the rebels still remain indebted to the Union Government 33,596 prisoners, for whom no equivalent has been received.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR.

THE Schleswig-Holstein war still continues notwithstanding the Conference. There are indications that the Danes will evacuate Alsen. The Prussians have again advanced into Jutland, and on April 23 were just south of Aarhus. They have also occupied Frederica. Austria is sending a powerful naval force to the Baltic. The Danish authorities have pledged themselves not to disturb German vessels carrying the United States mails.

On May 5 three or four Austrian ships of war had arrived in the Downs, and others were on their way. The English Channel fleet is also in the Downs. It was reported that a French fleet would soon join the others, but the *Moniteur* of Paris declared that if this were done it would be only for the purpose of supporting the demand for an armistice.

The London Conference met again, May 4, but accomplished nothing. The demand made by the neutral Powers for an armistice has been referred by the representatives of the belligerent Powers to their Governments for instructions. Another meeting was to take place on the 9th of May. Prussia and Austria offered to accept the armistice, and to evacuate Jutland, if the Danes will raise the blockade, return the captured ships, and evacuate the Island of Alsen. The Prussian and Austrian troops have now taken possession of all Jutland except that part north of Lüm Forth.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

The English Government declines to accede to the pressure for a Conference on American affairs. In regard to the *Tuscaloosa*, the Attorney-General has declared in the House of Commons that the Government must regard her as an uncondemned prize. The resolution moved by Mr. Peacock, "that the instructions contained in the Duke of Newcastle's dispatch of the 4th of November, 1863, to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope, are at variance with the principles of international law," was rejected by 219 against 185 votes—a Ministerial majority of 34. Earl Russell, in a speech in the House of Lords, contended that it was owing to the vigilance of the Government that the Lairds had not plunged England into a war with the United States. Earl Russell expressed the earnest hope that the war would result in the final destruction of slavery.

An address of the Pope to the Archduke Maximilian is published. He recommends to him, in particular, to defend the rights of the Church.

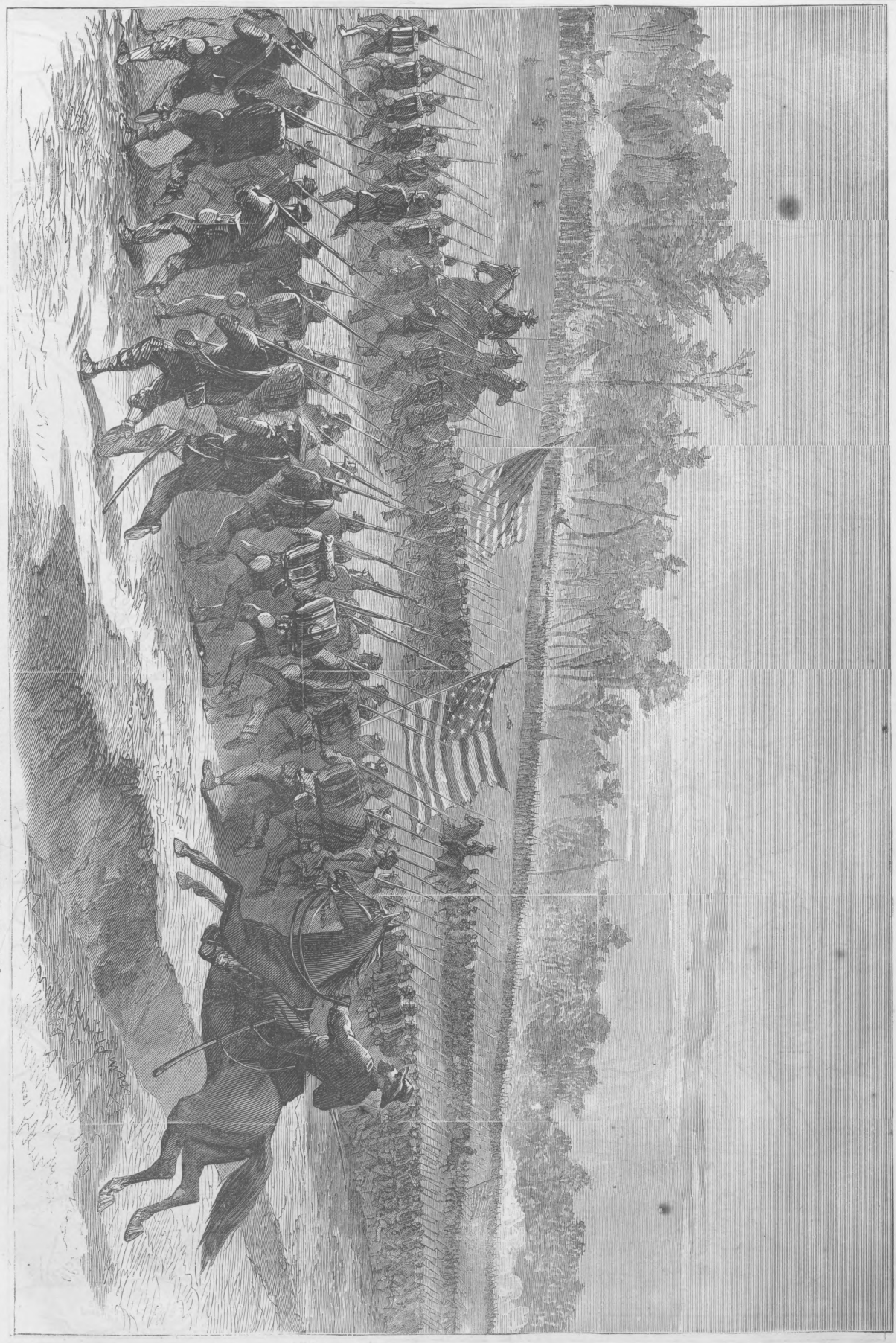
Mr. Seward had given to the French Cabinet explanations concerning the resolution of the House of Representatives at Washington on Mexico. The explanations of Mr. Seward were regarded in Paris as entirely satisfactory.

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"WE HAVE NOW ENDED THE SIXTH DAY OF VERY HARD FIGHTING. I PROPOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE, IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER."—*U. S. GRANT.*

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ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BARTLETT'S BRIGADE OF WARREN'S CORPS CHARGING THE ENEMY.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

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GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF VIRGINIA.

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THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE LATE GENERAL JAMES C. RICE.

GENERAL JAMES C. RICE.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES C. RICE, whose portrait we give above, was one of the bravest and truest men in the Army of the Potomac—a Christian soldier in the best sense of the phrase. He was born in Worthington, in the hill-country of Massachusetts; was a graduate of Yale College; practiced law for some years, first in Natchez, Mississippi, and later in this city; and entered the army as a private soldier when the war broke out. He rose, through his own merits and bravery, from this position to that of Brigadier-General. He fought in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged except that of Antietam, from which he was absent by reason of a severe attack of typhoid fever. At Gettysburg he distinguished himself, as Colonel commanding a brigade, on the left of our line, and was appointed Brigadier at the request of General MEADE. He was, in battle, constantly in the front, and exposed himself without stint; but he was never hit but once, and that was fatally, in the battle of Tuesday, though in almost every battle he received bullets in his clothes or hat. At Malvern six bullets passed through his clothing. General RICE was a consistent and zealous Christian, a man devoted heart and soul to his country, and ready at all times to make the greatest sacrifices for the cause of Union and Liberty.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

THE "Fighting Sixth" has lost its General. The portrait of this, the oldest of the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, we give on this page. JOHN SEDGWICK was born in Connecticut in 1817, graduated at West Point in 1837, went into the artillery, in 1839 was made First Lieutenant, was brevetted Captain for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco, and Major in Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and San Cosme Gate; the former brevet was confirmed by commission in 1849, and the latter in 1855. In 1861 he entered this present conflict as Colonel of the First Cavalry, and, August 4, was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His commission as Major-General dated from July 4, 1862.

A very modest man was General SEDGWICK; but he was the idol of his Corps, who all called him "Uncle John," and his intrinsic worth as a soldier was



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 350.]

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rewarded by successive promotions. He was twice wounded on the Peninsula, where he commanded a Division of SUMNER'S Corps. Succeeding General SMITH in the command of the Sixth Corps, he participated in the second assault on Fredericksburg and in the battle of Gettysburg. He always inspired his men with his own dauntlessness; and his courage on Friday night, May 6, when his flank was turned, and SHALER'S and SEYMOUR'S brigades driven back, saved the whole army from the full force of the blow. He was shot by a sharp-shooter, not as he would have desired, in the heat of action, but while adjusting a piece of artillery, on Monday, May 8.

Hero! whose soul was grandly strong and still
When the wild waves of battle round it broke,
And through the hours of tumult, fire, and smoke,
Held up the sinking lines with iron will;
Whose grasp was only less secure than death's,
What joy was thine upon the front of fame
To join the captains of immortal name,
Who sit above in spirit council till
At the last victory Right his sword ensheaths.
We would have kept thee; we are selfish all;
Fittest that we on bended knees should fall
And say, "We thank Thee, God, in this our woe,
That Thou hast given us strength to let him go,
So much of his was ours, even to the fadeless wreaths."

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE Parisian spring of the good old times has returned in 1864, with its pleasant accompaniments of early violets and lilac flowers. There was a general laying aside of furs and warm covering beneath the genial sunshine of the charming month of April. Simple dresses, composed of robe and mantle, and of uniform color throughout, were predominant; and light-blue, light-green, and light-pink silks were thrown out into pleasant relief by the brilliant sunlight. A considerable diminution in the amplitude of the skirts must be noted with satisfaction; indeed, the employment of steel crinolines seems to be altogether on the decrease. The suppleness and grace of the spring costumes this year could not have been obtained otherwise than by the adoption of underclothing of a softer description. The small *chapeaux à l'Anglaise*, rather low in front, and passing with a simple curve down to the bavolet, are decidedly in favor at this moment, the materials preferred being crape and silk, and the latest ornament a sort of narrow scarf inside and outside, as shown in one of our illustrations.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for a Wedding Party.*—Mazarine blue moire antique robe, ornamented (above the deep lace flounce adorning the skirt) with three black velvet lozenges, edged with narrow black guipure. Long black lace shawl. White crape bonnet, decorated with feathers and an aigrette, above the vandykeed lace bavolet a rich blue velvet ornament, of the same tint as the bow and strings.

Fig. 2. *Evening Dress for a Young Lady.*—Silver-gray robe in foulard de l'Inde, richly trimmed, as shown in the engraving, with blue silk stripes and narrow edging. The dress is cut in the style denominated the *forme Impératrice*, and the corsage and sleeve-cuffs are ornamented with stripes and bands to match those on the skirt. Small lace collar, fastened by a rose-pink cravat.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of iron-gray taffety, provided with a fluted skirt, surmounted by four rows of passementerie. The corsage is à ceinture, and the shoulders and cuffs are also trimmed with passementerie ornaments. White crape bonnet, with a tulle scarf beneath the front edge attaching a small feather. The scarf ornament is also repeated outside the bonnet.

ON THE BLOCKADE.

THE sound of the hissing steam is low,
And silent the flapping sail;
The western skies have lost their glow,
And the headlands faint and fail,
As the sailor sits on the tarry deck
And tells his ghostly tale.

Tells of the ship that sailed his dreams
Last night when the watch was done;
And the tale to the wondering landsmen seems,
Whose first prize is not won,
Like their childhoods' nightly ghosts that passed
Away with the morning sun.

But he has rocked on the sea for years,
And knows its mystery well;
The luring voice through the waves he hears
When the mermaid blows her shell;
And he knows how the ocean spirits cast
O'er the sailor's dreams a spell.

"Just below the horizon rim,"
Said he, "the steamer sailed;
I could make her course by the smoke-line dim
That along the horizon trailed;
But the salt-sea mist was up in my eye,
And to make her hull I failed.

Round in an inner ring we sped,
But never a knot we gained;
Every sail on the yards was spread,
And the boiler groaned and strained;
And night and day a shark's fierce eye
On me like a gun was trained.

He slid round, and we slid round,
And the unseen steamer too,
Till we passed beyond our cruising-ground
To the Gulf Stream swift and blue—
Till we wound far into the outer sea
Unsailed by a mortal crew.

I grew old, and the ship grew old,
With the years of that ghostly chase;
The sailors' hand grew thin and cold,
And pallid the captain's face;
But the steamer was ever as far away,
And the shark he kept his place.

At last both ships into my dream
Dissolved from the ocean wide,
And the waters changed to an inky stream,
And a boatman rowed its tide;
I sat a ghost at the bow, and the shark
His hunger had satisfied.

"Come, sailor," a brawny landsman said,
"That was a dream you know."
"On whom do you think the shark had fed?"
Said the sailor quick and low.
"Fed on the ghostly winds that through
Your sailor fancies blow."

"We shall make short work of the next black ship
That sneaks from out Nassau,
For a prize the water is on my lip,
And a hunger in my maw;
Come, let's turn in, for the watch is done,
And the wind is getting raw."

What, ho! A dark hulk cleaves the sea,
And ashore is a signal light;
Up! for the steam sings merrily,
The chase shall be short to-night;
But the sailor looks where a shark throws off
A trail of blue fire bright.

The black hulk melts into the dark,
And the foreward light burns dim;
The prize is lost, but the hungry shark
Has a midnight banquet grim,
And the landsman knows that the sailor's dream
Was a foresight unto him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

SEWING MACHINE AND HAND NEEDLES.
ALL KINDS AT BARTLETT'S, 342 BROADWAY, N. Y.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS.



BY ONE WHO HAS WORN THEM.—Parties interested in Artificial Legs will obtain much valuable information by reading the following reply to a letter, "asking advice about purchasing, &c.

REPLY.

PERU, LA SALLE CO., April 11, 1864.

Mr. Painter, Cincinnati, O.

DEAR SIR; Yours of March 16th, just received, and contents noted. You say you want my opinion on the corrugated metallic leg; as you ask it in a candid way, I will answer you candidly. If you get a leg made out of wood, you may be fitted for say at least a year; in that time your stump will get thinner a good deal, and you will have to pad the socket (the place where the stump goes in). In my experience with wooden legs, I have found this to be a great inconvenience. In the next place, the joints in a wooden leg are not made strong enough, for this reason: every time you step upon an uneven surface, it naturally sprains the ankle-joint, which, after a week or so, becomes loose and is easily broken. In the metallic leg, this is done away with altogether, by a stout rubber that acts like a joint, and every time you step on an uneven surface, yields like a natural foot. You will see that the metallic leg is altogether superior to a wooden one, and costs only one half what a wooden one costs. Another reason is, that the mechanism in a metallic leg is very simple, whereas in a wooden leg it is so complicated that if anything gives out you will have to send it (the wooden one) back to the manufacturer's, and they will charge you a good round sum for it. I, for one, advise you to get a metallic leg for cheapness, lightness, and durability. If you get such a leg as J. W. Weston, 491 Broadway, New York, sent me, you will get a good, substantial leg. Hoping you may be suited at less than it has cost me, for I have paid out over $500 for limbs, I remain yours, E. GUNTHER, JR.

Mr. Gunther doesn't mention three important advantages my leg has over all others.

1st. I guarantee a fit in all cases.

2d. The measure can be sent, and the leg returned by Express, thereby saving the time and expense of coming to New York to be fitted.

3d. It makes no noise.

OFFER.

I have such implicit confidence in my Improved Metallic Leg, that I will give any one the privilege of returning it if they are not satisfied, after six months' trial, and I will return the money, less twenty-five dollars. Price from $75 to $100.

Send for a circular to J. W. Weston.

Office and salesroom 491 Broadway, New York; Edwin H. Weston, 21 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.—"For the Dear Old Flag I Die," "Was my Brother in the Battle?" "Bury Me in the Morning," "Will Thou be True?" "I will be True to Thee," "Merry Little Birds are We," "If you've only got a Moustache," "The Little Ballad Girl," "When Old friends were Here," and "She was all the World to Me."—Foster. "Home is Home," "I Hear Sweet Voices Singing," "Kindly Words and Smiling Faces," and "Hymn of the Nation."—Thomas. "Sweet Little Nell," "Dying Drummer," "Weep no More for Lilly," "Katy Did and Katy Didn't," "This Hand Never Struck me, Mother," "Dost Thou Ever Think of Me, Love," "Little Joey, the Contraband," "The New Emancipation Song," and "The Angels are Hovering Near."—Parkhurst. "Dear One, I Think of Thee," "The Rose of Clifton Dale."—Lawrence.—"Christ will Care for Mother Now."—Weston. All of which are recommended. Price 30 cents each. Mailed free. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to Dr. Uncas Brant, Box 3531, New York. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens—*although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only*: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

Eagle Gas Stove Works.



Summer Cooking Stove.
GAS the CHEAPEST FUEL.
BOIL, BROIL, ROAST, BAKE, TOAST, and do IRONING.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.
H. D. BLAKE,
474 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own homes. Thousands can realize a Hundred Dollars Weekly.—No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of *two* stamps for return postage.

Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.



Opera and Field-Glasses

Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. B. H. HORN, Optician, 212 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., up stairs.
Wholesale and Retail. Send Stamp for Circular.

50,000 AGENTS WANTED.
B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

I will send a sample of either of the New Artillery, Cavalry, Pontonier, Engineer, or Naval Pins for $1 50, or a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Company Pins with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular.

U. S. 10-40 Bonds.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that all Bonds issued under this Act SHALL BE REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date; and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually and on all other Bonds semi-annually. The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year.

As these Bonds, by Act of Congress, are

Exempt from Municipal or State Taxation,

their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay

Over Eight per Cent. Interest

in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of Indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is holden to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from $50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The Funded Debt of the United States on which interest is payable in gold, on the 3d day of March, 1864, was $768,965,000. The interest on this debt for the coming fiscal year will be $45,937,126, while the customs revenue in gold for the current fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1864, has been so far at the rate of over $100,000,000 per annum.

It will be seen that even the present gold revenues of the Government are largely in excess of the wants of the Treasury for the payment of gold interest, while the recent increase of the tariff will doubtless raise the annual receipts from customs on the same amount of importations to $150,000,000 per annum.

The authorized amount of this loan is Two Hundred Million Dollars.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued until March 26, but the amount of Bonds reported sold at the United States Treasury up to May 14th was

$48,964,900.

Subscriptions will be received by the TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES at Washington, and the ASSISTANT TREASURERS at New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and by the

First National Bank of New York, No. 4 Wall Street.
Second National Bank of New York, 23d St. & Broadway.
Fourth National Bank of New York, Pine Street.
Fifth National Bank of New York, 338 Third Ave.
Sixth National Bank of New York, 6th Av. & Broadway.
Ninth National Bank of New York, 363 Broadway.
Tenth National Bank of New York, 240 Broadway.
New York Nat. Exchange Bank, 184 Greenwich St.
First National Bank of Jersey City, N. J.

And by all National Banks

which are depositaries of Public money, and all

RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country (acting as agents of the National Depositary Banks), will furnish further information on application and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

5000 Agents Wanted,
TO INTRODUCE OUR
NEW GOLD PEN.

This gold pen is something entirely new, and is now offered to the public for the first time, and is made by an entirely new process, enabling us to offer them very cheap. Every pen is warranted one year, and to be genuine diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity and writing qualities of the highest priced gold pen made. Single pens sent by mail on receipt of the following prices:

WITH SILVER-MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS, IN MOROCCO CASES.

No. 2. Medium Pen and Holder, each 90 cents.
No. 3. Large, " " each $1 00.
No. 4. Engrossing Pen and Holder, each $1 15.

Great inducements to Agents and the Trade. Send for our Circular. GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.

Attention Company!

Clark's Onguent, a powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of whiskers or moustaches in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented, by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 3 months from day of purchase. Price $1 00. Sent sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money.
Address, A. C. CLARK,
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By which the art of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., may be attained in a few hours. 50th edition, with a supplement, sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents, by RICHARD PARKER & CO., corner Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

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Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

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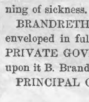
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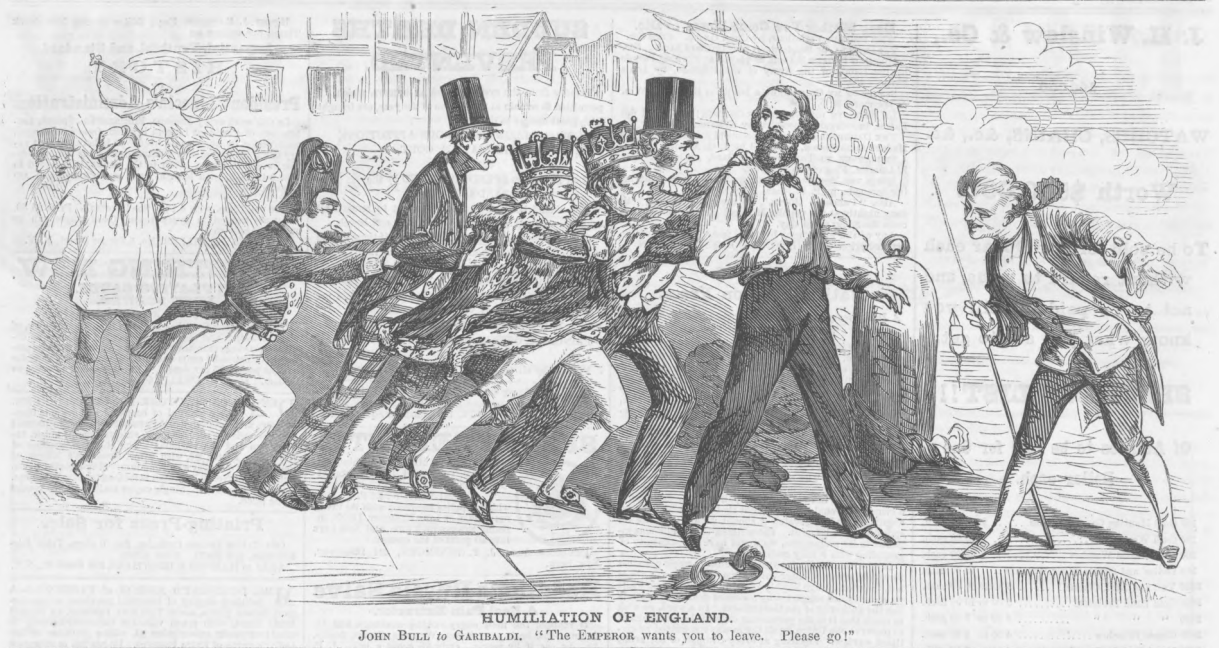
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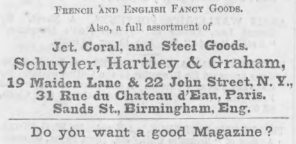
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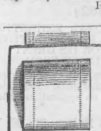
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 388.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

WE give on the preceding page a portrait of Major-General WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, commanding the Department of the Mississippi, and just now prominently before the country in connection with the Federal victories in Georgia. General SHERMAN is forty-six years of age, and is regarded as one of the ablest officers in the service. A sketch of his life was published in No. 376 of the *Weekly*, March 12, 1864.

TOUCH THEM TENDERLY.

O TOUCH them tenderly; they fell
In the harsh storm of shot and shell,
When, like a vast Plutonian bell,
Rang the responding air
To artillerean thunder-strokes,
Shivering a chained nation's yokes,
The steepling pines and spreading oaks
Fell with the soldiers there.

Touch tenderly these sons of Mars;
Wrap SEDGWICK in the flag of stars;
Sponge the brave blood from WADSWORTH's scars,
Through which his spirit fled
From honor here to glory where
The banner blue in fields of air
Is bright with stars forever fair,
Without the stripes of red.

Touch tenderly the living braves:
Blessed be the gentle hand that saves
A hero! while our banner waves
The loyal heart will beat
With quicker pulses where they tread.
Bind softly the poor wounds that bled
Where the wild-flowers their odors shed,
Making the free air sweet.

Touch tenderly the gallant men
Who smile at their red wounds, and then
Ask to be ordered back again,
To join the fight anew;
To go where GRANT and HANCOCK lead;
To follow BUTLER, BURNSIDE, MEADE;
To watch and march and charge and bleed
Where waves the starry blue.

Touch tenderly the man whose life
Is dear to mother, sweet-heart, wife,
Whose blood was poured out in the strife
Of liberty with crime;
For braver than the Spartan band
Are the defenders of the land,
Who like a living bulwark stand,
Each crowned with deeds sublime.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

OUR WAR MAPS.

THE readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will find it for their advantage to preserve for constant reference the two elaborate and complete Maps of the Seat of War published in the last Number. Every important place and position is so carefully laid down in these Maps that the reader can trace upon them, from day to day, the movements of our armies under GRANT in Virginia and under SHERMAN in Georgia, and those of the enemy under LEE and JOHNSTON, opposed to them. They can thus gain a clear and intelligent view of the design and effect of the various movements and counter-movements of the belligerents.

"NOT EVERY ONE THAT SAITH LORD! LORD!"

THE papers which were lately suspended in this city profess an overpowering regard for the Government and the Union. They will not deny that the war for the maintenance of both has reached a most important crisis. They will agree that it is the duty of all good citizens who wish, as well as profess to wish, that the rebellion may be conquered forever, to make every allowance for the exercise at such a time of that supreme discretion which necessarily belongs to every Government. They will be disposed to view the acts of the Government, even when irritating and ill-judged, as not leveled at the liberties of the citizen but at the crimes of rebels. They will concede that at a moment like this the publication of a forged proclamation of the President to the effect that the struggle is going disastrously against us is an offense of the gravest kind, whose tendency is to strike a fatal blow at the cause for which hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens are fighting and falling in the field. They can not seriously plead that it is only "a hoax," nor mean soberly to excuse themselves by saying that they had left their columns without any responsible supervision. Their columns, by their own confessed negligence, have been made the vehicle of a damaging blow at the Union and Government to which they so zealously profess their devotion, and however sincerely they may deplore the order by which they were suspended, they will honorably allow that, under the circumstances, they ought to suffer some kind of penalty, and will believe that the suppression, however mistaken an act, came from patriotic zeal rather than from despotic tyranny.

Now let every candid man decide whether, granting that the suppression of those papers was ill-judged, their comments upon the act show a sincere desire to forbear with the Government, or whether they are not intended to do exactly what the forged proclamation they published was meant to do—namely, to perplex the Government of the United States, dishearten the loyal armies, encourage the rebels, and invite foreign interference?

It is strange, of course, that journals which, by their own account, are so devoted to the salvation of the country, should put the worst conceivable interpretation upon every act of the Government; should stimulate opposition to the raising of soldiers by draft; should resist—with an acrimony that might, except for that professed devotion, be called partisan—the whole policy of the Government; very strange indeed that papers so zealously loyal in profession should constantly denounce the Government so much more fiercely than the rebellion that they are universally considered as virtual friends of the rebels. But such is the perversity of man. And there are probably people to be found at this moment, and intelligent and loyal people too, who sincerely believe that both of those journals, if they were swindled, hoped that the proclamation might be genuine; people who think that it is not a hearty loyalty to the Government which makes them daily depict the Government as the real enemy of our liberties; people, in fine, who believe that neither of the journals, so professedly loyal, would be very sorely grieved if the Government of the United States should be overthrown by a compromise with rebels. It is our firm faith that such people could be found. And if it were indeed so, how well might the papers in question exclaim, "Of what avail then are the loudest professions of loyalty!"

TWO GLIMPSES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WE have lately had two glimpses of JEFFERSON DAVIS, sad and gloomy enough. About a month ago a little son of his fell from a balcony and was killed, and on the Sunday afternoon after the funeral, which was the day subsequent to the battle of the Wilderness, DAVIS is described sitting alone in his pew in church, clad in deep black, a figure of utter grief and woe. The second glimpse is at the funeral of the rebel General J. E. B. STUART. It took place at a late hour in the afternoon. The scene was most dreary. "The short service was read" as if there must be no time lost. The guns that threatened Richmond with justice roared beyond the city. No military escort accompanied the procession to the grave; but chief of all during the burial service at the church, JEFFERSON DAVIS is seen sitting near the front "with a look of grief upon his care-worn face."

Care-worn his face may well be at a soldier's funeral, for he has caused more funerals, more agonized heart-breaks, more comfortless sorrow, than any man the sun now looks upon. Nor is there probably a more wretched being in the world. Baffled in his ambitious and long-plotted schemes, unsupported by those upon whom he counted in the North, deserted and disdained by the British Government, sick and sad in mind and body, his huge crime is unrelieved by a solitary ray of extenuation or excuse. That his theory of the National Government might honestly differ from ours may be admitted; but that he should assert a mere theory, without the least excuse of oppression, at such cost of blood and sorrow, is itself an atrocity. While to assert it, as he and his fellows have done, for the basest and most odious of purposes, is an unspeakable wickedness. Even could he succeed, and his Confederacy acquire a position among recognized states, the infamy of its origin could no more be forgotten than the source of a fortune which sprang from the slave-trade.

Even could the effort to destroy the Union and divide the country prosper, the object of the destruction would be forever remembered. Grant the success; concede that the rebellion triumphs; do you think JEFFERSON DAVIS would rank in history with MILTIADES, with CURTIUS, with ARNOLD VON WINCKLEREID, with WILLIAM TELL, with WASHINGTON, with BOLIVAR, with GARIBALDI? Would his name be hailed with love and enthusiasm as a friend of humanity? No. His epitaph would have no higher heroic strain than this: "He destroyed a great, powerful and prosperous nation because it refused to be degraded, and because he wished to whip women and sell babies unchallenged." In American history the crime of BENEDICT ARNOLD disappears before that of JEFFERSON DAVIS. The gloom that shrouded him in these two glimpses in the church will never pass away from his figure as it is seen in history—the gloom of unrelieved infamy.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY.

IF any body is troubled by the fact that there are skulkers from our armies, let him remember that it is so every where, and in all armies. When General SIDNEY JOHNSON was in the rebel command in Tennessee he issued an order, the details of which we take from the *Richmond Examiner* of that time, by which every captain was to call the roll of his company before going into action, and again upon coming out, when every man who was not dead, wounded, or absent upon leave, was to be court-martialed for cowardice. Carrying the wounded from the field during action was prohibited, and every man going to the rear upon any pretense was to be shot by the file officers.

There are doubtless some skulkers in our armies; but the spirit of the Union soldiers as a mass is unsurpassed and insuperable. An eye-witness tells us that the Army of the Potomac began with faith in General GRANT, but that the first week's fighting so endeared him to them that the faith has become a kind of worship, and the army moves and fights under that inspiration as one hero. The same spirit seizes them every where; and we know of one of the best cavalry regiments in the service, on duty elsewhere, which, notwithstanding the preference of all cavalry for its own branch, has asked to be dismounted and sent to the front as infantry to fight under GRANT.

We do not wonder the eye-witness declares that he and the army have no more doubt of success than of the sun's rising.

FORGETFULNESS.

THE Richmond *Examiner*, of May 12, exclaims: "Heaven and earth now call upon the Government to bring up all the troops at its command;" and the *Sentinel*, of May 19, says: "If we can conquer now—and God is giving us the promise of it—our work will be done." Both these papers forget what the Virginian, THOMAS JEFFERSON, said long ago: "The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest." The contest which JEFFERSON contemplated was exactly that which the rebellion is waging, an attempt to remove the "only firm basis" of the liberties of a nation; namely, "a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God, that they are not to be violated but with his wrath."

THE "RE GALANTUOMO."

THIS noble old ship of a Power which has steadily befriended us during our great struggle, torn and shattered by the tempest in which she was long supposed to have been lost, arrived at Naples about the first of May. She took from New York one passenger only, the guest of Commodore ISOLA, and from him we have received an interesting letter, from which we make the following extracts:

"The journal I send (*Il Pungolo*, Naples, May 5) can not give you an idea of the joy that pervades the whole country. Forty thousand people shouting for joy is a spectacle not often seen or heard; while more substantial tokens of the general interest felt in the *Re Galantuomo* are not wanting. A grand banquet is to be given to all, even the crew, and the city is to be illuminated.....Commodore ISOLA was as courteous and solicitous for the welfare of his solitary guest amidst all the troubl and anxiety of our fearful storm as in the first bright days out of New York, and the pleasant sail from the Azores to Gibraltar, and thence to Naples. The officers are simply *heroes*. Their courage, brave endurance, and straightforward duty-doing when all hope had gone (for we were without hope for three days), is something not to be forgotten. And yet, withal, so unostentatious and quiet. I shall love Italy and the Italians while I live. What a noble thing it was those frigates searching for us! They should know how heartily it is appreciated. The formal acknowledgments and decorations and honors of the Italian Government do not tell half the warm gratitude all on board the *Re Galantuomo* feel toward them."

The journal *Il Pungolo* describes at length, and with enthusiasm, the festal reception of the good ship in Naples; and after a vivid account of the storm, during which only two men were injured, and all were heroes, as our correspondent writes, the editor exclaims, with natural pride, "With sailors like these Italy may certainly soon become one of the great maritime powers of the world." The circumstances connected with the *Re Galantuomo* have served to bind this country only the more closely to the land of CAVOUR, of GARIBALDI, and of VICTOR EMANUEL. *Viva* GARIBALDI! *Viva il Re Galantuomo!*

GREAT BATTLES.

WHILE all our minds are so intent upon the fierce Virginia fights, and of speculation upon their probable consequences, it will be useful to remember the facts of other great historic battles.

The details of the old Greek and Persian and Roman contests are of course more or less fanciful, but they doubtless indicate the relative forces. At Marathon the Athenians are said to have had 10,000; the Persians 110,000. The Athenians lost 192; the Persians 6400, and were defeated. Then came XERXES with his fabulous army, which is given in detail, horse and foot, fleet, army, and followers, at 2,500,000. Against this invasion 7000 Greeks held the Pass of Thermopylæ, and upon the marble lion of LEONIDAS was the inscription: "Here 4000 Peloponnesians fought with 3,000,000 of foes." HERODOTUS, who loves a generous measure, says there were 5 000,000. At Arbela the tradition makes ALEXANDER THE GREAT with 47,000 horse and foot defeat 1,040,000 Persians. At Cannæ HANNIBAL had 50,000, and of the 80,000 Romans destroyed 50,000, so that only fragments of the Roman force escaped. At Pharsalia JULIUS CÆSAR with 22,000 routed POMPEY with 52,000.

In later times GUSTAVUS VASA at Lützen with 18,500 foot and horse defeated WALLESTEIN with 15,000. At Blenheim, one of the pivotal battles in European history, the final check to LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH'S ambition, the French and Bavarians under TALLARD were 60,000 with 61 guns; the Allies under MARLBOROUGH and Prince EUGENE were 56,000 with 52 guns. The battle wavered at intervals during the day, but at last, with a loss of 5000 killed and 8000 wounded, MARLBOROUGH almost destroyed the French army, which lost 12,000 killed, 14,000 prisoners, all its guns, with its General and 1200 officers. Not more than 20,000 of its effective men ever reassembled. At Pultowa CHARLES THE TWELFTH with 24,000 men fought nearly 60,000 Russians. CHARLES was defeated, and lost nearly half of his army.

The NAPOLEON campaigns are the story of the most sanguinary battles. Yet in Egypt, at the famous battle of the Pyramids at the beginning of his career, NAPOLEON, with 10,000 French under KLEBER, routed 80,000 Egyptians and destroyed the Mamelukes; and the French loss, according to PATON, the latest authority, after nineteen hours of severe exertion, was no more than 10 killed and 30 wounded. At Marengo NAPOLEON, with 28,000, defeated 31,000 Austrians, killing 7000 and capturing 3000, with artillery and standards, and losing about 7000. At Austerlitz the Allies were 75,000 strong, NAPOLEON 80,000. The Allies were overwhelmed, losing 10,000 killed, 20,000 prisoners, 185 guns, 400 caissons, and 45 standards. At Wagram NAPOLEON had a magnificent army of 150,000 foot, 30,000 cavalry, and 750 guns. The Allies brought into action more than 140,000. The battle was indecisive. The loss on each side was about 25,000, and the French captured a few guns. At Borodino the French counted 125,000, the Russians 130,000. The latter lost 52,000, the former 30,000. In the whole Russian campaign, of an army which is roundly reckoned at 500,000, NAPOLEON lost 125,000 killed, 193,000 captured, and 132,000 dead of hunger, disease, and exposure. Yet the next year he crossed the Rhine again with an army of 350,000. At Leipsic, with 175,000 men and 750 guns, he was defeated by the Allies with nearly 300,000 men and more than 1300 guns. The battle raged for three days, and was one of the most fiercely contested ever known. The French lost more than 60,000, the Allies more than 40,000. The tough old Tory ALISON says that it was this battle which "delivered Europe from French bondage." But NAPOLEON made one more and final effort. He began the four days' campaign of Waterloo with 130,000 men. Upon the actual field the best authorities give the English 49,608 foot, 12,402 horse, 5645 artillery, with 156 guns; in all, 67,655, of which about 24,000 were British. The French had 48,950 foot, 15,765 horse, 7232 artillery, with 246 guns; in all, 71,947. The battle lasted for eight hours. The British loss was 15,000 killed and wounded. The French army was virtually destroyed, and NAPOLEON BONAPARTE with it.

The battles of our Revolution were hardly more than skirmishes. On Long Island the Americans had about 5000 men, of which they lost 2000. The British had 15,000 men, with 40 guns. Their loss was about 400. At Trenton we had about 2400 engaged with 1500 Hessians. They lost 36 and we 4. At Monmouth the forces were about 12,000 on each side. The Americans lost 200 killed and wounded, the British about 300. In the battle of the Brandywine WASHINGTON had about 11,000 effective men, Lord HOWE about 18,000. The British lost about 600 killed and wounded. The American loss was greater, but no exact returns were ever made. At Saratoga, perhaps the most decisive battle of the Revolution, our force was 12,000, militia and regulars, and BURGOYNE's not more than 6000. At Camden CORNWALLIS, with a little more than 2000 regulars, routed our miscellaneous force of 6000. We lost 900 killed and as many prisoners; the British lost in all 325. In the Revolutionary siege of Yorktown the Americans and French were 16,000, the British 8000. During the siege our loss was about 300 killed and wounded, the British about 550.

Of all these contests those of Marathon, Arbela, Pultowa, Blenheim, Waterloo, and Saratoga are ranked by Professor CREASY as among "the decisive battles of the world." If the great campaign of the spring in this country shall result in a full triumph of the national arms, it will not be the least of those decisive battles.

ART-CRITICISM.

Mr. W. H. Beard:

DEAR SIR,—In the *Tribune* of May 21 you address a letter to me, justly assuming that I wrote an article entitled "Art-Criticism" in *Harper's Weekly* of May 7. That article was suggested by the rejoinders to the *Tribune* criticisms upon pictures, which, so far as I had heard or read them, consisted of personal vituperation and even menace of the critic. I therefore wrote the article to which you allude, in which I assert the right of every man to express his opinion of pictures however unsound his philosophy, r distasteful his style, or erroneous his conclusions, or gross his ignorance may appear to any one else, provided always that he does not personally asperse the artist. The criticisms in question, sweeping, severe, ignorant, and arrogant as they have been called, did not seem to me to be properly described as personal attacks upon the artists criticised, and in my zeal I wrote that the most exasperated artist dared not call them so. You reply that you "not only dare but do" say that they are little else than personal attacks, and that in your own case especially the "criticism" is not so much an attack upon your art as upon your moral character.

I have read the articles again, as you suggest, but I still can not agree with you that they are personal attacks. The remarks upon your *Dance of Silenus* are certainly a wholesale condemnation of that picture. It is described as "low," with other epithets that I need not repeat, and as tending to the corruption of youth. But that you are "low,"

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or that you painted the picture for the purpose of corrupting youth, the critic does not say. A man may say that I state what is not true; but that is very different from calling me a liar. The question then still remains, whether a spectator looking at a picture, and thinking it to be false in art and dangerous in morals, may not publicly say so?

If I print a book, and the reader, without any acquaintance with me or prejudice against me, thinks it sophistical, false, or immoral, may he not say so? May he not warn the public against what he conceives to be the debasing influence of my book, and hope that "this man" will write no more like it? May he not declare that my book is as bad as MRS. APHRA BEHN'S, and worthy to have been read in the stews of Corinth, if that is his opinion? He may indeed express himself in a very offensive way, but I can not fairly denounce his criticism, however false I may think it in substance and arrogant in expression, as a personal attack. Therefore you are wrong in thinking that I have approved an assault upon your moral character.

If you will allow me, I will add a few words upon the general subject which has occasioned this correspondence.

You speak of what I wrote as "an indorsement of this man's articles," meaning the *Tribune* criticism. Of course when you say this, you were not aware that in *Harper's Weekly* of the previous week I had expressed my dissent from the principle, so far as I understand it, of the criticisms in question, and also with many of their special verdicts. In that article I say of the picture of yours, which was so severely censured by the *Tribune* critic, "the Goat Revel of BEARD'S, instead of seeming to us too indecent to mention is not without a startling strain of Rabelaisque satire and warning." I do not, therefore, "indorse" the articles. I merely "indorse" the critic's right to express his opinion of any artist as an artist, just as I do yours to express your opinion of any critic as a critic. Then you deny that every man has a right to express his opinion publicly of subjects upon which he is totally ignorant. But do you really think that PTOLEMY had not the same right to say that the sun moved round the earth that COPERNICUS had to say that the earth moves round the sun? How is the question of ignorance to be settled? The *Tribune* critic says, virtually, that MR. DURAND is ignorant of nature. Upon your principle, he ought to insist that MR. DURAND has no right to paint. He also says that, if I like the pictures of certain artists, I know nothing of nature. Upon your principle, he ought to insist that I should not publicly express my opinion of those pictures, because they are subjects upon which I am totally ignorant. Certainly you can not mean that. If he should take that ground, I should reply that my admiration of KENSETT'S pictures, and of M'ENTEE'S, and of ELLIOTT'S, of HICKS'S, of HENNESSY'S, of NAST'S, and of your own, might be very ignorant, but it was wholly sincere, and that I should not hesitate to proclaim it merely because a critic, whether he were an artist or not, thought me incapable of judging.

Indeed, must not every work of art in literature, painting, music, architecture, whatever it may be, take its chance? They are addressed to the human heart, and that will justify them, and winnow the chaff from the wheat. Besides, the balance of criticism of artists and authors is pretty fairly adjusted. If our heads are broken in the *Round Table*, for instance, they may be swathed with sweet spices in the *Independent*. If an "ignoramus" criticises us in the *Tribune*, a genial sympathy and intelligence may sparkle in the *Evening Post*. When you say that no person has a right to speak publicly of subjects of which he is ignorant, you seem to me to forget that then nobody's right to talk could ever be satisfactorily settled.

I cordially agree with you that criticisms of pictures would always be better if they were written by competent persons. And you remember that it was said of a certain picture also that it would have been better if the artist had taken more pains. I welcome the articles in the *Tribune* not because I agree with their judgments, for I do not, any more than I agree with RUSKIN that CLAUDE was a botcher; nor because I commend their style, for it seems to me that the writer is much too absolute and dogmatic, and has an unfortunate knack of saying an unpleasant thing in an unpleasant way; but I welcome them because they seem to me an able and honest, and, under the circumstances, even a heroic effort at serious criticism, and I am very sure that you and many other artists entirely misapprehend the spirit in which they are written. And now, will you allow me to end what is meant at least for a friendly letter by capping the last sentence in yours? You say, "The true artist desires nothing more than just criticism." I fully believe it, and also that the true critic desires nothing more than to criticise justly.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*May* 18. The House bill defining the pay of officers on the staff of the Lieutenant-General was passed.—The House bill, granting lands to the State of Iowa for railroad purposes was reported with amendments and passed.—The bill to expedite the public printing was passed, with an amendment suspending the printing of the report of the offers received and contracts made for carrying the mails.——*May* 19. Mr. Harding introduced a bill, which was passed, to amend the act of Congress, approved September, 1850, in relation to donations to settlers on the public lands in California.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes on the bill for an erection of a Territorial Government for Montana, made a report which recommends that the Senate recede from its amendment, striking out the words "Every free white inhabitant in the qualification for voters," and inserting "All citizens of the United States and those who have declared their intention to become such," etc. After considerable debate, in which Messrs. Morrill, Hale, Wade, Horton, and Sumner participated, the report of the Committee was adopted, 26 Yeas, 13 Nays.—The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up as unfinished business, but no vote was taken.——*May* 20. A joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Wilson to authorize the President to call out men by draft for one year.—The bill authorizing a mail steamship service between the United States and Brazil was brought up, and after some discussion laid over.——*May* 21. Beyond debating the Pacific Railroad bill, the Senate did nothing of importance.——*May* 23. The bill in relation to naval supplies, which was reported upon adversely by the Naval Committee, was taken up. Mr. Grimes proceeded to defend the bill against the report of the Naval Committee, showing the abuses of the old system and the need of a reform. Mr. Hale and others participated in the discussion, but no vote was taken.—Mr. Morgan introduced a bill that so much of the act for enrolling and calling out the national forces, and acts amendatory thereof, as authorize the discharge of any person from military service by reason of the payment of $300 for the procuration of a substitute or otherwise, be repealed. Provided that nothing contained in this act shall be construed to alter the provisions of the existing laws relative to persons actually furnishing substitutes.—The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up, and, after a brief discussion, was passed.——*May* 24. Mr. Johnson introduced a bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound.—The Brazil Mail Steamship bill was passed.—The House bill to appoint an additional supervising and two local inspectors of steamboats for collection in the District of East Tennessee was passed.—The internal Revenue bill was discussed at length on the clauses regulating the duties and salaries of officers to be appointed under the law. The amendments of the Finance Committee, which were verbal, were generally agreed to.

HOUSE.—*May* 18. Mr. Julian reported a bill, which was passed, providing for the issue of patents to *bona fide* holders of "floats" issued in pursuance of the act of Congress of 1862, relative to Spanish grants in Louisiana.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution heretofore reported from the Committee on Commerce, proposing certain measures to insure more perfect reciprocity of trade between the United States and British North American Provinces. Mr. Elijah Ward addressed the House at length on the subject. Various amendments were made, but of no special importance, when the Committee rose, and the bill was reported to the House, but not finally acted upon.——*May* 19. The House passed the Senate bill amendatory of the act authorizing Nevada to form a State Government.—The House took up the Indian Appropriation bill. All the amendments of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union were concurred in, excepting one reducing the appropriation for the Sioux Indians of Minnesota from $150,000 to $50,000. The bill passed. A long and acrimonious personal debate then ensued, in which Messrs. Dawes, Logan, Julian, and Mallory participated.—Mr. Pike of Maine advocated, and Mr. Arnold of Illinois opposed, the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty. Without taking the question the House adjourned.——*May* 20, Mr. E. C. Ingersoll was introduced as the successor of the late Owen Lovejoy, qualified, and took his seat.—A resolution was offered by Mr. Holman that when the House adjourn it be until Monday, to give the members an opportunity to visit the wounded officers and soldiers, and substitute was offered which was adopted.—The Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the bill establishing a Territorial Government for Montana made a report, which struck out the Senate's amendment to give the right of suffrage to colored persons. The report was concurred in by a vote of 102 to 25.—A bill was passed reimbursing Professor Ames for damages sustained by the burning of his buildings at Annandale, Virginia.—Mr. Cox asked leave to introduce a bill condemning the action of the authorities in the suspension of the New York *World* and the *Journal of Commerce*, which was objected to by Messrs. Washburne and Farnsworth.——*May* 23. Mr. Dawes reported a resolution that Messrs. Chandler, Segar, and Kitchen, whose claims to seats from Virginia have been rejected, be allowed mileage for one session, and monthly pay till the passage of the resolutions in their respective cases. Mr. Chandler's name was stricken out. The resolution, as thus amended, was adopted.—On motion of Mr. Arnold it was resolved that, the Senate concurring, both Houses adjourn the session on the 6th of June at noon.—On motion of Mr. Arnold a resolution was adopted, instructing the Committee of the Judiciary to inquire whether any and what legislation is necessary to punish the forgery and publication of official documents, and also what legislation is necessary to punish those who, through the press or otherwise, give information, aid, and comfort to the rebels.—Mr. Pruyn asked leave, on behalf of the New York delegation, to offer a resolution, That the conduct of the Executive authority of the Government in closing the offices and suppressing the publication of the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* newspapers, in the city of New York, under the circumstances which have been placed before the public, was an act unwarranted in itself, dangerous to the cause of the Union, in violation of the Constitution, and subversive of the principles of civil liberty, and as such is hereby censured by this House. Objection being made, Mr. Pruyn moved a suspension of the rules in order that he might introduce the resolution, but the question was decided in the negative by the following vote: Yeas, 54; Nays, 79.—Mr. Stevens reported the joint explanatory resolution, which was passed, providing that the late law for the temporary increase in duties on imports shall take effect on the 30th instead of the 29th of April. All duties improperly paid to be refunded.—Mr. Stevens reported a bill to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from Lake Superior to Puget's Sound, by the northern route.——*May* 24. Mr. Dawes made a report that William Jayne is not, and that John J. Todd is, entitled to a seat as Delegate from Dakota.—The House took up the Senate's amendments to the National Currency Bank bill, and concurred in several, disagreeing to others.—Mr. Patterson reported a bill to incorporate the Newsboys' Home, in the District of Columbia, which was passed.—The House resumed the consideration of the Reciprocity Treaty, and Mr. Davis made a speech against the propriety and expediency at this time of giving the notice for the termination of the treaty.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

The movements of General Grant during last week were mainly strategic, though there was considerable fighting. On Wednesday, May 18, the Second Corps advanced against the enemy's right, driving him from two lines of his works and capturing several pieces of artillery. The cannonading was very heavy, but our forces held their ground, with an aggregate loss of one thousand. The Ninth Corps was also engaged on the enemy's left during the day, and succeeded in pushing back the enemy for some distance, but subsequently retired, having gained no considerable advantage.

On Thursday, 19th, every thing was quiet until evening, when an effort was made by Ewell's Corps to turn our right for the purpose of capturing our supply trains. All day long trains, loaded with ammunition and other stores, had been passing the point attacked, but fortunately none were within reach at the moment. Tyler's Division, supported by Birney's, was precipitated on the rebel column as impetuously as the nature of the ground permited, and after a sharp skirmish the latter were driven from the ground with serious loss. The First Maine Heavy Artillery regiment, eighteen hundred strong, and fighting as infantry, charged on the rebel line gallantly, and swept every thing before them after a sharp contest. About 500 prisoners fell into our hands, besides 1250 killed and wounded. Our loss was 150 killed and 750 wounded and missing. Tyler's troops, who chiefly engaged the enemy, were just from Washington, and had never been under fire, but behaved with the greatest gallantry. Gen. Meade has issued a prompt recognition of their brave conduct in the following order, issued on Friday:

"The Major-General commanding desires to express his satisfaction with the good conduct of Tyler's Division, Kitching's Brigade of Heavy Artillery, in the affair of yesterday evening. The gallant manner in which these commands, the greater portion being for the first time under fire, met and checked a persistent corps of the enemy, led by one of its best generals, justifies the commendation in this special manner of troops who henceforward will be relied upon as were the tried veterans of the Second and Sixth Corps, at the same time engaged. By command of

"MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE."

On Friday evening General Grant commenced a movement for the purpose of compelling Lee to abandon his position at Spottsylvania. Details of this movement are very properly suppressed, but it is known that up to Monday, 23d, it had gone forward successfully. Longstreet's Corps started south at 1 o'clock Friday night, an hour and a half after Hancock moved. Ewell's Corps followed Longstreet.

On Saturday General Hancock (Second Corps) reached Guinea's Station, and thence pushed forward to Bowling Green. At Guinea's Station they found some rebel cavalry with a battery of artillery, which they soon dispersed. Our cavalry pursued them, inflicting some loss, while that of our own was very light. At Milford, beyond Bowling Green, our advance met a considerable force of the enemy and drove them through the town. On Sunday night General Hancock had reached a point ten miles south of Bowling Green, on the line of the Mattapony. A bulletin of Secretary Stanton, issued on Tuesday night, says: "A dispatch from General Grant, dated at 8 o'clock Monday night, states that the army had moved from its position to the North Anna, following closely Lee's army. The Fifth and Sixth Corps marched by way of Harris's Store to Jericho Ford, and the Fifth Corps succeeded in effecting a crossing and getting position without much opposition. Shortly after, however, they were violently attacked, and handsomely repulsed the assault without much loss to us. We captured some prisoners."

Another dispatch, giving in detail the movements of our corps, and speaking of the rebel assault on Warren's position, says: "He was attacked with great vehemence. I have never heard more rapid or massive firing either of artillery or musketry. The attack resulted in a destructive repulse of the enemy."

At the position attacked by Hancock the rebels were intrenched, and in considerable force between the creek he had crossed and the river, and made a pertinacious resistance to his onset; but before dark he had forced them from their works and driven them across the stream. It is also said that in these engagements the slaughter of the enemy was very great. Our losses were inconsiderable. The rebels charged against our artillery, and suffered especially from canister.

A dispatch from General Grant, dated at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, has also been received. It states that the enemy have fallen back from the North Anna, and we are in pursuit. Negroes who have come in say that Lee is falling back to Richmond.

Other official dispatches from head-quarters say that Warren, Burnside, and Hancock are pushing forward after the retreating army. Warren captured a good number of prisoners on Monday evening, but has not had time to count them or ascertain his loss.

Hancock is storming the rifle-pits this side of the river. On Monday evening he also took between 100 and 200 prisoners, and drove many rebels into the river, where they were drowned.

On the 23d, Secretary Stanton made the following official announcement in reference to the condition and movements of the Army of the Potomac: "Official reports of this Department show that within eight days after the great battle at Spottsylvania Court House, many thousand veteran troops have been forwarded to General Grant. The whole army has been amply supplied with full rations of subsistence. Upward of twenty thousand sick and wounded have been transported from the field of battle to the Washington hospitals, and placed under surgical care. Over eight thousand prisoners have been transported from the field to prison depôts, and large amounts of artillery and other implements of an active campaign brought away. Several thousand fresh cavalry horses have been forwarded to the army, and the grand Army of the Potomac is now fully as strong in numbers, and better equipped, supplied, and furnished than when the campaign opened. Several thousand reinforcements have also been forwarded to other armies in the field, and ample supplies to all. During the same time over 30,000 volunteers for 100 days have been mustered into the service, clothed, armed, equipped, and transported to their respective positions.

GENERAL BUTLER'S MOVEMENTS.

General Butler, who at the close of last week's report had closed in around Fort Darling on the James River, was interrupted in his operations on Monday, 16th inst. by a fierce attack of the enemy, who had concentrated a strong force. In the early morning, under cover of a fog so dense as to limit vision to the distance of a few yards, the enemy fell upon the right of our line of battle with the force of an avalanche, completely crushing it backward, and turning our flank, as two days before we had turned theirs. Their advantage, however, was but temporary, for our veterans quickly recovered from the sudden shock, and drove their assailants back into the line of the attack. The fighting thus unceremoniously commenced, continued with more or less briskness throughout the day, and the losses on both sides were severe. Our loss is estimated at not less than 1500 to 2000 in killed, wounded, and missing. The day's operations resulted in our entire army being ordered to return from its advanced position, within 10 miles of Richmond, to the line of defense known as Bermuda Hundred, between the James and Appomattox rivers. Here the troops securely encamped, having buried their dead, and brought from the battle-field in perfect order their wounded and all their supplies. Heckman's brigade suffered very heavily, and General Heckman himself was captured. We took some 300 prisoners, but lost four guns. The enemy the next day appeared in front of General Butler's works, and heavy skirmishing was continued, with loss on both sides, during Wednesday and Thursday. On Thursday night the enemy assaulted a line of rifle-pits along the centre of our intrenchments, but was repulsed. On Friday the attack was renewed, and our skirmishers were driven out of the pits after a desperate fight. The possession of the line thus lost being essential to our position, a determined effort to retake it was made by our forces, which was partially successful, the right of the line being reoccupied. During this engagement artillery was used on both sides, and the loss was heavy. We took a number of prisoners, among whom was Major-General Walker of South Carolina, who had temporary command of a brigade, and was dangerously wounded. On Friday night our troops, with a view of diverting the enemy, made an attack on the right, and on Saturday firing was continued from the batteries until 10 o'clock, after which it ceased, and the remainder of the day was occupied on both sides in erecting additional defense. On Sunday and Monday all was quiet, the enemy being engaged in burying their dead.

The purpose of the enemy in closing in upon General Butler is evidently to hold in check any movement of ours until they can re-establish railroad communication with Petersburg and North Carolina.

The enemy have refused to exchange General Heckman for General Walker.

GENERAL KAUTZ'S RAID.

General Kautz returned from his raid southward on the 17th. He destroyed the depôts at Waldrad Junction and Chester Station on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad; demolished a depôt and large number of cars at the coal-mines and Tomahawk Station on the Richmond and Danville road; burned a locomotive, train of cars, and railroad buildings at Powhatan on the same road; destroyed a large number of buildings and cars, with immense amounts of stores, on the line of the South Side road, and broke most effectually the line of the Petersburg and Weldon road. At all the stations where the expedition halted to destroy depôts the railroad track was torn up for several miles on each side. Bridges were leveled not only on the railroads, but on several turnpikes.

There were large quantities of commissary stores all along the line of the road, which were rendered thoroughly useless for the Confederates.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

General Sherman's campaign still goes forward successfully. The movements of the army may be summed up as follows: On the 9th of May General M'Pherson crossed Chattanooga Mountain through Snake Creek Gap, directly threatening the enemy's railroad communications from Dalton to Rome and Atlanta. General Schofield and Newton at the same time marched toward Dalton from the east, the remainder of the army skirmishing all along the line in order to divert the enemy's attention from their flanks. On the 10th M'Pherson established himself upon the railroad one mile south of Resaca, and Schofield and Newton fought without result on the left around the mouth of Buzzard Roost Gap. On the 11th there was heavy skirmishing, but no general engagement. On the 12th M'Pherson and Hooker were strengthened on the right by the Fourteenth Corps (Palmer's) and Newton's Division of the Fourth Corps; and the enemy's position having been discovered, on the 14th skirmishing began early in the morning and continued incessantly throughout the day all along the line. During the day Howard joined the army and our whole force was thus brought in line. In the afternoon an attempt was made to break the enemy's centre, but did not succeed, though his outer works were taken and held for a time. Subsequently the rebels attempted to turn our left and heavy fighting ensued, in which we were worsted, though inflicting serious loss on the enemy. At the same moment a fierce conflict raged on our right, where Morgan L. Smith's and Osterhaus's Divisions, of Logan's Corps, with Sprague's Brigade, of Veatche's Division of the Sixteenth Corps, charged the line of rebel rifle-pits a little to the right of and in sight of Resaca, and intrepidly carried them. This was about seven P.M. An hour afterward the rebel leaders, massing a large force, attempted to regain possession of these works. Coming boldly up the long hill to the very foot of the works they seemed determined to retake them or perish; but they were met by a determination as stern as their own. After struggling desperately the rebel host was hurled down the hill, leaving its sides covered with wounded and dead. Our men continued to hold this work, which the rebels never regained.

On Sunday morning, 15th, firing commenced as usual, but nothing of particular importance occurred until about one P.M. At that time a determined charge was made by Hooker's corps, which now occupied our left—Palmer, Howard, and Schofield having been shifted toward the right to fill up the gap occasioned by Hooker's withdrawal the day before. The enemy were driven from a portion of their second lines, and Wood's brigade, of Butterfield's division, stormed a small fort and took a battery of four guns. The rebels, however, having massed on this part of the line very heavily the day before, our men were exposed to so deadly a fire from the inner works that they were compelled to withdraw. Part of them continued to hold the small fort and kept possession of the four rebel guns. Notwithstanding this repulse, our line was now advanced to what had been the first rebel line of works. Thus had we held our own in the centre and gained substantial and permanent advantage on both wings. For this, and other reasons, the enemy thought best to retire, and on Sunday night evacuated the place with his entire army, leaving only three guns and some stores of meat and corn behind. His ammunition and supply trains were burned.

Our losses in our operations in front of Resaca were six hundred killed, three thousand wounded, and four hundred missing. We killed and wounded two thousand of the enemy and took four thousand prisoners. Four of our Brigadier-Generals were wounded—Harker, slightly; Kilpatrick, painfully; Manson, seriously; Willich, it is feared, mortally. Three general officers of the rebels are known to have been killed.

Our trophies were one stand of colors and seven pieces of artillery.

On the 16th the pursuit of the enemy was commenced, the latter offering a feeble resistance. On the 18th Davis's Division of the Fourteenth Corps occupied Rome, some twenty-five miles southwest of Resaca, and the rest of the army, rapidly pushing forward, on the 19th, took possession of Kingston, ten miles southeast of Rome, and Cassville, still south of Kingston, establishing itself in force on the line of the Etowah River, running nearly east and west, some distance below Kingston. Our forces were then rested, preparatory to other movements.

OPERATIONS IN SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA.

In the southwestern part of Virginia important successes have been achieved by Generals Crook and Averill, who fought three battles in the vicinity of Newbern, Pulaski County, with the forces under Generals Morgan, Sam Jones, and A. G. Jenkins, gaining a complete victory over the enemy, who lost six hundred killed and wounded, three hundred prisoners, and two guns. General A. G. Jenkins fell into our hands, mortally wounded. Our loss was four hundred killed and wounded. A large railroad bridge over New River, at Newbern, with several miles of track, was completely destroyed. By these operations the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad has been rendered entirely useless to the enemy.

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN.

A dispatch from Admiral Porter, dated "on board the flagship *Black Hawk*, mouth of Red River, May 16," states that the portion of the squadron above the falls at Alexandria have been released from their unpleasant position, owing to the indefatigable exertions of Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, Acting Engineer of the Nineteenth Army Corps, who proposed and built a tree-dam of 600 feet across the river at the lower falls, which enabled all the vessels to pass in safety, the back water of the Mississippi reaching Alexandria, and allowing them to pass over all the shoals and the obstructions planted by the enemy to a point of safety.

An unofficial report from Cairo, dated May 22, says that the army and gun-boats were all safe at the mouth of the Red River and Semmesport.

Our forces evacuated Alexandria last week and moved toward Sellsport. The officers of steamer *Laurel Hill*, which had arrived at New Orleans, state they distinctly heard cannonading from the direction our forces had taken. A portion of Alexandria was burning when the *Laurel Hill* left.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Several Federal gun-boats have reached Fredericksburg. The railroad from that point to Aquia Creek has been repaired, and trains are now running. Over 25,000 veteran troops have reached General Grant since the great engagement of the 12th. The losses in the Fifth Corps since the movement began are as follows: Killed, 1240; wounded, 11,570; missing, 1120; total, 13,930. Less missing there than in any other corps. The stragglers are estimated at about 12,000 in the whole army. Nearly all these have been returned to the ranks.

An expedition recently sent up the St. John's River, Florida, captured 1000 head of cattle, some horses, and other valuable property.

General Banks has been ordered to report at New Orleans.

General Sigel has been removed from his command in the Shenandoah Valley, and Major-General Hunter placed in command of the Department of Western Virginia, including the Shenandoah.

The town of Tampa, on the west coast of Florida, and commanding Tampa Bay, has been captured by the Union forces.

It is now said to be certain that the enemy captured, in Arkansas, the whole of General Steele's train, consisting of 1200 wagons.

The rebel steamer *Florida* sailed from Bermuda on the 14th, after landing an officer who was sick, and stood to the northward. She reported having burned a New York ship from Callao about three weeks previous.

In the late capture of Yazoo City by General M'Arthur the rebels are said to have been badly worsted, and lost largely in killed and wounded. Between 20,000 and 30,000 bales of cotton are reported in the vicinity of Yazoo City.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE SCHLESWIG WAR.

A NAVAL engagement between the German and Danish war vessels was fought on the 3d instant off Heligstand. The German fleet one hundred and seventy men killed and wounded, and the Danes fifty-three wounded and one killed. The Danish ships were not injured. The German squadron was at Cuxhaven at the latest dates, and the Danes had sailed for Norway. It was thought in Vienna that the London Conference would arrange a peace, but elsewhere no such hope was entertained. The Ministers of Justice and Interior in Denmark had resigned, in consequence of the King having agreed to a suspension of the blockade. The fortifications of Fredericia were leveled by the Allies.

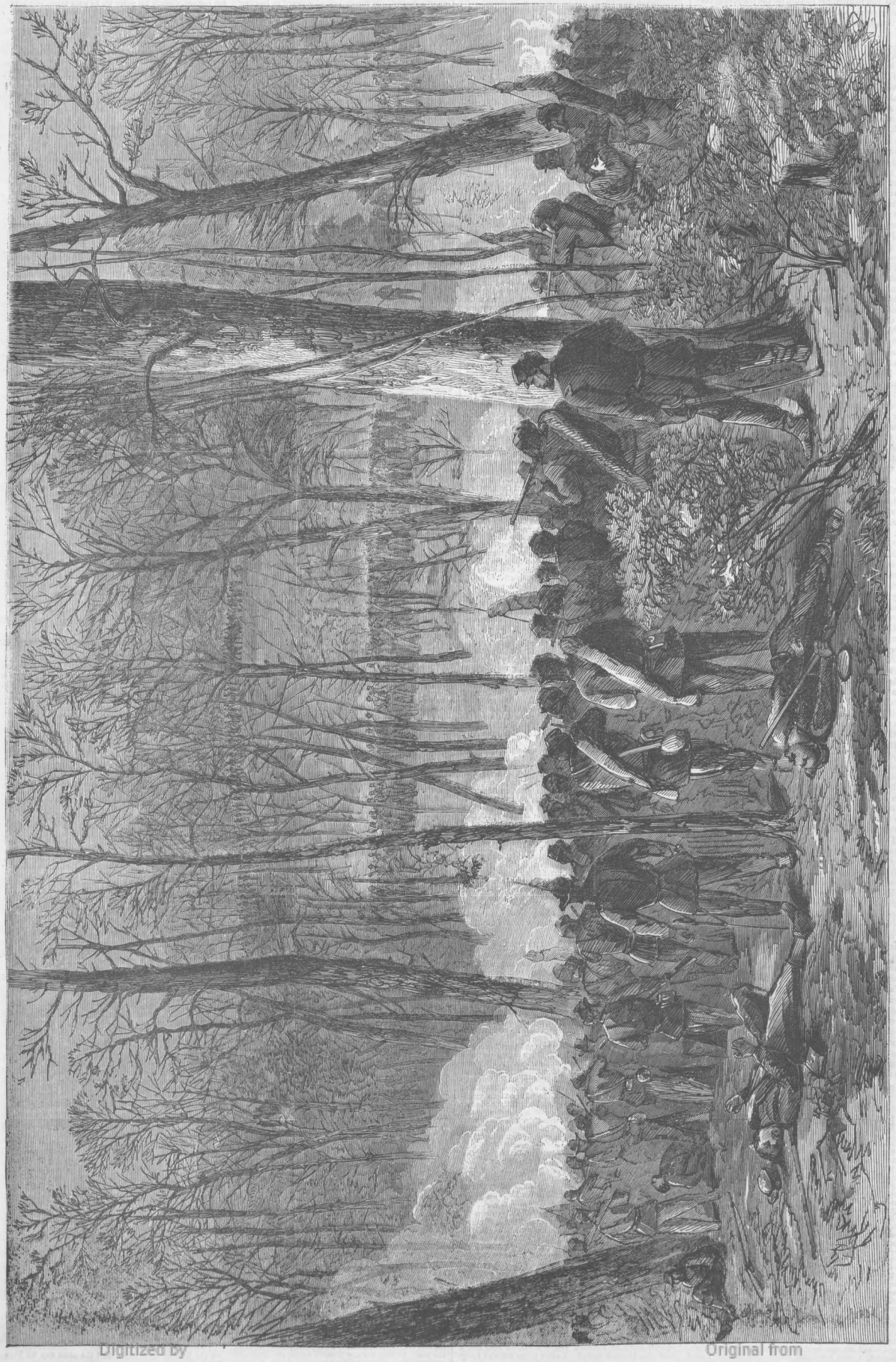
MOVEMENTS IN THE EAST.

It was said that Russia had concentrated an army of sixty thousand men at the mouth of the Danube, that Austria had sent twenty-five thousand men to the frontier of Servia, and that the Turkish army in the Roumelia was to be increased to one hundred and fifty thousand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

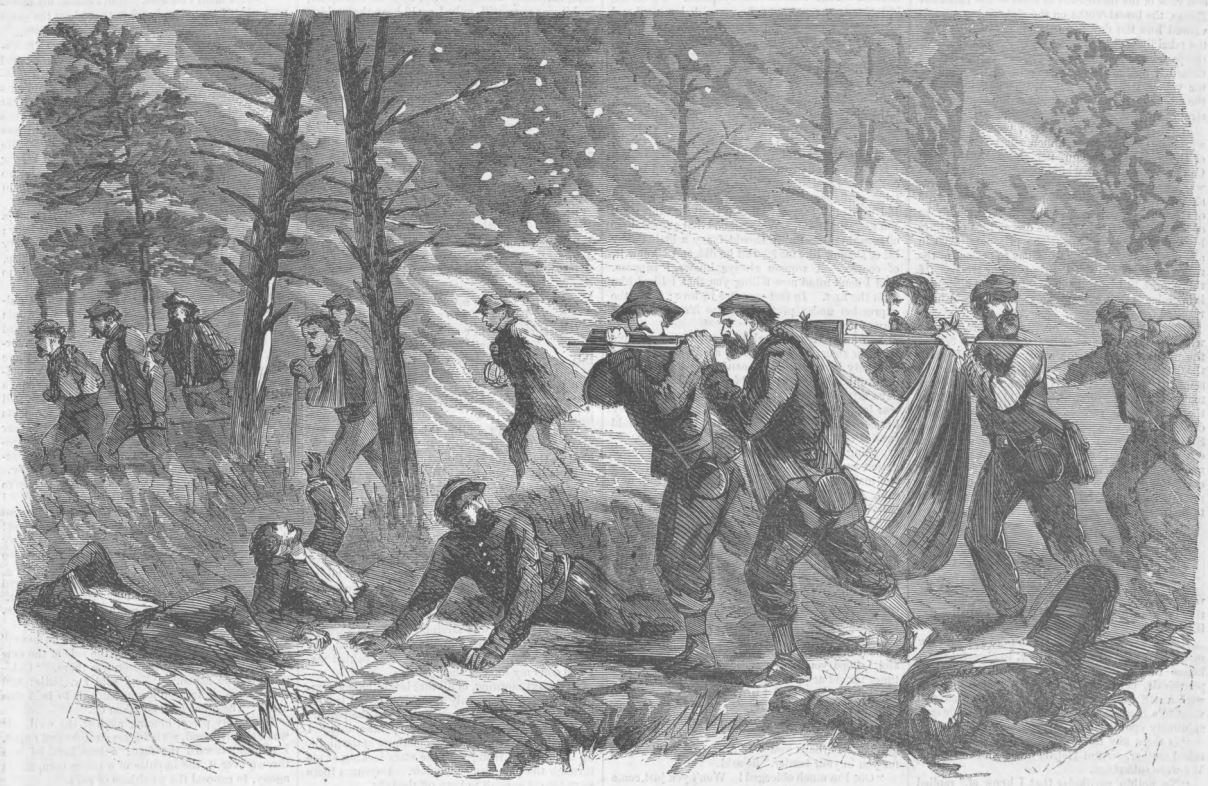
The Emperor and Empress of Mexico touched at Madeira on the 29th of April, and sailed the same day for Vera Cruz.

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MAJOR-GENERAL WADSWORTH FIGHTING IN THE WILDERNESS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 357.]

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ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—OUR WOUNDED ESCAPING FROM THE FIRES IN THE WILDERNESS.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on page 356 a striking sketch of the engagement of General WADSWORTH'S Division of the Army of the Potomac in the Wilderness near Chancellorsville, showing where the lamented WADSWORTH fell at the head of his command. The sketch gives a good idea of the almost impenetrable nature of the Wilderness, and of the disadvantages under which our soldiers fought.

On this page we give an illustration presenting the place where SEDGWICK was killed. General SEDGWICK was shot by a sharp-shooter, of whom the General a moment before remarked to an officer, "That fellow, at that distance, can't hit an elephant." General SEDGWICK at the time was standing at the foot of the tree on the right.

We also give a sketch showing Generals HANCOCK and WRIGHT fighting, on the 12th, for the rifle-pits of the enemy. This picture gives a gen-



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENE OF GENERAL SEDGWICK'S DEATH.

[FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.]

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eral view of the battle-field in front of the Landrum House, the breast-works on the right being our advanced line the day before, and those on the left the rebel line, which was a very powerful one. Our troops were massed along under its cover, having turned it on its defenders, except at the head of the valley, where they still held one side and we the other. This was the scene of the most deadly struggle that this campaign has seen.

Another picture, on page 360, presents a scene which has been very common since the opening of the present campaign, namely, a Dull Day in Camp. The time at which this sketch was taken was six o'clock in the evening. Mr. WAUD's sketch of the capture of rebel prisoners by a charge of General WRIGHT's Corps shows how like a drove of frightened cattle they were driven into our lines by our gallant veterans. The prisoners, 1200 in all, came along pell-mell, anxious to get out of the range of their compatriots firing on our troops. If this charge had been made earlier in the afternoon it is probable that even greater success would have resulted from it.

Of another illustration on page 357 Mr. WAUD, who furnishes these sketches, says: "The fires in the woods, caused by the explosion of shells, and the fires made for cooking, spreading around, caused some terrible suffering. It is not supposed that many lives were lost in this horrible manner; but there were some poor fellows, whose wounds had disabled them, who perished in that dreadful flame. Some were carried off by the ambulance corps, others in blankets suspended to four muskets, and more by the aid of sticks, muskets, or even by crawling. The fire advanced on all sides through the tall grass, and, taking the dry pines, raged up to their tops."

AUNT HEPZIE'S WARNING.

"You wanted to hear about the warning? Very well, then; toss me that bundle, please, and hold this zephyr while I wind, and I'll tell you all about it."

Aunt Hepzie had come over to take tea with my mother, and the two were sitting, in cheerful state, before the parlor fire; aunty was arrayed in her pontificals, her best alpaca gown and silk apron, with a stiff cap, which always came in a box and went in a box, and during the interregnum towered sublimely upon its owner's head.

"Is there any thing of interest in the village?" asked mother. Aunt Hepzie was from the village. We were suburbans.

"No, nothin' partikelar that I know of," replied my aunt, conscientiously, at the same time adjusting her knitting sheath. "I think our church is in an awful condition."

"Why do you? I thought they had seemed very united the last year," remarked mother.

"United! Oh dear yes, Deacon Hall he say we're all froze together. Oh, he talked beautiful about it 't the last Confrence meetin'. Said he wondered the storms that come down on Sodom and Gomorrer didn't visit us. Oh, it's o' the Lord's mercy that we ain't consumed, every one on us!" and aunty gave a deep sigh.

"Why as to that, it's of God's mercy we have all our blessings, isn't it Hephzibah?" replied mother, with some energy. She never relished aunty's attacks upon times and people; and she went on, "As for thinking that we are in any danger of the fate of Sodom, I don't; I don't even think we are particularly deserving of it. No doubt we have all great reason to be humble on account of our sins; but what's the use of saying that we live in the worst age, and among the worst people? It's no such thing! For my part, I'm thankful my lines have fallen in such pleasant places."

"Well, Susan, I'm glad of you can take such a cheerful view on't! but that warn't the way Deacon Hall talked. An' speakin' o' him reminds me; they do say 't Clarissy Hall's reely goin' to be married. They borried Miss Squire Jones's cake tins this mornin'. Borryin' them cake tins allers means a weddin'; right off too. An' that makes me think"—aunty was fairly under way now. I knew there would be no intermission until tea time.

"D'ye know that Squire Jones's nephew had come up from New York to spend the summer?"

"No. We hadn't heard of it. What nephew?" asked mother.

"Why, young Farley. You remember his mother; she 't was Lecty Jones. She married a Farley, an' they went off down country some wheres to live, an' this is her son."

"Ah yes, I remember his mother perfectly. Well, this will be very pleasant for Mrs. Jones."

"Pleasant for the girls, you'd better say! Master hand he is for the girls, they tell me, and I shouldn't wonder. Come up here for his health indeed! Don't believe a word of it. I see him to meetin' 'long o' Miss Jones, an' he looked well 'nough, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin'. All pink and white. Well, I know one thing! Ef I was a girl I wouldn't speak to him with all his airs. The upstart!" and aunty made an emphatic pause. There was a silence broken only by the clicking of two sets of knitting-needles. I had a book, reading with my eyes and hearing with my ears, quite conscious that the present subject was supposed to have bearings upon myself.

"I tell you," began Aunt Hepzie again, sturdily, "girls better be pretty careful. City beaus is mighty onsartain—mighty onsartain," and she repeated the words to render them still more impressive. "All they care for country girls is to kite about an' hev a good time with 'em here, an' when they get back to the city they don't think no more about 'em 'n they do about last year's robins—not a whit more; so, Loizy"—here she sent a shot from her black eyes over her spectacles at me—"so now you may take warnin'."

"Thank you, aunty, but I don't think it will be needed. Pink and white people aren't just my style, you know," I said.

Just out of the city there was a grand old place with bay-windows and balconies, fountains and flowers. That was the Farley place. Up on the hill there was a brown house with low roof and vine-covered porch. That was our house. Philip Farley's father owned ships on sea and blocks on shore. Mine had gone to sleep years ago under the tangle of wild brier and golden-rod up in the churchyard.

Six feet tall and broad-shouldered, with blue eyes, light hair, and a beard golden and silken like embroidery floss—that's Philip.

You see how little and dark I am; and my hair, did you ever see it down? Look at me then when I take the combs out. Black as night, and nearly covers me, you see. "Vain of it," you say? A trifle, perhaps. Why not? I know it's beautiful. If I were pretty myself I'd own it all the same; but I'm not, you know. Wasn't it odd that a great mass of sunshine like Philip should fancy a little dusky bit of shadow like me? But he did, and I knew it, of course. A woman always knows, I suppose. And I don't mind now telling you that I liked him from the first. In fact we were in love; I use the expression under protest, because it's the briefest way of putting it.

You know there is a class of our country people who, for some reason or other, are inimical toward their city brethren. You can easily imagine that my Aunt Hepzie was one of these. It was a few days after her tea-drinking at our house that she was bustling about one bright morning in her tidy kitchen, and that kitchen, by-the-by, you should see. From silver spoon down to brass kettle, every thing shines. It would be a work of supererogation to introduce mirrors into that house, when one may see one's face in every thing. But, as I said, Aunt Hepzie was in the kitchen when she heard a "skrimping noise," as she reported to me subsequently, with a vigor of diction peculiarly her own, and turning, she was aware of a figure standing in the doorway.

"Mrs. Sinclair, I think," said the stranger, with a bow.

"Yes, that is my name," replied auntie, more concise than suave. "What did he want to come to the back door for?" she thought.

"And mine is Farley," said the young man; "I think you used to know my mother, Mrs. Sinclair; and I hope you'll let me come and see you sometimes for old acquaintance's sake."

"I'd be very glad to see you, I'm sure," said aunty, a little less stiffly—the chivalrous bearing of the visitor was not lost upon the hostess.

"My aunt sent over this basket of roots from her garden. Perhaps you will allow me to set them for you in your border," he said.

"Oh, I'm much obleeged! Won't you just come in and sit down a minute?"

And the young man crossed the kitchen, flinging his broad-brimmed straw-hat upon the white table, tossing back his curls, and then seizing upon the dozing cat:

"Wake up here, puss, and see your friends!" he said, holding the astonished quadruped at arms-length by the nape of her neck. "And, by-the-by, Mrs. Sinclair, how is your dog Beppo? I heard that some rascallion had broken the old fellow's leg for him."

"Yes, indeed!" said Aunt Hepzie, and she went on to detail the abuses of her favorite.

What the heel was to Achilles, what the joint of the harness was to the Israelitish king, her dog and cat were to my good aunt. This bow, drawn at a venture, had sent its shaft to the vulnerable point; and by the time Beppo's leg had been bandaged by the visitor Aunt Hepzie's animosity had vanished.

"Won't you sit down an' take a bit o' dinner with an old woman?" she asked, when they came back to the kitchen.

"Indeed I will, if you'll let me: privately, Mrs. Sinclair"—and his face assumed a confidential expression—"I hoped you'd ask me, because I've heard every where of your wonderful butter, and I want to taste it."

"Oh, bless your soul, my butter ain't nothin' to brag of! When you go home though, you remind me an' I'll send 'long a ball on't to Miss Jones. Your aunt she's allers talkin' about my butter."

And so Aunt Hepzie, fairly conquered by good-nature, laid down her arms, and was no more to be ranked among belligerent powers. And so, I suppose, she forgot her "warning," but not so I. There was not one of all those summer afternoons when Philip and I sat reading together on the porch, not an hour of all those remembered hours when we went floating down the river, when I for one moment forgot. Neither did I forget my mother's story of her beautiful young sister: "Lucy, aged eighteen," the head-stone said, whose heart a noble lover had held and treasured, until, one day, there came a gay suitor from the city and stole the prize, and afterward trampled upon it. I remembered it all, and I said to myself many times in the day that it was only for a little while—only for those summer days, and then I was sure things could easily be made to fall back into the old line again.

It was May when Aunt Hepzie came to tea. It was September when Philip and I stood, one evening, upon the porch. The woodbine was crimson, and away down the west the day was burning itself out behind golden bars. We had been riding up on the hills to see the sun set.

"Good-night," I said, my hand upon the latch of the door.

"Stop a moment, Lou!"

And I turned, startled a little at the quick, peremptory tone.

"Your servant, Sir," and I made a mock obeisance.

Philip stood pulling the leaves from the vine, and his face was very white. I think mine was white too, when he said:

"Do you know I'm going back to-morrow, Lou?"

"Back where?" Of course I knew, but I had lies plenty in my right hand that night.

"Home. Back to New York, and God knows where then—into the army, perhaps," speaking quickly.

"Well, it has been a very pleasant summer," I said, carelessly enough. And then no one spoke, and it was very still, only I could hear the rushing of the brook in the glen.

"Is that all you have to say to me before I go, Lou?" he asked.

"I never bid my friends good-by. It isn't pleasant. Of course I wish you a delightful journey," I replied, coolly. "I don't recollect that I've any thing more to say."

"Well, I have, then, to say to you." And he pulled a handful of crimson leaves, and flung them, a shower of flame, upon my black habit. "Lou! you must know it—I love you. I will not bid you good-by for long. You must tell me when I am to come back and claim my wife."

"'O rank is good, and gold is fair,
And *rich* and *poor* mate ill,'"

I hummed from a ballad we had read that very day.

"Lou, how provoking you are! But why don't you go on?

"'But love has never known a law
Beyond his own sweet will.'"

"Because mine is common-sense, and yours is poetry. The latter is wretchedly out of place in this everyday world of ours, but common-sense, fortunately, is coin current the world over."

"And do common-sense and poetry never go together, I wonder? But seriously, Lou, you must listen to me."

"And seriously, Philip, this is folly. You will blush for it to-morrow. Besides, begging your pardon, the old play of the city lover and the rustic lassie is becoming stale. If you please, we'll not have it acted over again at my expense."

"Stop, Lou!" and he spoke sternly this time, "this is too much for a man to bear. Can't you be in earnest?"

"I am in earnest."

"Tell me, then," and he took a step nearer me, speaking fiercely. His black figure shut out all the glowing sky. "Tell me, child, do you love me?"

"No."

He stood still an instant, then his hand touched mine, and then I was straining my eyes through the darkness where he was disappearing among the trees. I went in and closed the door behind me. I had done my duty, I thought.

And next morning, of all that bright happy summer there remained only a handful of red leaves, broken off, and drying upon the floor of the porch.

And I? Of course I was very miserable. I never stopped to think; only sometimes in the night, up in my little room, with the stars looking at me through the one dormer window. Daytimes there were things enough to keep off thought.

The morning Philip went away we sat at breakfast and I heard the whistle of the train. Something hard came into my throat. I thought, "He is gone, and he was more to me than all the world." I *said*, "Isn't it nearly time to begin house-cleaning, mother?"

"I was thinking of that last night. It's past the middle of the month," and mother threw a searching glance across to my face. "Saul among the prophets," her countenance said. I had never been notable—the contrary rather. I cared more for my books.

"Then why not begin to-day?" I asked, adding enthusiastically, "I like house-cleaning!"

Mother looked incredulous, and more than incredulous looked Aunt Hepzie when she came in, two hours afterward, and found the parlor carpet up, the books down, and half the chairs inverted, their sword-like legs bristling at each other in the most belligerent manner.

"Mercy to me, Loizy, ef you ain't a cleanin' house!" and aunty raised both hands in consternation.

"Certainly; and why not, aunty?"

"Why not, indeed! Pretty time for you to be askin' that question; but better late 'n no time."

My want of domesticity had been a great trial to my affectionate kin, and to none a greater than to Aunt Hepzie.

"'Spose you knew 't Philip Farley had gone off this morning?" and aunty excavated a seat for herself among the books in the great chair.

"I knew he was intending to go soon," I replied, unconcernedly, as I mounted a table and began taking down curtains.

"Yes, he's gone. He come over to bid me good-by, an' I do declare 't I reely pitied the fellow; he acted so sorter down in the mouth. Somethin' gone wrong now, I tell you. He stood there on my doorstone, an' sez I to him, 'I hope you'll be here again next summer, Mr. Philip;' and he said, 'I don't know when I shall ever come again, Aunt Hepzie.' Then I laughed, an' told him most likely he wouldn't never want to come and see us. 'You'll forget all about us when you get along with your grand city folks,' sez I; an' to my dyin' day I shall remember how he looked when he said, 'We don't forget so easily, my good friend; but I wish to Heaven I could forget the last three months, although they have been the happiest of my life.' An' then he never said another word, only he shook hands with me and went out o' the yard; and if you can b'leve it, I just sat down an' cried. I did hate to hev him go; he's ben so chipper round 'mong our folks this summer. Lawful heart, Loizy! what hev ye done? Smashed yer fingers all to nothin'? Can't ye handle a hammer better 'n that, child?"

"Never mind, it's nothing," I said. I had crushed my finger, and the blood was streaming. The pain was a relief. I sat down, *in medias res*, to bind up the wound.

"That's right, dear; do it straight up in the blood. Better 'n any salve that is to cure a hurt," said Aunt Hepzie.

"Thank you, aunty; I'll try your recipe." It was more than a finger wound that I bound up in its own fresh blood that morning.

"Where's your mother?"

"In the garden, I think."

"Well, I've brought her over a bundle o' valerian. She was tellin' on me that she was troubled to sleep o nights. Hain't ye minded, Loizy, how pale your mother's ben a gettin' lately?"

"No; I hadn't noticed." And I cursed my blindness when I saw upon her face that night the same look which, years before, my father's had worn.

That winter she died. It was New-Year's morning when, all along the country side, women stood out upon their door-steps, silent, listening, counting, while the bell tolled the years of my mother's life. During the storm and the darkness of that winter night her spirit had gone out and up, and the heavens had received her out of my sight. I was alone. A few weeks, and my solitary, aimless life became intolerable. Small as I am, I am strong of body and iron of nerve. You know there are places where such women are needed to-day, and in a month I was a hospital nurse.

Not one of your city hospitals was it; but a large building, with windows looking every way; with plenty of God's blue heaven above, and plenty of his fresh air wafted through it—a place to sleep, to rest, to grow strong, and, if God so willed, to die in.

A September day was nearing its close. Golden lights and violet shadows flecked the Virginia hills. How calm and still it was over there toward the sunset! and yet, just beyond those hills, yesterday, a fierce battle had raged. All day long those weary hospital trains had brought us loads of wounded and dying; but now, with the twilight, came a peaceful hush through all the wards. I stood still a moment by an open window. Those moments of rest were rare enough now. It was just a year that night since Philip went away. Did he remember? I wondered. I couldn't help this wonder sometimes, though I had tried to put it all by.

"This way a moment, Miss Sinclair, if you're not busy!" It was Dr. Mills who spoke. "I want a steady hand," he continued, as I followed him down the room. "A bad case, very bad case! A young Captain, wounded yesterday, busy all day giving orders about his men, and now there must be an amputation;" and we went on.

"What is it, Freddie?" A little brown-haired drummer-boy put out his hand as I passed his cot.

"Are you too tired to write to my mother to-night, please?"

"No, my boy, I'll come back in half an hour;" and the next instant I stood by the side of the new patient. The assistant-surgeon was there. "Chloroform?" he asked. "No," said Dr. Mills; and then to me, "Are you strong enough to hold this arm? The other is to be taken off."

I took my place, bracing against the wall. It was a slender hand, with fingers straight and round. I glanced toward the face; a handkerchief was thrown over it, the impulse of a brave man, in his agony, to conceal the writhings of pain.

"Take charge of this for a few days, will you?" and I started slightly as Dr. Mills handed me a pocket-photograph case. It was like the one Philip used to carry, and, as I took it, one red-leaf fluttered to the floor.

"Are we all ready?" asked Dr. Mills, and that instant a little red gleam from the open sleeve of the wounded man sent a sudden sickness all over me.

"Wait a moment, please," I begged.

My own coral bracelet! There was no mistaking it, for the trinket was of curious carving, and quaint design; "a heathenish-looking thing," mother always said—brought from abroad by a sea-faring relative. I had lost it more than a year before in one of my boat-rides with Philip Farley. I supposed it was at the bottom of the river; I had never thought to find it here. I knew then whose hand I was holding through that fearful struggle; knew more, that, through those weary months, while I had been trying to forget, he, during all the turmoil and tumult of a soldier's life, had never forgotten.

Half an hour afterward I went back to my little drummer-boy. "Why, Miss Sinclair," he said, "how handsome you've grown! What makes you look so happy?"

"I've found my best friend, Freddie!" I said. The letter to his mother was a cheerful one that night.

You know the rest; how, as soon as Philip was strong enough, we came home—a pleasant home to come to, wasn't it? But there's the tea-bell, and there's Philip coming up the walk. Oh, one thing more! Do you know Aunt Hepzie is coming to pay us a visit next month—coming to see the results of her "warning," I suppose!

IN FRONT OF DALTON, GEORGIA,
May 12, 1864.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

GOD never leaveth utterly
The world that He hath rounded;
All human stress is by the sea
Of His dear pity bounded.
Upon no Israel, to its ill,
The grip of Pharoah closes,
Beyond the liberating skill
Of some anointed Moses.

Beside us in all utmost straits
Walk the delivering angels,
And on the wings of our black hates
Ride His supreme evangels.
In riotous glut of wrongs abhorred
A people's shame increases,
When lo! some prophet draws his sword
And cleaves the lie in pieces.

O leader of our sacred cause,
Twin sharer in our sadness,
Defender of the trampled laws
From perjured felon's madness—
In all our press of mortal strife,
Our weariness and weeping,
Our hearts thank God our country's life
Is in thine honest keeping!

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So blithe amid the cares of state,
  So calm 'mid howling faction,
Clear-souled to hasten or to wait,
  As fits the largest action;
With joyance like a little child's
  Along thy grave moods straying,
And breezes as from heather wilds
  In every cheery saying.

God bless the reverent lips that spake
  The one grand WORD whose thunder
Thrilled all the gladdened heavens, and brake
  Our damned chains asunder!
God bless the patient hand that traced
  The golden, glorious pages
Whereby our lost crowns are replaced
  For immemorial ages!

We follow where thou leadest; for
  Beyond the tribulation
That drapes these dreadful years of war
  We see a newer Nation,
Through balmy days of greatening power
  And nights of calm ascension,
Expand into the perfect flower
  Of God's divine intention.

RICHARD REALF,
88th Illinois Infantry.

A LEGEND OF LEAP YEAR.

"HARRY! Harry!"

Through the bounding pulses of the delicious waltz that filled the air, horn and viol, and mellow ophicleide, Meta Beck's little voice reached Major Keith's ear. He skillfully whirled his partner into a seat, said a word or two of excuse, and worked his way through billows of crépe and tarlatan to the fair-haired damsel who was beckoning him into the secluded shadow of a curtained bay-window.

"What is it, Meta?"

"Stoop down, Harry!" said Meta Beck, in a mysterious whisper; "I've something very particular to tell you."

"Oh, you have," said Harry, meaningly. It's Leap Year, Miss Beck, and if you have any propositions to make I shall most assuredly say 'Yes.'"

"Nonsense!" said Meta, coloring just enough to look prettier than ever. "I wish you would be serious for just half a minute, Harry!"

"Well, I *am* serious," laughed the young man, leaning up against the window, so that his gold army buttons were just on a level with Meta's blue eyes; "Now what is your unfathomable mystery?"

"There's to be a surprise party to-morrow evening!"

"Where?"

"At your rooms in the —— Hotel."

Major Keith elevated his eyebrows deprecatingly.

"But, Meta, how on earth am I to entertain forty young people in bachelor quarters?"

"That is for you to decide, Sir," said Meta, laughing mischievously at his evident perplexity. "The girls are all so delighted at the prospect of taking you by surprise, and the gentlemen declare it will be capital fun!"

"I'm much obliged to 'em," said Harry, dryly.

"But mind!" said Meta, holding up a warning finger, "you're never to tell that I gave you a hint of their intentions."

"I won't, Meta, upon my word—you are the sweetest little friend in the world, and I don't know what I should do without your kind offices," said Keith, fervently.

But through all the melodious tumult of the band, and all the merry confusion that filled the ball-room, Harry Keith kept pondering on the intended "raid" of the morrow's night.

The fire was burning brightly in the grate the next morning, for Mr. Job Keith liked a salamander sort of atmosphere, even though the May sun was wooing late violets into bloom in country meadow slopes, and the thermometer laughed at fires—and Mr. Job's newspaper was airing in its red glimmer, to say nothing of Mr. Job's breakfast—broiled chickens, fresh-laid eggs, and coffee, whose delicious fragrance was enough to waft an epicure into the seventh heaven of gastronomic delight—upon the table, and his velvet slippers set mathematically straight in the left-hand corner of the rug.

After these details is it necessary to state that Mr. Job Keith was an old bachelor?

"Parlor, dressing-rooms, two bedrooms," quoth Harry, viewing the apartments critically as he stood at the window whistling softly in inward perplexity. "I might do pretty tolerably well if it wasn't for Uncle Job. Uncle Job don't approve of pretty girls, Champagne, or boned turkey—he will spoil the fun completely! Uncle Job must be got rid of!"

Harry enunciated this murderous sentiment with a sort of cold-blooded despair, adding, "And *how* he's to be got rid of I don't know."

The words were yet on his lips when the door opened, and in walked the identical Uncle Job—a pursy little man of about forty, with a shining bald head and round-orbed spectacles.

"I'm late this morning, Harry—I know I'm late," he began, stirring the fire; "but I didn't sleep two hours last night. That confounded chambermaid put the flannel blanket over the chintz comforter instead of under it, and I'm quite sure she has taken at least two ounces of feathers out of the pillow!"

"Indeed!" said Harry, absently.

"Fact," said Job Keith, measuring twenty-two grains of granulated sugar into his cup. "Give me an egg, Harry—that is, if they're fit to eat. Thank you, my boy. Now for the newspaper."

"Uncle Job," said Harry, suddenly.

"Eh? what is it?"

"There's a party of girls coming here to-night."

Uncle Job dropped the spectacles into the cream-jug.

"Girls! what for?"

"To see you, I suppose."

"To see me? *I* don't want 'em—why can't they stay at home peaceably? Girls, indeed!—when the sight of a curl-paper gives me the dyspepsia? What does this mean, Harry?"

"Well, I don't know," said Harry, chipping an egg-shell deftly with the end of his fork—"unless—"

"Unless what? Speak out, boy!" cried Uncle Job, melodramatically, the cold drops oozing out of every pore on his forehead. "They want me to subscribe to some rigmarole fair, or church, or charitable institution, I suppose?"

"Ah, uncle," sighed Harry, mysteriously, "I wish that was the worst of it!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—only you must remember that this is Leap Year."

Job Keith sat staring at his nephew, his face alternately changing from dull crimson to pale yellow.

"Harry," he ejaculated, solemnly, "what's the use of laws if a man is to be persecuted in this way? I'll appeal to a police magistrate—I'll call in the military!"

"I suppose you might swear 'em over to keep the peace," said Harry, "but it wouldn't look very dignified—people would be apt to laugh at you, wouldn't they?"

"Harry, where's my valise?" said the old gentleman, jumping briskly up. "I'll take the ten o'clock train up to Philo's. You don't suppose they'll follow me clear up into Westchester County?"

"Oh no, of course not," said Harry, inwardly chuckling at the brilliant success of his plan. "I must say I think you've hit on the best arrangement that could be made!"

Uncle Job began to toss his effects indiscriminately into a small valise, consulting the clock nervously from time to time.

"Hallo! who's that?" he cried, as a little knock came to the door.

"Don't know," said Harry; "but I should think from the sound that it's the pretty widow who occupies the suit of rooms across the hall come to borrow our newspaper."

"Widow!" shouted Uncle Job, "a widow come after me! Harry Keith, don't let her in. Double-lock that door immediately, Sir. A widow! How do I know what her intentions may be? Confound Leap Year, I wish it came once in forty years instead of once in four!"

The knocking was redoubled, greatly to Job's consternation.

"Harry!" he whispered, hoarsely, "that widow will knock the panels in if you don't open the door. Good-by, my boy, don't let the woman get the better of you—I'm off!"

And Uncle Job darted down the back stairs, his hat perched one-sidedly upon his head, and the valise under his arm, as Harry opened the door to a very diminutive boy, who brought no more threatening document than the gas-bill.

It was nearly noon when the train steamed into the quiet little station at Thornedale—nearly noon of a brilliant May day, the sky above bluer than the violets along the brooks, and the air full of sweet gusts from the apple-blossoms in every gnarled old orchard. And as Job Keith walked hurriedly up the shadowy winding lane that led to a low-eaved cream-colored farm-house, wherein dwelt his brother Philo, he congratulated himself on having at last reached a bourne of sweet and peaceful rest.

"Not a woman in sight," said Job Keith, leaning against an angle of the fence where a cluster of precious wild honey-suckle shook its pink chalices of spice against his flushed cheek, and wiping his wet brow with a silk pocket-handkerchief, as he shifted his valise from one hand to the other. "And what a blessing that is, to be sure! What a fortunate thing it is that Philo's seven boys aren't seven girls!"

The old farm-house lay before him, half hidden in the leafy luxuriance of giant cherry-trees, its porch roof streaked with velvet moss, and rows of bright tin milk-pans glittering in the sunshine at the back of the garden—a pretty picture of rural quiet and plenty.

"I'm safe *here*, any how," said Job Keith, walking boldly up the path, and pushing open the door. "I'll take board with Philo's folks until the first of January next—there's nothing like proper precaution—"

The syllables died away on Job's tongue as he strode into the cozy "keeping room."

The green paper shades were half rolled up, the chairs stood primly against the wall, and the floor was covered with a gayly-colored home-made rag-carpet, while a fat gray kitten lay basking in the broad band of sunshine that streamed from under the shades and quivered in golden ribbons on the floor.

There was nothing in Mrs. Philo Keith's neat "keeping room" to blanch the cheek and appall the heart of her city brother-in-law; that is, there would have been nothing had the apartment been empty. But it was not.

Swaying composedly back and forth in the moreen-cushioned rocking chair, with a bandbox on one side of her and a basket on the other, sat a tall and angular female, with keen gray eyes and a complexion whose consistency reminded one irresistibly of boiled parchment. She was attired in molasses-colored calico, entirely innocent of any thing like crinoline, and a bonnet bristling all over with defiant-looking artificial roses. As Job's valise dropped from his nerveless hand to the floor with a hollow sound, she rose up and confronted him.

"I've been waitin' for you this hour 'n a half!" she said, tartly.

Waiting for him! Had he steered safely from the rocks of Scylla only to be wrecked on Charybdis? Had he, to fall back on a less grandiloquent simile, jumped from the frying-pan into the fire?

"There is some mistake, ma'am, I'm sure," he pleaded, in as insinuating a manner as he could command.

"Oh no, there isn't," returned the lady. "You're the gentleman from New York, ain't you?"

Job could not deny the soft impeachment.

"And I'm Mahaly Hawkins from 'cross the river. Philo Keith knows me!"

Job bowed stiffly. He began to think that it was useless to fly the iron decrees of fate, while Mahala Hawkins, leaning deliberately on a rusty cotton umbrella, proceeded to define her platform.

"I ain't so young as I was, but I don't s'pose that'll make any difference, as long as I'm spry and look sharp arter things. I'd calc'late to be as savin' and economical as possible, and keep an eye to your interests jest the same as though they was mine!"

Job sank down on a chair, with a momentary dizziness at his brain. The inexorable Mahala, however, went on, flourishing her umbrella to give emphasis to her remarks.

"'Tain't every body I'd make such an offer to!" said Mahala. "You may think yourself very fortunate to get one like me!"

Mr. Job Keith stared helplessly at the gaunt female before him, but said nothing; k fact he was mentally cogitating whether a man *could* be married in spite of himself.

"I'm a first-rate cook, though I say it as shouldn't say it," pursued the angular female. "I can make all sorts o' pies and fixins, and I'm a great hand to iron shirts and keep a gentleman's wardrobe in order. Besides, I can paint on velvet and play the accordeon, when you get lonesome and want company in the parlor."

"A very business-like list of accomplishments," thought Job. "If it wasn't for that woman's thumping the floor every now and then with the ferule of her umbrella, I should certainly think this was a fit of the nightmare."

"Well, what do you say, yes or no?" demanded the redoubtable Mahala Hawkins after a brief pause.

"You are very kind, I'm sure," faltered poor Job, huskily, "but—I really don't think it is necessary—I don't need—"

"*What!*" ejaculated Mahala, fiercely grasping the umbrella round its middle, "ain't you going to take me?"

"No, I am *not*," said Job Keith, driven frantic by this series of assaults. "Nothing of the kind, my good woman, I assure you."

"Very well," said Mahala, jerking up the words from somewhere in the pit of her stomach, and stooping to recover the bandbox and basket, "*very* well, Mister, I guess you'll find you can go farther and fare worse. Just as you please—just exactly—only this I *will* say, I wouldn't go to live at your house not for no consideration you could offer, you mean, good-for-nothin' stuck up—"

And Mahala Hawkins and her adjectives vanished out of the room together, while Job Keith put his two hands in his pockets and dismally meditated whether he had better escape this system of persecution by drowning himself in the quiet river whose blue tides gleamed through the distant alders, or by marrying some one woman to obtain protection against the rest of the sex!

"Hallo, Job! what on airth brings you up to Thornedale this time o' year?"

Honest Philo clapped his brother on the back to rouse him from the deep reverie into which he had fallen.

"Look here, Philo," said Job, in a hoarse whisper. "Do you see that woman in the big bonnet, who carries a basket, a bandbox, and a cotton umbrella? There she is crossing the little bridge now under the willows."

"See her? why shouldn't I? There ain't nothin' the matter with my eyes! It's Mahaly Hawkins, ain't it?"

"That woman, Philo, has given me a shock that I shall never get the better of—never!"

Philo stared.

"She wants me to marry her, Philo, and I declined—declined positively!"

Philo burst into a broad laugh.

"Now look here, Job, there's no use chaffin' me if I do live up in the back-woods! Mahaly Hawkins wouldn't marry the Prince o' Wales himself. I guess you're mistaken, ain't you?"

"No, Philo, no, a mistake is impossible. She told me she had been waiting here for me—she demanded in a most uncompromising manner whether I was not the gentleman from New York—"

"Oh, now I begin to see through the millstun," roared Philo, stamping on the floor with delight. "She come here to engage out as housekeeper to Aleck Darwin, who's jest bought a farm on the hill, and he was to meet her here this mornin'. Good Jerusalem! if you and she hain't made a pretty mess on't. Why, Job, what ever put it in your head she wanted to *marry* you?"

Like a flash of lightning the real truth shot through Job Keith's mind. Miss Mahala had, very naturally, mistaken him for somebody else—there had been a series of mistakes all round! He looked up, crimson and crest-fallen.

"Philo, I've been a fool; but it wasn't my fault. If you had been half as much persecuted by the women as I have, you'd be suspicious of every one that came near you. But there's one favor I have to ask of you—*don't* tell your wife!"

A confused giggling in some unknown direction struck on Job's ear as he ceased speaking. Philo opened the door with a quiet grin and disclosed Mrs. Philo and a plump, pretty woman of thirty-five or so, both in ecstasies of concealed mirth.

"Why, it's Eunice Carver!" stammered Job.

Yes—it was Eunice Carver—the very one of all others whom he would least wish to be the witness of his discomfiture; the Eunice Carver who had flirted with him at eighteen, and had pouted so prettily when people accused her of being Job Keith's "sweet-heart"—and Eunice Carver still.

But her eyes were bright as blue diamonds yet, and there were flashes of rosy bloom on her round cheeks that reminded Job not unpleasantly of the old times.

So Job, emboldened by the emergency, availed himself of the only apparent method of checking the tantalizing giggles; he walked boldly up to Eunice and kissed her right upon the cleft cherry of her mouth.

Wasn't that pretty bold for a determined old bachelor?

That night as he lay in the little bedroom under the eaves, with the cherry branches tapping softly on the roof overhead, he came to an eventful resolve regarding the two alternatives which he had that afternoon placed before himself.

"I won't drown myself," he pondered—"that would be eminently absurd! But I'll see what Eunice says about it!"

And Eunice said "Yes."

Philo Keith's strawberry beds were a sheet of white bloom when his old bachelor brother first took refuge from the dangers of Leap Year; the berries glowed red and ripe among their dark green leaves, like a fallen shower of jewels, when he went away again with his blue-eyed wife.

"I don't like to tell Harry; he'll be sure to laugh at me," thought Job, as he alighted from the cars at the New York dépôt. "However—"

"Why, Uncle Job!" rang out the clear voice of the tall Major.

"It's you, is it, Harry?"

"Yes. I thought you might be on to-day, and I wished very much to see you, to—to— Pooh, what a fool I am! The fact is, Uncle Job, I am married."

"Are you, Harry?" said Uncle Job, smiling benignantly. "So am I!"

Harry opened his eyes very wide and whistled softly under his mustache, but it was not his "style" to evince any great degree of surprise at whatever might transpire.

"Very well, I'll not detain you just now, Sir. I'll bring Meta to call on her aunt this evening."

So it was that Mr. Job Keith, and the Major of infantry, his nephew, met their matrimonial fates in one and the same Leap Year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN a poor fellow is about to be burned by savages his very existence is at stake.

"Now, Mrs. Bradford, I always likes to have an old-fashioned talk with the lady I lives with before I begins. I'm awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgivin'. Have you a good kitchen range, hot and cold water, stationary tubs, oil-cloth on the floor, dumb waiter? Monday I washes. I'se to be let alone that day. Tuesday I irons. Nobody's to come near me that day. Wednesday I bakes. I'se to be let alone that day. Thursday I picks up the house. Nobody's to come near me that day. Friday I goes to the city. Nobody's to come near to me that day. Saturday I bakes, and Saturday afternoon my beau comes to me. Nobody comes near me that day. Sunday I has to myself."

What is the difference between the river that runs through Stratford and the great poet who was born there? The one is Avon and the other is a-von-der.

THE ALPHABET OF REQUISITES FOR A WIFE.—(BY AN ELDERLY BACHELOR.)—A wife should be amiable, affectionate, artless, affable, accomplished, beautiful, benign, benevolent, chaste, charming, candid, cheerful, complaisant, charitable, civil, constant, dutiful, dignified, elegant, easy, engaging, entertaining, faithful, fond, faultless, free, good, graceful, generous, governable, good-humored, handsome, harmless, healthy, heavenly-minded, intelligent, interesting, industrious, ingenuous, just, kind, lively, liberal, lovely, modest, merciful, mannerly, neat, notable, obedient, obliging, pretty, pleasing, peaceable, pure, righteous, sociable, submissive, sensible, temperate, true, virtuous, well-formed, and young. When I meet with a woman possessed of all these requisites I will marry.

PHOSPHORUS.—An able physiologist has written that one-fifth of the human body is composed of phosphorus. A wit remarks that this most likely accounts for the number of *matches* made.

An admirer of Napoleon was heard to say that that monarch was a real friend to Garibaldi and his cause, and that he had taken the part of Italy for some years past. Quite so? He *has* taken the part—*the* part, *par excellence*, most vital and dear to the Italians—and he's *kept* it too!

"THERE'S A MAN IN IT!"—The confidence reposed in Lieutenant-General Grant by President Lincoln was happily illustrated by a characteristic anecdote related recently by the President in the course of a familiar conversation with a personal friend, and in reply to a question in regard to the present military prospect. "Well, Sir, your question reminds me of a little anecdote about the automaton chess-player, which many years ago astonished the world by its skill in that game. After a while the automaton was challenged by a celebrated player, who, to his great chagrin, was beaten twice by the machine. At the end of the second game, the player, significantly pointing his finger at the automaton, exclaimed in a very decided tone, '*There's a man in it!*' And this, Sir, is just the secret of our present success."

A VALUABLE PUBLICATION—"What's What," by the author of "Who's Who."

QUEER PAPERS.

The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.
Paper for roughs—Sand paper.
Paper containing many fine points—The paper of needles.
Ruled paper—the French press.
The paper that is full of rows—The paper of pins.
Spiritualist's paper—(W)rapping paper.
Paper illustrated with cuts—Editorial exchanges.
Drawing paper—The dentist's bill.
A taking paper—The sheriff's warrant.

Why does the Emperor Napoleon's position toward the French Press prove him to be no Christian?—Because he is a muzzle-man.

SCOTCH AND SHAKSPEARIANA.—"D'ye ken why ma neckhandkerchief is like one of Master Shakspeare's plays?—Hoot toit. Ye dinna ken?—Varra weel: then I'll just tell ye; ma neckhandkerchief is like one of his plays because it's a *Tie-mon*."

EARLY RISING.—Jump out of bed the moment you hear the knock at the door. The man who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no *turning over*.

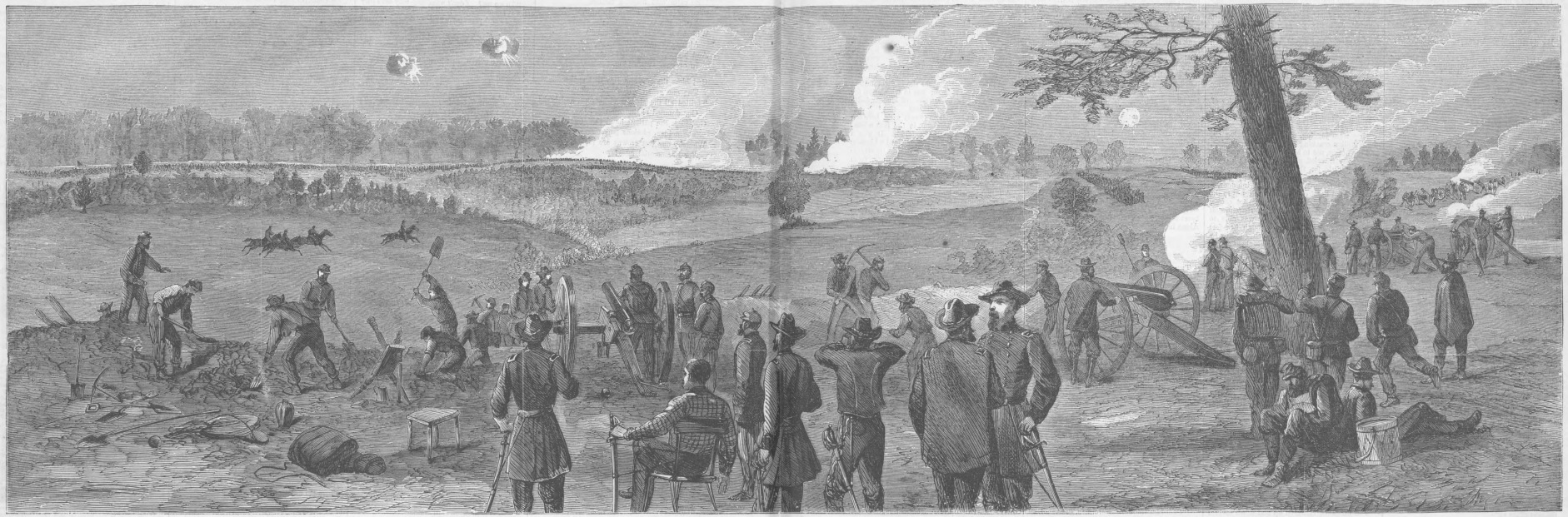
"How many feet long was the snake?" asked a person of a traveler, who had just related a story of his encounter with a boa killed by him. "One hundred and ninety-two inches," was the reply, "snakes have no feet."

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity and gets reduced to its last quarter!

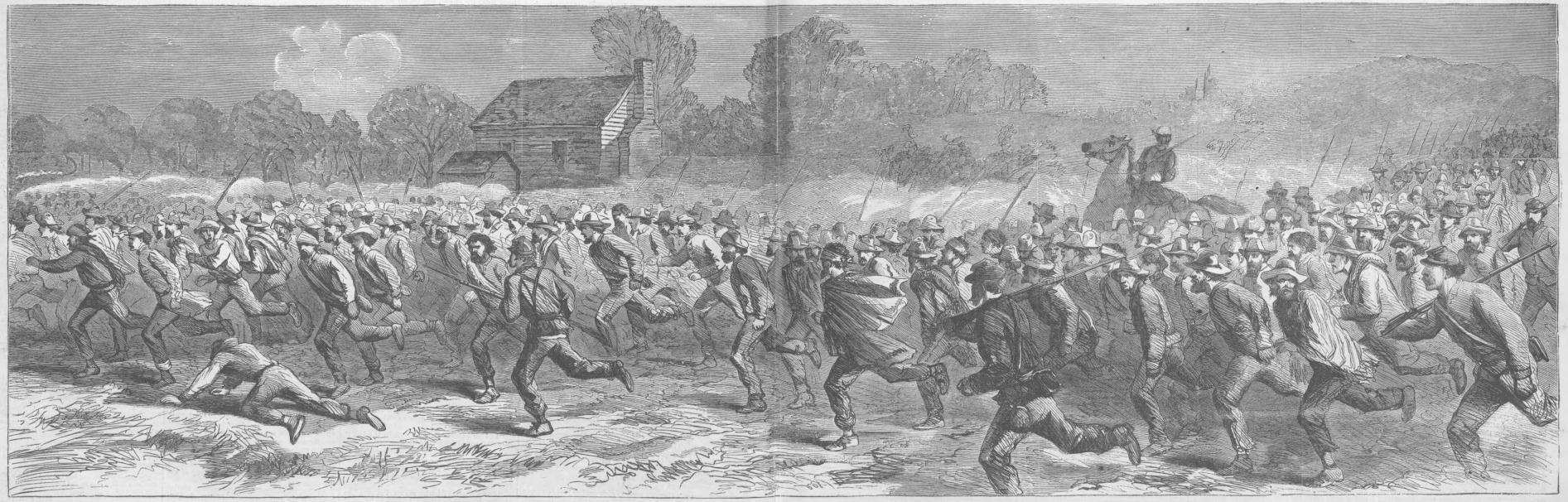
The reason why woman has her way so much oftener than man is, that both he and she are conscious that her way is the best.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry?—Nothing.

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GENERALS HANCOCK AND WRIGHT FIGHTING FOR THE ENEMY'S RIFLE-PITS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 358.]



GENERAL WRIGHT'S CORPS RUNNING IN TWELVE HUNDRED REBEL PRISONERS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 358.]

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LILY IS LEFT ALONE IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

In the court-yard of the post-office, not far from the hotel, Lily was introduced to an enormous machine—like a hackney-coach, an omnibus, and a post-chaise, stuck together—painted yellow, and surmounted in the front by a kind of hackney-cab, and in the rear by a tremendous pile of luggage covered with a tarpaulin. The formidable edifice was mounted on very heavy wheels, and to it were harnessed, by very ragged looking ropes, six horses, three abreast, and as ragged as the cords which confined them. This was the Paris diligence belonging to the Messageries Royales of Messrs. Lafitte, Caillard, & Company; and such of my courteous readers who may have attained middle age, and went to school in France, have probably journeyed by this same lumbering, lagging, and comfortless conveyance.

The hackney-coach compartment, which held six, was called the intérieur; the omnibus-looking compartment, which afforded want of accommodation for eight passengers, went by the name of the rotonde; and that portion of the vehicle which has been likened to a post-chaise, and in which three persons could sit, sufficiently ill at ease, was entitled the coupé. The lady had retained the whole of this coupé; one place for herself, another for Lily, and the third for her temper; although it is questionable whether the entire diligence would have been big enough to hold that. After a time an individual in a semi-military uniform, with an embroidered badge on his arm, and a laced cap and a peak to it, who was the conducteur or guard of the machine, came to the window and read off the passengers' names from a way-bill; then a tall gendarme in a cocked-hat and jack-boots, who had come, it is to be presumed, to see Lily off, and to ascertain by ocular inspection whether she was carrying an infernal machine to Paris to blow up the Orleans dynasty withal, waved one of his buckskin gauntlets in token of dismissal; the postillion, a frightful-looking creature, in monstrous jack-boots, and with a quantity of parti-colored ribbons, all very dirty, streaming from his hat, cracked his whip, and began to scream out some abusive language to his horses, and the top-heavy caravan jolted out of the post-office yard.

They were swaying and staggering over the ill-paved streets of the town when a carriage, which Lily had seen before, passed them at a steadily rapid pace. It was the green berline which had been lashed to the deck of the *Harlequin*, and reclining in it was the invalid gentleman with the yellow face. There was room in the rumble for M. Franz Stimm, and there his place properly was; but he was a confidential courier, and, the carriage being broad, occupied a place by his master's side.

"There is that little girl again," the sallow man remarked, fretfully, as they passed the diligence.

"She is ver graziosa; I gif her some joggolate, my lord generale," returned the courier.

"Don't my lord me, Stimm," peevishly exclaimed the invalid; "nor general me either. I never was the one, and I'm sick of having been the other. I can't get that little girl's face out of my head. It haunts me. Who can she be?"

"Bah! bas grand zhose," Monsieur Stimm observed, in reply. "Za mère elle est ounne gatine; ouf! ounne diablesse. I zink I zee her somewhere in de zeatre, dancing on de cord or jumping on de horse. Haoup-là!"

But the diligence was by this time many yards behind, and the invaiid, pettishly asking for some orange-flower, and being, as usual, persuaded to take what Monsieur Franz Stimm termed "gognac," forgot, for the time, the bright little face which, he said, had haunted him.

The occupants of the coupé traveled all that day along dusty roads, for the most part bordered with tall trees, like walking-sticks surmounted by birch-brooms. The perspective was not enchanting. The fields were of an ugly ashen green, and divided by ditches, not hedges. There were no pretty villages by the roadside; what buildings there were did not get beyond tumbledown stone hovels, at the doors of which toothless old women, with their heads bandaged up, sat at spinning-wheels, or dirty children sprawled. From time to time they met a man walking, in a blouse and sabots, powdered with dust from head to foot: a knapsack on his back, and a quantity of ribbons streaming from his hat. Sometimes he looked wobegone, and blubbered; sometimes he whistled cheerily, and was defiant, and drunk. This was Jean Pierre, or Gros Guillaume, the conscript who had drawn a bad number, and was trudging to the regimental dépôt. Frequently, on coming to the base of a steep hill, the diligence would stop, and the conducteur, coming to the coupé door, politely invite them to descend. Then they would have to walk up hill, toiling after the diligence for half a mile or so; but there were no wild flowers by the way. There were loathsome beggars instead, who, in twos and threes, dotted the highway from Boulogne to Paris, flaunting their tatters, exhibiting their sores, holding up on high their cadaverous babies, and, in droning, monotonous tone, repeating: "Charité, s'il vous plaît! Petit sou Anglais! Petit morceau de biscuit Anglais!" A recent change in the order of things in Paris has had, at least, one gratifying result—the roadside beggars have disappeared.

They staid half an hour, at five o'clock, to dine at Abbeville, where there was a noisy crowded table d'hôte. Lily could eat nothing save a spoonful of soup, and a slice from an enormous melon which decorated the table. Five francs a head were charged for this repast, which gave the lady an opportunity of storming at Lily, at herself, and at the world, for the next twenty miles. A little way out of Abbeville some men were singeing the bristles off a newly-slaughtered pig in a field; and the odor of this porcine suttee borne on the breeze gave Lily a notion of incipient crackling, and made her almost hungry.

They went jogging, rumbling, clattering on, the postillion cracking his whip and screaming, and the horses, not to be behindhand, screaming too. They traveled all night, but Lily could sleep but little for the incessant jolting. At about six in the morning they stopped at a pretty large town, where, from an inn-door, a shock-headed barefooted girl brought out to the coupé two white bowls of scalding hot coffee, with a liberal allowance of milk therein, and two huge slices of bread. Lily was able to breakfast very heartily, and, though her feet felt chill and numbed, was in better spirits by the time they arrived at St. Denis—about eleven o'clock—when she was told that they were within six miles of Paris.

The lady's temper had been throughout detestable, and she had seldom spoken to Lily, save to scold her. As they approached the capital, however, her face brightened, and, at Montmartre, she condescended to inform the child that Paris was the only place worth living in in the whole world.

"Shall we be very happy there?" asked the little girl, with a timid look.

"We?" repeated the lady, coldly. "You are going to school. Do you think I am a little bambine, to learn lessons and be put in the corner en pénitence, as you will be if you are not sage? I pray you not to repeat such absurdity. There will be one Paris for me, and another Paris for you, ma petite."

They entered by the Porte St. Denis, then a barrier, where sundry custom-house officers came to the window asking whether there was any thing to declare, and poking long spiked sticks into the luggage beneath the tarpaulin. They took away a bottle of wine from a stout lady in the intérieur, and a veal-pie from a countryman in the rotonde, the possessors of those edibles and potables having been foolish enough not to uncork the one, nor cut a slice out of the other. For in those days, as now, every thing eatable or drinkable, non-entamé, paid octroi duty, or gate-tolls, to the good city of Paris.

The diligence clattered up and down several stony streets with no pavements, with no gas-lamps, but, instead, clumsy lanterns suspended to the centre of ropes slung across from house to house, and crowded with people who seemed to walk, preferentially, in the gutter. A great many of the men wore blue shirts above their clothes, and numbers of the women had white caps, in lieu of bonnets, on their heads. Lily thought the whole scene very unlike Stockwell.

Arrived at a large coach-office in a street called Grenelle Saint-Honoré, and in the yard of which half a dozen machines, as huge, as yellow, and as clumsy as the Boulogne diligence, were slumbering without horses, and where a score of postillions and conductors were smoking pipes and lounging about, they found another custom-house, and had to undergo a fresh examination of luggage. Then the lady's passport was again inspected, and at last taken away from her altogether with an intimation that she might reclaim it ten days thence at the Préfecture of Police. The lady engaged a carriage hung very close to the ground and drawn by two little white horses, whose harness was very ragged, and whose knees were very bandy. The driver wore a glazed hat, a red waistcoat, and had a redder face.

Up and down more narrow stony streets, and then they crossed a wide and magnificent thoroughfare skirted by lofty mansions and splendid shops, with wide branching trees along the intervals of the foot-pavement, and thronged with people, and horses, and carriages.

"Oh, what a beautiful street!" cried the child. "Do look at the carriages, and the shops, and those flags; and, oh, here is a whole regiment of soldiers!"

"Beautiful!" echoed the lady, with complaisant disdain. "I should think so, little ignoramus. It is the finest street in the world. It is the Boulevard des Italiens."

But they soon left it and dived into more streets, broader, newer, and cleaner than the filthy lanes of the old quarter of the city. Then the houses grew fewer, and the gardens more frequent, and the coachman, turning in his boot, called through the window:

"Was it the Rue de la Pépinière, or the Rue de Courcelles, the bourgeoise said?"

"De Courcelles, ganache!" replied the countess, addressed as bourgeoise.

"Thanks for the compliment," the driver, who was a good-natured fellow, replied. "Je vous la souhaite belle et bonne, madame. Am I to have any thing else by way of pour-boire? Hahoheup! Ostrogoth of a rhinoceros!" The latter speech was addressed to one of the white horses, which was essaying to lunch on his neighbor's near blinker. And they went on again.

They reached a street where there were no houses to be seen, only a double succession of staring white stone-walls, of different heights, and here and there a heavy green door. At one of these doors, the number five, the carriage drew up. The coachman rang a bell which dangled by a long wire from the wall, and this was presently answered by a lad in a shabby livery, and whose face was fearfully scarred with the small-pox. Lily's trunk was alone removed, and the coachman was ordered to wait. The pock-marked lad conducted them across a dreary court-yard, in the interstices of whose stones rank dank herbage grew, up a broken flight of mildewed stone steps, across a bare hall, or vestibule, papered green, which smelt very mouldy and felt very damp, and so into a dismal saloon with an oak floor, laid in a pattern like a chessboard, and which was so highly polished that Lily slipped on her entrance, and was very near tumbling down.

She was bidden to sit on a vast chintz-colored sofa, and remained there, frightened, and listening to the harsh ticking of an ormolu-clock on the mantle-shelf. The lady left her at the expiration of ten minutes, and Lily thought she could hear voices in an adjoining apartment. She remained on the sofa for another ten minutes, and then she heard a door bang violently. Through one of the tall windows (which reached almost to the ground) she saw the form of the handsome lady retreating across the court-yard. The shabby lad opened the door for her. She ascended the carriage. She was gone. Lily's heart sank within her. She was now left Quite Alone indeed.

CHAPTER XXV.

LA PENSION MARCASSIN.

The child's hand was on the handle of the lock; but it turned on the other side, and a person came in.

She was tall and shapely, and had once been handsome; but she had bidden farewell to middle age, and, without pleading guilty to imminent antiquity, would have had little chance, if arraigned, of averting a true bill. Of her good looks only enough was left to make her angry at the remembrance of having been comely. Her hands, attenuated and long-fingered though they were, retained their symmetry, and were dazzlingly white. But they were heartless-looking hands—cruel hands, more accustomed, if manual expression can be eloquent, to give buffets than to give charity. The nails looked as though they had been bitten, not pared. Her hair, iron, not silver gray, was disposed in plain bands beneath a rigid cap of point lace if you will, but hard and spiky, as though it had been wrought out of some white metal. She was tall, very tall, and was draped in one long black silk dress, more like a pillow-case than a gown, falling in few folds, and those stiff and angular. A great cross of dull gold was at her neck, and that was all the ornament she wore. Her voice was chilly and windy. The words came as though a door had been slightly opened, a draught of cold air let in, and then closed.

"I am Mademoiselle Marcassin," she said.

She spoke in English, but with a foreign accent, fainter and harder than that which marked the speech of the strange lady. Her words fell like drops of iced water upon Lily's trembling heart.

"Stand before me, here, in the light, so," continued Mademoiselle Marcassin. "Listen to me with all your attention."

She placed her white thin hands on the child's shoulders, turned her round, and dressed her up, in a military manner, by the window. Anon she drew aside a louvre shutter, and the whole daylight came in, white and almost blinding.

"I wish you to see me very plainly," she remarked. "Look in my eyes. Mark them well. Tell me if they look soft and yielding."

Lily did mark them. She was too frightened to say what she thought, but to her mind those eyes were gray, hard, baleful, merciless.

"I am your schoolmistress," went on Mademoiselle. "You are sent here to be taught, and to be punished if you misconduct yourself. Here you will learn what discipline is. Silence!" Lily had no more idea of uttering a word than of dancing a gavotte, or setting the house on fire. "The first lesson you are to learn must be to hold your tongue."

"This is the last time," she pursued, "that I shall speak to you in English. You had better forget that I ever addressed you in that tongue. I shall address you in French when I think you have been long enough here to comprehend me, and if you do not understand you will be punished. What do you know? I mean, what have you learned away there in England?"

With much blushing and faltering Lily went over the scant schedule of her book-learning. Mademoiselle Marcassin heard her in contemptuous silence.

"As ignorant as a squirrel," she resumed, when the child had done, "and, I dare say, quite as restless and troublesome. Here you will be taught as well as tamed. We can not begin too soon."

She rang a bell, and in a few minutes—passed by Lily in something closely approximating to breathless terror—a low tap came to the door, and a lady, who looked, as to garb and demeanor, gold cross and all, a duplicate edition of Mademoiselle Marcassin, only she was somewhat younger, shorter, and stouter, came into the room.

"This," said the lady superior of the establishment, "is Mademoiselle Espréménil, the head governess. She will take you into the school-room and tell you your duties. In all things she is to be obeyed even as I am. Woe be to you if you are insubordinate. Now go."

And without another word she turned on her heel and disappeared. The lady addressed as Mademoiselle Espréménil took Lily's hand, and in equal silence led her away.

They traversed the hall and another room, which was Mademoiselle Marcassin's private salle à manger. Lily noticed that all this part of the house, though it was bare and comfortless, was very stately and polished, and had a curious pervading odor of cold stones—for cold stones have an odor—and beeswax. But when the head governess pushed aside a green baize door, and they crossed a high walled graveled play-ground, they entered upon quite another region.

Every thing was barer, every thing more comfortless; every thing, moreover, had a squalid, frowning, prison-like aspect. From the moment Lily entered that house to the moment she left it she could not divest herself of the notion that she had *done something*, that she had committed some crime, and that she was in tribulation for it, under the especial auspices of Mademoiselle Marcassin and her subordinates.

There might have been twenty girls, between the ages of ten and fifteen, in the first white-washed school-room they entered. It was a frightful looking room; its sepulchral whiteness relieved only by the dingy black of the transverse desks, a big black stove in one corner, from which a blacker pipe crawled along the ceiling like a serpent, and a black board supported by a double frame—a kind of elphantine easel.

All these girls looked as though they had done something, and were much disturbed in their minds in consequence. The teachers, however, of whom there were two present, seemed to be of a contrary opinion, and to hold that they had done nothing, and did not mean to do any thing, at least of what was good. For which reason they continuously girded at the twenty pupils.

"The first class," remarked Mademoiselle Espréménil, dryly, to Lily, as she marched her through. She made the observation in a tone similar to that which a female turnkey might use in pointing out the refractory ward.

A girl with a merry face and wavy black hair could not resist the temptation, as Lily passed her, of pulling slyly at her dress, and making (in perfect good-nature, be it understood) a face at her. But the quick eye of the head governess caught the grimace in transit, and she was down on the merry one in a moment, like Thor's hammer.

"Five bad points for Mademoiselle Marygold," she exclaimed; and then, turning to the culprit, continued, "you are becoming a Rothschild in bad points. Beware of the day of reckoning."

Mademoiselle Marygold set up a whimper, as a governess—whose profile was so like a hatchet, that, when she bent over the girls at their writing lessons, they were apt to feel the backs of their necks to make sure that they were safe on their shoulders—chalked five crosses against the Marygoldian name on the black board. She had a tremendous balance of black marks already in her disfavor.

"The second class room," said the head governess, as they entered another apartment, somewhat smaller than the first, but holding an equal number of scholars.

None of the girls ventured beyond a quick and furtive moment of looking up as the two passed through. At the door was a young lady aged apparently about eleven, with a very dirty face, the result of her having rubbed her countenance with inky hands, and the carbon therein having mingled with the tears which streamed from her eyes. This young lady was on her knees in a corner by the door; and very uncomfortable in that attitude she seemed to be. There was reason enough for it, as she was kneeling on a square wooden ruler, the sharpest edge upward, specially provided for the mortification of her flesh. And, furthermore, the young lady's head was decorated with an enormous fool's cap of gray paper, decorated at either side by lengthy bows or ears of black crape, and which gave the poor little thing somewhat of the appearance of Mr. Punch in half mourning.

"Again!" said the head governess, regarding this forlorn little personage with severe disdain. "Again, Mélaine! Thou goest the way for the Prix Monthyon, truly. A pretty Rosière, my faith! She is in penitence," she continued, turning to Lily. "She passes half her time in abject degradation."

Here a fresh burst of sobs came from the unhappy Mélaine, whose face, as it could not be much blacker, became absolutely fairer for the outbreak; for the tears traced little white channels for themselves on her cheeks till she scumbled them all together in a muddy neutral tint. They left this luckless Niobe, and went into another school-room.

It was the largest of all, and there were perhaps forty pupils in it. But they were all very little girls—none of them older, and many younger, than Lily. Likewise there were no desks in this room, save those which served as rostra for the governesses. And the forms on which the children sat were slightly raised one above the other in a kind of amphitheatre.

"This is the third class, and you belong to it," said Mademoiselle Espréménil, with a slight yawn, as though tired of officiating as mistress of the ceremonies to this very insignificant guest. "Mademoiselle Hudault, here is a little one to be put sur le banc des petites. Her name is—my faith! Madame forgot to tell me her name, but you will know it in good time."

This she said in French to the teacher. She continued in indifferent English to the child,

"What your name of baptism, eh?"

"Lily — Lily Floris, ma'am," answered the child, meekly.

"I ask you for your name of baptism, not your name of family," interposed Mademoiselle Espréménil, sharply. "There are half a dozen Lilies in the school," she added to her coadjutor, "and three in this class. That will never do. Never mind, Madame will find some other name to her. Elle n'est pas grand' chose—she is not of much account—I fancy." And she nodded to Mademoiselle Hudault, and retired, leaving Lily trembling in the middle of the class.

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Mademoiselle Hudault was not ill-natured, but she was overworked. Her eyes could not be every where, consequently the child who was nearest her, and on whom her eyes most frequently lighted, had, habitually, rather a bad time of it; she was the scape-goat, and suffered for the sins of the rest of the forty. The forty were certainly enough to try the patience of Mademoiselle, or of any other mortal woman. Some of them were always going to sleep, and had to be shouted up into wakefulness. Others, who were day children, would creep on all fours to the corner where the baskets containing their dinners were deposited, abstract hunks of bread, bunches of grapes, or morsels of cold charcuterie—generally strong in the porcine element—and essay to munch surreptitiously behind their books or slates. Then detection followed, and there was a disturbance, and the contraband provisions were seized, and Mademoiselle Hudault would threaten to confiscate "la totalité," or to put the whole of the class "en pénitence." Add to this the fact that the majority of the pupils who had lessons to get by heart were in the habit of repeating their tasks to themselves in a monotonous drone; that when a band of small disciples was called up for "repetition," there was sure to be a book lost, or a page in an essential part torn out; that Julie was always making complaints against Amanda for pinching her, and that the bitter lamentations of Enlalie in consequence of Hortense having crammed her left ear full of slate pencil, were well-nigh incessant; that the atmosphere of the class-room was close almost to stifling point, and the odor exceedingly unpleasant; and that Mademoiselle Hudault's sole assistant in teaching and managing the forty girls was a depressed young person of sixteen, who was a little deaf, and somewhat lame, and was understood to be maintained out of charity by Mademoiselle Marcassin, and it may be judged how far the mistress of the class was overworked, and that her nightly couch was not a bed of roses.

Mademoiselle Hudault, who spoke no English, made signs to Lily to sit at the extremity of the form nearest her, and there the child crouched in half-listless, half-alarmed quiescence. The strange noise confused her, the heavy, drowsy smell sickened her. She was very tired and shaken by her journey; she had eaten nothing since the morning; the class-room began to swim round; then all faded into a murky haze, and she fell into a trance that was half sleeping and half swooning.

She revived to find herself in a little pallet-bed, in a long, low, hospital-like room, with whitewashed walls. On either side, as far as the eye could reach, were more pallets, and over against her, stretched in interminable perspective, a corresponding line of white, ghastly-looking couches.

There was somebody at her pillow. It was the merry young lady with the wavy black hair, who had pulled her dress and made a face at her, and who had been apostrophized as Mademoiselle Marygold. No sooner did Lily open her eyes than this young lady proceeded to kiss her on both cheeks with great heartiness, bidding her (to Lily's delight), in English, lie still for a dear, and she would soon be well.

"You're English and I'm English," quoth the merry young lady, who spoke with extreme rapidity, as if to make up for lost time, and compensate for the many hours during which she was compelled to hold her tongue. "And Madame (that's Mademoiselle Marcassin), but we call her Madame, although she's never been married, to distinguish her from the rest of the governesses, who are all old frumps, and Mademoiselles of course. We're both English; and as you can't speak a word of French yet, Madame says I'm to take care of you, and tell you things, and sit by your side in the third class till you're able to get on by yourself. And oh! what fun to be in the third class, and I'm going on for fifteen, and I shall escape that horrible first class, with Mademoiselle Glaçon — icicle's her name, and icicle's her nature—and Ma'mselle Espréménil—we call her the hippopotamus—bothering us all day long, to say nothing of Madame; and when she comes in there's always a blow up. And now tell me all about yourself, my little darling. I'm seven years older than you; but we're the only two English girls in this jail of a place—and it *is* a jail, and worse than a jail—and we must be great cronies."

Here Miss Marygold paused, less, it is to be apprehended, for want of matter than for want of breath. Lily's answer had to be given very slowly and very feebly, and its tenor was mainly confined to an inquiry as to how she came there, in broad daylight, and in that bed.

"You weren't very well, and dozed off like; and you couldn't understand when Ma'mselle Hudault told you to wake up, and that she'd box your ears if you didn't; Madame don't allow it, but Ma'mselle can't help her temper sometimes; she's not such a cross old thing as the others, but she's always in a hurry, and that makes her hasty; and then one of the girls reminded Ma'mselle that you couldn't speak French, and another said you were ill, and then they threw some wine-and-water (out of one of the day-girls' bottles) over your face, and you didn't wake up; and so, as you couldn't walk, you were carried up to this bedroom, which is Dormitory Number Three, and the doctor came and said you would do very nicely after you had had some sleep and some soup, and I'm to sleep next to you; and, upon my word, here comes Annette with the soup, and it's as nasty as ever, I do declare!"

The plateful of soup which a bony female servant, with a tall white cap, and a yellow silk handkerchief crossed over her breast, brought to the bedside was certainly not nice. It was very hot and thick, but it had a sour smell.

"Beans, cabbages, and tallow," remarked Miss Marygold, in contemptuous disparagement of the potage. "That's what we're fed upon at the Pension Marcassin, with cold boiled horse and vinegar-and-water to make up. You'd better eat it. Not eating your soup is called rebellion here. Madame says that Atheists and Voltairéans alone refuse to eat their soup. What, can't you eat it? Well, it must be swallowed somehow, and to keep things quiet and comfortable I'll eat it myself."

The which she presently proceeded to do, swallowing the nauseous compound in great gulps: not assuredly through greediness, for she made many wry faces as she ate, but apparently fearful lest some emissary of authority should discover her in the act. Annette, the gaunt servant, looked on in silence, and seemingly not in disapproval. She was not the cook, and she knew how very nasty the soup was. Nay, when Miss Marygold had carefully scraped up the last spoonful and returned the plate to her, Annette produced from the pocket of her capacious apron two slices of bread, pressed close together upon an intermediate layer of plum jam. This dulcet sandwich, she expressed by signs, was to be eaten by Lily, and, indeed, the child needed but little persuasion, for, though her gorge rose at the soup, she was half famished with hunger.

"Annette's a good sort," went on Miss Marygold, when the gaunt servant, with a grin of satisfaction at Lily's returning appetite, had departed, "and never tells tales. We should be half starved if it wasn't for the bread-and-jam, for not half of us can eat the nasty messes they serve up in the refectory. I think the girls who have got money pay her to bring 'em nice things, and then she's a kind-hearted soul, and gives away out of her profits to the poor ones and the little ones."

Lily said that it was very kind of Annette, and emboldened by the kind merry face of her companion, ventured to ask if it would soon be tea-time?

"Tea-time!" echoed Miss Marygold. "Bless you, my pet. You'll never see any tea here. Why, only princesses and duchesses drink tea in Paris. Ma'mselle Marcassin has tea once a month, when the Abbé Prudhomme comes to catechise the girls, and prepare them for their first communion. Are you a Catholic, dear? I'm not, and Ma'mselle Espréménil says I'm a heretic, and Ma'mselle Glaçon says that out of the pale of the Church there is no salvation, and the girls tease my life out, because I don't cross myself, and don't believe in purgatory; and when madame has tea, Annette says she makes it with boiling orange-flower water, and puts rum into it, and honey, and barley-sugar, and chocolate drops, and all kinds of nasty things. Tea! You'd better forget all about tea. We have hot milk and bread in the morning at eight, and vegetables, cheese, and wine (that's the vinegar-and-water I mean), at twelve; that's called breakfast number two; and at five o'clock—it's just half past now, and the clock was striking when Annette brought you the soup—we have that horrible stuff you couldn't eat, or another soup that's worse, and some meat that's either half raw or half burnt, and potatoes messed up in all kinds of funny ways, and some salad that's never fresh, and that's all till the next morning. Tea! Not if Madame knows it."

Miss Marygold paused again for respiration. Her lungs replenished with a fresh supply of oxygen, she informed Lily (who lay very quietly in her bed, soothed though fatigued, and with a smiling face upturned toward her companion) that her name was Mary Marygold, for shortness called Polly; but that the diminutive in question was only made use of in England, and that here Mary Marygold being considered tautological, and there being many Marie-Jeannes, Marie-Claudes, Marie-Françoises, and Marie-Louises in the school, she was customarily addressed as Mary-Gold, as though the one-half were her Christian name, and the other her patronymic.

"And a poor neglected Marygold I am," she continued, shaking her wavy hair. "My father was a rich man. He had a beautiful large bookseller's shop at Exeter, down in Devonshire, you know; but he failed in business. He was what you call bankrupt, though he paid fourteen-and-sixpence in the pound. And then we came over here: I and pa, and my little brother Joey. And Joey died in the cholera year, ever so long ago. And he's buried in the Fosse Commune, the poor people's grave at the Montmartre Cemetery.

"All pa's money was gone," she went on, wiping her eyes. "He got work as a printer in the office where they print the English newspaper—*Galignani's Messenger* they call it. But he couldn't keep it, through his eyesight being so bad. And now he's a kind of parish clerk to an English chapel in the Champs Elysées, where you and I will go on Sundays, my darling; and he picks up a little by interpreting, and showing the museums and places to English travelers stopping at the hotels. Poor dear pa, he has a hard job to get along! He placed me here at school as an articled pupil at three hundred francs a year, and it's as much as ever he can do to pay it; but I learn as much as ever I can, and I've been here two years and a half, and when my time's out, which will be in another eighteen months, I shall get a situation as a governess and help pa, and we shall be very happy and comfortable. Dear old pa! I don't tell him how badly I'm treated here, for it would make him fret, and he'd quarrel with Madame, or take me away, and I don't know half enough yet, even to be a nursery governess, and it would be a dreadful thing."

Again she took breath.

"You see," she resumed, "I try to learn as much as ever I can, and they do certainly teach you a lot of things here, and Madame is awfully clever. They say that she was a nun, years ago, and broke her vows at the Revolution. But I am always getting into scrapes. I can't help it. I'm merry, and it won't do to be merry here. If you want to get on, you must be grievous. I can't be grievous, and I'm continually in trouble. If it wasn't that I was wanted just now to take care of you, I ought to be in solitary confinement on bread-and-water for two days, for having got a hundred bad marks in the course of two years. Those I got for pulling your dress just made up my hundred. I'm always in arrear with half a dozen tasks, always in disgrace. I'm too big to be put en pénitence with the fool's cap on; but I'm had up almost every day to Madame's cabinet to be scolded out of my wits. I tell you, my dear, Madame's tongue hurts much worse than a ruler over your knuckles. Oh! I'm a most unhappy Marygold!"

And so she went rambling on, only too delighted to find a listener who could understand the gist of her complaints.

"And you, dear," she suddenly said, "who sent you here? Your papa?"

"I don't know any thing about my papa," returned poor Lily. "They could never tell me any thing about him at Mrs. Bunnycastle's. I think he must be dead, and in heaven. I am Quite Alone."

So she was, God help her!

"And your mamma? You must have a mamma, you know, or perhaps you are an orphan. There are four girls here who are orphans."

"I'm sure I don't know," little Lily responded, shaking her head dubiously. "The lady who brought me here said she was my mamma, but she was unkind to me, and frightened me. You oughtn't to be frightened of your mamma."

"Oh, I don't know that," interrupted the Marygold. "I used to be, dreadfully."

"Was she unkind, then?"

"No!" returned the girl, compressing her lips as though she had a great deal to say that was disagreeable, but was wishful to reveal only so much as was absolutely necessary. "She was worse than unkind. She drank, and was the ruin of poor pa. Don't talk any more about her. She's dead, and pa forgave her, as he, poor dear, hopes to be forgiven. Not that my pa's done any thing to be forgiven for. He's the best of men. But we're all sinners, you know, dear. And now—oh good gracious me! you mustn't talk any more, for I've got two pages of the Morale en Action about that stupid old Monsieur de Montesquieu and the Marseilles boatman—it's a horrible book, and I don't believe a word of it—to learn by heart before bedtime. Taking care of you isn't to save me altogether, you see."

She turned to a much dog's-eared edition of the interesting work she had mentioned; but her assiduity in study very soon came to an end.

"No papa! No mamma that you're certain about!" she repeated, with a perplexed look. "Why, my poor dear little innocent darling you *must* be quite alone in the world."

"Indeed I am," said poor Lily. She did not sigh. Children seldom sigh. Suspiration is an accomplishment to be learned, like courtesying. But her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Never mind, dear," the Marygold continued, pressing the child's hand. "We must make the best of it. You must belong to somebody, to have been sent here at all. Do you know whether you are to be brought up as a governess?"

No; Lily had not the slightest idea on that topic. As yet, she had not fathomed the possibility of any body being "brought up" to the profession of tuition. She had a dim notion that governesses grew, or came at once to maturity, with black silk dresses and sour looks.

"It seems to me," remarked the Marygold, "that there are a great deal too many governesses in the world. I forget how many hundreds of millions of people the geography says there are on the earth; but, as far as I have seen, all the old girls seem to be governesses, and all the young girls are being brought up to be governesses. Madame turns 'em out here by the dozen, like cakes. Where the children are to come from that we are all to teach I'm sure *I* don't know."

Not much progress was made in the study of M. de Montesquieu's transactions with the Marseilles boatman. The girl went prattling on to the child, and telling her she must call her Polly, and that she, Polly, would call her Lily, and that they would be as happy as the arrangements of the establishment and the severity of Madame would permit. And then it grew dusk, and at about nine o'clock, when forty girls came trooping silently to bed in Dormitory Number Three, Lily fell off into sound and refreshing slumber.

BOYS RUN WILD.

THE nearest approach to a wild boy, says Mr. Burnet Taylor, was to be found in Germany, after the desolating spirit of Napoleon had breathed over the land. The countries ravaged by his armies fell into utter misery. Children without parents and friends, destitute and homeless, were quite common in Germany. Several of them were brought to the shelter of Count von der Reche's asylum at Overdyke, and two of these had fallen more nearly into the condition of wild animals, were more nearly beast children, than any others of whom there is unquestionable record. One of these children was brought in ragged and bleeding. Unable to tell his name, he was called Clemens, since he was received upon St. Clement's day. With a power of speech almost as limited as Caspar Hauser's when first found, nearly all that he could make intelligible was, that he came "from the other side of the water." He had also a large vocabulary of frightful curses. He had been set to keep a peasant's swine, had lived with them, and been shut up with them at night. Scantily fed, he used to suck the milch sow, and eat with the little pigs. When first received at Overdyke he had to be kept out of the salad-beds as if he were himself a pig, for in the garden he would go down on all fours, and grub among the growing vegetables with his projecting teeth. He retained also a brotherly regard for the whole race of pigs, and understood them so well that they would let him ride upon their backs. His pleasantest memories were incidents of his life among them as a child. This Clemens, who had a narrow head and a low forehead, was of imperfect intellect, though not an idiot. Given to laughter, and open to kindness, he was liable also to uncontrollable fits of passion. Once, when he had tried to murder his benefactor with a woodcutter's axe that he held in his hand, he was carried away laughing to confinement.

The other wild boy at the Overdyke asylum had learned to live as the beasts of the forest, only prowling about villages of nights to steal food. He climbed trees for eggs and birds, that he ate raw, and had extraordinary knowledge of birds and their habits. To each that he knew he gave a name of its own, and it is said that the birds seemed to recognize the names he whistled after them.

Sir William Sleeman, in his narrative of a journey through the kingdom of Oude, gives a very curious account of a boy, said to have been taken when running on all fours with a she wolf and her three cubs. They were all seen coming down to the river to drink when the boy was caught. The wolves, left to themselves, are very numerous among the ravines which run down to the banks of the Goomtee River. They are wolf preserves, for the Hindoo belief, that a drop of wolf's blood spilled within the bounds of any village dooms the village to destruction, acts more powerfully for wolf protection than a game law. The vagrants, with whom no conscience pleads for the protection of the wolves, are said to divide spoil with them after this fashion: Very young children go about with costly ornaments upon them. Wolves carry off and eat the children, but reject the ornaments among their refuse, and for the chance of finding these, the vagrants patronize the wolves, and are on visiting terms with them.

Getting more apocryphal as it proceeds, the native account of the habits of wolves goes on to say that a he wolf always eats the children he gets, and so does a she wolf, except when she is suckling; in that case she rears with her own young the stolen baby. Now as to the particular boy whom Sir William Sleeman found at Sultanpoor, and who was said to have been caught when trotting down on all fours with the wolf foster-mother, and his three cubs of foster-brothers, to the river to drink. When first caught he had to be tied that he might not run off into holes and dens. He ran away from adults, but ran at children, snarling like a dog, to bite them. He ate his meat raw, dog fashion, using his hands as forepaws; would let a dog share with him, but snarled if a man came near. The boy was sent to Captain Nicholetts, commanding the First Oude Local Infantry, with whom he became tamer; but he growled when teased, ran to his food on all fours, and ate whatever was thrown to him, preferring raw meat and bones to gnaw. He could eat half a lamb at a time, drink a pitcher of buttermilk without drawing breath, and would pick up and eat earth and small stones. He delighted in food, but he detested clothing. In cold weather they gave him a quilt, but he tore it up and ate it bit by bit with his bread. This boy was of repulsive aspect; he shunned human society, preferring that of dogs, but when his favorite, a pariah dog that came and helped him off with his dinners, was shot because he was depriving the young foundling of his food, the boy showed no concern whatever at his loss. This "beast child," who was supposed to have been taken from the she wolf at nine or ten years old, lived three years among men, signifying wants by a few signs—when hungry he pointed to his mouth—and was never known to speak till a few minutes before his death, when he put his hand to his head and said it ached, asked for some water, drank it, and then died. These few words spoken before death might have been the return of an old childish impression.

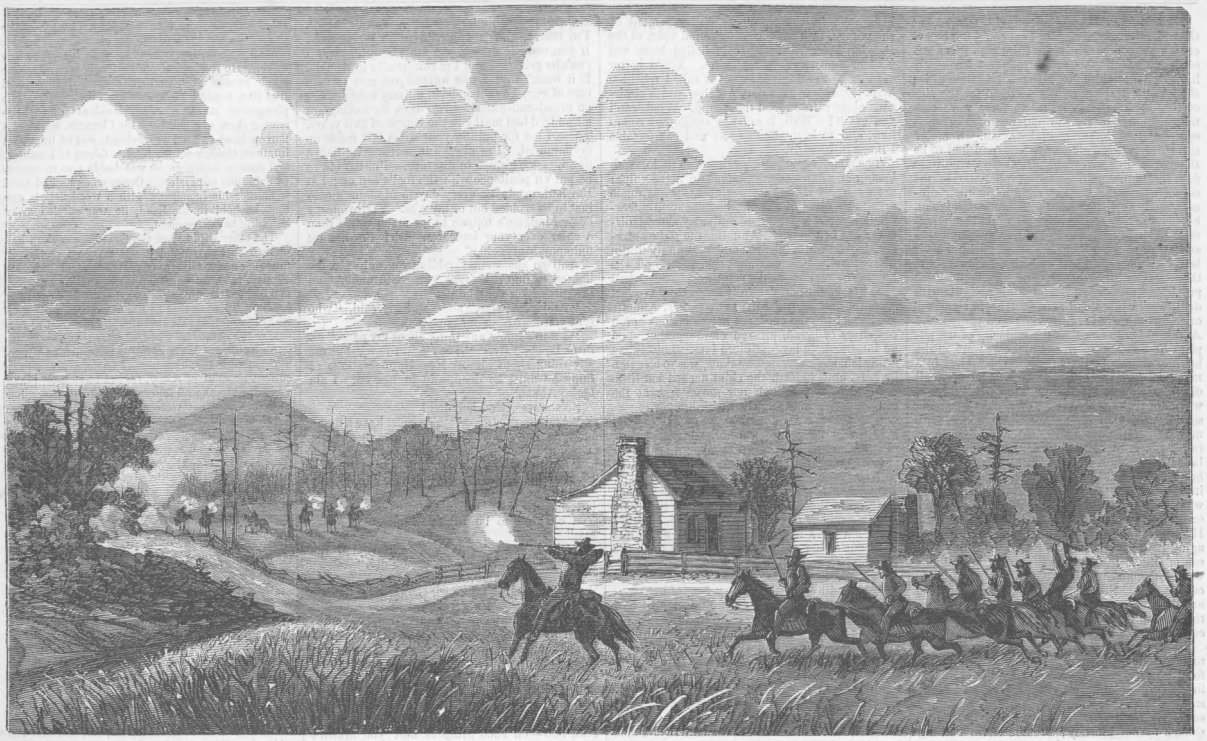
Another of Sir William's stories is of a boy said to have been carried off by a wolf when three years old, and while his parents were working in the fields at Chupra. Six years afterward he was caught when going down to the river with three wolf cubs, and recognized by a birth-mark, as well as by the scar of a scald and the marks of the wolf's teeth in his loins; for she had been seen to take him and carry him off by his loins. This boy was alive at the time of Sir W. Sleeman's visit. He could not articulate words, his knees and elbows were hardened with going on all fours. He followed his mother about for what he could get, but at night he would make off to the jungle. He also liked his meat uncooked. The village boys threw frogs to him, and he ate them. When a bullock died and its skin was taken off, he would go and eat it like a village dog.

The unproved fact, in the case of both these idiot boys, who had been outcasts in the woods, is the wolf-nursing. The notion of wolf-rearing is commonly attached in India to the outcast idiot children, who are sometimes found living, like the beasts, upon what garbage they can find.

In Poland the same belief once gave to such unhappy children credit or discredit for having been reared among the bears. Of one such boy, caught two centuries ago in a bear hunt, it is said that he appeared to be eight or nine years old, went on all fours, and ate greedily such things as bears love—raw flesh, apples, and honey. He was taken to the king at Warsaw and baptized Joseph. With difficulty he was taught to walk upright. He never could learn Polish, but expressed his views of life with an ursine growl. The king gave him to a vice-chamberlain, who employed him to carry wood for his kitchen. He never lost his wildness, and sometimes escaped into the woods, where the bears never molested him.

Such stories are not more credible, though more honestly set forth, than that of the Irish boy exhibited at Amsterdam, as having been reared by a sheep, so that he ran upon all fours, cropped grass, and bleated.

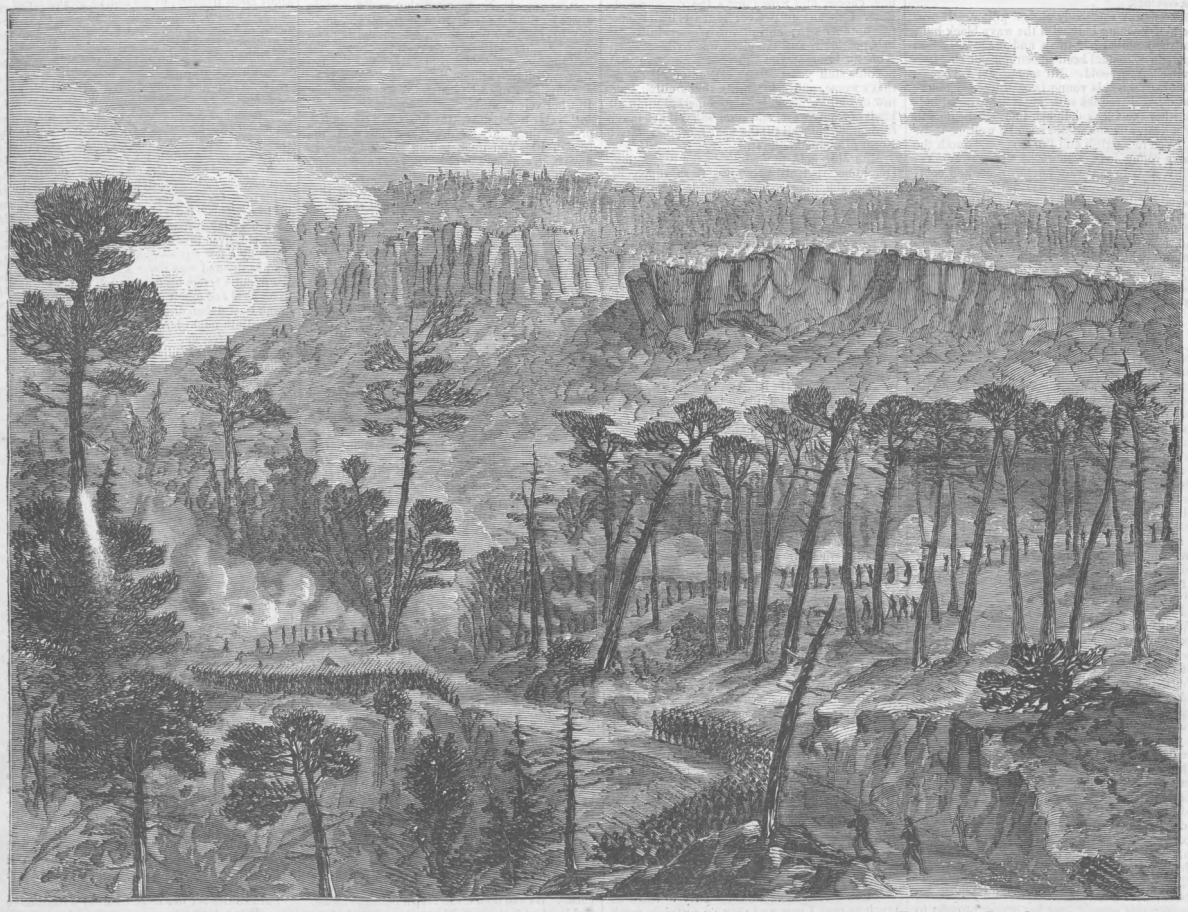
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SHERMAN'S DEPARTMENT—ENGAGEMENT AT SNAKE CREEK GAP, GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 355.]

THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

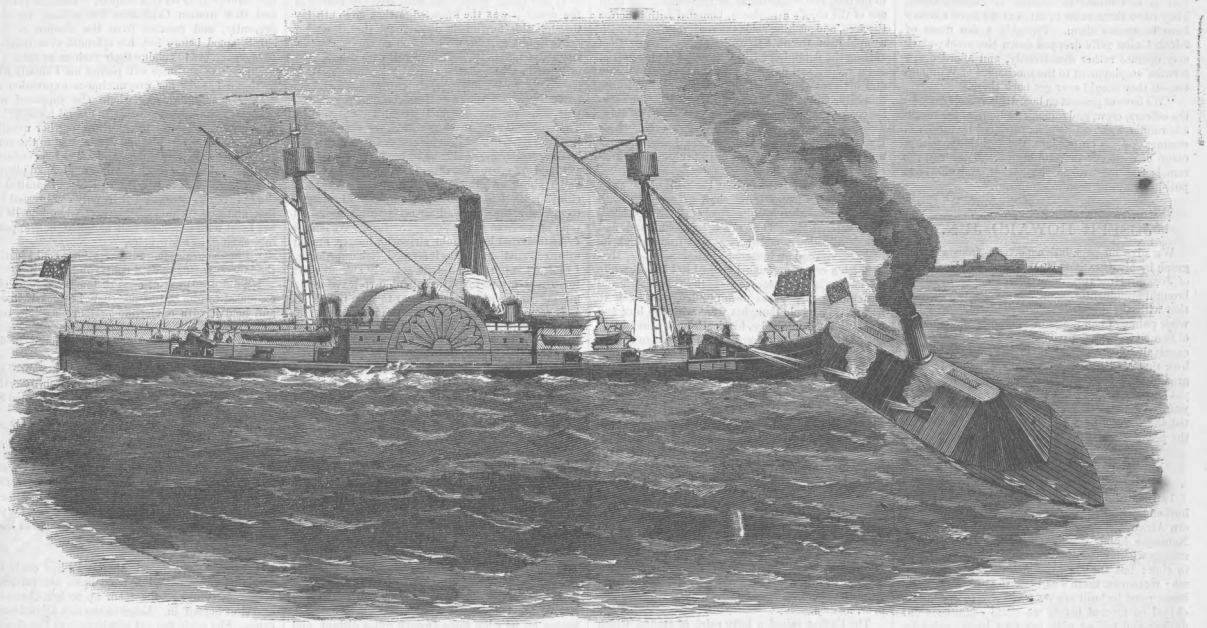
WE give on this page two illustrations of recent events in Georgia, sketched on the spot by our artist, THEODORE R. DAVIS. The capture of Dug Gap by General GEARY'S Division of HOOKER'S Corps was an achievement worthy of the veterans who had already earned renown by their bravery at Mission Ridge. The assault was made on the 8th instant. Ridge after ridge was carried by the fearless veterans, who climbed the perpendicular crags with steady feet, often crossing rocky gorges where a single false step would have been instantly fatal, and at last swept the enemy from the heights as so much chaff. Mr. DAVIS writes: "Captain BARTLETTE, commanding a storming party of the Thirty-third New Jersey, was killed on the last crest. The Thirty-third behaved with splendid valor. Our loss was 220 killed and wounded. Some of our troops, after they had actually climbed the last ridge to the crest of the palisade formation, were hurled from the top by the rebels, who, instead of taking them prisoners, preferred to mangle the brave boys among the rocks beneath. The place was defended by STEVENSON'S Rebel Division. Colonel CLARK, of the 145th New York, was among those thrown from the top." For an account of the engagement at Snake Creek Gap see news page.



SHERMAN'S DEPARTMENT—GENERAL GEARY'S ASSAULT ON DUG GAP, GEORGIA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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THE NAVAL FIGHT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND.

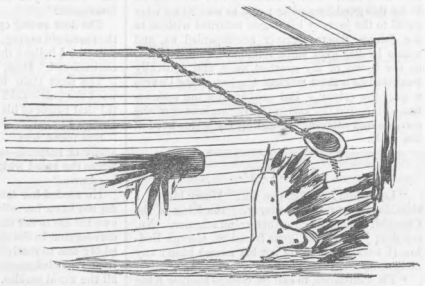


THE STEAMSHIP "SASSACUS" RAMMING THE REBEL RAM "ALBEMARLE."

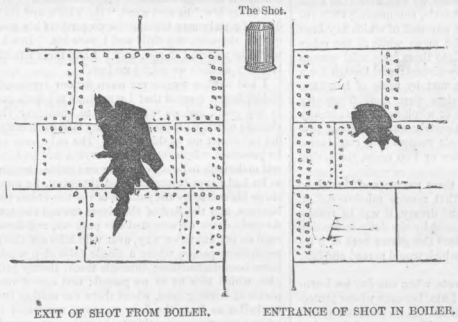
WE give on this page a sketch of the engagement in Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, on the 5th inst., between the United States steamer *Sassacus* and the rebel ram *Albemarle*. Our correspondent on board the *Sassacus*, in sending the sketch, says: "No better opportunity than was here presented could have been desired for testing and deciding the mooted point as to the possibility of injuring an iron-clad by ramming with a wooden ship. The engagement may be briefly described as follows:

"The *Matabassett* (senior ship), being in advance, had commenced a circle of which the ram should be the centre, while we at a short distance followed in her wake. The *Bombshell*, a consort of the ram, was rendering him every assistance by a constant fire upon us; and though the design of running down the iron-clad was fully formed, we turned for a moment to the weaker vessel, and delivered a fire which brought the flag down and the officers and crew to their feet, frantically waving white handkerchiefs and shirts in token of surrender. Turning from the *Bombshell*, and being then about three hundred yards distant from the ram, we started for him at full speed, striking him fair and square, careening him over so that the water swept his decks, receiving the raking fire from his guns, and pouring into him the contents of the whole of our forward battery almost at the same moment. The instant he had perceived our intention he endeavored to avoid us by putting on all steam and going ahead, so that after we struck his forward motion gradually laid us almost alongside, our guns meeting his, muzzle to muzzle.

"At this juncture a shot pierced our boiler, and in an instant every thing was enveloped in scalding steam. So dense was the cloud that objects were shrouded and invisible at the distance of a rod. The roar of our guns, the crack of musketry, the screams of the scalded and dying now commingled to make the scene most appalling: yet in the midst of all our men stood firm, and, with a heroism never surpassed, continued to pour a deadly fire of solid shot into his very ports, our riflemen coolly seeking every chance to pick off the enemy at their stations, and our look-outs aloft throwing hand-grenades through his gratings, until, after twelve long minutes, our engines working upon a vacuum and beyond control, we slowly but defiantly drifted out of range. As we separated the muzzles of both his guns were seen to be broken off; yet for an hour the fire was continued upon him from the other vessels of our fleet till the darkness became too great, and, crest-fallen and defeated, he sought refuge in the river from which he had so vauntingly sallied. Beyond the displacement of our stem this ship was not injured by the collision, nor was she made to leak in the slightest degree. We struck at a speed of about eleven knots. We are entirely satisfied as to the ramming qualities of our ship."



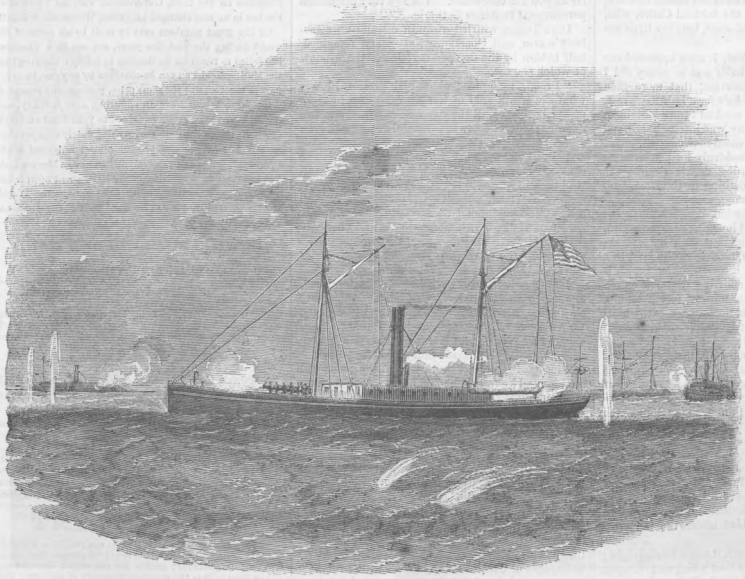
APPEARANCE OF BOW AFTER THE BATTLE.



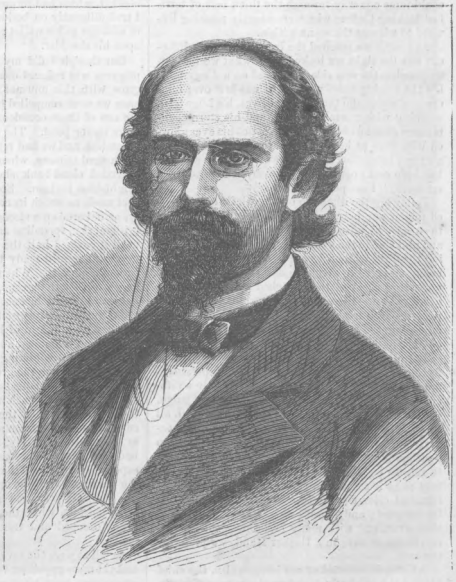
EXIT OF SHOT FROM BOILER. ENTRANCE OF SHOT IN BOILER.

REBEL RAM.

THE following extract from a correspondent on the United States ship *William Badger*, off Beaufort, North Carolina, explains the illustration on this page of the REBEL RAM AT WILMINGTON: "One of the rams that have been so long building at Wilmington, North Carolina, by the rebels, to annihilate the entire Yankee blockading squadron off that harbor, has lately made her 'first appearance' among our vessels, but signally failed to go through with the modest part assigned her by the over-confident Confederates. She was compelled to retreat inside the rebel fortifications, from behind which she takes an occasional peep at the 'Lincum gun-boats' in the distance, and makes a display of



REBEL RAM AT WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.



JOSEPH HOWARD, JUN., THE FORGER.

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three formidable horns, designed to tickle the ribs of our wooden vessels so very unpleasantly. If they should undertake another such *rampage* the fleet is determined to capture or destroy them. They have three rams in all, but we have a heavy force to oppose them. Probably a few doses of 9-inch Union pills dropped down the smoke-stack may operate rather disastrously, and afford a few months' employment to the mechanics of Wilmington—if they should ever get back there.

"We have at present on board this vessel (*Badger*) the officers, crew, and some passengers of the blockade-runner *Tristram Shandy*, captured by the U. S. steamer *Kansas* on Sunday, the 15th May, with a cargo of cotton from Wilmington. They say the ram is fast aground in the harbor, and efforts to pull her off have been unsuccessful."

JOSEPH HOWARD, JUN.

WE give on page 365 a portrait, from a photograph by Mr. CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON, Brooklyn, of JOSEPH HOWARD, Jun., whose name has been brought prominently before the country in connection with the forged Proclamation which was last week palmed upon the public through the columns of two New York daily papers. The history of the case is already known, and it is only necessary to say here that Mr. HOWARD'S action was in the last degree infamous and dishonorable. Mr. HOWARD is yet a young man, and has been connected for some years with the press, holding at the time he committed the forgery which sent him to Fort Lafayette the position of city editor on a Brooklyn journal.

WIDOWED IN THE WILDS.

IT is now many years since I accompanied my husband, a missionary, into the interior of Southern Africa. At length we reached our station in Namaqua Land. When I saw the wild savages among whom our lot was cast my heart was ready to sink; but the goodness of our purpose upheld me; moreover, there was little time for fears, for a house must be built ere we could live in one, and a chapel be erected before we could commence our duties; and toiling with our own hands, aided by our guide and driver, who remained for a while to help us, we at length completed both.

It was a joyful day when we first heard the little bell ring out over the kraals, summoning their inmates to the chapel, at one end of which my husband was to instruct the men; while at the other I should try to instill into these rude wild women the womanly and wifely virtues; and though for a time these efforts were met by peals of laughter, and my husband's services were more frequently sought as a rain-maker or witch-finder than in any other capacity, yet ultimately our endeavors prevailed, and we won their respect and confidence, and, as we hoped, in one or two cases, something more.

Thus passed nearly three years; and though to the world our life at that remote mission-station might seem desolate and dreary, it was in reality full of interest, and cheered by the daily increasing hope that we had planted the germs both of a religion and civilization which would spread and bear much fruit.

Such were our prospects, when one day we learned that the great chief Luto, beneath whose protection we lived, was taken ill, and we resolved to visit him; more especially as, like most missionaries, my husband possessed some medical skill. The chief's kraal was scarcely five miles from the station, and we started early, to avoid the heat of the tropical sun; but we had hardly traversed half the distance when a faint sound, as of rushing water, broke the intense stillness of the wilderness, increasing as we advanced, until it swelled into a succession of wild cries and fearful shrieks. Ignorant whether this might not be the form of mourning for one so exalted as Luto, we hastened on, though, when we reached the spot, it was with difficulty we could force our way through the thick belt of terrified-looking Caffres who were eagerly pressing forward to witness the scene within.

At length we reached the front; but very different was the sight we looked on to what we had anticipated. On one side, stretched on a dingy mat, lay the mighty chief whose will was law over hundreds of miles and thousands of lives, his huge form writhing with neuralgic pains, and his stern countenance discolored by suffering. But his eyes glowed with rage as he exclaimed to us, with a doubly guttural intonation: "I am bewitched—an evil-eye has been cast upon me. However," he added, with set teeth, "I am punishing him."

Following the direction of the chief's outstretched finger, our horrified and astonished eyes fell on the form of a Caffre bound hand and foot with withes, and pinioned to the ground; while two others, wearing the dirty feather-decorations of magicians, were busily engaged in breaking and spreading over the uncovered chest of the wretched man nests of the fierce red ant—those favorite instruments of Caffre torture—each fresh application of which drew forth a new burst of agony from the sufferer, and elicited another flash of triumph from the sick chief's eyes.

But mingled with our horror at the scene was the feeling that the victim of this fearful superstition must at once be rescued. It was obviously a difficult task, for the prosecutor was likewise the judge, but it must nevertheless be achieved; and with all respect, in consideration of his sovereignty, but eagerly, earnestly, entreatingly, as if we had been petitioning for our own lives, we besought the chief to release his tribesman. The answer was an abrupt negative. But in such a case, and with those frightful cries ringing in our ears, we were not to be deterred; and more zealously, more anxiously than ever, and with many assurances that health and sickness were in a Higher Hand, we preferred our suit.

At length, wearied of our importunity, the chief uttered the emphatic denial no Caffre ever rescinds. That door of hope was closed. But it was impossible for us, the servants of religion, civilization, and humanity, to stand idly by and witness such a sacrifice; and though well knowing he incurred much peril by braving the despot's will, my husband sprang to his feet, and snatching an ostrich-feather fan from one of the chief's attendants, bounded with it across the area, and pushing aside the conjurors, swept with a rapid hand the ants from the tortured man; then cutting the detaining withes, he assisted him to rise.

So sudden and unexpected was this act that Luto and his great men seemed almost paralyzed by its temerity, while my heart trembled with fear as to its consequences. Another moment, and the chief recovered himself, and catching up an assagai, which lay beside him, ere I could interpose, hurled it, with a fierce Caffre denunciation, full at the devoted missionary.

To this hour I seem to hear the whir of the swift weapon, as its long slender shaft quivered through the air; to see the gleaming steel of the barbed head, as it entered the side of my beloved husband, and struck him down on the very spot from which he had just rescued an innocent victim.

With a cry of anguish I rushed to his side, while the entire Caffre concourse was stirred by howls and deafening yells, whose meaning I did not seek to learn. My whole thoughts were with the husband moaning in, it might be, his death-agony, as I knelt beside him, and tore my dress in shreds to stanch the wounds through which his life seemed ebbing. Meanwhile, louder and higher swelled the tumult around me, until it broke on my sorrow with a terrible fear lest they were discussing the completion of their unfinished deed, which alone and friendless among that savage assembly I was impotent to resist. At length a step approached me, and involuntarily I clasped my beloved one closer, as if that could avert his fate.

But the voice which addressed me was a friendly one—that of Keemer, the most promising of our little flock; and he came with a hard-wrung permission from the chief to bear my wounded husband back to the station, to which was added an imperative command to return without delay to our own country, and no longer trouble his. A few other friendly Caffres followed, and between them the missionary was borne carefully home. That night, however, he died.

The Caffres raised a lofty cairn of stones, which formed at once my husband's tomb and his security from the wandering beasts of prey; but ere it was finished a message reached me from the chief. "By the Caffre law," he sent word, "the widow and children of a slain man become the property of his conqueror, therefore my child and I were his. But he would be merciful to me; and if I and mine left his territory at once we might go free."

I had neither wagon nor oxen for our transport, and at first it seemed that I must take my little one in my arms, and go forth alone to encounter the chances of the wilderness. But my faithful Keemer did not desert me in this strait. The only pack-ox he possessed was devoted to my service, and he himself undertook to be my protector and guide, though, as he had never before traveled that way, he must shape his course by the passage of the sun across the heavens, and the flow of the rivers toward the sea. At early dawn we mounted our pack-ox, and hastened on our unknown way, over wild hills and down precipitous passes, where a single false step would have been destruction; through thick, thorny jungles, which tore us as we passed; and across vast plains of burning sand, where there was neither tree to shelter us from the fiery sun-rays, nor water to relieve our consuming thirst; hurrying on, regardless of hunger, and heat, and weariness, until darkness brought our arduous day's journey to a close.

We had crossed about half of Caffreland when, one night, the ox on which my child and I had hitherto ridden broke his halter, and wandering over the flat was killed by a hyena. This was a serious disaster, and Keemer was greatly troubled at the thought that, having no means of purchasing another, I must henceforth travel on foot. But I had suffered too many great afflictions to have much care for small ones; and taking up the sheep-skin and blanket, which had formed alike our saddle and bed, I trod diligently on beside the faithful Caffre, who, in addition to his wallet and arms, bore my little son upon his shoulder.

But though I did my best, it soon appeared our progress was reduced one half; and so weary did I grow with this unusual exertion, that more than once we were compelled to halt for a half-day's rest. On one of these occasions we had camped beside a large *vly*, or pond. The day was intensely hot and breezeless, and we had retreated to the deepest shade of an aged mimosa, when suddenly we perceived an extended cloud-bank showing darkly against the bright-blue horizon. Something in the cloud's aspect made us watch its coming, as, advancing rapidly, as if borne on a strong wind, it swept along the brilliant sky, spreading and lowering as it proceeded, until it covered half the heavens with inky blackness, and seemed ready to burst upon the land in a furious tempest. When it reached the zenith it began rapidly to descend, emitting a strange crackling sound; and in another minute, to our infinite astonishment and consternation, like a great hail-storm, a vast swarm of locusts came rushing down—whirling, whizzing, and tumbling around us, in a blinding and bewildering mass, until they lay three or four thick upon the ground.

Not a spot remained uncovered by them. Far as the eye could reach across the level prairie nothing was visible but the shimmering gleam of the russet brown and green armor of the aerial legions, as they battled fiercely, and ate voraciously every bud, and leaf, and blade of grass. Nothing escaped them. Even the arums on the borders of the pond, and the blue and white lotus flowers floating on its surface, were hidden beneath their struggling clusters, while the feathery foliage above our heads drooped and trembled under the universal foe.

Small as were the ravagers, it was a fearful sight; and yet more appalling was that which met our eyes scarcely an hour after, when the living cloud rose to seek fresh pastures, and we looked on the desolation it had left behind—the denuded shrubs, the skeleton-like trees, and the long stretches of bare brown earth, which that morning had been green and glowing with verdure and flowers.

If any thing could have increased our horror at the scene it was the knowledge that our path lay through this new-made desert, and that, however far it might extend, we could in no way escape it, since the same dire destroyer had passed both east and west; while at the same time we knew that its kraals would immediately be forsaken, and its game would flee where pasture could be found, and that consequently no food would be obtainable. The only course open to us was to press on indefatigably, and trust to Providence to bring us to the fertile country ere it should be too late.

Could we escape the desert there might be hope; and making an almost superhuman effort, for my child's sake, I again struggled on, urged to the uttermost by the low wailing cries which now and then broke from my suffering treasure. At length even maternal love could strive no longer, and in utter exhaustion, and, as it seemed, sick unto death, I sank upon the ground, with scarcely strength left to entreat my sorrowful companion to leave me to my inevitable fate, and endeavor to save my child.

It seemed as if the little creature understood me, for he stretched out his wasted arms, and a few tears rolled down the infant cheeks, withered and aged by suffering; and as Keemer laid him by my side I felt with a pang that his short race was run, and that he too was about to tread the dark journey. By an effort I gathered him in my feeble arms. My last tie to earth seemed broken; and trying to forget the fierce pains of that miserable desert death, I prayerfully awaited its coming. At length my little one's moans and my own intolerable agony announced his hour and mine alike had come, and with, as I believed, my expiring breath, I murmured for him and me the same words of faith and hope I had so lately repeated beside the grave of the beloved husband we were now about to join.

For the hundred thousandth time was the axiom verified that man's extremity is God's opportunity; for when hope was past and life was almost gone help came. A trader northward bound into Caffreland, coming to the devastated district, had left his wagon on its edge some twenty miles distant, and traveling on with a Hottentot attendant to discover its extent, had providentially encountered us just in time to save our lives by the provisions he carried with him. Every kindness was lavished on us by this good Samaritan; and as soon as we were equal to the journey his wagon returned with us to the colony, where Keemer accompanied us, and where he has ever since remained, valued by me as the friend of my greatest need, and generally respected as a most efficient teacher of the Caffres within the colony. But neither time nor resignation can soften the harrowing remembrance of the sorrows and sufferings attending my widowhood in the wilds.

MELTED.

"LOVE him? Of course not. Marry him? I should as soon think of marrying the King of the Cannibal Islands or any other grand seignior. No, my dear Dora Deane, your friend St. George Endlow (I wonder where he got his name) hasn't any designs on me, nor I on him."

"Fie, Constance, to call St. George Endlow King of the Cannibal Islands! He's the very handsomest man of *my* acquaintance."

"Precisely, and of mine—an exquisite of the first water—the prince of dandies."

"He's *not* a dandy, Constance. I don't believe you think so either. St. George a dandy! He can't help being handsome any more than Constance Sutherland can. But dandy! You'll find he is not that, Miss Constance."

"Shall I? I doubt it. I've no interest in the matter, I'm sure; but I never saw a handsome man yet that wasn't a dandy to his very heart's core."

"Poor Endlow! I see it is all over with him so far as you are concerned. You're a very prejudiced personage, Constance Sutherland."

Dora Deane whirled away in a waltz on somebody's arm, and Constance Sutherland remained, half hidden by the drooped curtains of the window at which she sat.

"Proud, unapproachable, and peerless!" was what the world said of Constance, queen in right of her beauty of all the gay circles which she frequented; but a somewhat scornful queen, since she seemed utterly careless of the homage she received, and rarely melted enough from her hauteur to be conversational, except with a select few. A beautiful proud girl, more prejudiced and vain than she suspected herself, a great deal; but a woman with a heart and an intellect, a woman worth winning, a woman who only needed melting to make her half divine, if human creatures can be so, and in Love's vocabulary the possibility is certainly much talked of.

Just outside the window at which Constance sat, and hidden from her view by an immense flowering shrub that stood there, sat during the whole of the preceding conversation St. George Endlow. Accident had placed him there at first, and a very natural feeling had made him shrink from changing his position afterward, lest Constance should see him and know that he had heard her ungracious comments upon himself. Besides, he said to himself bitterly, being a dandy he had a right to know it, even under such questionable circumstances as these. He was sitting there still, unable to quit his post for fear of Constance seeing him, when a gentleman, Constance's brother, joined her, and he had the pleasure of hearing himself under discussion again, somewhat to this effect:

"Mr. Endlow turned soldier—it must be a mistake!" exclaimed Constance; "depend upon it, you are misinformed, such pretty men as he is are not likely to risk spoiling their beauty by exposing it to bayonet or cannon-ball."

Constance's brother rose very soon and left her, half angry, half laughing at her prejudice against "Endlow." St. George sat a moment, the hot blood rising to his very temples. If it had been a man who had spoken thus of him he would have known how to answer him in a manner to seal his lips forever after on that subject. Being a woman, and that woman Constance Sutherland, he rose presently, and passing from the shadow of the shrub, stood before her, his splendid eyes making vain endeavors to subdue their flash as he said,

"If Miss Constance will permit me I should like to thank her for her magnanimous expression of herself concerning one whom she supposed not present, and therefore unable to defend himself."

Constance rose—vivid color flooding her usually tranquil face. She blushed with shame to the very tips of her delicate fingers, and stood too confused to retort even a reproach for the part he had played of listener. Never had she looked so beautiful in the eyes of St. George; but he only compressed his lips, and was turning on his heel when she lifted her hand with a gesture half haughty, half appealing, saying, in a low voice,

"I beg your pardon, Sir." Nothing could justify the language I have used concerning you."

He did not speak at once or touch the hand she extended to him. But presently he took it in his and held it with a vicelike pressure, saying, in a rapid undertone,

"Give me a chance to possess this hand, to deserve it as much as man can, and I—"

"That were impossible," retorted Constance, instantly growing white and standing haughtily erect.

"Which—to possess or deserve?" questioned St. George, calm again.

"Either." And she vanished from the window.

"Pity about St. George Endlow, isn't it, Con?" said young Sutherland, lounging in his sister's sitting-room one morning some months after. "Oh, I forgot; you never liked him. Splendid fellow, though. Enlisted as private, fought his way up, and died at the head of the brave boys he was leading."

"Died!"

It was all Constance Sutherland's lips could utter; and then, with her hand upon her side, she went slowly out of the room up to her chamber, and shut herself in. Later in the day Dora Deane came. She could not get admittance to Constance, but she called to her from the outside. She meant it a jest; she was a thoughtless girl.

"They say St. George Endlow is badly wounded. Hadn't you better go down and nurse him, Constance?"

The door swung open, and Constance stood upon the threshold saying, "Wounded? Fred said dead."

"Oh! I believe that was the first report; but it's contradicted," Dora, said, lightly.

The next train took Constance Sutherland toward the battle-field. I doubt if she knew herself, till that rumor of his death came, that she loved St. George Endlow.

She found him. It was long enough first—an agony of suspense—and there was a frightful gash across the broad white forehead that had been "too handsome."

He needed her long before she reached him, and did not know her when she came. But he lived to owe his life to her care; to love her with a fond tenderness that in the old distance he had never dreamed of; and to receive at last from her trembling lips the acknowledgment that he was more to her than all the world besides.

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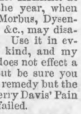
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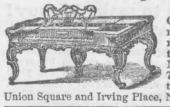
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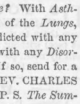
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 389.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

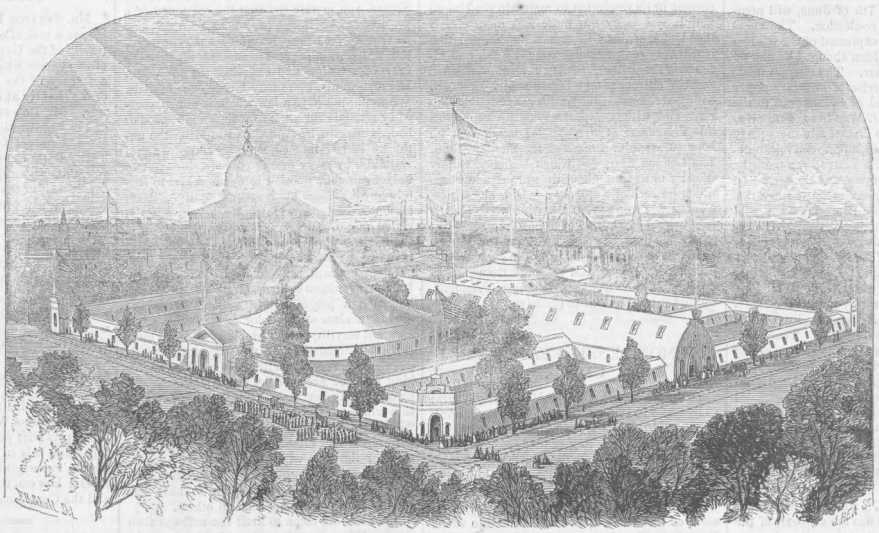
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GREAT CENTRAL FAIR IN PHILADELPHIA.

We give herewith a view of the GREAT CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR BUILDINGS at Philadelphia, Pa. These buildings cover an space of four acres of ground on *Logan* and possess great architectural beauty. The Gallery is over five hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, and is considered fire-proof. Paintings valued at $500,000 will be exhibited in this Gallery. The FAIR, which opens the first week in June, will, it is believed, exceed in extent and results even the *Metropolitan Fair* held in this city. Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey will all contribute to the Exhibition, and all parts of the country will be more or less represented by characteristic productions. As indicative of the deep-seated loyalty which has distinguished Philadelphia from the very commencement of the rebellion, this Fair will have a historic significance.

During the continuance of the Fair a newspaper, called *Our Daily Fair*, will be published every morning, giving full reports of all current events, facts illustrative of the Sanitary movement, and original articles from some of our first writers. Contributions are also expected from well-known European authors. This paper will also contain a number of interesting documents by General Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lafayette, William Penn, and other great men of our past, never before printed. Among other literary curiosities, a curious autobiographic letter, by the English novelist, Smollett, to an American, will be exhibited.

The heart of every soldier fighting in the field must be cheered by these efforts in their behalf.



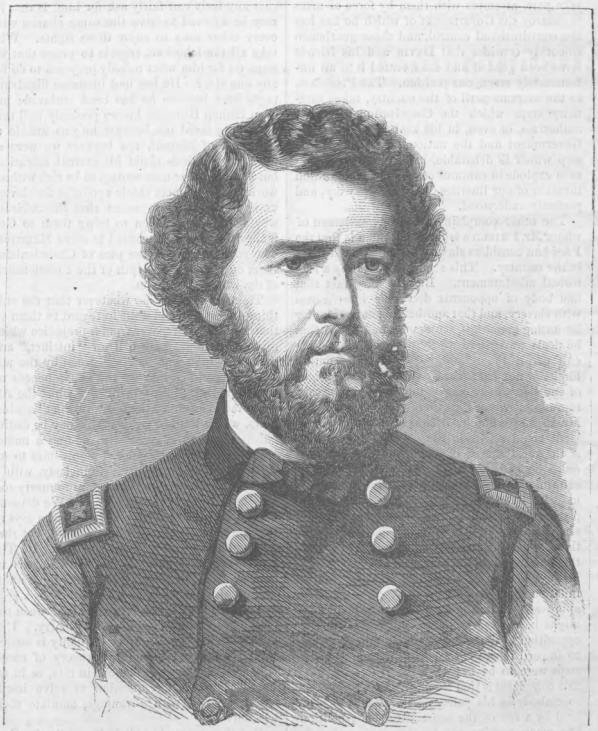
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GEN. GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.

GENERAL GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN, whose portrait we give on the first page, is one of our ablest and most skillful officers, having demonstrated in all the positions he has occupied the highest qualifications for command. He is a native of New York, and entered West Point in 1846; and in July, 1850, was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He served acceptably in various positions until the outbreak of the rebellion, when his high soldierly qualities found vigorous employment in the field. Gradually rising in the scale of promotion, he was in May, 1863, made a Major-General, and served in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac with distinguished bravery. Upon the reorganization of that army, in March last, he was promoted to the command of the Fifth Corps, which was strengthened by the consolidation with it of the three divisions of the First Corps. During the present campaign General WARREN has added to his high reputation by the most exalted courage. His corps was the first to be attacked in the battles of the Wilderness, and has sustained heavy losses in every engagement, evincing the highest daring even in the face of overwhelming odds. No army ever had corps commanders superior to HANCOCK, SEDGWICK, BURNSIDE, and WARREN. On page 372 we give a sketch of the General rallying a body of faltering Marylanders in one of the engagements about Spottsylvania. He seized the colors of a regiment from the hands of a retiring Sergeant, and, carrying them himself, led the regiment back to its place in the line of battle in spite of a storm of shot and shell.



GENERAL GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 374.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

OUR WAR MAPS.

THE readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will find it for their advantage to preserve for constant reference the two elaborate and complete Maps of the Seat of War published in Number 387. Every important place and position is so carefully laid down in these Maps that the reader can trace upon them, from day to day, the movements of our armies under GRANT in Virginia and under SHERMAN in Georgia, and those of the enemy under LEE and JOHNSTON, opposed to them. They can thus gain a clear and intelligent view of the design and effect of the various movements and counter-movements of the belligerents.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

IT seems to be understood that the Baltimore Convention, on the 7th of June, will nominate Mr. LINCOLN for re-election. The views which we have hitherto expressed of the wisdom of this course have not been changed by any of the events of the summer. The charges made against him, of the exercise of arbitrary power by the Copperheads, and of indifference to the Slavery question by Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, seem to us to be, in the first case, a mere party clamor, and, in the second, a profound misapprehension. Summary arrests have been made by the Government, as in every war they must be made. The practical question is whether this power has been generally abused. That mistakes may have been made is to say that men are fallible; but that there has been a peculiarly dangerous exercise of this power, whether in the detail or in the intention, he is a very hardy man who would seriously affirm.

Of course we do not gravely combat the assertion that the President has menaced our liberties, and meant to menace them. There is a phrase in the western part of the State, applied to very difficult enterprises, that you might as well try to scull up Niagara as do that. This is advice of exactly the proper dignity to be offered to gentlemen who, mindful of Junius and the pamphleteers, attempt to depict Mr. LINCOLN as playing the part of CHARLES or JAMES STUART. The President's policy, if an English precedent must be found, is to be sought rather in that of WILLIAM THE THIRD, who established the British Constitution. Nor will the student forget that, while JAMES was the advocate of the divine right of kings, against the political power of the people, so the Copperhead gentlemen who decry the President are the champions of the privileges of rebellious slaveholders against the natural rights of man. It is enough to know that these indignant vindicators of civil rights against executive usurpation are the zealous politicians who repudiate the principles of the Declaration of Independence. JEFFERSON DAVIS, after an election in which he and his friends take part, attempts with them by force of arms to destroy the Government of which he has lost the constitutional control, and these gentlemen smoothly consider that DAVIS and his friends have been goaded and exasperated into an unfortunately erroneous position. The President, in the extreme peril of the country, takes summary steps which the Constitution expressly authorizes, or even, in his zeal to maintain the Government and the national welfare, takes a step which is debatable, and the same gentlemen explode in columns of horror at the wanton invasion of our liberties. It is a party cry, and perfectly understood.

The other complaint urged by gentlemen of whom Mr. PHILLIPS is the spokesman is that the President considers slavery the only sacred thing in the country. This seems to us simply a rhetorical misstatement. But the very fact that one body of opponents decry his interference with slavery, and that another denounce him for hesitating to touch it, shows what? It shows that he deals warily and wisely with the most difficult of all the questions of the war—neither hindered nor hastened by the sour accusations of one side, or the caustic taunts and bitter misrepresentations of the other. The argument of Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends is, that if the President could set aside the *habeas corpus*, which is the most sacred of civil rights, as it is conceded he had the power to do, then he might certainly have abolished slavery, which is the most infamous of human wrongs. But the reply to this, which is so obvious that it would seem impossible for it to escape the attention of those who did not wish to avoid it, is plainly this: that both in the suspension of the writ and in any measure of emancipation the President must be controlled by his conviction of public approval. It is very clear that the public mind might be entirely ready for one step, when its opposition to the other might be so resolute as to imperil the very object for which alone both steps were to be taken. Indeed the fallacy of this complaint is that it requires of Mr. LINCOLN to embody in his policy as President the views held by a few of the most advanced Abolitionists, when nothing can be clearer than that the views of these gentlemen are not those of the great mass of the American people. That those views are right, both as regards slavery and its relation to the war, we individually fully believe. That an enormous majority toward their adoption has been made by the country, under the teaching of the war, is as evident as the progress of General GRANT toward Richmond. But that no policy is wise or practicable which is not supported by popular conviction, is beyond dispute. While, therefore, it is the duty of every sincere citizen to influence public opinion by every means he can command, so that it will take the simple, manly, American ground of fair play for all men, it is idle for him to denounce the Government for not taking for granted what it knows to be untrue.

The Government can not carry on this war by doing what it thinks to be abstractly right, but by doing all the right that is practicable. If we believed Mr. LINCOLN were likely to be unable to see or unwilling to do that, we should oppose him as warmly as we support him. If we thought that he lagged behind public sentiment we should feel that he retarded it. It is because we believe that the nation is heartily in earnest in its resolution to maintain the Union; that it sees every day more and more clearly that Union without Liberty is impossible; that it will very soon establish the personal, and ultimately the political, liberty of all innocent and capable citizens; and because Mr. LINCOLN, with marvelous sagacity, with incorruptible honesty, and with conspicuous ability represents this movement of the popular mind, that we hope to see him President for another term. The London *Spectator*, which has been calmly friendly to us throughout the war, says in words which we cordially approve: "How any honest Northerners who read these noble words [in the Kentucky letter], and see how modestly yet firmly Mr. LINCOLN has acted on the lessons which have opened his eyes to the great Divine purpose of this war, can meditate the substitution of any untried man for the next President, we find it hard indeed to conceive."

COMMON-SENSE *VERSUS* PREJUDICE.

IN the late meeting of the Methodist General Conference in Philadelphia the Rev. Dr. MOODY is reported to have said that he "thought God Almighty was going to give us an exodus of the whole colored concern to South America." And what exodus does the good Doctor think that the same beneficence is going to give us for the whole rebel concern, or the whole German concern, or the whole Irish concern, or the whole English or French concern? Above all, what exodus for the whole concern of well-meaning but not very philosophical gentlemen who complacently theorize about the wholesale exportation of the class most valuable to any country, the laborers?

The man of African descent born in America has exactly the same natural rights here, as a man and a native, that the man of European or Asian descent has. All that he asks, and all that any body can fairly ask for him, is that he may be allowed to have the same chance with every other man to enjoy those rights. Why take all the laborious trouble to prove that we must do for him what nobody proposes to do for any one else? He has had immense disadvantages here because he has been enslaved; but even Bishop HOPKINS knows perfectly well that he was enslaved not because he was unable to take care of himself, nor because we were so nervously anxious about his eternal salvation, but because other men wanted to be rich without working. The most subtle apologist for slavery never quite dared to assert that the Africans would have been stolen to bring them to God if they had not been wanted to serve Mammon. The very urgency of the plea of Christianizing them only shows the depth of the consciousness of the wrong done them.

There is no question whatever that the only thing necessary at present in regard to them is, that we shall all recover from a prejudice which some of us amusingly call an "instinct," and that every man who has been freed by the war shall be protected against the consequences of that prejudice. The "instinct" against the African race is akin to the old "instinct" against Jews, which would hardly at this day be distinguished by men of sense with so fine a name. We are told that the colored men aspire to social and political equality. Somebody, with a shudder, whispers that they aspire to marry our sons and daughters! Do they? We demand the proof. We challenge any body who says so to state a single instance of the kind, not that he knows, but that he has ever heard of. The fact is, that they no more demand to marry us than we to marry them. Marriage is an affair of mutual inclination, and when there is a general mutual inclination to marriage between the people of different races they will marry. Until then they will not. Social equality is settled by individual taste, not by a theory of races. The people of African descent in this, as in all countries, leave that question to solve itself. Might we not, with advantage, emulate their wisdom?

But they aspire to political equality! Certainly they do. They would be very poor Americans if they did not. Surely, if an emigrant from the Isle of Skye, wretched, ignorant, drunken, degraded, utterly useless, or a nuisance and pest to the country, may justly aspire to political equality, as he does, the moment he sets foot upon our shore, it would be very difficult to show why a man native to the soil, half of whose blood may be the blood of the worthy MASON of Virginia, for instance, or the sober WIGFALL of Texas, or the valorous TOOMBS of Georgia, and who is himself honest, industrious, and intelligent should not aspire? In a Government like ours we would as soon trust to the vote of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, for instance, as to our own, or to that of the last ship-load of emigrants from any part of the world. If you say that his is an exceptional case, we reply that it is no more exceptional, the numbers and circumstances considered, than any intelligent vote among the mass of voters. If you say that, however worthy an individual may be, yet that the general feeling against the class makes it unwise to do any thing toward enfranchising them, which is the ground of Mr. DOOLITTLE, of Mr. COWAN, and of Mr. TEN EYCK in the Senate, you merely say that the existence of a prejudice makes it wise to yield to it; which may be true so far as any specific act is concerned, but which can never be true as regards the duty of resisting and exposing the prejudice. In other words, there may be a choice of evils. We would not have a law which is not supported by general conviction; for such a law, good or bad, is sure to be evaded and to bring the authority of law into contempt. But we would certainly, by every means possible, endeavor to influence public opinion to demand and to sustain any law based upon natural equity. There is, undoubtedly, a wide opposition to what is called negro suffrage. But that opposition is the sheerest possible prejudice. It is an opposition to the fundamental doctrine of our Government, to experience, and to common-sense. It is an opposition springing from no "instinct," but from a prejudice which inevitably exists against a class whose color is the badge of its enforced servility, and a prejudice which is most carefully cherished by the most despicable partisan appeals. Now, while an opposition of this kind must be accepted by every legislator and by every reasoner as a fact, it is still an opposition which no truly sensible and patriotic man will cease to combat until it disappears. Events themselves combat it, and we have yet to see whether the men who have heroically exposed their lives in defense of the flag to more dangers than any other soldiers are to have less privilege under that flag than all others.

If indeed we mean to limit the suffrage then the conditions must be universal, or we sow the seeds of discord and trouble. We may require a stated intelligence, or a certain property, as a qualification; but if we do, we must not presume against a candidate's satisfaction of the conditions because he is of one race, or country, or color, or another.

We are at war because we have refused to treat one class of our population as we concede that all men should be treated, namely, with perfectly fair play; and we shall be at war until we have conquered the "instinct" which denies to intelligence, moral worth, and industry that absolute equality before the law which we freely allow to ignorance, immorality, and degradation. May the good Providence upon which Dr. MOODY relies grant us a sure and speedy exodus for "the whole concern" of such "instincts!"

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT.

UPON page 373 of this paper we present the latest portrait of the President of the United States. He is represented attended by his two secretaries, Mr. NICOLAY seated by his side, and Mr. HAY standing by the table. In this earnest, care-worn face, saddened by a solemn sense of the great responsibility which in God's Providence has devolved upon him, we see the man who said to his neighbors, as he left his home three years ago, that he was called to a graver task than any chief magistrate since WASHINGTON, and whose simple faith and devotion bade him ask them to pray for him.

From that moment to this, through three years of tremendous war, beginning amidst clouds and darkness, and gradually emerging into a more cheerful light of hope and final success; through an infinite perplexity of events, which have sometimes elated the bitterest enemies of the national life, and sometimes disheartened its most sanguine friends, the faith of the President has never wavered, nor his hand faltered. And now in the beginning of his last year of office, his policy fully declared, and the army of the Union, freed from baffling jealousies, united and resolved, under a military chief whom even the enemy fears and respects, the President commands a more universal respect, a more thorough confidence among all faithful citizens at home and trusty friends abroad than any President since WASHINGTON.

Look thoughtfully at this rugged face. In its candor, its sagacity, its calmness, its steadiness and strength, there is especially conspicuous the distinctive American. The hardy, simple traits of the best American character are there. Turn then to the portrait of General GRANT in our paper of three weeks ago, and there you see another purely American face. There are the same homely honesty, capacity, and tenacity, the same utter freedom from every kind of cant and affectation, in each. It is to such men, one in the council, the other in the field, in every fibre, in every heart-beat, in every hope and thought and word, in every instinct and quality, American, that the salvation of American institutions has been providentially intrusted. Children of the people both of them, sprung from the poorest and plainest ancestry, as unpretending and unselfish in their high places to-day as in the time when they were both unknown, these two men illustrate at once the character of American civilization and of the American people. There is but one prayer in the great multitude of American hearts to-day, God bless President LINCOLN and General GRANT!

SENATOR POWELL'S CONSTITUTIONAL ANXIETY.

MR. SENATOR POWELL lately proposed in the Senate a vote of censure upon the executive authority of the Government, in closing the offices of two papers which had been made vehicles of a forgery of the President's name to the peril of the country at a most critical moment in the war. Mr. POWELL called the act a "violation of the Constitution." But since when has he learned respect for the Constitution? In the Thirty-sixth Congress, when we were not at war, there was a simple proposition to guarantee free speech in the Southern States, the right of free speech in peace being an express provision of the Constitution, and Mr. Senator POWELL voted No. If he had voted against a trial by jury he could not more fully have disdained the Constitution. We can assure the Senator that he took no more by his last motion than by his former vote. No one who has watched his course can have the least doubt that in his view nothing is more constitutional than a rebellion to overthrow the Government; and he must be an extraordinary man who believes that the Constitution of the United States would be safer if confided to the interpretation of Mr. Senator POWELL and his friends VALLANDIGHAM, COX, and FERNANDO WOOD, with the assistance of the papers that published the forged Proclamation, than it is in the hands of the Administration. These gentlemen are the friends of the rebels; how can they be the friends of the Union and the Constitution?

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, THEN AND NOW.

WHEN the rebel conspiracy was ripening there was entire confidence upon the part of the leaders that the city of New York would stand by them. They counted especially upon the Seventh Regiment. It was the military representation of the fashion and capital of the city, and there could, in their estimation, be no doubt of the course it would take. Little preliminary sops were administered to make every thing pleasant. There was a removal of the remains of MONROE to Virginia, and the Seventh Regiment was the escort. There was a dedication of a WASHINGTON Monument in Washington, when a Virginian was the orator and the Seventh was the guard of honor. It would be a very pleasant beginning, it was thought, to have so pretty a regiment ready drilled to serve the aristocractic insurrection.

The insurrection began in Charleston and Baltimore, and while the news of the massacre of loyal troops in the latter city was trembling along the wire, the Seventh Regiment, with ranks fuller than ever before, was marching down Broadway through that tumult of emotion that will never be forgotten. THEODORE WINTHROP, who had joined it during the week, wrote the sparkling story of its march to Washington. But so sure was the conviction of Southern rebels that the regiment would be true to them and false to the country and Government, that when a friend who was in Mississippi at the time told his host the news of their arrival in Washington, he refused to believe it, and insisted that it could not be. Indeed the prompt movement and heroic front of this regiment was one of the decisive events of the war. It was the first shattering blow to the delusion that party-spirit was stronger in the free States than patriotism. And to the moral effect of its action the historian will add that it has furnished some of the noblest and most efficient officers of the army.

We have been recently reminded of the brilliant record of the Seventh Regiment during the war by a characteristic sneer in the Richmond *Examiner*. General SHALER, who was captured by the rebels with General SEYMOUR in the battle of the Wilderness, was formerly Major of the Seventh Regiment. The rebel paper speaks of the prisoners as follows:

"The two worthies are named SHALER and SEYMOUR; the former has visited Richmond before in his capacity as Captain of a company in the New York Seventh, when that dandy regiment of Gotham cockneys was entertained here on the occasion of the MONROE funeral obsequies. At that time, coming as a friend and (in some sense) compatriot, he said his comrades were received with all the cordial, unsuspicious hospitality of Virginia. Now, ad-

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vancing with his crew of cut-throats and fire-raisers, to burn and sack the city in which he has been an honored though unworthy guest, he experienced Virginia's other style of receiving visitors, and will have an opportunity of comparing the Libey with the Ballard. This SHALER, however, has at least kept himself quiet, and has in silence laid up all these things in his mind, and pondered them in his heart."

This is not the manner in which men talk who are sure either of themselves or of their cause.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

WE have attempted to do our share in exposing the relation to our own situation of the French conquest of Mexico. That it is essentially an unfriendly act; that it was begun because our Government was supposed to be ruined; and that our ruin is a cardinal condition of its ultimate success, no man who has considered the subject will deny. What our policy should be is, therefore, a very grave question.

Yet, situated as this country is, there is always one infallible test of every great measure proposed. It is that which NAPOLEON gave to his marshal: "Find out exactly what the enemy wishes you to do, and then with all your might don't do it." The heart of every rebel in the land would leap for joy if we should declare war against France. Is it worth while then to do it?

If not, there is henceforth but one dignified attitude for us until we are ready to demand explanations, and to make war if they are not satisfactory, and that is, silence. Congress, by its Resolution, and the Secretary of State upon several occasions, have declared the invincible repugnance of this country to the project of erecting an Austrian empire by French bayonets upon the ruins of the Mexican republic. We do not here discuss the manner in which the Secretary has done it. But no words can add force to that simple declaration. The substance of the Monroe doctrine is unquestionably a fixed principle of American political faith. Steadily opposed to such a bald iniquity as the French conquest of Mexico, our action in regard to it must be governed by circumstances. If, therefore, Mr. WINTER DAVIS, who is Chairman of the House Committee upon foreign relations, thinks a war with France wise, we hope he will frankly propose it, that the question may be fully discussed. If, however, he is merely making a political demonstration against the general conduct of our foreign policy, we hope he will see that, to stand making faces and doubling up fists and threatening, without striking, is *not* a dignified attitude for the United States.

THE NATIONAL LOANS.

THE confidence of the people in their cause and their Government is shown in nothing more significantly than in the unflagging ardor with which the Government loans are taken. They give every man who invests a direct personal interest in the maintenance of the Government in which he thus becomes a stockholder. The subscriptions to the 10-40 loan reported at the Treasury up to the 28th of May amounted to a hundred and sixty millions of dollars. Could there be a more desirable or safer investment? It is to be redeemed in coin, and although the rate of interest is only five per cent. in gold, it is now equal to nine per cent. in currency. It is exempt also from State or local taxation, which may be reckoned to add two or three per cent. more to its annual value, making a productive security which might satisfy even Shylock himself. It continues to be taken at the rate of nearly a million a day.

The argument of an overpowering and unmanageable debt drawn from the history of other countries does not apply to this. The power of producing wealth upon this continent is almost infinite. It can be measured only by our resources, and they are incalculable. After some centuries, said MACAULAY, when your population is as numerous as ours, you may know something of our perplexities and troubles. But it is well for us that our great and costly struggle occurs in the very vigor and flush of our youth, with an exhaustless continent subject to an indomitable energy.

"THE LOUISVILLE NATIONAL UNION PRESS."

THIS is the title of a daily paper lately established in Louisville, Kentucky, as the organ of the genuine Union sentiment of the State. Its publisher, Mr. L. A. CIVILL, is known to us as a gentleman of high character and admirable capacity, and the numbers of the paper which we have seen are an earnest of the skill and ability with which it is to be edited. The *Union Press* is unconditionally Union. It belongs to no party but that of intelligent loyal men who understand that the United States are a nation, not a league or a confederacy, and that consequently the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty is a treasonable chimera. It believes that slavery is the real cause of the rebellion, and that, as the conspirators have used slavery as a means of destroying the nation, the nation is rightfully destroying slavery to save itself. The *Union Press* is full of good matter, neatly printed, and we cordially commend it as an illustration of that Border-State fidelity which was thought by many hardly to exist. It will be for that reason a valuable visitor in any household in the country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*May* 25. The House bill making an appropriation of $28,000 as an award for damages from the depredations of the Sioux Indians was passed.—An amendment of the Tax bill, making the tax on a barrel of lager beer, ale, beer, or other fermented liquors, $1 25 instead of $1 50, was agreed to.——*May* 26. Mr. Johnson offered a resolution calling upon the President for information as to the delivery of Señor Arguelles to the Spanish authorities.—Mr. Powell offered a resolution characterizing the act of the Administration in suppressing the publication of the New York *World* and the *Journal of Commerce* as a violation of the Constitution.——*May* 27. Mr. Sumner submitted a resolution "That a State pretending to secede from the Union, and battling against the National Government to maintain their position, must be regarded as a rebel State, subject to military occupation, and without representation on this floor until it has been readmitted by a vote of both Houses of Congress; and the Senate will decline to entertain any application from any such rebel State until after such a vote of both Houses." This resolution was intimated by Mr. Sumner to have reference to the case of Mr. Fishback, of Arkansas, who claims to have been elected United States Senator from that State. Mr. Fishback was formerly an avowed Secessionist.—Mr. Wade's bill to amend the act to enable the people of Colorado to form a Constitution and State Government was passed. It changes the time for holding the election authorized under the provisions of the bill.——*May* 28. The joint resolution to amend the charter of the city of Washington in regard to the registration of voters was passed, the Senate rejecting the amendment allowing persons to be registered as voters who have heretofore borne arms, without distinction of color.—Mr. Doolittle introduced a joint resolution voting the thanks of Congress to Colonel Bailey, of the Nineteenth Army Corps, and directing that a gold medal be prepared for presentation to him, under the direction of the President of the United States, as a recognition of the invaluable engineering ability displayed by him in devising and constructing works which enabled Admiral Porter's fleet to pass over the falls of Red River.—Subsequently, in executive session, a communication was received from the President nominating Colonel Bailey for Brevet Brigadier-General.—The Senate struck out from the Internal Revenue bill the clause taxing domestic spirits on hand.——*May* 30. The Tax bill was discussed without any conclusive action.——*May* 31. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, submitted a preamble and resolution charging against General Butler certain publicity with the rebellion in its incipient stages, and calling for a committee to investigate the charges.—The Internal Revenue bill was then taken up, and a number of amendments and provisions were acted upon. A proposed amendment of Mr. Powell, in effect abolishing the bounties paid by the Government to the Eastern fishermen, caused a long and very animated discussion, in which the character and virtues of New England, her people and institutions, were assailed by Messrs. Powell and Davis, and defended by Messrs. Morrill, Fessenden, Howe, M'Dougall, and Wilkinson. A vote was finally taken on Mr. Powell's amendment, and it was defeated.

HOUSE.—*May* 25. The Joint resolution that the undistributed portion of books and documents purchased by each House previous to the Thirty-seventh Congress be distributed to the present members and delegates was passed.—The Speaker laid before the House the reply of President Lincoln to the resolution adopted yesterday, inclosing the correspondence between Secretary Seward and Mr. Dayton relative to the resolution adopted by the House against the invasion of Mexico by France. Mr. Seward says that it is practically an Executive question; that it does not belong to Congress to take action in the premises, and that while the President receives the unanimous declaration of the House with the profound respect to which it is entitled, he directs Mr. Dayton to inform the French Government that he does not intend to depart from our heretofore enunciated policy concerning the French occupation of Mexico.—A report from the Committee of Conference on the Army bill was made, and a long debate followed on the equalization of the pay of soldiers. The House insisted upon its action that there shall be no distinction in pay in consequence of color.——*May* 26. The Reciprocity question was disposed of. After rejecting a substitute proposing a commission to negotiate a new treaty, and another authorizing the President to give the stipulated notice for the termination of the present treaty, the House, by a vote of 78 to 72, postponed the consideration of the whole subject until the second Tuesday of December.—The Senate bill providing for the payment of claims of Peruvian citizens under the Convention with Peru was passed.——*May* 27. The Senate bill modifying the existing law so that documents and letters may be sent to Government officers without the prepayment of postage was passed.——*May* 30. A bill appropriating $250,000 for the repair and preservation of the works for the benefit of commerce on the lakes, and $100,000 for similar purposes on the sea-board, was passed.—A bill was also passed extending the time fixed in the act of June, 1856, for commencing the construction of the Marquette and Ontonagon Railroad, in Michigan, for which the public lands were at that period appropriated.—The House, resuming the consideration of the Kentucky contested election case of M'Henry against Yeaman, by a vote of 96 yeas against 26 nays, adopted the resolution declaring Mr. Yeaman entitled to the his seat.—The Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire by what authority and under whose direction the rebels are interspersed with the National soldiers throughout the various hospitals of Washington, and as to the comparative treatment of the rebel and Union soldiers in the hospitals.—Mr. Lazear offered a long preamble, concluding with a resolution that the President be required to adopt measures for the suspension of hostilities between the North and South and an armistice, in order that in the mean time a Convention may be called of all the States, with a view to the restoration of the Union with their Constitutional rights. Objection was made, when Mr. Lazear moved a suspension of the rules, pending which the House adjourned.——*May* 31. A bill to carry into effect consular conventions with France, England, and other nations was passed. It provides that consul-generals, consuls, and commercial agents shall have jurisdiction over the officers and crews of the vessels of their respective countries in foreign waters, in cases of controversy respecting wages and other subjects.—The bill authorizing the President to construct a military railroad from the Ohio Valley to East Tennessee was passed, after a brief discussion, by a vote of 64 against 56.—The bill incorporating the People's Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Company, and giving alternate sections of land toward the construction of the line, which is to extend from Lake Superior to Puget's Sound, was also passed by a vote of 74 against 50.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

The week has developed some important events in General Grant's campaign. Our record closes with the retreat of Lee beyond the North Anna River, our forces vigorously pursuing. On Monday, 23d, the Second and Fifth corps, having crossed that river, pushed steadily forward, closely followed by the Sixth and Ninth, driving the enemy before them, until Lee took up a strong position some two miles beyond the river. In crossing the river, on the extreme left of our position, the Second corps assaulted and carried, without any considerable opposition, several formidable lines of works. Birney's Division, which, on the night previous, carried a rebel rifle-pits on the north side of the river, led the crossing, capturing fifty of the enemy's riflemen. On the right, opposite Duck's Mills Ford, Warren advanced in the morning, cutting the Virginia Central Railroad, and establishing himself in position at Noel's Station. Our total loss on Tuesday, in all the engagements, did not exceed 150. On Monday we lost between 500 and 600. About 1200 prisoners were taken from the enemy. Our troops, during Tuesday and Wednesday, tore up and destroyed nearly six miles of track on the Virginia Central Railroad west of Sexton's Junction, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg road, and our cavalry seriously damaged the rebel communications in other directions.

During Thursday night General Grant suddenly withdrew his army to the north side of the North Anna River, and moved rapidly in a southeasterly direction to Hanovertown on the Pamunkey River. Hanovertown is some twenty-five miles from the point at which Grant crossed the North Anna, and is only sixteen miles from Richmond. In the forward movement the cavalry led the advance, the First and Second divisions taking possession of Hanover Ferry and Hanovertown at nine o'clock on Friday morning, and capturing seventy-five men who were stationed at that point. The Sixth Corps came up soon after, and by Saturday noon the entire army had crossed the Pamunkey, having thus, in thirty-six hours, marched nearly thirty miles, crossed two rivers, and reached a position far on the flank of the enemy.

General Grant, having crossed his army, at once advanced and took up a position three miles south of the Pamunkey, awaiting the development of the strength and position of the enemy. During the same day (Saturday) two divisions of our cavalry engaged the enemy, driving him about a mile. Our loss was 54 killed and 300 wounded. Most of the killed of the enemy and many of his wounded fell into our hands.

On Monday dispositions for an attack were made by General Grant, Wilson's cavalry being ordered meanwhile to destroy the railroad bridges over the Little River and South Anna, and break up both roads from those rivers to two miles southwest of Hawes's Shop, where the headquarters of our army were established. On Monday evening the enemy attacked our position, but were repulsed. General Grant, in a dispatch dated Tuesday morning, says: "The enemy came over on our left last evening and attacked. They were easily repulsed, and with very considerable slaughter. To relieve General Warren, who was on the left, speedily, General Meade ordered an attack by the rest of our lines. General Hancock was the only one who received the order in time to make the attack before dark. He drove the enemy from his intrenched skirmish line, and still holds it. I have no report of our losses, but suppose them to be light."

Other official dispatches, not from General Grant, give more details. They are as follows, the first being dated Monday, May 30, at eight o'clock P.M.:

"In the course of the afternoon Warren had pushed down on our left, until his flank division, under Crawford, reached a point abreast of Shady Grove Church. Crawford having got detached from the rest of the corps, was attacked and crowded back a little. The enemy then threw a force, which appears to have consisted of Ewell's corps, upon Warren's left, attempting to turn it, but were repulsed. The engagement was short, sharp, and decisive.

"Warren holds his ground at a distance of seven miles from Richmond. He reports that he has taken a considerable number of prisoners, and that there are many rebel dead on the field. Of his own losses he has not yet made report. His latest dispatch says the enemy are moving troops to his left, apparently to cover the approach to Richmond in that direction. On our right an active conflict has been raging ever since dark, but has just closed. As soon as the enemy attacked the left of Warren, Wright and Hancock were ordered to pitch in, but do not seem to have got ready until after nightfall."

The other dispatch above referred to is dated at six o'clock Tuesday morning, and states that, on Hancock's attack last night, Colonel Brooks drove the enemy out of a strongly-intrenched skirmish line, and holds it. The losses are not reported. Burnside's white corps got across the Tolopatomoy Creek last evening, and is in full connection with Warren's. The left of Hancock's rests upon this side of the Creek. The Sixth Corps is upon Hancock's right, and threatens the left flank of the enemy. Sheridan, with Gregg's and Torbert's divisions of cavalry, is on our left flank. Wilson is on the right and rear, for purposes named above. The country thereabout is thickly wooded with pines, with few good openings. The latest indications are that the enemy has fallen back south of the Chickahominy.

INCIDENTAL MOVEMENTS IN GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

Upon the advance of General Grant's army, preparations were at once made for the evacuation of Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek, and by the close of last week all our sick and wounded, together with our army material and supplies, had been removed, and the country was abandoned to guerrillas. Our outpost troops, guarding the railroads and stations in front of Washington, were also drawn in for service elsewhere; this gave the Mosby rough-riders a fine opportunity to exhibit their destructive proclivities, and they accordingly set to work to destroy all the buildings from Union Mills down to the Rapidan, consisting of block-houses, warehouses, etc., which they accomplished most effectually by firing them. As General Grant now has his base on York River he is not at all incommoded by the raids. For a few days supplies were sent by way of Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, but Grant's passage of the Pamunkey made that river the or the York the natural channels of communication with his army.

On the 30th General Hunter, who is moving down the Shenandoah Valley, had reached Edinburg, where he found the enemy, 4000 strong, in his front. Edinburg is about fifty miles northwest of Gordonsville, which is probably his objective point. His first office, however, is to guard the Shenandoah Valley.

MOVEMENTS ON THE PENINSULA.

On Tuesday, May 24, General Fitzhugh Lee, with about 2000 cavalry, and some infantry and artillery, attacked our garrison at Wilson's Landing, on the north side of the James River, below Powhatan. The garrison consisted of two negro regiments under General Wild. Before the attack Lee sent a flag, stating that he had force enough to take the place, demanded its surrender, and in that case the garrison should be turned over to the authorities at Richmond as prisoners of war; but if this proposition was rejected he would not be answerable for the consequences when he took the place. General Wild replied, "We will try that." The enemy, after desperate fighting, were repulsed and driven back in disorder, leaving between 200 and 300 in killed and wounded on the field. Our loss was 40 wounded and 7 killed. One rebel Major was killed, a rebel Colonel was made prisoner, and 10 privates were also captured. On the same day General Gillmore went on a reconnoissance from our intrenched position, met the enemy, and after a fight of an hour and a half defeated them, with very slight loss on our side.

On the 25th a slight skirmish took place about three miles from City Point, up the Appomattox River, between pickets. The enemy were routed. The advance of General Grant has an important bearing on General Butler's position, and none but defensive operations have taken place since the 25th. The Eighteenth Army Corps and some regiments of the Tenth Corps were on the 30th brought down the James River from Butler's Army and sent up the York. Of this movement, Secretary Stanton, in a bulletin of the 30th, says: "A portion of General Butler's forces at Bermuda Hundred, not required for defensive operations there, has been transferred, under command of General Smith, to the Army of the Potomac, and is supposed by this time to have formed a junction. No change in the command of the Department of Virginia has been made. General Butler remains in full command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and continues at the head of his force in the field."

On Monday, the 30th, the rebels attacked Butler's position, but every assault was repulsed. On Tuesday morning the rebels again began to make demonstrations against our position at Bermuda, but up to the date of the last dispatch nothing had been effected. It is quite likely that these demonstrations are for the purpose of covering the withdrawal of a large portion of Beauregard's force.

In reference to the rebel losses in the Peninsula campaign, a letter to the New York *Herald*, dated 26th inst., says: "Late Petersburg papers acknowledge a loss in Beauregard's army, in wounded, so far as they have been admitted to two or three general hospitals, of three thousand and forty. To these must be added the killed, the wounded not sent to hospital, and those who fell into our hands. Adding the number of prisoners in our hands, the enemy's loss up to the 16th inst. was not less than six thousand. In the fight of Friday last they acknowledge a loss of over six hundred and fifty. Our losses at the battle of Palmer's Creek and other smaller engagements amount to about three thousand, including both killed and wounded. About three thousand four hundred wounded have been sent to Fortress Monroe; but this number includes all the wounded of General Kautz's and Sheridan's commands, and also the rebel wounded brought in by General Sheridan. These figures may be relied on as correct in every respect."

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

General Sherman's march is still onward. Our record last week closed with the occupation of Kingston and the line of the Etowah River by our forces on the 19th ult. From that point, on the 24th, having brought up his supplies, General Sherman resumed his march, pushing in a southwesterly direction for Altoona, situated some twenty miles distant, on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. Flanking this position, which is said to be even stronger than Atlanta, the army pressed forward toward Dallas, lying some twenty miles almost directly south of Altoona. Here we came up with the enemy, and on Saturday, the 28th, an engagement took place between them and M'Pherson's corps, in which the rebels were driven back, with a loss to them of 2500 killed and wounded left in our hands, and about 300 prisoners. General M'Pherson's loss was not over 300 in all.

General Sherman's head-quarters were still at Dallas at the latest accounts. Dallas is about thirty-two miles from Atlanta.

GENERAL BANKS'S CAMPAIGN.

General Banks, with a part of his army, arrived at New Orleans on the 21st of May. In moving across the country during his retreat from Alexandria General Banks left the Red River at Fort De Russy, and struck for Semmesport, where he crossed the Atchafalaya, and then marched to Morganza, on the Mississippi. A. J. Smith's command also marched to Semmesport, and there embarked in transports. General Smith had a spirited engagement with Polignac's rebel division on the 8th ult., defeating it, driving it several miles, and capturing 300 prisoners. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is stated at 500. General Smith's command arrived at Vicksburg in transports on the 24th ult. Late dispatches from General Canby state that he is actively engaged in resupplying the troops brought back by General Steele and General Banks, and organizing the forces of the West Mississippi Division, which now comprehends the Departments of Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana. Generals Rosecrans, Steele, and Banks remain in command of their respective departments, under the order of General Canby, as Division Commander, his military relations being the same as that formerly exercised by General Grant, and now exercised by General Sherman, over the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee.

NAVAL AND MILITARY ITEMS.

Brigadier-Generals Gibbon and Dodge have been nominated Major-Generals of Volunteers. General Oglesby has resigned, and General Buell has been mustered out. General Oglesby has tendered his resignation three times, and it is accepted now for the purpose of making a vacancy for General Dodge. General Oglesby has been nominated as the Union candidate for Governor of Illinois. General Buell was mustered out for refusing to accept a command under General Canby.

Generals Beauregard and Forest, and Lieutenant Governor I. G. Harris, have paid the direct tax upon their real estate in Tennessee, through agents or attorneys. This appears from an official letter from the Tax Commissioner of Tennessee.

It appears from the rolls of the Medical Director that 28,000 men have been sent to hospitals from battle-fields in the present campaign. About 5000 of the number are not wounded, but sick. A considerable number are rebel wounded. As there was but little artillery used in the engagement between Grant and Lee the proportion of serious cases is unusually small, and a large number of the wounded will be able to return to the field in a few weeks.

The rebel privateer *Florida* landed at Martinique, May 4, the crew of a bark from Sombrero, guano laden, which she had captured and burned. The bark is supposed to have been the *David Lapsley*, of and for Philadelphia.

It appears that General J. E. B. Stuart was shot by a private of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, named Dunn. The bullet entered the right side of the rebel officer, and came out at the left. As the General fell, Dunn exclaimed, "Colonel, there is a spread eagle for you!" It was not suspected who the General was.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cleveland Radical Convention, which assembled on the 30th ult., on the following day nominated for President General John C. Frémont and for Vice-President, General John Cochrane. The platform declared for the Union, the Constitution and the laws, the suppression of the rebellion without compromise, the rights of free speech, free press, and *habeas corpus*, the Constitutional prohibition of Slavery—for integrity and economy, for confiscation, the right of asylum, the Monroe doctrine, the one-term policy, etc. A committee of five was appointed to report a plan of party organization, and a *name* for the party.

The cash receipts of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair at St. Louis have already reached $325,000.

Joshua R. Giddings died suddenly at Montreal on the 27th ult.

The New Hampshire Union State Convention has declared in favor of the renomination of President Lincoln.

An interesting debate took place in the rebel Congress on the 23d, upon a series of resolutions from North Carolina, asking for the appointment of commissioners to obtain an armistice of ninety days from the Union Government, with a view to obtain peace. The resolutions were tabled.

Over 1000 contrabands arrived at Washington on Monday from the region covered by General Grant's operations.

The Old-School Presbyterian General Assembly, in session at Newark, New Jersey, has adopted strong anti-slavery resolutions.

The draft in New Jersey has been nearly completed. In Kentucky it is still in progress. Hundreds of negroes in that State are enlisting.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN AFFAIR.

THE Dano-German Conference had another session in London on the 17th of May, but there is no report of progress toward a peace settlement. On the contrary, it seemed as if the Schleswig-Holstein affair was becoming more complicated, owing to the wily diplomacy of Russia, the peculiar policy of Napoleon, the obstinacy of Prussia, and the very feeble position assumed and maintained by England. It was thought probable that England would on this very subject be dragged into a naval war.—It is said that France urges in the Conference the prolongation of the suspension of hostilities beyond the stipulated period. The Prince of Augustenburg had entered Altona, in Holstein, amidst much enthusiasm, and a manifesto in his favor had been issued, bearing the signatures of more than 1300 members of the representative bodies of the German States.

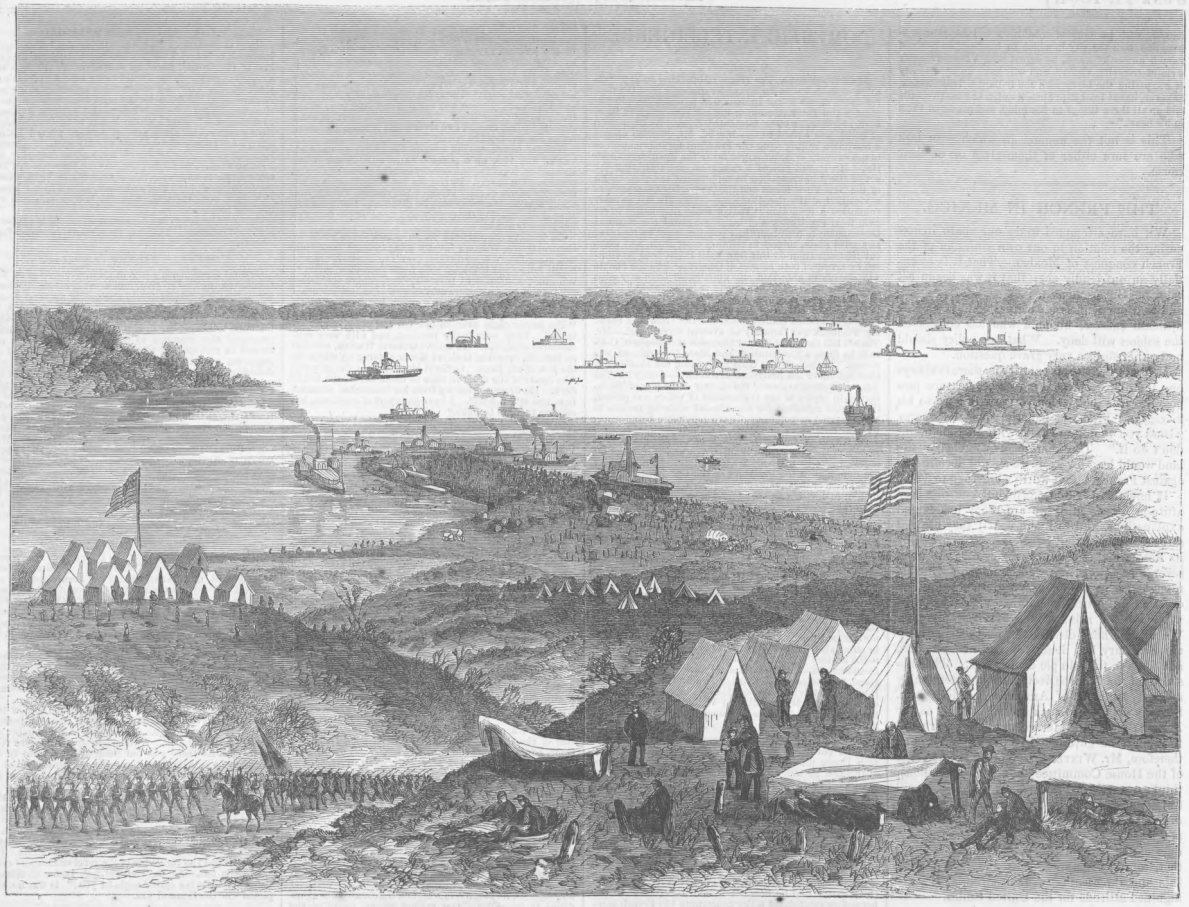
BRITISH SHIP-OWNERS AND PRIVATEERING.

The Liverpool ship-owners are beginning to exhibit great alarm at the prospect of retaliation for the rebel fleet by means of American privateers preying on English commerce should Great Britain be engaged in a war with any considerable Power. A number of shipping firms in that town united in a memorial to the House of Commons setting forth the danger to which British shipping may be exposed under a state of affairs which permits a belligerent to construct and send to sea vessels of war from neutral ports, as the *Alabama* and *Georgia*, and praying that measures be adopted by the Government, in conjunction with that of the United States and other Powers, to prevent such a state of things.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

The French Minister of State, in a recent debate in the Legislative Chambers, declared that the Government, ten days ago, had given orders not to allow certain ships, which were suspected of building in French ports for the rebel service, to leave France till their destination was clearly established. At the same time the Minister gave his reasons for believing that the American Government would not interfere in the settlement of the Mexican question. He thought that the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico would prove of great advantage to the United States.

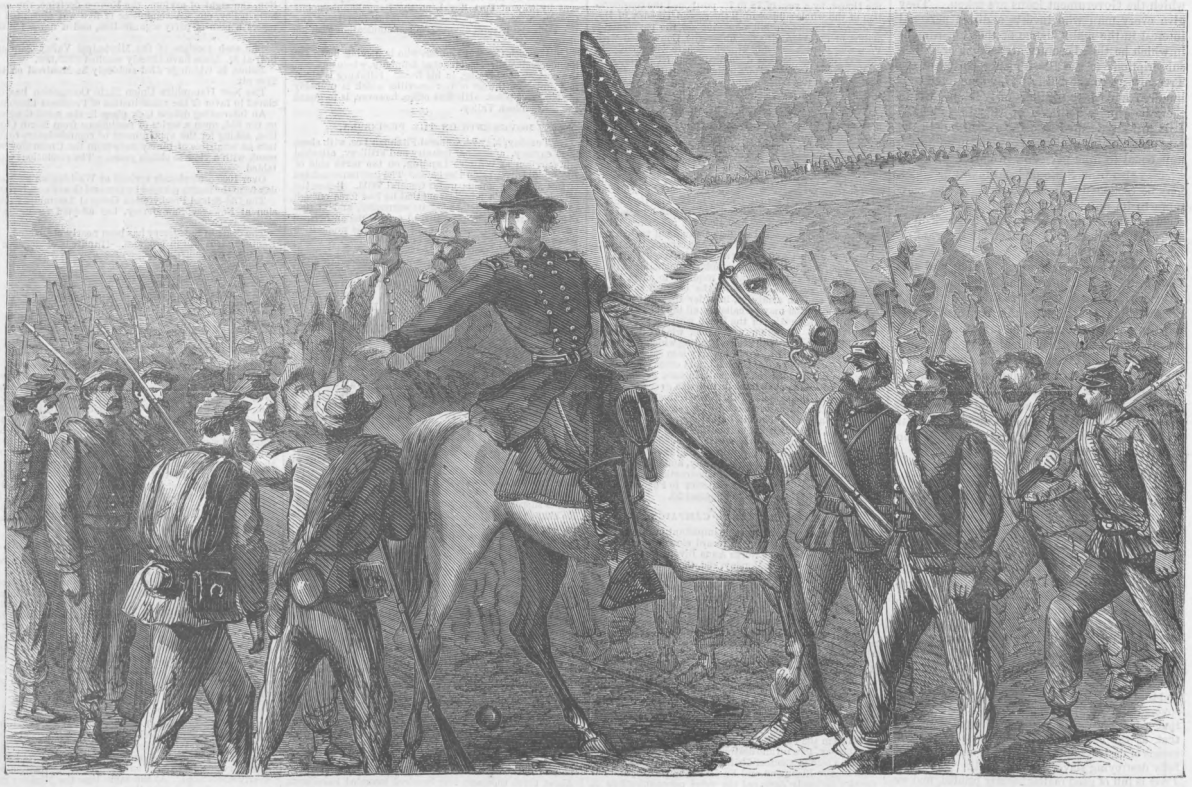
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BELLE PLAIN, VIRGINIA—GENERAL GRANT'S LATE BASE OF SUPPLIES.

BELLE PLAIN, VIRGINIA.

BELLE PLAIN, Virginia, the recent base of supplies for General GRANT's army, is simply a rude landing on Potomac Creek, constructed for the present emergency, right at the foot of a range of wooded hills, along which sharp, precipitous roads wind away toward Fredericksburg, nine miles distant. There are no houses of any sort within a mile of the landing, and the appearance of the surrounding country is desolate in the extreme. The offing, which is embraced in our sketch, was constantly crowded with transports and naval vessels, receiving and unloading stores and troops; and the scene from the heights on a clear day was almost as full of life and animation as New York Harbor.



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL WARREN RALLYING THE MARYLANDERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARIES.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

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NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

"HOLD there, courier, what news from the front?
Go not so fast on your galloping way!
Have the armies met, has a battle been fought?
Tell us which side has won the day,
And who is living, and who lie low;
We all have friends in the ranks, you know."

"The armies met but a few days since,
And a terrible battle has been fought;
We are the victors, thank the Lord!
But the victory, oh, it was dearly bought,
For the ground is littered with Union dead,
And the trampled grass with their blood is red."

"Tell me, courier, say if you can
How it has fared with my own brave boy?
He was the last of five gallant sons,
His mother's only remaining joy."
Thus spoke a woman wrinkled and gray,
As the courier paused a while by the way.

"Your boy, good woman? Alas! he is killed;
In the front of battle I saw him fall,
With his face to the enemy he lay,
Shot through the heart by a rifleman's ball;
But tell me, mother, was your boy's life
More dear than our cause in this deadly strife?"

"Courier, I have already said
He was the child of my later years;
I have given five to our noble cause—
And the Lord will wipe away these tears;
'Tis hard with one's flesh and blood to part,
But I yield them all with a willing heart."

"Courier," said a young wife then,
"Is my husband living, and is he well?"
"My Captain, lady, was wounded at first,
Close by my side in the fight he fell;
And asked that this token to you I'd give,
For he knew himself that he could not live."

"O God, he is dead! 'tis my picture this;
I bade him wear it on every field
Close to his heart, where I placed it then,
Praying his precious life it might shield;
And I strove to keep the tears from my eyes
When I gave him to God a sacrifice!"

"And, courier, what of Walter Holt?
Pray tell me if of him you know aught"—
This from the lips of a fair young girl.
"I know how bravely and well he fought,
And I know as well that he lost an arm,
But otherwise he is safe from harm."

"Oh, courier, tell him when you return
How that of one thing he may be sure:
That I am his whenever he will;
And 'though he has lost an arm, and is poor,
Bid him remember that I have two,
And will prove what a Yankee girl can do."

Then the courier spurred his foaming steed,
Thinking aloud as he rode away:
"Oh, when will the night of battle clear,
And show us the dawn of a brighter day,
When these groans of anguish and grief shall cease
In the golden sunrise of perfect peace?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GARIBALDI'S HYMN.—Nonsense! Speak grammatically, and say Garibaldi's *He*.

Why is the top of a bald man's head like the North Pole?—Because it is a great bear (bare) place.

PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN IT.—"Putting your foot in it," it seems, is a term of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practiced in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyer on either side put one of their legs, and there remain until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects; in which case his client is defeated. In our country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it."

When is a woman like a watch?—When she is capp'd and jeweled.

THE GREEN LOVE.—Oyster Patty.

Dr. Mead, calling one day on a gentleman who had been severely afflicted with the gout, found, to his surprise, the disease gone and the patient rejoicing on his recovery over a bottle of wine. "Come along, doctor," exclaimed he, "you are just in time to taste this bottle of Madeira; it is . . . first of a pipe that has just been broached." "Ah!" replied the doctor, shaking his head, "these pipes of Madeira are the cause of all your suffering." "Well, then," rejoined the gay incurable, "fill your glass; for now we have found out the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

TURNIPS.—A farmer, by chance a companion in a coach with Sydney Smith, kept boring him to death with questions, in the jargon of agriculturists, about crops. At length he put a poser: "And pray, Sir, how are turnips t'year?" "Why, that, Sir," stammered out Smith, "will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

A drunken fellow, sitting on the steps of St. Paul's church, the cold wind blowing chillingly round the corner, thus soliloquized, "If Heaven (hic) tempers the wind to the (hic) shorn lamb, I wish the lamb (hic) was on this corner."

There is an anecdote of an honest Irishman, whose mingled sense of the duty of gratitude and the awkwardness of obligation found vent in the characteristic aspiration, "Oh, that I could see your honor knocked down in a fight! Sure, and wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue!"

A vendor of hoops was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these beautiful skirts," said the vendor. "Well, of course not," dryly remarked the husband, "she should be *within* them."

A countryman was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of "The Pigs." "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs; but there is one fault—nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

A few days since a dunner called on a young gentleman and presented him a bill, when he was somewhat taken aback by the gent taking him aside and blandly saying: "My dear Sir, call next Thursday, and I'll tell you when to call again."

The late Lord Petersham, a great dandy, possessed a cellar of snuff, arranged in jars, said to have been worth three thousand pounds. He had the finest collection of boxes in England, and had a box for every day in the year. On a beautiful old light blue Sevres box being particularly admired, he would lisp out affectedly, "Yes, it's a nice summer box; but it doesn't do for winter wear."

Partly fulfilling a promise is like breaking your word and offering some of the bits.

A neglected wife declares that she and her husband are like two mile-stones, because she may say that he and she are never seen together.

People who have never been in Italy form very *macaronious* ideas about it.

Why is a vine like a soldier?—Because it is 'listed and trained, and has ten-drills and shoots.

"It's all stuff," as the lady said to her husband, who was complaining of dyspepsia after a public dinner.

An eminent divine preached one Sunday morning from the text, "Ye are the children of the devil," and in the afternoon, by funny coincidence, from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

A northern English rector used to think it polite not to begin service before the arrival of the squire. A little while ago he forgot his manners, and began, "When the wicked man—" "Stop, Sir!" called out the clerk, "he ain't come yet."

A young gentleman from the "rooral districts," who advertised for a wife through the newspapers, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him that he could have theirs.

THE ANCIENTS OUTDONE.—Talk of Dædalus and Icarus! A man made wings to his house, and had a fly in it!

VERBUM SAP.—Time is never in a hurry, but never idles.

Were a second deluge to occur the best place to retreat to would, of course, be *New-ark*.

GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT.

GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT, of whom we give a portrait on our first page, now commanding the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, entered West Point from Connecticut in the year 1837. In July, 1841, he was appointed Second Lieutenant of Engineers, and in January, 1842, became Acting Assistant Professor of Engineering in the Military Academy, holding the position to August of the following year. In July, 1844, he was appointed Assistant Professor, and in the spring of 1848 was made a First Lieutenant, becoming subsequently Captain, in the Engineer Corps. In 1861 he was promoted to Major, and in September of the same year was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and placed in command of the Third Brigade of SHERMAN'S forces, which participated in the Port Royal expedition. When the Army of the South was reorganized, under General HUNTER, General WRIGHT was, on the 23d of May, 1862, placed in command of the Third Brigade of General BENHAM'S First Division. Subsequently he was ordered North with his brigade, and participated in M'CLELLAN'S Peninsular Campaign. In July, 1862, he was appointed a Major-General of Volunteers, and ordered to the Military Department of the Ohio, with head-quarters at Cincinnati. He held this command during the advance of BRAGG'S army through East Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio River, and by his ability aided in organizing forces for the protection of Cincinnati. He retained this position until March 26, 1863, when, in consequence of the Senate refusing to confirm his appointment of Major-General, he was relieved by General BURNSIDE, and ordered to report to head-quarters for assignment.

For a short time General WRIGHT was kept unemployed, but was at last assigned to the command of the First Division of the Sixth Corps. During the passage of the Rappahannock in November, 1863, General WRIGHT was placed in command of the Sixth Corps, which was attached to General SEDGWICK'S right wing of that army. At the storming of the works the command of General WRIGHT particularly distinguished itself, and General MEADE, in his general order of November 9, 1863, complimented not only General WRIGHT as corps commander, but particularly mentioned the division so recently under his charge.

When the Army of the Potomac was reorganized during March, 1864, under General MEADE, for the present campaign, General WRIGHT was assigned to the command of the First Division of the Sixth Army Corps. Upon General SEDGWICK'S death he succeeded to the command of the corps, and has just been renominated as a Major-General.

THE STATION-MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

I HAD lost sight of my old college chum, Fred Pepper, for several years, till I accepted an invitation from him last autumn to stay a week with him at his home in one of the midland counties. According to arrangement, he met me at Wallington Junction, a station about twenty miles from his house, the remainder of the journey having to be performed on a branch line of railway.

"You will have to take a fresh ticket here," said Fred, after I had alighted from the train, and we had greeted each other with a hearty shake of the hand. "You will find the booking-office at the upper end of the platform."

I went to the window indicated by my friend, and obtained the needful ticket; noticing at the same time that I was waited upon by a young woman—rather an unusual case in England, I believe, though not so unfrequent in Scotland; quite a mite of a young woman, so slenderly proportioned was she, so slight of figure; with large, shy, brown eyes, and brown hair; with small, pale, clearly-cut features; hardly to be called pretty, but with an expression of candor and good temper that was infinitely pleasing. Whatever touches of adornment the otherwise dingy office had received were due to her busy little fingers; to her evidently belonged the three pots of scarlet geraniums, and the box of mignonnette in the window; the canary, lively and loud-voiced, in its circular wire cage; the elaborate piece of embroidery on the desk; and a green-backed volume of poems.

"Are all your booking-clerks in this part of the country as charming as the one who has just waited on me?" inquired I of Fred.

"Ah, you have seen little Madge Carliston, I suppose," said he; "but you must not expect to find another like her. Have you never heard of her before? Well, then, I must relate to you a little circumstance which happened three or four years ago, and which made Madge quite a heroine in these parts. Let us secure a compartment to ourselves, and then you shall have it."

My friend was well known on the line, and the guard civilly locked the door at his bidding, and secured us from intrusion. Having fixed ourselves, therefore, comfortably in opposite corners, Fred proceeded to favor me with the following narrative:

"Two years ago," commenced he, "old David Carliston, the father of Madge, was station-master at Birkwood, a little road-side place about fifteen miles from Wallington Junction. David had been a soldier in his younger days, could show two or three medals, and had probably obtained his post on the line through the interest of some friendly director, rather than from any particular aptitude he himself displayed. He had been a widower for many years, and his small household was managed by his daughter Margaret, or Madge, as she was generally called by her father and every one else.

"There was very little traffic, either goods or passenger, at Birkwood; so that the life led by David and his daughter was a very lonely one. The village of Birkwood itself, which contained only about a couple of hundred inhabitants, lying a mile and a half away down the main road.

"It thus fell out that Madge, having much leisure time on her hands, gradually initiated herself into the duties of a clerk at a small station; being, indeed, very nimble with her pen, and in that respect the reverse of David. His duties were over by eight o'clock in the evening, there being no train which stopped at Birkwood between that hour and seven in the morning; and having seen that his night-signals were all right, the old soldier would, if the weather were fine, generally trudge down into the village, to smoke his pipe and drink an evening glass at the Farriers' Arms, at which place, by virtue of his military experiences and his two medals, he was looked upon as a hero whose dictum was in no case to be disputed. These nightly visits to the Farriers' Arms were a source of no small disquietude to Madge, for it not unfrequently happened that David, rendered forgetful by the excitement of congenial company, and by the rude but genuine applause which always greeted his stories of warlike adventure, would imbibe more of the Farriers' heady home-brewed than he could conveniently carry, and would reach home at a late hour in a state which permitted no recollection next morning of how he got there.

"It was hardly likely that such a girl as Madge Carliston could have reached the age of seventeen, even in a remote place like Birkwood, without having suitors for her hand. Of the unfortunate rejected ones who had been sent about their business, with no measure of hard words, but with a gentle refusal, uttered half reluctantly, as though she were unwilling to inflict so much pain, the only one known to me by name was young Will Ferguson, a guard on the line. Will had tried his fortune, and had been rejected, like others before him; but whether there was something in Madge's soft refusal which would not permit him to despair of success, or whether it was owing to the constancy and true nature of his affection, he still went on loving as before, and would by no means take his rejection as final. 'It's a woman's privilege to change her mind,' he would say; 'and who knows but that Madge may change hers!'

"Will's most formidable rival was handsome black-eyed Dick Carradus, son of Lord Alfreton's bailiff—a village scape-grace, who had been turned out of doors by his father some years before; had then gone to Australia, and had come back, after being five years away, quite as poor as he went, and was now living at home on sufferance, till something should turn up likely to suit his lazy abilities.

"Dick had not been back long before he singled out little Madge Carliston as the object of his attentions. He began by paying court to her father, and would lounge up to the station of a morning, having no work of his own to engage him, and smoke and chat with the old man between trains, listen with respectful attention to his long-winded stories, retail the latest village news, and give him now and then a helping-hand with his garden; so that, after a time, the morning seemed long and dull which was not enlivened by a visit from laughing, good-tempered Dick. To Madge he made no open profession of his love, being quick enough to perceive that she was one of those who are not to be won in a day; but he let her see in twenty different ways how constantly she dwelt in his thoughts. To what extent he succeeded in winning her affections no one ever knew, but that she was inclined to favor his suit seems certain; indeed it would have been strange if a girl of her limited experience and slight knowledge of the world, without any previous liking for another, had remained insensible to the manifold attractions of Dick.

"Matters had progressed thus for some months without seeming to progress at all, when, one autumn forenoon, Dick lounged up to the station accompanied by a stranger, whom he presented to David as his friend Mr. Kulp, from Australia. Madge, who was looking on unseen from behind the blind that shaded the open window, thought she had never seen a more sinister and ill-looking visage than that of Mr. Kulp. He was dressed in a new, shiny suit of black, in which he looked very awkward and ill at ease, his great horny hands being especially difficult to dispose of, and wandering incessantly into his pockets and out of them again; he would evidently have felt more at home in the red shirt and highlows of a digger. His face and neck were the color of a brick, and his shaggy red hair and long red beard, rudely trimmed by some country barber, did not add to the attractiveness of his appearance. His features were bold and sufficiently well-shaped; but the expression of his eyes was so thoroughly bad, that it was impossible to be mistaken as to the nature of the soul that gazed loweringly out of their treacherous depths. Madge could not help wondering to herself how it happened that laughing, careless Dick had come to choose such a man as this Kulp for his companion.

"David went into the house, and presently returned with a jug of ale and some glasses; and Mr. Kulp having produced some cigars, the three sat down on one of the benches outside the station, and proceeded to enjoy themselves after their own fashion.

"'We had Lord Alfreton's family here yesterday afternoon,' said David, after a while. 'There was three truck-load of luggage and things, besides eight horses, and a lot of dogs; and a rare lot of money it came to. Fact is,' continued the old soldier, 'I never was so busy since I came here as I've been this morning; for Baylis, the cattle-drover, sent me word a week ago to get him twenty wagons ready by this morning; and sure enough, by five o'clock he was here with a lot of staring, half-mad bullocks; and rare and cold it was too at that hour; but we got them all safe into the trucks, and the engine fetched them at eight o'clock—quite a little train of themselves. And then Baylis came into the house, and had a bit of breakfast with me, and paid me for the carriage of the cattle. Why, lads, I shall have over a hundred and fifty pounds to send to bank in the morning. I'll warrant such a thing never happened before since Birkwood was a station;' and the old man chuckled to himself as he emptied his glass, and seemed to look upon the whole matter as an excellent joke.

"Shortly afterward Dick and Mr. Kulp took their leave, the former depositing on the window-sill a little bunch of flowers for Madge, who still kept resolutely within doors. The two walked slowly down the road, conversing earnestly together, Mr. Kulp apparently endeavoring to impress some important point on the attention of the half-reluctant Dick; and in a few minutes the latter came hastily back, and going up to David, who was busy digging in his garden by this time, said:

"'You'll be down at the Farriers' to-night, won't you, governor? There's to be a bit of a dahlia-show among the villagers, and they'll be sure to want you to act as one of the judges.'

"'I'll drop down, lad, after the eight o'clock train has gone, and that's as soon as I can leave; not that I know much about dahlias, but I can give my opinion, I dare say, as well as another man.'

"So, with a renewed good-morning, Dick finally departed, and having rejoined Mr. Kulp, who was lounging over a gate waiting the return of his friend, the two went on their way together, and were quickly lost to view.

"All these proceedings had been witnessed by Madge from her eyrie, but she had been too far away to hear the conversation between Dick and her father in the garden. When she was certain that the two were finally gone she stole down stairs, and taking possession of the flowers, kissed them and put them carefully into water. Then she went about her work, humming an old song to herself; but she could not get rid of the idea that the malignant eyes of Mr. Kulp were furtively watching her wherever she went.

"When David had attended to the eight o'clock train he went into the house and changed his hat and coat, telling Madge that he was going down into the village, but that he should not be late home. Madge was too much accustomed to her father's evening absences to think any thing of this, and had learned from experience that when he announced his intention of being home at an early hour he was pretty sure to be later than common. Having arranged his neck-tie to her satisfaction, and given him a parting kiss, she made up the fire, lighted the candle, and sat down to her sewing, quite content to pass the long evening all alone in the solitary station-house.

"Having sewn till she was tired, she put her work away, and then got out her hymn-book, and marked one or two hymns to be sung by her scholars at school on the following Sunday; then she read a while; and then, all unconsciously to herself, her eyes softly closed, and she knew nothing more.

"She was roused by the clock close above her head striking eleven, and at the moment she opened her eyes she was startled by seeing, or believing that she saw, the handle of the door on the opposite side of the room slowly and noiselessly turned, as though some one were trying to open it from the outside. The door in question led on to the platform, but fortunately she had shot the bolt into its place after seeing her father down the road. The blood thrilled through her heart as she gazed with a sort of horrible fascination on the revolving handle, and in a moment she was as thoroughly awake as ever she had been in her life. She listened, with all her senses on the alert, but the silence remained unbroken save by the ticking of the clock and the faint singing of the telegraph wires in the breeze outside. She kept her eyes fixed intently on the door for what seemed to her an intolerably long time, but there was no movement, nor any sign of life other than her own beating heart; so, with a sigh of relief, she at length wrenched her eyes away, and persuaded herself that, in the confusion of that first waking moment, her senses must have misled her. The hour was late, and her father could not be long now; so she would just make every thing secure below stairs, and then go and lie down on her bed without undressing, in readiness to run down at his first knock.

"It was hardly pleasant going about the house after seeing that strange movement of the door-handle; but she nerved herself to the effort, although the eyes of Mr. Kulp seemed to stare out at her with baleful intensity from every dusky corner, and to lie in wait for her behind every door. But the task, after all, was only a short one; and when she had seen that all the doors and windows were properly secured, and that there was nothing to be feared from the fire, she took up her candle, and walked slowly and steadily up the short flight of stairs which led to her own and her father's bedrooms on the upper floor. After glancing into the

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latter room, and seeing that the cash-box was there as usual on the chest of drawers, she passed forward into her own chamber, the window of which looked out at the back of the station, and down the road that led to the village.

"It was David's custom, as an extra measure of precaution, to place the cash-box in his bedroom overnight. After the departure of the last train he made up his receipts for the day, and put the amount into the box which traveled backward and forward between the bank and the station, ready for conveyance to head-quarters; so that when Madge saw the box where it always stood overnight she felt quite satisfied as to its safety, and never once thought whether the amount it contained might be great or small.

"Perfectly assured by this time that the movement of the door-handle was a pure piece of imagination on her part, and having quite recovered the steadiness of her nerves, now that she was safe in her own little bower, she sat down in front of the glass, and leisurely proceeded to brush out her long brown hair, pausing now and then to smell at the bouquet left by Dick, and humming a familiar tune to herself, wondering how much later her father would be, and becoming more anxious, as the time verged on toward midnight, as to the condition in which he would reach home. She had sat thus for some time, when she was startled by the noise of something striking against the window. She got up, put the candle in the furthest corner of the room, drew aside the blind, and looked out. The moon was nearly at the full, but thick masses of cloud overshadowed the sky, leaving only a sort of dull half-light, in which nothing could be clearly discerned. There was, however, sufficient light for Madge to make out the familiar figure of Dick Carradus beckoning to her with one hand, as though he wished to speak to her. Her fears took alarm at once; something had happened to her father, and Dick had come to break the bad news to her. She drew up the blind and flung open the window with hands that trembled so much that they could scarcely do her bidding, dreading, yet longing, to know the worst.

"'Your father has been taken with a fit at the Farriers' Arms,' said Dick, 'and I am come to fetch you. Make haste, and put on your things, and let us be off.'

"Dick was standing in an open space of ground about a dozen yards from the house, where his figure could be plainly made out; a little to his left, and a few yards further from the house, was an outbuilding belonging to the station; and Madge, while Dick was speaking to her, distinctly saw the head and shoulders of a man protruded for a moment from behind the gable of the building, as though in the act of listening, and then withdrawn; the man, whoever he might be, evidently thinking that, as the night was so much overcast, it would be impossible for any one to see him from the house. With a woman's intuition Madge at once felt that the head and shoulders could belong to no one but Mr. Kulp.

"'I will be down in a minute or two,' she called out to Dick in a hard, shrill voice which she hardly recognized as her own.

"She came in, shut down the window, and replaced the blind, and stood for a moment with the fingers of both hands pressed against her eyes, thinking intently. Then taking up the candle, she carried it into her father's bedroom, the window of which looked in the direction opposite to her own; but instead of proceeding to put on her bonnet and shawl, she stole back into her own dark room, and drew the blind about an inch on one side, and looked out. It was as she had thought; there were two of them; and at the moment she looked out they were talking earnestly together, as they stood close to the gable of the outbuilding; but next minute Dick seemed to push the stranger back out of sight, and came forward himself, and took up his first position, close to the house, waiting for Madge to come out.

"Madge stood up in a maze of doubt and fear. Why had not Dick come alone? And who was that other man hidden away behind the gable with Dick's connivance? Why, in fact, if Dick's story were true, need there be any concealment at all?

"'Are you ready?' called Dick; and then there came a sharp imperious summons with his knuckles on the door below; and then the door itself was tried; but it was locked.

"Madge started out of her brief reverie, opened her bedroom window, and looked out for the second time. 'Do make haste!' exclaimed Dick the moment her head was protruded from the window. 'How long are you going to be?'

"'Answer me one question,' said Madge. 'Did you come up from the village alone? Is there any one here besides yourself? You know, Dick, that I am easily frightened—and—the hour is late, and —and—'

"Before Dick could reply the hidden man burst out into the moonlight, revealing Mr. Kulp to Madge's straining eyes.

"'Come, stow all that jabber!' exclaimed Kulp, brutally. 'If you had been guided by me'—this to Dick—'we should have had what we came for before now; but you must needs go to work in your own idiotic way; and see the result—all this precious time wasted, and nothing done! Look you here, young woman!' turning to Madge; 'you need not expect your father home just at present; he's disposed of, where he'll trouble nobody for some time to come. There's not a soul within a mile of you, except us two—two fellows who don't stick at trifles, against a wisp of a girl who gives tongue if she sees a mouse suddenly. Now we've nothing against you yourself; we don't wish to do you any harm. What we've come for is the money we know you have in the house—not the old man's own money, but the money belonging to the railway. You can drop it quietly out of the window, if you like—we know within a quid or two how much there is—and we'll take our leave at once; and you'll be none the poorer—it will only be the railway that will suffer, and they can afford it. But offer any resistance, or try on any of your tricks, and we'll not only have the money, but your life into the bargain.'

"The idea of any one thinking it worth while to rob the station had never entered the head of Madge; but as Kulp spoke, she remembered that there was that night a much larger sum of money in the house than had ever been there before. Dick, from his frequent visits to the station, was doubtless well aware that old David was in the habit of keeping the cash in his bedroom, as a security against thieves. All these thoughts passed through her brain while Kulp was speaking. When he had done, she gave one great despairing sob, wrung from her by the thought of her lover's treachery, and her heart for the moment seemed to wither up within her. But the necessity for immediate action was pressing—she would have time enough in the dark future before her to brood over her sweetheart's baseness. What must she do? If her father was not ill, as these men had first averred, then why had he not come home? He had never, even when most overcome, staid out till this hour. Was it not possible—nay, probable—that they had murdered him first, to get him out of the way, and had then come on to the station to complete their work by robbery, and perhaps murder, there?

"A rude summons from Kulp cut short her brief reverie. 'Now, young woman, what are you about? Do you expect us to wait here all night?'

"'Oh, Dick, for pity's sake, tell me what has become of my father?' she said, still speaking through the window, and heedless for the moment of Kulp.

"Dick rose from his seat as if he were going to reply, but Kulp waved him back. 'Your father's disposed of where he'll trouble nobody, as I told you before. And now let us have your answer at once. Do you mean to give us that money quietly or not?'

"'No—a thousand times no!' exclaimed Madge, passionately. 'Cowards that you are, come and take it, if you dare!' and she shut down the window with a bang, as though disdaining further parley.

"The thought of her father lying wounded, perhaps dead, in some lonely spot, lent her a courage, a reckless audacity, that made her for the time almost indifferent to any thing that could happen to herself. What means of defense had she? was her first question. Scarcely any. The doors and windows, indeed, down stairs were fastened; but she knew well that they would not stand long against the assaults of two men determined on effecting an entrance. There were no arms of any kind in the house. There was the door at the bottom of the stairs opening into the kitchen—she might, perhaps, do a little toward securing that. The candle was still burning where she had left it; and as she went into the room, the cash-box containing the cause of all these misfortunes stared her in the face. Her father's keys lay beside it, together with a bag containing the silver and copper retained by David as change. A flash of inspiration came to her as she looked at these things. She opened the cash-box, and took out the bag containing the day's receipts, in notes, checks, and gold, and concealed it in the bosom of her dress. She then put the bag containing the silver and copper into the box, locked it, and threw the keys under the bed. Her next proceeding was to secure the frail door at the foot of the staircase as well as she was able, by inserting a small wooden peg above the latch, so as to hinder any one from opening it in the ordinary way; and then by piling against it several chairs and other light articles of bedroom furniture, such as her limited strength permitted her to lift. She was well aware that even then it was a protection which a few minutes would suffice to demolish; but every minute was a gain in her desperate strait; her only hope lay in prolonging the struggle as much as possible—help might come, she knew not how or whence, when least expected.

"Outside, every thing remained quiet. Could it be possible that they would, after all, go away without attacking the house? With this blessed hope beating warmly at her heart, Madge ran back to the window of her own room, and peeped through. Alas! no—both of them were still there. They were stooping over a heap of sleepers deposited close at hand for the purpose of relaying the line; and having selected one, they lifted it on to their shoulders, and brought it thus to the door of the house. At the first stroke of this novel but powerful battering-ram Madge gave a little shriek, and sank, white and trembling, to the ground: all her little stock of courage had vanished, and she seemed, for the first time, to realize the dangers of her position. Like the blows of a pavior's rammer came the shocks against the door down stairs, and to each of them Madge's heart beat with a responsive throb. Suddenly, with a great crash, the door gave way, and with a yell of triumph Kulp burst into the house, followed by his silent companion. Madge started up, and double-locked her bedroom door; then rushed to the window, determined to leap out at any cost, and forgetting for the moment that the window, small in itself, was still further secured by a bar of iron running across its centre, sufficient to prevent even her little body from squeezing through.

"With a cry of despair she turned away from the window, and then, a moment after, almost laughed to herself—so sudden are the alternations of feeling at such a time—to think that she had forgotten all about the little loft over the bedrooms. Surely there, of all places in the house, since it was evident that from the house itself there was now no escape, she would be most secure. It was a mere cock-loft, open to the sloping rafters of the roof, and lighted by a skylight composed of a single pane of glass; it was used by David as a storehouse for his onions, seeds, and various kinds of rubbish put away at odd times by the old man, as never likely to be wanted again; but to Madge, in that hour of her extremity, it seemed a very harbor of refuge. The short broken ladder by which David gained access to it was always kept behind his bedroom door. She unlocked the door of her own room, got the ladder, and placed it against the wall under the opening into the loft, which showed black and grim above her head, there being no door to it or fastening of any kind.

"Madge paused for a minute before going up the ladder. After feeling that the money was still safe in the bosom of her dress, she went lightly into her father's room, and blew out the candle, which had been burning there since first taken out of her own room; she next locked the doors of both rooms, put the keys in her pocket, and then stood to listen, with one foot on the ladder, ready to ascend. From the moment the front door was burst in to that in which Madge stood thus not more than two minutes had elapsed, sufficient, however, for the two men down stairs to ransack every corner, and so make sure, before proceeding further, that Madge was hidden nowhere below. The door at the foot of the stairs was tried next; and the moment Madge heard this she mounted the ladder noiselessly, and creeping through the opening into the loft with the agility of a cat, reached down with one hand, drew up the ladder after her, and then sat down by the edge of the opening to await, with a heart that beat almost to bursting, whatever might happen next. The door not yielding easily, the battering-ram was applied to it, and half a dozen blows were sufficient to break it off its hinges. The furniture piled up behind it was quickly dragged down by the indefatigable Kulp, and the way to the bedrooms was then clear. Madge, listening intently, heard Kulp inciting Dick to drink out of his brandy-flask; after which he went in search of matches and a candle, for all their work hitherto had been done by the light of the clouded moon. Having procured a light, after a delay of some minutes, during which he relieved his mind by a large amount of swearing, Mr. Kulp advanced cautiously up stairs. Having reached the bedroom doors in safety, and finding both of them to be locked, Dick and he held a brief consultation. Dick was inclined to break into the old man's room first, being well aware that the money was always put there overnight; but Mr. Kulp, whose quick, restless eyes had caught sight of the opening into the loft, gave it as his opinion, emphasized with numerous oaths, that both bird and money would be found snugly hid away in that dark little nest at the top of the house; so it was agreed that he should explore the loft while Dick effected an entrance into David's room. Mr. Kulp's first task was to fetch a couple of chairs up stairs, and having fixed one of them upon the other, he proceeded to climb carefully to the top, just as Dick succeeded in breaking open the bedroom door.

"Madge, in her hiding-place, sat quite motionless, with straining eyes fixed on the opening in the floor, through which she momently expected to see Mr. Kulp's ugly head protruded. The clouds had partly cleared away by this time, and sufficient of the moon's light came through the little skylight to enable her to distinguish the objects about her with tolerable clearness. She heard Mr. Kulp climbing laboriously on to the chairs, and thought to herself that a few seconds now would surely end all, for she never doubted that he would murder her when once he got her into his power. The first part of Mr. Kulp's person that made its appearance through the trap was an immense bony hand, with which he seized the ledge, as a help in pulling himself up. Close to the feet of Madge lay an old wooden mallet; on the instinct of the moment, and without pausing to think, she grasped it, and brought it down with all her force on the hideous claw beside her. Mr. Kulp gave a yell of mingled rage and pain, and being obliged to let go his hold, came to the floor with a terrific crash. He was on his feet in an instant, swearing horribly that he would have Madge's blood; but just as he was preparing to mount the chairs again, Dick, with a joyful cry, burst out of David's room, exclaiming that he had found the cash-box. Even then, Mr. Kulp was half inclined to stay at all risks, and have his revenge, for his hand hurt him terribly; but Dick hurried down stairs with the box under his arm, and Mr. Kulp's cupidity rendering him fearful that unless he quickly followed he might perhaps never see either Dick or the box again, he postponed the consideration of his revenge till a future period, and hurried after his friend, threatening Madge with what he would do to her if she stirred out of the loft, or gave any alarm, for a full hour at the least.

"Madge's ruse had succeeded. Deceived by the weight of the box, they had hurried away without opening it, thinking that it contained the money of which they were in search, whereas it held only the bag of silver and copper placed there purposely by Madge. But Madge knew that the respite was only a short one: they would not go far before breaking open the box, and on discovering the deception they would hurry back, and woe be to her if they found her there when they returned!

"She would get out of the house at any risk, and try to make her escape across the fields. She lowered the ladder, and after feeling that the money was still safe in the bosom of her dress, got down as quickly as possible, and so groped her way down stairs, and through the house on to the platform. In a few minutes more the night-mail would be due; but alas! it did not stop at Birkwood, nor even slacken speed, but rushed past in complete indifference to the existence of any such insignificant spot.

"An excellent thought! She would turn on the red light at the signal, and stop the train. Under the circumstances she felt herself justified in doing this. Perhaps the train with its living freight would come up in time to save her from the two miscreants, who would certainly be back in a few minutes more. The hope was a faint one, but she could not afford to throw it away. To reach the semaphore, it was necessary that she should traverse the platform to that end of it nearest the road taken by the two men on leaving the station, although her first intention had been to try to make her escape by hurrying away in the opposite direction. There was, however, no time to hesitate; the risk must be run at once, if at all. So she sped as fast as she could to the end of the platform, and seizing the iron handle of the immense signal-post, gave it the necessary turn, which changed the glass in front of the lantern at its summit, and displayed the red light in place of the white one. She had just turned to hasten back along the platform, when Kulp and Carradus, leaping over a hedge about twenty yards away, came suddenly upon her, and a loud cry from one of them proclaimed that she was seen.

"In their hurry to get back to the station, after discovering the trick that had been played them, they had cut off the angle of the road by coming across a field, and were consequently unseen by Madge till they were close upon her. Madge was like a wounded animal brought to bay: to flee was useless, she would have been caught before she had run twenty yards; resistance was equally out of the question; what resistance, in fact, could a girl like her offer to the will of two desperate ruffians? There seemed nothing left for her but to lie down in dumb despair, and pray that her misery might be as short as possible. As she stood thus, her fine and practiced ear caught the first faint sound of the approaching train—only five minutes more, and she would have been saved!

"She was still standing close to the semaphore. On the instant she turned, and despite the impediment of her dress, ran quickly up the iron ladder—up, up to the very top, till she sank exhausted on the little grating fixed close under the lamps for the convenience of lighting and cleaning them. Mr. Kulp laughed loud and long.

"'What a precious fool the wench must be,' he said with an oath, 'to go and fix herself in a trap like that! Now I shall have her as safe as a 'possum in a gum-tree—have her money and her life both, or my name is not Jared Kulp!'

"'Perhaps, after all, she hasn't got the money about her,' said Dick, 'it may be hidden in the old man's room—under the bed, or in the chimney, or somewhere.'

"'Ay, ay, lad—do you think so?' said Kulp, eagerly. 'Then you just go, and have a hunt about, and I'll wait here at the bottom of the ladder till you come back to see that my lady doesn't escape. Only don't be a month away.'

"'Never fear,' answered Dick, and hurried off into the house.

"Neither of the men had yet heard the noise of the advancing train, for the wind was in the opposite direction; but Madge heard it coming nearer and nearer, but so slowly, as it seemed to her hungering ears, that her heart within her grew sick with fear that it would not arrive in time to save her. No sooner had Dick disappeared than Mr. Kulp drew a formidable bowie-knife from some hidden pocket, and having unsheathed it, seized the black haft between his teeth, and prepared to ascend the ladder: he had evidently determined not to await the return of Dick, but to accomplish his revenge while his companion was away. He had made but two steps upward when all at once his ear caught the shrill whistle of the approaching train, and he knew that his work must be done quickly, or else left undone forever.

"The red signal had been seen.

"Madge, crouching on the little iron grating under the lamps, and kept from falling by the rail running round it, had not been idle all this time.

"A day or two previously the semaphore ladder had been removed for repairs, and an old one temporarily substituted in its place, fastened with a stout rope at the top to keep it firm. Madge's nimble fingers were busy with the knots before Kulp began to ascend; but the rope was thick, and the knots difficult to unfasten, and she shuddered to think that Kulp would reach the top before her purpose could be effected. She had contrived to undo one of the knots, and was busy with fingers and teeth at the second, while Kulp was coming slowly up the ladder toward her. Step by step he drew nearer. She tried to call to him, to warn him of the fate before him, but beyond a dry husky whisper she had lost all power of speech. The light from the lamp above her shone obliquely on his shaggy head, his cruel wolfish eyes staring ferociously up at her, and the bare knife held between his teeth. Half a minute more and he would have seized her, when, yielding to her last desperate effort, the knot gave way; the rope fell to the ground; and the ladder, no longer held in its place, and already trembling under the weight of Kulp, shook for an instant; then its top glided slowly along the smooth edge of the grating, till it slipped over the end, and fell swiftly through the air, with the terrified wretch clinging to it; and coming down with a terrible crash on the coping-stone at the edge of the platform, rolled over with its burden on to the line, just as the wildly-shrieking train forged slowly into the station, and came to a dead stand a few feet from the lifeless body lying across its path.

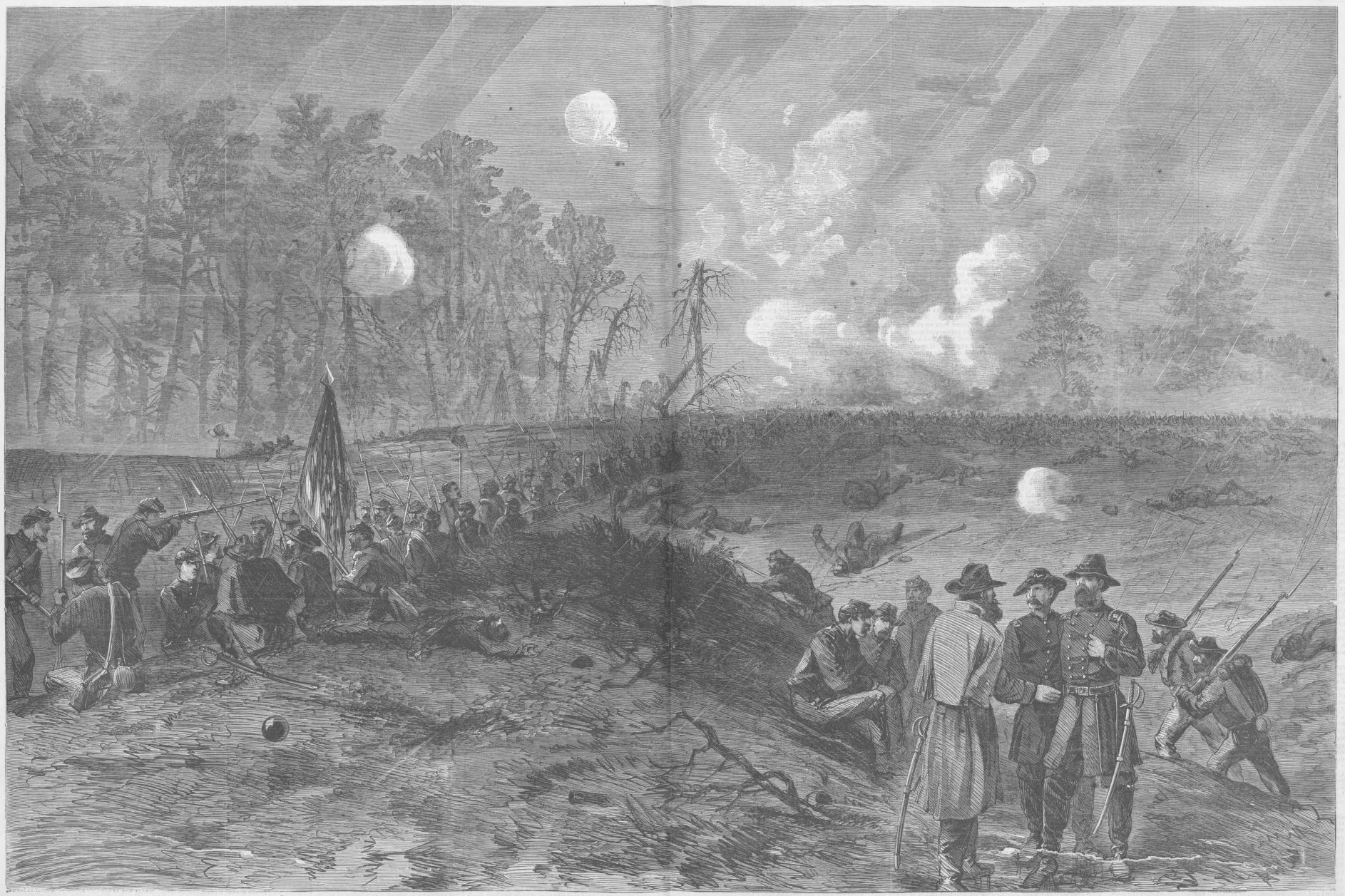
"I, who tell you this, happened to be traveling by the mail that night, and was quickly out of the train, followed by several of the passengers, to ascertain the reason of a stoppage so unusual.

"It was Will Ferguson who picked up the body of Kulp from before the engine. A medical man, one of the passengers, pronounced him to be dead.

"Some time elapsed before Madge, lying insensible so far above our heads, was discovered; and then it was a task of considerable difficulty to get her down, but it was managed after a time, and the poor girl was laid on her bed unconscious of all that was being done for her; and when she did awake from her state of insensibility, it was only to lapse into a brain-fever, from which she did not thoroughly recover for several months.

"Old David turned up in the morning haggard and penitent. He had been lying dead-drunk under a hedge all night, where Kulp and Carradus had purposely left him. Carradus himself got clear away, and has never been heard of from that day to this. The railway company made Madge a handsome present as soon as she got well again; but they removed her father from a situation for which he was evidently incompetent, and made him ticket-collector at Wallington Junction; at which station Madge was, at her own request, installed as booking-clerk; but I hear that she and Will Ferguson are about to be married; so that next time you come this way, perhaps, there will be no Madge Carliston to serve you with a ticket."

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ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SALIENT, NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA. MAY 12, 1864.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 382.]

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A GIRL'S LOVE-SONG.

It was an April morning
When my true love went out;
The wind had never a warning,
The sky had never a doubt.
Fair and fugitive lustres
Flitted o'er thought and speech;
Hopes were hanging in clusters,
A little out of reach.

He wandered, he and no other,
Down by the little brook;
The stones sang, one to another,
"A king is coming! Look!"
The brook said, cooing and creeping,
"Peep, and you shall see!"
Through the leaves he went peeping,
And there he saw—me.

Saw me, took me, crowned me,
There as I stood in my shame;
I knew that he had found me
Before I knew his name.
I went as I was fated,
Faint with fear and surprise:
A week and a day I waited
Before I saw his eyes.

I had never a whisper
For all the words he said;
But the brook was a pleasant lisper,
It talked to him instead.
Brook, you told my emotion,
Hearing him plight his vow;
Brook, you have not a notion
What I feel for him now!—

Feel for him now, as the days
Go sailing softly by,
Dreaming of the pleasant ways
That out before us lie—
Dreaming of the coming time
When I his queen shall be,
And all life shall speak in rhyme
To my king and to me!

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ONLY CITY OF THE WORLD WORTH LIVING IN.

PARIS, dear, delightful, inimitable, unrivaled Paris, city of delights, city of art, and taste, and luxury; of fashion, and elegance, and wit. Paris, unapproached among earth's most delicious haunts. Paris, queen of the world. Paris, the only city of the world worth living in.

Certainly. This is the refrain to a very old song. You and I, and every body else, have been singing it, always heartily, and with a kind of sincerity, never ad nauseam, ever since per railway or per diligence we first set foot in Lutetia The Beloved. There is no need to renew in mature age the vaccination we have had in our youth. The Paris virus, once imbibed, is not to be eradicated.

Of course Paris is enchanting. Every body knows it; every body says it. One may toil, and grow rich, and die in London; one may drag on an existence at Vienna, vegetate at Brussels, prowl through the year at Florence, be bored at Rome, hipped at Venice, terrified at St. Petersburg, stupefied at Berlin, excited at New York, soothed at Boston, deluded at Dublin, intoxicated at Edinburgh, astonished at Seville, amused at Milan, occupied at Amsterdam, fatigued at Naples, absorbed at Manchester, salted at Liverpool, cured at Brighton, and killed at New Orleans; but if one wants to live, to see life, to enjoy life, to make the most of life, there is clearly no place in the world for man or woman but Paris.

This is an assertion scarcely worth arguing upon. Opinions are unanimous. Of course, there are no bonnets in the world worth the Paris bonnets. The Boulevards are unequaled among streets. Nobody knows how to cook out of the Palais Royal. No pictures worth looking at are to be seen out of the Louvre, except, indeed, those at the Luxembourg. Why pursue a theme so trite? While I, a single Englishman, am dully sounding the praises of Paris, fifty thousand Germans, Italians, Swedes, Russians, Poles, Czechs, Moldo-Wallachs, Montenegrins, Magyars, and Mussulmans are crying out that Parisian life is the life of lives, and that the only city worth living in is Paris.

Lily Floris lived in Paris for seven years. Until she was fifteen years of age she never passed that gloomy porte cochère in the outer wall of the Pension Marcassin. It was her penitentiary, her prison-house; and a terrible one it was.

There was a vast play-ground; and in it, when she was not under punishment, she was privileged to walk. Beyond its precincts she never stirred. She never went home for the holidays. The vacations at the Pension Marcassin were three days from the Jour de l'An, the first of January to the fourth—a week at Easter—a month from the first of August to the second of September. These holidays came and went for seven years, but she remained immured. She had seven years' penal servitude. When the girls were away long tasks were set her, and these she learned and wrote, and repeated or submitted to Mademoiselle Marcassin, or, in her absence, to the governess left in charge. It was a dreary probation, and she was Quite Alone.

Lonelier when, at the end of the second year of her captivity, Polly Marygold took her departure. The girl could not refrain from sundry ebullitions of joy at her deliverance from a school of which she was weary, and from a schoolmistress whom she hated, but she was nevertheless unfeignedly sorry to leave Lily.

"It's like deserting you in a desert island, my darling," she cried, as she kissed her and kissed her again on the well-remembered morning of her going away; "or rather it's like leaving you in a savage country full of cannibals. For cannibals they are here, and nothing else."

"But you will write to me, Polly? You will, won't you, my dear?" poor Lily replied, twining herself round the neck of the only friend but one she had ever had in the world. "Oh! say that you will write to me—that you will come and see me, or I shall break my heart. I am so very, very lonely."

"I know you are, my pet. I wish to goodness you were coming with me. Who knows? Perhaps they'll turn you out as a governess some of these days. Although," she continued, with a profoundly sagacious look, "my own opinion is, that you are heiress to immense estates and vast wealth in England, and that some wicked, wicked people are keeping you out of it. Think of their changing your name too, the cruel wretches!"

"But you will write, Polly, won't you; you know you promised to?"

"Yes, my darling," returned Miss Marygold, with a touch of sadness in her voice; "I'll write, but goodness knows whether you will ever get my letters. Madame will 'sequestrate' them, or I'm very much mistaken. As for coming to see you, the cross old thing will never let me darken her doors again, I'm certain. She has spent my premium, and got all she could out of dear pa, and it's very little she cares about me now. I wonder whether they paid a premium with you, or so much a year!"

And so Polly Marygold took her merry face and her wavy black hair away, and the world became indeed a desert to Lily. Polly had obtained a situation as governess in the family of a French nobleman in Brittany. It would be a relief, she said, to find some children who were to be brought up as ladies and not as governesses.

It has been said that Lily's very name had been changed. Not much stress was laid upon her retaining or bearing her Christian name of Lily; only, as Lilies were numerous in the school, she was never so addressed in the class-room. But her appellation of Floris was rigorously condemned, and she was informed that henceforward she was to be Mademoiselle Pauline. It did not much matter. Lily felt as though she had no longer a name at all. Once, going up into a great store-room where the girls' boxes were kept, she found that "Miss Floris" had been painted out from the well-remembered trunk with which Cutwig & Co. had fitted her out; and she burst into bitter tears, less at the thought of the social extinction with which it was sought to visit her, than at the recollection of the two hours passed in the old City shop where Mr. Ranns and 'Melia were so kind to her, and where Cutwig & Co. fitted out all the world.

Often, too, she thought of that tall gentleman who had kissed her on the forehead at Greenwich, and talked to the strange lady in the balcony. The minutest circumstance connected with the dinner dwelt steadfastly in her mind. She could see the splendid old gentleman with his chains and rings, and his fringe of white whiskers; the military gentleman with his black stock, dyed mustache, strapped-down trowsers and spurs; she could hear the laughter, and the clinking of the glasses, and the wine gurgling; the warm odor of the viands came up gently again to titillate her sense of smell. She could see the gray Thames water, the lagging barges, the ships slowly sailing across the field of view, the Essex shore in the distance, the ruddy sunset behind all. But the tall gentleman who had held her between his knees, and filled her plate at dinner, and fondled her, was salient and prominent above all these things. His hair, his clothes, his kindly drawl, his pitying eyes, his hands, so strong-looking yet so tender, were all present to her. And the more she thought of him the more she wept; but why she wept she could not tell.

Then would pass before her a terrible image. That night in the park. How soft and calm the scene was. How happy and peaceful the deer seemed. With what quiet cheerfulness the distant lights, in the hospital wards, in the houses of the town, in the rigging of the ships, twinkled! But then the fierce and angry words of the strange lady came up in grim contrast, and marred all this tranquil loveliness. Lily remembered how she had gripped her arm, and looked upon her with darkling, lowering eyes. And she wept no more; but shuddered.

Now all had changed. Great gulfs yawned between the few and troubled episodes of her young life. The last was the gloomiest, dreariest, strangest of all. She was in Paris, the city which the strange lady had declared to be the only city in the world worth living in.

This was Lily's Paris:

To rise before it was light in winter-time. To be mewed up till breakfast in the dark schoolroom, nine-tenths of whose area were icy chill, and the tenth red-hot from the dead baking lowering presence of the stove. To brood over lessons, lessons, lessons, from half an hour after eight until twelve, then to crowd into the refectory for the second breakfast. Then (if haply she were not under punishment) to wander into the play-ground till two. Then to fag at lessons, lessons again till five. Then once more to flock into the refectory to dinner. Then after another hour's wandering in the play-ground, if it were fine, or cowering in the school-room if it were wet, to go through an hour's hideous torture until bedtime—a torture which was called "the study hour"—a time when the girls were supposed to be meditating over the tasks of the day which had just passed, and speculating over those of the morrow which was to come—a time when neither books, nor papers, nor slates were allowed; but when absolute and immovable silence was enjoined, and the movement of a hand, the shuffling of a foot, the turning of a head, was punished by bad marks—when a cough was penal, and a sneeze intolerable—when if a girl, rendered desperate by this excruciating command to be mute, would sometimes break silence coûte que coûte—ask some irrelevant question, make some incoherent remark—she would be sentenced to "hold her tongue" for a quarter of an hour—to hold it literally, taking the offending member between her thumb and forefinger, and striving to retain her hold upon it with the most ludicrously lamentable results of slipperiness—when, if another girl, as would often happen, dropped off to sleep, she would be doomed to stand on one leg for five minutes, and so, in drowsiness that was not to be subdued, would doze off again, and stagger, and come at last to the ground—to be, to do, and to suffer all these things were among Lily's first experiences of the only city in the world worth living in.

She was miserable, and she had cause to be miserable. The governesses did not so much dislike as they contemned her. It was put about publicly by Mademoiselle Espréménil, as upon authority from the chief, Marcassin, that Pauline, or "la petite Anglaise," was poor, and all but friendless; that she was being "elevated" almost through charity; and that the sphere in which she now moved was much superior to that to which she had been hitherto accustomed. Lily could not disprove these malignant innuendoes. She could not but admit the probability of the schoolmistress knowing a great deal more about her than she knew about herself. So she let them have their way, and suffered in silence. Her school-mates were not slow to take up the cue dropped by their instructresses. None of the big girls petted her. There were no rich girls in the school. The elder pupils were mostly in training to be governesses, and toiled too hard to find time for petting any one. If wealth engender laziness, it is not unkindly to the cultivation of tender-heartedness. A rich old maid, not over-pious, is about the pleasantest and most generous soul alive. 'Tis poverty, griping, galling, grinding poverty that makes spinsters harsh and sour.

Children are often apt to be pitiless. They have not felt enough pain themselves to compassionate its endurance by others, and they are frequently eager to inflict agony, of the scope and purport thereof they are ignorant. Lily had scant mercy shown her. At first her companions took to pinching her, pulling her hair, treading on her feet, and administering chiquenaudes, or fillips, with the thumb and finger, on her cheeks. She bore with these for a time, but at last her temper and her English spirit got the better of her, and she bestowed so sounding a slap on the back of the biggest of her tormentors, that the rest retreated, like a herd of frightened fawns, to a remote corner of the play-ground, crying out that "la petite Anglaise" was dangerous. French children are proficient in the minute details of bodily torture, but they do not understand baculine arguments of the broader kind. French girls don't slap, French boys don't fight with one another, and French children are never beaten by their instructors. Jean Jacques Rousseau and the French Revolution definitively banished stripes and blows from the educational curriculum of Gaul.

So being somewhat wary respecting overt acts of violence toward the "petite Anglaise" her school-mates shunned her. She was left alone with her tasks, and her wretchedness, and herself. But for a natural sweetness of mind and gentleness of nature with which the poor child had been gifted by Heaven she might have grown up sullen, morose, and selfish. There would have been a hundred excuses for her learning to hate her species in general, and school-girls and governesses in particular. But it was mercifully decreed otherwise, for Lily was made for love. She found, indeed, that those among whom her lot was cast would not, through disdain and prejudice, love her; but she was saved, through her own innate suavity of soul, from falling into the other and perilous extreme of loving herself. Still she found it necessary to have something to love. There were no dogs or cats about the place to fix her affections upon. Rabbits, squirrels, white mice, silk-worms even—all the ordinary domestic menagerie of children—were prohibited in the Pension Marcassin. She was too old to make friends with spiders, with the rapid lizards, with the beetles of sheeny armor. No sparrows ever came into the play-ground. Small birds are rare in Paris. So in default of something tangible to love she elected to build up a world of her own, and to people it with creatures of her own imagination, and to dwell among them, and love them very dearly. Her world was totally at war with Mercator's projection. It was a very puerile Utopia, the most frivolous of Formosas, a highly babyish New Atlantis—a silly, nonsensical world, if you like; but she believed firmly in it, and her devotion to its inhabitants was unbounded. If she were punished, somebody in the Ideal World came to comfort her, and to show her a clew to work her way out of the labyrinth of a tangled task. If she were unhappy, she was invited to festivals and picnics in the Imaginary Land. There she danced; there she sang; there she went to the play; there she romped and skipped; and there, I am afraid, she often went to the water-side to dine on beautiful dishes of fish. But there was no noisy company there; and the strange, haughty lady was not one of her company. Only she and the tall gentleman sat at the table, and afterward went into the balcony to gaze upon the ships and the long line of the Essex shore till the sun went down, and it was dark, and the lamps began to glimmer. Silly Lily!

In this great school she was the only captive thus rigorously confined. The other girls went out on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons for long walks. On their return they told her superciliously about the Elysian Fields and the Wood of Boulogne, about the Garden of Plants and the Museum of the Louvre. At Easter they talked of masked balls to which their brothers went, of débardeurs and Pierrots, of the mad revelry of the carnival, of the fat ox promenading the Boulevards and Hercules leading him, while carriages full of gayly-attired maskers followed the bedizened beast. These joys were not for Lily. She was to be kept under, and in.

Only one thing was wanting to complete her wretchedness, and that came at last. Madame seldom spoke to her alone. When she made her periodical tours of inspection through the class-rooms, Lily incurred an augmented share of reproof and bad marks at her hands: but she was seldom summoned to the presence of the Marcassin. It happened, however, one afternoon, in the fifth year of residence, that she was commanded to repair to Madame's cabinet.

The "cabinet" was a square comfortless apartment, not unlike a refrigerator in its chilly atmosphere and light wooden fittings. The Marcassin was the ice in the refrigerator, and froze all who approached her. In the "cabinet" she collated the register of the young ladies' studies and conducts, and made disparaging marginal notes thereon. At her tall desk in the "cabinet" she drew up the alarming "memoirs," or half-yearly bills of the pupils. To the "cabinet," offenders of more than ordinary turpitude were doomed to repair, to undergo the anguish of prolonged and solemn reprimand. Finally, to the cold gray and white papered wall of this cabinet was affixed an enormous framed and glazed pancarte of pasteboard, bearing, in elaborate French engrossing, and with many flourishes, in which the forms of swans, eagles, and griffins preponderated, the names of the pupils of the establishment who had distinguished themselves from six months to six months by assiduity in study, or propriety of conduct. This placard was called the "Tableau d'Honneur." It was renewed at the commencement of every fresh half-year; and a rumor ran through the Pension Marcassin that M. Lestiboudois, the writing-master, received no less a sum than one hundred francs for executing it in ornamental caligraphy.

Lily stood, her hands meekly folded, her head decorously bent, her feet well set together—"position de recneillement humble et attentive," as it was set forth in the codex of disciplinary etiquette observed in the pension—before her instructress. She was mentally wondering of what misdeed she could have rendered herself guilty during the past week to merit a summons to the refrigerating cabinet.

"Fille Floris, called Pauline," said the Marcassin, sternly, and no longer deigning to give Lily a title of courtesy, "you and I must have some conversation together. The affairs have been going on too long in a deregulated manner. They must be regulated now in a manner definitive. Do you hear me, Fille Floris?"

She spoke in French now, and Lily understood her well. The girl could speak the lively language fluently—so fluently, that she sometimes found herself thinking or addressing the people of the Imaginary Empire in French, and as often discovered her tongue tripping and stumbling when she essayed to sing some little English rhyme of old times.

The Marcassin slowly unlocked one of the drawers in her tall bureau, and took forth two packets of neatly folded papers. One packet was slim and sparse, the other dense and heavy.

"Do you see this, Fille Floris?" she resumed, in a cold and bitter tone, pointing to the slim packet. "One, two, three, four, half-years' memoirs, bills for your pension and education, and which have been duly paid by the persons who placed you here. And now observe." She untied the other packet, undoing with a vengeful wrench of her teeth an obstinate knot in the string which confined it. "One, two, three, four, five, six—three years' memoirs—nearly three thousand francs for your pension and education; and not one centime of those three thousand francs have been paid. Do you hear me?"

Lily heard, and turned white as her name.

"Three years, then," pursued the pitiless Marcassin, "you have been eating bread and drinking wine to which you have no right. Three years you have been living on my charity. Pale, impertinent, worthless, insubordinate"—poor Lily!—"you have always been; and I have been often obliged to tell you so; but not till this moment have I informed you that you are a pauper and a beggar. Who are the robbers and felons who have left you here to impose on my credulity, and fatten on the fruit of my industry? Speak, little impostor."

"Oh, madame, madame!" the girl urged, tearfully, "I'm not an impostor. It is not my fault. Madame knows much more than I do of the persons who brought me here. I was such a little girl then. I have always done my best, and tried to learn, and to be good. Oh! don't reproach me with what I am innocent of; for I am quite, quite alone."

"Insolent!" retorted the Marcassin. "You will reason, will you? Ah! it is I who will bring you to reason. Tell me instantly the names of the swindlers who owe me three thousand francs."

"Indeed I don't know, madame. How can I tell? From the day I was brought here I have never had a single letter, a single visitor, a single friend, except that dear Mademoiselle Marygold, who is gone."

"You dare to mention the name of that re-

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bellious and ungrateful girl to me?" interrupted the schoolmistress, with a furious look. "Allons! It is of a piece with your other impertinence."

Lily could only sob and wring her hands in reply.

"The very clothes you have on your back have been paid for or renewed by me these two years past. You are a burden, a pest, an incumbrance to the school. It is by fraud that you have learned the piano, the dance. You have robbed me of lessons in drawing and geography. Why do I not give you up to the police for the escroquerie of your parents—if you have any parents—little miserable, who ought to have been put into the crèche of the Enfants Trouvés? Why do I not send you to the Dépôt of Mendicity? Tell me, little beggar brat!"

In a bodily as well as a mental rage at last, which was strange with this frigid woman, she rose and seized Lily by the shoulders and shook her. The terrified girl fled into a corner of the room, too much alarmed to shriek, but trembling and holding her hands before her face.

Mademoiselle Marcassin resumed her self-possession. She was a coldly logical lady, and recognized the inexpediency of a personal conflict with a pensionnaire whose only fault was that her friends had neglected to pay her half-yearly bills. Besides, she knew that the charges she brought against the girl of being "idle, impertinent, worthless, and insubordinate," were groundless. There were few girls in the school more studious than Lily, and there was not one better conducted.

She sat down at her bureau again, replaced the packets in the drawer, and locked it. "A truce to these absurdities," she said. "No harm has been done you. Let us have no more whimpering, or we will see what effect the atmosphere of the wood-cellar—la cave au bois—and two days' bread-and-water will have upon you. Come forward, and stand in front of this bureau, and listen to me."

Lily came forward as she was commanded. She hastily dried her eyes, and stood before the Marcassin, pale, but composed.

"People who eat bread must earn it," remarked the schoolmistress. "Don't think I am going to keep you—pour vos beaux yeux—for your own sweet sake. If you continue to live here, you must work. Are you ready to work?"

"Yes, madame, as hard as ever you wish me."

"We shall see. If I sent you away from here, your destination would be the Préfecture de Police. You have no domicile, no papers, no name even that offers reasonable proof of identity, and I question whether the consul of your nation would be at the trouble of reclaiming you. The woman who brought you here—I wish I could catch sight of her, la vaurienne!—spoke English, but she was French. She told me you had been born in France. Thus, all the police could do for you would be to send you to a house of correction—a penitentiary, understand me well—where you would be confined till you were twenty-one years of age, where you would be kept all day, either kneeling on the cold stones singing psalms, or working your fingers to the bone with needle-work, under the tutelage of the good gray sisters who have little machines and leathern thongs to keep their correctionnaires in order."

Lily's heart sank within her. She had heard appalling stories of the severities practiced in the Maisons de Correction—stories which, in justice to the good nuns who conduct those establishments, must be branded as apocryphal. Could they be worse stories than Lily might tell of the Pension Marcassin?

"You may remain here," continued the Marcassin. "But on a different footing. You are no longer a pensionnaire, but a fille de classe. You will do what you are told, and learn what you are permitted, and will make yourself as useful as common gratitude for being fed, lodged, and clothed should render you. We will say nothing of the arrears for your board and education. If I can not discover the swindlers who have cozened me out of my money, you and I will have some future conversation on the matter. Now you may go."

SCENES AT FREDERICKSBURG.

IN company with other delegates of the Christian Commission I reached Fredericksburg, Virginia, on the 12th of May, seven days after the first engagement of the Army of the Potomac with the Confederate forces under General Lee. The spectacle which presented itself to our view as we passed down the pleasant streets to the head-quarters of the Commission was pitiable to the last degree. The town was one vast hospital; every church, every store, every dwelling, every door-yard was crowded with wounded; even the side-walks were occupied in many places by exhausted soldiers on their way from the field in search of shelter and assistance. On that day—the 12th of May—there were six thousand maimed and mangled veterans thus accumulated in this charming town, this malignantly traitorous town, lying by the river's brink, with green and smiling slopes stretching away behind it, and rows of thrifty trees spreading their broad boughs along its ample streets. Walking abroad any hour of the day, groups of soldiers, with arms and faces bandaged, with feet limping painfully, many leaning on crutches, some supported on the brawny arms of kindly comrades, met us at every corner. Entering the roomy churches, a wounded hero was found lying in every pew, with his dirty blanket for a pillow; others crowded the vestibule, aisles, and pulpit; while among them all nurses moved softly to and fro, some with cups of coffee and baskets of fruit, some with basins and sponges, some with bandages, lint, and clothing—all with something needed by the suffering. Stepping into a private mansion, its portico overhung with vines, and flowers creeping up to the windows, soiled, weary, wounded men were found in every nook and corner, occupying chairs, sofas, beds, or lying on the floors, or sitting in ghastly rows against the walls, patiently awaiting necessary relief. Every where weariness was finding rest, and brave, patient souls were finding anchorage in still, home-like harbors, away from the battle's storm.

Hourly, as the days and nights slipped on, trains of ambulances from the distant field wound along the streets, pausing here and there to leave additional wounded, or to permit the guards to lift out the dead and dying, and carry them away on stretchers to the dead-house, or the rooms where the more serious cases were attended to by the surgeons. Scarcely an hour passed, in the five days immediately following our arrival, that trains of this kind did not reach the town. Often, the ambulance trains proving inadequate to the emergency, the wounded were brought in in heavy army wagons, the men lying flat on their backs and suffering necessarily from the incessant jolting and the absence of the comforts ordinarily provided in ambulances. In some instances the poor fellows thus brought in were without any thing to eat or drink for over two days.

THE HOSPITAL ORGANIZATION.

As far as possible the wounded, as they were brought in, were classified and assigned to the division and corps to which they belonged. In the Second and Sixth Corps the loss had been so great that several of the largest buildings in the town were required to accommodate merely the serious cases. One principal surgeon, with as many assistants as were needed, was assigned to each hospital, the delegates of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions acting as nurses. These men labored with a zeal and fidelity which can not be too warmly commended. Many worked night and day, snatching bits of sleep at odd moments, in carrying stores, dressing wounds, washing and clothing the sick and wounded, preparing food and drink, writing letters for the soldiers to the dear ones at home. This last is a prominent feature in the work of the Christian Commission. Its delegates, in all cases where deaths occur under their observation, furnish particulars of the event to the friends and relatives of the deceased, always sending a lock of hair as a memento of the lost one; and communicate also, in behalf of the wounded whenever they desire it, with the homes they have left to battle for the nation's sake. Thousands of hearts have thus been enriched by news from the field which might never, but for this Commission, have been informed as to the fate of absent dear ones.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE WORK OF RELIEF.

For the first week after our occupation of Fredericksburg hospital supplies were very scarce, and there was much suffering in consequence. The few citizens who had failed to join in the exodus of the population refused to furnish any facilities for the care of the wounded; the stores had been stripped by the Confederate soldiery, and absolute destitution consequently prevailed, even the commonest utensils, such as cups and basins, being altogether beyond our reach. It happened, from this, that many of the wounded were neither cleansed nor removed from the wagons in which they were transported from the field for two or three days after their arrival, and some who were carried to Belle Plain were a whole week without surgical assistance. Within nine days, however, after the first engagement, the medical and sanitary work was thoroughly systematized; adequate supplies were obtained, and the condition of the men was made comparatively comfortable. On Saturday the 14th, when there were 6000 wounded in the hospitals, and probably 2000 others wandering about the streets, there were none for whom it was impossible to provide, though there was of course, among those who had suffered amputations, or sustained injuries in vital parts, a great amount of suffering which it was impossible for any human skill to relieve.

CHARACTER OF THE WOUNDS.

A large proportion of those who had gone into hospital had sustained wounds of the arm and right breast. This was said to be owing to the fact that in the engagements in "the Wilderness," where the scrub timber was about as high as a man's head, the right arm, lifted necessarily in loading the musket, had presented a mark for the sharp-shooters of the enemy, who, firing deliberately under cover of the brush, had thus disabled an unnatural proportion of our soldiers in the arm so peculiarly exposed. The wounds thus received were for the most part slight, and would not permanently disable those sustaining them. Many, however, wounded from the same cause in the head, suffered greatly; in some cases balls were extracted, in others broken pieces of the skull removed, and in a few eyes were shot away, jaws broken, noses fractured. Wounds of this nature required the closest care and attention, needing to be dressed, when peculiarly aggravated, once or twice a day. One poor fellow who fell under our care—J. H. Pervis, of the Thirty-seventh Alabama Regiment—was wounded in four places, namely: in the neck, breast, shoulder, and right arm—all the wounds having been made by a single ball. The hurts were of the most aggravated and offensive character, emitting a horrible odor; but the sufferer was attended to with the same care as our own men, his hurts being faithfully cleansed and dressed twice a day.

All these wounds, however, were but scratches as compared with the injuries of many who fell in the desperate engagement of Thursday, May 12. Some of the men who came in from that terrible field were literal hulks. Arms, legs, hands, feet, and in some cases even the bowels, were shot away; and for two days after their arrival in the hospitals a large force of surgeons was constantly employed in amputating fractured limbs. Walking the streets, you could see streams of stretchers bending under limp and mangled bodies, dead and living, flowing in and out at the doors; while all about groups of soldiers stood chatting with calm unconcern, simply saying, as the litters drifted past them, "There goes Captain This, Colonel That, or Private So-and-so—dead, poor fellow, at last!"

SPIRIT OF THE MEN.

Yet amidst all these scenes of horror, these pains and sufferings, under which common men would have perished, these royal-souled veterans of the Army of the Potomac did not utter one whimper or complaint. Suffering often for food and drink; their clothing saturated with blood, their limbs limp and helpless; sometimes dragging themselves on crutches, by painful marches, from the distant field to the nearest hospital, they endured all with a robust patience and resignation, showing they had in them the stuff of which martyrs are made, seeming to rejoice that it was their privilege to "suffer and be strong" for the nation's sake. A cup of coffee, or ration of "hard tack," seemed to compensate, in their view, for all pains and losses; and the assurance of shelter and a hand-breath of dry ground on which to spread their blankets and lie down to rest, was to them the only bliss, beyond the supply of nature's wants, they could desire. One day, passing along a side street, we found a woman kneeling over a soldier lying prostrate on the sidewalk, his head resting on a tuft of grass which the thousands of hurrying feet had left untouched. Upon inquiry we learned that the sufferer—named Stephen Kidd, of the Twelfth New Jersey Regiment—had two wounds in his bowels and his right arm broken; that he had come from the field in an ambulance, but becoming too much exhausted to ride any further had been lifted out and left at the roadside where we found him. Stimulants were administered, and animation was after a while restored, when the wounds were dressed, though it was apparent he could not survive the day. The brave fellow, however, vehemently insisted that he "would be all right in a day or two;" and on reply to a question whether he would not like his family to be advised of his condition, said it was altogether unnecessary; he could very soon write himself and tell the whole story. Yet, while he was thus talking to us in painful morsels of speech, death was every moment deepening its shadow on his face, and the soft sky, bending over him, and all nature's loveliness, was fading slowly, surely, and forever from his failing sight! The dream of his heart, glimmering that hour through his feeble talk, that he would yet have "another chance" at the foe, and participate, perhaps, in the glory of the final triumph, was not to have its fulfillment, failing, alas! as the prophecies of how many other brave souls have failed in these sad years of the latter time.

Yet the noble men who "welcome death with songs and decorate it with the braveries of faith" are by no means callous to the gentler influences of life. The mere mention of Home was at any time sufficient to bring a grave and wistful look into the bronzed, weather-beaten veteran's face. Passing a church occupied as a hospital, a night or so after our arrival, we heard the music of an organ. Entering the building, with every pew and aisle crowded with wounded, a ghostly light from a dozen lanterns making the darkness seem only the more horrible, we saw in the organ-loft a group of men with their arms in slings, one of whom, who had sustained a mere trifle of a hurt, was fondling the organ-keys. Presently, as we stood there in the pallid gloom, down from the gallery, and along the aisles, floated the tender notes of "Home, sweet Home," sobbing, sighing, as with the unutterable longings of souls famished for glimpses of the dear spot, around which all of life's joys and hopes are forever grouped. The spirit of the song seemed, on the instant, to fill all the place, and every maimed and suffering hero, who in the battle's face had been stern and pitiless as death, melted at the touch of the familiar melody. Bandaged hands stole to eyes unused to weeping; heads that no calamity could have bowed bent under the soft pressure of old home-memories. To how many souls, think you, came glimpses in that moment of homes far away—homes on busy city streets, homes on green hill-sides dotted with apple-trees in bloom, homes in pleasant villages with gardens lying all around them; homes in which a vacant chair awaits the father's or son's return, and sweet-faced children, clambering to the mother's knee, prattle in their innocence of the dear one exposed to the battle's storm, while unto them the May skies float down only blossoms, song, and fragrance?

The music ceased at last, and for a little time all was still. Then, suddenly, from a far corner of the gallery, came a voice: "Now give us 'Yankee Doodle;'" and with that a gust of feeble cheers fluttered up from the ghostly pews, and, obedient to the call, the organ pealed out, full and strong, the nation's hymn, supplementing it with "Hail Columbia!" and other stirring airs, to all of which the veterans cried, again and again, *Encore*. We walked away with their faint cheers sounding in our ears; and we say to ourselves hourly, as we remember that soul-lifting scene, "With *such* men to fight our battles victory *must* be ours."

Many other scenes deepened the impression that no more magnificent courage ever animated any army than that which nerves and sustains the soldiery of General Grant. Every hour or so regiments of fresh troops, marching to the front, passed through Fredericksburg. As they moved forward to the sound of inspiring music, groups of wounded, standing on the corners and sitting on the piazzas and in windows of the hospitals, saluted them with round after round of cheers. That was the welcome of men who had been through the fire to men, as noble as themselves, who were panting and straining for the same glorious baptism. For every cheer from the limping, smitten spectators, they returned—these fresh, clean, courageous comers—salutations of double volume, cheering with all the strength of lusty manhood, flags dipping and fluttering over all as if with royal benedictions. The wounded, under the inspiration of such grand moments, forgot all the dangers of the field, all their personal pains and sacrifices; they thought only of the Cause, remembered only that these stout fellows marching to the front would fill their places and help achieve the overthrow at last of the still defiant foe; and *that* thought brought a welcome to every lip, and made every heart eager for the fray.

An excellent illustration of the prevailing temper of the men was given by a Pennsylvania captain, who had been wounded in the thigh and ordered to Washington. "I wouldn't have minded my hurt," he said, with a sort of savage despair, "if I had only been able to do something before receiving it. But that was denied me. I had just got my men into line and their pieces loaded, and was about to give the order to fire, when a bullet came whizzing straight into my leg, and I fell with the order forming on my lips. Oh, if I could only have delivered a single volley! But here I am, disabled, and without the consolation that I have done a single thing for the cause." Another brave fellow, chatting with the surgeon while his wounds were dressed, said it "was too bad he had been hit," he "wanted *so* much to remain in the ranks;" and with that broke into sobs because he couldn't at once return to the front and share in the perils of coming battle-days.

DISPOSITION OF THE REBELS.

The feeling of all the Confederates with whom we were able to converse was one of unqualified discontent with the Confederacy and its rulers, and of hearty weariness at the prolongation of the war. All admitted that popular freedom at the South had been destroyed; that the army was only kept together by harsh and arbitrary measures; and that the people would welcome gladly the restoration of peace and order, even under Federal rule. Many of these men had been kept in the service by force after the expiration of the terms for which they enlisted; and they all manifested the utmost satisfaction at their deliverance from the grip of the Confederate authority. They seemed, for the most part, surprised at the kind treatment they received at the hands of our surgeons and nurses, and were even more amazed at the evidences every where presented of the unfailing resources and prosperity of the North. The appearance of these prisoners, ten thousand of whom we saw in camp, was any thing but prepossessing. None had complete uniforms; many were barefooted; many without hats; and their faces were to the last degree expressionless and stolid.

THE FREDERICKSBURG CEMETERY.

Back of Fredericksburg, near the foot of the celebrated Heights, lies a cemetery, surrounded with a heavy wall, and crowded with trees and shrubbery, with flowers fringing the ample walks, and gray, weather-beaten tombs and green hillocks marking the couches where weary pilgrims have lain down to the long sleep. At the northern extremity of this cemetery are several rows of graves, with plain boards at the head and foot of each, where some hundreds of North Carolina, Arkansas, Virginia, Louisiana, Georgia, and Mississippi soldiers, who fell in the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, are buried. These graves have been neatly kept; many are embellished with floral tributes from some kindly hands; some have pots of flowers leaning against the plain head-boards, while upon all green mantles are folded lovingly, as if to shield the still sleepers from all rudely-pelting storms. On the opposite side of the grounds, as we wandered to and fro, we found several graves, just made, in which loyal soldiers, fallen in this campaign, have been buried. On one of these graves—that of a Maine soldier—some one had planted a rose-bush, and grouped a handful of round white stones in the form of a wreath. Beside these were other graves, just opened, waiting occupants from the hospitals a little distance away. Thus, however divided in life—with whatever eager passion contending under hostile flags—the loyal and disloyal sleep side by side at last in the bivouac that only the long-roll of the Judgment shall break: sleep side by side, with the same boughs whispering over them, the same birds singing around them, the same summer blossoms drifting fragrance through their calm sleep, the same softly-stepping years pacing past their graves, leaving shadows and wreck behind.

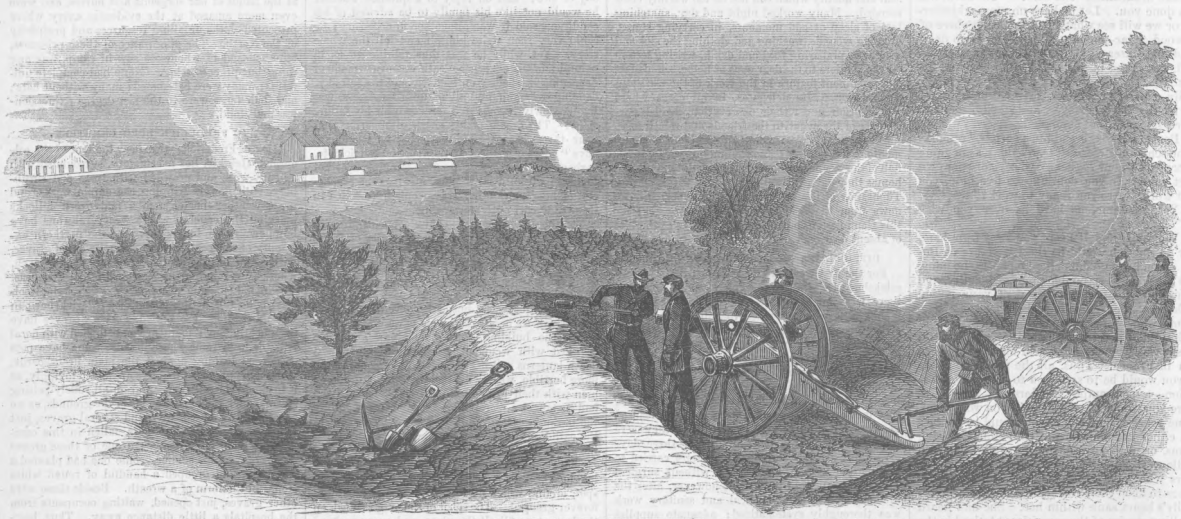
THE SOLDIERS AND GENERAL GRANT.

It is wonderful how entirely the army confides in General Grant. Every soldier's tongue is full of his praises. No matter how severely wounded, no matter how intensely suffering, if there is strength enough in him to speak, every man in all these hospital wards will tell you, if you ask him, his opinion, "He is one of us, this Unconditional Surrender General; and he will bring us through, God willing, just as surely as the sun shines." Then they will tell you stories of the watchfulness and care, the fearlessness and obstinate intrepidity of this man whose plume they delight to follow; how he is every where, by night and day, looking after the comfort of his men, and quietly prosecuting the strategic work of the campaign; how he rides, unexpectedly, to the remote outposts, speaking a pleasant word to the pickets if faithfully on duty, and administering reprimands if not vigilant and watchful; how he shuns fuss and show, going about often with only an orderly, instead of a dozen or so of foppish, bedizened aids; how his staff, plain, earnest men like himself, get down at times from their horses, that sick and wounded fellows, straggling hospital-ward, may rest their weariness by riding to their destination; how, in a word, he is an earnest, thoughtful, resolute, kind man, sympathizing with the humblest soldier in his ranks, penetrated with a solemn appreciation of the work given him to do, and determined, by Heaven's help, to *do* it, right on the line he has occupied. And when they tell you this, these maimed heroes lying here in these Fredericksburg hospitals, they add always, with a magnificent *élan*—an energy which has a grand touch of pride in it—"And we'll help him do this work; we'll stand by him to the end, come what may; we'll perish, every man of us, rather than have him fail and the Cause dishonored; we'll be proud of every scar won in fighting where he leads." What *is* it—can any one tell us?—that makes two hundred thousand men put trust and confidence so complete as this in this simple-hearted farmer-General, who, three years ago, was husking corn or following the plow on far Western prairies?

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SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

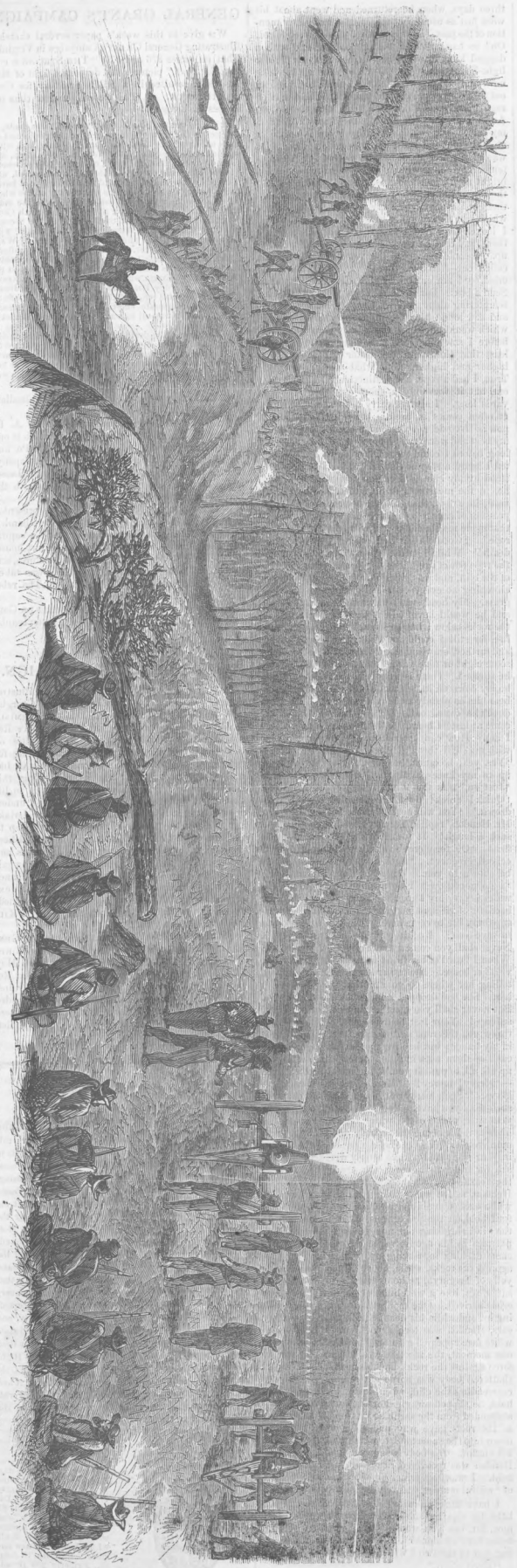


BATTERIES ON GENERAL WARREN'S LEFT, NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

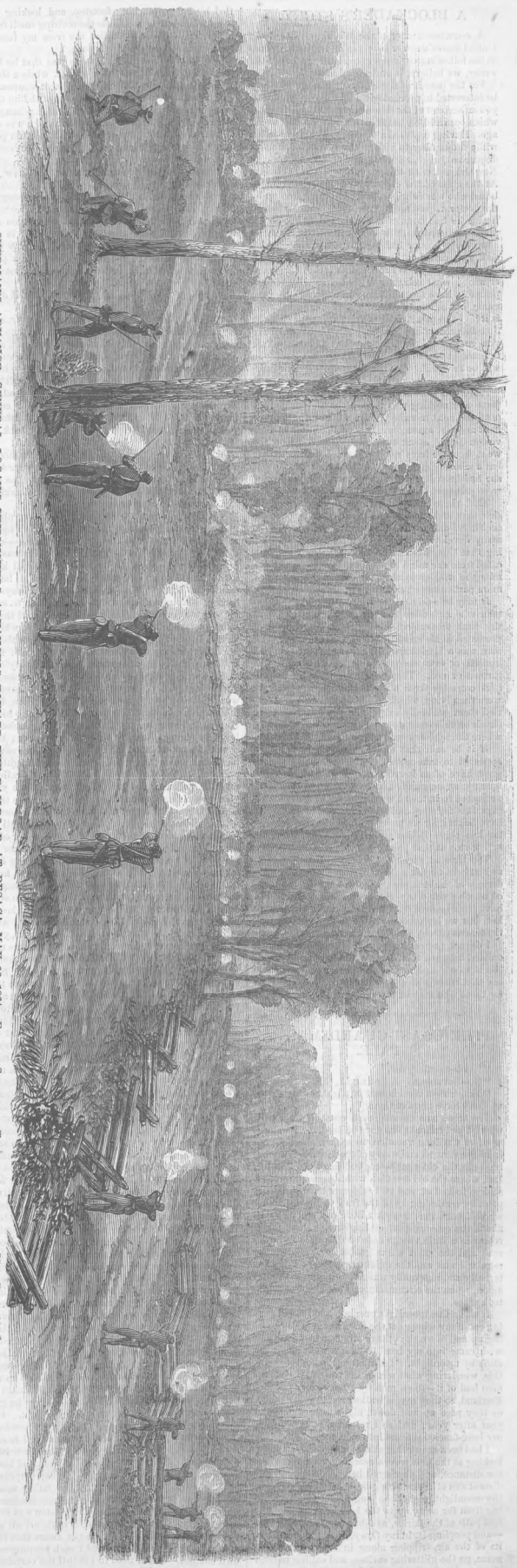


ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CROSSING THE RIVER NY, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

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SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—POSITION OF OSTERHAUS'S DIVISION, LOGAN'S CORPS, ON BALD HILL, MAY 14, 1864—SHELLING THE RAILROAD AT RESACA.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 382.]



SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—GENERAL LOGAN'S SKIRMISHERS ADVANCING TOWARD THE RAILROAD AT RESACA, MAY 13, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

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A BLOCKADER'S STORY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Weekly*, on board the United States steamer *Virginia*, off Galveston, sends us the following curious and interesting story. The writer, we believe, is entirely trustworthy:

For the benefit of those of your readers who may be interested in psychological investigations, I send you an account of the following remarkable incident which occurred on board of this vessel a few weeks ago. Having captured a schooner, which was taken while attempting to violate the blockade, she was dispatched, in charge of a prize officer and crew, to New Orleans, with orders to proceed without delay. At the time of the capture we had a sick man on board who was delirious, and had been given up by the doctor as past all hopes of recovery. When in health he had been remarkably quiet, but in his present excited state he talked incessantly. Soon after the schooner had left for New Orleans the sick man called out in a loud, authoritative voice, "Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that? Schooner ahoy! what schooner is that, I say?" He appeared to have some difficulty in understanding the name, but at length said, "Oh, that is your name, is it?" [The prize schooner's name was Spanish, the *Juanito* pronounced *Wanito*.] "What water have you got?" "Five fathoms—four fathoms—three fathoms—two fathoms." "Look out there! you will be ashore!" "Heave the lead!" "One fathom." "There, you are right ashore!"

After this time his mind turned upon other subjects, and nothing was thought of his wanderings until the next morning, when we saw the *Juanito* hard and fast among breakers on the beach of Galveston Island about two miles distant. How she went there we have not yet learned satisfactorily; but anchoring as near as possible to her we saw that she had been abandoned, and the officer and crew were prisoners in the hands of the rebels.

That the connection between the ravings of the sick man and the fate of the schooner was wholly accidental many will undoubtedly conclude; but so many developments have been lately made, showing that thoughts can be unconsciously communicated from one mind to another, that I can not dismiss the subject so abruptly, but will give a few more particulars concerning it.

It may be said that the man was probably a seaman who had often thrown the lead, and that at this time the subject was by some slight incident presented to his mind. But this was not so. The man was a landsman, had never thrown the lead himself, or even seemed to notice whether it was thrown or not. Then, again, he took the soundings correctly from a little inshore of where we were then lying, which was in 5½ fathoms, and carried them gradually in, just as the water actually shoals on this coast, to one fathom, which would be where the schooner was when among the breakers.

If it be said that although he might not have appeared to take notice of the soundings, yet he must have often heard them given, and his mind being in an unusually excited state when they were presented to it, then I would answer that the soundings two fathoms and one fathom he never could have heard; for we never go into less than a quarter less three fathoms, *i. e.*, 2¾. Why, then, did he not stop at that point?

The time at which the schooner struck agrees, as nearly as we can ascertain, with that of the wanderings of the sick man, after which his mind turned to other subjects. He died two days after. We have since learned from deserters that no lives were lost, but we have been unable to find out the particulars as to why the schooner was run ashore.

I do not pretend to explain the relation which existed between the minds of the persons on board the schooner and that of the sick man, or even to say that there was any, but simply state the facts for those who may be interested in such subjects.

THE COAST-GUARDSMAN'S TALE.

"GOOD-evening, Sir."

"Good-evening. A fine night, this."

"Yes, Sir—a niceish sort of night. Pity for us we don't have more of them."

The scene was on the south coast of Cornwall, where I had retired a few days before the commencement of the long vacation, to seek a short repose from the turmoil and worry of the law; leaving behind me the old time-worn buildings of Lincoln's Inn, where the old sun-dial, with its quaint motto,* seldom looked at, and still seldomer heeded, is perpetually reminding us of the frail tenure by which we hold our lives; to seek a little rest and quiet, in about the quietest part of England. I had taken rooms in a little village about half a mile from the sea; and the short walks gradually extended, the regular hours and the quietness of every thing internally and externally was fast bringing me round again, when the circumstances I am about to relate took place.

It was a fine moonlight evening, and I stood gazing out of my window at the few strangers still passing up and down the village street, when a sudden wish came into my head to take a walk along the cliffs by moonlight. I had often thought of doing this, wondering what sort of life the Coast-Guardsmen had of it—those men by whom every inch of England, so they say, is walked round every night, as they pace up and down, night after night, and year after year; and so I resolved, at last, to put my long-fancied scheme into execution.

I had been sauntering along for about half a mile, looking at the blue waves, reaching far, far out into the distance, and checkered here and there by the distant sail of some fishing-boat, gleaming silver in the moonlight, and at the long golden track, reaching from far away up to the base of the cliffs—the foot-path of the fairies, as I had been told long ago—and peopling it, in my fancy, with the light spirits of the air, tripping along in many a fantastic maze, on the glittering surface, and calling to their sister sprites in the water below, when I was startled by an approaching footstep, and, looking up, saw a man close to me, while the inviting smell from a short pipe quickly recalled me from my fancies to the sense of ordinary existence.

All that I noticed of his dress was that he had on a rough pilot-coat, with a low hat, while a thick walking-stick formed his only apparent weapon of offense and defense. In short, it was with him that the sentences "first above written" were exchanged.

I soon found that my new acquaintance was one of that very body of men that I had so often pondered about; and so, having fallen into conversation, I walked on a bit with him.

"I suppose you don't have much to do now besides walking up and down, do you?"

"Why no, Sir. There's not so much doing as there used to be, once on a time, though I have seen some goings on in my time—Mind where you are treading, Sir!" he exclaimed. "The cliff is not very safe along the edge, and if it gave way you would be smashed on the rocks below, like a poor fellow I knew was some time ago. God rest his soul!"

"What of him?" I said. "Did any one fall over here?"

"Why no, Sir. He didn't exactly fall over, and it wasn't over this cliff, neither, but the one we shall come to next. My beat ends there, and, as I am a bit before my time, I expect my mate won't be up for ten minutes or so; and, if you like to hear the tale, though it's not so much after all, I will tell you on the spot where it all happened. Indeed, to say the truth, I shall be very glad of your company, for it's a whisht* spot, and, often as I have waited there, I am always glad to turn my back on it again."

We soon reached the bay by the light of the moon. After looking along the cliff, to see if there were any signs of his companion, and, not finding any, he sat down on a stone, and I lighted a cigar, and, taking my place beside him, he began:

"It is not so many years ago, Sir, eight or nine, maybe, when a young gentleman came down here, as it might be you, to spend a month or so—our town being a quiet sort of place, like. He wasn't a bad-looking sort of fellow, and had small and white hands. Indeed most people would have called him handsome, though there was always a kind of look about his mouth I didn't like to see. He was staying up at the Miner's Arms, and there soon got tales about the town of the way in which he and two or three other wild young fellows about here, as there are every where, used to go on; the sitting up at nights, the drinking and card-playing, and the wild freaks they used to be at. But as he always had plenty of money, and paid his bill every week (it was by his own wish), Polmarthen, the landlord, Sir, never cared to say any thing to him. He was a close man, was Polmarthen, and no doubt he made plenty of money out of his customer; but it would have been better for him if he had never let Mr. Hendon under his roof. His daughter, pretty Kate Polmarthen as she was always called, was the prettiest girl for miles about (I see you guess what's coming), and many was the glass that had been emptied in her honor, and many a young man would have given much to have stood well in her good graces; but, though she was a bit of a flirt, there was none that had ever found favor in her eyes but Ralph Tregarva—a likely young fellow as ever was seen. Folks often wondered how it was that old Polmarthen ever allowed his daughter to engage herself to young Tregarva, who was only a fisherman; but though the old man loved money much, he loved his daughter more; and though I hear there was some trouble about it, yet, in the end, he gave way to her in this. It was not long, however, after Mr. Hendon came down here, that a change seemed to come over poor Kate. She would sit silent for hours, and if Ralph came to try and cheer her up, she would speak sharply and harshly to him, and then sometimes burst into a flood of tears, and beg his pardon, and kiss him, and tell him that he was the dearest and best of men, and that she was not worthy of him. I was a great friend of his, and I gathered most of this from him at the time, poor fellow! I was sitting in my cottage one day toward the evening, thinking it would soon be time to be going off on my beat, when young Tregarva burst in with a face as white as a sheet, and scarcely able to stand. 'What is the matter, man,' said I; 'have you seen a ghost?' but he staggered to a chair and fell, rather than sat, down on it, holding his face between his hands, while the big sobs that burst from him seemed to shake him from head to foot, though not a tear fell through his fingers. I stood by him for some little time, but he seemed to grow worse instead of better, and at last I laid my hand on his shoulder. 'Come, Ralph, be a man; what is all this about?' He turned on me like a tiger. 'Leave me alone, curse you. Do you too mock at me?' and with one spring he was past me, and out at the door like a madman. I followed in haste, greatly alarmed, as you may suppose, but could see nothing of him. There was a mist rising, and any one would have been invisible at any moderate distance; and it was with deep forebodings that I went my rounds that night. When I returned to my cottage I noticed a small piece of paper lying on the floor. It explained all. It was a letter from Hendon to Kate, evidently written in a hurry, and was all crumpled up as if it had been clenched in the fingers. No doubt it had dropped from Ralph's hand, though how he got it I do not know. It left no room for doubt. He urged her to fly from the village, and promised that he would provide for her. Soon after I heard more. That same evening Kate Polmarthen had disappeared. That morning her bedroom had been found empty, and she was gone. What surprised others, though not me, was, that her father made no search after her—for he made none. He knew only too well why she had gone. Hendon was still in the village, in order, I suppose, to divert all attention from himself, as he was not aware that the note had been found, Ralph and I each keeping our own counsel. What need to publish the certainty of her shame? We heard nothing of Ralph for three days, when he returned and went about his work just as usual, but resenting fiercely any mention of the past. His manner, too, was quite changed. Oh! so haggard and wild he looked, and with a dogged kind of sullenness in place of his former light-hearted gayety. Even to me he never spoke now, and one or two attempts I made to draw him out into conversation were met with such bursts of rage that I was obliged to leave him to himself. And now I must come to the most painful part of my tale. You see that the bay below is closed in at high-tide, and the sand gets quite covered. It was high-water about half-past eleven on the September evening, when I was on my beat, and a bright night, just like this. I was walking along the top of the cliff, just where we are now, when I thought I heard a voice down below, on the beach, which was nearly under water. Surprised at this, I looked over and I saw that there was a figure there, and that he was rushing about and shouting up. I could recognize the voice of Hendon, and called out—'Holloa, there?' 'Help! help!' he cried. 'I am cut off by the tide. I can't swim. Send a boat. For God's sake, help me!' So it was. Sauntering along, he had, I suppose, waited there, and had found himself cut off by the rising tide, which would have been the case an hour and a half before I saw him, so that he must have waited at least that time with the water gradually rising higher and higher. But what was to be done? True, I had a rope, and instinctively I had taken it out, but it was only a short one, about a dozen yards long. I always carry a bit about with me. It often comes in useful; but what good was it now? I could not descend the cliff, and if I left my beat and went for assistance he would be drowned long before I could return. Even while I hesitated I heard a step behind me, and Ralph Tregarva stood by my side. 'I can go down that cliff,' said he, in the measured, dogged tone he had always used since *then*, though there seemed to be an expression of savage exultation in his tone that night that made me shudder. 'I will go. Give me that rope.' 'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'it is certain death!' While I spoke, however, he had snatched the rope out of my hands, let himself over the edge of the cliff, and was going down, hand-under-hand, clutching at every little bush and every tuft of grass. My head swam watching him. One slip, and he would have fallen, literally 'smashed' on the rocks below; but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for still I could see him going down, further and further, crawling like a lizard, till he was only some eight or nine yards from the bottom. There he stopped. There is a flat ledge of rock there, and he lay down on it. It was a still night, and I could hear him as plainly as I could you, Sir. 'Mr. Hendon!' he called out. 'Oh, thank God, you are come at last!' I heard Mr. Hendon answer. 'Here I am. How can I reach you?' 'I have a rope with me; if I throw it you, can you get up here?' 'Yes, yes; be quick, be quick. The tide has risen up to my knees, and I am half dead with cold.' 'Just so,' was the strange answer of Tregarva. 'Quick! quick! do not trifle with me; I shall drown.' 'You will not drown for half an hour yet, Mr. Hendon,' replied Tregarva, with a laugh. But such a laugh! It sounded like the laughter of a fiend. 'Oh, for mercy's sake, be quick!' 'Mercy!' echoed Tregarva. 'Such as you have shown shall be shown to you. Where is Kate Polmarthen?' 'I do not know. I do not, indeed. Quick! the water is over my knees.' 'Liar!' returned Ralph, heedless of his agonizing entreaties. 'I have ventured my life to come here. Did you think it was to save you? No; it was to secure my revenge. Never shall you come up here alive. Listen to me. When I heard of her flight I was among the first to visit her house. Her father found a letter from you, telling her where to go, and that you would meet her. She had dropped it in her hurried departure. But never shall you meet her in this world. Liar! seducer! Your last hour is come. I have but to throw you this rope and you are safe. Your life is in my hands; but had I a thousand lives, and were each of them entwined in your one, I would give up all, all, to punish you.' Again the scream arose—'Mercy! mercy!' 'Mercy!' again echoed Tregarva. 'Such mercy as the lion shows to his prey, such shall you have. You shall die, wretch—die in your sins; and, as the water mounts higher and higher, think of her whose body and soul you have murdered—think of me whose peace of mind, you, in your wantonness, have utterly wrecked, and *then* ask for mercy. Never.' Oh, that I could forget the fearful scene that followed. The wretched Hendon, as the water mounted higher and higher, while each wave almost tore him away from his frail hold on the projections of the rock, clung to the cliff, shrieking out mingled prayers and blasphemies in his agony, while the relentless waves came dashing in, rearing up, with a hoarse boom, against the rocks, while, above all, rose the frantic yells of Tregarva, as he exulted in his terrors and sufferings, like a wild beast over his victim. The crisis arrived. One mountainous wave came rolling in, and while his death-shriek still rings in my ears, Hendon was torn away from his hold. His white face appeared gleaming among the spray for one moment, the next he was dashed with fearful force against the rocks, and the next a bleeding and shattered body was borne out to sea. Ralph was reascending the cliff, when, losing his scanty foothold, he slipped away. For one moment he hung suspended from the shrub he was holding, and then, as the roots gave way under his weight, he fell down into the same tomb to which he had consigned his victim. *His* body was never found. That of Hendon was recovered next day, and an inquest held. I was the principal witness, and a verdict of 'willful murder' was returned against Tregarva.

I have little more to tell. Poor Kate and her babe lie side by side in the church-yard. And now, Sir, can you wonder that I don't much like being here all alone? But I see my mate is coming, just in time, so I will bid you good-night, Sir."

"Good-night."

And I returned to my lodgings, a sadder and more thoughtful, if not a wiser, man.

* Ex hoc momento pendent eternitas.

* Cornish for "dull—melancholy."

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give in this week's paper several sketches illustrating General GRANT'S Campaign in Virginia. That on pages 376 and 377, "THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SALIENT," pictures the desperate fight of May 12, which resulted in a brilliant victory for General HANCOCK. A *Times* correspondent thus describes the struggle:

At the point at which HANCOCK'S assault was made, at 4 o'clock in the morning, the rebel breast-works formed an angle or salient, and his men advanced silently, and, without firing a shot, entered the works at the salient, and swept up the inside of the right, capturing 70·0 prisoners. After driving the enemy a mile the latter rallied, and HANCOCK at 6 A.M. returned and formed his line of battle in the enemy's works. As this was the key of the whole position, our right was gradually retired, and the main body of the army massed on the left. The Sixth Corps (WRIGHT), which had been on the right of the Second, withdrew behind their skirmish line, and united with HANCOCK'S right, and afterward two divisions of WARREN'S were brought over. The history of the day, after 6 o'clock in the morning, is all summed up in five successive and fierce assaults which LEE made to retake the lost position. At first EWELL'S corps alone confronted HANCOCK, but during the day HILL and LONGSTREET were drawn over from the rebel left, and the whole army of LEE flung itself in five desperate efforts to recapture the breast-works. But it was all in vain, as every assault met a bloody repulse.

So terrific was the death-grapple, however, that at different times of the day the rebel colors were planted on the one side of the works and ours on the other, the men fighting across the parapet. Nothing during the war has equaled the savage desperation of this struggle, which was continued for fourteen hours.

Our sketch presents a vivid view of this bloodiest of all the fields of this campaign.

On page 380 we give three sketches by A. R. WAUD. One represents the RIVER NY, which is one of four known respectively as the Mat, Ta, Po, and Ny, which, when they join, form the Mattapony. The Ny lies northeast of Spottsylvania Court House, and will be historical for its connection with the battles fought around it.

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, as it is presented in Mr. WAUD'S sketch, is seen to be a mere hamlet, lying amidst surrounding woods. It is the capital of Spottsylvania County, and contains a court-house, a jail, an Episcopal church, two or three stores, and probably 200 inhabitants. Our sketch was taken from a point within the Federal lines. The rebel rifle-pits appear in the distance.

Another sketch exhibits the BATTERIES on General WARREN'S left, showing part of Spottsylvania.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on the preceding page two illustrations of General SHERMAN'S campaign in Georgia. The sketch entitled GENERAL LOGAN'S SKIRMISHERS ADVANCING TOWARD THE RAILROAD AT RESACA, presents a vivid picture of the difficulties of our advance in a country so peculiarly strong for defense as that in which General SHERMAN has mostly operated. Mr. DAVIS, in sending this sketch, says: "The country hereabouts is so little cleared, and the woods are so thick with undergrowth, that it is by no means a pleasant undertaking to enter the forests, exposed at every step to the fire of hidden marksmen. The skirmishers went in to-day, however, with a willingness and determination that very soon resulted in the expulsion of the enemy from the woods, and the advance of our lines to a strong position, from which an excellent view of the country before us was obtained. It was in this thick underbrush that General KILPATRICK was wounded."

Another sketch by Mr. DAVIS represents GENERAL OSTERHAUS'S DIVISION OF LOGAN'S CORPS ON BALD HILL, the position gained by it on May 14. From this position the railroad bridge at Resaca was shelled, causing a suspension of the trains, and doing other damage. The enemy responded briskly to this fire, and several of our officers were wounded, among them Captain SHERIDAN, chief signal officer of General HOOKER.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
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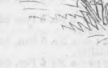


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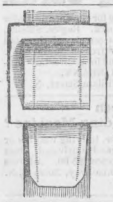
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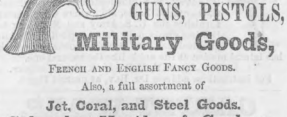
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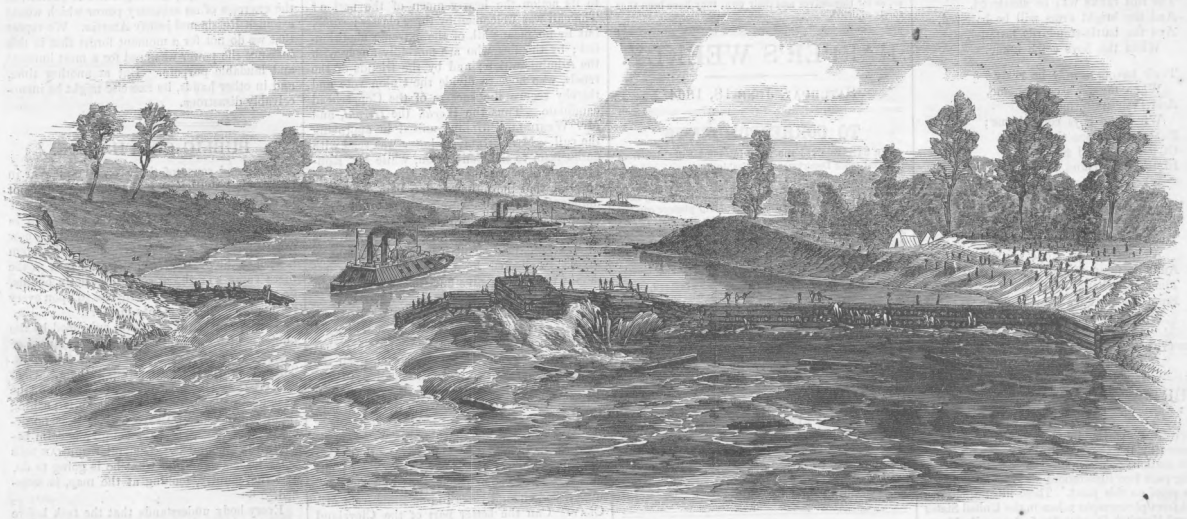
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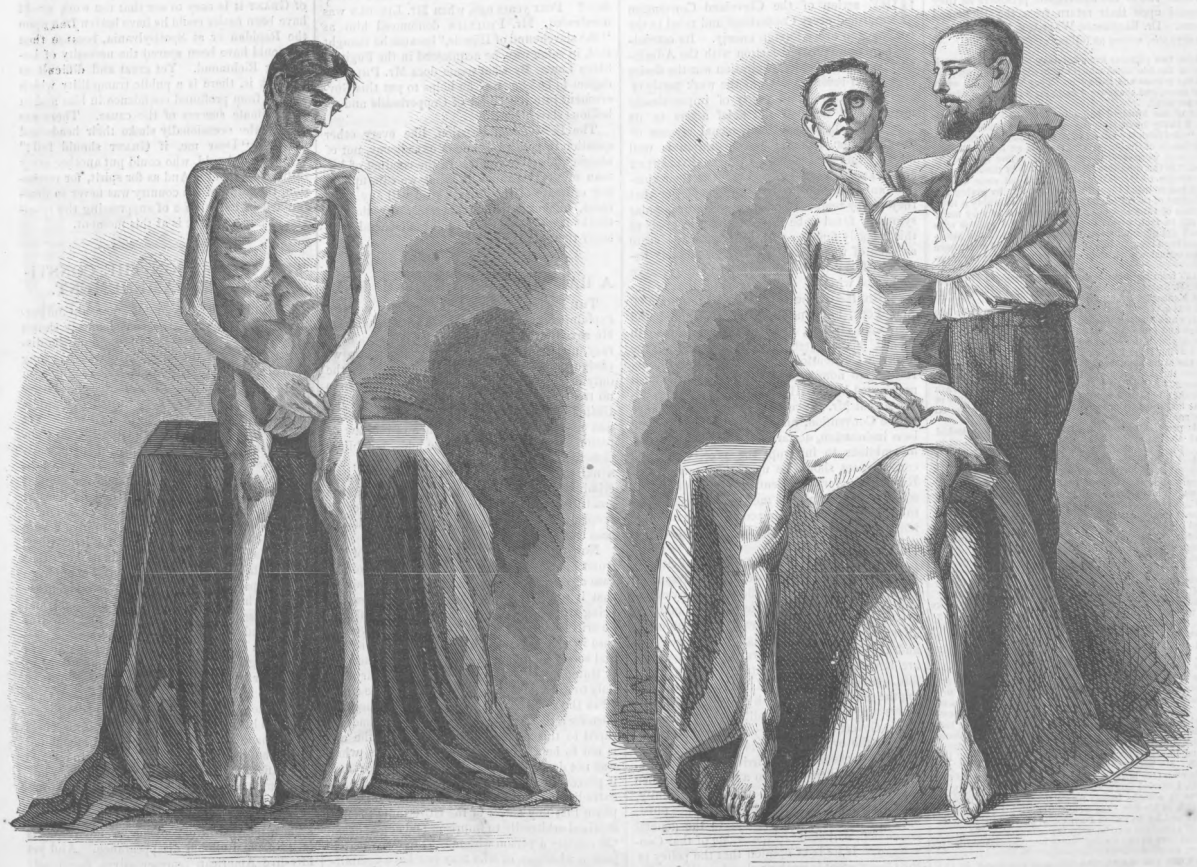
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PORTER'S GUN-BOATS PASSING THE DAM IN THE RED RIVER, NEAR ALEXANDRIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. GEORGE SLATER.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



REBEL CRUELTY—OUR STARVED SOLDIERS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

THERE'S a happy time coming
When the boys come home,
There's a glorious day coming
When the boys come home.
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In a sun-burst of glory
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter
When the boys come home;
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweet-hearts will press them
In their arms, and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest
When the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty
When the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty
When the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them
When the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them
When the boys come home.
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dissever
From the nation's heart forever
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

FURTHER PROOFS OF REBEL INHUMANITY.

EVIDENCES of the inhuman treatment of our prisoners by the Confederate authorities at Richmond continue to multiply. We give on the preceding page two illustrations which afford indubitable proof on this point. These illustrations are made from photographs taken in the United States General Hospital, Division No. 1, Annapolis, Maryland, under charge of Dr. Z. VANDERKIEFT. They represent two of the unfortunate prisoners as they appeared upon their return from the Richmond prisons. Dr. ELLERSLIE WALLACE, in sending the photographs, writes as follows:

These two pictures are what may be called good specimens of the *bad* cases which are brought to the hospital from the prisons and Belle Isle. They are from the worst of the cases, and these worst cases form a numerous body. Both are dead.

Out of one hundred bad cases brought in by boat on May 2 thirty have since died. Dr. VANDERKIEFT said they "died from the effects of neglect and cruel treatment at the hands of the enemy." Dr. V. is an honorable, upright, and warm-hearted gentleman. The question is asked, "Is the condition of the originals of these pictures entirely due to starvation, or is there not some disease which has reduced them?" I answer this by giving the statements of two of the men, which are, with only a little variation of time and place, the statements of very many—of all, in fact, whom I questioned. The various ones whom I did question were in different parts of the hospital, had been brought in at different times, and could have had no collusion with each other in answering my questions.

I take from my note-book first the statement of Corporal W. M. SMITH, aged 22 years, Company D, Eighth Regiment Kentucky Infantry:

"I was captured in September, 1863; was on Belle Isle six days and nights without shelter. They took away my blanket and gum-cloth. It rained two or three days. I lay at night in the cold dew and frost. While in prison, after leaving Belle Isle, in December, I got small-pox. I wore the same summer clothes in which I was captured; I lay on the floor; I never had any thing to sleep on or any cover. After I got well of the small-pox I had to wash my clothes, for I had worn them all the time. I came in to this hospital in the same clothes. Diarrhea came on in February."

This poor fellow was so shriveled that his face looked like that of an ape. It was seamed and wrinkled and in folds. I had his picture taken; he asked me for one; I promised it to him, and inquired what he wanted it for. He trembled, choked with emotion, calmed himself, again quivered, and, as the tears gushed from his eyes, said, "To send it home to my mother." I rejoiced when I found that the picture was a failure, for a sight of that face in a picture, I really believe, might have killed his mother, or turned her brain.

Another statement, that of Private JACKSON BROSIERS, aged 20, Company D, Sixty-fifth Regiment Indiana Mounted Infantry, is as follows:

"I was captured December 16, 1863; was two months on Belle Isle; had a piece of a tent over me, but it was full of holes, and the water came through. A good many had no shelter at all; I don't know how many. They took from me my hat and cap, and gave me an old jeans rag hat. They took my overcoat, two blankets, and gum blanket. I had meat but three times on Belle Isle. I think it was mule meat, for I never saw such looking meat, and never tasted any of the same queer taste. I never had enough to eat while I was on Belle Isle; my ration was not near enough to satisfy my hunger. I got thinner and weaker every day, until in two months my stomach gave out: and then the weakness came on, oh, so bad! Well, I had to eat my ration or starve; so I chewed and nibbled it off and on as I could. Then in the last month of my imprisonment diarrhea came on. I came into this hospital on March 24, 1864. I am getting stronger and heavier every day. My weight was about 185 pounds. My height is 6 feet 1 inch."

This man (BROSIERS), who thus weighed originally 185 pounds, I carried down stairs in my arms and weighed. He was 3½ months in the rebels' hands, and had never been sick in his life. He weighed on May 19, 1864, 103½ pounds, and he had then been eight weeks in the enjoyment of abundant nutriment, with stimulation and every excellent care in the United States hospital. What must he have weighed when he first came from prison?

I saw one young man who had been a prisoner in the hands of the rebels for (I think) seven months. He had been released about a month before I saw him. Upon his entrance into the hospital the nurse and the surgeon both assured me that his fore-arm was so thin that it was transparent between the bones when held up to the sunlight. Certain it is that I have never seen a more emaciated human form, whether alive or dead, and yet he said that he was gaining flesh and strength every day. What must he have been one month before I saw him? For at this time he could not change his position in bed without assistance. His stomach was in such condition from starvation, *not from disease*, that when he was first admitted he was fed on milk, a teaspoonful every fifteen or twenty minutes. It was all that he could bear without vomiting. The kind and earnest efforts put forth day and night in his behalf failed to do more than support him for a time. He died shortly after I left Annapolis—died of inanition.

The daily ration of these men in the prisons and on Belle Isle was, first, a piece of corn bread made of unbolted corn meal, dark and heavy. Its size is five inches long, four inches wide, and one inch and a half thick. I have seen these rations brought here as specimens. Second, as a further ration, they generally have two ounces of meat three times a week. Sometimes not nearly as often. A very few had two ounces of meat once every day. When sick with diarrhea they have the same rations, with the addition of bean soup, coarse and dark, ill-tasted and repulsive.

The process of these men's depletion is perfectly plain. Under the combined effects of bad and deficient food their "stomach gave out;" then came indigestion, loss of appetite, nausea, weakness; then diarrhea, and often congestion of the lungs of atonic character, the result of impoverished blood and deficient powers of circulation. So they suffer, and hence they die, or are returned to the care of those for whom, for whose country, for whose honor, as for themselves and their own, they have been thus sorely afflicted.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received the following official decision from the Post-office Department at Washington:

"*In reply to your letter of yesterday, I have to state that the 24th sec. of the Postal Law of 1863 authorizing Book Manuscripts to be sent at printed rates of postage can not be so construed as to include articles for Newspapers and Magazines; but must be confined to Book Manuscripts alone.* I am, etc.,

ST. JOHN B. L. SKINNER,
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Section 26 of the Law prescribes "that if any matter on which by law postage is required to be prepaid at the mailing office shall reach its destination without such prepayment, *double the prepaid rates shall be charged and collected on delivery.*"

The Publishers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY must therefore give notice to Correspondents that all communications sent to them by mail must be prepaid at the rates of letter postage—*i. e., three cents for every half ounce;* and that communications upon which extra postage is charged will not be taken from the Post-office.—Also, that when the return of MSS. by mail is desired, the full amount for postage should be inclosed. Where this is not done, the amount sent will be affixed; but in that case the writers will be charged at the Post-office double rates—*i. e.*, six cents per half ounce.

They suggest that, where possible, all MSS. weighing more than four ounces should be sent by express rather than by mail.

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION.

THE action of the Cleveland Convention gratified every Copperhead and rebel in the country and every foreign enemy. Its ostensible motive was dissatisfaction with the Administration, but its chief inspiration was the desire of personal revenge. It was the work partly of angry and intriguing, partly of impracticable men. That some of the chief actors in its proceedings have especial personal reasons of dissatisfaction with the Administration is well known; and that Messrs. PARKER PILLSBURY and STEPHEN S. FOSTER represent in their opinions any great multitude of the people, or that they are by temperament or training or popular sympathy fitted to be leaders in such a crisis as this, nobody familiar with their careers, sincere as each of them doubtless is, can possibly believe. The only name of practical importance connected with the Convention was that of LUCIUS ROBINSON, the Controller of the State of New York, and one of its most honored and honorable citizens, and his letter was read in silence, his suggestions disregarded, and the work the Convention assembled to do was done. It came to nominate General FRÉMONT, and it nominated him. His friends announced in advance that Mr. LINCOLN should have no chance in the Convention, and, making a puerile and base insinuation, declared that if he sent any of his minions to interrupt the proceedings the consequences should be upon their own heads. Refusing to verify credentials the assembly resolved itself into a mass meeting, and assuming to speak for the American people, made its nominations, baptized itself the Radical Democracy, and adjourned.

It is indisputable that any number of citizens have a perfect right to meet and express their opinions, and nominate candidates for any office. But it is no less indisputable that at a moment of extreme national peril the practical union of all faithful citizens is a high moral necessity, and that calmness, forbearance, and patience are imperative patriotic duties. When, therefore, a practicable and usual method of ascertaining the general popular wish is opened—when all voters who wish the unconditional maintenance of the Government by every efficient means, including the overthrow of Slavery, if that shall be deemed essential, are invited to send representatives of their views to a Convention, then every citizen who wishes to maintain that unity, and who knows that his private preference must, by the highest necessity, yield to the general conviction, will abide by the action of that Convention. If he is of opinion that the policy of the Government is weak or slow he will do what he can to impress the public mind with his views. But, failing to succeed, he will not do all that he can to change that policy for one which, by giving the Presidency to the friends of rebels, substitutes treachery for weakness, and which, instead of slowly defending the right makes haste to yield to the wrong.

The Cleveland Convention was called by men who despaired of controlling the Union Convention at Baltimore. When they saw that the overpowering tendency of popular preference was for Mr. LINCOLN, they denounced the Baltimore Convention as packed, and called another to meet a week previously and nominate another candidate, with the intention of saying that the nomination at Baltimore, after a Union candidate was in the field, was a willful schism and distraction of the Union party. Was this a loyal and honorable action, or was it an indication that personal passion was stronger than patriotism? Were the gentlemen who met at Cleveland really the representatives of the great mass of the Union men of the country? Was the response to the call before the meeting general, unanimous, enthusiastic? Is the response to its action the hearty amen of the nation? The call was welcomed by three classes: some, but by no means all, of the extreme abolitionists; by the few who are morbidly angry with the Administration; and by the friends of the rebels, who hope to divide the Union vote and thereby secure the success of the Copperhead candidate. Thus the *World*, the *Herald*, and Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS united in approving the call. Mr. PHILLIPS's letter was read with enthusiasm to the Convention, while Mr. ROBINSON's was heard in silence. Now there is no question that the united Union vote would triumphantly prevail in November. There may be a question whether it can be divided and yet the victory be secured. Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends take this chance; and if M'CLELLAN should be elected he will owe the heartiest thanks to Mr. PHILLIPS and the Cleveland Convention.

If it be asked why should not the friends of Mr. LINCOLN give way to those of General FRÉMONT, the reply is one of fact; namely, that every sign shows Mr. LINCOLN to be, upon the whole, the candidate most acceptable to the great mass of the Union party. If this were not so, if this were not known to be the truth, why should the Copperhead journals so lustily cheer Mr. PHILLIPS and his Cleveland friends? It is because they hope and ardently pray that these gentlemen may do what Mr. BIRNEY's friends did in 1844. They elected Mr. POLK by drawing off just enough votes in one State from Mr. CLAY. Can the better part of the Cleveland gentlemen really wish to draw off enough votes from Mr. LINCOLN to elect the Chicago candidate? Four years ago, when Mr. LINCOLN was nominated, Mr. PHILLIPS denounced him as "the slavehound of Illinois," because he thought that, in some way, he acquiesced in the Fugitive Slave Law. By what name does Mr. PHILLIPS expect to be known if he helps to put this Government into the power of Copperheads and rebellious slaveholders?

The Presidential question, like every other question in politics, is one of expediency, not of abstract, absolute right. In the conduct of human affairs we must do what we can, upon a fair estimate of the facts. And will any sagacious, unbiased man deliberately say that he thinks it more practicable to elect General FRÉMONT than Mr. LINCOLN?

A BAD MEANS TO A GOOD END.

THE Secretary of State has written a letter explaining his action in the ARGUELLES case. He says that our laws make the slave-trade piracy, and in our treaty with Great Britain we pledge ourselves to urge upon all Powers the duty of putting a stop to the traffic. There is no treaty of extradition between Spain and the United States, and the surrender of ARGUELLES was made, he says, in pursuance of the law of nations. There is, indeed, he adds, no obligation to return a criminal without a treaty, but a nation is never bound to furnish asylum to criminals against the human race; and if the comity of return without treaty might ever be properly practiced, he thinks it was in such a case as that of ARGUELLES.

Now that ARGUELLES was a criminal of the worst kind no one who has read the facts of the case as stated will deny; and we shall all admit that it was very desirable that, the accusation being true, he should be sent home to Cuba to be tried and punished. If there ever were a case in which a man might be summarily seized and secured without form of law, this, if correctly stated, was the case. But the Secretary has only to ask himself whether he would have treated in the same way a pirate who was accused of burning a Spanish ship at sea, and who had escaped to this country, to perceive that the act is not to be allowed. His excuse shows, what was not doubted, the purity of his motive; and it proves conclusively that there ought to be an extradition treaty with Spain; but it does not prove that any officer of the Government is authorized arbitrarily to imprison and deport from the country a person who may or may not be the person who may or who may not have committed a crime with which he is charged against the laws of another country with which we have no understanding upon the subject. The Sultan of Turkey never exercised a more absolute despotism.

The slave-trade being the foul crime that it is, and the Spanish Government being, as this case shows, so very anxious to lay hands upon offenders, and the seat of the offense of sale being so near us, the true answer for the Secretary to give the Spanish Government would have been the proposal for an extradition treaty. That would have covered this case and all others. It would have shown to Spain that we did not wish to harbor her most infamous criminals, and would have allowed no opportunity for the expression of a general alarm that the guarantees of personal liberty had become less sacred in the stress of the war.

If for any reason an extradition treaty is impracticable, then a law of Congress prescribing the method in which the surrender of criminals shall be made is the other alternative. But if neither course is adopted the extradition of such persons is impossible, because the American people will not submit, and ought not to submit, to the exercise of an arbitrary power which would astonish Russia and justify Austria. We repeat that we do not for a moment forget that in this instance the power was used for a most humane and laudable purpose. But at another time, and in other hands, its exercise might be inconceivably disastrous.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE.

THE good sense of the Secretary of War in issuing daily bulletins of the campaign can not be too highly commended. It is another proof of the fact that we have settled down to war in earnest, and that the country wishes to know only the truth. The good result of the system is seen in the deaf ear which we all turn to the mere rumors of the street and bulletin boards, and in the question universally asked upon every fresh statement, "Is that official?"

This happy result is greatly enhanced by the public confidence in the perfect truthfulness of the reports of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN. There is no rhetorical clap-trap in them. General GRANT drives the enemy to cover, and he does not instantly telegraph that he is pushing them to the wall; he says only, "it is no decisive advantage," and the country is calm because the General is. General SHERMAN tells what he has done, not what he is going to do, and the country, looking at the map, is satisfied.

Every body understands that the task before GRANT and SHERMAN is, as the President says, one of magnitude and difficulty. In the case of GRANT it is easy to see that the work would have been easier could he have beaten LEE upon the Rapidan or at Spottsylvania, because then he would have been spared the necessity of besieging Richmond. Yet great and difficult as the task is, there is a public tranquillity which springs from profound confidence in him and in the ultimate success of the cause. There are people who occasionally shake their heads and whisper, "Dear me, if GRANT should fail!" Well, if he should, who could put another army in the field first? And as for spirit, for resolution, the mind of the country was never so firmly fixed in its purpose of suppressing the rebellion at any cost as it is at this moment.

THE VOTE UPON THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

THE difference between statesmanship and partisanship was never more conspicuously shown than in two late events. In England the disfranchisement of the laboring classes has long been a source of anxiety, and seemed to threaten the peace of the future. In America the slavery of the negro race has complicated our public affairs until we are engaged in civil war. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE, a member of the British Cabinet, and by birth and sympathy of the governing class in England, does not hesitate to propose that provision shall be made for a great enlargement of the franchise; and he does it upon the grounds of justice and expediency. The men to whom he proposes to give a vote are, he contends, just as fitted for it as those who already have it; and then he declares that the inevitable agitation of the question ought to be anticipated and prevented by wise concessions. This is Mr. GLADSTONE's position; and he is, consequently, more honored and powerful in England to-day than ever before.

Now in our own country we have the always perplexing and exasperating question of slavery. Whatever its moral excellence as a system may be, there is no doubt that while men are men it will excite the most angry disturbances in peace, as it has hitherto; disturbances and differences which have ended in war. The fundamental law of the land provides a perfectly plain method of emancipation, and of consequent removal of this source of vital irritation. In the very presence of the terrible mischief it has occasioned it might be thought that every legislator, from the highest motives of expediency, would favor its lawful, constitutional disappearance. And yet fifty-five American representatives, facetiously calling themselves Democrats, or friends of equal rights and fair play, voted against the simple proposition to ask the people of the coun-

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try whether they wished slavery to be abolished. There was but one solitary and most honorable exception upon what is called the Democratic side of the House. Every so-called "Democrat" voted in favor of human slavery, except JOHN A. GRISWOLD of Troy, New York, whose name shall be gratefully remembered.

It is a sorrowful and shameful record. Henceforth no service that these gentlemen can render to the country, no protesting enthusiasm for the Union and the Government, no noisy gasconade about liberty and man, can conceal the disgraceful fact that, while the war which slavery has produced holds us all steeped in blood to the lips, and imperils civilization itself, they deliberately voted against the chance of lawful and peaceful emancipation. Mr. GLADSTONE, with the sagacity of a statesman who knows that whoever enlarges liberty, in any direction, is dear to the heart of man, has taken a step which will always rejoice those who follow him and bear his name. But with what bitter regret and indignation will the descendants of these fifty-five gentlemen remember that their ancestors dealt this deliberate blow at justice and liberty!

REBEL CRUELTY.

THE pictures which we publish to-day of the effect of rebel cruelty to our prisoners are fearful to look upon; but they are not fancy sketches from descriptions; they are photographs from life, or rather from death in life, and a thousand-fold more impressively than any description they tell the terrible truth. It is not the effect of disease that we see in these pictures; it is the consequence of starvation. It is the work of desperate and infuriated men whose human instincts have become imbruted by the constant habit of outraging humanity. There is no civilized nation in the world with which we could be at war which would suffer the prisoners in its hands to receive such treatment as our men get from the rebels; and the reason is, that none of them are slaveholding nations, for nowhere are human life and human nature so cheap as among those who treat human beings like cattle.

The Committee on the conduct of the war have made the most searching investigation of the condition of our returned prisoners, and their report of the cruelties to which they have been subjected is accompanied by the evidence. But no evidence is like these pictures. The Committee say:

"The evidence proves, beyond all manner of doubt, a determination on the part of the rebel authorities, deliberately and persistently practiced for a long time past, to subject those of our soldiers who have been so unfortunate as to fall into their hands to a system of treatment which has resulted in reducing many of those who have survived and been permitted to return to us to a condition, both physically and mentally, which no language we can use can adequately describe.

* * * * * * * *

"The general practice of their captors was to rob them, as soon as they were taken prisoners, of all their money, valuables, blankets, and good clothing, and that, upon their arrival at Richmond, they have been confined, without blankets or other covering, in buildings without fire, or upon Belle Isle with, in many cases, no shelter, and in others with nothing but old discarded army tents, so injured by rents and holes as to present but little barrier to the wind and storms.

* * * * * * * *

"In respect to the food furnished to our men by the rebel authorities, the testimony proves that the ration of each man was totally insufficient in quantity *to preserve the health of a child*, even had it been of proper quality, which it was not. It consisted usually, at the most, of two small pieces of corn-bread, made in many instances, as the witnesses state, of cobs ground together, and badly prepared and cooked; of, at times, about two ounces of meat, usually of poor quality, and unfit to be eaten, and occasionally a few black, worm-eaten beans, or something of that kind. Many of our men were compelled to sell to their guards and others, for what price they could get, such clothing and blankets as they were permitted to receive of that forwarded for their use by our Government, in order to obtain additional food sufficient to sustain life; thus, by endeavoring to avoid one privation, reducing themselves to the same destitute condition in respect to clothing and covering that they were in before they received any from our Government. When they became sick and diseased in consequence of this exposure and privation, and were admitted into the hospitals, their treatment was little, if any, improved as to food, though they doubtless suffered less from exposure to cold than before. Their food still remained insufficient in quantity and altogether unfit in quality.

* * * * * * * *

"Your Committee, therefore, are constrained to say that they can hardly avoid the conclusion, expressed by so many of our released soldiers, that the inhuman practices herein referred to are the result of a determination on the part of the rebel authorities to reduce our soldiers in their power, by privation of food and clothing, and by exposure, to such a condition that those who may survive shall never recover so as to be able to render any effective service in the field. And your Committee accordingly ask that this report, with the accompanying testimony, be printed with the report and testimony in relation to the massacre of Fort Pillow, the one being, in their opinion, no less than the other, the result of a predetermined policy. As regards the assertions of some of the rebel newspapers, that our prisoners have received at their hands the same treatment that their own soldiers in the field have received, they are evidently but the most glaring and unblushing falsehoods. No one can for a moment be deceived by such statements who will reflect that our soldiers, who when taken prisoners have been stout healthy men, in the prime and vigor of life, yet have died by hundreds under the treatment they have received, although required to perform no duties of the camp or the march; while the rebel soldiers are able to make long and rapid marches, and to offer a stubborn resistance in the field."

We hope not to be told that such pictures will make children shudder, for we should certainly be amazed if they did not. Such pictures are for parents to ponder. This is the spirit which inspires the rebellion. How is it to be cast out? Can any thing which makes American citizens capable of torturing other American citizens in this fiendish manner be safely tolerated? Shall we lop off the branches, or shall we uproot the tree?

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND" AND "DENIS DUVAL."

THE second number of the new story by DICKENS, published in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*, is delightful. Mr. Silas Wegg and Mr. Nick Boffin are two of his most characteristic figures, and the reading of the Decline-and-Fall-off-the-Rooshan-Empire is one of his most rollicking pieces of melodramatic humor. Indeed the tale opens like a very exciting and complicated melodrama. The two numbers have introduced persons and mysteries and threads of interest enough to keep attention and wonder unflagging for a year. In Lizzie Hexam we have one of the pathetically and powerfully-drawn women which, like Little Dorrit and other of his creations, are among the most beautiful tributes in English literature to womanly character. Thus far, with the exception of the second chapter, which undertakes what DICKENS can never accomplish—a good description of "society"—the story is laid in that lower stratum of London life in whose delineation he is unsurpassed. Its queer, quaint, shifting play of light and shadow are nowhere so wonderfully vivid as in his books, as indeed that life is seldom drawn by any one who impresses you as a master. The shop and the business and the personality of Mr. Venus—the street stall and avocations of Mr. Silas Wegg—the Harmony Jail, or Boffin's Bower, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, with their strict regard for each other's individual taste. "Mrs. Boffin, Wegg," said Boffin, "is a high-flier at Fashion, and her make is such, that she does it credit. As to myself, I ain't yet as Fash'nable as I may come to be. Henerietty, old lady, this is the gentleman that's a-going to decline and fall off the Rooshan Empire"—the inn of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters and Miss Abbey Potterson, who presides over its destiny—all these things are rattled off with a buoyancy which makes the reader almost gasp to reflect that they are written by the author of Pickwick and Nicholas Nickleby, which seem already to have taken their places with Joseph Andrews and Roderick Random.

But THACKERAY'S "Denis Duval," of which the third part is in the July *Harper*, might have been written by a purified Smollett—purified in genius, in power, and in style. The exquisite finish of this tale is unsurpassed, and the picturesque interest with which it invests the little details of life and the characters of the English sea-coast a hundred years ago, are very remarkable. There is a delightful ease of conscious power in it, and as we draw to the end of the number, and, musing over the tender little scene with which it concludes, remember that there is but one more—but one more forever from the kind heart and generous mind that were never so kind and generous as in this story, we close the book with a sigh and a blessing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*June* 1. The House bill to amend the act relative to public printing was passed.—A resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of War to communicate to the Senate all information received by him from our armies, when the same can be given without injury to the public interests.——*June* 2. The House bill to expedite the settlement of land titles in California, at San Francisco and elsewhere, the bill relieving the professors of the West Point Academy from liability to military orders, and the joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Bailey, of the Engineer Corps of the Nineteenth Army Corps, for his skill and ability in extricating our gun-boats on the Red River, were passed.——*June* 3. The consideration of the Internal Revenue bill occupied most of the day; several amendments were adopted in reference to the tax on tobacco.——*June* 4. The House bill to provide for the payment of the Second Regiment, Third Brigade, Ohio Volunteer Militia, was passed.—The bill to extend for five years the time for the reversion to the United States of lands granted by Congress to aid in the construction of a railroad from Marquette to Flint was passed.—The bill to pay Wisconsin her five per cent. on the reserved public lands in her borders was dismissed.——*June* 6. The bill giving 100,000 acres of land to the State of Wisconsin, to aid in constructing the Ship Canal from Green Bay to Lake Michigan, was passed.—The Internal Revenue bill came up, and several amendments were adopted.——*June* 7. Several bills were reported but no final action was taken.

HOUSE.—*June* 1. Mr. Davis introduced a bill for the construction of a bridge over the Hudson at Albany for military and postal purposes, which was referred to the Committee on Commerce.—The House concurred in the report of the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the National Bank bill.—Mr. Dawes made a report in the Missouri contested election case of Birch contesting the seat of King. After some discussion the House discharged the Committee on Elections from any further consideration of the subject, so that Mr. King, the sitting member, retains his seat.——*June* 2. The session was mainly occupied in considering the Tariff bill, several gentlemen making speeches.—The Senate bills to compensate the officers and seamen on the gun-boat *De Kalb*, which was destroyed, for the loss of clothing, and to authorize the honorable discharge of firemen and coalmen, were passed.——*June* 3. A resolution allowing mileage and salary to Mr. M'Henry of Kentucky and Mr. Birch of Missouri, who unsuccessfully contested the seats of Messrs. Yeaman and King, was rejected.—The Senate bill amendatory of the law granting alternate sections of land to Michigan to aid in the construction of railroads was passed.—The House went into Committee on the Tariff, and several amendments were made, the bill occupying all the session until recess.—After recess Mr. Washburne reported a bill, which was passed, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell the Marine Hospital and grounds at Chicago, and with the proceeds of such sale purchase a more healthy and retired location.—The Bankrupt bill was discussed, after which the Senate bill, to prohibit speculating transactions in coin and bullion, was considered until the adjournment.——*June* 4. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Tariff bill. A large number of amendments were made, when the Committee rose and reported the bill, with the amendments, to the House. All the amendments were concurred in. The bill was then passed by Yeas, 81; Nays, 26.——*June* 6. Mr. Garfield reported a bill for the more speedy punishment of guerrillas as murderers, and violators of the laws and customs of war—the sentences to be carried into effect by the commanding Generals and commanders of departments. They have power to mitigate punishment to confinement in the Penitentiary, but not in cases of sentence of death, or cashiering or dismissal of officers. The bill was passed, 72 to 37.—Mr. Wilson reported back the Senate bill for the summary trial of minor offenses against the United States, which was passed.—The Senate bill, providing that no member of Congress, after his election and continuance in office, nor any head of department or bureau, or clerk, shall receive or agree to receive any compensation, directly or indirectly, for any service rendered or to be rendered either by himself or another in proceedings relative to contracts, etc., was passed.—The House bill placing contractors for supplies for the army and navy under the laws which relate to those branches of the public service was also passed.—The House also passed the Senate joint resolution of thanks to Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey for the relief of the Red River fleet by his engineering skill.——*June* 7. Mr. Hooper reported a bill to provide ways and means for the support of the Government by authorizing a loan of four hundred millions of dollars, to be borrowed on coupon or registered bonds, bearing six per cent. interest.—The report of the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was disagreed to.—The Senate bill prohibiting speculation in coin and bullion was laid on the table.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

On the 30th ult., as stated in our last report, our advance was within ten miles of Richmond, having on the 28th beaten the enemy's cavalry, with a loss on his part of 1000. On the morning of that day (30th) our army again advanced an average march of four miles, occupying nearly all day, brought the different corps in connected line of battle close upon the enemy's intrenchments, Warren having the left, Hancock the centre, Wright the right, and Burnside the reserve, though the latter subsequently assumed a portion of the line. Warren and Hancock pressed the enemy's skirmishers from the first. The former crossed the Tolopatomoy without serious opposition and intrenched in three lines. A little after dark the enemy attacked his left, first falling upon Crawford's division and forcing a part of it from the first line, but reaching the second line, or rather a line further to the left and so practically a second line, held by Kitchen's brigade, late heavy artillery, they met a terrible repulse. This line was concave toward the enemy, with a battery at each horn of the half moon. Early's division rushed into this snare, and speedily went back, all that was left of it. The repulse was complete; our own loss was trivial, the enemy's terrible. Crawford and Kitchen lost perhaps 200 killed and wounded, and they buried that number of the enemy's dead, took over a hundred prisoners, exclusive of over a hundred rebel wounded left on the ground.

Meanwhile Hancock had been not less successful in gaining the position he wanted. By noon he had pushed back a heavy skirmish line so close to their own works that Barlow's division planted Arnold's battery within 500 yards of a rebel battery. An artillery duel of an hour silenced the rebel guns first engaged, but disclosed others right and left. During the evening while Warren repelled an assault Hancock made one. Barlow's division charged and carried a range of rebel rifle-pits, thus advancing the left and centre of the corps line equally with the right, and cutting off an enfilading fire which might have troubled us. This advance was under cover of an artillery fire of a dozen guns and eight Cohor mortars.

On Tuesday afternoon (31st) General Sheridan, discovering a force of rebel cavalry, which proved to be Fitz Hugh Lee's division, at Cold Harbor, three miles from the Chickahominy, advanced to the attack, and, after a hard fight, routed the division, together with Gilmgman's brigade of infantry, which came to Lee's support. Sheridan, who remained in possession of the place, took a considerable number of prisoners, many of the rebel dead and wounded also falling into his hands. The position being one of some importance, the Sixth Corps was ordered to occupy it, and late on Tuesday night moved forward for that purpose. On Wednesday an attack was ordered to be made at that point (our left) by the Sixth Corps, the troops under Smith, who had come up from York River, Warren, Burnside, and Hancock being held in readiness to advance in their respective fronts. The attack was made with spirit about 5 o'clock P.M., continuing until after dark, and resulting in our carrying the enemy's works on the right of the Sixth Corps, and also the first line in front of Smith. The latter, however, were commanded in the rear, which made these carried untenable. The enemy made repeated assaults on each of the corps not engaged in the main assault, but were repulsed with loss in every instance. Seven hundred prisoners were taken. During the night the enemy made several assaults to regain what they had lost, but failed. At one time Warren was assailed after the old plan of hurling massed columns upon his lines; but having his infantry well posted behind earth-works, and his artillery well in position, the enemy was repulsed in three desperate charges with frightful slaughter.

On Tuesday night, 31st ult., while Sheridan was fighting on the left, General Wilson with his cavalrymen had a fight on the right, near Hanover Court House, with Young's brigade of rebel cavalry. The enemy were routed, with a severe loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. On, Wednesday evening our cavalry entered Richardsville, after scouting about the old battle-fields of the Chickahominy.

On Thursday there was but little fighting, but on Friday morning at 4 o'clock, General Grant made an assault on the enemy's lines, driving him within his intrenchments at all points, but without gaining any decisive advantage. When Barlow's division charged the enemy's works he succeeded in getting possession of seventeen guns and taking two hundred and fifty prisoners. But not being supported, he was exposed to an enfilading fire, and was compelled to evacuate the works he had so gallantly captured, and also had to abandon the guns. General Grant says: "Our loss was not severe, nor do I suppose the enemy to have lost heavily. We captured over 300 prisoners, mostly from Breckinridge." Another later official report, not from General Grant, estimates the number of our killed and wounded at about 3000. The following officers are among the killed: Colonel Haskell, Third sixth Wisconsin; Colonel Porter, Eighth New York Heavy Artillery; Colonel Morris, Sixty-sixth New York. Among the wounded are: General R. O. Tyler, seriously—will probably lose a foot; General John R. Brooks, contusion in stomach; Colonel M'Mahon, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York; Colonel Byrnes, Eighth Massachusetts—probably mortally; Colonel Brooks, Fifty-third Pennsylvania.

On Friday evening the enemy suddenly attacked Smith's Brigade of Gibbon's Division. The battle lasted with great fury for half an hour. The attack was handsomely repulsed. Smith's losses were inconsiderable. At 6 P.M. Wilson, with his cavalry, fell upon the rear of a brigade of Heth's Division, which Lee had thrown around to his left apparently with the intention of enveloping Burnside. After a sharp but short conflict Wilson drove them from their rifle-pits in confusion. He took a few prisoners. He had previously fought and routed Gordon's advance of rebel cavalry. During these fights he lost several officers; among them Colonel Preston, First Vermont Cavalry, killed; Colonel Benjamin, Eighth New York Cavalry, seriously wounded. General Stannard, served in the Eighteenth Corps, was severely wounded on Friday.

Our entire loss in killed, wounded, and missing during the three days' operations around Cold Harbor will not exceed, according to the Adjutant-General's report, 7500.

There were no demonstrative movements by either army during Saturday. A desultory cannonading was heard on our extreme left, in the direction of Bottom's Bridge, but it soon ceased. The day was cool, and rain fell in sufficient quantities to refresh, but not deluge, the men in hospitals, on picket, and in the trenches.—On Saturday night, about 8 o'clock, the enemy made his accustomed night attack in a furious assault upon Barlow, but, as ever before, was repulsed with severe loss. About midnight he attempted to drive Hancock from his position, and again signally failed. Hancock's lines were brought within 40 yards of the rebel works. The enemy lost 300 in killed and over 1000 wounded. The rebels were very busy on Saturday constructing intrenchments on the west side of the Chickahominy, at Bottom's Bridge, and toward evening threw a party across to the east side.

On Sunday there was no fighting, both armies seeking rest.

About midnight on Monday the rebels made a fierce assault on Burnside, but were successfully repulsed. On the preceding afternoon a hundred picked men of the enemy made a rush to find out what was the meaning of Hancock's advancing siege lines. Nine of the party were captured, and the rest killed or driven back.

Several letters have passed between General Grant and General Lee in respect to collecting the dead and the wounded between the two armies. General Grant, in the closing letter, regrets that all his efforts "for alleviating the sufferings of wounded men left on the battle-field have been rendered nugatory."

General Grant's new base is now completely established at the White House, and wagon-trains come and go regularly.

A large number of rebel prisoners have reached White House. Several hundred arrive daily from the field of Grant's operations.

Reinforcements are constantly going forward to General Grant.

MOVEMENTS ON THE PENINSULA.

General Smith's command, detached from Butler's army, arrived at White House on the 30th ult., landed at once, and pushed forward to join General Grant the next day. There was no difficulty in getting up the Pamunkey, no torpedoes being found. The landing was made on the same spot where the Army of the Potomac made its base in 1862—White House Landing.

During Monday and Tuesday, 30th and 31st ult., every thing was comparatively quiet with General Butler. On Wednesday morning, June 1, the enemy attacked General Butler's left wing, and a spirited fight ensued, resulting in the repulse of the enemy. On Wednesday night the enemy returned to the attack, and made a charge, with the evident intention of capturing our Parrott guns, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The fighting continued until near Thursday morning. About 2 o'clock on that morning the last and grandest effort of the rebels was met by three regiments of Terry's division, who occupied the rifle-pits on our right. Our line was broken, for a time, in two places, but was subsequently re-established on the ground originally occupied. We took several prisoners, but lost as many.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

Our record last week closed with the occupation of Dallas, Georgia, by a part of General Sherman's army, on May 28. After bringing up supplies and reinforcements, on Wednesday, June 1, M'Pherson moved up from Dallas to a point in front of the enemy at New Hope Church. On Thursday, June 2, Schofield and Hooker, having been shifted to the extreme left, pushed forward toward Marietta. At the same time Stoneman's and Garrand's cavalry were sent to Altoona Pass, which they reached and held possession of. These movements secured the Pass, which was considered a formidable one, and necessary to our safety in future operations. A dispatch from General Sherman, dated June 5, at Altoona Creek, says that "the enemy discovering us moving round his right flank, abandoned his position last night and marched off. General M'Pherson is moving to-day for Ackworth, General Thomas on the direct Marietta road, and Schofield on his right. It has been raining hard for three days, and the roads are heavy. An examination of the enemy's abandoned line of works here show an immense line of works, which I have turned with less loss to ourselves than we have inflicted upon them." The army supplies of forage and provisions are ample.—A dispatch dated June 6 says: "I am now on the railroad at Ackworth Station, and have full possession forward to within six miles of Marietta. All well." Ackworth Station is ten miles south of Altoona. A dispatch from Louisville, Kentucky, 6th, says: General Howard was wounded in the foot on May 28. General Johnson had two ribs broken by a piece of shell. Major Hanson, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, was killed. Captain Stinson, Aid-de-camp to General Johnson, was mortally wounded. In all the fights we have had the advantage. No general battles have yet taken place. Johnson opposes a strong rear-guard to Sherman, retarding his advance as much as possible, it is believed, for the purpose of relieving his supplies and getting munitions of war from Atlanta and Augusta. General Sherman, at Ackworth, is in railroad and telegraphic communication with Chattanooga, and in this respect his campaign is without a parallel. His communications are intact, and the army has plenty to eat, and is in fine condition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A terrible catastrophe, by which forty soldiers of the One Hundred and Thirty-Second and One Hundred and Fifty-Eight New York Regiments and Twelfth New York Cavalry were killed, occurred near Newbern, North Carolina, on the 26th ult. Four monstrous torpedoes accidentally exploded as the train containing them reached Bachelor's Creek station, blowing to pieces the forty soldiers above-mentioned, and wounding twenty or thirty others. The signal-tower and a commissary building, twenty feet by eighty feet, built of logs, were thrown into the air a distance of eight hundred feet, and strewed the country for a great distance around with the fragments.

Major-General Carl Schurz has been placed in command of the convalescent barracks at Nashville.

Major-General Foster assumed command of the Department of the South on the 20th ult. Brigadier-General Hatch has been assigned to the command of Hilton Head District. During a reconnoissance recently up the Ashepoo River by General Birney the steamer *Boston* passed further up the stream than was intended, and was opened on by a rebel battery while aground and struck seventy times. She was thus disabled, and during the night was abandoned and burned by our forces. The navy tug-boat *Columbina* had been captured by the rebels on St. John's River, about ten miles above Palatka, Florida. She had on board, it is stated, about ninety soldiers captured beside the crew. She was armed with two 20-pounder guns.

The Navy Department has received information of the capture off Wilmington of the steamer *Caledonia*, which was built and registered in Quebec in 1863, and was owned by a rebel agent at Queenstown, from which port she sailed.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, has ordered every civil officer in the State under 50 years of age to go at once to the army; those who refuse will be subject to drum-head court-martial.

Major-General Frémont has resigned from the army, and his resignation has been accepted. A number of the officers of his staff are also said to have left the service.

From the Richmond *Examiner* of the 2d it is learned that ex-South Carolina Congressman Lawrence M. Keitt was mortally wounded on June 1 at Cold Harbor, and died next day. Also that General Dales, commanding a division of Ewell's Corps, was killed on the 2d, opposite Bartlett's brigade, Fifth Corps.

The following is a list of naval prizes up to the 1st of June, 1864: Steamers, 232; schooners, 627; sloops, 159; barks, 29; brigs, 32; ships, 15; yachts and small craft, 133; total, 1227. The aggregate value is $17,000,000, to be distributed among the naval captors.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE news of the battles in Virginia has created a profound sensation in England. The Confederate loan fell six per cent.—The notorious rams built by the Messrs. Laird have been purchased by the British Government. No particulars are given.—The Prince of Wales recently made his first public appearance as a speaker at the seventy-fifth anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, at which he presided. The dinner was attended by a large number of men eminent in politics and literature.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION.

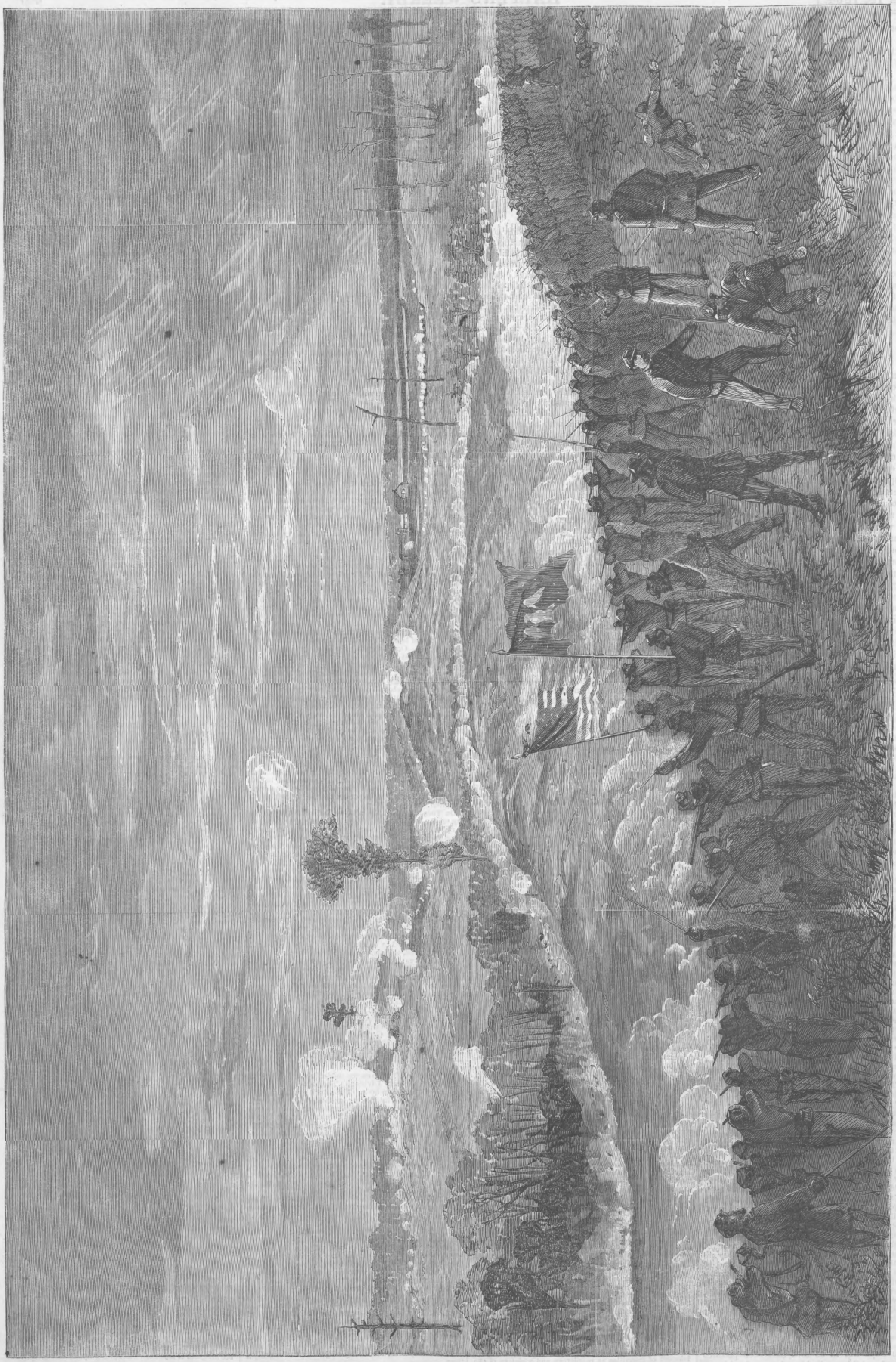
The London Conference held another meeting on the 27th of May. It is believed that Austria, Prussia, Germany, and England will consent to the plan of France, to take a vote of the people of the Duchies. Another report says the Conference was about to debate a proposition for the final separation of Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark. Other demands tending to the disintegration of the kingdom of Denmark had sprung up.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Duke de Malakoff (Marshal Pelissier), Governor of Algeria, is dead. He was in his 70th year.

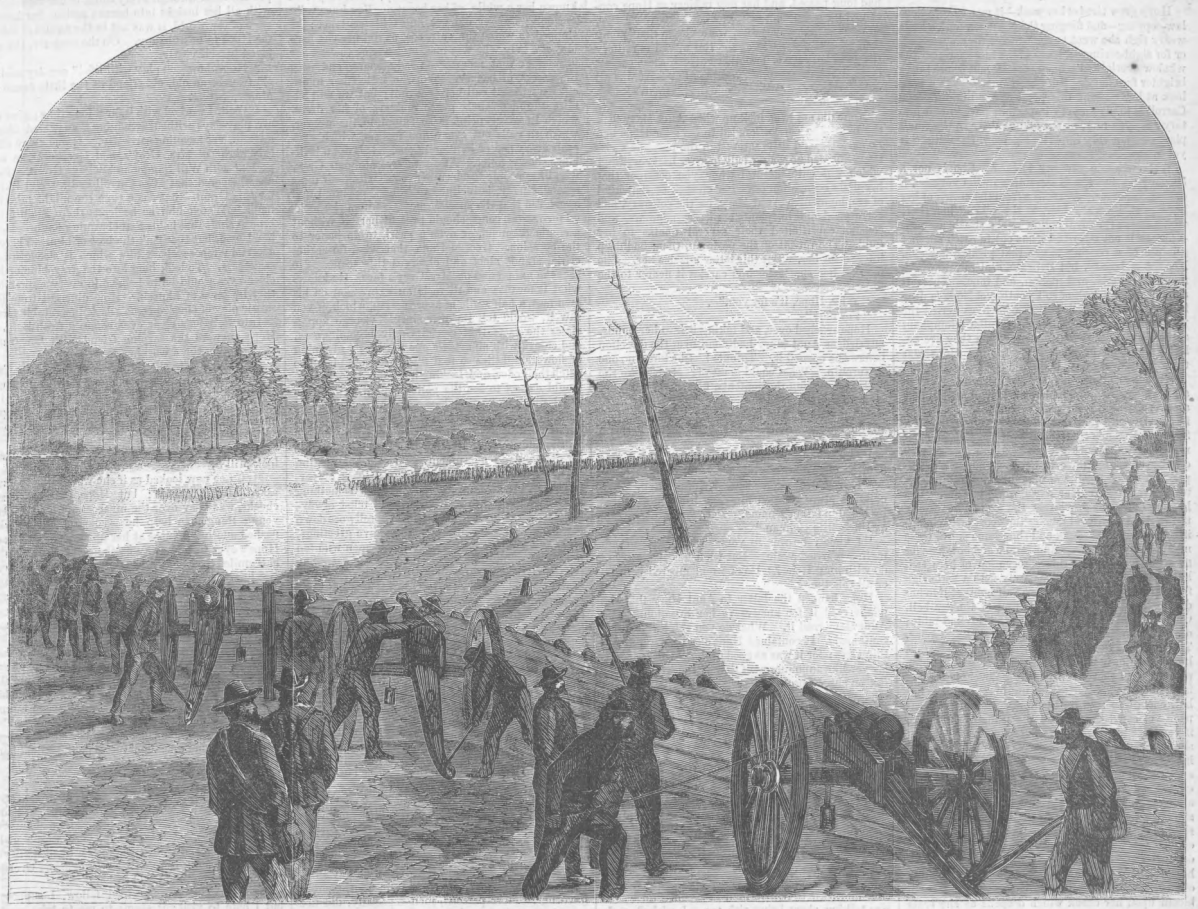
Accounts of the Pope's health are said to be unfavorable.

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THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—CHARGE OF LOGAN'S TROOPS AT THE BATTLE OF RESACA, MAY 14, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

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THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—ROBINSON'S BRIGADE, OF HOOKER'S CORPS, SAVING THE FIFTH INDIANA BATTERY, MAY 14, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—GEARY'S DIVISION DIGGING THE GUNS OUT OF A REBEL BATTERY BEFORE RESACA, ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 14, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

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AN HEIRESS.

I.

HOPE grew tired of her work—it was some tedious law-copying—and flinging the pen down with a little weary sigh she went to the window for amusement, or for sight-seeing. Plenty of the last there, for the window overlooked a busy street; and soon Hope's brighter face did not belie her name. Take a long look at her now at this point of her life, for Hope Carroll is to play a very important part in this history; is even now, as she stands there in the small plain room, a very important person, though she is yet unawares.

Well, what do you say to *her*? She is not a beauty; no, but she is attractive in the very teeth of that demurrer. Attractive from the crown of her head, with its wavy hair, to the sole of her shoe, which shows the royal hollow as she stands a tip-toe—for she is not tall—and leans out to catch another glimpse of a passing figure that pleased her eye. No, not a beauty, but delicate and fair and womanly in mould, and motion, and tone. There is about her too a look of soft youth, yet Hope is deep in her twenties. Miss Miles who lives across the way would tell you, with that peculiar triumphant smile that some women assume when they are enlightening you on such subjects, that Hope was twenty-six every day, if she did "*seem* so young."

Hope *was* young, not merely in seeming but in all interior life. She had about her, or within her, an ever-springing freshness which made for her an immortal youth that would last until her dying day. So, as she stands there now with the weight of, it maybe, even twenty-six years, there is this airy quality of young grace in her movements and expression which her life of planning care can not utterly overcloud. Her day's work is ended; and looking down the gay street she forgets her weary toil in the dreams and fancies the constantly changing faces suggest. Now and then some one of these many faces will look up, and a smile and bow pass for greeting to her. In this observation of hers twilight steals on and she turns away with a little sigh from her pleasant pastime, yet half holds still to her dreams as she obeys the tinkling of the tea-bell. Only she and Aunt Mary at the small round table; only she and Aunt Mary in the small tenement. They two make the home there; a very pleasant home, though it has its cares, its anxieties, which proceed from that rough janitor—Poverty. There is a trifle that goes out with Aunt Mary; that is not half enough to support them, and Hope in her capacity of copyist makes up the principal. Hope, if you were her intimate friend, would tell you that she was certainly one of the most favored of women in having such constant occupation, and such kind and constant employers. Her clear and legible chirography would be enough to answer all that, and you might wonder perhaps that with such constant employment, so well paid, that Hope wasn't a richer woman. But consider this girl, with her delicate though not diseased physique, and do not wonder that she can not confine herself for eight or ten hours of each day to the close, moveless occupation of a copyist. If she did, you would miss that fresh bloom upon her cheek which deepens as she seats herself at the table under a brilliant globe of gaslight.

Hope, will you take marmalade to-night?"

Hope sits gazing into the little amber and gold gift-cup that Aunt Mary always places for her, and answers irrelevantly:

"'And lucid sirups tinct with cinnamon.'"

"What!" half questions, half exclaims, Aunt Mary.

Hope lifts her head and laughs. The dream clears, and she comes back from her fancy-wandering to answer more sanely: "No, I will not have any marmalade, Aunt Mary."

"Hope, what *were* you thinking about?"

"Thinking? I wasn't thinking, Aunt Mary. I was sitting at a feast served

'On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver; sumptuous they stand.'

And I don't know—I believe I was the queen of it, and was listening to some sort of a kingly fellow as he talked splendid nonsense to me.

'King of us all, we cried to thee, cried to thee!'"

sung Hope in conclusion; her quotation fitting only to some dinner fancy of hers.

Aunt Mary laughed, and asked Hope how she could condescend to come down to such simple fare and to only her society after that fine feast and company. Hope laughed back, and told her that she brought her company with her; and as for the feast, nothing so easy as to turn this amber cup into gold and the rest of the table-furniture changed just as swiftly into "wreathed silver" and cut-glass. The marmalade melted into

"——jellies soother than the creamy curd."

The little white biscuits became French puffs, and all imaginable sweets and wonderful wines glistened and glowed upon this fairy table.

"Just like Duke Humphrey's dinner. Ah, Aunt Mary, did you ever read that story, 'Duke Humphrey's Dinner?' No? You shall read it very soon, then, and I too. It was the most charming and delightful thing. I read it long, long ago in one of *Harper's Magazines*. Ah me!"

And Hope, though she smiled, looked a little wistfully at the amber cup. By-and-by:

"Aunt Mary, I should like to be rich, and be queen of fête and feast. If I were rich, Aunt Mary, I should be handsome."

There was the least tinge of bitterness in the sarcasm of this remark. Aunt Mary made some demurrer against the sarcasm, not the assertion, which Hope took up.

"Oh, I don't mean that the gold would gild my face *entirely*; I have more vanity than that; but I mean that, with its prestige and the pretty fresh things it would buy me, I should be discovered by the now unobservant world to be a beauty. Not that I should be that, but pretty, fresh things, and artistic taste in the arrangement of them, would make any woman more attractive."

Aunt Mary rallied Hope a little on her ambition and her vanity, but Aunt Mary did not moralize. She had the genius to sympathize with what she had long passed, and her gay raillery at Hope contained no restriction or reproof. Thus these two, so wide asunder in years, were closer than many comrades of the same age. But after the raillery the good lady opened another subject, some project or plan of housekeeping, and the fairy feast was all out of sight, when rat-tat came the postman's knock upon the door.

Hope did not even look up when Aunt Mary took the letter the carrier handed to her; for Hope had no curiosity and little interest in the postman's visits. She had no young-lady love for letter-writing, which was quite natural when you consider that her daily occupation gave her enough of that kind of employment. Aunt Mary, on the contrary, had correspondents in plenty; nieces, nephews, and cousins contributed their several quotas to her fund. The rat-tat of the postman, then; had deep interest for her. But this letter puzzles her. She puts on her spectacles and carries it nearer to the light.

"Why, Hope, it's for you."

"For me?"

Hope reached over, and taking it into her hands, puzzled, as Aunt Mary had done, over the direction before she opened it. Toronto! She knew no one in Toronto. What could it mean? She broke the seal, and reading the contents, her surprise did not seem to abate.

"Aunt Mary, who is James Retson?"

Her tone was quite cool, but full of the surprise that was in her face.

"James Retson? Why, Hope, it's your Uncle James—your mother's brother."

"How stupid of me! I had forgotten. We children always called him and heard him called by his step-father's name. I always think of him as Uncle Jim Colman."

"I know; he was so young when your grandmother married again. But what has the letter to do with him, Hope? Has he remembered you after all this time?"

Hope handed the letter to Aunt Mary that she might read it for answer to her question. And Aunt Mary read it. What do you think this letter contained? It contained Hope's fortune. Yes, nothing less; for it was as good as that—this crabbed, lawyer-like announcement that by the will of James Retson she, Hope Carroll, was sole heiress of all the lands, estates, and funded property of the said James Retson. And Hope was forthwith summoned to appear before the courts of Toronto to prove and swear herself the said Hope Carroll. Hope was watching Aunt Mary's face, and knew when she had got to the end of the letter.

"Was there ever any thing out of a sensation novel equal to this, Aunt Mary? That this uncle, whom I haven't seen and have half forgotten in all these years, whom none of us ever heard of, good, bad, or indifferent in the time, should suddenly appear to us after death in the form of a will like a prince's! Aunt Mary, do you suppose it's true? I feel odd and elvish, as if I had stepped into a fairy ring and seen the little men in green. Just as I was talking about being rich too. I wished, and, presto! the enchanter comes in the form of the penny-post. Somebody's served us a trick, auntie."

"Nonsense, Hope; it's all fast and sure enough; but very strange, it is true."

Hope knew it was nonsense, but she was steadying her emotions a little by this gayety. They sat and talked, Hope bearing her part very soberly for a while, as they planned their journey and all the little details concerning it; but after a while the tricky spirit broke out again, this time not to steady her emotions but as an outlet of exuberance.

"Ah, Aunt Mary, I'll have the purple silk gown I've always wanted now, and rings, and brooches, and bracelets in abundance!" Hope had a barbaric taste for ornaments. "We'll ride in a coach every day; I do hope it won't turn out a pumpkin as we drive up to the door, auntie. And I'll have a feast like the one of my fancy, with the baskets of silver and the gold cups; and I'll be queen of it.

'All in a purple gown she stood
Her hair within a diamond snood.'

I shall be a beauty then, you may be sure, auntie;

'For through the diamonds did her hair
Shine soft as silk, and still more fair
The faint, faint rose upon her cheeks.'"

"Hope, go to bed," said Aunt Mary. "Your head is getting light."

"But the best of all is, auntie, you shall sit with folded hands from morning until night."

"Hope, I should be tired to death of it."

"You shall go to routs and balls then, every evening, and 'not come home till morning.'"

Hope's gay voice here failed her. The two looked at each other for a moment and the tears came into the young and old eyes. Deep within both their hearts swelled the tide of thankfulness for this ease and plenty, and freedom from anxiety and care, that had come to them.

II.

IN the brilliant rooms of Mrs. Hofman Grey there was a little buzz of expectation, which sometimes amounted to a slight waiting-hush. What was it? All the reigning belles had arrived. Even Mrs. Marsh and her beautiful twins, who always made a sensation. A young man standing by Ellen Marsh broke into his pretty party talk to say:

"My cousin, George Dane, says the old house on Ludlow Square is turned into quite a palace of art. George, you know, is a judge."

"Oh!" the little beauty looked thoughtful a moment and forgot her flirtation. "How I wish I knew her well enough to call," she ended, animatedly.

"George is quite intimate there," the young man resumed.

"He admires her, doesn't he? Thinks her very handsome?" the fair Ellen asked, anxiously.

"Yes, he admires her, but I can't believe George thinks her very handsome. She has wonderful style and air, I'll admit, but her face is cold and irregular; yet I've known fellows as fastidious as George, and with as critical a knowledge of the lines of beauty, talk vivaciously, after they had known her a while, of her beauty. You know—"

Young Ranger did not finish his sentence: he stopped to watch the entrance, as did his companion, of a lady who was making her way toward her hostess at that moment—a lady young and with the aspect of beauty. We who watch her unexcitedly will not call her beautiful; but we will admire the marvelous grace and art of her dress, which in every point is so suited to the wearer, which so calls out every fine feature, which conceals every bad or indifferent one. It is not a brilliant, showy toilet. At first Mrs. Hofman Grey, who likes people to adorn her rooms with their most splendid array, is inclined to feel disappointed and aggrieved that the special guest to whom she looked for magnificence should present herself without a single diamond, or even a pearl, to do honor to the occasion. George Dane, that wise, far-seeing critic, stands aloof and observes this scene. He sees the expression on Mrs. Grey's face. He knows what it means; and there is an expression on his own face, a half smile of appreciation, which, if you saw it, would tell its own story. George appreciates the taste that consults only becomingness, and enjoys with an artist's eye the lovely grouping of flowers. Lilies so real that you would bend to catch their odor, and, looking into their dewy hearts, would expect to see the yellow pollen powder the pearl silk and floating lace. As Mrs. Grey's eye detects this lace her brow clears. Mrs. Grey understands all the mysterious grades of the delicate fabric, and this tender, fairy-meshed stuff counts for diamonds in adornment. So with her floating lace, her floating lilies, her consciousness of perfection in her costume, which gives her something of that smiling ease which a woman must always feel with this consciousness, Hope Carroll goes down the room to meet and speak, to receive greetings, and exchange them with men and women who ten months since did not know of her existence. She perceives the value of it all—and there is some value—and she takes it for every thing it is worth—for opportunity to be present at fine pageants, to have the power to know the many, to find the few, to hear and to see whatever is worth hearing or seeing. So Hope enjoys herself. Her enjoyment is of a vastly amusing kind; sometimes a little bitterness creeps in. But though she realizes the world she does not think so very badly of it generally.

"It is natural for people to go where there are fine rooms full of fine things: is it unnatural that they should think the occupants or the owners of them finer people than in different surroundings? I don't find fault with this, Aunt Mary; but I wonder whether, if I lost all this wealth, there are half a dozen persons who have become fond enough of me through these surroundings to seek me in the little house we left?" And Hope would give a faint sigh as she concluded.

Hope had been prophetic of herself in declaring that she should be called beautiful in the gay shining of her wealth, and the power of adornment it gave her. Most persons, men especially, did not see what subtle taste brought such effects of color and outline. They looked, and saw, through soft surroundings of lace and silk and harmonious tints, a fair face that looked fairer and fresher for the surroundings; a form that somehow expressed itself by contours and motions in such graceful ways that they exclaimed at once, "What a beautiful woman!" There was one at least—George Dane—who understood, but, understanding, only admired the more. He was one of the many whom fortune and fashion brought to her door; for Hope was herself the fashion. An attractive young woman with an almost unlimited income, how could this help being the case? But George Dane was not one of Hope's many adorers. He was one of the few interesting people whom she welcomed for their geniality or agreeability. George was not exactly of the former class; he was scarcely genial, with his half satiric unbeliefs, his philosophic cynicism; but he was certainly agreeable to Hope, with her keen sense of wit and humor, and her insight and experience of life.

Yet now and then as he sat in her parlor, which was one of those rooms in what he had named the "palace of art," as he sat there talking interestedly and interestingly Hope's mind would flit to the small plain room in the little plain house on Martyn Street, and she would wonder if George Dane was one of the few who would follow her there. It was a question she was not anxious to put to the test. This evening as she went through the rooms with that smiling ease he certainly did not follow her or pay her any court. Hope liked this. It was a change. But by-and-by he came up with his cousin Will Ranger.

"I want this boy to know you, Miss Carroll," he said, lightly, but with a certain air that said as well, "You will honor him."

The "boy" bent his graceful young person before the famous Miss Carroll, who liked him none the better for his boyish blush and slight embarrassment, and George Dane turning at the appeal of his hostess, the new acquaintances were left alone together for a few moments. Ranger, fresh from his first parties, and the pretty though uncertain manners of young girls like Ellen Marsh, was taken captive by the soft, subdued graciousness of this maturer woman, whose face was yet tender with its youthful aspect. There are some women and some men who have a way of smiling slowly upon you as you speak and they listen, with an expression that seems to imply that what you say is of the utmost importance to them. This was Hope Carroll's way. Will Ranger, when he gave up his place by her side and received that brilliant, sweet smile, did not wonder any longer "that fellows as fastidious as George Dane, and with as critical a knowledge of the lines of beauty," thought Miss Carroll handsome. Hope knew her power; she had known it long ago when her range was smaller; and she laughed sometimes to see how now it was not only wider range that had been given her, but a newer charm which deepened all her natural ones. Her laugh turned scornful sometimes as this personality of the heiress pushed itself through every thing to her view. Yet with all her insight into human action, her knowledge of the world, it was not in the nature of things for Hope to be unhappy. On the contrary, she enjoyed herself vastly.

"Hope, how you play with life!" one day said an old friend; an old, old friend of the little house on Martyn Street.

"Well, I worked with it for a long time; give me my play-days without grudging," answered Hope, merrily, yet meaning earnestly. It was a day after this night of Mrs. Grey's, and George Dane was present with Will Ranger and Selwyn Grant. People whispered that Miss Carroll had a secret liking for this Grant—that some time she might take his name. Watch him as he leans there against the bronze shaft that holds that charming Faun. He is handsome, but that isn't the best of him. There is a certain repose about him which is strength and sweetness. To look long into the gray-blue of his clear eyes would be to believe in every expression that he gave of himself. How different from the satiric play of George Dane's dark, inscrutable face!

Into Selwyn's clear eyes comes a fresh light as Hope answers the carping friend with her frank confession of those working-days.

"Mrs. Lee"—to the "friend"—"does Miss Carroll play with life when she goes down into those crooked alleys by the mills?"

Mrs. Lee looked surprised, questioning. Selwyn answered it, nodding his head with the words, so in earnest was he:

"She does. The back windows of my office overlook Mill Street."

Mrs. Lee now looked as if she would like to have asked Hope's pardon; but Hope, with flushing cheeks, was busy over the music-stand, and asking young Ranger to help her—young Ranger, who flashed adoring glances at her upon this revelation. Hope's eyes turned away as she caught them; she half smiled too; but flushed deeper as Selwyn's eyes met her in the turning. Only George Dane seemed unstirred by this revelation. In fact George appeared a little bored. He whistled softly an opera air, tapping lightly a tattoo accompaniment upon the arm of his chair, and rose very soon to make his adieux. He stood on the threshold a moment, hat in hand, which he waved with a playful sort of exaggeration as he turned away, saying, "Farewell, sweet saint!" There was a flitting smile upon his thin, darkly fringed lips, and Hope thought a tone of mockery in his voice. This wasn't agreeable. George Dane's satiric sense was very amusing when it touched upon impersonal topics; but against herself—?

III.

THE winter had gone, summer had come, and Hope at the sea-shore dispensed hospitalities in the loveliest of cottages. Of the many she had chosen her few—her most intimate. There was a girl-friend, a widowed cousin whom she liked, Selwyn Grant, and young Ranger. She had asked George Dane, but George had said to her:

"Hope, I'm a cross-grained fellow, I suppose, but I hate to visit; it seems to me to take away some of my right to *be* cross-grained, so I prefer my hotel. When I get away from my office I shall run down to your neighborhood for a week or so: you'll see enough of me then."

All summer Hope staid there, nor ever wished to go elsewhere, nor ever wished to change her company. Once, when after a few weeks there were signs of flitting in her guests, Hope implored them to stay. "Why will you force me to change my household?" she said. "Now, when we have all become so nicely fitted to each other, you go and break it up for a doubtful uncertainty." Her cordial philosophy settled the matter. They staid.

At the latter part of the summer George Dane came down and dropped in upon them one evening, darker, thinner, more saturnine than ever in his cool white linen garments—offering a marked contrast to Selwyn Grant's frank, fair countenance, and Will Ranger's happy boyish health. But they all welcomed him cordially.

"You ought to have been here before, Dane," Selwyn said to him. "You've lost all these golden weeks burrowing in the city."

"Yes, I dare say; but I don't suddenly take out a lease of independence when summer comes," answered George, with a grim smile. "I've been rather entertained, however—been ferreting out a knotty case that has hung over two sessions already;" and George's grimness relaxed into the keen, triumphant look of the counselor. Selwyn, who observed, and listened, and admired this keen fellow, offered another contrast to him at this point. Selwyn Grant was a man of leisure; not an idle man. With abundant means, his refined intellect, his warm sympathies, his health of mind and body, all saved him from idleness. But George Dane, as he had said of himself, had taken out no lease of independence. By temper or fortune George was not a man of leisure. Yet he worked at his profession as if he loved it sometimes—alert, eager, and high-tensioned. It gave him a handsome yield, wherewith he lived handsomely, when, to use Grant's words, "he was not burrowing in the city."

While gossip accorded Selwyn Grant—who pecuniarily had no need to draw a matrimonial prize—to Miss Carroll, why did it pass by George Dane without a word of suspicion, when he sat at her table and called her intimately "Hope?" Probably because George Dane, now seven-and-thirty, had passed by, in their several seasons, heiress after heiress; had sat at their tables, had been intimate in just that passionless, friendly way of his with one and another, without any of that gallant assiduity, that waiting attendance which distinguishes a suitor; because he could stand by and see them wooed and won; could even applaud the winning, too—it had come to be understood that George Dane was no fortune-hunter in that way. That he was, in fact, too cold and ambitious, of too stern a pride to seek any object but professional distinction. Thus it comes to pass that he has long talks with Hope, discussions of books or thought when they are in a manner intimate and confidential; yet that

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he can sit there just outside the window those summer nights, abstractedly smoking, while Selwyn Grant within—the handsome, manly fellow—goes on with his wooing. At the end of the chapter, perhaps, you may expect to see George Dane applaud.

It was on a morning after one of these nights that George was met by this announcement—not what he had expected—"George, I have decided to spend the coming winter in Rome."

"Um—who goes with you?"

"Aunt Mary, of course, and *we* go in company with the Fannings."

"You don't say so?"

George looked more surprise than he usually allowed himself to express. Hope colored a little at the quick words and the look. She must have understood his surprise. He said no more however about it, and she confided to him all the winter plans. She seemed in high spirits, full of anticipation, and George rode away after their conference, saying to himself,

"I dare say Grant is going too."

Hope went, but Selwyn Grant did not join the party that sailed with her; neither did he go to meet it.

The winter passed, spring came, summer again; it was full a year before Hope returned. A year older, yet Hope bore the burden bravely. Her face was fresh and fair in healthful coloring, her eyes full of sparkle, her figure round yet lithe.

"Hope, have you found the fountain of youth or the philosopher's stone?" asked George Dane of her the day he called after her return.

Hope lifted her eyebrows with a merry sort of affectation she was fond of assuming sometimes.

"Why?"

He made a grimace.

"As if you didn't know that you bloom fairer than ever after a year's wandering."

She laughed.

"I am like the aloe, you know, I bloom late."

"I know that you have had cares, for you have told me so; but there isn't a print of them on your face. How does it happen?"

She grew serious. "Partly temperament, I suppose, which in its elasticity throws off much—the print at least; and then you have only known me since life was easier to me, through this fortune that my uncle left me. I was not unhappy then, when I lived in the little house on Martyn Street alone with Aunt Mary. It was a pleasant home, and I enjoyed my reading, my friends, or any amusement, with great zest after my work was over for the day. Hope and Fancy were always building for me very fair and stately edifices of happiness, and my days seemed going on almost pleasurably, sometimes. But my skeleton was only hidden even then. It was one abiding care for the future. I knew that I had no nearer relative than Aunt Mary; her I loved as a mother, for she had been that to me, and I used to think with vague trouble of what would happen to us if some ill should come to me—if I could not work as I did. Ah, does any *man* know what this shadow of possible want is, that hangs over the heads of so many women, gently nurtured as we were: women poor and proud, who can look to no one for home comforts and cares! Over my head always hung this shadow. It used to blot out all the sunshine in my castles sometimes. . . . I think if you had known me then you might possibly have seen the shadow once in a while breaking through upon my face," she concluded, in a low tone.

"I am glad I don't see it there now, Hope."

"Yes: do you know I never wake now without that consciousness for a first thought, that the shadow of that care is gone. Ah, I thank Heaven for it, it is such blessed relief."

Her companion was leaning slightly forward, his arm resting upon his knee; a usual attitude when deeply interested. As she paused he asked a question, whose politeness was softened by the simple, friendly tone:

"Hope, why haven't you married?"

It was abrupt, but it seemed neither too free nor in any way intrusive to Hope, who knew that he was thinking of her peculiarly isolated lot, with no nearer tie than Aunt Mary. She colored a little, however, very faintly, just evincing the blush of her womanliness, but her voice was as steady and quiet when she spoke in reply.

"I suppose I haven't had my heart touched deeply enough, or because I have not touched any body's heart deeply enough. Often I think I am wanting in faith. I have seen too much into human nature, perhaps, and yet— Well I am not, it seems to me, one of those who have an ideal; but I have not met the man whom it appears to me is enough in unison with me to make it safe for him to marry me. I have one bit of romantic sentiment, perhaps;" and she colored more ardently, "I wish to be loved for *myself*. You will not think this arrogant, you understand—"

He broke in:

"Yes, I understand. You *have* little faith; it is no wonder: but there was a fine fellow, last year, Hope, whom you couldn't doubt. There were fifty men whom you knew, whose consideration for various reasons went beyond yourself, though you attracted to your fortune. We will allow this to be natural to those fifty; but you found one who offered a broad contrast. He stood out nobly, one against the fifty. There was no earthly reason of any kind why you should doubt him."

The calm, kindly interest that was displayed in this still closer questioning, and the confidence and sympathy that existed between these two, hindered the questioning from the least approach to inquisitiveness. His tone and manner both implied too strongly for any such suspicion, solicitude for her welfare, and a fear that she was making some mistake with her life. He waited, still regarding her earnestly, after he had spoken those last words:

"There was no earthly reason of any kind why you should doubt him."

Her eyes were cast down as he said them. For a moment she kept silence, then, still looking down, her color deepening very much, she answered, lowly:

"I doubted myself."

He knew pretty nearly what she meant, and by-and-by he said,

"Hope, perhaps I should not have questioned you thus, but I have seen all along what your fear has been—that you might be wooed for your fortune." He rose up to go, held out his hand, and for the last words: "Don't let it fetter you, this fear, Hope; you ought to be happy. Good-by."

She stood for some minutes just where he had left her, looking out upon the rich glories of the autumn landscape with an expression of mortification gathering upon her face. These last words had struck her deeply. What, was this vague fear rendering her suspicious; and did he think after all that she had not dealt fairly with herself in regard to Selwyn Grant? She sat down there by the deep window, and gazing out upon the wide, bright street, held inward communion with herself. She liked the woof of which her life was wrought at the present time; it was all fair and splendid; but in the future had she no dream of closer companionship? Only she and Aunt Mary in the world. Some day Aunt Mary would leave her, and some day her youth would be gone. She started, for here went riding past a brave and loyal gentleman, one whom she had not seen since last year—Selwyn Grant. He lifted his hat, bowing low, and there was a sudden flush upon his cheek at sight of her. For a moment her pulse beat quicker, and her color came flushing like his. You would have said at once there were the signs of love; that, like the lady of Shalott, she had seen Sir Launcelot,

"As he rode down to Camelot."

But no, Hope knew better than any one that this was not her Sir Launcelot. And why not? Hope herself asks herself this question. "He pleases my taste, he stirs my imagination; I admire him; I know him to be kind, and manly, and honorable; and I know *that he liked me for myself*; why is it, then, that he does not fill my heart?"

IV.

HOPE sat at a great feast. She was queen of it, and wore the identical purple of her fancy-feast—that soft, cool lilac purple that evening light does not destroy. How it had all come true this dreaming of her youth! She thought of it, and smiled as she sat for a moment a little apart, catching the sound of the music and the white flying feet of the dancers; hearing through all the murmurous hum of many guests, whose festive array in the richly decorated rooms under the blaze of the chandeliers made a brilliant pageant. Hope smiled, and rising, stood again in the very midst of the throng, her gracious presence carrying a charm wherever she moved. At last she comes upon a group eagerly discussing some bit of news or gay gossip. She hears as she approaches the voice of Will Ranger:

"She will know if any body, she is his most intimate friend. I'll ask her. Miss Carroll"—he had come to meet her, and the group closed in leaving them outside.

"What is it I am to know if any body, and to tell you if I know, Mr. Raynor?" and Hope smiled in such a fascinating way upon the young man that he well-nigh forgot his purpose. He stooped to pick up a glove she had dropped, pressing it to his lips in the action—the foolish, honest boy—and then remembered to say, while Hope was still smiling, in a sort of indulgent amusement:

"About George Dane. He is my cousin, but I never know any thing of him. It's about this rumor of his engagement. *Is* he engaged to Miss Wharton of Washington, do you think? Ellen Marsh says she knows it to be so. Ellen was in Washington all last winter."

George Dane just then entering, and looking round him for his hostess that he might pay the courtesies of the evening to her, suddenly catches her glance across the intervening sea of faces. Will Ranger, who stood beside her and listened to her commonplace denial of knowledge concerning the matter of the rumor, heard nothing, saw nothing in her tone or expression as she answered him that struck him as unlike her ordinary demeanor; but what was it, what mute appeal or question did George Dane catch with that glance of her eyes? Once before he remembered to have seen that look in her face. It was on a day when some one hastily brought her tidings she thought then to be true—that Aunt Mary had been thrown from a carriage! He had never forgotten that look—it flashed over him now. What had happened? His quick eye perceived Will Ranger talking in his usual style to her, and he knew him to be unconscious. As swiftly as he might he made his way to her. Will Ranger had vanished at his approach, and as he took her hand he looked inquiringly at her.

"What is it, Hope—what has happened?"

Gradually, as he watched her in his onward progress toward her, he had seen the bloom and brightness die out of her face; and as he questioned her now, notwithstanding the flush that came to her cheek, she looked desolate. He drew her arm in his, and said, "Come out into the garden."

The long windows were wide open, and the late September night had the balmy breath of summer.

Hope, her arm in his, followed his guidance with a vague unresistance; and as she went, every moment, through a certain sense of exterior confusion, she was becoming conscious of the state of her heart. She began to see that her life, enriched by such steady friendship, had never missed any thing; but at a blow this citadel was vanishing. Her whole life seemed threatened. If George Dane had been other than what he was, other than the constant, unimpassioned, almost ungallant friend, she would have sooner discovered her heart. He led her out into the garden into a sheltered pleasaunce, and then again asked her:

"What is it—what has happened, Hope? I saw it in your face the instant I caught your glance?"

His cool, only kind friendliness aroused her pride, struck, too, a cold chill upon her. She recoiled inwardly; outwardly her manner was calm enough, though she answered hurriedly to his question:

"Nothing has happened. Will Ranger was asking—telling me something, and—I had just heard some news that startled me."

She had bungled at her answer, that she felt at once; in trying to remedy it she had made it worse. George Dane kept silence for a little space; then, as if he had waited for her to speak further if she had been disposed, and was relieved to find it a matter of small importance, he began telling her something that was then interesting him. In the midst of it Will Ranger came in sight with Ellen Marsh. As they passed in the pleasaunce suddenly George Dane stopped to say:

"Will, what marvelous story were you amazing Miss Carroll with when I came in?"

It was a mere impulse, unreasoning, half mischievous, that prompted this, for George Dane was too much of a gentleman to wish to intrude into any thing seriously kept secret. To him the matter had settled into a trifle. Will Ranger laughed.

"I asked Miss Carroll to tell me something about a bit of news I had heard. We thought she'd know," he answered.

Ellen Marsh took up this answer with her gay bantering words, which revealed the whole. George gave a satirical, indefinite reply, and turned abruptly away with his companion. Hope's heart died within her; a glance at his face—his face which never turned to her now—and she knew that he had her secret. Without a word he kept on, not toward the house, but in the path away from it. Where was he going? For her life she could not have spoken; and still holding her arm firmly against himself, he kept on.

On the grounds was a little pavilion where she sometimes passed the hours she desired to be uninterrupted. It was simply furnished, the door easily opened by one who understood its hidden bolt. George Dane had made many a visit to this little hermitage; its hidden bolt was well known to him. Into this retreat, then, he now surprised Hope by turning. He wheeled a chair for her by the moonlight-flooded window, and himself remained standing, leaning, facing her, against the casement.

"Sit," he said, abruptly, "and let me speak to you." Still unresisting, she obeyed him. "Hope, I have a confession to make to you."

Hope felt as if the soft south wind was full of taunting, jeering voices.

"In the first days of my acquaintance with you, Hope, I came to the knowledge of one thing—that you were the one woman that I could love. At the same time that I made this discovery I made another—that you would never marry a man whom you were not assured would take you just as readily penniless."

He stopped a moment, his face paled and flushed; then, with a resolute lift of his head, he went on:

"Hope, I loved you. I do not love easily nor lightly. I had lived nearly forty years without finding a woman who could be to me what you were; but for all that, Hope, I would never have taken you penniless with my own income merely the result of my professional work, if I had been assured that you returned my love. Had I been the possessor of an independence apart from this, you would have found me a determined wooer. Hope, do you understand?"

He paused a moment, but she could not speak. He went on: "Life is uncertain. I would not, first of all, put a wife or family into the possible position of poverty which my death would be sure to do. Secondly, I am fastidious about the conditions and circumstances of life. If these conditions and circumstances must be inharmonious to my tastes, I prefer to bear them alone. If there are to be struggles and privations, I prefer to struggle by myself, and to endure without a companion in privation. Perhaps this is very worldly; perhaps I should forget every thing but love and the possession of the loved one; but it is not my nature to lose myself in romance. I can love ardently, enduringly, but I can not lose sight of the fact that we live in an age when all refined social conditions are somewhat imperative for the enjoyment of this love. I am not pleading my cause, the cause of a suitor, Hope, when I say all this to you. I say it because I consider it your due. Knowing what I do of your prejudice—and I do not blame you for it—I am much too proud to offend you by offering myself as a suitor."

As he ceased he passed his handkerchief across his forehead, as men do when under some emotion or excitement which blurs the eyes and beads the brow. Then he turned toward the door with the words:

"Shall we return to the house?"

Already he was holding the door open, was waiting for her to pass; and she sat there motionless, thrilling under his words. Thinking—"This man who plainly tells me that he would never marry me if I were penniless is the man that I love. He is a different man from him of last year—from Selwyn Grant. He is worldly and ambitious and prudent. The other had some of the heroic elements. He would have dared any thing, borne any thing for my love; but he did not fill my heart. I knew all this—I know it now. That other is the very ideal of a lover, but I do not love him. I love this man who stands unasking here before me. *He* fills my heart."

Something like this it was which flashed through her mind; and as he stood waiting she spoke his name.

"George."

He started at the accents of her voice, they held so much in their low sweetness. Then she put out her hand.

"George, come back. We two are only suited to each other; we can not lose each other. Will you take me now with this very fortune I have made such a bugbear of?"

He took her, holding her closely in his arms; and when he spoke his voice was full of tender vehemence:

"Hope, I take you, loving you so well that the possible misconstructions of the world at my choice do not embitter or deter me. You know that I love you, Hope."

She knew it by the very rest and content that filled all her heart as he spoke. Verily, "we love whom we must."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SAUSAGES.—The editor of a journal was set all aback the other day, when he asked a farmer's wife how she made sausages, and received for answer, "Take your in'ards, scrape 'em, scald, and stuff 'em."

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom of yesterday. "How so, pray?" said the baronet. "Why," continued the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me: it filled five large skins of parchment, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin: *About this time the world was created.*"

A poor woman, who had attended several confirmations, was at length recognized by the bishop. "Pray, have I not seen you here before?" said his lordship. "Yes," replied the woman, "I get me conform'd as often as I can; they tell me it is *good for the rheumatis.*"

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

Lord Chancellor Hardwick's bailiff, having been ordered by his lady to procure a sow of a particular description, came one day into the dining-room when full of company, proclaiming with a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and I have got a sow exactly of *your ladyship's size.*"

Lady —— spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent cask of small beer, and asked him how it might be best preserved? "I know no method so effectual, my lady," replied the butler, "as placing a barrel of *good* ale by it."

A humorous comment on artificial memory was made by a waiter at a hotel where Feinaigle dined, after giving his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the professor left the table the waiter entered, with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Well, I protest, the memory man has forgotten his umbrella!"

"The great admirer of Avon's bard," who inquired where the following passage is found, "Is that a † that I C B4 me?" is informed that it may be found in "Macbeth," whose murderous [illegible] put a . to 1 Duncan.

In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a *match*; I think you want the *brimstone.*" She replied, "No, not the *brimstone*, only the *spark.*"

A coachman, extolling the sagacity of one of his horses, observed, that "if any body was to go for to use him ill, he would *bear malice* like a *Christian.*"

Mrs. Hornby, in her entertaining work on Constantinople, gives a strange account of the diet of Turkish babies. She says, "They eat cucumbers and chestnuts, and are nursed at the same time!"

A teetotaler asked Pat, the other day, if ever he saw a teetotaler drunk. "Och!" replied Paddy, with great earnestness, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell whether he was a teetotaler or not."

In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles the First—with a *head capitally executed.*"

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is the cure for gout?" asked an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day, and *earn it!*" was the pithy answer.

A great writer has observed that nothing is more difficult than to make presents with judgment. The difficulty is one which never troubles some people in the least. They avoid all questions of propriety by not making presents at all.

On a railway the following notice appears: "Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

A dyer, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, that was all black, "Take off your *glove*, friend," said the judge to him. "Put on your *spectacles*, my lord," answered the dyer.

There was much sound palpable argument in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his ancient family: "So much the worse for you," said the peasant; "as we plowmen say, '*the older the seed the worse the crop.*'"

A farm was lately advertised in a newspaper, in which all the beauty of the situation, fertility of the soil, and salubrity of the air were detailed in the richest flow of rural description, which was further enhanced with this: N.B. There is not *an attorney* within fifteen miles of the neighborhood.

A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man, whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity, "Oh dear, no, Sir; but you are the first person who has asked *my opinion* about the matter."

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly how-come-you-so state. "You must be dreadfully tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah, get away wid yer nonsinse!" said Pat; "it wasn't the *length* of the way at all that fatigued me, 'twas the *breadth* of it!"

If you are insulted in a gentleman's house let the first thing you open be not your own mouth but the door.

"A play upon words," as the school-boy said when he kicked the dictionary up and down the school.

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father?—Because he is a *little Bigger.*

Many persons are now anxiously examining the maps to find the "seat of war." Fubbs says he found it last summer without a map. He discovered it by sitting down upon a wasp's nest in a hay-field.

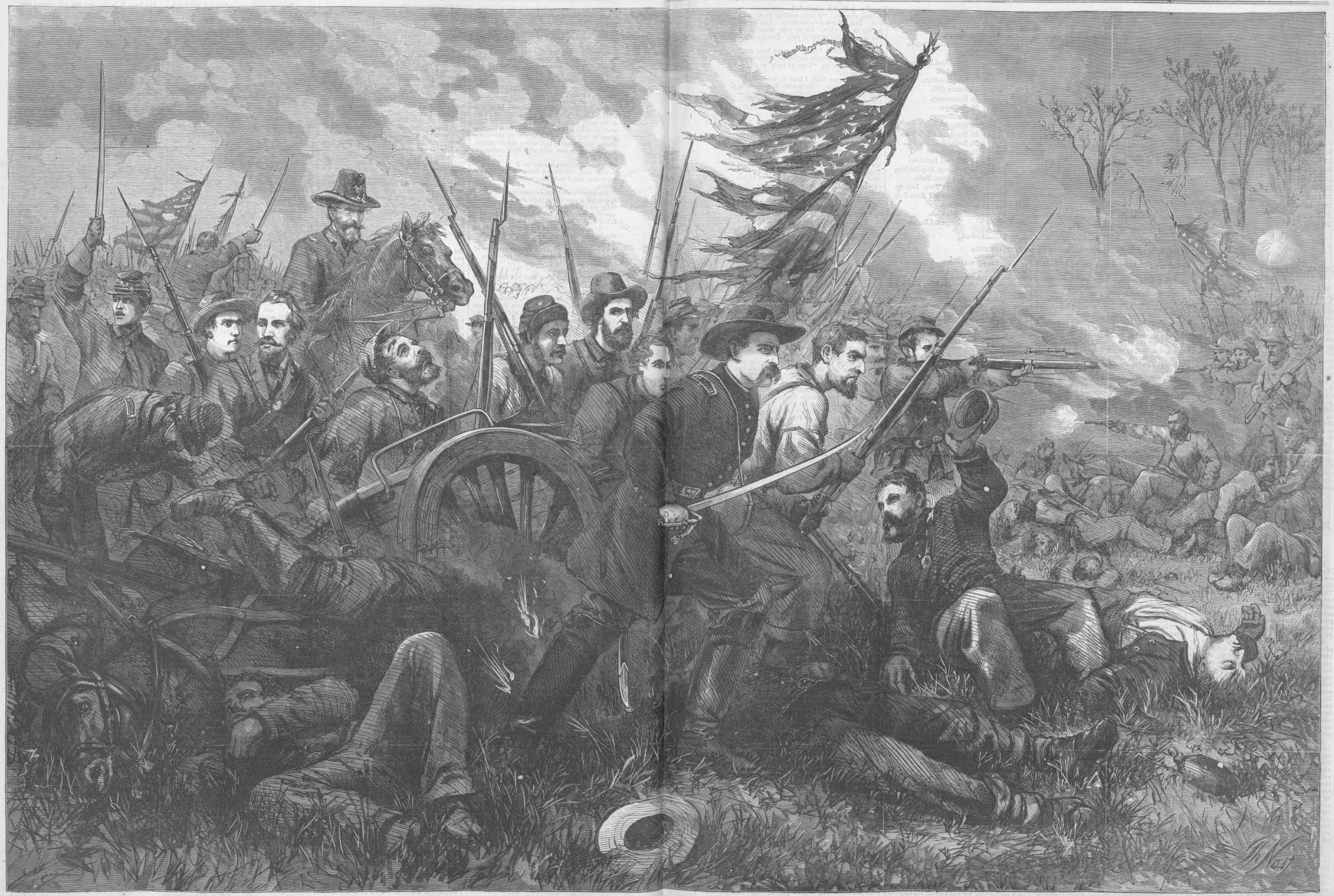
Persons should always dress to suit their figures. A hump-backed lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

A lady advertises for a gentleman for breakfast and tea. Does she intend to make only two meals of him?

"When are you sure the smugglers have landed a cargo?" demanded a cockney of a custom-house officer. "When I *seize* it," replied the Government punster.

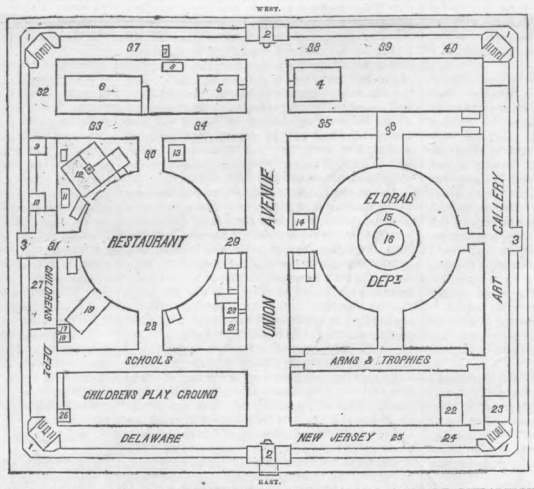
"Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours." "Well, what if he has," said Smithers, "He goes to bed at dark, while I'm up till after midnight."

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THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—"ON TO RICHMOND!"

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1. Entrances.
2. Exits.
3. Private Entrances.
4. Penn's Kitchen.
5. William Penn's Parlor.
6. Children's Dep. Indian Ex.
7. Engine.
8. Boiler.
9. Ladies' Com. Internal Arrangements.
10. Gentlemen's Com. Internal Arrangements.
11. Ice-House.
12. Kitchen.
13. Soda-Water Manufactory.
14. Post-Office.
15. Fish-Pond.
16. Fountain.
17. Skating-Pond.
18. Fishing-Pond.
19. Brewery.
20. Bank.
21. Police.
22. Divan.
23. Water-Color Paintings.
24. Tobacco.
25. Agricultural Implements.
26. Fancy Ball.
27. Exhibition-Room.
28. German Club.
29. Confectionery.
30. Hardware.
31. Miscellaneous.
32. Heavy Wagons.
33. Stoves and Hollow Ware.
34. Sewing-Machines.
35. Dry-Goods.
36. Relics and Curiosities.
37. Machinery, Ship-Building, and Steam Yacht.
38. Cabinet Ware, Looking-Glasses and House-Furnishing.
[illegible] Work.
[illegible]ages and Harness.

GROUND PLAN OF THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR BUILDINGS, LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

GREAT CENTRAL FAIR, PHILADELPHIA.

WE give on this page the GROUND PLAN of the Great Central Fair Buildings in Logan Square, Philadelphia—of which we gave a picture last week—with a key explaining the location of the various departments. The arrangement of the buildings is as admirable as it is complete, and contemplates, it will be observed, even a greater variety in the features of the Exhibition than attached to the Metropolitan Fair in this city. The Floral Department will no doubt be especially attractive, since all Nature can now be drawn upon to contribute to the display. One of the finest features of the floral show is a fountain which occupies the centre, which is numbered 16 in the diagram. A huge circular sheet of water is made to fall umbrella-fashion from a considerable height; beneath this is a circle of gas-jets, which are intended to shine through the descending water, and thus form a globe of liquid fire. The effect is described as exceedingly beautiful. The WILLIAM PENN Parlor will be furnished as nearly as possible like the Quaker parlors of the early days of the colony.

We are indebted for our views of this Fair to the kindness of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the well-known publisher. Mr. CHILDS is Chairman of the Publishing Committee, and has given himself with patriotic energy and enthusiasm to the work of promoting, in every way possible, the success of this grand charity of the Quaker City.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN ABBÉ.

LILY went into the cabinet of Mademoiselle Marcassin a young lady pupil at a boarding-school. The social status was not a very dignified one; but, at all events, it was something. The profound gentlemen who compile the census-tables would have thought Lily worthy to be registered as a single item in the educational schedule. She entered the cabinet a school-girl. She came out of it a hybrid creature, something between a servant-of-all-work and a galley-slave.

Mademoiselle Marcassin kept her word to her after a fashion. Lily was fed, lodged, and clothed after a fashion; that is to say, she was privileged, after the pupils had fed, to consume the scraps of their repast—her refectory not being the common dining-room, but a side-place, half pantry, half store-room, where not only the copy-books, slates, drawing materials, and such like, required by the young ladies, were kept in stock, but likewise sacks of lentils and haricot-beans, and large jars full of the peculiarly nasty stewed pears which were unchangeably served at the conclusion of the principal meal under the generic title of "dessert."

She was lodged, but not in any of the dormitories. She had a room to herself (a hole rather) in the roof, where she had a mattress on the floor, and a ewer and basin on a rush-bottomed chair. The Marcassin was too rigorously just to suffer her to share in the sleeping accommodation provided for pupils who paid; the Marcassin was too kind, after a fashion, to degrade her by forcing her to associate with the other servants. She was clothed too, was Lily, after a fashion. Cast-off garments, mostly of the rag-and-tatter description, were flung to her from time to time, to be mended and cobbled together, when her own rags gave signs of dropping off piecemeal.

She was permitted to pursue her studies after a fashion. When there was no particular slavery in hand she was suffered to sit in the class and listen to the lessons. Neither bad marks nor good marks were given her. She was beyond these. If she alone of a class could answer a question, she was not privileged to take her competitors up. She remained, for good or evil, at the bottom.

She helped about the house. She cleaned knives sometimes. She combed the younger children's hair. Sometimes she made beds. She never scrubbed—for the scrubbing-brush was an institution unknown to the Pension Marcassin. In French housekeeping there is a tradition that dry polishing is a holy thing, but that hot-water does harm. Lily's special task-work, however, was in the lingerie, or wardrobe of the school. She passed many hours there every evening. There was always an immensity of mending to do, and most of it fell to her lot. As she was not allowed to touch the piano, for fear of wearing out the keys, or to draw, because crayons cost money, or to write, because paper and slate-pencil are expensive, her fingers might have grown stiff and awkward but for the compulsory lissomness they acquired in that everlasting needle-work. She grew to possess astonishing dexterity as a seamstress.

Once a year all the mattresses in the establishment were ripped up, the wool taken out, and, compressed into cakes as it generally was by continuous pressure, carded, by means of iron teeth set in wooden slabs, into fresh stuff. Two prodigious old women, hoarse voiced and hairy chinned, who looked as though they had been horse-grenadiers in the Imperial Guard who had taken to petticoats in their old age, used to come to card those mattresses. They were paid two francs a day and their keep. Lily was permitted to help them. The dust and flocculent particles of the wool half choked her, but she carded as well as she could. One of the old women used to bring a stone flask full of corn brandy with her, from which she frequently gurgled into her old mouth what she called "la goutte du bon Dieu." The other would persist in smoking a short pipe in the intervals of labor, much to the disgust of the Marcassin; but the old woman worked cheaply and expeditiously, and so was not denied her narcotic. Lily was dreadfully afraid of both of them. They spat and swore, and were like men.

"I remember," would one of these woolly Chevaliers d'Eon say—"I remember, La Mère Boustifaille, when the little King of Rome used to be wheeled about the Tuileries Gardens in a little carriage drawn by two Astracan sheep.

"And the Duke of Bordeaux, Ma'me Plumet," would the other say. "Diantre! was he not baptized in water from the Jordan? Do you remember the Terror, Ma'me Plumet?"

"If I remember it? Imbecile! Was I not dancing at the Opera when Messieurs of the Committee sent for me to be one of the nymphs that marched by the side of the car of the Goddess of Reason? Ah! yes, I have not had bad chances in my time;" and this she said with a horrible leer at Lily. "I have had cashmeres and diamonds in my time. But I have had misfortunes. It has all been through my devotion to the Emperor. That accursed minister of police would not give me a bureau de tabac because of my sympathies. When I asked for a box-opener's place at the Funambules they told me that I was a Bonapartist. Why not call me a sorceress at once? And now I am come to carding mattresses at forty sous a day, and my soup. Bah!" And the old woman would expectorate and take another pull at the "goutte du bon Dieu."

They called Lily "c'te jeunesse," and laughed at the clumsy way in which she carded. One of them, La Mère Boustifaille, talked to her one day—it was in her second year of carding—of her beauty, and asked her why she buried herself in that place when she might have cashmeres and diamonds? Lily shuddered as she heard, without comprehending, the hag. Her ears burned, but her lips were cold. Of all the bad people in this bad world there is nothing, I apprehend, worse than a bad old Frenchwoman.

Lily Floris—"c'te jeunesse," "la petite Anglaise," or the "fille de classe Pauline," as she was indifferently called—was fifteen, and shapely and fair. She thanked God every night in the simple English prayers which had been taught her by Barbara Bunnycastle that she did not hate any one. She prayed for strength to continue obedient, industrious, and uncomplaining. But hers was a hard time, a very hard time.

To the rest of the school-girls, in the days when they condescended to converse with her, she had been a heretic. They told her that she was doomed to eternal perdition because she did not go to mass and cross herself. They were incredulous as to heretics believing in any thing save Satan—and not much in him. As a heretic, she was not allowed to accompany the other girls on Sundays and fête days to the neighboring church of St. Philippe du Roule. As a heretic, she was necessarily excluded from the periodical catechisings, admonitions, and exhortations which took place prior to the yearly festival of the First Communion.

There were generally twenty or thirty girls every spring to take this first communion. They looked inexpressibly peaceful, innocent, beautiful, in their white frocks and veils, their snowy wreaths and spotless gloves, their little white silk stockings and shoes, their bouquets of white flowers. Lily used to look after them with longing eyes as they filed through the play-ground on their way to the entrance-gate. She was sorry that she was a heretic; but was she one, and, if so, was it her fault?

She thought, one day, that she would ask the Abbé Chatain. He was "directeur" of the establishment. He catechised the young ladies, and confessed them, and generally prepared them for the first communion. He was a tall, lean ecclesiastic, with a bronzed visage, very high cheek-bones, a square jaw, broken teeth, somewhat jaundiced eyes, and iron-gray hair. In his long black soutane, black rabat with white cambric edging, heavy shoes with buckles, flapped hat, and portentous umbrella, he had seemed for years to Lily an awful and forbidding personage. He took a great deal of snuff too, and when he blew his long, bassoon-shaped nose with a blue cotton handkerchief the sound was awful. He had a manner of breathing hard, too, when he spoke, and of screwing up his eyes, and clattering his jagged teeth, the reverse of encouraging. Yet the girls said that the Abbé Chatain was amiable, and forbore to visit the little peccadilloes they acknowledged in confession with any unusually disagreeable penances.

It was a long time before Lily could make up her mind to speak to the abbé. As a heretic, the ecclesiastic kept aloof from her; and she, too, dreaded that her addressing him might be an act open to misconstruction.

One day, however—it was during the August holidays, and the abbé had called to pay a visit of politeness to the Marcassin, who, being indisposed, could not receive him—Lily clothed herself in the full armor of a desperate resolve, and sought him out. The worthy ecclesiastic was pacing up and down the play-ground, snuffing and waving the blue cotton pocket-handkerchief in a contemplative manner, as usual. One flap of the skirt of his cassock was drawn up, displaying a not unsymmetrical calf, and in this traditional clerical coquetry it may be that the artful arrangement of hooks and strings, known as "ladies' pages," originated.

Lily stole up to the clergyman, and was about to address him. To her dismay he suddenly produced a book from his pocket. "Alas!" she thought, "the abbé is going to say his breviary, and he will be walking up and down the play-ground for at least twenty minutes without my daring to speak to him, and then, perhaps, Madame, who is lying down, will awake, and the abbé will be called in, and my chance will be gone forever."

To her relief, however, the book was not a breviary. It was doubtless a devout work, but not of so strictly canonical a nature. Indeed, the doctrine it contained seemed not only of a comforting, but of an exhilarating order; for the abbé, wagging his head approvingly, and following the text with an appreciating forefinger, would ever and anon emit a gleeful chuckle. It was a merry book, and the abbé was no sour ascetic.

"He is a droll of a farceur," murmured the abbé, "this Monsieur de Béranger, although he has written some bitter things against the reverend fathers the Jesuits! What do you want, young girl?" he added, suddenly, and throwing, accidentally of course, the hand which held the book behind him, but still keeping the page open with appreciative forefinger.

"If you please, Monsieur l'Abbé—" poor Lily began.

"But I do not please," the ecclesiastic rejoined, sharply. "I have nothing to do with you. You are not a catechumen. You do not belong to my class. Go to your minister. I can have nothing to say to you. Enfin, que me voulez-vous."

"Oh! Monsieur l'Abbé, do pray hear me," the girl pleaded, joining her hands, and her eyes beginning to stream, "I am so truly, so miserably unhappy."

"By your own fault, I take it, young girl," remarked the abbé; "the worthy Mademoiselle Marcassin—a true shepherdess to her flock—reports you as being obstinate, rebellious, opinionated, recalcitrant. Kindness and severity have been tried, and both in vain, to you. Go to your minister—are you an Anglican or a Puritan?—and demand of him what prayers and penitence you should resort to, in order to enter into a better frame of mind."

"But I have no minister," cried Lily, despairingly; "I have no friends, I have no home. I am quite alone in the world. I am a poor little English girl, left, abandoned, deserted here by cruel strangers. I am destitute, and an object of charity. I have never been outside these walls for seven years. I strive my best to be good, and to learn, and to work, but I am always punished and made miserable. Oh! I am most wretched and helpless."

"Tiens," muttered the abbé, taking out the blue cotton handkerchief and wringing the bassoon nose, but without the bassonic sonorousness, "this has the appearance of being pitiable."

"Oh, Sir; dear, kind Monsieur l'Abbé, if you would only intercede for me; if you would only soften Madame's heart toward me! If I could only be sent back to England, perhaps the good ladies with whom I was at school when a very, very little girl, near London, might know something of my friends."

"It is hardly possible," said the abbé, not unkindly, and shaking his head. "Madame has told me under what circumstances you are here. Perhaps the wicked people who imposed upon her likewise robbed some mistress of a school labas, down there in England, when you were an infant. Have you no other friends that you can remember, however faintly?"

Lily hesitated for a moment. How could she name Cutwig & Co.? Old Mr. Cutwig had given her a new shilling, and Mr. Ranns (on account of the Co.) a Noah's Ark, and 'Melia a kiss; but this acquaintance of two hours' duration could scarcely with propriety be called friendship. And then she thought of the braided and whiskered man on board the boat, who had given her "joggolate." Could he be called a friend? Alas! no. Finally, her thoughts reverted to the tall gentleman who had been so kind to her at the Greenwich dinner. She had never forgotten him. A thousand times she had thought of him with gratitude and affection. Many and many a time, pining and shivering in her wretched bedchamber, she had asked herself: "Shall I write to him? He told me his name. It was William—Sir William Long. Shall I write a letter to Monsieur Sir William Long, England, and pray him to come and help the poor little girl he was so kind to ever so many years ago? But who would post a letter for me? If it were discovered, I should be sent to the cave for a week. And, besides, he has forgotten me. I only amused him for a moment. He is married and happy." And poor Lily, as she thought this, found herself burning with blushes and choking with tears.

No, she could not give the name of Cutwig & Co., nor of the man with the braid and the beard, and a strange shame and nervousness prevented her naming him whom she yet vaguely believed to be her friend. She told the abbé, with dolorous meekness, that she had no friends, so far as she knew, any where in the world.

"Pauvre petite!" said the Abbé Chatain, taking out the blue cotton handkerchief again. "What, then, can be done for you?" he resumed, after a brief silence.

Lily could tell him that, and eagerly, too. She had been brooding over and elaborating a feeble little scheme for months. "Oh!" she cried, "if Madame would only be kind and merciful to me, she could make me happy, I am sure, at once. It would not be at all difficult. Thanks to the instruction I have received at the Pension—and oh, pray believe that I am very grateful for it—I know enough, I hope, to undertake the duties of a nursery governess, or at least I could be an under teacher in a village school. Or I would work at my needle, or wait at table, or do housework, or any thing, if she would only allow me to leave this dreadful place, and be kind enough not to tell every body that I am wicked and rebellious."

"You are full of romantic ideas," replied the priest, after cogitating for some moments over Lily's audacious proposition; "but we will hope for the best. Go in peace, my child, and do not cry. I myself will speak to Mademoiselle Marcassin on this topic, and we will see what can be done."

He patted Lily gently on the head, and strode away. And the girl returned to her needle-work, and, for the first time since Polly Marygold left the Pension Marcassin, a golden ray brought daylight and hope streaming into her soul.

The abbé was as good as his word. An evening or two afterward, while he was playing his modest game of backgammon with Mademoiselle Marcassin, he took occasion to say, as though inadvertently:

"And the little English girl you have succored and cherished, how goes it with her?"

An evil look came over the countenance of the schoolmistress. "How goes it? As with a viper. Speak to me of the gratitude of those Islanders. I calculate that I have lost by that little crocodile at least five thousand francs, of

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which I shall never see a red liard. And yet I have been a second mother to her."

It was certainly something in poor Lily's favor that she had been blessed with a second mother, seeing what a remarkably unsatisfactory investment the first one had proved to be. The abbé, however, received Madame's statement with a pinch of salt, as well as with one of snuff. He knew the Marcassin of old, and was acquainted with her aptitude for magnifying her own merits and depreciating those of others: when she would allow them, which was but seldom, to have any merits at all.

"It is a pity," carelessly remarked the abbé, putting the caster to his chin, as was his wont, before he flung the dice, "that you should be burdened with this little eat-all and do-nothing."

"It is more than a pity, it is a shame, a scandal, an enormity, an abomination," Madame indignantly acquiesced. "Figure to yourself, my dear abbé, that this most reprehensible young person of fifteen years of age—well grown, too—devours my substance. She devours the little patrimony which I hope to be able to leave, some day, to my kindred in Touraine. Such a great girl is not to be kept on walnut-peelings."

"That is easy to see," the diplomatic abbé agreed.

"They may keep her who will," the schoolmistress continued, with well-simulated indifference. "I am sick of the charge, and should be enchanted to be relieved from it."

"Would you, then, consent to her departure?"

"Who would pay me my memoirs, if you please?" the Marcassin returned quickly.

"But if you have lost, as you say you have lost by this time, all hopes of payment?"

"That is true," returned Madame, shrugging her shoulders. "As well fish in the canal for whales as expect that I shall ever re-enter into my funds."

"And if you placed this embarrassing young creature in some locality of which you were well assured, and with persons at whose hands you could at any time claim her?"

"That is true; but how to find such a locality and such persons?"

"They must be numerous. Could you not obtain a situation for her in a school, half as pupil teacher, half as fille de peine?"

"She is that already, here; more of one than the other." Mademoiselle did not specify which was the "one" and which the "other."

"And the convent?"

"Impossible. She is a heretic. The government is infidel and Voltairean. We should have complications with the police."

"But you say that she has no papers, no recognized identity."

"I tell you, abbé," exclaimed the Marcassin, "that she has nothing, save the spirit of the Fiend which animates her. She is as friendless as a mountebank's tumbling child, bought for forty sous at a fair, and passed on from one juggler to another."

"Pauvre petite!" murmured the abbé again; but his voice was pitched low.

"Besides," resumed the schoolmistress, "if she went to another school she might chatter—and—"

She stopped, somewhat confused, and, the game being over, hurriedly closed the backgammon-board.

"I understand you," the abbé returned, with a nod. "There is much rivalry in the scholastic profession. One always tries to do one's neighbor—when one's neighbor keeps a school—as much harm as is possible. 'Tis pity, for charity's sake, that it should be so. But suppose, my dear and worthy lady, that I was enabled to find, out of doors, an asylum for this forlorn child—a safe asylum, a respectable asylum, a discreet asylum—whence, from time to time, I should be enabled to bring you news of her, and whence, if the dishonest persons who have defrauded you of your hard-earned money were ever brought back to better sentiments, and showed a wish to make restitution, you could bring her back. Suppose some such scheme to be within my power of putting quickly into execution?"

"Then, my dear abbé, I should say at once, Take her."

"Is that your determination?"

"You have my word for it."

"Then we will adopt measures in accordance. I shall have the honor shortly of communicating with you on the subject. Not another cup of tea, I assure you. I have fears for my head. Well, qualified with this excellent and sanative rhum of the colonies. Have you tasted the Chocolat de Santé, my dear lady? And the Racahout des Arabes? No; you prefer the Pâte Regnault. A thousand wishes for your happiness! We will consider the affair of la petite as arranged. Figure to yourself this Monsieur Véron, who makes one fortune by managing the Opera House—what a scandal—and another by selling cough lozenges. And yet, I am told, a most excellent person, and devoted to the Church. Yes, I will certainly remember to bring the six numbers of the *Gazette de France* when next I have the honor. One might get the little wardrobe of la petite together. She has none, you say. Well, one must be found for her. Charity is not dead, as you, Mademoiselle, have so triumphantly proved. Once more, dear lady, good-night!"

These remarks were not delivered without a solution of continuity. The abbé's valedictory observations were scattered about the room. He had to swallow another cup of the curious fluid which Mademoiselle Marcassin imagined, with many other French ladies of that period, to be tea. He yielded to friendly compulsion, and partook of another modicum of the colonial liqueur. Then he had to find his umbrella and his shovel-hat, and to press Madame's hand, and to bow over it, and to accept some jujubes for his poor cough, and to suffer Madame with her own fair hands—literally fair, but not cruel, to him—to tie a woolen scarf round his neck, as a defense against the night air.

It was all as innocent, I speak without mental reservation, as sheep-shearing in Arcadia. Nothing could come of it. Both were stricken in years. On both the doom of perpetual celibacy weighed: he, enforced to it by vows: she, sentenced to it by circumstances and by temperament. Yet I have heard that the sun shines sometimes at the North Pole; and I believe that a little flirtation *is* a little flirtation all the world over. Believe me, had the fiend who tempted the good St. Anthony come to him, not in the guise of a ballet-girl, but as a cozy, comfortable spinster of a certain age—a spinster who would have knitted muffatees, and made wine possets, and warmed his slippers, and cut the leaves of his Tablet for him—the hermit would earlier have turned his eyes upward from his tome.

One sigh—one among a thousand frowns—is not many. Mademoiselle Marcassin gave one sigh, and put away the backgammon-board and the rhum of the colonies.

"Pauvre cher homme," sighed the Marcassin; and then she froze up again in one block and proceeded to make her nightly tour of her dormitories, scattering bad marks about her on all the pupils who could be proved to be awake. For wakefulness was considered presumptive evidence of the offender having been indulging in prohibited converse.

"A worthy lady, the Dame Marcassin," the Abbé Chatain mused as he sped homeward. "She errs a little, perhaps, on the side of strictness, but those young persons are difficult, very difficult to manage. I remember at the seminary what trouble I used to give the proviseur and the régisseur, and what stripes of the discipline these shoulders have suffered. Hi! But it must be admitted that Mademoiselle Marcassin is a woman who has a character. Oh! her force of character is immense. And she is conscientious, highly conscientious. We must see whether we can persuade Madame de Kergolay to shelter this poor little shorn lamb."

And the abbé went home to bed. He was a worthy soul—although he did sometimes read Béranger's poems on the sly.

"If he had only been on our side, Monsieur de Béranger," the abbé was wont to say, "what an ally he would have been! What a colossus! But it has always been thus. From the days of M. de Pascal we have never been able to keep the drolls who have wit and humor on our side. And yet we have educated them all in our seminaries. They have bitten the hand that fed them. If M. de Molière now had only written Tartufe against the Huguenots! History of fatality. It is true that we have M. de Chateaubriand — mais il radote — he drivels. That rhum of the colonies was very toothsome. To-morrow is a fat day, and Madame Blaise" (his housekeeper) "has promised me a turkey stuffed with chestnuts. C'est énivrant, that turkey stuffed. A little glass of that rhum of the colonies would make an excellent pousse-café. Ah! here we are at home. Let us enter."

It has been found, not unfrequently, that enforced celibacy leads to a partiality for roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts. Cut a man off from the flesh and he clings to the flesh-pots.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MORE OF THE ABBÉ.

A VERY few days after the interview recorded in the last chapter the Abbé Chatain had another conversation with Mademoiselle Marcassin. On his departure he met Lily (who had, indeed, tremblingly, but purposely, thrown herself in his way), and, patting her on the head again, told her to be of good cheer, for that a change in her condition was imminent. Lily went that day to her needle-work, and her knife-cleaning, and her bed-making, quite radiant; and at night, nestling in her shabby pallet, she peopled the Imaginary Land with all kinds of benevolent ecclesiastics and philanthropic protectors.

Her deliverance came upon her with delightful suddenness. According to the abbé it might be a week or a fortnight before the arrangements that were being made in her behalf could be carried out; but as her good fortune would have it, the very morning after she had received this hopeful announcement, and as she was sitting, in her usual Cinderella position at the bottom of the class, the Marcassin herself entered the school-room in full state and proclaimed to Mademoiselle Espréménil that Mademoiselle Floris, no longer "la fille Pauline," or "la petite Anglaise," had been "called to other functions."

"Circumstances," the Marcassin took occasion to say, "which did not perhaps imply deliberate culpability on the part of Mademoiselle Floris, had rendered her position one of somewhat a painful nature." Goodness knows it had, and of the painfulest! "Indeed, she might say that her education and sustenance, her very vestments, in fact, had been provided by a person whom it was unnecessary to name." Here the governesses looked admiringly at the Marcassin; the pupils all stared at Lily; and the poor child herself blushed a deep crimson. "However, this equivocal state of affairs had now come to an end. Thanks to the efforts of a worthy clergyman (digne ecclesiastique), an asylum had been found elsewhere for Mademoiselle Floris. In the new sphere to which she was about to be removed she would doubtless preserve a lively recollection of the favors and bounty which had attended her sojourn in the Pension Marcassin."

There were murmurs (rumeurs) of approbation among the scholars; and the head governess remarked, in a low tone:

"If she does not preserve that lively recollection she is a monster of ingratitude."

"The conduct of Mademoiselle Floris," continued her benefactress, "had not been entirely free from matter for animadversion. The veil of the past, however, might now be thrown over the anxieties—she might say the sorrows—she had caused her instructresses. Mademoiselle Floris left that establishment full of the best sentiments; and she, Mademoiselle Marcassin, was glad to recognize that this young person was calculated in every way to do honor to the Pensionnat where she had been sheltered."

The young ladies, most of whom had been for years spectatresses of the daily tasks and punishments inflicted on the scape-goat of the school, and had grown perfectly accustomed to hear her called worthless, insupportable, and incorrigible, by the schoolmistress and her assistants, were not in the least surprised to hear this virtual eulogium pronounced on Lily. It was the Marcassin's way. Nil nisi bonum was her invariable maxim, as applied, not to defunct, but to departing scholars. It was a remarkable fact that no young lady, however refractory or stupid she might have been, ever quitted the academy without a glowing panegyric on her conduct and proficiency. The supreme punishment in the Marcassin's code of pains and penalties was expulsion; but she had only been known to expel one single pupil. The dismission of this culprit took place on the eve of the summer vacation; and it was quite notorious that her parents designed to remove her to another school.

The Abbé Chatain did not come himself as the messenger of Lily's deliverance. The welcome emissary was his housekeeper, Madame Prudence. She was a rosy, apple-cheeked old dame, the best cook, and, moreover, the possessor of the best temper, in the quarter. She loved her abbé very dearly, tended him very assiduously, and scolded him sometimes; but that, like the cunning dishes she cooked for him, was all for his good. Madame Prudence was not an admirer of the Pension Marcassin, nor of its energetic proprietor. She spoke of Madame as "cette Mégère." She alluded pointedly to the governesses as "myrmidons of the tyrant." Her opinion regarding the pupils was that they were oppressed slaves. She had been known to snap her fingers at the entire establishment, in the open playground, and in the light of day. There was an old feud between her and the Marcassin; and she did not, perhaps, altogether approve of ecclesiastics, bound to bachelorhood, being regaled by scholastic spinsters with tea, with backgammon, and with the rhum of the colonies.

The priest's housekeeper, like the schoolmistress, was unmarried; but both were called "Madame," probably from the reason that to a people who had always retained an infinite veneration and deference toward age there seemed something unduly familiar and flighty in the appellation "Mademoiselle." When we were a less civilized, but a better behaved people, we too used to address our spinsters as "Mistress."

On the way from the Pension to her new home—when, to Lily's infinite delight, they traversed on foot the streets of the only city in the world worth living in, with which she had made but ten minutes' acquaintance in the course of seven years—Madame Prudence was pleasantly loquacious, and made no secret of her impression that she had been the immediate means of rescuing Lily from the jaws of a roaring dragon.

"They would have devoured you there, my child," she remarked, patting Lily's arm affectionately as she trotted along by her side. "I know her well, that stiff and starched piece of affected tyranny. Ah! it is I who have given her a bit of my mind. It is not I who am afraid of her. A woman with an ascertained position, quoi!" The last part of these observations Madame Prudence evidently applied to herself; and she as evidently considered the "position" of a priest's housekeeper to be, so far as respectability went, a much better "ascertained" one than that of a schoolmistress.

"And you were very unhappy, eh, my child," she continued, "down in that hole?"

"Oh, dreadfully unhappy!" replied Lily. "Many and many a time I could have wished to die, only I knew the wish to be wicked."

"And no wonder. And they were cruel to you?"

"Madame was certainly very strict—almost harsh; but I dare say I was stupid and disagreeable, and gave her much trouble."

"You? I won't believe it for an instant. M. l'Abbé says that you are a little lamb for meekness and resignation. To me you shall be a little angel. The good Madame de Kergolay, whither you are going, has already made up her mind to treat you like a little kitten. Ah! it is there you will dine well, and when you come to dine with the abbé and me you shall have a taste of *my* cookery; you shall taste la vraie cuisine bourgeoise, my cherished. Are you fond of good dinners?"

"It is so long ago," answered Lily, with a smile, and in involuntary disparagement of the culinary dispensation enjoyed by the inmates of the Pension Marcassin.

"I should think so. I know what those crocodiles feed you poor little innocents upon. Haricots, haricots, haricots, all the year round, as if you were mules, and only deserved to be fed upon beans. And the lentils! And the chicory! I would not mind if they knew how to cook them; but they don't, the Cosaques!" A Cossack was Madame Prudence's synonym for every thing that was mean, base, and cruel. "And the wine, or rather the water blushing at being so villainously adulterated! Ah! the good Madame de Kergolay will make you taste of the good little vintages. You will be as happy as the day is long. You will help Madame at her embroidery, and sing to her, and read to her, and play her to sleep; and then the abbé will play backgammon with you. I shall not be jealous, ma mignonne; and on Sundays and feast-days I will come to you, and we will go to the mass together."

"I am a Protestant," interposed Lily, gently.

"A Protestant! que' q' c'est qu'ça?" quoth Madame Prudence. "Ah! I know—a Huguenot, a dissident. Well, you must read Monseigneur the Bishop of Meaux upon the Reformists. Ah! the great man Bossuet. And then, my faith, you must go to your temple, and hear your minister. Madame de Kergolay seeks to make no proselytes. Many of her kindred are dissidents. I have known a good many honest folks—très gentils même—who were of the Lutheran profession. M. l'Abbé is Gallican and tolerant. That wicked old giraffe, the Marcassin, is ultra-montane, and breathes nothing but sulphur against heretics. She would make a furious grand inquisitor. Voyons! I can't see why Protestants should burn. Le bon Dieu meant us thing to be burned, except candles and wood for the kitchen fire."

Thus sociably chatting, the abbé's housekeeper led Lily through the streets of the only city in the world worth living in. The modest package of clothing which the Marcassin had persuaded herself to part with as the wardrobe of Mademoiselle Floris had been sent on before by a commissionnaire.

PORTER'S GUN-BOATS PASSING THE DAM AT ALEXANDRIA.

WE give on the first page an illustration of ADMIRAL PORTER'S GUN-BOATS PASSING THE DAM IN THE RED RIVER AT ALEXANDRIA. The gun-boats, on falling down the river from Grand Ecore to Alexandria, were arrested in their progress by the shallowness of the water at the "Grand Rapides," just above Alexandria. There being but three or four feet of water a long delay was necessary, the army being obliged to remain at Alexandria to protect the gun-boats. The situation seemed a desperate one, but Colonel BAILEY soon found a way of escape. He at once set the men at work in constructing two dams, for the purpose of throwing the water into the middle of the current, thereby causing a sufficient depth of water to carry over the boats. It was a work of great labor, owing to the rapidity of the current and the scarcity of materials; but after twelve or fourteen days it was accomplished, and the fleet saved. Colonel BAILEY'S skill and energy, in devising and directing the work, have already been recognized by Congress, which has adopted a joint resolution, formally tendering him the thanks of the nation for his invaluable services. He has also received promotion at the hands of the President.

Our sketch was made on the spot by Mr. GEORGE SLATER.

THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

WE continue this week our illustrations of General SHERMAN'S magnificent campaign in Georgia. On page 388 we give a sketch of the BATTLE OF RESACA, fought on the 14th ult. The particulars of this engagement were published in the *Weekly* of the 4th instant. The attack upon the rebel works was made by General GILES SMITH'S brigade of General MORGAN'S division of LOGAN'S corps on the right, and WOOD'S brigade of OSTERHAUS'S division on the left. General SMITH led his troops on foot, and General LOGAN was every where present. Experienced army officers who witnessed the engagement represent that the charge of our troops was one of the finest of the war.

On page 389 we present a sketch representing Colonel ROBINSON'S brigade of General HOOKER'S command saving the Fifth Indiana Battery in the battle at Resaca. Of this occurrence Mr. DAVIS says: "On the evening of the 14th a portion of General HOOKER'S corps, who had reached a point on the extreme right, were, at a critical moment, turned upon by the enemy, and driven back to the Fifth Indiana Battery, Captain SIMONSON, which held a position of great importance. General HOOKER, without a moment's delay, ordered Colonel ROBINSON'S brigade of General WILLIAMS'S division to charge the rebel line, which was almost upon the battery of the gallant SIMONSON. The brigade immediately advancing, the rebels were forced back and the battery saved. No battery was ever more splendidly fought than that of Captain SIMONSON; and the conduct of ROBINSON'S brigade was in the highest degree praiseworthy."

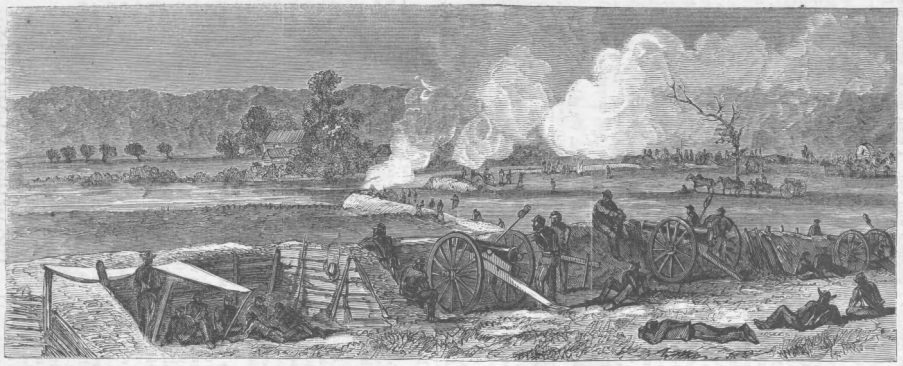
On the same page we give another sketch in which HOOKER'S troops are conspicuous. In his assault on the enemy's works at Resaca HOOKER made steady headway, carrying line after line of rifle-pits, until BUTTERFIELD'S division encountered a lunette of formidable size. Several attempts were made to carry it and capture its guns, which were pouring a destructive fire into our lines, but the attempt was futile. The troops fought with great desperation, but as often as they advanced upon the lunette the terrific volleys of musketry from the enemy in the fortifications hurled them back in confusion. At last BUTTERFIELD charged forward and took a position under the protecting works of the fort, so close to the guns within that they could be touched by the men's hands. Here they remained under shelter for the rest of the day, our men picking off every rebel who showed himself above the works. Upon the fall of night HOOKER matured plans for capturing the works by strategy, under cover of darkness. The pioneers were brought up; the ends dug out of the works, and the guns drawn out by the aid of ropes, under a destructive fire from the occupants of the works, who were driven out or captured as our troops swarmed in through the opening in overwhelming numbers. The guns were four twelve-pound brass pieces; a number of battle-flags, including those of the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-fifth Alabama, were captured, with over two hundred prisoners. GEARY'S division is entitled to the credit of this movement.

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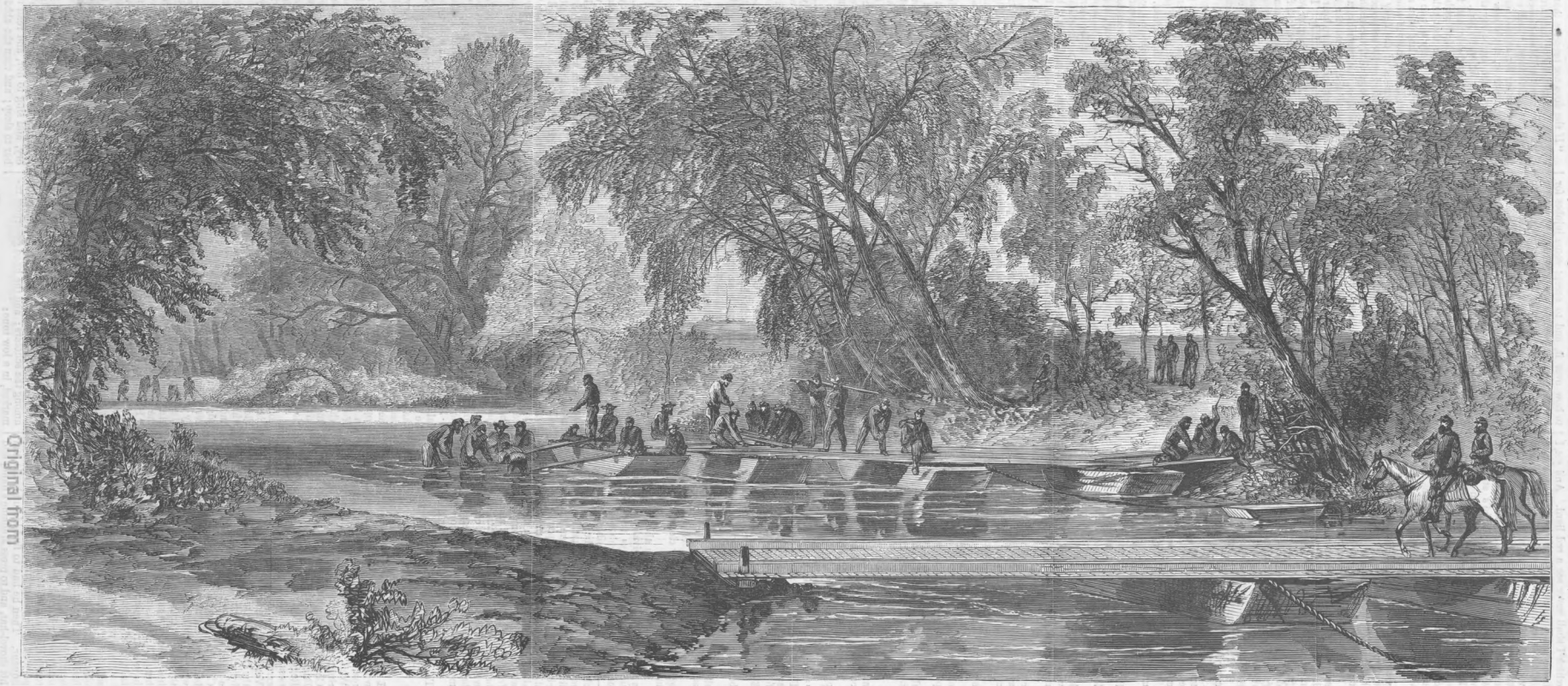
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BURNING OF THE FREDERICKSBURG AND RICHMOND RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE NORTH ANNA.—[SEE PAGE 397.



SECOND CORPS BATTERIES IN POSITION ON THE NORTH ANNA RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 397.]



THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—CANVASS PONTOONS ON THE NORTH ANNA RIVER.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 397.]

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GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN.

On page 396 we give a series of sketches illustrating recent events in General GRANT's campaign. The principal sketch shows the Canvas Pontoons laid on the North Anna River for the passage of our troops. Another sketch represents the burning of the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad Bridge over the North Anna. A third sketch shows the Second Corps Batteries as they appeared in position on the banks of the North Anna, prior to GRANT's flank movement and passage of the Pamunkey. The Battery which appears in our sketch is the Second Maine.

On this page we give three additional illustrations of this campaign. The first is a sketch of a picturesque shelter erected by our soldiers, near the spot where General SEDGWICK was killed, as a protection against shot and shell from the rebel lines. The picture is full of interest as exhibiting what novel methods our soldiers resort to for purposes of defense from the casualties of battle.

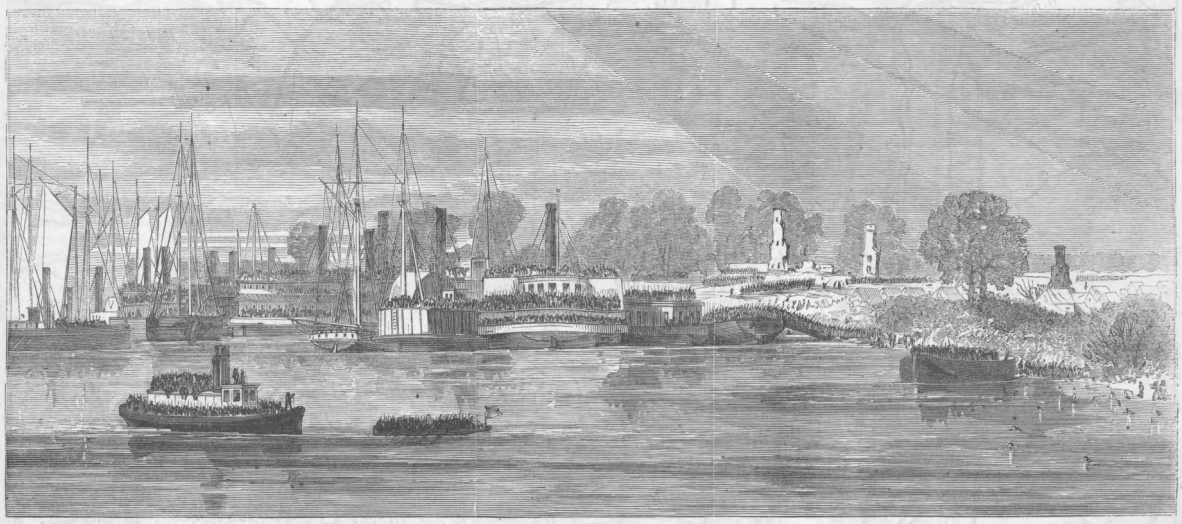
The next is a graphic sketch of the disembarkation of General W. F. SMITH's Eighteenth Army Corps at White House, on the Pamunkey River, on the 30th ult. A correspondent thus describes the landing:

White House was reached at noon; but every facility for landing was found to have been completely destroyed. General BROOKS's flag-boat was run up to the ruins of what had been the wharf, and made fast. A detail was landed with difficulty, and was soon engaged in replanking the bridge with railroad ties. The railroad bridge, which had been crossed by SHERIDAN on his late raid, was found to have been completely destroyed by the rebels, and the Corps of Engineers were immediately at work upon it, assisted by the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York. Three hours after our landing a great change was effected in the appearance of the place. It again became the White House of two years ago, with the scene of busy life and its innumerable bathers.

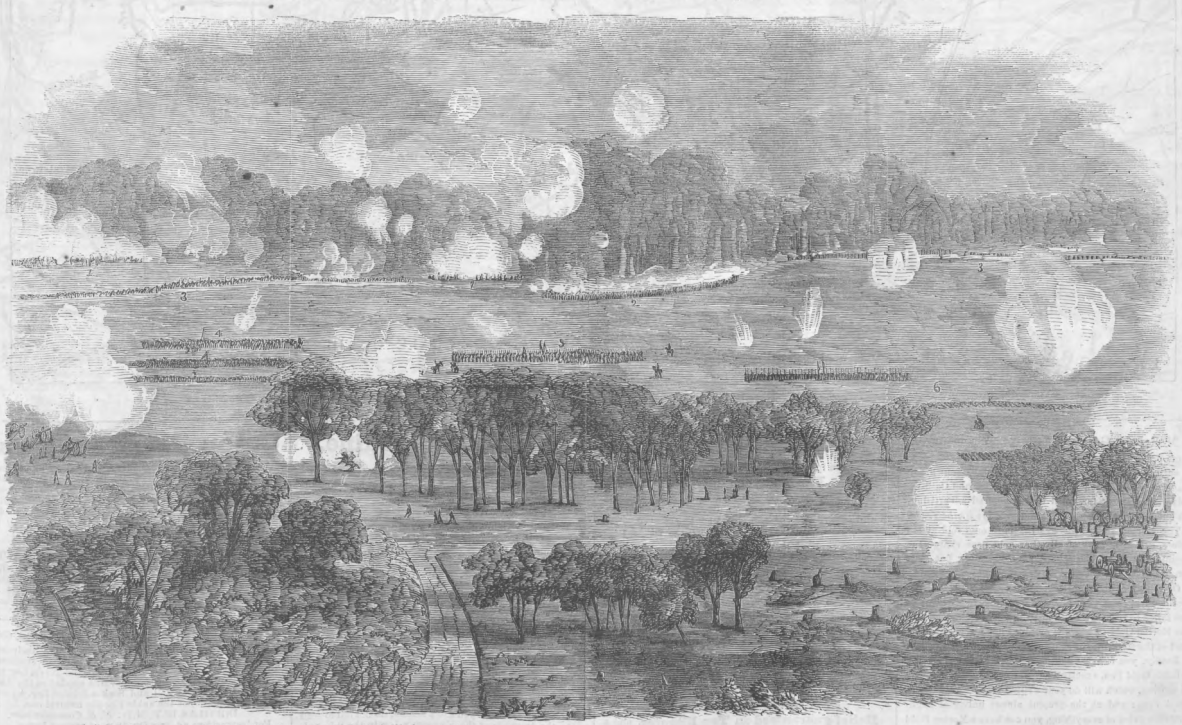


THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—A FIRE-PROOF IN THE WILDERNESS, ON THE SPOT OF GENERAL SEDGWICK'S DEATH.—[FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.]

The third is a spirited sketch of the FIGHT AT COLD HARBOR on the 1st instant, showing the position of General SMITH's corps, which bore the brunt of the fight. General SMITH's troops, though exhausted by a hard march and two or three days of hard labor, fought with the greatest gallantry. The rebels had a strong position on the edge of a dense woods, with rifle-pits and earth-works thrown up; but at the order Generals BROOKS and DEVENS pushed through the woods on their front, and the exhausted men, suddenly imbued with enthusiasm, poured like a tornado to the charge, driving the rebels pell-mell from their works and through the woods. The rebels on our immediate front were of LONGSTREET's corps, and were, after being driven through the woods, rallied behind their reserves, and led up to recapture their position. With their well-known rebel battle-cry they rushed forward, but were received with so close and murderous a fire of artillery and musketry that they broke and fled in confusion. Again and again they were rallied by their officers, and returned to the charge; but again and again they only returned to be again driven back with greater slaughter. Mr. WISNER, correspondent of the New York *Times*, in going from the front of BROOKS's division, had his horse shot under him during this engagement. General SMITH and his staff also had several narrow escapes, while some of his general officers, less fortunate, were seriously wounded by missiles from the enemy.



DISEMBARKATION OF GENERAL SMITH'S TROOPS AT WHITE HOUSE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM WAUD.]



1, 1. Rebel Guns.—2. Rebel Line of Battle.—3, 3. Rebel Earth-Works and Rifle-Pits.—4. Devins's Division charging Rifle-Pits, and capturing 589 Prisoners.—5. Brooks's Division.—6. Martindale's Division.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—FIGHT AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1, 1864—GENERAL SMITH'S CORPS IN ACTION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

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A CAREFULLY PREPARED MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELDS AROUND RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," on next page.

Turnip Seeds.

We desire to remind

Dealers in Seeds

Of the near approach of the season for sowing Turnip and Ruta Baga. We shall be able to offer a large supply of all the approved varieties, and let it be observed,

☞ EVERY GRAIN THE PRODUCE OF ☜

Bloomsdale.

We have not, and shall not have an ounce of Imported Seed.

Our Turnip Seed Circular, with particulars of interest to Dealers in

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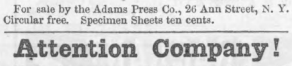
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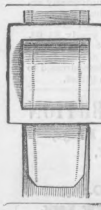
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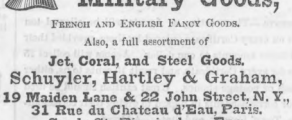
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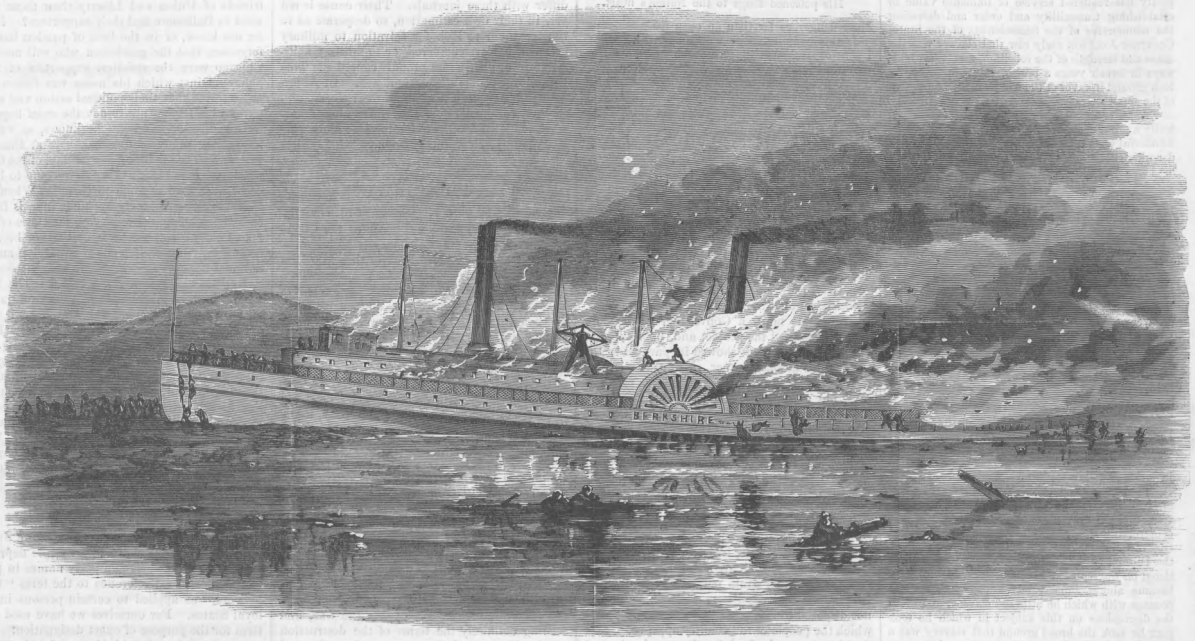
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BURNING OF THE STEAMER "BERKSHIRE," ON THE HUDSON RIVER, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 8, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



GOVERNOR ANDREW JOHNSON, OF TENNESSEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE LATE JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. ALBERT, ASHTABULA, OHIO.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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ANDREW JOHNSON.

ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, nominated by the Baltimore Convention as the Union candidate for Vice-President—whose portrait we give on the preceding page—was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 29th of December, 1808. When ten years of age he was apprenticed to a tailor, and worked at that trade in South Carolina until his seventeenth year. He never attended school, but acquired a good common education by studying, after his marriage, under the direction of his wife. Having removed to Greenville, Tennessee, he was elected Mayor of that place in 1830, was elected to the State Legislature in 1835, and to the State Senate in 1841; and in 1843 became a Representative in Congress, serving until 1853. During the latter year he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and re-elected in 1855. In 1857 he was elected United States Senator for the term ending in 1863, and at once became conspicuous for his solid sense and sterling integrity. Upon the disclosure of the plans of the rebel conspirators he at once took high ground in support of the Government, denouncing and opposing with great bitterness and force the whole traitorous scheme. Upon the restoration of Tennessee he was made Provisional Governor of the State, and in that capacity has rendered service of immense value in establishing tranquillity and order and defeating the manœuvres of the Secessionists of the State. Governor JOHNSON early saw that slavery was the cause and strength of the rebellion, and, though always in former years a pro-slavery man, promptly took ground in favor of the complete extermination of the system.

"ANDY" JOHNSON, like Mr. LINCOLN, is emphatically a self-made man. He reflects directly, in his wonderful career, the genius of our institutions, under which the humblest citizen may attain the highest honors of the republic.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

JOSHUA REED GIDDINGS, whose portrait we give on the preceding page, was born at Athens, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, October 6, 1795. In his childhood his parents removed with him to Canandaigua, in this State; and at the age of ten he went with them to Ashtabula County, Ohio. Here he and his family were among the earliest settlers. His father was a farmer, and JOSHUA helped him, studying only in the long winter evenings. In 1812, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted as a volunteer, going to the war as a substitute for an older brother. He was engaged in two actions with the hostile Indians. When discharged he began teaching school. In 1817 he began the study of law in the office of ELISHA WHITTLESEY, who was Controller of the Treasury for many years. In 1826 he was sent to the Legislature for one term, declining a re-election in order to follow his profession. In 1838 he re-entered public life, being sent to Congress in place of Mr. WHITTLESEY. His first motion in Congress was to strike out the enacting clause of a bill for constructing some public improvement in the District of Columbia, on the ground that the people of the District ought to ask no favors while they insisted on the maintenance of a slave-market. He became almost immediately conspicuous for the courage with which he attacked slavery, and in all the discussions on this subject in which he took part he took the broad ground that slavery was a mere local institution, which the General Government could not and ought not to acknowledge, and whose force ceased the moment the slave reached the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. In 1842 Congress, on the motion of Mr. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, passed a severe censure upon Mr. GIDDINGS, for presenting certain resolutions in relation to the case of the *Creole*. Mr. GIDDINGS was denied the right to defend himself, and the resolution being passed, he immediately resigned his seat, and called upon his constituents to pass upon his conduct. They re-elected him with so little delay that he was absent from his seat but five weeks. He returned with specific authority from his constituents to present again his resolutions.

Mr. GIDDINGS served in Congress in all twenty-one years. During this time he was known for his constant devotion to the principle of liberty; and it must be said in his honor that he denied to no man the freedom of discussion which he claimed for himself. He acted generally with the Whig party until 1848, when he worked with the Free-soil party. In 1844 he united with JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in submitting a report in which it was distinctly declared that the liberties of the people had their primary foundation in the truths of Christianity. In 1850 he opposed the so-called Compromise Measures. By his unceasing opposition to slavery he aroused the bitter personal hostility of the pro-slavery party. In July, 1850, he was charged with abstracting important papers from the General Post-office. He instantly demanded an investigation, and was entirely exonerated by a committee consisting chiefly of political opponents. In 1859 some blackguard in Richmond published in the journals of that city an advertisement offering a reward of ten thousand dollars to any one who would bring the person of Mr. GIDDINGS to Richmond alive, and a reward of five thousand dollars for his head. In 1843 Mr. GIDDINGS wrote a series of political essays over the signature "PACIFICUS." In 1853 was published a volume of his speeches. In 1858 he printed "The Exiles of Florida"—an important work, full of information on some of the obscurer portions of our history. Lately has been published a volume on which he had been engaged for some years, which gives a complete account of the slavery agitation in Congress.

As a public man he was pure, honorable, conscientious, and devoted to the principle and practice of liberty. As a writer, his style lacks elegance, and is somewhat crude and rude, showing the marks of early disadvantages in respect of education. As a speaker, he was not eloquent, but forcible, pertinacious, and courageous. In all his acts he showed personal courage and a determination to maintain the right at all hazards.

THE COPPERHEAD.

THERE'S a venomous snake which lurks in the grass,
A slimy, treacherous, horrible thing;
Of a copperish hue are his ugly folds,
And he gives no warning before his sting,
But strikes with a secret and sudden dart,
Leaving a poisoned and deadly smart.

In the cool sweet meadows and over the fields,
Mid the tall green shoots and the clover blooms,
He crawls along on his horrid scales,
And through the depths of the forest glooms
This hideous reptile his slow path takes,
The vilest of all the race of snakes.

He basks in the light of the sun by day,
And hides in his narrow den at night
Along with his mate and pestilent brood.
Oh, a loathsome, hateful, repulsive sight
Is this slimy serpent, this crawling thing,
With the copperish hide and the deadly sting!

Of late he has taken the shape of man,
As of old took Satan the serpent's form,
Blotting at night in his traitorous den,
And lurking by day in the sunshine warm,
Ready to strike with a secret dart
His poisoned fangs to the Nation's heart.

More dangerous far than an open foe
Is this cunning snake with fangs so keen,
Lying concealed in the tall green grass,
And striving to hide his venomed spleen.
Oh, what shall we do with the hateful thing
To render harmless his poisoned sting?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

THE UNION NOMINATIONS.

THE Baltimore Convention met and organized on the 7th of June, and on the 8th, in one session, laid down its platform, nominated ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON with enthusiastic unanimity, and adjourned.

There was never a Convention which more truly represented the people, and, upon the first opportunity offered, it showed its purpose in the most unmistakable manner. No one who watched its deliberations, or who has read its proceedings, but must feel that it expressed the strongest popular determination for the unflinching prosecution of the war by every efficient method. Its settlement of the Missouri question, by admitting the radical delegation from that State, and excluding the other, by a vote of 440 to 4, was the indication that the vast mass of the Union men in the country have parted company with the hesitating and doubtful course which has been associated with the name of BLAIR. The resolutions, clear, incisive, and full, are to the same result, and leave no doubt in any mind that the "Border State policy," having served its purpose, and a purpose with which we are not disposed to quarrel, is no longer the policy which the people of the country approve. This decision is emphasized by the nomination of ANDREW JOHNSON, a life-long Democrat, who has been educated by fire and sword straight up to the necessities of the crisis.

Of ABRAHAM LINCOLN we have nothing to change in the views often expressed in these columns. That he unites perfect patriotism and great sagacity to profound conviction and patient tenacity, and that his conduct of our affairs has been, upon the whole, most admirable and wise, we are more than ever convinced; and that no public man in our history since WASHINGTON has inspired a deeper popular confidence we have no doubt whatever that the result of the election will establish. Of ANDREW JOHNSON it is enough to say that there is no man in the country, unless it be Mr. LINCOLN himself, whom the rebels more cordially hate. He fought them in the Senate, when they counted upon his aid, and he has fought them steadily ever since and with untiring energy. It is pleasant to record, of our personal knowledge, that one of the wisest and truest patriots in the country, who has sacrificed not less than JOHNSON himself, says of the contingency of JOHNSON'S succession to the chief magistracy, that the country and the cause of American Liberty could then not be in safer hands.

The reception of the nominations is what might have been expected of a people which had virtually ordered them to be made. The Copperhead journals, the late supporters of JOHN B. FLOYD & Co., denounce the Convention as a corrupt body; and seeing in the nominations the most tremendous proclamation of the loyal citizens of the United States to all enemies at home and abroad that the cause of the American Union is to be fought out upon this line, they renew their old cry that our liberties have been lost in the effort to maintain them. The real Copperhead regret is, not that liberty has been lost, but that slavery has not been saved. The Union journals which have considered Mr. LINCOLN badly advised, timid, and hesitating, still cordially applaud the platform, which they properly regard as a body of instructions from the people for increased and continual vigor. They are entirely satisfied with the resolutions and ANDREW JOHNSON, but wish the Presidential nomination had been left dependent upon the result of the campaign. That is a view of the situation which seems to us peculiarly erroneous, and fraught with the utmost danger. The reliance of every patriot is and must be upon the sturdy good sense and purpose of the people—a faith not to be shaken by disaster, and a purpose which demands that the Chief Magistrate, at such a period as this, shall be a tried, and not an untried man.

It is remarkable that journals which we have always supposed were truly and not technically "democratic," because believing in the general wisdom and instinct of the people, while they regret to see that Mr. LINCOLN has been renominated, confess that he is beyond any question the man and the choice of the people. We believe it also, and for that reason, if for no other, heartily hail the result. If the Baltimore Convention had adjourned to some future day, because the military campaign is not yet decided, its action—by revealing an utter want of popular confidence in the present Administration, under which that campaign is conducted—would have done more to defeat military operations, and destroy the faith of the country, than any step which could be named.

Fortunately for the good cause, the people differ with these journals. Their cause is not yet, in their own estimation, so desperate as to require them to look for salvation to military prestige, however deserved, or to military ability, however gladly and proudly conceded. This is the loyal people's cause and war. In ABRAHAM LINCOLN they have found their sincere representative. Therefore they have almost universally demanded his renomination, and therefore they will elect him by a conclusive majority.

FREMONT.

GENERAL FREMONT has resigned his commission in the army, and has accepted the Cleveland nomination. In accepting it he has written a letter in which he declares that Mr. LINCOLN has already deprived the people of those liberties against which also JEFFERSON DAVIS took up arms. That we may do General FREMONT no injustice, we quote his words. Among the objects of the Cleveland Convention, he says, was to bring the people "to realize that while we are saturating Southern soil with the best blood of the country, in the name of Liberty, we have really parted with it at home."

In the estimation of General FREMONT, therefore, the guilt of the President and of DAVIS is equal; and if what he says be true, the war is as unholy as ever Mr. VALLANDIGHAM or Mr. FERNANDO WOOD declared it to be. No loyal, liberty-loving citizen of the United States can be more fairly asked to sustain, by a single dollar or word or wish, an Administration which has deliberately overthrown the Constitution and liberty, than to encourage a conspiracy which aims at the same result. The strongest friend of the rebellion, the most vehement apostle of "peace," has never offered a plainer and more conclusive reason for immediately stopping the war, and settling definitely the terms of the destruction of the Union and Government than General FREMONT offers in his letter. If Mr. LINCOLN be equally treacherous to the Constitution with JEFFERSON DAVIS, certainly any man may elect with whom he will range himself. If General FREMONT be correct, it is General GRANT'S patriotic duty to turn his guns against the Washington traitor who has really destroyed our liberties rather than against the Richmond rebel who has merely threatened them.

No man has the right, without a knowledge which few can have, to question another man's sincerity. Yet it is hard to conceive that General FREMONT can sincerely mean us to view, on the one hand, the exercise of an arbitrary authority for the salvation of the Government, expressly granted by the Constitution in time of rebellion, as treachery to that Government; or, on the other, to accept an occasional indiscretion in its exercise as a loss of liberty. We trust that the right of personal freedom is as sacred in our estimation as it is in that of General FREMONT or of Mr. FERNANDO WOOD; and we can not forget that Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, whose letter is urged upon General FREMONT as virtually the Cleveland platform, does not hesitate to concede that the exercise of arbitrary power may be necessary, and must be allowed at a time like this. His words are: "In sixty days after the rebellion broke out the Administration suspended *habeas corpus*, on the plea of military necessity, justly."

Yet that a sense of personal wrong, long brooded, and fostered by unfortunate influences of many kinds, may confuse even a noble and generous mind, history too plainly shows. It remains for us, then, only to deplore that General FREMONT adopts a view of the situation which concedes the destruction of the government as accomplished, and releases every citizen from his obligations. The more direct, the more heroic, course for him, if the cause has indeed been betrayed by Mr. LINCOLN and our liberties are lost, as he asserts, would be, not to allow that hoary despot nearly a year to forge our chains more closely, but to unroll the banner of armed opposition at once, and summon all true men to rescue their liberties from the tyrant's grasp.

With what profound sorrow those who have known the name of FREMONT only as the watchword of Liberty and Union now hear him repeating the cry of VALLANDIGHAM and the Copperheads, adopting their extremest position as his own, only those who have known what it is to see the moral fall of a leader almost romantically admired can imagine. If FREMONT had died before the war began his name would always have shone in our history with a lovely lustre, as a symbol of the regenerative principle of American politics. He was not President, the historian would have said, but his name expressed the aspiration of awakening conscience in the people.

When, then, it is asked hereafter, How did he change? the reply will be simple: that, at a time when slavery by force of arms was struggling to overthrow the Government which was the security of liberty, he denounced certain acts of that Government in self-defense as themselves a virtual overthrow of the Constitution, and separating himself in the crisis from the mass of his truest friends, threw himself into the arms of the bitterest enemies of Liberty. Does General FREMONT believe that the gentlemen who are going to the Chicago Convention, and who will support its nominations, are any truer friends of Union and Liberty than those who went to Baltimore and their supporters? Does he not know, or in the heat of passion has he forgotten, that the gentlemen who will meet at Chicago were the steadiest supporters of that policy against which his name was formerly a protest, and that their political action and sympathy with slavery are to-day the chief hope of the rebellion? And yet he knows, as we all know, that many of the managers at Chicago will be glad to see him the candidate of the Convention. Is it because they have come to him, or because he has gone to them? When the New York *World* loudly applauds him, is it because he is helping or hindering the cause of human liberty? because he is uniting, or because he is distracting, the friends of the Union and of national honor?

BROWNING wrote a poem called "The Lost Leader," whose melancholy music murmurs forever in the hearts of all who have read it with experience. But never, perhaps, will its lines recur to thousands and thousands of young and earnest American hearts so painfully as they do since FREMONT wrote his letter. Was that enthusiasm of the generous youth of a whole nation so despicable? Is the smile of DAVIS, is the cheer of FERNANDO WOOD, so much sweeter than the trust of unknown multitudes? Was it worth while to cease to be the FREMONT of June, 1856, to be the FREMONT of June, 1864?

POLITICAL EPITHETS.

IN his speech at the GRANT meeting Judge DALY is reported to have said that he deprecated the use of epithets and party names in politics, with especial reference to the term "Copperhead," as applied to certain persons in the loyal States. For ourselves we have used that term for the purpose of exact designation. We are engaged in a formidable war for the maintenance of the Government and Union. In its prosecution every power of the Constitution is invoked, and all its forces employed. To suppose that the Constitution is inadequate to the exigency is the extremest folly; because not only is every government, in the nature of things, empowered to save itself, but because the Constitution itself explicitly grants all the necessary power.

That instrument was framed by men fresh from a long and desolating war, who understood, therefore, exactly the conditions and necessities of war. But they were also men who, from the end of the Revolution to the adoption of the Constitution, had been the victims of a vague and weak Government, wanting that supreme sovereign force which in every political society must somewhere be found. The Constitution created that national sovereignty. The people who adopted the Constitution surrendered that final authority, taking it, for all national purposes which were expressly indicated, from the political societies known collectively as the United Colonies, and then as Confederated States, and conferring it upon the Union which those people created by the Constitution. To suppose an essentially vital conflict, in time of peril to the Union, between the lesser State and the greater Union is impossible. To question the absolute right of that Union to maintain itself by every power and means by which any State under any circumstances might maintain itself, is idle. If there be any purpose in the Union whatever, it is its own perpetuity until it shall be modified as the Constitution itself provides. To resist any other kind of modification whatever is the most solemn duty of every citizen subject to that Constitution.

Now when an armed attempt at the overthrow of that Union is made, and made under circumstances of the extremest danger to the commonwealth, whoever aids the effort by arms is a rebel and a traitor. Such are JEFFERSON DAVIS and his associates. They plead as their sole justification, not any oppression upon the part of that Union government, but merely the sovereignty of the State as superior, in the discretion of the State itself, to the national sovereignty. The Constitution they declare to be a compact of States, not of the people, from which any State may at will withdraw. Whoever, therefore, en-

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courages that view plainly helps, in the most effective manner, to weaken the fidelity of the citizens of the Union to their government, and affords the utmost moral aid to the insurrection. This aid may be rendered in many ways, but its strongest weapon is the assertion of supreme State sovereignty. This, again, may be done by implication, by insinuation, by sophistry and deceit. Yet in all cases the intention is the same. It is to impair the fidelity of the citizens to the government, and consequently to paralyze the national arm in asserting its supremacy. Under the circumstances, the intention must be judged by the possible result. If a regiment refuses to go into the battle, it must be supposed that it is willing to connive at the defeat of the army.

There is a certain class of citizens of the United States who are in armed rebellion against its authority. They are rebels and traitors. There is another class who deny the right of the Government to coerce or subdue them. These are practically the same, although they are not actually in arms. These are the "peace" men. But there is a third class who, without deliberately denying the right of the Government to enforce its authority, steadily pursue a course which, by aspersing the purity of its intention, by sowing the seeds of discord among its supporters, by charging every military mishap directly upon the Administration, and never crediting it with any of the military successes; by insisting upon its universal corruption, by magnifying the rebel resources and successes, by personal ridicule of the President and Congress, by personal laudation of DAVIS and the rebel ringleaders, by the incessant assertion of State dignity and State rights, as well as by every poor and mean trick of political partisanship—leads straight to the discouragement of loyal men and the triumph of the rebellion.

Of course this is all done under the show of the tenderest regard for the Union and the Constitution, or it would not be so effective. There is an air of profound and candid perplexity in deciding whether, after all, the President has not virtually overthrown the Constitution in his efforts to maintain the Union, which can hardly be intended to strengthen the hearts either of Union voters or of Union soldiers. It is a stealthy, insidious, fatal policy. Every manly heart in the land understands it. Its symbol is the snake. This class, and the papers which represent it, are the "Copperheads" or our present political parlance. They could not be more exactly described. When they are, we will call them by a new name.

PATRIOTISM BEFORE PARTY.

THAT part of the Union men in the country who have been accustomed to feel that, directly or indirectly, Mr. THURLOW WEED exercised some kind of influence with the Administration, and an influence which they sincerely regretted, will read with surprise in Mr. WEED'S latest letter these words: "Though always treated courteously by Mr. LINCOLN, my views and suggestions have not concurred with his convictions of duty; and from my first interview with the President, at Springfield, to my last in January, I have been of no account."

The confession which Mr. WEED thus frankly makes could be made, doubtless, by every other representative of an extreme policy in the country. The gentlemen, for instance, who met at Cleveland openly charge the President with a betrayal of his principles, which is a plain admission that they have been, like Mr. WEED, "of no account." Whether these facts imply a misfortune for the country or an incompetency in the President the people must determine. Whether the war would have been more clearly comprehended and more wisely prosecuted if Mr. WEED or Mr. PARKER PILLSBURY had been President than it has been by Mr. LINCOLN, are questions that the election will determine. If we might express an opinion, we should say that Mr. LINCOLN has probably more faith in the people than Mr. WEED, and more practical sagacity than Mr. PILLSBURY. We certainly do not impugn the patriotism or the good faith of either of these gentlemen when we say that Mr. LINCOLN seems to us to have apprehended more correctly than either of them both the significance of the contest and the conditions of ultimate success.

The caustic differences between Mr. WEED and some of his late political friends show, indeed, what every thoughtful man will gladly see, that ancient party bonds are broken. When those who, four years ago, were uncompromising Republicans cordially fraternize with such undoubted old Democrats as DANIEL S. DICKINSON and BENJAMIN F. BUTLER and THOMAS G. ALVORD, and ardently support for the Vice-Presidency a late slaveholding Southern Democrat like ANDREW JOHNSON, it is clear that those party names have lost their significance, and that the sole bond of Union is a common devotion to the country, and a common resolution that it shall be saved by all honorable and lawful means. It is idle to call a Convention which nominated ANDREW JOHNSON a Republican Convention in any purely party sense; or to suppose that General BUTLER, for instance, will vote for Mr. LINCOLN as a technical, partisan Democrat. It is as idle as to call a Convention in which DICKINSON could have no part a Democratic Convention.

That the war would inevitably produce this result we have always believed, because we have never doubted that patriotism was more powerful among us than party-spirit. The whole history of the last three years has shown that, while the selfish few have clung to party names, the patriotic multitude have repudiated all party but the country. This is seen in the election of Governor CONEY of Maine, of Governor BROUGH of Ohio, of DANIEL S. DICKINSON as Attorney-General of New York, and not less in that of Governor BUCKINGHAM of Connecticut and Governor LOW of California. Now comes the crowning proof of the real fusion of the unconditional Union sentiment in one organization—the nomination of LINCOLN and JOHNSON.

COLONEL P. A. PORTER.

IN the fierce assault of GRANT'S army on Friday morning, JUNE 3, Colonel PORTER fell at the head of his regiment, the Eighth New York Artillery. The regiment had been long stationed at Baltimore, and went to the front only about three weeks before the action. It was advancing across an open space when a masked battery opened upon it a withering fire, by which the Colonel was instantly killed, the Major dangerously wounded, and more than half the men disabled. Colonel PORTER was the son of the late P. B. PORTER, of Niagara Falls—a conspicuous figure upon the frontier during the last war with Great Britain. The son graduated at Harvard College about sixteen years ago, traveled and studied in Europe for several years, and returned to the enjoyment of an immense property, and the delights of a society of which he was a most brilliant and genial part. Without devotion to any especial pursuit, he amused himself and others by the mere play of his fine powers until the war aroused and enlisted all his sympathy. He appeared in the Union State Convention of 1861, and went in the following winter to the Assembly. At the second great call in the summer of 1862 he raised a regiment in his neighborhood and departed for the field. Nominated as Secretary of State by the Union Convention of 1863, he declined in a manly letter, saying that he had promised his men and their kindred that he would not desert them. He kept his word in this as in all things. Steady and cheerful in his garrison life at Baltimore, he was not less so in the field, and fell in his first battle.

Like so many others whose names have become precious since the war began, he had all things to live for, and the sacrifice was complete. Brave, gifted, young, well, bound to life by the tenderest ties, his devotion to the cause was the more admirable because of the drawings of blood and association toward the South. But his clear brain and true heart never swerved for a moment; and his life is added to the costly price with which we buy the unity of our country, and the national peace which shall endure.

THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

"IF I were a poet, like you, my friend,"
Said a bronzed old sergeant, speaking to me,
"I would make a rhyme of this mastiff here;
For a right good Union dog is he,
Although he was born on 'secesh' soil,
And his master fought in the rebel ranks.
If you'll do it I'll tell you his history,
And give you in pay, why—a soldier's thanks.

"Well, the way we came across him was this:
We were on the march, and 'twas getting late
When we reached a farm-house, deserted by all
Save this mastiff here, who stood at the gate.
Thin and gaunt as a wolf was he,
And a piteous whine he gave 'twixt the bars;
But, bless you! if he didn't jump for joy
When he saw our flag with the Stripes and Stars.

"Next day when we started again on the march,
With us went Jack without word or call;
Stopping for rest at the order to 'halt,'
And taking his rations along with us all;
Never straggling, but keeping his place in line,
Far to the right, and close beside me;
And I don't care where the other is found,
There never was better drilled dog than he.

"He always went with us into the fight,
And the thicker the bullets fell around,
And the louder the rattling musketry rolled,
Louder and fiercer his bark would sound;
And once when wounded, and left for dead,
After a bloody and desperate fight,
Poor Jack, as faithful as friend can be,
Lay by my side on the field all night.

"And so when our regiment home returned,
We brought him along with us, as you see;
And Jack and I being much attached,
The boys seemed to think he belonged to me.
And here he has lived with me ever since;
Right pleased with his quarters, too, he seems.
There are no more battles for brave old Jack,
And no more marches except in dreams.

"But the best of all times for the old dog is
When the thunder mutters along the sky,
Then he wakes the echoes around with his bark,
Thinking the enemy surely is nigh.
Now I've told you his history, write him a rhyme—
Some day poor Jack in his grave must rest—
And of all the rhymes of this cruel war
Which your brain has made let his be the best."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*June* 8. The bill to amend the act concerning certain private land claims in New Mexico was passed.—The bill respecting Consular jurisdiction over the crews of foreign vessels in American waters was also passed.—The bill for the repeal of the commutation clause of the Enrollment Act was taken up, and a letter was read from the Provost-Marshal General, recommending the abrogation of all exemptions from military duty upon payment of money, every man drafted to serve or furnish a substitute. The letter of the Provost-Marshal General shows that of 14,741 drafted men in certain States, 5050 paid the $300, and after deducting these and such as were exempt on physical grounds, the Government got only 2675—of whom 1416 were substitutes, leaving only 1259 of the 14,741 originally drawn. No final action was taken.——*June* 9. The $300 exemption man's case was taken up, and the bill amended, so that drafts hereafter shall be for one year only, and a person shall not be subject to draft a second time until the present enrollment shall be exhausted. Overplus of men already furnished in any district to be credited in future drafts. In this shape the amendments were adopted—22 to 17.——*June* 10. Mr. Lane introduced a joint resolution recognizing the newly organized loyal government in Arkansas, and exempting that State from the operation of all proclamations declaring the people to be in rebellion.——*June* 11. Mr. Lane, of Kansas, added a new section to his resolutions relating to the recognition of the new State government of Arkansas, to the effect that the resolutions shall be in force from and after the acceptance by the people of the State and the President's proclamation of the same. The California Land Claims bill was discussed during the morning, and the Indian Appropriation bill was passed as amended, and goes back to the House.——*June* 13. A long discussion was had on Mr. Lane's resolutions relative to reorganizing the free State of Arkansas. They were finally referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The Consular bill was passed.——*June* 14. The House bill to amend the act to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Idaho was passed.—The bill to repair certain public works on the Lakes was also passed.—The bill to ascertain and settle private land claims in California, involving the great Miranda grant, was indefinitely postponed. The Fortification bill was called up, with the Senate's amendments thereto. The bill finally passed. The joint resolution for the relief of the State of Wisconsin was passed.—The Senate adhered to its amendments to the bill equalizing the pay of United States soldiers, and agreed to a new Committee of Conference.

HOUSE.—*June* 8. The Senate bill conferring veto power on the Governor of Washington Territory was passed, 73 against 44.—The House then resumed the consideration of the Bankrupt bill. An amendment was made so that no person can avail himself of its benefits whose liabilities are less than $500.——*June* 9. Mr. Brandagee reported a bill providing for the construction of a line of railway communication between the cities of New York and Washington, and to constitute the same a public highway, and military road, and postal route. A debate sprung up, which was interrupted by Mr. Jenckes calling up the Bankrupt bill. The bill was rejected by yeas 64, nays 65.—Mr. Washburne reported a bill, which was passed, to insure the more certain enforcement of the law regulating the carrying of passengers in ships and steam-vessels, mainly between New York and California.—The bill providing that goods, trunks, carpet-bags, baggage, etc., be sealed, etc., in the United States as in Europe, and for the increase of revenue inspectors to sixty in number, mainly on the Canada frontier, was passed.—The House also passed the Senate bill regulating the foreign and coasting trade on the Northern, Northeastern, and Northwestern frontiers.——*June* 10. The Missouri contested seat (Knox vs. Blair) was decided against General Blair, the acting member, and Mr. Knox, Radical Republican, was admitted by a vote of 70 to 52.—The Dakota contested seat was then taken up, on a resolution declaring that William Jayne, acting member, is not, and J. B. Todd, contestant, is, entitled to the place. No vote was taken.——*June* 11. A resolution was passed that the House, the Senate concurring, shall adjourn on the 23d of June.—The Judiciary Committee reported unanimously that the bill providing for the collection of abandoned property and the prevention of frauds in insurrectionary districts, approved March 12, 1863, is not in force.—On a motion for the reconsideration of the vote on the Bankrupt bill it was decided to postpone the further consideration of the subject till December next.—During the remainder of the sitting the House was occupied with the reception and discussion of reports on various contested seats, that of the Dakota election occupying several hours, and resulting in a decision "that Mr. Todd is entitled to a seat as the delegate from Dakota."——*June* 13. Mr. Dawes made a report, concluding with resolutions that Robert C. Schenck having resigned his commission as Major-General of Volunteers on the 21st of November, 1863, to take effect on the 5th of December, was not by reason of having held such office disqualified from occupying a seat in the Thirty-eighth Congress as a Representative from Ohio, the session having commenced on the 7th of December; but that Frank P. Blair, by continuing to hold office as a Major-General of Volunteers, and discharging the duties thereof from November 29, 1862, till January, 1864, has disqualified himself from holding a seat in the Thirty-eighth Congress, which met December 7, 1863.—Mr. Schenck introduced a bill repealing the $300 clause in the Enrollment Act, and providing that hereafter no payment of money shall be accepted or received from any enrollment or drafted man to be relieved of liability to perform military duty. Mr. Schenck moved the previous question on the passage of the bill. The previous question was not seconded, and debate rising, the bill went over.—Mr. Garfield introduced a joint resolution that no State declared to be in rebellion by the President is entitled to appoint electors of President and Vice-President, and no electoral vote from any such State shall be received or counted until both Houses of Congress, by concurrent action, shall have recognized a State Government in such State: laid on the table; yeas 104, nays 33.—The House then took up the resolution of Mr. Lazear, proposing a suspension of hostilities, and requiring the President to adopt measures for assembling a convention of delegates from all the States to adjust the difficulties between the North and the South on the basis of the Constitution. The House refused by a vote of yeas 65 to suspend the rules for the introduction of the resolution.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the House bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. After some debate the bill passed, 82 against 78.——*June* 14. The House reconsidered the vote by which, recently, the Senate Gold bill was laid upon the table. Mr. Hooper's substitute for the first section of the bill was agreed to. The bill then passed: yeas 76, nays 62.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill making appropriations for certain civil expenses. The bill was defeated, and the House recommitted it to the Committee of Ways and Means.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill proposing an amendment to the Constitution to abolish slavery throughout the United States. Mr. Pruyn spoke against it. Fernando Wood also opposed the amendment. Mr. Higby spoke on the side of freedom.—The evening was devoted to speech-making.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

Our record last week closed with intelligence from General Grant's army to Tuesday, June 7. During the following day every thing remained quiet, both armies engaging in the erection of earth-works. On Tuesday a flag of truce was sent out by General Grant, and under the direction of the corps commanders the dead and wounded between the lines of works were brought off. On Thursday there was some artillery firing on our left about Dispatch Station, to which place our line had been extended the day before, giving us a position on the eastern bank of the Chickahominy. On Friday the rebel cavalry dashed into the lines of General Wilson, one of our cavalry commanders, near the Leuny House. On Saturday General Wilson sent out a part of M'Intosh's brigade to see where the enemy was. Their pickets were driven back, and their outer line forced, the cavalry passing over the intrenchments. About a mile west of Bethesda's Church M'Intosh came upon Field's division of infantry, and having accomplished the purpose of his reconnoissance, retired.

The latest accounts report that an important movement was in progress with a prospect of entire success.

The railroad track, which had been completed from White House to within a mile or two of the army, has been torn up again, and the rails and ties brought back to the White House, where they were placed on barges. Seven hundred men were first engaged in repairing this road, and about the same number aided in destroying it.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN.

Active operations have been resumed by General Butler's forces. On Friday, 10th, 1400 cavalry, under General Kautz, and a brigade of infantry, under General Gillmore, made a demonstration against Petersburg. The cavalry, attacking the works on the south side of the city, carried the outer lines, and drove the enemy into the heart of the town, capturing one gun and several prisoners. General Gillmore, when within a mile and a half of Petersburg, from some cause, turned back, failing to co-operate, as was expected, with General Kautz, who was consequently obliged to retire. His design was to destroy the depôts and store-houses in Petersburg; and this, had he been supported, he would have accomplished. Three or four miles o. the track of the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad was, however, destroyed during the expedition.

MOVEMENTS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

On Sunday, June 5, General Hunter engaged a rebel force, under General W. E. Jones, at Piedmont, in the Shenandoah Valley, winning a decisive victory. General Jones was killed, and we captured 1500 prisoners, 3000 stand of arms, three pieces of artillery, and a large amount of stores. After the engagement the enemy retired in a southerly direction to Waynesboro, situated on the Virginia Central Railroad, about midway between Staunton and Charlottesville. General Hunter at once pushed forward and occupied Staunton, fifteen miles from the battlefield. General Hunter's movement, up to the occupation of that place, had resulted in the capture of one battery of six pieces, besides other cannon of heavy calibre, and of three millions of dollars' worth of stores, together with the destruction of a large amount of railroad property and the capture of a large number of prisoners. On taking Staunton General Hunter found that every man and boy had been called out for its defense. He effected a junction with Generals Averill and Crook soon after occupying Staunton.

On the 13th General Hunter moved from Staunton with the combined forces of Crook and Averill. An expedition sent to Waynesborough destroyed several railroad bridges and tore up the track.

JOHN MORGAN AGAIN BEATEN.

John Morgan, with some 2500 rough-riders, last week entered Kentucky by Pound Gap, and by swift movements got possession of Paris, Georgetown, Cynthia, Williamstown, Mount Sterling, and other towns. The ostensible object of the "raid" was to pick up fresh horses, but indiscriminate robbery and murder marked the course of the invaders. A passenger train on the Louisville and Lexington Railroad, near Smithfield, was attacked, and two passenger cars and a baggage car burned and the express car robbed. Other trains were attacked, and railroad communication was for some days interrupted. On Thursday, 9th, General Burbridge, who followed Morgan from Pound Gap, came up with the marauders at Mount Sterling, and whipped him handsomely. A portion of Morgan's command, however, entered Lexington at two o'clock on Friday morning, burned the Kentucky Central Railroad depôt, robbed a number of stores, and left at ten o'clock, in the direction of Georgetown and Frankfort. Part of the town of Cynthia was also burned. Two Ohio regiments stationed there were captured. On Sunday morning, 12th, General Burbridge fell upon Morgan's forces while at breakfast near Cynthia, and after an hour's hard fighting completely routed him, killing three hundred, wounding nearly as many, and capturing nearly four hundred, besides recapturing nearly one hundred of the Ohio troops, and over one thousand horses. Our loss in killed and wounded was about one hundred and fifty.

MOVEMENTS IN ARKANSAS.

The rebels having accumulated a considerable force in Arkansas, General Andrew Jackson Smith recently left Vicksburg with his command for operations in that State. On the 5th instant he came up with a force of the enemy, 3000 strong, at Columbia, some 90 miles above Vicksburg, on the opposite side of the river, and an engagement ensued, resulting in the defeat of the rebels. Our loss was 20 killed and 70 wounded, the enemy's loss was about the same. The town of Columbia was fired. The Mississippi was for some days partly blockaded at that point.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

There have been few movements of importance in Georgia during the past week. On the 12th, General Sherman had his head-quarters at Big Shanty, with the lines of our army within 500 yards of the enemy, who were posted along the hills from Kenesaw to Lost Mountain, protecting Marietta and the railroad south of that point.

A DEFEAT IN TENNESSEE.

The expedition of General Sturgis, which left Memphis on the 1st instant, has returned. At Guntown our force was attacked by 10,000 rebel infantry and cavalry, under Generals Lee and Roddy, and a desperate fight ensued, resulting in the defeat of Sturgis, with the loss of his wagon train and ammunition. The last was a most severe loss, and Sturgis had run out of ammunition, and was obliged to destroy and abandon his artillery. Many of his infantry were captured, but the exact number is not known. General Sturgis's force consisted of 5000 cavalry and 5000 infantry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The blockade-runner *Georgiana McCaw* was driven ashore at Wilmington, North Carolina, June 2, by the Federal steamer *Victoria*. She was boarded by boats from the *Victoria*, which secured her captain, 29 of the crew, and three passengers, fourteen having escaped to the shore. Among those captured is a bearer of dispatches from Paris and London to Richmond.

On the 3d inst., at 2 o'clock in the morning, the United States steamer *Water Witch*, Lieutenant-Commander Austin Pendergrast, in Ossabaw Sound, Georgia, was captured by eight armed boats sent from the rebel Fort M'Allister.

A dispatch from Mobile, dated June 6, says that the steamer *Daregan* was captured that morning while attempting to run the blockade. She had an assorted cargo.

The blockade-runners *Thistle*, *Rose*, and *Isabel*, all powerful steamers, have been captured by our fleet on the Southern coasts.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IN the British House of Commons on the 1st instant, the Attorney-General declared that the offer to sell the Mersey rams to the Government for $800,000 came from the owners, Messrs. Bravay, and that there was no communication with the Messrs. Laird, the builders, in regard to the sale. On the same day, in a full House, an amendment offered by the Conservative party to reject the bill to abolish the religious test at the Oxford University, was defeated by a majority of ten.

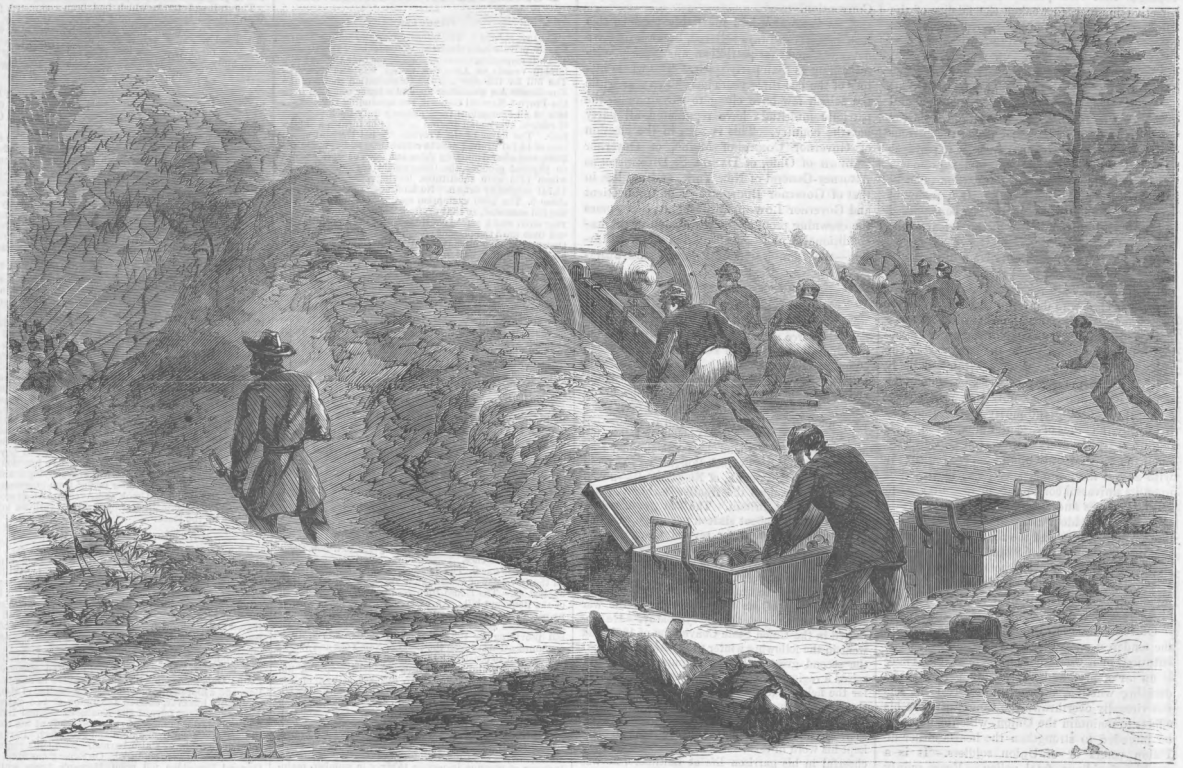
THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

The London Conference met again on the 2d of June. The armistice, which, according to the original agreement, was to have expired on the 9th of June, has been prolonged fifteen days. The leading Danish papers violently denounce the proposition for a division of Schleswig.

MAXIMILIAN IN MEXICO.

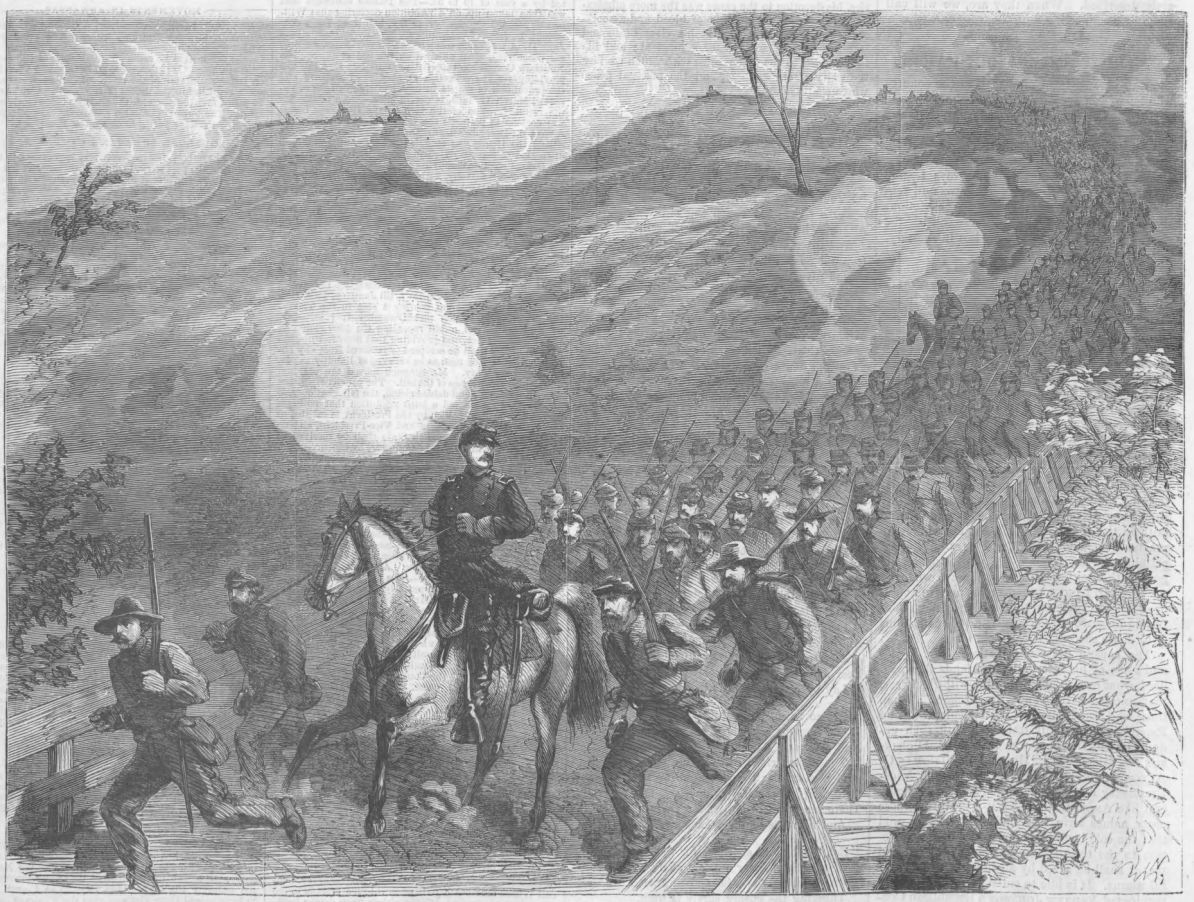
The Emperor Maximilian arrived at Vera Cruz on May 28, having touched at Madeira and Martinique. At the latter place he liberated four Mexicans of the National party. The Municipal Council of Vera Cruz presented to the Emperor the keys of the city. The French claim to have gained three victories over the Mexicans—one at Hochilan, where General Donal is said to have captured 100 men; one at Valparaiso, near Zacatecas, when, according to French reports, the Mexicans lost 120 killed and 300 captured, and at Matehuela, where Mejia totally routed Doblado, capturing over 1000 men.

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GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—STEVENS'S BATTERY AT COLD HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.

[SEE PAGE 410.]



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—THE NEW YORK FOURTEENTH HEAVY ARTILLERY CROSSING CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE, ON THE NORTH ANNA, UNDER A HEAVY FIRE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

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GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—OUR ARMY CROSSING THE PAMUNKEY RIVER AT HANOVER FERRY, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—GENERAL BARLOW IN FRONT OF THE REBEL WORKS, TWELVE MILES FROM RICHMOND.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

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THINGS REQUISITE.

HAVE a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged; and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee—
Have a covering to spare, if he naked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.

WHY IT COULD NOT BE.

"BLIND! But is there no hope? He is so young and handsome."

"Ugly men would miss their eyesight as much, I fancy."

"Oh, surely. But I am so sorry for him."

"Well, nurse him back to life again. He will live, with care; and, Rose—"

"Yes, Sir."

"Remember the drops for this new-comer, and don't forget the poor fellow who suffered amputation yesterday, in your admiration for this patient."

"I shall forget no one, Doctor."

"You never do, Rose. I wish I could say the same of all the nurses. Your hands are full to-day."

"Not too full: I can manage."

Then there was no more conversation, and a brisk man's step sounded on the floor, and died away in the distance.

I, Roger Hall, lay very still and listened. Those were the first words I had heard or understood for—how long? I could not tell. The last I remembered was the tumult of a battle-field, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, a shell falling at my very feet with an awful crash and glare, then agony, then darkness and oblivion. Where was I? I tried to rise, but could not. I endeavored to stretch out my hands; the left lay powerless at my side; the right I could lift. It fell upon a hard pillow and rough blankets. I guessed the truth now: I lay upon a hospital bed, sorely wounded.

And it was night—surely night. God was merciful: it could not be that I was blind. Yet this was darkness deeper than any I had ever known before; and the words I had overheard?—no, they were talking of some one else, not of me.

I called aloud. How faint my voice sounded! Its piping tones were like those of some old man.

"Is any one there?"

"Yes."

It was the voice of her whom the other had called Rose—the sweetest, softest, purest voice I ever heard; and a hand touched my fevered brow with such a caress as my mother had been used to give her boy long years before.

"Is it night? Why do you have no light? Tell me, is it night?"

I heard something like a sob, and the voice answered,

"It will be night very soon."

"But now?"

"Try to sleep," said the voice again. "You will feel better by-and-by."

"Sleep!" I wailed, like some querulous infant. "No, you must answer me. What is this darkness? Is it real, or am I blind?"

The girl—for girl she was by her voice—knelt down beside me. She took my hand in hers. "Pray to God," she whispered. "Heaven comfort you! And think it was for your country, for—"

But I burst into one despairing wail—"Blind! blind! blind!" and her voice died away in sobs. Even in that intensest moment of my agony I felt thankful for her sympathy.

But I turned away from her, and lay silent and motionless for many hours, sleeping, they said; but I heard all that passed, though I did not care that they should know it. I heard that woman's soft step passing to and fro—her softer voice soothing the querulous sufferers upon those pallets which I knew were all about me. At times I heard her quiet answers to the surgeons and doctors, and marveled how she kept such accurate remembrance of the thousand directions given her; and soon I fell to wondering who she was, and longing to have her speak to me again. Rose!—it was such a sweet name. But I wondered why they all called her by it, it was so plain to me that she was a lady. It would have seemed more natural that they should say Miss Rose, or Miss—whatever her name was. She could not be married; probably she was very young. What heroism there was in this devotion of her early spring-time to such cares! What an angel she was, to minister thus to poor suffering men who were strangers to her! And then came a new fancy. Perhaps she had a lover among those wounded men, or a brother. Why I clung to the fancy that it must be a brother, and repudiated the idea of a lover, Heaven only knows; but, thinking of her, I forgot my own misery.

By-and-by a surgeon came to look at my arm, wounded sorely above the elbow; and, as I hoped, Rose—it was such a sweet name that I loved to call her by it in my own mind—Rose was to bathe and bind it up again. She did it gently and deftly. Soon she asked,

"Do I pain you?"

"Your fingers are so soft that they would almost cure a wound, I think."

"I am glad," she said. "You do not know how pleased I am to hear such words. If I could not do a little for those who suffer I would grieve myself to death, I think;—and at first I used to tremble so at the sight of blood or wounds."

"You tremble sometimes now," I said.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"I felt you. I have been told that the blind hear and feel better than others. I know you trembled when you told me why—why it was so dark to me. You must think me very weak and cowardly to have given myself up to despair in such a childish way. I shall not do so again."

"Who could blame you?" she said. "Your loss is very great. I wonder at you for being so quiet now."

And the task was done, my arm rebandaged, and she was moving away.

"You will come back soon," I said. "It is such a relief to hear some one speaking to me out of the dark. Do not leave me long."

"I must do my duty to all," she said; "but I will come to you when I can, be sure of that."

She stopped one moment to put the hair back from my forehead and give me a draught of water; and then I lay alone for hours. Until then I had hardly felt; now I began to realize the fact that I had been grievously shaken and shattered. To turn myself required an effort almost impossible for me to make. A great organ seemed humming and droning in the distance. Soon I discovered that it was all fancy—that the sounds were within my own head. The terrible consciousness of the beating of my own heart and the working of my own lungs was, I think, the worst of the whole to bear—even when some horrible thing seemed to seize my wounded arm between red-hot teeth and bite it.

I had a bitter disappointment that evening; a coarse-handed, harsh-voiced woman brought me my supper instead of Rose. I could have cried for her, as a child does for its mother, but for shame. Yesterday (as it seemed) a strong man and a soldier, whom no one ever called a coward; to-day a baby, trembling and helpless and fearful! Should I ever be myself again?

Far on in the night—for I had heard a surgeon tell the harsh-voiced nurse that it was two o'clock—I had a glad surprise. I felt a hand on my forehead, and some one whispered,

"Are you asleep?"

"Nor like to be," I answered. "Thank you for coming again, Miss Rose."

"Shall I read to you? It is my time for rest, but I am not sleepy."

"Thank you—and God bless you! You are very kind to me."

I had heard the Bible often before; but I never listened as I listened then. Blind and wounded, as I lay upon that hospital bed, the good words gave me comfort. If the sweet voice had aught to do with it, God gave that girl her voice, and I was right in loving it. At last I floated on that music into the caves of slumber, and dreamed that I was a blind beggar, and that an angel took me by the hand and led me upward to the gates of heaven.

I might write a great deal more than you would be willing to read of those hours—of those long days lengthening into weeks—during which strength slowly returned to me, and my wounds as slowly healed. I heard of battles—of victories and defeats. Now and then the weak voices of the wounded would mingle in a faint hurrah, as "glorious news" was brought to them. At times tidings of the death of some well-known and much-loved officer filled the place with gloom. Some of my companions died, and were taken from among us; others recovered quickly. Often perfect strangers, able to limp about the hospital-tent, came to talk with me, pitying me in their honest hearts, and endeavoring to cheer me by the fact that others were worse off than I. The greatest consolation offered was a description of a poor fellow who had lost both legs and arms. I think he was invented for my comfort. I am sure I hope so. When I admitted I was better off than this man my comrades went away, rejoicing that I was at cheered up a bit."

Perhaps because my sufferings had been peculiar, all sympathized with me. All were very good and kind to me; but I valued Rose's kindness beyond all the rest. One word of hers, one touch of hers, made me happy. In my sad darkness I used to lie and listen for her step, and when I heard it a flood of golden radiance swept across my heart, and all was light there. A month from that first day when I lay upon the hospital bed, helpless and blind, I loved my sweet young nurse with all my soul.

I was getting well. With my arm in a sling, I could grope my way in the warm sunshine outside the hospital-tent, or sit in the cool shadow of the trees.

Convalescent soldiers came to my side to talk with me, and surgeons and officers who came to see their men. How I envied those who would return to their posts again! How I wondered what could be done with the long dark life lying before me! One thing alone could make it tolerable—that I must have, or die.

A little longer, and I was better still, and a letter came to me—Rose read it—from my good old grandmother. She was coming to take me home with her, that I "might be her little pet Roger once again," she said; and Rose told me that the letter was blotted with tears.

"So I am to leave you," I said, and her answer, a mere "Yes," was uttered in a trembling voice. I interpreted it to suit myself, and a great joy began to nestle in my heart.

I loved Rose Peyton—could it be that she loved me?—for her name was Peyton. I asked her one day, and she gave me the surname with a reluctance at which I wondered.

Afterward, when I had called her by it, she had said, "I like my first name best," in a strange, shuddering voice; so she had been only Rose to me ever since.

That evening, when the letter was finished, she sat with me a long while, and I talked to her as I had not talked before. One fear aching in my heart peeped out then. I said to her: "Miss Rose, will you tell me one thing honestly, truthfully, with no hesitation on the score of hurting my feelings?"

"Yes," she answered, "if I can I will."

"Am I very much disfigured—am I disgusting to look upon?"

She laughed a quiet little laugh, and simply said, "No."

"I have seen people whose eyes were injured as I suppose mine are, who have been frightful objects," I said. "Their bleared, sightless orbs rise before my fancy now very often. Tell me how mine look."

"They are very clear," she said—"dark brown, as they must always have been; the eyelashes long and dark. Your eyes were not injured externally. I think the doctor spoke of a shock given to the nerves. A stranger would not think you blind."

"Then I do not revolt you? I have sometimes feared I did."

She made no answer. A rustle of her dress, a sense of loneliness; I put out my hand, and she was gone. Soon I heard her voice within the hospital.

Two days I waited, hearing her near me often, but never keeping her long. On the third I felt miserably lonely; on the fourth quite wretched; something seemed to have come between us, and, helpless as I was, I could not go to her and make her listen to me as I would once. On the fifth day I found my way to the tree where it was my wont to sit; and a soldier, limping by on crutches, I called to him:

"Ask Miss Rose to come here. I am very faint and ill."

The man hobbled away. In a moment the patter of light, hasty feet, and she was there.

"You are ill?"

"Very."

"Is it your wound? Shall I call Doctor B——?"

"Yes, it is a wound; but you only can help me. Why have you deserted me?"

"You are getting well; others have more need of their nurse."

"No, no one has such necessity. I am blind, you know. Rose, you must spare me a few moments; I want to talk to you." I felt for her hand and found it. She let it lie in mine. From that I gathered hope. "I must tell you something about myself," I said. "I am a wealthy man. Were I poor, helpless as I am, I could never tell you the rest. I never felt thankful for wealth before. I do now. It gives me the power to speak to you. Yet, Rose, though I am not a beggar, I am blind. No one knows better than I what a sacrifice I ask you to make when I say, Will you be my wife? But I love you so. In my selfishness and need I speak; and if you can return a blind man's love, God knows no wife will be so treasured, so worshiped, in all the land. Rose, speak to me—only one word. You tremble so; your hand is so cold; and I can not see your face. Will you be my wife?"

And there came a sob, a gasp, and the words, "It can not be—it can not be," in a sort of smothered wail.

Then I knew how I had deceived myself, how I had hoped for a different answer. Even now it seemed as though she loved me. There was no aversion in her voice, no cold denial, only a sort of despair. I drew closer to her.

"I love you so dearly, Rose," I said, "I can not let you go without one struggle. If you knew how I feel for you, how in my darkened life you are the only light, you would be merciful. Do you hate me, Rose? Am I so unsightly a thing that you shrink from me with loathing? Tell me so and I will say no more, though it is hard to bear. Is it because I am blind that it can not be?"

I heard the girl beside me sob. Faintly her voice fell on my ear,

"No, no, no; it is that which makes it so hard. You force the truth from me: to tend you, to lead you through the world, is all my heart asks. As you love me, I love you. But God has placed a barrier between us: I can never be your wife."

Suddenly, before she could know of my intention, I had caught her to my heart. I pressed kisses on her lips.

"If you love me there can be no barrier between us," I almost sobbed. "If, blind as I am, you still give me your heart, nothing shall part us."

It was but an instant; the next she was standing by herself, sobbing wildly. Something in the swift repulse of my embrace made me fear to touch her again.

"Oh! if you could see me," she moaned. "If you could see me you would never utter those words again. Your wife! Oh! Roger Hall, it can never be. God says nay to it."

What could she mean? What strange import was in those words? I drew closer. Very softly I took her hand. Great drops of agony bedewed it. It trembled like an aspen-leaf.

"Rose," I said, "my own dear Rose; I know not what to think. If there is scar or blemish or deformity upon you, it is not to a blind man. You are beautiful to me; and were my eyes opened, and looking on you I should see some woeful wreck of woman's beauty, I should only love you more—on my soul I should! Little one, is that it?"

"My face is as God made it at first," she said. "It is not as you think. Were it so I would trust you. Oh, Roger Hall, don't ask me why, but go. Do you think I could speak thus were there any hope, any—" She stopped suddenly, and burst into a wild flow of tears. "It is the hand of the Almighty," she said. "How should I know you did not guess at first, and I could not tell you afterward for shame."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Rose Peyton, the obstacle is imaginary. You love me; I adore you; no man calls you his own. You *shall* be my wife—you *shall;* I will know this fancy, and it shall vanish. Rose, *nothing* could make me love you less. I say *nothing;* I swear it before God."

"You know not what you say, and He will forgive you," she answered, solemnly. Then, with a sudden change in her voice, she came close to me of her own accord. She put one hand on my shoulder, her soft hair brushed my cheek.

"Roger Hall," she said, "I am suffering mortal agony. Should you force the truth from me just now I should die. You may learn it. I wonder you have not already from other lips. I can not speak it. A barrier built by the Almighty separates us forever on earth—a barrier of shame and degradation. I want you to think of me always as you do now. Knowing the truth, you would not. I love you; I shall love you forever; and so I say farewell, farewell, farewell! It is part of God's chastisement. Farewell, Roger, may He be your friend; may He lead you and help you!"

Her arms closed about my neck. She kissed my brow, my darkened eyes, my wet cheeks over and over again; and then our lips met, and then I stood alone, grasping the empty air and sobbing—"Rose, Rose, best beloved of my soul, no shame, no disgrace, no blot upon thy life or name could be a barrier between thy heart and mine."

I did not meet her again. The days passed, and I was taken home. No one wondered that I was sad and restless; my misfortune was all-sufficient to account for that, and I brooded at leisure over Rose's secret and my own.

She loved me, yet she had pronounced my doom.

A helpless thing enough, I lay upon my sofa or sat in my chair thinking of her and pining for her. My wounded arm gained no strength. Darkness was still around me. I had no hope of light. And thus months glided on, and Christmas time came, and my cousins and aunts and uncles were coming to my old grandmother's, and there came loving messages for Roger, and in my blindness a wealth of tenderness was poured upon me, and valued far less than it deserved to be. A word from Rose, a message, something she had worn that I could lay against my heart, would have outweighed all the rest.

On Christmas-eve I prayed for death. God gave a strange answer to my prayer. When I awoke in the morning sight had returned to me. I could see dimly, hazily, as through the thickest mist, yet it was sight.

How I thanked Him then! I was a man once more. I could seek Rose, I could look upon her. I could fathom her secret, put my foot upon it, and take her to my heart—my wife. I swore to do so. No blemish of face or form or fame should keep her from my arms. To me she was beautiful and pure forever.

There was a jubilee at our homestead that day.

Roger was blind no longer. That weak and withered arm, over which tears would have been shed once, was forgotten. I forgot it myself. I laughed, I sung, I danced; every hour brought the light of life more brightly back. Doctors could not explain the miracle, though they spoke sapiently of the "optical nerves." My old grandmother called it "God's doing," and was the wisest of them all. I waited at home three days; then I bade them good-by for a while, and went to find Rose.

It was a cold day when I reached the camp about the great hospital tent, miles from where it had been when I lay there. Those who had known me hailed me with congratulations. An old surgeon started as though he had seen a ghost. It was the one who had spoken to Rose of my blindness.

To him I talked. Of him I learned who were within the hospital—who lived, and who had died. Then I asked, tremblingly, for Miss Peyton.

"Miss Peyton?" The doctor paused a moment, and then burst into a laugh. "You mean Rose," he said; "hard at work as ever. 'Miss Peyton!' Ha! ha!"

Why did he laugh? I did not know—I could not guess.

I went into the hospital tent, and walking among the beds spoke to those I knew, but all the while looked for Rose, and saw no one like her. The harsh-voiced woman was there, and a quadroon girl bending over a dying drummer boy; another stout old lady with a pair of creaking boots. I turned away sadly. Where was Rose? I would wait for her—surely she would come soon.

I sat down near the drummer boy's pallet, and watched him sadly. He was dying fast. The quadroon girl wiped the death-damps from his brow, and I thought—"Rose should be here; her voice would soothe his pain, her presence comfort him!" Then I looked at the dark face bent over the pillow. It was very kind and good; beautiful, too, with the beauty of that wronged and degraded race.

Perhaps Rose was not pretty! Her face might be scarred, her eyes dim! No matter; to me it would be beautiful! Why did she not come?

The quadroon girl had not once looked at me. Her liquid black eyes, full of tears, rested on the agonized face of the dying drummer. Suddenly a convulsion seized the boy. The slender arms were too weak for their task. I could use but one, but I was strong again. I went to the side of the rude cot:

"Let me help you," I said. "This is too much for you." And the dark eyes turned upon me suddenly, with a strange, frightened gleam. They dropped in an instant, and I forgot them; for in that moment we stood in the presence of death.

"He is gone!" I said. But the quadroon girl made no answer. I fancied the scene had turned her faint, for she leaned against a rude table within the tent, trembling in every limb, and looking at me.

Some water stood near. I filled a cup and handed it to her; she touched it with her lips, but did not speak. In a moment she sat down and bent her head upon her hands, and covered it with her kerchief.

I began to watch again for Rose. Soon I grew impatient. I turned to the quadroon girl. "Can you tell me where to find Miss Rose Peyton?" I asked.

When I spoke to her the girl arose. She pointed to the open ground beyond the tent, and beckoned me to follow her. I began to fancy she was dumb.

She went before; I kept close behind her, and it seemed strange to me that she should lead me past the tents, down to the spot where a bench stood beneath an old sycamore-tree. There she paused. Where was Rose? We two, the quadroon girl and I, were the only living things in sight.

Slowly a great horror was stealing over me. I dared not speak. The girl broke the silence:

"You have come to see Rose Peyton: look."

Oh, merciful Heavens! All of mortal agony man could bear and live fell on me in that moment. It was my love's own voice that uttered those words, the voice that had haunted me so long. The quadroon girl was Rose Peyton.

"I spoke the truth," she said. "God has placed an awful barrier between us. The petted slave-child of a white father must carry her black mother's shame and sorrow to the grave. Oh, Roger

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Hall, why did you come here to look upon me? Do you wonder now I could not tell you the truth, having a woman's heart within me, feeling as white women feel; for they did me the great wrong of separating me from my kind, and teaching me, until of their kindness grew an awful curse—the soul of a white woman beneath this black-stained skin. There is no need to bid you forget me now; no need, thank Heaven! no need!"

How beautiful she was! Yet her beauty—the sad beauty of her race—lay between us like a curse. I heard her voice, loved so deeply and so long. I knew that within that breast a gentle woman's heart beat for me alone. But she was right.

Had I heard Rose Peyton's voice, and, turning, looked upon a woman deformed and scarred, but *white*, I should have opened my arms and cried, "Hide here; your soul is beautiful, and I love you." But I gazed on that exquisite quadroon, and her liquid eyes and glorious ebon hair. Her features, moulded after those of her proud planter father, were veiled by the dusk skin of her mother's race. The Rose I loved was not there for me; she lived no more. I grew faint as in the death agony. There was no scorn of her. I think I loved her still, for I love her now; but God had said it could not be.

Down upon the frosty earth, under the leafless sycamore, I knelt before her. I took her hand in mine, and kissed it.

"God bless you, Rose," I said. "I shall never marry any woman while I live."

She said nothing.

Then I arose and turned away. At the brow of the hill I looked back, and saw the wintry sky, the dead sycamore, and the quadroon girl standing under it like a statue.

So I see her in my dreams. So I shall always see her until I die.

And I would give my sight again, and live blind forever; I would give my other arm; I would give wealth, and strength, and all that men value, only not to know the secret Rose strove to hide from me—only not to know that the only woman I ever loved was a quadroon.

OUT OF DIXIE.

I AM a parson, and my work-shop is a green study. Sitting there yesterday, who should enter but my friend Wells, formerly of Savannah, but for many years of Independence, Alabama! As my last letter from him, full of Union sentiments, was dated more than two years since, and as he was then at Nashville buying supplies, about returning homeward with the purpose never to fight for the rebellion, I had months ago given him up as dead. As he presented himself to my eyes paler, thinner, more anxious and care-worn in every feature than ever before, and withal came so suddenly, I was half tempted to entertain the notion that his ghost was the apparition before me.

I was reading in Sir Thomas Browne the following:

"Hermolaus Barbarus was scarce in his wits, when, upon conference with a spirit, he would demand no other question than the explication of Aristotle's Entelechela. Appion, the Grammarian, that would raise the Ghost of Homer to decide the Controversie of his Country, made a frivolous and pedantick use of Necromancy. Philostratus did as little, that call'd up the Ghost of Achilles for a particular of the Story of the Trojan Warre."

Trojan war be hanged! I'd give more to know about the war in Dixie; and if this *is* a ghost, it shall tell me what they are doing just now in Alabama.

It was no ghost, but Wells in the body, though prematurely gray; and, our salutations over, I assailed him with questions. "When did you get here? Did you ride or walk? Was you taken for a spy and shot? How much of an army have you rebels? Are there many of you Union men? Any cotton? What do you eat? Any white men left at home? How did you get away? Where—"

"Now," said Wells, "stop your cross-fire of questions, and remain quiet; I'll tell you all, otherwise—"

I subsided.

"I've had a hard time of it. When the storm broke, I determined never to lift a hand against the old Union."

"But how did you act when every one was enlisting or aiding enlistments?"

"I told my neighbors that I owed a duty first to my God, next to my family, and third to my country, if a divided and separate portion of it at war with the rest could be so styled. They did not call this very good patriotism; but being widely known, and having numerous personal friends, I was not much disturbed.

"It is true, on one occasion I heard the rumor that certain individuals at Kingston, our county town, were 'going to hang Wells.' Thinking it wise to bring the matter to an issue at once, I rode over, and driving up to the store of a friend, said to him, in a pretty loud tone of voice, 'Mr. Gilchrist, I hear they talk of hanging me here in Kingston. I have come to see the gallows.'

"'Oh,' replied Mr. G., 'I guess they won't hang *you*.'

"I took pains to be seen generally through the town, and to drop into the principal shops, and heard no more of the hanging.

"As the war went on, I watched the progress of events with deep solicitude, and, resolving to leave the South when I could no longer avoid entering the army, formed my plans.

"'How came *you* to volunteer?' said I, one day, to a smart Irishman formerly overseer to a neighbor. 'Sure, Sir, they compilled me,' was his characteristic reply. I was not to be thus compelled, and so continued on in my usual duties until the present spring, when men over forty-five became liable to be enrolled as conscripts. In fact, had I remained five days longer, I should have been wearing a butternut uniform and a buckle with the ominous inscription, C. S. A.

"It was time to go." My wife preferred to take her chance with friends in Mobile, and to have me outside the lines. A family consultation as to other matters resulted in my finding myself the following morning in Montgomery *en route* for Richmond. I had an excuse for journeying thus far, and relied upon the good offices of an acquaintance in the Navy Department for my subsequent progress.

"For the Montgomery of to-day imagine all the stores not closed entirely employed as cotton warehouses, streets filled with a motley crowd of paupers and wounded soldiers, and houses and hotels neglected and filthy.

"I was dressed in home-made jeans, woven by my negroes, and sewed by my wife, who, fearing I might be reduced to 'short ratios,' as a soldier I met at Atlanta called them, furnished me with a basket full of cooked provisions. It was hard to get a seat in the cars of the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, which, connecting with the Lagrange Railroad, brought me to Atlanta. I was provided with money as follows:

"$1500 in Confederate notes ...	$1500	Confederate value.
100 " Greenbacks	900	"
40 " Gold	1400	"
	$3800	"

"I left Augusta at daylight in the morning. At the South Carolina Dépôt I was told by the omnibus driver that I was fortunate to get off on that train, as no more trains would leave for some days except those engaged exclusively in transporting troops and army provisions. This last word makes me heave a sigh over the fate of mine. I had faithfully stuck to my basket till I reached Augusta; but leaving it a moment there, I found a third of its contents missing, and getting no seat in the cars, and having no room before, behind, or on either side to deposit it, I shared its remaining freight with the hungry soldiers around me. At Kingsville, South Carolina, I had to take the train by way of Columbia and Raleigh, as none but freight trains run on the Wilmington road. Here there was such a rush for the cars as made it difficult to obtain a place. All the seats were quickly filled, then the intervening spaces, then the platforms, and finally about a hundred climbed upon the tops of the cars.

"And such cars! Covered with filth I will not describe and would fain forget, broken, shaky, a poor protection against wind and rain; with, however, one rather better on each train, reserved strictly for ladies, and as crowded as the others.

"The rolling stock of Southern railroads is just now pretty rotten stock, and from Montgomery to Richmond I did not travel faster than seven miles an hour, usually not over five. At Charlotte, North Carolina, we missed a connection, and found what we could in the town to feed a hungry man at only thirteen dollars a meal. At Raleigh we missed our connection again, the train leaving for the North too soon for passengers to get across the town to the dépôt. We were thus obliged to remain over for twenty-four hours. Having money, I obtained for forty dollars a poor room to sleep in and some provender as poor, to keep soul and body together, and went to the North dépôt an hour and a half before the time to secure a seat.

"It was well that I was thus early, for here the rush was even greater than at any former point. It was a raw, stormy morning, yet a large group of passengers were waiting in the cold. Some of them, short of funds, had passed the night there. A large body of Lee's soldiers, returning from furlough, having, like the rest, missed the connection, had taken up their quarters in the street opposite, and had eaten what they had brought from home in haversacks or bundles, or had fasted. One asked me if I knew where he could get something to eat, as he had not had a mouthful of food in two days. Some few went to the hotels, where they paid ten dollars per meal and ten for lodging. One said in my hearing: 'Why, this is right honest, I vow. Here's a Confederate soldier gets but eleven dollars a month, and I'll be staggered if I heven't done gone three months' pay and a confounded dollar over for lodging, supper, breakfast, and a dram!' He was right, for his bill had been forty-five dollars.

"At last, when the train was ready, the conductor's orders were to let no one go on it who was not in some way connected with the army. We found, however, that he so constructed his orders as to carry, packed in and stowed away on the roof, as many as he had room for after he had first accommodated all for whom the officer in charge demanded transportation. Unable thus to obtain a seat, and braced up uncomfortably between two *very* dirty soldiers, I did not anticipate a pleasant ride, but was unexpectedly diverted all along the route by the activity of the troops displayed in living upon the enemy. North Carolina loyalty has passed into much such a proverb South as Kentucky loyalty has here, and our soldier companions acted as if every thing snatched from those walking or standing near the stations at which we stopped was so much service to the common cause. Baskets of provision, bacon, vegetables, waiting to be sent as freight, kegs, half-barrels, and other incongruous articles would be 'snatched' and disappear. But the most successful and amusing grab-game was played on hats. A hat is a great luxury just now in Dixie, poor felt hats bringing $100 to $140. Not more than one soldier in five on the cars had one when we started; but many obtained them from individuals not up to the trick, who, all unconscious of their danger, would walk along the platform. Many keen eyes would be on the alert, and many hands all ready to be extended, when, as quick as thought, a head is bare, and in vain does the injured man demand redress. There was, however, one instance where a captured hat was returned. Near Petersburg a tall negro marched up and down the platform of a little station, displaying one quite new and very conspicuous. Instantly eyes and hands were ready, and Sambo's wool was his only head-covering. I called to mind Sir Walter's old woman, who, describing a great battle in which some one lost his *head*, remarked, 'Weel, in sic a great engagement a head was, to be sure, a sma' matter, but 'twas *a sair loss to him, poor mon!*' If it had been a *head* instead of a *hat* Sambo could not have pleaded more earnestly. 'Oh, gemmen, I'se do ony thin' for my hat. Now, Mass', *please* gib my hat. I'se can sing, can dance—I'se play de fiddle—I'se do ony thin' for dat hat. *Please*, Mass', gib a poo' nigga dat hat.'

"His eloquence was genuine if tried by the standard of success, and a 'Convention' resulted in Sambo's singing and then dancing, after which he was crowned, and never did Olympian victor more proudly wear his wreath of olive than did happy Sambo that hat.

"I must hasten through Petersburg and on to Richmond. Here I was anxious to remain concealed, and was harbored by a Polish Jew, who entertains spies, sutlers, smugglers, blockade-runners, Union refugees, etc. The most painful part of my subsequent wanderings was the necessity of dwelling with those who, like this host of mine, said any thing and swore to any thing. Had I paid him enough he would have sworn that I was a German, a Hottentot, or an iceberg. Once out of Richmond, I became a fugitive and a vagabond. Finding railroad transportation for a few miles, I then, with my bundle and staff, without fire-arms, my remaining money carefully secreted, proceeded on my lonely way. I passed thoughtfully over the heights south of Fredericksburg, where was fought its bloody battle; and going down into the city, lodged with a man, now keeping a little tavern, whose stately mansion once was the ornament of Middlesex County, Virginia.

"Once across the Rappahannock I was in a sheer wilderness. Up to Aquia Creek the country is, so to speak, *all* roads. No fences, no woods, all having been burned by the opposing armies that have swept the whole land clean. I wandered on, falling in with numerous robbers, who make a business of robbing deserters from the Army of the Potomac, whom they then turn adrift to cross over to Maryland upon such rafts as they can construct.

"One of these robbers I thus encountered. I had entered a narrow gorge when I heard footsteps. On turning, a stout fellow, armed to the teeth, called out: 'Who are you,' and what right have you to be loitering here?' I saw I must be as saucy as he, and replied: 'Who are *you*, and what business have you to stop a man with a Government pass?' The robber, evidently supposing me to be a Confederate spy or official, sneaked away.

"To show the peculiar relation of this region to both armies I recall another incident. The old railroad crosses a small creek before it strikes Aquia Creek. I was walking on the track at this point and found the bridge had been burned. Looking up the stream, at a short distance I discovered a man and woman fording it on horseback. Hastening down the high embankment I went to the ford and hailed the man, offering him a good sum to come back for me with the horse. To my repeated calls he made no reply, and, though he was met by quite a group on the other side, no one seemed to see me. After hailing them again and again I walked into the stream, which reached to my waist, and soon gained the other shore. On asking the man why he had so entirely disregarded me, he replied, 'How did I know what yer wos? Yer mought be a Union spy, and then if a Confederate scout seed me he'd shoot me; and yer mought be one of our spies, and then if a Union scout seed me *he'd* a shot me. I'm hum on furlur to raise bread for this ere fam'ly, and not to carry folks over the crick.' This was good logic which I could not gainsay. Soon after leaving this logician I became aware that two troopers far in the rear were on my track, and anon, coming over a rising ground, I came face to face with a third. Dismounting, he said, 'You are my prisoner.' 'So I see,' replied I, with an assumed smile; adding, 'I'm glad I met you, for I want to rest a little.' Soon the others came up. They were rebel scouts, who examined my 'pass' and directed me to a hut beyond Aquia Creek, where they said I would find a man to ferry me across the Potomac. A fisherman for two dollars carried me over the creek, and I soon found the hut described by the scouts. But on appealing to the owner he utterly denied all knowledge of any such means of exit from Dixie. After a long parley, however, he referred me to his brother, who, on being found, declared with a volley of oaths that he had no boat, never crossed the Potomac in his life, wished all awful things to happen to him here and hereafter if he ever heard of any one's crossing at this point, etc.

"The truthfulness of these solemn declarations came out when, after my giving him money, he told me that the day before a deserting United States major paid him seventy-five dollars for ferrying him over; while, after waiting four days for a fair opportunity—that is, a spell of foul weather, or a foggy night—my veracious friend produced a skiff, and for a five-dollar greenback pushed me across.

"Then, in pitchy darkness, I obeyed a whispered order from my pilot, and stepped over the bow to find myself on a sand bar on the Maryland side. As I felt my way to shore, a bluff, at least twenty feet high, met me, and after vain efforts to obtain a more favorable spot whence to reach the main land, I climbed and scrambled up the rocky cliff. Making for a distant light, and approaching a house, three dogs bounced out and began barking furiously. Then came lights. The voices of women were heard; soon a gruffer voice called, 'Who's there?' I told my condition. The owner, a wealthy old bachelor, called off his dogs, listened to my story, said he dared not take me in, Union troops being near, as I might be a spy. I might sleep in the cow-house. Thither I went and slept sweetly that stormy Saturday night on an untanned hide.

"Another five-dollar greenback secured my passage in a fishing-smack to Alexandria.

"How I marched up to the Provost-Marshal's office and told my adventures, how I wept at the sight of the glorious old Stars and Stripes, how I obtained a pass, hurried over to Washington, came near being kicked out of a hotel, hastened to the nearest clothing store, dressed, and was a man again, you must imagine, for I have no more to tell. Ah, as I slept under the first *blankets* I had seen for two years, how I pitied the poor negroes with their wretched coverlets!"

To my friend's story I will only add that I begged from him, and now possess, those home-made jeans, so worn, soiled, and travel-stained; and mean to put them to a good use.

Shall I exhibit them for the benefit of the Christian Commission?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding-dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man *toasted* his own cheese."

The late Lord Kelly had a very red face. "Pray, my lord," said Foote to him, "come and *look over* my garden-wall—my cucumbers are very backward."

The advice given by an Irishman to his English friend, on introducing him to a regular Tipperary row, was, "Wherever you see a head *hit it*."

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—A prisoner in The Fleet sent to his creditor to let him know that he had a proposal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly, the creditor calling on him to hear it: "I have been thinking," said he, "that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here, and put you to the expence of seven groats a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness, and who knows what it may cost you in the end! Therefore, what I propose is this: You shall let me out of prison, and, instead of *seven* groats, you shall allow me only *eighteenpence* a week, and the other *tenpence* shall go toward the discharging of the debt."

A very small officer struck an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions. The grenadier gravely took off his cap, and, holding it over the officer by the tip, said, "Sir, if you were not my officer, I would *extinguish* you."

John was thought to be very stupid. He was sent to a mill one day, and the miller said, "John, some people say you are a fool! Now, tell me what you do know, and what you don't know." "Well," replied John, "I know millers' hogs are fat!" "Yes, that's well, John! Now, what don't you know?" "I don't know *whose corn* fats 'em."

E——, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was trying to render it smaller by contracting her lips. "Do not trouble yourself so much, madam," exclaimed the painter, "if you please, I will draw your face *without any mouth* at all."

It was said of one that remembered every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrowed, "that he had *lost half* of his memory."

A medical student under examination, being asked the different effects of heat and cold, replied: "Heat expands and cold contracts." "Quite right; can you give me an example?" "Yes, Sir, in summer, which is hot, the days are longer; but in winter, which is *cold*, the days are *shorter*."

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

SCOTCH SIMPLICITY.—At Hawick, the people used to wear wooden clogs, which made a *clanking* noise on the pavement. A dying old woman had some friends by her bedside, who said to her, "Weel, Jenny, ye are gaun to Heeven, an' gin you should see our folk ye can tell them that we're a' weel." To which Jenny replied, "Weel, gin I shud see them I'se tell them, but you manna expect that I am to gang clank clanking through Heeven looking for your folk."

"My notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

A brow-beating counsel asked a witness how far he had been from a certain place. "Just four yards, two feet, and six inches," was the reply. "How came you to be so exact, my friend?" "Because I expected *some fool* or other would ask me, and so I measured it."

"What is light?" asked a schoolmaster of the booby of a class. "A sovereign that isn't full weight is light," was the prompt reply.

A JOINT CONCERN.—A stupid fellow employed in blowing a cathedral organ, said, after the performance of a fine anthem, "I think we performed very well to-day." "We performed!" answered the organist; "I think it was I performed, or I have much mistaken." Shortly after another celebrated piece of music was to be played. In the middle of the anthem the organ stopped; the organist cried out in a passion, "Why don't you blow?" The fellow popped out his head from behind the organ and said, "Shall it be *we* then?"

An editor at a dinner-table being asked if he would take some pudding replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter we are unable to find room for it."

When Chinese sailors are short of food they salt their junk and eat it.

Why is servility like a man who is tired of works of imagination?—Because it's sycophancy (sick of fancy).

A lady once asked a gentleman what wit was like. To which he replied, "Like your ladyship's bottle of *eau-de-cologne*—poignant at the first opening, but, on being too much handed about, loses all its flavor and becomes insipid."

"You don't understand your business, Boniface. Did you never have a gentleman stop with you before?" "Yes, not if you are one."

Editors ought to be able to live very cheap—they live bored for nothing.

An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in all sincerity and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter, "I still remember that I'm a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a by-stander, "and a vulgar one at that."

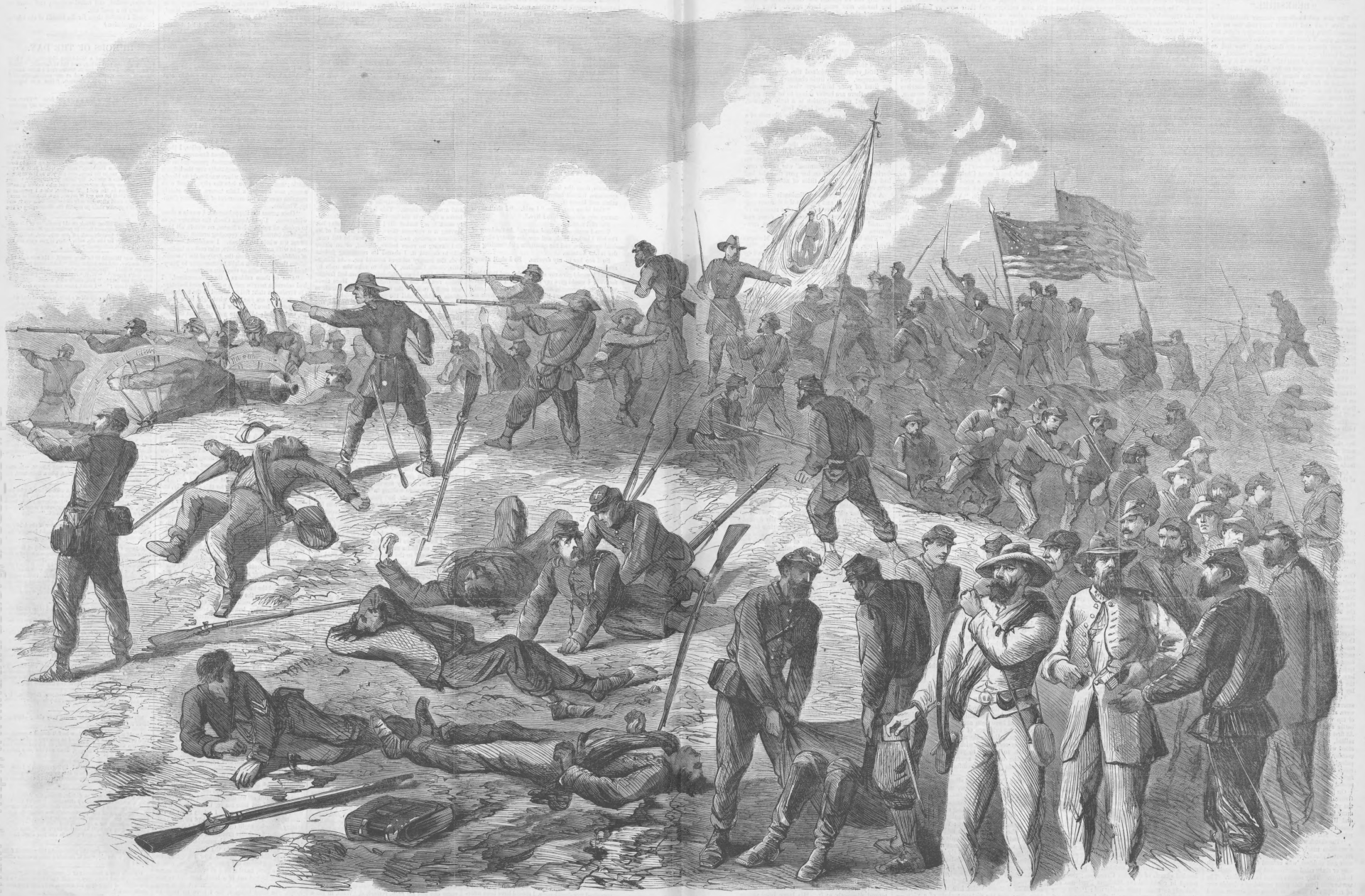
In a large company at dinner, Bruce, the African explorer, whose extraordinary statements were at the first thought to be of the Munchausen class, was relating the most wonderful of his adventures, when some one asked him what musical instruments were used in Abyssinia? Bruce hesitated for a moment, and then said, "I think I saw one lyre there." George Selwyn whispered to his next neighbor, "Yes, and there is one less since he left the country."

When a lady returns the presents she has received from her lover, is she supposed to include a return of his affections?

"I once saw a regiment of negroes on parade," said a traveler, "and when they came to the 'right dress,' with the whites of their eyes all turned, it looked just like a chalk mark."

"THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD."—We should like to hear the sentiments of the schoolmaster's wife on the subject of her husband being so often abroad.

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GENERAL GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—GENERAL BARLOW CHARGING THE ENEMY AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1, 1864.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 410.]

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BURNING OF THE STEAMER "BERKSHIRE."

THE new and handsome steamer *Berkshire*, of the New York and Hudson line, took fire on her passage down the river on Wednesday night, 8th instant, when a short distance above Poughkeepsie, and was almost totally destroyed. She had on board nearly 150 passengers, some live-stock, and a large quantity of freight. As soon as it was ascertained that she was on fire, the pilot immediately headed her for shore, the engine at the time working at full speed; but before she struck the mud all the wood-work was one vast sheet of flame. The scene that followed beggars description. Men frantic with fear; children crying (and it is said that there were quite a number of little ones on board); men shouting, the flames crackling, and the passengers jumping overboard, formed a sight terrible to behold. Furniture of every description was floating in the water, some of the pieces upholding a few of the unfortunate beings.

One little boy, with his grandmother, was in a state-room, and when he heard the alarm he endeavored to open the door of his room, but could not. He then managed to get out of the window, and tried to save his relative; but so close were the flames that he had to jump overboard to save his own life. The lady was probably suffocated.

One of the most heart-rending scenes in this terrible disaster was the case of MRS. HANFORD. On ascertaining her danger she seized her babe and her daughter, and jumped overboard, leaving her little son standing on the stern of the vessel. After she got in the water she was compelled to relinquish her hold on her little ones, and they both went down. A man with his child in his arms, who was in the water close by her, seeing that the mother was in the act of sinking, seized hold of her and buoyed her up; but, alas! in doing so he lost his own child.

In all some forty persons perished. The pilot and engineer remained at their posts until the boat struck the shore. Nineteen bodies have been recovered from the wreck. There is not a vestige of the wood-work of the *Berkshire* above water-mark that has not been destroyed, with the exception of a portion of the starboard wheel-house. Both smoke-stacks have fallen. The walking-beam and other portions of the machinery are still standing. The after-part of the boat, from the paddles to the stern, is entirely submerged. Twenty bodies are supposed to be there.

The fire originated in the lamp-room, and was caused by the explosion of a lamp. The violence of the fire was caused by the large quantity of hay on board becoming ignited as soon as the fire burst from the lamp-room, and which might have just as well been so much alcohol as regards combustion.

The *Berkshire* was a first-class steamer, and was built at Athens last season. She made one or two trips to New York last fall to test her machinery; but she was not permanently placed on the river until this spring. Her engine was taken out of the hull of the *South America*, but it was enlarged and made more powerful.

Our sketch on the first page gives a vivid view of the steamer at the time of the calamity.

GENERAL GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN.

WE continue this week our sketches illustrative of scenes and events in General GRANT'S great campaign in Virginia.

On page 412 we give a view of the position near Cold Harbor, June 2. Our artist, A. R. WAUD, furnishes the following explanation of this sketch:

"At this point the Second and Sixth Corps join. One of GIBBONS'S brigades (M'KEAN'S, Second Division, Second Corps) appears on the left of the picture, massed under a crest. In this brigade are the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, etc. To the right of the house is the old Jersey brigade of the Sixth Corps. Their term of service expires June 3, and they leave the army with an unsurpassed reputation. The lines these troops hold have been taken from the enemy, and are not more than a hundred yards from the rebel front. The smoke on the extreme left marks the position of a section of STEVENS'S battery, while MOTT'S battery occupies the fore-ground. These and other batteries at this point soon silenced the enemy's artillery, while musket-balls in reckless profusion swept the rifle-pits, among which the dead and wounded lay thickly."

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES is illustrated on page 412. The Reserves were attacked by EARLY'S corps, which came out of the woods, covered by artillery, and in line of battle swept down upon CRAWFORD'S command. At first some of the regiments gave way, but were rallied, and the brigade seen in the fore-ground stood with conspicuous gallantry under their commander, Colonel FISHER. The rebels were repulsed, and retreated in disorder. General CRAWFORD and staff were close to the house during the fight. A rebel shell set it on fire, and it was consumed during the engagement.

On page 405 are sketches showing the troops of General BARLOW in front of the rebel works, and the passage of the Pamunkey at Hanover by the army in its advance from the North Anna. General BARLOW'S position on the front, where this sketch was taken, was twelve miles from Richmond. Mr. WAUD says:

"The sketch was taken from the Sheldon House, a mansion nearly two hundred years old, built of imported glazed brick, and occupied by a lot of women and children, who refused to leave, although fifty or sixty rebel cannon-shot passed through the building. They sought refuge in the cellar. The works seen from this point consist of a double row of rifle-pits on the crest above the stream called Tolopatamoy, with epaulements for guns, not more than 600 yards away. The guns, flags, and men are distinctly visible from this mansion."

The crossing of the Pamunkey has been fully described in accounts of the forward movement. The river is deep, muddy, and thickly fringed with wood. The ferry-master at Hanover sunk his boat on the approach of our forces.

In reference to the sketch of the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery Crossing the North Anna, given on page 404, our artist writes: "After HANCOCK had crossed the North Anna, BURNSIDE was ordered over to connect the line of battle. To do this he had to cross the river by the Chesterfield bridge on the Telegraph road to Richmond. The rebels had a fine range on this bridge, and a 4-gun battery played upon it all day, whenever troops appeared upon it. As the columns double-quicked it over shell would burst right about them, covering the men with dust when they struck the ground, and wounding a few of the soldiers. The crest from which our batteries are represented replying to the fire was captured the day previous by General BERRY'S old brigade, to which the Ninety-third New York Volunteers have been assigned. The assault and capture of this point is considered one of the most dashing incidents of the campaign. The rebels were so severely handled that they had not time to burn the bridge. Many were captured and some drowned at this place."

In the battle at Cold Harbor, June 1, STEVENS'S battery, belonging to the Sixth Corps, was so near the rebel lines that the soldiers nicknamed it "Battery Insult." It stirred up the rebels in a most aggravating manner, and was an excessively dangerous spot to be seen in. After a discharge of the pieces hundreds of bullets would *zip* through the embrasures and around the earth-work; occasionally round shot would batter down portions of the work, but the artillerists stuck to it and did good execution. It will be noticed, in our sketch on page 404, that the limber chests have been taken off the carriages, and placed in trenches dug for their security.

The picture on pages 408 and 409 illustrates one of the grandest charges of the war—that of BARLOW'S Division in the Battle of Cold Harbor, June 1. General BARLOW held the extreme left of the army. A correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the charge:

BARLOW had directed that his attacking brigades should, previously to the assault, be moved out, and formed just in rear of the picket line. From this point they advanced for half a mile, through woods and over open intervals, under a severe fire, square up to the enemy's works. That portion of his front where the right of MILES'S brigade joined with the left of BROOKE'S—the same brigades that so brilliantly carried the famous salient in the lines of Spottsylvania—succeeded in a similar splendid *coup* here; they got over and into the enemy's parapet, capturing his guns (four light 12-pounders), his colors, and five or six hundred prisoners, about three hundred of whom were secured by promptly passing them to the rear. The storming column, in fact, was just turning the enemy's guns on the retreating rebels when powerful reinforcements from the second rebel line appeared advancing. BARLOW'S brigades—stout hearts, not used to pale before the greatest odds—could have held their own under conditions the least short of desperation, but the situation in which they now found themselves o'erleaped its limits. It was not merely the overwhelming front that came pressing down upon them—of that they had no fear—but the position they had gained placed them in advance of the whole line of battle, and gave the rebel artillery the opportunity for a deadly enfilading fire. Besides this, they lost the directing heads of two of the chief commanders. BROOKS and BYRNES, "souls of courage all compact," fell seriously wounded, and all the organizations had suffered fearfully from an unparalleled loss of officers. In this state of facts they fell back, bringing with them the prisoners they had taken and a captured color, but not the guns. They fell back, but not to their original position; to a position far in advance of that they had held, and at different points not more than fifty yards from the enemy.

In reference to our picture our artist writes: "This sketch represents a portion of the line at the time when they had captured the first line of rifle-pits, and were about to advance upon the second. The regiment is the New York Seventh Heavy Artillery. Some of the men are seen over the embankment endeavoring to turn the enemy's captured guns upon them, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel MORRIS, Colonel PORTER having been killed in the charge. In the fore-ground the prisoners are seen rapidly divesting themselves of their accoutrements, the first thing being always the disarming of the captured. Near them some soldiers are moving the Colonel in a blanket; and above a captured flag, with the Virginia State arms emblazoned upon it, is carried in by one of our soldiers."

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LILY IS ACTUALLY AT HOME.

ONCE more Lily traversed the up-hill pavement, and marveled at the great rolling turbulent gutters in the roadways: gutters which in those days often bore on their inky bosoms the carcasses of defunct cats and dogs, that rolled past, swift and supine, toward the Infinite reserved for the beasts.

Once more she saw the clumsy oil-lamps slung on ropes across the streets, and smelled the faint odor of the melons and peaches, and the quicker aroma of the grapes from the fruiterers' shops. The way was by back streets, where there were few brilliant shops, full of gold, and silver, and jewels, and rich dresses, and beautiful pictures. But to the timid little hermit just escaped from her thralldom, the narrow, dirty streets of old Paris were ineffably charming. The great dishes full of wet partly-cooked spinach, like green mortar, in the green-grocers' shops; the giant pumpkins at the doors, some cleft in twain, and disclosing a voluptuous mine of golden squash and seedfulness within, that looked like the heads of grim Paynim warriors stricken off by the two-handed swords of doughty Crusaders; the eggs boiled in cochineal (as Madame Prudence explained) to make their shells red: "c'est pour distraire l'œil, mon enfant;" the long strings of dumpy little sausages; the shapely pigs' feet cunningly truffled, as though they had corns defiant of the skillfulest chiropodist; the other wonderful preparations of pork at the charcutiers'; the butchers' shops, with their marble dressers and gilt iron railings, and their scraggy but lively-colored show of meat; the glaring sign-boards; the dazzling show of pewter pitchers in the wine-shops; the ticket-porters dozing on their trucks, with their shirt-collars open, disclosing their shaggy, vein-corrugated necks; the throng of little boy-soldiers with vacant faces and red legs; of priests in shovel-hats; of policemen with swords and cocked-hats; of mustached old women, very like the two Fates who came to card wool at the Pension, trolling monstrous barrows full of fruit or vegetables; the water-carriers with their pails; the alert little work-women, with their trim white caps, whisking along with their skirts thrown over one arm; the wonderful poodle-dogs with tufted tails and curling manes, like pacific lions of a smaller growth; the liquorice-water seller with his pagoda at his back hung with bells and banners, and his clean napkin and arsenal of bright tin mugs; the woman who sold the jumbles, and the man who sold metal taps; the wandering glazier with his cry of "Vitrier-e-e-e-er!" the old clothesman, no Jew he, but a stout Christian, who looked as though he had spent a good many years traveling in Galilee, and had begun to waver in his faith somewhat, crying, "Vieux habits, vieux galons!" the very beggars and blackguard little boys in torn blue blouses, who splashed in the gutters, or made faces behind the backs of the cocked-hatted policemen; all had charms for Lily. She could not help observing that most of the surrounding objects—animate as well as inanimate—were exceedingly dirty, and that the atmosphere was heavily laden with tobacco smoke; but the entire spectacle was charming to her, nevertheless.

By-and-by, in the wane of the afternoon (for they had walked leisurely, and Madame Prudence had met several acquaintances, the majority bearing large baskets from which the stalks of vegetables protruded, or the heads of fowls dangled, and who were manifestly of the culinary calling), they crossed the great roaring Boulevard — which the housekeeper told Lily was an ocean of wickedness, and to be avoided, save on feast-days, when the good people came out as well as the bad—and entered a maze of streets much wider and cleaner, but much quieter. There were few shops, but many white walls, seeming to stretch onward for miles, and relieved only by jalousied windows and heavy portes cochères. Lily's heart sank within her. All looked older; but then all was as still and as gloomy as the stark and sepulchral suburb of Saint Philippe du Roule.

"Does the good lady—does Madame de Kergolay—keep a Pension?" she asked, nervously.

Madame Prudence could feel the little arm quivering within her own, and patted it again, reassuringly.

"Courage, my child!" she said, with a merry laugh. "Why, we have not the boldness of a guinea-pig. We have done with Pensions for good. No more classes, no more haricots, no more tasks and penances, no more Marcassins! A Pension, my faith! Madame la Baronne de Kergolay — a baroness, mind you, of the old stock, and not one of the day before yesterday—is a lady of ancient extraction, high rank, and ascertained position in society. She has had misfortunes, cruel and bitter misfortunes; but sooner than keep a Pension, and suck the blood of young children, she would stand and sell matches at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Yes, my child; suck their blood! That is what the Marcassin does. She is a real Count Ugolino."

A considerable period had apparently elapsed since Madame Prudence had perused the works of Dante. Lily, however, knew quite as little about Count Ugolino as the housekeeper did; and the assurance that Madame de Kergolay did not keep a school was quite sufficient for her.

The baroness lived in the Marais, in one of the tallest and oldest houses of that tall old quarter. It was a red brick house, too—almost as great a rarity in Paris as a stone house is in London. The entire mansion, Madame Prudence took care to inform Lily, belonged to the baroness; but she let it out in flats to respectable tenants, and reserved only one floor, the third, for her own use.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN THE MARAIS.

IF Madame de Kergolay had lived on a third floor in London, the altitude of her dwelling-place would have been accepted as prima facially conclusive evidence of her impoverished circumstances. But indigence, in Paris, does not necessarily correspond with the number of stairs you have to mount to your abode; and, although the baroness's apartment was au troisième, it was spacious, comfortable, and even elegant.

Madame Prudence was short-winded, and, as she toiled up the staircase, uttered sundry invectives against a certain "Satané" asthma which troubled her. The Abbé Chatain would not have failed to reprove her for using so naughty an adjective; and of this eventuality Madame Prudence seemed herself aware; for on the second landing she objurgated the asthma with bated breath, and apostrophized it only as a "Cosaque." But she was very glad to rest a while on this penultimate flight, while Lily gazed with admiration through an œil-de-bœuf casement on the vast panorama of slated roofs and chimney-stacks which stretched around and beneath her. The sweetly-savored smoke from the wood fires curled in delicate violet hue against the clear blue sky; and the distant melody of a piano—played not as a school task, but for pleasure, for the instrumentalist caroled a lively ditty as he sang—came and smote her very sweetly on the ear. It was a simple matter to be pleased with, yet Lily felt as though she could have clapped her hands, and sung back again. Poor little creature! she had seen so little, as yet, of the only city in the world worth living in!

"I should like," she said, in airy prattle to her new-found friend, "always to live here, and look through that window. See, there is a woman hanging out linen on a roof. Oh, if there were only some birds! There used to be birds at Miss Bunnycastle's."

"Bird yourself," rejoined the good-humored housekeeper. "Silly little chatterer, you'd soon get tired of your bird's-eye view, I'll warrant. Yes, yes, there are better things to be seen within. Come! my respiration is a little restored. We will ring at the good lady's bell."

A lively piece of sculpture, in the likeness of a horse's fore-foot, hung at the end of a silken cord by the side of a door whose central panel exhibited a brass plate, and thereon, in very spiky and attenuated black letters, the words, "Madame la Baronne de Kergolay." Lily felt a slight tremor when she read "baroness." The remembrance of a former "countess" was rather conducive to a conviction on her part that she had had enough to do with titles of nobility for the term of her natural life.

A withered old man, very diminutive, but with a very large head, and perhaps the thinnest pair of spindle-shanks ever seen out of a museum of anatomical preparations, opened the door, and grinned in a hospitable manner at the new-comers.

"This is my brother Thomas," said Madame Prudence, introducing the little old man, "although you will oftener hear him addressed by his little name of Vieux Sablons. He is twenty years older than I, but in his youth was a furious gaillard. Even now il fait des farces. He is as upright as a dart, as strong as Hercules, and sain comme mon œil."

Thomas, otherwise Vieux Sablons, grinned so extensively while these praises were being bestowed on him that, in the mind of the timid, some fear might have arisen respecting the permanent cohesion of his superior and inferior jaws. This time, however, no divorce between the upper and lower portions of his head took place. The grin subsiding into a smirk, he shut the outer door behind the visitors, and ushered them into the interior of the premises.

Lily remarked that Thomas's large head, though quite bald on the summit, and very scantily furnished with thin locks about the ears, was plentifully powdered. He wore, moreover, earrings: at which, I take it, an English Jeames would have been astounded, if not scandalized. He was habited in a green livery coat, short in the waist, and shorter in the tails, shortest of all from a proportional point of view in the cuffs, and ornamented with a shoulder-knot of tarnished silver bullion. It was a coat worn to the very shabbiest, and scrupulously neat; and the large plated buttons had been so often polished that the armorial cognizance on them, as on a Louis the Fifteenth franc, was well-nigh defaced. Thomas's waistcoat had fallen likewise into the sere and yellow leaf—or rather the leaf that is sere without being yellow; for the original hue of the nankeen which formed its texture had, through repeated ablutions, vanished. His green velvet nether garments likewise suggested to the observant spirit that they had originally formed the covering of a Utrecht sofa of the time of the First Empire, which had been very liberally sat upon by the beaux and belles of that epoch. He wore silk stockings of no particular color, and, where they were not cobweb, his hose, like the late Sir John Cutler's, were one darn. Still, any little shortcomings that might have been noticeable in his apparel were amply compensated by a prodigious pair of cut steel buckles in his shoes, and by a protruding shirt-frill or jabot: so white, so starched, and so stiff that it gave him the appearance of a piece of Palissy-ware, cleaving with distended fin its way through life, like one of poor Bernard's perch through a dish.

"He wore that coat before the assembly of notables met," whispered Madame Prudence. "He was a running footman at Vieux Sablons. He has worn l'épée au côté—the sword by his side. Ah, the glad days!"

Anon they had passed through a cheerful dining-room with the usual floor of inlaid wood, light chintz hangings and furniture, and plenty of mirrors. At each of the three windows there was a glittering cage, and in each cage a canary was singing.

"Hao! it is better than the staircase," quoth Madame Prudence, slyly.

Lily thought so, indeed, when they came to the next room, the saloon, where the mirrors had richer frames—all tarnished, though—and where there were more birds, as many as four in a cage, and a beautiful globe full of gold and silver fish, and some stately pictures of ladies in hoops, and gentlemen with wigs and swords, and some older portraits of cavaliers in slouched hats and curled mustaches, and dames in ringlets and point lace. Here the furniture was of dark carved wood, with elaborate cushions and backs in needle-work.

"All Madame's doing," whispered the housekeeper. "She is an angel at her needle, but they were put together by the tapissier of the quarter. The old furniture was broken to pieces; the mirrors and the pictures my brother saved; but there's not a portrait without a bullet-hole or the gash of a knife in it, carefully mended; not a looking-glass frame but the glass itself has been smashed. What you see is nearly all that is left of the château of Vieux Sablons."

Again they went on, until Thomas, lifting up a heavy drapery of old tapestry veiling a door, tapped discreetly at it. His large head disappeared in the hangings, but he speedily withdrew it, and turned it toward the visitors with a reassuring grin.

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"Madame will receive," he said. "She is not saying her breviary. Go in, my children."

Lily observed, as he retired, that, although he was as "upright as a dart," the gait of Vieux Sablons was very feeble, and he hobbled.

Madame Prudence seemed to divine the girl's thoughts.

"Yes," she said, with pleasant pride. "Thomas is of a certain age. He is no longer in his first youth. He is eighty, and for sixty-five years, man and boy, has been in the service of the family. But he is agile. Oh! he is alert. Ma parole d'honneur, I think he could dance the gavotte as well as Monsieur Vestris."

But here Madame Prudence was inwardly reminded that priests' housekeepers have no right to be critical on the execution of so mundane a performance as the gavotte, and she was for a moment covered with confusion. She muttered, however, something about the old thoughts that had come into her head through the presence of young people, and, pushing aside the drapery, led Lily in.

They found themselves in a neat smiling little room that was half boudoir and half bedchamber, the walls hung with antique tapestry in which shepherds and shepherdesses, brave with ribbons —for their very crooks and the necks of their sheep were hung with the parti-colored products of the loom—were grinning as affably upon all comers as Thomas, yclept Vieux Sablons. Their smiles had somewhat faded from the stitches which years agone had been fixed in perpetual cachinnation by busy fingers now fleshless in the tomb, but they continued to grin valorously. As though there had really ever been such a place as Arcadia, as though the real names of Corydon and Phillis had not been Colin and Margot, who had pined in rags and penury, and fed on black bread (and, when that was scarce, on boiled grass), while the beaux in wigs had been writing epigrams to the belles in hoops at the tall-roofed château yonder. As though the château had never been burnt down by Corydons and Phillises infuriated by famine and oppression. As though there had never been a guillotine erected in permanency at the Mairie, a desecrated parish church, a broken cross, and a Reign of Terror. And the shepherds and shepherdesses went on smiling, in a third floor in the Marais, as they had once smiled in the great hall of Vieux Sablons.

There were more birds in this room; and their diversified twittering was, to tell truth, somewhat embarrassing to the newly-arrived stranger. One soon grew accustomed, however, to a riot which of all riots is the most tolerable. There was a dwarfish coffee-colored pug-dog, too, of the breed called "carlin"—a detestable little beast with a red leather collar hung with bells, and a face like that of a negro pugilist (who had lost the fight) seen through the small end of an opera-glass. This pet and treasure yapped and japped about the room, and at first seemed inclined to cultivate a hostile acquaintance with Lily's ankles—dear me! how very late in the day I am in telling you that our solitary one had begun to have ankles, and that they were very shapely—but was soon recalled to order by a mild voice; a voice which addressed him now as "little tyrant," and now as "little cherished one."

On a cushion of tambour-work, which was moved about as the sun's rays affected different strips of the flooring, couched, grave and magisterial, and with a frill of fur like an Elizabethan ruff round his neck, a monstrous Angora cat. It was said, long ago, that no human being could ever have been as wise as Thurlow *looked*; but the impenetrable sagacity of the Angora's countenance would have reduced the chancellor, wig, seals, and all, to idiotcy by contrast. The Angora cat's name was Mirifion.

In this room there was a handsome circular table of marqueterie, laden with books, with flowers, with needle-work. There were cunning little green silk screens to subdue the light and the heat of the fire, which, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, was crackling on the polished andirons of the roomy chimney. In a far-off alcove there was a bed: looking more, however, like a vast ottoman: with a faultlessly adjusted counterpane of quilted crimson silk.

By the work-table, a screen before her eyes, in a long, low, invalid chair, reclined a very old lady, whose hair was like undressed, but highly bleached, flax; whose lineaments seemed to have been cut in marble; whose complexion was soft and clear as virgin wax. Her hands, Lily noticed, were as white as the Marcassin's; but they were mild hands, gentle hands, innocent hands, hands that closed only when they were clasped in prayer, that opened only to give something away. She was clad in gray silk, and a kind of laced kerchief was tied under her head. She wore spectacles, and she had not a tooth in her head; but she looked, for all that, very like a saint.

"Kiss her, my child," whispered Madame Prudence.

Lily trembled all over: and, she scarcely knew why, her eyes filled with tears. Then, by an involuntary movement, she crept down to her knees, and took the lady's hand, which was soft and glossy, and, holding it between her own, gently kissed it.

The lady disengaged her hand and patted the brown curls nestling by her.

"And so you are to be my little pet bird," she said, in a low yet silvery shrill voice. "We are very good friends already, I can see. Monsieur l'Abbé has told me all about you. You have nothing to fear here, Lily Floris."

To Lily's inexpressible delight the lady spoke English—her own pure, sonorous, native tongue; at which Madame Prudence, not understanding a word, looked on in highly critical admiration.

Madame de Kergolay smiled at the girl's ill-concealed astonishment.

"Don't be afraid," she continued; "this is not a Pension Anglaise. You are surprised to hear me speak your language. Well, it is partly mine. I am English by descent, though not by birth. My grand-nephew, whom you will see some of these days (the scamp), is English from head to foot. Yes; I come of an English family—have you never heard of the Greyfaunts of Lancashire? No, you are too young—but I was born in France. My father was exiled in the '45 for his attachment to the true king, and I was brought up by the English Benedictines—ah! the good sisters—in Paris; and when I left the convent I married Monsieur de Kergolay." She sighed as she spoke, and turned to a portrait supported on a little easel near her. It represented a handsome gentleman with powdered locks, but with a full dark mustache, who wore a white uniform coat with blue facings, and the cross of St. Louis at the button-hole. "Yes," the baroness murmured. "He was the bravest captain in his regiment, and the bravest gentleman in all Brittany. Nay, I libel them: the Bretons are all brave, and there is none bravest."

She was given to ramble sometimes in her discourse, and an unusual flow of volubility was succeeded by a silence somewhat blank. Madame Prudence beckoned Lily away.

"We will leave her a little while," whispered the good housekeeper. "She is easily fatigued. Madame is of a great age. Figure to yourself, my dear: eighty-six. She is weak, but ah! she has the courage of a Mousquetaire Gris in her."

"She is a very beautiful old lady, and I am sure she is good," Lily said, thoughtfully.

"You are right, little seer," returned the housekeeper, tapping the girl familiarly under the chin. "Beauty like hers laughs at time. Now it is a lantern, very clear and pellucid, through which her beautiful soul shines. The abbé says that she will be asked few questions on the great voyage. Her papers are all in order. Do you know that M. l'Abbé Edgeworth, who confessed the martyr king, gave her absolution himself when, with six of her old governesses, the Benedictines, she was mounting the fatal tumbril that was to convey her to the scaffold? And it was only by a miracle she escaped."

"Poor lady!" murmured Lily. "How beautiful she must have been!"

"Beautiful!" repeated Madame Prudence. "Ah! her beauty has gone through rude trials. Fire and famine and slaughter, insult and torture, captivity, exile, poverty, and hunger. And now, with the exception of her graceless grand-nephew, she is left quite alone."

"Why, I am quite alone too," quoth Lily, simply.

"Poor little lamb! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. There! You are to be no longer alone. Madame la Baronne will love you very dearly, and Vieux Sablons will take as much care of you as though you were Azor the pug-dog, or Mirifion the cat, and I will come and see you whenever I can spare half an hour; and, bless my heart, here is Babette, the femme de chambre, who will show you the little room that is to be yours. And now, really, I must kiss you and bid you good-by, or my dear abbé will think I am lost."

And Madame Prudence, confiding Lily to the care of Babette, who was a homely woman of middle age, with a port-wine stain on her face, was as good as her word, and bustled away.

Babette took Lily into a charming little bedroom, all rustling in white dimity draperies. Ah! so different from that dreadful hole at the Marcassin's. She showed Lily a coquettish little bed, and a wardrobe where her linen and clothes were arranged; and then, to the girl's great astonishment, the homely Babette sat down on the bed and began to cry.

"Don't mind me," she said in French, wiping her eyes. "I'm not going to hate you or to be jealous of you. But I am low-spirited this morning. Je pensais après mon homme là-bas: I was thinking about my husband yonder."

Lily could not help thinking Babette a very strange woman, but she forbore to vex her by interruption.

"Is it through—" Babette was about to say "charity," but she checked herself: "is it pour l'amour du bon Dieu that you are going to stay with us?"

Lily felt herself blushing crimson, but she answered steadily, "I am quite alone, and poor, and was very unhappy where I lived, till M. l'Abbé Chatain brought me away: and I know that Madame de Kergolay is very charitable."

The homely woman had a brawny fist. She doubled it, and brought it down with a thump on the bed.

"Charitable?" she repeated. "She's a saint. Don't think I wish to shame you. I am the lowest of the low, a creature of shame, la dernière des dernières;" and she began to weep afresh.

Lily did her best to console her, but the most efficacious balsam to be applied to a wounded spirit seemed, in the case of the homely woman, to be the doubling of her fist again. She brought it down with renewed force on the counterpane.

"Look you well here, little one," she exclaimed. "This house has more mercy in it than the Hôtel-Dieu—than Bicêtre—than any house on earth. My man, my husband, it is very certain was a villain—Claude Gallifet, called Claquedents. An abominable man. Do you see that scar on my forehead? That was where he knocked me down with his adze, as a butcher knocks down the bœuf-gras. Observe it well. The blow went through my skull as though it had been of paper. Do you see this gap in my mouth? That is where Claquedents knocked three of my teeth down my throat. My breath is almost as short as the Dame Prudence's. But I have no asthma. I pant because Claude jumped on me, and broke two of my ribs. But I loved that man there. Do you understand?"

Lily was bewildered, and knew not what to say. She bowed her head.

"If he was bad," the woman continued, "I was bad. If he was a robber, I was a receiver of stolen goods. I tell you I loved him. Well! If he did commit the burglary by night, I helped him. I made the skeleton keys for him, and the list slippers, so that he should not be heard. Ce n'est pas moi qui l'ai conseillé de tuer la bourgeois," she muttered, in a lower tone, and halted, and looked at Lily, and breathed hard.

The girl was shuddering.

"The bourgeois did not die," Babette went on, gloomily. "Otherwise, Claquedents would have been guillotined. Well, they sent him to Toulon for life. He is there now, with a red night-cap, and chained to another villain. N'en parlons plus."

"I was tried with him," she resumed. "They were merciful to me because I was a woman, and I had but two years' seclusion. I came out of prison to do what? To starve. 'Get up,' said the police one day. 'Lie down,' they cried the next. 'Go here, go there; where are your papers?' I had none, and no bread. I tell you I had no bread. They would not take me in at the hospital. I was so strong, they said. I had had a child. That died while I was in the prison. I begged a sou one night, and paid the toll on to the Pont des Arts to drown myself. The Abbé Chatain met me. He gave me money for a bed. He told Madame about me. I was received in an institution where saints such as she gather together wretches such as I. I worked very hard. I showed that I could be honest. Good God! I never stole any thing but when I wanted bread, or when my man told me. At last I came here. I am housekeeper. I have the care of the plate. I could strangle Madame, who is as helpless as a child, when I put her to bed. Vieux Sablons does not know my story. The Dame Prudence, even, only knows from the abbé that I was poor. Nothing more. But I tell you—because you are young and have been miserable—think of me, and bless God that you ever came into this house."

"And your husband?" Lily said, lifting her great eyes in wonderment to the woman's face.

"Speak no more of him," she returned. "If he were to escape, or to be released, I declare that I would kill myself. I love him, and a month after we had met we should be at the Dépôt of the Préfecture again for robbery. You will never hear any thing more about this from me. Go! I see you are good. I am not about to be jealous of you." And Babette got off the bed, smoothed out the indentations made by her fist, and very composedly proceeded to fill the ewer from a large brass pitcher.

When Lily was left alone she ventured to open the wardrobe, and found that the mean and patched apparel she had brought from the Pension Marcassin had been supplemented by a store of linen, morning wrappers, and other feminine gear, which, to her unaccustomed eyes, appeared inexpressibly spruce and smart. There was little finery among the stock; there were neither silks nor satins; but to the whilom Cinderella the few drawers seemed to contain the treasures of the Indies. She had never seen such nice clothes since the well-remembered afternoon when Cutwig & Co. fitted her out.

Presently came Vieux Sablons with a tap at her door, to tell her, with as conciliatory a grin as usual, that Madame would again receive her. She followed him, timidly, but with a happy reliance gradually growing upon her. Every thing told her that in this house she had nothing to fear.

Madame de Kergolay bade Lily come very close, and kissed her on the forehead.

"I am a very weak, suffering old woman, my darling," she said, "and constant pain makes me cross and irritable sometimes. When I scold you (which will not be often, I hope), you must smile and kiss me. When I scold Vieux Sablons he rubs the buttons of his coat with his sleeve; which relieves him. Formerly he used to whistle, but I prohibited that, as an impertinence. And now you must sit down on that little stool by my feet, and tell me every thing about yourself. I need not ask you for the truth. It is written in your face."

It was indeed. The girl drew the stool close to the old lady's chair, and, her brown curls nestling among the draperies of her protectress, told, in artless simplicity, the short and sorrowful story of her life. There were no startling incidents, no romantic episodes. It was a mean, commonplace little tale; but Madame de Kergolay shed tears as she listened to it.

"You have been very unhappy, my child," she began, when Lily had ended. "Let us pray that the dark days are over, and that the bright time is coming. In His inscrutable wisdom and mercy, the Almighty is often pleased to afflict most sorely those of his creatures who seem least deserving of his anger. You have had, indeed, to suffer two most terrible deprivations. No father to protect, no mother to cherish and fondle you! Ah! poor little lamb! my heart bleeds for you. But we must see what a feeble, bedridden invalid can do to console you; yes, we must try to make you as happy as the day is long."

"There is only one thing that I am afraid of, Madame," faltered Lily.

"And what is that, my child?"

"If the lady—the strange lady—the one who was called countess—should find me out? If she went to Mademoiselle Marcassin's, and discovered where I was! Oh! it would be dreadful!"

"Foolish little thing! After deserting you so long, it is not probable that she will care to inquire about you. If she be indeed your mother, she must be a cruel and hard-hearted woman—a scandal to her sex. But I can not believe that any mother could be so inhuman. No, no; she must be some wicked and intriguing woman, who, to further bad designs of her own, has been endeavoring to alienate you from your real parents. Let us think no more about her. Justice, divine or human, must, sooner or later, overtake a creature so abandoned. Let us indulge in hopes, rather, that some day the two gentlemen who placed you at the school at Clapham, and one of whom must have been your father, may be met with. But, until they do come forward, and under any circumstances, you are not the less to be my dear adopted child."

They had much converse that afternoon; and an impertinent little alabaster clock on the mantle-piece had proclaimed, in a voice very much resembling the barking of a very weak little puppy, that it was six o'clock, when Vieux Sablons (who had bestowed a fresh sprinkling of powder on his bald pate in honor of the occasion) announced that Madame was served, and that dinner was ready.

Madame, alas! could not walk to her evening meal; but as she obstinately refused to be treated so much like an invalid as to be served in her bedchamber, she was slowly wheeled in her chair to the salle-à-manger. The six o'clock dinner was one of the few links that bound her to the everyday world; and, whether she dined alone or in company, the ceremonious announcement of the banquet was made by Vieux Sablons, and her modest repast was served up in the apartment specially provided for the purpose.

The dinner was a very simple, but a very nice one. They had a soup with bread in it, a little of the gravy beef with a sharp sauce, a couple of dishes of vegetables, a roast chicken, and some cream cheese. The only evidences of luxury were in the wine, which was a rare and odoriferous Bordeaux, and in the dessert, at which a magnificent melon made its appearance. Every thing pertaining to the service of the table was scrupulously clean, and of originally costly material, but every thing had plainly seen better days. The table-cloth and napkins were damask, but worn to the cord, and as elaborately darned as Vieux Sablons's stockings. The plate was silver, but rubbed to the last degree of thinness. The dessert porcelain was old Sèvres, but cracked and riveted in dozens of places. Every article, in fact, from the napkin-holders to the salad-bowl, seemed to have undergone some terrible shipwreck, but to have been rescued from the wreckers' hands, and carefully put together again.

Vieux Sablons was footman and butler and parlor-maid. He solemnly drew the bottle of Bordeaux, and presented the encrimsoned cork on a battered little salver of silver to his mistress, who examined and dismissed it approvingly, saying that the good Haut Brion showed, as yet, no signs of deterioration. He carved the melon with a silver knife and fork in a very imposing manner, and brought on the two silver sconces containing lighted candles of yellow wax, with an air worthy of a sacristan, or of a gentleman of the chamber to the Great King.

"We do things pretty well in a third floor of the Marais, hein, little ma'amselle?" he remarked, with pardonable complacency, as he lighted Lily to her chamber.

The girl said that every thing was beautifully comfortable.

"With regard to comfort," replied Vieux Sablons, slightly piqued, "I don't care about it. I know it not, the comfortable. It concerns me not. It belongs to the revolutionaries. I alluded to the style. Do you approve of it?"

Lily hastened to assure him that she regarded the style as perfect.

"That's right, little ma'amselle," returned the ancient servitor, nodding his head in grave satisfaction. "We are au troisième, it is true, but still we perform our functions here in the way they were performed before the evil times. The bulk of our fortune, alas! we have lost, but we contrive to exist, and to keep up our style on crumbs. You see that our forks and spoons are still of silver."

Yes, Lily had noticed that.

"The days have been," Vieux Sablons continued, "when I have had the honor to serve Madame and her guests entirely off silver, ay, and off silver-gilt. But what would you have? The accursed revolution has ruined all. The Gauls triumph. Poor France!"

"Poor Madame de Kergolay!" murmured Lily, softly.

"You are right, my child," said the old man. "We keep up our style, and there is that scamp of a grand-nephew, and Madame is an angel to the poor, and all upon ten thousand francs a year. And the manor of Vieux Sablons alone was once worth a million."

"A million!" echoed Lily, who had scarcely ever heard of so large a sum of money.

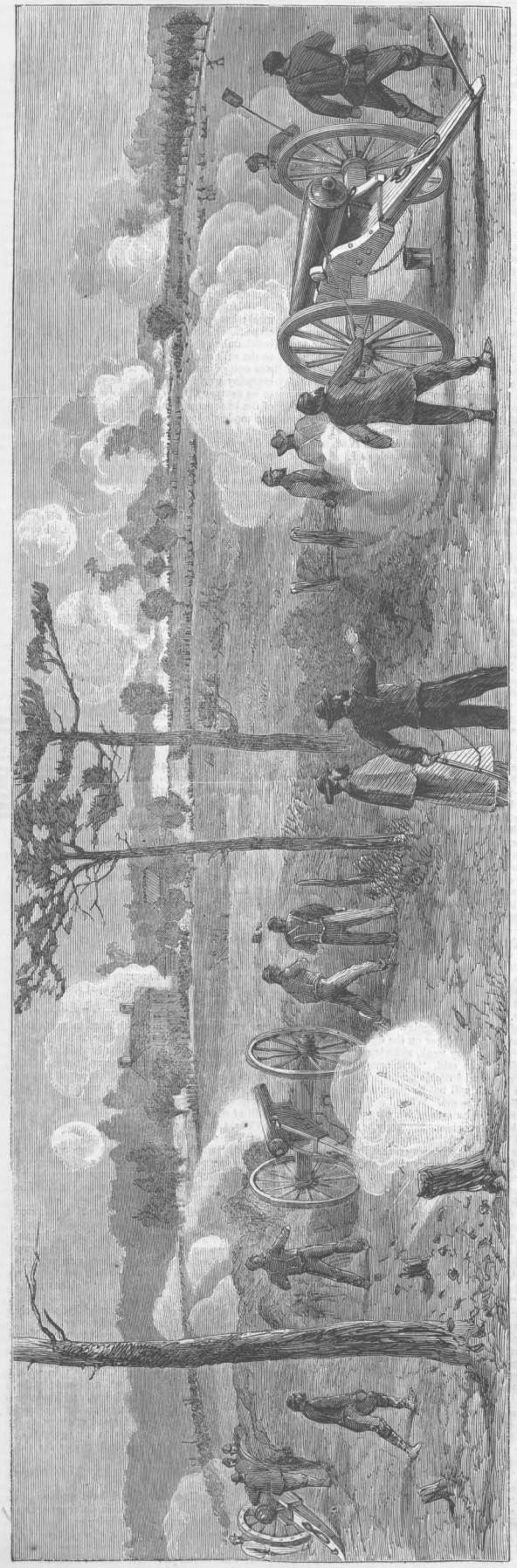
"A million! 'Tis I who say it to you. Now we are reduced to ten thousand miserable francs. The appointments of an employé, quoi! But I tell you what," the old man, in his thin pipe, continued, clenching a trembling hand; "the day that our funds begin to fail us, and Madame says, 'Vieux Sablons, we must sell the silver, and dine with one course instead of three, or I shall have no bread to give to my poor,' that day I will beg, that day I will thieve for the House of Kergolay."

"But Madame would be angry," Lily gently pleaded.

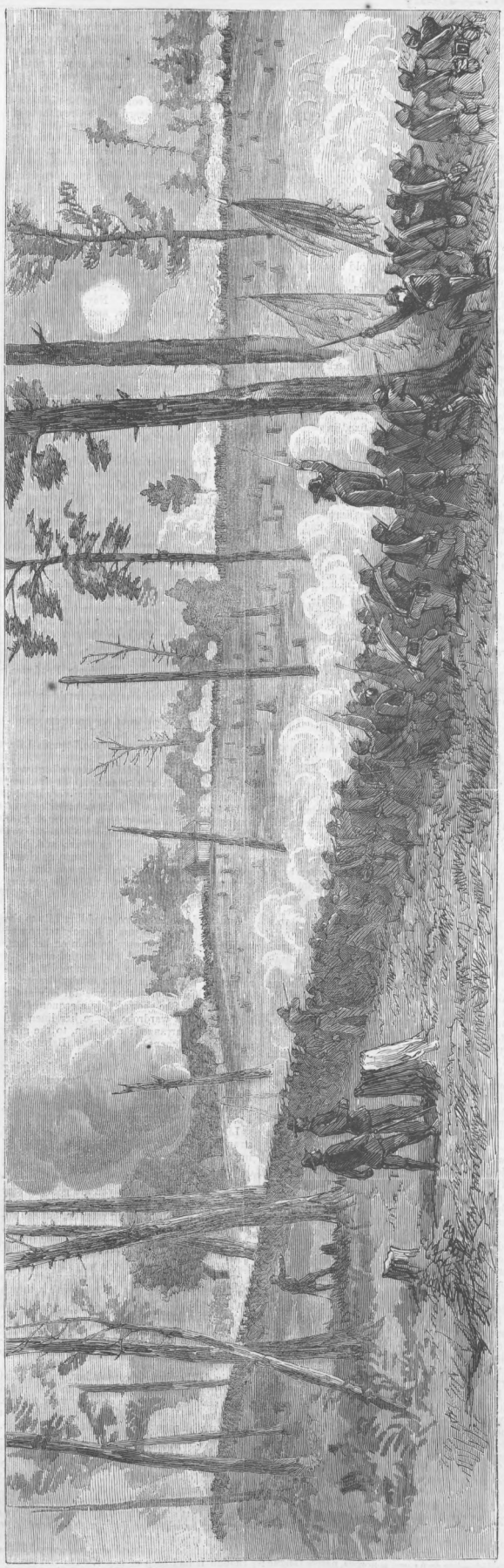
"Very well, very well. I have another resource. I will go to a bureau de remplaçants and sell myself as a substitute for one drawn in the conscription. That is a thousand francs. France always wants men; and I am strong—oh! I am strong yet. Good-night, little ma'amselle."

Poor Vieux Sablons! He was nearly eighty, and would not have made, I fear, a very stalwart grenadier.

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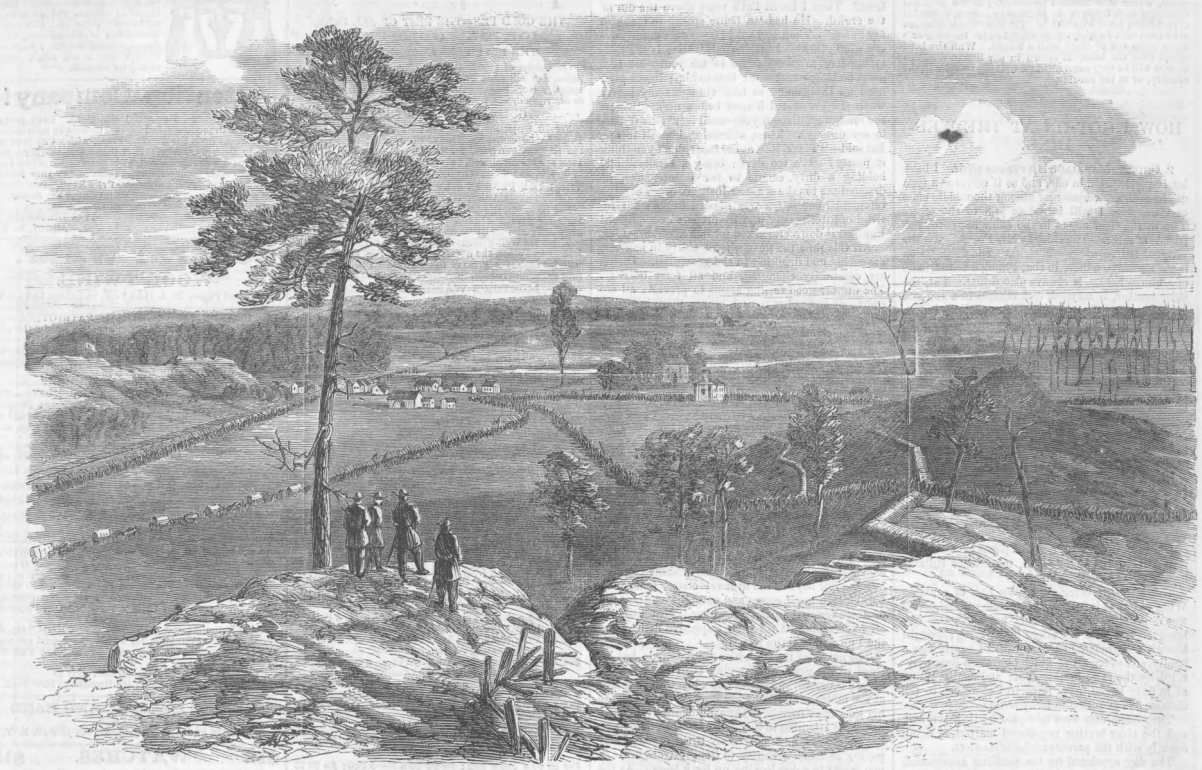


GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—THE POSITION AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 2.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—LAST FIGHT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—OUR ARMY ENTERING RESACA, GEORGIA, ON MAY 16, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on this page a picture of GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY ENTERING RESACA, GEORGIA, on the 16th of May, from a sketch made by T. R. DAVIS from the rebel fortifications. The columns on the left of the picture are the troops of General HOOKER; those of the centre, General PALMER'S command; and those winding down on the far right, the corps of General LOGAN.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

WITH the return of June all the light descriptions of dress material have been restored to their wonted favor in the Parisian world of fashion. Muslins, foulards, poplins, and light silks come in for an equal share of popularity. Violet still retains its sway; and violet, light green, black, white, and havannah will be the "couleurs de prédilection" throughout the summer. Deep flounces are to be given up for the time being; if any flounce, only a very narrow one can be permitted at the bottom of the skirt. The corsages vary much in shape. Small bonnets have succeeded to the highly-elevated and richly-ornamented chapeaux. Some of the latest novelties in the way of bonnets are without the ordinary bavolet, a floral ornament replacing that portion of the capricious article of toilet. It is now quite the mode to wear a small lace veil—the loup, as it is called, descending as far as the nose.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Dark lilac poplin robe, trimmed with black passementerie ornaments. The corsage is cut in the style known as the Corsage Impératrice, without seam. Lilac crape bonnet, covered with black tulle, and ornamented with lilac marguerites beneath the front edge.

Fig. 2. *Carriage Dress.*—Slate-colored moire antique robe, trimmed with violet ribbon, fastened at intervals by bows of the dress material; the sleeves are similarly ornamented. Rice chip bonnet, edged in front with a trimming of black lace, and provided, on one side, behind with a violet bow and green leaf; a small bouquet of green leaves is also placed upon the violet silk bavolet.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1864.

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Fig. 3. *Dress for a Watering-Place.*—Robe of gray moire, which it is needless to describe, as the principal feature of this figure is the Maintenon mantle, composed of cashmere, lined with taffeta. The hood is flat, trimmed with lace, and, forming a pelerine, falls over the shoulders when worn out of doors with a bonnet. With the hood raised over the head, as shown in our illustration, this mantle will be very convenient for evening rambles in the country, or at the sea-side.

HOW I GOT ON AT THE WEDDING.

A CHINESE MARRIAGE is a curious affair. I have lately participated in one, and as it serves as a type of the ordinary ceremonies among the middle class of Cantonese, I will introduce you to the scene. Two of the chief actors in the affair are particular friends of mine. The elder is Mr. Pun-fat, and the younger is Pun-wing. Their father is dead. Pun is the surname, which, in that common contrariness of Chinese habits, is always placed first. Fat, the elder brother, is married, and rejoices in a son and heir, who sometimes condescends to allow me to carry him in my arms without crying, and calls me Mr. Chin-chin. Fat has also a baby-daughter; but children of that sex are not counted by the Chinese.

It chanced that Fat one day, while ruminating on the fortunes of the family, and lamenting, probably, the ill-luck (as they deem it) which attended the sex of his second child, bethought him that his younger brother, Wing, ought to marry. Accordingly, probably (but not of necessity) first acquainting Wing with this happy idea which had struck him so suddenly, he set to work to find a suitable lady to present as a bride to his younger brother. In negotiating these matters it is customary to employ middle-men (or women), who set forth the attractions of the several eligible marriageable ladies who come within their mediatory influence—or, in other words, whose mammas and papas have commissioned them, the middle-men, to seek for suitable husbands for their daughters.

The selection being made—by Fat, of course—Wing was then informed of the state of affairs, and was directed to make necessary preparations. He, however, had some objections to marrying; thought himself too young, had no means of supporting a family, and so on, all of which objections were overruled by the elder brother, Fat; and finally Wing, as in duty bound, gave respectful obedience to the dictates of Fat acting *in loco parentis*.

The middle-men were now paid for their services, and the elder brother negotiated matters of detail directly with the parents of the bride-elect.

The day appointed for the wedding approached. Presents were constantly interchanged. Furniture and decorations were bought or hired for the occasion. All was bustle and excitement. Invitations were sent round: complimentary cards and letters and calls were received.

The day arrived. Fat's house was decorated with gilt and tinsel. Huge scrolls, on which were inscribed quotations from the classics or other works, and which had been presented by the invited guests, adorned the walls. Small orange-trees were introduced into the grand hall, and paper dragons and nondescript animals of the same material vied with each other in hideous ugliness. In the mean time a procession went along the streets. Half a dozen ragged boys, with faded red cloaks making scarce any pretensions to cover the rags and none to cover the bare legs, led the way with timbrels and fifes. Gilded stages, borne on men's shoulders by means of poles, and containing ornaments, fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, etc.; more ragged boys with music and flags; still more boys, gorgeously dressed, the rags more effectually concealed; red and gilt, noise and clatter, rags and faded finery (hired for the occasion), pass along the streets. This is the marriage procession. A huge sedan-chair, one mass of gilded carving, brings up the rear. In this the bride is seated. She is conveyed from her father's house, and carried blindfolded to that of her future husband, attended by none of her own kindred save the youngest male adult member of the family.

The procession halts, commingles with the crowd of sight-seers, and, amidst no small confusion, hubbub, and noise, the bride alights from her sedan, enters the house, and, for the first time in her life, beholds her future husband. Her younger brother, who brought her, leaves immediately, and, except an old servant or two he left with her, the bride is left alone in the midst of strangers, and is at once conducted to her bedroom, arrayed in bridal costume. In the mean while the guests have arrived. They, of course, are all of the sterner sex; nevertheless, etiquette requires them to visit the bride in her own room, when they make any remark they choose as to her personal appearance. "What beautiful feet she has! what superb teeth! what exquisite eyes!" And while these remarks are making she stands bowing to her guests, raising her folded hands to her head, her arms supported by a female servant on either side. All day long guests come and go.

For my part, I had made up my mind to go through this part of the proceeding in person, though I did not like the idea. I learned beforehand that a cup of tea would be handed to me, and I diligently practiced the right pronunciation of a few complimentary words, which it would, I knew, be very rude of me to omit before drinking the tea. It was evening. I screwed up my courage, repeated my complimentary phrase to myself, and boldly entered the small bedroom in company with several Chinese, who, some to have another look at the bride, and some to witness my awkwardness, crowded round me and filled the doorway.

The bride arose and commenced bowing to me. Being a very nervous man, this was rather a formidable attack. What could I do? I made a bow, and then looked to Fat for help. "Oh, Fat!" said I, "do tell her to sit down—tell her not to bow to me. Say something very pretty and polite to her, and say it is from me."

Fat smiled roguishly, raised his voice, and addressed the fair bride. I could not have spoken a word of Chinese at the moment, I was so confused. It was a close, warm evening. The room was very small, very crowded, very hot. I began to feel faint. Then I heard Fat's voice above the din of the crowd. He had "a polite speech to make in my name." Then I heard him say in Chinese, every word of which I understood, "Here is the honorable foreign S—— come to see you. He is a great and important man; bow to him; knock your head on the ground to him" (imagine my horror when she prostrated herself before me). "Show the foreign gentleman your small feet" (she did so, to my dismay). Then, addressing himself to me, Fat said—"There, look at her face: don't you think it pretty? It's too dark: bring a candle;" and holding a dirty candle to her countenance, he dragged me to take a closer inspection. Then the ceremonial cup of tea was handed to me; but instead of uttering my prettily-prepared compliment I gulped it down and asked for more.

All this time the guests, some thirty in number, are eating and drinking in the great hall. Dishes are constantly changing, and all feast heartily. The utmost good feeling seems to prevail; all are courteous and polite to each other; there is a sufficiency of ceremony to preserve decorum, and yet all is sufficiently informal to make all feel at home.

But where is the bridegroom, Mr. Wing, all this time? We left him at the door receiving his bride. After that he participates in none of the festivities, but walks about the festal hall, seeing that his guests are well served, bowing to the doorway every one who goes, and from the doorway every one who arrives! He, poor fellow! eats his plain everyday meal alone. He does not touch the viands the guests partake of; it would not be polite; and very tired he looks. Fat, too, has had a hard day's work. He has to bow and scrape to every guest, and help his younger brother to see that the neighboring cook-shop keeps the tables well supplied. Only he has this advantage over poor Wing, that he may help himself to the viands, and the wine gives him an artificial strength, and a spurious sparkling of the eye, which his unfeasted brother lacks. Six boys at the doorway clatter their cymbals as each guest comes and goes, the constant din of which is any thing but refreshing. By ten o'clock all have separated for their respective homes, and the Pun family retire to rest.

The next day the festivities are renewed; but instead of the gentlemen paying their visits to the bride's bedroom, she comes out when all are seated at the tables, and knocks her head on the ground to her husband's friends. They, unmannerly fellows, pay little attention to this ceremony, but go on eating their nuts, or rather their dried melon-seeds, paying as much attention to the prostrate bride as you might to a dog looking up for a bone. As the son of my father, however, I could not stand this—or rather, I could not sit. So I rose on my feet, and begged her to rise. The Chinese at my table followed my example, and intimated their lordly satisfaction at the homage paid, by saying to the bride, "You are polite, you are polite; that is etiquette: you may get up."

A third day's festivities, with some slight difference in the ceremonies, completed the wedding arrangements of Mr. Pun-wing. That the bride and bridegroom never see each other, and know in fact nothing whatever of each other until the wedding-day, is the proper etiquette. But I believe they very commonly know much more about the arrangements than they profess to do. And what do you think they have instead of bride-cake? A roasted pig! It is cut up, and pieces are sent to the bride's parents and other friends, just as we distribute our much more palatable, though not less digestible cake. But there is more meaning in the pig: the non-receipt of it by the bride's parents causes them anxiety lest some great misfortune should befall their daughter.

The scene at the bride's parents', for two or three days before the wedding, more resembles the preliminaries of a funeral. Every body, especially the bride, is weeping; and if they can not weep a sufficient quantity, hired weepers are engaged, who fill the house with their lamentations, and perform their part so well that any one not knowing that they were only shamming would think their hearts were bursting with grief. Tears flow from their eyes, and they sigh and groan most piteously. All this is supposed to represent the grief of the daughter at parting from her parents.

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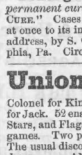
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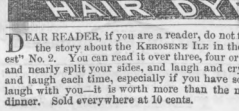
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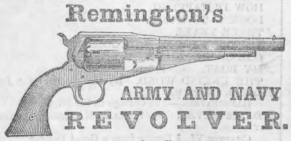
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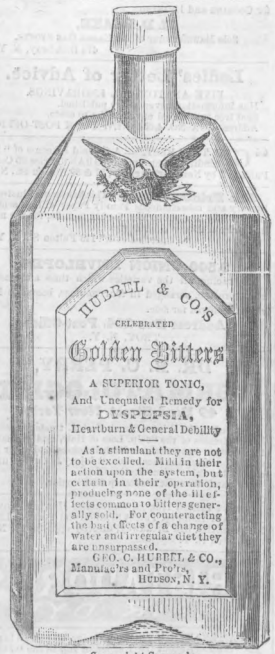
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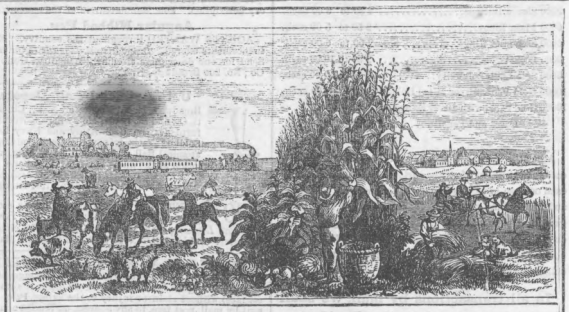
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to tame grasses, for pasturage, offers to farmers with capital the most profitable results. The smaller prairies, interspersed with timber, in the more southern portion of the State, produce the best of winter wheat, Spanish Cotton, hemp and fruit. The lands still further South are heavily timbered, and here the raising of fruit, tobacco, cotton and the manufacture of lumber yield large returns. The health of Illinois is hardly surpassed by any State in the Union.

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In the list of corn and wheat producing States, Illinois stands pre eminently first. Its advantages for raising cattle and hogs are too well known to require comment here. For sheep raising the lands in every part of the State are well adapted, and Illinois can now boast of many of the largest flocks in the country. No branch in industry offers greater inducements for investment.

FRUIT.

The central and southern parts of the State are peculiarly adapted to fruit raising; and peaches, pears and strawberries, together with early vegetables, are sent to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, as well as other markets, and always command a ready sale.

TO ACTUAL SETTLERS

the Inducements offered are so great that the Company has already sold 1,250,000 acres, and the sales during the past year have been to a larger number of purchasers than ever before. The advantage to a man of small means, living in Illinois, where his children may grow up with all the benefits of education and the best of public schools, can hardly be over estimated. No State in the Union is increasing more rapidly in population, which has trebled in ten years along the line of this railroad.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The price of land varies from $7 to $12 and upward per acre, and they are sold on long credit, on short credit, or for cash. A deduction of *six per cent.* from the long credit price is made to those who make a payment of one-fourth of the principal down and the balance in one, two, and three years. A deduction of twenty per cent. is made to those who purchase for cash. Never before have greater inducements been offered to cash purchasers.

EXAMPLES.

Forty acres at $10 per acre on long credit. Interest at six per cent., payable annually in advance; the principal in four, five, six, and seven years.

	Interest.	Principal.
Cash payment	$24.00	
Payment in one year	24.00	
" two years	24.00	
" three "	24.00	
" four "	18.00	$100.00
" five "	12.00	100.00
" six "	6.00	100.00
" seven "		100.00

Or the same farm, on short credit:

	Interest.	Principal.
Cash payment	$16.20	$90.00
Payment in one year	10.80	90.00
" two years	5.40	90.00
" three "		90.00

The same farm may be purchased for $220 in cash.

Full information on all points, together with maps, showing the exact location of the lands, will be furnished on application in person or by letter to

LAND COMMISSIONER,
Illinois Central R. R. Co., Chicago, Ill.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GEN. ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, Commander-in-Chief of the Rebel Armies, whose portrait we give on this page, is unquestionably a consummate master of the art of war. That superiority, indeed, was acquired at the expense and under the patronage of the Government he is now endeavoring to destroy; but this does not alter the fact. His career, prior to his desertion of the flag of the country, may be briefly stated. Born in 1808, he was regularly educated at West Point. In the Mexican campaign he served with the Engineer Corps, and was twice promoted for gallantry. At Chapultepec he was severely wounded. In 1852, while holding the rank of Major, he was appointed Superintendent of the Military Academy; but three years afterward he was sent to Europe with M'CLELLAN, then a Captain, to study the proceedings of the French and English armies in the siege of Sebastopol. About that time he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment of Cavalry, and this was his position when he traitorously forsook his country and entered the rebel service.

General LEE, now in his fifty-sixth year, is six feet in height, erect, well-formed, and of imposing appearance; has clear black eyes, dark-gray hair, and a heavy gray beard. He is plain in dress, wearing a black felt hat with a narrow strip of gold around it, and a plain Brigadier's coat with three stars on the collar. He is said to be popular with his army, but the conviction is growing that in General GRANT he has met his match; and the confidence now entertained in him is not, probably, as great as formerly. In the present campaign he has displayed great tenacity and skill in the management of his army; but in all the elements of strategy GRANT has proved more than his equal.

The photograph from which our engraving is made is one taken by Messrs. MINNIS & COWELL, of Richmond, which bears the stamp of its legal registration in 1863, "in the District Court of the Confederate States for the Eastern District of Virginia."

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE continue our illustrations of General SHERMAN'S campaign in Georgia, which is only second in importance to that of General GRANT in Virginia.—On pages 424 and 425 we present a stirring picture of the REBEL ASSAULT ON GENERAL LOGAN'S POSITION in the battle at Dallas, May 28. The first attack of the enemy was made upon General HARROW'S Division, and a portion of the incomplete earth-works on the extreme front were carried by the assailants and a part of a battery captured. This success, however, was but momentary; WALCOTT'S Brigade immediately charged, driving back the enemy and recapturing the battery. The assault then became general. General LOGAN, seeing the importance of the crisis, dashed along the lines with words of cheer and encouragement, and in a few minutes his troops were swarming over the works and rushing resistlessly down upon the now retiring foe. The rebel assault was made by CHEATHAM'S, BATES'S, and WALKER'S divisions of HARDEE'S Corps. The men said they were told the assault was to be made upon a negro brigade and a few hundred-days' men. Their loss in the assault was 3000 men. Our picture shows General MORGAN L. SMITH'S Division on the extreme left, General OSTERHAUS'S Division next on the right, and General HARROW'S on the extreme right.

On page 421 we give a sketch, showing GENERAL HOOKER'S ESCORT CHARGING THROUGH THE WOODS, and opening the battle near Dallas, May 25. In approaching Dallas this corps marched in three columns, General HOOKER being with the centre column, under the command of General GEARY. Just as the head of the column reached Pumpkin Vine Creek a few shots were fired by a small force of rebels. The escort under Captain DUNCAN dashed across the bridge, which had been fired but not consumed, and a sharp skirmish ensued, the rebel force (of cavalry) being driven back until the ammunition of the body-guard was exhausted. Then a charge was made, led by Captain DUNCAN of the escort and Colonel FESSENDEN of General HOOKER'S staff. Just at this time the head of General GEARY'S column came up and was soon heavily engaged. Thus opened the battle of Dallas. Before night of the same day the commands of Generals WILLIAMS, BUTTERFIELD, HOWARD, and PALMER were all in position.

Another sketch, illustrative of the same battle, is given on page 428. It shows General WILLIAMS'S Division of HOOKER'S Corps driving the rebels through the woods. Colonel ROBINSON'S Brigade is on the left, General RUGER'S in the centre, and General KNIPE'S on the right. On page 420 we give five sketches, showing the scene of several important events in SHERMAN'S campaign. One sketch shows the Eighth Missouri Regiment of LOGAN'S Corps reaching the railroad bridge at sunrise on the 16th of May. The enemy having evacuated Resaca on the night of the 15th, our advance was made at dawn by General LOGAN'S Corps, and Resaca very shortly entered by the Eighth Missouri, the men dashing through the town toward the bridges. The railroad bridge was destroyed, together with the old wooden bridge just fired by the enemy. The rebels had departed so quickly that they had left a caisson on the bridge, and four guns in a small earth-work near by.—Some of the soldiers went on to the bridge and threw into the water the planks already on fire. Of the towns of which our artist gives sketches he writes as follows:

"Adairsville is a small hamlet on the Dalton and Atlanta Railroad. Woodlands, as the map gives it, is the residence of Mr. BAIRDSLEY, an Englishman who has made some money in this country, and has since the commencement of the war been a purchasing agent for the "Confederate Government."—A slight skirmish took place on the afternoon of 18th directly in front of the house, in which the Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania was killed by the Brigade of Colonel Wilder. This Colonel was a very gallant man, and was only killed because he would not surrender. Kingston, like the railroad towns of the South, has few houses. Since the battle of Chicamauga it has been used as a hospital. The inhabitants having been removed further south, it is now the last station on the railroad, and is likely to be the scene of much activity."

On page 426 we give a topographical Map illustrative of General SHERMAN'S campaign since the capture of Resaca. After that event the army crossed the Oostanaula River in two columns—one column, under HOOKER and SCHOFIELD, crossing just below Resaca; and the other, under M'PHERSON, THOMAS, and BUTTERFIELD, at New Echota, a little to the left of Resaca. This latter column separated itself into two after crossing the river, THOMAS and BUTTERFIELD moving on the left, and M'PHERSON on the right flank; while in the meantime HOOKER and SCHOFIELD kept the centre, moving toward Kingston, along the line of the Chattanooga Railroad. The rebel line of defense, stretching along the line of the railroad connecting Rome and Atlanta, north of the Etowah River, not being able to resist this combination, was broken up.—Kingston and Cassville thus came into our possession, though not without some sharp fighting. As a matter of course, Rome was no longer tenable by a rebel force. After resting for a few days and obtaining fresh supplies the Etowah was crossed, and Dallas—in the rear of which JOHNSTON was intrenched—was made the objective of the new lines of approach. Altoona Pass, through which the Western and Atlantic Railroad runs to Atlanta, was taken by our cavalry; and this success, together with the victory of May 28, forced the rebels to adopt a new line of defense covering Marietta, along Lost and Kenesaw mountains. On the night of June 18 this line was partly withdrawn, but still covered the advance to Marietta.



THE REBEL GENERAL ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

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THE LUMBER-MEN OF MAINE.

THERE were shouts in the crowded street,
And a martial music-strain,
And banners waved, and loud drums beat,
As the men of the city came out to greet
The lumber-men of Maine.

A thousand strong and more
From the woods and streams came they;
From where the Kennebec's fountains roar,
And the swift Penobscot twists the oar,
And Passamaquoddy Bay.

Strong knights of the axe and pole,
Kings of the raft and saw,
In brawny limb and dauntless soul
By the breath of the forest air made whole
And the use of nature's law.

They marched with a steady tread
Toward the front of death and pain,
Where the splintered stumps of the trees were red,
And the rivers waited to raft the dead
Of the lumber-men of Maine.

And a thousand more forsook
The axe and the setting-pole,
And the forest camp by the swollen brook,
And in squads the vacant places took
To keep the torn ranks whole.

Dusty and hot and worn
The regiment came to-day,
With a battle-flag all soiled and torn,
And a dozen footless heroes borne
Behind on a rumbling dray.

Through the city's double tide
Slowly they marched again,
With a look of modest, manly pride
That made them tall as they marched beside
The throng of common men.

But a hundred strong and three
They came from the battle-plain;
The others will never fell the tree,
Or sing and dance, when the raft floats free,
With the lumber-men of Maine.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN made a speech at the late dedication of the Battle Monument at West Point, in which he laid down the platform upon which he is to be nominated, if at all, by the Chicago Convention. It is significant as an indication of the present feeling of the shrewder but smaller part of the politicians who are hoping to return to power under the name of Democracy. We say under the name of Democracy for two reasons. In the first place, the unshrinking opponents of the natural rights of man can have no philosophical claim to the name Democrat; and, in the second place, as a party name, it belongs quite as much to ANDREW JOHNSON, DANIEL S. DICKINSON, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, and thousands more, as to HORATIO SEYMOUR, AUGUST BELMONT, JAMES BROOKS, and their friends.

The speech of General M'CLELLAN shows that the shrewder part of the gentlemen who depend for success upon the name Democracy, understand that the people intend the war to continue until the rebellion is subdued. Unless, therefore, they are utterly outnumbered they will construct a war platform at Chicago, and place General M'CLELLAN, their only available man, upon it. But they must look for his support to all the disaffected and peace men in the loyal States. The followers of VALLANDIGHAM and FERNANDO WOOD must be induced to vote for the candidate. Now, if there be any truth in our political situation clearer than another, it is that the majority of those who since the war began have voted for what is called a Democratic candidate and against a Union candidate, as, for instance, for Mr. SEYMOUR in Connecticut and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM in Ohio, would stop the war upon any terms, however humiliating, if they could. If, then, the combination of all the elements of opposition could succeed in electing the Chicago nominee even upon a war platform, his policy as President must be the distinctive policy of all who vote for him. Is it unfair to say that the common ground of that opposition—not the first choice either of the left wing or the right, but the common ground—is negotiation in some form; some arrangement, some adjustment which, as they amusingly assert, will be "honorable" both to the United States and the rebels?

The necessary results of the election of General M'CLELLAN, therefore, even upon his own platform, are easy to foresee. For who are the men who would come into power with him? They are the SEYMOURS, the WOODS, VALLANDIGHAM, LONG, COX, and company. They are the men upon whose success at the ballot-box the rebels declare that they count next to their own victories in the field. They are the men in whose ranks are the apologists of the rebellion, and the steady opponents of all the measures proposed for its overthrow; who declare the rebels invincible; who prophesy only woe and ruin to the country from a continued prosecution of the war; who are constantly deploring the lost prosperity of the nation, and deprecating what they call an unnatural and fratricidal strife. They are the men, in a word, among whom are those who supply the material for the malignant correspondence of the English papers, and cheer the rebel heart with the hope of a divided North.

The peace men are not the shrewdest part of the Opposition, but they are the most logical and the most numerous. They do not prefer General M'CLELLAN as a candidate, they would rather take VALLANDIGHAM, or HORATIO SEYMOUR. But they will yield to the nomination, knowing that a candidate like M'CLELLAN will increase the chances of success at the polls; and that if by that means he could be elected they and their policy would succeed to power. Would not the election of Judge WOODWARD, as Governor of Pennsylvania last year, have been a terrible disaster to the Union cause? Would his policy as President be less disastrous? Yet were not General M'CLELLAN, and FERNANDO WOOD, and VALLANDIGHAM, with all the Copperhead papers, equally, with the leading rebel papers which frankly expressed their hopes of a "Democratic" success, ardent supporters of Judge WOODWARD?

No sincere Union man can forget these things. No observer of our history for the last three years can suppose that the national integrity or honor are safe in such hands. The Chicago Convention could not be adjourned. For the adjournment would be only a plain confession that the managers see no man in the country who seems to them to have even a remote chance of defeating the Union nominations before the people. It would be a confession of doubt and dismay which they would not dare to make. The Convention will meet, and it must choose between an open "peace" candidate and a war candidate. If it adopts the former, he will never be heard of again. If it takes the latter, it can not avoid General M'CLELLAN, for whom many of the delegates are instructed. If it nominates him, he will be supported by the "peace" men of every shade. The practical question, then, for every sincere Union man, will be whether he wishes to sit at a feast of which these gentlemen are the hosts?

It is vain to say that General M'CLELLAN is not a peace man. In a war so vital and tremendous as this, every man must be strongly for it or strongly against it. He must strike the enemy every where and every how. He must comprehend the causes and consequences of the struggle, or he can not adopt a policy which will at once win the victory and secure it. His heart and mind, as well as his hand, must be in it, or the enemy which brings to the contest every force of every kind at his command will inevitably defeat him. This ground he must take, or else insist upon peace upon the best possible terms. These are the only two logical and tenable positions in this war. But to stand between, to qualify and hesitate and doubt, to strike, with a reluctant sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other, a foe who is smiting with both hands, to ignore willfully or utterly fail to comprehend the scope of the war, is to invite at once defeat and derision. There is no conceivable contest in which a soldier of the United States could be engaged, in which he would confront a foe so desperate and so disdainful of conciliation as this; and, consequently, there could be no war in which it would be more clearly his imperative duty to weaken that enemy wherever he could touch him, and pursue a policy which would secure permanently the common peace.

It will be for the people of the country to decide, when General M'CLELLAN shall be nominated, whether his career, his counselors, and the attitude and antecedents of his supporters justify the expectation of overwhelming vigor in the field or heroic sagacity in the Cabinet.

A POLITICAL EVENT.

THE pressure of our own public affairs naturally distracts our minds from more than a cursory observation of the important political events in Europe. Among these events the late speech of Mr. GLADSTONE must be classed; for it is a plain declaration by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a member of the Government, that the suffrage should be so enlarged as to include a great number of the non-voters in England. But upon the principles which Mr. GLADSTONE lays down, the movement can hardly stop short of universal suffrage. "What I would state," he says, "is this: every man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness, or political danger, is morally entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution."

He would avoid sudden changes, but the goal is clear. If that is to be the rallying cry of the Reform party in England it will reform the British Constitution altogether. Mr. GLADSTONE thinks otherwise. He says that it will only infuse new vigor into what he calls "the young and flourishing British Constitution."

But by that Constitution British political society consists of three recognized classes, and one not recognized. The King, Lords, and Commons are the three recognized classes, and the great body of the population, the poor working class, is the one unrecognized. This last is numerically overwhelmingly the largest, and when you begin to admit one of them to the suffrage, it will be very difficult, under any plea of "political danger," to exclude another who is equally fitted. Then you have practically a government of the people, and the inevitable and proper result will be the peaceful elimination from the system of special privilege. Is Mr. GLADSTONE the profoundest, or merely the most good-natured, of British statesmen? Does he really foresee the tendency, which MACAULAY long ago described, of a struggle between Parliament and the people, and does he skillfully suggest this as the beginning of a policy which shall avoid it; or is he only disagreeably struck with the fact that one man is allowed to vote and his equally competent neighbor is forbidden?

The moderately liberal London journals are evidently surprised, and even startled, by Mr. GLADSTONE's speech. What security does he offer, they ask, that the class which is numerically strongest will not obtain complete control of the Government? Clearly none, for there is none to offer. But the orator sees, what so many observers see, that the legislation of England is really conducted now with regard to the supposed wishes of the great multitude of non-voters. A year ago, in April, Lord PALMERSTON sneered, in Parliament, at the idea of asking a change in the British neutrality laws to favor the United States. Six months afterward Lord RUSSELL, at a public meeting in the Provinces, said that such a change would be asked for if the present laws were found inadequate to keep England from a war with the United States. And the reason he gave was, that he believed more than half of the English people were favorable to our Government and its cause. That was reason enough for his Lordship. So at this moment the Queen, out of regard for the memory of her German husband, and of the fact that the future King of Prussia is her daughter's husband, refuses to take the Danish side in the present war. But the heart of the English people is with Denmark; and it remains to be seen whether, under some pretense, the Queen may not vacate the throne.

In truth, as a wise European remarks, monarchy is undermined in Europe. With the general enlightenment of the people, which increases every day, the cumbrous and foolish forms of despotism, however modified, must inevitably disappear. The divinity which doth hedge a king is gone, when you may buy his card photograph for a penny, and see that he is merely a dull gentleman in common clothes. When the consent of England deprived the monarch of the supreme prerogative, it began to strip off the royal robes; and when it is conceded that his Majesty's self is but a ceremony, what becomes of him when all the drapery is removed?

So great was the excitement and even alarm produced by his speech, that Mr. GLADSTONE has published it as a pamphlet with a preface. Opinions are divided as to the significance of the preface. But as the author says that he publishes his speech as it was delivered, and leaves it to "the discerning consideration of the reader," its meaning remains to us unchanged.

Mr. GLADSTONE's speech may therefore be properly called a political event. He has hardly the personal qualities that make a popular idol. He is fastidious, elegant, and a scholar. Those are certainly not disadvantageous qualities for any leader. But there must be added to them a personal magnetism, a profound conviction of the heart, and a heroism which the tone of his preface shows that he does not possess. The leader of the future of England must be made of sterner stuff than Mr. GLADSTONE.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

"IF General LEE is defeated," recently said a relative of his, "he will seek death upon the field." That is only natural. Few men in history have made so tragical and unhappy a name. Educated by his country, and sworn to defend her flag, he lingered and lingered until he could make his treachery most effective, and then drew his sword against his country's life and his own honor.

It is no excuse to say that he considered Virginia his sovereign State, and that his State had, in his opinion, the right, under the Constitution, to secede. The plain question for him was: "Can I honorably desert the flag I have sworn to defend, merely because it may lawfully become the flag of freedom and justice?" For even if it were granted that there may be an honest difference of opinion as to the constitutional right of secession, can there be any doubt whatever of the crime of asserting that right by civil war when no oppression is alleged?

It is the fashion among English writers to call LEE a great General. He is credited with all the results wrought in the Virginia campaigns by the skill and rapidity of STONEWALL JACKSON. But since the death of that General no success, except the repulse at Fredericksburg, has attended LEE's army. During the present campaign he has been steadily outgeneraled by GRANT, whom LEE has not ventured to meet in the open field since the Friday in the Wilderness. We do not complain of this. He knows where he is safest, and he does right to stay there. But when the question is raised of the comparative military genius of GRANT and LEE it is only necessary to compare the invasion of Pennsylvania last year with the present campaign in Virginia.

LEE is naturally praised in England, for he is the enemy of his own country, which England hates. His success in repelling GRANT would be hailed by monarchical and aristocratic Europe as a victory over republican principles and the power of the United States. He is useful to England, as BENEDICT ARNOLD was. The newspapers praise him, but every noble man in that country must regard him as they would regard an officer of their own army who should head a revolt because the Government was growing more humane. ROBERT EDMUND LEE will be known in history solely as the military chief of a conspiracy to destroy the freest and best of governments for the purpose of protecting and perpetuating human slavery.

THE "INAUGURAL PLEDGE."

THE assertion that Mr. LINCOLN made an "inaugural pledge" not to be a candidate for re-election is simply untrue; and we hope that no man whom the people of the United States think fit to intrust with the Presidency will ever make so foolish a pledge. The only allusions made to the subject in Mr. LINCOLN's inaugural are these:

"Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task, for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty."

Is this a pledge that, if the people called him, he would not enter upon another constitutional term of four years? Again he said:

"While the people retain their virtue and vigilance no Administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years."

Is this a pledge of any kind? And yet these are all the passages in the inaugural address which refer to the subject.

NEWS.

THERE are certain worthy gentlemen who inform us that General GRANT has more enemies than we had supposed. General LEE counts for something in the list; but the true foe with whom the Lieutenant-General is contending is —the President of the United States! It is not LEE or DAVIS who plot delays and impede the progress of the army in Virginia, but it is Mr. LINCOLN, who is resolved that Richmond shall not be taken. General GRANT may march and countermarch, may assault and bombard; but it is all to no purpose while the enemy-in-chief takes care to prevent his success. Does the gentle reader ask why the President hinders the Lieutenant-General? Because he fears, reply these worthy people, that he will not be re-elected if GRANT takes Richmond or defeats LEE.

So also in Georgia, of course. It is not JOE JOHNSTON who is "drawing SHERMAN on"—not at all, it is Mr. LINCOLN. He has but one purpose, and that is to prolong the war. He wishes to entangle SHERMAN about Atlanta; so that the struggle may be protracted, and a grateful country, not yet satisfied with the duration and cost of the war, may re-elect him to the Presidency. If GRANT should happen to defeat LEE —if Richmond should fall—if SHERMAN should scatter the army of JOHNSTON, never to be reunited—then the American people, justly indignant with an Administration which had made GRANT Lieutenant-General, and had supported SHERMAN in his too triumphant march, would at once rebuke that Administration by refusing to re-elect it. If the war continues, the delighted people will surely approve the Administration. If it ends, they will repudiate the President in disgust! So maunder these worthy sages; and we hope that nobody is so credulous as to suppose that, in merely echoing the rebel journals in this as in their other views of the war, they really believe what they say.

UNKNOWN HEROINES.

WHILE the soldiers fight and fall, and their names are hailed and remembered with lasting sorrow and gratitude, let us not forget that there are other heroes whose devotion is not less, and heroines who, forsaking home, and friends, and all the bright promise of life, devote themselves silently to the work of helping and educating the unfortunates whom the war has committed to our charity, and who fall unknown and unnamed, except by the few hearts which have followed them with sympathy and admiration.

Miss MARY E. SHEFFIELD, of Norwich, Connecticut, died lately, at Memphis, of disease contracted in her self-sacrificing labors as a teacher of the National Freedman's Relief Association. Her work was performed with unfaltering fidelity among the poorest and most friendless of her fellow-creatures. Her measure of human duty was not the applause of spectators, but the suffering of her brethren, and the true sorrow at her loss is in the hearts of those who have love to give and nothing more.

The war has developed a national character that was not suspected. By fire and steel and terrible contest the young men of the country have been cast into soldiers and heroes. But few know how constant and unreserved are the offers for a service that has no outward glory or even mention from the sisters of those young men all over the land. Wherever the army has opened a path they have walked in it. Angels of mercy, and peace, and en-

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lightenment, they follow the advancing lines of bayonets. Their work is little heeded; their names are unrecorded; but there is a Book of Life in which those names are deathless; for these women early heard and obeyed the divine whisper, "Whoso doeth it unto the least of these my little ones, doeth it unto me."

PRICES AND INVESTMENTS.

FINANCIERS of the Copperhead persuasion are as unreliable as politicians of the same school. Both aim at the same goal by different roads. The one wishes to weaken the Government by crippling our armies, the other by depreciating our funds. The favorite text of the disloyal financiers just now is Prices and the Currency. "Prices," they say, "are not really high; it is the Currency which is low. For a gold dollar you can to-day buy as much as you ever could." They regard gold as the one fixed thing around which every thing else revolves. The truth is, that gold, like every thing else, fluctuates in value in accordance with the law of demand and supply.

Prices are high. Every man who has any thing to buy or sell, no matter whether it be food or clothing, gold or labor, knows this and acts accordingly. That these high prices are caused in part by the increase in the amount of the currency is true. But this is only one cause out of many. No matter what the medium of making exchanges, prices in times of war must always be high. And that for the simple reason that the demand for every product of labor is increased, while the supply is diminished. War draws the farmer from the plow and the mechanic from his tools. It also changes the direction of labor. The shipwright, who formerly built clippers for commerce, now builds Monitors and Ironsides for war. War is also, of necessity, wasteful. An army of a million men must of necessity consume more than the same million would at home. War prices are therefore high prices, by a law just as inevitable as that of the attraction of gravitation.

War prices always have been and always must be high prices. If every dollar of paper currency were destroyed to-morrow, and only specie used in payments, prices would be high. A redundant currency increases this evil, but does not create it. The probability is that the currency of the country has now reached its highest point.

To the general advance in prices there is but one marked exception, and that is the bonds of the Government. They are cheap now, for the simple reason that the exigencies of the war have made them abundant. When the war ends they must be dear, because the supply will be cut off. The man who invests his capital in them now must make a good investment, because they pay a fair interest and are more secure than any thing else can be. The man who has a hundred dollars in Government bonds has really a mortgage to that amount upon every acre of land, every mile of railway, every ship, every house, every article of property, real or personal, in the land. He has, moreover, no trouble to collect the interest. Government does that for him.

It is a great error to suppose that great capitalists alone have an interest in owning Government stock. Every man who has any surplus, however small, should own it. If he owns none he is a debtor to those who do, and his property in every shape is mortgaged for that debt. If he owns this stock he is so far a creditor, and holds a mortgage upon every other man's property. In the long-run these mortgages will cancel each other; and our national debt, so far as it is held by ourselves, will be paid off from the accumulations of past and future years. But the man to whom the nation owes nothing will have to pay his share of the interest and receive nothing; while the man who is a creditor of the nation receives interest as well as pays it.

Government stocks at present prices, or at prices which are at all likely to prevail during the war, are in every way the best investments possible. Every man who wishes to avoid the evils inseparable from high prices should invest a portion of his surplus earnings or capital in Government bonds.

HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

MR. C. F. HALL has just set out upon a second exploring expedition to the Arctic regions. Only two or three days before his departure he finished the revisal of the proof-sheets of the narrative of his first expedition. The work will be published shortly by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, in one large volume, profusely illustrated. The immediate object of this expedition was to gain information of the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his companions. MR. HALL sailed from New London, Connecticut, on board a whaling vessel, in May, 1860. He went absolutely alone, provided with the slenderest outfit with which any man ever undertook such an enterprise. He was absent about twenty-eight months, passing two entire winters in the Arctic regions. During a great part of this time he lived with the Esquimaux, adopting their habits and modes of life; he acquired a fair mastery over their language, and established the most friendly relations with them. On his return he was accompanied by EBIERBING and his wife TOOKOOLITO, two remarkably intelligent natives, who go with him in this new expedition. Although the special object of the first expedition was not attained, MR. HALL practically demonstrated by his own experience that white men, by adopting native modes of life, can exist in the Arctic regions with no more danger to life and health than at home. He found also that the Esquimaux have accurate traditions of the events which have occurred among them for many generations. Many of FRANKLIN'S men were in the prime of life, and he assumes that there is a fair probability that some of them may be still alive, even after the lapse of fifteen years; or, at all events, that by search properly directed, authentic information may be gained of their fate; and as they would be likely to have left written accounts of their proceedings, that these may be recovered. He undertakes the present expedition under the auspices of merchants and men of science, by whom he has been provided with every thing necessary for its prosecution. He will proceed at once to the region where FRANKLIN disappeared. He expects to be absent three years. Whether or not he succeeds in accomplishing the immediate object of his expedition, he can not fail of making important additions to our knowledge of the Arctic regions. Even in a purely commercial point of view the enterprise is an important one; for there can be no doubt that the whales, seals, and walruses which abound in the region will furnish products of no inconsiderable value. In every aspect, philanthropic, scientific, and commercial, Mr. HALL'S enterprise is deserving of the cordial sympathy and liberal encouragement which it has received.

A NURSE'S STORY.

IT was at Memphis that I saw one of the most affecting scenes in my whole experience as nurse. Some one came up one day to the hospital and told me that a boat had just come from Vicksburg, loaded with wounded, in a very suffering condition. I had no one of my own sex with me at the time, save a young girl, a daughter of one of the wealthiest and once most prominent men of the vicinity—a secessionist by the way.

This girl—Olive Lancaster—of course I can not give her real name—had left her father's house to nurse wounded Union soldiers, greatly to the disgust of her family, who at once disowned her, not at all, however, to the daunting of the brave girl.

She had been educated in a Northern school, and she told me sometimes of a young Northern cousin, whom she loved very dearly—beyond cousinly limits I fancied—for her cheek took a richer carmine when she talked of him, and her eyelids drooped, as eyelids are not apt to droop for cousins. It was from him more than any other Northern association she had got those sentiments which banished her from her father's house, and made her a tender and efficient nurse of our loyal defenders. I alone knew how fearfully she watched for his face among the wounded who came to us.

She was very beautiful this Olive Lancaster. The circumstances under which I knew her were enough in themselves to make her lovely in my eyes, but she was undeniably beautiful aside from that—a brunette—dark but clear, with a tropically scarlet lip, and faintly flushing cheeks, and the soft darkness of her eyes was like a June evening. She went with me down to the landing, each of us carrying a basket of such necessaries as we knew by experience would be most acceptable. It was a terrible sight. I have seen other terrible sights since, but then I had had no such experience as that, and I thought when my foot first touched that awful deck that I should faint.

These poor wounded soldiers lay as thickly as they could be put, upon the open deck, and the blood from their wounds had literally drenched the whole floor, so that we could not step without putting our feet in pools of it.

Olive did not once falter. Glancing at her sometimes, I saw that her face was very white, but she stepped quietly along among them—and her eyes had a look in them that I thought must of itself be as much almost to those fainting men as the wine and food she put to their pallid lips.

After the first sickening sensation of fright and appalling I was strong enough. One could not be weak at such a time, with such moans in our ears, such awful need lifting hollow hungry eyes at us. Some had fainted from exposure, privation, and loss of blood; others were so near fainting, that it was long before they could be sufficiently revived to be removed in the litters which were waiting to take them to the hospital. Some were quite dead—for lack; perhaps, of those very offices we were rendering to their surviving comrades. Some—the heroes—refused the succoring draught till a weaker brother had tasted it; and others, delirious, babbled of home, sweet-heart, or wife, "Jonesy," or "little Joe."

There was one among the last that I bent over, and toward whose handsome, boyish-looking face I had glanced more than once as I moved along the line. It was such a young face—handsome as a girl's, and with a patient sweetness about the mouth that touched me exceedingly. His eyes were closed, and he lay so still, so without sound or movement, that I could not tell whether he were dead or only fainting.

But he was neither, for when I touched him, speaking, he opened his eyes and looked at me, and smiled as I offered him wine. Such a smile! I have never in my life seen any thing like it; and the lustre of those eyes—the expressiveness that was in them, and that I can no more paint to you than I can the awful reality of the tragic scene about me. I looked at him in amazement, thinking he was either delirious or unhurt; but he was not the first, and his whole right side was oozing scarlet.

"You haven't got much of that left, and the others need it more than I do," he said, with a gesture of his well hand toward my wine bottle; and then, as I hesitated an instant, "I've got something better than wine. Let me alone, please, and come back when you've attended to the rest of those poor fellows." I passed on, wondering, and got back to him as soon as possible, vaguely uneasy.

Olive was only a few steps away, coming toward us, as I knelt beside him, and his glance tried to reach her; he could not move his head, and his face was turned from her. "Is it Olive?" he asked, eagerly. In an instant it flashed over me who he was—even before Olive, with a low cry, had dropped beside him, and was covering his face with her kisses and her tears.

"I knew you were there," he said; "I heard your voice, and it was better than a whole bottle of wine to me."

"You knew I was here, and yet waited without calling to me?" Olive said, reproachfully.

"You couldn't have come to me without leaving others, you know," he said, gently.

The girl's only answer was a kiss and a sob; and then she said to me,

"It is my cousin Philip."

"Of course it is, Olive," I said, "and it is time he was removed to the hospital."

She got up then, blushing deeply as she saw the men waiting with a litter—waiting with a respectful, sympathetic look, that spoke plainly enough their appreciation of the scene.

Poor Philip was so badly wounded that it hurt him terribly when they lifted him. But though his lips whitened, and drops forced out by agony stood on his forehead, he made no moan.

Olive several times cried out sharply as though they had hurt *her*, and wrung her hands at the pain it was to him.

He lived, but it was with the loss of his right arm; and just before I left Memphis I was present at a ceremony in which my sweet and brave Olive exchanged the name of cousin for that of wife. I left them both there, both nurses, since Philip could no longer fight.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*June* 15. The bill repealing all acts for the return of fugitive slaves was received from the House, and, after some discussion, referred to the Committee on Slavery and Freedmen, from which committee Mr. Sumner immediately reported it favorably.—A report was made from the Judiciary Committee in reference to the right of Generals Schenck and Blair to hold seats in the present Congress. They considered that, while the title of General Blair to a seat is doubtful, that of General Schenck is not, he having resigned his commission in the army before the assembling of Congress, which General Blair did not.—The bills for the disposal of coal-lands and town property in the public domain and granting lands to Wisconsin to build military roads were passed.——*June* 16. The House bills repealing certain provisions of law concerning seamen on board of public and private vessels of the United States, and requiring the prepayment of duties on imported salt before the allowance of bounties to fishing-vessels is made, were passed.—The remainder of the session was occupied in considering the House bill to increase the duties on imports and for other purposes.——*June* 17. The day session was spent in the consideration of the Tariff bill. In the evening, the amendments made in Committee of the Whole were agreed to, and the bill reported to the Senate and passed.——*June* 18. Mr. Harlan reported the Northern Pacific Railroad bill, with amendments, one of which provides that not more than ten sections of land per mile shall be granted for that part of the line east of the western boundary of Minnesota, until the whole line is finished and in running order; and that no railroad already constructed, in whole or part, shall receive the benefit of the act.——*June* 20. A message from the President was received communicating letters and papers relative to Mexican affairs.—The bill to prohibit the discharge from military service by reason of the payment of a commutation came up, and Mr. Wilson's amendment, that every person who shall be drafted, and who shall serve honorably for the period of one year, shall receive a bounty of $100, to be paid upon his discharge from the service, and every person so drafted, who shall be honorably discharged after a term of service less than one year, shall receive a bounty proportioned to his term of service, to be estimated at the rate herein prescribed for one year's service, was passed.——*June* 21. The International Telegraph bill was passed as amended. It grants the right of way, the assistance of the army and navy while building, and 40 acres of land for each station.

HOUSE.—*June* 15. The entire day session was taken up with the consideration of the Senate joint resolution for an amendment to the Constitution abolishing and forever prohibiting slavery throughout the country. After a long debate, participated in by various members, the question was put on its decision, when ninety-four voted for the resolution and sixty-five against it. It thus fell eleven yeas short of the two-thirds necessary for its adoption. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, subsequently gave notice that he would move a reconsideration of the vote.—In the evening session the House concurred in the conference committee's report on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill.—Mr. Knox, of Missouri, was qualified and took the seat recently occupied by General Blair.——*June* 16. The resolution authorizing the Postmaster-General to extend for one year the present contract with the Overland Mail Company was passed. The Internal Revenue Bill was taken up, and many of the Senate amendments concurred in. The amendment striking out the tax on whisky on hand was adopted by a vote of 72 to 62.——*June* 17. Several bills concerning the District of Columbia were passed. No public bills were considered.——*June* 18. A bill was passed chartering another horse railroad in the District of Columbia, from which no person shall be excluded on account of color. The bill giving assimilated rank to warrant officers of the navy was also passed. The joint resolution giving relief to Captain Ericsson, by taking the contract for the new iron-clad *Puritan* off his hands, was passed after a long discussion.—The House took up and passed the joint resolution that the President be authorized to give notice to the Government of Great Britain that it is the wish and intention of the Government of the United States to terminate the treaty arrangements of 1817 in respect to naval force on the lakes at the end of six months.——*June* 20. Some amendments were passed to the Civil Appropriation bill, having special reference to coast surveys.——*June* 21. Several bills were passed granting relief to individuals. Mr. Schenck's bill relative to the draft, proposing that the commutation clause should be stricken out of the Enrollment Act, was rejected—100 to 50.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

After the battle of Friday, June 3, in which it was decided that Richmond could no longer be approached with advantage from the north, preparations were made to transfer the entire army to the south side of the James River. The movement was commenced Sunday night, the 12th, and was completed by Wednesday morning—a distance of fifty-five miles having been traversed by four of the army corps during that time. The Eighteenth Corps proceeded by water to Bermuda Hundred, reversing the route which it took a few days before to reinforce Grant's army. The remaining corps crossed the Chickahominy at James Bridge and Long Bridge, the latter point below Bottom's Bridge, the latter being the extreme right of the enemy's lines at the time of crossing. From rebel journals it appears that Grant was not expected to cross the James but only to reach Malvern Hill, or some other point, the possession of which would flank the rebel right. Wright and Burnside crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, six miles below Bottom's, Hancock and Warren crossing five or six miles farther down at Jones's Bridge. The army crossed the James in the neighborhood of City Point, Wright and Burnside just above, Warren and Hancock ten miles below at Fort Powhatan.

THE CROSSING OF THE JAMES.

Our artist has contributed a sketch on page 429 of the pontoon bridge over the James, across which our army was in steady motion from Wednesday morning till Friday.

Says the *Times* correspondent: "As we approach the pontoon bridge we see distinctly the huge bodies of infantry, cavalry, horses, artillery, and wagons moving across the pontoon. They extend across the entire length of the bridge, and can be seen winding along from far away up the east bank of the James, enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, while on the western bank is a part of the great body which has already effected its crossing. The army has been steadily marching for fifty hours. A brigade or infantry with possibly a thousand cavalry horses and a battery of artillery has just gotten over, and at this moment not more than twenty men are marching in units or couples across the bridge. Now comes a man leading a horse; now a cannon; now a dozen teamsters; now a battalion of negro soldiers. But a heavy body of troops of all arms is passing out of the woods filing on to the bridge, and besides the column of infantry there are immense numbers of horses, long trains of wagons, numberless pieces of artillery and caissons.

"Now another body can be seen emerging from the woods on the river bank, and passing on to the pontoons—a long procession of beef cattle. They are in little detachments of four, five, or half a dozen each, every detachment preceded and followed by two or more negro soldiers. Meridian is an hour gone, and about a mile up the river a heavy volume of dust is sweeping southward. Forward marches the long, long line of cattle. All the afternoon they advance and pour over the river. The movement is slow. I am told that in this whole mass there are but 2500 head, or some six days' supply for the Army of the Potomac."

Below the bridge may be seen a fleet of transports which have been accumulating, waiting for the bridge to be removed before they can pass up to City Point, the new base of supplies. It should be mentioned here that Warren's Corps protected the crossing of the trains.

Our artist has also contributed (on page 429) a sketch of Fort Powhatan, which was just below the pontoon bridge over which Warren and Hancock crossed.

THE ATTACK ON PETERSBURG.

Smith's corps arriving at its destination earlier than the others marched directly on Petersburg. Just one week before, an unsuccessful attempt had been made to take possession of that city by Kautz and Gillmore. On that occasion Kautz had succeeded in carrying the outer lines about the city, but not being supported by Gillmore he retired. The enemy was now better prepared to resist attack.

The forward march from Bermuda Hundred was ordered for 3 o'clock A.M., while some of the transports were yet coming up the James. The Appomattox River, where it empties into the James, separates Bermuda Hundred on its left (or north) bank from City Point on its right; the course of the river is such that it covers the northern front of Petersburg. As the approach was to be made from the east, the Appomattox was crossed by means of a bridge of boats. After crossing, the corps separated into four columns, pursuing different roads: Martindale taking the right or river road, Brooks the City Point road, Hinks's colored division the Jordan Point road, while Kautz, with his cavalry, made a detour away to the left on the Prince Georgs road. Between five and six o'clock, when these columns were within five miles of Petersburg, they came upon some of the enemy's rifle-pits, which were gallantly assaulted and taken by the negro troops. At noon, Smith's corps was within two miles of the city; here it halted, waiting for Kautz. After waiting till evening, and Kautz not arriving, an assault was made on the batteries covering the approaches to Petersburg on the northeast, and supported by a portion of Wise's brigade. The position was carried, a whole regiment, the Thirty-eighth Virginia, and sixteen pieces of artillery, were captured. A portion of the guns were turned against the enemy, who precipitately retreated to Petersburg.

After this success, Smith was reinforced by Hancock, who took the command, placing his corp further to the south and left of the Eighteenth. The next day, Thursday, other positions were carried; and in the afternoon Burnside's Corps came up, moving to the left of the Second. The latter was commanded by Birney, Hancock, suffering from his old wounds, not being able to take the field.

In the mean time it was discovered by General Butler, on Thursday morning, that Beauregard had evacuated the intrenchments in front of Bermuda Hundred. Beauregard, in his haste to assist in the defense of Petersburg, had left before Longstreet, who was to take his place, had come up. Butler took the opportunity thus offered him to destroy a portion of the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad.

Thursday night our forces held the heights south of Petersburg, while the enemy was posted on opposite elevations; the city itself being exposed to our artillery. At six o'clock an attack was made by the Eighteenth, Second, and Ninth Corps, and a line of the rebel rifle-pits was carried. The next morning the assault was repeated, when Burnside carried two more redoubts, capturing four guns and four hundred and fifty prisoners. During the day Warren's Corps reached Burnside's left, and Wright's took the place of Smith's, the latter returning to Bermuda Hundred. In the afternoon Ledlie's Division of Burnside's Corps gained an advanced position which forced the rebels to retire to an inner line. The rebel line stretched between us and the city in the form of a semicircle, both flanks resting on the Appomattox. During the night the enemy made an attack and recovered an earth-work which Burnside had wrested from him in the morning. On Saturday three attacks were made, and the flanks of our army were pushed up close to the rebel works, the centre remaining nearly the same.

OPERATIONS IN THE SHENANDOAH.

Sheridan crossed the Pamunkey on the 7th, and moved eastward, in the direction of the Gordonsville Railroad, intending to strike a point south of Gordonsville, and then march through Mechanicsville, cut the Gordonsville and Charlottesville Railroad, and move on Charlottesville. In pursuance of this plan he arrived at Buck Childs, three miles northeast of Trevilian Station, on the Gordonsville Road, on the 10th. Here he found the enemy's cavalry in his front. An obstinate contest followed the next day, in which the enemy was driven back by Gregg and Torbert from his breast-works to the Station, where he was attacked in the rear by Custer and completely routed, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands, besides five hundred prisoners, including twenty officers. The next day, the 12th, the railroad was destroyed from the Station to Loraine Court House. Sheridan then advanced against Gordonsville, but finding the enemy too strongly posted there he withdrew his command across the North Anna. His loss during the expedition was about 575, of whom 490 were wounded.

In the mean time Hunter, after taking Staunton and effecting a junction with Crook's and Averill's commands, proceeded against Lynchburg. Our news of this movement comes through rebel sources. The various commands marching from Staunton by two roads, formed a junction several miles northeast of Lexington, which town they captured on the 11th. Lynchburg was only forty miles distant, and on the 13th our forces had invested it on the north, south, and west. Averill had also cut the Lynchburg and Charlottesville Railroad at Tye River Bridge, 24 miles from Lynchburg. The bridge was burned.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

Sherman's line has not been materially altered since our last week's report. The Confederate works on the Kenesaw have been hardly pressed, and Thomas has gained ground. In an engagement on the 14th the rebel General Polk was killed; Stingis, after his defeat at Guntown, was relieved of his command, and A. J. Smith was dispatched by General Sherman to operate against the rebel cavalry in the rear of the latter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

General Foster informs the War Department that he is in receipt of a dispatch from the rebel commander at Charleston, stating that five Union General officers, prisoners of war, have been placed in those portions of Charleston subject to our fire. General Foster asks and has received permission to have an equal number of rebel General officers exposed to similar perils from the enemy's fire.

The ship *Rockingham*, from Cadiz for Queenstown, was burned by the pirate *Alabama*, on the 32d of April, in latitude 15° south, longitude 35° west.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

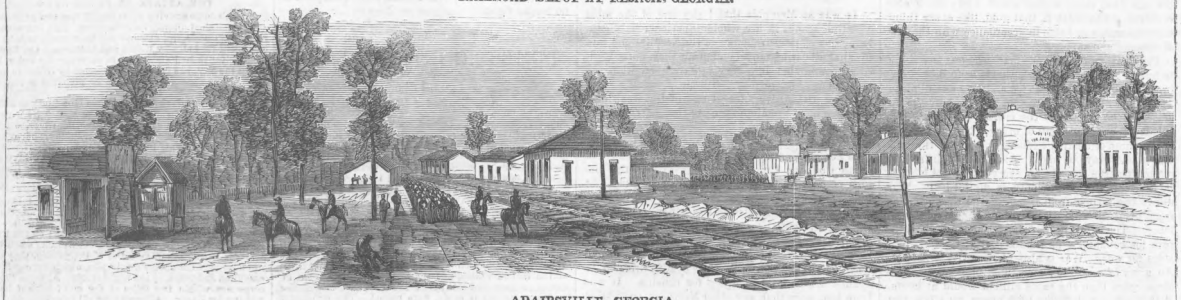
THE Dano-German Conference held at London was to be extended to the 25th. Denmark refuses absolutely to treat on the Schleswig line.

In a debate in the House of Commons on Federal recruiting in Ireland, strong remonstrances were made against it by Earl Russell, who has several times complained of the non-attention of the Washington authorities to the representations made by Lord Lyons on that subject.

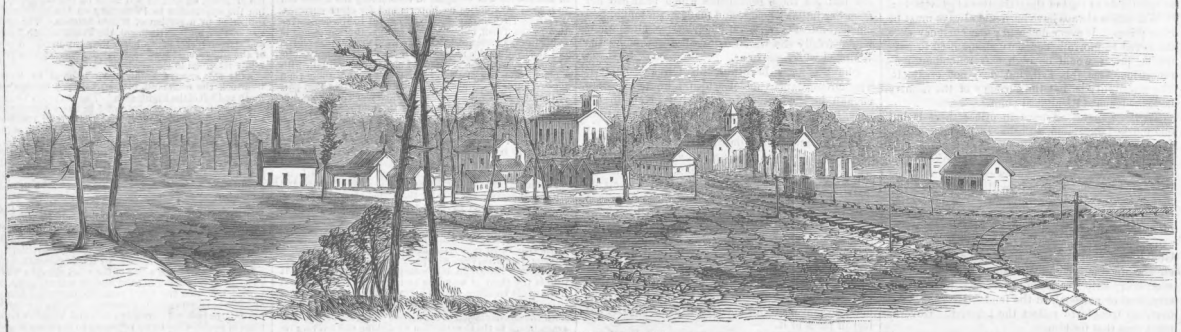
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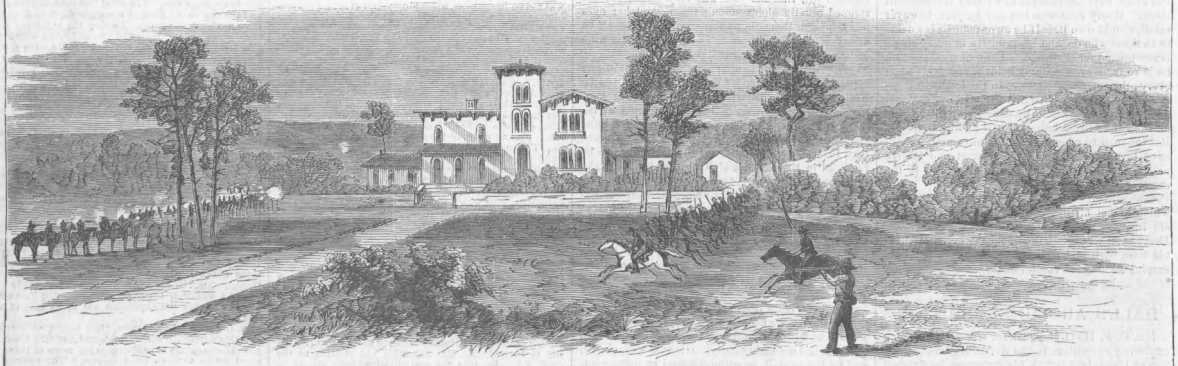
RAILROAD DEPOT AT RESACA, GEORGIA.



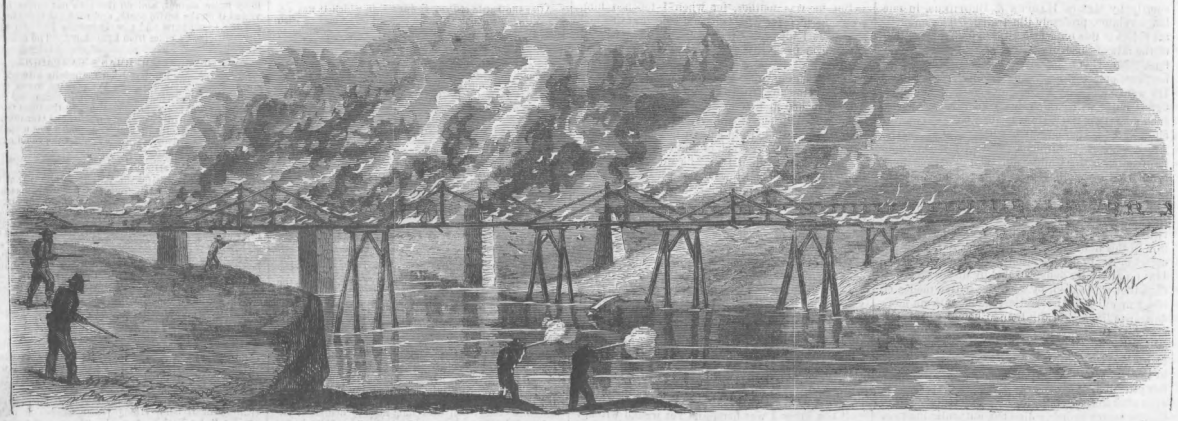
ADAIRSVILLE, GEORGIA.



KINGSTON, GEORGIA.



WOODLANDS, GEORGIA.



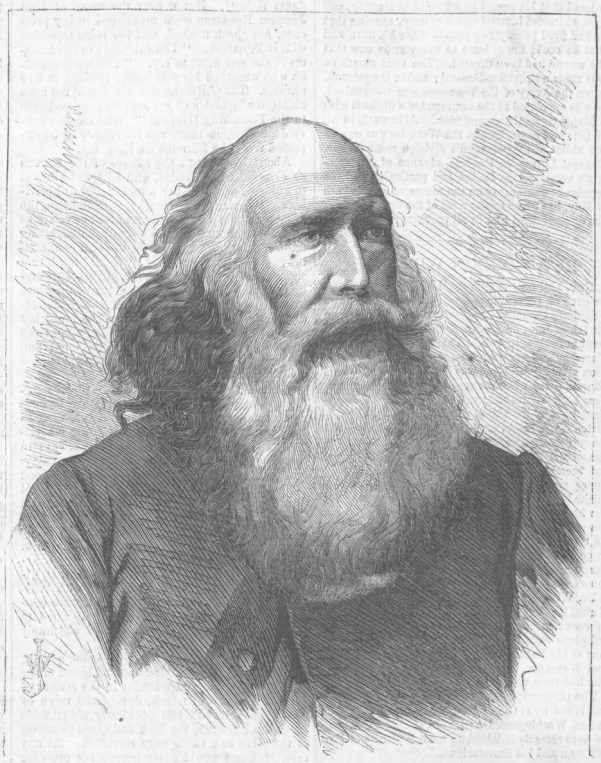
BURNING THE RAILROAD BRIDGE AT RESACA.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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"FIGHTING JOHNNY LOGAN."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. MORSE, HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.]



THE LATE REV. GORDON WINSLOW.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

GENERAL LOGAN, whose portrait we give on this page, was originally known to the public as a member of Congress from Illinois, and in that capacity was intimately associated with the DOUGLAS school of politicians. When secession was first threatened, LOGAN said that "the men of the Northwest in that case would with their swords cleave their way down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico." It happened to be Mr. LOGAN'S privilege not only to witness but to participate in the execution of this threat. He resigned his seat in Congress at the outbreak of the war, and having raised the Thirty-first Illinois Regiment, became its Colonel. He behaved with great gallantry at Donelson, where he was quite severely wounded in the thigh, but yet retained his post on the field; on the surgeon's urging him to leave the field, he simply



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—GENERAL HOOKER'S ESCORT CHARGING THROUGH THE WOODS.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS. [SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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ordered that his wound be attended to secretly, and then addressed himself again to duty, arguing that he had fired twenty-two rounds since his hurt, and that he could fire at least as many more now that the wound had been dressed. The next month he was made a Brigadier-General; and in the autumn, when the Army of the Tennessee was reorganized, he was appointed to the command of a division with a Major-General's commission. Afterward, in all of GRANT's campaigns in the West, he was one of the ablest of that General's division commanders. General LOGAN, in the late advance of M'PHERSON's command on Dallas, and particularly in the repulse of the enemy on the afternoon of the 28th of May, has given fresh proofs of the heroism which has distinguished him in all previous campaigns.

REV. GORDON WINSLOW.

REV. GORDON WINSLOW, D.D., whose portrait we give on page 421, and who fell overboard from a Sanitary Commission steamer on the Potomac, on the 7th of June, and was drowned, was born in Vermont in 1804, prepared for Yale College at Andover, Massachusetts, and graduated at that institution. Soon after his attention was drawn to the Episcopal Church, and he became rector of a church in Troy, New York, and subsequently in Annapolis. Afterward he was for many years rector of St. Paul's, Staten Island, and Chaplain of the Quarantine. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Chaplain of the Fifth New York (WARREN's) Zouaves, and accompanied that regiment in all its trying scenes and hard-fought battles. He was distinguished for his bravery, and his services gained for him high credit and renown among the army. He also served on the Sanitary Commission, and when his regiment returned last year he was appointed Inspector of the Army of the Potomac. His efficiency and valuable services will not soon be forgotten.

DR. WINSLOW possessed a fine social nature, full of good heart and noble soul. His traits of character were remarkably well blended. All his motives and plans were of a high and noble cast. At the time of his death he was accompanying his son, Colonel WINSLOW, of the Fifth New York Zouaves, who had been wounded, to Washington.

The photograph from which our portrait is made was taken by GARDNER, corner of Seventh and D streets, Washington, District of Columbia, to whom we were recently indebted for the fine picture of Mr. LINCOLN and his Secretaries.

THE ESCAPED SLAVE AND THE UNION SOLDIER.

SURELY not the least interesting of the varied war-pictures which we present to our readers this week will be two sketches on page 428—one, the picture of a negro slave, who fled from Montgomery, Alabama, to Chattanooga, for the express purpose of enlisting in the army of the Union; the other, a picture of this same negro, endowed for the first time with his birth-right of freedom, and allowed the privilege dearer to him than any other—that of fighting for the nation which is hereafter pledged to protect him and his. Are these not affecting pictures which are here presented to us? On the one side, the poor fugitive oppressed with the weariness of two hundred long miles of dusty travel, a journey interrupted by a thousand necessary precautions, and harassed by timid suggestions of a fate more horrible than death if he is discovered; with his meagre covering of rags about him: and on the other side, the soldier crowned with freedom and honor. Can we not at length have faith in that heroism which has been so gloriously illustrated at Wagner and Olustee and Petersburg, and which, in the face of the Fort Pillow massacre, yet offers itself afresh in the person of a poor fugitive, who, from the heart of the enemy's country, gives himself, at the risk of death or of a torture worse than death, to a cause simply because it is inevitably associated with the problem of his freedom?

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PEACE.

LILY's life in the Marais was, for six months, peaceable, and uneventful, and happy. One day was like another, but all the days were quiet and cheerful, and they passed swiftly by. Lily rose at eight, and took Madame de Kergolay her coffee and milk in her bedchamber. Lily read to her, over her own breakfast, the news from the only journal which was permitted to penetrate into the establishment: the Legitimist *Gazette de France*. Madame de Kergolay was no very violent politician, but her convictions were firm. The iron had long since been forged into steel. She spoke of Napoleon as "the too celebrated M. de Bonaparte." Whenever she alluded to Robespierre it was with a shudder, but without invective. She called him "that miserable man." Louis the Sixteenth was to her always "the martyr king." Marie Antoinette, Madame was not very enthusiastic about—her career, she observed, was "equivocally tenebrous;" but she regarded the Duc de Berri as the victim of perfidy, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême as a saint. The house of Orleans, then regnant in France, she named with sorrow, but without asperity, as "the ingrates of the cadet branch." She seemed (with one exception) to bear no malice toward any of the deplorably famous characters of the revolutionary epoch. As Talleyrand did, she always spoke of the philosopher of Ferney as "Monsieur de Voltaire." She gave Mirabeau his title of count, and admitted the eloquence of Camille Desmoulines and the patriotism of Madame Roland. But if ever the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau were mentioned in her presence, her cheek flushed, and her voice trembled with indignation. "The vulture in dove's feathers!" she was wont to cry. "The sentimentalist who wreathed his murderous poniard in fine phrases. The philanthropist who would not have children whipped, and yet sent his helpless babes to the Foundling Hospital!" And for poor crazy Jean Jacques there was no charity to be expected from the Baronne de Kergolay.

About ten o'clock the lecture of the *Gazette de France* was concluded, and Lily was allowed to enjoy what was to her a most delightful privilege. She went out to market with Babette, the homely femme de charge. At first her relations with this woman were of a slightly embarrassing nature. Babette seemed to be under a continual nervous apprehension lest Lily should think that she was jealous of her, but the girl's gentle and unassuming nature gradually gained confidence in the housekeeper's mind, and before a fortnight was over she told Lily that she loved her next to Madame de Kergolay. The convict's wife was zealously but unaffectedly pious; and she never went to market without going to church for a few minutes.

When Lily returned from market it was nearly noon, and the déjeûner à la fourchette, or midday breakfast, was served. Until two or three in the afternoon she worked at some of the marvelous tasks of embroidery which were always in hand, or else she read to Madame de Kergolay. Novels were not entirely banished from the good dame's intellectual course. The feuilleton novel was, it need not be said, proscribed; the wild productions of the romantic school were likewise inadmissible; and the baronne had probably never heard of George Sand or of Paul de Kock. But the genteel fictions of M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt, and the decorous numbers of M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand, in French, with Walter Scott and Miss Porter in English, were considered worthy of entry, and were listened to with complacency by Madame, and absolutely devoured by Lily.

After this, if the day were fine, came a walk. In her youth, perhaps, Madame had heard of the unholy kidnapping expeditions in the streets of Paris, by means of which, during the reign of the "well-beloved" and peculiarly abominable Louis the Fifteenth, the flesh and blood preserves of the Parc aux Cerfs were recruited. At any rate, Madame would never permit her protégée to go out alone. For seven years, confined by a painful and hopeless malady to her bed and her invalid chair, she had never left her third floor in the Marais; but she recognized the necessity for regular exercise in Lily's case. Sometimes Babette was deputed to accompany her in a two-hours' walk on the quays or in the Champs Elysées. Sometimes Vieux Sablons was commanded to escort her; but there were drawbacks to the advantages accruing from the protection of this faithful domestic. Vieux Sablons was a slave to the exigencies of style. Although with great difficulty he had been dissuaded from wearing, whenever he took his walks abroad, the silver-fringed cocked-hat which had been specially made for him when the emigrants returned in triumph with the allied troops in 1814, he insisted on carrying a portentous cane, with a gilt copper knob and two pendent acorns, and in tapping this staff on the ground from time to time as he walked, somewhat after the manner of the beadle at St. Germain des Prés during an ecclesiastical procession. The consequence was, that the gamins, or little blackguard boys of Paris, who are assuredly not to be beaten for impudence and cruel acumen by the youths of any other capital in Europe, were accustomed to laugh at Vieux Sablons, to call him "Marquis de Carabas," "Micromegas," "Voltigeur de Louis Quatorze," and the like, and to follow him, hooting and jeering, and occasionally casting mud and stones at him after the unhappily too frequent fashion of democratic and ill-trained juvenility. And these proceedings, naturally leading to "explications" between Vieux Sablons and the blackguard boys, in which the bamboo stick took somewhat too vivacious a part, a tumult was more than once the result, when Vieux Sablons had unpleasant altercations with the sergents de ville, not devoid of reference to a visit to the nearest post or guard-house. Vieux Sablons experienced infinite pride and pleasure in escorting the "little m'amselle," as he called Lily—she was always to be little—but his style stood in his way, and the baroness would rarely suffer him to confront the perils of the little blackguards' satire.

At all events, Lily contrived to get a good bracing walk almost every fine day. At least twice a week Madame Prudence would look in to pay her respects to the baroness, and then it was she who would officiate as Lily's chaperon. Often, too, the Abbé Chatain would come, but ecclesiastical etiquette forbade that worthy man to be seen in the street with a young lady. Once, when Babette and Lily were walking in the garden of the Luxembourg, they came upon the abbé, who was sitting on a bench reading his breviary. He rose in haste as they approached, and, blushing scarlet, walked away. He pettishly warned Babette, the next time he came to the Marais, against "compromising" him. Poor Abbé Chatain! He, too, was a slave to style.

Once, also, when Lily and Madame Prudence had ventured beyond the Triumphal Arch at the top of the Champs Elysées, and were wandering through the then ill-tended thickets of the Bois de Boulogne, they came upon the entire Pension Marcassin undergoing the dolorous relaxation of the "promenade." The girls were all rigidly watched by governesses and sub-governesses, and bad marks were plenteously distributed for such offenses as not keeping step, or turning the head over the shoulder to gaze at a quack's platform, or a Punch's show; while, for a wonder, at the head of the procession marched the terrible Mademoiselle—the Marcassin herself.

She eyed her former pupil and victim narrowly, and with an evil countenance, as, trembling in every limb, and feeling herself turn white and red by turns, Lily passed. The Marcassin had got well rid of the unprofitable scholar; she had a hold upon her, in case her friends should ever come forward; and yet she experienced a kind of cold rage at the thought that the girl had slipped through her fingers. It was so easy to punish the pupil who had no friends. It was so facile to torment the child who dared not complain. The Marcassin was vexed that, in a moment of weakness, she had permitted the abbé to take away the little English girl. Indeed, she was angry with the abbé altogether. He did not come so frequently as he used to come. He spent most of his leisure time in the Marais. He cared no more for tric-trac. He sounded the praises of the Baronne de Kergolay too often and too warmly. As for Lily, he spoke of her goodness, her meekness, her docility, in a manner which, according to Mademoiselle Marcassin, was perfectly sickening. "Ce bonhomme d'abbé radote—he maunders," quoth the strong-minded schoolmistress. "I must seek out another director for the Pension Marcassin."

However, she knew that she had lost her prey, and was content to glower at the girl as she saw her, happy and prosperous, and with the glow of health upon her cheek. The governesses, taking the cue from the Marcassin, surveyed Lily and her companion with supercilious sneers, but their private comments failed to harmonize with the public recognition they had bestowed on the ex-pupil.

"She has been adopted by a duchess," one whispered.

"A duchess; bah! by a poverty-stricken old emigrant baroness out of the Vendée, rather. A pensioner on the ancient civil list, probably. My father was out in the Bocage. He was a Bleu. He knew all ces gens-là, and had four Kergolays shot in one day."

"It is no matter. La petite looks very well. She is not amiss, la petite."

"She was always an affectionate and obedient little thing, and it went to one's heart to have to punish her when she had committed no misdeeds, merely because such were the orders of superior authority."

"Well, she is out of the lion's den.—*Will* you walk straight, Tavernier l'Ainée, and refrain from using your fingers as castanets, or shall I report you, for the fifth time during the existing promenade, to Mademoiselle Espréménil, for ultimate reprimand and correction by Madame?"

The misdeeds of Mademoiselle Tavernier, the elder, who was a [illegible] muscular young Christian indeed, and always scandalizing the proprietors of the pensionnat by ill-repressed acrobatic feats, drove Lily out of the minds of the governesses, and half a minute after the scholastic cortége had passed by, she was forgotten by all save the Marcassin. But the Marcassin remembered her very well.

Madame Prudence had not beheld this little scene unmoved. She had, it will be remembered, an old feud with the schoolmistress; and, deliberately spitting on the ground, with certain solemn expressions of disparagement and defiance, she drew Lily's arm under hers, and walked on at a quick pace.

Lily did not fail to tell Madame de Kergolay, when they reached home, of her little adventure. The baroness deemed it her duty gently to chide the priest's housekeeper for her intemperance of language toward Mademoiselle Marcassin, but added the expression of a hope that she had not heard it.

"With a thousand reverences toward yourself, Madame la Baronne, and begging pardon for having spoken in the language of the people to which I belong, and against the canons of Christian charity which have been taught me by M. l'Abbé Chatain, I most sincerely wish that Mademoiselle Marcassin did hear what I said. Too long she tormented at her ease this dear innocent child; and the stories which the abbé has told me of her cruelty and tyranny have made me, time after time, burn over with the desire of tearing her wicked old eyes out."

"That would be very wrong indeed, Madame Prudence"—it was the baroness who spoke. "We should forgive all our enemies, even as we hope to be forgiven."

"I humbly ask pardon," replied Madame Prudence with a low courtesy; "and I will pray for Mademoiselle Bluebeards this very night; but I should like to pass a little quarter of an hour with her nevertheless."

"And I am sure," interposed Lily, "that I forgive her. It was nothing, perhaps, but temper."

"It was nothing, perhaps, but choux-fleurs à la sauce," Madame Prudence said afterward, in good-humored banter (but not in the baroness's presence), to Lily. "My poor little angel heart, I tell you that woman was made of marble. Marble! Lava of a volcano rather. Some years ago it may have been boiling and red-hot, and now it is turned into stone."

The dinner-hour on the third floor in the Marais was invariably six o'clock. The bill of fare was always simple; but the style, on which Vieux Sablons so prided himself, was never lacking. Twice a week the baroness fasted. She did not expect Lily to do the same, and even endeavored to dissuade her from following her example; but the girl thought in her simple heart that it would be selfish not to abstain from meat, as her friends did upon meagre days; and besides she thought the sorrel soup, the fish, the vegetables, and omelets which Babette served up on non-flesh days, very nice and succulent. On Sundays and feasts they had generally some little extra delicacy—a charlotte aux pommes, or a turkey stuffed with chestnuts.

After dinner came, on visiting evenings—that is to say, when Madame "received" on Tuesdays and Thursdays—a few very old gentlemen and a few very old ladies. They all seemed to have been shipwrecked, to have been knocked to pieces like the porcelain dessert services, and put together again. The Vidame de Barsac was seventy. He earned his living now as a teacher of English, a language he had acquired during the emigration. The Count de Panarion had been a mousquetaire gris. He was glad enough now to do hack-work for a bookseller in the Rue St. Jacques. Monsieur de Fontanges had been a Knight of Malta. How he managed to earn a crust of bread now was not precisely known. It was a delicate subject, and not much talked about. Madame Prudence, indeed, once hinted to Lily that the "poor dear man," as she called him, had been compelled to accept a post in the orchestra of a theatre, and played second fiddle at the Odéon for a hundred francs a month.

The ladies were as antique and as dilapidated as the gentlemen. They were marchionesses, countesses, or plain mesdames, but all of noble birth; one, Mademoiselle de Casteaunac, was a sentimental old maid, who had been a beauty. They were all miserably poor, hiding their heads in cheap boarding-houses, or cheaper garrets, or pining on the miserable pensions on the civil list, allocated by the government for the support of the decayed Bourbon aristocracy, and the sparse funds of which were supplemented every year by a grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville. The sentimental old maid had but one aspiration. She had an income amounting to the magnificent sum of twenty-five pounds a year. If she could only manage to raise it to forty (a thousand francs) they would receive her as a nun in one of the gloomiest and rigidest convents of the Faubourg St. Germain. It was not a bright prospect, but poor Sister Anne gazed at it wistfully from the tower of her spinsterhood. To be allowed to have your hair cut off, and to wear black serge and a veil; to be permitted to sleep on the boards, and scarify yourself with a horse-hair vest, get up in the middle of the night to repeat the lamentations of Jeremiah, and subsist chiefly on stale bread and black radishes, and scourge yourself twice a week! Well, there are ambitions of various kinds, and Mademoiselle de Casteaunac's ambition extended no further than this. But she was deficient in her budget just fifteen pounds per annum, and her long-coveted bliss was unattainable. It is a practical age, indeed, when maceration costs money, and the treasurer of the vestal virgins expects a novice to come prepared with a compact sum in the Three per Cents.

These poor old people came and paid a feeble, fluttering court to Madame de Kergolay. She had lent—that is to say given—most of them money; the name she bore was honored and famous, and they accorded her a sincere and awful homage. Of all the victims of the dreadful revolution none had suffered more deeply than the Baronne de Kergolay. She was almost a martyr. She had sat upon the steps of the scaffold. She had been in the tumbril. Her hair had fallen beneath Sanson's shears. Her husband, her father, her dearest friends and kinsmen, had been drowned in Robespierre's red sea. She said once, in sad playfulness, that she felt almost as though she had been decapitated, and her head had been sewn on again.

The entertainments in the Marais were not costly. Vieux Sablons, in connection with the yellow wax-candles in the silver sconces, provided all that was requisite in the way of style. For the rest, there was a little weak tea. The guests brought their own snuff, and what more could they want? They paid their little compliments, vented their meek complaints against the ungrateful government of the cadet branch, buzzed about their small scandals, and sometimes indulged in raillery, or drifted into dispute. Now and then a game at tric-trac or Boston was made up; and at ten o'clock all took their leave, and the establishment on the third floor went to bed.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SCAPE-GRACE.

SAID Vieux Sablons to Lily Floris, one morning—it was in the sixth month of her residence in the Marais:

"Little m'amselle, to-day there is 'bombance.'"

"I don't quite understand you, Vieux Sablons. Bombance! What is that?"

"True, I am an animal. Madame would pull my ears for talking to you in so rude a manner. Madame always speaks classically, and expects her domestics to observe good style in their language. I mean, that to-day there is a festival, a holiday, a gala."

"And why, Vieux Sablons? It is not a fête-day of your Church."

"Little puritan m'amselle! What do you know about our feasts or our fasts either? Though, for the matter of that, you insist upon making meagre whenever Madame does. But to-day is a secular holiday. The Scape-grace is coming."

"The Scape-grace! Who may he be?"

"Ah! you will find out soon enough. The scamp—the brigand—the ne'er-do-well—the good-for-nothing."

Lily turned hot and faint. Who was coming? She recalled the horrible story of Babette's husband. Was the convict expected?

"There!" exclaimed Vieux Sablons, good-humoredly, as he observed the girl's agitation; "I am a brute, a buffalo, a rhinoceros, to terrify you so, little m'amselle. One would think I was announcing the advent of Le petit homme Rouge—the little Red Man who was wont to appear to Bonaparte. It is only M. Edgar Grey-

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faunt, Madame's graceless grand-nephew, who is coming."

"A-a-h!" murmured Lily; and it was a long-drawn "a-a-h."

"Don't be frightened. He will treat you as a child. Monsieur can only spare time for the grand dames of the Faubourg St. Germain. Monsieur even disdains to break the hearts of the grisettes in the Latin Quarter. Oh, Monsieur is very tenacious of his nobility."

"He is noble, then?"

"Is he not Madame's grand-nephew? Does she not come of an ancient and illustrious stock? But he has none of the Kergolay blood in him. He has nothing to do with the old manor of Vieux Sablons; and, between you and me, little m'amselle, I don't think much of his nobility, for—"

"What, Vieux Sablons?"

The old man had come suddenly to a stop. He resumed, now, in some confusion: "What an imbecile I am! My tongue is always running away with me. I was going to say that I mistrusted his nobility because he is an Englishman. I can not endure them, those sons of Albion! Why has he not a 'De' before his name? Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt! That sounds neither more nor less than the name of a bourgeois. But I forgot, beast that I am, that Madame herself was of Britannic origin, and that every thing belonging to her, even in the remotest degree, must be noble."

"And I, too, am English, Vieux Sablons," remarked Lily, sadly.

"But you are not noble," returned the old man, simply.

"I don't know. I am Quite Alone."

"It is not your fault, little m'amselle. An enfant trouvé may be the descendant of Henri Quatre. But we were speaking of Edgar. The prodigal grand-nephew has condescended to announce his intention of paying us a visit. It is six months since Monsieur deigned to set his foot beneath our humble roof."

"Why does he stay away so long?"

"Why indeed. He professes to be very fond of his aunt. He can come often enough when he wants a billet of five hundred francs. But Monsieur has been away sketching, forsooth, and visiting the grand seigneurs and the grand dames at their châteaux. He despises the poor broken-down aristocracy of the Restoration. Nothing will suit him but the mushroom barons of Philippe, the newly-fledged peers of France, the marshals who, the day before yesterday, were drummer-boys. He visits the corps diplomatique. He is hand-in-glove with the Bourse. He is a favorite with bankers' wives. Oh, Monsieur is a man of fashion, the pet of Frascati's and the Café Anglais. Et tout ça n'est qu'un peintre. He is only a painter with a half-furnished atelier in the Rue Neuve des Augustins, and if it were not for the goodness of Madame, his grand-aunt, he would starve."

"Vieux Sablons," interposed Lily, gravely, "you are talking scandal. If Madame heard you, she would be very angry."

"Well, you are right, little m'amselle. I have no right to make observations; I, who am merely a poor valet de pied promoted to the chamber since our establishment has been reduced. Old Rococo, Monsieur the prodigal calls me. Yes, I am old, and broken, and rococo. I know nothing, save to preserve the traditions of the grand style we used to keep at Vieux Sablons, and to love, and serve Madame; and if I survive her, my only wish is to be buried in the same cemetery, and the same grave, at right angles, at her feet. The old nobility used to grant such privileges to their faithful servitors."

Lily was very sorry to see the old man moved; for two big tears were coursing down his parchment cheek. M. Edgar Greyfaunt was, evidently, no favorite of his. But his devotion to the lightest behests of his mistress got the better of his own personal feelings, and he resigned himself to the task of killing the fatted calf in anticipation of the arrival of the prodigal grand-nephew.

It was a very busy day. The invalid was agitated, as she always was when Edgar was expected. She was tetchy, almost cross, and Lily had to follow out the recipe of smiling upon her, and kissing her a great many times before sunset. The marketing done that morning was prodigious. Babette missed her outdoor orisons. The famous turkey stuffed with chestnuts was prepared as a pièce de résistance. The dessert was on a sumptuous scale. Madame Prudence, by special permission of the Abbé Chatain, came to help; and with the assistance of sundry little copper stew-pans, and a red brick stove fed with charcoal, concocted entrées of so overpowering and titillating an odor, that the subtlety of the aroma penetrated even to the boudoir of Madame de Kergolay, who, smilingly, speculated as to whether it was the compote of pigeons, or the salmi of partridges—of both of which Edgar was very fond—that Madame Prudence was cooking.

As for Vieux Sablons he rubbed and polished the plate until it seemed in danger of disappearing utterly under the influence of excessive attrition. Lily was told that she was not to do any thing, and was even scolded by Madame de Kergolay for offering to arrange the dessert; but she stole away in the course of the afternoon to deck the dining-room table with flowers, and display the napkins in symmetrical shapes, and fit little frills of cut paper to the candles.

Vieux Sablons whispered to her about five o'clock that there would be Champagne at dinner, and also Chambertin.

"It is the grand vin, the famous vintage of 1827," he added. "Madame has only five bottles of it left. Only imagine! What extravagance! But she would dissolve diamonds in his Chambertin, if it were possible, and she had them."

M. Edgar Greyfaunt came to dinner, but he came late. It was twenty minutes past six before he condescended to ascend the staircase and pull the horse-hoof attached to the silken cord. But had he come at twenty minutes past midnight he would have been welcome. It was not the slightest misfortune of Madame la Baronne de Kergolay that she literally idolized her graceless grand-nephew.

He was received in all ceremonious form, and with two lighted candles, by Vieux Sablons, triply powdered for the occasion.

"How are you, my ancient?" Lily heard him cry out in a loud ringing voice in the vestibule. "The same inimitable make-up. Vieux habits vieux galons! What a prodigious old mannequin it is. At the Italiens, mon cher, thou wouldst be invaluable as lackey to Doctor Dulcamara."

He was speaking in French, confidently and fluently, but with a broad Saxon accent. He thee'd and thou'd Vieux Sablons, not affably, but superciliously, and whenever he called him "tu," or "toi," the old domestic, who was only accustomed to endure that familiarity from the lips of his mistress, bowed humbly, but visibly shuddered.

Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt was ushered into the presence of his grand-aunt. He sank on one knee with a becoming grace enough and pressed her hand to his lips. It was the homage of aristocrat to aristocrat. But when he rose he tossed his head aloft and threw an insolent look around as if to compensate for the act of humility he had just performed.

The compensation was almost gratuitous. There was no one in the room at whom to toss his head or look insolent but a poor little English girl.

When his grand-aunt had folded him to her breast at least twenty times; when she had kissed his forehead, his cheeks, his eyes, his lips, over and over again; when she had smoothed his hair, and pressed his hands between her own white palms; when she had bidden him to stand away from her a little that she might better regard him; when she had recalled him to fondle and caress him; when she had called him her darling Edgar, her hope, her pride, her sole comfort and stay in old age—she bethought herself that they, too, were not Quite Alone, and that there stood one present who was. She held out her kind hand to Lily, and pulling the trembling, blushing girl forward proceeded to present her to M. Edgar.

"This is Miss Lily Floris," she said, in English, "a little English friend of mine. She is very good, and quiet, and useful, and I love her very dearly. You must be very kind to her, Edgar, and not at all sarcastic, for she is very young and timid."

Edgar made Lily a bow which was accompanied by a nod, and supplemented by a sneer. It seemed to say, "You are infinitely beneath me, my young friend, but since my aunt desires it I will condescend to be civil to you." The girl shrunk, but, alas! not angrily, from his bold gaze. In the remotest corner of her heart the trembling little fingers of her soul were already beginning to set up an idol. As yet what had she possessed to bow down to and worship? And how many of us are there who prostrate themselves every day to stocks and stones and think them gods?

Edgar Greyfaunt was eminently handsome. They were all there: the trappings, and gewgaws, and flounces, and furbelows of man's comeliness that drive silly women out of their wits. He was tall and shapely, and his nose was aquiline, and his teeth were white. His hands and feet were small, and his auburn hair curled in rich luxuriance over his broad white forehead. Nature had provided him with every luxury. All the accessories and addenda of beauty he possessed. None of the trifling adjuncts, the absence of which the cunning eye of a woman quickly detects, were absent. The slight mustache he wore became him infinitely. There was a touch of softness in his smile to relieve its impudence. There were silken eyelashes to veil his bold glance. There was a dash of music in his loud clear voice. There was strength as well as elegance in his limbs. Women like a Narcissus grafted on the Colossus of Rhodes. The middlingly handsome man has no chance with them. To succeed, you must be either a model of manly and athletic beauty, or else as ugly as Jack Wilkes or Gabriel de Mirabeau, and with the serpent or the devil's tongue. And sometimes squinting Wilkes and pock-pitted Mirabeau are more successful than Adonis the Life Guardsman and Antinous the muscular heathen.

They went in to dinner, and the prodigal grand-nephew was feasted. Lily kept her eyes consistently on her plate from the potage to the dessert, yet for all that she was perfectly well aware that his highness the grand-nephew's gaze was seldom away from her face. Madame de Kergolay ascribed her blushings and tremblings, her droppings of knives and forks and napkins, to timidity. To what other cause, indeed, could they be ascribed?

It is needless to give an accurate report of the table-talk. Madame de Kergolay uttered little beyond interjections of admiration and affection. Lily said nothing at all. As for Edgar Greyfaunt he simply bragged, and a handsome braggadocio has little to fear when his only two possible interlocutors are a fond, doting old woman and a shrinking girl. He bragged about every thing in general, and himself in particular. About the praise M. Delaroche, whose pupil he was, had bestowed upon his study in oil from Michael Angelo, and the chance he had of carrying off the Grand Prize of Rome at the approaching competition at the School of Fine Arts. About his jokes in the studio, and his fencing-matches with his fellow-students, whom he always vanquished. About a young painter scarcely so old as he, who had just got the cross of the Legion of Honor. "Every body admits that I am superior to him in form, in composition, and in color," quoth Edgar, modestly; "but then, you see, I am such a fainéant, such a lazy fellow. Never mind, I shall catch up young Rapinard in a year or two."

Madame de Kergolay fondly believed that he would, and in her secret soul marveled, whatever those tasteless idiots, the Jury of the Exposition of Paintings, could have been about, to recommend Rapinard for the cross. It is true that Prince Greyfaunt had never exhibited any thing. He told his great-aunt, with his easy laugh, that Rapinard was the son of an employé in the Pompes Funèbres—an undertaker's man; that his mother kept a bureau de nourrices—a servants' registry office; that he had a head like Quasimodo in Notre-Dame de Paris, and one leg shorter than the other. Madame de Kergolay was only acquainted with one Quasimodo—the duly-calendared saint of that name; but good, charitable, Christian woman as she was, she could scarcely help despising the bourgeois Rapinard, the son of the croquemort. She did not know that Rapinard rose at six every morning, to draw from the round till nine; that he painted all day; that he sat up half the night poring over his Albinus, and drawing the bones of the skeleton, and the upper and lower layers of muscles backward. And, had she known that Rapinard lived chiefly on red eggs and sous'-worths of Brie cheese; that he kept his father the under-undertaker, who was blind, and his mother the registry-shop keeper, who was paralytic; and that he was accustomed to say, "Never mind; we shall be better off when I am a member of the Institute and an officer of the Legion" (and Rapinard, I rejoice to say, is both at this present writing); had Madame la Baronne been reminded of these trifling things, her opinion concerning Rapinard would have changed, I warrant, to a surprising degree.

But there was no end to the Sultan Greyfaunt's bragging. He condescended to bestow a long evening on his aged relative, and when he was tired of bragging about art he gave fashion a turn. With vain-glorious loquacity he dwelt upon the grand houses to which he had been invited during his sketching tour; "for, although," he remarked, apologetically, "I mean to be a historical painter, one mustn't lose sight of the value of landscapes in back-grounds." His talk was of dukes and counts, of presidents of the Chamber, and keepers of the Seals. When his grand-aunt asked after the bearer of some memorable name, some waif and stray of the great revolutionary shipwreck, he laughed.

"Ask me after the Doge of Venice. All these people are as rococo as Vieux Sablons yonder, and are sensibly hidden away in the Marais, like rats in a hole. Now and then I cross the river to the Rue de Lille or de Bourgogne, and look up the respectable antiquities left high and dry by the receding tide. Do you know, my aunt, there are still people who believe in the most Christian King Charles the Tenth, and speak of that little boy over yonder as Henry the Fifth?"

"And you, my nephew," the old lady, in mild expostulation, interposed: "do you forget that I too have touched the hand of the sainted Charles, and that my only king is Henry?"

"There was a king in Thule—history of five hundred years ago—history of the Deluge," returned Edgar, coolly. "I might just as well revive the claims of the Lancashire Greyfaunts to half a dozen dormant peerages. I dare say we are entitled to them," he added, with a proud look.

Then he went on to say that one must live with the moderns, and take the world as it came. "A banker's daughter, with a dowry of two millions, and a pedigree out of the Rue des Mauvaises Paroles: or Mademoiselle the Marquis's eldest, with nothing but her virtue (and that of the most acidulated character), and a genealogical tree as wide-spread as a banyan. No, no, give me Miss Banker and her fat money-bags."

Warmed by the Chambertin, he began to speak of the Jockey Club, to which he intended to obtain admittance some day; of steeple-chases and billiard-matches; of the cafés and the Bois de Boulogne; of the duels he had fought, and the bets he had made (and won, of course); of the actresses—

But when he came to the dramatic chapter of his adventures Madame de Kergolay discreetly whispered to Lily, and she and Vieux Sablons wheeled the invalid's chair, not, as was customary, into the boudoir bedchamber, but into the salon—the which, in honor of the grand-nephew's visit, was lighted up with no less than six wax-candles. This was not one of Madame's reception nights. She only expected the Abbé Chatain, and found him waiting for her.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

COOL.—A poacher lately described himself as a "game-keeper."

GREENBACKS.—The paper having the largest circulation in the world is now said to be that issued by Secretary Chase. It is an extremely loyal publication too: it supports both the Administration and the Union.

"WORM-WOOD."—A coffin.

A PINT IN QUESTION.—They are talking of giving beer to cattle. Let 'em put some spirits into 'em—say gin. Well, say you, what kind of gin? Why, say I, as it's for cattle, try Oxy-gin.

Some ladies use paint as fiddlers do rosin—to aid them in drawing a beau.

Wanted, a strong adhesive plaster, to make busybodies stick to their own business.

Adam caused our evil ways, and MacAdam mended them.

Says his landlord to Thomas, "Your rent I must raise,
I'm so plaguily pinch'd for the peif."
"Raise my rent!" replies Thomas; "your Honor's main good,
For I never can *raise it* myself."

It is customary in some churches for the men to be placed on one side, and the women on the other. A clergyman, in the midst of his sermon, found himself interrupted by the talking of some of the congregation, of which he was obliged to take notice. A woman immediately rose, and wishing to clear her own sex from the aspersion, said, "Observe, at least, your reverence, it is not on our side." "So much the better, good woman, so much the better," answered the clergyman; "it will be the *sooner over*."

A kind-hearted but somewhat weak-headed Scotchman got into the pulpit of the parish church one Sunday before the minister, who happened on that day to be rather behind time. "Come down, Jamie," said the minister, "that's my place." "Come ye up, Sir," replied Jamie; "they are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation the people o' this place, and it will *take us baith* to manage them."

After a long drought there fell a torrent of rain: and a country-gentleman observed to Sir John Hamilton, "This is a most delightful rain; I hope it will bring up *every thing out of the ground*." "By Jove, Sir," said Sir John, "I hope not; for I have sowed three wives in it, and I should be very sorry to see them come up again."

An Irish gardener seeing a boy stealing some fruit, swore, if he caught him there again, he'd lock him up in the *ice-house*, and *warm* his jacket.

An old offender being asked whether he had committed all the crimes laid to his charge? answered, "I have done still worse! I suffered myself to be apprehended."

A captain in the navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the *happiest* fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

A lady reproving a gentleman during a hard frost for swearing, advised him to leave it off, saying it was a very bad habit. "Very true, madam," answered he, "but at present it is too cold to think of parting with any *habit*, be it ever so bad."

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," replied he, "and see how you open your mouth, *that I may know what sort of words will fit it*."

A gentleman, who did not live very happily with his wife, on the maid telling him that she was about to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night, exclaimed, "Happy girl! I wish I could give *warning* too."

Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I., but was refused admittance into the royal closet by a sprucely-dressed countryman of the king's. James, hearing the altercation between the two, came out and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?" "Oh no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "inflict a severer punishment—*send him back to Scotland!*"

An Irishman being asked which was eldest, he or his brother, "I am eldest," said he, "but if my brother lives three years longer we shall be *both* of an age."

It was observed of an old citizen that he was the most regular man in London in his attendance at church, and no man in the kingdom was more punctual in his prayers. "He has a very good reason for it," replied John Wilkes, "for, as he never gave a shilling, did a kindness, or conferred a favor on any man living, *no one would pray for him*."

By one decisive argument
Tom gain'd his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the bridal day.
"Why in such haste, dear Tom, to wed
I shall not change my mind," she said:
"But then," says he, "I *may*."

A physician was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people about their own complaints, and said that a lady once asked him what his next lecture was to be upon, and being told "the circulation of blood," replied that she should certainly attend, for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time.

A lad who had lately gone to service having had salad served up for dinner every day of the week, ran away, and when asked why he had left his place, replied, "They made me yeat grass in the summer, and I war afraid they'd make me yeat hay in the winter, and I couldn't stand that, so I weer off."

CUSTOMER. "A slight mourning hat-band, if you please."
HATTER. "What relation, Sir?"
CUSTOMER. "Wife's uncle."
HATTER. "Favorite uncle, Sir?"
CUSTOMER. "Um—well, yes."
HATTER. "May I ask, Sir, are you mentioned in the will?"
CUSTOMER. "No such luck."
HATTER (*to his Assistant, briskly*). "Couple o' inches, John."

"I want to ask you a question," said a little boy to his drunken father. "Well, my son." "Why is a rum-hole like a bad quarter?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

Some burglars, upon entering a house, blew out the lights, and tied the occupants in different parts of the room. One of them took it to heart sadly, and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm undone—I'm undone!" Upon which the other replied, "Then come and undo me."

Stubbs said to one of his debtors, "Isn't it about time you paid me that little bill?" "My dear Sir," was the consoling reply, "it's not a question of time, it's a question of money."

Jenkins is a man who takes things humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a "rippin' blue," Jenkins cried after him, "There you go, my *es-steemed* friend."

A victim of sea-sickness described his sensation thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; the second hour I was more afraid I shouldn't."

If the ant gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

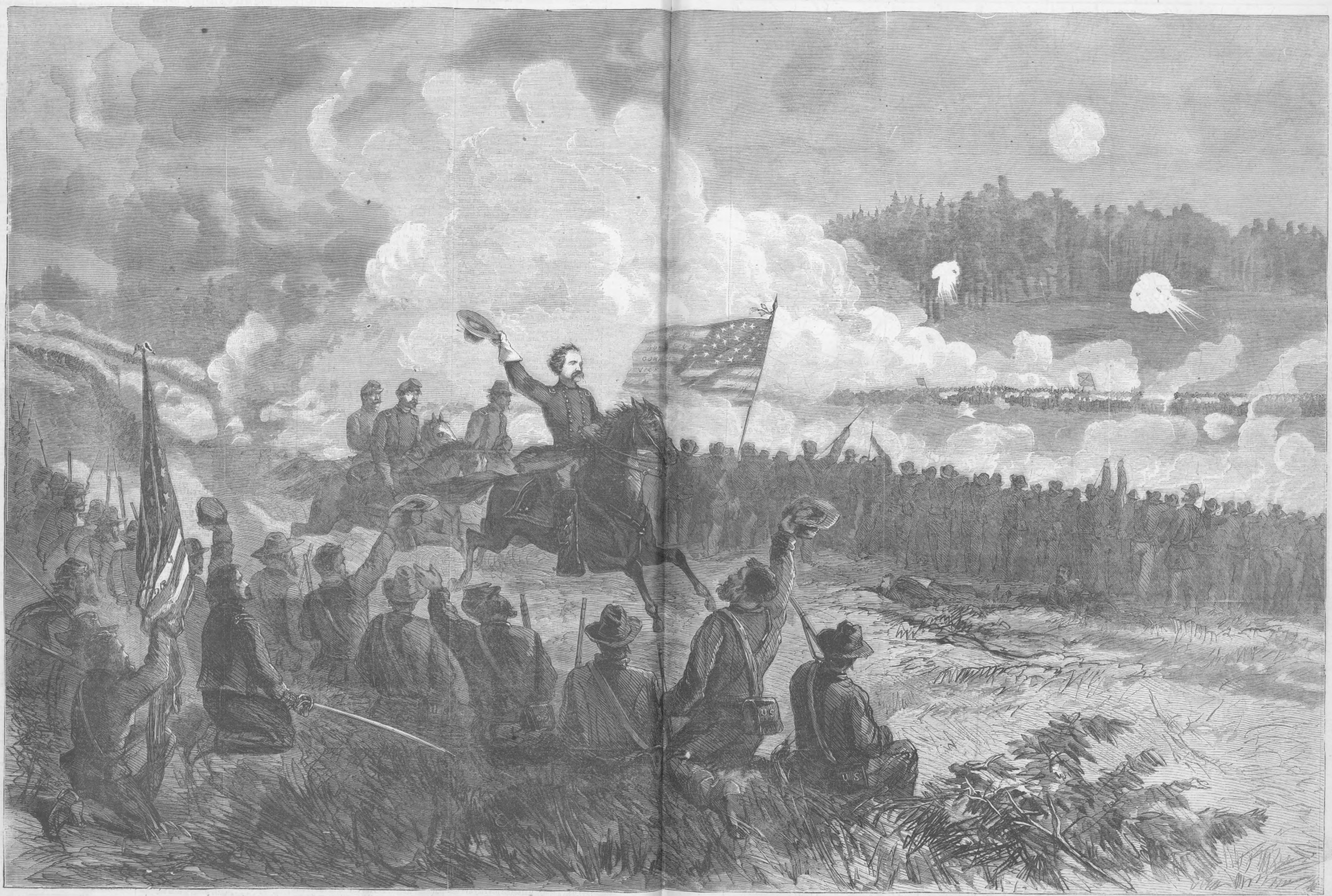
The man who beats a drum for the "March of Time" has gone to play on the "Horn of Plenty."

At the bottom of an order for a lot of goods lately received by a firm in Liverpool from a Dublin house was the truly Irish *nota bene*: "Send the whole at once and the remainder afterward."

"I didn't think you would be so hard with me," as the shark said when he bit the anchor.

The lady looks oldest who tries to conceal her age. If she refuses to let her age be upon her tongue, it will be all the more in her face.

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE REBEL ASSAULT ON LOGAN'S POSITION IN THE BATTLE AT DALLAS, MAY 28, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP ILLUSTRATING GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE ON ATLANTA, GEORGIA. [SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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THE NAMES OF THE DEAD.

EVERY day the names we read
Of the heroes who have sealed
On the bloody battle-field
Freemen's faith in freedom's creed.

Dearest names of common phrase
Known around the board and fire
Ere the lips began to tire
Of life's tangled, wordy ways.

Names that in the past have hung
Like far-lighting, steadfast suns;
And unknown and uncouth ones,
Strange unto our Saxon tongue.

Names whose sounds were madly hurled
By the waves on Norway's crags;
Names that have been battle-flags
To the armies of the world.

Names that Ossian's numbers rolled
Round the stormy Hebrides;
Names that kinged the southern seas
In the misty days of old.

Crabbed names like unhewn stones
From some shattered Gothic dome;
Names with which imperial Rome
Silenced conquered nations' groans.

Each has held some music breath
In its smooth or rugged sound;
Some sweet tone with each is bound
In the silentness of death.

Oh! they are the sacred names
Which the language of the free
Gives to immortality
On a fairer scroll than Fame's.

BEHIND THE ORGAN.

How long have I pumped at church organs you want to know? Well it's over fourteen years at the very least. May be fifteen. P'r'aps more. Long enough, patience knows; for it's pretty hard work blowing an organ in hot weather.

Have I known many organists? That I have—a precious set of scalliwags most of 'em are, too. Why here, in this very church, I've blowed for nine or ten.

Which do I like best? Why the light ones of course. Can't bear at all those heavy, noisy, blustering players. Give me the light, pretty, soft players. They don't need so much wind and make twice as good music.

Will I give you some of my experiences? Tell you what I've seen in choirs, do you mean? Well as to that there ain't much worth talking about, but such as there is you're welcome to it. Shall I begin when I was a boy? Well, I will.

My father was sexton of a little country church at Stillwater, on the Hudson, and got fifty dollars a year for sweeping out the place. Of course it didn't take him much of the time off his work, and then he used to get me at doing the sweeping after school hours. So it was precious little trouble to him. The church stood alone, on the top of a little elevation familiarly called Zion Hill. We were Episcopal. The Baptists had a big square meeting-house nearly opposite, and the Presbyterians a bigger one on the other side with a steeple. We had no steeple, to be sure, but to make up for it we had a square tower with little gingerbread woodwork on the top, and pointed pinnacles on the corners, with a lightning-rod on each. Besides this we had a big clock that faced four ways. It had not gone for four or five years excepting gone to wrack and ruin; and so when you looked at it from the north it was half past four o'clock, while on the south it was a quarter to one, the east and west, however, agreeing between themselves that it wasn't very far from eight, though they couldn't say just to a minute, you know. Besides, the east face had lost one of the hands, which, naturally enough, interfered with its accuracy.

To cap all, we had a bell, a genuine old bell, which had been brought from New York and given to the congregation by a rich old maid, who was buried in the grave-yard ever so long ago, with a grave-stone telling how "affliction sore long time she bore." We rang the bell a great deal, and were very proud of it; especially as it served for all the other congregations who had no bells of their own; so when we rang, the Methodys and Baptists and Presbyterians would begin to fix up and say, "Come! There's the 'Piskerpul bell. We must be agoin'."

Have I ever blown in other churches? Of course I have. I was two years in a Methodist church, and a year with the Dutch Reformeds—and they're no better than Presbyterians, you know. They pay well, I must say that for them, and don't need near so much wind. It's our long 'Piskerpul chants that's so wearin' on the organ-blower. And as to the *Te Deum!* it almost does me over. I always think it's laziness on the part of the minister when it's sung instead of read; and if there's any thing I do despise it is laziness.

Our congregation at Stillwater wasn't very large. I think there was always a scarcity of vestrymen, because there were so few men of any kind in the church. They used to say in Stillwater that it was dangerous to go into the 'Piskerpul church, for any one man seen there two times in a year was sure to be elected a vestryman; if he attended four Sundays following, he was a warden the very next Easter.

We had a few quite stylish families, who came in carriages and brought gilded prayer-books with them; and we had a poor Englishman and his wife who never paid any pew-rent; and there were, too, a few pretty girls from the Miss Wilkinses boarding-school, who used to come in a string, and had a big square pew near the pulpit. In the afternoon the young men from the Baptist and other churches used to hang about our door till the Wilkins girls passed in.

In those days I used to blow the organ for glory, and never dreamed of being paid for it in cash. Our organ—the only one in the village—was deemed quite an extensive affair, though, bless your soul, I've blown others since then half a dozen times bigger. It had five stops and a few pedals. The schoolmaster, Mr. Birch, played it till he died. Then Miss Haughton, one of the Wilkins girls, took to playing; and the same Sunday I took to blowing. Right glad I was of it too, for all the Sunday-school scholars envied the blower, and would very humbly beg for a chance to "help him pump." I wish to goodness some one would only offer to help me pump nowadays!

It was a small organ, and needed precious little wind and muscle to fill it; and there was a piece of lead sliding along a groove which told me when to stop blowing. To be sure on the first Sunday, without thinking, I let the wind escape several times, with an awful squawk on each occasion; but that was natural enough to a new beginner. Miss Haughton, however, made no allowance for me, and snapped at the bellows signal in a most irritable and unpleasant manner. Then she sent one of the singers to reprove me; for she was too fine a miss to speak to me herself. It was her first Sunday at organ-playing, and, to tell the truth, she didn't know any thing more about her part than I did about mine.

In those days I was a Sunday-school scholar, and pretty well up in my ten commandments and my catechism and my collects. Besides all these, I knew the fourteenth chapter of St. John by heart, and could say off at least a dozen hymns. So I had, you see, a good bringing up, and always expected to be a regular church-going man. But la! I never dreamed of passing my church life *behind the organ*.

From my little nook there, any way, I could see what was going on in the choir, and I used to often wonder why the singers whispered and talked so much, and why they never listened to the sermon; not that I listened to it myself, but then I had a vague notion that the duty of grown-up folks was to pay the strictest attention to the minister's discourse, and enjoy it too. Yet the choir folks only chatted and turned over the tune-books and munched candy. I have since found out that this is what choir folks do in all churches of both country and city.

Miss Haughton was as beautiful as a picture, and by-and-by it seemed to me a great pleasure to blow the organ for her pretty white fingers to play upon. Those fingers! How soft, white, and delicate, with nails tinged as delicately as if they were each a fresh, pale rose-leaf. She wore two rings: one containing a pearl, and the other an emerald. Once I let the wind go quite out, while thinking what a beautiful diamond ring I should buy her were I only rich.

She had a pretty little face, shaded, or rather lighted, with golden curls; and her mouth closed over wonderfully beautiful teeth. After playing she would take her seat at one end of the choir, in full range of my view; and I would sit all the time gazing at the girl-organist, never thinking of the clergyman, who, in the pulpit beyond, was preaching away at a great rate, though I got the reputation of being a very attentive listener.

Those summer Sundays I don't think I shall ever forget. The church windows used to be open, and the breeze fluttered in sweet with the scent of hay fields. A bird would now and then light on the window-sill, butterflies would float in and make a tour of the ceiling and then flutter out, and an occasional busy bee would create a sensation by buzzing around for a while and then hurrying off at a great rate, as if he really could not waste any more time in such a place. A few fans stirred half idly here and there in the little congregation, and the minister's soft voice fell gently on the ear as he half read, half intoned the old familiar prayers.

In a few weeks I knew how to handle the bellows of our organ to perfection; and I took the more pains because I somehow felt in my mind that it was not right to worry Miss Haughton by any failure on my part.

She seemed to like flowers, and usually carried a little nosegay to the church. I noticed this habit, and it occurred to me to get some of the flowers that grew in our garden and make a bouquet for her. But though it was very easy to get the flowers, it was very hard to get rid of them. I was too bashful to think of presenting them myself, and kept them by me the whole day, too shy to even lay them at her feet. So they withered.

The next Sunday I devised an ingenious plan, and going to the church long before the time for service, laid a neat little bunch of roses and violets on the key-board of the organ. Miss Haughton was a little late that day, and hurried past me too quick to notice my fright and agitation. I was too bashful to peer around the edge of the organ and see the manner in which she observed my little offering; but during the sermon I was *so* proud to see her hold the flowers in her dear hand. She was unusually lively, and I heard her playfully speak to one of the singers with a word and look as if she suspected him of what I had done.

I repeated my performance the next Sunday, and again the flowers—*my* flowers—were in *her* hand. This was satisfaction enough to me for that day; but the next Sunday I craved more—not that I dreamed of daring to tell the beautiful girl what I had done, but I only wanted to feel myself or my name in some way nearer to her; so on the stem of the largest rose I the next Sunday scraped a few rude letters—they were R. A. B., which, you know, stands for my own name, Robert Andrew Burns. The letters were so small that no one would notice them, and so badly carved that few who did notice them could make them out.

She entered as usual, and was hidden from me by the angle of the organ; and the lessons, the prayers, and the responses were longer that day than ever; as to the music, that was always too short, for then *she* was playing, and so I could be of use to her, and could even think that I was helping *her*. After the psalm she took her old place in the choir, and with my bouquet in her hand. The largest rose—pure white, while the others were red—I could easily distinguish from where I was; and I had twisted the stem on the outside, so that the carved initials must rest against her finger as she held the flowers. And I sat in delightful quiet, knowing that the white, delicate fore-finger was touching the letters R. A. B.

And so the minister got to his "fourthly," when suddenly my happiness was all destroyed. One of the singers, Mr. Jabbs—how I hated the man, though he was said to be the handsomest young fellow in the township, and kept store on his own account at Mudpuddle Corners on the Schaghticoke Road—this Mr. Jabbs leaned over to her, and whispered—

"Has not Miss Haughton one little leaf to spare for her friends?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jabbs," replied she, with a readiness that made my heart sink, "take any one you want."

"Only the one you select for me."

"Well, not to make you jealous, I'll let you have the best."

Then she took the white rose—the rose with R. A. B. on the stem—pulled it out from the others, and smilingly handed it to Jabbs. The wretch took it with a broad grin, and his big hand a minute later was squeezing the stem carved only for her gentle fingers.

I would rather have had it crushed under foot—have it trampled upon with scorn by *her*, than have seen it for an instant bloom out triumphantly from one of the button holes on *his* Sunday coat. I doubted the poor flower itself, for it seemed as if it ought at once to have withered at the hateful change.

The next Sabbath I cut the letters R. A. B. on one of the smaller stems, and again Jabbs was on hand begging for flowers.

"Now," said Miss Haughton, "last Sunday I gave you the best I had, so to-day you must put up with the poorest." He muttered, like a grinning ape, that any thing was valuable coming from her, and accepted with an elaborate smile the little red rose on which I had bestowed such care. Again the hated hand of Jabbs pressed the letters R. A. B.

On the Tuesday following my father called me, and I felt as if I was shot when he said he had a letter for me from Miss Haughton. After the first shock thought was very busy in me. Perhaps she wanted me to punish that Jabbs for impertinence, and at the idea I grew bold as a lion; perhaps I had been discovered as the bringer of the flowers, and she had sent me an angry order to stop such work. The latter view of the case seemed the most natural. It was all evident. I was to be reproved and dismissed from the organ-loft. I was to be publicly turned out of Sunday-school for the enormous crime of carving my initials on flower-stems. Well, how could I expect any thing else?

"You read writing, Bob. Just read it for yourself and see what it is." And so I took the note with a trembling hand, and read it, thus:

"STILLWATER, Tuesday A.M.

"MR. BURNS,—The rector thinks it best for me to practice on Tuesday afternoons on organ, and if your boy Bob can blow the organ for me he will be paid for his trouble.

"SARA P. HAUGHTON."

It was a relief, and yet a disappointment. She evidently had no idea who had brought the flowers.

As no hour was mentioned in the note, I was at the church and had the side-door open at one o'clock. *She* came about three, and with her Julia Jabbs. I always did despise those Jabbses—the whole family of them.

"Oh, Bob, I'm glad you're here!" she said, with a sweet smile, as she passed in. "Can you come every Tuesday afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am, and if I can't I'll be sure to have some other boy in my place. I'll see there's always somebody here."

"Well, any one you please. As long as there's somebody here to blow I don't care who it is."

This last reply almost made me cry, it was so indifferent—so cold.

The next Tuesday Miss Haughton came alone. Was Miss Jabbs coming? I asked. No, Miss Jabbs had company and couldn't come to-day. I blessed "the company."

After playing an hour, Miss Haughton stopped and called me. "Bob," said she, "in a hesitating way, very charming and lovely, "some one of the singers has been leaving flowers on the organ for me for a month back. Now, Bob, don't say to any one I asked you, but tell me if you know which one it is."

I was horribly frightened, but stammered out that perhaps the gentleman wouldn't like me to tell.

She blushed a little, and then said in a would-be, careless way,

"I don't suppose it was Mr. Jabbs."

"Oh no!" said I, quite impetuously. "It couldn't have been Jabbs."

"How do you know it couldn't have been *Mr.* Jabbs?" said she, emphasizing the "Mr.," which in my rage I had omitted. "If you didn't see any one do it you have no right to say it wasn't Mr. Jabbs. There, Bob, that will do. I see you don't know any thing more about it than I do. Now, go and blow the organ, please."

The next Sunday I placed a larger bouquet than ever on the organ, and in it were two tiger-lilies which only grew along Kidney Creek. I had taken the five miles walk before breakfast to get them. They shone like a bit of red flame among the pale white roses.

She was more smiling to Jabbs that day than on any day before; but she refused to give him a single flower. "The good angel," she said, archly, "who brings them to me would be jealous."

She so little suspected that her good angel was Bob Burns the bellows-blower.

That Sunday afternoon during sermon I laid my chin in my two hands, and gazed in idle satisfaction at the back of her head. What a beautiful bonnet! thought I, seeing it was hers; but the minute after I reproved myself for imagining that it could be half good enough for our own beautiful lady organist.

So I sat there dreaming and thinking. What if there should come to me at that moment a radiant fairy who should say, beckoning to me, "Robert Burns, come hither;" and I would go, and she would touch me with a wand, and I should be suddenly arrayed in resplendent garments—say circus tights and spangles—and the fairy should beckon also to a beauteous maiden and say, "Sara P. Haughton, organist of the Stillwater 'Piskerpul Church, come hither!" and should place the hand of the beauteous maiden in mine, and bid us both to enter a chariot (not as large, to be sure, but quite as handsomely gilded as that which carries the band and leads the caravan in the great American circus), and we should enter, and horses with flowing manes and wings should guide us upward quite to the clouds, meanwhile the good people of Stillwater all looking on with mingled awe and admiration, and those Jabbses in a state of horrible despair, tearing their hair and groaning!

And then, after much riding in the clouds, we should descend in a beautiful island where were numerous trees bearing miscellaneously large ripe oranges, baked sweet potatoes, and Pecan nuts; with the which I, in my capacity of Good Angel, should fill a large peck basket to offer to—

A sharp tap of the bellows signal reminded me that Miss Haughton was at the organ, that the benediction had been said, and that I was to provide wind for the closing voluntary.

Week after week passed on. Autumn came, and it was hard for me to find flowers; then I had to content myself with a few fern leaves; and soon after, finding nothing good enough, I had to cease my offerings. On Tuesdays, quite regularly, Miss Haughton came to practice, and I was on hand to blow. When she offered to pay me I always refused to take any thing but her thanks.

So the winter passed, and with the first of spring the beautiful lady found on the organ key-board two violets and three little white crocuses—my first flower-offering of the season. The next Sunday I prepared a richer gift, the result of a visit to Kidney Creek.

That morning my mother, at breakfast, said to me in an off-hand way,

"Well, Robby, you'll lose Miss Haughton soon."

"Lose her! Why, mother, what do you mean?"

"Why, boy, don't you know she's going to be married?"

"Married!"

"Yes, to be sure! Married to Mr. Jabbs. Law sakes, I saw through it all six months ago."

With my richest, my last offering, I went slowly to the church. I felt like one who has met a great misfortune, while he does not comprehend the blow. I went to the organ-loft, opened the organ, and when I put the flowers on the key-board their gay colors were sparkled with dew-drop—or tears.

There was a rustling of silk beside me. I looked around, and there was Miss Haughton, looking sad and kind, but not surprised.

"It is you, Robby," she said, "it is you, then, who are my Good Angel of the flowers."

I said nothing, but turned my eyes away; for she was looking at me sweetly, earnestly, and I felt that she knew better than I did myself what those flowers meant.

"For over a year, Robby, all last summer and all this spring, you have laid these here;" and she pointed to the flowers; "you brought them *so* kindly, so faithfully, and I never knew it."

I turned to her. "You hoped that some one else had brought them?"

She hesitated a moment, and then said, frankly,

"Yes, Robby, I was happy in believing it was—perhaps you know who. But last Sunday he confessed to me it was not; and to-day I come to find out who it is, and I see it is, Robby, a dear friend whom I never half appreciated."

To hear her call me her dear friend—to feel that she meant it—took away all bashfulness or fear on my part. We sat down in the choir. No one was in the church, and the morning breeze—the fragrant spring zephyrs—came in through the open windows, while the birds chirped upon the sills.

She took the bunch of flowers, and I asked her to give me one. Pulling out the largest, she was about to pass it to me, when the letters R. A. B., carved on the stem, caught her eye. The awkwardness of boyishness was gone, and I told her simply and truly my old fancy—how often I had hoped that her dear hand would touch my initial letters. The hour was passed too soon; and when the first early attendant was heard entering the church I left my dear friend—for such I now could truly call her—with one long pressure of the hand, and resumed my old place at the organ bellows. She did not occupy her old seat in the choir that day.

A few weeks after they were married. It was quite a grand affair. A professional organist came up from Troy, and nearly exhausted me by his noisy "Wedding March." As the bride went out of the church she gave one glance at the organ-loft that I knew was meant for me.

Neat cards and cake were left at our house next day, addressed to "Mr. Robert A. Burns," and making me for the time an object of almost awful importance in the eyes of my younger brothers. The card read as follows:

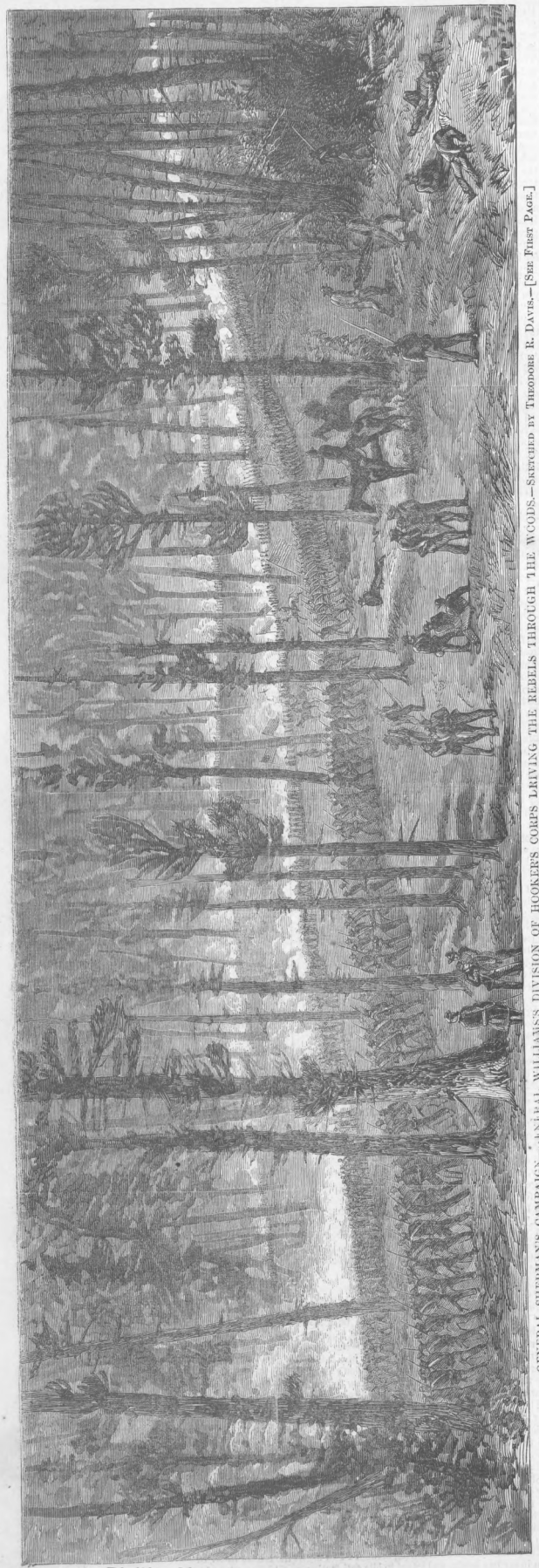
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Jabbs.

SARA P. HAUGHTON.

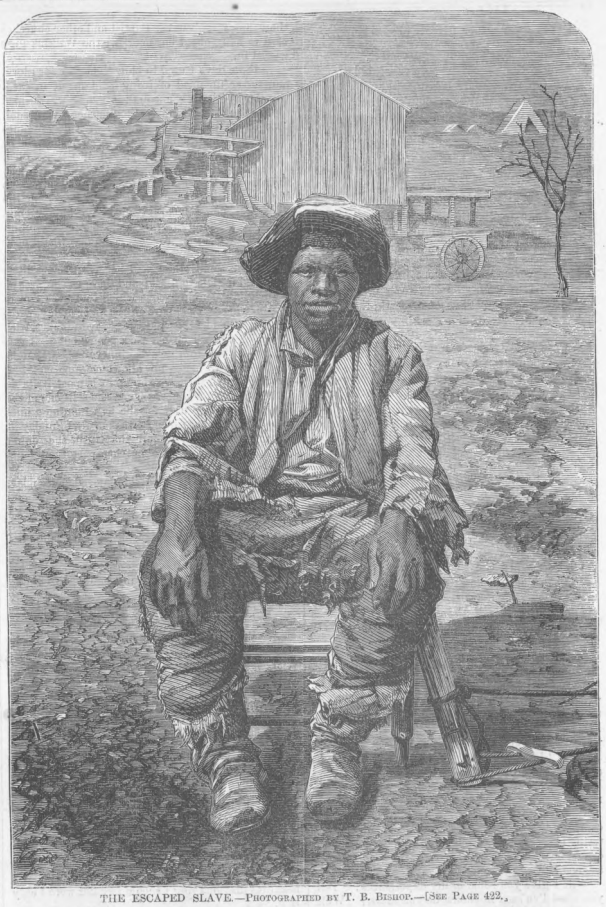
With it came also a little package containing a white silk handkerchief. On one corner was embroidered a large red rose, and on the stem were the letters R. A. B.

I know whose hands worked the symbol and the initials; and I know who yet keeps the handkerchief among the dearest treasures of his life.

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—GENERAL WILLIAMS'S DIVISION OF HOOKER'S CORPS DRIVING THE REBELS THROUGH THE WOODS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE ESCAPED SLAVE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. B. BISHOP.—[SEE PAGE 422.]



THE ESCAPED SLAVE IN THE UNION ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—FORT POWHATAN, ON THE JAMES RIVER.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 419.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE JAMES RIVER, ABOVE FORT POWHATAN.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 419.]

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ON GATHERING WILD ROSES.

THE flowers that in our pathway spring,
These are rejected—
The blessings every hour may bring
These are neglected:

But blossoms blooming up on high,
Beyond our reach, against the sky,
For these we pine, for these we sigh.

To seize some tempting distant spray,
Waving above us, far away,
We crush what in our footpath lay.

Those common things, we heed them not,
To be despised is sure their lot,
Trifles but made to be forgot!

But oh! those lovely far-off things,
To those, to those, my spirit clings!—
Oh, had I but an angel's wings.

So far away beyond the earth,
Beyond its woe, beyond its mirth,
And triumph in a heavenly birth!

'Tis thus we yearn and strive in vain,
Crushing our pleasures into pain,
Till they can never bloom again.

VIGOROUS DOING.

"You remember what Carlyle says: 'Needful work is to be vigorously well done?'"

"Yes, and that other axiom also, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' But the mischief is to get one's courage up to the sticking-place."

"Pshaw, man, you're not a coward. Didn't you lead the forlorn hope at Donelson?"

"That was child's play to storming the citadel of a woman's heart. For that, one needs an entirely different sort of courage."

Charlie Stanton smiled. He knew Al Travers was as brave a man as ever drew a sword, and with his coarser nature he couldn't at all understand this fine sensibility that cowered before a woman. He would have gone about love-making just as he went to work in a battle with that battery of his which nothing had ever yet been able to withstand. The way to accomplish a thing, he was in the habit of saying, was to go at it hammer and tongs, just as if that was the only thing in all the world to be done, and the present hour the only morsel of time in which to do it. He might not have succeeded in that way, in winning his suit in the court of Cupid as he usually did in the camp of Mars, but that was his theory, and he would have stuck by it come what might.

Al Travers was a man of a wholly different constitution. He was brave, brave as a lion; he could face any danger without blanching; but he could *not* stand before sober Minnie Nelson, could *not* tell her the thought of his heart any more than he could pluck down the stars under which he had so often walked with her along the green homestead lanes. His heart was dumb, his tongue motionless, whenever he endeavored to approach the one subject which, more than all others, engrossed his thought. And to make the matter worse, other suitors were crowding forward for Minnie's hand, and he could not tell at what moment, ignorant of his real thought, she might make her choice among them and slip forever from his grasp.

This fear of his was greatly deepened when, one day, a week or so after his talk with Stanton, Bob Archer, meeting him on the street, said,

"What's this about Minnie Nelson and Ed Bowlby? I thought *you* were the accepted in that quarter."

Al's face whitened. "I don't know what you mean," he finally said.

"What, haven't you heard how Bowlby has purchased him a house, and has given out that he is to be married, and how he is a daily visitor at old Nelson's, spending whole hours there every morning, while you are down town at your recruiting rooms?"

Al *had* heard some whispers of Bowlby's intimacy with Minnie, but he did not dream it had gone as far as this. But if he had purchased a house, and was really going to be married, why it could not be with any one, of course, but Minnie Nelson.

Archer left him after some further talk, and with a troubled face he walked on. So, fool that he was, he had lost her at last. He might have won her, no doubt, but for this weak cowardice; now he was defeated; and he ground his teeth at the thought.

But, after a while, it occurred to him that possibly it was *not* yet too late; that perhaps there was a mistake somewhere. His face brightened and his step grew lighter as the fancy took hold upon him. He would go and see her, at any rate; maybe he could learn the truth.

Minnie was at the piano as he came in. A blush came into her face as he entered, but she held out her hand in cordial welcome. Then, cheerily,

"Where have you been all these years? You haven't visited us in an age."

He answered, haltingly,

"It was only five days ago you gave me right here this flower." And he pulled a withered rose from his button-hole.

The flush on her face deepened as he held out the little flower toward her. Why, poor blind fool, did he not see it?

Presently he added, the rose still lying in his hand—she did not seem to care to take it back—

"But I suppose you don't much miss one out of your many friends, you are so thronged with worshipers? Besides, you have of course just now something more pleasant to think about than idling, worthless fellows like me."

There was a faint tinge of bitterness in the words that did not escape the listening Minnie.

"What do you mean?" she asked, gravely, the smile fading from her face.

"Ah, Al! how are you? Minnie, good-morning." It was Ed Bowlby who spoke, stealing in silently from the hall.

Al, you may be sure, was startled, but Minnie answered with a smiling look. Al saw it, and was puzzled the more. But it *was* provoking that just when he was on the point of discovering the truth he should be thus interrupted. So, very soon excusing himself, he went hurriedly away, leaving Bowlby in full possession of the field. "It is true, after all," said Al, as he dashed along the streets; "her face grew brighter the moment he came into the room. It's all up with Captain Al Travers."

But was it? That night, sitting alone in her little room, Minnie Nelson talked to herself in this wise: "I wonder what he could have meant? What is it he imagines I am so engrossed in? Oh, if he only knew how I long to know from his own lips that he cares for me! Sometimes I think there can be no doubt, his manner is so tender and kind; but then, just when he seems on the verge of a confession, he grows strangely reserved, and I am left more in the dark than ever. If he only knew!" Then, after a while, "But he shall never know from any hint or action of mine. I'll be as cold and reserved as himself." And with that resolution Minnie shook off her reverie, and very soon was asleep—dreaming all night long, spite of her resolution, of Captain Al Travers, who wouldn't tell his love.

A week passed, and the Captain was summoned to return to the field. In all that time he had not seen the object of his thoughts and dreams. Now, however, thus called away, he must see her, come what might—it might be for the last time; even though the betrothed of another, it was only proper to say good-by.

He called. The lamps were not yet lighted, and a pallid shadow filled the parlor, where Minnie sat looking from the window out upon the lawn. Somehow, as he saw her sitting so pensive and thoughtful in the shadow, his courage rose, and before he knew it his lips had said:

"I have come to say good-by, Miss Minnie."

Did Minnie forget her brave resolution not by hint or sign to indicate the desire of her heart? Why, then, did a deeper shadow fall upon her face at that simple greeting?

He saw it, and a wild flutter, like a stormy wave, broke over his heart. But still his lips were sealed.

Minnie's answer came at length, in tones by no means fully controlled:

"Why so sudden in your departure?"

"Duty calls. I have been loitering here at ease while my brave fellows in the field are suffering hardships I have no right to shun." Then he added, with a sort of savage delight, "There is death there at the front, but death is not the saddest thing in the world."

She looked into his face with a pained expression.

"You are in a sombre mood to-night. What can be sadder to a man or woman, with life just dawning into bloom, than death?"

"Disappointment—despair—the hopeless pursuit of objects it is agony to lose—these are among the world's saddest things."

"But *is* any object unattainable?" she answered, a blush driving away the shadow from her face. "Are there heights inaccessible to any human foot, and ends no energy can reach? Did you not storm and capture Donelson in the face of the seeming Impossible?"

She stopped short. Had she not betrayed herself? Where was her brave resolution now?

He caught the meaning of her words—they had hope for him, though she had designed it not. But was she not the betrothed of another? What *did* it all mean?

He was silent a moment. Then his cowardice melted in the white heat of a controlling, resistless passion.

"What is facing death in battle," he cried, "to facing repulse at the hands of the woman you love?"

It was out now—he could not retreat. He saw in the deepening flush on cheek and forehead that she understood all his meaning. He dashed on, passionately,

"What is death to me, Minnie Nelson, if you say to me here, 'Begone!' when I say 'I love you —love you as my own life and soul?'"

She looked up, with a strange light in her eye.

"But if I do *not* say begone, what then?"

You can imagine what he replied. Your own heart will tell you better than words of mine. At last he had obeyed Carlyle's axiom, and the work that was needful to him had been vigorously well done, and victory had crowned the effort.

He went a-field three days after, but not until he had seen Ed Bowlby married to Minnie's pet cousin, Maud Vinton, and had heard the whole explanation of Ed's intimacy with Minnie for her cousin's sake—the sweet, shy little cousin, who, in her timidity, had left with the more earnest Minnie the management of the whole affair, that it might be kept as sly as possible. He went a-field, but sunshine was in his heart and on his life. And in all coming battle days thoughts of the dear one who awaited his coming at the war's close have strengthened and sustained him; and now that he has the stars of a brigadier on his shoulder he rejoices in the honor only for her sake, dreaming the while, as the days go on, that, if God will, he will yet enjoy some day, in peace and rest, the full fruits of his Vigorous Doing.

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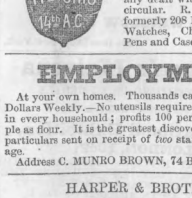
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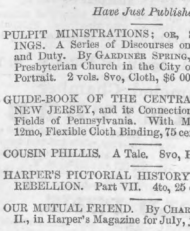
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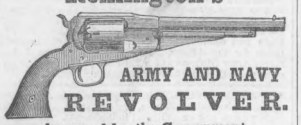


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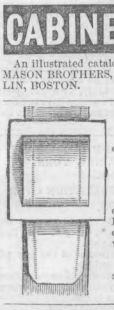
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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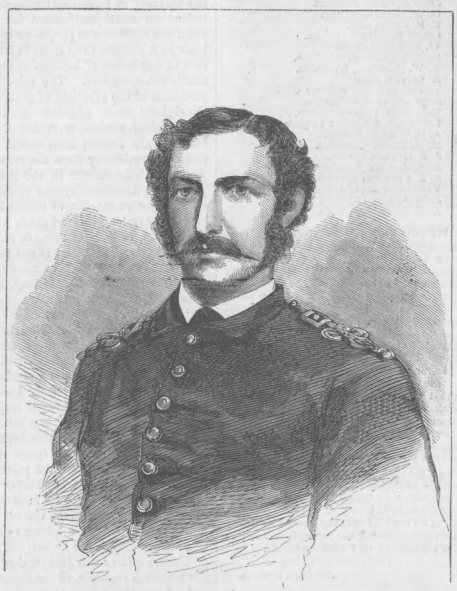
CAPTAIN J. HENRY SLEEPER.

CAPTAIN J. HENRY SLEEPER, who commands the Tenth Massachusetts Battery (and whose Portrait we here give, together with a sketch of the Battery), is a Bostonian by birth, the son of Hon. JACOB SLEEPER, a well-known citizen, and one of the members of the Governor's Council with General BANKS and Mr. ANDREW. Captain SLEEPER is twenty-three years of age, and has been in the army from the beginning of the war. He entered the service as First Lieutenant in the Fifth Massachusetts infantry, one of the first regiments to respond to the call for troops, and won praise from his superiors for coolness and bravery in the first battle of Bull Run. When his time was out he returned home, but almost immediately joined Captain PORTER'S First Massachusetts Light Battery as Lieutenant. With this battery he made the entire Peninsular Campaign, and was noticed every where for dashing bravery, skill as an artillerist, and coolness under fire.

When new batteries were to be raised, he was called by Governor ANDREW, on the recommendation of the division and corps generals under whom he had served, to assume command of the TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY. This battery was largely recruited from among the hardy seamen of Marblehead, Lynn, and other small ports of the State; and sailors are famous as artillerists. He drilled his battery carefully and constantly, and when it came into active service it gained at once a reputation for activity and brilliancy of execution.

In the present campaign SLEEPER'S battery has served with the fighting division of the fighting corps of the Army of the Potomac, BIRNEY'S Division of HANCOCK'S Corps. It was one of the very few batteries which would not be denied even in the Wilderness battles, but managed by sheer hard work and determination to take part in those terrible actions, when most of the artillery could not be brought to bear on account of the dense woods. By its conduct then and ever since, the battery has gained the sobriquet from the corps of "the saucy battery." The *Times* correspondent writes of it the following incident of the great fight at Cold Harbor:

"About nightfall a desperate charge was made by the rebels upon our extreme left, where a number of batteries of the Second Corps were in position. In front of these guns, and below their level, was an open field. Rather more than half-way across this space ran our line of breast-works—at this point not more than one hundred yards from those held by the enemy. Every thing was perfectly quiet, mutual respect for each other's fire preventing unnecessary exposure. Suddenly a perfectly devilish volley of musketry was delivered from their works, accompanied by the dismal howling which, in Dixie, has superseded honest cheering, and out they came piling over the breast-works, and for a short time having things just as they wanted them. Their success was very short-lived, for in a moment SLEEPER'S Tenth Massachusetts Battery, ADAMS'S Rhode Island Battery, Sixth Maine Battery, and others, were pouring canister into them in so effective a manner that they were forced to protect themselves in front of our breast-works, from which, later in the evening, they were expelled. They must have lost more than a thousand in this 'forlorn hope' of a charge."



CAPT. J. HENRY SLEEPER, COMMANDING THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.

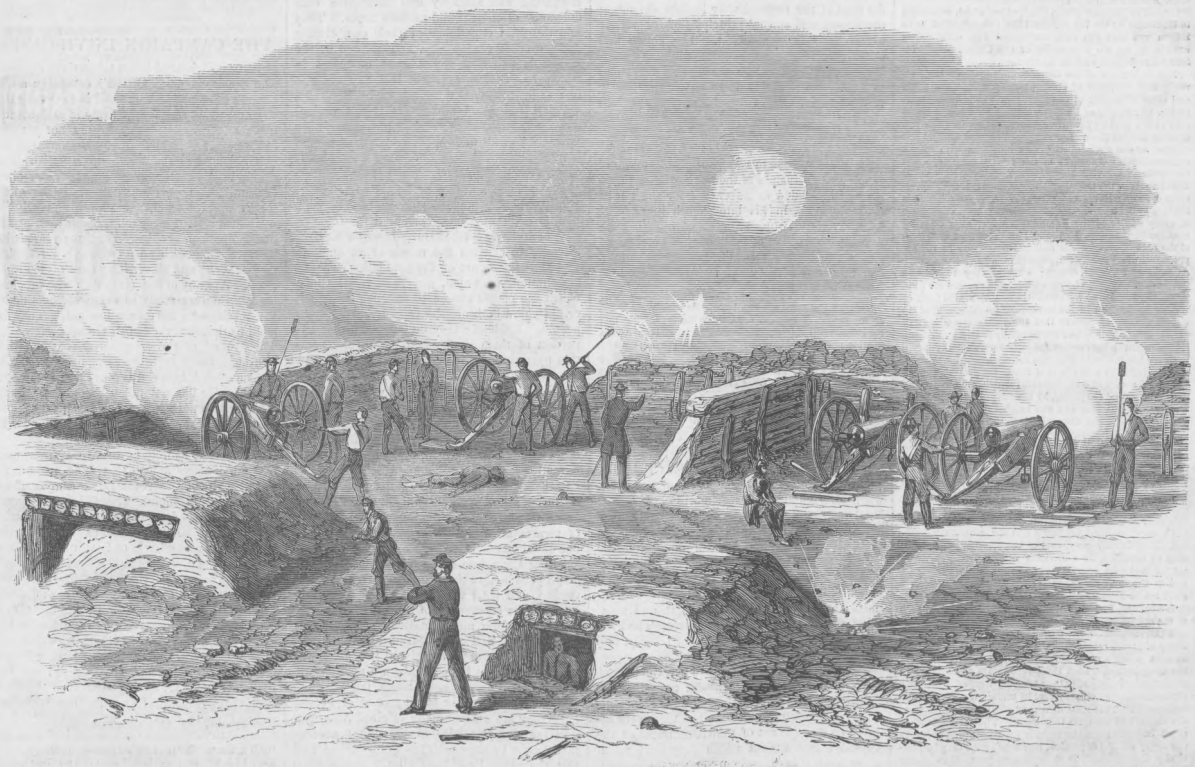
The New York *Evening Post*, copying this account, added:

"The Tenth Massachusetts Battery, commanded by Captain J. HENRY SLEEPER, is one of the best in the service. It has been engaged seventeen times since our army crossed the Rapidan, and was one of a very few batteries which managed to get into the fight of Thursday and Friday at the Wilderness. It has come to be called the 'saucy battery' in HANCOCK'S Corps, of which it is part. A private note from an officer of the battery, dated last Thursday, says: 'Our battery lies two hundred and fifty yards in advance of any other battery on this line, and this position it has held—with the enemy about one hundred and seventy yards in front—for five days, against two night and three day assaults.'"

Captain SLEEPER is but an example of what qualities the events of the war have developed in many of our young men of wealth. The only son of wealthy parents, before the war broke out he bade fair to lead a life of mere enjoyment. But when the sons of Massachusetts were called to arms, he at once devoted himself to the service of his country. He soon showed that he possessed the qualities needed in a commanding officer. His battery has been repeatedly mentioned in general orders, not only for its conduct under fire but also for its constant good order and efficiency.

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS, who was killed in one of the first battles of the present campaign in Virginia, was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, about the year 1823, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point during the year 1840. He graduated on the 30th of June, 1844, standing No. 20 in his class. He was a class-mate with his corps commander, General HANCOCK, and also with General PLEASANTON. On the 1st of July, 1844, he was appointed a brevet Second Lieutenant of the Fourth United States Infantry; and on the 18th of June, 1846, was fully commissioned a Second Lieutenant of the Eighth Infantry. He fought during the Mexican war, and was brevetted from May 9, 1846, First Lieutenant for gallantry, etc., at the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto. On



SLEEPER'S BATTERY.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

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the 12th of April, 1848, he resigned his connection with the United States Army, and became engaged as an iron manufacturer in Venango County, Pennsylvania; but in 1861 again entered the service, with a commission as Captain in the Sixteenth Infantry, and at a subsequent date was appointed Colonel of one of the Pennsylvania regiments. He fought bravely in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, gradually advancing in rank, until September, 1862, when, for gallant conduct at Antietam, he was made a Brigadier-General. At the battle of Gettysburg he was in command of the Third Division of his corps, and after the wounding of General HANCOCK was temporarily in command of the corps. When the Army of the Potomac was reorganized for the present campaign, General HAYS was placed in command of the Second Brigade, BIRNEY'S Third Division, Second Corps, under General HANCOCK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

WE print below the letter of the Committee of the National Union Convention informing Mr. LINCOLN of his nomination, and the President's reply. His unanimous renomination by a great popular assembly after three years' administration of the Government is the most honorable and substantial approval of the general policy of that administration. The reply, therefore, is short, simple, and dignified. The President neither explains nor defends his policy. It has been open to the country, and the country is content. Having seen him faithful and wise in the past, and understanding the infinitely difficult circumstances of his position, loyal men do not fear to trust him in the future.

The single explanation which the President makes in his reply is in regard to the resolution of the Convention upon the French movements in Mexico. That resolution expressed in the strongest terms the popular jealousy of all foreign monarchical intervention upon this continent as menacing our peace and independence. The President replies that, while fully concurring in the resolution, he ought to prevent misunderstanding by adding that his executive action upon the subject will be unchanged "so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable." In other words, he does not propose to go to war with France under present circumstances, nor idly threaten to go to war. His position is the true and dignified one for the Government of the United States.

The President pays a just and touching tribute to the soldiers and sailors whom neither he nor the country can too heartily honor. And like all that he says or writes, this letter will commend the President only more nearly to the heart of the people whom he serves so faithfully and well.

NEW YORK, *14th June*, 1864.

Hon. Abrahaм Lincoln:

SIR,—The National Union Convention, which assembled in Baltimore on the 7th of June, 1864, has instructed us to inform you that you were nominated with enthusiastic unanimity for the Presidency of the United States, for four years from the 4th of March next.

The resolutions of the Convention, which we have already had the honor of placing in your hands, are a full and clear statement of the principles which inspired its action, and which, as we believe, the great body of Union men in the country heartily approve. Whether those resolutions express the national gratitude to our soldiers and sailors; or the national scorn of compromise with rebels, and consequent dishonor; or the patriotic duty of union and success; whether they approve the Proclamation of Emancipation, the Constitutional amendment, the employment of former slaves as Union soldiers, or the solemn obligation of the Government promptly to redress the wrongs of every soldier of the Union of whatever color or race; whether they declare the inviolability of the pledged faith of the nation, or offer the national hospitality to the oppressed of every land, or urge the union by railroad of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; whether they recommend public economy and vigorous taxation, or assert the fixed popular opposition to the establishment by armed force of foreign monarchies in the immediate neighborhood of the United States, or declare that those only are worthy of official trust who approve unreservedly the views and policy indicated in the resolutions,—they were equally hailed with the heartiness of profound conviction.

Believing with you, Sir, that this is the people's war for the maintenance of a Government which you have justly described as "of the people, by the people, for the people," we are very sure that you will be glad to know, not only from the resolutions themselves, but from the singular harmony and enthusiasm with which they were adopted, how warm is the popular welcome of every measure in the prosecution of the war, which is as vigorous, unmistakable, and unfaltering as the national purpose itself. No right, for instance, is so precious and sacred to the American heart as that of personal liberty. Its violation is regarded with just, instant, and universal jealousy. Yet in this hour of peril every faithful citizen concedes that, for the sake of national existence and the common welfare, individual liberty may, as the Constitution provides in case of rebellion, be sometimes summarily constrained, asking only with painful anxiety that in every instance, and to the least detail, that absolutely necessary power shall not be hastily or unwisely exercised.

We believe, Sir, that the honest will of the Union men of the country was never more truly represented than in this Convention. Their purpose we believe to be the overthrow of armed rebels in the field, and the security of permanent peace and union by liberty and justice under the Constitution. That these results are to be achieved amidst cruel perplexities they are fully aware. That they are to be reached only by cordial unanimity of counsel is undeniable. That good men may sometimes differ as to the means and the time they know. That in the conduct of all human affairs the highest duty is to determine, in the angry conflict of passion, how much good may be practically accomplished, is their sincere persuasion. They have watched your official course, therefore, with unflagging attention; and amidst the bitter taunts of eager friends and the fierce denunciation of enemies, now moving too fast for some, now too slowly for others, they have seen you throughout this tremendous contest patient, sagacious, faithful, just; leaning upon the heart of the great mass of the people, and satisfied to be moved by its mighty pulsations.

It is for this reason that, long before the Convention met, the popular instinct had plainly indicated you as its candidate: and the Convention, therefore, merely recorded the popular will. Your character and career prove your unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles of American Liberty and of the American Constitution. In the name of that Liberty and Constitution, Sir, we earnestly request your acceptance of this nomination; reverently commending our beloved country, and you, its Chief Magistrate, with all its brave sons who, on sea and land, are faithfully defending the good old American cause of equal rights, to the blessing of Almighty God.

We are, Sir, respectfully,
Your friends and fellow-citizens,

WILLIAM DENNISON, Ohio, *Chairman.*
JOSIAH DRUMMOND, Maine.
THOMAS E. SAWYER, New Hampshire.
BRADLEY BARLOW, Vermont.
A. H. BULLOCK, Massachusetts.
A. M. GAMMELL, Rhode Island.
C. S. BUSHNELL, Connecticut.
G. W. CURTIS, New York.
W. A. NEWELL, New Jersey.
HENRY JOHNSON, Pennsylvania.
N. B. SMITHERS, Delaware.
W. L. W. SEABROOK, Maryland.
JOHN F. HUME, Missouri.
G. W. HITE, Kentucky.
E. P. TYFFE, Ohio.
CYRUS M. ALLEN, Indiana.
W. BUSHNELL, Illinois.
L. P. ALEXANDER, Michigan.
A. W. RANDALL, Wisconsin.
A. OLIVER, Iowa.
THOMAS SIMPSON, Minnesota.
JOHN BIDWELL, California.
THOMAS H. PEARNE, Oregon.
LEROY KRAMER, West Virginia.
A. C. WILDER, Kansas.
M. M. BRIEN, Tennessee.
J. P. GREVES, Nevada.
A. A. ATOCHA, Louisiana.
A. S. PADDOCK, Nebraska.
VALENTINE DELL, Arkansas.
JOHN A. NYE, Colorado.
A. B. SLOANAKER, Utah.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *June 27, 1864.*

Hon. William Dennison and others, a Committee of the National Union Convention:

GENTLEMEN,—Your letter of the 14th instant, formally notifying me that I have been nominated by the Convention you represent for the Presidency of the United States for four years from the fourth of March next, has been received. The nomination is gratefully accepted, as the Resolutions of the Convention—called the platform—are heartily approved.

While the resolution in regard to the supplanting of republican government upon the Western Continent is fully concurred in, there might be misunderstanding were I not to say that the position of the Government in relation to the action of France in Mexico as assumed through the State Department and indorsed by the Convention, among the measures and acts of the Executive, will be faithfully maintained so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable.

I am especially gratified that the soldier and the seaman were not forgotten by the Convention, as they forever must and will be remembered by the grateful country for whose salvation they devote their lives.

Thanking you for the kind and complimentary terms in which you have communicated the nomination and other proceedings of the Convention, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE great Anniversary returns, and finds the sons of the revolutionary leaders defending the august and eternal principles of Liberty for which their fathers fought. The Union and Constitution have, in the course of human events, become identified with freedom for all men; and to maintain the Union is to secure the liberty of the people, and to overthrow, a treacherous and factious aristocracy which made the salvation of their special privilege the pretext for destroying the common government.

It is not useless to refresh our remembrance of the exact principle of the Revolution, because it is still pleaded as an excuse for the rebels. Earl RUSSELL, in his late speech in reply to Lord CLANRICARDE, after declaring that his lordship's confusion of mind upon the subject of aid to belligerents was almost inexcusable, fell instantly into a still more melancholy muddle. Earl RUSSELL says:

"Only a few years ago the Americans were in the habit, on the Fourth of July, of celebrating the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, and some eminent friends of mine never failed to make eloquent and stirring orations on those occasions. I wish, while they kept up a useless ceremony—for the present generation of Englishmen are not responsible for the War of Independence—that they had inculcated upon their own minds that they should not go to war with 4,000,000, 5,000,000, or 6,000,000 of their fellow-countrymen who want to put the principles of 1776 into operation as regards themselves."

Now what were the principles of 1776? They were mainly these, that governments rightfully exist by the consent of the governed; and that when governmental oppression is intolerable, and legal redress is hopeless, a people may take up arms to obtain relief by force. British taxation without representation was an unquestionable blow at the root of all civil liberty in the colonies. They remonstrated, struggled, tried and exhausted every legal form and all hope of redress; and then armed, and fought, and separated. The argument was complete. The British Constitution provided no other remedy, and revolution was justifiable.

Now, if his Lordship will give ear, the plea of the rebels is not oppression—for until they rebelled they were themselves the Government. They have never pretended that they were injured by a single act of the Government of the United States against which they have risen. They have consequently never sought redress. But, stripped of all subterfuge, they saw that the great mass of the people were opposed to the further extension and strengthening of the system of human slavery upon this continent, and so—unwilling that the consent of the people should be the basis of the Government—declaring that each State was and always had been sovereign, and might secede when it pleased, they caused several States to declare their secession; thus asserting as a grave principle of political polity a pretense which could not be acknowledged for a moment in any individual agreement.

It was a rebellion, his Lordship will remember, against a Government which exists by the consent of the governed, and in which the voice of the majority signifies that consent. The rebels do not pretend that they are a majority of the people represented in that government, but only of a certain part of the people; as if a majority in Yorkshire should rise against the British empire and then plead the necessity of the consent of the people to the government. Who are the people under the Government against which this rebellion is directed? They are plainly a majority of all the citizens, not the majority of a sectional minority. There is indeed no more justification for the rebellion upon the right of the people to be governed by their own consent than there is for an insurrection in any street of London against the lawful municipal authority. The rebellion is the repudiation of the principle of popular consent as the rightful source of government.

The rebel leaders, with Mr. CALHOUN their father, have indeed long asked, "what shall protect the minority from the tyranny of a majority?" The answer is, the general welfare. The whole American system proceeds upon the ground that an intelligent people knows what is best for its general interest much better than any single man, or body of men, or section of country can know. Its claim is not that it is absolutely perfect, but that, in view of human nature and of the lesson of history, the rule of an intelligent majority secures, upon the whole, greater justice to every individual and a higher average of common well-being than any other form of government that has been tried.

His Lordship, and the other skeptics of the popular principle at home and abroad, may assert that ours is not a purely Democratic Government or rule of the simple majority. They will remind us that ours is a mixed system, to which states as well as individuals are parties. But his Lordship will not forget that the people of this country, who are the primary source of political power, while conferring a portion of that power upon the States have committed the supreme sovereignty to the United States. The United States are not a league or a confederacy or a partnership, but a Union. The precedents of Greece and of the Middle Ages in Italy, of the Batavian republic, of the Hanseatic League, and of the German confederations, indeed, all precedents whatever of confederated States hitherto known are of no value in considering the American Union. Our fathers had seen the crumbling and shadowy and ineffective confederacies of ancient and modern times. They had the fatal experience of their own clumsy and powerless confederacy, and, warned by the inevitable perils of any League of States in which the States, as such, had any controlling veto, it rejected them all. The American Union blended separate States into a nation, with every national prerogative and power. By Union we mean nation. To be a Union man is to be a national man. To save the Union is to save the nation.

The plea of absolute and final State sovereignty, which is made the excuse of this rebellion, is a plea expressly invented for the purpose of justifying rebellion. It was a sophism intended to confuse the minds of an ignorant and prejudiced part of the population. States and nation, or union, are twin forms under which the people choose to exercise their power. Behind both are the people, and the same people. Evidently they do not mean that any portion of them shall assert a radical separation upon the ground of their action as a State. They assert, as they feel, their solidality. South Carolina is a room in the house which shall not and can not be erected into a separate dwelling.

With his Lordship's permission the inexcusable confusion of Lord CLANRICARDE'S mind has extended to his own, and he could as legitimately excuse a London pickpocket for resisting the English law by the principles of '76 as justify a larger rebellion against the laws of another country upon the same ground. A fleet of pirates are as much murderous outlaws as one cut-throat. The means and method of subjugating them into obedience to the law must be proportioned to their numbers, their determination, and their resources. Consequently in our case the suppression of the rebellion has assumed the form and operations of war. But the armies of GRANT and SHERMAN are still doing only the work of a national police. They are enforcing the laws. They are maintaining the will of the people. Among the hot hills of Georgia and in the blazing front of Petersburg they are asserting the original American doctrine, the principles of 1776, that governments exist by the consent of the governed, and that the natural rights of all the people shall not be destroyed by the furious passion of a few.

OUR LOSSES IN THE CAMPAIGN.

A FAVORITE trick of the enemies of the Government is to whisper with mysterious shrugs and starts that our losses in GRANT'S campaign have been "awful," "murderous," "unprecedented." Indeed, if we should rely upon the truth of some of the absurd stories told by clumsy Copperheads, whose desire of our defeat is stronger than their arithmetic, General GRANT would now have about 15,000 men left. Unfortunately, a correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from the Army of the Potomac on the 11th of May, in the wild excitement of the tremendous battles, said that our losses so far were 40,000; and this number was conspicuously printed among the headings of the army news in the *Tribune* of May 12. This report was instantly seized and magnified by rebel sympathy, and the apostles of "peace" immediately threw up their eyes and hands at such fratricidal slaughter. The story was sent by them to their friends abroad; and in his late hostile speech in the British House of Lords, Lord CLANRICARDE stated that in the opening of the contest 40,000 had been sacrificed. Such rumors are pernicious, and the more so that it is perfectly easy to circulate them with an air of defying contradiction.

Will those, therefore, who are so ready to hope or to fear that our loss has been disproportioned to such a campaign calmly reflect that on the 20th of May General GRANT informed the War Department that his loss in killed and missing had been overstated, and that on the 23d of May Secretary STANTON announced that the army was fully as strong and more completely equipped than when the campaign opened; while on the 27th of June, after the reverse at the Weldon Railroad—one of the episodes that occur in every victorious campaign—Assistant Secretary DANA announces that the rebel force is not more than two-thirds of GRANT'S, that our losses during the previous week were unimportant in a military view, and that there are 51,000 rebel prisoners in our hands. There is official information that our loss in killed from the Rapidan to the James was not more than 4000, the casualties of every kind at the most 50,000, and the deaths of the wounded about 2000, or from four to five per cent. Of the wounded a large proportion are only temporarily disabled.

These facts should be borne in mind, as also the ease with which stories of disaster are magnified and distorted. That the great cause is maintained by a sad loss of life and wide bereavement and desolation is but too true. But it is no less true that the patricides who are striking at the common parent are themselves terribly shattered, and that the hand which holds them now is one they can not hope to shake off. God grant a speedy end to this necessary war in the triumph of the nation and Liberty over rebellious slavery! But by every drop of heroic blood shed for us we are consecrated to the accomplishment of the purpose which makes the war holy.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

WHILE Richmond is not taken there are those who declare General GRANT'S campaign a failure. That his object was and is to occupy that city and to destroy LEE'S army is undoubtedly true; and equally so that he has not yet succeeded. If that is failure, his campaign has failed exactly as the rebellion has failed. That counted upon cotton, European support, and the demoralization, party-spirit, and division of the North, and intended to accomplish a revolution without a serious struggle. It has been utterly disappointed and baffled. For three years it has been wrestling with all its strength. Its spirit, its prospects, and its territory have alike diminished. Are any of the gentlemen who proclaim GRANT'S failure ready to acknowledge that of the rebellion? No; they are not. They inform us that the rebellion is virtually successful. The ground of the assertion is that it is still fighting. But if such reasoning proves that LEE has succeeded, how can it prove that GRANT has failed? He has not taken Richmond, and the "Confederacy" is not acknowledged. The point is still disputed. Neither contestant has wholly succeeded; neither has entirely failed.

But viewed merely as a military movement how do the facts appear? GRANT crossed the Rapidan, hoping to route LEE'S army and advance upon Richmond. LEE fell upon GRANT'S flank, hoping to destroy him, and advance upon Washington. After two days' fierce fighting GRANT forces LEE back, or LEE, unable to hold himself upon the Rapidan, retires to Spottsylvania, his second line. GRANT tries LEE'S position there and then flanks him. LEE falls back to his third line at the North Anna. GRANT flanks him and LEE retires to his fourth line upon the Chickahominy. GRANT tries that position, and then flanks him again, forcing LEE to meet him at Petersburg. Now did not LEE prefer to defeat GRANT isolated upon the south bank of the Rapidan, fifty miles from Richmond rather than to meet him at Petersburg fifteen miles from Richmond close to his best base and with a fleet and BUTLER'S intrenchments to support him? If LEE has had GRANT just where he wanted him, was it in the Wilderness, or at Spottsylvania, or the North Anna, or the Chick-

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ahominy, that he wanted him? for the remark has been made of each successive position. That he has him at Petersburg just where he wanted him has not yet been asserted, for in the last movement of GRANT, LEE was as utterly outgeneraled as POPE was by STONEWALL JACKSON in the summer campaign of 1862.

The generalship of LEE in this campaign consists in a timely but baffled attack upon GRANT'S advancing column at the Rapidan; and from that day, Friday, the 6th of May, a continual falling back to intrenchments in consequence of the swiftness and surprise of GRANT'S combinations. There was indeed nothing else for him to do, but to do it shows no remarkable generalship. If LEE had advanced instead of GRANT, and had flanked GRANT from Culpepper to Warrenton and from Warrenton to Manassas, and from Manassas, swinging round across the Potomac, were now threatening Washington from Bladensburg, we should hardly have considered that falling steadily back under such flankings was an illustrious proof of great generalship upon the part of GRANT. But if, when LEE swung along GRANT'S flank and crossed the Potomac, GRANT knew nothing of it, but prepared to meet him at Alexandria, the best possible thing for us to do when LEE turned up at Bladensburg would be to say that now GRANT had him just where he wanted him.

This was precisely the case with LEE. When GRANT disappeared from before his Chickahominy lines he did not know it. When the day broke and showed him that GRANT was gone, he sent out his skirmishers for several miles. When he had made sure of the movement of GRANT'S entire army, he hastened to meet him upon the north bank of the James, and while he was forming his line there, General GRANT, by one of the most daring and triumphant military movements in history, had crossed the James River, and lifting his army out of the deadly swamps of the Chickahominy, had planted it upon the pleasant, open country around Petersburg, resting directly upon the most accessible base, and flanked by the Union fleet. Manifestly the best thing for the rebels and their Northern friends to say, under the circumstances, is, that at last LEE has GRANT just where he wants him.

Further developments of this most exciting campaign will doubtless rapidly appear. As yet it is simply undecided. To call it a failure at this point is as foolish as to call the rebellion a success. The campaign is a failure exactly as that against Vicksburg was until Vicksburg fell; exactly as every enterprise fails until it succeeds.

A SOUTH CAROLINA ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

A FEW weeks since we published part of the following ode, attributed by a correspondent in New Jersey to the late Hon. THOMAS S. GRIMKE of South Carolina. It was not written by him, however, but by the late Rev. SAMUEL GILMAN of Charleston. Originally written for the Fourth of July during the rage of nullification, we gladly reproduce it, after thirty-three years, for the Fourth of July during the civil war of secession. The friend who sends it to us remarks that this ode has kept one South Carolinian, at least, true to the Union.

UNION ODE.

COMPOSED FOR THE UNION PARTY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

SUNG JULY 4, 1831.

AIR—"*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

Hail, our Country's natal morn,
Hail, our spreading kindred-born,
Hail, thou banner, not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free!

While this day in festal throng
Millions swell the Patriot song,
Shall not we thy notes prolong,
Hallowed Jubilee?

Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the hateful line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest.

Dear to me the South's fair land;
Dear the Central mountain-land;
Dear New England's rocky strand;
Dear the prairied West.

By our altars, pure and free;
By our laws' deep-rooted tree;
By the Past's dread memory;
By our Washington;

By our common kindred tongue,
By our hopes—bright, buoyant, young;
By the tie of country strong,
We will still be one!

Fathers!—have ye bled in vain?
Ages!—must ye droop again?
Maker!—shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by thee?

No! Receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now,
"Union, Liberty!"

NEW BOOKS.

AMONG the most important of the new books is the "Savage Africa" of Mr. W. WINWOOD READE, republished by the HARPERS. It is a most interesting addition to their library of books of discovery and adventure in Africa. BARTH, LIVINGSTONE, SPEKE, ANDERSSON, BURTON, DU CHAILLU, WILSON, with CUMMING, BALDWIN, and READE, tell us all that is now known of Africa, and they are all included in the HARPER'S African series. Mr. READE makes his bow in this manner: "If I have any merit, it is that of having been the first young man about town to make a *bona fide* tour in Western Africa: to travel in that agreeable and salubrious country with no special object and at his own expense; to *flaner* in the virgin forest; to flirt with pretty savages, and to smoke his cigar among cannibals." This preface he dates from "the Conservative Club;" and his African journey was evidently made in much the same spirit as the Norwegian and Far West journeys of other clever young Englishmen, whose *jeunesse dorée* is not satisfied with the round of London life, but feels in its blood an impulse of the old Vikings and explorers. Mr. READE writes himself a fellow of the Geographical Society of London, and a correspondent of that of Paris, which may be considered his credentials as a traveler. His course was partly that of DU CHAILLU, and was confined to the western coast. His book is extremely interesting, and his speculations, fortified by facts of observation, upon the origin, character, and capacity of the negro, for whom he has a very unnecessary and amusing contempt, are curious and sometimes new. Enterprising, quick, clear-sighted, he sees every thing that is to be seen if he does not think all that is to be thought. He holds, for instance, that a law making the slave-trade a crime is "brutal and absurd." But a clever dandy of the Conservative Club lounging through savage Africa must be allowed his little paradoxes. It is not as a thinker, or statesman, or poet that Mr. READE is to be commended, but as a traveler and a *raconteur*. When he forgets the Club and his manly qualities come into play, he is one of the pleasantest companions of travel. His style is flowing and lucid. He is never a bore either with philosophy or pedantry, and his addition to our knowledge of Western Africa is really substantial and valuable.

"Cousin Phillis" (HARPER & BROTHERS) is a delicate little love story, attributed by the London papers, without denial, to Miss ANNA THACKERAY, written with a simplicity of plot and purity of style not unworthy of her father's daughter. It is legibly printed, and is a charming book for the cars or for a morning by the sea.

"President Lincoln's Administration," by HENRY J. RAYMOND (DERBY & MILLER), is an admirable summary of the official career of Mr. LINCOLN. It contains his important letters and minor speeches, and is a most convenient political hand-book of the times. It is a striking vindication of the remarkable ability of the President, whom the friends of JEFFERSON DAVIS characterize as "a joker," with the same propriety that a cavalier would have contemptuously called CROMWELL a man with a wart on his nose.

Under the title of "Pulpit Ministrations," the HARPERS publish two stately volumes of sermons by Dr. GARDINER SPRING, one of the most noted of modern New York clergymen. They are discourses upon Christian doctrine and duty which will commend themselves to the hearty sympathy of the large religious communion of which the Doctor is an illustrious ornament.

Mr. PARTON'S "Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin" (MASON BROTHERS), is an elaborate work; but the copious treatment is justified by the unparalleled charm of the subject, for the lives of few men are so constantly and variously interesting as FRANKLIN'S. Mr. PARTON'S delightful sympathy with his theme; his good sense and mother wit, his lively and picturesque style, and his conscientious habit of saturating his mind with all accessible information, have enabled him to write what must become the standard biography of the most American of men.

The Guide-Book of the Central Railroad of New Jersey (HARPER & BROTHERS), is an illustrated hand-book of travel to the Delaware Water Gap, the Valley of Wyoming, and the picturesque coal region of New Jersey, one of the most delightful and interesting summer trips from the city. It may be accomplished in three days, or in a week, or in a longer time, at the will of the traveler. This little book shows him exactly where and how to go, and what to see. It is a trip which, if better known, would be much oftener taken.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE NAVY AGENT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have to ask that the public will form no opinion unfavorable, in regard to myself and my conduct of the Navy Agency at this port until, in the first place, I can find out what offenses I am accused of by the Government; and until, in the second place, the charges which may be made against me, as well as the charge made already by Mr. SAVAGE, himself a prisoner in Fort Lafayette and charged with the commission of heinous crimes, can be submitted to judicial investigation.

In the mean time I deny most positively that I have in any way or manner wronged the Government or any private person; I assert in the most positive manner that I have discharged my duties as Navy Agent with the strictest honor, and with the utmost care and fidelity. And I entreat all men in this community to believe this until the contrary is proved. I have, I think, a right to ask this, as one who has spent years in this community as a business man, and who has in all those years maintained a character without stain or reproach.

I. HENDERSON.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*June* 22. The House bill authorizing negotiations with the Indian tribes of Oregon for relinquishment of certain privileges was passed.—The bill to prevent military interference in elections was passed, with an amendment allowing the presence of military in the vicinity of the polls to repel armed enemies of the United States or to preserve the peace.—The following bills were also passed: Authorizing continued transfers of men from the army to the navy; giving twenty-five thousand dollars as compensation to the officers and crew of the gun-boat *Esex* for destroying the rebel ram *Arkansas;* appropriating two hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a navy yard and depôt at Cairo; providing for the punishment of those who aid seamen to desert, and for the relief of officers and crews of vessels wrecked or lost in the service.—The House joint resolution releasing Captain Ericsson from part of his contract for building the iron-clads *Puritan* and *Dictator* was, after some debate, adopted without amendment.—Resolutions were also adopted calling on the President for the report of the Commissioner of Emigration and for papers relating to the exportation of arms.——*June* 23. The House Post Route bill and the bills remitting duties on goods imported for Sanitary Fairs and providing compensation to officers and soldiers for property sacrificed while in the discharge of their duties were passed.—The House joint resolution making provision to fill the deficiency in the appropriation for payment of soldiers in the Western departments was adopted.—The bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law (as passed in 1793 and reconstituted in 1850) was passed by a vote of 27 to 12. This bill having already passed the House thus becomes a law. DAVIS addressed the Senate at length in opposition to the measure, holding it to be contrary to a wise and well-understood provision of the Constitution. SAULSBURY followed in an earnest appeal to the Senate to delay action upon this important question involving a change in the organic law of the country. The Senate, after the passage of this bill, proceeded to the consideration of the bill amendatory of the Enrollment act. The debate on it consumed the remainder of the day and the entire night session, lasting up to a late hour.—The amendment authorizing the enlistment of men for one year was adopted by 25 to 14. Mr. WILSON moved this amendment. He said that we wanted to fill our armies with true and brave men, and at the same time save manufactures and commerce. In filling our armies we should exercise our reason and not injure any interest of the country. Every thing taught him that our laws should bear as lightly as possible upon our people. He believed that in ninety days we could put five men into the field to one for three years. He hoped that after the vote in the Senate and this manifestation at the other end of the Capitol the Senate would not do what the country would consider a hard thing. Another amendment was then offered by Mr. COLLAMER, proposing that the price of commutation should be fixed at $500. This was rejected by a vote of 7 to 24. Nothing further was accomplished and the Senate adjourned after midnight.——*June* 24. A bill was passed to increase telegraphic facilities between the Atlantic and Pacific States and Idaho.—A resolution was adopted inquiring of the President what other authority has been given by the Government to any persons to induce men to emigrate from Ireland or Canada for the purpose of entering our army or navy.——*June* 25. The bills providing for compensation to postmasters by salaries instead of commissions, and for the improvement of the Government insane hospital grounds, were passed.—The House $400,000,000 Loan bill was reported back from the Finance Committee and ordered to be printed.—The report of the Conference Committee appointed to adjust the disagreements of the two Houses on the Internal Revenue bill was submitted and adopted. As the report was also concurred in by the House of Representatives, the bill now only needs the President's signature to be a law.—As now finally fixed upon, the tax on whisky will be one dollar and a half per gallon after the 1st of July proximo till the 1st of February next, after which latter period it will be two dollars per gallon.—On incomes the tax is five per cent. on all over $600, and not exceeding $5000; on incomes from $5000 to $10,000, seven and a half per cent.; exceeding 10,000, ten per cent.——*June* 27. The House joint resolution providing for the publication of a full Army Register to contain a roster of all field, line, and staff officers of Volunteers, who have been in the army during the war, was agreed to.—The House substitute for the bill to establish a navy-yard and depôt at Cairo, namely: to appoint a Commission to examine and report upon a proper site, was also agreed to.—The House $400,000,000 Loan bill was then taken up and passed with an amendment rendering the $75,000,000 loan now in the market subject to State and municipal taxation, and giving validity to the engraved signature of the Register of the Treasury on Government notes and bonds.—The Senate also passed a bill encouraging immigration.—The Judiciary Committee made a report on the case of the Arkansas Senators, to the effect that they are not entitled to seats, and that their State can not rightfully claim representation in Congress until its citizens shall be able to maintain their State government without the support of the army of the United States.—The House joint resolution continuing the fifty per cent. increase on imports was adopted.——*June* 28. The bill for the relief of the officers of Indian regiments, and that amendatory of the laws relating to the commercial intercourse between loyal and insurrectionary States, were passed.

HOUSE.—*June* 22. A resolution to close the session on Thursday, the 30th inst. was adopted.—The chief business of the day related to the bill authorizing an additional loan of $400,000,000. The section of the bill exempting the bonds issued under it from State and municipal taxation was stricken out, after a long and spirited debate, by a vote of 61 to 44.——*June* 23. The $400,000,000 Loan bill, which occupied the greater part of the day's session, was finally passed. It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow, from time to time, $400,000,000, for which he shall issue bonds redeemable in not less than five nor more than thirty years, or, if deemed more expedient, forty years, and to bear an interest of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually in coin.——*June* 24. Bills were passed for carrying into effect the treaty with Great Britain for the settlement of the title of the Island of Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Company, and to enable the New York Assay-office to make more prompt returns for deposits in bullion.—The Senate bill for a navy-yard and naval depôt at Cairo was amended so as to provide for the appointment of a commission to report to the next session of Congress upon the most suitable location on Western waters for such a naval establishment.——*June* 25. The bill amendatory of the Enrollment act was taken up, and the speeches on it occupied the remainder of the day, but no vote was reached. GARFIELD and SCHENCK, of Ohio, advocated the repeal of the draft commutation. Mr. FERNANDO WOOD made a speech denouncing the war and insisting that it should be immediately stopped. He became so offensive and violent in his remarks that he was hissed by members—a manifestation of disapprobation which is not remembered to have been ever before shown a Representative on the floor of the House.——*June* 27. The Senate's amendments to the Tariff bill were acted upon, and a large number of them adopted, the remainder being left for the adjustment of a conference committee.—The bill to carry into effect the treaty with Colombia was passed.—The Senate's amendments to the bill exempting from duties goods imported for the late Chicago Sanitary Fair were concurred in.—The bill amendatory of the Enrollment act was again the subject of a prolonged debate, the main point of discussion being, as on previous days, the proposition to repeal the draft commutation, which, on being put to a vote, was again defeated, but this time by only two majority.——*June* 28. The Senate's amendment to the Loan bill, to make the seventy-five millions of bonds recently advertised subject to State and municipal tax, was agreed to. The House then reconsidered the vote of the previous night, by which SMITHERS'S substitute for the bill to regulate and provide for the enrolling and calling out of the national forces was rejected. The substitute was passed: it provides that no payment of money shall release a drafted man from military service; and also provides that every volunteer or substitute that may be accepted for one year shall be paid a bounty of $200, for two years $300, and for three years $400, to be paid at stated intervals; and that in case of the death of the volunteer or substitute, the money shall be paid to his wife, children, or legal representatives. The Senate bill for the better organization of the Quarter-master's Department was then passed as amended; also the bill facilitating Admiralty cases in New York.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

The situation at Petersburg remained essentially unaltered after the assaults made on Saturday, June 18, until the succeeding Wednesday, when Grant commenced an important movement on his left, for the purpose of more closely investing the city, by seizing the Weldon Railroad. Petersburg communicates with the South by means of three railroads—the Petersburg and Suffolk, the Petersburg and Weldon, and the Petersburg and Lynchburg. Now the line which Grant's army held on Tuesday, the 21st, stretched across the Appomattox; Butler's two corps north of that river, facing Petersburg on the east, and the four corps of the Army of the Potomac on the south, fronting Petersburg in that direction. But this line crossed only one of the three railroads above-mentioned, viz., the Petersburg and Suffolk.

It was now certain that Grant must do one of three things: he must recross his army to the north side of the Appomattox, and endeavor to obtain a position between the Confederate army and Richmond; or, on the other hand, move to the left, striking at the Weldon Road; or remain where he was, and attempt to take Petersburg by assault. In the first and third case he must meet and overcome great obstacles, having to carry intrenched positions. It was so plainly his policy to move against the Weldon Road that General Lee acted on this supposition. Thus it happened that on Wednesday, the 22d, when the Second and Sixth corps left the right—their places being taken by the Eighteenth—and moved to a position near the Weldon Road, they met a rebel corps under General Hill. It was expected that the Sixth Corps would have communicated with the left of the Second (Barlow's Division), but before this had been effected the enemy had pierced the centre. This movement, so rapid and unlooked for, led Barlow to fall back, which left the Third Division (Birney's) open to a flank attack. The enemy got possession of Birney's rifle-pits and summoned the men to surrender, but the suggestion of Libby Prison not proving an inviting one, only about two thousand were captured, the others fighting their way to the rear. M'Knight's battery four guns was also captured by the enemy. The Division was soon re-formed and awaited the repetition of Hill's attack, which was this time repulsed; and the Sixth Corps coming up on the left of the Second, joined in an attack on the enemy, in which the position and many of the prisoners which had been lost were retaken. This advance of our forces on the left placed the Weldon Road within range of our artillery, rendering it useless to the Confederates. Simultaneously with this movement Wilson's division of cavalry struck the railroad by a circuitous route, and tore up the rails for some distance. Our advance to the left was met by a corresponding advance of Lee's army in the same direction, Beauregard being left to defend Petersburg. At last accounts our guns were firing into the bridge at Petersburg.

On Friday, the 24th, there was some heavy artillery fighting, in which the Fifth and Ninth corps were principally engaged. Baldy Smith opened fire on Petersburg in the morning, sustaining the attack for an hour. This was occasioned by the enemy's firing from the heights upon the Eighteenth Corps on our right. After the firing ceased the rebels made a charge against Smith's lines, which was repulsed with great loss to the enemy. The prisoners taken by our forces were many of them boys under eighteen years of age, who had nevertheless been three years in the service. Since Wednesday the 22d there has been no severe fighting.

Sheridan, who has been operating successfully on the roads north of Richmond, reached Wilcox's Landing, where his rear was attacked on Saturday, June 25, and some of his men captured, but by the assistance of the gun-boats he effected the crossing of the James with his entire train. General Wilson, after his raid on the Weldon road, pushed on to Burkesville, where he was last heard from, at the junction of the two railroad lines leading westward from Richmond and Petersburg. Crook and Averill, together with Hunter, are still operating in the mean time upon the communications on the west and northwest of the Confederate capital. There is therefore no important railroad communication of Richmond which is not disturbed, if not destroyed, by the Federal cavalry. This fact will doubtless soon have an important bearing on the campaign, inasmuch as an army harassed in this manner must sooner or later be compelled to seek a more favorable position, or else to fight at a remarkable disadvantage. It should be added that Palmer, in a late expedition into the centre of North Carolina, cut the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad near Goldsboro.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

General Sherman's army is still confronted by the Kenesaw Mountain. The rainy weather and endangered communications have proved very annoying impediments. Sherman's communications are guarded by General Rousseau's command. It was expected that after Sturgis's defeat Forrest would strike at the railroads between Nashville and Chattanooga. Between Rousseau and Smith it is probable that the attempts of the enemy in this direction will be baffled. General Rousseau has made every preparation to receive the rebels, and has placed his defenses along the railroads and in the towns of importance, in the very best conditions. The numerical force of the garrison has been increased as far as possible, and more cavalry has been asked for.

Our lines have been pressed steadily forward, and on the 19th an important position was gained by General Howard. In attempting to retake this position the enemy lost seven or eight hundred men. The rebel line was strongly fortified, and on our left was protected by a swamp. On Monday, June 27, Sherman attacked the enemy's position at Kenesaw Mountain, at the southwest end, at 8 A.M. While M'Pherson was engaged at this point Thomas attacked at a point a mile farther to the south; but the assault in both cases proved unsuccessful. M'Pherson's loss was about 500, and Thomas's 2000. General Harker and Colonel Dan M'Cook are reported mortally wounded, and Colonel Rice very seriously. Two hundred rebels were captured.

On the morning of the 18th the rebel General Wharton, with a force of 2500 men, crossed the railroad between Kingston and Dalton, capturing and burning five freight trains loaded with supplies. Two days afterward Captain Glover captured two freight trains near Resaca.

Desertions from the rebel army are quite frequent. On the 24th a camp of conscripts, about six miles from Marietta, numbering 900 men, broke for our lines. Six hundred of them got in; the rest were recaptured.

THE SOUTHWEST.

On the 22d Magruder attacked two companies of the Twelfth Iowa at the mouth of the White River; by the assistance of the gun-boat *Lexington* the attack was repulsed.

General Marmaduke was reported moving against Little Rock, Arkansas.

On the 25th General Pillow, surrounding Lafayette with a force of 3000 men, sent a flag of truce to Colonel Watkins who was, with 400 men, defending the town, demanding a surrender. The demand was refused, and the rebels making an assault were repulsed. Lafayette is in Georgia, 20 miles south of Chattanooga.

FOREIGN NEWS.

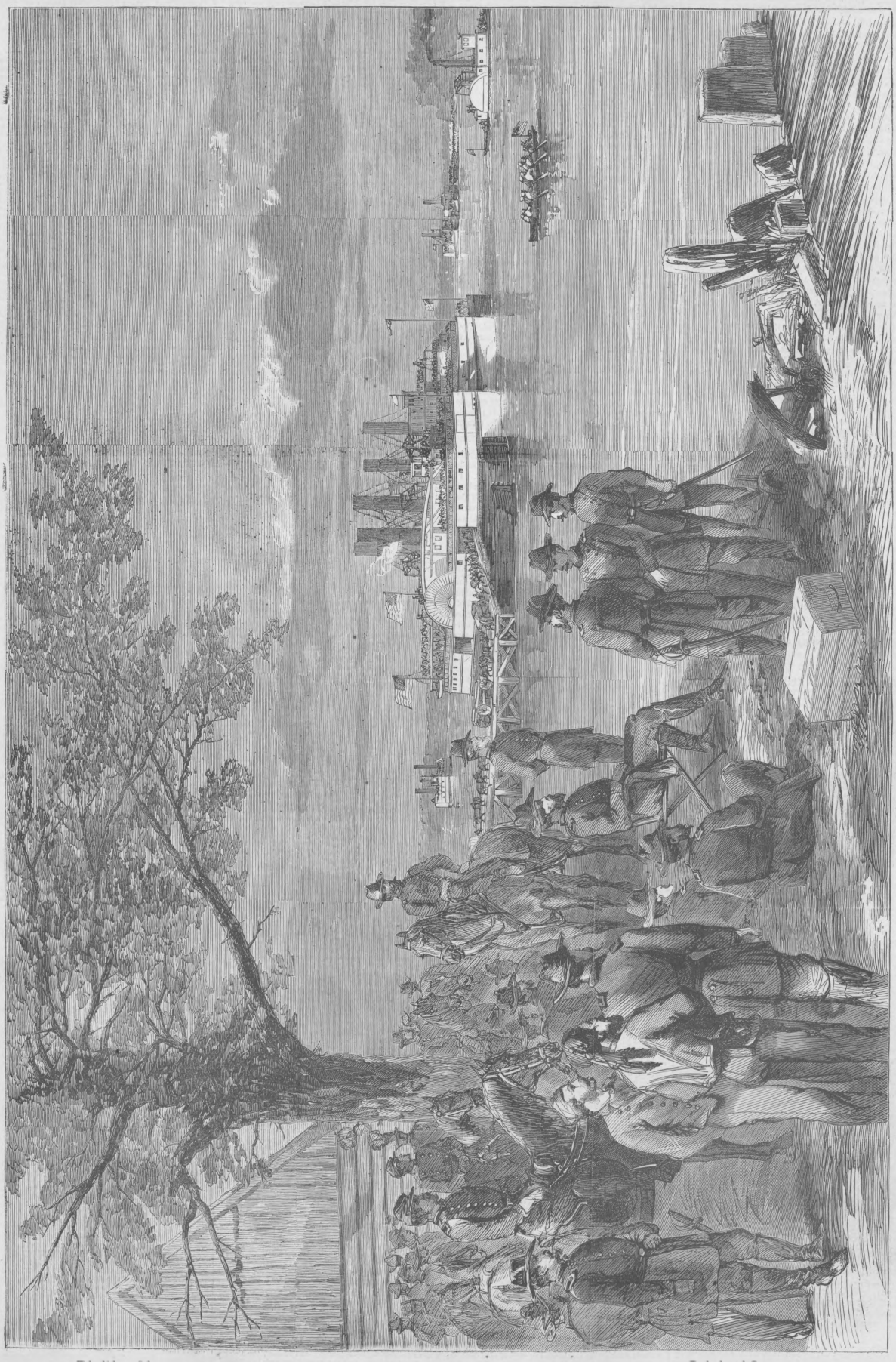
THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

THERE appears to have been no progress made in settling the matters in dispute between Denmark and the allied powers. The former insists upon the line of the Schlei as its southern boundary. On the other hand, the Germanic Confederation appear equally determined that Schleswig shall not be conceded to Denmark except by the consent of the people of Schleswig. The position of the neutral powers—the most important element in the question—is still undetermined. Earl RUSSELL has intimated that, should the Austrian fleet proceed to the Baltic when hostilities were resumed, England would be compelled to send a fleet also.

There were rumors that the present British Ministry would be broken up by the Tories on account of the popular dissatisfaction concerning the Danish question; but this demonstration seems to have failed, not being adequately supported by the Conservative party. The *Morning Herald* contends that a new Ministry under Lord DERBY would obtain for the Germans the line of the Schlei for the Danish frontier, while they will not give it to Earl RUSSELL until he has actually gone to war for it.

The same paper, in reply to the excuse that Conservatives would have done no better than the Ministry, says that they would have known their own minds, they would have determined how far it was the duty and interest of England to defend Denmark, and they could have intimated their decision in clear and unmistakable terms to Denmark herself and to Germany.

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—TRANSPORTATION OF HANCOCK'S CORPS ACROSS THE JAMES AT WILCOX'S LANDING.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

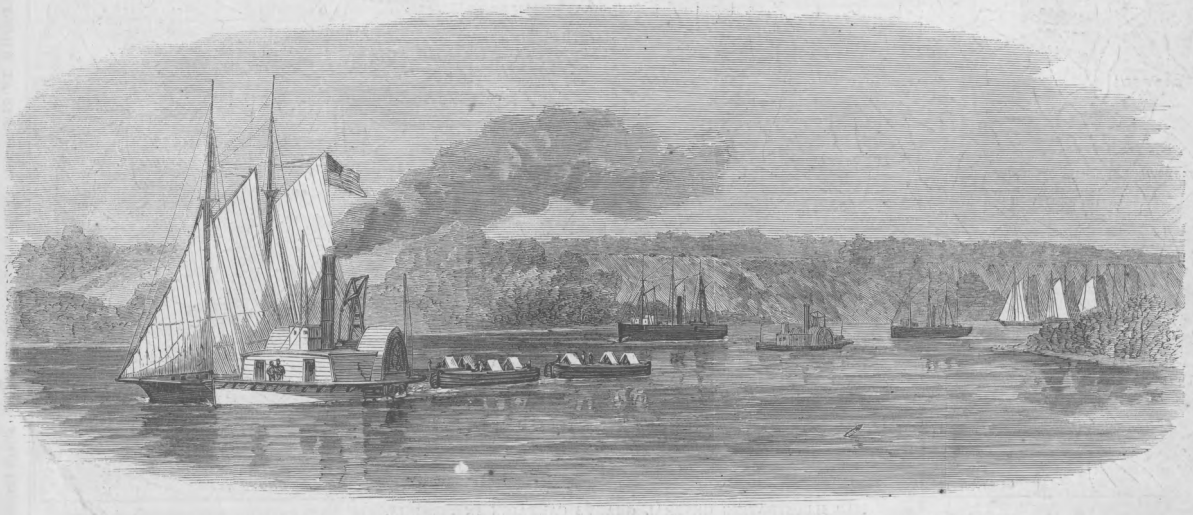
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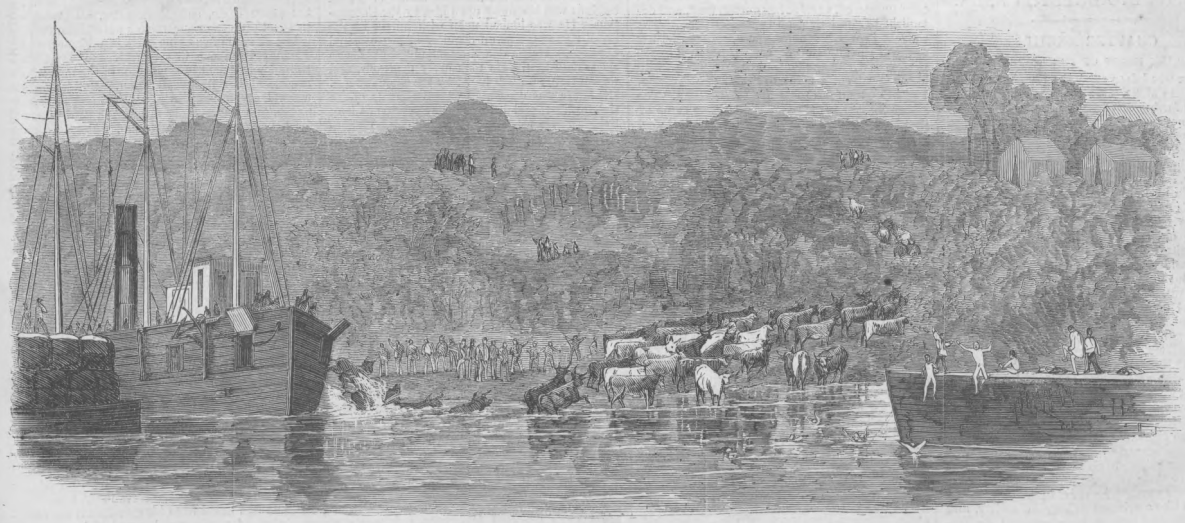
THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAYS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. C. BARLOW.—[SEE PAGE 445.]

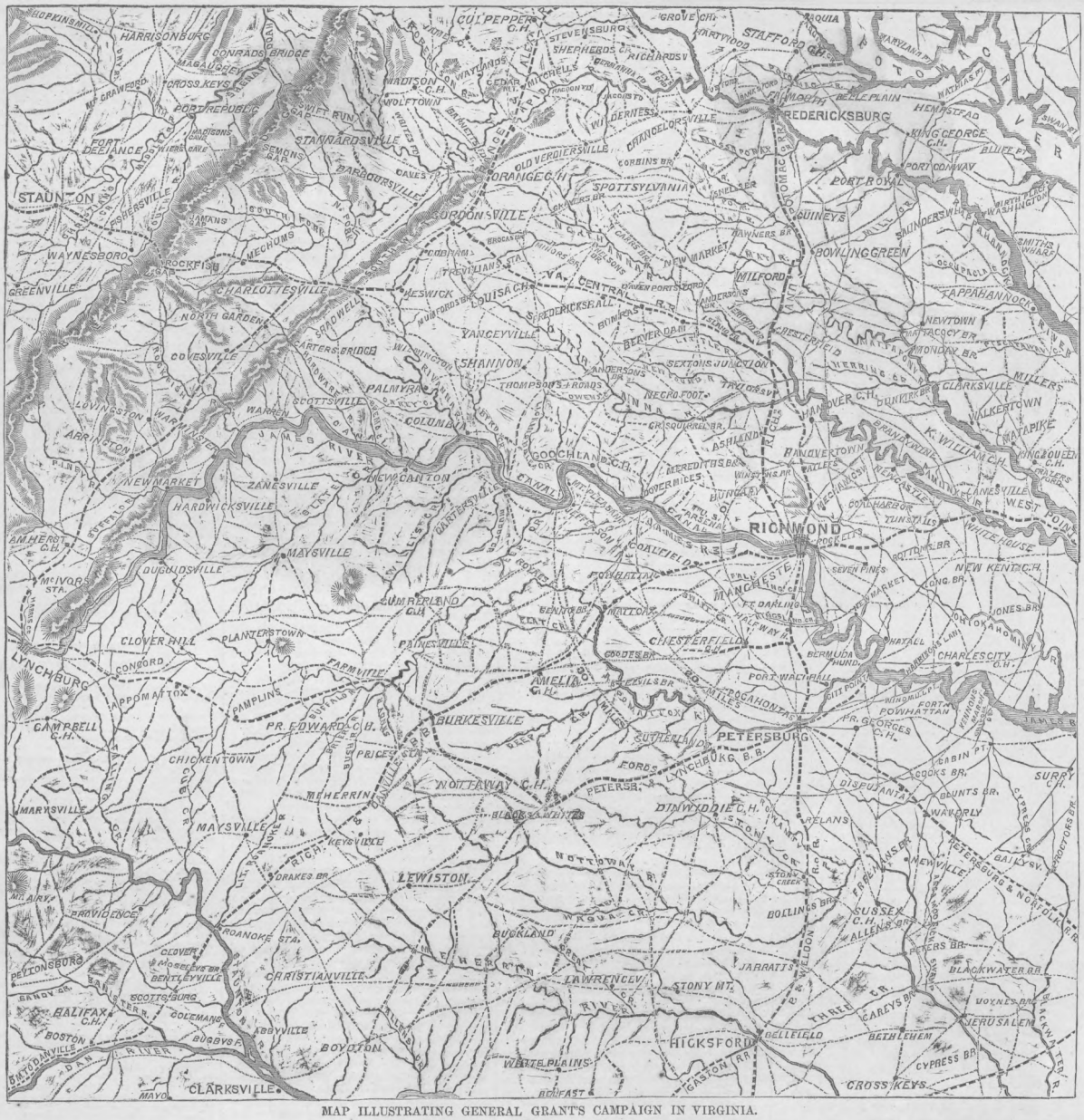


GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—A VIEW ON THE PAMUNKEY.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—LANDING OF CATTLE FOR THE USE OF THE ARMY.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

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HARRISONBURG
CONRADS BRIDGE
CROSS KEYS
PORT REPUBLIC
FORT DEFIANCE
STAUNTON
WAYNESBORO
GREENVILLE
CHARLOTTESVILLE
NORTH GARDEN
COVESVILLE
LOVINGSTON
ARRINGTON
NEW MARKET
HARDWICKSVILLE
AMHERST C.H.
MAYSVILLE
DUGUIDSVILLE
CLOVER HILL
PLANTERSTOWN
CONCORD
LYNCHBURG
APPOMATTOX
PAMPLIN
CAMPBELL C.H.
PRINCE EDWARD C.H.
FARMVILLE
CHICKENTOWN
MARYSVILLE
MAYSVILLE
KEYSVILLE
DRAKES BR
LEWISTON
MT AIRY
PROVIDENCE
ROANOKE STA.
CLOVER
MOSELEY BR
BENTLEYVILLE
PELTONSBURG
CHRISTIANVILLE
SCOTTSBURG
HALIFAX C.H.
COLEMANS
BOSTON
DANVILLE
DAN RIVER
BOYDTON
CLARKSVILLE
MAYO
WHITE PLAINS
BUCKLAND
BRENTSVILLE
LAWRENCEVILLE
STONY MT.
JARRATTS
HICKSFORD
BELLEFIELD
BETHLEHEM
JERUSALEM
CYPRESS BR
CROSS KEYS
BLACKWATER
SUSSEX C.H.
ALLENS BR
PETERS BR
BOLLINGS BR
STONY CREEK
NOTTOWAY R.
NOTTOWAY C.H.
BLACKS & WHITES
DINWIDDIE C.H.
PETERSBURG
FORDS
LYNCHBURG R.R.
SUTHERLAND
DISPUTANTA
COOKS BR
BLUNTS BR
WAVERLY
SURRY C.H.
GABIN PT
JAMES R.
FORT POWHATTAN
PR. GEORGES C.H.
PORT WALTHALL
BERMUDA HUNDRED
CHESTERFIELD
CHARLES CITY C.H.
JONES BR
WILCOX
TOTOPOTOMOY
MANCHESTER
FALLING CR
FALLS
RICHMOND
COALFIELD R.R.
COAL HARBOR
WHITE HOUSE
NEW KENT C.H.
SEVEN PINES
LONG BR
WILLIAMSBURG
YORK R.
WEST POINT
KING WILLIAM C.H.
MATAPIKE
WALKERTOWN
MILLERS
CLARKSVILLE
HANOVER C.H.
HANOVERTOWN
NEWCASTLE
HANOVER
NEWTOWN
MATTAPONY R.
PAMUNKEY R.
KING GEORGE C.H.
PORT ROYAL
PORT CONWAY
BOWLING GREEN
GUINEYS
MILFORD
FREDERICKSBURG
HEMSTEAD
BELLE PLAIN
STAFFORD C.H.
POTOMAC R.
ACQUIA
GROVE CH.
HARTWOOD
RICHARDSV
SHEPHERDS
STEVENSBURG
CULPEPPER C.H.
MADISON C.H.
WOLFTOWN
CEDAR MT.
MITCHELLS
WAYLANDS
STANARDSVILLE
BARBOURSVILLE
GORDONSVILLE
ORANGE C.H.
OLD VERDIERSVILLE
SPOTTSYLVANIA
CRANGE CORNERS
CORBINS BR
LANCASTER
TOMAHAWK CR
TANNERS BR
NEW MARKET
TREVILIANS STA.
POMPHAM
BROCKS
MECHUMS
ROCKFISH GAP
SOUTH FORK
SOUTH
RIVANNA R.
SHANNON
YANCEYVILLE
PALMYRA
SCOTTSVILLE
WARREN
JAMES RIVER
CANAL
COLUMBIA
GOOCHLAND C.H.
CUNNINGHAM
CENTRAL R.R.
LOUISA C.H.
TREVILIANS
MUDFORDS BR
TROYS
ANDERSONS BR
FREDERICKSHALL
BUMPASS
BEAVER DAM
SEXTONS JUNCTION
ANDERSONS
THOMPSONS
ROADS
OWENS
NEGRO FOOT
TAYLORSV
CR SQUIRREL BR
ASHLAND
MEREDITHS BR
BOWLES
WINSTON
BUNGAY
CHICKAHOMINY R.
WHITINGS
MECHANICSV
NEWCASTLE
CHICKAHOMINY
GAINES MILL
BOTTOMS BR
TOTOPOTOMOY CR
GENTRYS BR
MATTOONS
SALLY
DE DARLING
HALF WAY
CROCKETTS
CROCKETTS BR
CROCKETTS
DEVILS BR
WHITES
MULLOX
PROCAHONTAS
CHESTERFIELD
CROCKER
PALMYRA
CUMBERLAND C.H.
CUMBERLAND
BENTS BR
KENT C.H.
MCIVORS STA.
LANCASTER
CARTERSVILLE
CARTERS BRIDGE
HOWARDS
SCOTTSVILLE
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SOUTH
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possessed had been given to her by the worn-out lackey; but he treated him with calm and disdainful insolence. "Well," he would sometimes acknowledge, when remonstrated with by his grand-aunt for some unusual act of contumeliousness toward the ancient servitor, "perhaps he had at one time rendered some sort of service to the family. But it was ever so long ago. Besides, it was his duty; and the romantic kind of gratitude was only possible in virtuous dramas at the Gymnase." I wonder what would become of the world if acts of duty such as Thomas Prudence had performed were only possible in virtuous dramas at a play-house!

One most salient characteristic of Edgar Greyfaunt would be overlooked if it were omitted to mention that he entertained a profound contempt for the people among whom he was domiciled. He went into French society, and of the best, because his relationship to Madame de Kergolay opened to him dozens of doors in France, while his English appellation would have been quite powerless in like regard in the country of his birth. He spoke French fluently, because he had been brought up at the Collége Louis-le-Grand; but no protectionist farmer had ever a livelier dislike and heartier contempt for the French than Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt. He held the Greyfaunts of Lancashire to be infinitely superior in point of extraction, status, and polish, not only to the Kergolays, but to all the Rohans, Noailles, Condés, or Montmorencys in the Libro d'Oro of France. As, however, it was only the allowance his grand-aunt made him that kept him from starving, he resigned himself to his lot, and contented himself with abusing and sneering at the people in whose midst he lived. "I have a turn for drawing and painting," he would remark to such English exquisites as he from time to time met in Paris; "and so, as a gentleman must do something in a country where there are no field-sports worth having, and the Church is impossible, and Literature is snuffy and vulgar, and the Bar low, I moved the old lady to place me with Delaroche, who lets me do what I like, and makes much of me. In France, you know, it is the custom for artists to go into society. David, the scoundrel, was a baron; and so was Gros; and they give Us a plentiful share of crosses and red ribbons. A fellow doesn't mind going in for art if he's looked up to, and is decorated, and goes to court, and all that kind of thing. But it wouldn't do in England, you know. I should be obliged to go into the army, or something of that sort, and keep the paint-pot dark." After which profound exposition of the proprieties Prince Greyfaunt's exquisite friends would opine that he had acted very sensibly, and that so long as he remained in that confounded hole, meaning Paris, it was just as well to spoil canvas as to do nothing at all. But he must never forget, they told him, what he owed to society, and when the old lady (meaning his grand-aunt) died, and cut up well, he would return to his native country, live as a gentleman should, and keep the paint-pots very dark indeed.

Prince Edgar had come to the end of his second cigar, and of the Chambertin too; he had taken his coffee, his petit verre, and his chasse. It was nearly ten o'clock. On his condescending visits the vigils of the Marais were prolonged until eleven, and it now occurred to him that he might join the ladies. "There will be that stupid old abbé prosing away as usual," he remarked, with a yawn, "but I suppose I must endure him." Presently a bitter smile came over him at the thought that he had spoken of Lily as one of the "ladies." Who was the little thing? He would ask Vieux Sablons.

"A protégée of Madame la Baronne," replied the servitor, with a low bow.

"Charity, I suppose?" continued the young man.

"The usual charity and benevolence of Madame la Baronne," replied Thomas, laying respectful emphasis on the words.

"Ah! my good aunt does not consider that her charity has a tendency to eat her natural heirs out of house and home. Upon my word, her house is a receptacle for the lame, the halt, and the blind. I do believe that half the people who come here are no better than a pack of old paupers. My friends call this place the Dépôt de Mendicité. Who is that Babette, for instance?"

"Charity," repeated Vieux Sablons, "but a very excellent and faithful servant."

"As you also deem yourself, no doubt, my most exemplary Vieux Sablons," said Edgar, as he lazily rose. "I wonder where my aunt picked up that little English girl? Do you know?"

"No, Sir," responded the ex-contractor, telling, with the purest intentions, a deliberate falsehood.

"Out of the gutter, I presume. My aunt is not particular. She prefers rags to ermine. The little thing is passable. What do you think, hey?"

"Monsieur is good enough to say so."

"She is more than passable, most respectable fox. Is there any kissing allowed in the pantry?"

"I respect my mistress and benefactress, I respect youth and innocence, and I respect myself," said the old man, in a low voice.

"The first we know all about; it is an old story. The second is youth and innocence's affair. The third concerns yourself, and is no very important matter. Well, I will go and see the little thing, and draw her out. Upon my honor she is a great deal more than passable."

And flinging his napkin on the table he condescended to stroll into the drawing-room.

"Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt," muttered the old servant, as he clattered to and fro with the paraphernalia of the table, putting every thing in its place in cupboard and pantry, "you are a gentilhomme; and the grand-nephew of my beloved mistress; and clever, and handsome, and very fashionable; but, upon my word, I think you have no more heart than this empty bottle."

He was holding the flask of Chambertin in his hand. There was just a drain of the rare old wine left, and he poured it into a glass and drank it off, and smacked his thin old lips. Although but dregs the dram was generous, and gave him courage for a bolder thought.

"And, upon my word, Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt," he concluded, "my private opinion is, that you are a very finished scoundrel, and will come to a bad end."

A little after eleven o'clock the Prince lighted a cigar and went down to the Café Anglais.

"How much money has he asked you for?" said the abbé, as the door closed behind Edgar.

"Five thousand francs," replied the baroness, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor dear fellow, he says he will be ruined if I can not raise that sum by Tuesday next. Dear abbé, you must go to-morrow to my notary."

"And you have but ten thousand francs a year. Madame la Baronne, this misguided youth will be the ruin of you."

The Abbé Chatain was pacing the room with long soft strides, but a most melancholy visage.

"Let *him* be ruined," he resumed, halting. "Better that he should suffer than you, than your widows and orphans, than your beggars and penitents. Let him suffer. It may do him good."

"Lily did not hear this lugubrious conversation. She was in bed. By the time the abbé had departed she was asleep, dreaming of Edgar Greyfaunt.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

POOR LITTLE LILY.

WOE for the little woman! for she was a woman now. She woke up the next morning, and she loved the Scape-grace.

Had any one come to her, and said, "Lily, you are in love," she would, with pretty earnestness, have repudiated the charge. She would have pleaded that she knew nothing about love; that she had read but few love-tales, and heard but few persons talk about love; that she had been Quite Alone all her life, and, in default (until very recently) of there being any one to love her, was ignorant of the precise manner in which affection, although directed toward another object, should be repudiated.

Woe for the little woman! She loved the Scape-grace nevertheless.

Love came to her as no smirking Cupid with purple wings to fetter her with shackles made from wreaths of roses. Love was no powdered shepherd, as in the tapestries in the baroness's chamber, with flowers in his wig, and ribbons to his crook. Love came silently, and sat over against her little bed, and said, "I am here; and, henceforth, you must be my slave and bond-servant."

She was too weak to battle with him. She was too candid to deny him. She was too good to tell a lie to herself, and call love liking. She acknowledged him, bowed down before him, and gave herself up to him, a submissive, truthful captive.

It seemed to be a love to which there had been no beginning, and to which there could be no end. Marriage—the thought never entered her head. Passion—she knew not what passion was. To be beloved again—she never nurtured a hope that he whom she loved would ever return her love, or even know of it. It was more the sublime side of the love of a child for her doll; and from the sublime to the ridiculous there was, as usual, but one step. To lavish boundless affection on an object which was, to her, inanimate and unconscious; to pour terms of affection into deaf ears, to mirror herself in blind eyes, to gloat over breathless lips, to cherish an image which, without, is only paint, and varnish, and scraps of ribbon; and, within, only rags and saw-dust—this is what the child does with her doll; and this is what Lily Floris did with the idol of Edgar Greyfaunt, which she had built up in the corner of her soul. A spruce Fetish, forsooth. A golden calf, or one shining at least with the bravest Dutch metal. A curled and oiled Mumbo-Jumbo; but she worshiped it in secret, and with a devouring adoration. Had she, in her dreary childhood, been given more dolls to play with, she might not, perhaps, have been so ready to fall in love with the stalwart waxen puppet that was called Edgar Greyfaunt.

Do you reproach her for falling in love at first sight? Silly girls, at her age, and loving as she did, usually do so. The prudent virgins are vaccinated, and take the disorder slowly, and in the mildest form; albeit, on them, often, in middle life, the disease falls again with appalling virulence, and kills them. The foolish virgins catch the infection at once, and have it hot and strong; and happy are those who get over it, and rise again, cured, but scarred for life.

Besides, is there any love at first sight? One doubts it. Is not the first fortuitous rencounter with the object that is to be beloved merely the realization of an ideal that has been nourished in the heart for years? It seemed to Lily as though she had always been thinking of Edgar Greyfaunt ever since she was a child, and now he had come. She had always loved, and would always continue to love him.

Had there been two parties to this amorous action a third might have interposed in the suit. An interpleader might have arisen in the shape of jealousy. Lily would have dreamt of a rival, feared her, hated her perhaps; for as it is in the power of Love to mollify and sweeten all evil thoughts, so is it unhappily within his attributes to turn all that is good into poison and venom. But Lily was plaintiff, defendant, counsel, attorney, judge, jury, usher, and auditory all in one. She stated her own case, and replied to herself. She summed up herself, and herself gave the verdict, and herself delivered the verdict. It was always to the same effect: that she loved Edgar Greyfaunt.

But he, handsome, gifted, courted—did he love, was he beloved by, another? Well, Lily thought upon this sometimes, and trembled, and her heart swooned within her. But she was not always possessed by the thought. Love is so far merciful as not perpetually to insist on the unknown eventuality. If the young who love in secret suffered this torture of fear without intermission they would go out and drown themselves. If a man of threescore years and ten, who knows his end to be imminent, were always dwelling upon death, he would never be able to eat his dinner. Oblivion for the mind is as necessary as rest for the body, and is as beneficently meted out to us. Labor and thought without surcease, would be intolerable.

The spiteful magician Love has the art of making all things appear as they are not; and has been reveling in that trick ever since he made the Fairy Queen enamored of the weaver clown that had the jackass's head instead of his own clod pate. For thousands of years before that, maybe, he worked the same rascally spell. Love can transfer, transfuse, transmute, conjure dry leaves into guineas, dress up the daw in peacock's feathers, give the wolf sheep's clothing; turn Christopher Sly into a duke, the princess into a goose-girl, the pumpkin into a coach and six, and the Beast into Prince Azor; quite as often, believe me, the Beast is a Beast to the end of the chapter, only Beauty is stricken by Love with color-blindness, and mistakes rusty black for brightest crimson. To Lily Edgar Greyfaunt was at once (but it was all conjuring) invested with the most lovable attributes of the kind gentleman at Greenwich who had sat by her side at the dinner, and kissed her when she went away. Straightway she passed, in an arbitrary little parliament, an act for transferring stock; and under this act all the love standing in the Million per Cents in the name of William Long was handed over to Edgar Greyfaunt. Then she piled Pelion upon Ossa; she buttered the fat pig; she gilded the refined gold; she smothered her idol with roses. She gave him all the love she felt for the school-mates who had been kind to her; for the Bunnycastles; for the good-hearted folks at Cutwig & Co.'s; for the very courier on board the steamer who had treated her with "joggolate." And lastly, she bestowed upon the vacuous inane Fetish (ah! but he was so beautiful!) all the immeasurable love she should have felt for the parents who had neglected and abandoned her. Was there none left for Madame de Kergolay, for kindly Madame Prudence, for the homely Babette, for the cheery Vieux Sablons, for the good priest? Well! there was gratitude, veneration; but what would you have? When the Houses of Parliament are all ablaze, who thinks of the chimney that has caught fire in a second floor back in the Horseferry Road?

So much overwhelming, overpowering love did she give the handsome Fetish, that he might have staggered and sunk under the weight. He happened, however, to know nothing about it; and had he known all about it, the handsome brute would not have understood it.

But the fires of her love were well banked up. The furious little furnace consumed its own smoke. It found no vent in sighs and moans, in confidences with women, in tender glances, in passionate letters, in sickly poetry (the which safety-valve has saved many estimable lads and lasses from the commission of suicide; the chief advantages being that, once in love, any idiot can write poetry, and when one has written a hundred and thirty stanzas, and duly corrected them, they can always be torn up and crammed into the fire). Lily had no one to speak to, and no one to write to, about her love. A dim pervading consciousness came sometimes over her, warning her that if any body about the place—the housekeeper, the old lackey, the priest, the baroness—knew aught of her secret, the knowledge would be equivalent to her condemnation to death. And so, nothing short of the rack and the thumb-screw, or the delirium of brain-fever, would have made her confess that terrible word of fatefulness.

What could the poor child do, then? Let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek? Not at all. Her love coveted and courted concealment. It had been engendered of a sudden, like a mushroom, and grew best in a cellar. It was a modest, and a timid and silent love. It would have died for very shame had it been dragged into the open air. Its sequestration preyed by no means on Lily's cheek. It made her happy. It was company to her. Good and generous as the simple folks were among whom she had been mercifully thrown, Lily could but feel that they were strangers to her. But now she had this love, and she was no longer Quite Alone.

The love must have some vent, however, or her heart-strings would have cracked. There was an old harpsichord in the salon, playing on which she had often lulled Madame de Kergolay to sleep. She was no brilliant performer, for her music-lessons had been few and far between, and her practice had been furtively snatched from the menial occupations, and the hours of confinement and punishment, at the Pension Marcassin. But Lily had a quick ear, an adroit finger, and a pretty taste. There was a pile of old pigtail music on a cabinet by the harpsichord—madrigals and canzonets, ballads and complaintes—from "Vive Henri Quatre" to "La Belle Gabrielle," from "Charmante bergère, m'aimeras-tu?" to "J'ai vu Dorinde; elle me sourit." Lily had learned to play these fusty charming productions—to know even something of Gluck, and Rameau, and Grétry. And sometimes even she ventured to sing in a low tender voice some ballad, English or French, that Madame de Kergolay loved. She found herself now drifting from the decorous stream of graven music into a turbid ocean of voluntaries and capriccios. It was her love. Love was streaming from her heart, and down her rounded arms, and from her fingers on to the ebony and ivory of the keys. The baroness told her that she was fast becoming a brilliant player. The baroness sighed that she could not afford to buy her a piano-forte. She declared that she would hire one. The Abbé Chatain suggested a seraphine. None of them knew that it was Love who was the music-master.

And then, in the privacy of her little chamber, she would strive to draw and delineate the features of the beautiful Fetish. Her fingers were unused to the pencil, and she gave up the attempt disconsolately. But in a bunch of flowers she could see his likeness; his face came forth among the crackling embers on the hearth; his profile undulated in the pattern of the wall-paper; it curled in the smoke from the house-tops. It was wreathed in the fleeciness of the summer clouds.

Once or twice, in the Luxembourg Gardens, she detected herself tracing the letter E with her parasol in the powdery gravel. But Prudence being with her she hastened to efface the letter and make diagrams of monstrous creatures with impossible noses and preternatural cocked-hats. Yet it seemed as if the letter E could never be rubbed out. Do all she could it was indelible as the blood at Holyrood.

At home she was less cautious. Poetry, indeed, she eschewed, and, as has been said, she had no one to write to about him. But she found herself scribbling his name one day all over a blotting-pad. It was "Edgar Greyfaunt," "Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt," "Captain Greyfaunt," "Le Chevalier Edgar de Greyfaunt," "Monsieur le Baron de Greyfaunt-Kergolay." Then she stopped; but why not have gone on to prince, or king, or kaiser? Had Edgar seen the blotting-pad his enormous vanity would have had stomach for them all.

This is the way in which girls go on. Poor Lily indeed!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SEA-PIECE.—When is a fishing-boat in danger of sinking?—When it has got a *fissure* in it.

PICKED UP AT EPSOM (AFTER THE EVENT).—Why should three Scotchmen have had the first three horses?—Because none of them were scratched.

"They're always giving things different resignations from what they used to have," said Mrs. Partington to Ike. "In my opinion what they call the new ralgia is catamount to the old rheumatiz."

LOST!—A small lady's watch with a white face; also two ivory young ladies' work-boxes. A mahogany gentleman's dressing-case and a small pony, belonging to a young lady with a silver mane and tail.

A QUESTION FOR "COOK."—Is a "flying joint" usually accompanied by a "hasty pudding?"

LITERARY.—The "Woman in White" did *not* first appear in "*Black*-wood."

WHO REQUIRE SLEEP MOST.—Women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in any other occupation. Editors, reporters, printers, and telegraph operators need not sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they choose, and keep out of mischief.

SCHOOLMASTER. "How many kinds of axes are there?" LITTLE BOY. "Broad axe, narrow axe, iron axe, steel axe, axe of the Apostles, and axe my father!" SCHOOLMASTER.—"Good, go to the top of the class."

Why ought women to be employed in the post-office?—Because they understand how to manage the *males*.

CHIT-CHAT.—Naturally women talk more than men. The learned Buxtorf informs us in his "Hebrew Lexicon," that the primeval name Eve is derived from a root signifying talk; and it was, perhaps, from a dim idea of this kind that the Rabbins owed their tradition, that twelve baskets of chit-chat—it could not be gossip, for there were no neighbors to gossip about—were rained down into Paradise, for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with, of which twelve Adam picked up three, and Eve the other nine.

MOTTO FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—"Distance *lens* enchantment to the view."

Vermonters live to a great age, as is well known. There are two men up there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors living who can remember.

Pack your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself and not let them annoy others.

What peculiar phrenological development does a successful dairyman possess?—The pump of adulteration.

A DEBATING club lately discussed the important question, "Whether a cock's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct."

Sometimes the sadness which generally prevails among the wounded and dying is banished by a ludicrous incident. An Irishman who had been fatally wounded was advised by the surgeon to give his effects to a person near by. He pulled out his razor and asked, comically, "If he would send that home to the ould woman." "Yes," said the delegate. Next came out his glasses, and then $17 65, of which one dollar was silver. All these things he wanted sent. But when the delegate went to take them, he asked him to "wait a bit. These doctors are not always right. Yese betther be after seeing whether I'm going to die or not!"

The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently between a married couple on their travels: "My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?" "Quite, thank you, my dear." "Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?" "Quite sure, love." "And no cold air from the window by your ear?" "Quite certain, darling." "Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

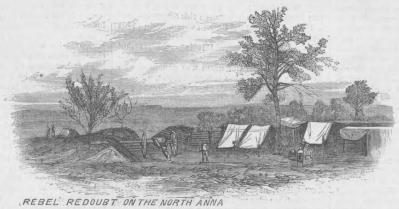
"Papa," said a little boy to his papa the other day, "are not sailors *very, very* small men?" "No, my dear," answered the father; "what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" "Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

What is equal to raising pitchforks?—Hailing omnibuses.

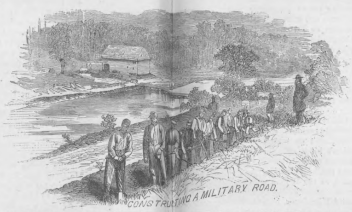
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QUARLES MILL, N. ANNA R.



REBEL REDOUBT ON THE NORTH ANNA



CONSTRUCTING A MILITARY ROAD.



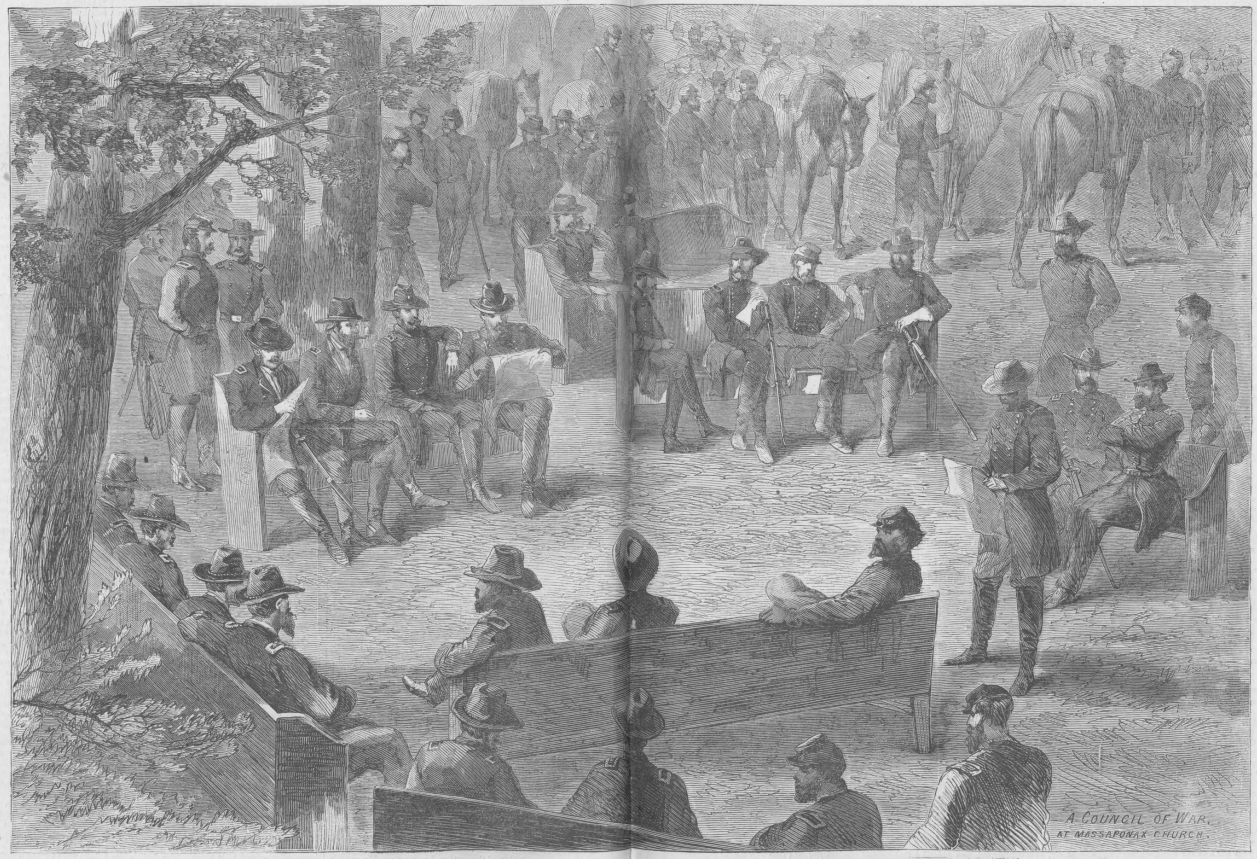
BURYING THE DEAD.



JERICHO'S MILL AND PONTOON BRIDGE N. ANNA R



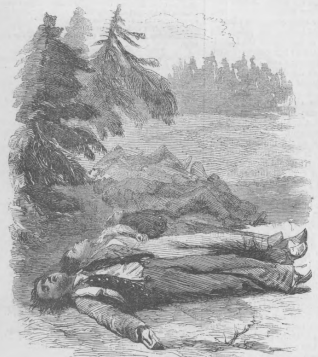
SOLDIERS IN RIFLE PITS NEAR CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE N.A.RIVER



A COUNCIL OF WAR. AT MASSAPONAX CHURCH.



BRADDOCK'S COACH, GUINNESS STATION, VA.



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS LAID OUT FOR BURIAL.



BEVERLY HOUSE



ONE OF EIVELD'S SOLDIERS.



BETHEL CHURCH



DEAD REBEL SOLDIER, PINE FORREST 10 MAY.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.—From Photographs by Gardner, Washington, District of Columbia.—[See Page 442.]

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

LAST week we presented before our readers a sketch of the pontoon bridge over which a portion of General GRANT's army effected a crossing just above Fort Powhatan. We add this week on page 436 another sketch illustrating THE PASSAGE OF THE SECOND CORPS AT WILCOX'S LANDING, three miles below. The crossing at this point was effected by transports. The main interest of this sketch, however, centres in the group of general officers who are witnessing the operation from the shore. Among these General GRANT's presence is easily detected by the "inevitable cigar:" the General is complacently resting in his saddle, surrounded by his aids and members of his staff. Near him General HANCOCK is seated, enfeebled by his old wounds, and unable to take the field; and nearer the river stands Inspector-General BARNARD, an old man with gray hairs, who has served in all the great Virginia campaigns.

Another sketch on page 437 represents THE LANDING OF CATTLE FOR THE USE OF THE ARMY. The transport is moored near the shore, the gangway opened, and the cattle then pushed out, falling one over another in all sorts of ludicrous positions, disappearing two or three at a time, but always rising and making their way to the shore. The bank is usually lined with soldiers whooping and shouting at the discomfort of the animals.

From these we turn to the series of pictures on pages 440 and 441, printed from photographs, and representing scenes of vivid interest connected with the progress of GRANT's army from Spottsylvania Court House to the North Anna. In our description of these we follow the order of time.

The pictures of the CONFEDERATE DEAD carry us back to May 19th, when EWELL made his desperate attack on our right, but was repulsed with the loss of nearly two thousand men. These dead soldiers were found after the battle near Mrs. Alsop's, at Pine Forest, and were carefully buried by the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

BEVERLY HOUSE was the head-quarters of General WARREN on May 19, and BETHEL CHURCH of General BURNSIDE, May 21.

If we turn now to the central picture of the series we find seated before us the officers of the army holding a COUNCIL OF WAR AT MASSAPONAX CHURCH, on the 21st of May, the army being now fairly on its way southeastwardly from its former position. General GRANT is sitting on a bench at the right, with his back to the tree, smoking.

BRADDOCK'S COACH represents a relic of the past century found at Guinea's Station.

The captured rifle-pits are those taken by BERRY's brigade in the fight near Chesterfield or Taylor's Bridge, on the North Anna. This bridge and the Jericho are those over which our forces crossed the North Anna. Federal soldiers are sitting in the trenches. The REBEL REDOUBT is a work captured by our forces in the same neighborhood.

In addition to the above there are other pictures: one representing our engineers constructing a military road to Jericho Mills, on the North Anna; another giving a view of these mills as seen from the south side, with a canvas pontoon bridge thrown across the river; and a third giving a view of QUARLES MILL.

These pictures are all printed from photographs taken on the field by GARDNER, of Washington, to whom our readers are already indebted for other similar favors. Of course it is impossible for photography to lie, and we may therefore regard these portraitures as faithful to the minute feature of the original scene. By the pictures here given of the Confederate dead we are brought face to face with scenes which are the daily incident of a soldier's life. It is doubtless true of both armies that the continual recurrence of such scenes tends to harden the soldiers' sensibilities; but this induration is in a great measure prevented by the ministration which is daily so tenderly given by these same soldiers to the dead and wounded of the enemy.

We give on page 437 a VIEW ON THE PAMUNKEY. This river was lately the base of supplies for GRANT's army, and was covered with a vast flotilla of transports.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

"CRYING again, Maggie? Why what on earth ails the child?"

Miss Semantha West had just come in from the garden with a basket of freshly-gathered pease, and a mammoth sun-bonnet swinging from her arm, instead of being tied decorously under her chin, as it is the nature of sun-bonnets to be. She was one of those women from whom one instinctively receives the impression that they ought to have been born men—a tall, raw-boned female, with a step like a grenadier, a bass voice, and a very perceptible mustache bristling upon her upper lip. Moreover, Miss Semantha was an old maid—probably because no gentleman had ever yet mustered courage to address her matrimonially.

Altogether different was the slender girl who was drooping listlessly over a bit of needle-work in the shadow of the morning-glories, whose blue cups tossed to and fro at the window. Maggie West was twenty years younger than her tall sister, and as dissimilar as is a blush rose from a stalwart sunflower: gentle and shrinking, with hair that looked as if it had been dipped in sunshine; and large, wistful eyes, whose brown light trembled like the waters of a brimming spring. She did not look up at the spinster's resolutely-propounded question, but only bent closer over her work.

"*I* know how it is!" exclaimed Miss Semantha, setting down her basket of pease with an emphasis that sent the silver-green pods flying over the table in all directions. "You're just a-pinin' your life away arter that good-for-nothin', shilly-shallyin' feller, Harry Winder. *That's* what's you're a-doin'!"

"Semantha!" pleaded Maggie, shrinking back among the morning-glories.

"Don't tell *me*!" ejaculated Miss Semantha, clasping her hands behind her back, man-fashion, and striding up and down the room, while her gray eyes flashed grim determination. "I know how matters is goin'. He's playin' with you, off and on, jest as suits his convenience. And I'd like to know what good sage tea, and tansy drinks, and new milk afore breakfast's goin' to do you, as long as this business goes on?"

"But, sister, I know—that is, I think—he loves me."

"Why don't he say so, then, like a man, instead o' playin' fast and loose? 'Twa'n't so in my day. If a man liked a gal he said so, and they got married."

"Wait, sister—only wait," urged Maggie, tearfully. "It's only a little while since he began to come here."

"Only a little while, eh? It's time enough for you to grow as white as a sheet and as thin as a shad! Where's all your color, I'd like to know? The truth is, Maggie, a man has no business to steal a gal's heart away with his fine talk, and his poetry, and his gay uniform, and then toss it from him like a broken plaything."

Maggie West shuddered as if her sister's hand had touched a raw nerve.

"Perhaps he has not made up his mind yet," she faltered.

"Then it's high time he had," said Miss Semantha, nodding her head. "I wish I was a man! I'd call him out afore you could say Jack Robinson, if he was a Lieutenant forty times over, and strutted about with twice as many shoulder-straps stickin' to him! And I don't know but what I will, as it is," added the doughty maiden, glancing toward a rusty rifle that hung above the clock, sole relic of the departed Squire West's Revolutionary days.

"Semantha!"

"For of all things," went on Semantha, "I hate a male coquette, officer or no officer. I'll tell you what, Maggie—I think it would be a good thing to ask him what his intentions is!"

"Oh, sister! not for the world! Promise me—*please* promise—that you won't!"

And Maggie clung to her masculine sister with a face of piteous entreaty.

"Well, then, I won't. But I'll be even with him some way—see if I'm not!"

Miss Semantha sat down to shell her pease with an iron resolve in her face that made poor Maggie tremble.

Ten minutes passed away, measured by the slow ticking of the clock, the ripple of yellow sunshine along the kitchen floor, and the monotonous rattle of pease into the tin pan on Miss Semantha's lap; when all of a sudden that lady brought her clenched hand down on the table with startling emphasis.

"I've got an idea!"

"An idea!" repeated Maggie, somewhat bewildered. "Tell me what it is!"

Miss Semantha shook her head inexorably.

"Look here, Maggie; who should you say was the six humbliest gals in the village—not countin' me?"

Maggie burst out laughing at the abrupt question. "Desire Jones is one, I should say; and Mercy Griggs, and Mary Ann Patterson—"

"Well?" said Miss Semantha, counting the candidates on her fingers.

"And Juliet Smith, and Faithful Skirving, and Jane Abigail Sanders!"

"All old maids," commented Miss Semantha, "and all good friends o' mine, except Faithful, and we don't want her. Maggie, I'm goin' to ask 'e n all to tea to-night, and 'tain't likely you'll be interested in our talk—"

"No," said Maggie, absently.

"So you can go over and spend the evening with Squire Jessup's darters. And now you jest go to work and make the nicest strawberry short-cake you can get up, and a loaf of 'Lection-cake, and a lot o' cup custards; that's a good gal, and I won't ask no more o' *you!*"

And Miss Semantha perched her sun-bonnet defiantly on the top of her head, and strode off to distribute the invitations for the banquet, while Maggie tied on a little white apron, and began to beat eggs into billows of snowy foam, and cull over bloomy raisins—while her thoughts, alas! were far away.

Lieutenant Harry Winder, happily unconscious of Semantha West's very unfavorable opinion concerning him, was sitting in the law-office, which—by virtue of innumerable printed bills and several yards of bunting—had been transformed into a Recruiting Station, with the legs of his chair inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, and his feet among the books and papers on the table, while his hands were thrust cozily into his pockets.

And this was what the Lieutenant called "being driven to death with business."

As he shifted his feet among the *débris* on the table a bit of faded blue ribbon fluttered to the floor.

"Ah!" quoth Lieutenant Winder, following its descent with his eye, "pretty Maggie's souvenir! Let me see—I stole it from her hair the night we walked in the moonlight—and how charmingly she blushed, to be sure! A nice little girl—very; pity she's so desperately in love with me. If I were a marrying man, I should certainly find pretty Maggie dangerous; but a fellow don't want to entangle himself at eight-and-twenty. The worst of the business is," pondered Harry, stroking his mustache complacently, "that you can't flirt with a girl but she makes a serious matter of it, taking for granted that you're in earnest. That isn't *our* fault though; they must take the consequences of their own folly."

Lieutenant Winder's musings terminated in a prodigious yawn at this stage—a yawn whose length was only interrupted by a brisk knock at the door. He put down his feet, and assumed the air of a military hero at once.

"Come in!" he cried, beginning to rustle among his recruiting papers with a business like energy.

The door slowly opened, revealing a short, stout woman who might have seen forty-five summers—certainly no less—a woman who wore curl papers and a dingy green veil, and was attired in faded calico and a print shawl. Lieutenant Winder moved his chair a little back as she advanced upon him. There was something of the uncompromising in her aspect that rather intimidated him.

"Take a seat, ma'am," he said, blandly. "What can I do for you this morning?"

The female dropped into a chair, and regarded him fixedly.

"You don't know me?" she began.

"I have not that pleasure, ma'am," said the recruiting officer, with hypocritical politeness.

"I'm Mercy Griggs," said the lady.

Harry did not know what to say, so he remarked, "Ah, indeed!" and tried to look interested in the statement.

"I don't know how on airth I'm goin' to begin," simpered Miss Mercy, twisting the end of her lilac-bordered pocket handkerchief. "It's an awful ticklish sort o' thing to talk about!"

"Compose yourself, ma'am," said Harry, supposing he was about to become the confidant of the details of some desertion from his country's standard, or possibly the recipient of the awful fact of "bounty-jumping" among Miss Mercy's male relatives. "We soldiers are often called upon to discuss the most delicate points."

"Well, this 'en's powerful delicate," said Mercy, giggling spasmodically; "but I don't know as there's any use in beatin' about the bush. The fact is, Lieutenant Winder, I'm thinkin' about gettin' married!"

"Indeed!" said Harry, rather puzzled.

"I ain't young," admitted Mercy Griggs; "and I find it's awkward without no man around, to split kindlins, and bring water, and do such like odd jobs; and as it's Leap Year I thought a poor, lone woman might as well take advantage on't."

"Certainly," said Harry, assenting to the proposition, abstractly.

"Well, then, Lieutenant Winder, in plain English, will you hev me?"

"Have *you!*" repeated Harry, starting as if a bullet had struck him.

"Yes, or no—take me or leave me," said the lady, independently.

"*No*, ma'am, certainly not."

Miss Mercy Griggs rose up wrathfully.

"Then I'd like to know what you meant all these Sundays a-lookin' across to my brother Josiah's pew? D'ye s'pose a lone woman's affections is to be trifled with this way? I'll have the law o' you."

"*Will* you leave this office, ma'am?"

"Yes, I'll leave it. I won't stay here to be trampled on like the dust under your feet; but you'll hear from my brother Josiah afore long, and ye may just lay your calculations for *that!*"

Mercy Griggs slammed the door behind her, to the no small danger of hinge and latch, leaving Harry Winder wiping the cold dew from his forehead.

"Is the woman demented?" he at last muttered; "or—." A delicate tap at the door cut short his cogitations.

"Another female!" groaned Harry. "Walk in, ma'am. Miss Sanders, I believe."

Jane Abigail Sanders glided into the room with a languishing smile—a tall damsel with white eyebrows and eyelashes, flaxen hair, and a countenance deeply pitted with small-pox.

"You received my note this morning, Harry—I—I mean, Lieutenant Winder."

"Note! No—what note?"

"Dear, how embarrassing!" sighed Miss Sanders. "Must I then put its phrases into spoken words?"

"Well, I guess you'll have to," said Harry, beginning to feel desperate.

"Must I tell you," faltered Jane Abigail, fluttering her white eyelashes, "that depending on the propitious influences of the favoring season, I have determined to tell the love which has long consumed my heart?"

"N—no—I wouldn't—upon my word, Miss Sanders, I wouldn't," interposed Harry, beginning to blush and edge off.

"My own Harry!" sobbed Jane Abigail.

"Not by a long sight," ejaculated Lieutenant Winder, setting his teeth together. "Are the women all mad?"

"Do you then reject my love, cruel one?" shrieked the lady.

"Of course I do!" responded Harry, doggedly.

Jane Abigail Sanders uttered a little choking wail, looked Lieutenant Winder in the face appealingly, and then—went into hysterics.

"Here's a pretty affair," groaned Harry Winder, emptying his cologne-bottle over the fair one's flaxen tresses, and vainly essaying to lift her from the hearth-rug. "A woman fainting on the floor—and an uncommonly heavy one, too—and some wretch knocking as if he would beat the panels of the door in! *Don't* come in at present, please—I'm particularly engaged! If I could only drop this crazy old maid long enough to lock the door!"

But he could not, so resolutely did Jane Abigail cling to him, and consequently the door flew open with a sudden explosion, and in walked a third single woman.

"Get up, Jane Abigail Sanders!" ejaculated the new-comer, "and don't lie whimpering there! You've had your turn; now clear out and make room for the rest of us."

Jane Abigail uttered a feeble croak, to which Desire Jones paid no manner of attention. She was a ponderous woman, six feet high, and framed to correspond, with a Roman nose, and only one eye.

"You see, Lieutenant Winder," said Desire, familiarly taking him by the button, "there's six gals of us gettin' pretty well on in years, and so was a-thinkin' of betterin' ourselves, and men is awful scarce since the war began. The fact is, you're the only marriageable feller about town, and so we drawed lots for you!"

"Lots for me!" faltered Harry, with a singular sensation of no longer belonging to himself.

"Only Semanthy West and Juliet Smith said the lots wasn't fair, so we concluded to try you one arter t'other! Mercy and Jane Abigail hain't had no success, it seems, so what d'ye say to *me*, Harry Winder? I've got a good house and farm, and I'd be bound to support ye decent or I'd know the reason why! Come, speak out like a man!"

"This can't be a horrible dream!" thought the bewildered recruiting officer, "for the sun is shining there on the table, and the clock has just struck twelve; but it seems like one."

"Hey?" demanded Desire, inexorably urgent.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Jones," said our hapless hero, wiping his dripping forehead; "but upon my word I can't—I really can't!"

"Oh, yes you can; you're only bashful!" coaxed the one-eyed siren. "There ain't no reason on airth why you and I shouldn't hit it off. Name the day, and make it as early as possible."

"You really must excuse me," pleaded Harry, nervously stepping backward, as the Roman nose towered nearer and nearer.

"But why not?" demanded Miss Jones, imperatively.

Harry mentally ransacked the store-houses of his giddy brain for some plausible excuse to assign to the gigantic wooer who was battering so determinedly at the citadel of his heart. Should he mention, casually, that he had recently been exposed to the small-pox? or that he was secretly married already, or—

The light of deliverance flashed across the chaos of his thoughts with instantaneous glimmer.

"Because, Miss Jones," he said, plucking up courage, "if I may mention it to you in confidence, I am already engaged."

"Engaged, eh?" repeated Miss Desire; "that alters the case. But who is the lady? I must have proof positive, or I don't give you up so easy as all this."

"Miss Maggie West holds my heart in her keeping," equivocated the hapless Lieutenant.

"Oh, well, that settles the matter, said Desire, coolly. "We ain't none of us the gals to get away little Maggy West's lover, only, you see, we s'posed you was in the market yet. But why couldn't you have said so at first? Come along, Jane Abigail; we must look up some other feller. This one's spoke for."

And Miss Jones pulled the disconsolate Jane Abigail through the doorway, only lingering to shout back,

"If there's any quarrel, or any thing, and you don't marry her, remember I'm to have the second chance!"

"Oh, there will be nothing of the sort!" asserted Harry, fervently.

"And I'm to tell Semanthy, and Juliet, and Mary Ann Patterson not to come, be I?"

"By all means, certainly!" reiterated the appalled recruiting officer.

No sooner had Desire's yellow muslin dress vanished through the portals than Lieutenant Winder locked, double locked, and bolted the door, and skillfully descended into the garden from his open back window.

"Mars and Minerva!" he muttered between his set teeth, as he dodged behind a cluster of gooseberry bushes and sneaked toward the high-road—"a man must be careful, if he don't want to be married before he knows it. And now for dear little Maggie."

"Harry!"

She was sewing, in the cool morning-glory shadows, the sunny hair twisted back with blue ribbons. And as she looked up she read something in his eye that sent the blood to her cheeks with a sudden, joyous leap.

"Yes, dearest," he said, taking the unresisting hand in his, "I have come to ask you to marry me!"

It was not until they had been married some days that Lieutenant Winder gave his wife rather an exaggerated account of the raid that had been made upon his office by the believers in Leap-Year privileges.

"Harry," she said, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, "do you know that I fancy Semantha must have had something to do with that affair? I think it was an expedient of hers to—to cure you of flirting with poor little me."

Harry bit his lip, but his momentary chagrin was succeeded by hearty self-congratulation.

"I don't care whose expedient it was," he said, gallantly pressing his lips to Maggie's velvet smooth palm, "as long as it has gained me the sweetest little wife in America."

And the six old maids rejoiced in chorus over the success of their stratagem, with Brigadier-General Semantha West at their head.

HOW MISS AVOYELLES KEPT HER PROMISE.

I.

SHE stood on the piazza waiting for her carriage. Fair hair flew out like gold mist from under her gay little hat, and the pale-pink bloom of the face that beamed through the gold mist hair was of the purest blonde.

Two gentlemen walking up and down passed and repassed her, noting her with a gentleman's quiet observation, from the gold gleam of her eyelash to the slim foot that beat in time to impatient thought beneath a ruffled petticoat. She made a beautiful picture. The younger man, looking at her, broke into the politics of the elder with the question,

"Who is it, Hendrick?"

"A Miss Avoyelles, from Louisiana."

"From Louisiana? Her name might suggest it, but not her coloring. How fair she is!"

The elder went on talking. He was old enough to look at a lovely face and never lose the thread of his dryest thought. The younger was yet young enough to lose more than his dryest thought in such contemplation. And now, while his companion went on with his argument, he forgot entirely to answer him.

Hendrick glanced at him and saw how it was. He shrugged his shoulders.

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"Oh, that's it, is it?" And then he laughed.

"Garry, how many times this summer have you served me just this shabby trick for a girl's pink and white? Ah, Garry, Garry, which is it—the head or the heart—that is so soft?"

Garry King, who usually laughed with the laugh against him at his sudden fervors of admiration, at this moment gnawed his lip a little uneasily. He could hardly have told why himself. Hendrick went on lightly chaffing him in his accustomed manner, to which the young fellow at last replied, in some haste:

"But, Hendrick, this is really an uncommon face. If I should find myself in the presence of a statue or a picture with such divine loveliness I should feel hushed into silence; at least I couldn't go on talking politics in the face of it. How much, then, may I be allowed to feel in the presence of the human reality?"

Hendrick, passing, looked again at this lauded loveliness. For the life of him he could only see a very pretty girl with fair hair, who stood beating her foot impatiently as she waited. Just at this moment the carriage for which she waited swept up the drive. She ran down the steps of the piazza, gave a critical glance at the turn-out before she entered—it was a dainty little pony-phaeton—and gathered up the reins with a practiced hand. But the high-stepping, mettlesome pony pulled at the bridle uneasily. She turned his head with a quick motion of her wrist, and he sprang forward with a bound, then began backing and writhing his neck—a slim, arched neck, with a beautiful black mane, tossing. The groom came running toward her, with an alarmed face, at this juncture.

"Go away!" she said, sharply, never moving her eyes from the pony. Thus ordered, the man moved off, but still with an alarmed expression.

"He'll kick right over the dasher, sure, if she tries to manage him that way!" he exclaimed to the two gentlemen who had stopped their walk at this symptom of insubordination and danger.

The delicate face of the lady was pale, not with fear but determination. Once, twice, and thrice, she essayed, with a firm tight pressure upon the reins, and a low, sweet-toned call upon his name, to conquer. She might have succeeded, but a glimpse of the scarlet whip waved over his ears added a new element of fear and unmanageableness, and the next moment he was raising his hind feet with an ominous movement—the next moment he would have kicked "right over the dasher, sure," if Garry King had not leaped down the steps and seized the bridle, holding him with an iron grasp close at the mouth. Miss Avoyelles by this time perceived her danger, and sprang out, not forgetting even then a proper "Thank you," though she did not cast a glance at Garry himself. "He never has behaved like this before: I don't understand," she said, regretfully. The groom here approached.

"It's thim blinders, Miss; he wants the blinders you see, for he ain't used to bein' widout 'em. I thought whin you told me to leave 'em that 'twould make him onaisy, he's sich a frisky little craythur."

She nodded her head in acquiescence, and went on talking, sometimes in a soft coaxing way to the animal, and sometimes asking questions of Garry, never thinking of casting a look at him, so absorbed was she in the pony. In a little while, however, under her magnetism of touch and voice, the "frisky little craythur" became quiet, and turned his head to her caress. It was then for the first time she glanced up into the young man's face. She did not remove her eyes at once, but thanking him anew with more fervor in her tones, she seemed suddenly pleased and interested and surprised. As they stood thus the pony was now in danger of being forgotten, but the voice of the groom recalled her.

"Are yez goin' to thry him again, Miss?"

She answered by putting her foot upon the low phaeton floor. King bent eagerly forward.

"But do you think it quite safe?" he asked, anxiously.

"Quite, oh yes, thank you;" and again she met his earnest eyes, and the color began to come back into her cheeks. He lifted his hat as she drove off, and, as far as he could see, watched the little turn-out and its occupant with anxious looks. But the red whip was out of Selim's sight, and he trolled along in good order, under the fearless guidance of Miss Avoyelles.

It was quite early in the morning that all this occurred, so there were few people about to witness the scene, to King's relief, who had suddenly grown so sensitive; but Hendrick was there with his laugh and his chaffing. He came up smiling gayly as the phaeton disappeared down the avenue.

"I say, King," he began, in a mock confidential tone, "did you throw a stone at that pony's eye, or do some other mischievous thing as he came up; it's turned out famously, I must say."

King answered good-humoredly, but there was effort in it; and Hendrick at last thought—he had the grace not to say—"I declare I believe the fellow's actually struck!"

II.

"THERE she is now."

"Who?"

"Grace Avoyelles." And the first speaker flung down his morning paper and ran out to meet her.

A chorus of feminine voices welcomed her.

"We were talking about you, Grace; angels unawares, you know."

"Is this a P. P. C., Grace?" said another.

"A P. P. C.?" wonderingly.

"Why, didn't you say last night that you thought Newport very, very dull this summer, and that you were going to the mountains with the Wills?"

She remembered, and answered, frankly,

"I really had forgotten. Last night it did seem dull; but to-day the sun shines so brightly, and there seems to be a great many more people here."

She really thought so, though she had scarcely met a soul on her drive.

"Any new arrivals at the hotel?" questioned one upon this.

"Yes, I think the house is filling up."

And she had breakfasted in solitary state!

And when she went back, there upon the piazza still walked Garry King, quite alone now; and I suppose she thought the lonesome colonnade most satisfactorily occupied. He ran down at her approach, for there wasn't a servant within view, and at sight of him a pretty blush flushed into her cheeks. It was entirely out of the way, I know, for a stranger who had never been formally presented to thus offer his services; but there was that impatient Selim prancing and pawing, and what was to be done? To be sure, he might have summoned one of those idle bell-boys, who were playing pitch-and-toss within hearing, but he didn't; and the impulse that prompted him to go himself was certainly not taken amiss by Miss Avoyelles, for she spoke laughingly of her adventure, thanked him again; and then they discovered that they had some mutual friends, and at once they seemed like old acquaintances, and she knew that his name was Garry King.

"That's what I call quick work," said Hendrick to himself, observant from his window.

You laugh, John Hendrick, but there are some wounds that are deep and lasting, though swift as thought. You do not believe this now as you sit there and smile over this adventure of Garry King's, but you will believe it. Garry himself could not have explained at that time why it was that he felt annoyed at Hendrick's chaffing, or why he had never felt annoyed before. He found out sooner than Hendrick, however. Perhaps the knowledge came to him as, a few mornings after, he stood in the door of the hotel and saw Miss Avoyelles come driving up the avenue with young Van Veet. Yes, it was the old, old story—the story that poets and romancers have sung and told for ages. But looking at young Van Veet, there came more than the throb of jealousy which discovered his heart. There came the suggestion of how wide apart they were. It was for such men as Van Veet to win this delicate and costly rose; not for him, poor and undistinguished. But then a turn of the carriage, and he saw her eyes light, her color bloom. What if—Well, what then? Poor and undistinguished, was he not too proud to become a pensioner upon a rich woman's bounty? And going in, away from the sight of such danger, he thought:

"What am I, that I should love her,
Save for feeling of the pain?"

Garry King was known as a young man of the world, gay, easy tempered, and easy living; and if you had told John Hendrick that he entertained this unworldly, romantic sentiment of pride, John would have scouted the intimation as the veriest nonsense, and have roared with laughter at the idea.

"What, Garry King, the gay beggar, letting a fortune slip past him for that bifalutin notion!" he would have said. "Garry has too much sense."

This was John Hendrick's estimate; and these were John Hendrick's sentiments.

But it was the flavor of true nobility in Garry King that made this possible: a deep, sweet vein of unusual manliness, that now and then shone through—in some finer action than was common—a character that was ordinarily accepted as not beyond the average.

It was this *noblesse oblige*, in a finer and truer sense than is often seen, that kept him silent in the days that followed.

He walked with her on those delightful cliffs, in sight and sound of the beguiling sea, the music of whose waves seem full of fond and yearning voices. He strolled with her through those lovely lanes—"green English lanes," somebody had called them; or he took long morning drives beside her, when they loitered by the way, and talked of all things under the sun that young people talk of. All things save one. Garry King never spoke of his love, though many a man with no more vanity would have gathered hope and courage from that beaming face that lighted at his coming.

The old, old story, and with Grace Avoyelles as well.

Lifting her eyes that morning, upon the piazza, from the unruly Selim to the unknown face, she did not know that she had met her fate. She only knew then that there was something that pleased her in the face. But "she looked at him as one who awakes." The past was a sleep, and her life began. And something the friends about them saw of all this.

"It will be a match," said Hendrick, between whiffs of his pipe.

And young Van Veet scowled and sneered in answer, "that it was a fine thing for King, certainly."

And still the days went on, and the *dénouement* for which they waited did not come. And still the days went on, to the last—the very last full upon September; and they met upon "the yellow sands" that morning for the last time before parting. The tide was coming in, and as Miss Avoyelles came running down from her bathing-house, her gold-mist hair spreading out like a pennon, and her white feet twinkling, she met Garry King *en costume*. He held out his hand. They had not met since the day before yesterday, which was a matter of wonder in these last days.

"Shall I go in with you?" he said; and there was something sad and inscrutable in his eyes as he said it.

They went in together, and between the breaking of the waves there were scraps of conversation.

"Shall you come to Newport next year?" he asked.

"Next year?—who knows what will happen by next year?" and she gave a little start, which ended in a laugh.

"But in the mean time you will be leading a gay life, Miss Avoyelles: you will not wish for Newport."

"In the mean time? Well, I dare say. And you, Mr. King, what do you propose to do with your time in a whole year?"

"I am going to put it to some better use than I ever have before."

"Eh? what?"

"I am going to throw up my appointment and have done with clerkships. I am going to join my uncle in New York, and buy cotton and sell it, Miss Avoyelles," he replied, rather vehemently.

She looked at him in amaze. What did she know about clerkships, about buying and selling cotton? What ailed him to talk in this way to her?

He caught the puzzled look. "I am going to try my hand at making a fortune," he said, smiling, still with that inscrutable pain in his eyes. "I am a poor man, you know, not a brilliant cavalier—a young don, like Howard Van Veet."

What did she know of poverty and the bitterness that it brought to him? Nothing. She had never felt it; she had never known the worth of money. Pondering confusedly upon what he meant, she said, as one follows without knowledge the lead of conversation,

"What will you do? Send out agents? Don't they call them cotton factors? When I am down at Avoyelles I hear now and then a word about it; but I have so little interest in such things; my uncle, who is my guardian, looks out for every thing. We have miles and miles of cotton-fields."

She spoke innocently, but he felt miles and miles away from her as she spoke, separated by those waving cotton-fields.

"Suppose I am my own agent, my own factor, and come bargaining to your doors at Avoyelles; will you welcome me?" he asked, with a bitterness that could not be overlooked.

She fixed a glance of indignation upon him.

"However and whenever you may come to my doors, Mr. King, you will be welcomed. It is not the fashion, and never has been, at Avoyelles, to refuse hospitality."

She understood enough to make her indignant, not enough to make her lenient. As she answered thus a great wave came breaking over them. When it rolled away she shivered and turned shoreward. He followed, filled with a dreary sense of reproach. As he saw her a few moments after, looking cold, stately, and pale, in the carriage, he felt half ashamed of his vehemence, and going up, said, smiling, as if all along he had only been in jest:

"You will not forget your promise, Miss Avoyelles?"

But Miss Avoyelles was not so easily turned from an impression. She bowed gravely, not angrily, and answered as gravely, and with meaning:

"I never forget promises, Mr. King, nor those whom I have once considered friends."

And this was the last, the very last. He saw her glittering hair, glistening with the sea-bath, streaming like a royal mane as she rode away. And that night, when he called for a final good-by, it was to find her in the midst of a gay group, to whom she dispensed impartial smiles. The very last, and the end of all that charmed summer.

It was the summer of 1860. We all know how every thing wore a different aspect in the summer of 1861; how many summer plans were frustrated, and summer stories left untold. Miss Avoyelles did not find her way to Newport that season, and Garry King had more stirring work to do than to ride in pony phaetons, or bathe with some sea-nymph in the surf, or even to buy and sell cotton in the New York markets. Garry King by this time had enrolled himself in the service of his country.

III.

"AND Miss Avoyelles?"

"Miss Avoyelles is stanch as steel."

"Who is talking about Miss Avoyelles?" and a figure in a mist of lace and gold hair swung round a column wreathed with oleander.

"Oh, Mr. Le Compte! What were you saying about me?"

"That you were as stanch as steel."

"Does Major Gerritt doubt it?" Major Gerritt made gallant protestations to the contrary.

"But why then does Mr. Le Compte need to say that Miss Avoyelles is stanch as steel? What have you been talking about? I insist upon knowing," said Miss Avoyelles, laughing.

They moved farther down the veranda, away from the few other guests, and there told her of what they had been talking.

It was a worthy rebel plot certainly. A plot carefully matured to lure a party of Federals up the river on false pretenses. Fair pretenses they seemed.

A traitor holds out the inducement that a loyal planter in the vicinity of Avoyelles is desirous of disposing of his cotton at certain prices. This arch negotiator is trusted and relied upon in the matter, because he has been trusted and relied upon in other matters connected with the Federal cause, and proved trust-worthy in those matters.

How could they know that love of gain would in some evil hour make him the tool of their enemies? That he could lend himself to so dark a plan as this betrayal, who had done them good service with honest deeds before?

It was very simple. A boat sent up the river with a sufficient party to protect them from annoyance—for without this treachery there had been only possible annoyance, no danger; for all along by this vicinity every thing was quiet and undisturbed at the time by any rebel occupation. The house of Miss Avoyelles was the nearest and most convenient spot of surprise. Without her knowledge, but with no doubt of her co-operation, they had appointed it as a rendezvous. If the officers in charge of the business arrived before them and inquired for the agent, who was to make and receive all arrangements, she was now asked at this late day—but with that imperious effrontery which distinguishes the chivalry on occasions—to receive these officers as her guests, and detain them with some excuse of the temporary absence of the agent until a given hour, when her rebel friends would arrive in force and relieve her from this imposed society.

Grace Avoyelles was born and bred a Southerner. She was at this point a rebel, as a thousand other Southern women are, by association instead of deliberate choice. She listened to this story and gathered the bare facts stated above, though it was by no means presented to her so harshly, but glozed over with a high-colored exaggeration of the truth.

She listened, and seemed fully to enter into the scheme; but after, when alone, her whole bearing changed, and the indignation and horror that she had felt manifested itself in every expression of her mobile face.

"Never," she ejaculated, "will I lend myself to such hideous betrayal! I should feel forever dishonored."

But what to do? Her only hope lay in the Federal's earlier arrival than their enemy. It was now near midnight. They might arrive in the early morning, but were not looked for until later. All through that night she waked, lest she should sleep at their coming. What hours they were!

The early sunlight shows what a change two years have made in Grace Avoyelles. The beautiful girl has become a self-reliant woman, and you see on her face some process of the change; it is the shadow of loss. Perhaps she is thinking of this herself, of what she missed on a summer two years ago; for her eyes have ceased to follow the dark line of water so anxiously, and something lulls her into a dream. A dream from which she awakes with every nerve quivering, every sense alert. They have come, these betrayed men, for whom she waits. Thank Heaven it is not too late, they may be saved. They come up the broad avenue confidently in the early morning sunshine. Gay young officers in their dark uniforms, and in the prime of their youth. And just at the foot of the garden there streams the stars and stripes from their little vessel, the whole a fine prize indeed for their enemies.

Miss Avoyelles goes out upon the veranda to meet them, stately and composed; but as the foremost officer lifts his cap all the blood in her veins seems to flow in a swift current to her face.

"Mr. King!"

"Miss Avoyelles!" and Major King hangs out the same red signal of distress.

His companions, who observed this a few paces back, thought, smiling, "So King finds an old flame here. This is the reason why he was so anxious to be sent."

A moment of pause, and Miss Avoyelles holds out her hand. "Mr. King, I keep my promise and welcome you to Avoyelles."

She smiled as she spoke, but there was deadly faintness at her heart. What if after all they were too late? What if—but there was no time for mere thought, there must be action.

"Gentlemen," she said, still letting her hand lie in King's, but looking at them all, "gentlemen, you have been betrayed!"

Her few rapid words that followed placed them in possession of the plot.

"You will have time to escape," she went on, breathlessly, "if you do not delay. Go at once, I beseech you: I have waked all night that I might not oversleep the moment of your coming." Major King had regained his self-possession.

"Escape!" he exclaimed; "we will not run from these traitors. Forwarned like this, we can take them in their own toils."

A little cheer arose from his companions. Miss Avoyelles grew pale with consternation.

"You will be overpowered!" she cried, in dismay.

But King had knowledge of the country. He knew that the force sent down from the upper part of the State could at that time be only a limited number, such as he was quite ready to risk meeting if on guard and under arms. Of this he assured her. The events followed each other so rapidly she had scarcely time to define her position. A Confederate, where were her sympathies now? Passively she would have endured much, passively she would have lent herself to their cause, thinking that her whole belief was with them perhaps. But a mine had exploded at her feet. In the yawning gulf she got a glimpse of the truth. But these thoughts scarcely resolved themselves into order until afterward. It was enough for the moment to know that those who were to have been foully betrayed were now ready to meet their betrayers.

Stealthily they came through the woods—a small force, as King had predicted, but amply sufficient to have done their vile work if they had arrived upon an unprepared party. Miss Avoyelles heard their shout of rage and defiance as they entered the avenue and discovered that they were surrounded. She heard shots fired, and wild tones mingling, and one great fear was at her heart. Was *he* killed? Not one was killed. So wisely had King disposed his force, so unawares the foe, and so surprised to find themselves in the presence of so large a party, that it was almost a bloodless victory. They would return to New Orleans with a more valuable cargo than cotton. But Miss Avoyelles—she who had placed victory in their hands? King forgot the two years as he entered the room where she stood.

"We owe you this," he said; "but do you know all that it has brought upon you? You can not stay here in safety. One has escaped who will tell the story—and you are suspected!"

She looked bewildered. "What? I have no safer place of refuge than Avoyelles. I have no other home now. All my estates at New Orleans have been confiscated. Where shall I go?"

"Grace, dear Grace! will you not come with me? I was too proud to speak when you were so prosperous; but I loved you, Grace; I have loved you since that first hour I met you. Will you go with me, Grace?"

So he had loved her.

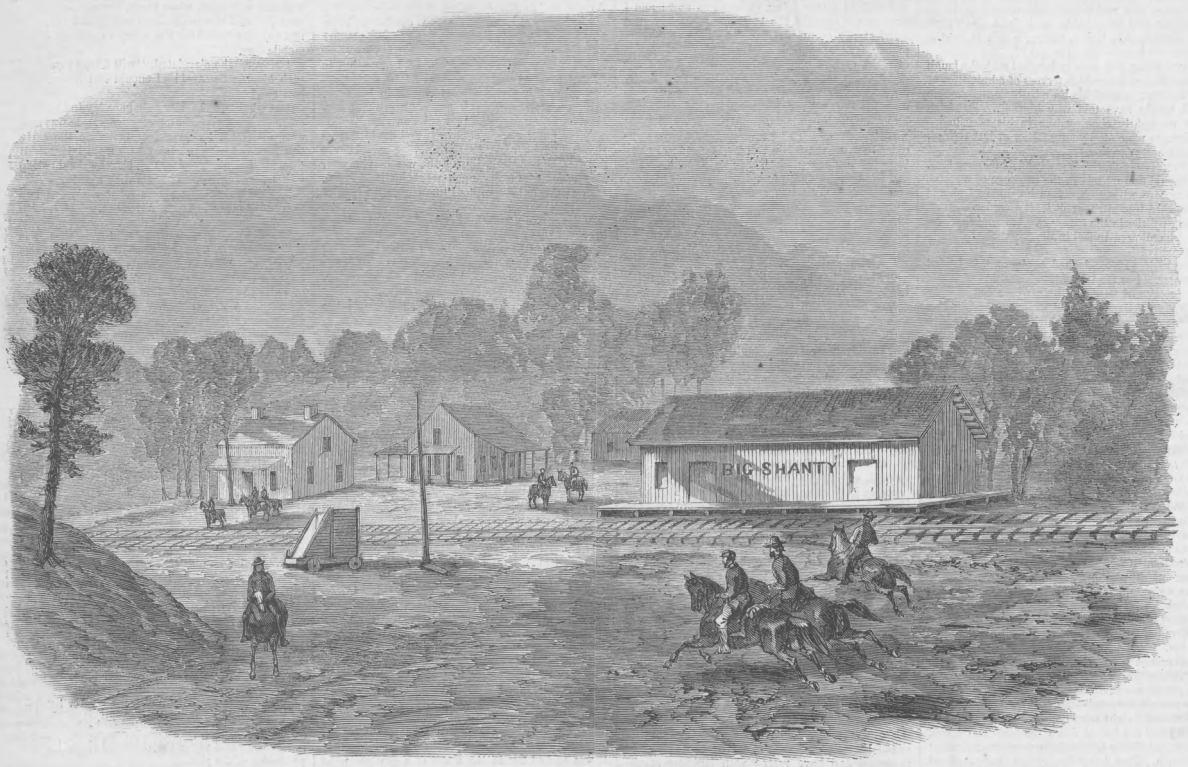
They had both kept this silent faith for two years.

She put out her hand, and half a smile dawned.

"I have kept my promise of welcome, and I will keep my faith," she said.

She took her faithful servants with her, but the mansion of Avoyelles was left to desolation, perhaps destruction. Afterward, when its mistress espoused Major King, she was quite ready to espouse the cause for which he fought. Little by little the evidences of the corruption of secession had come to her. The last unholy plot rent the veil thoroughly from her eyes. Not for her lover's sake—for she was strong enough to become a martyr for a principle—but for conviction, did Grace Avoyelles espouse his cause.

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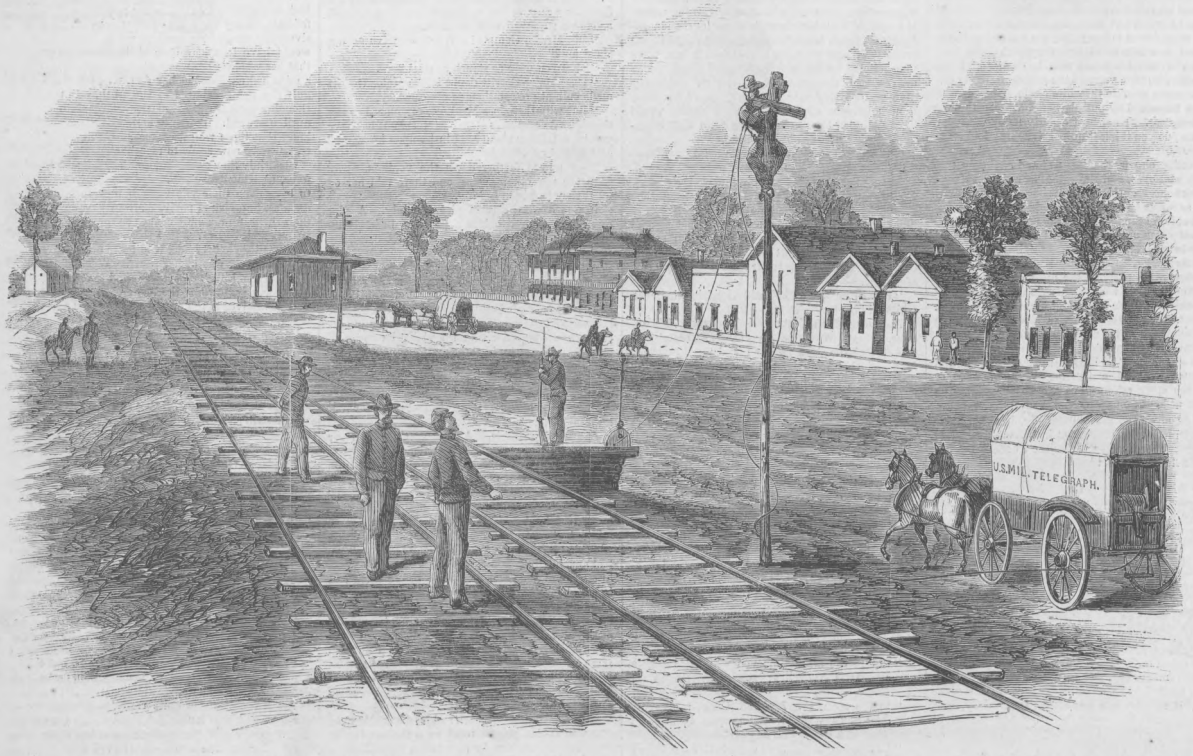


GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—"BIG SHANTY STATION"—GENERAL LOGAN'S ADVANCE, JUNE 10, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

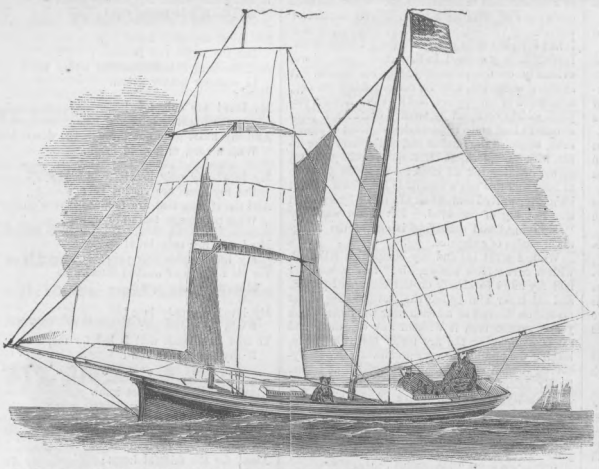
THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH of the Army of the Cumberland, which we illustrate below, and which is under the command of Captain VAN DUZER, has proved an invaluable acquisition to General SHERMAN and to the North. We have by this means been in daily receipt of news from our armies in the West. Captain VAN DUZER surprised General SHERMAN shortly after he had occupied Ackworth by the information that the wires were working, and Washington was but one hour distant. The town of Ackworth is small, few of its inhabitants being at this time in it, since every man has been taken off by the army, and the female portion of the inhabitants were timid about remaining. Ackworth is on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, a few miles northwest of Marietta. Sherman reached this point on the 6th of June.

"BIG SHANTY," also illustrated on this page, although dull enough in ordinary times, is likely for some days to come, as the resting-place of SHERMAN'S army, to present scenes of the intensest activity. In front of the place, along the range of Lost and Kenesaw mountains, the enemy lies in force, until the combination of the Federal commander and the prowess of the Union army shall compel him to take another step southward.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—MILITARY TELEGRAPH TO ACKWORTH, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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THE BRIG "VISION," CAPTAIN DONOVAN, LEAVING NEW YORK FOR LIVERPOOL, JUNE 26, 1864.



EXECUTION OF THE NEGRO WILLIAM JOHNSON, AT PETERSBURG, VA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GONE TO SEA.

WE give above an illustration representing the brig *Vision*, which sailed on Sunday, June 26, from the Battery direct for Liverpool. Probably no vessel ever ventured to breast the Atlantic under circumstances so novel and impressive. This little brig is only fifteen feet long and four and a half feet wide, and has only a depth of two feet and ten inches. Her crew consisted of Captain JOHN C. DONOVAN, who owns the vessel, a Rhode Island sailor, and the Captain's dog Toby. The *Vision* was to have started on Saturday, but was delayed; she is expected to make her trip in two months. Notwithstanding the heat on Sunday, a large number of people crowded the Battery to witness her departure on this most romantic voyage. The brig sailed out in gallant style, carrying the stars and stripes.

GENERAL LONGSTREET.

IN our last *Weekly* was engraved a portrait of General LEE, and in this we give that of General LONGSTREET, who is perhaps, since the death of STONEWALL JACKSON, second only to LEE in the military reputation he has achieved by the campaigns between Washington and Richmond during the last three years. General JAMES LONGSTREET, who is a native of Alabama, was regularly educated for the profession of arms. He entered the United States army in 1838. He was attached first to the Fourth and then to the Eighth infantry regiments. He served in all the battles of the Mexican war, and, like General LEE, was wounded at Chapultepec. He was twice brevetted for distinguished services in that war. In 1858 he obtained a post in the Paymaster's department, to which he belonged, with the rank of Major. When the civil war broke out, in 1861, he at once joined the army of the Confederate States. The brigade which he commanded at the fight of Bull Run, in July of that year, was one of the first bodies of Southern troops that came into actual collision with the Federals; and in the sanguinary battle of Manassas, which soon afterward ensued, General LONGSTREET led the main attack, though General BEAUREGARD was in chief command. As a General of Division, LONGSTREET acted under General LEE throughout the Virginia campaigns of 1862 and 1863. LONGSTREET is forty-three years of age—a thick-set, determined-looking man. His corps, who are devotedly attached to him, often complain that he is always with General LEE. He is in the habit of exposing himself in a careless manner, and it was perhaps in this way that he got his wound in one of the battles in the Wilderness. At Gettysburg he is said to have led a Georgian regiment in a charge against a battery, hat in hand, and in front of every body. A few hours later a Colonel found him seated on the top of a snake fence at the edge of the wood, and looking perfectly calm and unperturbed, while some of his troops passed by. The gallant Colonel, who scarcely knew what had been the result of the battle, observed to General LONGSTREET, "I wouldn't have missed this for any thing." LONGSTREET replied, laughing, "The devil you wouldn't! I should liked to have missed it very much; we've attacked, and been repulsed; look there!"

NEGRO EXECUTION.

ON this page a sketch is given representing the execution, on June 20, of WILLIAM JOHNSON, a colored soldier. He deserted from the Twenty-third United States colored troops, and on the 8th attempted to commit an outrage on a white woman at Cold Harbor. Considerable importance was given to the affair, in order that the example might be made more effective. JOHNSON confessed his guilt, and was executed within the outer breastworks about Petersburg, on an elevation, and in plain view of the enemy, a white flag covering the ceremony.

GENERAL F. C. BARLOW.

GENERAL FRANCIS CHANNING BARLOW, more familiarly known as General FRANK BARLOW, whose portrait appears on page 437, is already one of the most conspicuous soldiers of the war—one of its most heroic and romantic figures. Born in Brooklyn, in 1834, he passed most of his childhood and youth in New England, graduating at the head of the distinguished class at Harvard in 1855. The college traditions of that time are full of anecdotes of his humor, and that fascinating superiority which excels without an effort. Upon leaving college he studied law, and after a brief employment in the *Tribune* office began to practice in New York. His cool, clear head and true heart taught him the significance of public affairs, and at the first call to arms he rose from his desk and enrolled himself as a private in the New York Twelfth Militia Regiment. The President's proclamation appeared upon Monday, the 15th of April, 1861. On Sunday, the 21st, the Twelfth Regiment marched. In three months Private BARLOW was First Lieutenant. Presently he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the New York Sixty-first. His remarkable military capacity developed itself upon every occasion. Calm, swift, and inexorable, he mastered the theory of war, while his qualities and temperament peculiarly fitted him for active service in the field. During the siege of Yorktown he became Colonel, and was Acting-Brigadier during part of the action at Fair Oaks. In the retreat from the Chickahominy to the James his regiment rendered most important service. He returned to Washington after the terrible fighting in the second Bull Run campaign with scarcely more than a hundred men, and the New York Sixty-fourth was added to Colonel BARLOW's command. At the battle of Antietam, on the 17th September, 1862, he captured two stands of colors and three hundred men, and was highly praised by General CALDWELL, and recommended for promotion. Colonel BARLOW received two severe wounds, and was carried off the field for dead. Two days afterward the President appointed him Brigadier-General for distinguished conduct at the battle of Fair Oaks.

General BARLOW lay for a long time prostrate with his wounds. But he gradually recovered, and was at the head of his brigade at Gettysburg. He was terribly wounded again in that battle, and fell into the hands of the rebels; but thinking him sure to die, they allowed him to be taken within our lines. He languished for many months, but during the spring he was so far recovered as to look once more for active service. He said, "I ask only to go with General HANCOCK;" and when the Army of the Potomac moved, on the 3d and 4th of May, General BARLOW commanded the first division of HANCOCK's corps.

During the present campaign no name has been more illustrious for valor and victory. With BIRNEY's division BARLOW's made that silent assault at daybreak upon the rebel works at Spottsylvania—silent until success broke out into a tumult of cheers—which resulted in the capture of the rebel Generals JOHNSON and STEWART, three thousand men, eighteen cannon, and twenty-two standards.

Throughout the campaign BARLOW is conspicuous among the noble band of united heroes, officers and men, in the very active front of battle. He is just thirty years old, but he has already made a name that the history of American Liberty will forever honor.

The men of General BARLOW's division would never forgive his biographer who should omit to record the unwearied service in the hospitals and among the wounded and dying Union soldiers, from the beginning of the war to this day, of his faithful and devoted wife. Never far from her heroic husband in the field, she is always an angel of mercy in his camp and among his men, and for no woman in the land do more earnest prayers ascend from suffering lips and grateful hearts than for Mrs. General BARLOW.



THE REBEL GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

HOW I GOT MY LITTLE DOG.

"RALPH, I wish I had a nice little dog."

"Should think you might be satisfied with a first-class husband, baby, and puss."

"Fiddle-sticks!"

Ralph turned over a leaf of his law-book with a significant air, and the clock and sewing-machine ticked on in silence for five minutes.

"Ralph, I tell you I *do* want a cunning little dog."

"Yes, dear."

Clock and sewing-machine monopolize another five minutes.

"Oh, Ralph, you *don't know* how I want a pretty little dog."

"Y-e-s."

Four minutes, fifty-six seconds.

"Ralphie, I tell you you've no *idea* how I want that little doggie."

"Blast it!"

The sewing-machine paused for a moment while I rose to inflict a disciplinary cuff upon the curls over Ralph's left ear.

And that is a specimen of that gentleman's ordinary success in studying law-books in the parlor.

I don't blame the poor fellow. About six months ago I walked over one day to his office up town—that is, just beyond the Excelsior Hotel, which forms the centre of Schenectsville. I staid some five hours, sweeping, dusting, sorting, arranging, picking up and carrying away—staid, in fact, until the establishment showed signs of civilization. Two days afterward I called, in passing, to enjoy a few minutes' quiet contemplation of the results of my labors.

I have not been there since.

Ralph returned to the attractions of that fascinating volume, and I to the side-seam of baby's bib. There was a window just across the sewing-table at my left, with a dielyton

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blooming beautifully before it, and occasional volleys of hard, shot-like snow pelting it without. I was remarking to myself with some complacency that it was just the day to be at work in one's own pretty parlor, with the top of Ralph's curly head just visible over the back of his arm-chair, and baby asleep in her crib across the room, and pussy amusing herself under the sofa with a denuded spool (if I *only* had a little dog). And then I had digressed to some speculations upon the two questions, what we should have for tea, and what we should read in the evening, and was just deciding upon cream-toast and Carlyle when my reverie was snapped short by a knock at the door.

It was not a very welcome sound just then, and the case was certainly not improved when Peggy opened the hall-door and exhibited—old Adam Baum.

I never witnessed a more absurd attempt at affability than that was of Ralph's when he sprang up out of his arm-chair, with an "Ah, Mr. Baum; good-afternoon, Sir."

"Middl'n', middl'n', middl'n'," replied the visitor, taking it for granted he had been asked "how do you do?" "An' how're you all *here* the day?" And then he added, "Mornin'," at me, with a grunt.

For Mr. Baum is a practical man, and never patronizes women who wear purple ribbons about their heads.

"Rather throng, I reckon, squire, about these times."

Ralph made this intelligible by replying, "Why, no; he was not very busy just at present, Sir."

"Hain't? Well, I 'lowed bein' 'twa'n't fur out o' my road, I'd just ride my beast roun' this course the day, and see what sort of a dicker I could make with you about that there job o' mine—you've heerd on't 'fore now likely—that there—"

By this time our guest was established in a chair before the fire, with a striped mitten on each knee, and a pipe in one hand, which looked like the head of a Dutch landlord impaled on an elder-stick; and now he left his auditor waiting for the next word while he occupied himself a little while in dipping up small coals with his pipe and trying to make them burn.

"That there suit o' mine, you know," he resumed at last, when the pipe was fairly fuming, "'gin the Widda Ford."

No, Ralph had not heard of it; and he asked, "What's the question between you and Mrs. Ford?"

"'Bout a farm," said Adam, puffing industriously. "I've a-dy you must a' seen the Widda's place yonder, up the creek, side o' me—poorish kin' of a house, if you min', half log and half frame, just right acrost the run fernent me—trees aroun', if you min'. Well, Sir, yon's the spot."

A few more puffs and then he took up his story explosively.

"Charley Ford come on yonder from up in York State fourteen year ago come next April. An' he got lan' o' me. An' he got marr'd an' come on an' red it up an' built him a house an' lived there. An' he's to pay for't, y'un'erstan', so much a year. Well, he gin me the first hunder'n fifty—gin me that fair'n square—an' after that, min' ye, Charley Ford never gin me a cent—not the first blessed red cent.

"You see Charley was allers a poor, doncy, sickly kin' of a fella—ruther a hard way o' gitten along—an' I just 'lowed I wouldn't push him—thought a pity of him y'un'erstan'. An' so it just slipped along an' *slipped* along. An' when the seven year was up—'twas to be all paid up in seven year 'f you min'—why then Charley was just a goin' off, as you might say, with consumption. Well Charley he sends for me, and he wants I should agree for to let the widda'n two childer just stay right straight along another seven year—*considern*, y'un'erstan', wot he'd gin me at first, and the red'n up he'd done on't, an' so forth an' so *on*."

"Well, bein' things was just as they was, you know—him a dyin' an' all—why I just gin 't up, 'greed to't, the way Charley wanted, an' him an' me we drawed up writin's with effect an' intent thereunto conformable. Well now, Sir, 'f you'll believe it, it's just them very writin's where*by* the widda's got stayin' on there seven year, this next spring a comin', that she'd make out now was a deed o' that there farm"—with a tremendous flourish of the Dutch landlord.

"You have these writings?" inquired Ralph, after a little pause.

"'Course, got 'em myself."

"You can prove their identity?"

"Nan?"

"You can prove them to be the same writings which were executed just before Ford's death?"

"Well, Sir, I'll just tell you wot I kin do;" and Adam set one boot on the fender, evidently about to bring forward his great gun—"old man Judd, over yonder, was to give a deed o' lan' for'n oil-site. An' he goes to the widda an' wants to git the loan o' her deed for to copy, 'lowed 'twould save hirin' a lawyer, y'un'erstan'. Old man seen 'twa'nt right some way, an' he just takes it over to lawyer Bissel. Bissel *he* told him, 'Humph, no deed 't all.'

"So then you see why I just got to hear on't right straight along. Why the widda owns up now 't she never read the writin'—never onst looked into't. Fur's I know the woman act'ly thinks 'twas a deed. *She* never knowed a haet about things—them stuck up kin' o' women mostly don't," remarked Mr. Baum, without looking at me.

"The other party, of course, claim that the deed has been destroyed since it left Mrs. Ford's hands, and that the paper you produce is a forgery," remarked Ralph.

"Well, that's about wot *they'd* like to make out," said Adam, stooping for another coal.

"How about the witnesses to the—this 'writing' you speak of?"

"Why, there's just the mischief o' the thing, you see, the witnesses is both dead. One on 'em was old Wells, an' t'other'n was a han' o' mine 't went off to Californy an' died."

"Who was this last?"

"Name was Oson Hall—fella's used to call him Nose an' All—had such an all-fired great hook of a nose. Jam up kin' o' chap Oson was too."

Mr. Baum was becoming communicative and ingratiating I thought.

"The farm must be worth something by this time," remarked Ralph.

"Well the heft on't, wot lays up on the hill, that a'nt worth y'er poker; but that little corner 't lays on the flat, well, Sir, there's a New York oil company 't's boun' to have that there bit o' lan' for twenty thousand dollars soon's ever that suit's done."

"Y-e-s," mused Ralph. "Be lucky for you now if this Oson Hall should happen to turn up after all before it comes off. These California deaths are not always very reliable."

I saw Ralph dart one of his dissecting glances across at his neighbor and then look down again grimly satisfied.

"Guess there ain't much chance o' *that*," remarked Adam.

"Now, Mr. Baum," began Ralph, after employing himself a little while in slowly unscrewing the point of his pencil, "I'll tell you *my* opinion of this matter. You are a very wealthy man. Those two flowing wells must be bringing you your thousands a day."

"Well, Sir, they say up the creek yonder that there ain't many fellas that's pilin' of it up much faster'n old Adam."

"Exactly; and so, of course, there are not many who are watched and criticised and talked about as much. Now, Sir, you are running a risk. Your case rests, of course, on John Judd's testimony, and John Judd's testimony's a thing that I wouldn't stake my good name upon—not for twice twenty thousand dollars. It'll go down with a jury perhaps—in the absence of evidence on the other side—but it'll not go down very well with the community, you may depend on that.

"This Mrs. Ford is a very estimable lady, and, in spite of her misfortunes and her humble circumstances, she has a great many friends. Very strong sympathy will—"

"Oh, be sure. I ain't got nothin' pertik'lar agin the widda Ford. Me an' Charley allers got along fust-rate, an' so's me'n' her. But you see, squire, property 's property, an' bein't that lan's mine, why it looks kin' o' reasonable 't I should be gitt'n a little o' the good on't *some* time or 'nother—rather looks that way to me."

"The question is, Mr. Baum, whether you can afford it—whether you can afford it; I mean, considering the distinguished position which your enormous wealth must give you. Twenty thousand dollars is a small matter to one who controls the colossal fortune which you will possess in two years from this time; but it is a very important thing that there should be no suspicion in regard to the dealings of so eminent a citizen. You know the conduct of our great millionaires is always animadverted upon with great rigor. When a gentleman has become known in Pittsburg, and Philadelphia, and New York, and London, and all the grand centres of commerce, as one of the great petroleum princes of the country, he holds a position in the eyes of general society, which—"

I was beginning to blush vermilion for Ralph, when Peggy's three-cornered face appeared at a very small opening in the door, making various grimaces which seemed to indicate that I was wanted in her department. I went down and took charge of the cookies, which the poor child had given up in despair. But my brain was a great deal busier than my fingers. I stood at the drop-table for half an hour, moulding, rolling out, and cutting; and all the time I was hunting down a reminiscence which was always just before me, and always just beyond my reach. I knew it was very important; I knew I must have it, in fact; but the cookies were finished, and the oven hot, and no glimmer of light had come yet. Just as I laid my hand on the oven door, and was bending to look in, Peggy called out at me in her free and easy way: "Take care, Mrs. Ellet. Such a blast as that 'ere hickory-wood makes! If you don't mind, you'll scorch your cookies, and your apron, an' your nose, an' all."

I dropped my cookies, and darted up to the parlor, with both boots creaking "Eureka!" at every bound. Ralph was meditating by himself.

"Ralph," said I, "I'm going to start for mother's next week."

"You're not going a step!"

"Deed I will, Ralph."

"Seventy-five miles, such weather as this, baby and all. You crazy child!"

I saw there was work before me, and so I mounted Ralph's knee, with one hand on the back of his coat collar, and the other crimping the corner of his cravat, and began. I am ashamed to say that it took me forty-five minutes; but then that included the whole business up to the transfer of sundry bills from his vest pocket to my portemonnaie.

That evening Ralph grew abstracted over his "Frederick the Great." At last he laid the book down on his knee, and said:

"Nette, I'd give you half a dozen little dogs if somebody would only checkmate that old villain, and give poor Mrs. Ford her twenty thousand."

"Thank you," said I; "one sixth of that number will do very well."

One cold day, two weeks later, I drove up to the door of an "oil shanty," after rattling for three hours over a road which was, in its natural state, one long river of bituminous mud. We went in—my escort and I. One of the four plank walls was perforated with a window of six panes, and by that light we could discern that the room contained a cooking-stove, a table, two benches, a chair, and—old Adam Baum. Benches, table, chair, walls, and floor were black with petroleum and smoke. Even the overlapping boards which formed the sloping roof a few feet above our heads were reeking with the strong resinous viscidity: a drop fell on my glove from somewhere over me. As for Adam, he looked like some fossilized quadrumanous progenitor of his namesake, just washed up through an oil-well from some catacomb down below. Face, hair, and grizzled beard were all huddled together in a curious kind of indistinctness. What had been corduroy was submerged under a level surface of the tallowy varnish, and his short coat looked as if it had been cut from plates of greasy India-rubber. Incredible as it seemed, in that atmosphere, he was evidenily on the point of eating his dinner. A smoking coffee-pot, with its corresponding tin cup, a tin basin of hot oysters, and a yellow earthen pie-plate jointly occupied by twenty crackers, a piece of baker's loaf, and a right-angled segment of pound-cake, occupied the farther end of the bare pine table, with knife, fork, and iron spoon in the greasiest corner of all. Let no innocent foreigner presume to infer that this was a miserable habitation, or that its master proved himself an old miser by living in it. Nothing of the kind. Mr. Baum was only "shantying," and shantying is one of the recognized modes of existence.

Well, I went in, and my companion followed, with a curt "How are ye, Sir?" to our host. I laid my hand carelessly on the chair as I passed, and set it for him before the stove, taking a seat myself on the end of a bench near the table. The young savage took it without any objection, and sat contemplating the fire under his wide-awake, leaving the profile of a very prominent, singularly-curved Roman nose to be contemplated at leisure by Mr. Adam Baum.

Presently I saw the figure of the oil-nabob straightening itself, and his face growing yellow under its mask of petroleum and coal-dust.

"Thunder!" he ejaculated at last, "that ain't *you*?"

"That's me, Sir," echoed the visitor.

"Heerd you was dead," gasped Adam, at length.

"Ah-ha!" said Hall, significantly.

Then there was silence a little while. Mr. Baum's mental-machinery works pretty well in its way, but not very swiftly.

"Well, Oson," said he, brightening up, "what'll you take. Grocery just t'other side o' the derrick out here. Ain't got the first haet in the shanty."

"Can't stop, Sir," interrupted Hall, gruffly.

"Sho! take no time."

"No, Sir."

"There's a little business to be done to-day, Mr. Baum," said I, gravely, rising and standing by the table. Mr. Baum answered not a word.

Then we all remained "in statu quo" for a little while. Hall took up a pine stick, and with an elbow resting on each knee, began fashioning the ashes on the hearth into the semblance of a mountain.

"Well, Sir," he said at last.

"I don't do no business when there's women a jukin' aroun'," grunted Adam.

"Let me explain to you," said I, quietly, "how I happen to be here to-day with Mr. Hall. I had seen him some time ago, cutting wood one day at my mother's, and heard him mention that trip to California which you spoke of to my husband the other day. I remembered it afterward, and thought perhaps I could find him. So I did find him, after a while, and we both came on it once, *of course*."

Still not a word. I stood at the table, superficially very cool, but with my heart half stifling me. Hall began to diversify the mountain with several transverse valleys.

By-and-by Adam made one more move.

"Say, Oson, don't be skeered. Come along, treat old times. Guess Old Adam's able to foot up."

"Can't stop, I tell you," and Hall thrust the stick into the stove and took up his fur gloves.

Then, at last it came.

"Well, if you've a min' to be reasonable, an' consider't, an' accommodatin' to an old man. We're all on us li'ble to git out o' the way s'mtimes—p-r-o-n-e t'evil as the sparks flies up'ards."

"Certainly, Mr. Baum," said I, "we shall all remember that. There's nothing hard to be done. I have brought another deed ready for signing," and I placed the document, with pen and ink on the table; "when that is done, the whole matter will be ended. Write your name here, if you please, and Mr. Hall and I will sign here as witnesses."

It was an hour to me before the crest-fallen old man got through with the operation of shambling up to the table and scrawling his name. Then I wrote mine with nervous fingers. Hall put his great black autograph down below, and in five minutes we were in the wagon again, the deed safe in my pocket.

Hall turned his horse's head, and then stood up with the reins in his hand, and shouted back at the shanty. Adam appeared at the door.

"Mr. Baum, I believe I didn't mention it to you before, and perhaps you'd like to hear. You remember Oson Hall, my brother, one 't had a nose just like mine, you know, and signed that other deed."

"Thunder an' blazes!"

We didn't hear any more. Peter Hall touched his horse and away we went—Peter, almost helpless with laughter, over the best of all the practical jokes he had ever had a hand in.

This evening, as I am finishing my story, there's a discussion in progress, on the subject of a chicken-wing, between Pussy and Durfee. Durfee is an incipient Newfoundlander; a mere lapful of black-brown curls just at present, with any amount of silky brown ears, but destined some of these years to monopolize two-thirds of the hearth-rug at least. He is on the best of terms with baby, and a very special favorite with my friend Master Charley Ford, not to speak of Pussy and Ralph, and on the whole I am very well satisfied with the present aspect of affairs, except that Ralph *will* persist in spoiling my pet's pretty name by calling him my Fee.

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.

My love! my only love!
Where lies thy head to-night?
'Tis weary waiting for break of day,
And for tidings of the fight!

Somewhere in a crowded camp,
Or mayhap on a ghastly field,
Is lying one whom my jealous heart
To Death will never yield.

My love! my only love!
But the rivers roll between;
And the land it stretcheth for weary miles
In summer beauty green.

My love! my only love!
But the night is long and lone;
And my heart goes out through the dewy dark
With a sore, unsoothed moan.

My love! my only love!
But my arms are vacant yet;
And the cheeks that are fading because unkissed,
With passionate tears are wet.

My love! my only love!
My life is a wasting pain;
For its fullness of unshed tenderness
Maketh it ache again.

My love! my only love!
I will arise and go:
To find thee is all that is left for me,
If thy glory lieth low!

* * * * * * *

Alas! and she could not know
That the grass was springing green,
And the rank weeds hiding a SOMETHING where
A knightly soul had been.

Alas! for the faithful heart;
Alas! for its yearning pain:
He hath laid him down in the Wilderness,
Never to rise again.

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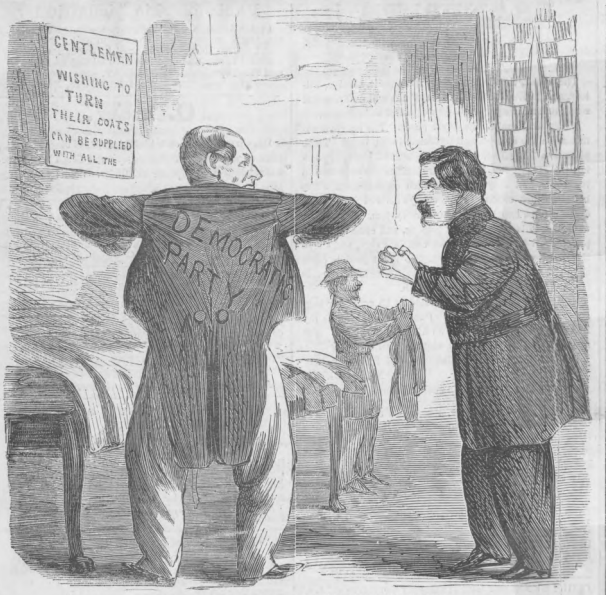
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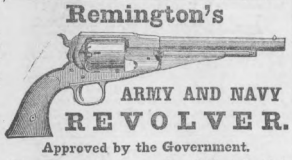


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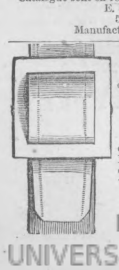
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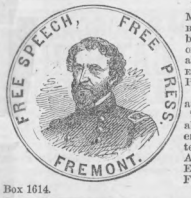
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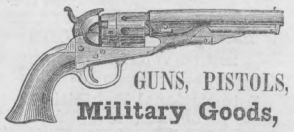
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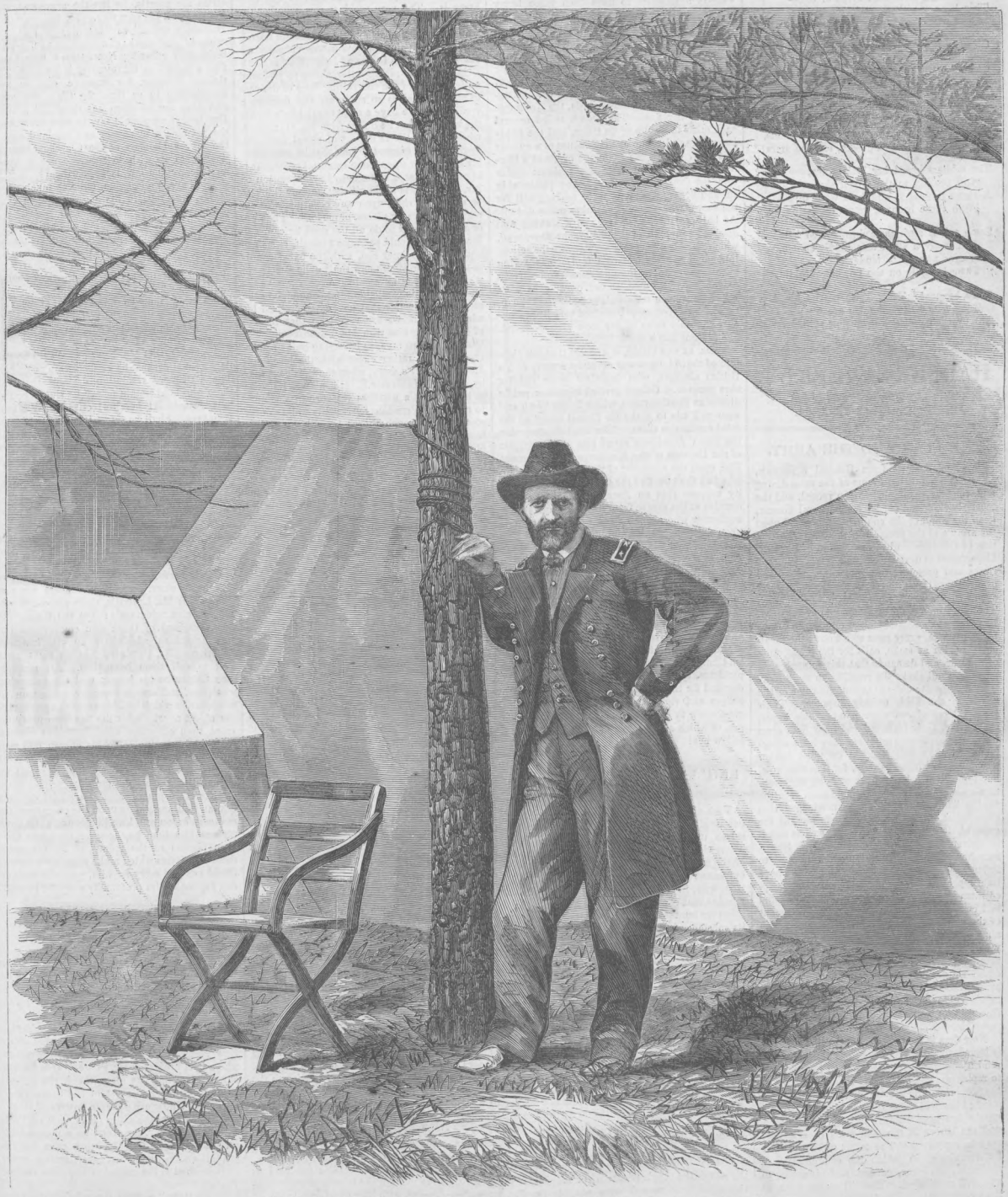
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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AT HIS HEAD-QUARTERS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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OUR FLAG!

[As one of the brigades of the Reserve Corps which came up to the rescue of General Thomas at Chicamauga was marching through Athens, Alabama, a bright-eyed girl of four summers was looking at the sturdy fellows tramping by. When she saw the sun glancing through the stripes of red and on the golden stars of the flag she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "Oh, pa! pa! God made that flag! See the stars!" A shout deep and loud went up from that column, and many a bronzed veteran lifted his hat as he passed the sunny-haired child, resolving, if his good right arm availed any thing, God's flag should conquer.]

Down the long street the soldiers passed
In solid columns through the town;
Their clothes were soiled with Southern dust,
Their faces with the sun were brown.

They marched the field of blood to reach,
Where the fierce cannon thundered loud,
And where 'twixt hostile armies rolled
The black and blinding battle-cloud.

They bore aloft with conscious pride
The flag our fathers loved of old—
That banner with the crimson stripes,
And with the shining stars of gold.

Close by the road-side stood a child
With flaxen hair and radiant eyes,
'Neath whose white lids imprisoned seemed
The color of the azure skies.

And when she saw the sacred flag
For which our brave boys bear their scars,
"Papa!" she cried, and clapped her hands,
"God made that flag—see, see the stars!"

The soldiers heard her little voice,
And pealing to the far-off sky
A shout prolonged and loud went up
From those bronzed veterans passing by.

Some raised aloft their dust-stained hats,
And many a stern face kindly smiled,
And eyes unused to tender looks
Turned fondly on the fair-haired child.

God's banner! Yes. With patriot blood
To-day its hallowed folds are wet;
But by each precious drop now spilled
Its stars shall be forever set.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

THE FLAG AND THE ARMY.

THE good news from General SHERMAN, whose campaign is one of the most daring and, thus far, triumphant upon record, and the masterly skill and tenacity of General GRANT, keep the mind of the country firmly fixed upon the army and the progress of the war. The action of Congress and the resolution of the War Department in devising means for recruiting the ranks and presenting an undiminished as well as undaunted front to the enemy, merely respond to the evident purpose of the country. The Government takes the nation at its word. Every great Convention, every orator who speaks for the people, every man who knows the incalculable prize at stake, calls for the prosecution of the war, and demands that this campaign, if possible, shall shake the rebellion to the heart.

The desperate determination, the valor of the rebels in the field, nobody disputes. Their leaders have placed their names, their hopes, their pride, their fortunes, and their lives upon the hazard. For three years they have struggled, and they will struggle on until further struggle is not hopeless only, for it is that now, but impossible. They have scraped their section and brought every available man into the field. They have frankly acknowledged that their defeat now is final. For two months the great battle has been joined. GRANT has steadily driven them to bay in Richmond. SHERMAN has relentlessly pushed them backward to Atlanta. Their furious shocks and onsets have been repelled. Their heaviest blows have helped them little. On land and sea their ill-fated and cursed cause totters, and the Government of the loyal people of the United States, which aims, as it has aimed from the beginning of the war, only at the restoration of the absolute authority of the people, and peace by justice and equal rights, now calls upon those people to supply the men that shall show at once to the rebels and to the world that the power of a great, free, self-governing nation is exhaustless and irresistible.

Now then is the time, before the formal order is issued, for every citizen to use every effort to send a substitute if he can not go himself, and to replenish the army by the spontaneous act of the people. While the rebellion wavers, asteady, strong blow will bring it down. There are yet nearly five good months of fighting weather, and the heroes in the field ask only that they may be supported. The terms of the new bill for recruiting, in which the commutation is abolished, are clear, earnest, and—it seems to us—well considered. The bill means fight, as the country does. The Copperhead papers oppose it, of course, as they formerly opposed the commutation, because they do not mean fight. They mean compromise, surrender, and disgrace. Our armies were never so well led, were never so united and enthusiastic, never fought so persistently and bravely as they do now. Let every loyal man in the land make himself a recruiting committee, that he may have the ennobling consciousness forever, and say to his children, that he too did his active part, by personal retrenchment and sacrifice and exertion, if not by actual service in the field, to secure the permanent victory of that flag whose inspirations and benedictions are so glowingly portrayed in the picture which adorns our present number.

THE "ALABAMA."

THE British pirate ship *Alabama* has been sunk by the American ship of war *Kearsarge*. The action took place off Cherbourg harbor on the morning of June 19, 1864, beginning about eleven o'clock and lasting more than an hour. The armament of the *Alabama* is reported by various authorities to have been three heavy rifled guns, with eight broadside 32-pounders; that of the *Kearsarge* two eleven-inch shell-guns, four 32-pounders, and two smaller guns. The crew of the *Kearsarge* is said by the same authorities to have been one hundred and fifty; that of the *Alabama* about the same number. The *Alabama* opened the fight by a single long-range shot at two thousand yards, the *Kearsarge* reserving her fire. The vessels sailed around each other in circles seven times, and the fighting was mainly done at the distance of a quarter of a mile. After the exchange of about a hundred and fifty rounds from the *Alabama* and a hundred from the *Kearsarge*, the pirate ship slacked fire, and seemed to be making sail for the shore, which was about nine miles distant. At half-past twelve she was in a sinking and disabled state. The English yacht *Deerhound*, which had been hovering near during the action, immediately made toward the *Alabama*, saving about forty men, including SEMMES and thirteen officers. Of the rest of her crew eight were killed, seventeen wounded, and sixty-eight captured. The *Kearsarge* sustained very little damage, and only three of her crew were wounded. She did not lose a man.

Thus, as was fitting, it appears that the Captain of the *Alabama* was saved by a party of his British abettors, who doubtless came out for that purpose. Others invited him to a public dinner at Southampton, which he declined, and went to Paris to make his dismal report to the rebel emissaries there. The English story that the yacht *Deerhound* saved him at the request of the Captain of the *Kearsarge* is a malignant libel upon the character of that officer. No man who has the honor of the navy at heart will easily suppose that an American captain would connive at the escape from just punishment of a buccaneer whose sole business has been to prey upon defenseless ships and burn them, and who has done more than any other man to drive American vessels from the ocean and destroy American commerce.

But the great fact remains that the British pirate ship, built by British hands in a British yard, manned by British sailors, paid for by British money, encouraged by British sympathy, and cheered by British lungs, as she sailed from a British port, has been destroyed in the British Channel, and under the noses of British sympathizers, by the brave Jack tars who fight under and for the American flag. "Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark" she has gone down to her own place. May the Rebellion, of which she was a fitting instrument, soon follow her!

ENGLISH FRIENDS UPON THE PRESIDENCY.

TWO of the most notable and influential of our English friends have lately expressed themselves upon the question of the Presidency. Their views are interesting from the character of the men and from their hearty sympathy in our cause. The first is Mr. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, who, in a public letter to Mr. GARRISON, rebukes that gentleman for supporting the President for another term. His letter is long, but its substance is a complaint that Mr. LINCOLN has not taken, as President, the strongest anti-slavery position, but has emancipated slaves not on moral grounds but only as a military necessity. "Horrible indeed," says Mr. NEWMAN, "is the augury for your future, when your chief magistrate dares not indulge the moralities of his heart through conscientious tremors at the guilt of violating the wicked laws of conquered rebels?"

The total and unnecessary mental confusion evinced by such a passage as that is appalling. Mr. NEWMAN seems not to have the least perception of the fact that the President is a magistrate bound by oath to administer a government according to a constitution, and that, while that constitution confers, under certain circumstances, the highest powers, those powers can be properly and safely exercised only with due regard to the will of the people of whom the magistrate is the agent. If now it were possible for Mr. NEWMAN to comprehend the circumstances under which the President exercises that power, he would see that to accomplish in any degree the end for which Mr. NEWMAN and all good men pray, it is necessary, vitally and inevitably necessary, to proceed as the President does. This war is only indirectly a moral reform. If the President, on the 14th of April, 1861, had summoned the country to arms to save the Union by abolishing slavery, the country would not have responded. It may be our shame that we hastened to obey a call for union merely, which we should only partially and unsuccessfully have answered for emancipation; but it is no less true. The slave influence had so debauched the national mind, was so intrenched in party-spirit, that the rebels would have asked nothing better than an edict of universal emancipation. The moral sentiment of the country, as well as its political consistency and fidelity, had to be educated by the war. And whatever the moral convictions of the President might have been, it would have been the extremest folly for him to have assumed them to exist in the heart and wish of the people. They were not there. He knew it. Every thoughtful man in the land knew it. The very problem was, whether the war could be waged upon the other ground, or whether, as the rebels and their Northern friends fondly hoped, the revolution was virtually accomplished before it began.

Mr. NEWMAN, in his letter, shows so profound an ignorance of the controlling facts of the case in which he gives so summary and decisive a verdict, that we have a right to ask him whether the very fact that he differs from Mr. GARRISON, whose whole life is an act of moral devotion, ought not to suggest to him that he may possibly be in error upon some essential point. It is idle to say that a statesman, in the position of Mr. LINCOLN, is to do all that he may think to be abstractly right upon any occasion, without regard to times, or places, or persons. The duty of a statesman is to do all the good he can. If Mr. NEWMAN could acquaint himself, as he can not, as no foreigner can, with the exact condition of public affairs and the public sentiment when Mr. LINCOLN assumed office, down to the opening of this campaign, and contemplate the measures of justice that have characterized his administration, we are very sure that instead of denouncing him with Mr. FREMONT and Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, as betraying human liberty, he would rather cheer with the black soldiers in GRANT'S army, when the President rode by, for "the Liberator." It is a cruel injustice at home, it is a needless injustice in England, to revile the President for steadily walking over stones and through thorns toward the desired bourne, instead of trying to fly thither above all obstacles, and dropping at once, impotent, baffled, and despised.

Mr. NEWMAN condemns himself in the very last sentence of his letter. If we Americans have a "ruinous national insanity—prejudice against color"—and we do not deny, but deplore, that the phrase is almost exact; it is but another way of saying that that prejudice is quite universal. How, then, can a President, who retains his common sense, affect that it does not exist? How can he, without criminal folly, disregard that fact in his administration, however heartily he may bewail it and aim to overcome it? The first duty of every citizen is doubtless to destroy so unmanly, so mean a prejudice. But its destruction is not accomplished by passing a law which assumes that it does not exist. The law may wait, it must and should wait, until it expresses the conviction of the people. Meanwhile our friends every where may be very sure that the President and every other good citizen will do what he can to remove the shame. Does Mr. NEWMAN propose to chide the hand for waiting sixty minutes before it marks the hour?

Another English friend, of greater public renown than Mr. NEWMAN, writes in a private letter: "I shall be glad to see you safe through the crisis of the Presidential election. The feeling of your friends here is, I think, universally in favor of LINCOLN, both because he seems to them, on the whole, to have done his part well, and because it would be a proof of constancy on the part of the 'fickle democracy' of America. His recent letter explaining the principles of his conduct on the question of slavery appeared to all of us an admirable document. No state paper equal to it in sterling qualities has been produced on this side of the water for many a year."

Our English friends have a very difficult duty to perform. They must maintain our cause often in profound ignorance of circumstances and of the details of the truth. Thus we have lately heard of ROBERT BROWNING citing the case of the colored sergeant WALKER, who was shot rather than serve without regular soldier's wages, as an instance of unmatched heroism. We have not spared our word for justice to the colored troops in the matter of pay. But justice should lead Mr. BROWNING to correct his judgment when he learns that WALKER was shot for attempting a mutiny. If every soldier is to take the righting of wrongs into his own hands, and try to persuade others to join him, the result is clear enough. We are glad to know that the mass of the friends of this country abroad agree with the great multitude of Union men at home that the President has done his part too well to be set aside for any untried man.

WENDELL PHILLIPS UPON THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

IF the articles in the FREMONT organ, the ratification meeting at the Cooper Institute, and the letter of Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS to the *Independent*, are illustrations of the manner in which the campaign of the Radical Democracy is to be prosecuted, all feeling of indignation disappears in incredulity and pity. The speeches and the Copperhead applause may be contemplated with a smile, but it is impossible to read Mr. PHILLIPS'S letter without sadness, not because he favors Mr. FREMONT, but because he asperses those who support Mr. LINCOLN. Any expression of opinion may be easily enough disposed of if you may stigmatize it, unchallenged, as insincere. If we may say that the men who made the Cleveland platform were hypocrites, Mr. PHILLIPS'S position becomes painfully absurd. But he does deliberately say this of the Baltimore Convention, and, of course, as hypocrites are rascals, he has the argument, after the start, all his own way. He calls one of the Baltimore resolutions "meaningless and hypocritical," and speaks of another as a compliment insincerely offered. Now, that a man should find a resolution meaningless is his undoubted right. Nothing, for instance, can be more meaningless to us than the Cleveland assertion that the rebellion has destroyed Slavery. But how if we should say, in view of some of the prominent managers at Cleveland and of the loud applauders of the Cleveland nominations, that its wish to secure equality for all men before the law is hypocritical? Yet we should have, we imagine, quite as much reason as Mr. PHILLIPS in his aspersion upon Baltimore.

When a great convention of patriotic men, who do not become speculators and contractors because Mr. PHILLIPS calls them so, declare that harmony should prevail in the national councils, and that those only are worthy of public confidence who cordially approve certain principles, they may be mistaken; but why are they any more hypocritical than their accuser when he says that he has confidence in the anti-slavery purpose of JOHN C. FREMONT? His argument is, that Mr. FREMONT should be publicly trusted because he holds certain principles. The Baltimore resolution declares that only those who hold certain principles should be publicly trusted. Hypocrites! cries Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS. Shall we retort "hypocrite?" No; for we confide in his honesty, and if he does not confide in the honesty of the men who met at Baltimore, it is simply because he knows nothing about them, and is much too swift to assume the dishonesty of all who do not agree with him.

Mr. PHILLIPS'S letter has been well answered, and at length, in the *Independent*. Our object is only to protest against that kind of argument which consists in calling your opponents knaves. If he really believes that the Baltimore Convention said what it did not mean, he must be content to know from those who are better informed that he is utterly mistaken. There are men who oppose Mr. LINCOLN, there are others who support him reluctantly; but the Convention was composed of those who commended him and his general administration with heart-felt sincerity. Mr. PHILLIPS has no right whatever to call them hypocrites. All generous men forgive to his honest zeal the unsparing, wholesale, and savage invective against an administration which has done more to accomplish the object to which his life has been nobly devoted than all other administrations together from the beginning. To his chosen and well-filled part of moral agitator they forgive his caustic and contemptuous criticism of all expedients by which great moral principles are to be reduced to practice. But his vast vituperation and bitter assaults upon the characters and motives of men who love liberty and their country not less than he, however they may differ from him as to the means of serving them, these are things which make many an admiring friend sad and sorry for him, and will they not one day make him profoundly sorry for himself?

"WE CAN'T SUBDUE THE REBELS."

TO the desponding or exulting exclamation "Oh, we can't subdue the rebels!" there is but one reply. If it be indeed true, then the Government is at end; the Union is dissolved; and every State is again an individual political community, for the bond which holds New York to Pennsylvania is exactly the same that unites New York and Georgia, and if it is broken any where it is broken every where. If it be true, our national flag has disappeared, the national honor is gone; and most of the States of the American Union are separate powers of smaller population than the cities of London or Paris. There is no navy, no army, no common force, no collective glory. The work of a hundred years is undone, and what State, section, party, or individual is the gainer of the least real advantage?

If we "can't subdue the rebels," the rebels have subdued us. In that case JEFFERSON DAVIS will be content, because his pride will be satisfied. FERNANDO WOOD and his followers,

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the Copperheads, will be content, because they will hope to prostitute the character of the North to a new Union upon terms dictated by slavery. The foreign enemies of the Union will be content; for they have hated to see a republic which might one day completely vindicate the great truth of equal human rights as the only secure foundation of government. But there can be no real advantage gained by any of these. DAVIS will have founded a kingdom which civilization will abhor. WOOD will share the fate, a thousand-fold more terrible, of BENEDICT ARNOLD and AARON BURR; while the foreign powers will soon be in worse straits from their quarrels over our remains than they would ever have been from our united policy of peace. The Government of the United States will be overthrown; there will be universal anarchy upon its late domain; there will be a universal hopelessness of any new Union upon any honorable terms; each State, a prey to passionate party-spirit, will fall into civil war, and those who so triumphantly assert that "We can't subdue the rebels," will learn what it is to be a citizen of a nation utterly shattered, degraded, and despised.

The alternative, as we have already said, is very clear. Either the people must conquer, or the rebellion will. Either the authority of the Government must be maintained unconditionally, or it must be overthrown; for a Government which allows citizens to dictate the terms upon which they will obey the laws has ceased to be a Government. The talk about negotiation and settlement is idle, and unworthy sensible men. The moment that we tolerate the thought of negotiation we begin to yield the Government. Mr. WOOD and his followers insist that the war must end in compromise, because they know that compromise is the victory of the rebellion, and they wish the rebellion to succeed. For when they insist that the war is wicked and ought to stop, and propose to send commissioners to Richmond to arrange terms "honorable to the South," they propose the destruction of the Government, which is the success of the rebellion.

When such men say, "We can't subdue the rebels," their meaning is as clear as their patriotism. But when the same phrase is used merely in despondency by those who sincerely wish the national honor to be maintained, they should be asked to remember what the prospects of the war were one year ago, and what they are now. Gold is higher, but so is the spirit of the people. The army that drove LEE from Gettysburg now threatens both his supplies and his escape from his own capital. Gold may go still higher, but so will the national determination, and there is no reason to apprehend disaster until there is a cry from the cowed and breaking heart of the American people, "We can't subdue the rebels!" When that cry is heard the rebels may subdue us, and welcome, for there will be nothing left worth fighting for.

HOME FOR THE SOLDIERS.

MR. BENJAMIN FITCH, of Darien in Fairfield County, Connecticut, has done what many a patriotic man in many a town and village throughout the country will doubtless do before this war is over. He has given five thousand dollars, with a tract of land and a building for the founding of a Soldier's Home. The special object of the charity is the support of Connecticut soldiers, and primarily those of the district in which the home is situated. Here is a simple, humane, and patriotic charity which serves no selfish or merely personal end, and is worthy of the widest and most general imitation. The soldiers of this war are henceforth heroes. They will be held in the most kindly and generous remembrance. But gratitude alone will not feed them; and while the Government will take care that the republic shall not even seem to be ungrateful, the claim upon private bounty and assistance will be necessarily large and emphatic. No man can link his name with a nobler benefit to his fellow-citizens; and the soldiers' home, the retreat of the disabled men who have given all for the common welfare, may well become one of the proudest and most interesting institutions of our counties and cities.

NEW BOOKS.

THE fourth volume of CARLYLE'S "History of Frederick the Great" is just issued by the HARPERS, and is a wonderful monument of the genius of the author. CARLYLE has set himself an impossible task, and he does it with an incredible power of wit, picturesque narration, sarcasm, and indignation. Out of a century which he denounces as barren of all good things, and almost destitute of great men, he selects Frederick of Prussia as the great man and a true king. The truth is against him upon both points; but he gives battle with the pluck of a Titan storming heaven, and his work is as brilliant as Vulcan's hammering iron at his forge. But let him hammer never so strenuously, and in the corruscation of his blows beat his iron to a jelly, yet he can never transform it into velvet. Even THOMAS CARLYLE can not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. He is clearly conscious of this as he goes on. He has too shrewd an insight not to know that the case has already gone against him. His hero is too much of a charlatan, with all his genius as a soldier—he is too poor a specimen of a king by divine right, and there is no other, crowned or uncrowned, for CARLYLE not to know that, while his work is more prodigious than any he has ever written, it fails of its intention. Not a heart-beat of love or sympathy, not a throb of admiration as for a benefactor of men, not an emotion of gratitude as to one who used every opportunity and talent for the best, does this elaborate, magnificent, and truly wonderful portrait, inspire. Yet as a literary performance it is masterly. Characters and events are touched with living light. Even poor old General BRADDOCK reappears upon these pages with pathetic and unfading distinctness. VOLTAIRE is crucified with ridicule in revenge for making the great Frederick seem little to posterity. The book is Carlyle the Great and his protegé Frederick against the world. It is a work of exhaustless and irritating attraction, and this volume is of especial interest at this time from its masterly battle-pieces.

The "History of the Rebellion, its Authors and Causes," by JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS (FOLLETT, FOSTER, & Co.), is a most important contribution to our history. It is properly the political annals of Slavery, from the formation of the Government to the proclamation of emancipation, by a man whose life was passed in the great debate. It is a relation of facts without much amplification, and is compiled from all the authentic sources and from the memory and experience of the annalist. It is not a complete history of the subject in all its aspects; but all the substantial facts are recorded. The profound conviction and earnestness of Mr. GIDDINGS, joined with the moral heroism which marked his career, invest his story with living interest. He is often very felicitous in brief portraiture, as when he calls Mr. BENTON "an able, earnest man, industrious in his habits, and determined in his purposes. He was, however, distinguished for a degree of self-complacency seldom connected with great moral worth, and in his prejudices he was inexorable." What Mr. GIDDINGS says of the conduct of the long debate by the supporters of Slavery will unquestionably be the final verdict of history upon the point. "This resort to declamation, to the use of epithets, and denunciation against the advocates of liberty, constituted the only supposed justification of Slavery. This practice among statesmen exerted great influence upon the popular mind. It created a general hostility toward all who dared reiterate the undying truths that slaves, in common with the human family, have and hold from the Creator a right to life and liberty." The tone of this work is as temperate as it is decided. The cardinal point of Mr. GIDDINGS's political creed was the equality of human rights. He believed that it was also the true and intended corner-stone of the Union; and he died in the faith that the stone so long rejected was about to become, and forever, the head of the corner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*June* 29. Mr. Hale's resolution instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire what progress has been made in the construction of gun-boats contracted for in 1862 was adopted. There was considerable debate on the policy of printing the documents which had been transmitted from the State Department relative to Mexico. The question was referred to the Committee on Printing. By a vote of 27 to 6 it was resolved that the Senators from Arkansas were not entitled to seats. The amendment to the Pension Act extending to the wives and children of colored soldiers the benefits of this bill, without further proof than the fact that the parties have lived together for two years, was adopted. The Tariff bill was then passed. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to appoint a day for humiliation and prayer. In the evening session the bill relating to the law of evidence in the District of Columbia was passed. The Enrollment bill then came up. The amendment of the Committee excluding the substitute from bounty was adopted. The period allowed after the call for filling up the quota without draft was reduced from 60 to 40 days. A new section was introduced imposing a special tax of five per cent. on all incomes exceeding $600 for the purpose of paying the bounties provided for in the Enrollment Act.——*June* 30. The bill to facilitate telegraphic communication between the Eastern and Western continents was received from the House and concurred in. A committee was appointed on the bill to encourage immigration, consisting of Messrs. Sherman, Anthony, and Lane. The Senate disagreed to the amendment to the Pension Act passed by the House on the 29th. The bill for the more effectual punishment of guerrillas was passed.——*July* 1. The amendment to the Pennsylvania Militia bill, providing for the payment of the officers and men of the Rhode Island, Illinois, and Kansas regiments for their time actually in the service before they were mustered in, was adopted. The joint resolution to repeal the act prohibiting the sale of gold and foreign exchange was passed, 24 to 15. The report of the Committee of Conference on the Fortification bill was concurred in. $37,500 were appropriated for a sea-wall at Buffalo. The Boston harbor appropriation was excluded.——*July* 2. Mr. Sumner made a report from the Conference Committee on the disagreeing amendments to the bill to provide for the more speedy punishment of guerrilla marauders, which was concurred in. Mr. Wilson, from the Conference Committee on the bill further to regulate and provide for enrolling and calling out the national forces, made a report that the Committee agreed essentially to the House bill. The bounty is made $100 for one year, $200 for two years, and $300 for three years, instead of $200 for one year, $300 for two years, and $400 for three years; and the bounty is made payable in three yearly equal installments. Full bounty is not allowed to discharged soldiers. In case of death the bounty is made payable to the children, wife, or mother, but not to the legal representatives. Notice of fifty days is required to be given before a draft is ordered. The report was at first disagreed to, 18 to 16, and the Senate, by a vote of 28 to 8, resolved to insist on its amendments, and ask for another Conference Committee. This vote was reconsidered, and the bill as modified by the House was passed by a vote of 27 to 8. In the evening session the bill making an appropriation for testing submarine inventions was passed.——*July* 4. The House bill assessing a special tax on incomes, to provide for the payment of bounties, was passed, 29 to 7. The House bill for the relief of the publishers of the *Globe* was passed, 27 to 8. At 12½ o'clock the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—*June* 29. The House concurred in the Senate amendments to the bill regulating prize proceedings and distribution of prize-money.—The bill to organize and regulate the Engineer corps in the regular and volunteer army was passed.—The Tariff bill was then passed in the same form as in the Senate.—The House agreed to the amendment of the Senate to the bill to extend the contract for carrying the Overland Pacific mail.——*June* 30. The House concurred in the Senate's amendment to the bill assimilating the rank of warrant officers in the navy.—The Senate bill to facilitate trade on the Red River at the North was passed.—Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, made a report from the Select Committee heretofore appointed, on motion of Mr. Brooks, to investigate the affairs of the Treasury Department, which was ordered to be printed, and the minority of the Committee were given leave to present their views.—The amendatory Enrollment bill was returned from the Senate with amendments.—On motion of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the following resolution was adopted: *Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this House, the amendment assessing a special tax on incomes to pay bounties contravenes the clause in the Constitution of the United States relative to originating means for the support of the Government, and an infringement on the prerogative of this House, and that the bill be returned to the Senate with this resolution.——*July* 1.—The Senate bill providing for the satisfaction of County claims was passed.—The Senate joint resolution requesting the President to appoint a day of fasting and prayer was adopted.—The Senate bill to facilitate telegraphic communication with Idaho was passed.—The bill amendatory to the Enrollment act was taken up. An amendment that one State shall not be authorized to recruit in another was lost, 63 to 65. Mr. Garfield's amendment authorizing recruiting and voluntary enlistments from rebel States was adopted, 58 to 53. The Senate substitute thus amended was disagreed to, and a Committee of Conference was ordered to be appointed.—The Senate bill to repeal the act prohibiting the sale of gold and foreign exchange was passed, 88 to 20.—In the evening session Mr. Stevens's report from the Committee of Conference on the Civil appropriation bill was concurred in; also, the Senate bill from the Committee of Ways and Means appropriating $300,000 for the erection of buildings for branch mints at San Francisco; and the report of the Committee of Conference on the Northern Route Pacific Railroad bill and on the Central Pacific Railroad bill.——*July* 2. The Senate bill providing for the collection and sale of captured and abandoned property in the insurrectionary districts, and for preventing and punishing frauds, was passed; also, the Senate bill authorizing Paymaster Brinton to be credited with $2,600,000, that being the amount destroyed by the burning of the steamer *Ruth*.—The House bill providing for a Republican Government for States usurped or overthrown by rebellion, was taken up as returned from the Senate with merely one section, providing that States declared by the Proclamation of the President to be in insurrection, shall, until their return to their allegiance to the United States, be incapable of casting a Presidential vote or representation in Congress. The House did not concur, but ordered a Committee of Conference.—The report of the Committee of Conference on the bill for the summary punishment of guerrillas was concurred in.—In the evening session a message was received from the Senate stating that they had passed the House bill, without amendment, providing for a republican form of government in the States overthrown by the rebellion.—The report from the Committee of Conference on the Enrollment bill was concurred in.——*July* 4. A resolution was passed thanking our officers, soldiers, and seamen for their services in suppressing the rebellion, and congratulating them on their successes. Mr. Washburne, in offering the resolution, said that the rebels in this campaign had lost 60,000 in killed and wounded and 16,000 prisoners.—The House passed the Senate bill to test submarine inventions.—At 12½ o'clock the House adjourned, after the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

SECRETARY CHASE'S RESIGNATION.

Perhaps the most important item of domestic intelligence this week is the change which has taken place in the Treasury Department. The resignation of Secretary Chase took the public by surprise. The President nominated Ex-Governor Tod, of Ohio, to fill the place thus vacated; but the appointment not being accepted by Governor Tod, William Pitt Fessenden was appointed, and has accepted. The new Secretary was sworn into office on July 5, Mr. Chase being present at the ceremony.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

Up to the close of this week's record there has been no important engagement. General Hancock resumed the command of his corps on the 28th ult. The Federal left had swung around the previous day, taking possession of the Weldon Road. The raids by which the enemy's lines of communication have been broken up in every direction have, most of them, assumed a form in which they may be presented to our readers in detail.

Kautz started from Bermuda Hundred on the 21st ult., and at Prince George Court House came up with Wilson. The next morning—simultaneously with the movements of the Second and Sixth Corps toward the left—the two commands crossed the Weldon Road at Reams Station, eleven miles from our extreme left. No enemy appeared; the depôt and the public buildings were burned and the track torn up for several miles in each direction. The track was laid with a strap-rail. On the afternoon of the 23d a force reached the junction of the Lynchburg and Danville Road. The rebel infantry stationed to guard this place fled at the approach of the Federals, who destroyed the road and large quantities of stores. At Price's, Meherrin's, and Keeseville Stations the road was destroyed; and on the 25th the column moved through Drakes, and thence to Roanoke Station, on the Staunton River. It was intended to destroy the bridge over this river, but it was protected by artillery; and the Federals, exhausted both by marching and hunger, returned to Roanoke. Wilson and Kautz then moved east and struck the Weldon Road again at a point twelve miles below Reams, toward which they proceeded, expecting to find there reinforcement. On the 28th, when within about three miles of Reams, they were surrounded by rebel cavalry, under Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, in an engagement of three hours. Nearly all day the Federal force withstood the enemy, but at dusk were compelled to fall back. Information of the situation soon reached the main army, and the next day the Sixth Corps, followed by a division of the Second, proceeded to Reams Station to create a diversion. Gibbon, from his knowledge of the country, was able to reach our lines on the 30th, retreating by way of Stony Grove. Wilson went around by a more circuitous route, striking the Weldon Road twenty-five miles south of Reams Station, and crossing the Blackwater, and returned on Friday night, July 1. In regard to the results of this expedition, General Grant's dispatch says:

"Sixty miles of railroads were thoroughly destroyed. The Danville Road, General Wilson reports, could not be repaired in less than forty days, even if all the materials were on hand. He has destroyed all the blacksmith-shops where the rails might be straightened, and all the mills where scantlings for sleepers could be sawed. Thirty miles of the South Side Road were destroyed. Wilson brought in about four hundred negroes, and many of the vast number of horses and mules gathered by his force. He reports that the rebels slaughtered without mercy the negroes they retook. Wilson's loss of property is a small wagon train, used to carry ammunition, his ambulance train, and twelve cannon. The horses of our artillery and wagons were generally brought off. Of the cannon, two were removed from their carriages, the wheels of which were broken, and thrown into the water, and one other gun had been disabled by a rebel shot breaking its trunnions before it was abandoned. He estimates his total loss at from 750 to 1000 men, including those lost from Kautz's division."

Hunter's expedition against Lynchburg has also been concluded. On Friday, June 10, Crook and Sullivan—the latter having the old Sigel division—both commands being under Hunter, marched out from Staunton toward Lexington. A rebel force—McCausland's brigade—was met and dislodged in front of the town. The bridge across the James was destroyed, and the town having been captured the Institute buildings were burned, also Governor Letcher's house. Captain Blazer, with a company of scouts, found some canal-boats nine miles from the town, which he burned. In them were six cannon—two 6-pounders, one 12-pounder, and three mountain-howitzers—9000 rounds of artillery ammunition, a ton and a half of powder, and commissary stores in great variety and abundance. General Duffie, in the mean time having marched through Waynesborough and destroyed a portion of the Charlottesville and Lynchburg Road, joined the main column on Monday, June 13. The next day Hunter's force effected a junction with Averill's at Buchanan. Here the cutter had captured the Confederate navy records for 1861–1862, with twelve more canal-boats laden with provisions. On the 16th Hunter entered Liberty, on the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad, about 20 miles west of Lynchburg, having passed through a gap in the Blue Ridge at the Peaks of Otter. Here the whole command halted, and engaged in the demolition of the railroad in both directions, including a bridge 700 feet long. Averill, in the mean while, had marched to New London, a short distance southwest from Lynchburg, where he confronted a large rebel force. Immediately the main column pressed forward by a road north of the railroad, crossing the latter at James Church, and, threatening the rear of the enemy, compelled him to fall back on Lynchburg.

At 4 o'clock an attack was made, and the rebels retreated to their breast-works. During the night the enemy was strongly reinforced. On Saturday, the 18th, the rebels attacked, but were repulsed and driven by the Federals into and beyond their breast-works. Finding the enemy's position too strong, Hunter withdrew during the night of the 18th, General Crook bringing up the rear. They were followed by the rebels under McCausland. The line of retreat was along the railroad westward to Salem, and thence north on the road over Catawba Mountain to Newcastle. On the 22d at Sweet Springs, at White Sulphur on the 24th, and Meadow Bluffs on the 25th. Hunter's command, finally, on the 27th, met a train with waggons containing abundant rations, and rested from its sixteen days' fatigue.

GENERAL EARLY'S RAID.

General Early, who was sent against Hunter in the Shenandoah, not being able to compel an engagement, marched northward in the direction of Martinsburg, threatening a raid across the Potomac. General Sigel fell back forthwith from Shepperdstown to Maryland Heights. Rebel forces have been reported at Williamsport, Falling Waters, Hagerstown, and other places, but the only forces which at the latest advices were known to have crossed the Potomac are about 2500 cavalry under General Ransom and 5000 infantry under Early. Its object is, doubtless, to divert Grant's army from its purpose, or at least to prevent reinforcements being sent to that army. The President, however, in his proclamation of July 5, calling out 12,000 militia from New York and the same number from Pennsylvania, speaks of the rebel force as from 15,000 to 20,000 strong, and as having taken Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

For a month (*i.e.*, during the whole of June) Sherman was been operating against Johnston, with a view of turning his strong position on the Kenesaw, without abandoning his own line of communication, and has at length succeeded. He might have earlier compelled the evacuation of Marietta (two or three miles from Kenesaw) by an extensive flank movement, but this would have tempted the enemy to destroy the railroad. When our forces reached Ackworth, June 6, they still kept the line of the railroad to Atlanta (the Western and Atlantic Railroad), leaving Altoona one miles in the rear. On the 11th Sherman reached Big Shanty Station, having Kenesaw in front and on his right. Here there was a delay of four days. On the 15th Sherman's line ran as follows: Hooker on the left, then Howard and Palmer, while M'Pherson held the centre, and Schofield the right. There was considerable fighting all day; in one of the early engagements Polk was killed on the top of Pine Mountain. At night our line ran parallel with and south of the Marietta Road, the rebels being intrenched along the line of the Kenesaw, Pilot Knob, and Lost Mountain.

On the 16th a heavy cannonade opened all along the line, and before noon both armies were engaged. The country was most unfavorable to a force acting offensively; not more than a single division could at any one time be brought to bear at any given point. About one o'clock Hooker had gained some advantage, driving the enemy from a good position at the base of Lost Mountain. Then Schofield was thrown around from the right to the left, giving Hooker, Howard, and Palmer the centre; a portion of M'Pherson's Corps was also transferred to the left. A severe fight followed. The centre was pushed forward, Geary in the advance; Logan's Division and Schofield's Corps became warmly engaged, and the rebels were driven from their first line of works, at the base of the Kenesaw; Hooker, in the mean time, carrying Lost Mountain, capturing two guns and 700 prisoners. The nature of the country prevented Sherman from following up the advantage with sufficient rapidity. Hence another delay of nearly a fortnight. On the 27th the line from left to right was: Blair, Dodge, Logan, Hooker, Palmer, Howard, and Schofield—Stoneman's cavalry covering the left and Garard's the right flank. On the 27th an unsuccessful assault was made on the positions of the rebels at Kenesaw Mountain.

On July 3 Sherman sent the following dispatch: "The movement on our right caused the enemy to evacuate. We occupied Kenesaw at daylight, and Marietta at 8.30 A.M. Thomas is moving down the main road, toward the Chattahoochie, and M'Pherson toward the mouth of the Nickajack, on the Sandtown road. Our cavalry is on the extreme flanks. Whether the enemy will halt this side of the Chattahoochie or not will soon be known. Marietta is almost entirely abandoned by its inhabitants. More than a mile of the railroad iron has been removed between the town and the foot of the Kenesaw."

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

General Steele, hearing of a movement by the rebel General Shelby near the mouth of the White River, sent forward a brigade under General Carr, which confronted the enemy on the 27th, between Sheldon and St. Charles, and a fight ensued, resulting in the capture of 200 prisoners, and of the guns of the recently-captured *Queen City*, and four mountain-howitzers. Rebel reinforcements approaching, under Marmaduke, Carr fell back to Clarendon, 20 miles below Duvall's Bluff, where he received reinforcements.

General Canby's forces in Louisiana, it is confidently reported, have embarked on an important expedition—probably for a movement against Mobile, in co-operation with Admiral Farragut's fleet. It was thought also that the iron-clads on the Mississippi would join in the undertaking.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following are the names of Union officers now in Charleston under the range of the Federal guns: Brigadier-Generals Seymour, Wessels, Scammon, Shaler, Hickman: Colonels T. G. Grover, E. Hawkins, R. Harriman, A. H. Lehman, O. H. Legrange, W. J. Lee, R. White, H. C. Bolinger, H. L. Brown, E. L. Dana, E. Fardell; Lieutenant-Colonels E. S. Hays, N. B. Hunter, F. N. Higginbotham, G. C. Joslin, W. E. M'Makin, D. Miller, W. D. Maxwell, J. D. Mayhen, S. Morfit, E. Alcott, J. Potsley, G. F. Rogers, J. H. Burnham, C. B. Baldwin, W. G. Bartholimer, W. R. Cook, C. J. Dickerson, J. T. Fellins, G. A. Fairbanks, W. Glenn, T. B. Shafford, W. W. Stewart, F. W. Swift, A. W. Taylor, W. P. Lascelle; Majors C. H. Bures, W. F. Baker, E. W. Bates, J. E. Clarke, D. A. Carpenter, W. Crandall, H. D. Crank, J. Hall, J. N. Johnson.

In retaliation the rebel generals Gardner, Stuart, Johnson, Archer, and another general whose name is not given, together with forty colonels have been sent to General Foster, to be kept under fire of the rebel batteries until the Federal officers above named shall have been relieved.

The United States gun-boat *Lavender* was wrecked on Cape Lookout shoals, June 11.

On the 4th June the steamer *Lynx*, Captain Ried, arrived at Bermuda with 621 bales of cotton.

On the 7th, the steamer *Index*, Captain Marshall, arrived, with 303 bales of cotton and 269 boxes tobacco.

On the 8th, the steamer *Atalanta*, Captain Howe, arrived, with 536 bales of cotton, 155 half tierces and 527 boxes tobacco.

FOREIGN NEWS.

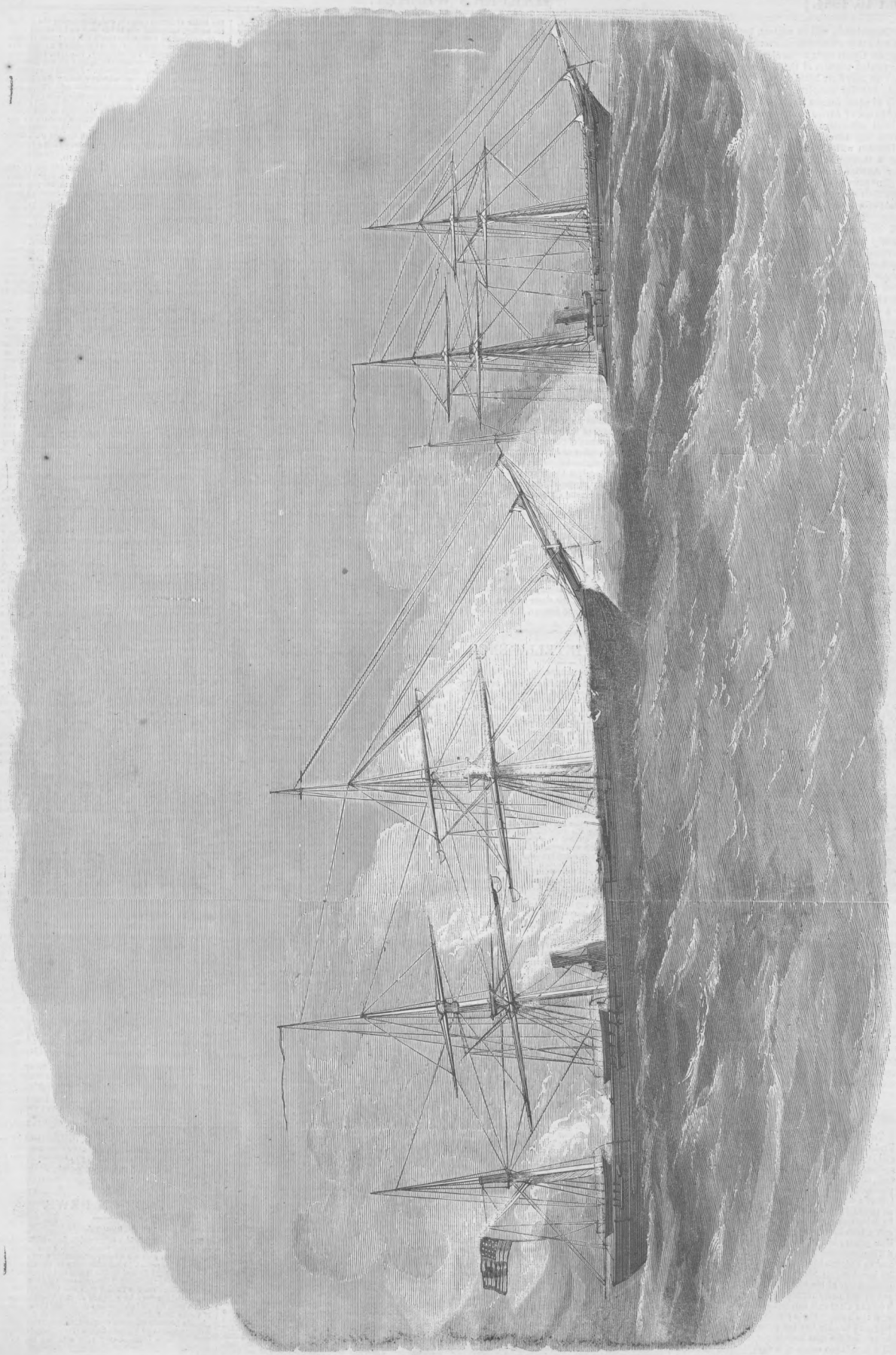
EUROPE.

THE Conference held a long session, June 18th, without any result looking toward peace. Indeed the Dano-German question assumes a more threatening aspect than at any previous period. Hostilities were to be resumed on the 27th. Earl Russell in the House of Lords, and Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons each distinctly stated on the 26th, that the British fleet was prepared for any service which may be required of it. The Conference would meet for the last time on the 25th and then dissolve: if before that Austria had not concluded to accept England's proposition, made on the 18th, viz., to refer the whole question to the arbitration of neutrals, it is quite probable that England may offer material aid to the Danes.

MEXICO.

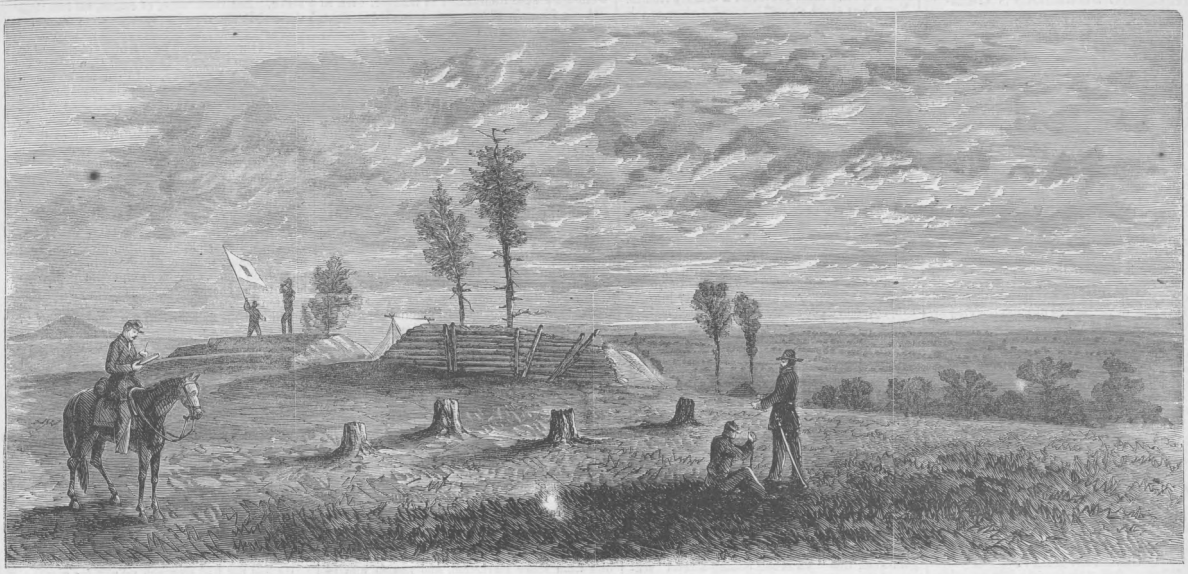
Maximilian and his party have arrived in the Capital. Santa Anna was preparing to assume his new position as the first Grand Marshal of the empire.

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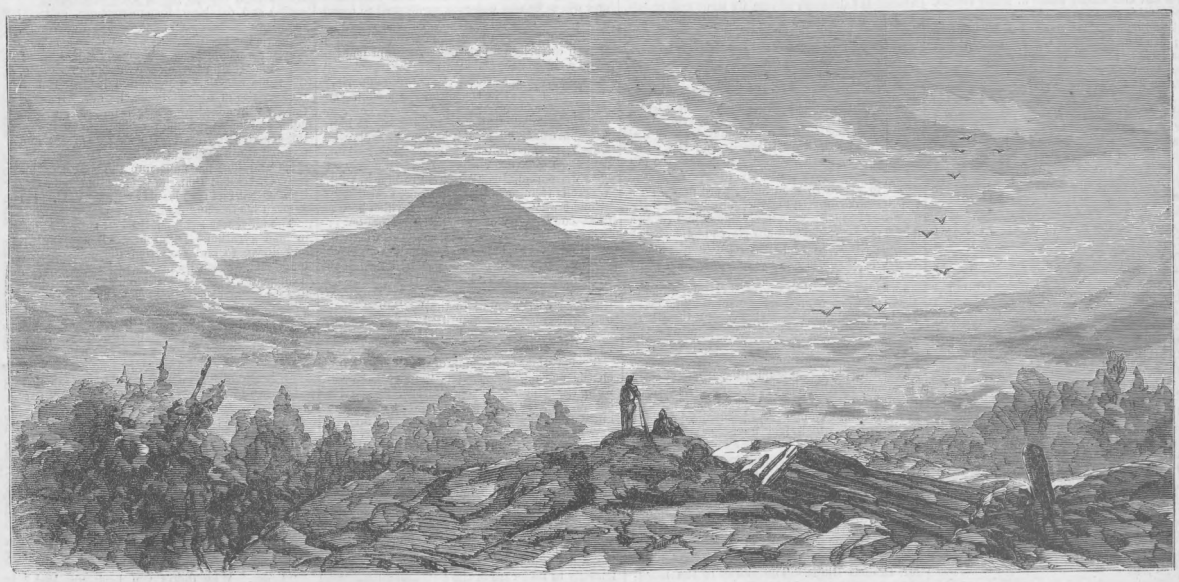


THE NAVAL CONTEST OFF CHERBOURG BETWEEN THE "ALABAMA" AND THE "KEARSARGE," JUNE 19, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 450.]

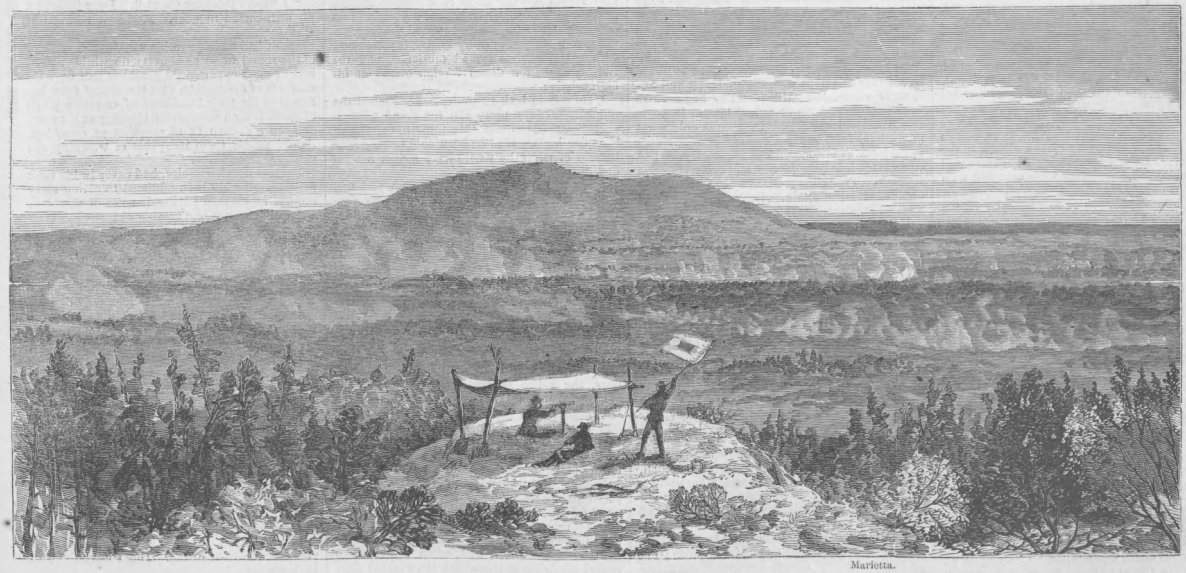
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GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE CREST OF PINE MOUNTAIN, WHERE GENERAL POLK FELL, JUNE 14, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 454.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—LOST MOUNTAIN AT SUNRISE, JUNE 15, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 454.]



Marietta.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—VIEW OF KENESAW FROM PINE MOUNTAIN.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 454.]

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on page 453 three interesting sketches relating to General SHERMAN'S advance in Georgia. These give a view of localities which, in connection with this campaign, have become historic. We have here, in the first place, a sketch of PINE MOUNTAIN, lately occupied by General HOWARD'S corps, after its evacuation by the enemy—the result of one of SHERMAN'S flank movements. It is a high knob, from which a splendid view of the country and a good idea of the position of the different armies may be obtained.

It was on the crest of this mountain that Lieutenant-General POLK was killed, June 14, by a shell from the Fifth Indiana Battery—the battery of the gallant Captain SIMONSON, who was himself killed the next day. The different corps of SHERMAN'S army have their signal stations on the top of Pine Mountain.

Another sketch gives a view of KENESAW, as seen from Pine Mountain. In the distance is a view of Marietta. Between the two mountains the smoke ascends from three Federal encampments, belonging to the armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Tennessee. The enemy holds a strong position on the Kenesaw, which was unsuccessfully attempted on the 27th of June, by M'PHERSON, THOMAS attacking on the flank.

A third sketch gives a view of LOST MOUNTAIN AT SUNRISE.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE DE RICHELIEU.

IT is a tall and stately house of many stories. Perhaps by this time they have pulled it down, and built up another palace more sumptuous on its site; but a quarter of a century since it was lofty, and commanding, and imposing.

It had been a café, a restaurant, and a concert-room. Wax-work was shown there once, I fancy. It had been a toy-shop, and a shawl-shop, and an advertising tailor's. Once a court jeweler had it, and once a fashionable milliner. But it always bore its peculiar stamp of stateliness, and, at the worst of times, held on to its dignity bravely. It was always FRASCATI'S.

In the time when this history ran its course, this place was in the last throes of its splendid shameful existence as a gambling-house. The Maisons de Jeu, the scandal of France and in Europe, were moribund. The concession of a privilege for the holding of the public gaming-tables was in the hands of the municipality of the city, who derived a large annual revenue from the infamous concerns: a revenue which was, however, but a beggar's dole compared with the enormous profits of the Fermiers des Jeux, or lessees of the tables. To the credit of the Ædiles of Paris, all the dirty money they gathered off the green baize of Frascati's and similar haunts of madness and avarice, was applied to charitable purposes; but the Government had grown tired and ashamed of this nefarious method of contributing to the poor-rate, and had warned the municipality that the concession they granted soon after eighteen hundred and thirty must be the last. The banker (or gaming-table keeper), Benazet, had timely notice to remove his croupiers and macers, his rakes, and pricked cards, and was destined, with other birds of prey, to take flight to Baden and other congenial hells of Fatherland, and settle there to the perpetuation of plunder. But France was freed, at last, from these vultures.

The life thus remaining to Frascati's (for the Palais Royal tripots were shut up) was a short one, but its patrons and fomenters determined that it should be merry. To the accustomed frequenters of the establishment, suppers on an unheard-of scale of luxury were given every night in the cabinets adjoining the great gambling-rooms. Within a month of the dissolution of the gigantic swindle, the cornices were regilt, fresh chandeliers hung, and the windows veiled with fresh green velvet draperies. The affluence of strangers was tremendous. There never was known such a crowd of players, from eleven o'clock in the forenoon till eleven o'clock in the evening; for these dens were open by day as well as by night. The saloons were crowded with dandies, lawyers, politicians, journalists, artists, and foreigners of distinction, mingled with the common and unmistakable herd of shabby, wan-faced, fishy-eyed professional gamesters. People had to stake over each other's shoulders. Thousand-franc notes fluttered through the air as hoarse voices directed their destination toward red or black, odd or even, under or over, number or color, square or transverse column, or zero. The croupiers looked contemptuously upon the starveling wretches who played silver. It was as much as ever room could be made for the desperate throwsters who played rouleaux of golden louis. From chime to chime, right round the clock, were the chinking of the money, the sharp pattering of the cards as they fell from the banker's hands, the whirring of the roulette-wheel, the click of the ball, the rasping of the croupes as the forfeited stakes were gathered in, and the dull, hoarse voices of the masters of the game crying out that red had won, or that thirty-five had turned up, black, even, and over—anon enjoining the gentlemen present to make their game, then telling them the game was made, and that no further stake could be received. A hundred times within an hour the lugubrious, monotonous chant was audible. One seemed to be listening to the outdoor litany of the Trappist: "Frère, il faut mourir."

Otherwise, there prevailed a deathly silence. Never was there so well-behaved a place as this superterranean pandemonium. It was accounted a flagrant breach of etiquette to make a noise under any circumstances—to rejoice loudly if you won, to lament audibly if you lost, to quarrel about a questionable throw, or even to converse in aught exceeding a discreet under-tone. When you entered, a grave door-keeper took from you your hat and stick, partly, it may be assumed, to insure the preservation of good manners in so very aristocratic a saloon, partly to obviate the possibility of any votary of the blind goddess (who sees much better athwart her bandage than we give her credit for), rendered desperate by a continuous run of ill-luck, flinging his hat violently at the dealer (as a speaker of the Irish House of Commons is said to have once flung his wig at the head of an orator who wouldn't leave off), or running a croupier through with a sword-cane. If acquaintances wished to chat, or to argue, they went into an ante-chamber, or into the supper-room. The solemn and powdered lackeys who stole about with cards and pins for calculating punters (who, knowing every probability of the game save one, and, failing the knowledge of that, were beggared), appeared to glide in list slippers. The whole place wore a calm and peaceful aspect, most beautiful to the philosopher. There was no wailing, no gnashing of teeth, no tearing of hair, no stamping of feet. When human wickedness is concentrated on one particular object, and all its faculties are remorselessly perverted and bent, with diabolical strength of volition, toward the attainment of one particular end, human wickedness is apt to be very quiet indeed. Guy Fawkes did not whistle at his work, you may be sure. The administration of strychnine is not a comic song.

It occurred one morning during this ultimate gala time, this "Vauxhall closing forever" season of Frascati's, to two gentlemen, both known by name and character to the readers of this chronicle (although of one its sight and cognizance have been lost for a considerable period), to look in at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu and try their luck upon the red and the black.

One was a very old friend, and he had grown to be a very old man. It is nearly fourteen years since we last met him. His hair was still black, but it was the hair of a wig, and not of a living head. His whiskers were ragged and sparse, and these, together with a bristly mustache he had recently grown, were ill-dyed, and the white showed athwart the purple, like cotton in a fraudulent fabric of silk. His teeth, which were wont to gleam so beautifully, were now only a few irregular broken and discolored fangs. His face was haggard, yet unduly puffed and swollen about the jaws, and in many places blotched with purple. It was easy to detect, without turning down his eyelid or inhaling his breath, that he drank. He snuffed, too, in every place where he was not allowed to smoke. He had come to that age when a naughty old man wants every kind of stimulant, and rushes down-hill by half a dozen parallel roads. His attire was shabby and his linen cloudy; his trowsers were patched, and the lustre on his hat was due, half to grease and half to the recent application of a wet brush. You could see the hole in his left boot, where he had inked his stocking to conceal the whiteness of the orifice. In one hand he dangled a dingy yellow glove, which had no fellow; from his dexter wrist dangled by a string a loaded walking-stick, which was more like a bludgeon. But it would be unpardonable to omit the fact that he wore spurs, dimly lacquered, and that his frayed and eraseous stock was fastened with a sham carbuncle pin, price one franc twenty-five centimes in the Galerie Vivienne, and unavailable at the Mont de Piété.

This was all that was left of the fashionable Mr. Francis Blunt. The glories of the Horticultural fête, Gamridge's Hotel, the cabriolet and the tiger, the body-servant and the chambers in town, the watches, the rings, the scent and cambric, and the cut velvet waistcoats, had all come down to this. It would be wearisome to dwell on all the details of a career toward the dogs, which had continued with brief intermissions of prosperity for fourteen years. It would be sullying this page with the shabbiest and sorriest of chronicles. His instincts had always been canine, and the dogs had him at last. It was a natural culmination. It was only what might have been expected. Hundreds of spirits as dashing, as fashionable, as accomplished, had so subsided into decrepitude, and drifted into extinction. The brilliant butterfly had become the dirtiest of grubs again. He was but one of a motley, brilliant, worthless million.

But if you want the rapidest coup d'œil—the most comprehensive birds-eye view—here it is. A thousand table d'hôte dinners (many of them on credit), and a thousand days passed outside cook-shops, with nothing to eat. Thousands of bottles of wine, some paid for, some to which he had been treated, many which he had cozened innkeepers out of. Much brandy, many cigars; hecatombs of card-packs, legions of billiard-matches, a sack full of loaded dice, a shower of stamped paper, bearing his name, now as drawer, now as acceptor, now as endorser. An occasional appearance in the English Insolvent Debtors' Court; one or two proclamations of outlawry; a ream of begging letters; a host of unpaid tailors; several bevies of bayadères, and worse; half a dozen convictions for escroquerie entailing lengthened residences in French, in Belgian, and in German jails; a few duels, more numerous canings and horsewhippings. Behold it all. He had ridden in carriages-and-four, and he had been kicked down stairs; he had danced at balls and run away from landlords; he had been drunken and gay, and sick and in hospitals; but the route had been always downward, and it had come to this at last. And, as the Sibyl enhanced day by day the price of her portentous volumes, while they were diminished in number, even so did Mr. Francis Blunt require every day more brandy, and derive a smaller amount of comfort from that down-hill cordial.

His circle of existence was narrowing. Mephistopheles's poodle was tracing more involved concentrics round him. The moral halter was tightening. He dared not show himself in London, in Brussels, at the German watering-places. Out of a dozen former friends whom he would meet by chance, not ten, not eleven, but just the whole dozen, would cut him. When his name was mentioned, it was not as "poor devil"—he was beyond contemptuous charity—but as "horrible old scamp." The miserable man had no one to talk to now but a few tavern waiters, gaming-house employés, dunning landladies, billiard-markers, police agents, and commissaries of police. His acquaintance with the two last-named classes was involuntary. The police were well aware of him. "Le nommé Blunt" was down in the blackest books of Rue de Jérusalem. He was too old and drunken to be made useful as a spy. The alguazils quietly waited until they could catch him in flagrant délit, and cart him off to the galleys as a robber. He had ceased to have a regular lodging, and slept by the night in the worst "garnis" of the worst quarters, at fifteen sous. When he had no money he prowled about the Champs Elysées. When he won he would have a drinking-bout at the wine-shops in the Halles, which are kept open all night, and would be an insolent Amphitryon to market-gardeners and sergents de ville, who scoffed at him while they drank at his cost. But these festive evenings were rare. He had reached, to all appearance, that stage in the gambler career when a man *never wins heavily*, and when Fortune permits him only to pick up sufficient from the green cloth to save him from sheer starvation, and enable him to support life while she tortures him. There were very few even tenth-rate cafés and estaminets now where he was welcome, or allowed to brawl and drivel over his brandy or his absinthe. There is a phase in rascaldom when the rascal is even ostracised by his mates. Blunt had become a solitary rogue. "Mauvais garnement," cried the French raffs; "A thorough rip," sneered the English raffs who knew him. So he was left alone.

"And yet," he would moan piteously to himself sometimes, "I have a brother in India who must be worth millions. Where is he? How came he to leave the service? Is he dead? I have written hundreds of letters to him in vain. Where is George Blunt?"

There was one place, indeed, of which he was free—one hostelry open for twelve hours out of the twenty-four—one caravanserai where he could enter. So long as he had a hat and coat they would admit him to the gaming-tables. The line was drawn at caps and blouses. So long as hats were hats and coats coats they were reckoned as belonging to the "mise décente," and their wearers were entitled to be called, in gaming-house parlance, "Messieurs de la Galerie."

This precious Gentleman of the Gallery, then, on the morning in question, went up the well-worn stairs of Frascati's, and surrendered his hat and stick to the janitor at the door, who knew Blunt well, and was, indeed, an ancient punter, on whom, when utterly broken down, the administration had taken compassion, and provided with a snug refuge for his declining days. He had seen men and cities, and knew all the folly of betting against the black, and all the madness of backing the red. And accordingly, once a month, when his scanty wages were paid him, and he had a holiday, he very carefully backed the red and lost every sou at the gaming-table, and next day went back contentedly to take care of the hats and sticks.

A clean old gentleman in a shirt-frill, blue spectacles, nankeen pantaloons, and speckled gray stockings—the uncle in a vaudeville kind of gentleman—whispered behind his signet-ringed hand, as Blunt shambled toward the roulette-table, to a stately, military made-up personage, with a tremendous spiked mustache, and the ribbons of half a dozen foreign orders at his button-hole:

"He was in luck yesterday. He backed the numbers, always putting a five-franc piece à cheval—on horseback. He must have won at least five louis. Had he been able to play gold instead of silver he would have netted a hundred."

"He will back the same number, you will see, to-day, and lose," quoth the military personage, sententiously. "I am sick of seeing that old scoundrel. I long to behold him sitting between two gens d'armes on the benches of the court of assize."

Neither the clean old gentleman nor the military personage ever risked so much as a five-franc piece at the tables. It was strictly against their orders to play. Their business was to watch those who gambled; and there were others there whose business it was to watch them. Both were spies of the police. But when the toils of the day were over, and they were off duty, the police gentry, and some select acquaintances among the croupiers, and the liveried lackeys (whose services were perfunctory, and who were no more real footmen than the "greencoats" of the play-house) would adjourn to a quiet wine-shop and gamble away their leisure hours in comfort and joy.

Blunt played from noon till four o'clock. Superstitious, as all gamblers are, he had dreamed, on three successive nights, that thirty-three was to be his lucky number at roulette. Understand, that, had he put a piece of money or a bank-note on this number, and, when the ball had ceased revolving in the wheel, the number thirty-three, where it had halted, been proclaimed, he would have received thirty-five times his stake. But there were, of course, no less than six-and-thirty chances against him; and, his dream notwithstanding, his capital was too small (he had three louis left after a night at the Halle) to risk even the smallest amount "en plein," or in full, on the number. He put his stakes on horseback: that is to say, on the yellow boundary line between the square numbered thirty-three and the square numbered thirty-four; so that, according to the rules, if either of those numbers turned up he was entitled to receive half thirty-five, or seventeen times his stake. Sometimes he shifted his piece, and put it, still on horseback, between thirty-three and thirty-two, thus doubling his chances of winning. Oh! he was cunning.

He began with a five-franc piece; won a little, lost a little; abstained from playing during a few rounds; then kept his hand in by staking on red, on black, on odd, or on even; then went back to the charmed square of thirty-three, and put ten francs on horseback. The wheel went round and the ball jarred from compartment to compartment. "TRENTE-TROIS, noir, pair et passe," cried the banker.

With a rake the croupiers propelled toward the gamester seventeen times his stake a hundred and seventy francs.

He drew the money together, separated two louis from it, crammed the rest into his breast-pocket, and placed it in the same position. Then the game was made, and the brass pillar was twirled, and the ball went whizzing round.

"TRENTE-QUATRE, rouge impair et manque," cried the banker.

It being thirty-four, and the stake being entitled to share in half the gains in either number, they pushed seventeen times forty francs toward Blunt. He was now the possessor of four hundred and fifty francs.

He had not had so much money for months. He calculated that he could spend a hundred francs in a riotous night, keep fifty francs for eating and drinking, for emergencies, and still have a floating capital of three hundred francs, which, properly divided, would enable him to play for a whole week. To many gamesters of Mr. Blunt's calibre, who were watching his game, the same calculation presented itself. But to the surprise of his neighbors, he never touched the four hundred and fifty francs. It was in gold, and he let the pile remain between thirty-three and thirty-four. He shut his eyes and screwed the lids close together. He folded his arms and dug his nails into the palms of his hands. He felt that the back of his head was burning hot and that his feet were icy cold. He gnawed his lips and awaited the issue.

The pillar was twirled; the ball rushed round in mad gyration. Blunt heard it hopping up and down, to and fro, from the outer to the inner rim. Then its march was feebler; then it stopped. Then there was silence; and a voice like the sound of a trumpet came and smote him on the ear.

"TRENTE-TROIS," it said, "noir, pair et passe."

It was thirty-three. He had won seven thousand six hundred and fifty francs.

"By Jove!" cried a voice, in English, behind him; "and I've been backing that confounded thirty-two in full instead of on horseback, and have lost every sou."

Blunt turned round and saw a young gentleman, very handsome, very bold-looking, and very fashionably dressed.

"We are countrymen, it seems," the gamester remarked, trying to muster up what he could of the ancient affable amenity of Francis Blunt, Esquire.

The young gentleman gave a haughty stare, and no direct answer.

"You're in luck, old gentleman," he condescended to observe.

"I am. Why didn't you back my luck? Are you so rare a punter as not to be up to that chance?"

"I wasn't thinking about it. I was intent on my own cursed number. And now I have lost all."

Blunt had withdrawn his winnings at the end of the round while he conversed with his neighbor, as most experienced gamblers will do, as a measure of precaution, and sometimes even before they use their handkerchief, or take a pinch of snuff, lest an unexpected bleeding at the nose, or even a sudden fit of sneezing or coughing, should render them incapable of watching the chances of the game.

Francis Blunt, Esquire, had never in his most prosperous period been addicted to giving away money, or even to paying it when it was due. "Frank does not like parting with the shiners," was the verdict passed in sporting circles on his disposition to be tenacious of current cash. He would sow his acceptances at three months broadcast, but it was difficult to get a sovereign out of him. It is, however, one of the many superstitions of gamblers that luck may be conciliated by giving a piece of gold to a player who has just lost his last stake. The recipient of this bounty should be young and preferably a woman, but ladies were excluded from Frascati's. Discipline must be preserved, even among the devils.

"And so you have lost all," Blunt said. He had not played for four rounds.

"Not a liard."

The old punter had seven thousand six hundred and fifty francs. He could afford to be liberal. He took five louis from his breast-pocket and placed them in the young man's hand.

"Accept this loan," he said, omitting, not through delicacy, but through avarice, to call it a gift. "When you have won a hundred louis you can return it to me. But I advise you to back my luck."

The young man stared, hesitated, reddened slightly, passed his white fingers through his

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hair in a confused manner, then held out his hand and *took the money*.

"I can give it you back presently, you know, old gentleman," he stammered.

Yes; Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt took the money. He reddened, stammered, hesitated; but he took the money. Have you never been told that inveterate gambling has an inevitable tendency to harden the human heart, and to destroy in the gamester every sense of shame? Out of a gaming-house Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt would have disdained to touch this shameful old creature's money. He looked like a beggar-man. But inside Frascati's Mr. Greyfaunt was very glad indeed to accept it. He was young yet, you see, but after another year's apprenticeship even the blush, the stammer, and the hesitation, would have disappeared.

Blunt went on playing. He soon forgot all about the person to whom he had been so unwonted a benefactor. Nor did Mr. Greyfaunt preserve a long or a lively remembrance of his benefactor. "I'm not going to back the old rascal's luck," he said, candidly, to himself. "He'll lose his head presently and be cleaned out." So, as soon as he conveniently could, the grateful Mr. Greyfaunt slipped away with his five louis and wandered away to the trente-et-quarante-table.

At three o'clock that afternoon the broken bankrupt, Francis Blunt, had won fifty thousand francs.

"I'll be a gentleman again," he chuckled to himself. "I wonder where that rascal Constant is. He'd be glad to shave and dress me again if I paid him the money I owed him. I'll find out my daughter and make a lady of her. I've got fifty thousand francs. That's two thousand pounds. By G— I'll break the bank before I've done with them!"

He had been playing without any intermission, save his brief converse with Greyfaunt, since eleven o'clock. After four hours' gaming he felt faint. Stuffing his winnings, which, as his stakes had grown larger, had been gradually converted into notes, into his pocket, he went out to the restaurant attached to the establishment. He swallowed some soup and ate a cutlet, ordered a bottle of Champagne and drank the whole of it; then ordered a decanter of brandy, and drank the better part of that too. The meat and drink warmed the cockles of his old heart, and made him feel braver in his rapacious intent. "I shall win a hundred thousand before eleven o'clock," he muttered. "A hundred? Bah! Two hundred thousand. My hand's in. My luck's hot. I wish it was the bones, though, instead of that child's play of roulette."

Toadies suddenly started up around him. Dilapidated raffs, almost as greasy and as ragged as himself, but who that very morning had avoided his company as though it had been contagious, came and claimed acquaintance with him. They clapped him on the back, and congratulated him. He grinned, and bade them the rather congratulate the luck, since to that alone he was indebted for their society. But he was in a bounteous mood, and treated them plenteously. They would have borrowed money of him, but he had done enough in the way of pecuniary generosity. "As much brandy as you like," he said, "but not a centime."

He rose at about five, remarking that he would have another turn at the tables. He was, that afternoon, the lion of Frascati's, and a crowd followed him with eager eyes. He felt his head swimming and his legs trembling under him. He called for some soda-water, but there was none; there was only some insipid eau de Seltz, of which he took a draught, with some brandy. Then, evading his admirers for a moment, he slipped aside into a side-room, where the innocent games of chess and draughts—for Frascati's liked to keep up appearances—were supposed to be played, and which was consequently always empty. He drew a card-table to the door, knowing that at least he should have fair warning if attempts were made to open it, and, sitting down, proceeded to pull off one of his boots. It was the fellow to the boot which had the hole in it disclosing the inked stocking. He flattened a thousand franc note down into the toe, and put on the boot again, and rose up with a leer.

"If the worst come to the worst," he thought, "we have this to fall back upon."

By seven o'clock he had won in all a hundred and fifty thousand francs, but he had made at least half a dozen dives into the restaurant and drunk more brandy. More than once the croupier had to remind him that he had left a banknote, unclaimed, on the table. He let money drop and refused to pick it up. He flung about his money recklessly; now on one stake, now on the other. But he kept on winning, winning, winning. He was drunk.

The largest stake allowed at Frascati's was twenty-five thousand francs—a thousand pounds. He put down this sum in twenty-five notes of a thousand on the red. Black turned up, and his twenty-five thousand francs were swept away.

He gave a tipsy yell, and said that he didn't care, and put down twenty-five thousand more on the same color. Again black turned up, and he had lost fifty thousand francs.

"He has lost his head," whispered the clean-looking old gentleman.

"It is the beginning of the end," the military personage said.

Half an hour afterward, of all his winnings, Blunt had just one thousand francs left. The crowd were as absorbed in interest to see him lose as they had been during the afternoon to see him win. The press around him was enormous. Some mounted on the benches at the back of the saloon to have a better view. He was still the lion of Frascati's, but a lion in the toils, a lion encompassed by the hunters, a lion at bay.

To his drunken memory it suddenly occurred that all his winnings had been made by betting on the numbers. But a long period had elapsed since he had abandoned his faithful thirty-three. He cast his last thousand-franc note to a croupier, and told him to put it on "thirty-three."

"En plein ou à cheval—in full or on horseback?" asked the croupier.

"In full; may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," stuttered Blunt, now very far gone.

The gallery were amazed at the desperation of the stake, for he admitted it to be his last. One friendly voice was raised to warn him against his peril.

"Put on five hundred! Cry out five hundred à la masse!" urged the voice, which belonged to a poor broken-down captain of the Grande Armée.

"Won't," mumbled Blunt. "Let it come up as it likes."

"At least put a louis, in case of accident, on zero. Zero hasn't been up for ninety rounds."

"Haven't got a louis left."

"Well, here is one," said the poor broken-down captain. "You're so drunk and so desperate that something tells me that thirty-three or zero will turn up."

Blunt took the proffered louis, and tried, as steadily as he could, to roll it on end toward the compartment marked zero, which is close to the outer circumference of the wheel, in the middle of the table. But his aim, accurate enough when sober, failed him now. The coin stopped at the compartment marked "four," oscillated, and fell flat.

"For zero?" a croupier said, inquiringly. He was close to the louis, and would have gently propelled it with his rake toward the designated spot; but Blunt, with a screech, forbade him.

"Let it be there," he said. "The devil will take care of his own."

"A thousand francs on thirty-three, and a single louis on zero," whispered the clean old gentleman; "the fellow must be mad. Any way he must lose."

The pillar revolved, the ball whizzed round and stopped. Then the banker called out:

"ZERO."

The rakes gathered in Blunt's thousand franc note and the poor broken-down captain's louis. He did not care to ask his debtor when he would repay him. Justice Shallow had, perhaps, about as good a chance of being repaid the thousand pounds which Sir John Falstaff owed him. The poor broken-down captain was a philosopher. All he said was this:

"The imbecile! Why did he not insure on zero as I told him? At least thirty-five louis would have been saved out of the wreck, and some capital would have been left for future operations."

Blunt was too old a hand to fall beneath the table in a fit, to tear his hair, or to beat his breast. He staggered away to the buffet, and asked the waiter to let him have a glass of brandy on credit. The superintendent nodded assent, and they gave him the liquor. He had lost so very largely as to be entitled to that trifling pourboire. Frascati had some bowels of compassion.

"Besides," he said, as he drained the glass, "it's only for a little time. I shall pay presently. There's a fellow in the room owes me five louis. Has any body seen him? A handsome fellow with curly hair."

He had reached that stage of intoxication not uncommon with habitual topers, when an additional glass of liquor rather sobers than stupefies. Blunt felt, for a moment, himself again. The lackeys kept a keen eye upon him to turn him out (now that he was ruined) if he attempted to create a disturbance; but he went very composedly to and fro and up and down, from the roulette to the trente-et-quarante, seeking for the fellow who owed him five louis.

He found the fellow at last. Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt's face was flushed and his eyes were sparkling. A pile of notes and gold was before him. He was winning largely.

"Hallo! old gentleman," he cried, as Blunt came up with pendent lip and bloodshot eyes. "Cleaned out, I suppose?"

"Ay!"

"Ah! you backed your luck a little too often. You'd better have been contented with a little. What a lot you were winning, to be sure! Stop! don't I owe you five louis? Here they are. And oblige me by going to another table, and playing by yourself, for, if you back *my* luck, it's sure to turn, and I shall lose."

Blunt thrust the money in his pocket, and turned on his heel in dudgeon. The young man's voice and manner seemed to him inexpressibly insolent. He skulked to the roulette-table, and changed his five pieces of gold into twenty pieces of five francs each. He wished to protract his agony as long as possible.

He played cautiously, timidly, nervously—eschewing the numbers altogether, waiting sometimes for a dozen rounds before there appeared what he deemed a favorable chance, shifting his paltry stakes, now to red, now to black, now to odd, now to even, now to over, now to under. At one time he had scraped together some sixty or seventy francs; but luck again departed from him, and, as the clock struck ten, he had lost the last of his five louis.

He found out Edgar Greyfaunt again, who, still winning, was absorbed in the game. Blunt jogged his elbow.

"I am cleaned out again," he pleaded, humbly. "When you were too, I lent you five louis, and those I have had back, and spent. Lend me ten louis now, for Heaven's sake. There is only another hour left to play. Let me have one more chance."

"Go to the deuce!" cried Edgar Greyfaunt, pettishly, as he gathered in a handful of louis he had won.

"Only five louis, then," urged the miserable old man. "Make it five louis, for mercy's sake, and you shall have them back in five minutes. I didn't wait to be asked when I lent you the money."

"The more fool you," Mr. Greyfaunt coolly responded. "Don't bother me! You're making me play all at sixes and sevens. Stop! here's a five-franc piece. It will get you a bed, and some breakfast in the morning."

The ancient spirit of Francis Blunt, Esquire—the remembrance that he had once been a gentleman—rose for a single moment, and chased away the miasma of misery, the fumes of brandy and tobacco, which hung about him as a mantle. By a mechanical movement he clutched at the proffered dole, but, lifting his shaking hand, he flung it at the head of Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt, accompanying the act by a storm of fierce invective addressed to that young gentleman.

The beggared gamester was speedily seized round the body by two of the powdered footmen. It was intolerable that the decorous conduct of so important a game as trente-et-quarante should be interrupted by the frenzied violence of this tattered and disreputable person. The entrance of the saloons must be henceforward interdicted to him. Monsieur the Commissary of Police said as much. The commissary came forward, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and showed his tri-colored scarf beneath. To the powdered footmen he threw the significant words, "A la porte!" So it was to the door with him. Turn him out! Send him packing! There was some little scuffling and scraping along the floor, and there was some little snarling and sputtering, as he was half-dragged, half-pushed through the sumptuous saloons he was to behold never more. A few of the players turned, looked, shrugged their shoulders, grinned, took snuff, and went on backing the red or the black. They got Blunt out without much difficulty, though he kicked a good deal, and tried to bite one of the lackeys. They bundled him down stairs, and flung his hat after him: detaining his stick as a lethal weapon capable of working mischief.

"And thank your stars, my brave," remarked the footman who gave him his final shove into the Rue de Richelieu, "that we do not send for the sergents de ville, and have you taken to the nearest post. I think you would be grateful even for a bed at the guard-house."

"Curse you!" cried the wretched old man, gathering up all his sobriety and all his strength. "Curse you and your thieving crew! Take that!" And he hit out—he had been a bruiser in his youth—and caught the menial cleverly under the jaw.

The Frenchman, to whom kicking and caning were tangible entities, but who did not understand fisticuffs, set up a dismal yell; but before he had recovered himself sufficiently to cry "A la garde! à la garde!" Blunt had staggered away, and was beyond pursuit.

The miserable old fellow was haunted by a vague impression that he had some money about him somewhere; but in what place he tried, desperately, vainly, to remember. He turned out his pockets, and pulling off his hat, searched the lining. But his efforts were fruitless. He began to cry, and was a sorry sight to see.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following order, *verbatim et literatim*, is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower: "Sur—my waif is ded, and Wonts to be berried to-morro. At wunnor klok. U nose wair too dig the Hole—bi the said of my too Uther waifs—Let it be deep."

A physician having finished the amputation of a leg of one of his patients, a near relative of the latter took him aside, and said anxiously to him, "Doctor, do you think your patient will recover?" "Recover! there has never been the least shadow of a hope for him." "Then what was the use of making him suffer?" "Why, my dear fellow, could you say brutally to a sick man that he is dying? *He must be amused a little.*"

An enamored swain was serenading a pretty Quakeress, and sang the song of "Home, sweet home," when the father appeared at the window. "Friend," said he, "thee hath been singing of thy home—thy sweet home; now, if thee have a home, and a sweet home, why don't thee go to it?"

Probably there are no two words which more distinctly point out cause and consequence than these—gin and bitters.

Two countrymen visiting the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, and coming to the elephant, one of them exclaimed, "What is that?" "Why, that's the elephant, to be sure," said a person standing by. "Oh that's the elephant," said the countryman; then, turning to his companion, he added, in an under-tone, "but how stupid these people are, they feed him by the tail!"

A country schoolmaster was met by a certain nobleman, who asked his name and vocation. Having declared his name, he added, "And I am master of this parish." "Master of this parish!" observed the peer; "how can that be!" "I am master of the children of the parish," said the man; "the children are masters of their mothers, the mothers are rulers of the fathers, and consequently I am master of the whole parish."

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a huge scar on his head, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

A horseman crossing a moor asked a countryman if it was safe riding. "Ay," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the *bottom*, I'll warrant you;" but in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the girths. "You story-telling rascal, you said it was hard at the bottom!" "Ay," replied the other, "but you are not half-way to the bottom yet."

An officer, in battle, happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off that of the soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

"I feel rather dull to-day," as the razor said after it had been used to open oysters.

What nation is most likely to succeed in a difficult enterprise?—Determination.

A governess, advertising for a situation, says she "is perfect mistress of her own tongue."

"Have you ground the tools all right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a lad whom he had taken as an apprentice. "All but the hand-saw, Sir," replied the lad, proudly; "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that."

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the Irishman to his wife when she fell into the river. "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

The father of Francesco Sforza, when at work in the field, was accosted by some soldiers, and asked if he would enlist. "Let me throw my mattock on that oak," he replied, "and if it remains there I will." It remained there; and the peasant, regarding it as a sign, enlisted. He became soldier, general, prince; and his grandson in the palace at Milan said to Paulus Jovius, "Behold these guards and this grandeur! I owe every thing to the branch of an oak—the branch that held my grandfather's mattock."

"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?" "Ees, Sir." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind." "Blind! what do you mean?" "Why, while I war in the room he axed me where my hat wur, and I'm blessed if it wur not on my head all the while."

Why is a sheep like a new dress?—Because it does not suffer any harm when you fold it.

What similarity is there between a nose and a violin?—They each have a bridge.

A Vermont paper says that a man in that State, who was lately drinking through a hole in the ice, caught a big trout with his nose. He probably had a hook-nose.

Very often men cut their love-teeth, as they do their wisdom-teeth, very late in life.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.

A gentleman talking with his gardener, expressed his admiration at the rapid growth of the trees. "Why, yes, Sir," said the man; "please to consider that they have nothing else to do."

Franklin, when embassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, and not well understanding the French when declaimed, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased a little child, who understood the French, said to him, "But, grandpapa, you always applauded the loudest when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily and explained the matter.

Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well, Mr. ——," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "They're vera pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird, "but they're unco' short."

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

A Quaker being asked his opinion of phrenology, replied, indignantly, "Friend, there can be no good in a science that compels a man to take off his hat."

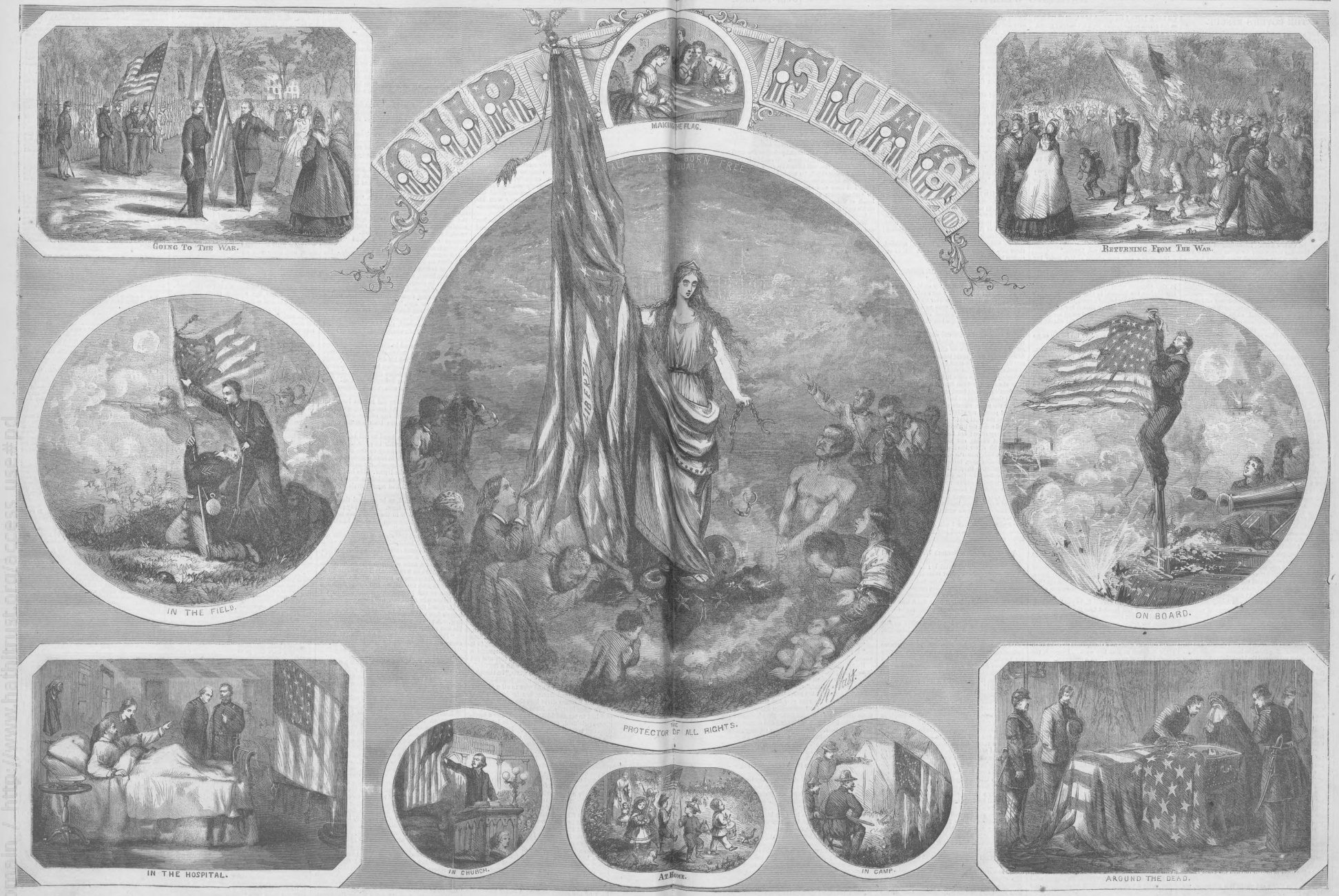
Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman, knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said, "A burn." "A poultice," quietly answered the learned Doctor. The next day she returned and said, "Better." "Continue the poultice," replied Dr. A. In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words, "Well; your fee?" "Nothing," said the physician; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

A retired vocalist, who had acquired a large fortune by marriage, was asked to sing in company. "Allow me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, which does not sing after it has made its nest."



COLOSSAL OLD LADY (*coolly*).—"You needn't move, Sir; I shall soon shake down."

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THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1864.

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THE LOVER'S RESCUE.

THE morning sunshine was streaming in rivulets of broken gold athwart the craggy wildernesses that skirt the easterly shore of Mount Desert.

Along the whole iron-bound coast of Maine there is no single spot so feared by wary skippers and worshiped by art-tourists as the beetling cliffs and hollow-sounding caverns of Mount Desert. Woe betide the luckless bark that loses her reckoning in a foggy morning near the treacherous breakers that lurk beneath that restless tide! Woe betide the good ship that trusts herself too near those dreadful cliffs!

There are few dwellings scattered along this bleak and inhospitable shore, yet the September sunshine gave a sort of home-like look to the weather-browned cottage that seemed to have nestled down among the rocks, where a shelving terrace offered a bit of garden-room, and walls of black green firs and spruces leaned against the cliffs beyond. It was not much of a garden, however: a single gnarled apple-tree, bending over the porch in an attitude that somehow contrived to convey the idea that it had wrestled with the fierce coast gales until it had become completely discouraged, and didn't care whether it lived or died; a few thrifty vegetables on a sunny slope, guarded by a sturdy battalion of currant-bushes; two mammoth hydrangeas, in green-painted boxes, whose rank leaves hung over the door-stone, and a bright border of orange marigolds and blue German asters along the narrow path. Brave-hearted little autumn blossoms they were; for when the tides ran high and the winds unloosed their fateful legions the driving showers of spray fell like rain over all the garden domain.

Of course one could hardly expect any thing more real than a sea-nymph in this marine wilderness; but there was nothing shadowy or unsubstantial in the rosy New England face of Lettice Moore as she stood at the gate, shading her clear eyes with one brown hand, while the salt wind, fresh from the rocking billows of the Atlantic, lifted the curls from her low, pure forehead. She was rather small, but lithe and quick, with eyes as blue and dewy as freshly-blossomed morning-glories, and cheeks where the crimson glow of perfect health shone through the olive shadow left by sea-winds and fervent suns. For Lettice Moore was a sea-captain's daughter, and had grown up in the open air, just like the native pines and spruces whose moaning branches sung her to sleep in the cloudy autumn nights.

She looked very lovely in her dress of madder-red calico, with its coquettish ruffled pockets fastened with red buttons, and the trim collar fastened at her slender throat with a fantastic bit of coral, almost like a glowing drop of blood, that her father had brought from foreign shores years ago.

Suddenly the carmine deepened on her cheek, the blue eyes sparkled into soft brilliance.

"He's coming!" she murmured; "I hear his footsteps on the rocky stair." And she fluttered back into the house like a red autumn leaf. It was very evident that she did not intend *him* to know how long she had stood there shading her eyes with her hand.

A tall, straight young fellow, with bright hazel-brown eyes, and a tawny mustache overhanging a mouth whose frank smile was better than a dozen letters of introduction, you might have known him for an artist by the sketching-case and camp-stool that were slung carelessly across his shoulder. And as he came round the curve in the path, whistling softly to himself, his face shadowed by the broad-brimmed Panama hat, whose black ribbon was fastened into his button-hole, he never for an instant imagined that Letty Moore's blue eyes were shyly watching him behind the dense leaves of the hardy scarlet-runners that veiled the kitchen window.

Mrs. Moore's kitchen! Ah, reader, if you could only have seen it you would abjure the vanities of buhl and ormolu, rosewood and brocatelle, from this time forth for evermore: the square of rag carpet in the centre was so bright and fresh—the boards were scoured to such snowy purity, and the golden light came sifting in so vividly through the dancing leaves of the scarlet-runners! And then the tin dishes shone like silver on the trim dresser, and the red peppers hanging from the beams overhead glowed like giant rubies, and the blackbird in his wicker cage talked softly to himself, and kept an eye on the chickens that were skirmishing round the open door, like a policeman in a new jet-black suit! While Lettice herself, deliciously unconscious, was nestled in the window-seat with a bit of fine stitching in her brown fingers, singing the low refrain of some old fishing song she had caught from the sailors in the bay.

"Mr. Wayne!" she exclaimed, looking up suddenly as a bright sprig of sea-weed fluttered into her lap. "Why, how you startled me! Is it possible that you are back already?"

"Already!" repeated Kenneth Wayne, with an indescribable something of pique in his tone, "it is nearly eleven o'clock."

"So late as *that*!" said Lettice, biting off the end of her thread with teeth that were white and even as grains of rice.

Mr. Wayne stood leaning against the window ledge, his eyes fixed dreamily on the bright disheveled curls, and the olive cheek with its wine-like glow, where the moving leaf-shadows came and went at every second.

"How lovely she is!" was the unsyllabled fancy that shaped itself in his mind. "I wonder," he thought, setting his teeth close together, "if I am but a mad, conceited fool, blindly putting my own interpretation on every look and glance, or if she really loves me!"

As the thought floated through his brain Lettice looked up.

"Are you going out again this afternoon, Mr. Wayne?"

"Yes, I am going down to take a study or two from the great cavern."

"How?"

"The little boat lies at the landing. You need not laugh, Letty, I am enough of a hand at the oars to get across to the cavern even if I haven't grown, like a barnacle, on these rocks."

"Did I laugh?" said Letty, demurely surveying her bit of stitching.

"You'll go with me, Letty? Think how deliciously cool those green waves will be at noontide."

"I don't think I care to go to-day," said Letty, with an air of supreme indifference.

"Letty!"

"Well, Mr. Wayne!"

"Why *will* you be so provoking?"

"Am I provoking? Really I wasn't aware of it!"

"Letty," said the young man, with a sudden spot of crimson burning on his cheek, "I can not endure this uncertainty any longer, I must know my fate!"

She lifted the blue, limpid eyes to his face with the innocent wonderment of a child, while her scarlet lips, half parted, were like the deep incarnadine of the West Indian shells that lay on the shelf beyond.

"I love you, Letty!" he said, passionately; "I have loved you since the day I first looked upon your face. The time is coming when I must leave this desolate shore: let me take you with me to be the sunshine of my life. Don't turn away from me, Lettice Moore—give me one word, one look, to which I may cling and still hope on."

"You hurt my wrist," said Lettice, petulantly. "Don't, Mr. Wayne!"

He relaxed his hold, but his cheek was growing pale.

"You have not answered me, Lettice."

She stole a shy, arch glance at him under her long, brown lashes.

It was neither more nor less than woman's instinct, this strange impulse that prompted Lettice, in that moment when the fate of her whole life trembled in the balance, to play with her lover's earnestness, and hide behind a mask of simulated indifference. And so Lettice pouted her pretty lip, and twisted the bronze-brown curl round her finger, and looked out at the blue sweep of the distant sea and answered never a word.

"Tell me, Lettice, do you love me? Ay or no—an answer I *will* have."

Would have an answer, indeed! A pretty idea, thought willful Letty, to pretend an abject and humble devotion, and then use such lordly phrases as this. He should have his answer—for the present at least. It would be a good lesson, and one that Mr. Kenneth Wayne appeared to need. So she drew herself up, and replied in one haughty monosyllable,

"No!"

He stood looking at her a moment, while the blood seemed to recede from his face, leaving an ashy ring around the lips, and then turned quietly away, and took his slow, listless course down the rocky path, with eyes that saw not the blue glimmer of the distant sea, nor the lines of cloud that skirted the far away horizon.

The instant his footstep crossed the threshold Letty started up, as if to call him back. But the words seemed to die into silence upon her lips, and she sank back on the window-seat, hiding her face in her hands.

"What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"

But the next instant she dashed the moisture from her eyelashes with a quick, haughty movement, and took up her work, as if fully resolved to dismiss the whole affair from her mind.

How long she sat there, mechanically plying the needle, she could never have told; it might have been five minutes, or it might have been five hours. Her mind was in too fevered and restless a state to take much note of time; and the old wooden clock in a grove of asparagus between the windows ticked monotonously on, as it had ticked for thirty years, while the blackbird dozed in his cage, and the cicadas chirped shrilly from the stunted bushes along the cliff.

"Why, Letty, you ain't sick, be you?"

Mrs. Moore had bustled into the room, with a basket of shining crimson apples on her arm, and through her bright spectacles keenly regarded her daughter's face.

"No, mother, I am not sick; why did you ask?"

"You're as white as a sheet, child; you've been sittin' too close at that fine work. However, the color's beginnin' to come back a little now."

Mrs. Moore sat down in a cushioned rocking-chair, and untied her bonnet strings; a plump, cheery little body, with cheeks like the sunny side of a Bartlett pear, and bright gray eyes that had a winning sparkle in them yet.

"I've been over to Desire Peabody's to find when Mahala Ann was to be married," began she; "and I come back by way of the medder on the south hill, and the ground under that tree was jest red with these 'ere apples. I calc'late they blowed down last night, when the gale come up. Jest as red as though they'd been painted; they'll make beautiful pies, won't they, Letty, with a pinch o' fennel-seed and plenty o' good brown sugar? The very tree your father always insisted was Rhode Island green-in's. I told him better, but Isaac always was dreadful set in his ways."

Mrs. Moore broke into a mellow laugh as she surveyed the glossy treasures in her basket.

"By-the-way," she resumed, looking around the room, and leaning back in her chair to get a furtive glimpse into the little parlor beyond, "where's Mr. Wayne?"

He went out to go over to the Great Cave," said Lettice, bending over her work till her cheeks rivaled the scarlet runners without.

"The Great Cave!" ejaculated Mrs. Moore, lifting up both hands in dismay, "when there's a storm blowin' up, and the tide runnin' at the foot of the cliff like all possessed."

Lettice sprang up and went to the eastern window, with a strange, undefined foreboding at her heart.

The sky was covered with a rack of lurid clouds, breaking into ragged shreds before the wind; and even where she stood she could hear the hollow booming of the sea—the "roting," as it is significantly called by those who follow fisher-craft, with ever and anon a sudden report like the discharge of artillery, as some gigantic breaker shivered into clouds of spray against the rocky headlands.

She glanced across at the clock.

"It is strange that he has not returned—it is later than I thought," she murmured.

Once more at the garden gate, the wind wildly flinging her curls about, and her eager eyes straining out upon the dizzy rise and fall of the ocean beyond.

"Mother! the glass. Give me the glass!"

Her voice had risen almost to a shriek. Mrs. Moore caught the glass from its case under the mantle, and was at her daughter's side in an instant.

"What is it, daughter? Letty, what do you see?" she asked, clinging to the slender girl, with a thrill of terror at her heart.

"Look, mother!" said Lettice, eagerly giving the glass into the elder's hand, and speaking in quick, gasping tones. "Do you see that black speck just beyond Schooner Head? There—it is drifting toward us."

"I see it," said the mother, looking steadily out at sea.

"What is it?" questioned Lettice, breathlessly.

"A boat—our little fishing-boat!"

"I thought so," wailed the girl. "Oh, mother, mother! it is the boat that Mr. Wayne rowed away in this very morning. It is loosened from the moorings, and has drifted away, and he—O Heavens! he is tide-bound in the Great Cave!"

They looked at one another, pale and appalled, these two helpless women, with eyes full of unspoken horror.

"Jabez is not here, mother?"

"No; he went to Ellsworth this morning."

"But his boat is moored below."

"I—I believe so. Letty! my child—you would never risk your life in such a sea as this?"

Lettice turned upon her mother with sudden fire.

"Mother! I may be in time to save his life—who knows? But if his dead corpse is thrown upon these dismal rocks, when the tide rolls in, mine shall lie beside it."

And then, as she saw the white terror on her mother's face, she added, speaking in different and softer accents, "Don't be afraid; you know that father always said I could manage a boat as well as any fisherman on the coast."

Before Mrs. Moore could answer Lettice was springing down the cliffs like a deer. A moment later she saw the little boat unfastened, and her daughter's practiced hand steering it out to sea.

And then she fell on her knees, hiding her face against the rocks, moaning in anguish.

"God protect my child! God's mercy go with her across the cruel sea!"

Onward toiled the little boat, straining and cracking in every seam; but Lettice cared not for that, as she sat gazing out toward the rocky point, fringed with silver birches and funereal spruces, beneath which, like the yawning mouth of some gigantic sea-monster, lurked the Great Cavern of Mount Desert. Drenched with flying sheets of spray—deafened by the perpetual thunder of the waves—rocked to and fro by the heaving tide, as if her tiny craft had been but a floating leaf, she thought only of Kenneth Wayne prisoned in that dreadful wall of stone, and struck her oars into the green tumbling billows with the frenzied strength of a madwoman.

"I will save him, or I will die!" was the sentence that seemed burned into her brain in characters of fire.

And what was Mr. Kenneth Wayne doing all this time?

Not much sketching, certainly; he was scarcely in a mood for that, as he sat there on a projecting ledge of rock, moodily watching the translucent breakers toss their foamy wreaths against the wall of the cave, and listening to the resounding crash of the great deep. He had come down with some vague intention of sketching the Porcupine Rocks, whose stupendous heights have been familiarized to us by Wiles's painting; but he soon gave up that idea, and abandoned himself, despairing, lover-like, to the contemplation of his own misery.

"I don't care if I never touch another square inch of canvas," he muttered to himself, clenching his hands. "If Lettice could have loved me, I might have devoted myself to my art, with a reasonable chance of one day becoming a distinguished man. Now, it don't matter a pin's point whether I live or die!"

Poor Kenneth! All this might be very harrowing to our feelings if half the civilized male world hadn't passed through this very Slough of Despond, and afterward got married, and, like the people in fairy tales, "lived happy ever after."

All of a sudden he sprang to his feet.

"Hallo, the tide appears to be rolling in at a deuce of a rate!" he exclaims, half aloud, "and the sooner I get out of this place the better. Who would have supposed it was so late? Confound those breakers, how they bellow! One might almost fancy them possessed demons."

Kenneth Wayne picked his way leisurely down the sloping floor of the cave, already becoming wet and slippery with the advancing tide, to where he had fastened the little boat.

It was gone.

A sudden thrill passed across his heart as if it had been clasped by icy fingers—the full peril of his situation flashed on his mind in appalling distinctness. Alone in the great Cavern, with his boat gone, and the tide coming in with the howling fury of a wild beast!

"It does not matter a pin's point whether I live or die!"

Those were the idle words that had rested on his lips scarce half an hour ago; but he had never dreamed when he spake them that he should so soon stand face to face with Death. Now, as the cold dew broke out on his forehead, and the pallor of deadly horror blanched his very lips, the rashly-spoken sentence came back to him freighted with deep and solemn meaning.

Yet Kenneth Wayne was no coward. When once the dreadful certainty was impressed on his mind, he leaned with folded arms against the jagged wall, resolved to meet his fate as a brave man should.

So the world was passing away from him—the bright sunshine, the blue outer air, the song of robins in the gnarled apple-trees at home. All the bright visions he had formed—the aspirations he had built up in the cloudy vistas of the future—the loves and hopes that had clustered around his pathway—all, all passing away. And even through the roar of the rising tide he could hear the silver ticking of his watch, and smiled bitterly to think how soon Time would be but a meaningless name to him.

Dead! He could not fancy the strong, warm, throbbing vitality within his frame transformed to a cold corpse, with dank, streaming hair and livid, upturned face, tossed hither and yon upon the cruel crests of those leaping billows. Would he be carried far out to sea, and picked up days afterward by some passing ship? Or would his body be dashed to pieces against the hidden breakers of that fatal coast, and none ever know how or where he died? Or perhaps some wave might throw him on the beach at Schooner Head, and Lettice might look on his dead face with a pitying pang.

Lettice! Ah, *there* was the bitterness of death!

The waves were creeping around his knees now, and throwing tongues of spray about him, as a serpent throws its slimy tongue over its prey before the deadly sting, and his head began to whirl strangely with the hollow boom of the waters against the echoing walls. He closed his eyes in a sort of dumb agony of despair to await the fate that was so certain, so relentless.

"Kenneth! Kenneth Wayne!"

Was it but the sickly phantasy of the death hour, or did Lettice Moore's wild voice sound under those vaulted recesses?

It was no phantasy—a warm, living hand was drawing him through the black waters.

"Quick—the boat! Oh my God! to think that you were standing so close to your death."

He stared blankly at the white, eager face opposite him—even then he did not fully realize that he had escaped from the very jaws of destruction.

"Kenneth, speak to me! Oh, Kenneth! you have not lost your reason in that dreadful place."

He bent forward with a look of deep gratitude that brought the scarlet blood into her cheek, but neither of them spoke.

"Let me take the oars, Letty," he said, after a few minutes. "The waves are very high, and you are weak and worn out."

She shook her head.

"We shall reach the Head soon, and a misstroke might cost us our lives. You have not been used to the management of a boat since you were a baby; *I* have!"

Slight and slender as that pale girl was, what a brave, dauntless spirit she carried! Kenneth Wayne looked at her with a feeling almost akin to awe, as the salt blast blew the hair away from her ashen face, and the clouds, drooping in black ragged masses overhead, cast a strange reflection on her forehead.

Suddenly she leaned over to look at the shores they were approaching.

"The moorings are under water," she said, calmly. "We can not land there."

"Can not land there! Then what are we to do?"

"Kenneth, listen to me," she said, in low, distinct tones. "They are waiting for us on yonder shore, but no boat can put out now, nor can they aid us to land. A rope would part like cotton thread in such a sea as this. Do you see that ragged edge of rock projecting from the Head beyond?"

"Yes."

"I shall wait until yonder great breaker rolls in and let the boat ride in upon its crest. Then I shall throw the coil of rope over that rock."

"But, Lettice, the receding billow will snap it like a hair."

"You must not wait for the receding wave. Spring to the shore; they will be able to help you before the next breaker sweeps you away."

"And you, Lettice!"

"I shall have saved your life—that will be enough."

He sat silently watching her, until she rose up in the boat, poising herself like a beautiful Diana, as the boat rocked on the crest of a giant wave.

"Now is the time," she said, turning to him. "Don't forget *me* in the years that are to come!"

As she tossed the rope over the point of rock, with an accuracy of eye and motion known only to those whose lives are spent beside the sea-shore, he clasped the frail figure in his arms and sprang.

For their lives. A misstep on the slippery shore would have precipitated both into the boiling whirlpools of the sea—a moment's hesitation would have been their doom; but Kenneth Wayne had carefully husbanded his strength, and calculated the exact distance with a precision learned through his artist-life.

He felt the clasp of kindly hands, the bonds of aiding fingers, as they were dragged up the wet and yielding sands; but one terrible apprehension filled his mind with strange dismay.

"Lettice! is she safe?"

For if death had taken her from him in that moment of peril life would be scarce worth having, dearly bought though it were.

And then he heard her mother's voice whispering softly,

"Thank God! my child is alive and unhurt!"

Not all the pictured gloom of cathedrals, nor the chant of white-robed priests, could give more passionate fervency to the prayer that went up from the desolate rocks of the storm-girdled island—the prayer of thanks too deep for words, that burst from Kenneth Wayne's inmost soul!

And so the tempestuous night closed around the cliffs of Mount Desert.

The next morning rose bright and cloudless, as if no murky vapors had ever obscured the liquid dome

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of heaven; and when Kenneth Wayne came down stairs Lettice was standing by the window in a pink morning-dress—a little pale, but very lovely—in a mood unusually subdued and quiet. She looked up with a faint smile and a few murmured words of greeting as he entered, but he had made up his mind not to be put off by any such maidenly subterfuge. He went straight up to her, and looked fully into the blue eyes with a tender, searching glance.

"Letty," he said, gently, "I have come to plead my cause with you yet again. We are nearer to each other than we were this time yesterday. You are my preserver, Lettice. You would have given your life for me yesterday; I am here to ask you to give that life into my keeping now. I will cherish it, dearest, with an everlasting love! Lettice, will you be my wife?"

She put her hand shyly into his.

"Oh, Kenneth, I never knew how much I loved you until I thought you were lost to me forever!"

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

"SIR, excuse me, but I wish to put you on your guard. I believe we have fallen into a den of thieves and murderers!"

I had been slumbering uneasily for nearly an hour, and had just become thoroughly awakened when Mr. Leslie entered my room cautiously, and addressed me in this singular manner.

I had that day chanced to fall in with an elderly gentleman (Mr. Leslie by name) and his daughter Gertrude, an interesting young lady of nearly eighteen; and as our routes lay in the same direction, we very naturally agreed to accompany each other.

We had stopped at a roadside inn. Our accommodation was much more ample than I had supposed possible from the external appearance of the dwelling; and much to our satisfaction we were furnished with separate rooms, though all in the low chamber at the top of the house.

The apartment allotted to myself was a small one, furnished with a handsome bed with heavy green curtains, a light-stand, and a couple of chairs. Every thing was in perfect keeping and good order, but the bed was placed against the wall near the door, greatly to my astonishment.

"What have you discovered?" I asked, hastily.

He gave me a soiled piece of paper, on which were rudely inscribed these words:

"Jim saw three travelers coming over the old road an hour ago. Probably they will be at your house pretty soon after dark, and you must manage to keep them to-night. Don't try to settle them until I come, which will be about midnight. TOM SEYTON."

We engaged in a short conversation as to the course we had better pursue, and then, without arriving at any conclusion, I left the father and daughter alone for a few moments, while I cautiously descended the stairs. Having gained the hall below, I stole through a long narrow passage I had not before observed, and at last came to the door of an apartment, in which I knew the family of our host, together with our would-be murderers, were assembled.

"Well, Tom, how do you propose to settle our guests above?"

This was the voice of our host addressing the new-comer.

"How have you disposed of them?"

"Why, I gave the old man and the girl the two rooms on the left, and that young fellow took the one at the right."

"The room you made so *convenient* last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, if that is the case I don't think we shall find hard work at all. The very instant you hear the report of my pistol you and Jim must be at hand to enter the old man's room and take care of him."

"But when will all this come off?"

"At twelve; they will be sleeping most soundly then."

It wanted just thirty minutes of the hour appointed, and I hastened to retrace my steps up stairs.

I visited my own room first, where I found that the "convenient fixture" I had heard spoken of below was merely a small square hole in the wall, just opposite the pillow, sufficiently large to insert the barrel of any moderate-sized pistol—a very easy method to relieve a man of his life.

Having made this discovery I sought Mr. Leslie and his daughter.

"I was about to propose," I said, "that each one of us should keep his own apartment. If we meet them together while Seyton has his loaded pistol at hand one of us will be sure to get killed. On the contrary, should I manufacture a good counterfeit, as I now propose, to occupy my place for the time being in that rather dangerous bed, and in this manner waste Seyton's shot and throw him off his guard, I am very sure I could gain the mastery in a hand-to-hand struggle in a very few minutes, and then come to your assistance. Does my proposition suit you?"

"Perfectly; and, luckily for your scheme, I wear a wig, which may be of considerable benefit to you in making the counterfeit of which you have spoken. Take it; it is entirely at your disposal."

It took but a very few moments to fill the wig sufficiently with the bed-clothes, and arrange it in a favorable position upon the pillow, in front of the little opening. Having done this, I glanced at my watch in the moonbeams. It wanted five minutes of twelve!

The silence was growing oppressive, when at last I saw the curtains move aside a little. There was a moment's silence, and then a loud report, and I had resolution enough to bend forward and utter a low, despairing moan, as the report died away. In an instant the door was opened, and the man called Seyton came running in, with his pistol still in his hand. Without the faintest suspicion he approached the bed; but meanwhile I had grasped a long, heavy bar of hard wood, which, I presume, by the merest chance, happened to be standing against the wall near by, and when he had arrived within a convenient distance I sprung out upon him, and with a single well-directed blow I laid him sprawling, and I judged insensible, upon the floor.

All this had occupied but a moment, and it was scarcely completed when I heard the report of another pistol in the direction of the apartment occupied by Mr. Leslie. Without stopping to assure myself further of the effect of the rather severe knock I had given the fallen man, I hastened forward to the assistance of my companion. He was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Jim, while our host was lying upon the floor, badly if not dangerously wounded.

Jim was making desperate efforts to draw a knife from his belt, while Mr. Leslie was using his utmost endeavors to prevent it. He was brave and resolute, but I could see his strength was failing rapidly. I did not hesitate to put an immediate stop to the contest by again calling my club into requisition.

Having firmly secured our host and the fellow Jim with cords, and left Mr. Leslie in the charge of his daughter, I returned to the room where I had left Seyton. He was just recovering from the effects of the blow I had given him, which, as I had supposed, had rendered him insensible for a time, and I was just in season to bind him before he had recovered sufficiently to trouble us still further.

Now all that remained for me to do to render our situation quite secure was, to take from our hostess the power to harm us in any way, and I at once started below for this purpose.

I afterward learned that Mr. Leslie had made his daughter promise, after my departure, to remain quietly in her own apartment until she could safely venture forth, and then stationed himself near the door, with the only pistol he ever carried in his hand. By some mistake, our host and Jim did not attack him as soon as the pistol was fired at my counterfeit by Seyton, as was at first intended, but waited a moment. When they did present themselves he had fired at the one in advance, who happened to be our host, and immediately grappled with the other.

We remained at the old inn for the remainder of the night, and gave information to the authorities in the morning.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

"You will like my friend for my sake, lady Winsome," Hal Thuriot had said, one desolate, winter-like day, before Captain Miles Wayne came to them on his furlough.

The Captain's men had re-enlisted, and he with them, and they were all coming home that March for a look at home faces before the spring campaign. Only Captain Wayne had no home, and but one friend—Hal Thuriot. Hal, with that great, honest heart of his, loved him better than most brothers. His very first thought was to ask him to "The Maples"—only there was Rose Saltonstall, his betrothed, his wee, white flower o' the world, staying there just then, nominally visiting his sister Jeannette, really engrossing him all the hours in the day. Would Rose like it? He asked her.

She pouted a little at first. It would be vexatious, this bringing a stranger in to be entertained, to spoil their quiet home pleasures, to take Hal away from her. Then her tender little heart smote her at the thought of the furloughed soldier with no home to go to—no welcome. She turned tearful, pitying eyes to Hal.

"Let him come, by all means. If I don't like him I'll never let him know it. It will be his last look at a peaceful home, perhaps. The spring campaign will lay so many of the poor fellows low. Let us be kind to him."

Then it was that Hal said, with a grateful look, that she would like his friend for his sake, he knew—the letter of invitation was sent, and in a week's time Captain Wayne was with them.

He had a strange power over Rose from the first moment she saw his handsome, haughty face. From the first she feared him, and tried to array herself in antagonism against him. She hardly knew what her fear meant. It was as if her destiny had whispered a warning to her which she could not understand. She was cold at first to the stranger; until she saw that that made them all uncomfortable, especially Hal. Then she gently tried to make atonement—talked to him, read to him, and began to understand how much there was in him besides courage.

She learned herself better in those days, too. She had just been a girl before—a capricious sprite, gay sometimes, tearful sometimes, but acting on impulse wholly. In Captain Wayne's presence she seemed ripening into womanhood. His words made her think. He took different views of life from the gay young people she had known. Partly it might have been that he was an orphan from boyhood, and so had grown up with a strong link between him and the world of souls, where those who would have loved him were—partly that for more than two years he had been daily and hourly, as it were, near neighbor to death—looking on battle-fields, sharing in stormy charges, walking through hospitals, himself with few marks of past dangers, save one broad, deep scar upon his handsome forehead. When he talked it could hardly be in such gay, careless strain as Rose had been wont to hear. The impress of his earnest life was upon his words, and they moved her with a power she did not herself understand.

At first Hal liked it. He was charmed that they got on so well together—that his betrothed found his friend so companionable, and that his little Rose seemed so attractive in the clear-judging eyes of Captain Wayne. It was not till three weeks had passed that he grew at all uncomfortable, and by that time neither Rose nor the Captain was sufficiently at ease to notice the shadow on his brow. He was just as kind as ever—just as faithfully Miles Wayne's friend—just as tender to his white Rose. There might be room in his large heart for fear or sorrow—there was none for petty jealousy or ignoble suspicion.

So the days went on. The spring began to look through the skies of April, and breathe in the softer winds; and in one week more Captain Wayne must go back to his post in the Army of the Potomac. Rose's eyes grew sad. She said little, but the color came and went on her cheek in painful flushes, and she was wasting to a shadow. Hal watched her furtively, with a growing pain. Captain Wayne never seemed to look at her, but he saw every motion. Silence had fallen on them all like a spell. Together from morning till night, yet neither of them cared to break it. Hal's sister, Jeannette—good, kindly, unsuspicious soul!—saw nothing. She talked to them on all occasions, when she was not busy elsewhere, in the most *mal à propos* style; yet they all found relief in the shelter of her commonplaces.

So the very last day came, and grew from dawning toward sunset, and nothing had been said—not one word which would make Rose or Captain Wayne traitors to love or friendship. If their eyes had played them false it had gone no farther. And yet they both knew that there was a secret between them before which either trembled—a secret losing no whit of its potency because it had not been put into words.

When the day began to darken to its close Hal got up. He meant to leave them alone together. If they loved each other, he thought, in Heaven's name let them say so! and he—he would drink any cup they chose to brew for him. There was no bitterness in his heart; only a great, yearning sorrow. He did not blame them—either her or him. He knew they had meant fairly by him. If their souls had asserted themselves in their wills' despite could he condemn them? So he was going out, to leave them to the twilight and each other, but Rose stopped him. There was a very anguish of prayer in her eyes as she laid her hand on his arm.

"I want you, Hal. Stay with us," was a plea from which, enforced by such supplicating eyes, he could not turn away. So he staid.

In the twilight Captain Wayne sat still, growing strangely cold, though the fire upon the hearth burned bright as Rose sang. She sang as a cover to the silence between those three so soon to part; but all the songs were tender, tremulous ballads of love and woe, with quivers of heart-piercing pain thrilling through them. Try as she would, no others would come to her. Still any thing was better than the silence, and she sang.

At last came Jeannette's cheery tones calling to supper, and they all got up. As Rose turned away a kiss and a tear touched her hand. It was Hal, who had been leaning over her in the darkness.

They made the tea as long an affair as they could. There was safety round the table, with the bright lights, Jeannette's talk, and the everyday aspect which life always assumes on occasions of eating and drinking. Then, afterward, there were two or three hours more of silence, and a sort of fearful waiting—and then there was good-night.

Captain Wayne must start early next morning, and Jeannette—who always managed every thing, in pleasant unconsciousness of any hidden rocks and quick-sands—arranged that Rose should not get up to see him off. She would preside at the early breakfast herself, and Hal should go with his friend to the station; all the other good-bys must be said now.

Rose acquiesced gladly, feeling as if she were saved from one more peril—conscious all the while of a mad, despairing impulse to throw herself at Captain Wayne's feet, and beg him to take her with him or kill her. That was under her breath; outwardly she was calm and pale. She shook hands with him, and said a mechanical good-by; but she did not dare to meet his eyes. She heard his low farewells; his prayer that God would bless her, and keep her from straying, and her heart from pain; and then, scarcely knowing how, she went away, conscious only, at first, of a sense of deliverance. The hour of her temptation had passed by, and she had not uttered one word that Hal Thuriot's betrothed wife had no right to say. The passion of her pain, the fierce, mad sense of wrong and injustice, would come afterward—the hours when the sun of her life would seem set, and her world as empty as an egg-shell. This one night must be for thanksgiving—the thanksgiving of a heart which believed itself delivered from moral wreck.

The Captain went away next morning before she was down stairs. She saw them walk down the avenue, he and Hal. The quick, soldierly footsteps seemed treading on her heart. Once he turned and looked back at the house, a long last look. She saw the sad lines round the mouth, the eyes full of courage, but full, too, of despair—the face which might have been her sun of all the world, and was to her nothing.

Then she sank into her chair, and tried to go back in spirit to the days before Miles Wayne came. Surely she had loved Hal then. Surely it must be that she loved him now. The other love had been but a feverish dream. Like a dream it would pass away. Over and over she said to herself, as if the very sound of the words strengthened her, that she loved Hal, and Hal loved her. She would go down and meet him when he came home, and be his own little white Rose again. Hal was so good. No pain must ever come to him through her. Alas! she little knew what bitterness of woe she had given him to taste already.

So she met him at the door, and gave him a welcome like her old welcomes. He received it gently. He was kind; but oh, with such compassionate tenderness!—not like a lover. He bent over and touched his lips to her forehead, with a low murmur of pity—

"Poor Rose! poor little Rose!"

Nearly a month went by, and she began to know better—to understand how, without one word of confession, or blame, or explanation, their relations had changed. She saw that he loved her still, but that he thought her heart was not his, and so, without taking away his tenderness or lessening his care, renounced all claim on her. And then, ignorant still of herself, she wondered if she was glad of this, or sorry—wondered who she did love, and sometimes made herself believe that what she had felt for Hal was deeper and stronger than that other passion. How many girls pass through just such experiences and incertitudes!

Then came the third of May—the order for the Army of the Potomac to move. A week of torturing suspense, in which no one felt any emotion save the one strained sense of fearful expectation; and then, among the list of dead at the battle of the Wilderness, his name—Captain Miles Wayne. Not wounded—not taken prisoner—not missing even, but just dead! Through that long May-day of fierce combat, ever among the boldest and bravest, and at the end of it, dead. In that last fierce charge, when so many hero souls went to the home of heroes, his had been set free, and gone forth out of the Wilderness to God!

She read it with her own eyes. It would have been in vain to try to keep the papers from her. Her heart, indeed, had uttered sure prophecy of its loss, and she read the name in the dead list but as a confirmation of something known before. She could not see any one that day, not even Hal. She went away to her own room, where, alone in the universe with God, she recognized a Father's hand, and was still.

The next morning Hal came, and she opened the door to his knock. He gave her a letter.

"It is a message from him," he said, as if in apology for his intrusion. "He wrote it for you that last night. He wanted me to read it, but I would not. I was to give it to you if he died; and he felt sure he should die this spring."

With those words he closed the door, and she was alone with her message from the dead. She opened it and read:

"I am alone to-night, Rose—this last night that I shall ever pass under the same roof with you. I am going to spend part of it in writing to you. If I expected to live not one word of what I am about to say should meet your eye—nay, if I live it never will. Hal knows that I am about to write it. He has given me his permission, and his promise that you shall have the letter when I am dead. And I write in full assurance that you will not have long to wait for my words. I know that my hour will come soon. It is not a morbid notion of fate—nor yet shall I seek death—but I know that days of fierce fighting are coming, and I think I shall not be backward in doing my duty. Many must fall, and I shall be among them. I know it by the peace which fills my heart—for only by death can peace ever be mine. Were I to live, I should feel as if I were a traitor, barred and banned from all I hold dearest. But dying blood cleanses from many sins, and when I am gone even Hal will forgive me that I loved you. He will not grudge me the place I may hold in your memory, while you blossom into beauty at his fireside, or cradle his children upon your knee.

"For I know, Rose, that you will be his wife. It *should* be so. You loved him before you knew me, and you love him still, more than you love me. He is worthier of you—in his great, calm, noble heart you will find rest. I think I have understood what you felt for me; but it has not been love, such as is to make your life with him happy. It has been a romance, a frenzy—something sweet, indeed, but vague, tormenting, unreal. If you had never loved Hal you might have loved me; but having loved him and been pledged to him, you never could have forgotten him, or shaken off your allegiance to him. As my wife, if I could have done both you and him such wrong as to woo and win you, you would not have been at rest. If you were mine to give, I would give you to him—he is so worthy of you, and he loves you so. But you are not mine; you are his, honestly loved by him, and promised to him before I ever saw you—his bride, whom I sinned past most men's forgiveness in loving. Past most men's, but, thank God, not past his! I know that he was never more truly or warmly my friend than he is now. My very last thought will be a blessing on you both—a prayer for your happiness as his wife.

"He would have given you up to me, if he had thought it would have made us both happy, without a murmur. Perhaps he has done so, even now, in his heart. How was it that I learned to love you—did such wrong to such a friend? I can not tell. It grew upon me unconsciously, and I never saw my danger until my whole heart had gone out from me, and lay at your feet. But since I am to die you will forgive me, you and he. You will not grudge me the one sweetness of my life—the hours in which I forgot right and wrong, past and future, looking into your eyes, listening to your voice.

"But why do I write on when I have said all I had to say in asking you to forgive me—to hold me in gentle remembrance when you are Hal's happy wife? When you read this I shall be beyond the sound of human speech—beyond the reach, so they say, of earthly love or woe. And yet it seems to me that if you weep for me I shall know it; if you and he talk of me gently, pityingly, with love and pardon, I shall know it; and, in the silent land beyond, it will give me heart's-ease.

"MILES WAYNE."

It was morning when she read these words. She remained alone with them all day. They were the first expression of his love, and they came nearer to her than he in his life had ever dared to come. It was almost to her as if his disembodied soul were there beside her, keeping watch through the still hours of that long day.

When the twilight came she took the letter, and stole down stairs to the room where Hal sat alone and waited. She put it in his hand, and made him read it by the light still lingering in the western sky. When he had read all, she turned toward him with a gesture of appeal:

"You see what he says—is it true? Was it you or he whom I loved?"

"Both of us, perhaps, dear child," and the fond arms took her in, the great heart sheltered her as of old. Soothed by his care, she wept her first tears. They fell on her seared heart like a grateful rain, easing her heavy burden. Only now and then she would shudder convulsively, and cry with white, pitiful face,

"Oh, Hal, it is so dreadful to think of him dying there, with no one to be sorry for him or comfort him!"

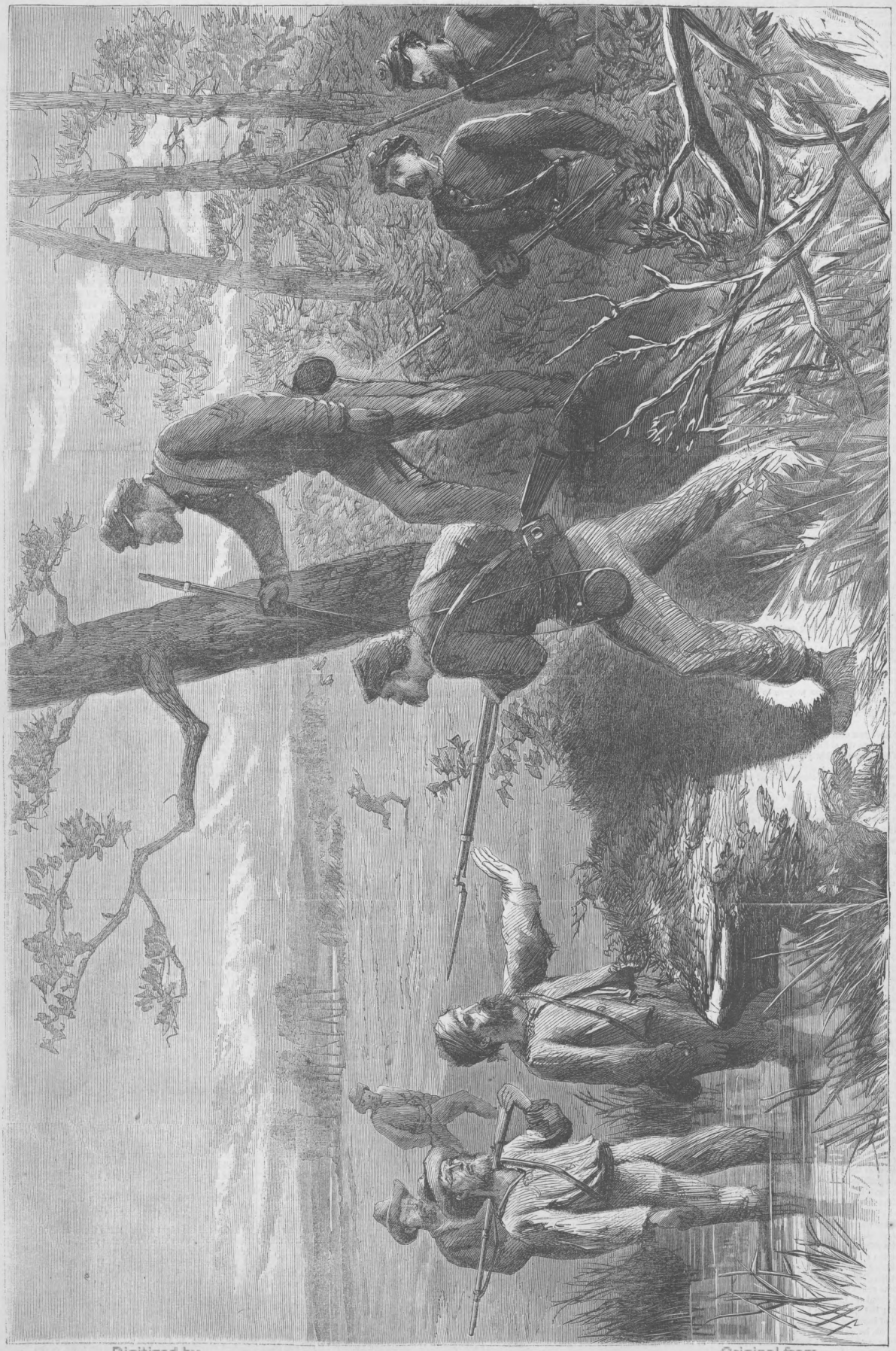
And then, patiently soothing her, Hal would whisper—

"Perhaps God comforted him, dear child—God, who loved him better than you or I, though we loved him well."

Softly fell the night around them there, as it fell that May-day over the Wilderness where so many brave dead hearts were lying.

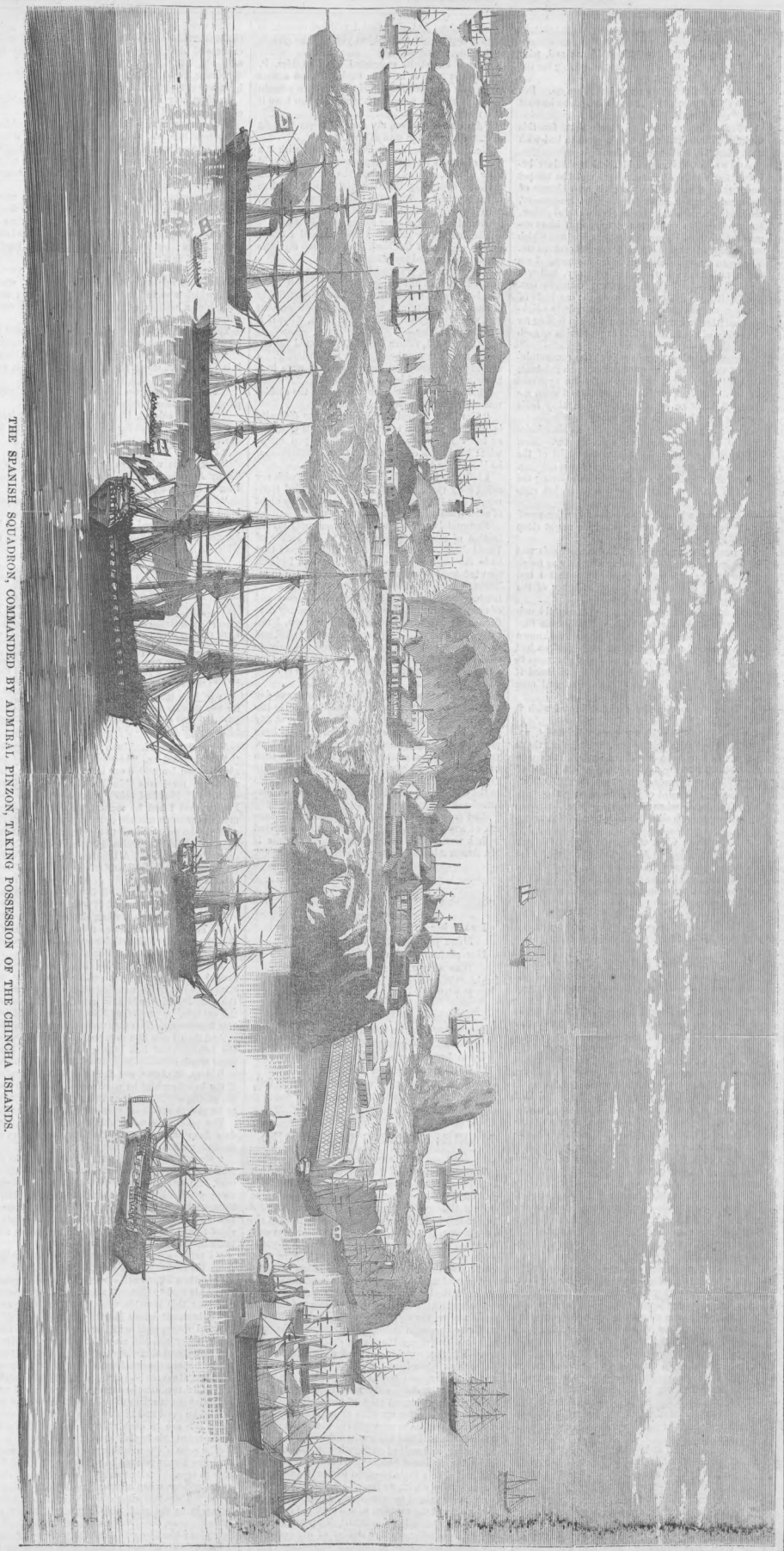
When will the morning come—Hal's and hers? They can not look with their tear-blinded eyes into the future; but does it not hold a time when Captain Wayne's words will be proven prophecy—when Hal's wife, happy in his love, cradling his children on her knee, will only recall as a blessed and tender memory the lover of so brief a space, who washed out in the red tide of blood and battle all the wrong he had ever done his friend, and went home to the final Judge of all, out of the Wilderness?

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REBEL DESERTERS COMING WITHIN THE UNION LINES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE SPANISH SQUADRON, COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL PINZON, TAKING POSSESSION OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

REBEL DESERTERS.

THE sketch which we give on page 460 represents a scene of daily occurrence both in the Eastern and Western campaigns. Desertions from the rebel army are, however, more frequent in the West, for the reason that the region from which they were originally drawn is in a far less degree actuated by a feeling of hatred against the North. The *animus* of the rebellion is not in Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, and Mississippi, but in Virginia and South Carolina. A great proportion of those who come within our lines in Virginia are men who have been conscripted in North Carolina. These deserters are of great use to our Generals in giving important information in regard to the disposition and numbers of the enemy. Not unfrequently they become invaluable as scouts. If the secret history of our campaigns could be written, it would be found that not a few of our victories, particularly in the West, have been due to the faithful and oftentimes romantic adventures of these scouts.

A few days ago there came into General SHERMAN'S lines a portion of TRIGG'S Fifty-fourth Virginia Regiment—the same which was in HUMPHREY MARSHALL'S army at Middle Creek when that fat Colonel was defeated by GARFIELD. Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and other national victories, have told upon these soldiers' first love for secession.

THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

PUBLIC attention has been of late especially directed to the Guano Islands, the occupation of which by a Spanish squadron we illustrate on this page. The CHINCHA ISLANDS are situated in the Pacific, on the west coast of Peru, to which country they belong. They are three in number, inconsiderable as to size, and about ten miles distant from the port of Pisco. These desolate solitudes are solely important by reason of the guano which through a series of years has accumulated from the excrements of various marine birds, forming beds, sometimes of a brown and sometimes of a rose color, which in certain places rise to the height of 120 feet. The huts of the inhabitants are built on the guano itself. The means of subsistence on these islands, even to water, have to be drawn from the main land. This makes the cost of living very great. A hotel has been established there, offering to travelers comfortable accommodation. The majority of the inhabitants are workmen who are continually employed in transporting the hard guano to depôts for exportation.

The Spanish authorities having disclaimed all connection with Admiral Pinzon's seizure of the Chincha Islands, and having withdrawn their fleet, there is no apprehension of farther difficulty.

MY SERVICE OF PLATE.

NOT long ago I was presented by a circle of admiring friends with a service of plate.

I use the term admiring in a figurative sense, mind; not that I am incapable of exciting admiration in the *opposite* sex, but because this particular circle of friends was composed entirely of men, with the weaknesses of men, including envy, jealousy, etc., and because I have been made painfully aware since that some of them entertained feelings toward me bordering on dislike, which necessarily precludes sentiments of admiration.

I am what angry tax-payers call a public servant; an upper servant, however, being at the head of one of the bureaus in a certain department of the Federal Government.

It is customary every year in this department for one of the chief clerks to receive, and the underlings to present, a testimonial, in the shape generally of a silver service, procured by voluntary subscriptions from all the employés. As these presentations are confined to the chief clerks, a few, in fact many, of the underlings, with the pettiness inherent in our fallen natures, are mean enough to regard these voluntary subscriptions in the light of forced contributions, and to class them with the monthly levy on our salaries for party purposes, which really is odious and tyrannical, but to which we are compelled to submit by the uncertain tenure of political positions.

Last year it was Van Ricketts the First Auditor's turn to receive; the year before Sweetser the Cashier accepted; and this year Palafox Primrose, your most obedient, was honored with, as I premised, a service of plate.

Yes, *honored!* to my great regret and misfortune, as I will shortly make apparent.

The gift is invariably made on Christmas-eve; and it is etiquette for the designated recipient, although aware of the intended honor months before, to affect profound ignorance of what is going to take place; to be blind to the subscription-list passing under his nose; and, moreover, to be unusually bland and amiable to all in the office: this last circumstance exposing him to the designs of any unscrupulous employé who may take advantage of the complacent mood of his superior to "hedge" the amount of his subscription by borrowing. This happened to me, who, although not a lending man, was obliged—yes *obliged*—to give (for it were a mockery to call it lending) sundry sums, amounting in the aggregate to eighty-two dollars, the week preceding my reception of the plate. Of course it is impossible to refuse; the meanest miser alive couldn't be guilty of that at a moment when his fellow-citizens are bestirring themselves to offer him a proof of their love and esteem in an elegant, costly, and substantial shape. Of course a man feels flattered—highly so—and can't help telling his wife about it beforehand, as I did, rather incautiously, as it chanced; for she naturally confided the important information to other ladies, who in turn confided it to their husbands; so that, in the natural confusion of tenses incidental to the verbal transmission of news, it was spread abroad and believed that I actually was in possession of the testimonial a week before the presentation, much to my

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annoyance, as I was obliged to receive congratulations with counterfeit looks of blank surprise, and practice the most unblushing deception and insincerity. However, it was impossible to find fault with Emma (that is Mrs. Primrose) for her indiscreet and premature revelations; for the dear woman was as highly flattered at the forthcoming honor as I was—certainly more demonstratively delighted, for she set about immediately making preparations for the event. She mentioned at once the necessity of receiving the committee appointed to wait on me in a proper manner, and suggested that the drawing-rooms needed new curtains and a new carpet, hinting also at the propriety of our two daughters having new apparel, to say nothing, which she did say, about her own attire.

I ventured a mild objection. "My dear Emma," said I, "why not receive our friends at our plain and happy fireside without ostentation? Why should we depart from that republican simplicity which has ever been our ornament and pride, and which we have inherited, with other virtues, from our Revolutionary forefathers?"

"My dear Palafox," replied my wife, banishing my objections with a kiss, "this is no ordinary occasion. I have always had a profound contempt for testimonials in general; and were this one of those silly, unmeaning ceremonies, arising from vanity and mutual admiration, I would not stir a hand or foot to receive them; but this is altogether different. I know it to be but the genuine and spontaneous expression of esteem from those who know you best, and have had the amplest opportunity to judge you, and recognize your worth and ability."

"Well, well, Emma," said I, with a smile, "perhaps it is so. Do as you like, my love." And I decided from that moment that Mrs. Primrose took the right view of the matter; for she is a woman of uncommon keenness of perception, and an excellent judge of human nature.

My house is a small and modest one; but on the auspicious occasion I may say it presented quite a brilliant appearance. The new carpet was resplendent; Mrs. Primrose and our daughters Emma and Susan were effulgent; and I was attired with my usual good taste in a new suit of clothes and a scintillating scarf.

The committee came toward evening, preceded by a porter, who deposited, or rather dropped, a heavy package wrapped in brown paper on the centre-table of our front drawing-room. My family and I affected total unconcern at this proceeding, as in duty bound, and awaited the action of the committee, whom we rose to meet with cordial yet serious and becoming greetings.

The spokesman, my intimate friend Sweetser, the most effective stump-speaker in the Thirtieth Ward, now addressed me in a speech of uncommon power, and which my modesty forbids me to repeat at length. Suffice it to say that he alluded in very complimentary terms to my long career of usefulness as an officer of the United States Government; to my unswerving fidelity, unshaken loyalty, and unimpeachable integrity while in the service of said Government; touching also on the enviable reputation I enjoyed as a fellow-citizen, a husband, a father, and an accountant. Then, with a graceful wave of his hand the orator directed my attention to the service, now free from its envelopes and shining in splendor, in the following words: "The nation, Sir, owes you a debt of gratitude which it is unable to pay; but we, Sir, as an integral portion of that nation, and as representatives of your fellow-citizens in the employ of the —— Department of the United States of America, beg to tender you, Sir, this service of plate as a trifling token of our esteem and regard for your manifold virtues, talents, and worth."

This glowing eulogium overwhelmed me. My heart swelled, my eyes filled, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could only shake the hands of Sweetser and the rest of the committee with silent emotion and felt supremely happy, *and that I deserved it all.*

My wife and the girls were equally overcome, but soon recovered sufficient composure to wipe their eyes and order Bridget to throw aside the sliding doors of the back-parlor where a sumptuous banquet awaited the attention and appetite of our friends. I could only wave them toward the table, and with commendable alacrity they devoted themselves, without useless ceremony, to the choice Champagne, Bourbon, and brandy I had with generous forethought provided for their delectation.

I can say with truth that that was the proudest moment of my life. I felt now that my abilities had at last met with due appreciation, and, in fact, and in my mind's eye, I saw my way clear to at least a seat in Congress.

The committee did justice to our hospitality, and it was very late, or rather early, when they left. Three of them, owing to the festivities falling in their knee-joints, were unable to walk home, and had to be conveyed in the bottom of a baker's cart (the only vehicle procurable at that hour), but these were enthusiasts who threw their whole souls into every undertaking.

We slept but little, if any, the remainder of that night. It took at least two hours after our guests had departed to thoroughly examine the gift and review the ceremony and entertainment. "I must say, my dear, that the whole affair is highly creditable indeed to all concerned," remarked I to Mrs. P. "Very, very creditable."

"Yes, love," replied my wife, with her eyes still on the silver; "it is so gratifying also to find that one has so many warm and devoted friends."

"It is indeed. It would be gratifying to any one's feelings. It is to mine," I acknowledged with proud consciousness and with a glow of satisfaction still on my countenance as I stood warming my back at the fire.

"And what an heir-loom this will be, Palafox! Just think!—your great-grandchildren will cherish each piece, and point with pride to the inscription: 'Presented to Palafox Primrose, Esq., Christmas, 1863, by the—'"

"Is Mr. Spinneymush, that little fellow with the heavy mustache, married?" interrupted my daughter Susan.

This introduced a new train of ideas; and, with a yawn, I suggested the propriety of retiring for the remainder of the night.

"Let us put the silver away before we go. But where shall we put it? It won't be safe to leave it here," said Mrs. P.

"True, Emma; true. I think that, for this night, we had better each take a piece to bed-with us. That will be the safest plan."

And so Mrs. Primrose and I hid the salver between the mattresses of our bed, and the tea-pot under the bolster; while the girls took charge of the cream-jug and sugar-bowl. The tea-pot—or, rather, the possession of it—made a wakeful pillow, for my thoughts would revert to certain ideas engendered by Mrs. Primrose's last remark, and which excited apprehensions of a rather unpleasant nature. The morning brought but little reassurance. I am not a rash man; but, on the contrary, rather a cautious one—in fact, a nervously cautious one. My dwelling is a detached one, on the outskirts of the city, and near an unquiet and disorderly neighborhood; hence I think I was justified in feeling for the safety of my family while in possession of such a tempting bait for burglars.

I went to business, and received the congratulation of the clerks with my elation much subdued, especially as I noted that some of them appeared rather dissatisfied, and as if they looked upon me in the light of an extortioner. If so, they little thought how they were being avenged.

I took home with me that evening an abundance of bolts, long and strong, and a six-shooter. Mrs. Primrose turned a little pale at the sight of the weapon and my determined aspect, but said nothing. She awoke me, however, several times during the night to listen, so that I passed a somewhat restless one.

"My dear, why not buy a safe—a burglar-proof one?" suggested Mrs. P.; "then we might sleep in perfect security."

I merely answered that a burglar-proof safe was an expensive expedient, costing probably as much as the service was worth; and hinted that I had already laid out as much money in honor of the testimonial as I could afford.

The following evening Bridget, our faithful handmaiden, brought the unwelcome intelligence that the fact of our possessing the testimonial was known in the disorderly neighborhood; that children had been hanging on our palings all the afternoon to catch a glimpse of it; and that she had heard it talked about in the grocery between several men of indigent appearance.

"D—n the service!" I exclaimed; "I wish it were further!"

"Hush-sh-sh!" said my gentle helpmeet, reproving the hasty objurgation. "Palafox, that's rather ungenerous to our kind friends. It may be somewhat annoying for the present, but think of the pride of your great-grandchildren."

I was on the point of anathematizing those unborn innocents, when fortunately Mrs. Primrose stopped my mouth with her little hand and prevented me.

"I'll tell you what we can do, dear. We can get a Patent Magnetic Alarm Telegraph, that I see advertised, and have the wires affixed to every door and window, and in case any one attempted to enter bells would be set a-ringing that would arouse the whole household."

"A very good idea indeed, Emma; I'll order one to-morrow. Meanwhile I'll step down to the station-house and have a talk with the police on the subject."

As a prudent man I deemed it my duty to notify the authorities of the suspicious excitement prevalent in the disorderly neighborhood on the subject of my testimonial.

"I am glad you mentioned it," said the sergeant on duty, "for there's a 'lush drum' in the avenue near you, much frequented by 'crossmen,' 'knucks,' and 'koniackers,' and you had better keep a sharp look to your locks. I'll direct the men to keep an eye on your premises, however, and we'll put 'em 'dead to rights' if any thing is attempted."

At my request the gentlemanly officer explained that "lush drum" meant a low dram-shop patronized by thieves; that "crossmen" were housebreakers; "knucks" pickpockets; and "koniackers" passers of counterfeit money.

This was explicit, if not reassuring; and when I went home I followed the officer's advice, and kept a very sharp look to my locks. It was too bitterly cold that night to delude one's self into the belief that the vigilant police had the promised eye on my premises, and I had a horrid dream that a detachment of crossmen and koniackers from the lush drum, armed with bludgeons and daggers, had feloniously invaded our bedchamber.

The next night we had the protection of the Patent Magnetic Alarm Telegraph; but Bridget, who had sat up rather late with a cousin "from the wars," thought she heard a noise in the back-yard, and, forgetting the alarm telegraph, threw up the dining-room window without detaching the wire. Instantly a frightful tintinnabulation resounded throughout the house, and Mrs. Primrose and the girls were thrown into convulsions of terror. Alarmed at the condition of my poor spouse, I dared not leave her to ascertain what had happened; and for a few minutes, that seemed hours, we suffered indescribable fears, when Bridget arrived to explain the mishap and relieve our apprehensions.

"Emma," said I at breakfast the next morning, "that service is undoubtedly a flattering testimonial, but it is also a nuisance. I would like," I added, faintly, "to—to—sell it."

"Palafox, surely you are not in earnest," said Mrs. P., gravely; "for my part, I would rather undergo untold torments than part with it in that way."

"Well, Mrs. Primrose," said I, in a determined tone, "I suppose we must keep it here until after New-Year's Day, for the whole department promises to visit us on that day, and the silver must be on exhibition; but after that I will not consent to keep it any longer, and subject you and the girls to such constant frights."

A new expedient suggested itself to Mrs. P. "Why not keep it in some bank? Have a neat mahogany case lined with velvet, made to contain it, and keep it in some bank where we can have it at a moment's notice."

"An excellent idea, my dear; I never thought of it. I'll order the case at once."

Meanwhile New-Year's Day came, and with it a host of clerks from the department, who brought their friends, and all admired the service, and all preferred quenching their thirst in Champagne than in tea or coffee. And some did so, I regret to say, with an avidity that betrayed their intention of getting the worth of their subscription in wine.

The mahogany case was finished, and I called on the cashier of the bank where I keep my little account and stated my wishes.

"My dear Sir, we would oblige you with pleasure, but I wouldn't advise you to leave it here. The bank could not assume the least responsibility of such a deposit; and this being something that you prize far beyond its intrinsic value, why, if it were lost or stolen—"

"Oh," said I, rather eagerly, "I would not expect you to assume the slightest responsibility. I should be perfectly satisfied even if it were lost, knowing that I had left it at my risk."

There was sincerity in my tones, but the cashier was evidently bent on refusing me.

"Um!" he replied. "Well; but the difficulty is, we have no room to spare for it. It is altogether too cumbersome. I would oblige you otherwise; but in this case the *case* is the objection—ha, ha! Do you take?"

I left him in despair, but calm despair, with my mind fully made up to fling the confounded testimonial into the river ere I would pass another night of such tribulation as I had undergone.

Fortunately, on my way to consummate my intention of consigning the silver to the locker of David Jones, a symbol met my gloomy gaze that bade me hope and be of good cheer—an insignia that betokened the habitation of one devoted to relieving the necessities of the distressed; of a philanthropist full of the milk of human kindness and of money—a responsible man who invited my confidence, and to whom, in a short interview, I imparted my desires. He promised instant relief, and in the most generous manner offered not only to take charge of the testimonial, but also to lend me a handsome sum of money for the privilege of being custodian.

I went home with a light heart. The next day my friend was in possession of the silver. He has it now. He gave me his bond to return it at any time I might want it; and although I would have preferred being under no further obligations to him, yet he insisted so strongly on it, that, rather than hurt his feelings, I accepted a little loan, which my great-grandchildren, if they wish to point with pride to the inscription, may repay with, of course, interest.

And now, in conclusion, I will state, for the benefit of any who may be now or hereafter afflicted with a testimonial, that my benefactor's name is Mr. Aaron Abednego, the pawnbroker.

TWO VISIONS.

I.

I saw her in the stately dance
Move proudly, like a queen;
Her perfect head was raised, her glance
Was steady, calm, serene.
I said, "Would that the world of such were full,
For she is very beautiful!"

II.

I saw her by the low bedside
Of sickness gently move;
Upon her face no look of pride,
But sympathy and love.
I said, "Would that the world of such were full,
For she is more than beautiful!"

MARIE; OR, THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

TOWARD the close of October, on a fine day which I well remember, though so many years have since elapsed, I was returning on foot from Orleans, to the ancient Chateau de Bardy, one of those relics of a former age which have always an interest from old associations. The road wound circuitously among the hills; the sun was shining brightly on the green fields and the little cottages half hidden in their trees; the air, soft and warm, was laden with the rich odor of fruit, and Nature all around me seemed to riot in the luxury of life. Some distance in advance, and on the same road, a regiment of the Garde Etrangère was marching leisurely along, the gay uniforms forming a brilliant contrast with the tranquil air which seemed to spread itself over the country. I pushed quickly on, for I wanted to listen to the music of their band, of which I could only catch a few distant notes; but as I drew nearer, the music ceased, and the drum only beat from time to time, to mark the measured step of the soldiers. After half an hour I came up with them, and I was surprised and pleased to recognize in one of the officers a friend whom I had known in Paris. We saluted each other, and walked on together in conversation, when the regiment suddenly wheeled off the road, and halted on a little common beside it, surrounded almost entirely with fir-trees.

"You are about to manœuvre, I suppose?"

"No," said the captain, with a shrug of his shoulders, "we have a bad job here. They are about to try, and probably shoot, a soldier of my company, for having robbed the peasant he was billeted on."

"What! judge him and condemn him and execute him, all in the same moment?"

"'Tis according to the articles," answered he.

The word, in his sense, was unanswerable; as if in these articles every thing had been provided for—crime and chastisement, justice and humanity itself.

"Come," said the captain, "follow me, if you have any curiosity; it will soon be over."

Instinctively I followed him, for I was desirous of seeing the end of this strange drama.

The regiment was formed in a square; behind the second line, and at the edge of the wood, a few of the soldiers were digging a grave. A cold chill ran through me as I saw it. But still it was quite possible that the culprit might be declared innocent, and I consoled myself with the reflection.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were sitting upon drums, and a ninth, to the right of them and a little in advance, wrote from time to time a few words on a sheet of paper, which was spread out on his knees; but he seemed to me to do it negligently, and as a mere matter of form.

The prisoner was summoned. He was a young man, of fine appearance, and with a frank, open look, which was in itself a recommendation; and with him a woman advanced, who was the only witness in the matter.

The colonel turned toward her, and was about to interrogate her, when the soldier stepped forward.

"'Tis useless," said he; "I confess every thing; it is I who have stolen the handkerchief of this woman."

"You, Titer," said the colonel, "you have always passed for an honest fellow."

"'Tis true, colonel, I have always tried to please my officers. 'Tis not for myself I stole it; 'tis for Marie."

"For what Marie?"

"For Marie who lives yonder, in the country; 'tis by Areneberg, by the great tree that— Shall I never see her again?"

"Explain yourself, Titer. I can not comprehend you."

"My colonel, read, I pray, this letter." And he handed him the following letter, every word of which is living in my memory:

"TITER, DEAR FRIEND,—I avail myself of Arnold, the recruit, who is engaged in thy regiment, to send to thee this letter and a silk purse which I have made after thy wish. I hid myself from my father to make it; for he scolds me always for loving thee so much, and tells me thou wilt never come back. But thou wilt come back, Titer? Even if thou dost not, I shall still love thee. Did I not promise thee, on the day when thou broughtest me my blue kerchief at the dance at Areneberg? When shall I again see thee? It gives me pleasure to hear thou art esteemed by thy officers, loved by thy comrades. But thou hast still two years. Pass them quickly, and then we will marry at the last. Adieu, Titer, dear friend.

"THY DEAR MARIE.

"P.S.—Try to send me something from France; not for fear that I forget thee, but that I may carry it with me. But thou must kiss what thou sendest, for I am sure I shall find at once the place of thy kiss."

When the letter had been read Titer again spoke. "Arnold," said he, "brought me that letter last night, when I received my billet. All night I had no sleep; for I was thinking of my country and of Marie. She had asked of me something from France; but I had no money, for I have engaged my pay for three months to set free my brother and cousin, who are returned to their country now a few days past. This morning I got up to leave, and I opened my window. A blue kerchief was hanging on a cord. It was like Marie's; it had the same color, the same white lines in it. I had the weakness to take it. I placed it in my haversack, and I descended to the street; but I repented, and I was returning to the house when the woman ran after me. The handkerchief was found on me. I have told the truth. The articles say I am to be shot. Shoot me, then, but do not despise me."

The judges could not hide their emotion. Who could? But when it was put to the vote he was condemned to death unanimously. He listened to the sentence with calmness, and then, approaching the captain, he prayed of him that he would lend him four francs. The captain handed them to him.

And then I saw him turn to the woman, to whom the handkerchief had been restored, and I heard these words:

"Here, Madame, are four francs: I know not if the handkerchief be worth more; but if it be, I am giving my life for it as well. I pray you, then, to let me take it."

The poor woman, trembling and horrified, let it drop from her hand, and Titer, taking it from the ground, walked back to the officer.

"My officer," said he, in a tone that it was suffocating to hear, and that brought tears into all eyes, "in two years you will return to our mountains; you will again see them. Ask for Marie, then, at Areneberg; all the village knows Marie—she is so good. My officer, give her this handkerchief from poor Titer; but ah! do not say at what price he bought it. You promise?"

"I promise," replied the other, the tears rolling down his swarthy cheeks.

And then Titer knelt down and began to recommend his soul to God. As for me, I could no longer bear this horrible spectacle—this martyrdom of an innocent whom Nature herself absolved. I crawled away, sick with horror, my limbs trembling under me, and a weight hanging heavily on my heart, and threw myself into the wood, that I might not see the cruel tragedy about to happen.

"Just Heavens!" I cried, as I leaned almost in weakness against the trunk of a tree; "of what impieties is not man guilty! Not even for an hour can he be good and kind. Tigers are more merciful. We are to each other wolves or divinities. God pardon this hapless one—"

The echo of the muskets rang through the wood; the very leaves seemed to tremble as it rolled from tree to tree. I fell upon my knees; I wept aloud.

By-and-by, when all was quiet, I stole out of the wood. They had all gone. All? Alas! I turned again to the road, and I shuddered to see, at a little distance, the short grass crimsoned with ghastly stains; close by was a mound of new-dug earth. I broke down a branch from one of the trees, and fashioned it into a rude cross; and I planted it on the unknown grave where poor Titer lies, forgotten by all the world save by me and perhaps by Marie.

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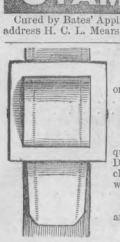
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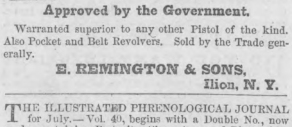


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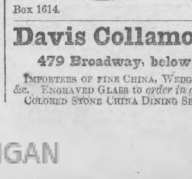
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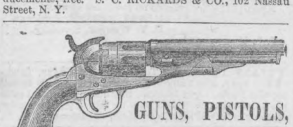


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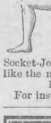
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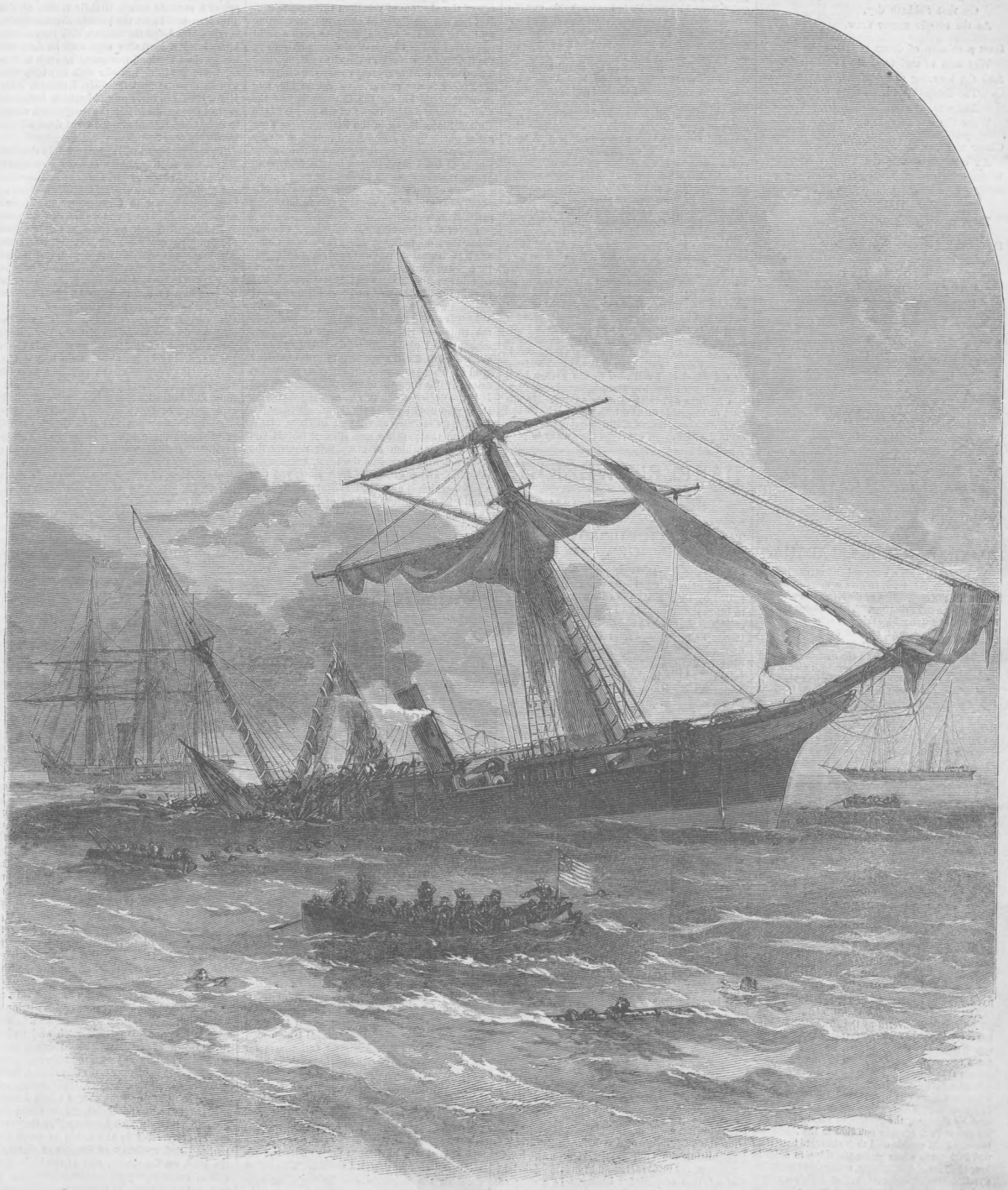
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THE SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA," OFF CHERBOURG, JUNE 19, 1864.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE SINKING OF THE REBEL CORSAIR.

It was the morn of a Sabbath day,
The air was calm and the sky was clear;
Blue were the waters in Cherbourg bay,
Where, in the shade of the frowning fort
Which guards the port,
Lay the rebel privateer.

Outside, clearing her decks for the fight,
Floated the Yankee ship on the seas,
When the pirate vessel hovered in sight,
Saucily flaunting her bastard rag,
The rebel flag,
Defiantly in the breeze.

Then the drums on the *Kearsarge* beat,
Calling to quarters her gallant crew;
Every man of them sprang to his feet,
Eager and anxious for the fray
On that Sabbath day,
As the corsair nearer drew.

Soon a column of dense white smoke
Was seen to curl from the pirate's side,
And the booming sound of her cannon broke
The Sabbath stillness upon the deep,
And out of sleep
Woke the echoes near and wide.

Closer together the two ships came;
An ominous silence the Yankee kept,
When on a sudden a sheet of flame,
Lurid and hot as the fires of hell,
With hissing shell,
From each open port-hole swept.

So for a little more than an hour
Over the calm, still waters flew,
Howling and screeching, the iron shower;
While ever resonant, loud and clear
Sounded each cheer
Of the valiant Yankee crew.

Then the rebel captain, beaten at last,
Headed his vessel for Cherbourg town,
But the gallant *Kearsarge*, following fast,
Lodged her shell in the pirate's hull
Without a lull
Till he hauled his colors down.

Up went a white flag to the breeze,
But scarce had it floated a moment there
When down went the ship into the seas,
Leaving her crew to find watery graves,
Or fight the waves—
So sank the bold corsair!

SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA."

FULLER details than were at hand at our last issue enable us this week to give a more extended account of the destruction of the *Alabama*, which is illustrated on our first page. The *Alabama* arrived off Cherbourg June 14, taking shelter under the guns of Fort Du Romet, and the next day Captain SEMMES, understanding that he would not be allowed to remain at anchor in the French port, and that he must soon measure the strength of his vessel with that of the *Kearsarge*, which was vigilantly watching to prevent his escape seaward, impudently petitioned Captain WINSLOW not to depart from his post, as he intended to come out and offer battle. The chances of the conflict, estimated from the relative strength and speed of the two vessels, were nearly equally balanced. The tonnage of both was the same; they were equal in match; and as to armament, if there was any advantage it was with the *Alabama*, the latter carrying a 100-pound rifled gun, a heavy 68-pounder, and six broadside 32-pounders, while the *Kearsarge* carried one gun less, viz.: four broadside 32-pounders, two 11-inch Dahlgren, and one 28-pound rifle. The crew of the *Alabama*, as stated by her officers, consisted of about 150; that of the *Kearsarge* of about the same number. The *Deerhound*, an English yacht, having on board its owner Mr. LANCASTER—a member of the Royal Yacht Club—together with his wife and family, had come out to witness the action. A French pilot-boat was near at hand for the same purpose. In order to protect the more vital parts of his vessel, Captain WINSLOW had suspended a double row of chains from the sides to the water's edge, covering them over with wooden planks. This proved a very valuable defense in the action; it was one, however, equally in the power of SEMMES to have adopted if he had chosen.

At twenty minutes past 10 A.M. of the 19th the *Alabama* was discovered by the *Kearsarge* making her way out of the Western Pass of the harbor. Captain WINSLOW steamed off to the northeast to a distance of seven miles from Cherbourg until it was certain that all the manœuvres of battle could be executed outside of French jurisdiction. At ten minutes to eleven he wheeled about and steered for the *Alabama*. The few first broadsides were delivered by SEMMES, the *Kearsarge* slowly returning his fire at first, sending one shot to the *Alabama's* three. Both vessels used their starboard batteries; and during the whole action the ships, in order to keep their broadsides bearing, manœuvred in circles, gyrating continually westward at a distance from each other of from five hundred to one thousand yards. The *Alabama* delivered her fire not only more rapidly than the *Kearsarge*, but frequently at random. Every shot from the *Kearsarge* told upon the rebel corsair. In less than fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action the spanker gaff of the *Alabama* was shot away, and with it dropped the rebel ensign, which was replaced by another at the mizzen mast-head. Soon her hull began to feel the well-directed blows of the *Kearsarge*, which meanwhile dealt fearful havoc among the rebel crew, knocking them down, killing and disabling them in all parts of the vessel. SEMMES seeing all this, yet observed to his amazement that his most powerful shells fell harmless from the sides of the *Kearsarge*. After an hour and ten minutes, the two ships meanwhile keeping up their fire, and in their movement westward gradually nearing the shore, though still clear of French waters, the *Alabama*, perforated in its sides and between decks by the fiery rain of shells from the *Kearsarge*, began to show signs of sinking. Seven circles had been completed by the two combatants, and it was now noon: there was a lull in the conflict, and the *Alabama* with all her steam on headed for the French coast. Aware of her intention, Captain WINSLOW—his vessel not seriously disabled, although a dozen of the enemy's shots had taken effect on her hull, and with only three men severely wounded, none killed—by a rapid movement steamed to the inside of the *Alabama*, and delivered a broadside in her weak side, making a fresh opening for the water into the sinking vessel.

The battle was now decided. One hundred and seventy-three shots had been fired by the *Kearsarge* and perhaps double that number by the *Alabama*. Captain SEMMES, the fires of his vessel being put out by the rapid influx of water, hauled down his colors, tore out the rebel insignia and hoisted them again in token of surrender. His three waist boats had been torn to shreds in the fight, and he had left only two quarter-boats, which were filled with the wounded and with boys unable to swim. A boat was sent alongside of the *Kearsarge* to give notice of the surrender of the *Alabama*, and to ask assistance for the sinking crew. This assistance was promptly granted, and how efficiently rendered may be inferred from the number picked up by the boats of the *Kearsarge*. At precisely twenty-four minutes past twelve, twenty minutes after her furnace-fires went out, the *Alabama* being on the point of making her final plunge, every man leaped overboard. Nine who had been killed were left to sink; of the twenty wounded, some were in the quarter-boats with the boys and others on board the *Kearsarge*; the rest of the crew were all afloat, and some of them drowning. Every available boat of both vessels was now employed in their rescue; and besides these the *Deerhound* and the French pilot-boat were requested to share in this humane service. In this way one hundred and nineteen were saved, seventy of them by the boats of the *Kearsarge*, forty by the *Deerhound*, and nine by the French boat. Among those rescued by the *Deerhound* were Captain SEMMES and thirteen other officers. In the most dishonorable manner both the *Deerhound* and the French boat, instead of surrendering the prisoners to the *Kearsarge*, conveyed them away to port.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

THE CONFLICT OF SOVEREIGNTIES.

THE late efforts, strenuously advised by the Richmond rebel papers and exultingly hailed by their allies the Copperhead journals, to bring the National and State authorities into collision, should be pondered by every loyal citizen. The friends of the rebellion at the North do not hope to produce civil war for their allies directly, but indirectly. They do not expect to raise the people in the loyal States to help with arms the secession of the rebel section; but they do not despair of giving relief and success to the rebels by inciting even an armed stand for State Sovereignty against the National Government.

Let every man remember, then, that no "sovereignty" in a State is essential to the welfare of a citizen of the United States. All the chief attributes of sovereignty were surrendered in the Constitution for the security of the whole people, and whatever further surrender is necessary the same people will willingly make. Both State and Union exist by and for the people; and whatever the existence of the Union may require can never properly be thwarted by a State. MADISON asks, in the 45th Number of the *Federalist*, "Was the precious blood of thousands spilt, and the hard-earned substance of millions lavished, not that the people of America should enjoy peace, liberty, and safety, but that the governments of the individual States, that particular municipal establishments, might enjoy a certain extent of power, and be arrayed with certain dignities and attributes of sovereignty? .....As far as the sovereignty of the States can not be reconciled to the happiness of the people, the voice of every good citizen must be, Let the former be sacrificed to the latter." And why not, since State and Union exist solely for the happiness of the people?

Now the Constitution amply provides for waging foreign war and for suppressing rebellion. But the powers are generally granted, because particular cases could not be foreseen. Yet that every necessary step whatever might be considered lawful, the Constitution expressly provides for the suspension of the *habeas corpus*—thus permitting the temporary and arbitrary overthrow of the most sacred and fundamental right of all, that of personal liberty. In a state of war, therefore, the National authority is of necessity every where supreme for the purposes of the war. If any local authority could interpose the national existence would become impossible, because, in that case, there might be as many conflicting authorities as there are States—a situation incompatible with national existence or a condition of war. To say that martial law must be declared before the National authority can intervene is a fallacy, for martial law of itself suspends all other. But the Constitution declares that the *habeas corpus* may be disregarded, in case of rebellion, when—and, of course, where—the public safety may require. That is to say, the extremest measures may be taken whenever and wherever they are necessary. It may not be necessary to declare martial law in Maine, but it may be essential to seize summarily a man in Portland. The Constitution provides for the emergency, and no loyal citizen would be more troubled by the act than by any other necessitated by war.

The Attorney for this district, in his late argument against the National sovereignty, repeats the fallacy of Governor SEYMOUR in regard to coercing States. The National Government has no right to coerce States, was the shallow cry of the abettors of rebellion three years ago. But has not the National Government, existing by the will of the people, quite as good a right to enforce its laws against rebellious citizens as the State of New York or the city of Rochester? The District Attorney says that the State of New York is not at war. Of course not, and it never could be, for the Constitution of the United States forbids it. But the people of the United States living in the State of New York are at war. They are engaged indeed in a very serious war; and they, in common with all other people of the United States, have concurred in giving their authorities supreme powers for the purposes of the war, subject, of course, to impeachment and to the consequences of popular discontent.

Under the plea of State sovereignty to overthrow the National sovereignty is the secret hope of all such proceedings as the arrest of General DIX. JEFFERSON DAVIS has no other object, no other excuse. But what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Suppose we save the State and lose the nation? Which is our first and rightful interest and care, the Union or the State? What is the State without the Union? What do either and both exist for but for the security of our liberties? And for what purpose is the question of conflict raised at this time but to imperil those liberties? It is the device of the rebels, and is fostered by those who would gladly see the rebels triumph. Read its character and intent in those of the men and the papers which support it. If you find a paper which in every way thwarts the Government, disheartens the loyal, excuses the rebellion, and justifies the draft riots, you find a paper which is alarmed lest State sovereignty should be overthrown. And as for men, does any sane man believe that the SEYMOURS, the WOODS, and their followers, are more solicitous for the honor and dignity of New York than General DIX and his friends? "The whole doctrine of State sovereignty might be swept away to-morrow; the very remembrance that the States ever were sovereign might be wiped out, and our liberties would still be safe: for it is on our love of them, and not on our theories of the origin and nature of our Government, nor yet on the precise form of the Government itself, that our possession of them depends." Such are the words of an admirable paper in the July number of the North American *Review*, which we heartily commend to our readers.

THE POSITION OF THE "RADICAL DEMOCRACY."

IN the Presidential election of 1860, in which it took part, the influence known as the Slave power legally lost the control of the government of the United States, and immediately attempted to destroy it. Since the beginning of the war and the accession of the new Administration the blows at Slavery, the source and strength of the rebellion, have naturally been incessant and vigorous. Slavery has been prohibited in the national Territories. It has been abolished in the District of Columbia. A more strenuous treaty with England for the suppression of the Slave-trade has been negotiated. The Fugitive Slave law has been repealed. Colored men have been allowed to carry the mails, and their right to give testimony in courts of law has been established. Slaves have been enrolled as free soldiers of the United States, receiving equal wages with all others. The President has emancipated by proclamation the slaves in all the rebel section. The Convention of loyal Union men have declared with the utmost enthusiasm for an amendment of the Constitution making Slavery impossible. The President hails the proposition with all his heart, having long ago declared that the Union could not endure half slave and half free, and having lately expressed the faith of his life that if any thing is wrong, it is Slavery.

These things have been done under the administration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. This policy succeeds the universal and unhesitating subserviency to the Slave power of FILLMORE'S, PIERCE'S, and BUCHANAN'S administrations. It has been cordially supported by the country; the last three State elections showing every where a regularly increasing majority for the policy of the Administration. It is the anchor of hope for peace and union. Yet at this moment, and in view of these facts, Mr. FREMONT gravely says that Mr. LINCOLN has betrayed his principles, and Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS speaks of the President's "indecision, heartlessness, and infamous pandering to negrophobia and the Slave power." He could say nothing worse of PIERCE or BUCHANAN, and words cease to have any meaning when they are so grossly and recklessly perverted.

That among the supporters of the Cleveland nominations there are men who honestly believe that the Administration is culpably slow in dealing with the cause of the rebellion can not be doubted. They will gladly accept Mr. PHILLIPS as their spokesman, for whoever knows him knows what sincerity and purity of purpose are. These gentlemen would doubtless regret to serve the rebels and their cause, and yet, with Mr. PHILLIPS, they declare that they are proud to support the Cleveland action. Will they, then, reflect a moment to see if their course at this juncture, and under the present circumstances, is one which helps the cause which they chiefly honor? Mr. PHILLIPS says that he does not expect the Cleveland movement as such to succeed, but is willing to unite with any body who will be more radical than Mr. LINCOLN. Dr. BROWNSON and Mr. JOHN COCHRANE invite the radical Democrats to join the party which wishes to defeat Mr. LINCOLN. To what does all this inevitably tend?

These gentlemen will agree probably that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is almost as base a sycophant of the Slave power as Mr. LINCOLN. They have not forgotten VALLANDIGHAM'S eager crawling from Washington to Charlestown in Virginia with JAMES M. MASON, now the rebel emissary in London, to see if he could not extort from old JOHN BROWN some word, or hint, or shrug which should implicate the Republican leaders in the affair at Harper's Ferry. They know what VALLANDIGHAM was and is. They know that he is going to the Chicago Convention, and why he goes there, and whether or not that Convention will spew him out. They know, also—or do they doubt?—that the main inspiration of that "Democratic" assembly is negrophobia. They know, also—or do they doubt?—that "the friends" of the rebellion, who last year resisted the reinforcement of the army, and hung and burned negroes in New York, will be represented in that Convention. They know, also—or do they doubt?—that the great body of men who mean war and liberty as the hope of Union and peace will not be represented at Chicago. And do they not know—or do they doubt?—that, of necessity, Cleveland is a tender to Chicago—the mere *Deerhound* to that *Alabama*? If they doubt, we refer them to the organ of Mr. FREMONT, and of Mr. JOHN COCHRANE'S "Radical Democracy." That paper says: "There is so little difference between this party [the Radical Democracy] and the Democratic party that it would be easy to adopt a common ticket." The same paper cries: "Down with Lincoln! Such be our battle-cry! Let there be but two parties: let all be for or against Lincoln." Bearing this in mind, let them hear the *Atlanta Register*, a rebel journal which heartily agrees with the FREMONT organ in malignant hate of the President and General GRANT. Speaking of the Copperheads, it says: "If they will use the ballot-box against Mr. LINCOLN while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other, and both co-operate in accomplishing the greatest work which this country and the continent have witnessed." Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends know whether that work is emancipation. One of the chief New York Copperhead papers says that "it is the duty of the country to rally at the next election and put down LINCOLN as well as his confederate, JEFF DAVIS." Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends virtually say, "Certainly, the slave-hunter and the slave-hound." Another of the New York Copperhead journals declares that they can certainly poll more votes by uniting upon FREMONT "to defeat the Administration." Do Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends think that these papers have become Abolitionists? that they are going to support Mr. FREMONT, if at all, upon a platform of negro equality?

It is in vain that Mr. PHILLIPS repeats a resolution of the Cleveland Convention calling it the highest tide-mark of American politics. The Cleveland keynote was, "Down with LINCOLN!" Chicago had already shouted it in advance. The cry of rebel rage comes hissing up from the South, "Down with LINCOLN!" VALLANDIGHAM and his friends catch and prolong it—"Down with LINCOLN!" Every Copperhead in the land rings with the refrain, "Down with LINCOLN!" PIERCE, the SEYMOURS, REED, the WOODS, all their organs, their orators, and their resolutions join the chorus which JEFFERSON DAVIS hears and cheers, "Down with LINCOLN!" "Down with LINCOLN!" is the battle-cry of every rebel in the field; of every Copperhead and apologist or devotee of slavery in the land, on the stump, and at the ballot-box; and of every enemy of the American idea and system in Europe. It is *not* love of liberty; it is *not* equality before the law; it is *not* national honor, and peace, and Union through justice; it is *not* humanity and the country which in-

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spire that cry. It is an "infamous pandering to negrophobia;" it is a craven wish for compromise; it is the abjectness of submission to rebellious slaveholders; it is lasting national disgrace, and universal civil war and anarchy; it is bloody rioting against drafts and the mad massacre of the defenseless and most unfortunate of our population which howls and roars and rages in the cry, "Down with LINCOLN!" It is folly for Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends to say that they don't mean that. It is not they who raised the cry nor who pitch it. The cry was raised and meant that long before they joined in it. Their voices merely swell the chorus. They push their skiff out upon a stream which sets fierce and resistless toward the plunge, and they can not say that they mean to go up stream and do not mean to go over.

In this perilous hour we have all a right to demand common-sense of each other. The radical Democrats talk of a union between Cleveland and Chicago. Yes—a union of the minnow and the whale—by absorption. The minnow may swell the bulk of the whale. Will the whale increase the minnow? Do these gentlemen seriously suppose that the handful of Abolitionists at Cleveland will dictate the terms of any union at Chicago? What is the party that will meet there? It is that party which, as such, has steadily denied the right of the Government to touch Slavery in any way. It is that party whose Senators and Representatives in Congress, with four exceptions only among the latter, refused to propose an emancipation Constitutional amendment to the country. There is no sign whatever in the speeches, votes, resolutions, and journals of the Chicago party but of an unswerving allegiance to Slavery. How can any man believe that the Cleveland managers sincerely expect a union at Chicago; and yet, if there be none, how can any man of sense view the Cleveland movement but as a practical diversion in favor of the enemy?

Under the circumstances in which this country is placed, even if the President were the idler, and sluggard, and blunderer which Mr. PHILLIPS indignantly calls him, and which we as indignantly deny, there are but two results possible in the canvass—his re-election, or his defeat by a Copperhead. In this situation, therefore, while they denounce Mr. LINCOLN for pandering to the Slave power, seeking in that way to deprive him of the votes of radical Union men, Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends are doing the work of JAMES M. MASON and of ROBERT TOOMBS.

If, indeed, they believe that Mr. LINCOLN is so base a betrayer of liberty that their duty to God and man requires them to connive at the election of a Copperhead, we have no more to say. But they must not deceive themselves by supposing that they are not conniving. If they are willing, with Dr. BROWNSON, to see FERNANDO WOOD or VALLANDIGHAM defeat Mr. LINCOLN we are equally silent. Or if they think that Chicago intends to nominate FREMONT or any one else, upon a platform of negro voting, we certainly say nothing, but we as surely deplore the total want of sagacity which such a view evinces. They undoubtedly have the right which Mr. PHILLIPS claims of agitating to make party progress possible. But he and they are certainly responsible if they agitate so as to make party progress impossible. Do they not know that the actual alternative is the election of Mr. LINCOLN and his platform, or that of the candidate and platform at Chicago? If they do—and we can not understand how they can avoid seeing it—and they still agitate so as to aid and comfort Copperheads and divide Union men, Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends must not hope to excuse themselves by saying that they repudiate expediency, nor be surprised if from the indignant hearts and lips of the great host who seek to maintain the Union and liberty his own words come thundering back: "Heaven will not hold such guiltless of the evils unnecessarily brought on this bleeding land."

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT shows that he understands two cardinal points of all military operations, the most rapid movement and the most patient waiting. While he lies before Petersburg he keeps LEE and his army, with the population of Richmond, consuming the supplies which our raids upon LEE's communications cause to reach him with difficulty. At the same time, and by the same means, he prevents LEE from succoring JOHNSTON or receiving aid from him, while he rests and recruits his army from the immense work of the early campaign. GRANT is, in fact, besieging Richmond, and there is no reason to doubt that he says exactly what he thinks in declaring that all goes well.

Meanwhile the stupendous campaign of General SHERMAN triumphantly proceeds. He has yet to cross the Chattahoochee River, which is a difficult feat in the face of the enemy. But that achieved, when JOHNSTON has him once more exactly where he wants him, Atlanta can hardly long hold out, for it is by no means so susceptible of defense as many of the points which SHERMAN has already occupied. And once in Atlanta, the whole railroad system of the Southwest is in his hands. There is no reason to suppose that the army which has advanced steadily for more than seventy days straight into the heart of the enemy's country, and has successfully turned or carried every advantageous point, will be baffled by any thing but its own defection or the reinforcement of the enemy. One of these alternatives is impossible, the other General GRANT will make impracticable.

On the Mississippi and in the Carolinas we hold our own, wisely refraining from offensive demonstrations while the main contest is in course of decision. At sea we have just had one of the great victories, and one of the most satisfactory events of the war, in the sinking of the English pirate, the *Alabama*. The raid into Maryland is primarily doubtless a thieving movement for LEE's larder, one of a kind to which we shall be always subject through the war, and which a proper militia organization would reduce in number and destroy in effectiveness. It is indeed an indication of the purpose and tenacity of the rebellion, and every where the rebels show resolution and endurance. But every where also, and steadily, the limits of the rebellion diminish. "Oh dear!" sighs some desponding soul, "we were fighting at Harper's Ferry three years ago, and we are still fighting there! Washington and Baltimore were threatened two years ago, one year ago, and again this year! Hadn't we better give it all up, and confess that we can not do it?"

To this piteous strain there is one constant reply, "Where were we last year, and where are we now? Where were we at the battle of Bull Run three years ago, and where now? Where after POPE's campaign, and where now?" The duration of the war proves quite as much the national purpose as the rebel pluck. If it would have been foolish to relinquish our cause before we had proved our quality, it would certainly be the height of folly to do so when that quality has been established. If it were wrong to cry for quarter before we had taken Paducah, and were not sure of St. Louis, it can hardly be right when we have one hand on Atlanta and the other on Richmond. We grant the uncertainty of war. We would always impress it upon our readers. But in three years the uncertain event of war has opened the Mississippi; has carried us from the Ohio to the Chattahoochee; from the Potomac to Petersburg: has built a navy; has organized an army; has opened the eyes and strengthened the heart of the loyal mass of citizens; has stopped the rams in British ports; and has announced to all men that the United States are and intend to remain one of the great sovereign powers of the world.

THE LESSON OF THE RAID.

THE general consternation at the late irruption of the rebels into Maryland was not surprising, for the approach of marauding enemies upon a peaceful neighborhood can not fail to be a distressing and desolating event. A newspaper in New York can very easily laugh at a Maryland farmer driving off his stock, but a Maryland farmer, and many of them, can not very long resist a score of thousands of veteran and reckless troops. Instead of laughing at men who in a sudden emergency consider how most surely to save themselves and their property, it is wiser to indicate how such an emergency may be avoided in future.

The mere fact of a raid is unimportant. Any company of mounted men may steal over the Potomac in the night and scour a space of twenty miles, and return unmolested, just as a dozen armed men could ride through the State of New York. But there is a very obvious method of relieving public anxiety as to the consequences of a serious advance, and that is the perfect organization of the militia. Three years has taught us that we may need at any moment a large force on this side of the Potomac prepared for action; but it has not yet persuaded us to have it ready. There is Pennsylvania, for instance, separated from Virginia and the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley merely by a narrow strip of Maryland, and when the enemy appears we hear an agonizing call from Pennsylvania to come and keep the foe back.

Now we gladly acknowledge that in this war, as in every national affair, there is no Pennsylvania and no New York. It is the lives and property of citizens of the United States which the enemy threatens and which we are summoned to defend. But the section of the country peculiarly exposed should be peculiarly prepared. If trouble menaces the city of New York the city of New York should be able to deal with it in the first instance, and await patiently the coming up of aid from Herkimer and Chautauqua. The just cause of complaint is, that neither in Maryland nor Pennsylvania does there seem to be that military preparation which is especially incumbent upon their situation. Ohio recently put forty thousand men into camp in a very few days. It was nobly done, and every State should at this juncture be able to do the same thing. Every State should be virtually under arms until this rebellion is conquered. The arm-bearing population should be enrolled and drilled every week; and then upon occasion an army of a hundred thousand men could move to any point as promptly as a New York regiment. Such a state of preparation is itself a bulwark, and the enemy which knows it heeds it and stays at home.

If Governors CURTIN and BRADFORD will make as urgent an appeal to the citizens of Pennsylvania and Maryland to make all future raids impossible as they have lately made to repel this last foray, and will themselves spare no effort until the militia of each of those States is really a serviceable army, they will be spared the necessity of those calls for help at the last moment, which, by their terrified apprehension, increase the excitement they are designed to allay. Let no man suppose that because the enemy may retreat now they may not return; and let this year's experience do for us what last year's ought to have done. The authorities at Washington are often accused of not responding to the earnestness of the people. But popular earnestness shows itself not only in furnishing soldiers for the great armies in the field, but in that state of watchful preparation which makes the citizens of every county a home-guard hardly less efficient in its degree than those armies themselves.

When we are prepared to repel raids there will be very few raids to repel.

FROM MARIETTA.

A FRIEND and gallant soldier in SHERMAN's army sends us this interesting letter:

NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA, *June 27, 1864.*

I inclose with this a few words in regard to a dear friend who was killed this morning in an unsuccessful assault on the enemy's works. It falls far short of doing justice to poor HARKER's memory, who was almost an ideal soldier, so gallant, refined, and handsome was he.

I see by the numbers of *Harper* which we get here that you are not unmindful of us at the East, though of course the Army of the Potomac naturally and justly absorbs the greater amount of attention. Thus far our campaign has been fully successful, with a slight repulse to-day for the first time since we left Chattanooga, fifty-three days ago. But that will make no difference either in the feeling or courage of the army or their confidence in ultimate success. [That very evening the army moved, and the next day occupied Marietta.] It is sad to see so many poor fellows so maimed and crippled, but nothing can be more touching than their uncomplaining cheerfulness under every adversity.

I wish those people in the North who have such queer notions of the exalted character of the Southern Chivalry could see the real people of the South as they really are. I suppose that Georgia is the best of the Southern States, as we Northern men regard best; at least I have seen more churches, school-houses, and pretty villages than elsewhere in the same space in the South. But the people whom we meet almost without exception are ignorant, superstitious, bigoted, and uncouth; at least those who are left behind. The women chew, smoke, and drink. The men are all off in the war. By-and-by we shall see a new population here, and then it will be a country to which we can point with pride.

I am glad the Baltimore Convention has done its work so well. We shall all try to do ours equally well, and hope you will keep down any fire in the rear to thwart us in our operations. We feel any hostile sentiment in the North almost as quickly and as keenly as we do changes of temperature.

FREMONT, I see, has gone over to the enemy—a thing which kills him and does not help them.

"We shall march prospering, not with his presence."

[The President has sent a Major-General's commission to the wife of the brave Brigadier-General HARKER, who lost his life while gallantly leading his men against the enemy's works at Kenesaw Mountain. Here follows our correspondent's sketch.—ED.]

Brigadier-General CHARLES G. HARKER was killed in an assault on the enemy's works near Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia, on the 27th of June, 1864.

A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point in 1858, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the Fifteenth Infantry early in 1861, and in November of that year was appointed Colonel of the Sixty-fifth Ohio Volunteers. On joining the Army of the Ohio (now Army of the Cumberland) he was assigned by General Buell to the command of a brigade, which position he held to the day of his death without interruption or absence. Young, ardent, enthusiastic, of an almost feminine delicacy of manner, refined in speech and sentiment, full of courage and industry, he stamped his own high character upon the brigade which he may be said to have created, and which loved him almost to idolatry. In every battle in which the army was engaged this brigade bore, under his gallant leadership, an active and honorable part. At Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Stone River, Chicamauga, Mission Ridge: in the hard and tedious East Tennessee Campaign; and then at Rocky Face, Resaca, and in all the daily skirmishes which followed, up to the hour of his heroic death, at the head of his devoted brigade, within a few feet of the enemy's breast-works, he was always the same brave, cheerful, modest, indefatigable, faithful officer, noble man and true friend. No danger ever intimidated him, no hardship ever discouraged, no disappointment ever soured him. Fairly winning his Brigadiership in his first battle, he did not receive his reward till a few days before his last. To the many friends who regretted the slow coming of what he had so amply earned, and who would sometimes express disappointment, if not a kind of disgust, at the delay, his answer was always at once a rebuke to their impatience and a cheerful assurance that he labored for the reward which comes from conscientious discharge of duty. Yet his almost boyish joy when at last his merits were acknowledged by the official action of the President and of Congress, showed that he was not insensible to the honor. Several times wounded, he never sought or asked any indulgence, and at the moment of his death was still suffering from injuries received at Resaca a month before.

In him the army loses a chivalrous soldier, the country a worthy son, and all who knew him a true friend. Mourned he will be by many, but by none more sincerely than by the little gallant surviving remnant of the noble brigade which he has so often and so skillfully led, and which will never let his memory die out of their hearts. His ringing voice they will no more hear, as often before, when he has led them to victory through the very jaws of death; but his rare powers of command, his kindliness of heart, and his soldier's death, will be the theme of many a reminiscence by the camp-fire and in the bivouac, and never without new devotion to the great cause to which he gave all that man can give.

"KEARSARGE."

PROUD mountain! rear thy granite peak with its diadem of snow,
In the kindling sunbeams sparkling that round about thee glow.
A brighter lustre gilds thy brow, new honors dost thou bear;
Thy fame is borne across the seas, rings loudly through the air;
The ocean child that bears thy name brings laurels fresh and large
To twine around thy snowy brow, thou noble Mount Kearsarge!

Exulting in thy triumph, let "Great Monadnock" hear,
Let "Adams," "Webster," "Jefferson," call back the news of cheer;
And as their towering summits with joyous smiles are crowned,
Distant "Katahdin" shines afar and hears the glorious sound;
For Victory! ay, Victory! hath crowned thee on the sea,
And Yankee tars have blazoned bright the banner of the free!

In vain the English weapon, and in vain the English gold;
The ship they built, the ship they manned with the deep hate of old.
The traitor flag it floated wide, naught but a craven lie
To cover England's coward guilt and England's infamy.
But vain their might and vain their wiles, thanks to our sailors brave!
The pirate *Alabama* lies beneath the Atlantic's wave.

Boldly the sky thou facest, majestic Mount Kearsarge,
And round thy base are gathered close thy grim trees tall and large:
So standeth forth our country, and looks on God's free heaven,
And swears that ne'er again shall close the fetters which are riven;
While shouting glad, "Amen! Amen!" press round her sturdy sons,
And Echo brings an answering peal from thy namesake's thundering guns.

Look down, O mountain! on our land, though silent be thy voice,
We know that with us in our joy thou proudly dost rejoice.
Look forth upon thy forests green that toss their boughs in glee;
Be thou our witness on the land, thy god-child on the sea.
And to our children ye shall tell, in the far distant day,
How England's pet marauder sank beneath the ocean spray.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THERE is no news of importance from Grant's army. In the West, however, an important movement has been made by General Sherman. Kenesaw Mountain and Marietta fell into our hands just one year after the capture of Vicksburg. At last accounts Sherman's advance was nine miles south of Marietta. The evacuation of Kenesaw was due to two things: first, the advance of our right toward the Chattahoochee, on the Sandtown Pike; and, secondly, the occupation by our army of some knobs west of the Kenesaw, by which we were enabled to enfilade the rebel position with our fire. This was the position on June 22. On the 27th the assault was made; Blair on the east side of the mountain, Dodge on the north, and Logan on the west, while the enemy's centre was attacked by Newton's and Davis's divisions, supported on the right by Geary and Butterfield, echeloid swinging around on the extreme right. Our loss was between two and three thousand men. But although the assault on the mountain failed, our movement on the right was successful, and on July 3 the enemy abandoned the mountain defense for another line on the Chattahoochee. In the pursuit of Johnston's retreating army Sherman's left kept close to the railroads. About a thousand of Cheatham's Division—the rebel rear-guard—were captured in the pursuit.

That which has chiefly excited the public during the past week is General Early's invasion of Maryland, to illustrate which we give a map on page 471. Out of the conflicting reports which have prevailed we are unable to add any thing of substantial importance to our last week's report. The enemy were met in force on the 9th at Monocacy Junction, but General Wallace, commanding the Federal troops, was compelled to fall back on Monrovia. General Tyler was taken prisoner, but afterward escaped. Since then the rebels have been engaged in raids at unexpected points, destroying railroads, cutting telegraphs, and burning private residences in the vicinity of Baltimore and Washington. Two railroad trains from Baltimore were captured, and in one of them Major-General Franklin. At last accounts Hunter had retaken Martinsburg, and was in communication with Sigel at Harper's Ferry.

The *Florida* has reappeared on our coast below Cape May, where she has captured six vessels. The Government has sent gun-boats from Hampton Roads in pursuit of her.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Major-Generals Gordon Granger and Hurlbut and Brigadier-General George H. Gordon have been ordered to report for duty to Major-General Canby.

Doctor M'Cormick, Medical Director of General Butler's command, has been assigned to duty as Medical Director of the armies in the field, including the Army of the Potomac.

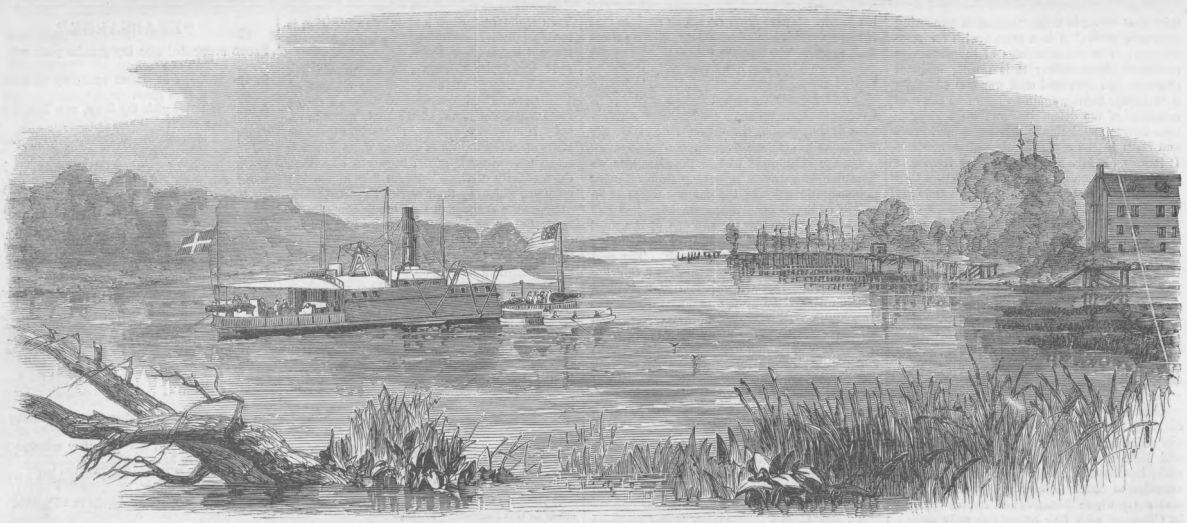
Major-General J. J. Reynolds, who for some time past has been in command of the defenses of New Orleans, will take the field immediately as commander of the Nineteenth Corps. Brigadier-General Sherman, who had charge of the defenses before General Reynolds, will resume his old position.

FOREIGN NEWS.

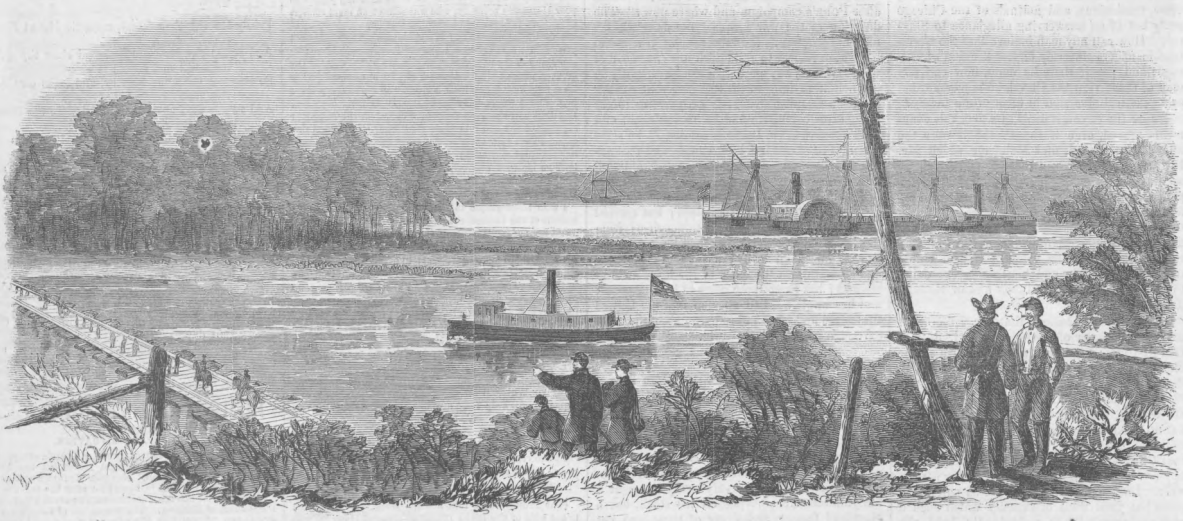
THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

THE Conference held its last sitting June 25. No result was obtained. The neutral Powers have agreed that the line of the Schlei offers a proper frontier, and that this would be a sufficient concession to Germany. Denmark consents to this, but the Germans claim both duchies. The war has recommenced, and the island of Alsen has been taken by the Prussians. A naval engagement was expected to take place soon off Heligoland.

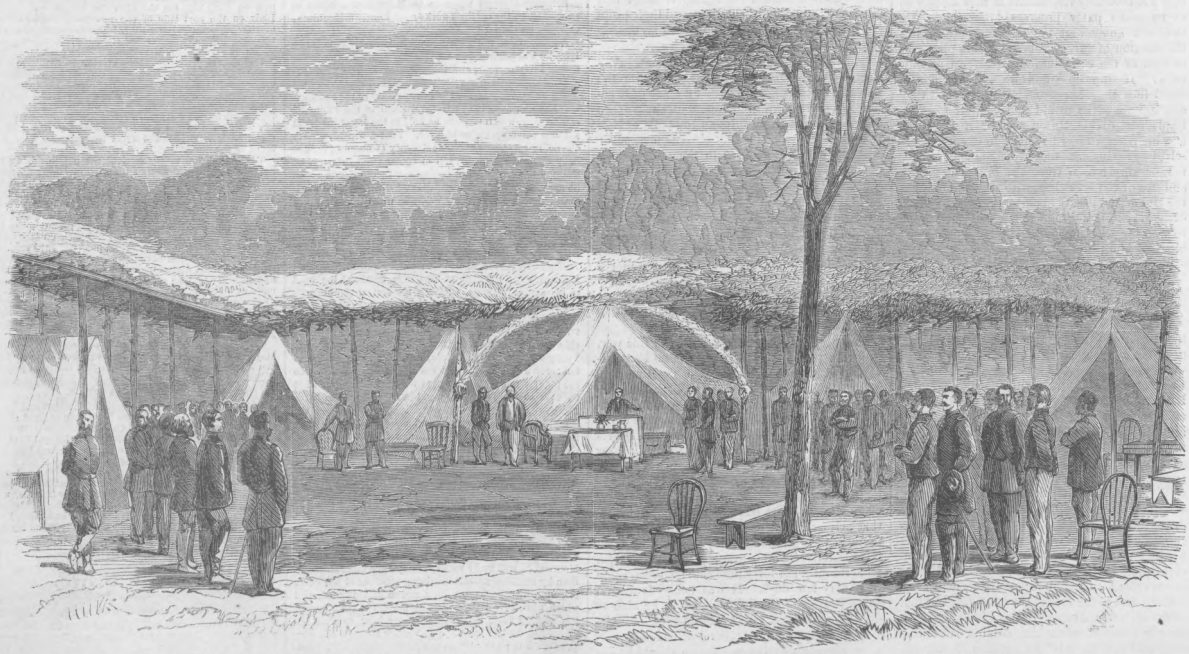
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VIEW ON THE APPOMATTOX, BELOW PORT WALTHALL.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



JONES'S NECK, FROM GENERAL FOSTER'S HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR MALVERN HILL, ON THE JAMES.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



DIVINE SERVICE AT GENERAL BALDY SMITH'S HEAD-QUARTERS, IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, JULY 3, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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GENERAL MEADE AND HIS STAFF.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

MR. BRADY, of Washington, furnishes two photographs which enable us to present our readers with the illustrations on this page, representing Generals MEADE and BURNSIDE, with their Staffs.

Several illustrations are given on pages 468, 472, and 473, which relate to Petersburg and its surroundings. The large double-page cut is a panoramic view of the country as well as of the military situation around Petersburg. The view is thus disclosed from WIETZEL'S Look-out and Signal Tower, at Bermuda Hundred, looking southward—including in that direction about ten miles, thus taking in Petersburg, on the extreme right. From Petersburg the Appomattox runs from right to left, emptying into the James. City Point is not included in the view; but the pontoon-bridge is disclosed by which the army communicates with Bermuda Hundred. Where Point of Rocks juts out into the river is General BUTLER'S head-quarters. The landing is specially designated in the large cut; at the dock is the *Greyhound*, the flag-ship of that officer, and the *Sylvan Shore*. This portion of the sketch is enlarged in the cut above, entitled the PONTOON-BRIDGE AT THE POINT OF ROCKS, ON THE APPOMATTOX. Another portion of the large cut is also enlarged, giving a view of the rebel Fort Clifton, on the Appomattox, showing at the same time a Federal battery in the fore-ground. At the left of Fort Clifton, directly in front of Clifton House, the rebels have a Water-Battery; they have also sunk obstructions in the river to prevent Federal boats from ascending to Petersburg. Both the battery and the obstructions are disclosed in the cut.

A sketch on page 468 gives a view on the Appomattox at Port Walthal, which is the nearest point approached by gun-boats. The gun-boat shown in the sketch is the *Commodore Perry*, Captain A. FOSTER. This sketch is also connected with the double-page cut. A few turns of her wheel would bring the gun-boat under the guns of Fort Clifton. There are two other sketches on the same page. One of these gives a view of Jones's Neck, on the James, opposite which General FOSTER has an intrenched position, between Aiken's Landing and Four-Mile Creek. A pontoon bridge crosses at this point. General FOSTER'S flank is protected by double-end gun-boats. The other sketch represents a service held at General SMITH'S head-quarters, July 3, attended by Generals SMITH, NEIL, BURNHAM, and MARTINDALE.



GENERAL BURNSIDE AND HIS STAFF.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

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THE LOVE-CHEAT.

SHE loved me, she said, and she swore it;
She swore it a thousand times:
She treasured my letters like jewels;
She learned and repeated my rhymes.

And numberless tokens she gave me;
Her kisses were many and sweet;
And I thought her an angel from heaven
While she was but a womanly cheat.

She robbed me of rest and of comfort,
And gave me bright hopes in return;
And now, by the fireside lonely,
Her letters I smilingly burn.

For loud are the marriage-bells pealing;
The priest, too, is blessing the bride;
And she leans on the arm of another,
Who once was my love and my pride.

Ah, well! let her live and be married:
Her letters are burnt, and I see
'Tis better be rid of such tokens,
And keep the heart healthy and free.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BEHIND THE MADELEINE.

BEHIND the church of the Madeleine, Rataplan—ex-drummer of the Imperial Guard, ex-landlord of the Hôtel Rataplan, hard by Leicester Square, London—kept a tavern for the accommodation of English visitors to the only city in the world worth living in.

Rataplan was old, his eye was glassy, his hand tremulous, his voice husky, and his frame feeble, but he was as fat as ever. His adiposity was pendulous and flabby now, not firm and juicy, but it was fat, nevertheless, and, at his age, that was something to be thankful for.

Rataplan had given up cooking. It fatigued him too much, he said. It was much if the visitors to his hostelry could obtain a biftek aux pommes, or an underdone slice from an ill-roasted joint. Rataplan's long residence in Albion had not disabused his mind of the impression that all English people liked their meat very nearly raw; and whenever an English groom (say) or a workman employed at some factory in Paris ordered a beef-steak to be cooked in the English fashion, Rataplan would answer, "I know, ver well red, n'est-ce-pas? Well bleeding, bien saignant, hein?"

Nor had the good man's protracted sojourn in the perfidious country enabled him to attain any thing approaching a copious, or even fluent, acquaintance with its language. A stock of idiomatic expressions he had indeed laid up, which would have seemed to argue some familiarity with our vernacular, but he still, to all intents and purposes, spoke English execrably.

He wore the attire of a petty bourgeois now, in lieu of his old and unvarying culinary costume. It did not improve his personal appearance much. He had looked as well, if not better, in his white jacket, apron, and night-cap, cloudy in hue as those habiliments habitually were, than in a shabby snuff-colored surtout with a cotton velvet collar, a dingy nankeen waistcoat, striped trowsers much too short for him, and a cloth cap with a peak to it.

Affairs had not gone prosperously with him at the Hôtel Rataplan. He had failed to make any thing like a competency, much less a fortune, out of that establishment. In the first place, Mademoiselle Adèle, his daughter, had made a mésalliance: having, in defiance of her father's commands, not only encouraged the addresses of a dissolute fiddler at the French Plays, but absolutely got up very early one morning and allied herself in marriage to that objectionable person. It was a terrible blow for Rataplan. "Encore," he was wont to say, "if they had gone to the Bavarian chapel in Warwick Street! But Mademoiselle must needs immolate herself at a church of I know not what sect of the Anglican dissidence in the Soho. She had abjured, forsooth, the errors of the Romish communion! Wicked men with white neckcloths and little paper books had been, it appears, pursuing her for months. She became what you call a convert. She was the victim of their machinations sourdes. Parlez-moi de ça. You sacrifice yourself like the pelican of the wilderness. You tear out your entrails to nourish a viper, and behold, the viper turns round and stings you! Encore, had it been in France, my daughter would have been compelled to address to me three solemn citations—trois sommations respectueuses—before she could have dared to commit the fatal act. But she has accomplished her act of disobedience and folly, and now this vagabond of a fiddler beats my Adèle. Ma parole d'honneur, c'est à faire blanchir les cheveux. It is enough to make one's hair turn white."

It would have taken an extreme degree of agony to turn Papa Rataplan's hair white. He had none to turn; he was quite bald.

Then la Mère Thomas died, and Rataplan had to bury her. Then his customers fell off, and he lost the most profitable of his guests, the hot-tempered countess, who suddenly disappeared. Then Rataplan got into trouble with the police for winking at the contraband amusements of a select society of cooks in the employ of divers noblemen, gentlemen, and hotel-keepers in the British metropolis, who were accustomed to dine at the Hôtel Rataplan, and afterward to play vingt-et-un all night. He was threatened with the loss of his license. The threat did not do him much harm, for the butcher sued him, and then the distiller put an execution into the premises, and finally there came collapse, and Rataplan passed through the Bankruptcy Court.

He bore his downfall with becoming resignation. He carefully returned as had all the debts owing to him by his countrymen, and by this stroke of policy not only obviated the possibility of their being pressed for payment, but moved a few of them, through personal gratitude, to pay him, after he had undergone the ordeal of white-washing, some few pounds by way of bonus. "It will enable me to cultivate my cabbages," he remarked, philosophically.

Returning to his native country, a gleam of good fortune shot unexpectedly across his path. He met with a person whom he had not seen for ten years. This person was Jean Baptiste Constant, ex-body-servant to Francis Blunt, Esquire, who had always been of an active and pushing turn of mind, and had gone into business at Chaillot as a manufacturer of paper-hangings, and was doing, according to his own account, pretty well. He was anxious to realize a fortune, he said; not for himself, but he had some one to leave it to. But where was that some one? To his misery and despair he could not tell. What had become of the countess and of her child? They had disappeared, no one could say which way. He kept up a correspondence with friends in half the towns in Europe, but had never been able to obtain a scintilla of information relating to Lily or her mother. The countess seemed to have vanished from the stage, or rather from the ring. In the chronicles of the saw-dust she was no longer known, even by her horse-riding name.

Jean Baptiste Constant commiserated the decayed state of his old friend Rataplan. The bankrupt hotel-keeper said he had had, by this time, quite enough of England, and that he only desired to re-enter London once more, if it were possible, at the head of an invading army of his countrymen. "How I would sack Laycesterre Squarr, and give up the 'Aymarket to the pillage!" he was wont to murmur between his set teeth, grinding them meanwhile. "Yes; and that street most infamous, of the Basinghall. Ah! not one of the functionaries of that tribunal so proud, from the insolent president to the lowest huissier, but should passer par les armes—all, all, be put to the sword." The vindictiveness of Rataplan was insatiable and inexorable.

So Jean Baptiste Constant, after meditating for a time as to how the old man's knowledge of a country he professed to detest so much could best be utilized, determined to set him up in business again in a little twentieth-rate café, then for sale, just behind the church of the Madeleine. The street was new; the Rouen and Havre Railway, the erection of whose terminus in the Rue d'Amsterdam has so revolutionized this part of Paris, was not yet dreamed of; the rent was very low, and the coming in very reasonable. Rataplan was once more gratified by becoming a landlord. In the evening of life it was again his privilege to cook and to command. Still were the conditions imposed upon him by his friend, patron, and benefactor, Jean Baptiste, not devoid of a certain degree of severity. "Rataplan, mon bon," said the ex-valet to the rehabilitated bankrupt, "you tried long enough to set up a little Paris in the midst of London. That was to please yourself. You made, unless I am mistaken, rather a mess of it. Now, if you have no objection, you shall please *me*. I want you to set up a little London in the midst of Paris."

"Never, never!" Rataplan would at first and vehemently protest. "Jamais en France l'Anglais ne règnera. No, no, a hundred times no! Between Rataplan and Albion, the thrice perjured and perfidious, there yawns a gulf of hatred and scorn, which blood, and blood alone, can cumulate."

"Very well," the valet would gravely reply. "You shall sell bifteks bien saignants. That is blood, is it not? One must accomplish his destiny, my Rataplan, and yours is to do as you are told."

In the end Rataplan submitted, cheerfully enough, to the accomplishment of his destiny, and did as he was told most loyally. He entered, at first grumbling, but at last smiling, into the plans of J. B. Constant. They were worthy of that astute and experienced operator. The dingy little Café-Estaminet Pharamond in the Rue Cuit-au-Four, that miserable den where you could procure nothing but tough flaps of beef, fried potatoes, burnt bean and chickory coffee, corrosive absinthe, questionable cognac, lettuce-leaf cigars, boxes of rickety dominoes, and greasy packs of cards, suddenly started into a fresh phase of existence as the Café Restaurant Chesterfield. At first, J. B. Constant had thought of christening his establishment "Le Clarendon," "Le Mivart," "Le Cavendish," or "Le Mansion House;" but, on reflection, he admitted that there were difficulties in the way of the proper pronunciation by foreign lips of nearly all those names. But every Frenchman has heard of Milor Chesterfield, and among the natives the Café Restaurant Chesterfield soon attained considerable notoriety; while to the especial class of sojourners in Paris whom Constant hoped to secure as patrons, the word Chesterfield had not only an English but a sporting sound, and consequently soon became very popular.

The patrons he had pitched upon were a curious race. In every great city much frequented by foreigners there are two under-currents of a town life: first, the retainers of the high and mighty strangers who are on their travels; and next, the shiftless and out-of-elbows creatures, who, having once come abroad, are prevented by poverty from getting home again. Sometimes they contrive, after years of borrowing and begging, to raise sufficient funds to return to the country which has no longer any need of them; but in many instances they never do get home, and, shuffling through a shabby and disreputable life on the few wits a craving for bad brandy has left them, die at last, and are buried in the Potter's Field. Such people every continental metropolis numbers by hundreds or by thousands. Generally they belong to the English nation. We do not consider ourselves to be foreigners any where; so my countrymen will understand what I mean in saying that foreigners have usually very little difficulty in foregathering, intermingling with, and assimilating themselves to other foreigners. This the Englishman rarely if ever does. He is, to the end, insular, carries something about him that is purely, peculiarly, and—to others but his compatriots—repulsively, English wherever he goes, and leaves at last his coffin to be covered with a phantom Union Jack. Do you know Jack Moseley—they say the "ley" is an interpolation between where an "e" is, and an "s" should be in his name—the tall, handsome Israelite, whom his friends call the Wandering Jew, and who has been traveling and trading in diamonds from the Minories to the Straits of Malacca any time these twenty years? Well, Jack told me he was coming the other day, from the Warhoe diggings in California, overland to Florence in the State of Missouri. It was somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, I think. It was at night, and he was huddled up in a stage-coach, asleep, and dreaming of bears, wolves, and wild Indians. Suddenly the coach broke down, but fortunately close to a little tavern. Jack Moseley rubbed his eyes, and thought he was still dreaming, when, alighting, he found himself in front of the precise model of an English wayside inn. There was the bench; there was the horse-trough in front; there were the red and white blinds to the windows; there was the bar, with its big cheese in full cut, its pork pies, its row of gayly-painted kegs of cordials, and its well-polished beer-engine. There was the little parlor, with its neatly-sanded floor, its triangular spittoons, its rack of churchwarden pipes, and its colored prints of fights for the championship, racing cracks, and Sir Tatton Sykes in top-boots, affably conversing with his trainer, who was bald-headed, white-cravated, and respectful, in drab gaiters. There was a grinning hostler; there was a stout pot-boy; there was a spruce waitress; there was positively a one-eyed bull-dog on the premises. On the coffee-room blinds there flourished the approved golden legends as to chops and steaks that were always ready, dinners that were to be dressed, neat wines and soda-water; but, wonder of wonders! what do you think the sign was? Not the "George Washington," not "The Jefferson," not the "Bold Digger," not the "Big Nugget," not the "Lucky Placer," but "The Osbaldistone Arms." The landlord was an American born, but his grandfather had been a groom in the Osbaldistone family in England. He subscribed to *Bell's Life* and the local Yorkshire papers regularly, and his little house looked as though some magician had suddenly caught it up from the English north country and dropped it down in the middle of the Rocky Mountains.

Rataplan, incited by J. B. Constant, did his best to Anglicize the Café Restaurant Chesterfield. A little England sprang up in the Rue Cuit-au-Four, looking as strange there as the English colony of Heligoland at the mouth of the Elbe. The partners imported the double and biting Gloucester, the luscious Cheshire, the voluptuous cheese of Stilton. English ale and English porter were always on draught, and a joint, of as near an approach to English beef as could be procured at the butcher's in the neighboring Rue St. Lazare, was always in cut. Sandwiches were displayed under glass covers, to the intense amazement of the French customers, who, sometimes trying them, frequently managed to drop the layer of meat on the floor, and, when they burned their mouths with the fiery English mustard, howled dismally. Nor was English gin forgotten; nor did the craft which Rataplan had learned in London, of making three quarts into one gallon, forsake him now.

M. Jean Baptiste Constant moved about the establishment of which Rataplan was the manager and the nominal landlord, but in which the wary ex-body servant of Mr. Francis Blunt had taken care to secure a proprietorial interest in his usual discreet and demure, not to say stealthy, manner. Every knife, fork, and napkin in the place was his; yet you would not have thought, to look at him, that he would have ventured to take a spoonful of salt without permission. He rarely interfered with Rataplan's arrangements. He allowed him undivided control in the kitchen. He permitted him to scold his two waiters, and to overcharge the guests as much as ever he liked. He allowed him a fair share in the profits, which had, in a short space of time, grown to be considerable; but he was nevertheless lord paramount and absolute over the Café Restaurant Chesterfield. He liked to sway this secret power, to have this occult veto, to be behind the scenes, and pull the wires, and make the puppets dance. It suited his pensive, bilious, cat-like, contemplative nature. The sunshine was too strong for him. He blinked, and the pupils of his eyes contracted in the noontide glare. He had not been accustomed to it in youth. He could bask; but he preferred to bask in the shade, and down in a cellar.

He liked to breakfast at the Chesterfield sometimes, just to see how things were going on: paying for his meal, like a man, at the counter. The waiters did not know exactly what to make of them. They were both Swiss, who had been abroad, and picked up more or less "pigeon English" in Haymarket cafés and Leicester Square hotels. One of them, Jules, imagined him to be a kind of pensioner or hanger-on of the establishment, boarded from time to time, through charity, by the patron Rataplan. The other, Alphonse, had a somewhat shrewder notion of his standing in the house. "I will wager," Alphonse would say to his intimates, "that this monsieur is le bailleur de fonds—the capitalist—the finder of money to the Café Restaurant Chesterfield."—"But how can he be a capitalist?" the duller-witted Jules would expostulate. "He never scolds us. He never calls us 'nigaud,' or 'cochon.' Is that like a bailleur de fonds?"—"Bah!" Alphonse would retort. "Jules, thou hast an excellent heart, but thou hast a skull of wood, filled with sauce a la tartare in place of brains. Do kings and queens always wear their crowns? Was the Emperor always crossing the Alps on a white horse, mocking himself of the thunder and lightning? I tell, thee, ganache, that still waters run deep, that l'eau qui dort is the most dangerous, and that the great art of capitalists consists in never appearing to have any money. My uncle from Basle was a capitalist. In the commerce of grains he acquired millions; yet to look at him thou wouldst not have thought that he had possessed two red liards to rub one against another. What, yet another game at dominoes? Come, then, phenomenon of temerity, and I will play thee for the third chopine."

On a particular morning which it is desirable to fix in the reader's mind, Jean Baptiste Constant was breakfasting at the Café Restaurant Chesterfield, and he had company. Three sat down to breakfast with him. He had first invited the patron Rataplan to be a partaker of the meal, and the third guest was a florid, well-looking gentleman enough, with very large black whiskers, now slightly inclining to gray, and who was very gorgeously attired in a frogged and braided surtout, and a cap with a tassel of gold bullion. This gentleman spoke most European languages with equal fluency, and with equal incorrectness. He was a traveling courier by profession, and his name was Franz Stimm.

The three men had evidently taken a copious meal of oysters, omelet, and cold roast beef, washed down by English bottled stout (few foreigners who have visited England, be it for ever so short a time, surmount the predilection they acquire for the brown beer of Albion) and some of Rataplan's best red wine. They were now at the stage of coffee, brandy, and cigars, and were unmistakably enjoying themselves.

"I did not like de goffees zo much as de joggolates," Mr. Stimm observed, between whiffs of his very powerful cigar; "de joggolates is pin graziosos, and besser vor the stomjacks; but de zigares is not goot mit de joggolates nor de gocos, and de goffees tastes him besser."

"You are always talking of your stomach, friend Stimm," Constant observed. "I wish you would talk to me about that little girl you met, ever so many years ago, on board the Boulogne steamer, when you were traveling with your general."

"Vat vor it is goot to talk about de liddle gals?" replied Franz Stimm, with a sigh. "We shall not none of us never see her again. She goms like de shadow of a liddle vairy, and, pouf! she go away like dis ring of dobbacco-smoke dat go up do de zeiling and vade avay nobody can say vere de debbel vere to."

"And yet all of us would give thousands, millions—at least much that is valuable to us," continued Constant, "to meet that child. Child! she must be grown into a woman by this time."

"And a peautiful ones too," interposed the courier. "She was the angelikest liddle zylphide mine eyes ever did light itself upon."

"For the child," Rataplan said, "that!" He snapped his fingers as he spoke. "I have no more children, and care little to hear about them. Yet would I give something to find that woman. The tigress! the fury! the abandoned creature, lost to all sense of morality, honor, decency, virtue!"

"She owes you money, Papa Rataplan." This was from Constant.

"Twenty sovereigns sterling. She never paid her bill the last time she descended at the Hôtel Rataplan. It is a flagrant injustice. It is an infamy. She defrauded, swindled me out of my dues. She had the finest vins of Champagne, and of the little wines of Burgundy. She owes me even for the cigarettes she smoked, the depraved and epicurean bacchante! Her flight without discharging my addition was the last act of perfidy to which, in a perfidious and shameless land, the miserable Rataplan had to submit. But I will be avenged. I will demand justice. Yet shall the tribunals be seized of the details of this most tenebrous and scandalous affair. I desire to re-enter into my funds. I demand the provisional arrestation, the prise de corps, against this woman sans foi ni loi." And Rataplan struck the table with his clenched fist, and filled himself another petit verre.

"You are taking la goutte too early, Papa Rataplan," Constant said, discreetly withdrawing the decanter of cognac from the excited landlord's reach. "Suppose we finish these libations and take a walk."

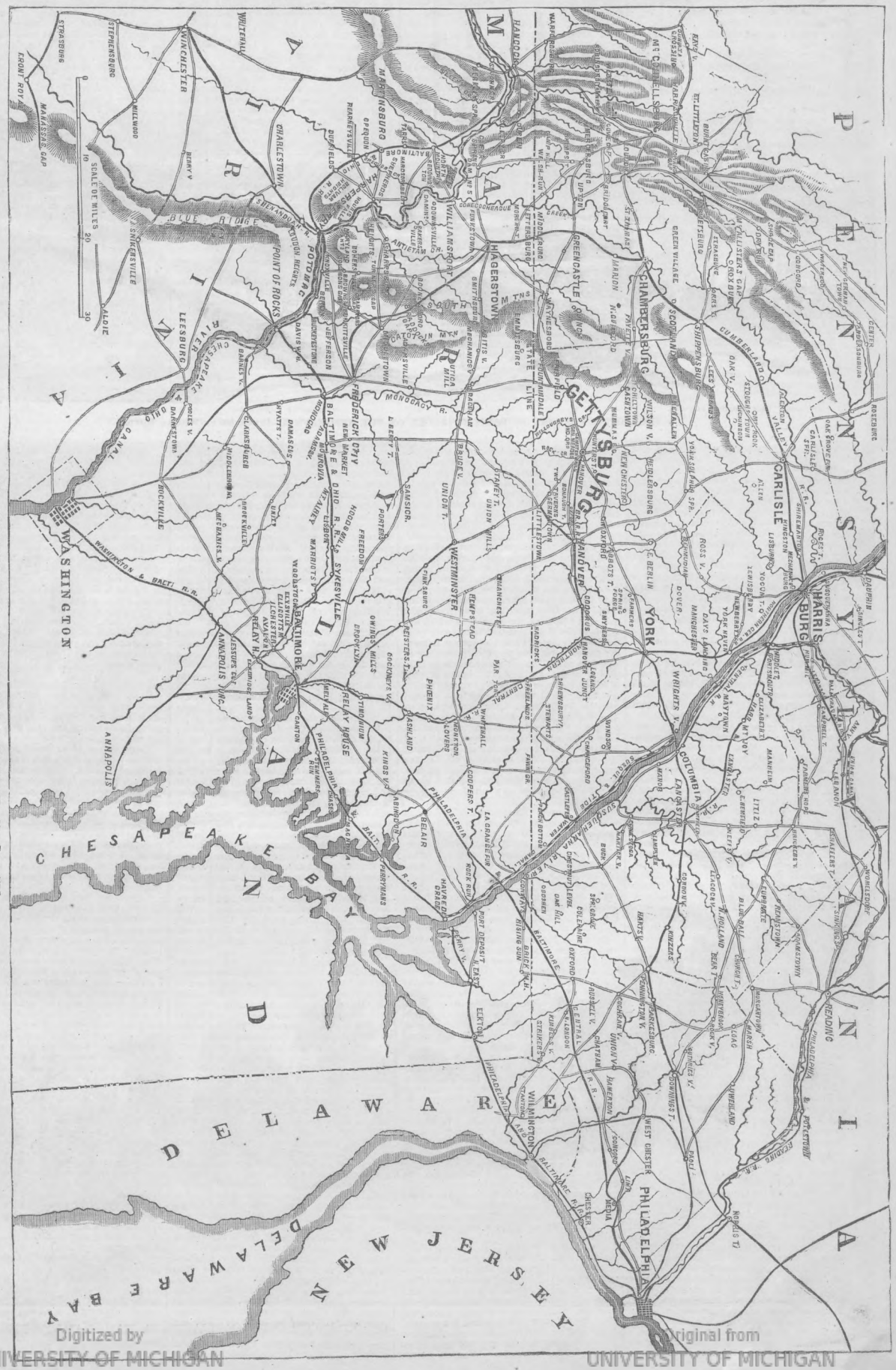
"Vid all my hearts," Mr. Stimm acquiesced, rising. "My heads is strongs enough for much more gouttes, but we gan dake them in de open airs, and Franz Stimms can then have the bleasure of reciprocifying dis most gharming hospitalities. Gom and smokes in the oben air, and we can talk about de liddle gals. Blezz her liddle heart!"

"But the establishment," pleaded Rataplan, nervously.

"The establishment," said Constant, gayly, "can be left to the waiters and the dame du comptoir for an hour or two. The Café Restaurant Chesterfield won't run away. Allons, messieurs, I am at your service."

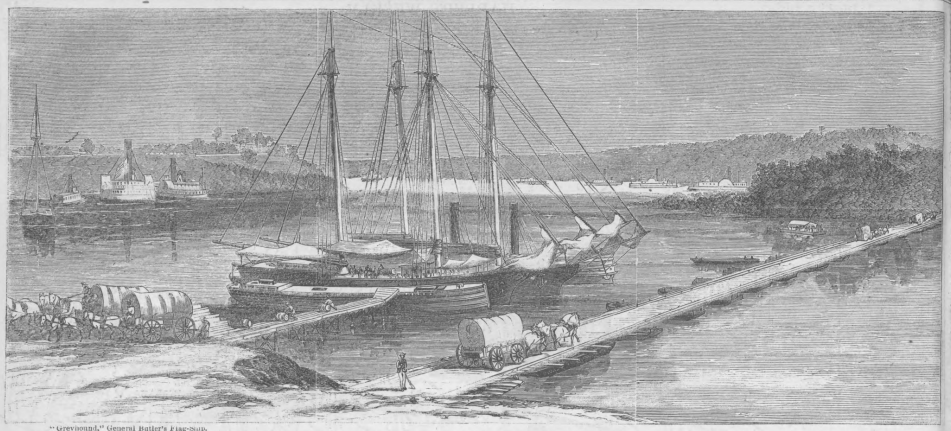
"Gom and talk about de liddle gals," repeated the courier.

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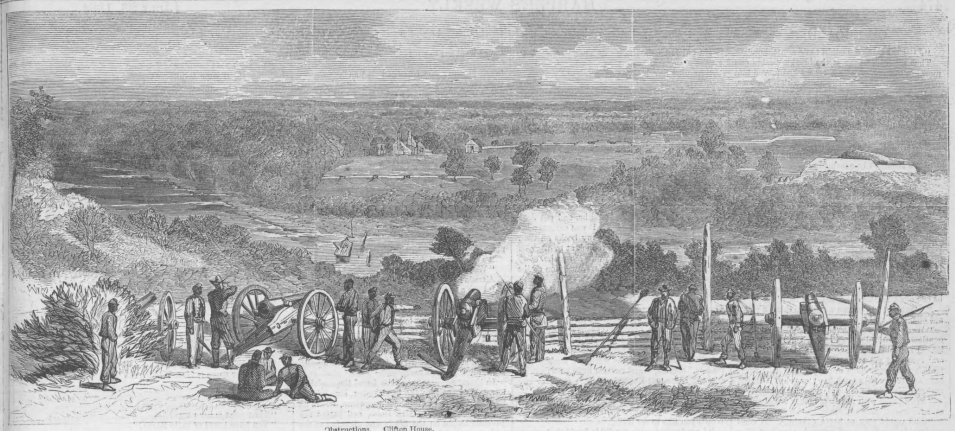
MAP ILLUSTRATING THE REBEL INVASION IN MARYLAND.—[SEE PAGE 467.]

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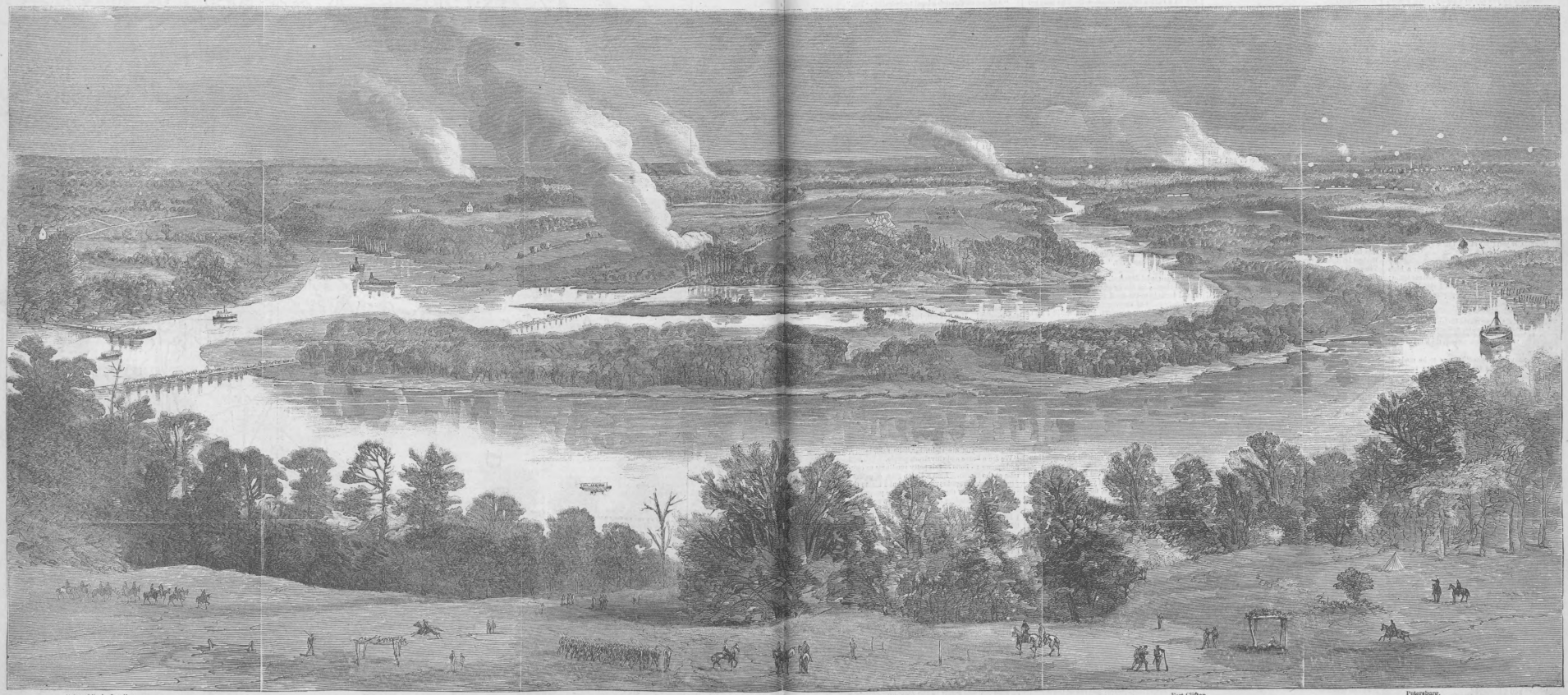
"Greyhound," General Butler's Flag-Ship.

THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT POINT OF ROCKS, ON THE APPOMATTOX.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



Obstructions. Clifton House.

THE REBEL FORT CLIFTON AND OUR BATTERIES, ON THE APPOMATTOX.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



Point of Rocks Landing. Spring Hill Fort. Fort Clifton. Petersburg.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SITUATION AROUND PETERSBURG.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 469.]

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OUR BOARDER.

"JAMES, I think we ought to do something."

Thus my wife to me at the breakfast-table one morning in May, a week after we had moved into our new quarters in a little house with a big rent. You see it was in a pleasant neighborhood, this house, and in cities you always have to pay rent on your neighborhood.

"Certainly, Susan. Do something? By all means. What let's do?"

"Every thing is so high now."

"I realize the fact, my dear—I do indeed."

"We shouldn't be ashamed to practice economy in any way we can in these war times."

"I'm not ashamed, for one. I wish I understood the science better, that's all."

"What do you say to taking in a boarder?"

"Well, now, my dear, I don't think it right to take in people. Do as you would be done by."

"Fudge! You know what I mean. Do be serious. There's that chamber up stairs that is unfurnished. Why can't we get some one to occupy it?"

"Sure enough, why not?"

"Some pleasant person, you know, who would be one of us, and feel at home with us."

"What sort of a person would you think a pleasant one, my dear?"

"Well, say a good-looking and well-bred young gentleman, with plenty of money and no bad habits. I should want him to be willing to pay a liberal sum, and not to be too particular about the table. He would come in early at night—I won't have any body with a latch-key; or, what is better, perhaps he might be of quiet, domestic habits—"

"Young men with plenty of money usually are," said I.

"And would stay at home evenings. A companionable, genteel, good-natured, easy sort of a young man, who might become attached to us."

"Or what do you say to a pretty young woman with black eyes and curls, who would make home cheerful and attractive, as only a lovely and charming woman can?"

"I won't have any young women about me, Mr. Dobb. Women are ten times as much trouble in a house as men are; they are always finding fault about something or other; you never can suit them."

"Just what I've often told you, wife."

"Now that's meant for me. I think that men are harder to suit than women usually. I know *I* am, no matter what you say."

"Then let's not have a man, dear, if you can't suit him."

"Oh, how provoking you are! I never can talk with you, you always catch a body up so. But I do think we might have a boarder to occupy that unfurnished room; it's no use to us."

"If I was looking for board I should not be happy if my room was not furnished."

"Why, of course we would furnish it."

"And that would be an expense. I don't think people begin in that way when they want to practice economy, do they?"

"Yes, but—"

"In war time especially."

"Yes, I know, but—"

"And every thing is so high—particularly carpets."

"James, if you treat me in this way I will drop the whole subject."

"Oh, I'm willing to drop it."

My wife ate her breakfast after that in a high state of pout. But at dinner she attacked me again; and it was finally arranged that I should put an advertisement in one of the papers, soliciting a boarder.

This is the advertisement:

BOARDING.—A young couple, having a pleasant home in a quiet neighborhood, are willing to take a suitable person to board, having an unoccupied front chamber. Apply at No. 17 Sutcha Street, between the hours of 2 and 3 P.M.

The reason why application was to be made at the hour named was that we dined at two, and hence I was sure to be at home to see the applying party.

I am an artist, and human nature is my theme. I thought that the present enterprise would afford me an opportunity of studying my fellow-creatures in a condition where I had never yet seen any of them. We had four applicants during the next four days. It struck me as a curious illustration of the mysterious laws which govern human movements that there should be an applicant each day, and only one.

I suppose you are aware that artists are in the habit of making "studies from nature." I made a few in the course of those four days following, which you can *not* see by calling at my studio; but you can see them here.

The advertisement appeared in Tuesday morning's paper. We are punctual in dining at two, and at two I was carving a juicy round of roast beef when the door-bell rang.

"There's your boarder, wife," said I.

"*My* boarder?"

"Oh, well, *our* boarder; any thing for peace."

The applicant was a young gentleman of modest demeanor, who remarked that he had observed my proposition to entertain a guest [a guest; yes; very well put that, I thought], and being in pursuit of accommodations such as I had described, he had called to see us.

"Would you like to see the room?" said I.

Well, the room was of comparatively small moment to him; he had no doubt that he should be suited with the room; he cared more for the character of the family. He was in the habit of spending his evenings at home.

Ah, thought I, here's the moral young man of good habits that wife wants.

"Have you a library?"

"I have; and a very nice one I think it is."

"I would like to see it."

I showed him the library. He ran his eye over it, and took down a book.

"This is a novel, I see."

"Yes; that is Charles Reade's last—'Very Hard Cash.' An excellent book."

He put it back, wrong side up, and took down another.

"Another novel. 'The Virginians.'"

"Yes, you'll find several of Thackeray's works. That row of red volumes on the top shelf comprises Thackeray's humorous works. Do you like him?"

"I never read any of his books. I never peruse novels. They are pernicious."

He put that back wrong side up, and took down a little volume in green and gold.

"Perhaps you like poems better," said I. "That is Jean Ingelow's book. This," I continued, touching the books as I named them, "is Bryant's last; this is Longfellow's; here is 'Pelayo,' a beautiful new epic by a lady—Mrs. Beach; and here are several of the standard poets."

"I seldom read poetry," said he, and put Jean Ingelow back wrong side up. It was curious what a facility he had for standing my books on their heads. It made me nervous to look at him.

"Have you any religious works?" said he.

"Oh yes. Here is Sawyer's Translation of the New Testament."

"A sacrilegious innovator," he murmured.

"And here is Farrar's 'Critical History of Free Thought'—a fine work. Or if you like abstruse theological dissertations, here are several works by my friend Eleazar Lord, on 'Plenary Inspiration' and kindred themes." I thought I began to perceive the young man's drift.

"These all appear to be works by modern pretenders," said he, "and contain little pure food, no doubt. Have you Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' or any works of that class?"

"Why, no; my library includes few theological works except by modern writers. I have a Bible. Would you like to see it?"

"I am familiar with the Bible," said that young man in a crushing tone. "What are your religious beliefs?"

"We attend service at an Episcopalian church."

"The next thing to Papacy in my opinion."

That young man sat down, with his hat between his knees, and surveyed me anxiously.

"Do you have regular family prayer?" said he.

"No, Sir."

He dropped his hat on the floor. When he picked it up he put it on his head and proceeded to take hold of the door-knob. Fortified by that grasp, he stood there and read me a tedious lecture on the necessity of family prayer in my household, and conjured me to release myself from the semi-Papistic mummery of Episcopalianism. After which he handed me a tract, which he desired my wife to read. It was entitled, "Come to Jesus;" and as my wife is a devout church-member of many years standing, it struck me as a superfluous if not a saucy act in that young man, who must have been ten years her junior. Truth compels me to add that my wife neglected to read the tract.

I closed the door on that young man at last with a sigh of relief. Good gracious, I would not have such a bore in my house on any terms!

"What a pity to lose such an excellent young man!" said my wife.

A consoling remark I thought that. But it did not reconcile me to my cold dinner, which I ate in mute rebellion.

The next day, punctual to the moment when I was busily carving, the door-bell rang again, and Bridget brought in the card of Mr. Thomas Allen. The name had a familiar look, but for the life of me I could not tell where I had seen it before.

Mr. Thomas Allen was a young gentleman in a broadcloth suit, and with a tall hat of marvelous gloss. His shirt-front was adorned with a glittering pin, and he wore a massive watch-chain. As I entered the room he was stuffing in his vest pocket a huge roll of greenbacks. Now, I thought, wife has the young man with plenty of money; if he's only moral, too—but, hang it, he mustn't be too moral.

He certainly did not look as if morality was his besetting weakness.

"Called to see about board," said Mr. Allen, rising. "My card." And he offered it.

"Yes, I have your card. Mr. Allen. Would you like to see the room?"

"Got tired of these hotels, you know," said the young man, without deigning to answer my question. "Thought I'd try on the private style of thing for a change. Give you references, you know, and all that—if you want 'em. Tom Allen's pretty well known, though."

Tom Allen! Where *had* I seen that name?

"Pay in advance if you want. All on the square. Where's the room?"

I took him up stairs and showed him the room.

"Nice little hole," said he, "when you git it furnished up. My trunks 'll fill up some. What's the figure?"

"The price for board?"

"Umph!" Meaning yes, I took it.

"I don't know exactly. We'll have to ask Mrs. Dobb about that."

"All right; let's go down and ask her. I fancy you'll suit me."

Wife was called from her dinner, and told Mr. Allen the price; to which he at once agreed.

"I'll move my trunks up to-night," said he. "I shall want a latch-key, you know."

"Ah, that indeed!" I looked at my wife.

"You see," Mr. Allen went on, "I'm in the minstrel business. May have heard of me? And I have to be out evenings. Any objection to my bringing a friend up once in a while?"

"The fact is," said I, "my wife is opposed to latch-keys."

"Don't want to sit up for me, do you?"

"I fear we should not be able to accommodate a gentleman in your line of business," said I. "We are quiet people—"

"Oh, I don't mind how quiet you are!"

"I think we shall have to decline taking you, Mr. Allen. We should not suit you at all."

I hoped he understood that. But he didn't. I had a fearful time in impressing on that young artist in burned cork the fact that we didn't want him in our house. But at last I succeeded. And then I went out to a cold dinner again.

The conviction forced itself upon me at this stage in the business that I had selected an unfortunate hour for interviews with the prospective boarders. I do not like my dinners cold, and I told my wife so.

She laughed at me!

Such is woman.

On Thursday the inevitable door-bell at five minutes past two o'clock. I really did not see the beauty of this sort of thing.

This time it was a man of thirty-five or forty years, I judged. He wore a heavy beard and carried a cane. You're not a young man, at any rate, was my mental observation; but if you are blessed with money you may do—provided you find us pious sufficiently, and are not in the minstrel business.

"You advertise for a boarder, I see," he commenced.

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I think perhaps we can make a trade."

A trade! Is the man a horse-jockey?

"I am a widower, Sir, and know how to appreciate a pleasant home; yes, Sir, and pay for it."

Excellent, so far.

"I ask nothing but to be let alone."

Quotation from J. Davis.

"And I stay at home nights; pay in advance; price is immaterial; don't smoke in my room or out of it; and particularly, I don't bother myself about other people's business."

In short, we seemed to have found the model at last. He went into the bedchamber, and said he liked it. He went into the dining-room, where he bowed courteously to Mrs. Dobb, and patted the juvenile Dobbs on the head; and glancing at the table remarked, in a real good-natured way, that he saw we lived well. He asked Bridget if she would sew on a button for him occasionally if he paid her for it. He said he was satisfied he should find this a pleasant home, and for his part he should do his share in trying to make it so. He mentioned that the golden rule was his guide on all occasions.

Before he went away we passed through the parlor—"a *very* pleasant place," our boarder graciously styled it, and added that there was nothing like a few choice paintings and statuettes to set off a room.

Just then his eye fell upon a bust upon a bracket on the wall. Whose bust it was I will not specify further than to say that it was that of a loyal and honest public functionary whom I much admire. He turned upon me quickly:

"What's your idea, though, in sticking up a bust of Blank in your parlor? It can't be for ornament. God never made a homelier man."

"Nor a better," said I.

"Are you a Blankite?"

"Yes, Sir, I am. Are you?"

"No, Sir, I am not. And, what is more, I can not bear the sight of that man. He is a fool, Sir—a blockhead—a disgrace to the country."

I snuffed a battle; but I can not say I had a wish to abandon my colors. In fact we had quite a lively little time for a few minutes. I expressed my views, and he expressed his; and there was wrath.

"I bid you good-day, Sir," said the model; "we could never inhabit the same house together. I shall look for another boarding-place."

"As you please, Sir," I replied, with some warmth.

And the model departed.

Cold chunks for dinner again; and the degree of heat I brought to the meal was no improvement in a culinary point of view.

"Confound your boarders, Mrs. Dobb!" I said. "I've had quite enough of them."

The next day, when the door-bell rang at the inevitable moment, I told my wife she might inform the fellow at the door that we had concluded to take no boarder. I was actually getting dyspeptic with these cold dinners.

But the fellow at the door proved to be a lady, and Mrs. Dobb had the delightful task of waiting on her. I ate my dinner with unwonted gusto, and listened in a calm frame of mind to the conversation that took place in the next room.

"I thought I would come and see you, as I am desirous of securing a quiet boarding-place" came to my ears in a sweet, feminine voice.

"I did not wish a lady boarder," said my wife.

"How unfortunate!"

"They are so much more difficult to please than gentlemen, usually."

"I am *so* sorry! I liked the appearance of the neighborhood so much; and if you will pardon me, I like your looks so well, too, now that I have met you, I am sure I should love you."

An awkward pause.

"Have you children?" the sweet voice went on.

"We have four," said my wife.

"I do love children so much! I have one—in heaven."

Ah, thought I, that's a telling blow!

"You are a widow lady, then?" said Mrs. Dobb.

"Yes, ma'am; I have been alone for three years. Oh, if you knew what it was to be without a pleasant home you would pity me. I am sick to death of boarding-houses. My feelings are all domestic; but in boarding-houses there is no domestic circle."

"Perhaps—ah—I don't know—" stammered my wife; "would you like to see the room?"

"Oh, may I? You are too kind."

Then they went up stairs.

A fascinating young widow, eh? Here was an enemy to my wife's resolutions indeed!

They were up stairs a long time, I thought. But at last they came down and I heard the lady go out. I left the table and ran to look out the window, napkin in hand. There were the weeds inclosing a dainty little figure; and the widow turned her face and looked up at the house.

I recognized the face. *Ohe, jam satis!*

"Have you engaged the lady?" I inquired, as I returned to the table.

"I have, Mr. Dobb," said my wife.

"You like her then?"

"Yes; she is a perfect lady."

"You really think so?"

"Think so? I know so. You men are always boasting about your ability at reading character, and perhaps in general you may be our superiors that way; but let me tell you that when I have once been favorably impressed with a person I am never disappointed in my judgment."

"Thank you."

"I don't refer to you, my dear. You are an exception."

"And so you like her?"

"I told you I did."

"What were you doing up stairs so long?"

"Oh, I showed her all the chambers. She was so glad to find my chamber was next hers, where she could come when she wanted a quiet chat with me away from the rest of the family—meaning you."

"Then you liked her, eh?"

"James, what do you mean? I told you I liked her."

"How do you like your cold dinner, my dear?"

"I don't lose my temper over it, at least. But I want to know what you mean by asking me a dozen times over whether I liked her."

"Oh, nothing; only, I know her."

"You know her?"

"By reputation."

"Now, James, what *do* you mean? If you know any thing about that lady I wish you would tell me."

"Did you ask her name?"

"Yes; her name is Mrs. Wellington."

"No it isn't."

"It isn't?"

"Not any."

"Then what is her name?"

"You have heard of Belle Burns?"

"What—the woman who was arrested for poisoning her husband?"

"And got off through a legal technicality. Yes."

"Well, what of her?"

"Why, you've taken her to board, that's all. When is she coming?"

"James, are you making sport of me?"

"Not in the least, my dear. That woman who just left the house is Madame Belle Burns. When does she come?"

"What a question! You know of course she can't come at all if it's her."

"But you like her so well."

"James—"

"And you are never deceived in your estimate of character."

"James, you might be more generous than to crack disgusting jokes on such a subject."

"Well, then, I won't, my dear. But I'll tell you what it is: I think we had better give up the idea of taking a boarder; we seem to have poor success. I have had three very unsatisfactory specimens of the genus to deal with, and you have had one as bad as my three, and I don't find that we get any thing but cold dinners for our pains. I think we'll give up the enterprise altogether."

My wife has never talked about taking a boarder since then, and I don't suppose she ever will again as long as she lives.

A SOUTHERNER'S COURTSHIP.

"THERE is no mistake about it: I'm a Northerner myself, and as proud of my section as any man of them all; but the fact is unquestionable, beyond controversy, that Southern men are more generally brave, chivalrous, generous than Northern men."

What eyes Georgia Sterne had as she looked at the speaker! Her lids fell, but her lip was slightly curled. She waited silently to hear what Auguste Trevanion would reply to such a speech as this.

Auguste Trevanion was a young and handsome man, of distinguished personal appearance, a Southerner by birth, professedly Union in sentiment, having escaped to the North but a few weeks before, at some peril of life and limb; and still more recently, from the hour in which they had first met, an utterly charmed votary at the shrine of Georgia Sterne, who had regarded him with seeming favor.

It came very soon—Auguste Trevanion's reply—from amidst the chatter and small-talk which his companion's remark had elicited from the ladies, save Georgia:

"I think you are right, Sir," he said, loftily. "We are a brave and chivalrous people. You will find among us none of this petty smallness so common at the North. I am a Union man, of course; I think I have proved myself that; but I blame the North so much for the course they have pursued in this matter, I consider my own people so aggravated and forced into this war, that for the life of me I can't help being glad when I hear of victory for the South and defeat for the North."

Georgia Sterne's drooping lids quivered, and across the colorlessness of her cheek shot an arrowy flush, hot and red, as though it had been branded there. But this complaisant Trevanion did not see it. He had forgotten Miss Sterne for the moment.

"I wonder if there would be such a thing as getting South for a few weeks," said young Tracy, the gentleman who had first spoken. "I have really been thinking of making the attempt."

"It would be a very fool-hardy attempt indeed," said Trevanion, superbly.

"How?"

"I wouldn't give that for your life when you got there," with a snap of his fingers.

"Ah, yes, I suppose it is dangerous for a Northern man to go among them."

"Certainly it is, and with good reason. They hate every thing Northern so that the chances are a thousand to one that the first words you uttered on Southern soil would be the signal for putting a rope round your neck and suspending you to the nearest tree. Miss Sterne, I beg your pardon. This is not talk for ladies' ears."

Georgia had risen, her face very pale, save for the small spot of color that glowed redly on either

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cheek. She leaned with both hands clasped upon the back of the seat in which she had been sitting, and made a slightly impatient movement of her whole person when Trevanion spoke. She looked at him with a kind of shuddering impatience, controlled, but none the less evident, while she said:

"And you call that a brave, chivalrous, and generous people!"

Trevanion colored.

"But remember the aggravation, Miss Sterne. For years, now, these ignorant Yankees—"

He paused, coloring more deeply than before. He remembered that Miss Sterne claimed Connecticut as her birth-place. Into that awkward silence Georgia dropped these words:

"For years, now, this brave and chivalrous people have been committing the most cold-blooded murders upon men whose only offense was that they were strangers, alien to the chivalrous soil that held such greed for their life. I know that the pretense was that they were meddling with slave property; but in most cases there was no proof even of that. Pray do not interrupt me. I have lived South, or rather visited there, much. I know with the utmost certainty that these things occurred. There are clouds of witnesses to these murderous facts. I can cite proof of one from your own lips. I see you have not forgotten that poor young man who was taken from your very side as you were escaping North—taken to a death that he as little deserved as you. Pray, Mr. Trevanion, why did you leave this brave and chivalrous people to cast your lot among such as us? If your heart is with your brave Southern friends, if you rejoice in the triumph of their arms and the defeat of ours, pray, Sir, how does it happen that you are not in their ranks, fighting shoulder to shoulder with them in the cause for which you have such strong sympathies? I am only a woman, but even I would scorn to accept the protection of a Government that I felt such enmity toward as you do toward this, to which you have nevertheless fled for refuge."

Auguste Trevanion made a faint effort at first to smile and treat the matter lightly, but it was impossible to do that under the flash of Georgia's eyes. He dropped his forehead upon his hand to hide the expressiveness of his white face. Her speech, falling even from the lips of Georgia Sterne—and he alone knew what she was to him—angered him terribly, and perhaps all the more from its pertinency and truth, which, while he was not cool enough to admit, yet stung him to the quick.

Georgia gave a sweeping glance to the rest—they understood its condemnation of their spiritlessness—and taking her hat from a branch where it swung, she parted with her hand the green clusters that drooped almost to the ground, and left the party to recover from their amazement and consternation as best they might.

Pretty Mrs. Lennox was the first to recover her senses, asserting, with a flirt of her plumy fan, that "Georgia Sterne always was a little fanatic."

The rest put in their word presently, all but Trevanion. He sat silent for a little, and then, as though companionship were utterly unendurable, rose, and, with briefest apology, left them.

With his hat low crowded upon his brows he walked away, wandering on aimlessly, companioned by such thoughts as were natural under the circumstances.

Angry thoughts were for some time the most prominent—angry because of *what* Georgia had said, and because *she* had said it—angrier through his vanity.

But as he walked and as he thought a cooler mood came upon him. It was impossible to resist the soothing influences of silence and cool airs about him, and that memory, of how superbly beautiful Georgia had looked, while she said even those stinging words, added its fascination to the rest.

Trevanion was not insensible to the nature of the circumstances which surrounded him. Though he had been unconscious of it at the time, more truth had flashed into his brain from the honest, indignant outspokenness of Georgia Sterne than had *ever* smote him from the gaping accursedness of the facts themselves, which *had* faced him at home—that brave and chivalrous home which he had been vaunting a little before.

How his cheek reddened as he remembered, with sudden appalling, how true a truth the girl had smitten him with! *Was* it true? He *did* remember; the young man of whom she had spoken had been his companion in that attempt to escape, in which one had succeeded and the other had not. They had, though traveling together, agreed mutually not to recognize each other. His friend had been a Northern man; and a careless, too eager word had brought the blood-hounds upon him. They fell upon him savagely, and unjudged, unjuried, sent him to a violent death. Trevanion knew that, and yet only a little time before had been talking about *chivalry*. Was there any chivalry in such a deed as that? Was there any thing but the rankest, and most brutal cowardice in many another similar deed that had come to his consciousness nearly or remote?

He looked at himself suddenly like a man who had been up to that moment clothed in and hugging to him the cerements of the grave.

True, it had been only the fling of white fingers, the flash of a pair of eyes, musical scorn and indignation from the lips of a girl—a Yankee girl too—that had brought this truth home to him; but white fingers, lips, and eyes had not their equal in all Auguste Trevanion's consciousness.

And just then he lifted his eyes and saw, but a little in advance of him, Georgia Sterne herself. Had she seen him? Was she conscious that he was so near her? Would she, if he accosted her now, turn upon him such scornful flashes as she had a while before? Why not? What was he more or less now than then? While he hesitated she turned and saw him.

And then, while she hesitated an instant, from some impulse born of the moment Auguste Trevanion advanced toward her, and extending his hand, said,

"Surely we are friends still, Miss Sterne?"

She did not refuse her hand, but she gave it doubtingly, and with no smiles breaking the grave lines about her mouth.

"Surely you would not break friendship with a man for his opinion?" he repeated, seeing that she did not speak.

At that her hand dropped away from his, and she said, with the faintest of smiles,

"Holding such opinions as you and I do, how *could* we be friends? Do you know, Sir"—and she grew grave as death again—"that the only brother I had in the world died at the hands of this brave and chivalrous people—was set upon, as your friend was, and slain in the same cowardly manner? I can not be friends with any man who claims the authors of such deeds as brave and chivalrous."

She was turning away when he stepped before her: "But I love you, Miss Sterne!" and stood palely regarding her.

She was pale too—paler, if possible, when he said that—and she shrank a little. The next instant, however, she said, "I am very sorry, Sir!" and turning quite away from him, walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

Trevanion stood looking after her till she had passed from view, and then, replacing the hat he had been holding in his hand till now, he said to himself,

"I am man enough not to blame you, Georgia Sterne; and if you and I ever meet again this side eternity it shall be upon far different terms than those upon which we have parted."

From the ranks of the gay traveling party of which Georgia Sterne was a member suddenly disappeared Auguste Trevanion. There was some wondering as to what had become of him, but Georgia never wondered, or grew any thing but whiter-faced when he was spoken of. She withdrew herself presently, upon some excuse, and, returning home, spent in quiet and seclusion the remainder of the season. Quiet, do I say? Seclusion, indeed, compared to the gay life she had been leading, but not so quiet a life. She was the central and animating spirit of many a patriotic and efficient effort for the encouragement and comfort of the country's brave defenders.

But all the time she grew graver and more quiet in herself; thoughtful and subdued in manner, as one smitten into a melancholy that forbade smiling.

She stood alone in her own sitting-room one evening, several months after that meeting and parting with Auguste Trevanion, when a servant entered and gave her a card bearing his name. For almost the first time in months a faint color flitted over Georgia's pale face as she read his name. She went down to see him quietly enough—so quietly, indeed, as to disappoint him somewhat. Very few men suspect how much emotion sometimes underlies a woman's outward calm; and he had expected, perhaps, that the woman to whom he had sometimes said "I love you," would have for him some consciousness, some—any thing rather than this cool tranquillity that kept him at such distance when he had so much that he wished to say to her.

He had come to her upon a special errand. He had meant to introduce it to her differently, but it was impossible to give it the introduction he had hoped for while she so completely daunted him with her superb distance; so he said, simply,

"You will pardon this intrusion, Miss Sterne, when you know the errand upon which I come. I have seen a gentleman who was acquainted with your brother in Richmond—" She started a little, but did not speak, and he went on: "He did not die at the time you supposed he did. This gentleman was with him in the Libey Prison some weeks."

"Where is this gentleman? Why did he not come and see me himself?" exclaimed Georgia, her tears starting.

"He did: I am he."

"You?"

"I am he."

"But how came you in the Libey Prison? And poor Frank was taken by those ruffians nearly two years ago! I don't understand you, Mr. Trevanion."

"Frank did not die at the time you supposed. He was living an inmate of the Libey Prison at the same time with myself, about one month ago."

"One month ago!" starting from her seat, and looking at him reproachfully. "Don't trifle with me, Mr. Trevanion!"

"I am not. Solemnly, I saw your brother, Frank Aldrich Sterne, alive and well one month ago."

She was trembling and pale, but she did not look like fainting. Extending her hands to him, she said, simply, "Pity me, and spare me farther suspense! You have more to tell. I can bear it—tell me at once."

"Can you bear it?" not noticing the hands she extended to him, and looking at her keenly. "Can you bear to hear that he is alive and well now?—that he is *now* waiting at the hotel, but a few steps from here—waiting till I have prepared you for this news of his life—?"

"I couldn't wait any longer, Auguste!" And Frank Sterne, having listened outside long enough to ascertain that the shock to Georgia was not likely to be fatal, sprung through the low window, and clasped his sister in his arms.

"I didn't believe any of the time that you'd take the news hardly," said Frank, presently, laughing and shaking the tears out of his eyes; "but Auguste here would have it that you must be duly prepared for the reception of such news—eh, Auguste?" But Auguste had vanished from the room, and after staring blankly enough through the window at his receding form, Frank said,

"Splendid fellow that, Georgia! I must go and bring him back presently. I should have died if it hadn't been for him. The ruffians had banged me about till I was dying of sheer weariness of life, when Trevanion was brought in prisoner where I was. He nursed me, and scolded and cajoled me, till I took heart again, and we got away together. All the way he bore the brunt of every thing, till he brought me here. And, by-the-way, he says that he was rank secesh till he met you last summer, and you put the truth into him so sharply that he went right away and enlisted as a private in a Northern regiment. A fellow who was in the same company told me that he never saw such fight as there was in Trevanion. If you had any influence, as he says, in bringing him over to the right side, Georgia, you may think you've gained the country something worth having, for he's a man, every inch of him, and that's what can't be said of all those Southerners by a great deal."

It was dusk when Trevanion came back with Frank. Frank sent him into the parlor alone.

Miss Sterne stood by the window when Auguste entered. She advanced to meet him, a flush on her cheek, but otherwise apparently calm, and extending her hand. He took it.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Georgia?" he said, holding it in both his.

Her eyes drooped away from his suddenly, but she did not withdraw her hand. Indeed, she could not, he was holding it so closely in his.

"May I have this hand, Georgia? May I try to teach you to love me?"

He had to bend his head to catch her answer, it was so low.

"I have always loved you, Auguste."

PARTING.

O BROOK, be still! O gentle South,
Thy kisses cease among the noisy leaves,
And only kiss my burning mouth!

O Stars, make all your light to pour
On him whose love to me so fondly cleaves—
On him who comes, to come no more!

For now indeed I can not spare
His first least footsteps; and I fain would see
Far as I may how sad they fare.

Or shall I wish that unaware
He should come near and sweetly startle me,
His hand upon my arm?—'Tis there!

O Brook, flow on! O amorous South,
Kiss with a thousand kisses all the leaves!—
His kisses tremble on my mouth!

But ah, kind Stars, let not your light
Confuse the sweetness of my lover's eyes,
That bid farewell to mine to-night!—
Farewell! farewell to mine to-night!

"OVER THE WAY."

A CHILD'S STORY.

"Won't it ever be dinner-time, mother?"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy was very hungry; not hungry like you, little people, who have had warm bread and milk already this morning, but hungry, so that her little body was all one shiver under her thin frock. You see there had been no dinner-time yesterday, and only supper the day before. Now, her mother was stitching so busily that she had only a sentence—like a knot in her thread here and there—to give Lucy in reply to her questions and remarks—if she finished that pile of skirts neatly enough; and if the forewoman was neither busy nor cross, nor, as often happened, talking to the clerk, then she would be paid.

And all these "ifs" lay between Lucy and her dinner.

Poor little Lucy! she sat curled up in the window-seat to see the sunshine if she could not feel it; it shone on the other side of the way.

Over the way seemed to have fullness of riches; for, besides the sunshine, it had a baker's shop, where, an hour before, Lucy had watched the dinners go in to be baked. They had looked tempting then, but now, oh dear! Lucy watched them—soft, pale-brown batter puddings; crisp bursting potatoes, brown with gravy; and once, after a leg of pork, there came through the draughty window such a fragrance of onions as made the little watcher clasp her hands with a long "oh!" of pleasure and longing.

You may not agree with her as to the perfume of onions; but then, you see, Lucy's nose was not educated, only hungry, which is quite another thing.

By-and-by, it seemed that all the dinners had been fetched except one—that stood on the counter cooling rapidly.

"What could the people be about that belonged to it?"—not that it belonged to—Lucy's thoughts were hungry.

"Perhaps they've forgotten it; perhaps they're dead; then nobody'll have it; oh, what a pity!"

Lucy's last thought was so energetic that it jumped to her lips, but nobody answered. It was such a beautiful dinner; in spite of the shade of the shop, Lucy's far-sighted eyes could see that; a large round piece of beef, baked to a brownish red, and all round about it, and over and under it, just like things of no consequence, were those potatoes, and nobody came for all this.

"Mother! I don't believe it's wicked to steal!"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy's mother had been a Quakeress till she married, and was a good woman still, but it seemed to take all there was of her to keep Lucy alive at all, any sort of a child; and now, between work, and hunger, and cold, she was almost in a snow-sleep; so she never noticed Lucy get down off her perch and run into the street.

"I must smell it—I must smell it," said Lucy to herself, and she went and stood at the baker's door.

"I must just touch that warm dish," and Lucy went in. No one was in the shop, and there was one potato just on the edge of the dish.

"I'm sure it will fall over and be broke, and then somebody'll tread on it; such a pity!" This time Lucy's thoughts did not reach her lips, but something else did; that tempting potato, first one bite, then another; then it was all gone.

"Why, you little thief!" Lucy was sure it was a giant's voice, it sounded so high up, and so loud, after her mother's weak one; and, yes, that must be a giant's hand laid on her shoulder; but, of course, it wasn't a giant, you know; it was good Mrs. Bacon, the bakeress, who had more children than you could count when they were all running about, and who, if she had known how hungry Lucy was, would have given her, not somebody else's potato perhaps, but a bit of her own dinner; but, you see, she did not know, and that was the mischief.

"Speak, child," and Mrs. Bacon gave another shake; she thought Lucy was sulky, the one unpardonable sin among her own children; but between the food and the fright Lucy felt sick and dizzy, and hot and cold, until she could not understand herself, much less Mrs. Bacon.

"You evil little thing!" Another shake, and Lucy, feeling the world go round for the first time in her life, fell flat on the floor.

"Oh! goodness gracious, Bacon, I've been and killed a child!" It was quite consistent with the scene that "Bacon" should appear through a trap-door in the floor, as he did, all flour and astonishment, to find his wife with a little ragged girl in her lap.

"What on earth shall I do?"

"Put her in some warm water." Mrs. Bacon, who ruled the household generally, always obeyed her husband in troublous times; so, before long, Lucy woke up in water; it was queer, certainly, but on the whole satisfactory; and she was about to close her eyes again, just feeling the soft warm water lapping her limbs, when Mrs. Bacon said,

"Oh! do'ee wake up, there's a lamb, my pretty!" You see she had forgotten all about the "little thief" by now, and saw only a child like one of her own; but so thin! I rather think some of the warm water on Lucy's neck had salt in it.

"Do'ee wake up!" really it seemed worth while; the state of things was puzzling, but then it was scarcely needful to unpuzzle one's self, when the conundrum consisted of eyes, nose, ears, being greeted by a dancing fire, a smell of warm bread and things delicious, and a whispered order of "Porridge directly." The porridge came just as Lucy was dressed, first in her own things, which were clean enough, and then in a frock belonging to Polly Bacon, who came to gaze with admiring awe at a little girl hungry enough to eat porridge.

"Where do you live, little girl?" said Polly, thinking, perhaps, that porridge-liking might come under the manners and customs of some distant region.

"Over the way," said Lucy. Mrs. Bacon rather drew back; she remembered the potato for the first time. It is not exactly pleasant to have people with indistinct notions of the rights of property living "over the way."

"Well, I'll take you over." Just as they were crossing the road a wild-looking woman with a big bundle ran out of the house opposite, and Lucy, calling out "Mother, mother!" ran over and caught hold of her, just escaping a butcher's horse with no eyes to spare for little girls.

"That child will be dead before she's done with," said Mrs. Bacon.

"Let's speak to the mother," said Mrs. Bacon. So they went up to Lucy's mother, who was trembling and crying.

"Oh! Lucy, naughty girl, where have you been?"

"It's all right, ma'am," said Mrs. Bacon; "we'll see to her if you like, while you take home your work." Certainly, it was time the work went, so Lucy's mother had to go too, and her visitors followed Lucy up stairs to her apartment. Such a room—high up, and low, dark and unshaded, bare and crowded, it seemed wonderful how it could contrive to have so many contradictory qualities without one pleasant one. In all the course of two comfortable lives, the gazers had never seen such a room. Mrs. Bacon felt a strong desire to relieve herself by scolding somebody, but a lump in her throat cut short the speech, and made it the shortest, most grotesquely eloquent one she had ever made—just "Oh! Bacon," and she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"It's pitiful, isn't it, old woman? I'll run over for some firing," and he went, coming back so speedily that the fire was lit before Lucy knew what was going to happen. The chimney had been idle so long that it gave all the trouble it could, but when it was conquered the bright warm flames began to dance, and so did Lucy.

"Oh! what will mother say? there's a fire, there's a fire!" and she bent down her little body in front of it, spreading out her arms as if she could hug it, and repeating—

"Oh! there's a fire, what will mother say? it's so-o nice!" and what should Lucy do but fall fast asleep with her hands clasped like a child in a picture with angels watching her.

By-and-by Lucy's mother came back to find, not only the fire, but on it a pot of Irish stew.

"Lucy, Lucy, wake up, child; what's happened?"

"Oh! I don't know, mother; it's all beautiful; but I don't know any thing," which was about true; her little life had run on so fast that she had got behind it somehow. But they were both too hungry to do any thing but eat, with food at hand, so the question was "laid on the table" as they say in Congress. Just as dinner was done, Mrs. Bacon came in and had such a long talk with Lucy's mother that the little one forgot to listen until she heard—

"Well, never go without a dinner again; with three of my children, just babies, I can always find you work."

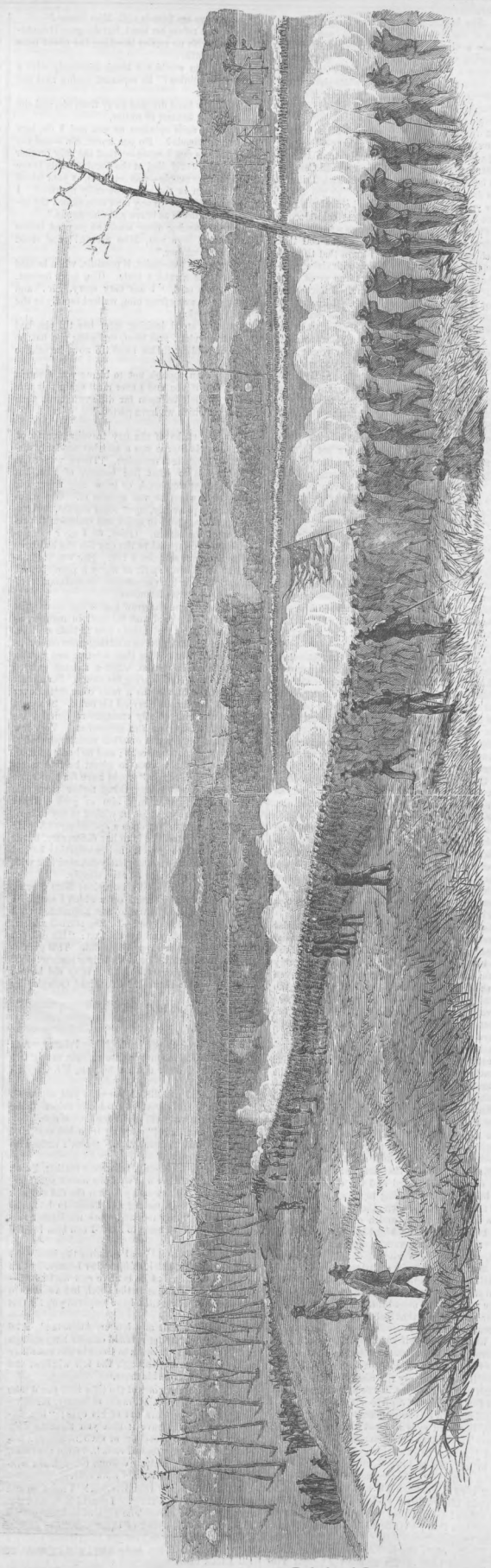
"Did you ever hear, ma'am, of the 'blessing of those ready to perish?' because you will have it to-night."

"I've had more blessings all my life than I ever deserved," said good Mrs. Bacon, with such a pleasant light in her motherly eyes, that I think, had you been there to see, you must have kissed her at the risk of flouring your face—some ladies do that less pleasantly. She kept her word. Lucy never went without dinner any more.

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND SWINGING AROUND KENESAW MOUNTAIN.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE REBEL CHARGE ON OUR RIGHT, NEAR MARIETTA, JUNE 22, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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CAPTAIN JOHN A. WINSLOW, OF THE "KEARSARGE."
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK, BOSTON.]



THE PIRATE RAPHAEL SEMMES.
[PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1863 BY A. DUPERTZ, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

On page 476 we give two sketches illustrating SHERMAN'S movements to the right of Kenesaw Mountain. One of these, representing the REBEL CHARGE ON OUR RIGHT NEAR MARIETTA, relates to the battle of Culp's Farm, four miles west of Marietta, June 22. SCHOFIELD held the extreme right; on his left, HOOKER commanded the Marietta Road; HOWARD held the centre; and PALMER and M'PHERSON extended the Federal lines to Brush Mountain, on the railroad. Nearly all day the rebels engaged HOWARD, to divert attention from the right, where they were massing troops on the Marietta Road against HOOKER. A furious attack was made at this point at five P.M. The following troops were engaged: WILLIAMS'S division on the right, GEARY'S in the centre, and BUTTERFIELD'S on the left: General KNIPE'S and RUGER'S brigades formed a second line on the right. An attempt was made to flank HOOKER'S right, but this was prevented by the Fourteenth Kentucky, from SCHOFIELD'S corps. Soon SCHOFIELD'S main body pressed up, and the rebels were driven in great disorder.

The other cut shows the ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND SWINGING AROUND THE KENESAW MOUNTAIN on the right, in order to flank the position.

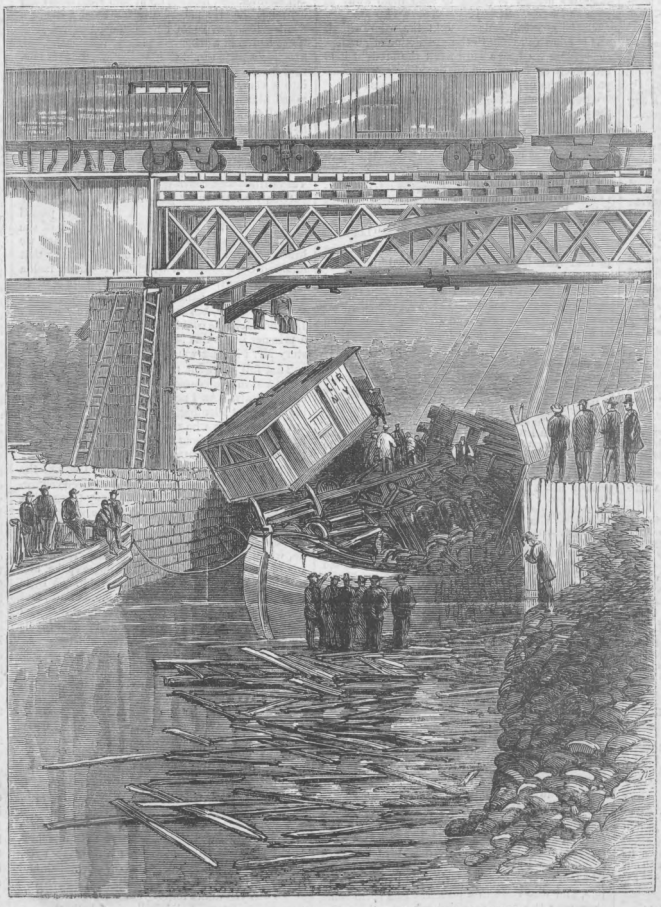
The Kenesaw Mountain has two elevations, one about 900 and the other 800 feet high. The base of the mountain extends about four miles from east to west.

CAPTAIN WINSLOW AND THE PIRATE SEMMES.

On this page we give the portraits of Captain JOHN A. WINSLOW, of the *Kearsarge*, and of Captain RAPHAEL SEMMES, late of the *Alabama*. The portrait of the latter is from a photograph taken by A. DUPERTZ, in Jamaica, January, 1863.

Captain WINSLOW was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1811. His father was a Northerner, descended from the old Plymouth stock of WINSLOWS; his mother was a Southerner. He was educated at Dedham, Massachusetts, and entered the navy as midshipman at the age of fourteen. DANIEL WEBSTER secured for him this position. His family reside at Roxbury, near Boston. He was placed in command of the *Kearsarge* as soon as that vessel arrived off the European coast. Before his conflict with the *Alabama* he had some apprehensions, and repeatedly advised the Naval Department to increase the force off Cherbourg, but said he would do the best he could. Upon the receipt of a vote of thanks from Congress he will be made a Commodore.

Captain RAPHAEL SEMMES, formerly an officer of our navy, was, early in the war, appointed by the rebel Government to take command of the *Sumter*, which ran out of New Orleans in July, 1861. This vessel, after burning several prizes, reached Cadiz the following February. Here she was blockaded by the *Tuscarora*, until SEMMES, despairing of escape, sold her. When the *Alabama* had managed to escape from England SEMMES became her captain. He held this position nearly two years, capturing and burning American vessels, until at last, blocked in at Cherbourg, as the *Sumter* had been at Cadiz, the *Alabama* came out and fought the *Kearsarge* and was sunk.



THE GREAT RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. BAZINET & CO., MONTREAL.]

THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY DISASTER IN CANADA.

IT is not often that we have to record a disaster more affecting than that which happened to the German emigrant train on the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada at the end of June, and which is illustrated on this page, from a photograph sent us by A. BAZINET & Co., of Montreal. The accident happened near Montreal, at Belœil Bridge. The passengers consisted mostly of emigrants from Bohemia, Poland, Saxony, Sweden, and Norway, five hundred and thirty souls in all, who had just arrived from Hamburg in the *Neckar*, which sailed from that port May 18. Some of them intended to settle in Upper Canada, and others in the United States. They presented a very respectable appearance; for the most part they were grouped in families, there being but few single men in the company; and generally they appeared to be well provided with means. Fortunately eighty were compelled to remain behind at Quebec, because they had *not* means. Altogether, there were eight hundred and thirty-five that took the train from Point Levi. It was a night-train, and the night was clear and pleasant. When the train reached the bridge, at 1.15 A.M., the draw was open to allow some barges to pass through to Lake Champlain. The usual red danger-light was burning, and could be seen at a distance of 540 yards. The signal was not regarded, and the train rushed on, falling into the river 40 feet, car after car, on the deck of one of the barges. First came the locomotive, sinking the barge, then the tender, capsizing upon the locomotive, followed by the baggage-car, which fell flat into the draw. Above all these, in the most utter confusion, came the passenger-cars. Only one of these was fitted with seats, and was curiously delivered on top of the barge's deck, having pretty effectually shaken up its inmates. The other cars were piled one above another, crushed into an indiscriminate mass of splinters and iron; the car-wheels, the bundles of the passengers, and their bruised bodies, were not huddled together, but mixed up, confused with one another. One hundred were wounded and ninety were killed. The removal of the débris, says the Montreal *Gazette*, "revealed a

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horrible sight. A shapeless blue mass of heads and hands and feet protruded among the splinters and frame-work, and gradually resolved itself into a closely-packed mass of human beings, all ragged and bloody, and dented from crown to foot with blue bruises and wheels and cuts inflicted by the ponderous iron-work, the splinters, and the enormous weight of the train." It was impossible to identify the dead or to discover their names. The engine-driver, WILLIAM BARNEY, is held responsible for the disaster.

MAY 6, 1864.

How beautiful was earth that day!
The far blue sky had not a cloud;
The river rippled on its way,
Singing sweet songs aloud.

And I? My heart was calmly blest.
I knew afar the war-cloud rolled
Lurid and dark, in fierce unrest,
Laden with woes untold.

But on that day my fears were stilled;
The very air I breathed was joy;
The rest and peace my soul that filled
Had nothing of alloy.

I took the flower he loved the best—
The arbutus—fairest child of May—
And with its perfume half oppressed,
Twined many a lovely spray

About his picture on the wall;
His eyes were on me all the while,
And when I had arranged them all,
I thought he seemed to smile.

O Christ, be pitiful! That hour
Saw him fall bleeding on the sod;
And while I toyed with wreath and flower
His soul went up to God!

For him one pang—and then a crown;
For him the laurels heroes wear;
For him a name whose long renown
Ages shall onward bear.

For me the cross without the crown,
For me the drear and lonely life;
O God! *my* sun, not *his*, went down
On that red field of strife.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—There is no place like Home. Fallacious. If your home be in a row of houses it is probable that the homes of your neighbors will be very like yours.

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

"You look as if you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fellow who stood by a donkey.

"I am a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

One evening the late Bishop of London was to have dined with a party where Sydney Smith was a guest. Just before dinner a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his engagement, a dog having rushed out from the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When this note was read aloud to the company, Sydney Smith's comment was, "I should like to hear the dog's account of the story."

"My dear doctor," said an Irishman, "it's no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be 'felt,'" replied the youthful wit.

A thief, who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excused himself on the plea that he only went to take tea.

In a French translation of Shakespeare, the passage—"Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady!"

One person asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits? "No!" was the reply; "but I believe in their disappearance. I have missed a bottle of brandy since last night."

What is that which destroys a town and makes a martyr?—Canonization.

Some time since a man in Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the court-house for a license. "What is it?" asked the judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

Mrs. Partington says she can't perceive why people nowadays are continually getting up so many new spangled notions. Digby, who was present, wished to know to what she particularly alluded. The old lady laid down the newspaper she was reading, and gravely replied: "Why, la! I see they have got to making 'trout preserves,' jest as though people didn't have enough things to make preserves without making 'em of fish."

FAITH AND HONEY.—Why is faith like honey?—Because it consists of *bee-lauvings*.

"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conundersum? Suppose I gib you a bottle of whisky corked—shut wid a cork—how would you get de whisky out without pullin' de cork or breaking de bottle?" "I gibs dat up." "Why push de cork in—yah! yah!"

A QUESTION FOR MR. GOUGH.—May a "reformed drunkard" be designated "a man convinced against his *swill*?"

A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but is unsullied by them. So it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that he always takes "note even of a straw"—especially if there's a sherry-cobbler at the end of it.

The lady whose "peace of mind" was broken intends to have it repaired.

An enterprising but ignorant South American has sent to an Albany locomotive-shop for one hundred "cow-catchers." He expects to use them in taking wild cattle on the plains of Paraguay, in place of the lasso.

A young lady who is a zealous canvasser in support of the Free Presbyterian Church, called upon a poor man in the links of Kirkaldy to solicit his mite, and, after in vain trying her ingenuity to find some means by which he might save a penny a week, to be given for the support of the minister, who was about to be driven from his kirk by the vile Erastians, she asked, "Do you shave yourself?" "Nae, mem." "How much does your shaving cost you?" "Tippence a week." "Could you not learn to shave yourself, and then you would save the two-pence, which you might give to the sustentation fund?" "Deed, mem, I'm ower auld to learn, but I'll tell ye what I'll do: if your minister will come and shave me, I'll gie him the tippence."

A convict was lately tracked into the service of a young married couple in England, where he was officiating as a very pretty lady's maid, and had been doing all the duties of his role for three months. The horror of the young married lady, and still more of the husband, may be imagined, when the police said: "That young woman is the man we want."

A physician, passing by a stone-mason's shop, bawled out, "Good-morning, Mr. D——! Hard at work, I see. You finish your grave-stones as far as 'in the memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's sick, and *you* are doctoring him; then I *keep right on*."

Tom bought a gallon of gin to take home; and, by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along, and observing the jug, quietly remarked: "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why?" said Tom. "Because somebody might come along with the *eight* of clubs and take it!"

A man said the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was, because there was a *heavy mortgage* on it.

A celebrated quack, while holding forth on a stage of Chelmsford, in order to promote the sale of his medicine, told the people that he came there for their good, and not for want. And then addressing his Merry Andrew, "Andrew," said he, "do we come here *for want?*" "No faith, Sir," replied Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

"We don't sell spirits," said a law-evading beer-seller; "we will give you a glass; and then, if you want a biscuit, we'll sell it to you for three ha'pence." The "good creature" was handed down, a stiff glass swallowed, and the landlord handed his customer a biscuit. "Well, no, I think not," said the customer; "you sell 'em too dear. I can get five or six of 'em for a penny any where else."

LULA'S LETTER.

A CHILD'S STORY.

"MAMMA," said my little daughter, "may I write a letter to a soldier? All the girls have."

"Write a letter to a soldier, my child?"

"Yes, mamma. Maggie and Mary have written theirs and put them in the comfort bags, and we think the soldiers will be so pleased to find a letter. We sewed all yesterday afternoon, and Maggie's mother is going to send them away as soon as I write. May I?"

Leave granted, Lula brought the wherewithal, and sat down gravely to the production of an epistle. After an hour's hard work she brought it to me, nicely copied for the final reading. The composition was unassisted, and ran as follows:

"DEAR SOLDIER,—We have all been making things for the soldiers, and I send this comfort bag to you. I hope it will be very useful. How queer it must look to see a man sewing; but I suppose it must be done when there are no women. I think it is very good of you to fight for the country, and I love you very much for it. It must be dreadful to get wounded so far away from home. I hope God will take care of you, and bring you safe home to your friends. I must stop now. Please answer this letter, for I want to know who gets the bag. My papa is Mr. George Nelson, Brooklyn, New York. You must direct to his care. Your affectionate little friend,

"LULA."

After the bags had gone Lula became impatient to hear from her soldier, as she called him. But many a long week went by, and the child had ceased to talk of it, when her father came in to dinner with the long-expected document. I, with the faithlessness of middle-age, was surprised that it should come at all; but Lula was in ecstasies. The impatient fingers tore open the envelope, and coming to me we read it together:

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND"—thus the letter began—"I have just finished your sweet note, and as you ask for a reply you shall have it at length. Accept my thanks for your gift. Bless the little fingers that made the bag, bless the warm heart that felt for the soldier and wished to write him a letter. It was the first one I had received for sixteen months. My dear little sister Lottie used to send me a packet every week. She was my only correspondent, and when she died I thought I had lost every thing. But I had my father. He was captain of the company in which I was, and am, a private. We were together a year; and then, little one, in the battle of Cedar Mountain, I saw him fall. I could not go to him. The thought of him lying behind me made me fight like a fiend. After the battle ended, and the noise of the guns, the trampling of horses, the rattle of artillery had died away, the night became as still as it is in the country after the cows are milked and the crickets begin their sad cry. Then I could look for my father. I found him at last. Near the place where he fell grew an old pine-tree, torn by shells, but a few limp branches yet left. At its foot I dug a grave with my bayonet. There I left him sleeping his long sleep, with the sod of Virginia over him. Forgive me for writing you so dismal a story. I could not help it; for since that awful night I have not spoken of what occurred, and I have been longing to tell somebody. So you see what your note has done to comfort me. I am now going to mend my stockings with the help of the 'comfort bag.' The holes I have to sew up would make you open your eyes. I hope your father will allow you to write to me again. I inclose an envelope addressed, that you can use when you wish to do another kind action. I have the honor to be

"Very respectfully yours,

"DANIEL P. FLEMING."

Lula wrote a longer letter next time, telling of her papa, and mamma, and brother Johnnie; how she went to school where there was a funny master, who pretended to be cross, and was not; how she, aiding her playmates, bought for him a fine ruler as a present, and placed it, with a note, on his table on April-Fool's Day. Even about her Java sparrow the little pen discoursed, her dear J. S., who wore a white standing-collar like old Mr. Waters, and who slept in a basket. She spent some time over the epistle, spilled ink over the table-cover, and double-dyed her fingers. But she sent off a cheery letter, and not a word of mine discouraged her. In due time Mr. Fleming answered, and the correspondence went on all winter. I liked his letters very much; as well as Lula did, which is saying a great deal for them. He remembered he was writing to a child, and while he interested her our feelings were excited by his simple relations. When Christmas approached Lula wished to send him a box.

"I think I ought, mamma; he is my soldier, and has nobody else to think of him."

I gave her permission, but offered no assistance, wishing to see how she would manage. She begged a soap-box of the cook, and Johnnie helped her line it with paper. Grandma was now besieged with requests for a pair or two of the blue stockings she was constantly knitting. They begged me to make a plum-cake, and papa gave a bottle of wine. The children bought nuts and candy; and Lula, after an anxious talk with me, sent, as her own particular gift, pocket-handkerchiefs marked with his name—"D. P. Fleming." Papa having suggested something to read, Johnnie brought his favorite books, Arabian Nights and Pilgrim's Progress, and could with difficulty be persuaded to substitute Harper's Magazines.

The acknowledgment of the box was a grateful letter that more than repaid us. Lula was specially delighted, because Mr. Fleming confessed to a weakness for candy, and her father had laughed at her for sending bonbons to a soldier. There was a note to Mr. Nelson, in which Mr. Fleming said he was to have a furlough, with the rest of the regiment, before re-enlisting for the war. He begged permission to see Lula. Mr. Nelson immediately wrote for him to come. But we did not tell Lula, to save her the excitement and fretting of expectation. About two weeks afterward I was reading in my room when Lula flew in.

"Mamma," said she, "there is a soldier down stairs asking for you!" And she hid her face in my dress and began to tremble.

The servant brought in his card.

"Don't you wish to see Mr. Fleming, Lula?"

"No, no!" she sobbed.

"I am going down, and will send Margaret up for you. You may be disappointed in him, Lula; but remember, he is fighting our battles for us; he is a soldier, and as such deserves comfort and kindness. Expect nothing, but come down quietly when I send for you."

I owned to a little trepidation myself: a glance dispelled it. He was a tall, robust young man—almost handsome. His voice trembled a little as he responded to my welcome, and told me he could never tell all our goodness had done for him. Lula's letter came when he felt forsaken—desperate—and saved him. His regard for her seemed a kind of reverence. While he was talking I saw Lula peeping in at the other end of the drawing-room, and I called her. At that name he rose, dropped the cap he held, and went forward to meet her. She was blushing like a peony—an old-fashioned red one—but smiling, and looking up at him from under her long lashes. He offered her his hand without a word. Lula gave him hers, when he kissed it as if she had been a princess and he of the blood-royal. She was a little afraid of him at first; but all shyness wore off when Johnnie came home, and went into a complete state of admiration. Mr. Nelson asked him to stay with us during his leave, and I was afterward very glad he did so, for that week gave me thorough knowledge of him, and when he left us I loved him as if he had been one of mine.

For a long time after Mr. Fleming's departure Johnnie and Lula played army plays exclusively. They drilled with canes, got up camp suppers, fought battles, were taken by guerrillas—embodiments of the stories of their friend. A few letters passed between us, for I now undertook the bulk of the correspondence; then the campaign began, and we heard nothing. I was sure, from the silence that followed Gettysburg, in which his regiment took a prominent part, that something had happened to him. Mr. Nelson vainly inquired. He was thought to be a prisoner, but it was not positively known. Lula and Johnnie could not realize our fears. To be a prisoner was a fine thing in their eyes. What a story Mr. Fleming would have to tell them!

That fall we went to Baltimore to visit an old aunt, and in the course of our stay we went to see the hospitals. As I never lost any chance of hearing of the lost Fleming, I told his story to the pleasant young nurse who walked about with us. She had been to the front, in the very first rank of those who went to care for the wounded.

There was a Captain Fleming ill in one of the wards, dying of the wounds received at Gettysburg. She did not know his first name, or any thing about him, except that he had no friends to whom news of his condition could be sent. I asked her to point him out, for a misgiving seized me. Surely it was he, white and changed. I drew back, fearing he would see me too suddenly. The nurse spoke, and told him some one had come to see him. A little color flashed into his face as I came forward, and the poor fellow turned his face into the pillow and sobbed. I cried too. "Why didn't you let us know where you were?" I asked at last.

"I did," said he; "but my letters had been unanswered for so long that I thought perhaps you had done enough for me, so I wrote no more. Isn't Lula here?"

"You shall see her to-morrow. When you are a little stronger, and can be moved, you must come to us. We will nurse you well again."

"I shall soon be well enough to be moved," said he, with a melancholy significance, "but not to your house, dear lady. Do you think Lula will know me? I hope she will not be afraid again. You will bring her to-morrow?"

I promised—and the next day we came. Lula knew he was very ill, but she was not quite prepared for the white face, the great black eyes, with their eager, intense glance. He smiled, and motioned her to come near him.

"Then you didn't forget your soldier after all."

"Oh, I didn't—I didn't!" And both the soft arms went round his neck. "Can't you get up, poor Mr. Fleming?"

"Do you know," said he, holding her to him with his little strength, "they have made me a shameless daughter and recreant son-in-law ate, captain, and given me a sword? Lula, I must give it to you with my own hands. I know you will keep it for my sake. If I never disgraced my office, never hesitated in my duty, never doubted in the cause at last, it was because I knew Lula loved me and believed in me. There it is. Will you bring it to me?"

Lula was greatly afraid of any weapon, I knew. I saw her pause and turn from him to the sword.

"It will not hurt you, my child," said I. "It is in its sheath."

So the dimpled, inexpert hands brought it to the bedside. He grasped it by the hilt, and held her hand with his there. A moment passed in silence. I thought he prayed.

"Now good-by, dear little one! When I get well I will come for the sword. Keep it for me. Will you kiss me, Lula?"

She stooped her pouting mouth to his, and then looking up to me, one arm hugging the fearful sword, held out the other hand to be led away. The soft eyes were full of awe. She did not cry, but sat very still in the carriage. When her father came in at night, and Lula tried to tell him every thing, she could not for her sobs.

The next day Mr. Nelson went with me to the hospital; but all was over. We told Lula that Mr. Fleming was well. God had taken him home to his mother and father.

A few days after my husband went to Washington and succeeded in seeing Fleming's colonel, who spoke of our soldier in unqualified praise.

"I gave him a sword," said he, "for he saved my life once that day. His bravery won him his shoulder-straps and—a grave. Proud fellow! he lay suffering in Baltimore, and would not let me know. I would have given all I own to have found him."

When we were once more at home her father hung the sword on the wall of Lula's room.

"My little girl must remember," said he, turning and seeing the tears running down her cheeks, "that Captain Fleming never failed in his duty, died in doing it. She must guard purely what he won bravely. A child may live the life of a soldier in its highest sense. Lula, may yours never dishonor the sword!"

A POOR CLERK'S STORY.

POOR, and in search of lodgings, I wandered into the humblest district of western London, and after some failures in my applications for a lodging, I lighted upon a fairly presentable house in a shambling sort of terrace, not very distant from the principal thoroughfare of that section of the town. I was admitted—after repeated knocks, and just as my patience was becoming exhausted—by an old woman of about sixty-five, though it is possible that she might have been prematurely aged by want and illness. When I inquired of the portress the terms of the lodgings, the poor old creature, who was shaking in voice and body from a sort of palsy, stammered out that she would call her daughter to answer my questions, but "would I please step inside a moment." I complied, and waited on the ragged mat in the dingy passage while the old woman hobbled and jerked herself down the stairs to the kitchen. I knew when she arrived at the door, for a dull sound of voices, which I had noticed upon entering, suddenly expanded into a confused roar, in which I detected both male and female laughter. The occupants of the kitchen, who were evidently carousing (though it was but three o'clock in the afternoon), seemed to me to greet the old woman with shouts of derision. Something hard was flung at her at her entrance, I am sure, for I heard her cry out in her quaky treble, and the missile, whatever it was, rolling upon the wooden floor. A great laugh was raised at this sally, after which I recognized the trembling old tones, declaring, I presume, the mission which had so unseasonably interrupted the mirth of the kitchen. There was a lull directly; and I shortly afterward heard a younger and lighter step ascending the staircase, and my landlady stood before me. She was a bold, sluttish-looking woman of about thirty, with a face which, though not positively ill-looking, was of a low stamp, and certainly unattractive. She instantly assumed a smirk and courtesy to the prospective lodger; but I perceived a trifling thickness of utterance, and a peculiar lack of lustre in her eyes, which were the outward and visible signs of excess. She excused herself for not waiting upon me immediately; but "it was all along of that stupid old woman-servant which she kept out of charity, tho', Heavin knew, she did nothing for the use of the house in return for all the eatin' and drinkin' which was provided," and so on. Abusing the wretched old woman, and denying in every word the fact that it was her mother of whom she spoke so evilly, the landlady preceded me to the "drawing-room floor," and threw open the door with a conscious pride. They were very inferior lodgings. I believe at any other time I should have incontinently left the spot; but something prompted me, and I agreed to lodge there for a month. I had become interested in spite of myself, and I was determined to know something more about my shaky old friend.

I had agreed upon taking the lodgings from the first of December till the New-Year's Day following; and on beginning my reign in my new quarters, I found the wisdom of hiring apartments of this sort weekly, a plan I ever adopted afterward. Nothing *could* have been more completely inconvenient as far as accommodation and attendance were concerned, and yet I staid, for I had already found an interest in the place. The shaky old woman was the servant-of-all-work, the factotum, the fag of the lodgings. Often I have myself relieved her of the breakfast-tray, when the cup and saucer and butter-boat and tea-pot have been trembling responsively, and the egg designed for my humble repast has been divorced from its cup and has been rolling wildly from side to side, like a barrel on deck in a storm. She cleaned the boots, she swept the stairs, answered the bell, fetched the beer (no sinecure), and performed, in short, every menial office, while her

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drank (and were drunk), and slept at ease, with all household burdens, save that light one of receiving the lodger's money, shifted from their young shoulders to her crazy care. After a due amount of patience on my part, I ventured to inquire of the old handmaid as to the *ménage* of the slipshod household.

"Why do *you* do all the work?" I said kindly to her one morning, after I had extricated my breakfast (at the expense of the egg) from entire dissolution at her hands. "It is too much for you."

To my surprise the poor old woman sat down on a chair and burst into tears. I was not a little astonished, but held my tongue till she had somewhat recovered, when I again remarked, "I'm afraid this is too much for you, day after day."

The old creature rose suddenly, and tottered to the door. "I humbly pray your pardon, Sir," she stammered. "I forgot myself. I've not been well lately, Sir, and the children have—"

"Stay," I said. "Shut the door, and tell me all about it. I am anxious to know all about *you*, and if I can do any thing—"

"Oh no, dear Sir," cried the poor old wretch, trembling with fear, in addition to her usual palsy. "Don't notice me, Sir, if you please; pray don't. If they were to know that I had been crying, or talking to you, they'd—" Here she paused, and looked nervously at the door.

"What would they do?" I asked.

"They'd beat me, Sir. *She* often does, if I forget any thing; and *he*, oh! he's awful—swearing, and flinging pewter pots at me. I was ill once for weeks from a blow he gave me."

"Why on earth do they ill-treat you?" I asked. "You do all the work, while they idle. There must be some other reason."

"Sir," said the old woman, with some pride in her voice—cracked, jerky, and feeble as it was—"I was once worth more than a thousand pounds—I mean when my husband died, and before *she* was married. I set them up, but they robbed me of all my money; and they know it, and keep me here, and hate and ill-treat me in consequence."

"Why do you stay?" I asked; but a moment after I was conscious of the folly of my question, as the old woman answered—

"Where could I go to, Sir?"

The simplicity and despair in this response convincing me that I should do no good by personally interfering in the domestic misunderstandings, I refrained from further questioning, and waited for some issue to this course of ill-treatment, when I might, though an outsider, be justified in stepping in as a check. It soon came. In the Christmas week the poor old mother took to her bed, thoroughly conquered by the hard weather and the increasing work. Every day I heard angry voices and curses through the thin wainscoting which separated my bedroom from the wretched old creature's sleeping den. A feeble squeaking was all that rough usage, neglect, or execration elicited. My blood used to blaze within me at the cowardice and the low triumph of that drunken and disreputable pair, who junketed while their mother was gasping for breath, or calling for common assistance. I did once forget my position, and attempted to expostulate with the daughter, my landlady, who came into my room, attended by a rumpled-haired child with a dirty face (which was a pretty likeness of her mother's), on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December.

Bedizened was the landlady and ribboned all over. Evidently she was bound upon a merry-making with friends that Christmas-eve; and I was so struck with the heartlessness of a daughter (who owed her fortunes, such as they were, to the poor woman starving and neglected in the next room) leaving a parent, dying perhaps, in the care of only a child of five years old, that I mildly reflected upon the remarks which the neighbors might make on the occasion. I was speedily silenced by that indescribable manner which a low-bred woman always can assume to those whom she considers as interfering in her concerns; and on her departure, her husband, his eyes still dazed and lustreless from last night's excess, merely put his head inside my door and gave me a look; but that glance decided me against interfering any further. I was doomed to a cheerless Christmas-eve—alone, in a wretched lodging, with no other occupants than a bedridden old woman and a miserable child. I had taken a rather more expensive dinner than usual that evening, in honor of the day; and when I returned, finding my fire rather low, I called out to the little child, who was, I supposed, in her granny's room, to come and show me where the coal-cellar was. A shrill "Yes, Sir," answered me, and I waited for my little guide. She was a long time coming; and I was getting wearied and cold, when I heard a strange hobbling outside my door, and, to my horror and amazement, the old mother staggered in with a coal-scuttle in her hand, the little child grasping her thin dress tightly and smiling the while.

"Gracious Heavens!" I gasped; "how's this? Why are you here? Whatever induced you to get up to do this? I would have gone without fire a hundred times rather than you should have run this risk."

The old woman smiled, as I seized the coal-scuttle out of her palsied hands. "It's nothing, Sir—nothing. I'd do it for *you*, Sir—for *you*; but not for them—no, not for them. God bless you, Sir! Good-night, and a merry Christmas to you. Come, Nancy, darling!"

"For God's sake!" I cried, "go back to bed; you'll kill yourself in this bitter cold. Go back, I beseech you."

"I'm going, Sir," said the shivering creature; "but are you sure you want nothing fetched, or any thing?"

"In Heaven's name, no!" I cried again. "*Do* go back to bed; you'll kill yourself."

"No," muttered the poor old wretch, as I watched her retreating to her den. "*I* shall not have killed *myself*." And so murmuring she hobbled out of sight.

My terrors were increasing. I poked the fire, but could get no addition to my spirits by watching the friendly blaze. At last, worn out, and at a late hour, I determined upon going to bed, and trying to overcome the sad forebodings which had seized upon me by sleep. I lay long time awake, but at length I went off into a deep slumber. How long I remained unconscious I do not know; but troublesome dreams affected my sleep, increasing in horror till they culminated in my starting up in my bed with a loud cry ringing in my ears. Believing it to be the effect of a disordered fancy, I was preparing to sleep again, when my blood ran icily through my veins at a repetition of the former cry. It was a child's voice. Yes; and in the next room. I listened, and heard a struggling, and then the pattering of naked feet upon the boarding of the adjacent chamber. I was frozen with fear. Suddenly I heard the child cry out in a panic of fear, "Granny, granny, don't! Send it away! send it away! Go away! I don't know you; you are so ugly. Go away!" And a struggle again. This time the child's voice was raised almost to a shriek. "Go away! go away! Who are you? Let granny alone. Oh, mother, mother, come back; come back to granny." And a moment after the little naked feet went pattering down and up the stairs, while the child moaned piteously, "Oh, mother, mother, come back!" Mastering my fears as well as I could, I leaped out of bed, huddled on some clothes, and cautiously opened my bedroom door. It was pitch dark outside; but I could hear the child, still moaning, descending the kitchen stairs. Feeling my way to the old woman's room, I reached the door and paused a moment to listen. There was silence over the house, save when the wailing of the little girl could be indistinctly heard below. Carefully pushing the door open, I entered, and nearly shrieked aloud at the sight which met my eyes. Crumpled up in bed, with face and knees together, sat the old woman. Her eyes were widely staring, her hands grasping the wretched quilt, her jaw dropped, her face the color of stone, and as inflexible. She was dead!

Taking a hasty inspection of the miserable room, to insure that no one was concealed there, and that there had been no foul play, I carefully and shudderingly retired, and had just lighted my candle in my room when I heard the child ascending the stairs again. I called to her by name, and she ran, sobbing, to me, speechless from horror. As soon as I could obtain an answer from her I asked her what she had seen? "Was it a man?"

"No, no; it wasn't a man, nor a woman. She didn't know what it was; but it was so dreadful, so ugly. Oh, poor granny, poor granny!"

This was all I could learn from her. I put her into my bed, and, leaving the candle lighted, went out of the house and walked about the streets till daylight. The carousers had returned, and knew the worst then. They were sobered after this shock; and were civil to me, and thanked me for the care I had taken of the child, whom, however, they studiously kept away from me. The old woman was decently buried; and on New-Year's Day I left my lodgings. I shall never forget that night so long as I live. But *what was it that the child saw?*

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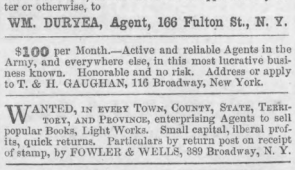
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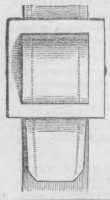
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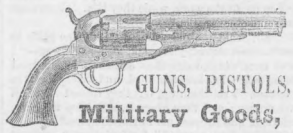

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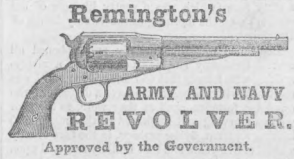
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, the new Secretary of the Treasury, whose portrait we give on this page, was born at Rocowen, New Hampshire, October 16, 1806, and is therefore now fifty-eight years old. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College, at the early age of seventeen, and at twenty-one was admitted to the bar. Remarkable for energy and intelligence, his progress was rapid. He was a member of the State Legislature when only twenty-five years of age, and was the youngest member of that body. His insight into the details of Political Economy as connected with legislation was even thus early evinced in a debate on the United States Bank, in which he won distinction. In 1840 the Whig candidate for Congress, and successful even beyond the limits of a party vote; in 1843 renominated, but declining from a choice to pursue his profession; in 1850 again elected, but deprived of his seat by a mistaken return of ballots; in 1854 elected to the Senate, where he was perhaps the ablest opponent to the Nebraska bill; again elected in 1859, for the six years which are just expiring; and now, in consonance with the wishes of the whole country, appointed to fill the most difficult and the most responsible position in the Cabinet—these have been the steps by which Mr. FESSENDEN, for more than a generation, has steadily risen in popular estimation and in his power to serve his country. Not known as a man of genius, or even of uncommon brilliancy, experienced in solid statesmanship rather than superficial policy, he perhaps more than any other man was fitted for the position which he now fills. This is no blind confidence, since Mr. FESSENDEN, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has given a foretaste of his greatness as a financier.

IN THE TRENCHES.

WE give on page 485 three illustrations of the siege of Petersburg, relating chiefly to the operations of our artillery.

Captain ASHBY'S battery, Third New York Artillery, the subject of one of these sketches, is close to the enemy's line, which it incessantly annoys with troublesome messengers, stirring up the rebel infantry and distracting the aim of sharp-shooters, which, in turn, do their best to kill our gunners.

Another sketch exhibits a method by which the gunners protect themselves against sharp-shooters. This is effected by means of *mantelets*, which are really nothing more nor less than rope-mats, heavily constructed, made to cover the embrasures, and having an aperture through which the gun's muzzle is thrust.

The *Cohorns*, which are the subject of the remaining sketch, are small brass mortars, which have proved of great service in demoralizing the enemy in his rifle-pits, in places where the lines are so close as to afford no available positions for light artillery. The Cohorns are fired over our own soldiers at a great elevation, dropping shells with effect upon the unseen defenders of the rebel works.

WILSON'S RAID IN VIRGINIA.

GENERAL WILSON'S raid, which we illustrate on pages 488 and 489, dealt a serious blow against LEE'S lines of communications with the South. This illustration affords the reader a vivid, and at the same time a correct, impression of the manner in which an extensive cavalry raid is carried. So far from being an irregular proceeding, a great raid is now as well organized as any other movement of the army; each man has his work to do, and one stage of operations succeeds another as regularly as the evolutions on a parade-ground. WILSON'S raid resulted in a destruction of sixty miles of railroad, a destruction in which the Danville and the South-side road shared about equally. General WILSON reported that it would take the rebels forty days, even if they had the material at hand to repair the loss. The expedition had some difficulty in returning; but it succeeded finally in eluding the enemy, getting back to our lines with a loss of twelve cannon and between 750 and 1000 men.

THE REBEL INVASION OF MARYLAND.

THE rebel raid in Maryland (illustrated on page 484), which a few days ago was the exciting theme of conversation, has vanished, leaving behind as the traces of its devastation desolated homes, empty roosts and stables, and broken communications. The Government has not been directly a great sufferer, although a considerable amount of commissary and ordnance stores were captured at Martinsburg. For the most part the burden of loss has fallen upon private citizens. The illustrations which we give refer to a few out of the many scenes connected with this raid; they need no detailed description. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal runs along the line of the Potomac from Georgetown to Cumberland, where it terminates; it runs side by side with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The cost of the work was over twenty-two millions. The damage which the rebels have done will be easily repaired. It is an occasion for regret that they have been able to carry away so much plunder.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

ON page 492 we give a sketch illustrating SHERMAN'S advance. The action represented in the cut was only a part of a grand movement. The fighting was done chiefly by portions of JEFFERSON C. DAVIS'S and NEWTON'S divisions, of the Fourteenth and Fourth Army Corps respectively, who had orders to break the Confederate centre, if possible. At the same time an attack was made on the right and left by LOGAN and BLAIR. The attack on the centre, though gallantly executed, was unsuccessful. NEWTON'S division attacked on the right, DAVIS'S on the left. General HARKER, one of the best-beloved men in the army, a brave soldier and a true patriot, was killed. Colonel DANIEL MCCOOK was badly wounded, and Colonel MITCHELL slightly.

THE FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

THE great fire which took place on Friday, July 15, in Brooklyn, and which we illustrate on page 493, is the most destructive which has occurred in that city for many years. The fire, occasioned by carelessness, broke out in one of the two great warehouses of Messrs. SCHENCK & RUTHERFORD, at the foot of Joralemon Street at 12½ o'clock, while the workmen were away at dinner. The two structures, partly of brick and partly of wood, were known as the Free and the Bonded warehouses respectively, extending 300 feet on the water-line and 200 feet deep. They were used for storage, and contained a great quantity of saltpetre, together with sugar, molasses, hides, and guano. As soon as the flames reached the saltpetre a terrific explosion took place, which shook the buildings in New York, and in the immediate neighborhood was very destructive to glass panes and frail ceilings. The explosion was repeated several times, and was so violent as to hurl firemen standing on the pier into the water. The immense crowd gathered about to witness the scene also suffered some annoyance from falling brick and timber which had been hurled into the air like rockets. Some



WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

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shipping in the vicinity caught fire but experienced no serious damage. We give in the illustration a representation of the boats towing out the Russian frigate from the point of danger. The entire loss, merely considering the contents of the warehouses, sums up to nearly a million of dollars. Large business houses and private cottages in the vicinity were seriously damaged. When the explosion commenced there was a panic on Furman Street which it is impossible to describe. Mothers were running about with their babies, and the street was filled with furniture, and the greatest excitement prevailed.

DROUGHT.

THE sky is brass, the lordly sun
Looks down with a fiery eye,
The shallow rivers scarcely run,
The streamlet's bed is dry.

The meadow's crust is stiff and hard,
The trees have a sombre hue,
The threadbare coat of the rusty sward
Needs patching with verdure anew.

Still bearing down, still staring down,
The remorseless rays are cast,
And scorching hamlet and seething town
Both swoon in their fiery blast.

The dust lies thick in the village road,
The cattle crowd to the muddy pool,
The swarming flies high revel hold—
Drowsily buzzes the village school.

Oh heavily droops the bearded grain,
The summer flowers wilt and die,
And stretch their tiny stems in vain
To the clouds for tears of sympathy

None come; but the sound men ache to hear
Is the hurtling rush of the arrowy rain
Hurling its cohorts from far and near
On roof-tree and window-pane.

A thousand tongues for its coming pray,
A thousand hearts for its advent long:
Oh come and chase our gloom away—
Descend, and fill the land with song!

July 20, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

MORE MEN.

THE Government calls for more men. The call has been long expected, and will be greeted with satisfaction by every loyal citizen. True wisdom consists in reinforcing ourselves upon every point at the very moment that the rebellion is straining its utmost strength against us: nor should any man forget for an instant the greatness of the work in which we are engaged.

We are fighting with a section which has no other thought or interest than the war. Every man who can bear arms or do any work whatever is dragged into the service. As a resident of the South writes to the Hartford *Press:* "The infirm even are not exempt from the practical operation of the conscription. The lame, the halt, and the blind, almost, are taken. They are food for cannon, and a diseased man fills a ditch as well as another.....The reign of terror keeps down in a great measure home opposition.....There is no instance in history of a more centralized despotism than that of the so-called Confederacy." The whole rebel region eats, drinks, and thinks war. It has no commerce; it has no trade. It raises its own food, and it agrees to consider brown paper money. Its soldiers are seized and forced to fight as long as the war lasts, at small wages or none. Its disaffected, the men who tacitly oppose the rebellion as our Copperheads favor it, are hunted and tortured and shot and hung. The rebellion has the fierceness, the unity, and the tyranny of a savage despotism.

It is very clear that we shall not put down such a rebellion by swinging our heels and grumbling at the Government. We shall not do it by counting our superior numbers and calculating our greater resources. We shall do it only by bringing those numbers and resources to bear. At this moment, when the rebellion is playing its most strenuous and desperate game, the Government wants men. Why do we not see that they are supplied, instead of sneering that we ought to have them? The rebels dash over the border into Maryland. "Why does the Government allow it?" somebody indignantly asks. The chances are that the somebody who says so has neither been to the war, nor sent a substitute, nor tried to do so, and that he pays his income-tax with a groan or an oath.

Our business is not to sneer and grumble at the Government, but to help it. If somebody stops in his growling to say that it is useless to trust men or money to such a Government, then somebody merely reasons in a circle. For why grumble at a Government for not doing what you will not give it the means to do? But besides reasoning in a circle, somebody implies that the men are not put to good service. But if serving with GRANT and SHERMAN, with FARRAGUT and WINSLOW is not good service, what is? Those eminent philanthropists, the "Conservatives," who massacred negroes last summer, declare that the wicked Government is piling up hecatombs of our fellow-citizens to glut its fierce lust of political power. But is an armed rebellion, of the scope of this, to be gently patted down with olive branches or extinguished with smooth drivel?

The Government asks us all to stand by it in this great war, with men and money. While the armies penetrate Georgia and Virginia it asks an army for the frontier—an army of reserves. To make assurance sure it must have the great reserve of the country to call upon at any moment. Every arm-bearing man in the free States who cares enough for his country to fight for it at need should be enrolled and drilled every week. When Captain WINSLOW's crew shipped in the *Kearsarge* twenty-five of them could scarcely stir the eleven-inch Parrotts. After a season of steady drill they whipped them about like marline-spikes. Let us be drilled, and our raw militia becomes the skillful crew. The pirate SEMMES says he hoped to board the *Kearsarge*. The brave tars of that glorious ship were trained for exactly that attempt, and longed for the rebs to try it. Let us be trained, and when the rebs try boarding the free States we shall show them, likewise, that we have them just where we want them.

The tortoise outran the hare because he meant to win. Our enemy is equally in earnest. Let us be in earnest, and not go to sleep again in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and we shall take the victory that belongs to us.

CORRUPTION.

THE gentlemen who ardently sustained the Administration of which the late lamented General JOHN B. FLOYD, and Mr. JACOB THOMPSON, and Mr. HOWELL COBB, and Mr. ISAAC TOUCEY were members and ornaments, and of which Messrs. WIGFALL, SLIDELL, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and TOOMBS were eminent supporters, are lost in horror at the corruption and treachery of the present Administration. There was such fidelity to the Union, such impartial love of country, such devotion to the Constitution among the gentlemen who received the pay of a government they were conspiring to destroy, that their friends and supporters can see little hope of the Union or of the Government except in the immediate return to office of their old associates and allies. "Conservative" doctors, especially, are extremely despondent over the fact that the political sympathizers of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS are not likely to be triumphantly put at the head of the Government by the loyal American people, and loudly bewail official corruption and the degenerate times.

That there are great frauds upon the Government, trials and convictions like that of KOHNSTAMM clearly establish. That there are gentlemen in uniform who take pay and play "old soldier" is undeniable. That there are rogues still abroad, and even sometimes in the employ of the Government, is as true as it was when FLOYD and DAVIS were Secretaries of War. That there are weak spots in the revenue service is as true as in the days when names which it would be painful to specify gave that service its reputation. And finally, that public abuses and corruptions are proportionably much less now than they have been for many years is as true as that liberty is nobler than slavery.

When so immense a war burst upon the country, involving the raising, equipping, and supplying of an enormous army and navy, the opportunity of swindling and plunder was increased ten thousand fold. No Government could possibly prevent it. The only hope of escaping it lay in the universal honesty of the people; and if that failed—if it chanced that the people were not entirely honest—the rogues would have their game. The duty of the Government was to expose and punish the gamesters as fast as it could find them; and this duty has not been omitted, but has been faithfully and constantly performed. The public commission that sat in the Western Department, where a vast system of frauds was alleged, and the incessant private watchfulness of special agents, show that there has been no disposition to slur this duty; while the personal character of the gentlemen who have permanently composed the Administration has been such as to persuade every honest man in the land that, at least, corruption had not its head-quarters in the Cabinet itself, as in the régime of rebels and their friends, whose return is so naturally desired by the pure and "Conservative" patriots who had no objection to Mr. FLOYD, but who find Mr. STANTON altogether culpable.

If any loyal man, therefore, is pained by the discovery of dishonesty among contractors, soldiers, agents, or ostensible friends of the Government, let him remember the circumstances of the country, and reflect that such things are inevitable under any administration whatever during a war. JOHN HOOK hoarsely bawling beef, beef, beef, through the Continental camp in the Revolution, shows that even the times that tried men's souls could not destroy selfishness. Let every good citizen, therefore, strenuously demand and support the investigation of all charges of corruption, wherever they may be laid and upon whomsoever they may fall. But at the same time let him discriminate. When he hears any ancient ally of FLOYD & Co. piously decrying corruption, let him suggest to the critic that the characters of the men and of the policy which he has always unshrinkingly supported make his criticisms suspicious. When Robert Macaire accuses his neighbor of stealing, Master Robert must not be surprised if people feel of his own pockets before they touch his neighbor's.

PEACE.

THE duration of the war and its cost in life and money incline some quiet souls, who would never consent to disunion, to ask whether we had not better try to find a shorter road to peace than fighting. But is there any such road? Is there any so short a way out of the war as through it? Suppose that the Government should order General GRANT to send in a flag of truce and propose an armistice. What should follow?

Should we ask the rebels upon what terms they would agree to return to the Union? But they do not wish to return. They have done with the Union. The error of the honest peace men is that they do not see the rebellion to be the expression of a determination of the rebel leaders to found a separate government. They know, if we do not, that a system of free labor and of slavery can not coexist in a political society like ours. It has been tried from the beginning of our Government, and was practicable for seventy years only because during that time the interest of slavery constantly overbore that of freedom. The moment it was clear that freedom was to prevail, the friends of slavery tried to withdraw to form a new nation. They did not question the fairness or constitutionality of the election. They did not even wait to see if any illegal acts were to be attempted. They said simply, as Mr. RHETT expressed it, that "it is nothing produced by Mr. LINCOLN's election or the Fugitive Slave Law. It is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years."

The rebels armed, then, in the firm conviction that freedom and slavery were incompatible in the same Union. They were willing to risk war with an established Government, with a much greater population, with infinitely superior resources. For three years they have maintained the contest, although they have been steadily reduced in territory and power. And if now they were asked what terms they would accept, they must needs answer "disunion." They would say, 'Let us part in peace. You want liberty; we want slavery. We said so before we began to fight. After these three years we certainly say nothing less."

But if we should reply that they might dictate terms, would they be more pliable? If we should say that we would agree to tolerate slavery in any State, and in all the Territories; that its discussion should be a penal offense; that any body who denied its humane and religious and civilizing character should be imprisoned for life, and that the mention of the word should be a capital crime, would they return? Certainly not. They would say, and with perfect truth, that we were promising more than we could perform. They would say, and truly, that they knew the sincere sentiment of the loyal States was averse to slavery, and that consequently the mind and heart and conscience of the North would inevitably break any such agreement. They would say that they originally rebelled not because of any violation of law, but because of a difference of conviction; and they would add, that while any kind of material interest might be adjusted a radical moral difference could never be permanently compromised.

What arguments could we offer them that would break the force of such convictions? What more could we do than promise to let them have their own way? When they declined such terms, what would remain but either to consent to disunion, or to compel them to submission to the Government?

"CONSERVATISM."

SINCE "Conservatism" culminated in the bloody riots of last summer it has not paraded its name very conspicuously. But of late we have observed that it begins to plume itself a little. "Conservative" men are invited to do this and that. Certain movements are described as "Conservative." "Conservative" opinions are warmly commended. Let us see, then, what Conservatism truly is, and test the claims of that which just now in our history endeavors to assume the name.

The inevitable and eternal activity of the human mind tends constantly to draw society into ceaseless progress. This is the spirit we call Reform. It is the wind that forever fills the sails and moves the ship. Conservatism is the rudder which holds the moving ship to its course. The happy progress of society is achieved by the harmonious co-operation of both. Reform stimulates; Conservatism directs. In this true sense young men are reformers, old men are conservatives; or, as was anciently said, youth for action, age for counsel. But both are for progress; for without movement society, like the individual, dies.

Each of these tendencies, of course, has its extremes. There is an extravagance of reform which blows upon the sails with a fury that splits them, and a foolishness of Conservatism which deserts the rudder for the anchor. Both produce the same result; they stop the ship.

Apply these plain truths to our own situation. We are maintaining a Government founded in impartial liberty against a rebellion for the destruction of the Government and the perpetuity of Slavery. What is true Conservatism in such a contest? It is that course which steadily and strongly promotes the success of the Government and the overthrow of the rebellion. A true Conservatism aims first and always to preserve the vital principle of the Government.

Are then the ignorant, drunken brawlers who lustily denounce "niggers," or the better dressed and educated who accuse the Executive of pure despotism; who destroy public confidence in the management of the finances, of the army, of the navy; who sneer at all measures proposed; who exaggerate our military misfortunes; who extol rebel successes; who charge the guilt of beginning the war upon the loyal States, and that of continuing it upon the Constitutional authorities; and who deny the valor of soldiers if they are negroes, in the face of the plainest facts—are these persons, who in every way embarrass the Government, dishearten the people, and favor the triumph of the rebellion and slavery "Conservatives?" Yet there is not a single journal or orator or convention which now calls itself "Conservative" that does not do some or all of these things.

To such dull folly does this kind of "Conservatism" naturally fall that recently one of its organs deliberately declared the assault of the colored troops upon Fort Wagner, a year ago, to be a fiction. Anxious to pander to the meanest prejudice that ever imbruted any portion of a civilized people, and fearing lest slavery should become more revolting in the light of the glorious heroism of men of the enslaved race, a newspaper peculiarly fond of calling itself "Conservative" denies that there was any such assault. It might as well deny that there was any Fort Wagner or any battle; and it may hope to be believed when it can heal the hearts that ache and break because of that battle; when it can restore the brave youth who led his heroes to the parapet, fell with them, and was "buried with his niggers" by the enemies of God, of man, and of the country, whose cause this "Conservatism" obsequiously serves.

Just as true, just as loyal, just as patriotic, just as humane, generous, and noble as this statement is the spirit that calls itself "Conservatism." It is the same spirit which formerly denounced the lawful opposition of the country to the encroachment of the slave power—first as fanaticism, and then as sectionalism. It is the same spirit which toadied the leaders of rebellion when they were in power, and called JAMES BUCHANAN and JEFFERSON DAVIS "national" men. It is the same spirit which beheld with equanimity the annihilation of free speech and the overthrow of the Constitution in all the slave States, and denied the moral right of citizens in the free States to discuss slavery. It is the same spirit of folly, which, despising human nature and history, was incarnated in the monseigneur of France, and produced the French Revolution: in CHARLES and JAMES STUART of England, and convulsed the kingdom for fifty years: in GEORGE III., and occasioned our great Revolution; and, finally, in the devotees of human slavery at the North and South in this country, who have plunged us into this bloody war.

The true Conservatism of our Revolution protested with OTIS, ADAMS, and WASHINGTON against the encroachment of parliamentary power. The false cried, with Dr. JOHNSON, "taxation no tyranny." The true persisted, tried every legal form of redress, and, when it failed, was deluded by no siren song of peace and quiet and prosperity, but declared the independence of America and fought for six years. The false Conservatism decried the true, then as always, as radical, revolutionary, and incendiary. And the same spirit to-day, despising the real significance of the word it misuses, opposes a dull resistance to every form of progress and development which an enlightened people necessarily makes under free institutions. Consequently it is at once impotent, ridiculous, and contemptible. The Lamia, in the Greek story, smiled like a lovely woman; but the eye of the philosopher saw what she was, and brought her writhing to the ground a loathsome snake. The modern Lamia will find the common sense of the Yankee as terrible as the philosopher's eye.

FIGHTING FOR OUR FOES.

IT is only gradually that the facts appear which illustrate the terrorism under which the people of the rebellious States have long suffered. Thus we find in a MS. letter now in our possession, written and sent from New York by a "friend of the South" in January, 1861, less than two months after the secession of South Carolina, the following passage:

"I find much money from the Gulf States is seeking investment here. I see letters from South Carolina bitterly denouncing the forced collection of money. One gentleman writes that he was visited the day he wrote by 25

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minute-men, who ordered breakfast, *maltreated his servants*, and forced $200 from him."

Take this fact as a specimen, put it with the innumerable instances of the actions of Vigilance Committees in lonely country districts throughout the South—the mock trials, tortures, and executions of men whom any ruffian for any purpose chose to denounce—and what an appalling picture we have of the necessary condition of a society in which almost half the population were regarded as chattels, and in which a few great proprietors, owning the land and the laborers, kept their white fellow-citizens ignorant and debased in order that they might submit without repining to their own poverty and wretchedness, and to the slavery of the blacks! Of course, as in the case mentioned in the letter, the consequences of such a state of things sometimes recoil upon the authors, and the victims of the tyranny play the tyrant.

Many of these wretched victims are in arms against us. But we are fighting for them. The war for the Union and the rights secured by the Constitution is a war for their social and political salvation, and our victory is their deliverance. As the guns of GRANT and SHERMAN shake down their idols and clear the air, these men, and deluded fellow-citizens of ours, will see that in this country whatever degrades labor injures every laboring man, and that equal rights before the law is the only possible foundation of permanent peace and union. It is not against the people of those States, it is against the leaders and the system which have deprived them of their fair chances as American citizens, that this holy war is waged. God send them and us a good deliverance!

REUTER.

THERE is a person in England by the name of REUTER who has the supervision of the telegrams to the London press. He announced Mr. LINCOLN'S nomination as follows: "*Mr. Lincoln has accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, and opposes the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting Slavery.*" In view of the fact that the acceptance thus telegraphed was the response to the interview with the Committee, in which the President read a written and unqualified approval of that amendment, this is very well for REUTER. We wonder whether that worthy purveyor of news announced that the *Alabama* had sunk the *Kearsarge*. Judging from the past, however the mistake occurred, the telegram said precisely what REUTER and the English friends of the rebels wished might be true. For he knows instinctively that the sympathy of the working-people of England, which controls the action of the Government, would desert our cause if they could only be made to believe that we had ourselves betrayed it.

NEW BOOKS.

A DASHING, smashing novel is "Captain Brand, of the *Centipede*, a Pirate of Eminence in the West Indies, his Loves and Exploits," by HARRY GRINGO. (HARPERS.) It is crowded with the exciting incident which, in these days of the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge*, is most timely; and in this summer weather it is pleasant to hear the roar of the surf and feel the breath of the gale that sounds throughout the story. It is melodramatic, of course. Pirates and the Gulf can not be otherwise. But the hearty welcome of "Captain Brand" in London, where it has been already published, shows that HARRY GRINGO'S hand has not lost its old cunning; and the readers of "LOS GRINGOS" and "Scampavias" will not willingly lay down this last and most important work of the author.

The author of "Guy Livingstone" will always be sure of his audience. So eminent a preacher of muscular Christianity, in the proportion of a ton of muscle to a grain of Christianity, has a fascination for a very large diocese. "Maurice Dering" is his new story, just published by the HARPERS. It is not very long, and is a tale of passion and revenge. The book is a curious study of the author's mind, which is peculiarly English, although not in the best sense. Like "Guy Livingstone," it reveals a certain brutishness of nature, a Berserkir quality, which explains much British history.

The third part of "Our Mutual Friend" is published in *Harper's Monthly* for August. DICKENS is all himself in it. The profuse, rollicking humor of the portraiture of the Boffin family is in his most excellent vein, and the extravagance is in the direction in which he is always best. This story is read, perhaps, better serially than in any other way, because it is more fully read. So pleasant a monthly morsel we are sure to turn and taste all over. Boffin is one of the grotesque masks with which DICKENS delights to cover a simple, faithful, genial human heart, and which reminds us of the variety of our common humanity.

In the same number of the Magazine we may also mention the graphic and touching sketch of THEODOSIA BURR and the interesting account of the Shakespearian Tercentenary at Stratford.

THE LATEST REBEL POETRY.

THE poetic muse still lingers in the Southern land. The rebel rhymsters are not all conscripts, nor the rebel women all utterly forlorn. There is, after all, a great deal of vitality in the rebels, and although the half of them are fighting, and half of the other half starving, it seems that among the remaining quarter some yet affect to be poets; and complaisant editors of dingy, half-sheet, rebel newspapers encourage their "fine phrensy" by printing their effusions in small type in obscure corners of their journals.

By favor of friends in Nassau—which portion of the British possessions every body knows to be the "neutral" head-quarters of the blockade-running interest—we have come into possession of late files of Southern newspapers, containing numerous specimens of fresh poetical contributions. These rhymes are of all sorts, and written in every kind of metre. The elegiac, lyric, sentimental, amatory, and patriotic are all represented; and although their order of merit is not of the highest, their value as literary curiosities is not of the lowest.

A New York publisher has recently issued a compilation of "Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies," collected from the Southern journals during the first year or two of the rebellion, and this volume is an interesting and valuable addition to the war-literature of the time; but since the date of its publication there have been various occurrences calculated, as Mr. Yancey observed, to "fire the Southern heart," and especially to stimulate the Southern muse—such, for instance, as the death of the rebel General J. E. B. Stuart (commonly called "Jeb" Stuart) in battle, during the present campaign of General Grant. Stuart was killed by a rifle-shot in one of the early fights in May; and having been buried in Richmond, with such military honors as the meagre means of that harassed capital afforded, elegiac poets came to cast their bays upon his tomb. One of these effusions, published in a Richmond paper, is entitled "The Dead Cavalier," and bears the signature of one J. Marshall Haines. It opens thus:

The drums came back muffled that, beating aloud,
Went out in the morning *all thrill* to the fight;
For the hero lies dead in his battle-flag shroud,
And his steed is led groomed without rider to-night.
Then beat the drums muffled, and play the fife low,
And march on the *cortège* to cadences slow.

Then the poet bids the beholder "stand by the corse," and

——Look down on that face;
Mark where the bullet burst its way through—

and proceeds to tell of

——The story he wrote with the point of his sword:
How it thrilled through the cities, how it stirred up the land.

In a better vein than this is another—"In Memoriam"—on the same subject, purporting to be written by H. C. Alexander. It has a melodious ring:

Ten thousand scabbards ring with joy
To avenge the honored gore;
Ten thousand sabres flash in air,
Ten thousand heaving breasts are bare,
Though Stuart is no more!

No more! and is it then too true?
Does Bayard live no more?
Nor yet again that flowing crest
Shall we behold with gleam and zest
Confront the battle's roar?

No more upon the battle's front
Shall Stuart lead the van—
Asleep the rare Virginian lies,
Nor recks he 'tis the foe that flies,
While scowls the grim Redan.

Thou of the soldier's mien and brow,
Mourn'st thou dead Jackson's charge?
Mourn for the knighted *Stuart* slain,
Who brought you Jackson back again,
By Rappahannock's marge!

Nor is this elegiast inclined to relinquish hope, even though "the flowing crest" lies low, for he adds:

The royal blood is not extinct,
Though Rupert stains the sod;
Though Stuart falls, the Cavaliers
Their bugles wind amid their tears,
And put their trust in God!

One more specimen of this elegiac poetry catches the eye. It is indited by Miss Margarita J. Cavedo in memory of Mrs. Beauregard, the wife of the rebel General. This piece of verse appears in the Mobile *Register* of May 6, 1864. We copy its concluding stanzas—the passionate utterance of a Southern woman:

Upon our country's altar still we lay
With bleeding hearts our precious sacrifice;
Accept it, God! with pallid lips we pray,
Of Southern Liberty the sacred price.

O women of the South! in darkest hour
How have ye meekly stood, an angel band;
How by your brave endurance earned the dower
Of freedom for our suffering, struggling land.

Turning from these sombre pieces to the gayer efforts of the Muse, we find in the Mobile *Sunday Tribune* the following choice malediction upon the President of the United States—evidently the production of some jovial rebel who determined to try what he could do:

TOASTS TO ABE LINCOLN.

THE HEAVY CURSE.

May Heaven's curses, dark and dire,
Commingled with Almighty fire,
Fall on your head and press you down
With dreadful torture to the ground!

May peace forever from you fly,
Pleasures fleet when they seem nigh,
And in their place may gnawing pain
Seize and rack your burning brain!

May sleep ne'er bless your weary eyes,
Nor guardian angels from the skies
Around your bed their vigils keep,
To guard you well should e'er you sleep!

May friends forsake you in distress,
And no kind hand assist or bless,
But all the world to you be foes,
And crush your life with bitterest woes!

May loathsome sights appall your eyes,
And wasting age and maladies
So mar your life that thou shalt rave
For final refuge in the grave!

On you may hell put forth its might,
And shroud your soul in endless night;
May this e'er be thy resting-place,
And that of all your cursed race!

And if there be a curse more dire
Than hell with all its liquid fire,
Oh, may it in your soul e'en creep,
And hellish fiends their nightly orgies keep!

TOASTER.

In this case "Toaster" must be a misprint for "Roaster." No *anathema maranatha* of indignant Pontiff was ever more hearty and precise. So far as we can learn, however, Mr. Lincoln still sleeps o' nights, just as if "Toaster" hadn't cursed him so heavily.

The sentimental mood inspires "Fireside Musings" in the mind of another Mobilian, who writes four plaintive verses, one of which is as follows:

And my child upon me smiling,
From my heart all grief beguiling,
Seems an angel sent to cheer me in this dark and troublous hour;
Like link 'twixt earth and heaven,
Like a solace to me given,
Bearing me above the tempest and the clouds that o'er us lower.

It would be impertinent to hint that this resembles Poe. It is only the utterance of a Poet.

Two new war-songs appear among this collection. One of them is given below, according to the original; and it is certainly a unique production:

THE WAR SONG.

1 Ime called to camp to leave my home
my wife and Childrin too
and thare wait my awfull doom
as many other doo

2 I march in to the battle field
and thare to risk my life
thare men there bloody weapons yeeld
for battle ware and strife

3 all those to me hoo are so deer
they weep they greave and mourn
they live in dred of Death and fear
that I mite nere return

4 but so it is I must submit
what ere my fate may be
to bare the tryels I have to meet
my God to strengthin me

5 should this not fill a human brest
and bare upon the minde
I can not help but feel distrest
for these I left behinde

6 the sad effects of war I feel
for sin my Just reward
yet if it be my Makers will
my life may still be spard

7 Lord be with all of mine I pray
and all of my concerns
and make us wise from day to day
thy richis Lord to lern

8 it may be that this war will end
and prisners all set free
and vollinteers returning home
and shouting victore

9 if Ime called home whilst I am gone
shed not a tear for me
but tell to all my friends a round
I Died for liberty

10 thare our Widows are left to mourn
for Husbands once so Dear
hoo fell upon the battle ground
and never made to fear

11 now I must say farewell to you
and sad it is to me
to think that I my love no more
perhaps on earth shall see

12 but if I never more see you
I hope youl pray for me
while I am rowing oro the hills
for the sake of liberty

"The Contraband's Return" is a beatific vision of the happy time when the runaway slave will trot home to a "master," and pray for the privilege of being once more sold and beaten. The writer puts these words into the mouth of this impossible African:

Don't you know me, Massa William?
Don't you know me, Missus dear?
Don't you know old Aunt Rebecca,
Who went away from you last year,
With Peter, Phil, and little Judy,
To join the wicked Yankee crew?
But I've come back, my dear old Missus,
To live and die with you!

I never knew the old plantation
Was half so dear a place to me
As when among that Yankee nation
The robbers told me I was free!
But when I looked around for freedom,
(We thought it something bright and fair)
Hunger, misery, and starvation
Was all that met us there.

* * * * * * *

O, Massa William, see me kneeling!
O, missus, say one word for me!
You'll let me stay? Oh! thank you, massa;
Now I'm happy! now I'm free!
I've seen enough of Yankee freedom,
I've had enough of Yankee love!
As they have treated the poor negro,
Be's done to them above.

Here is a little prose poem of a peculiar style:

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust like friends and like brothers we were loving and were just but now that Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar but we'll hoist on high the bonnie blue flag that bears the single star. Chorus—hurra hurra.

Then cheer boys cheer Raise on high the Joyous shout for Arkansas and North Carolina has both went out then let another Rousing cheer for tennesse Be given for the single Star of the bonnie Blue flag has grown to be eleven. Chorus—hurra hurra.

There are many more of these curious productions—elegiac, lyric, sentimental, didactic, and patriotic—but we conclude with the following very creditable specimen of the rebel amatory style, "written for the Mobile *Tribune*."

"OUR JESSIE."

Our Jessie is pretty and fair,
Our Jessie is merry and true,
I'm half dying with love,
I could eat up her glove,
And drink my Champagne from her shoe.

Oh Jessie, My Lady, My Love,
Oh Jessie, so pretty and wise,
What good 'neath the sun,
Can I ever have done,
To merit the light of thine eyes?

For Jessie, for Jessie, my life,
For Jessie, through darkness and rain,
I'd go at her beck,
Though a cord for my neck
Should await me, returning again.

Oh Jessie, My Darling, My Dear,
I would that I were a bee,
I'd seek only thy lip,
And there I would sip,
(What an object of envy I'd be!)

Oh Jessie, you dear little duck,
Can such another one be?
Why an angel would blush,
Look pleased, and say *hush*,
If I kindly compared her to thee.

GUESS WHO.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT'S army still confronts the rebel lines at Petersburg. There is no new development in the investiture of Richmond; a portion of Grant's force, a very small portion, was recalled to Washington at the time of the raid, but they will return, their places being supplied by the militia regiments lately recruited. Our cavalry force will also be relieved by the retreat of the rebels, and will soon renew their efforts to interrupt Lee's communications. The long-continued drought is very oppressive.

It is reported that General Sherman has crossed the Chattahoochee; but he has not, it seems, very closely pursued the rebels beyond the river. How far his plans may be affected by interruptions in his rear has become a serious question. His communications must be protected; it is a long line to protect even if he had a hundred thousand men to spare for that specific purpose. He has found it necessary to issue an order prohibiting wastefulness in the distribution of rations. The Chattahoochee River rises in the Appalachian range in Habersham County, Georgia; flowing southwest, it reaches the border of Alabama at Miller's Bend, from which it flows nearly south, forming for 200 miles the boundary between Georgia and Alabama to its junction with Flint River, with which it unites, forming the Apalachicola. It is navigable for steamboats 225 miles above this junction. The latest advices report Sherman's army five miles south of the river. Johnston, not choosing to defend the line of the Chattahoochee, has withdrawn behind the fortifications at Atlanta.

The rebels appear to be inaugurating a series of offensive operations on a small scale, the object of which is to interrupt the main campaigns in the East and West. This line of operations begun with Early's raid into Maryland. We now hear of an invasion of Kentucky by a large body of rebels moving into that State through Pound Gap.

THE LATE REBEL RAID.

The events of the late rebel raid may be summed up as follows: After the engagement at Lynchburg, June 18, Hunter, pressed by far superior numbers, found no ways of escape so convenient as through the Blue Ridge to Gauley. This left the way open for Early to move up the valley. He did so, accompanied by a cavalry force under Ransom, and reached the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, July 3, at a point just above Harper's Ferry, threatening Martinsburg. Sigel, holding the latter place, fell back toward Sharpsburg. The rebels immediately occupied Martinsburg, where they captured valuable stores belonging to the Commissary and Ordnance departments, and forced into the ranks every man between sixteen and sixty. The same day a fight occurred at Leetown, south of the railroad, in which General Mulligan, covering Sigel's retreat, was finally forced back to Sharpsburg, where he joined Sigel, and another engagement occurred. The Federal forces being overpowered, fell back to Maryland Heights. Max Weber, evacuating Harper's Ferry, joined Sigel. In the mean time General E. B. Tyler, protecting the railroad from Baltimore to the Monocacy, prepared for resisting the rebels and to reinforce Sigel. Lew Wallace joined him on the afternoon of the 3d.

After crossing the Potomac the rebels in detached forces engaged in plunder; but on Saturday, July 9, they disappeared from Greencastle, Hagerstown, and from other points threatened; but this was only for the purpose of concentration. Our forces had evacuated Frederick the previous night, and fallen back to Monocacy Junction. Here a fight took place between Lew Wallace and the combined rebel forces; the result was unfavorable; we were again overpowered and driven back on Monrovia, on the road to Baltimore. General Tyler was taken prisoner. The rebels then appear to have separated again, turning up here and there at unexpected points, and doing considerable injury to private property. On the 11th they cut the telegraph between Philadelphia and Baltimore. At Magnolia, eighteen miles south of Havre de Grace and less than that distance from Baltimore, a rebel force of about 200 succeeded in capturing the 8.30 A.M. passenger train from Baltimore. The 10 o'clock train was also captured. In one of these trains Major-General Franklin was taken prisoner. Gunpowder River Bridge was burned. The residences of Governor Bradford, Francis Blair, and General Cadwallader were destroyed.

On the 12th the rebels appeared at Bladensburg and Beltsville on the railroad seven and twelve miles north of Washington, interrupting all communication with Baltimore. The rebels appeared before Fort Stevens, on the Seventh Street road, but were repulsed. Hunter, in the mean time, with his column, crossed the mountains of West Virginia to the Ohio River and reached Martinsburg, where he established communication with Sigel, who had regained possession of Harper's Ferry. General Grant gave early information to the authorities at Washington of the movements and designs of the rebels, and that every possible preparation was made to meet them. A part of the Sixth Corps was sent on from before Petersburg, and a part of the Nineteenth from Fortress Monroe. On Wednesday, July 13, the rebels began to disappear across the Potomac fords, carrying their plunder with them. Generals Tyler and Franklin both escaped.

OFF CHARLESTON.

An expedition under the command of General Foster, having for its object the seizure of James Island and other approaches to the city, was partially successful, the lower end of the island having been captured. Subsequently an expedition under Colonel Gurney of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York, fitted out for the purpose of capturing Fort Johnson by a night attack, signally failed; a portion of the force, about 192, were landed, but not being supported in time, were captured by the rebels.

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW CALL.

President Lincoln, on Monday, July 18, issued his long-expected proclamation calling out 500,000 men, in accordance with the provisions of the Enrollment Act as lately amended by Congress, which are, in brief, the following: The President may call for men at his discretion for one, two, or three years; the volunteers to receive one, two, or three hundred dollars for those times respectively; if the quota is not filled by volunteering within fifty days a draft may be ordered conscripting men for one year; the loyal may recruit from the rebel States; all men hitherto enlisted in the naval service, and not hitherto credited, are to be credited to the quota of the district in which they reside. The fifty days given for volunteering under the present call expire September 5.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE vote of censure on the British Ministry which Disraeli and his associates have been trying to get through Parliament has been passed in the House of Lords by a majority of nine, and defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of eighteen. Among the supporters of the Ministry in the House of Commons Gladstone, Cobden, and Kinglake stand prominent.

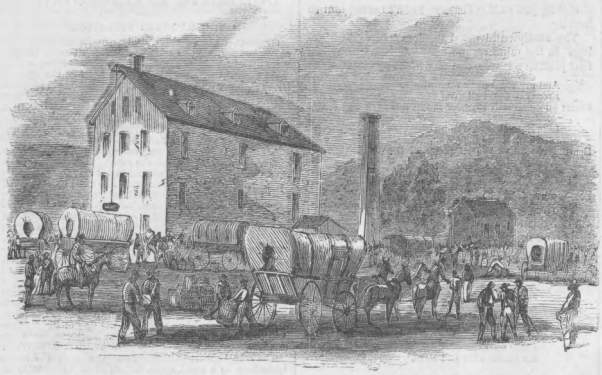
The details of the capture of Alsen are the following: The Germans were prepared, the moment hostilities were reopened, to strike a vigorous blow. On the night of the 28th of June, between one and two o'clock, they threw three bridges across the Strait opposite Kjver (1000 yards wide), and soon had on the Alsen side a force of 25,000 men, with cavalry and artillery. The Danes had only about 8000 men on the island. This force was compelled to fall back; it was drawn up in a line about a mile long, to keep in check the overwhelming masses of the enemy; a sharp engagement occurred, with a somewhat heavy loss on both sides. The Danish army endeavored to escape to the Isthmus, with what success is uncertain.

MEXICO AND PERU.

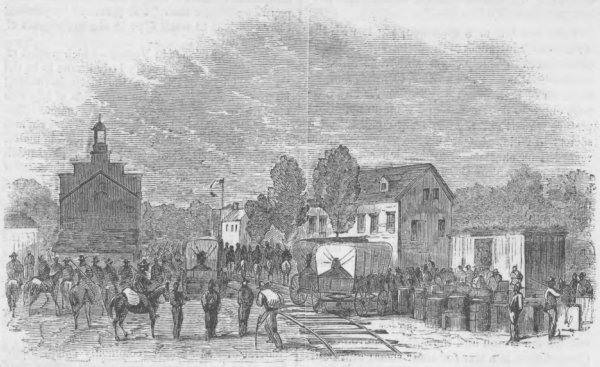
The Emperor Maximilian has sent invitations to the late President Juarez, and other leading liberal chiefs, to come to the city of Mexico, and there consult together on a plan of restoration, guaranteeing them full protection. This invitation was indignantly rejected.

The Peruvian authorities are making great military and naval preparations, as if expecting a war with Spain on the Chincha Island difficulty.

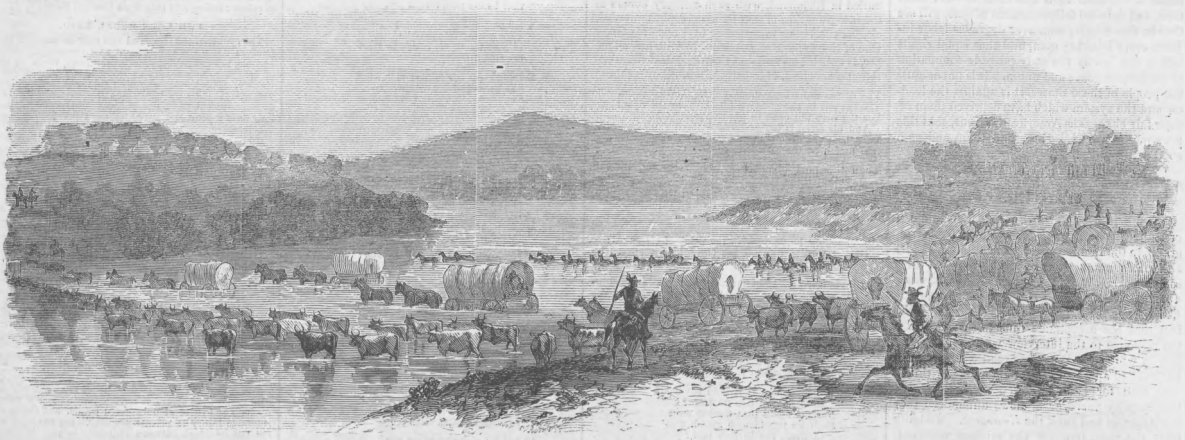
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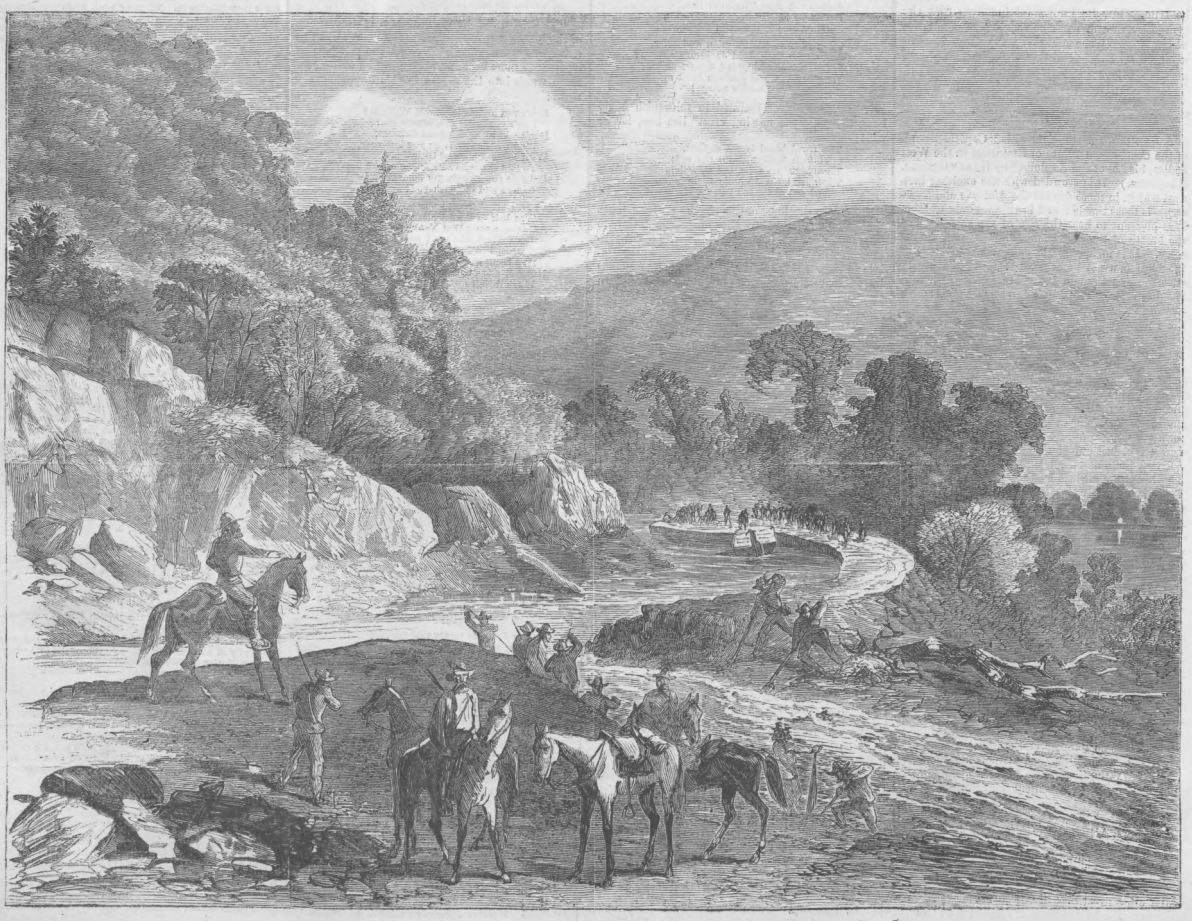
THE REBELS ROBBING THE FLOUR MILLS IN MARYLAND.



THE REBELS PILLAGING AT THE HAGERSTOWN DEPOT.



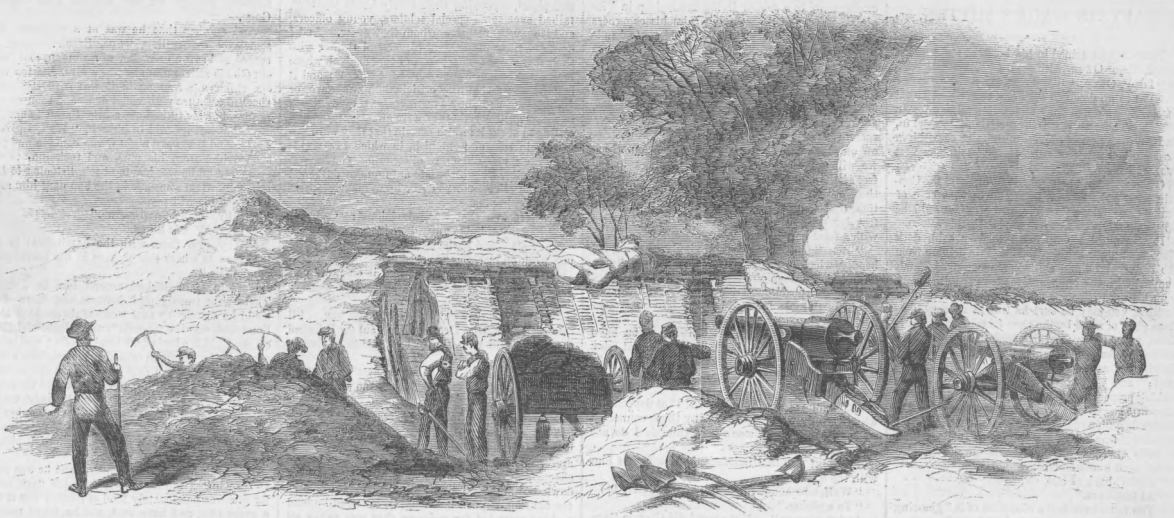
THE REBELS RETREATING WITH THEIR PLUNDER ACROSS THE POTOMAC RIVER.



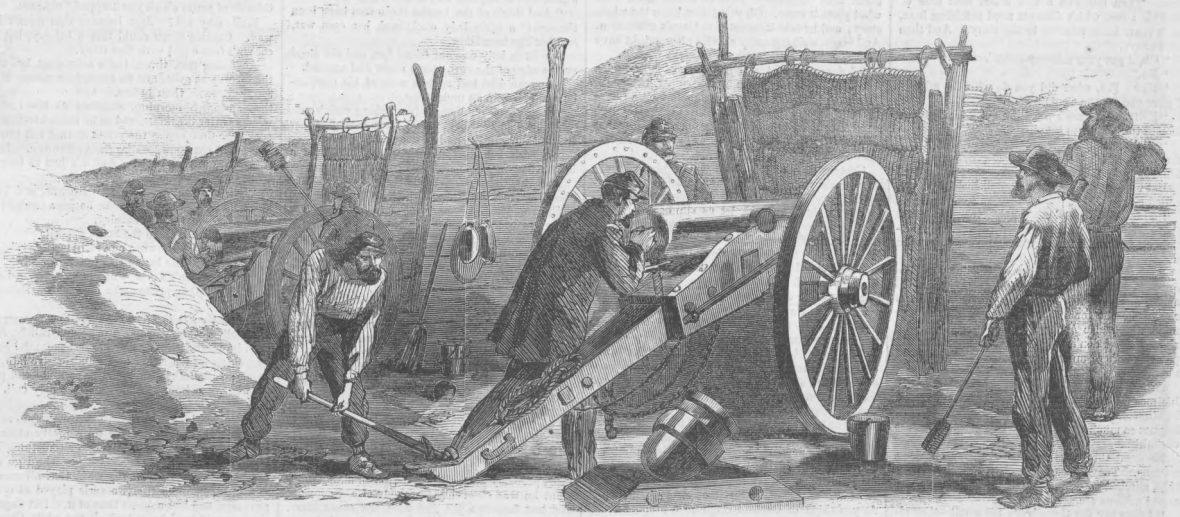
THE REBELS DESTROYING THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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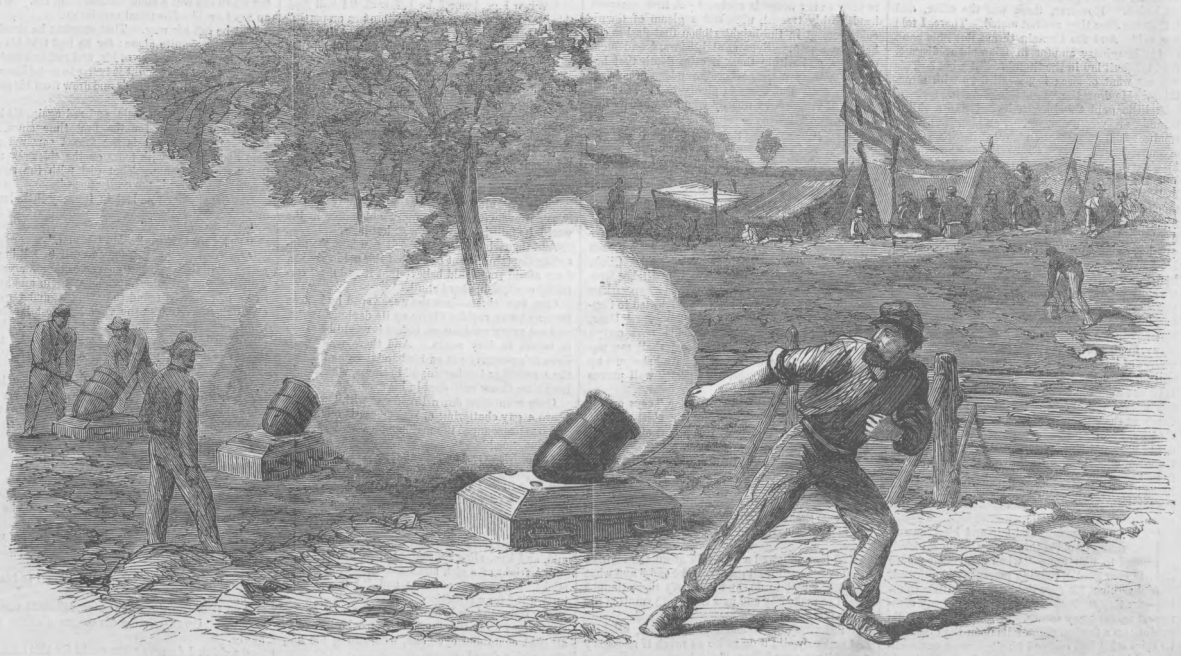
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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—CAPTAIN ASHBY'S NEW YORK BATTERY IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE GUNNERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CORPS PROTECTED BY MANTELETS.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—SHELLING THE ENEMY FROM THE COHORNS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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CAPTAIN GAGE'S MITTEN.

I.

THE Captain reined in his horse at sight of his friend, Major Owen, with a

"I say, Owen, will you do me a little favor? I've got to go down to Silsbee's to see about that case of Smith's, and can't stop to attend to my own affairs. There's a box from the 'Sanitary' just in, and I want a pair of gloves, mittens, or something. Lost my last pair yesterday riding back from that confounded creek."

Owen assented to the "little favor," and the Captain went galloping off to attend to that case of Smith's, confident that his own wants would be faithfully attended to by the indefatigable Owen.

It was night when he returned—a cold, dark November night, with a drizzling rain driving from the east. Wet and chilled, his ungloved hands numbed with the exposure, his temper a little sore from his unsatisfactory mission about that case of Smith's, you may be sure he was in no very hilarious state of mind by the time he reached his tent. Tired, wet, hungry, and disappointed, he sat down before the feeble fire, which that lazy scamp, Pat Larkin, had assured him would soon "burn up illigant;" and while the same "ne'er-do-weel" was making preparations for his supper, he let his mood have full sway, not in outward expression, but in sundry down-hearted speculations on the past, present, and future of his life. And at this juncture in looks Owen, the indefatigable Owen, with his broad, good-humored face.

"Hullo! back at last, eh?"

"At last—yes."

"You must have had a nice time of it," glancing at the heavy top-boots splashed with mud.

"Well, I haven't been through Paradise, it's true," answered the Captain, shrugging his shoulders. Then followed a talk about that case of Smith's, a case which does not need unfolding here, as it bears little relation to the story. And then Owen says,

"Oh, I got your mittens—seen 'em?"

"No."

"No? Pat, what did you do with the mittens I gave you for the Captain?"

"Mittens? Sure I put thim away in the chist beyant to kape them safe."

"Well, won't you have the goodness to bring them forth from the 'chist beyant,' Sergeant Larkin," suggested Owen, laughing.

But before this could be accomplished Owen was called off.

"They're the best I could get, Tom. No great things, I guess, but there was a skirmish for mittens above every thing," was Owen's words as he went out.

"By George, there goes a good fellow!" soliloquized Tom Gage at his friend's exit. "He'll do any thing for a fellow, from a pair of mittens to risking his life for him. Lucky boy too! Never mind which side *his* bread falls, it will come up right. No, I don't care for the mittens now, Pat; put them there any where on the table, and give me my coffee."

And after the coffee and accompanying solids, his mood a little brighter, he dismissed Pat, and lighting his pipe, turned lazily to the mittens, thinking not so much about them as that perplexing case of Smith's.

No great things, as Owen had said, were these mittens. They were of dark cloth with flannel linings, stitched gayly in red, but clumsy, as all those sewed mittens are.

"I dare say the thumbs are too small—they always are," rather grumblingly commented Captain Gage as he contemplated them. Drawing one on, he found he had grumbled too soon. It fitted to perfection. However, there was the other, and "Half the time they are not mated. There, I told you so!" And the Captain thrust forth his hand to his imaginary auditor in triumphant disgust. And the fault lay in the thumb. But what? This was not want of size; it was filled up with something. He drew the "something" forth.

A little gold thimble; it looked like a child's thimble, and was well worn. Perching it upon his smallest finger Tom Gage regarded it with a smile of amazed amusement. Gradually, as he continued his observation, the expression of the smile changed. Into it stole a wistful softness, a yearning homelook, which told the story of his thoughts. He fancied the far-away scene, the wide, bright room filled with women, young and fair and kind, working away with pretty enthusiasm, though the day was hot or cold, over their "Sanitary" garments. He fancied this one who had fashioned his mittens hunting vainly for her thimble at the last, and wondering where she could have lost it. Women young and fair and kind. And this little lady, who had lost her pretty thimble in her work, perhaps, had put in all those gay red stitches with a great many kind and gentle thoughts for the possible wearer of her work. He pleased himself fancying still further what these thoughts might have been. How she might have imagined the manner of man this wearer would be—how she might have wondered, as she stitched away, on what dreary march they might go, and perhaps dropped a sigh of pity out of her little tender heart. Were not these the thoughts of girls about soldiers? He fancied so from the many and many simple, eager questions he had heard from many and many a rosy lip, and the tearful dark eyes that had looked up to him at some little recital of battle.

"Ah, women, young and fair and kind, or any women, young or old"—they were all fair, all kind, it seemed to him now—"when shall I live once more in your gentle, refining presence?" he sighed.

And sighing, his eyes light upon the little thimble—the tiny enchanter that has so suddenly summoned up far-away scenes. A glint of the candle sending up a fresher flame falls upon the gold, and he spies what had escaped him before—a name engraved just above the delicate chasing. He bends eagerly forward; no school-boy could have been more excited than this "fire-eating Captain," as he was called. But consider the rare chance of such excitements to a soldier living ankle-deep in Virginia's "sacred soil," and allow him his eagerness even over a lady's little gold thimble. He bends eagerly forward; perhaps there was half a hope that he might see some familiar name. No; though certainly not an uncommon name, it was not familiar, this brief name of Sue Browne, so deftly engraved there amidst the twining leaves, and tendrils, and bunches of grapes. And not a romantic name certainly, but it set Captain Gage off on another "fancying," a journey upon which we will not follow him. But when he returned from it he found his pipe was long since cold, and the fire that had justified Sergeant Larkin's assertion, that it would "burn up illigant," was now fast dying out. Captain Tom rose up to his feet with a faint laugh.

"Tom Gage," he said, reprovingly, shaking his head, "what an ass you are! Go to bed, Tom; go to bed and sleep off your folly."

But before he followed this sage advice he dropped the little thimble for safe-keeping into his watch-pocket, saying, gravely,

"Good-night, Miss Susan Browne. You have tapped on Tom Gage's hard skull with that fairy thimble of yours till I think you have cracked it."

II.

AND did he sleep off his folly? That depends on what his folly was. If it was any thing connected with Miss Susan Browne's gold thimble I do not think he did.

The next day that indefatigable Owen met him with the question,

"Well, how about the mittens? Did they fit?"

"To a charm."

And that was all. Not a word did Captain Gage say of what he found inside the mittens. But by-and-by, quite accidentally, you know, he asked about that "Sanitary" box—if Owen knew from what place it came. Oh yes, Owen knew the whole story; and he told it, greatly to Gage's edification. And Gage, walking away shortly after, might have been heard to mutter under his breath,

"I dare say that girl has got red hair, and a squint to her eyes, and an awful temper."

What girl could he have meant but Miss Susan Browne, in this connection with the "Sanitary" box? And why should he suppose so savagely that she had red hair, a squint to her eyes, and an awful temper?

Captain Gage, I am afraid you prophesied truly of yourself when you said that a certain small thimble had cracked that hard skull of yours.

But leaving him here, let us slip back to where that "Sanitary" box came from, and see if Miss Susan has got the red hair, the squint to her eyes, and the awful temper he endows her with.

There is a large, wide, bright room, as he had fancied, and all about there are women young and fair; and older women, matrons and mothers, whose kind hearts are touched more nearly and deeply, perhaps, than are those of these younger ones. There are piles and piles of work, all sorts of odd and clumsy things on the tables and in the hands of the fair workers. Clip, clip go the scissors; stitch, stitch click the needles; and there is a deep, sweet, murmurous hum of voices, broken up every now and then by a laugh that tinkles through the busy-bee hum like a little chain of bells. Here are Marians, and Mauds, and Kates, and Carolines. You hear their names called out occasionally; and presently some one calls, "Sue! Sue!" and you look over that pile of flannel, and there, next to the window, she sits—Miss Susan Browne. And what do you think of Captain Gage for a prophet now? Do you call that hair red? Do you see any squint to those brown eyes? And is there any indication of an awful temper in the serene face that lifts up to view as her name is spoken? A little compact head, darkly tressed, with not a gleam of tawny color, except in the bright ribbon that flashes out between a puff. Eyes straightforward and lucid as lakes, and within them a calm depth that betokens a temperament where no sudden fires burst into storms. But there is plenty of spirit there, plenty of vivacity, as nobody who knows Miss Susan Browne will deny—

> "And she sits there and blooms
> In that cane-bottomed chair."

Not a very dashing flower, not one to make Maude's, or Kate's, or Caroline's eyes ache with envy, but a little dark, delicate girl, like one of those dark and delicate pinks that make little show in garden clusters beside the gay queen-roses, but whose sweetness pervades every corner. And as "she sits there and blooms," she sits there and sews, on a mitten of dark cloth, lined with scarlet flannel. Click, click, goes the needle as the red silk stitches form into lines; but I am afraid her lively expressions over her work would not have exactly fitted to Captain Gage's somewhat pathetic fancy. "Dear, dear," she cries out, as her needle goes awry; "these horrid mittens! I believe I shall sew my fingers to the bone with them!" And she puts up a little stained forefinger that pretty well proves her belief.

"I'll change work with you, Sue," says one of the queen-roses, turning from her shirt-making, with gracious amiability at this plaint of the little carnation-pink's.

"Oh no, thank you, I'll finish what I have begun. I hope though the wearer won't look at the stitches."

"I wonder who the wearer will be, Sue."

"Some great clumsy fellow, I dare say."

There was a Roland for your Oliver, Captain Gage.

And then followed a wise talk about the relative merits of "seam, and gusset, and band," and what they liked best to do, and "weren't those thumbs horrid to make?" "and how that cloth smutted the hands!"

"But after all," concluded Miss Susan, brightly and seriously, "I'd do twice as much if necessary for soldiers, poor fellows!"

"So would I," and "so would I," chorused all the rest, verifying Captain Gage's fancy at last.

And then, perhaps, these queen-bees, and roses, and pinks, clustering their lovely heads together, talked over some special soldiers, young officers, and it may be, privates, whom they knew. And I dare say their words went hither and thither with their thoughts; at this party, or that festival, where they met Captain A, or Lieutenant B, or C; and it is quite likely that they criticised Mary's gown, or Anne's hair, or Fanny's manners, as they went on; but I am quite certain they were sweet-natured and well-bred about it; quite certain that they were womanly, instead of womanish, in which two words there lies a vast difference of meaning, you know.

And talking here, the late autumn day darkened toward its close, and they rose up to make preparations for going home.

Then it was that Susy exclaimed: "Why, I can't find my thimble any where!"

They all joined in the search. And, "What did you work on last, Sue?" asked one.

"On those mittens, and I had it on my finger when I was packing them away in Miss Deane's box."

"Oh well, I dare say it fell into the box. I'll run in and ask Miss Deane to look out for it before the box is sent with the rest; the Deanes live in our block, you know."

And that settled the thimble question for them then; but, as we all know, Miss Deane did not find the thimble.

III.

THERE was great rejoicing that day in some hearts, and these were not a few, for the —th had arrived. The drums beat, the colors waved, and cheers went ringing up as they "came marching down the street." Tears dimmed many eyes as the old flag, stained and riddled, fluttered by, and a shout ascended for welcome that was worth all the rest.

"Think of the battles that flag hasbeen through!" a man said to another on the sidewalk.

"And think of the battles those *men* have been through!" a little lady exclaimed, her eyes wet, and her lips trembling.

The little lady was our friend Sue, and she stood on the edge of the curb-stone, eager and excited.

The man who had spoken nudged his companion, and said, in an under-tone,

"Guess she's got a sweet-heart along with 'em."

If Sue had heard, it would have been like her to have thought, if she had not said,

"I wish I had—I'm sure I couldn't have a braver."

And there she stood in the bright winter sunshine, waving her little white handkerchief, and smiling and smiling her welcome. Though she had no personal acquaintance amidst them, all soldiers were her friends, she said. But she knew the names of the officers by this time.

"That was Major Owen, that great fellow with the red face; and that was Captain Gage, who looked so grave, and was so tall."

Wave, little handkerchief, in the winter wind, and smile, sweet lips, for your innocent salute! Though these grave faces may not smile in return, their hearts are warmed by your welcome.

And Captain Gage, passing by, noted with rapid glance one and another; and Sue, with her handkerchief, could not of course escape his notice, for she was almost under his horse's feet—the dear, little dark face, with its tears and its smiles, and the fluttering white signal! And Captain Gage, as he caught sight of it, thought just as the man upon the sidewalk had thought, that the girl had a sweet-heart probably among them. And in another moment he was observing somebody else, I suppose, and had forgotten the girl with the sweet-heart. And all the time there, in his watch-pocket, was that little gold thimble which he had never forgotten.

"When I go home," he had said, "I will find this Miss Susan Browne, and restore her property."

And here this Miss Susan Browne was right under his eyes, and no wonderful prescience told him of it.

To find a Miss Susan Browne in a great city was something like the old proposal of "looking for a needle in a hay-mow." To be sure he knew that the Sanitary box came from such a department of the city, but there were so many branches. In the first place, he began by asking every body he knew if *they* knew a Miss Susan Browne, and the answer was invariably "No." Then he investigated "Sanitaries;" but as Susy was not on a committee, nor holding any other office, but was simply a Miss Susan Browne, the most unnoticeable name in the world, he failed to get a clew to her here.

And then—but if I should tell you how the fire-eating Captain "went on" about this gold thimble, I am afraid you would believe that it had most certainly cracked his hard skull.

One, two, three—how the weeks sped by! The regiment was rapidly filling up its depleted ranks, and not many weeks more before it would be ready to return to duty again. And there was Susan Browne's property yet on his hands; so he kept up the "needle in the hay-mow" business, which for a long time threw only dust in his eyes.

Once sauntering down Broadway with Owen, he heard a gay chattering of girl-voices behind him, and one pronounced the magic name.

"Sue, Sue!"

He whirled Owen round as if he had been a top.

"What, what!" exclaimed the bewildered Owen. But he followed the direction of Gage's eyes, and did not ask for any further explanation just then.

"I'll meet you at the Sanitary rooms, Sue." And the two girls parted with this sentence. And there she was, this Susan Browne, *and she had red hair*, and, as I live, almost *a squint to her eyes!*

"A fright of a girl, and looking as cross as two sticks," was Gage's verdict; and, "I might have known it," for a reflection.

But following on behind her, in a minute or two there steps up to this Susan a dapper little fellow, all gold chain and eye-glass, who, lifting his hat, says with a drawl,

"Ah, good-morning, Miss Gilmore."

So that was the end of that—not Susan Browne, but Susan Gilmore. "What an ass I am!" pronounced perhaps for the fortieth time Captain Gage.

And another time he was at a reception, and somebody was calling, "Sue, Susan!" And he turned and saw a grenadier of a woman, and found out (to his relief) that she was a Mrs. Lawton with six children. And again it was a pretty, pink-cheeked creature with violet eyes, and then he was *so* sure, but *she* turned out a Miss Susan Long.

And at last he said to himself, "Well, I give it up." And that very night Owen came in and persuaded him from his pipe, and took him to the opera. And he was leaning back, listening to *Don Giovanni*, when some one in the box next him said, in an audible whisper,

"Why, there's Sue Browne."

"Where?" was asked.

"Why, over there with the Landhams; in the box next to where that woman in the horrid pink bonnet sits."

Captain Gage looked around him in dismay. There were twenty pink bonnets and more—how could he discern by that wonderful female perception which was the "horrid" one? But—ah! there on the right is a little dark head nodding, and bright eyes full of recognition turned to his neighbor's box. He heard no more of *Don Giovanni*, he saw no more the stage and the performers. He leaned back, and took in a different picture. A little lady with a dark head and lucid eyes; but we have seen her before, and we know, though not—she is not—counted a beauty, what a very, very fascinating picture Susy Browne makes.

After this he haunted the opera, and he was pretty sure to see the little lady with the dark head, for Sue was passionately fond of music; but it was a great city, as I have said, and he found nobody to introduce him to Miss Susan Browne.

But there was that property to restore; why not go up boldly and say, "Miss Browne, I have a thimble of yours which you dropped," etc., etc., etc.

Well, why not? Just because that wasn't his way. Captain Gage could face a battery, but he couldn't face a girl with that story.

And, one, two, three, the weeks went by, and the opera was gone, and he seemed no nearer Miss Susan Browne than before. And so he thought that springish morning, standing at the parlor-window after breakfast, and as he thought—presto, opens the door across the street in that tall brown house and out comes—Miss Susan Browne. Isn't it just like a story-book? And it's just as true as truth too.

Well, out comes Miss Susan Browne, and Tom Gage no sooner sees her than he goes straight to his sister Bell with the inquiry,

"Bell, who lives in the house opposite?"

"A family of Brownes moved in last May."

"There's a Miss Susan Browne, isn't there?"

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure—there's a little dark girl, rather pretty—the eldest Miss Browne, I believe."

"Exactly; it is Miss Browne—Susan Browne; and Bell, I want you to go over and call." And then he proceeded with the gravest face: "I have something for her that I am bound to give into her hands; and Bell, I want you to go and—and prepare her, you know, and ask her if *I* may call. I can't explain fully now."

"Oh yes!" Bell jumped at a conclusion, as he knew she would, and made up a pretty story of separation, and loss, and a ring, or something left behind in Tom's keeping. Oh yes, she'd go and prepare the way. And she went that afternoon; and between them the two girls played at cross-purposes, and had a queer time of it. But Captain Gage would explain. And all the while Captain Gage was thinking:

"And here I have been blundering about after her when she was a stone's-throw from me. What an ass I am!" His usual conclusion.

But he got his way. That evening he stood in her presence—quite alone; for he had told his sister, with that grave face of his, and rather a melancholy air, that he thought it better to go by himself.

He stood in her presence and drew from his pocket that little gold thimble.

She turned red and pale, and red again, all in a minute; and then, for the first time since, he thought: "Why this is the face I saw red and pale and covered with tears on the sidewalk that day we came home. That girl with the sweet-heart. I wonder if she really has—"

But his wonder was lost in the gay little laugh and the exclamation,

"Where *did* you—"

"Get your thimble? I'll tell you."

And then they sat down and fell to talking as easily as if they had known each other for years. And the gay little laugh sounded again and again as he told how he found the thimble, and Captain Gage thought it was the very sweetest laugh he had ever heard; and Sue— But I have no right to divulge a lady's secret, only I will say that I don't think she found Captain Gage "a great clumsy fellow."

Of course you can foresee the end; you have foreseen it all along; that Captain Gage woos and wins the owner of the thimble; for we know that when she stood, red, and white, and tearful, on the sidewalk that morning that she had an unknown, unrecognized sweet-heart, who was blind enough to think her some one's else.

One day one of the queen-roses came to see her.

"And you found Sue's thimble in a mitten?" she said, laughing, to Captain Gage, whom she met there.

"Yes; and I found something else much more valuable than the thimble," replied the Captain.

"Eh, what?"

He turned and lifted Sue's little hand to his lips for answer.

And that was the way the engagement was announced. Owen, offering his congratulations, said, gayly,

"I think I deserve some credit for this: for if I hadn't been for me Tom would never have got his valuable mittens."

And Tom owns it, and owns, too, that he had

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been half envious of Owen, whose bread always came up on the right side; but now he thought he had the best of it.

But Owen, looking across the room to that fair and stately sister Bell, and meeting the glance of her beautiful eyes, is inclined to doubt this last assertion.

WHEN I WENT AWAY IN THE RANKS.

WHEN I went away in the ranks last year
I carried a heavy heart in my breast,
A heart which was burdened with bitter pain,
And which throbbed with a weight of wild unrest:
For I longed to stand on the battle-field;
"The sword," I said, "is the weapon for men;"
And I prayed to God that he might not shield
The life which to me was so hateful then.

I loved Alice Leigh with a deep, fond love.
One night as we walked in the still moonlight
Together adown the hawthorn lane,
Where the hawthorn blossoms grow thick and white,
I told her how dear she was to my heart,
How much dearer even than life.
"Promise me, Alice, before we part,
That when I come back you will be my wife."

I looked in her eyes as I spoke these words,
Something like diamonds glistened there;
The moon gazed down on us from above,
And the still light shone on her pale gold hair.
Then came that burden of bitter pain
Which I bore away to the wars with me,
There on that night in the hawthorn lane,
When Alice answered, "It must not be."

The sun shone bright on the morn we left,
And the air with the scent of buds was sweet,
Through glint of sunshine and breadth of shade
We marched down the dear old village street,
Which rang with the loud resounding cheers
That greeted us every step of the way:
And I bitterly smiled as I thought of the tears
Each wife and sweet-heart would shed that day.

We passed the house in which Alice lived;
In my stubborn pride I looked straight ahead,
But I thought of the porch with the trumpet-vine,
And the warm June roses which budded red,
And I felt somehow that Alice was there,
For heavier grew the heart in my breast,
And I knew that she wore in her pale gold hair
The purple ribbon which I loved best.

Then followed those scenes in a soldier's life:
White camps stretching afar in the sun:
Long weary marches through dust and heat,
And the bivouac when the march was done,
With the lurid watch-fires burning around,
Casting red gleams of flickering light
On tired groups sleeping upon the ground;
And at length the din of the furious fight.

The maple had changed from green to gold,
For the breath of the Autumn had touched its leaves,
And the yellow locks of the ripened corn
Were gathered together in harvest sheaves,
When I came home to my father's farm,
Home from the cruel wars again,
No better man for the loss of an arm,
And in my heart was the old, old pain.

But before the leaves had begun to fall,
Or yet the robin had southward flown,
I thought how sweet is life to me now,
For I held a small white hand in my own,
And Alice asked me if I knew why
She gave not the promise I asked her to give:
That it would have been harder for me to die,
And then, oh, how hard for her to live!

HEFFIE'S TROUBLE.

I REMEMBER how late we all sat round the fire that night, Aunt Rachel, Cousin Lucy, and I. It was such a cold wild night, and such a tumult was going on out of doors, as made the pleasant cheerful warmth within seem doubly pleasant and cheerful.

My aunt had been left a widow some years since, with two children, a son and a daughter, my cousin Lucy, and Arthur. I had lived my childish years away, knowing no other home than my aunt's pretty cottage at Ashwood, no mother's face but hers. My own mother had died, leaving my poor father desolate in a strange land. And now, after twelve years of absence, he had come back to live at Riverbank.

To that sweet spot, one golden June day, he had brought my gentle mother, a pretty bride of seventeen; and there, about a year after, I, their only child, was born. Being so young when I left it, I had of course little or no recollection of the place, nor do I remember having any desire to see it again. You call this strange and unnatural; perhaps it was, but then our home at Ashwood was very retired indeed, a sunny nook in a quiet corner of this busy moving world. Beyond the rector and his wife we had very few neighbors. Lucy and I had only each other to play with while Arthur was away at school; and when he returned for the holidays we were happy indeed.

So quietly and peacefully the narrow, waveless stream of our life flowed on, and we were happy and content; not knowing any other, we cared not to have it widened. I do not think this circumscribed life of ours did any real harm to Lucy; with me it was otherwise. I suffered where she escaped untouched; for we were very different, very unlike each other.

Hers was a frank, sympathetic, trusting nature, that easily attached itself. You could not help loving her if you tried. She would creep into your heart like a little bird, and there make a green little nest for herself, even before you were aware. My disposition, on the contrary, was shy, reserved, and cold; or, rather, my affections were not easily stirred into warmth. I was slow to open my heart, and I opened it only to a few; but for them I had a kind of passionate worship that would have considered no sacrifice too great, no self-renunciation too impossible. But ah! at Ashwood my love had never been put to a severer test than the little daily efforts to please my gentle aunt and cousins. Beyond them I wanted no one else; I never cared to make friends. Even my father's name—that name which above all others should have had a sacred shrine in my heart (I say it now in all the anguish of a sorrowful shame burning at my breast)—had little power to kindle any emotion there. And so, when one day the news had come to us that he was going to marry again (a widow lady, with an only daughter a little older than myself), it did not please or trouble me. I received it calmly and quietly, as something I had little concern in. But when, a little later, a letter came telling of their arrival, and that now he had returned home he wished to have his child again, I felt as if a heavy blow had fallen upon my heart, and only yielded as to a cruel necessity. Dreadful to me was the thought of leaving my aunt and cousins, of changing my calm, unruffled life at Ashwood for a new existence among strangers, for they were all more or less strangers to me.

And so, as I said before, we three sat round the fire very late that night. We heard the clock in the hall strike the hour of midnight, and still we never moved. I think each of us in her secret heart dreaded to be the first to break up that last home conference. Lucy, with an expression of touching sadness in her sweet face, sat looking into the fire far more gently and submissively than I into my future life; while dear, kind Aunt Rachel would now and then try to cheer us by some pleasant, hope-assuring word, though I could see that her own eyes were growing dim while she spoke. And so at last we said good-night, once more and for the last time; and once more Cousin Lucy and I lay down to sleep, side by side, in the two little French beds with rose-bud curtains, in that same dear room we had called the nursery long ago. Before the sun went down again we were many long miles apart. The old life was gone; and Aunt Rachel's fond, earnest blessing, and Lucy's tearful embrace, were all that remained to me of the happy home days that would never come back.

Well, I arrived at the old house at Riverbank, that house which had been my mother's home for nearly all her married life; yet my heart refused to recognize it as my own. My father met me in the hall and said, "Heffie, you are quite a woman; I am glad, very glad, to have my child again." And my step-mother greeted me kindly, affectionately; and Agnes took my hand and said (with her eyes looking kindly into mine), "Shall we be sisters?"

And so they took me in among them; and day by day they strove, with tender words and loving deeds, to win my wayward, sullen heart, that still remained shut up within itself, closely as ever door was locked and barred.

Day by day they strove with me, constantly, patiently, but in vain; because I would not strive with myself. The old life was gone—the old life around and within me; and instead of trying to read calmly the new leaf that lay open before me, I only stained it with my tears, and kept ever in my memory, turning again and again the pages I had forever finished. I lived and moved in a kind of dream, seeing and hearing, yet taking no heed of what I saw or heard. I spent hours in my own room, reading over and over again the books Lucy had given to me the night before I left them. Most of them we had read together, she and I; and now I must read alone; and often, as the short winter afternoon was growing dark and cold, a sick, dreary feeling would creep over my heart, of miserable loneliness, that seemed consuming me in its very intensity. Ah! had I not brought all my trouble upon myself? No; I was not pretty, like Agnes. I knew that, and my father knew it also; and he was proud of her, I could see; but not proud of his poor, pale little Heffie. It was always Agnes who went out to ride with him, who was ready to walk wherever he liked, who read to him in the evening when he was tired. Why was it that I was seldom with him, that I never read or sang to him for hours as she did? Because I had a false feeling in my foolish heart that he could not love me, could not care for me. How should he, when I was so little to him and she so much? So days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and summer came once more, once more to gladden men and women and children's hearts, with long days of golden sunshine, and soft, cool, dewy nights. Yes, summer came once more, and with it came a change in my life, my self-inflicted, lonely life. One morning I received a letter from my Cousin Arthur, saying that if his uncle and Mrs. Leigh would kindly receive him for a little while he would so very much like to come and spend his summer holidays at Riverbank. He longed to see me again; it would be like a coming back of the old days.

"Yes, Heffie, certainly," said my father, when I gave him Arthur's message, "let him come by all means. We shall be delighted to see him. It will make a pleasant change, a very pleasant change for us all."

As I rose to leave the room I saw his wife's gentle eyes turned on me with a kind, half-pitying look I had often seen there of late, and heard her say (when she thought I was out of hearing), "Poor child, I am glad she will have this pleasure. I long to see a little color in that pale face; it is too young to look so sad."

And my father answered, "Yes, it is too young; life should not be difficult at seventeen. Oh, Margaret, I have a great fear haunting me sometimes." And here he lowered his voice to almost a whisper, so that I heard no more; and I hastened up stairs to write my letter. What was this great fear that haunted my father? I could not tell. I had often remarked lately (as I said before) my step-mother's eyes watching me with an anxious, half-pitying expression; and once or twice I had seen them fill with tears when she thought I was not noticing her. Did this great fear haunt her too?

Three days passed by, and Arthur came—pleasant, cheerful, kind Cousin Arthur. How my heart bounded at the sight of him, at the sound of his fine manly voice, that seemed to me like an echo from the old life—the old life that was gone! All was changed during the few weeks he staid at Riverbank. It was as if some kind fairy had come with her magic wand and touched the hours, and turned them into gold. I felt almost quite happy. Something of my old self seemed to have come back. It was a season of strange, wonderful gladness—a short, happy dreaming, that went too quickly by—and I awoke crying, to find it over, gone.

I knew he and Agnes liked each other from the beginning; nothing was more natural. Many of their tastes and pursuits were the same. And so it happened that day by day there grew up between them a sure yet silent sympathy, so sure and silent that for a long time neither was conscious how much the other was helping to make the sunny June of life more bright and sunny still. Week after week went by, till we counted six, and then Arthur's leave had expired, and he must go away. The last evening came (how far away it seems now as I look back!). I was sitting alone in my own room, not reading or writing, or hardly thinking, but listening listlessly to the dull patter of the rain against the window; for it had been pouring all day.

Presently I heard a knock at my door, and Arthur entered, saying he wanted to talk with me. He had hardly seen me since the morning.

"Dear Heffie," he said, "I want to tell you something, something that I want you to feel glad for. Can you guess?"

"No. How should I?"

"Well, then, Agnes has promised to-day to be my wife. Say you are glad, Heffie, won't you? You used to be glad years ago when I brought home a new prize from school; but now you do not speak."

"Arthur, I am very glad." I said it with my lips, but a voice in my heart answered, "No, Heffie, you are not glad; you know you are not."

"Why not?"

Because that moment had revealed to my heart a secret it had been keeping from itself, a secret it had not dared to discover; but now it had stolen out from the dark, silent corner where it had hidden itself away, and, standing out like a giant fierce and strong in the broad open daylight, it stared me in the face mockingly, cruelly; and I saw that it was an idol I had been bowing down to, a pillar I had been leaning on for strength; and the idol was crumbling, the pillar was falling, and I, who had leaned too long on that one support, was weak (oh, how weak!) now it was gone.

Arthur staid with me for a long while that evening, talking of many things—of Agnes most of all. He asked me to be kind to her when he was gone, to show her love and sympathy for his sake.

He knew not he was asking me to do a hard thing. The next day he was gone, and Agnes moved about the house quiet and subdued, as if a little shadow had come to dim her sky for a moment; while I, who had no right to grieve, yet grieved more hopelessly. Now, at the distance of nearly twenty years, I can look back calmly on that time, as on the recollection of a troubled dream, from which the awakening was tranquil as the clear shining after rain. But then there was no shining, no rest, no comfort. The next few months that passed before the winter came (that was when the wedding was to be) were very dreary ones to me. There was a little brief while indeed, in which Aunt Rachel and Lucy paid us a visit on their way home from Portland; but when that was over I felt even more lonely than ever. My heart was more than ever closed to Agnes. I felt toward her as if she had done me a cruel wrong; as if she had stolen from me something that might have been mine; that I would have valued, oh how pricelessly!

One afternoon, near the end of November, as I was sitting in the library with my father, he looked up from his newspaper suddenly, and said, "Heffie, my child, I wish I could see you happy, really happy. I can not bear to see that pale face of yours day after day without a smile upon it. Can you not borrow a little sunshine from Agnes?"

I did not answer for a few moments. Then a desperate resolve seemed suddenly to shape itself into words on my lips, and I said, "Let me go away, father; let me leave Riverbank. I can never be happy while I stay here. Let me go."

"Let you go away, Heffie! What can you mean? Where do you want to go?"

"Any where, father; any where! I will be a governess, or a companion. I will do any thing: only let me go away."

"Why, Heffie, you do not know what you are saying. Are you in your senses, child? What makes you so unhappy? Tell me."

"I can not, father; I can not tell any one. But, oh! I want to go away! I want to go away!" And in the passion of my entreaty I sobbed bitterly.

"Heffie," my father exclaimed half frightened, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Leigh entered the room. She tried to speak to me; but I rushed wildly past her into the hall and up stairs, never pausing till I reached my own room, and there, sinking on the floor beside the sofa, I pressed my head against the pillows and wept as I had not wept for a long while.

Presently I heard a step in the passage. Some one knocked at my door. I did not answer, or even raise my head; I dreaded that they should see my tears. Again the knock was repeated; but I never moved. At length the door opened, and I knew, without looking back, that it was my step-mother who stood near me. She laid her hand gently on my shoulder, saying, "Heffie, my poor child, what is the matter? Are you ill, or in trouble, or has any one been unkind to you? Do tell me."

But still I did not move, but kept my face buried in the sofa pillow.

"Heffie," she said again, and this time there was even a little sternness in her voice, "Heffie, listen to me. I must speak to you; I must know what all this means."

Her manner quieted me in an instant. I let her raise me from the floor, and, seating herself on the sofa, made me sit beside her, put her arm round me, and drew my head to rest on her bosom. She did not try to stop my tears altogether: they were flowing more quietly now; but I was cold and trembling, though my head was burning; and, taking one of my hands, she gently chafed it in her own without speaking a word for some time. At last, as I grew calmer still, she spoke again.

"Heffie, dearest love, why will you not tell me what is troubling this poor little heart so much?"

"Because, because I can not tell any one. I must not; indeed I must not. Nobody could help me if I did."

"Is it so very bad, dear—so incurable? Oh, Heffie! I would be so to you in your dear mother's place if you would let me—if you would open your heart to me, and trust me as you would have trusted her. You are too young to bear all this grief alone. Will you not trust me with part of it, at least?"

What right had I to all this tenderness from her, those words of sympathy—I who, for nearly a whole year, had coldly cast away the love she would have given me? Did I deserve it now? I knew I did not; but that last appeal—so tenderly, so earnestly made—seemed to touch somewhere in my heart a chord that had never thrilled before. My proud, wayward heart was bowed in a moment, powerless to close itself any longer; for she had found the right key, and used it skillfully. Yes, after a year's hard striving (cold and resisting on my side, patient and gentle on hers), I was conquered at last; and, subdued and humbled as a penitent child, I lay weeping in her arms, depending on her love. And there, in the shadow of the dark November twilight, I told her all my trouble: no, not all, only a part; but she (with the quick insight of her woman's sympathy) guessed the rest. She did not say many words to comfort me. She only said, "My poor child!" But I could feel her silent sympathy far more than words. I felt it in the closer pressure of her arms round me, in the touch of her hand on my hair as she tenderly stroked it from my forehead, and pressed an earnest kiss upon it.

"You are very young, dear," she said at length, "for such a hard battle; but you will gain the victory if you will ask for strength."

I knew not how long we remained together that evening. I can dimly remember trying to raise my head to ask her forgiveness for the past, and being hardly able to speak for the burning pain in it. And I remember how kindly she helped me to bed, and sat by my side for a long while, till she thought I had fallen asleep; but the next few days I can very faintly recall: they are almost a blank in my memory. I knew that I was very ill, and at one time in danger of dying. I lay in a half-sleeping, half-waking state, having no part in the life that was going on around me. My dreams were restless and distressed; always haunted by that one image—the pillar I had leaned on too long for strength. Once I thought my Cousin Arthur and I were walking on the side of a precipice: it was dark and foggy, and every step I was afraid of falling. At last I felt the arm I leaned on growing weak; but I thought it was still strong enough to support me. By degrees, however, it seemed to give way; my foot slipped, for the mist was in my eyes, and I felt myself falling. I cried out in my agony of fear, "Oh, Arthur, save me! do not leave me!" And then in my distress I awoke, to see Agnes bending over me, while she bathed my burning forehead.

"What is the matter?" I said. "Have I been ill? Where am I?"

"In your own room, Heffie dear. You have been ill; but you are better now," she answered.

"Oh yes, I am better now. Have you been near me long?"

"Mamma and I have both been with you. We want to make you well and strong again."

"Do you? I thought you could not love me. Why do you stay with me?"

"Stay with you, Heffie! Why should I leave you! You would not send me away, would you?"

"I thought you would hate me. I was unkind, cruel to you."

"Hush, Heffie, that is all over now. Let us try to forget it, shall we? But here is Dr. White coming to see you." And at that moment the door opened, and my step-mother and the doctor came in.

I will not dwell on those days of weakness, and weeks of slow recovery, that were ended at last. I have said that that time, as I see it now, was a troubled evil dream, from which the awaking was calm and tranquil as the clear shining after rain. Yes, the shining came at last; the battle was won, because the strength that won it was not my own. Well, the day arrived—the wedding day—his and hers. I saw them kneeling side by side, and heard the words, "I, Arthur, take thee, Agnes, to be my wedded wife." And in my heart I blessed them, him and her. And so they went away, and I tried to fill her place at home—tried to be to them what she had been; and they were very kind and patient with me, and would not let me see how sadly they missed her.

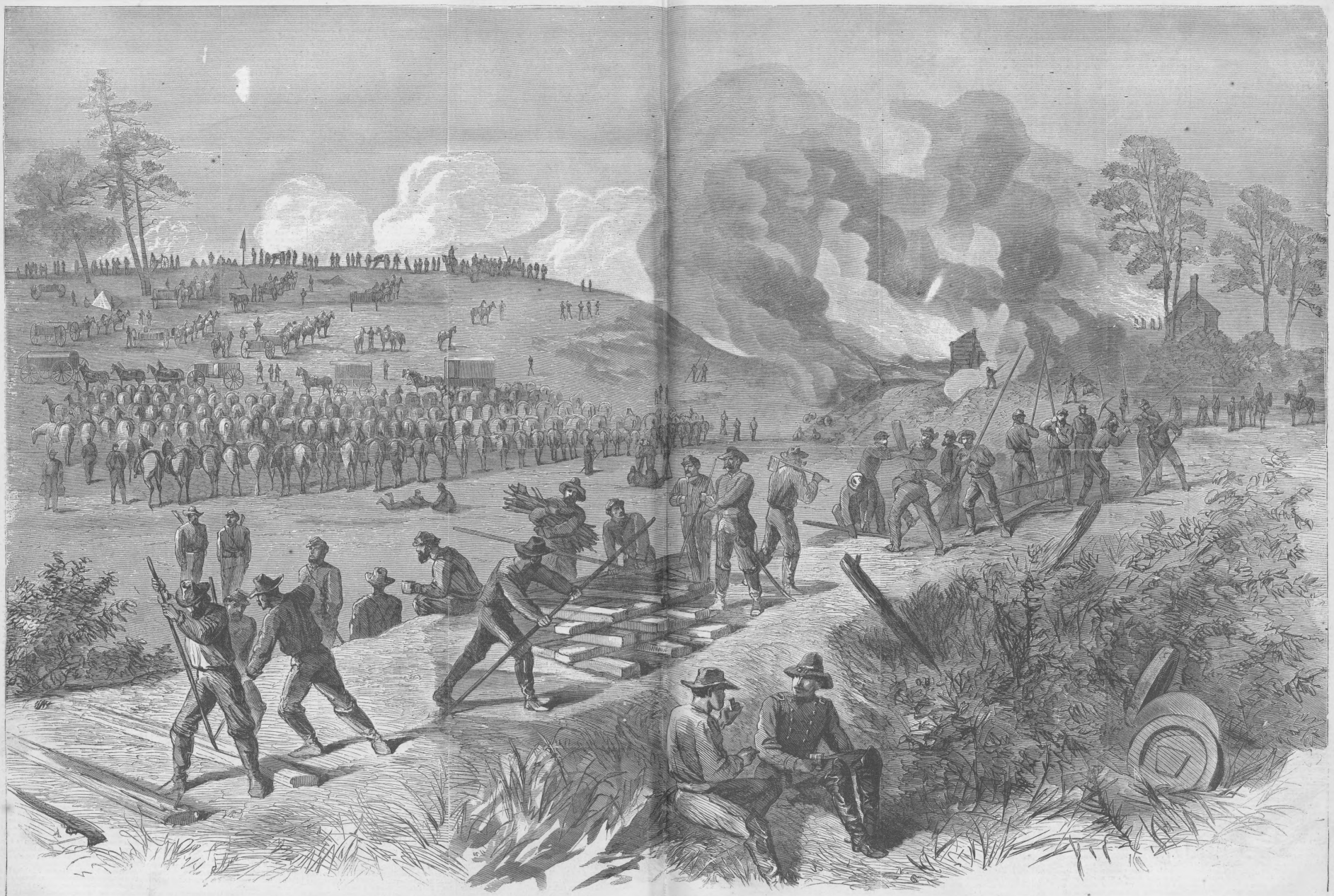
Nearly twenty years have come and gone since then, and many things are changed. My father and step-mother are sleeping side by side in the quiet village church-yard at Riverbank. The old house has been sold; but, as the new owner is now abroad, it has a melancholy, deserted look.

Arthur and Agnes have a sunny little home. They are very happy in each other; very happy in their one child, whom they have named Heffie. She is now a fair girl of eighteen, with the image of her mother's youth upon her. And as I gaze into the blue depths of those true, earnest eyes, I think, half-mournfully, half-thankfully, of the old days at Riverbank.

Aunt Rachel has left her pretty cottage at Ashwood, for the new rector and his wife have begged her to make her home with them, the rector's wife being Cousin Lucy.

And I, reader? my home is a small lodging in a quiet street. I have only two rooms; but they are snug and pleasant enough. And here I live, and write books, and make verses, very thankful if now and then I am allowed to add my little drop of help or comfort to the sea of human charity around me. And I am happy; for though my cup may never be full to the very brim, still I know it is fuller (how much fuller!) than I deserve.

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—DESTRUCTION OF LEE'S COMMUNICATIONS BY GENERAL WILSON.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

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THE WHITE SAILS.

As I look out across the sea
The white sails greet my longing sight,
Slow floating widely out from me,
None ling'ring now where erst 'twas bright.

With many smiles, and many tears,
We watch them fade along the way,
With many hopes, and many fears,
Lest we have said "good-by" for aye.

Once more I look upon the waves,
And once again the sails gleam white,
From those who are so true and brave
Bear they a joy to me to-night?

Ah me! the white wings of the sea
May bear me blessings never more;
The face mine eyes have longed to see
Lies lifeless on a Southern shore.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

BOOK II.—WOMANHOOD.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON THE RIVER BANK.

He who writes these lines was, many years since, dining in a cheap restaurant in the Palais Royal. He liked to dine in state, but being poor, was forced to put up with the second-floor splendor of the great Palace of Gormandizing. The glass is as glittering and the gilding as gaudy in the attic as in the basement of this place, only there is a diminution of price correspondent to the ascent you make, and, by an odd paradox, you lose caste as you mount. What matters it? If that which they call a poulet à la Marengo on the first floor be, as they assert, a nasty mess hashed up from the scourings and leavings of better cook-shops, and the poulet down stairs be a triumph of the art in which Carême and Ude excelled, it must come to the same thing in the long-run. Abate a little for the difference in flavor—and what is flavor? Is there any thing nastier than an olive, or caviar, or the trail of a woodcock, at first tasting? You will find both dishes equally rich in color, multifarious in ingredients, rich and sloppy. And both will make you equally bilious the next morning.

He of whom I write, then, being pinched in purse, dined, not at Véfour's below, but at the humbler Richard's above. He had some youth and health remaining then. He could look upon the wine when it was red, or even when it was the lividest ordinaire ever manufactured, without dreading its after effects. He paid his forty sous; had his three courses; fed, and was content.

Now here was a thing which struck him between his third service and his dessert, on the instant occasion consisting of a pear—a pear so swollen, supine, and sleepy that, being a Radical young man at that period, he likened it to an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. The thing struck him thus. Richard's is *very* brave indeed, in looking-glasses. There are mirrors on every side of you. Though ever so solitary at a table you need never, if reflection can help it, be alone. You have the company of yourself. Eyes right and eyes left, and then turn volte-face: so you are quadrupled. You become twins twice over: quins, if I may coin such a word.

The person discoursed of, however, was satisfied with using the knife, fork, and plate before him as a plane of perspective, and looked straight before him without changing his base. In front of him was a very large looking-glass in a very gay gold frame. Naturally in this he saw himself. Naturally, also, he saw reflected in the looking-glass which was at the other end of the dining-hall another self of his taken dorsally. And in equal obedience to the immutable laws of nature, the starting-points of reflection and refraction being once established, there stretched before him an interminable vista of mirrors that were before and mirrors that were behind, of front selves and back selves, of table-knives, forks, and chandeliers over and over again, to infinity. So, lately, standing upon a high tower upon a rock, looking upon the Falls of Niagara, did this same person ask, unthinkingly, and like a fool as he was, of the negro who was his guide, whether the rush of waters were always in that wise: whereon the black man answered him, not according to his folly, but in simple wisdom: "I 'spect, mas'r, it's gwine on so for ebber and ebber." For ever and ever. The solemn words brought the scene of the looking-glass back to his mind. They too went on for ever and ever. Although the vanishing lines of the perspective diminished at last to a pin's point, and their continuity was undiscernible to the keenest gaze, there must have stretched on, more and more microscopically delineated, myriads upon myriads more looking-glasses, tables, knives, forks, and diners. The old schoolmen used to hold disputations on the numbers of legions of angels that could dance on the point of a needle. The thesis is not so absurd as it seems. Give us but a lens of sufficient magnifying power and we might discover how upon some spicula of matter ten thousand times finer than a "Coventry hundred," not thousands, but millions of God's creatures, having heads, and lungs, and ducts, and bowels, and lives, do dance.

The looking-glasses, then, went on forever and ever. There could not be an end to them, for they had two ends. There could not be a beginning, for there were two beginnings, or rather the beginning was the end, and the end was the beginning; for the foremost mirror did no more and no less in glancing back its fellow than did the hindermost one. It was the old, old story of the serpent with its tail in its mouth.

And while he who had paid forty sous for his dinner was gazing on this, and musing upon it, the deft waiter approached him from behind with the sleepy pear. He saw him in the glass. He was a very white-faced waiter, and his grin was ghastly. Late hours, much gas, and the steam of many dinners, had made him hopelessly pallid. Never too much flesh had he, I wot, and that which he had originally possessed had wasted away beneath the influence of the gas-burners and the stew-pans, so that he looked now merely as though a wan leathery integument had been drawn, for decency's sake, over his skull. With his closely-cropped cranium, whiskerless jaws, gleaming teeth, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, white cravat, with his monstrous bow and ever-present smirk, he was uncommonly like a genteel death's-head. Something like a shudder came over the guest as he looked upon this fetch of Mortality, smirking in the midst of the vast image of Eternity streaming away from him. As there were more mirrors, so were there more Death's-head waiters; and they encompassed him on every side, and went on for ever and ever. Oh! mortal man, for ever and ever.

That Life should be so dove-tailed into Death, faster and firmer than the cunningest joiner, with his glue and his mortice, ever dreamt of, is but natural, is but the way of the world, is but decreed beyond our comprehension and our conception. Better, perhaps, to take them as they come, and wait for the end in humble hope, than to continue peering into the looking-glasses till we go mad.

Much the more so, as the yellow forehead of the King of Terrors is often wreathed with flowers, as the worm that never dies has the prettiest painted skin imaginable, as Death is but the reverse side of an arras all woven in gay designs representing the innocent pastimes of Arcadia, and the lives of gods and goddesses. What did Mr. Wordsworth's simple child, down Rydal Mount way, know of death? The church-yard was her play-ground. Those who slept beneath were not dead, but her brothers and sisters, and they were seven. Death, after all, is of the chameleon kind. Scan him very narrowly and he changes hue. Get over the embarrassment of a first acquaintance, and he turns out to be somebody else. He is no longer Death, but Life Eternal.

Now, there was a certain little maiden who had lived all her life on the very brink of the grave; who had been cradled, as it were, in a coffin, and swaddled in cereclothes, and whose playthings were, after a manner, skulls and cross-bones, a mattock and a spade. Of course I am speaking metaphorically. The certain little maiden, pretty little Mademoiselle Amanda, had no bodily acquaintance with the ugly things I mention. Yet she knew all about them, heard them talked about every hour in the day, lived over them and bore their icy neighborhood with great philosophy. Why should she trouble her innocent young head about such horrors? She had been for long years accustomed to them; besides, they were her good papa's business, not hers. She was very fond of her good papa. She was very fond of every body. She was but seventeen years of age; and at that period of life I have known youngsters who were fond of spiders and monkeys, and the ugliest of dogs, and the crossest of cats.

Mademoiselle Amanda lived in the left wing of the Edifice, which was but one story high. The Edifice was called (I am afraid) The Morgue. Her good papa had his office in the opposite wing, and there he kept his huge vellum-bound and brass-clamped registers, which were quite as bulky, and well-nigh as numerous, as the books of a London banking-house. Papa was a public functionary. He held a responsible post in the service of the good city of Paris, and lodging, fire, and candles were allowed him gratis. Amanda's sitting and bedroom were just over the large room on the ground-floor, occupied by the lodgers in the Edifice. The lodgers never disturbed her, although they came in at all hours, some of them very unseasonable. They were the quietest lodgers in the world. They seldom stopped more than two or three days, and, strange to say, they paid nothing for their bed or their board—if that could properly be called board which was in reality stone. Amanda's parlor was quite a grove of singing-birds. She had two canaries, she had a thrush, she had a linnet. She had a blackbird who sang the "Marseillaise" and the "Parisienne"—airs not then entirely prohibited in France—but who discreetly avoided the imputation of being an out-and-out Republican of the red kind by now and then tuning up "La Belle Gabrielle" and "Vive Henri Quatre," but who was not, by any means, a Bonapartist bird, seeing that he could never be persuaded to give so much as a bar of "Partant pour la Syrie."

Amanda's walls were hung with pretty lithographs and water-color drawings. On her balcony, overlooking the old houses on the quays, with their high roofs and blinking little windows, with the narrow bright blue Seine shining between, and the towers of Nôtre Dame overlooking all, she had a miniature conservatory. Yes, she had roses and geraniums and forget-me-nots, and the modest sweet-smelling mignonnette. She adored flowers: so seemingly did Blaise, her cat, though ofttimes chastised for lying perdu among the foliage, whence at his ease he could blink with covetous eyes upon the birds in their cages. She was fond of music too, this accomplished little Amanda, and had not only a pretty cottage-piano made by Pleyel, but absolutely a harp—a harp from the great Erard's factory. Her good papa denied her nothing. Sheets of music lay about—dulcet little barcaroles, and romances, and chansonettes, the which she warbled, accompanying herself meanwhile with such sweetness and such grace as frequently to elicit from her guests twitters of approving criticism. Then she drew—drew very prettily, too. Big classical heads with round chins, vacant eyes, broad foreheads, and tresses like coils of rope. These she finished in Italian chalk on tinted paper, to the delight of her professor, who was a mighty man from the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Did she paint? Yes, flowers, and a little landscape. Any thing else? Well, she embroidered charmingly; was not too fond of novel reading for a girl of her age, choosing even then the demurest of fictions, and utterly eschewing the fascinating but perilous MM. Dumas and Paul de Kock. She was very good and pious. She went regularly to mass, and had ses pauvres—her poor—whom she tended and succored quite as though she had been a staid middle-aged person. As yet her heart had said nothing to her. She had been to a ball but thrice in her life. Men, with the exception of Monsieur Philibert, she regarded as sweet and noble creatures, but still as devouring monsters to be feared and fled from. Ces terribles Messieurs, she called them. Monsieur Philibert she did not fear. He was old and fat, and she had known him long, and he was papa's good friend.

Little Amanda's mamma was dead. Nobody but herself, her father, and a bonne, lived on the first (and consequently top) floor of the Edifice. Down stairs there were people who took care of the lodgers, but she never saw them. There was a side-door for her to go out at, and once a week or so, when business was slack—for the lodgers were very capricious as to the time of their coming, though exceedingly regular as to that of their going—Amanda's papa would take her to dine en ville, and then to some little boulevard theatre, whence she would come back skipping and clapping her hands, and humming over the airs of the vaudeville couplets she had heard. The little girl was as good as gold, and as happy as the day was long.

On the very same morning that Jean Baptiste Constant was entertaining his friends at the Café Restaurant Chesterfield, Amanda, too, had company in the first floor of the Edifice. Lily was there. Now, I am afraid that Madame de Kergolay would have been very angry indeed had she known that her protégée was paying such a visit, or was in such a place. It was, perhaps, the queerest place in the world for a young lady who was being educated in genteel notions to find herself in. But it was all Madame Thomas's fault. That good woman could see that Lily was unhappy, that she was mourning in secret. She half divined the cause of her sorrow. She strove to assuage it by every means in her power, to divert the young girl's mind, and to lead her to more cheerful thoughts. "Ces jeunesses—these young ones are always the same. They get an idea into their heads, and it takes a hydraulic machine to get it out again. Let us try to amuse her. Let us strive to make her gay. She must be dull sometimes in that old place of ours. Yes, she must be in love. Malediction upon love, and yet one can hardly help blessing it at the same time. What an old fool I am! If Ma'amselle Lily is in love, I can not expect her to make a confidante of an old, worn-out, battered thing like me. Let us place her in contact with something young, and fresh, and innocent, to whom she can tell half her secret, and who will guess the rest. Did I say young, and fresh, and innocent? Ah, ma foi, they are all ready to guess ce calembourg-là. They can all find out what love is. Allons, I will take her to see Amanda. There can be no harm in that."

Amanda was one of Madame Thomas's great cronies. She had known and loved her ever since she was a little child. She had an awful reverence for Amanda's papa, whom she called Monsieur le Gardien; she had known his wife, that amiable blonde woman, with a perpetual cold in her head, which had ultimately got into her stomach, and so, reaching her feet, killed her. She entertained the profoundest respect for Monsieur Philibert, who, whenever he met her, rarely failed to regale her with the latest on dits and the choicest snuff. The first floor over the Edifice was, indeed, Madame Thomas's great gossiping shop. Whenever she had half an hour to spare she would slip away and revel in chat. Nor did her patronage of the Edifice stop there. Madame Thomas wasn't exactly a ghoul. She wasn't a vampire. She had no cruelty in her composition. She was a very kind-hearted old woman, well enough disposed to be jovial on occasion; but she had, in common with a great number of other old women, a secret and irresistible penchant for that which some persons are accustomed to call the horrible. She couldn't help it. About people's tastes it is useless to dispute. Every body has his taste, his whim, his fancy, his hobby. Madame Thomas had hers. She did not carry it to excess, but she was forced to gratify it sometimes. She liked to trot down stairs, at the termination of her gossip on the first floor of the Edifice, and see how the lodgers were getting on. It did her good. She liked it, although she was not very far removed from that period of life when she might reasonably expect to become a lodger herself, a permanent one, although not in *that* edifice. Sometimes the lodgers were green, and Madame Thomas would take a great deal of snuff; sometimes they were blue, at which she would take more, and cry "Pouah!" And not unfrequently they would be both green and blue.

Amanda did her best to entertain her guests. She bustled about, putting her birds through the most winning of their ways, and by clever tapping at the bars of their cages, and tempting them with bits of sugar between her pretty lips, eliciting from them the sweetest of their carols. Of her flowers, too, she made great show, blowing aside their petals, and turning up their delicate leaves to show her visitors. Then she sat down to the piano, and played some of her liveliest pieces; and then—no severer critics being near than a young girl as innocent as herself, and an old woman who knew no more of music than she did of Greek—she sang some arch little French songs—songs that had refrains like the fluttering of birds' wings, or the pattering of mice into their holes—songs which didn't mean much, and were mainly, if you please, nonsense; but which, at least, didn't mean mischief—at once a rarity and an advantage, I apprehend, in the vocal music of France the Fair.

By this it was breakfast-time. The bonne set the table, and laid out the simple summer cates on which the girl usually breakfasted—eggs on the plate, cream cheese, fruit, plenty of bread-and-butter, coffee, and a little thin red wine. "If good papa and Monsieur Philibert should come in," quoth Amandine, "their beef-steak and their omelet will be ready for them in five minutes." There was a stronger wine, too, for the use of good papa and his friends. Strange to say, the wine was always kept in a cupboard on a level with the dwelling-rooms of the Edifice. They had a cellar down stairs: why didn't they store their Bordeaux and their cognac there? Well, Amanda didn't like the notion. Perhaps she thought the cellar, so near the Seine, was damp; perhaps she feared that those lodgers, usually so well-behaved, might get up some night and inebriate themselves on her papa's potables. And the bare notion of one of those lodgers roaming about the cellar! Ugh!

By-and-by arrived good papa, and with him his ancient and constant friend, Monsieur Philibert. This last was the plumpest, rosiest, brightest-eyed, whitest-toothed, most contented-looking man you could wish to see on a summer's day, or out of the ranks of the twenty-seventh battalion of the Legion of the Seine, or out of the members of his own peculiar profession, which is saying a good deal. Philibert was a National Guardsman, and, as such, naturally wore spectacles, and was slightly inclined to corpulence. He was not quite a carpet warrior, however. That big bearskin, those epaulets of scarlet worsted, those snowy cross-belts, had shone with distinction at several barricades, and had loomed large in the fore-front of the battle, when the Boulevard du Temple, after Fieschi's horrid attempt on the king's life, was swept by troops. Philibert was not quite so angry with the half-crazy regicide as it would perhaps have beseemed a loyal man, bourgeois de Paris, and strong adherent of the order of things and the dynasty of July, to have shown himself. He spoke of the murderous Italian, pending his trial and condemnation, as "le Monsieur." Once he was heard to allude to him as "le pauvre diable." You see that Fieschi, with his infernal machine, although he missed the principal object of his hatred, and blew off, instead, his own fingers, and ultimately his own head, yet managed to kill Marshal Mortier, who, in full uniform, was riding by the side of Louis Philippe. And did not the murdered marshal have one of the grandest of funerals ever seen in Paris—triumphal car, winged Victories, gilt wreaths, pall of silver tissue, whole Birnam woods of ostrich plumes, horses draped in black velvet—every luxury, in fine? And was not Philibert there? Not Philibert in the bearskin and red epaulets of the civic soldier, but Philibert in full new glossy black, in plaited and ruffled linen, in shorts and silk stockings—Philibert with the cocked-hat known as chapeau bras beneath his left arm, and a shining ebony truncheon tipped with silver in his right hand—Philibert with a dress-sword by his side, a silver chain round his neck, and silver buckles in his shoes? For he also was a marshal of France, after a fashion, and had a right to bear a bâton.

He was, indeed, a master of the ceremonies attached to the Corporation of Undertakers—to the Pompes Funèbres—and in that capacity had conducted some of the most splendid funeral processions of modern times. The unthinking and the malicious called him a croque-mort, a vampire, a ghoul, but Philibert smiled philosophically at their sneers. The plump and rosy man was not only contented but proud of his profession. "I shall yet live," he would say, "to conduct the imposing ceremonies incidental to the interment of the great Napoleon, whose sacred remains are still detained by his barbarous and perfidious enemies on the Atlantic rock, where they slew him. What a funeral that will be! With the aid of the military force, the paraphernalia of the garde-meuble, and the choristers of the Opera, the Pompes Funèbres shall, please Heaven, far surpass all they have hitherto done. Funerals of Foy, Manuel, Louis the Eighteenth, S. A. R. the Duke of Berry—bah! those little parades of the Theatre shall all be thrown into the shade. When we file down the Champs Elysées, on our way to the Invalids, something shall be seen." Monsieur Philibert was an artist. Thus, though he half forgave Fieschi for shooting a marshal of France who could be sumptuously interred, he professed the utmost horror and indignation at the fate of the humble workmen and workwomen, victims to the indiscriminate massacre caused by the infernal machine. "Is not the fosse commune—the common ditch at Montmartre—gorged enough," he would say, "but that we must strive to choke it still more with misérables, coffined in white deal with tin-tacks, and shoveled into the earth at an expense to the good city of Paris of eight livres seven sols? And these émeutes, these riots, which, in my capacity as a member of the civic guard, I have the honor to assist in quelling. Dites-moi donc un peu, of what good is it shooting and bayoneting

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all these deluded artisans and half-starved va nu-pieds? It is nobody's business to bury them decently, and after cumbering your register for a time, good papa, what is there for them but a pit filled with quick-lime? It is inconceivable. Poor people ought not to die. They should go away somehow, or, at least, they should save the administration the trouble of burying them at a tariff which I have no hesitation in affirming to be indecently and absurdly low. Why is there not a Ganges into which the corpses of ces hommes de rien du tout could be thrown, or a funeral pyre whereon their bodies could be incinerated? For such a ceremony, performed en masse, the Pompes Funèbres could, perhaps, display a taste and a luxury from the use of which, in individual cases, it is debarred." This was Monsieur Philibert's grand manner. There was no harm in him, however. He was one of the mildest and most placable of men. He was a widower, and his wife had once kept a baby-linen warehouse: what time, ere he himself had gone into the undertaking business, Philibert had not disdained to hold a senior clerkship in a Bureau de Nourrices: an agency office for wet-nurses.

THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

"Now, Lieutenant, the yarn," said I, as I filled my can.

"Yes, Lieutenant, and a tough one," cried Jerry Bloom, the smallest midshipman in the United States service; and a dozen more voices clamored in, impatient for the promised yarn.

A heavy sea was running; night had fallen; we were off watch, and snugly stowed between decks, with our legs under the gun-room table and a black bottle in our midst, and—jollier still—Lieutenant Bracetaut had promised a yarn. A smooth tongue of his own had that gentleman, and a fertile brain withal. His stories were the delight of the gun-room. His heart was as brave and strong as his appetite for grog, and every one loved him. He filled another glass, looked musingly at the oscillating lantern above our heads, and then made a beginning:

"It was not in these days of iron pots, cheese-boxes, and steam-engines, you must know," said he; "but on the dear old frigate *Florida—requiescat in pace!*—without her mate before a stiff breeze, and with more rats in her hold than in a North Sea whaler. We were the flag-ship of the African squadron. Prize-money was scarce, and the days infernally hot; when, just as the day dropped, at the close of September, we were overjoyed to hear tidings of—"

"All hands on deck if you want a share in *this* prize!" bawled the boatswain down the companion-way; and we ungraciously tumbled up, snapping Bracetaut's yarn without compunction, for we had become greedy for plunder on board the *Petrel*, and relinquished even our grog for the hope of a prize.

"Where is she?"

"What is she?"

"I don't see her."

"There she is to the sou'west," said the cock-swain, pointing with his spy-glass.

"By Jove, a steamer, too!" cried Bracetaut, delightedly.

"The *Great Eastern*, stuffed with cotton to her scuppers," suggested Jerry Bloom, commencing a hornpipe; and every one else had some surmise to put forth as to the character of the strange craft.

"Bracetaut is right," said the Captain, who had been studying her intently with his telescope; "she's a steamer, and a big 'un. But she's not coming out; she's making for the Lights with her best foot foremost."

We were glad to hear it; for even cotton could be foregone for the sake of English rifles, hospital stores, and army stuffs. We cracked on more steam, unfurled the top-gallants, and made all preparations for a short chase. We had been to Philadelphia for coal, and were still fifty knots from our old blockading station on the North Carolina coast, to which we were returning. There was a heavy sea from the tempest of the day before; but the sky was cloudless and the moon unusually bright, and our craft was the swiftest in the squadron; so that, with so much sea-room, we had little doubt of overhauling the stranger before she could reach the protecting guns of Fort Macon. A mere speck at first, the object of our attention grew rapidly bigger as we sped on under the extra head of steam and the straining top-gallants. She enlarged against the sky as big as a whale, and in a few moments we distinguished the column of black smoke which her low chimneys trailed against the sky; but she seemed to have little canvas stretched. Indeed, the gale was yet so strong that any extensive spread of sail was imprudent.

"See what you make of her, Bracetaut," said the Captain, handing his telescope to the weather-worn seaman. "I would be sure that she's none of our own."

"Clyde-built all over," mused the Lieutenant, with his eye to the tube. "No one but a cockney could have planted her masts; and her jib has the Bristol cut. She sees you, and is doing her best. I doubt if you catch her."

"The h—ll we won't! Let out the studdin' sails! trim the jib!" roared the commander through his trumpet. "I'll spread every rag if we scrape the sky. More head if possible, Jones," he added; and the engineer went below to see what could be done.

The gale was strong, and her head of steam was already great; but we soon seemed to leap from crest to crest under the stimulus of replenished fires, and the masts fairly bowed beneath their press of canvas. Every body was agog with excitement, and half the seamen were in the rigging with peering eyes and noisy speculation as to the vessel and her contents.

"Try her with the big bow-chaser, Cap," suggested the Lieutenant; and the order was immediately given.

Boom! went the huge piece, as we quivered on the summit of a lofty wave, and the rushing bolt struck phosphor from a dozen crests ere its course was lost in the distance.

"No go! it's a good three miles," growled Captain B——, measuring the interval once more with his glass.

"Let *me* try," said Bracetaut, quietly taking his stand behind the gun, which was now being charged anew, and carefully adjusting the screws.

Again the sullen thunder spouted from the port, and we marked the ball by its path of fire.

"Gone again!" grumbled the skipper. "We're paving the floor of the sea with— Ha!"

For an instant the messenger had vanished like its predecessor; then, far away to the south, there sprang a fountain of spray—its last dip in the brine—and the mizzen-mast of the stranger snapped short off at the cross-trees, and dragged a cloud of useless canvas down her shrouds.

"Brave shot!" exclaimed the Captain. "Try again, Lieutenant."

"'Try, try again,'" sang that devil of a middy, Jerry Boom, renewing his hornpipe to the terror of the cockswain's bunions.

But the rigging of the stranger suddenly grew black with men, the broken spars were cleared away as by magic, another sail puffed out broadly from her foretop to make up for the defrauded mizzen-mast, and even as we gazed a strain of band-music came floating over the sea, with the "Bonny blue flag" for its burden.

"She's telling her name," said Bracetaut, laughing.

"Yes; but she's going to kick us," cried Jerry, as a long tongue of flame leaped from the stranger's stern; and the rolling thunder of her gun came to us almost simultaneously with the ball, which whistled through our tops, letting down a heavy splinter on the cockswain's head, who dropped like a dead man, but was only stunned.

It was evident that the stranger was plucky, and not to be taken alive. We still worked on her with our bow-gun, seldom doing much damage, but with the best of intentions; while she kicked off the point of our bowsprit with provoking ease, and burnt an ugly hole through our main-topsail.

"By Jingo! she's growing saucy," said Captain B——. "Now let *me* have a shy;" and grasping the piece with a practiced hand, he swiftly adjusted it.

"Huzza! I told you so! Clean through her poop!"

Sure enough the shot struck her after-bulwarks, and must have played hob with the chandeliers in the cabin.

"Just wait till we can give her a broadside," added the winger of the bolt, rubbing his hands good-humoredly.

"We mustn't wait too long, then," said the cool Lieutenant, "for I see the Look-out Lights. In half an hour we shall be under the guns of Fort Macon."

He pointed over the side as he spoke, far down the western verge, to a faint, lurid glimmering scarcely brighter than the many stars that surrounded it, but with the hazy lustre which there was no mistaking.

"The rebels are reported to have destroyed the lanterns," said I, suggestively.

"Don't you believe it, my boy," replied the old sailor. "They know when to dowse them and when to light a British skipper to their nest."

The chase had now lasted between two and three hours, and the fort at Cape Fear could not be more than twelve miles to our lee; we were still two miles from the stranger, and the chances were momently lessening of overhauling her in time, unless we should succeed in materially disabling her, while our own risk of becoming crippled from her well-directed stern-shots was very great. If the wind had been light the shots in our rigging would have impaired our speed but slightly; but the bracing gale that had us in its teeth lent us half our speed, and an unlucky shot in our cross-trees might be irretrievable.

"There! there! we have it now! Was ever such luck?" cried the Captain, with an oath. And our main-sail came down with a rush as he spoke, every one flying from the splinters of the mast, which was severed like a pipe-stem.

We all looked glum enough at this mishap, and began to consider the prize as a might-have-been. But the captain determined on a last effort, and ordered a broadside volley, though the distance, a mile and a half at least, made success extremely doubtful. The ship rounded to handsomely. The ports were open, the barkers already loaded and manned, and, at the given signal, a long sheet of flame leaped from the side, and the noble frigate roared and quivered to her keelson as the twenty simultaneous death-bolts of her terrific broadside rushed upon their prey. Another instant and a wild huzza swelled upward from our crowded deck; for the broadside was a success. The entire rigging of the stranger seemed in ruins; her bowsprit was trailing in the sea; and we could distinguish another ugly smash in her stern, which must have come very near destroying her precious flukes. Of course the prospect was now far better than before, but still by no means certain, as it was questionable whether we were not almost equally disabled in the rigging, and the rapidity with which the damaged tops of the stranger were mended and cleared away seemed miraculous, though she now gave over firing, apparently bent on safety only by sharp sailing. New spars were already up on our own mainmast, and, with a clew or two on the mizzen shrouds, and the use of the after-braces, with double duty on the mizzen top-gallant spars, our mainsail was again aloft, with cheering indications that we were gaining fast. In fifteen minutes we had so sensibly diminished the interval between us and our prey that we ceased firing, the Captain modestly desiring to take her with *some* clothes on, to use his own expression. But our confidence proved overweening. The lanterns of Cape Look-out were now left far away on our starboard quarter, and every forward furlong we made was so much nearer to the formidable fort. Just then a faint flash, like the horizon glimmer of summer lightning, shone above the waters far beyond the ship we were pursuing, and a hardly heard but ominous boom told us that the old sea-dragon, Fort Macon, was not sleeping in the moonlight. We now renewed our pelting of the stranger with further damage to her tops. Whereupon she veered for Shackleford Shoals, with evident intention of beaching herself if unable to get under the fort. Another quarter of an hour and we were within long range of the heavy coast guns of the fortress, who seemed to understand the state of the case perfectly, for her shells began to drop around us briskly. And now the great breakers of the sandy coast were plainly discernible on the starboard, tossing their white plumed, hurrying legions high above the beach, with here and there a bold, bluffy rise from the monotone of sand; and the Devil's Skillet—a dangerous reef—was boiling white a little lower down.

Shackleford Shoals is a low, narrow sand-bank, about twenty miles in length. Its lower extremity comes within three miles, at a rough guess, of the Borden Banks, or Shoals, on the easternmost point of which the fort is situated. The bank is every where treacherous, but especially at this southern point, where the dangerous shoals are covered with a deceitful appearance of profundity. And now, as we neared our expected prey, she made a bold push for this inlet; but as we dashed in between her and the fort, regardless of the latter's continuous firing, she altered her course, and steered right head-on for the fatal breakers on her starboard.

"She's bent on suicide!" said Jerry, who then ran below for his pistols, as the Captain ordered the boats to be manned.

"Has she struck?"

"No—yes—there she goes!"

Sure enough, she had grounded and slightly heeled over, but in such deep water that the soft sand of the shoals would not hold her long. Two of our boats were manned, with our beloved Lieutenant as commander of the expedition, and I in his boat. We pushed off with some difficulty, on account of the heavy sea. As we did so we saw the boats of the suicide also lowered, and pulling inside for the inlet. The rats were leaving the crib.

"You can get her off if you try, Bracetaut. Throw over every thing to lighten her," was the parting injunction of Captain B——, and as we pulled away he hauled his ship out of range of the fort. It *was* rather uncomfortable the way the shells ducked and plunged around us, or burst above our heads, but we pulled away for the prize. Our boat was the last to reach the ship—a first-class iron propeller, of great tonnage, and clipper-built. As the crew of the advanced boat climbed up her sides several crashes made us aware that the fort was turning her guns against the vessel, to deprive us of the plunder.

"And hot shot at that. Listen!" said Bracetaut to me; when the fizzing sound of the plunging hot shot was plainly distinguishable.

Our boat was within a rod of the prize when we perceived the men who had already boarded her jumping hastily over the bulwarks, dropping into their boat, and pushing off, as if something unusual was to pay. One had been left behind. It was the little middy, Jerry Bloom, who now appeared unconcernedly leaning over the side, and coolly awaiting the Lieutenant's orders.

"What's her cargo?" bellowed Bracetaut through his trumpet.

"POWDER!" sang back the shrill tones of the New-World Casabianca; and siz! siz! went the plunging red-hot shot; and crash! crash! they went against the floating magazine with frightful precision.

"Jump for your life!" roared the Lieutenant to Jerry. "Back-water, you lubbers! back, for your lives!"

We saw the midshipman join his palms over his head and leap from the gunwale of the fated ship. Scarcely had his slender figure cut the brine before a number of sharp reports were heard—then a long, deep, volcanic rumbling, that swelled into a terrific thunder, deafened our ears; a dozen columns of blood-red flame shot up to the stars; and we beheld the deck and majestic spars of the doomed blockade runner spring aloft in fragments! A huge black mass descended with a fearful splash a yard from our bows—the long stern-chaser going to the bottom—the sides of the powder-ship yawned wide open an instant, filled with fire, then disappeared, the flames dying out. The sea was plowed around us by the falling fragments of deck and spar, and the glorious steamer was no more!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PUBLIC LOSS.—The gentleman who lately took the fresh air in the Central Park is requested to restore it.

Earl Russell's first wife, the Countess of Ribblesdale, was a widow, and a lady of ample proportions; hence his lordship was called by the wits the widow's mite. "Oh!" exclaimed a lady to whom this witticism was related at a dinner party, "I now see how it came to pass that his lordship was cast into the Treasury!"

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—Brimstone. Any stone found on the edge of an artificial pond is Brim-stone.

What kind of gloves are like young niggers?—Black kids.

Why is a swell like a fellow fond of getting tight?—Because he often has a glass in his eye.

When are a man's brains most likely to change color?—When the brain dye (brandy) gets into his head.

Why can a lady never reasonably object to a gentleman putting his arm round her waist to support her?—Because its treating her in a *prop her* manner.

When is a Policeman like a Samaritan?—When he comes out of *Some area*.

Which city is made of the lightest materials?—Cork.

Murphy was asked how it was so difficult to waken him in a morning: "Indeed, master, it's because of taking your own advice, always to attind to what I'm about; so whenever I sleeps I pays attintion to it."

The reason why sailors so often marry vixens is, that all *salts* have an affinity for *acids*.

New explanation of "the golden mean."—To have gold and be too mean to use it.

Many ladies think themselves unable to walk a mile who would gladly dance three times that distance.

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance: "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!"

"Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls and leaves the wise only to grow into women.

"Why," said a country clergyman to one of his flock, "do you always sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite?" "Because, Sir," was the reply, "when you preach I'm sure all's right, but I can't trust a stranger without keeping a good look-out."

A Scotch minister, after a hard day's labor, and while at a "denner tea," as he called it, kept incessantly praising the "haam," and stating that "Mrs. Dunlop at hame was as fond o' haam like that as he was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of a ham. "It's unco kin' o' ye, unco kin', but I'll no pit ye to the trouble; I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me." When, on leaving, he mounted, and the ham was put into a sack, but some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. His inventive genius soon cut the Gordian knot. "I think, mistress, a cheese in the ither en' wad mak' a gran' balance." The hint was immediately acted on, and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

One asked another why learning was always called a republic. "Forsooth," quoth the other, "because scholars are so poor that they have not a sovereign among them."

An Irish fire-eater, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel that if there were any of the jury to whom he objected he might legally challenge them. "Faith, and so I will," replied he; "if they do not acquit me, I will challenge every man of them."

A country schoolmaster had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called up to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said the favorite, "I was dreaming that I was going to Hudson, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat-bell." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite. "And now, Sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, Sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom off!"

A gentleman dining at a hotel, whose servants were "few and far between," dispatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and was asked by the faint and hungry gentleman, "Are you the lad who took away my plate for this beef?" "Yes, Sir." "Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"

A certain dramatic translator, introducing a well-known comedian to Madame Vestris, said: "Madame, this is Mr. B——, who is not such a fool as he looks." "True, Madame," said the comedian; "and that is the great difference between me and my friend."

An Irish crier at Ballinasloe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the coort."

Lord M—— had a very exalted opinion of his own cleverness, and once made the following pointed remark: "When I happen to say a foolish thing I always burst out a laughing!" "I envy you your happiness, my lord, then," said Charles Townsend, "for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

"Do come and dine with me," said John to Pat: "you must; though I have only a nice piece of beef and some potatoes for you." "Oh! my dear fellow! don't make the laist apology about the dinner, it's the very same I should have had at home, barrin' the beef."

A toping bookseller presented a check at the banking-house of Sir W. Curtis & Co., and upon the cashier putting the usual question, "How will you have it?" replied, "Cold, without sugar."

A tradesman having dunned a customer for a long time, the debtor at last desired his servant one morning to admit him. "My friend," said he to him, "I think you are a very honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you; therefore, I take this opportunity to tell you, that as I shall never pay you a farthing, you had better go home, mind your business, and don't lose your time by calling here. As for the others, they are a set of vagabonds, for whom I have no affection, and they may waste their time as they please."

Sergeant Whitaker, one of the most eminent lawyers of his day, was an eccentric. A friend, at one of the assize towns, offered him a bed, and the next morning asked him if he had found himself comfortable and warm. "Yes, madam," replied the sergeant; "yes, pretty well, on the whole. At first I felt a little queer for want of Mrs. Whitaker; but recollecting that my portmanteau was in the room, I threw it behind my back, and it did every bit as well."

A GENUINE IRISH BULL.—Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

In the last illness of George Coleman, the doctor being late in an appointment, apologized to his patient, saying that he had been called in to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned out poor George.

An overbearing barrister, endeavoring to brow-beat a witness, told him he could plainly see a rogue in his face. "I never knew till now," said the witness, "that my face was a looking-glass."

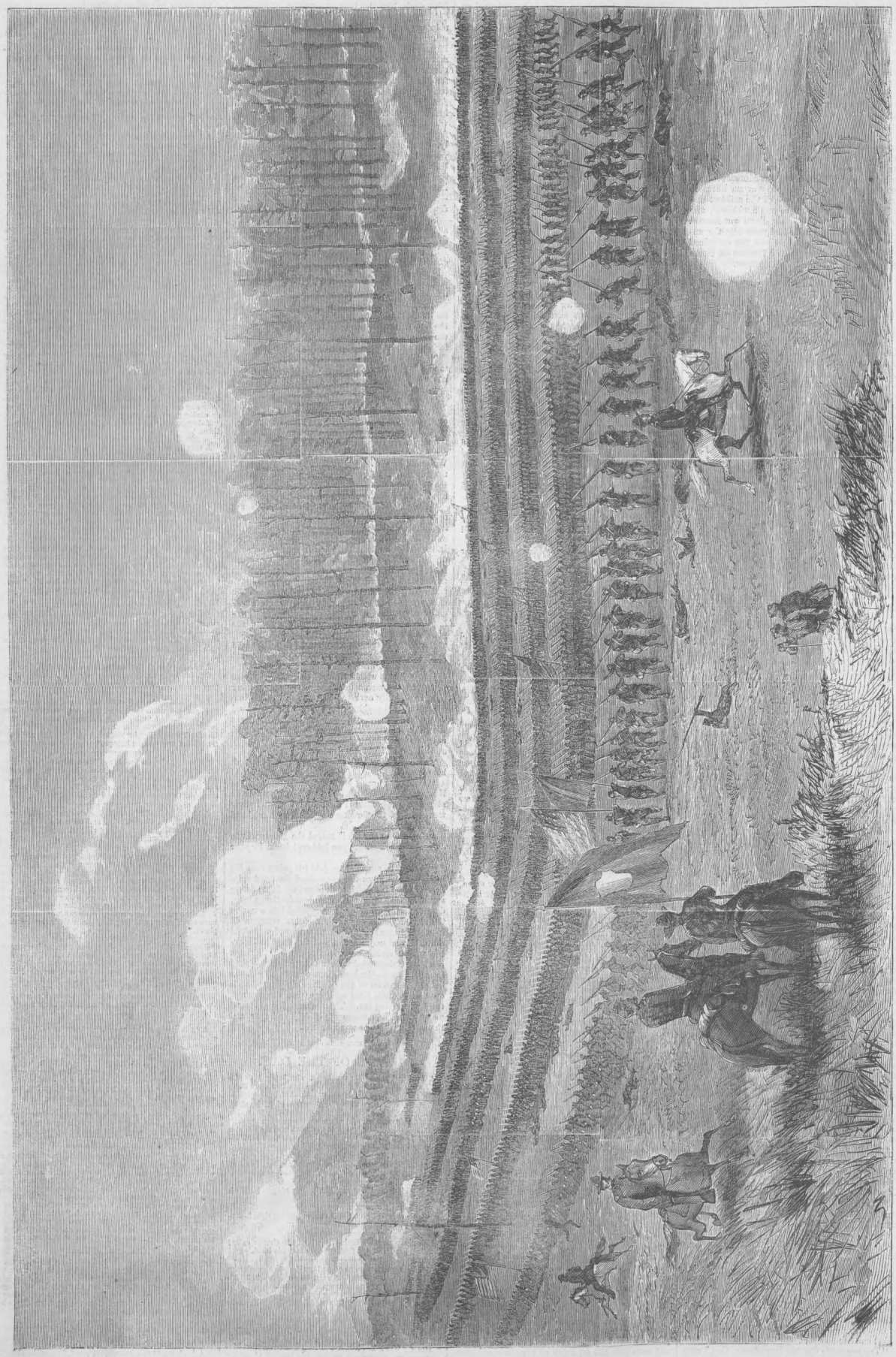
A professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village, which was principally composed of miners. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks, he asked the loan of a half-penny. A miner, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a sovereign. "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the miner. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see 't," said the miner; and turning it round and round with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and, putting it into his pocket, said, "I'se warn't ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

Two pedestrian travelers had taken up their quarters for the night at a Highland hotel in Breadalbane: one of them next morning complained to his friend that he had a very indifferent bed, and asked him how he had slept. "Troth, man," replied Donald, "nea vera well either; but I was muckle better aff than the bugs, for de'il ane of them closed an e'e the hale night!"

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

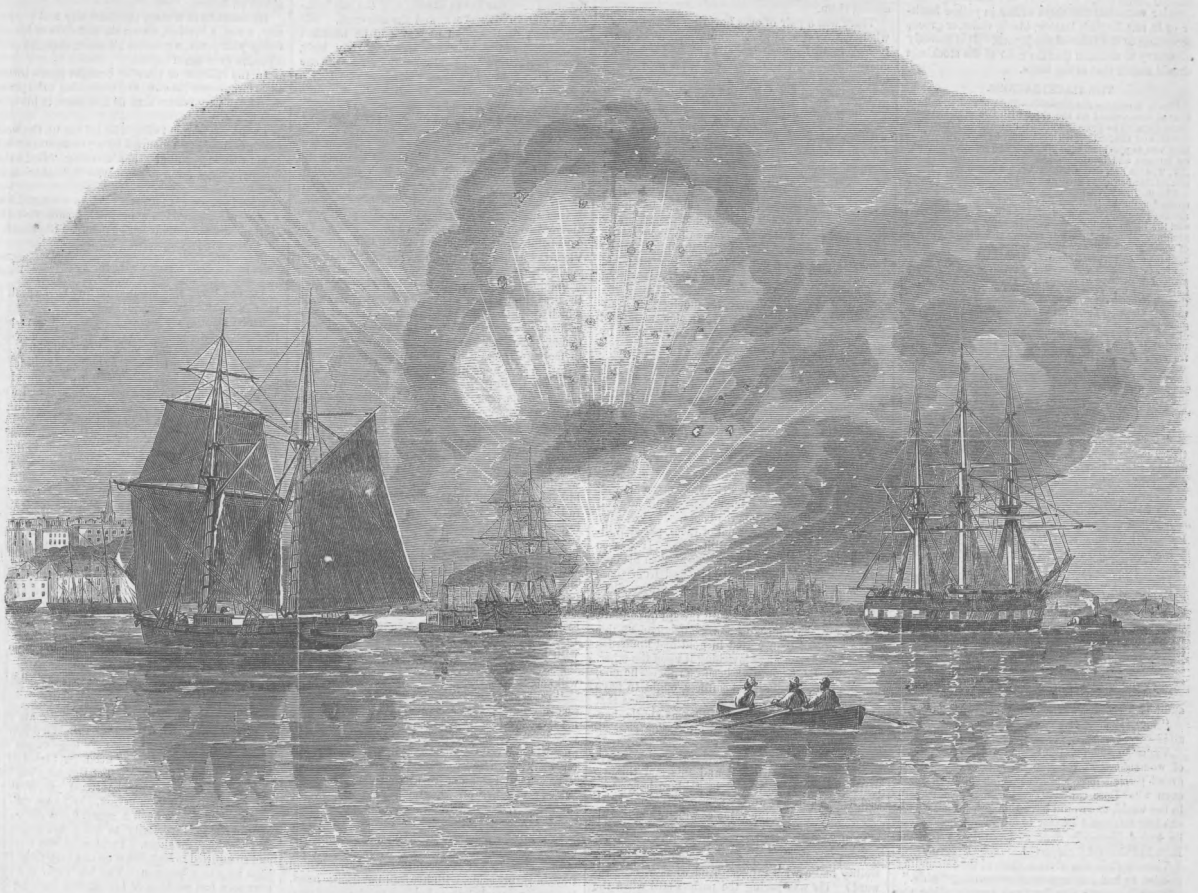
A Quaker said to a gunner, "Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if in be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—ATTACK ON THE ENEMY'S CENTRE, NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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THE GREAT FIRE IN BROOKLYN, JULY 15, 1864.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THE caprices of the Paris fashions are becoming more and more eccentric, and there has been such a succession of cosmopolitan innovations, from English jockey-caps to Russian boots, that the present summer attire is any thing but Parisian. These liberties place elderly ladies in the dilemma of either following fashions not suitable to their years, or of subjecting themselves to ridicule by the opposite course. The bonnet is especially eccentric. The Parisiennes seem to be suited with the slightest covering for the head. In dresses silks of light color, Chambéry gauzes, and double barèges are still in vogue, especially for the costumes of a single color now so much patronized. Bottines are now fre-



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1864.

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quently superseded by boots: the Empress's cordonnier manufactures them either in yellow leather or in soft English leather, black, violet, or green, according to the color of the jupons. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the color of the stockings should match that of the boots.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for the Sea-side.*—Robe of saffron-colored taffeta, ornamented on the skirt with two passementerie trimmings. The dress is worn over an alpaca jupon, vandyked, and alternating with blue and white stripes. The long vest is provided with blue cuffs and lapels, completed by buttons and brandebourgs. White waistcoat, Louis XV. Tuscan hat, decorated with eagle and ostrich feathers. Lilac *bottines russes*, with high heels.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Young Lady.*—Silk robe of white spotted foulard. The skirt is trimmed with an ornamental ruching placed between two rows of fluted ribbon; and the basque and sleeves are furnished with a similar ruching. Bonnet of mauve crape, the quiet appearance of which is somewhat enlivened inside and outside by the addition of four white marguérites half buried in the crape.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Dark green silk dress, ornamented with bows of corded silk and tassels; a similar but smaller bow is attached to the shoulder and falls on the sleeve. The collet is of black guipure, forming, with the rich black lace pelerine trimmed with jet, a most elegant pardessus. Black horse-hair bonnet, the trimming of which is composed of rich Magenta velvet mixed with black lace and ivy-leaves; a narrow jet fringe descends from the edge of the chapeau.

IN A NUT-SHELL.

I.

"I SAY, Rose, girls are a nuisance!—aren't they?" said Raymond Dexter, lounging at length among the silken cushions in his sister's boudoir one morning. "I wouldn't give that!"—with a snap of his aristocratic fingers—"for the whole crew, so far as I know any thing about them!"

"When did you see Victoria last?" questioned Rose, with an expressive lifting of her pretty brows.

She was pretty, indeed—a dainty snowy and pink piece of prettiness.

Her brother, Raymond Dexter, was what the ladies called a "love of a man;" effeminately handsome and fastidious, sporting white hands and perfumed locks, yet a full-statured man physically, with a broad white brow that ought to have had intellect under it, and a deep dark eye that ought to have flashed with the language of an energetic and cultivated vitality.

The flash came transiently as his sister spoke; and he said, with some impatience,

"Victoria Field is the greatest nuisance of them all!"

Victoria Field was the name of the latest edition of womanhood that Raymond Dexter had had a grand passion for—a plain, dark woman, without even what Rose called "style." The last woman in the world, one would have thought, for an exquisite like Raymond Dexter to fall in love with. Yet he had deliberately done so foolishly as that, as Rose had shrewdly suspected.

Victoria Field was at the bottom of the astounding opinion he had just expressed concerning "girls."

Rose, however, was far from apprehending the extent of the mischief. She would have opened her languid blue eyes to much more than their usual dimensions if she had known that Miss Field—that plain, dark girl, with no style, and no beauty, and no expectations, so far as any body knew—had refused to become the wife of her brother Raymond—positively refused. Nay more, and which rankled in his consciousness still, when he, totally at a loss to understand such perversity toward invincibility like his, asked and politely pressed for a reason for her refusal, instead of telling him, as she had a perfect right to do, that her reasons were no concern of his, she rose and asked him, with that outspokenness which was one of her charms for him, if he expected her to give him her sole and only reason, or— He knew that that pause meant that if she could not give him the true reason she should not give any; besides, as was natural, he wanted the truth, of course.

She crossed the room then, and took from the window, where it hung, a little crystal flask and brought it to him, put it in his hand, and stood looking at him with a sweet, grave, half-sad wistfulness.

She had beautiful eyes!

The flask was one of those toys with which some curious people amuse themselves. We have all heard of or seen such, I dare say. An acorn suspended by a thread from the mouth of the flask within had sprouted in that narrow compass and become an oak—an oak truly, but in miniature, dwarfed, and of course could only, its present brilliancy past, drag on a sickly existence, and die at last in such confined quarters.

Holding it so between his hands—awkwardly enough, too, considering that he was Raymond Dexter—Miss Field could hardly help seeing that her shaft had sped home. "What if I should break the flask?" he said, with a sudden abruptness and brevity surprising to himself.

"I wish you would," she said, eagerly, her hand falling lightly upon his arm. He stole a swift glance at the grave, sweet eyes that were regarding him almost pleadingly, then, with a very vague consciousness of where, or what, or who he was, he said good-morning, and left her.

The flask, unbroken still, hung in the airiest place in his room, and he made it a principle not to look toward it when he could possibly help it. What did the girl mean by giving him a "potted acorn?" as he called it. If he didn't know what she meant he ought to have asked her—that's all; and, for a man in a state of unconsciousness as to the meaning of the girl he fancied he loved, he had a most singular habit of thrilling and turning scarlet every time he thought of her little hand upon his arm, and her beautiful, wistful eyes upon his face.

II.

IN the deep, wide parlors that night Rose Dexter entertained her "thousand and one" friends, or something less—a gay crowd, with the surge of music and plume and perfume among it, and the flash of bright eyes and scintillant diamonds. Dainty little Rose had admirers enough to have turned wiser heads than hers; but the worst of it was, that she was inclined decidedly to a preference among them.

There was a pair of eyes hovering always somewhere within view of her that slowly and reluctantly took in that knowledge, and the graying brows above those eyes knit themselves and frowned anxiously at the consciousness.

Two only of the danglers in the beauty's train did these eyes see. Leeds Entresol and Frank Brandon. Leeds Entresol, tall, dark, magnificent, with a voice deep and vibrant as smothered cataract, and a jetty wealth of whisker and mustache. Rose both sought his glance and shrank from it. The other, Frank Brandon, a slight, careless, graceful young fellow, as light as the first was dark—gay, laughing, genial; but with neither laugh nor geniality for any one in the room save pretty, pretty Rose. She blushed often at some things he said to her; but she laughed too, and the blush might have been as much for Entresol as for Brandon, since often the one could not well help hearing what the other said.

Entresol said little, Brandon much; and Brandon was scarcely absent from her side an instant the whole evening, when it was possible to be by her.

Entresol seemed swayed by circumstances, near her or away, as it chanced; but with his eye losing none of her pretty witcheries, the smiling coquetries, which she dispensed about her.

Perhaps he could hear across the room, or else had singular facility in translating the movement of Rose's tripping lips, for though at the other side of the wide parlor, when, with a furtive glance at him and a low trilling laugh, she said something to Brandon about the Black Prince, he made his way at once from the parlors, and deputing his farewell courtesies to a friend, left the house.

Among the throng, but not of them, paced William Dexter, banker and millionaire. It was so rare—his presence in such scenes—even in his own house, that few knew him even, and from those who did he kept mostly aloof. A grave, silent man, watching from under nearly gray brows—watching and commenting with inward discontent.

The two emotions, passions, affections of this man's life had been vested in gold and kindred—the getting the one and lavishing it upon the other.

His life need not have been sterile. The one, warmth and wideness and softness, ought to have protected it from the barrenness and hardness that the other gendered. Yet his life was sterile, barren, desert, as a rock in an unfruitful country.

He had slaved, toiled like any bondman, early and late, that he might surround those two, Raymond and Rose, with this and this and this, no matter if it cost its weight in gold, so long as he had it. And the two were as prodigal as might be expected of that of the value of which they had no appreciation beyond the pleasure it purchased.

He had refused them nothing all their lives that it was possible for him to grant them, and the possibility had a wide range. And what was his reward? He was pacing the parlors still when the last guest, Frank Brandon, lingering long, finally departed, with an expressive pressure of little Rose's hand.

William Dexter knew this young man for a scoundrel, notwithstanding his frank face and genial ways, and had forbidden Rose to hold any intercourse with him long enough before this evening.

He had supposed himself obeyed; but this evening's observation had shown him that, far from that being the case, the two were on surprisingly familiar terms.

"Rose?"

The girl turned from her light good-night to young Brandon with a little nervous start. She had not been conscious of her father's presence all the evening, and she colored some now upon becoming aware of it, and remembering at the same time what he had said to her about Frank Brandon.

Mr. Dexter's anger, under constraint all the evening, burst forth now with proportionate violence.

Rose shrank palely before it, and at the first lull in the storm escaped to her apartment.

This was not all the evening's happening. In an earlier portion of it Mr. Dexter had overheard a conversation between some of the guests which had stung him with the truth it suddenly forced him to accept, a truth that had long been knocking at the door of his consciousness, but to which he had refused to listen until now. It concerned Raymond; and Raymond entering the room just then from an adjoining one, he turned upon him suddenly with a quotation from it that struck him suddenly white, between anger and amazement:

"'Raymond Dexter had in him originally the material for a *man*, but a more conceited, brainless coxcomb than he *is* I don't know in the whole range of my acquaintance.'"

Raymond caught his breath fairly. The words expressed so nearly a thought that had been vaguely trying to thread the chambers of his brain ever since Victoria Field's refusal to become his wife. The spark that lurked under his effeminacy leaped suddenly now into flame, and died as quickly.

"Whose fault is it, father?" he said, low, but bitterly, and left the room abruptly.

William Dexter, pacing those magnificent parlors amidst the unquenched blaze of light that flamed all through them, pondered this question, but found no solution of it.

Whose fault was it? Not his. What could man do more than he had done for his children—for Raymond?

Raymond, pacing his own apartment a while, and finally with an impatient shrug throwing himself dressed as he was upon his bed, found no solution for it either.

Waking in the morning, Victoria Field's crystal toy dangled before him, and flashed taunting gleams in his eyes as the sun struck it. With an impatient movement he swept the curtain between him and it. What did the girl mean by telling him she wished he would break the flask? What would become of her young oak if he did that?

A plague upon the cold, strange girl! There were plenty of women—women worth having, too, who would have jumped at the offer she had refused. There was Laura Mason, now the handsomest woman in New York, and the cleverest. *She* hadn't any fault to find in him, and he wouldn't have been afraid to wager any sum any body pleased that if he had asked her to be his wife she would have said "yes," and "thank you" too. He had half a mind to set up a flirtation with her, just to show Victoria Field how little he was affected by her ambiguities.

III.

A WEEK only had passed, but in the fast life which he lived Raymond Dexter had improved it to the extent of becoming or imagining himself desperately in love with Laura Mason.

One morning, in a careless off-hand manner, very different from that on a similar occasion about ten days before, he asked her the same question he had Victoria Field, and got in substance his "yes, thank you."

Coming home, hiding himself in his own room, the first thing he saw was Miss Field's crystal flask, which he forthwith dashed from its bracket ignominiously, saying grimly as he surveyed the fragments, "You told me to break it." Then seeming to feel the light, white touch upon his arm, the beautiful eyes upon his face, sudden remorse seized him, and carefully gathering up the mutilated remains of the poor "potted acorn," he took them into the conservatory, and dislodging a superb African lily from its vase, deposited his young oak therein.

That night William Dexter coming home late, and tottering under some burden as though the weight of twice his years had suddenly settled upon him, clung to the door-post in the hall and listened to the murmur of voices that came from the drawing-room beyond.

Rose and Raymond were both there. No, that was not Raymond's voice, and suddenly throwing wide the door he entered and stood beside Rose. Rose with her little hand in Frank Brandon's, and her white eyelids drooping under his ardent gaze. She started away from him with a low cry as she saw her father looking so strangely; but Frank Brandon, after an instant's disconcertment, said, with a straightforwardness worthy a good cause, "I have been asking Rose to be my wife, Sir; she will consent if you will."

"Will she?" said the old man, strangely. "Well, go away now, young man, and if you come back to me to-morrow with the same plea on your lips you may have her and welcome." The morrow came, and before it had passed the name of William Dexter, bankrupt, was being bandied from lip to lip.

It was an utter crash; every thing was gone, even to Frank Brandon, who did not so much as send an apology for his non-appearance at the appointed time.

Rose, reeling under it all, but, strangely enough, retaining some portion of her delicate senses, crept after her wretched father into the library just in time to thrust aside, with her frail but frantic hand, the deadly muzzle he was holding to his crazed temples.

And then she staid by him till Raymond came, a very faded, sick little rose, but curiously with courage enough in her for that, and too much pride to trust a servant with her fear.

Raymond sent her away to her room when he came, but he held her in his arms a moment first. The eyes of the brother and sister met, with a strange new sympathy, in that hour of trial, and he said, as he let her go, "Never mind, sis." He was thinking of Frank Brandon then.

Watching with the poor old man, to whom an opiate had brought sleep at last, he stole once into the conservatory, twisting in his fingers a note that had come to him at nightfall from Laura Mason.

The young lady had repented her grateful affirmative of the day before, and took the first opportunity of informing him to that effect.

Raymond's lips curled; neither this blow nor the other seemed to have crushed him.

He bent a moment over the poor little "potted acorn;" it really looked like living after all, and Raymond turned away from it with a curious light in his eye.

In the midst of all that chaos of bewilderment and confusion as to what they should do, the old man sat all day with his head fallen upon his bosom, and Rose staid with him, scared and sick, but *sensible*, and Raymond rushed to and fro like a rudderless ship, eager, brave, but uncertain.

In the midst of all came a letter from a good old country gentleman, brother to William Dexter, offering the best at his command—a home to Rose and her father, and the lease of a small farm to Raymond.

Raymond winced, but he had resolved deliberately to accept the first honorable employment that offered, and really nothing else was to be had.

People knew too well how Raymond Dexter had been reared. Nobody had a good enough opinion of him to have him in their counting-house or sales-room. And so, dandy as he was, or had been, he wrote grateful, if reluctant, acceptance of his uncle's offer.

The three left town quietly, making no adieux; only, Raymond sent by a trusty hand to Victoria Field a small package, which, upon opening, proved to be merely some fragments of broken crystal. But Miss Field smiled tremulously when she saw them, and some tears from her beautiful eyes plashed among the broken bits.

IV.

UNCLE TOM DEXTER, as every one in that region called Raymond's uncle, stared and shook his head discouragingly at sight of his tenant.

Raymond colored and laughed, but succeeded in persuading his uncle "to give him a try."

It was what Uncle Tom called "up-hill work."

City exquisites are not transformed into hard-working farmers at a moment's notice. But Raymond had made the one resolve so necessary to success in any undertaking, viz., whatever he did, that he would do with all his might. Amidst all the rough and tumble of this new life his hitherto dwarfed energies, physical and mental, seemed to shake off fetters.

He stood forth a man, intellectually and physically, a son, a brother, filling the last days of his old father with peace, a guard to his sister, that no Frank Brandon ever again baffled.

In the fullness of time he brought home to the little farm—now his own, and something to be proud of, for the very reason that he had *made* it his own—Victoria.

In the soft purple twilight he led her up the walk his wife, stopping a moment by a young sturdy oak of some three years' growth, and saying, "God helping me, dear, I mean to grow with it." And so he has.

Rose is married to a man worth a thousand like Frank Brandon. I am not at all sure that the "crash" did not benefit her as much as Raymond.

BEATEN.

DO you know this peculiar feeling? I speak to men in middle age.

To be bearing up as manfully as you can: putting a good face on things: trying to persuade yourself that you have done very fairly in life after all: and all of a sudden to feel that merciful self-deception fail you, and just to break down; to own how bitterly beaten and disappointed you are, and what a sad and wretched failure you have made of life?

There is no one in the world we all try so hard to cheat and delude as ourself. How we hoodwink that individual, and try to make him look at things through rose-colored spectacles! Like the poor little girl in Mr. Dickens's touching story, we *make believe very much*. But sometimes we are not able to make believe. The illusion goes. The bare, unvarnished truth forces itself upon us: and we see what miserable little wretches we are: how poor and petty are our ends in life; and what a dull weary round it all is. You remember the poor old half-pay officer, of whom Charles Lamb tells us? *He* was not to be disillusioned. He asked you to hand him the silver sugar-tongs in so confident a tone that though your eyes testified that it was but a tea-spoon, and that of Britannia metal, a certain spell was cast over your mind. But rely on it, though that half-starved veteran kept up in this way before people, he would often break down when he was alone. It would suddenly rush upon him what a wretched old humbug he was.

Is it sometimes so with all of us? We are none of us half satisfied with ourselves. We know we are poor creatures, though we try to persuade ourselves that we are tolerably good. At least, if we have any sense, this is so. Yet I greatly envied a man whom I passed in the street yesterday; a stranger, a middle-aged person. His nose was elevated in the air: he had a supercilious demeanor, expressive of superiority to his fellow-creatures, and contempt for them. Perhaps he was a prince, and so entitled to look down on ordinary folk. Perhaps he was a bagman. The few princes I have ever seen had nothing of his uplifted aspect. But what a fine thing it would be, to be able always to delude yourself with the belief that you are a great and important person; to be always quite satisfied with yourself, and your position! There are people who, while repeating certain words in the litany, feel as it was a mere form signifying nothing, to call themselves *miserable sinners*. There are some who say these words sorrowfully from their very heart, feeling that they express God's truth. They know what weak, silly, sinful beings they are; they know what a poor thing they have made of life, with all their hard work, and all their planning and scheming. In fact, they feel beaten, disappointed, down. The high hopes with which they started are blighted—were blighted long ago. They think, with a bitter laugh, of their early dreams of eminence, of success, of happiness. And sometimes, after holding up for a while as well as they could, they feel they can do it no longer. Their heart fails them. They sit down and give up altogether. Great men and good men have done it. It is a comfort to many a poor fellow to think of Elijah, beaten and sick at heart, sitting down under a scrubby bush at evening far in the bare desert, and feeling there was no more left, and that he could bear no more. Thank God that the verse is in the Bible.

"But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."

I thought of Elijah in the wilderness the other night. I saw the great prophet again. For human nature is the same in a great prophet as in a poor little hungry boy.

At nine o'clock on Saturday evening I heard pitiful, subdued sobs and crying outside. I know the kind of thing that means some one fairly beaten. Not angry, not bitter: smashed. I opened the front door, and found a little boy, ten years old, sitting on the steps, crying. I asked him what was the matter. I see the thin, white, hungry, dirty little face. He would have slunk away if he could; he plainly thought his case beyond all mending. But I brought him in, and set him on a chair in the lobby; and he told his story. He had a large bundle of sticks in a ragged sack—firewood. At three o'clock that afternoon he had come out to sell them. His mother was a poor washer-woman, in the most wretched part of the town; his father was killed a fortnight ago by falling from a scaffold. He had walked a long way through the streets, about three miles. He had tried all the afternoon to sell his sticks, but had sold only a half-penny-worth. He was lame, poor little man, from a sore leg, but managed to carry his heavy load. But at last, going down some poor area stair in the dark, he fell down a whole flight of steps, and hurt his sore leg so that he could not walk, and also got a great cut on the forehead. He had got just the half-penny for his poor mother: he had been going about with his burden for six hours, with nothing to eat. But he turned his face homeward, carrying his sticks; and struggled on about a quarter of a mile: and then he broke down. He could go no further. In the dark

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cold night, he sat down and cried. It was not the crying of one who hoped to attract attention; it was the crying of flat despair.

The first thing I did (which did not take a moment) was to thank God that my door-steps had been his juniper tree. Then I remembered that the first thing God did when Elijah broke down was to give him something to eat. Yes, it is a great thing to keep up physical nature. And the little man had had no food since three o'clock till nine. So there came, brought by kind hands (not mine), several great slices of bread and butter (jam even was added), and a cup of warm tea. The spirit began to come a little into the child. And he thought he could manage to get home if we would let him leave his sticks till Monday. We asked him what he would have got for his sticks if he had sold them all: ninepence. Under the circumstances, it appeared that a profit of a hundred per cent. was not exorbitant; so he received eighteen pence, which he stowed away somewhere in his rags; and the sack went away, and returned with all the sticks emptied out. Finally, an old gray coat of rough tweed came, and was put upon the little boy, and carefully buttoned: forming a capital great-coat. And forasmuch as his trowsers were most unusually ragged, a pair of such appeared, and being wrapped up, were placed in the sack, along with a good deal of bread and butter. How the heart of the child had by this time revived! He thought he could go home nicely. And having very briefly asked the Father of the fatherless to care for him, I beheld him limp away in the dark. All this is supremely little to talk about. But it is quite a different thing to see. To look at the poor starved little face; and the dirty hand like a claw: to think of ten years old: to think of one's own children in their warm beds: to think what all this would have been to one's self as a little child. Oh, if I had a four-leaved shamrock, what a turn-over there should be in this world!

When the little man went away I came back to my work. I took up my pen and tried to write; but I could not. I thought I saw many human beings besides Elijah in the case of that child. I tried to enter into the feeling (it was only too easy) of that poor little thing in his utter despair. It was sad enough to carry about the heavy bundle hour after hour, and to sell only the half-penny-worth. But it was dreadful, after tumbling down the stair, to find he was not able to walk; and still to be struggling to carry back his load to his bare home, which was two miles distant from this spot. And at last to sit down in misery on the step in the dark night, stunned. He would have been quite happy if he had got ninepence, God help him. When I was a boy, I remember how a certain person who embittered my life in those days was wont to say, as though it summed up all the virtues, that such a person was a man who looked at both sides of a shilling before spending it. It is such a sight as the little boy on the step that makes one do the like: that helps one to understand the power there is in a shilling. But many human beings, who can give a shilling rather than take it, are as really beaten as the little boy. They too have got their bags, filled with no matter what. Perhaps poetry, perhaps metaphysics, perhaps magazine articles, perhaps sermons. They thought they would find a market, and sell these at a great profit; but they found none. They have fallen down a stair, and broken their leg and bruised their head. And now, in a moral sense, they have sat down in the dark on a step; and though not crying, are gazing about them blankly.

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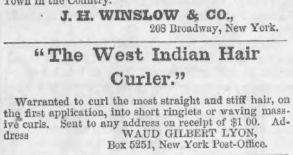
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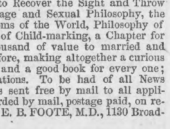
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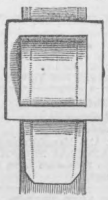
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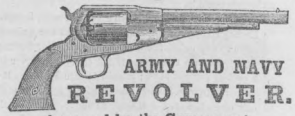
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 397.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MOWER IN OHIO.

THE bees in the clover are making honey, and I am making my hay:
The air is fresh, I seem to draw a young man's breath to-day.

The bees and I are alone in the grass: the air is so very still
I hear the dam, so loud, that shines beyond the sullen mill.

Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost the sounds I can not hear
That, when no other sound is plain, ring in my empty ear:

The chime of striking scythes, the fall of the heavy swaths they sweep—
They ring about me, resting, when I waver half asleep;

So still I am not sure if a cloud, low down, unseen there be,
Or if something brings a rumor home of the cannon so far from me—

Far away in Virginia where Joseph and Grant, I know,
Will tell them what I meant when first I had my mowers go.

Joseph he is my eldest one, the only boy of my three
Whose shadow can darken my door again, and lighten my heart for me.

Joseph he is my eldest—how his scythe was striking ahead!
William was better at shorter heats, but Jo in the long-run led.

William he was my youngest; John, between them, I somehow see,
When my eyes are shut, with a little board at his head in Tennessee.

But William came home one morning early, from Gettysburg, last July
(The mowing was over already, although the only mower was I):

William, my captain, came home for good to his mother; and I'll be bound
We were proud and cried to see the flag that wrapt his coffin around;

For a company from the town came up ten miles with music and gun—
It seemed his country claimed him then—as well as his mother her son.

But Joseph is yonder with Grant to-day, a thousand miles or near,
And only the bees are abroad at work with me in the clover here.

Was it a murmur of thunder I heard that humm'd again in the air?
Yet, may be, the cannon are sounding now their "Onward to Richmond" there.

But under the beech by the orchard, at noon, I sat an hour it would seem—
It may be I slept a minute, too, or wavered into a dream.

For I saw my boys, across the field, by the flashes as they went,
Tramping a steady tramp as of old with the strength in their arms unspent:

Tramping a steady tramp they moved like soldiers that march to the beat
Of music that seems, a part of themselves, to rise and fall with their feet;

Tramping a steady tramp, they came with flashes of silver that shone,
Every step, from their scythes that rang as if they needed the stone—

(The field is wide and heavy with grass)—and, coming toward me they beamed
With a shine of light in their faces at once, and—surely I must have dreamed!

For I sat alone in the clover-field, the bees were working ahead;
There were three in my vision—remember, old man: and—what if Joseph were dead!

But I hope that he and Grant (the flag above them both, to boot)
Will go into Richmond together, no matter which is ahead or afoot!

Meantime alone at the mowing here—an old man somewhat gray—
I must stay at home as long as I can, making myself the hay.

And so another round—the quail in the orchard whistles blithe—
But first I'll drink at the spring below, and whet again my scythe.



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TATTOO.

THE sun has sunk behind the hills,
The moon sails high and wintry clear;
Her pale light falls on twinkling camps
That lie around me, far and near.
Near, like a village lit they seem,
For, like the fire-fly's fitful gleam.

Ah! many a thousand weary men
Are welcoming the restful night,
Glad that a day of toil or watch
Withdraws its labors with its light.
They but await the evening call
That shall release them from their thrall.

Hark! far away the sound begins—
One only lonely simple strain;
Then fife and drum and bugle-call
In tumult answer back again;
As when one bird at morn awakes
A chorus in the woods and brakes.

And all is still again. The ranks
Have answered to the evening call—
Come, O fair goddess Rest! and smooth
The rough beds of the soldiers all,
And Sleep, with softest fingers, close
The eyes that wake to watch our foes.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

THE PEACE BLONDINS AT NIAGARA.

THE late Peace performance at Niagara Falls was not very mysterious. It was simply a movement of the rebels to help their friends the Copperheads. It was a notification, to whom it might concern, that if the Government of the United States were handed over to the friends of the rebels, then the rebels would lay down their arms. It was a confession that the rebel leaders are sorely pinched, that they foresee disaster, and that they are perfectly willing to have us give them by our votes the victory which they despair of obtaining by their arms.

The conduct of the President was simple and proper. Informed that there were accredited agents from the rebel chiefs who wished to treat of peace, he consented that they should visit Washington. But when they confessed that they had no authority whatever, the President, in order that there should be no apparent justification, even, of the assertion that he had refused to listen to overtures of submission from the rebels, issued a notice, to whom it may concern, that the Government of the United States is always ready to hear and consider any authorized proposition from the rebel leaders involving the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery. To this the discomfited and self-appointed rebel agents reply in a manifesto intended to represent the President as an autocrat and a despot, etc., and expressing their own resolution never to submit to conquest, etc. It is interesting to learn from this paper that in a region where every man between fifteen and sixty-five is dragged into the ranks, and exempted soldiers are legislated back again to serve as long as they are wanted, there is no military autocrat; and that, in a section where the most hopeless terrorism universally prevails, social institutions, established constitutions, and priceless hereditary self-government are not overthrown, subverted, or bartered away. Mr. CLEMENT CLAY'S letter is but a poor specimen of our own Copperhead orations and editorials. But it is not without value, for it shows to the dullest mind the perfect sympathy in sentiment between Copperheads and rebels.

It is suggested that the Constitution does not authorize the President to make any condition such as the abandonment of slavery. Those who say so honestly are mistaken. There may be a question of policy, which we think the President has rightly resolved; but there is no Constitutional question. The Constitution defines treason, authorizes making of war, appoints the President Commander-in-Chief, and authorizes the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in cases of rebellion and invasion. There is nothing in any of these provisions which deprives the Government of the right of exercising its common sense, or compels it to lay down its arms at the will of rebels or foreign enemies. The Government is the judge when a foreign war is over or a domestic rebellion quelled. Nor is there in the Constitution or in reason any obligation upon the Government to connive at its own destruction. The Government of the United States is bound by every consideration to secure peace; and peace is impossible while the active cause of war remains, watching for its opportunity. The cry that the President can not constitutionally require the destruction of that cause as a condition of peace is but another effort of the enemies of the country to prolong the war indefinitely. When the Government was established the cloud of slavery was as large as a man's hand. Four years ago it was a tempest, blackening the heavens and raining fire. And now we are told that it is proper to put up an umbrella to keep off the wet, but unconstitutional to erect a lightning-rod to draw the fire harmless to the ground. It is idle to shirk the vital point of the whole war, and imagine that peace can be made with slavery. To that point the public mind has advanced. If a truce should be called and the question opened for debate, the truce would soon disappear in fresh cannon-smoke. Liberty and slavery are fighting for and against this Government. Is he a wise man who affects to think that by omitting the name we can avoid the thing?

In the following article we propose to indicate briefly *why* Union and Liberty are henceforth identical.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

THE war proves the essential antagonism between Slavery and national peace; but it is no less evident in the nature of things. Without freedom of speech and of the press a free popular government is impossible. The people of the United States, therefore, in their Constitution have forbidden Congress to abridge either of these rights; and what they would not suffer their supreme legislature to do, they will not permit to any local assembly. But nothing is plainer than that if Slavery exists freedom of speech and of the press must be forbidden. In a city built over a powder magazine the scratching of a match must be a capital crime. Nothing is clearer than that if you establish the social and industrial system of South Carolina you must impose ignorance and silence by law. For the system violates human rights, and the human heart and conscience instinctively protest against it. And this, consequently, is done.

The Revised Statutes of Louisiana of 1852 enact that if any white person be convicted of saying or printing any thing with intent to diminish the respect which is commanded by law to free people of color for the whites he shall be imprisoned not less than six months or more than three years. The code of Virginia of 1849 provides that if a free person maintain by speaking or writing that owners have no right of property in slaves he shall be imprisoned or fined. Such laws are perfectly legitimate and necessary wherever Slavery exists; but are they compatible with the Constitution of the United States, and with the necessary conditions of any free popular government whatever? If it were made a penal offense in half a dozen States to discuss a banking system, or a school fund, or the rate of interest, or a tariff, or internal improvements, or distribution of the public money, or any question whatever which involved the common interest and rights; or if in those States the mobbing, expulsion, and massacre of citizens who ventured to write or speak upon such subjects were encouraged by the State authorities and protected by the national Government, could peace long be possible? If the mere discussion of any system or institution in any part of the country be too exciting to be tolerated, is not the system or institution itself too dangerous to exist? The alternative is plain. Either the system or popular government itself must be overthrown.

There has indeed been an apparent union of freedom and slavery in our political system. But it has been only apparent. Our political history for thirty years has been the struggle of the two principles for the mastery, and when it was clear that Slavery was to cease to control it tried to destroy. The convictions of the American people have been at war for many a year, and the actual resort to arms was merely a question of time. Thus the war was inevitable. If indeed the Slave interest had not been thwarted; if it had been allowed to prevail; if the principle of the Lemmon case had become by acquiescence the law of the land; if every thing which it had demanded had been yielded, there would have been no war, because the contest would have been decided without arms, and Slavery would have been nationalized by the national consent. But in no other way was the contest to be escaped. Does any honorable American citizen or Christian man seriously regret that it was not avoided upon such terms?

There were gentlemen of political sympathy with the great anti-Slavery party who thought that matters might be arranged. Mr. THURLOW WEED is perhaps the most conspicuous example of those who thought that there was some plan by which the irrepressible conflict might be repressed. It is surely not necessary to suspect the honesty or the patriotism of such gentlemen whatever we must think of their sagacity. But what is there in human nature, in history, in our own national experience, in our knowledge of the character and course of the Slavery policy, which justified such an expectation? A truce, how much less a peace, was possible only upon condition of some vital surrender of the principle and authority of the Government. Mr. WEED is unsparing in his denunciation of his former political friends for not acceding to his plan. But could it have honorably secured peace? We have in our possession a letter written from the city of New York in January, 1861, by a gentleman who calls himself in it "an ultra BRECKINRIDGE Democrat." It is addressed to a friend in the South, who is now, and has been from the beginning of the war, a rebel. His correspondent was so entirely Southern in feeling that he expresses an intention of moving to Richmond in case of separation. In this letter are these remarkable words: "*The machinery is all in motion. New York will back the plan of Weed up, * * * * and if the demands of the Secessionists of Georgia are any criterion, even they will gain every important point.*" ROBERT TOOMBS was a Secessionist of Georgia. He and his friends were to gain every important point. But in that case must there not have been some vital surrender? Ought peace to have been bought for such a price? We have no wish and no right to think that Mr. WEED acted from any but truly patriotic motives. But ought he, in his turn, to censure so sharply his old friends who were unwilling to support a plan of preserving peace by which Mr. TOOMBS and his associates were to gain every important point?

We repeat, therefore, that Slavery has been proved practically incompatible with national peace and the American Union. Therefore it must be abolished. It is a plain question for practical men. Has any thing changed the nature of the system? Is it not just as inconsistent as it was before with the spirit and laws of a free people like ours? And if it be tolerated hereafter under any plea of conciliation or forbearance, shall we be wiser than the foolish peasant who warmed the frozen viper to life in his bosom?

THE NEW CALL.

IN calling for 500,000 more men the President neither betrays doubt nor apprehension, nor need any loyal man give way to either emotion. The whole force of the rebellion is in the field and desperately fighting. Whatever may be the successful progress of our campaign, we shall manifestly require a force which shall exercise a moral as well as physical influence upon the enemy. For suppose that Richmond falls, that LEE retreats, and that SHERMAN, intrenched in Atlanta, darts flying columns after the scattered hosts of HOOD. The fall of Richmond and the occupation of Atlanta are not the end of the war. Baffled at one point and driven to another, the rebels will still stand at bay, for their leaders have educated them to believe that they are defending family and honor against foreign invasion, and those leaders themselves have no alternative but war or exile.

However signal, therefore, our advantages may be, we must always remember that a civil contest does not end like a foreign war. We must still occupy the points that we recover. We must still sustain the supremacy of the Government. If we had beaten every rebel army in the field; if SHERMAN had marched on to Savannah, and GRANT had pushed through to Raleigh; or if the forces of LEE, and HOOD, and FORREST, and KIRBY SMITH had been scattered, could we recall our armies, disband our regiments, and put our ships out of commission? Would the late rebel officers and soldiers, would the delectable dames of New Orleans and Charleston and even Baltimore become at once our loving brothers and sisters? If our military success in the rebel section were complete, does any good citizen doubt that military occupation of it must follow?

We are preparing for ourselves a foolish and disastrous disappointment if we blind our eyes to the nature and circumstances of the war. If we followed the advice of the Copperhead doctors to-morrow, and agreed to separate or to unite upon the rebels' terms, we must still be a military nation. If we separated, we must maintain an army for the frontier defense and for the wars that would immediately ensue. If we united upon the rebel terms, they, being in possession of the Government, could retain it only by the same means. There is no possible contingency of peace or war in the future that would not require a vast army.

The President therefore proposes that we shall have that army, first to end the active military operations, and then to prevent the chance of their recurrence. It is to avoid the necessity of more fighting; to assure the victory which Providence offers to our hands if we choose to employ the means; to secure and perpetuate peace at the earliest moment that the call is made. To delay is to postpone peace. To hesitate is not to force the Government to end the war, as the Copperhead papers are fond of saying, for it is not a war of the Government but of the people; but to hesitate is to bring the war into our own streets and to our own homes. The Copperhead papers do not speak for the loyal people of the country, who are the immense majority. But, gratified and dazzled by the steady progress of our arms, even loyal men may sometimes forget the necessities of the case. We can not have too many men, nor have them too soon, for peace. Let every true man go, or, if that is impossible, see that somebody goes for him. Then we shall not only obtain peace but secure it.

JUST WHERE HE IS WANTED.

GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON of the rebel service is a candidate for commiseration. For eighty days he has been decoying General SHERMAN further and further from his base. He has lured him on to mountain gorges and fortresses before which he has enticed him to draw up in battle-array, while he befooled him into flank movements, and then the sly JOHNSTON has quietly withdrawn, leaving poor SHERMAN nothing to do but to push farther on and occupy one town and fortification after another. Sometimes, to entrap his victim more completely, JOHNSTON has made a stand, and when SHERMAN came on, has fought him, and after going through the form of a defeat has again slipped alluringly away. With consummate sagacity every position he had fortified he abandoned when SHERMAN came up, and with profound duplicity, in every engagement but one, he suffered himself to be bloodily defeated.

There was no end to the astuteness with which he drew the hapless SHERMAN on from Chattanooga to the Chattahoochee. At that point the deluded Yankee supposed he must fight. He knew that it was the most defensible rebel position, and that the fortifications were elaborate and probably impregnable. But vainly would the Yankee cope with chivalric cunning. The old fox, JOE—if he will pardon such vulgar Yankee familiarity—took care not to hinder a movement upon his right flank, which, by not preventing, he may be said to have forced upon his bamboozled opponent, and stole away to Atlanta. Meanwhile he arranged, with masterly strategy, that there should be no sufficient opposition to the Yankee occupation of Decatur, whereby his chief communication with his capital was cut off, and his investment in the city secured.

This was the crowning glory of his campaign. He had drawn SHERMAN forward over mountain and river all the way from Chattanooga. He had surrendered to him half the Empire State of the rebellion. He had shrewdly suffered his army to be incessantly beaten upon a continuous retreat. The wily soldier had finally shut himself up with that army in a city of the utmost importance to his cause, in which he had secured his absolute isolation, and at this triumphant moment, at the very time when, according to the jubilant testimony of that happy family, the rebel and Copperhead journals, JOHNSTON had SHERMAN exactly where he wanted him, he was removed! If this is to be the fate of rebel Generals, who put Yankees into the very place where they are wanted, what is to become of those who do not?

General HOOD, JOHNSTON'S successor, apparently wished to have SHERMAN exactly somewhere else, for he marched out and fought him. But SHERMAN, agreeing with JOHNSTON that he was just where he ought to be, drove HOOD back again with great slaughter. Why can not General HOOD let well enough alone? We are all agreed, good citizens, rebels and Copperheads, that SHERMAN is just where we want him.

A SCENE IN PARLIAMENT.

THE great field-day has come off in the British Parliament, and the Danish policy of the Government is sustained. But a more foolish public farce was never played. The real question was whether England would fight for Denmark, and there were three parties in the Commons—the Ministers, the Tories, and the Radicals. Yet of these parties not one was in favor of going to war. The debate, therefore, took place upon a secondary question, whether in the measures taken to avoid war the Ministers had not compromised British honor and influence. This was a secondary question, because if it had been affirmed, if the vote of censure had passed, and a change of ministry had followed, there would have been no change of policy. The House was much excited. The great debaters were up, and apparently lost their temper. The British senate howled, groaned, yelled, and hissed as only a body of British legislators can; and finally the PALMERSTON Ministry was sustained by a majority of eighteen.

In America we have no reason to regret it. It is true that neither PALMERSTON, RUSSELL, nor GLADSTONE are friends of our Government or its cause. They would gladly see us divided, and do not hesitate to express their sincere belief that we shall be. But events have taught them the wisdom of neutrality. They have stopped the rams, and are not likely to wink at SEMMES'S getting another English ship in which to recommence his piracy. The Tories, however, are less likely to have remained neutral. They have taunted the American policy of Earl RUSSELL as cowardly. Had they acceded to power they would have found themselves constrained to do something and to keep some promises, and our war would have offered the most feasible opportunity. They would not really wish war, for John Bull asks only to be let alone. But they have used strong language, as men out of power are apt to do, and the advantage they have thus given the Ministry was skillfully used by Mr. LAYARD, the Under Secretary of State.

The Tories had been bidding for the Radical votes of Mr. COBDEN and his friends. Mr. LAYARD, therefore, turning to these gentlemen, and speaking of the Tories, said: "The day that sees them transferred to this bench will see rams go out of Liverpool." The words were greeted with a tremendous uproar of rage from the Tories, who felt the mortal blow, and of delight from the party of the Ministry, who felt that the Radical vote was secured. The tumult did not silence LAYARD. "Their highest legal authority, the gentleman most likely to be Attorney-General if they come into power," he

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roared over the storm, "is committed to the policy of the rams." Mr. LAYARD had thus dextrously made the question of censuring the Ministry a question of war with the United States. DISRAELI and his haughty band were outwitted, and his motion was lost.

The debate was much the most important in Parliament for many years; for a change in the British Ministry at this time would doubtless be the prelude to remarkable events. It is described at length in the English papers, and very graphically in a letter to the *Tribune*.

"*THEIR* TERMS OF PEACE."

ALLUDING to the Peace performance at Niagara the *Tribune* says: "We believe they might have been brought to set forth *their* terms of Peace, and that whether these were reasonable or otherwise the national cause would thereby have been sensibly promoted. But we bow to superior wisdom—at least to the wisdom of superiors."

The persons whose terms of peace the *Tribune* thinks might have served the national cause were Messrs. CLEMENT CLAY, J. P. HOLCOMBE, and GEORGE N. SANDERS, who confessed that they had no authority whatever. Their views, therefore, are just as important as those of any other three rebels, and no more. And how long is it since the *Tribune* incessantly declared that it would be time enough for the Government to consider terms of peace when the rebels authoritatively expressed the wish for it? The President of the United States has other work in hand than listening to the talk of individual rebels who speak for themselves and for nobody else.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

MR. BRADY, the photographer, has lately returned from the army in Virginia with a series of views of the campaign, which are now on exhibition at his galleries 785 Broadway. The series includes the most interesting scenes of operations at Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, Petersburg, etc., as well as portraits of all the most noted generals. The actuality of these views, the distinct detail, and the inflexible veracity, make them invaluable to every student of the campaign; while all who follow the army with their private hearts as well as their public hopes will see with curious satisfaction the roads, the fields, the woods, the fences, the bridges, the camps, and the streams, which are the familiar daily objects to the eyes of their loved soldier boys.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"OUR Campaign around Gettysburg" (A. H. ROME & BROTHERS, Brocklyn) is a brief and pleasant record of the marchings, campings, and countermarchings of the Twenty-third Regiment New York State National Guard, during LEE's invasion of last summer. It is a faithful and graphic picture of militia life in the actual field, and the story is told with such heartiness and sincerity that it has a quite peculiar value. It is interesting also for its description of the condition of our Pennsylvanian neighbors when the New Yorkers marched to stand by them; and we can warmly commend it as a most sprightly, entertaining, and unique chapter of the great history.

The *North American Review* for July (CROSBY & NICHOLS, Boston) sustains the reputation which it has acquired, and is sure to maintain under its new editors. The papers in this number are all thoughtful and timely. Of the eight essays five are devoted to topics of immediate interest—The Navy, Our Soldiers, a National Currency, The History of the Rebellion, and The Constitution and its Defects. The first of these is by one of the most accomplished officers in the service, and is full of instruction and sagacious suggestion; the second is a touching and beautiful tribute to the character of the American soldier, as illustrated in several brief memoirs of our young heroes; the third is a vigorous discussion of the whole question involved; the fourth is an admirable essay upon the writing of history and the facts of the rebellion; and the fifth a forcible assertion of the duty of the American people to take off blinders, and treat the Constitution as made for the people, and not the people for the Constitution. The character of the *Quarterly Review* permits an elaborate treatment of every subject, and every man should see every number if he wishes to know the tendency of the most advanced and educated thought upon the great interest of the country and the time.

"Revolution against Free Government not a Right but a Crime." is the title of a discourse by Rev. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D., delivered before the Union League Club in New York, and published by them. With the noblest fervor it refutes the calumny that the rebellion is to be justified by the principles of our Revolution, and destroys with a steady and skillful hand the suspicion that haunts some doubtful hearts that the rebels may be justifiable. Its clear, concise, precise statement of the true philosophy of this great question is adorned by the ample preparation and nervous eloquence of the author. As a tract for army circulation it would be most useful to the good cause.

"Precedents of American Neutrality," a reply to the speech of the English Attorney-General, by GEORGE BEMIS (LITTLE, BROWN, & Co., Boston), is a masterly blow at the evasive and unmanly attitude of England upon the privateer question. Mr. BEMIS contrasts the uniform, frank, and manly American policy from the beginning of the Republic with that which Great Britain has pursued. It is an irrefutable statement, of which the excellent spirit is not less honorable to the author than the skillful presentation. This pamphlet also is worthy of the widest circulation.

"Watson's Manual of Calisthenics" (SCHERMERHORN, BANCROFT, & Co., New York and Philadelphia). This is truly a book that every family should have, for it presents a complete system of gymnastic drill without apparatus. It is most simply and intelligibly treated, and the illustrations are so profuse and excellent that no pupil or teacher can go wrong. The book is beautifully printed and neatly bound, and the whole subject of vigorous and thorough bodily exercise is made as attractive as it is important. All the exercises mentioned have been thoroughly tested, and Watson's Manual would, if properly used in the play-room and nursery, as well as in the school, supersede in many a case the medical manual which it would render unnecessary.

One of the most charming guide-books for summer travel is "Eastman's White Mountain Guide." (EDSON C. EASTMAN, Concord, New Hampshire.) It contains the most copious information concerning the mountain region, with Lake Winnepesaukee and its neighborhood, compiled and arranged by a scholarly and skillful hand. Let the patriotic traveler who wishes to pay homage to Mount Kearsarge, and renew his vows to Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, put Eastman in his pocket, and approach the shrine by the way of Lake Winnepesaukee—the Smile of the Great Spirit.

"Harper's Hand-book for Europe and the East," by W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. (HARPER & BROTHERS.) This useful work has now reached its third year. The whole of the present volume has been revised and corrected up to July, 1864, with a large quantity of entirely new matter. The remarkable success of this publication is due to the fact that it is the only hand-book of European travel published in the United States, and the *only* complete work of the kind in one volume in the English language. It is, moreover, *three years later* than any other European guide-book, and is the only one revised every year. It gives a distinct and clear outline of all the tours through the principal cities of Europe and the United States, the cost of traveling the different routes, the names of the best hotels, a description of the principal "sights" and works of art, etc. Not only will visitors *to* Europe appreciate this work, but those who have been there will experience much pleasure in "reading up" what they have seen.

REBEL POETRY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In your issue of the *Weekly* of date July 30 I notice an interesting article on Rebel Poetry. But its closing extract, "Our Jessie," from the Mobile *Tribune*, which you commend as "creditable," is most certainly a rank, barefaced theft. I am not sure, but think the original appeared in the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine* some years ago; at any rate, here are two verses which I copied at the time:

"My Lilla is gentle and fair;
My Lilla is merry and true—
Half dying with love,
I ate up her glove,
And drank my Champagne from her shoe.

"O Lilla! my lady! my love!
And can such another one be?
Why an angel might blush,
Look pleased, and say 'Hush!'
If I kindly compared her to thee."

BALTIMORE, *July* 26, 1864. T. E. C.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT'S apparent inactivity appears to disturb the rebels with grave apprehensions. A writer in the Richmond *Whig* says that Grant is surely undermining Petersburg with the intention of blowing it "sky-high." The false report of Grant's death appears to have afforded them a temporary solace. General Butler, who was lately delegated to Fortress Monroe, has, at the request of the Lieutenant-General, been reinstated in his former command at Bermuda Hundred; at the same time "Baldy" Smith was relieved of his command, and Martindale was temporarily put in his place. General Birney now commands the Eighteenth Corps, Mott assuming command of Birney's Division.

The siege of Petersburg assumes no new phase worthy of record. The main interest as regards military operations is now transferred to General Sherman's advance on Atlanta. When Sherman made his extensive movement flanking Johnston's left at Kenesaw, he was obliged to transfer his supplies from Big Shanty Station to Alatoona Bridge in his rear, because that leaving his own left weak he would be unable to hold the railroad so near to the enemy's front; this in part caused Sherman's delay from June 20 to July 3. Johnston on the 5th took a position on the railroad two miles north of the Chattahoochee River; two days later his centre covered the railroad bridge in front, his flanks touching the river; still later by two days the operation of crossing had been completed, and the two armies confronted each other on opposite sides of the river. The railroad bridge had been burned by the enemy. On the way from Kenesaw to the Chattahoochee about 4000 rebels were taken prisoners.

The successful passage of the Chattahoochee River was effected as follows: Early in the week the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-third and Fourth Corps moved up the north bank of the river some fourteen miles, and crossed without opposition, leaving Hooker and Palmer on the opposite bank, with the railroad dividing their two corps. At a proper time Howard moved down to the right, to be in readiness to form a junction with the two corps, and to protect them while crossing. At noon on the 17th Palmer's corps commenced crossing—Jeff C. Davis's division in the advance. Before dark the Twentieth and Fourteenth were across, with their ammunition and baggage-trains. At nine o'clock at night General Sherman's whole force was upon the Atlanta side of the Chattahoochee, General Palmer's corps resting upon the river upon the right, near the mouth of the Peach-tree Creek, and in close proximity to where the railroad bridge (destroyed) spanned the stream, with Hooker next on the left, then Howard and Schofield, while M'Pherson's three corps formed the left wing, resting upon the river some fourteen miles from the extreme right. The army on the 17th moved to within five miles of Atlanta, their line resting on the northeast of that city in the form of an arch, the left under M'Pherson holding Decatur on the railroad connecting Atlanta with the East. On the 18th Hooker's Corps was thrown around still further to the left southwardly, so as to fill up a gap intervening between M'Pherson and the right. These movements compelled Johnston to fall back on Atlanta.

The whole line advanced. M'Pherson on the left, Schofield in the left centre, Howard in the centre, Hooker in the right centre, and Palmer on the right, the whole line extending fourteen miles.

On the 18th General Hood superseded Johnston in the command of the rebel army; a policy somewhat different from that which Johnston had adopted was then inaugurated. On the 20th Hood came out and attacked Sherman's right, making three assaults, which "were bloodily repulsed;" the brunt of the assault fell on Hooker. The next day M'Pherson moved up to within two and a half miles of Atlanta, south and east, Blair's corps holding the extreme left, and reaching to within two miles of the Macon Railroad.

There are four great lines of railroad which centre in Atlanta. Northerly runs the Western and Atlantic road, along which Sherman has been pushing Johnston across the mountains for three months. On the east is the road to Augusta, branching off to Charleston and Savannah; the trunk of this road was held by M'Pherson at Decatur. On the south runs the Macon road, also connecting with Savannah; a short distance south of Atlanta it branches off into the West Point and Montgomery road. With this road in our possession, and our hold on the road at Decatur being strengthened, the rebel lines of retreat would be entirely cut off; Hood, therefore, must fight or stand siege. The engagement on Wednesday, the 20th, was very severe; it is impossible yet to give the minute details. Thursday our lines were pushed up close to the enemy's, and part of Atlanta was in our possession. The next day, the 22d, Hood made another assault. The rebel army was chiefly massed against our right. The struggle ended with Hood's defeat, with a loss on our side of about 2500, and on that of the rebels of about 6000. General M'Pherson was shot while reconnoitring. He became separated from his staff for a moment, and a rebel sharp-shooter shot him from an ambush. On Saturday there was an arrangement for the burial of the dead and the care of the wounded: this could not have been a truce, as Sherman in the mean while kept his heavy artillery playing upon the city.

Hood's design in making the assaults on Wednesday and Friday was to destroy our forces on the right, after which the army would be strong enough to confront, if not defeat, the remainder of our army. The plan promised a good degree of success. Sherman's line was fourteen miles long, and weak in the centre. But the day was gained by Sherman, through the dauntless courage with which the separate divisions resisted the furious charges of Hood's army.

The loss of the mills at Roswell, which were destroyed by Sherman's army in its movement on Atlanta, was a severe blow to the Confederates. In addition to extensive flouring mills, there were large cloth manufactories, producing monthly 30,000 yards of cotton and 15,000 of woolen goods—principally for the army.

GENERAL ROUSSEAU'S EXPEDITION.

Directly connected with the operations against Atlanta, General Rousseau's late expedition was an important movement. When Sherman early in the year made his great raid through Mississippi, Roussean projected the destruction of the West Point and Montgomery Railroad. Then the plan could not be executed. But on the 30th of June, when Sherman began to see his way clear to Atlanta, the project was revived. Abundant preparations were made for the destruction of the ties, rails, bridges, culverts, water-tanks, dépôt buildings, locomotives, arsenals, Government machine-shops, etc. General Rousseau was also ordered to destroy the town of Opelika, the point of junction of the road from Columbus with Atlanta, West Point, and Montgomery road.

July 8 Rousseau started from Nashville with a force of 2700 cavalry, consisting of the following regiments which were concentrated at Decatur, in Northern Alabama: Fifth Indiana Cavalry, Colonel T. J. Harrison; Fifth Iowa Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick; Second Kentucky Cavalry, Major Eifort; Fourth Tennessee Cavalry and the Ninth Ohio Cavalry. The men composing this force were all veterans, well mounted, and excellently armed. A thousand Spencer repeating rifles, firing eight times and invaluable as a cavalry arm, were judiciously distributed among the men. Two light Rodman guns were also taken along.

On the 10th the expedition started from Decatur, taking a southeasterly direction, and after a march of eighty miles crossed the Coosa River; thence pushed on to the Tallapoosa, crossing which brought him within thirty miles of the Montgomery road. Between Opelika and Montgomery this road crosses eight streams, and the destruction of the bridges over these streams was the great business of the raid. Besides doing this, Rousseau destroyed the workshops and other Government buildings at Opelika, and the bridges between that town and West Point. Having fully executed his plans, with a loss altogether amounting to no more than twelve men, he moved up the west side of the Chattahoochee to Marietta, where he arrived on the 22d, and the next day returned to Nashville.

SLOCUM'S MOVEMENTS FROM VICKSBURG.

Simultaneously with the departure of Rousseau's expedition from Nashville, another started from Vicksburg, under the command of Brigadier-General E. S. Dennis, consisting of the First Division of the Seventeenth Army Corps. The command started at two o'clock A.M. July 1, and camped that night on the banks of Big Black River. A day was spent in constructing pontoons; on the 3d the march was resumed; Jackson was reached on the 5th, and here the expedition turned back the next day, meeting a small body of the enemy late in the afternoon. An engagement came on, a drenching rain. The command returned to Vicksburg on the 9th; its movement had only been a diversion in favor of Rousseau.

In two or three days Slocum had fitted out another expedition, which was reinforced by cavalry sent by General Washburne; its destination the interior of Mississippi. On the 17th Slocum fell in with a detachment of about 2000 rebels, under Wirt Adams, near Grand Gulf; he succeeded in repulsing them with great loss. This second expedition had returned on the 24th.

DEFEAT OF FORREST.

July 5, General Washburne sent out a force under Generals Smith, Mower, and Grierson, with instructions to find and defeat the rebel General Forrest. On the 10th Washburne received a dispatch from Smith announcing that battles had been fought on three different days with Forrest, Lee, and Walker, at Tupelo, a few miles south of Corinth, on the railroad to Mobile, the enemy being defeated each day. On the 15th Smith's rations were exhausted, and the army for four days lived off the country. On the 20th the expedition reached Lagrange, with a loss of not more than 500 men. Grierson estimates the rebel loss to have been at least 4000—captured rebel dispatches admit a loss of 2400. 2000 prisoners were brought in. It was reported that Forrest was wounded in the first day's fight. The whole of the Seventh Tennessee was captured.

FROM THE SHENANDOAH.

It appears that General Averill, after his successful encounter with General Early's forces on the 19th, pursued them to the mountain beyond Winchester, where Early made a stand, and after heavy fighting on Saturday and Sunday—the rebels having in the mean time been reinforced—General Averill was compelled to fall back to Harper's Ferry, bringing with him the forces at Bunker's Hill, and causing also the evacuation of Martinsburg. The rebels appear to have pursued him in his retreat, and on Tuesday the 26th again occupied Martinsburg, where they cut the telegraph wires, and commenced again the destruction of the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

ITEMS.

The lower counties of Missouri have lately been troubled by guerrillas. Thornton has been engaged for some weeks in recruiting about 1200 rebel sympathizers, his design being to get all the plunder he could, and then make his way southward to swell the hosts of the rebel army. Colonel Ford, acting under Rosecrans, has been operating against the scattered detachments of Thornton's desperate levy. There has been great excitement, and people from the surrounding counties have been crowding into St. Joseph. On the 15th Colonel Ford burned Platte City, which had become a resort for the guerrillas. Ford holds all the towns responsible for the outrages of Thornton's men.

At Blockley Alms-house, in Philadelphia, a great disaster occurred July 20, caused by the walls of the Female Lunatic Asylum being undermined by workmen. Eighteen insane ladies were killed and twenty wounded. There were 229 inmates in the Asylum.

General Meigs, to whom the Secretary of War assigned the duty of selecting a proper place in which to inter the bodies of those who fell in the defense of Washington during the late rebel invasion, has selected an acre of ground on the battle-field, about 600 yards to the right of Fort Stevens, and about 50 yards from the Seventh Street road, in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the severest fight took place.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

A NEW pressure is being steadily brought to bear on the British ministry to induce a change of policy in regard to the American war in favor of the Confederates. Mr. Lindsey gave notice lately in Parliament that he should soon move that England interfere to procure a cessation of hostilities. A deputation from the society for obtaining a cessation of hostilities waited on Lord Palmerston on the 14th, but was put off with a non-committal answer. Mr. Mason has also had an interview with his lordship. The rebel cotton loan had advanced to 74.

PROSPECT OF A SEA-FIGHT.

The *Sacramento* left Cherbourg on the 13th inst., and joined the *Kearsarge* off Dover. A rumor was current in Cherbourg that the Federal and Confederate naval officers have agreed to have a sea-fight within the next ten days, between the *Sacramento* and the *Niagara* on the one side, and the *General Lee* frigate and a Confederate corvette, which was lately seen in the Straits of Gibraltar, on the other.

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

King Christian has dismissed his former Ministers, and is said to have sent his brother to Berlin to propose peace negotiations on the condition of Denmark being received as a member of the German Confederations. This would make Germany a strong naval Power; and it is thought that the plan will not especially please the Emperor of the French.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

ONE of our soldiers sends us a copy of the *Universal Magazine* for the year 1783, which he found in the house of a prominent Secessionist near Petersburg. On the second page of this magazine is a title involving a striking Hibernianism, viz., "Verses written by a Gentleman to his Wife while he was gathering Rasberries." In another portion of this curious relic is an allusion to Philadelphia, which is called "the first city in wealth and arts in America." It contains the following statement in regard to Edward Drinker, of Philadelphia, "who saw greater Revolutions than any other man that was ever born:" "He saw the beginning and the end of the British Empire in Pennsylvania. He had been the subject of many crowned heads; but when he heard of the many oppressive and unconstitutional acts passed in Britain, he bought them all, and gave them to his great grandsons to make kites of; and embracing the liberty and independence of his country in his withered arms, and triumphing in the last year of his life in the salvation of his country, he died on the 17th of November, 1782, aged 103 years."

THERE are twenty thousand song-birds of different kinds sold yearly in the city of New York. Most of these are canaries. The bird merchants go to Europe about the 1st of August, and buy their stock of canaries, finches, blackbirds, and thrushes of the Germans, who raise them for sale. They come back in September and October.

AT a recent meeting of the British Ethnological Society it is said there were placed "casts of *the skull of an individual* at different periods of adult life to show the changes" produced in ten years. It is on the same principle, we suppose, that the two skulls of Dean Swift are preserved in Ireland—one when he was a boy, and the other when he was a man.

AN officer in General Sturgis's command tells this story of the bravery of a negro soldier during the recent retreat: "Colonel Bouton, commanding the colored brigade, having in the heat of the action got some distance in advance of his command, was fiercely attacked by three rebels, and was about to be taken prisoner, when a single colored soldier, coming to his aid, shot one rebel, bayoneted the second, and with the butt of his musket killed the third, thus saving the life of his gallant colonel."

A CURATE of a London parish, of most exemplary conduct, was accustomed to remonstrate very freely with any of his people whose life was not what it should have been. They wished much to get rid of him, but could find no pretext for complaint, either to the rector or the bishop. They therefore hit upon this cunning plan: they drew up and signed a memorial to the bishop, setting forth the admirable character of the curate, lamenting that his eminent worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommending him for preferment. Soon after, this very living quite unexpectedly became vacant, whereupon the bishop considering how acceptable, as well as deserving, he appeared to be, presented him to it, informing him of the memorial. The good man thanked his people with tearful eyes, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his frequent plain speech, and assuring them that he would continue all his life the course which had won their approbation.

PROFESSOR HIND, of Toronto, lately published some curious details concerning the nyctalopia, or night blindness, prevalent among the Montagnais and Nasquepee Indians. The sufferers from this affliction can see perfectly as long as the sun is up, but become nearly or wholly sightless from sunset until dawn. No artificial light is of the least service to them, and nothing under a flash of lightning enables them to see.

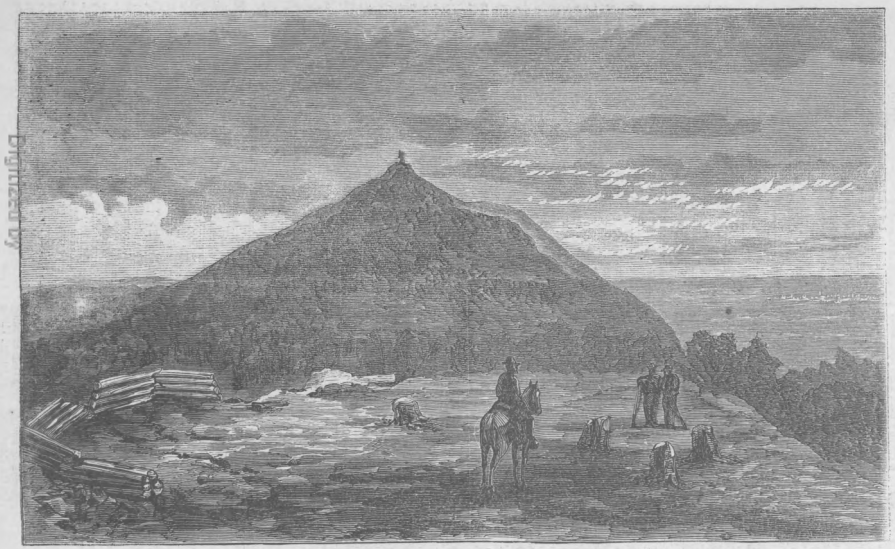
THE following singular paragraph appears in a Parisian journal: "The origin of whist does not go further than eighty years. Lord Lyndhurst, born in 1772, was one of the most devoted adepts of this game. It is to him that is owing that manner of playing, namely, when a person holds a single card of a suit that he at once plays it out, and which is known by the name of 'Singleton.' This name is derived from its inventor, Sir John Copley Singleton. His public services will be forgotten, but his name will survive at the whist-table."

A STATISTICIAN has had the patience to count the number of words employed by the most celebrated writers. The works of Corneille do not contain more than 7000 different words, and those of Molière 8000. Shakespeare, the most fertile and varied of English authors, wrote all his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words. Voltaire and Goethe employ 20,000; "Paradise Lost" only contains 8000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5642.

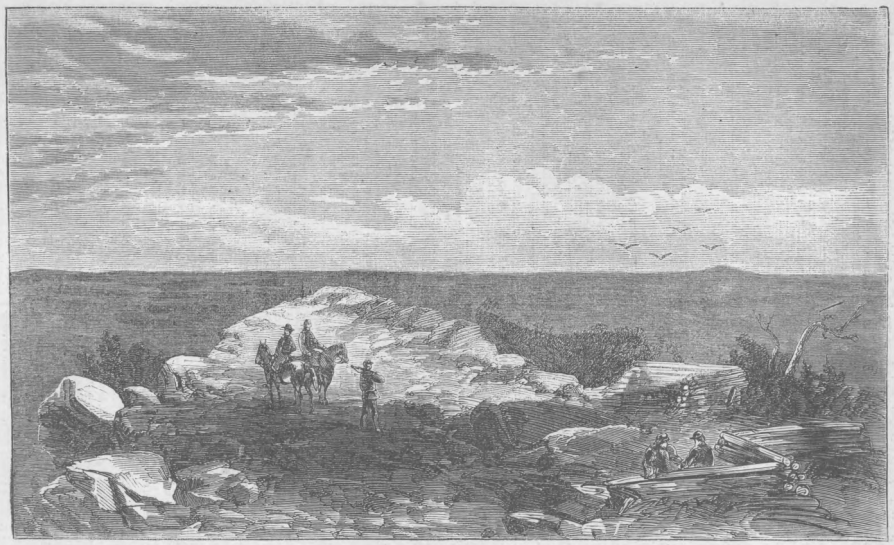
THERE have been lately some new and interesting discoveries in Pompeii. One of those touching little episodes which are so full of interest and give a living reality to Pompeii is connected with the house of the Faun. The skeleton of a dove was found in a niche overlooking the garden. Like the sentry, who still stood as if in watch and ward at the city gate, she had been true to her duty to the last—she had sat in her nest while the burning shower fell around, and beneath her was the egg which contained the tiny bones of her yet unborn young one. Human nature never changes. The Pompeians had their elections, which were soon to come off, when the city was buried under the lava. Placards were found in the streets which remind us of those seen in New York now and then. Each householder had a favorite candidate, and solicited the votes of the electors in earnest terms, painting his name and qualifications at the sides of the house-door after the fashion of our election placards. "I beg you," writes one, "to choose Capella for one of you duumvirl." An elector asks Proculus to vote for Sabinus, promising that Sabinus shall vote for him in return.

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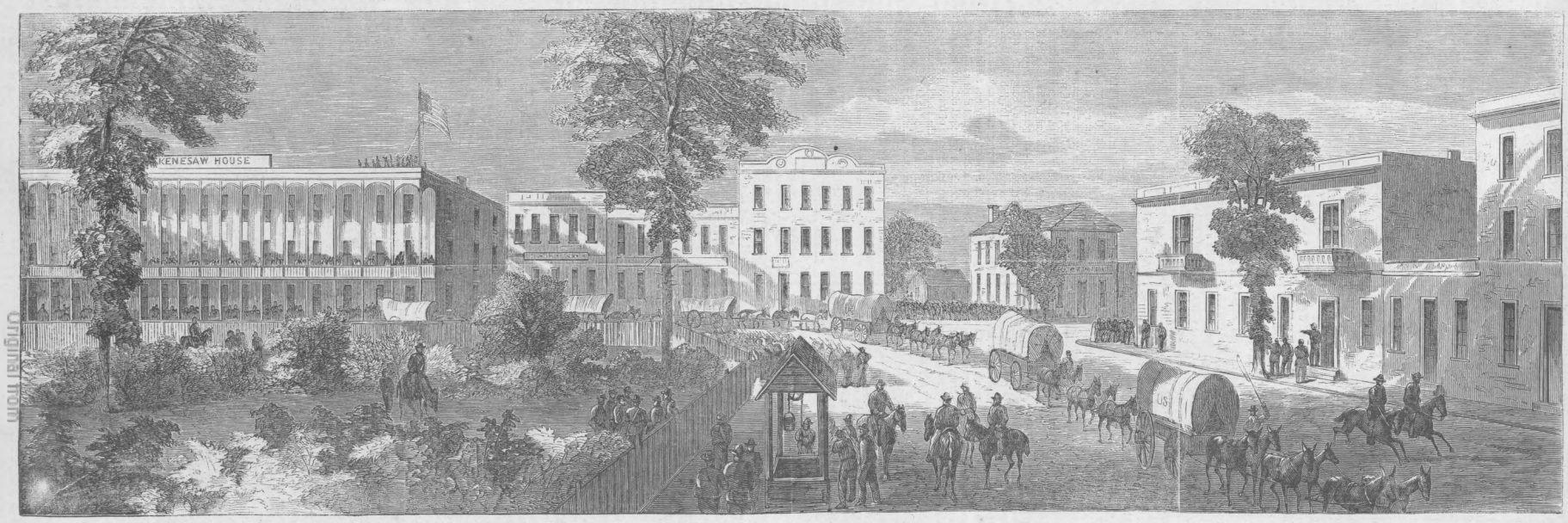
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GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, FROM LITTLE KENESAW.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

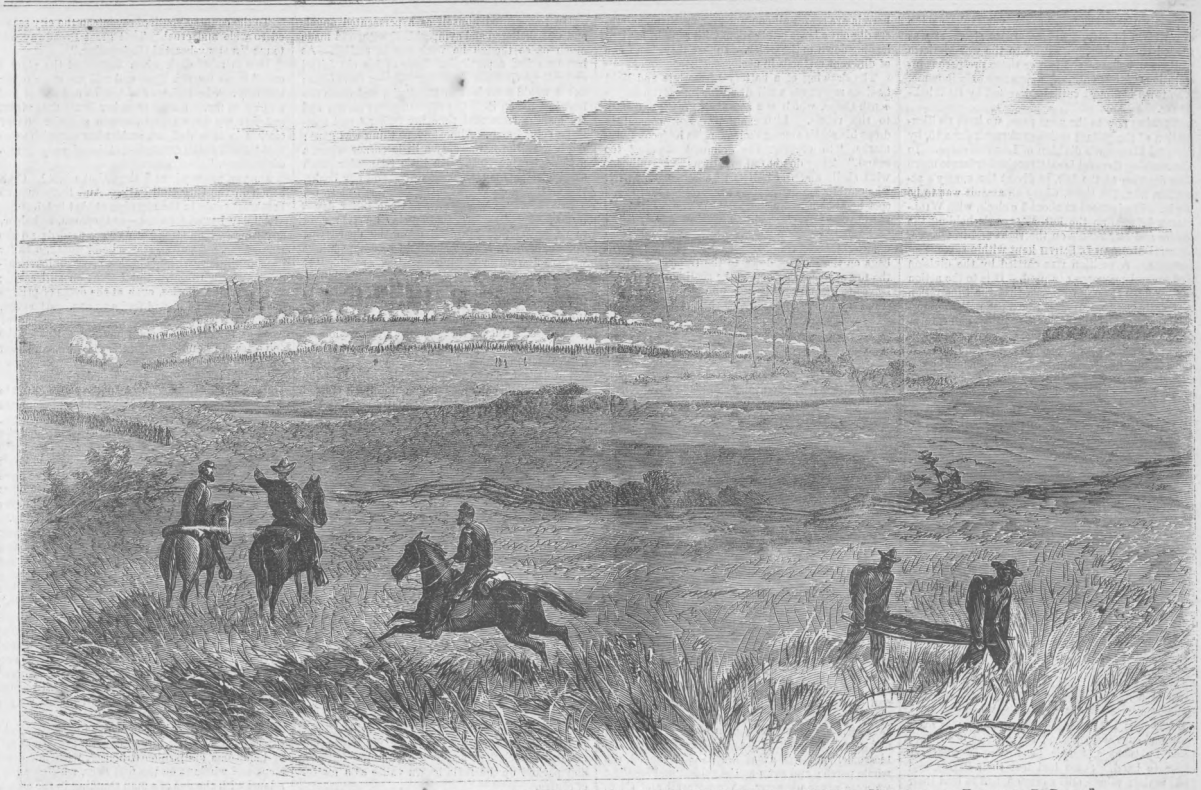


GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—LITTLE KENESAW, JULY 3, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE, MARIETTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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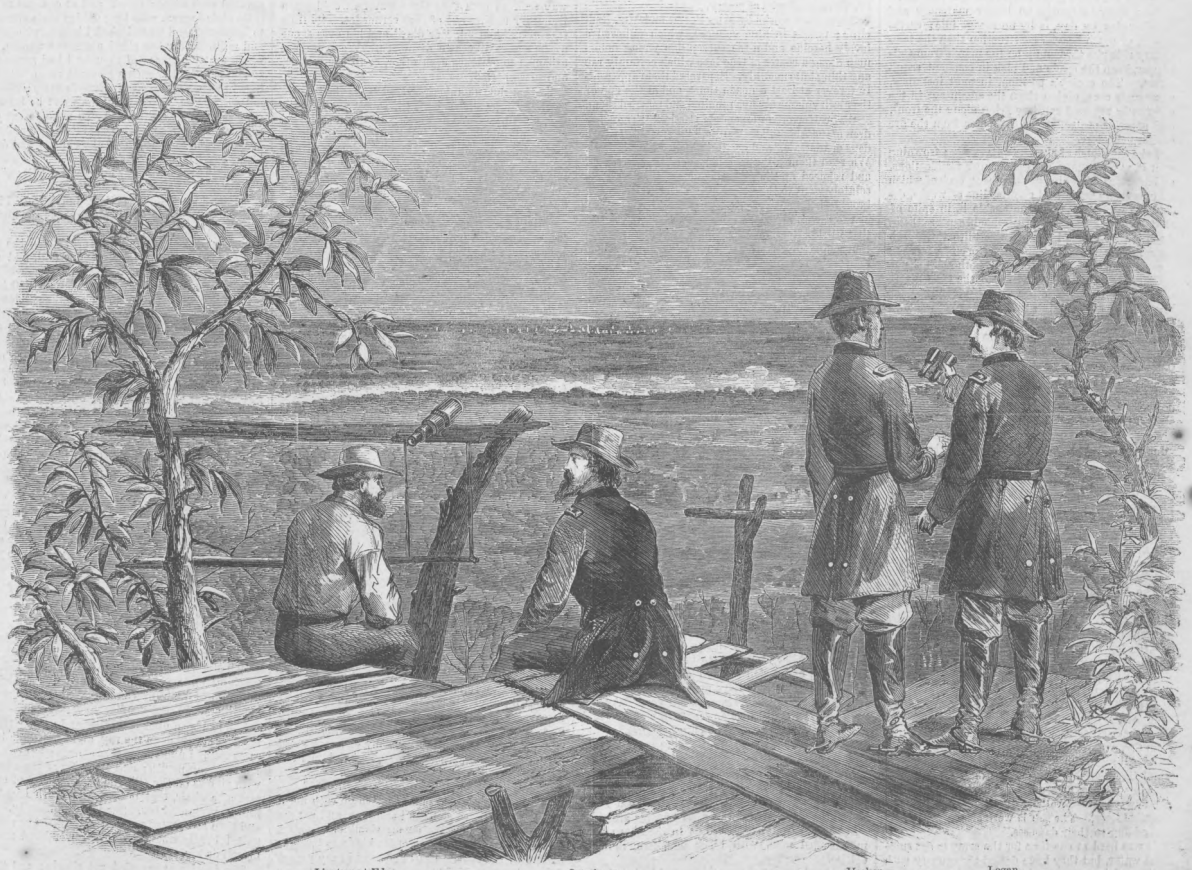
GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—GALLANT ACTION OF COLONEL WALCOT'S BRIGADE, JUNE 15, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

WE give on this and the preceding page five sketches illustrating General SHERMAN'S advance on Atlanta. Most of these—all on page 500—are topographical. We have in a previous number given a view of Kenesaw, as seen from Pine Mountain; SHERMAN'S advance, July 8, flanking the rebels out of that formidable position, enables us now to furnish a nearer view.

Kenesaw is a double mountain, and presents a bold eminence overlooking the hilly ridges around it. One of the peaks rises some distance above the other, and for distinction the lower is called Little Kenesaw. The rebels driven, June 20, from Pine and Lost Mountains, contracted their lines, confining their operations to the defense of Kenesaw, which they maintained for a fortnight.

From Kenesaw to Marietta—the public square of which is represented on the same page—the distance is only two or three miles. The names of the prominent buildings have been taken from the neighboring mountain which we have just described. The town of Marietta, having a population of no



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF ATLANTA FROM THE SIGNAL STATION.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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more than two thousand souls, yet ranks as the sixth town in Georgia in regard to size. It was settled before Atlanta. Prior to the war Marietta College was one of the two or three prosperous institutions of the South. It exists now only in name. The town is almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants.

Turning now to the next page, we have an illustration of the gallant action performed, June 15, by General HARROW's division of LOGAN's corps. In the morning General LOGAN received orders to move this division to the left, to divert the enemy's attention from the right, where an assault was to be made. It advanced at about 1 o'clock, with WILLIAMS's brigade on the left, WALCOT's holding the centre and OLLIVER's on the right and in reserve. General MORGAN L. SMITH kept within supporting distance. A position was carried by the division and several prisoners captured. It is to the action of Colonel WALCOT's brigade that the illustration especially refers. He, in the most gallant manner, advanced on the enemy's position, and returned with 300 prisoners, Generals LOGAN and HARROW both grasping his hand in congratulation. A story is told of a captain who, rushing past the enemy's rifle-pits, was fired at so closely that the enemy's powder burned his face. This doughty captain, it is said, took several prisoners.

Below, on the same page, is a distant view of Atlanta, as seen from the signal station in front of the position held by the Army of the Tennessee July 7. In the fore-ground, at the right of Lieutenant EDGE, the signal officer, sits General OSTERHAUS; and standing, still further to the right. are Generals HOOKER and LOGAN.

RETURN OF A RAIDING PARTY.

On page 508 we give an illustration representing the return of KAUTZ's cavalry from the raid against the Weldon and Danville roads. General KAUTZ ranks among the first of our cavalry officers, and it is in a raid especially that his excellent leadership is illustrated. He was associated with WILSON in the raid to which allusion is here particularly made; his accurate knowledge of the country enabled him, however, to reach BUTLER's line before WILSON. Both men and horses returned in a state of great exhaustion; the troops were without coats—blankets had been left behind—and in many cases even hats and caps were absent, their places being supplied by turbans, female head-gear, or whatever came to hand. Some had lost their horses, and rode mules; others, still worse off, had to lead their tired beasts. And thus ragged and weary, and presenting the most grotesque appearance, the column straggled in from the great raid.

IN THE TRENCHES.

WE continue this week, on pages 504 and 505, our ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG, of which the artist gives a description as follows:

The army, although no longer marching and fighting day by day, is by no means idle; earthworks, of much heavier construction than the temporary rifle-pits thrown up on the march from Culpepper, keep the spade and pick in constant requisition. The enemy's position, in most instances, commands ours, giving them the advantage in the constantly renewed artillery firing along the front, and superior protection for their men from the fire of sharp-shooters.

Take the sketch of MARTIN'S BATTERY; frowning over it, at close range, are the enemy's fortifications, an important salient being prominent, back of which may be seen part of still another line of works, designed to make the first untenable if, in spite of abattis and *chevaux de frise*, we should capture them. At this part of the lines—on the Fifth Corps—although the cannon keep up a desultory fire, by common consent among the men on both sides sharpshooting has been abandoned, and the pickets live amicably near each other, outside the fortified lines; ours even taking their shelter-tents with them for protection against the sun. The line of battle lies close on both sides, in the complicated system of trenches called rifle-pits, which generally consist of two main lines of embankment close together—one in front, the other behind the men—and any quantity of traverses, as shelters against cross-fire are called. Across these works the men stretch their tents and blankets, like an awning, in picturesque confusion, keeping as cool as the torrid climate—aggravated in the pits by the glare from the white sandy soil—and the rebel mortar shells will let them. Against the latter rifle-pits are no protection, and the soldiers burrow into the earth places known as *gopher holes*, into which they dive with astonishing rapidity when a shell is observed by the look-out coming his way. Some of the rifle-pits are covered with boughs, forming a continuous arbor, and giving increased protection against the sun.

The officers' quarters, where exposed to danger from the rebel fire, are often made shell-proof, although the Whitworth bolt occasionally penetrates an immense thickness of earth.

After leaving General WARREN's front there is no longer any security against being hit, the sharpshooters keeping a bright look-out on both sides, firing at every one who shows himself, and constantly skimming bullets at random, which often take effect upon people unseen by the shooter. These have all sorts of devices to protect themselves from fire, and at the same time make their own shots tell. All night the firing is kept up with increased vindictiveness, for the purpose of driving in the working parties, who come out in the darkness to dig new works—parallels and other approaches to the rebel lines. The rebels work also in improving and adding to their defenses.

It was hard at one time for the army to get sufficient water, but they have dotted the country with wells, and have now a plentiful supply. Some of the wells, after reaching a vein of water, are filled in again around barrels placed one on top of another up to the surface. This is the best plan, but as barrels are scarce all can not procure them, so others dig out a large excavation, with a flight of steps leading down to the water. In fact there is a score of different methods in use.

The drawing of a battery of mortars and light twelves represents a salient on the line of the Eighteenth Corps, which is a source of great annoyance to the rebels. Lieutenant JACKSON constantly drops his shells among their men, as he jocosely remarks, "to prevent the Johnnies sleeping too sound." They do not fail to return the compliment with shells and the bullets of the sharp-shooters. The mortars are fired without the gunner seeing the spot he aims at. With the aid of the frame-work round the piece, marked in divers places with the positions of points upon the rebel line, and a piece of string leading from a bayonet stuck in the sand-bags on the parapet down to the frame, he directs the fire of the piece; and as the shell is visible as it leaves the smoke till it falls into the doomed spot, it is very interesting to watch the practice.

A BOWL OF BREAD AND MILK.

PROSPEROUS! Yes; I have been prosperous. They call me a merchant prince I believe, and you'll hardly find a stronger, or a more respected, or a wealthier firm than that of Berryl & Bullion. If you'd like to know what started me in life, and made me first book-keeper and so on up to junior partner, and now head of the firm, I'll tell you. A bowl of bread and milk. It's a fact. A bowl of bread and milk and a girl-baby.

I was born in a quaint little country place, in Greene county, New York, not far from the Hudson, and where you could see the purple peaks of the Catskills, with snow at the very top nearly all the year round—as though, I used to think, old Winter made his habitation there, and kept his favorite temperature for himself while the other seasons had their way with the earth below. It was a pretty place, and we had a church, and a school-house, and a store, and one doctor who could not have afforded to live in such a healthy place if he had not already made his fortune in New York. Our home was a farm-house some miles away from the village, and lonely enough in the winter time, when bad roads and deep snows kept us away from church sometimes for weeks together. But it was beautiful in summer, when the golden corn stood in the fields, and the little orchard was bright with fruit and blossoms, and the great grape-vine shaded the whole porch; and even at the coldest and loneliest we were never unhappy. We were all and all to each other—father and mother, and I and brother Will—and lived a life of our own, partly in books and partly in dreamland, which we knew well enough no one else would comprehend. We had a library, such as it was; the books were mostly old, and had covers of calico which mother had sewed on them to hide the disreputable broken leather and tarnished gilding; and they were nearly all romances, save a History of England, a Mythology with long crooked s's, and some books of poetry.

There were works by Miss Porter and Mrs. Radcliffe; novels in nine volumes, which followed a lovely heroine and a too susceptible young nobleman along a course of true love which certainly ran any thing but smoothly. Separated them apparently forever at least a dozen times, and at the end of the ninth volume always reunited and married them.

"The Horrors of Okendale Castle," "The Children of the Abbey," "Camilla," "Pamela," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and goodness knows what besides. We read them all, and cried over them together, and rejoiced at the joyful consummation, and absolutely went to the weddings, so vividly were they brought before us by the pages over which we pored.

We sat up all night once to be made quite sure that Elfrida Rosabell would ultimately discover that the young Sir Godfrey was not a villain, and had honorable intentions; and neighbor Boggs, of the mill, sent over next morning to inquire whether any one was "sick or dead to our house, cause he seen a light late as three o'clock a night in the sottin'-room windy."

After that we closed the shutters early.

When we were not reading generally around the supper-table we used to talk of what we'd do when we were rich. We spent a good many fortunes in imagination, but the reality was a good way off yet, for both ends could only just be made to meet every year, and there never was a dollar to spare for any thing. Only my mother's indefatigable thread and needle kept us respectable for Sundays. On week days we worked on the farm in any thing. Our ground was poor, and there was not a great deal of it. Besides, father was not brought up a farmer, and never had what the neighborhood called luck. Old Farmer Pratt used to say he had "far too much book-larnin' to grow potatoes," and perhaps he was right. There were men who could just read who made money with fewer acres, and father who, to the astonishment of all, "knew Latin," could just feed and clothe his little family. But he did that, and was thankful. I was sixteen before I heard the story of his past life. How ambitious he had been, and how he had failed while less talented men arose above him, and how, at thirty, he had said to my mother: "Alice, I meant to be a great man for your sake, and a rich one. I can only be a poor farmer now; will you have me as *I* am?" And she who had loved him all along said "Yes." And so for years they had led this peaceful life of daily toil and nightly reading, varied only by church-going on the Sabbath, or some neighboring apple-paring, or corn-husking, or quilting; and though their boys were grown up they were two lovers still.

But you know the serpent made his way into Eden, and ever since there has always been some evil thing ready to creep in where people are good and happy. Satan came to us in the shape of a middle-aged man, with black whiskers, in difficulties.

He owed some one something, and had probably done some rascally thing or other; for he was very much afraid of being seen, and hid at our house for weeks together during one autumn.

He represented himself as a persecuted angel, and was sheltered and sympathized with, and made much of, as though he were one in reality. At last he asked a particular favor of his old friend and college chum—only a signature—a mere form; but it would start him in life again, and those fellows insisted on it. The signature was given; and six months from that time my father found himself a ruined man. Almost every thing was gone: the house—the farm—only a little corner where a neglected cabin stood on a little triangular patch of ground—some bits of furniture, and our books, too old to be of value to others, remained to us. My mother bore it bravely; but one bitter day—bitter alike in its winter cold and in what it brought to us—my father lay dead upon the door-stone. Coming home in the gray twilight he dropped there without a word or groan. The doctor said, "It was his heart;" and my mother answered, sobbing, "Yes, his heart was broken." They buried him in the old church-yard when the snow lay piled on the stones and quite hid the mounds above which they arose. And we three envied him; we longed so to lie down beside him. The world seemed a great desert, for he had been all to us.

For days we did little but weep together over the fire in our little cabin. But one morning I started up. "I am a man!" I cried. "Shall I be idle while we all starve? Mother, I'll go to New York, and begin to work in earnest."

"*You* alone in New York!" The great fear that was in the thought drove my mother's tears away.

"I am seventeen," I said, "and I am tall, and look two or three years more than my age."

"Yes, your father was proud of your being so well grown," said my mother, and she wept again. But I sat down beside her, and told her of my plans, and of my secret. Will was old enough to do all that could be done about the little place, and I had written a book!

"A book!" Astonishment swept every other feeling from my mother's mind for the moment. "You write a book, my child! but it can not be worth reading."

"You shall read it," I said; and I brought it from the hiding-place where it had rested in my trunk, and laid it in her lap.

She read it, and the verdict was a mother's.

"I never thought to take so much comfort again," she said. "I cried over that book all night. It's as good as one of Mrs. Radcliffe's, Harry."

After that she did not oppose my departure, but mended my clothes, and put on missing buttons, and packed up the little brown valise as a matter of course.

So it came to pass that one Monday morning I set forth, with my valise in my hand, to New York city to seek a publisher and make my fortune. Mother cried and kissed me, and dried her tears to make sure the gingerbread had been packed up, and promised not to cry again, and watched us out of sight, with the tears rolling down her face.

I say watched *us*, for Will went with me as far as the store, whence the stage started, and on the way took an oath that some way he would get a living for mother out of that corner lot. "I'll do it, Harry," he said, "or die;" and his eyes shone as he spoke like two diamonds. We were not ashamed to embrace each other, or to cry a little, and so we parted.

At that time a lumbering stage made the journey to New York; and a hard time of it we had that day, with bad roads and biting cold, and at dusk a sleety rain, which shrouded the great city from my view as I entered it. That night I supped and slept; it was enough for me. But the next morning came thoughts of my book and the publishers—that book which had been pronounced "as good as Mrs. Radcliffe's."

Shall I ever forget the contemptuous "We don't meddle with such affairs as that of yours here, young man!" of that first stout publisher in glasses; or the sneering, "Thank you, it wouldn't answer!" from the slender perfumed exquisite whose sanctum I penetrated? But they had not read "Angelica; or, Parted and Reconciled." They were brutal; they refused to recognize talent; that was all. At last I found a gentleman (he had been to dinner, and had wine after it) who said, blandly, "Leave the manuscript, my young friend; we will read it." And I went up to the Seventh Heaven forthwith. I shook his hand, and thanked him, and went back to where I put up.

I called in a week. Mr. Bullman was not in. A day or two later he neither remembered me nor my manuscript. He had *not* been to dinner, and was not genial that day. There was a little clerk in the room—an old man with a kind face. He came forward and whispered something. "Ay," said Mr. Bullman, in reply; "it may be in the waste paper basket." And forthwith out came the basket, and I saw a red string I knew well, for it came from my mother's work-bag.

"Yours?" said Mr. Bullman.

"Yes, Sir, mine."

"Ah! Take it."

"Have you read it, Sir?" I hazarded.

"Oh dear, *no*; of course not."

That was all; it was enough. I went. In a kind of dizzy haze I staggered out into the street. I wanted to hide somewhere and cry, and forgot to notice the sign-boards as I went on. Consequently I soon lost myself; soon, also, found myself in a shabby, disreputable-looking part of the city, where there were lounging men in dirty finery, and tipsy women and barefooted children with gin-bottles in their bony hands. A youth of my own age stood at the door of a corner grocery, and to him I addressed myself:

"Will you tell me the way to —— Street?"

It was very friendly of the boy to go with me a little way—to keep so close beside me, and pat me in such sociable fashion on my shoulder when we parted. The very thought of his kindness brought tears into my eyes. I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief to wipe them away. It was gone. So was my purse, with every cent I possessed in it. I sat down on a step near by absolutely faint with terror.

To the country youth of seventeen the city seemed so wide and cruel. That great Broadway was to me "a stony-hearted step-mother."

It was after dark when I reached the place I called home for the time, and told my story to my landlady. She had sons of her own, but she had no pity on me. I went from her house that night, and left my brown portmanteau and the bits of clothes in it behind me, amidst her vixenish vows that "She'd not be cheated—not she—by any trumped-up story."

Do you know where I slept that night? On a bench in the City Hall Park. And there was no breakfast ready in the morning at that hotel.

All day I tried for work—as shopman, as helper, any where where strong arms were needed; no one wanted me. At noon, starved and weary, a baker brushing by me with his basket of warm loaves almost made me faint. But I went on still asking at stores and factories, even at the doors of private dwellings, for work, and finding none. At seven, so anxious was I for food, that, seeing a load of wood at the door of a plain house, I asked for the job of sawing and splitting it. The woman shook her head.

"I'll do it for my supper," I said, pleadingly.

"A great, healthy young man like you oughtn't to need supper as bad as that," she said, and slammed the door in my face. Then I heard her call within, "Biddy, watch the cellar-door, there's a straggler outside." A thought of my mother and of home came over me. What would she have said could she have seen me then? How would her face have looked? I was very glad she could not know what I endured. Poor though we had been, I had never guessed what cold and starvation could be before.

I left the door before which I had been standing and wandered on, wondering whether I could bring myself to beg for food. Death would have been preferable, but mother and Will—I had no right to leave them if God would let me stay. On either hand were stores and dwellings brightly lighted. Windows where dainty pastry, and jellies, and confectionery were set forth. Others still, where heaps of gold, and silver, and crisp bank-notes were spread on green baize; still others, through the white curtains of which I could see family groups gathered around bright fires or cozy tea-tables. All seemed happy save myself. It is always so when we are wretched.

On I went—I could stop at none of these bright places—and at last I turned down a side-street full of handsome old-fashioned houses, with low door-steps and windows on the first floor, which were on a level with the eye of a man standing in the street. This street was darker than the busy one from which I had turned. I walked on counting the doors, resolving that at the third or the fourth I would begin to beg—failing to keep the promise I made myself every time. At last before me arose a dwelling larger than the rest. From the low window a light shone out, sending a warm gleam upon the frosty pavement. The curtain was looped back and I could see the room within. A great dining-table, covered with white damask, and at one end of it a little girl of seven, with long golden curls sweeping to her waist, and what looked like a bowl of bread and milk. Near her stood a servant-woman. It was a pretty picture. I thought I had never seen so lovely a child or such a pleasant room. Listening, I presently heard the servant's voice:

"Miss Rose, your pa and ma won't be home for ever so long, and they said you were to eat your supper and go to bed. What is the matter?"

"I want some jam," said the child, "and dolly. Dolly will be half-starved."

"Chany dolls don't get hungry, Miss Rose," said the girl.

"Mine does," said the child, "and sleepy. Please bring her night-gown and cap, so that I can undress her where it is warm."

"What a queer child you are!" said the girl. "Well, I'll get the jam and your doll, and then you *will* go to bed, Miss Rose."

"Yes," replied the child; and the girl left her.

Then I perceived that a crack of the window had been left open—perhaps by accident, and perhaps because the room was overheated. I longed for a little of that pleasant warmth. I raised the sash farther from without, standing on a projecting stone ornament below. As I did so the frame made a creaking sound, and the child looked around, not fearfully, but with a bright, bold look that told she was not easily alarmed by trifles. Then a thought came into my mind. To beg of this child would not be so bitter a humiliation. I thrust my head through the aperture and called to her by the name the servant had said.

"Miss Rose."

The child saw my face now, she heard my voice, and came down from her high seat. Half-way she paused, putting back her hair with her little hand, and looking at me wonderingly with her blue eyes.

"I don't know you," she said. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am some one who is hungry," I said. "I want something to eat."

"Hungry?" she said. "You must have something to eat right away;" and then turned on her little toes and pattered to the table, whence she lifted the great china bowl of bread and milk with both baby hands. She set it upon the sill, and perching on a chair, to my utter astonishment, said, with an air of command, "Now open your mouth and I'll feed you."

She had been used to feeding and petting the kitten that purred upon the rug, and treated me in the same way. I understood that at once; but I obeyed. I opened my mouth; and I outside of the window, with elbows on the sill, she within, perched on the seat of a chair, that baby fed me with bread and milk. It amused her. She laughed merrily. Now and then she patted me on the head. For my own part I hardly knew whether I wondered most at myself or her.

The bowl was emptied not slowly; and then I caught the baby hands in mine and kissed them. "I shall never forget you," I said—"never cease to pray for you—never—"

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But the words died on my lips, for a strong hand touched my shoulder, and a voice, in which merriment and anger mingled, uttered in my ear, "Hullo—come down, and let me see who you are?"

Who I was! The next moment I did not know myself, for I had fallen insensible to the ground.

"Talk of novels!" said the senior partner, breaking off. "Real life is stranger." The man who spoke to me was little Rose's father. That, of course, you guess; but you can not guess—for it astonished me, I tell you—how he was also my dear, dead father's dearest friend, come back from a far-off State, where he had been living a long while, and a prosperous merchant in the city.

They found me out by letters in my pocket; for, you see, they thought I was dead—and I was pretty near it.

So when I came to myself there were friends around me; and they told me to have no fear, but to trust in them to help me, and I did.

When I wrote to mother I told her that I had not become a successful author, but that I was a promising book-keeper in the firm of Bullion & Co. A year after, she and Will came to New York to live. Thank God, they are both living still!

As for myself, you know dear little Rose was my first friend; and I could not forget the night when she fed me with her little hands, and saved me from starving to death, I believe.

I loved her dearly; and I watched her grow up from a bright bud to a sweet blossom, loving her more and more every day.

In ten years she was seventeen and I twenty-seven, and the junior partner of our firm. And one day—one evening rather—I went up to the old house—the one through whose open window I leaned that evening—and there, by that same sill, inside though, I asked her a question, and she said "Yes."

What the question was you can easily guess, for she is my wife now, and has been for thirty years, so that our little grand-daughter is exactly what Rose was when she fed me with bread and milk.

I'm senior partner now, and this house is the one she lived in then. I promised the old gentleman we'd live here, and we have done so. As for my novel. Did I tell you the roll of MS. was gone that night, and I never knew what became of it? But the other night Sam, my butler, had been down cellar hunting up some old wine put there years ago, and he found something lying among the rubbish at one end, and brought it to me. Upon my word I could have wept when I saw the dingy parcel. It was my old novel—"Angelica; or, Parted and Reconciled."

The rats had spared it for a wonder, and though it was mouldy and dirty I managed to read it.

My dear friend, it was the most unmitigated trash that ever disgraced paper, and if a boy in my office were to spell so badly I'd dismiss him.

I never let any one see it except my mother.

"It's a pity," she said, "that you could not have been an author. Will you never write another story?"

"Perhaps," I said; "and if I do, it will be a story of a Bowl of Bread and Milk.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

I AM married, and long out of business now, but some fifteen years ago I was an assistant-matron in a prison for female convicts. I am not inclined to give its particular name, though I got good reports and a fair share of promotion in the establishment, and left it with the character of an efficient officer; for the story I am about to tell might appear somewhat compromising in the eyes of strict lady-superintendents if it ever came across them.

Well, I had been about a year in the service, and got fully acquainted with its duties, when a Jewess named Jemima Jacobs was placed in my ward. She was young—not over twenty, I should say—but not at all handsome, being coarse-featured, squat, and of a dirty-brown complexion, which the prison-dress did not improve, as you may imagine. Her trial had taken place at the Criminal Court on a charge of stealing plate and jewelry to a large amount from a wealthy Jewish family in which she had been kitchen-maid. The evidence was clear against her, the family being the chief witnesses. Jacobs was convicted and sentenced to one year's penal servitude—a lenient sentence, as it was thought, for her offense. But the family, while they appeared against her, were unanimous on the subject of her previous good-conduct, and showed a laudable anxiety to mitigate her punishment by all the means in their power.

After her arrival within our penal walls no visiting-day elapsed without some of them coming to see and converse with their unlucky kitchen-maid. As my readers are (as I hope) without experience of prison-discipline, I may mention that such interviews take place through two opposite grates—the convict standing at the inner, her friends at the outer one, and a prison-officer seated in the space between them to see that nothing is said or done contrary to regulations. I frequently occupied that post, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the whole family, for they came in turn by ones and by twos. Let me premise that their name was Josephs, and their place of business a notable one in the city, with a jeweler's shop in front, and a pawnbroker's office round the corner. They consisted, as far as I ever knew, of a father and a son, a mother and two daughters. The father, a tall, thin, stooping man was always rather shabbily dressed. The son was exactly like him, only some inches shorter; to me he did not look many years younger, though, of course, he must have been; and I can not say how I found out that his name was Samuel. Probably it was from hearing his mother call him so, for he came with her on the first day. She was an enormous woman, dressed in expensive but half-soiled finery. Her two daughters were handsome dashing girls, with full faces, an abundance of jewelry, and very fashionable bonnets. They mostly came in their carriage to the top of the road in which the prison was situated; there it waited for them till the interview was over, and father, mother, son, or daughters never staid more than five minutes. The sight of Jacobs and the exchange of a very few words with her seemed to satisfy them, but one and all accosted her with the same sorrowful kindness, as if deeply grieved by her unfortunate position. There was a brief inquiry after her health, an admonition to submit implicitly to the prison regulations, and consider them all for her good, and a declaration that they would take her back again to their service at the expiration of her sentence if she behaved well. Jacobs made suitable responses and very humble acknowledgments; but one thing struck me as remarkable, and it was never omitted in one of their visits—they never went without asking if she had come to a proper repentance of her great sin yet, and Jacobs as invariably answered, "I'm afraid I have not." This was so regularly done that I at last concluded it must have some religious signification known only to the Jews. The conduct of the Josephs toward their convicted kitchen-maid was certainly more amiable than Gentiles generally show in like circumstances. But we matrons and assistants soon began to think that the cause might be found in Jacobs herself. A more civil or submissive creature no prison-officer could desire to have in charge. In fact, Jacobs required little care; she scrubbed the stone-floors, made the rough bags, was locked up at night, and even attended the chapel with the same unmurmuring humility. Jacobs gave no trouble; and any body accustomed to look after female convicts will have an idea of what a rare jewel she must have appeared in our eyes, and what a contrast she presented to the other women of the ward.

I am not going to enter on the woes of an assistant-matron, but the unexampled good-behavior of my new prisoner, while it spared my nerves and temper, could not but gain my best regards. I positively liked Jacobs before she had been a fortnight under my charge, and the poor Jewess seemed to return my good-will. There was no trouble she wouldn't have taken, no haste she wouldn't have made to serve me; she ran without being called, fetched and carried without being bidden; and when allowed to clean my room, as a reward for good conduct, because it conferred additional liberty, she made every thing look as bright and polished as if it had been new. I was pleased, of course; but cleaning and scouring appeared to be Jacobs's hobby—an uncommon one for a Jewess—and still more rare among the inhabitants of our wards. All the time she could spare from prison-work was devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and polishing up her own cell in every corner. Walls, floor, and even the ceiling got the benefit of her exertions; she reached them with an agility which nobody would expect from her squat figure. Almost the entire ward was indebted to her in this way, which brings me to the only troublesome inclination Jacobs ever showed. There was no such thing as getting her to rest or remain in a cell more than two or three weeks; once it was fairly scoured out, and there was nothing more for Jacobs to clean, not a speck of dust left on its bare walls or in its four corners, she became uneasy, restless, always imploring leave to change with her next neighbor. Prison-rules do not recognize such humors; but, as in the working of every system, rules will be relaxed and modified according to character and circumstances, so in female convict establishments, the good-will of officers, the consideration of directors, and sometimes the general desire for as much of a quiet life as can be got in such places, admit of small matters and allowances beyond the strict regulations. Jacobs seemed to understand the fact, and took her measures accordingly. The only request she ever made to directors, lady-superintendent, or chaplain—the only privilege she ever coaxed from me, in return for her spontaneous services—the only approach to intimacy with her fellow-prisoners she ever tried, was for leave to exchange her cell. There was a report among us—I know not how it originated—to the effect that the Josephs had made interest in her favor with the prison authorities. Whatever the influence brought to bear on the case might be, certain it was that Jacobs's request was always granted; she got leave to exchange. I could not be more obdurate than the directors to a creature who served me with such zeal; and as for her fellow-prisoners, though by no means inclined to assist or gratify each other generally, they were somehow willing enough to oblige Jacobs. In short, before half the time of her sentence elapsed, she had made the round of the entire ward; and at last requested, with her usual pertinacious humility, an immediate transfer to No. 49, the last cell at the extreme end of the corridor, and the only one she had not tried.

No. 49 was indeed a sort of forgotten or unused cell, partly because it was out of the way, and partly because there was a dark tradition attached to it. I must tell you that my ward formed part of what was called the old prison—a division of the building much more ancient than the rest, which, in former times, had been appropriated to male convicts, and a noted burglar was said to have escaped public execution by hanging himself in that very cell. Such stories never can be got to die out, particularly in prisons; but it was hushed up as far as possible, to save the officers trouble in case the cell should be wanted. That did not happen, to my great satisfaction, and No. 49 was left in its emptiness till Jacobs took a fancy to occupy it. Whether she had heard the tale or not I had no certainty; it was very likely that some old inhabitant of the prison would soon make her aware of it. I advised the Jewess against her meditated exchange, told her she could not expect to have another, after going round the ward as she had done, warned her that No. 49 was the most solitary, and probably, from its long emptiness, coldest of all the cells; but my advices and warnings were alike in vain. Humbly obstinate as ever, in Jacobs would go, and in she went. I determined in my wrath that she should not make another flitting in a hurry, whatever recollections of the burglar might arise. But to my agreeable surprise Jacobs appeared to think nothing about him; she scrubbed and cleaned and polished No. 49 with as much energy as she had shown in her former apartments—if possible, I thought rather more. The ward-women were unanimous that she knew all about the burglar, but in the cell Jacobs remained, as if perfectly satisfied at last; and when nearly a month had passed away I congratulated myself on the prospect of no more removals.

In the mean time the Josephs kept on coming to see her at the grate, chiefly the mother and daughters; indeed, I observed that the gentlemen of the family, having doubtless more business on their hands, were but rare visitors, particularly the son Samuel. The dialogue was always the same, concluding with the accustomed inquiry regarding her repentance, which Jacobs continued to answer in the negative; and it appeared to me that the Josephs heard that reply with increased sorrow every day. Their ex-kitchen maid did not seem to share their grief; she made the accustomed response humbly and calmly, as if certain that the requisite amount of contrition would come in good time; and I could not help thinking it a sort of Jewish penance which made her take to the scrubbing and scouring of her out-of-the-way cell more resolutely after every visit.

Things had been going on in that fashion for some time. It was mid-winter, and, besides being unusually cold, a season of peculiar concern to us matrons and assistants. Whoever has had to do with female convict establishments will be aware that, in the dark December, or rather the Christmas and New-Year times, there is always a disposition to small riots among the inhabitants of the cells. Whether it arises from the remembrance of former festivities, contrasting with the monotony of prison-life, or to some occult influence of the season acting on the spirits and tempers of those difficult subjects, I can not say, but certain I am, from woeful experience, that more windows are then broken, more blankets and sheets torn up, more fierce battles fought, and more women carried off screaming to the dark cells, than at any other period of the year. We had nothing of the kind as yet, and were hoping to get over the troublesome time in comparative quiet; but increased watchfulness was nevertheless considered necessary, and those who did the night-duty were enjoined to make the round of the wards more frequently than usual. A dreary business it was for the assistant-matrons to whom the work generally fell to pace about all the long winter night through those gloomy stone-passages, wrapped in a cloak, and with lantern in hand, listening for every sound, looking in at the inspection-hole above every cell-door, and anxiously wishing for the six o'clock bell, which would relieve their watch.

I was on that duty one night about the middle of December. I had made the stipulated rounds, and found every thing quiet, when it occurred to me, about three o'clock in the morning, the weariest hour in the whole watch, that all night long I had not looked into or even approached No. 49. The cell, as I have said, was out of the way; there was a sort of bend or angle in the passage which led to its door, and might have suited its ancient use—namely, the condemned cell of the old prison. Jacobs had never given any trouble, and was certainly not a breaking-out subject. I felt it no neglect of duty to leave her alone from hour to hour, while all the rest of the wards were duly inspected; but, for regulations' sake, I felt that I ought to see the door of No. 49, as this was almost my last round. Back I went in its direction, and let me remark that I had on a pair of list-slippers, which were thought perfect treasures to a matron on the night-watch for their noiselessness; but judge of my amazement and confusion when, on softly approaching the cell of my model prisoner, I caught a low rasping sound, as if something were being done with a file or chisel. There was a faint light, too; I shaded my lantern, and looked through the inspection-hole. The gas was burning very low, and crouched in the corner, with her face close to the floor, but working with both hands, and a small bit of broken iron, as if to widen a crevice she had made between it and the wall, I saw the hitherto quiet and most manageable Jacobs. She had not heard, and couldn't see me; and, great as my surprise was, my curiosity to know what she could be about, or intend by making that crevice, was still greater. I stood for a minute or two watching her work, and soon perceived that the object was to get her fingers in or to get something out. The effort seemed desperate, for her hands were scratched and bleeding in many places by coming in contact with the sharp edges of the stone and the broken bit of iron; but at length she succeeded in getting two fingers into the crevice, and out with them came a string of beads so brilliant that they flashed like so many drops of fire in the faint gaslight.

"What on earth are you doing, Jacobs?" said I, speaking out my own astonishment; and the Jewess turned round with a far less amazed look than mine must have been.

"You have caught me, miss," she said, in her customary low and humble tone. "I knew you would; but you won't be hard on me; you are a merciful lady; the Josephs will make you any present you like; and maybe you would be good enough to take this," she continued, coming close to the locked door, and presenting to me, through the inspection-hole, a small but very brilliant pin.

"No, Jacobs," said I, "I will not take any bribe from you, and I want nothing from the Josephs; but I want to know what you have been doing up at this hour in your cell, and what was that you took out of the crevice between the wall and the floor."

"I'll tell you all, miss, and leave my case to your charity," said Jacobs: "thank my stars, the women are too far off to hear a word." I knew that was correct, and it made me stand at the inspection-hole to hear her tell, in the dead silence of the winter-night, one of the most singular tales of device and endurance that I ever heard.

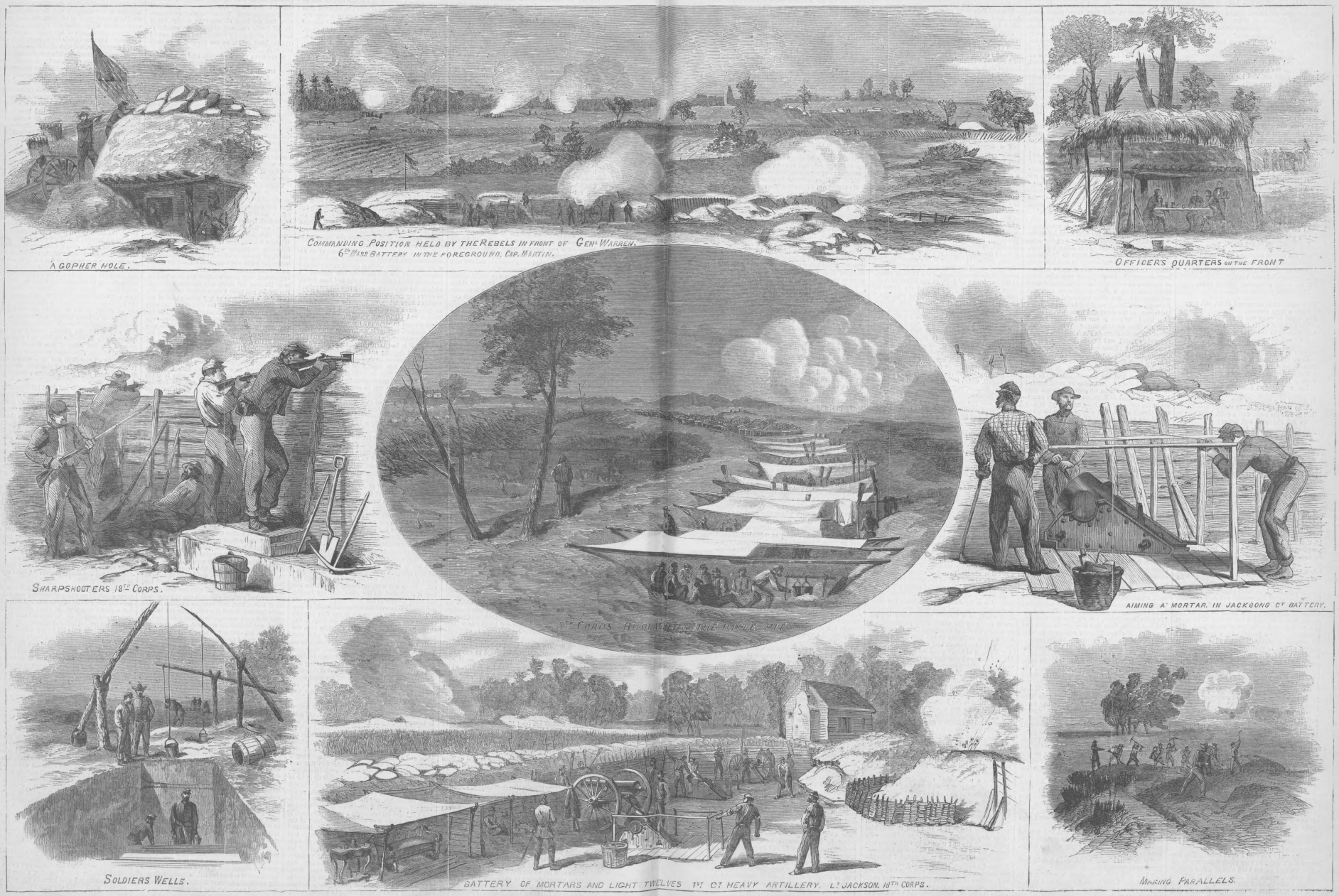
The string of brilliant beads was an old-fashioned diamond necklace, valued at I forget how many thousands. It had been sold or pawned—Jacobs would not decidedly say which, but I believe the latter—to a grand-uncle of the Josephs. Some intimation of the diamonds and their whereabouts reached a noted gang of burglars, for they made an attack on his premises one night, and carried off, among other spoils of less value, the precious necklace. The grand-uncle had pursued them with all the force of law, and with all the power of riches. Many of the gang were taken, and among them the leader, in whose possession the diamonds were believed to remain. But no bribe, no promise that the Jewish attorney employed for the purpose could offer, would induce him to give the smallest information regarding the place of their concealment. The man was a strange and desperate character, and owed the firm a grudge on account of a brother in the same trade, whom they had been instrumental in bringing to justice for an unsuccessful endeavor after those very diamonds. He stood out stoutly against every persecution. The Jew should get no knowledge out of him; he would make no confession; he would not be executed; and the burglar kept his word in the manner already mentioned, leaving his cell invested with traditional terrors for all future prisoners. But the Josephs's attorney, in the course of his frequent conferences with him and his associates, made one discovery, or rather guess. From hints inadvertently dropped, and looks involuntarily cast, he took a suspicion that in spite of prison-searchers and other improbabilities, the diamonds had been smuggled in with the chief of the robbers, and hidden in some crevice of his condemned cell. Like a prudent son of Israel, the attorney had kept that surmise for his own future benefit; but years passed, and no opportunity for acting upon it came within his reach. He grew old, infirm, and ready to retire from business, in which it appeared he had not realized much money; and then it occurred to him, as a proper and profitable course, to sell his suspicion for a respectable sum to the surviving relatives of the diamond-loser. According to Jacobs the bargain had been a stiff one, though, owing to the lapse of time, the failure of memory, and the alterations made in the old prison, it was impossible for the attorney to say what cell the burglar had occupied. By judicious inquiries, however, the Josephs found out that such a cell still existed, marked and made memorable by its peculiar legend; and their kitchen-maid, Jemima, being of pure Jewish race, and a distant relation, volunteered to recover the family treasure by an expedient and for a reward which nobody but a descendant of him who served the fourteen years for Laban's daughter would have thought of.

It appeared that she had fixed her affections on their son Samuel. And on the strength of a promise that she should be made Mrs. Samuel Josephs, if her scheme proved successful, this true daughter of Jacob (of course with the connivance of the family) stole plate and other valuables, concealed them in her box of clothes, incurred suspicion and search, was committed, tried, and sentenced to a year of penal servitude within the prison where the diamonds were believed to be hidden. She depended on her own ingenuity for getting into the dreaded cell and discovering the hiding-place; hence her frequent removals, her scrubbing and scouring propensities, and, I sincerely believe, her humble services to me. How she contrived to bribe the women to those exchanges with small articles of jewelry brought to the prison, and retained in spite of hair-cutting and changes of clothes, Jacobs frankly confessed, for the pin she offered me was one of them. But the most curious part of the business, to my thinking, was the Josephs's regular question concerning her repentance, which was nothing less than an agreed-on signal, and meant, "Have you found them yet?" Jacobs made a perfectly clean breast—there was nobody within possible ear-shot—and when she had told me all the poor Jewess concluded with that sad and simple appeal: "I leave my case to your charity, miss."

Perhaps it was weakness, perhaps it was something worse, in an assistant-matron; but, notwithstanding the gravity of that title and office, I was but a young woman at the time; moreover, I was keeping company on my Sundays out with Mr. John Adams, my present lord and master. We were engaged in waiting only till he got a step higher in a certain city office, and could begin housekeeping with respectable prospects. My own little romance made me sympathize with poor Jemima more than I ought to have done, according to strict regulations. I promised on the spot never to report, never to reveal her secret.

When the Josephs came next visiting-day there was a variation in the dialogue. Jemima solemnly assured them of her complete repentance, and the unfeigned joy which sparkled in their Jewish eyes would have given any body unacquainted with the secret an immense opinion of their moral principles. After that no stone was left unturned, no effort spared to abridge the time of Jemima's penal servitude. Every official, from the Home Secretary downward, was besieged with applications and petitions, and what influence they brought to bear on the superior authorities was never made known to me; but Jacobs got her sentence commuted, and was released from my ward and custody within one month, reckoned from that memorable night. She went her way exactly as she came. There was nothing remarkable in the departure of the Jewish maid but an unusual amount of humble thanks and acknowledgments to all the prison-matrons, especially myself. The next sight I got of her was on one of my Sundays out, when the Josephs's carriage passed me, and there was my model prisoner seated beside the large mother, and quite as well overlaid with finery. If Mrs. Samuel recognized me she did not appear to do so. Our ways were different, and we never came in the slightest contact. But two years after, when Mr. Adams and I were thinking of going to church together, a very handsome wedding-dress was sent home to me, with a small brilliant stuck in the one corner of it, and I knew the gift came from Jemima Jacobs.

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 502.]

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THE PRISONER OF WAR.

He lay upon the barren ground
Beneath the evening sky,
While the haggard prisoners gathered round
To see their comrade die,
For the damp of death was on his brow,
Its fever in his eye.

Famine, and cold, and cruelty
Had done their work of ill;
But they could not bind his spirit free,
Or shake his iron will;
The stamp of a high, heroic soul
Was on his features still.

"Let me not sleep in the tainted clay,"
He said, "of this prison isle;
The river will bear me ere the day
On its bosom many a mile.
I shall float past the hated traitor holds
Death-free, with a scornful smile.

"I shall float till through my dreams shall go
The thrill of the chainless sea.
The comrades I left are down below;
They will find and carry me
To a soldier's grave in my native town
By the banks of the Genesee."

Then one by one the sacred grip
To his bony hand they gave,
With such a silence on every lip
As fits a spirit brave,
Whose promise reaches darkly through
The boundaries of the grave.

There was talk of home and loved ones there,
And messages left for each,
And the words of the half-remembered prayer
A mother alone can teach,
Till the awful, changeless stillness came,
The broken links of speech.

They marked his name, and State, and town
Upon a light canteen,
And bound it, when the moon was down,
His withered hands between;
And tenderly in the river laid
His death-cold form unseen.

Silently as a wreath of foam
Down the current it was borne,
Perhaps too deep in a dream of home
For the promised smile of scorn;
Perhaps too swift, for the frowning bluffs
Lay far behind at morn.

It drifted to a sentinel's feet
Who stood by the lower shore,
And he read the name with a quick heart-beat
He had known so well before;
And the prisoner now by the Genesee
Is at rest for evermore!

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EXIT FRANCIS BLUNT, ESQUIRE.

Good papa—it is useless to trouble you with his surname; you would forget it; you have so many names to think of; he appears but for a moment on the stage, and it is sufficient, surely, that he was little Amanda's father, and the guardian of the Edifice on the banks of the Seine—good papa, who was lank and slim, quite of the old school, and whose scanty hair was not innocent of a slight suspicion of powder, sat down with Monsieur Philibert to breakfast. The mightier beef-steak, the more succulent omelet, the stronger red wine, were placed before them. They were helped bountifully, and they ate plentifully. Philibert especially enjoyed the good things of this life with a gusto which, to the spectator, was well-nigh ravishing. The meat and drink seemed to do him so much good. He a vampire! He a ghoul! He a croque mort! He seemed a plump-legged and abdominous cherub rather, in spotless linen and a massive watch-chain, feeding on ambrosia, which, as corpulent cherubs must eat, had been solidified for his especial use and benefit. He was a charming man, and talked as charmingly as he refected himself generously.

"Full, good papa?" he asked, when he had made an end of filling and emptying his own mouth.

"Empty as the mouth of a cannon at the Invalides when there are no victories to fire salutes for," replied the guardian. "Every thing is as bare, la-bas, as the palm of my hand. The Hôtel des Trépassés has not had a lodger for three days."

"Hôtel des Trépassés—good, very good," murmured Philibert. "You have a pleasant wit, good papa, a right pleasant wit. A little more Beaune, if you please. Thank you. It makes one quite chirrup, that little red wine. But business is usually slack at this time of the year; is it not so, papa? In the lively month of June your heart-broken grisette does not think of charcoal, and hates the sight of a brazier: it is so warm. And then your bankrupt student, your discontented Faust. He is not quite so ready to have done with the great problem when the schools are about breaking up, and he is going home for the holidays."

"Ma foi! I'm sure I don't know. The seasons don't make so very much difference to us. Bon an, mal an, we have always a fair average of lodgers, winter and summer. It is only the English who make of November a special month for the settlement of their little accounts with Fate."

"Ah! those English! A strange, perverse, intractable race. Hopelessly eccentric are those sons of Albion. They tell me there is no Administration of the Pompes Funèbres in that brumous country, and that their proud and phlegmatic aristocracy, carrying their hereditary spleen even beyond the tomb, have lately taken it into their heads to be buried without the slightest state or ceremony. The morose insulaires! Still, do I hear that Monsieur Thiers is making Milord Palmerston listen to reason as to the grand affair—the rendition of the sacred ashes of the Emperor."

"You are growing cracked with your emperor and his sacred ashes, mon gros," the guardian, with good-humored petulance, observed. "You ask me one question, and then you fly off at a tangent to that eternal St. Helena. It is disrespectful to the Order of Things. It is flying in the face of the dynasty of July."

"Pardon, good papa. Patriotism is, I trust, not incompatible with veneration for the great deeds of times past, and for him the immortal hero. But you were saying—"

"I was saying that between November and June no very great disparity in the number of my lodgers was perceptible. With commendable regularity they continue to patronize the hôtel pretty well all the year round. Our present emptiness, for example, is almost unprecedented. People must be very happy, or the world very peaceable, or the Chapter of Accidents well-nigh exhausted, to account for it."

"It is certainly curious."

"It is more than curious—it is vexatious," good papa, rubbing his ear with some irritation, resumed. "Our usual sources of supply seem to have failed us lately. It is June, certainly, but then don't people go down to St. Cloud, spend their employers' money in reckless dissipation, and cut their throats through remorse next morning? Don't young men hire boats at Asnières in a state of inebriety, capsize their embarkations in a tipsy attempt to row, and get drowned? Are there no lovers' quarrels at Fontenay-aux-Roses, resulting in the customary laudanum, or the usual and inexpensive branch of a tree? Where is our midsummer harvest from the Bois de Vincennes? Where are our returns from the Forêt de Fontainebleau? And the Palais Royal, and Frascati's—what has become of them? Have half the world been betting on the black, and the other half on the red, and have both red and black turned up alternately, so that both have won? It is incomprehensible. And the assassinations? Is the Cité pulled down? Are there no more bandits in the Rue aux Fèves, no more liberated convicts on the Quai de Billy, no more night prowlers at the outer barriers? And misery! misery that always exists, that always brings its quota of lodgers to the hôtel. Ma parole d'honneur, je n'y vois guère."

And so the gossips went on. The womenfolk had withdrawn to a window, and, softly chatting among themselves, were watching the ever-changing panorama on the river shores beneath. Philibert was telling the guardian of a grand funeral which took place in the reign of Louis the Eighteenth—a funeral on a raw, cold November day—a day so cold, so raw, that three personages, eminent in French history, standing round the open grave, caught cold, and caught their deaths, too; for they all expired in less than three months afterward.

"Let me see," prattled Philibert, counting on his fingers; "there was Monsieur Marchangy, he whom Béranger—what a funeral the great poet will have!—castigated so mercilessly dans le temps, ever so long ago. Then there was that distinguished ornament to the bar, Monsieur Robert de Saint-Vincent. And, finally, there was Brillat-Savarin—Savarin the unequaled, the incomparable, the illustrious gastronomical philosopher who—"

"A-a-h!" Lily gave a little scream and ran back, trembling like a frightened fawn, from the window. Amanda followed her and caught her hand to calm her. Amanda was disturbed by her friend's agitation, but she was not terrified. She had looked from that window too often and too long. Madame Thomas remained immovable: her nose glued, seemingly, to the pane.

"What is it, my child?" cried the guardian, starting up in some alarm.

"What is it, Ma'mselle Amanda?" the master of the ceremonies echoed. "Perhaps," he continued, mentally, "my eloquence has touched the sympathies of la petite Anglaise. They are very sentimental, these charming misses. Would that the effect the humble Philibert may have made upon her would react on the stony heart of Amanda. Oh! my Amanda, my Amandine!" Monsieur Philibert, be it remembered, was a widower, and more than middle-aged; but he had not yet abandoned all hopes of forming a second matrimonial alliance. A pretty, amiable, well-to-do partner, able to conduct during his absence on official business a genteel mourning establishment, a maison de deuil, on the Boulevard des Capucines: this was his dream of bliss.

"It is nothing, it is nothing, papa," Amanda hastened to reply to her father's query; "or, rather, it is a mere trifle, a bagatelle; but Ma'mselle Lily is not used to such sights, and it has frightened her. It is your affair. C'est quelqu'un qu'on porte ici—it is SOMEBODY who is coming, my papa."

Lily had sunk into a chair, and had covered her face with her hands, and was sobbing without tears. The poor little thing was too frightened to cry.

"Is it gone?" she asked, as Amanda bent over her to soothe her.

"You silly little soul, there is nothing to be alarmed at. I live in the midst of such things, and they never trouble me. Papa takes care of all that sort of thing."

Madame Thomas, with her nose to the pane, gave a low prolonged sound like "haough." Madame Thomas was keen-scented; she sniffed the lodger from afar off.

The two men went up and stood beside her. And then they beheld, beneath them, that of which Lily had caught but a distant glimpse.

First, there was a crowd. Two soldiers, recently conscripted, who had just joined the garrison of Paris, with gaby faces, ill-cut hair, forage-caps yet void of the military manner of setting on, and an inch of shirt visible between the hems of their jackets and the waistbands of their pantaloons. One was munching an apple, and the other was smoking a half-penny cigar, of course. To them followed a water-carrier, and a cook with her basket full of green-stuff, who had just partaken of a morning sip with the Aquarius aforesaid; a flock of ragged boys in blouses, coming home from a primary school, who were swinging their satchels, and shrilly interchanging criticisms upon Somebody's appearance and odor—especially upon his odor; half a dozen workmen with pipes in their mouths; and an old gentleman with a straw hat, spectacles, and a blue gingham umbrella, who may have been a member of the Institute, a retired banker, a spy of the police, or a begging-letter writer taking an airing, but who, with his hat, his spectacles, and his umbrella, had formed an integral portion of similar crowds any time these fifty years: at the Federal Pact ceremonial in the Champ de Mars, at the Feast of the Goddess of Reason, at the whipping of Théroigne de Mircourt, at the execution of Robespierre, at the cannonade of the Eighteenth Brumaire, at the explosion of the first Infernal Machine, at the Coronation of Napoleon, at the entry of the Allies into Paris in 'fourteen, at the Champ de Mai in 'fifteen, at the removal of the Horses of St. Mark from the Arch of the Carrousel, at the assassination of the Duke of Berry, at the barricades of July, at the Hôtel de Ville when Jacques Lafayette showed the Duke of Orleans to the mob as "the best of republics," at the riots during the cholera year 'thirty-three, at the funeral of General Lamarque, and the bloody conflict in the Rue de la Tixeranderie, at the raising of the Obelisk of the Luxor, and the interment of the patriots of July beneath the Column of the Place de la Bastille. He had made one in all these famous crowds, this tranquil old man in the straw-hat, and he always had a book under his arm just purchased for seventy-five centimes on the Quai Voltaire. He had seemingly never changed save in the article of a pigtail, which he wore during the Republic and the Empire, and had cut off soon after the Second Restoration.

This was the crowd. Stay: the gentleman who shaved poodles, and attended to cats on the Pont Neuf, had left his stall in the care of an old woman, and run up just to see what was going on. His temporary absence from duty was perhaps explanatory of that "Va en ville" which, on his sign-boards, have in our time often mystified us. Stay, once more. Two or three sergents de ville, their swords drawn, kept close to the object which was the nucleus of the throng, and had drawn it together. Finally, in the rear of the procession—for it was a mobile crowd, and in penny-a-lining diction might have been called a cortége—there followed leisurely three well-dressed men, who had breakfasted together that morning, and, taking a walk afterward for recreation, had fallen in with something of the nature of a spectacle or show, and were determined to follow it to the end.

That end was now near. It was the door of the Edifice. Philibert drew up the window, and could look right down upon the Something that was being borne along in the midst of the gazers and the school-boy critics. Four men of the water-side order—an order which differs very slightly from one end of the world to the other—were carrying, by means of straps yoked over their brawny shoulders, a kind of stretcher or bier. On it lay Something about six feet long. It was entirely covered with some coarse sacking, from which, as it swayed along, water dripped pretty freely on the sunny June pavement. A moment's glance at this Something beneath the sacking was sufficient to tell you that what lay there had been human and was dead.

"A lodger at last," quoth the guardian, quietly. "I must go down and see to his toilet. Will you be one of us, mon gros? Amanda, my angel, thou wilt amuse Ma'mselle Lily until I return."

Madame Thomas would have dearly liked to join the party bound for the basement, but lacking an invitation, was forced to content herself with assisting in the consolation of Lily.

The task was not a very difficult one. The girl soon forgot the ugly object whose real import she had by intuition guessed. Then Amanda played and sang to her again; and, what with the warbling of the birds and the lively prattle of her companions, she soon grew comparatively cheerful.

Not so cheerful, perhaps, as those below who were making the lodger's toilet, and whistling over their task.

It was a paradoxical toilet, for, in order to dress him, they undressed him, and left him stark. Although he had had lately a great deal more water than was good for him—the excess of fluid had indeed been a proximate cause of his decease—they had no sooner gotten him on to his bed of rest than they set more water to trickle over him. It is true that to keep him sweet they mingled some chlorid of lime with the water. He had need to be kept sweet, this lodger, for he was drowned as well as dead.

The crowd, who had been excluded from the Edifice for half an hour after the admission of the lodger with his bearers, and who had grown as impatient as any other crowd—say that waiting for admission to the pit of a theatre—would under similar circumstances; the crowd had at last ingress allowed it. The sight-seers poured in and saw the show. They came straggling out by twos and threes soon afterward. Their criticisms on the spectacle were various. The cook said that he must have been a fine-looking man—bel homme; the school-boys were of course delighted. One of the soldiers when he came out was sick. He said that it was the cigar which made him feel unwell. The audience were in the main agreed that the dead man had not been in the Seine many hours; that he had been legitimately drowned and not murdered—notwithstanding an ugly gash on his right shoulder: which the connoisseurs averred had been done with the boat-hook with which he had been fished up; and that he was a foreigner.

Of the three well-dressed men who had followed the crowd at their leisure only one had at first entered the Edifice. It was Jean Baptiste Constant.

Rataplan had flatly refused to go in. He had no taste for such horrors, he said.

Franz Stimm promised to enter, on receiving a report from Constant as to the appearance of the dead. "I likes a ansom gorps," said the courier. "It is schrecklich schön, muy grazioso; but ven he is vets and vounds, and zmells bad, he makes mine stomjacks veel queer."

So J. B. Constant went in alone.

He rushed out a minute afterward with a livid face.

"Come in, both of you!" he cried. "As I live, I have found him—my old master—the child's father—Mr. Blunt!"

Francis Blunt, Esquire, stiff and stark, his soaked and shabby clothes hanging on a peg behind him, lay, indeed, on a cold slab in the MORGUE of Paris.

So there is death in life, and life in death; and the daughter was alive above, while the father was dead below; and both should reck nothing of their meeting or their parting till all meet to part no more.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LILY RUNS AWAY.

THERE was no other way out of it. She loved, wholly and to desperation, and her love was hopeless. She felt that she must either die or go. She was too young, too pure to think of killing herself. Of hard and bitter trials the poor child had surely had enough in her short and troublous career, and over and over again she had fancied that she was weary of life, and would be glad to be quit of it, for good and all, and at rest. But there is a thing called hope, the which, although we pretend or imagine ourselves to be sunk in irremediable despair, is still latent in the human breast. Although the bed of the stream may be dry in the parched and arid season the mountain springs are never choked, and in time the old channel will be flooded, and the river will rise and reach the ocean. Although she suffered and wept very sorely, within her was still that elasticity and rebounding power which, under heaven, might give her strength to endure anguish more terrible than any she had yet felt. Hope is never dead until the mind is utterly unable to suggest an alternative. Then you go mad and slay yourself.

Her passion, it became sadly evident, was known to, or at least vehemently suspected by, Madame de Kergolay. By degrees the affectionate kindness with which the good old lady was wont to treat her protégée dwindled down to a cold and ceremonious tolerance of her presence. She was addressed as "Mademoiselle," and as "you," instead of "little darling," "little angel," and a hundred other terms of endearment, and "thou." If she were absent for an hour no inquiries were made as to where she had been. Soon she was allowed to remain in her chamber for half a day together, unasked for and unnoticed. Complete and contemptuous indifference on the part of her patroness seemed to set in. She was asked to perform no little tasks, to remove no cushions, to give her opinion on no needle-work. Her own growing proficiency in the accomplishments which had been taught her elicited no admiration from her for whose praise Lily fondly looked, and, until lately, had looked alone.

One day—it was the first for a very long time—the old lady sent for her, and in acid and querulous tones gave her that which women, among themselves, call "a good talking to," that which was half a reprimand and half an attempt to extort a confession. Madame de Kergolay made no direct accusation against Lily; but her doubts, her innuendoes, her denunciations of an implied ingratitude, heartlessness, and hypocrisy, were a hundred times more painful to the girl than if she had brought a specific indictment against her, and charged her with the commission of deliberate crime. She told her how mortifying it was for the aged to find their efforts on behalf of the young requited by treachery and deceit. She delivered cutting apophthegms on the ease with which young persons thought they could delude and hoodwink their elders; she delivered sardonic apologues as to certain vipers which had been warmed in compassionate bosoms, and how much sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child, even when it happened that the child in question was an adopted one. And a good deal more did she expatiate on the reverence and loyalty that were due from inferiors toward those who, although they might have been deprived by Providence in its wisdom of their worldly possessions, were still immeasurably and irrevocably above them.

A dozen times during this harangue was Lily on the point of casting herself at the old lady's feet, of clinging to her dress, of embracing her, of avowing her love, of admitting that it was rash, mad, wicked, unreciprocated, of adjuring her by the memory of all the loving-kindness she had hitherto experienced, to forgive her and to

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bless her, and to permit her to retire from her presence and her house, to pray for her benefactress, no longer petted and fondled by her, but still unreproved and undiscarded. This was not to be. So soon as words of admission began to quiver on Lily's lips the old lady would tell her, with freezing dignity, that she had no wish to pry into her secrets, that she doubtless knew her own affairs best, that she must be the best judge under the circumstances as to what was due to society, to those who had befriended her, and to herself; that she would not presume to offer any counsel to so high and mighty a personage as Mademoiselle, whom she had then the honor to address: and that, after all, she must know a great deal more about the world and its ways than those who were three, if not four times her age. "You belong to a rising and precocious generation, Mademoiselle," the ancient dame concluded, with bitter and condescending irony; "to a generation which has made up its mind to outrage and to insult all that persons of maturer age deem worthy of preservation and respect: to a generation which has cast such bagatelles as truth, gratitude, honesty, and maidenly modesty to the four winds of heaven. Allez! I am not deceived. I am only a little disappointed. I have only lost another of the few and most fondly cherished illusions which remained between me and my grave."

Lily saw that in her present temper it was useless to argue with one who, rightly or wrongly, had evidently a preconceived prejudice against her, and that one of the strongest nature. In very humble and submissive accents she asked, as she was Quite Alone and friendless, what were madame's intentions toward her as regarded the future. "I don't know much," added Lily, plaintively; "but if madame thinks me strong enough, I am ready to go out as a governess. Herein Lily indulged in a vague reminiscence of the Pension Marcassin, and of the mission to which, according to Miss Marygold, all young girls who had the misfortune to be educated and poor were doomed.

"Ma foi," responded Madame de Kergolay, shrugging her shoulders, half in indifference and half in embarrassment, "I scarcely know. I suppose I must speak to cet abbé malencontreux, that inopportune ecclesiastic who brought you here. Yes; I must speak to him; et puis on verra. As for assuming the functions of a governess at your immature age—ne vous en déplaise pas le mot—and with the crude and imperfect, if not vicious, education you have already acquired, the idea strikes me as being utterly preposterous and absurd. Nor, although I do not doubt your great quickness and aptitude for learning any thing to which you choose to apply your mind, do I think you at all qualified, with your previous irregular training, to instill sentiments of piety and morality into the young."

Every thing and every body was seemingly against our unhappy Lily. "What, then, do you wish me to do, madame?" she continued, in a subdued tone.

"I repeat, we shall see. Something may turn up. Were you of a different creed, or were your mind differently constituted, it might be expedient for a young and destitute person for whom generous individuals were willing to make a small dotation, to take the vows and seek the retirement of a convent; the dames of St. Vincent de Paul would be happy to receive any novice of my recommendation for a sum of three thousand francs once paid. But, to speak frankly, I should hesitate to consign to a cloister a young lady possessing so very sprightly a disposition."

"I can sew, I can be a servant," urged poor Lily, dolorously.

"Et faire la cuisine par-dessus le marché, et faire danser l'anse du panier," Madame de Kergolay, with grim sarcasm, went on. "O, I have very little doubt of the variety of your talents, even for domestic service. You would make an admirable soubrette in one of M. de Marivaux's comedies—one of those astute chambermaids who are the life and soul of an intrigue, and are not indisposed occasionally to a little flirtation with M. le Marquis."

Poor Lily began to sob as though her heart would break. She felt, in all intensity, the contempt and dislike expressed in these words. She felt that she was being treated with cruelty and injustice, but she had not the courage indignantly to justify herself.

Madame de Kergolay seemed more wearied than touched by the girl's grief. "There," she said, waving her hand as Lily's sobs grew more passionate, "we can dispense with these miaulements. M. de Buffon has told us all about crocodiles and their tears. I am too nervous, and too much of an invalid, to be able to support any scenes. I shall be obliged to you to give me no theatrical tirades, and to leave the room."

Burying her face in her handkerchief, and endeavoring, but in vain, to suppress her sobs, Lily obeyed the command, and turned to go.

"You will not, if you please, approach me again," continued the inexorable old lady, "until you are sent for. Your presence, in sight of recent events, is productive of any thing but pleasurable sensations. M. l'Abbé and I will confer as to your future, and in due time you will be made acquainted with our decision. Your meals will be served to you in your own chamber. Justice and consideration—much more than you have been willing to extend to others—will be dealt out to you. Affection and indulgence you can no longer expect. Go, misguided child!"

Lily's trembling hand was on the lock of the door, her foot was on the threshold to depart, when she heard once more the old lady's voice.

"One moment. Let me give you a word of counsel. Any little arrangements you may have made for carrying on a most culpable intrigue have been frustrated. M. Edgar Greyfaunt has left for England."

It was the first time, in all her reproachful speeches, that she had mentioned her grandnephew's name. It was the first time that she had directly made allusion to any connection between Edgar and the cause of her anger. The hint was quite enough for Lily.

She went forth from the presence of the kind heart which had melted for her, a poor, destitute, friendless stranger, and which now seemed turned to marble. What had she done? Ah! her heart told her too well, and with damning precision. She had dared to love. She had presumed to look up from her lowly station to the patrician kinsman of her benefactress. The eagle may look at the sun, but not the worm. Her upturned gaze had been met by a withering frown. She had been stricken down and trampled under foot. It was all over now. She was discovered, detected, degraded. Madame de Kergolay regarded her as a monster of ingratitude. The abbé would but reflect his patroness's opinion. The very servants would look askance upon her as one proscribed and in disgrace. And Edgar? Edgar, ah misery! was gone.

There was nothing left for her but to go too. Whither she knew not. She had but a few francs in her pocket; she dared not take with her any considerable portion of her wardrobe; besides, it was supplied to her by Madame de Kergolay, and was not hers to take. She had no friends—none, at least, to whom she would dare to appeal in her extremity. Amanda at the Morgue was barely an acquaintance. She dared not go to that dreadful place again. There was, it was true, the Pension Marcassin. Should she go there, confront the ogress in black velvet who had made her girlhood miserable, and entreat her, even on her knees, to take her back again, were it even as a common drudge to sweep and scrub the class-rooms out? But how would the ogress receive her? Would she not spurn her, or at best dismiss her with derision? And then, was not the abbé in constant communication with the Marcassin, and would not her retreat be known? She wanted to go away somewhere and hide her head. She wanted to be heard of no more by those who once loved her but now looked upon her with aversion and disdain. She wanted to be Quite Alone.

If she could only find the Marygold! But where was she to seek for her, and what assistance could she expect from her even if she found her? No, she would go to England, she thought. It would not cost much to reach England. She would ask where Stockwell was, and endeavor to find out the Bunnycastles. She would seek for Cutwig & Co.; nay, with a kind of blush she thought that she might meet the tall gentleman who had met her at the Greenwich dinner when she was a child, and had been kind to her.

But what if she should fall into the hands of the strange and imperious lady who had brought her from beyond the sea! Well, she had borne that before, and might bear it again. It could scarcely be worse than the misery she was now enduring.

To England, then. But how? She was as ignorant of the means by which the desired land was to be reached as any child of five years old could be, nor did she venture to ask any one around her for information. She knew nothing of the formalities requisite to procure a passport even for inland traveling, or how she was to reach the coast, or get on board ship. She would ask, she thought, when she had taken to flight, and was beyond pursuit. Pursuit! Would any one deem it worth his while to pursue so forlorn and deserted a little maiden as she was? At all events, she would seek her way, and, if necessary, beg it. Perhaps it would end in her dying of hunger and cold like the Children in the Wood; and where were the Robin Redbreasts who would cover her with leaves?

Nineteen francs and seventeen centimes: that was the sum total of her resources: the residue of Madame de Kergolay's last gift of pocket-money. How sorry she was now that she had bought those little lawn cuffs and kerchief at "Le Chat qui pelote" in the Rue St. Denis! But she was happy then, and had not been scolded—ah! so cruelly—and did not dream of running away. Was her contemplated flight wrong? Ay, surely it was; both wicked and self-willed, and hard-hearted, and ungrateful. But what was she to do? Who was to advise, to censure, to dissuade her? She had no friends, and she was Quite Alone.

Stay! She had a golden locket which Madame de Kergolay had given her. It was encircled, too, with small diamonds, and contained a lock of hair of the Martyr King—of Louis the Sixteenth. She would be obliged to sell that if her money were insufficient to take her to England. There were plenty of shops on the quays where they advertised in the windows to buy old gold, and silver, and diamonds, in any quantity and at good prices. Was it not base, mean, almost felonious, to sell the pretty trinket which she whom Lily loved best in the world had given her? Truly her conscience told her it was. But she had no hope, no means, save in the disposal of that locket. Perhaps the dealer would be merciful enough to keep it for her till she could earn enough money to buy it back again, and then she would return it to Madame de Kergolay. She tormented herself with all kinds of blundering sophistry, and, had she been a professed logician, she could not have arrived at last at more erroneous conclusions. At all events the locket had been given to her. Was it not her own? She tried to persuade herself that it was. To a certain extent it might have been; but never, surely, to use as a basis for running away. Well, God forgive her her naughtiness, she thought desperately. But she must sell the locket.

And why to England, since she knew that Edgar Greyfaunt had gone thither? Should not prudence, pride, that "maidenly modesty," her want of which the cruel Madame de Kergolay had taunted her with, deter her from following to a strange land the man she loved, but who could not care five centimes for her? Again sophistry came to her aid. She was not following him. England was a very large place. There was surely room enough there for two. Besides, had she not a right in England? Was she not of English birth? Had she not passed a portion of her childhood there? Might she not find friends in England? Friends! A fresh burst of sobs broke from her as she remembered how utterly friendless and alone she was.

All this and much more she thought of on her way to the little bedroom where she had once been so happy. She had scarcely the heart to enter it again, or to open the casement and look out upon the housetop, and see the blue smoke wreathing upward, and listen to the jangling piano, and the voice of Jules quarreling with Seraphine his wife. She had nothing more to do with Paris. Its sights and sounds were to be henceforth estranged from her. For an hour or more she sat on the stairs outside her door, her face in her hands, her tears mingling with her thoughts, her sense of thorough loneliness and misery with both. And then she went into her chamber and cast herself on the bed, and lay there thinking and sobbing till it was dark.

They brought her up some dinner in due season; but the ancient servitor, acting probably under instructions, only knocked at the door, and telling her in a harsh voice that her repast was served, left it there on a tray and retired. He came up again in an hour's time, found that the viands had not been touched, and took the tray away again without a word.

"Let her starve herself if she chooses," the unbending old lady down stairs said, when the ancient servant, whose heart was bleeding somehow for Lily, represented these facts to his mistress. "It is a voluntary act on her part. She is not locked in. The food was placed at her door, and she was duly informed of its being there."

"But suppose mademoiselle becomes ill—falls into a languor—into syncope, in a word—madame would be very sorry."

"Madame would be nothing whatever of the kind," the old lady retorted, sharply. "Hold your tongue. You presume upon my indulgence and the privilege of long service. Are you, too, about to turn on me—ungrateful?"

"Heaven forbid, madame."

"It would seem like it. As for her starving herself, or falling ill, there is no danger of that. I tell you that it is only her temper. Mere sulkiness and obstinacy. This is the way with girls of the present generation. When I was at the convent, if I had behaved so, the good sisters would have given me the discipline. There, let me hear no more of this ungrateful and designing serpent. She will be hungry enough to-morrow morning, I will warrant."

What dreadful crime had Lily committed that she could turn to such rancorous severity a nature which she had hitherto found soft, and yielding, and tender? Alas, her sin was unpardonable: it was the sin against pride and haughtiness. Madame de Kergolay could have excused her almost every thing; but she could not forgive her for being human.

Lily scarcely slept a wink that night—the last she was resolved to pass in the place which had been a home, and a happy home to her. She did not undress, but lay on the bed, tossing and tumbling restlessly. She rose, so soon as it was daylight, almost in a fever. She was full of pulses. Her blood beat the drum in her temples, her eyes, her ears, her wrists, her very gums, and the root of her hot tongue. She drank a long draught of cold water, which only seemed to render her more thirsty, and laved her hands and face in the fluid which still failed to cool her. Looking at herself in the glass she was terrified to see how swollen and inflamed her eyes looked, how sunken were her cheeks, with a hectic spot on each bone. She wanted rest, consolation, nourishment, or bleeding, it might be; but she could stay for none of these. A hundred clanging voices kept shouting out to her that there was no other way but this, and that she must run away.

The wretched little woman had made up her mind to fly. With her childhood, her girlhood, she seemed to have done forever. She was a grown-up Pariah and outcast now—an adult vagabond and wanderer upon the face of the earth. God help her; but there was no one else to render a hand of succor to her. She was afraid to put up any linen, any change of dress, or even so much as an additional shawl. She went forth in her usual walking-dress and simple bonnet, and naught else, save her beauty and her innocence—for though she was constrained to sell that locket she *was* innocent—to cover her.

But before she went away she knelt down and prayed Heaven earnestly and tearfully to bless the woman—her and her household—who had had mercy upon her, a solitary and helpless wayfarer. She prayed for the good clergyman who had brought her hither, at once the cause of her great happiness and her greater sorrow. And, finally, she prayed to be forgiven the deed she was about to do.

Then she rose up and hastily thrust beneath the wings of her bonnet the masses of soft brown hair she had been wont to arrange each morning with such dainty neatness. Then, sitting down at the little table where, with joy and contentment, she had been used to study, she penned a few hasty lines to Madame de Kergolay. She said that she would return no more, and that it was useless to seek for her; that she was not so wicked as to meditate suicide, and that she trusted in God to watch over and protect her. She confessed that she had been foolish, that she had been ungrateful, that she had been mad, in daring to love a certain person, but with passionate disclaimers she denied having been treacherous or hypocritical. And, finally, she implored Madame de Kergolay to forgive her, and to think of her not as she was, but as she had been.

It was a glorious summer morning, and the sun was literally pouring into the room, drenching every object with gold. Lily thought of that sunny morning she had sat on the carpet at Rhododendron House, and said "I won't," to Miss Barbara Bunnycastle. Ah! how long ago that was. She was quite a little child then, though so unhappy. And now she was a woman, and unhappier than ever.

Brighter shone the sun, promising a glorious day. It was the twenty-seventh of July.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ORNITHOLOGY.—The noisy Rooks in a Rookery never permit a Solo, but are perpetually joining in a Caw-rus.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—In Latin it is curious that *Te* represents *U*.

"John," said a doting parent to her gormandizing son, "do you really think you can eat the whole of that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," replied young hopeful; "but I guess I can with a spoon."

"JENNY OF THE MILL."—Well, we suppose she's a spinning-jenny.

SILENCE, A NEGATIVE.—Do you know why high living is recommended for the rheumatism? Because you—no, it isn't—because you—wrong again—because—now for it—because you must live high, if you have the room-attics and sky-attic—eh?

A gentleman late one evening met his servant. "Hallo! where are you going at this time of night? for no good, I'll warrant!" "I was going for you, Sir."

COMPULSORY ABSTINENCE.—The Maine Law is defined by its advocates, "Liberty without License."

DEFINITION.—An Elevated Taste may be defined as a Liking for High Venison.

"Why do you set your cup of coffee on the chair, Mr. Jones?" said a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. "It is so very weak, ma'am, I thought I would let it rest."

MOTTO FOR SEMMES'S PRESENTATION SWORD.

A fitting gift to one whose merit lay
In being always prompt to Cut Away.

A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Halford, saying, "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public!"

DEFINITION.—*Stern Duty.*—The Post of Helmsman.

The dark ages were a long night, with many thieves about, and few policemen.

LIFE IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Five days of the year we have fasting and prayer,
For the rest of the time we fight, drink, and swear.

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut off his tail.

"I'm attached to you, and yet I wish myself away," as the overloaded donkey said to the cart.

It is funny to hear how the whole household and its visitors talk to the baby. A king in former times kept one fool; every baby has a dozen.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. Perhaps this accounts for the habit some people have of always closing their eyes in church during sermon.

Which is the most inactive plant?—The sloe.

Ink is the Black Sea on which thoughts ride at anchor.

Why is a Red Indian like a waterman?—Because he feathers his skull.

Memory has been defined as a bundle of dried time.

"I come to *steal*," as the rat observed to the trap. "And I *spring* to embrace you," as the trap replied to the rat.

A witness, being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him intimately—"he had supped with him, sailed with him, and horsewhipped him."

"Rap! rap! rap!" "Come in," said the country woman. A rather rough-looking man appeared and crossed the door-sill. "Is Mr. Smith at home?" said he. "No, Sir; he'll be home in a short time though. Take a chair," said Mrs. Smith. He selected the best chair in the house, shouldered it, and went off at a rapid rate.

If you wish to recollect a man's name go security for him. For keeping your memory fresh there is nothing like it.

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her thin, delicate finger to the heavy funereal masses that floated lazily in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

A GENERAL ORDER.—The following was posted in his house, a few days since, by a Poughkeepsie business man: "Head-quarters, House of ——, General Order, No. 1.—Julia: Until the price falls, no more butter will be used in our family. JAMES." He had hardly reached his counting-house, when a special messenger handed him this—"James: Until butter is reinstated, no more tobacco will be used in this house. JULIA, Chief of Staff." It is said that butter won.

An enterprising quack has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the original bark; he calls it the "Sulphate of canine!" He anticipates a great popularity for it.

Smith asked Jones what the high price of butter was owing to. "A considerable part of it is owing to my grocer," said Jones, "for it is two months since I have paid him."

A debating society has under consideration the question—"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The result it expected to be—"No; but impossible."

How brightly do even little joys beam upon a soul darkened by the clouds of sorrow—as stars come forth from the empty sky, when we look up to them from a deep well or from cellars!

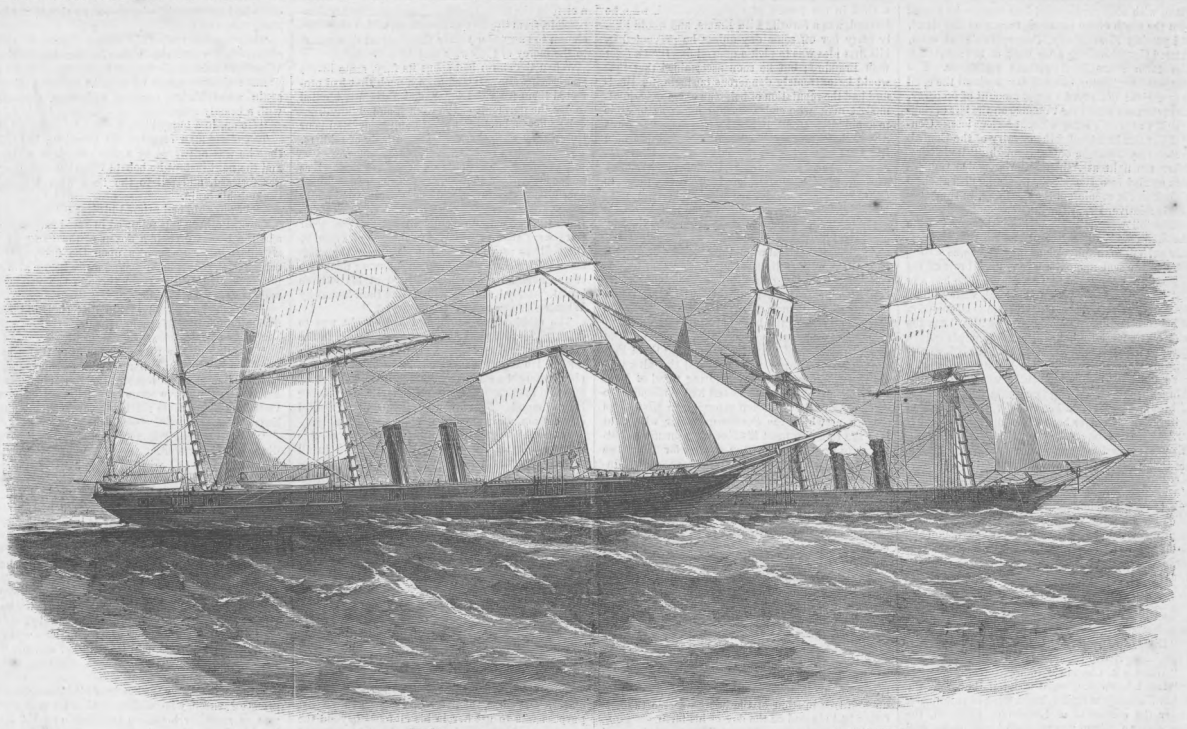
A gentleman was applied to by a crossing-sweeper for charity. The gentleman replied, "I will remember you when I return." "Please your Honor," says the man, "I'm ruined by the cratch I gave in that way."

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—RETURN OF KAUTZ'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION FROM ITS RAID IN VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 502.]

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Florida Rappahannock.

THE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATES—THE "FLORIDA" AND "RAPPAHANNOCK."

REBEL PRIVATEERS.

THE illustrations of the *Florida* and the *Rappahannock*, which we give on this page, have now a peculiar interest from the fact that these vessels are, now that the *Alabama* is sunk, the only cruisers of any importance left to the Confederacy.

The *Florida*, which so lately made its presence off our coast known in rather a disagreeable manner, viz., by the capture of half a dozen American vessels, is a British vessel, built by LAIRD, and was launched in the spring of 1862 under the name of the *Oreto*. LAIRD made affidavit that the vessel was intended for the King of Sardinia. She was suspected and detained at Nassau, but being released reached Mobile. In the spring of 1863 we find her out on the seas again, capturing and burning our merchantmen. Her first and most valuable prize was the *Jacob Bell*, carrying 9000 chests of tea, and valued at one and a half million of dollars.

The *Rappahannock* is also a British ship, originally her Majesty's vessel *Victor*. The Admiralty permitted her after she was sold to undergo some repairs under the superintendence of the dock-yard officials. It was stated that she was intended for the China trade, and she was ostensibly fitted with that view, while her name was changed to the *Scylla*, of London. Several suspicious circumstances, however, occurred, and the dock-yard officials made a report to the Admiralty. The result was the receipt of an order at Sheerness directing her to be stopped. The order, however, arrived a few hours too late. Those in charge of the vessel evidently suspected the intentions of the Government, and had her taken out of the harbor. She immediately afterward hoisted the Confederate flag, and she now sails under the name of the *Rappahannock*. On leaving the Nore the *Rappahannock* sailed direct for Calais Harbor, which she entered as a Confederate privateer. She went into Calais without armament, at which port she still remains; fitting out, it may be, for a cruise.

We also give a portrait of Captain MORRIS, commanding the *Florida*. Her former commander was Captain MAFFIT. The portrait is from a photograph taken at Brest, for which we are indebted to a gentleman lately captured by the *Florida*.

THE LATE CONFEDERATE GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

As a sequel to our portraits of General LEE and General LONGSTREET, published in recent numbers of this journal, we give on this page that of the late General J. E. B. STUART, who received his mortal wound in a cavalry skirmish with the detachment under General SHERIDAN at Ashland, in the neighborhood of Richmond, on the 11th May. This distinguished cavalry officer was born in Patrick County, Virginia, in 1835. He was educated at West Point Military Academy, where he graduated in 1854. He first entered the Mounted Rifles as Brevet Second Lieutenant, and was shortly afterward made Second Lieutenant in the First Cavalry; eight months later he was promoted to be First Lieutenant; he distinguished himself in a fight with the Cheyennes, June 29, 1857, and received a severe wound; he became a Captain in 1860, and resigned three years ago, when the civil war broke out. He then entered the Virginia State service as a Colonel of cavalry, and had the command of that arm at the first battle of Bull Run. The next month he was made a Brigadier-General in the Confederate service, and was soon promoted to be Major-General. His next performance of consequence was an excursion within the Federal lines on the Pamunky River, during M'CLELLAN'S campaign of 1862, at the head of 1000 horse and two guns. His greatest achievement was during the month of October of that year,



THE REBEL CAPTAIN C. M. MORRIS, OF THE "FLORIDA."



THE LATE REBEL GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

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when, with 1800 cavalry and four cannon, he passed from the south of the Potomac, traversed Maryland, and passing Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, at noon, entered Chambersburg after dark of the same day. The town surrendered without resistance. The troopers remained until next day, took all the spoil they desired, destroyed a great amount of property, and retreated across the Potomac on the left of General M'CLELLAN'S army without serious loss. General STUART had headed the cavalry of the Confederate army from the outset through all its battles. After the fight at Ashland the wounded General was carried into Richmond, where he died at eight o'clock in the evening of the next day, in the house of his relative, Dr. BREWER.

The following relating to his last hours is from the Richmond *Examiner*: "At half-past seven it was evident to the physicians that death was setting its clammy seal upon the brave, open brow of the General, and they told him so, asking if he had any last message to give. The General, with a mind perfectly clear and possessed, then made disposition of his staff and personal effects. To Mrs. LEE, the wife of General LEE, he directed that his golden spurs be given, as a dying memento of his love and esteem for her husband. To his staff officers he gave his horses. So particular was he in small things, even in the dying hour, that he said to one of his staff, who was a heavy-built man, 'You had better take the larger horse; he will carry you better.' To his young son he left his glorious sword. His worldly matters closed, the eternal interests of his soul engaged his mind. Turning to the Rev. Mr. PETERKIN, a minister of the Episcopal Church, of which General STUART was a member, he asked him to sing a hymn, and joined in it with all the voice his strength would permit. He then joined in prayer with the minister. To the doctor he again said, 'I am going fast now. I am resigned. God's will be done.' Thus died General J. E. B. STUART."

SPECIAL SERVICE.

"Boys, do any of you feel like volunteering on a special service of considerable risk?"

"What is it, Captain?" inquired Jackson.

"Don't know any more about it than that the General intends to send a detachment of volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Bradford, the Tennesseean, whom you must all know pretty well by this time, on some particular mission. Bradford says he wants no man to volunteer unless he is prepared to face hot work. You all know what kind of a fighter he is, and what you need expect if you go with him," answered the Captain.

"I'm his man, for one!" exclaimed Jackson, jumping up with great alacrity.

Jackson was a wiry specimen of the genus Hoosier, and measured nearly six feet without his army-shoes.

"And I'm another!" "Count me in!" "I don't want to be left out in that deal!" "Nor I won't be euchred!" were some of the exclamations of the men as they sprang to their feet.

"There! hold on! The whole company can't go! He has two regiments to choose his men from," said the Captain. "Let the first ten that offered fall in and march to head-quarters."

With a similar spirit evinced throughout the regiments, Bradford had no trouble in securing more than double the number called for, and the great difficulty now was, who should go and who remain behind. Leaving him to settle this vexed question, we turn to other characters who figure in this brief drama of real life.

Dr. C——'s residence stood a few miles from Greenville, in East Tennessee. The Doctor was a native of the South, but had been educated at the North. At the time that Governor Harris and his co-laborers in treason endeavored to fasten Tennessee to the tail of the Secession car the Doctor was absent traveling in Asia, and was still detained abroad by sickness, and it was not publicly known which side had his sympathies; but the Secessionists claimed him as their own. In his absence his household was under the charge of a widowed sister and her daughter, a girl verging upon twenty summers. She was a native of Tennessee, but had also been educated at the North, and had brought back with her many New England ideas.

Though not a beauty, Emma H—— was a very prepossessing girl, and among her admirers and aspirants for her hand were Joseph Bradford and Richard Wharton. The latter had spent a number of years in California, in the mining districts, and had accumulated a few thousand dollars by his industry at the mines or at the gaming-table—probably at both. He was vain of his wealth, and delighted in flashy parades of it in the way of dress. Among his other notions, he had a black velvet vest, adorned with buttons made of gold quarter-eagles, and a blue dress-coat with gold half-eagles for buttons, and a massive fob-chain of gold dollars. Some persons were kind enough to attribute this to eccentricity, but in fact it was the design of a vulgar, semi-bravado mind. Wharton desired to be thought important, and he considered that when arrayed in this dress, and wearing a profusion of rings and other trinkets, that he must strike the "poor white trash" with awe, if it did not let others know that he was a man of "distinguished consideration." He was somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty years of age, and hailed from Mississippi. He frequently made long visits to a relative who lived near Dr. C——'s residence, and it was there he had met Emma. She at once struck his fancy, and hearing that she would fall heir to Dr. C——'s estate, he resolved that he would take her for a wife, but was greatly taken aback when he found that Emma would hardly treat him with ordinary politeness. This piqued him and threw him upon his metal. He thought that he was got up fine enough to suit any girl, and all that he had to do was to ask and the girls would jump at the chance of getting so fine a fellow.

Wharton was not long in discovering that he had a rival in the person of young Bradford, who, he learned, was a favorite with Emma, and would likely carry her off some day unless he prevented it. His first idea was to pick a quarrel and then a fight with Bradford; but he soon ascertained that that would be extremely dangerous business, for Bradford had the reputation of being an extremely quiet, modest man, who endeavored as much as possible to avoid altercations, but that when aroused he was a very dangerous antagonist. This kind of a man it did not suit Wharton to quarrel with. He wanted odds when he fought. If Bradford had been of a meek, yielding disposition, lacking the pluck to fight, Wharton would have gloried in quarreling with him. He therefore determined that he would accomplish his purpose in some other way than by a personal quarrel.

Thus matters stood when the rebellion broke out, and it was with feelings of exultation that Wharton heard that young Bradford adhered to the cause of the Union. He soon left for Mississippi, where, by dint of his money and energy, he succeeded in placing himself at the head of as villainous a set of desperadoes as ever went unhung, by holding out special promises of plunder. He called them Partisan Rangers, organized to defend the altars of Southern homes from the polluting tread of Yankee Hessians. When this band had performed the dirty work of the Secession magnates in Mississippi—work at which the Southern soldier who went into the ranks to meet his Northern enemy in battle-array revolted—Wharton started for Tennessee to carry out the same programme there—extermination to all who refused to join the rebel cause.

When Wharton reached East Tennessee he determined to establish a reputation, that his fame might reach Emma before he called to renew his addresses. But when he did call she treated him with contempt. This so stirred up the devil within him that when he left Dr. C——'s residence he repaired to the camp of his band, and gave the order for a demonstration upon the Bradford farm, and for his men to help themselves.

It was toward dusk when his gang reached the Bradford homestead, and one of the desperadoes ruthlessly fired and killed the elder Bradford as he was sitting on the porch. Others seized an elder brother of Joseph Bradford, and, despite the entreaties of his mother, wife, and children, hung him up to a tree in front of the house—a tree that his father had planted on the day of his birth.

"They were enemies of the South, and deserved all they got!" was the brutal reply of Wharton to the entreaties of the mother to cut down her son before life should become extinct.

The men having a *carte blanche* to plunder, spread themselves about the place, and the women and children fled in terror to escape enormities which they had reason to suppose would be inflicted if they remained. When the ruffians had appeased their thirst for plunder, the incendiary torch was applied to finish the job.

The next morning Joseph Bradford returned home, after a short absence, to behold the old homestead a pile of smouldering ruins, near which was the charred remains of a much-loved father, while not far distant was the inanimate body of a dearly beloved brother suspended from a tree.

For a while his feelings utterly overcame him, and he was aroused from a sort of half stupor by a neighbor who had, with several others, cautiously approached to inter the bodies. They approached cautiously, for they well knew that if any of Wharton's gang discovered them their homes would share the same fate. Among the number was a venerable clergyman, who had been driven from his home in the South because it was known that his son had gone off to join the Union army, and he had sought refuge with his friends in the mountains. This old man read the burial-service in a feeble voice, and then offered up a simple but touching prayer, and the remains were consigned to their mother earth.

After this sacred rite was performed Bradford sought his mother. He found her, with the other members of the family, at Dr. C——'s, and Emma and her mother endeavoring to console them. His interview with them was brief, and their parting trying.

"Mother, I can not stay! I have registered a vow in Heaven, offered upon the grave of my father and brother, that I would never rest so long as a traitor's foot polluted the soil of Tennessee! Emma, I can not thank you now—some other time! Be kind to them. Farewell!"

With which he mounted his horse and rode off.

Reader, were you ever in the mountains at night? Not on a clear, balmy night, when the air is fragrant with choicest incense and bright with stars; but a night when the flood-gates of heaven are open, and the thunder leaps from peak to peak, with the winds shattering and uprooting the monarchs of the forest, striking terror to all living things, driving man as well as beast to seek shelter from the fury of the elements: when the Great Bear above follows the example of the lesser bears below, and seeks shelter of a friendly cloud, so that not even the pointers to the North Star are visible? Were you ever in the mountains on such a night?—a night when darkness was upon the face of Nature, and a dark cloud hovering over your fortunes enshrouding those whom you held most dear, who were clinging to you for safety, depending upon your strong right arm and valiant heart to shield them from human hell-hounds, who had driven them from their homes, and were on their track thirsting for your blood because you would not hunt under the same leash?—You have not? Then you know not what it is to be a Unionist of East Tennessee, nor the price those men have paid for refusing to bow down to Gesler's cap stuck upon a pole in the market-place. Talk not to those men of compromise, or "peace at any price," with the besotted wretches who have wantonly driven them from happy homes—thrust the torch of the incendiary under the roof-tree of the old homestead, and left their helpless families to the mercy of the elements, until justice has been appeased and the devil has got his due!

It was on such wild night as this that a group of men, women, and children were cowering beneath a cleft in the rocks to shield themselves, as much as possible, from the fury of the storm, which they had chosen to encounter rather than intrust themselves to the mercy of their own race.

When the storm had spent its fury, some leaves and brush were gathered from a nook that had protected them from the water, and a fire was kindled to dry the garments of the women and children.

The fire had not been burning much over an hour before they were surrounded by a body of soldiers. The smoke had revealed their hiding-place.

The poor hunted fugitives now gave themselves up for lost; their number was too small to think of offering any resistance, which, if offered, would only aggravate the cruelty that would be practiced toward the women and children. However, their fears were soon relieved; for, instead of enemies, the soldiers proved to be friends, under the command of Bradford, who recognized among them two of the neighbors who had assisted at his father's burial. They had been driven from their homes by Wharton's desperadoes.

The mission which Bradford had sought was to destroy this ruffian band, and succor refugees in the mountains, and enable the men to gain the Union lines. He escorted those whom he had found to a place where the women and children would be cared for—the men eagerly asking the privilege of joining his command. From them he gained much needed information, and arranged his plans accordingly.

It would be needless, for the purpose of this sketch, to trace Wharton and his partisans in all their outrageous acts upon almost defenseless people. He took care, in the regions which he passed through, to avoid a conflict with Union troops, if their numbers were nearly equal with his own—he still wanted odds in his favor when he fought. His mission was to carry the horrors of a savage warfare to the hearths of those Southerners who were true to the Union their fathers had fought to establish. After an absence of some weeks he again returned to the vicinity of Dr. C——'s residence, and made repeated efforts to gain an interview with Emma, but they were of no avail. She persisted in refusing to see him.

This action on the part of Emma chafed Wharton terribly. He determined to make her his wife whether she was willing or not, and would hesitate at no means, however violent, to accomplish that object. Of course, the first step to be taken for that purpose was to get her in his clutches beyond the possibility of escape. Having made up his mind on this point, he selected a number of his most trusty followers, and under the cover of night approached Dr. C——'s residence, seized Emma, and bore her off to a place he had arranged for her reception, and where she would be kept secure at his pleasure.

In the struggle to preserve her daughter from the ruffians, Mrs. H—— was so severely injured that, in conjunction with the shock caused by her daughter's abduction, she died in a few days after. Her last moments were tenderly watched by Mrs. Bradford and her widowed daughter-in-law, from whom young Bradford learned the particulars a short time after, he having succeeded in removing the remnants of a once happy family to a relative's in Kentucky who had kindly offered them a home.

Wharton, after months spent in solicitations and threats to induce Emma—who was ignorant of her mother's death—to consent to become his bride, determined on still bolder measures. Having secured the old clergyman who had performed the funeral ceremony at the grave of the Bradfords, he one day, after a stormy interview with Emma, told the woman who had charge of her to prepare for a wedding that evening, as he would no longer put up with the girl's whims. He had been trifled with long enough, and he should now finish up the business, as he had a regular minister who would have to perform the service.

When night came a number of the partisans were grouped together in the main room of the house to witness the wedding of their leader; the others, being encamped a short distance off, were regaling themselves with stolen whisky, which was liberally supplied them to celebrate the occasion. The clergyman had received his instructions. He was to proceed quickly with the ceremony, regardless of any interruption on the part of the bride, whom he was informed was a remarkably strange girl, who did not know her own mind from one day to another; that her parents had consented to the marriage; and that she had several times wanted it to take place. The penalty for refusing to obey orders would be a bullet through his skull.

Every thing being in readiness, Emma was brought into the room by the woman who had been her jailer. A few months had wrought a great change in her appearance. She looked many years older. Her countenance had a haggard, care-worn look; but a firm compression of the lips, and a peculiar light in the eyes, evinced a firm, determined spirit that could not be coerced to comply with the wishes of a villain.

A sardonic smile played over the features of Wharton as he ordered the clergyman to proceed with the service.

The old man arose, and approaching the centre of the room, which was of considerable size, offered up a prayer that the Almighty might guide him that night. He then gazed hesitatingly at Emma, who stood near the woman, not knowing what to make of the strange scene. Wharton was close beside her, and the long pause of the venerable minister who had been so unfortunate as to fall into his power irritated him, and he turned scowling toward one of the desperadoes, who at once stepped forward and gave the minister a nudge, at the same moment placing a pistol-barrel against his cheek, and whispering a hissing sound in his ear.

This aroused the minister from his reverie, and he told Wharton to take the lady's hand. It required considerable effort on Wharton's part to do this; and Emma, looking intently at the clergyman, exclaimed:

"In Heaven's name, old man, what mockery is this?"

"Proceed!" shouted Wharton.

The clergyman tremblingly said: "Is there any one who knows aught why these two should not be made man and wife?"

"Release me, ruffian!" shrieked Emma, as with a desperate effort she withdrew her hand from Wharton's hold.

But resistance was in vain. She was soon seized again, and Wharton, foaming with rage, shouted, with a beastly oath,

"Go on, in a hurry!"

The clergyman repeated the question; but this time he was answered by a sharp crack of a rifle, and the next instant he beheld Wharton reel, stagger forward, and fall to the floor with a bullet through his brain.

The desperado had uttered his last oath.

Several other shots followed in rapid succession, and the bodies of half a dozen of the gang were writhing in death-agonies upon the floor. The echoes of the guns had not died away before armed men sprang into the room through the windows and door.

Emma had swooned at the first shot, but she awoke to find herself among friends.

"Wa'al, I reckon thar ain't many of them thar gorrillers left to skin or hang, articles or no articles of war!" exclaimed private Jackson, about two hours after the above scene occurred, as a body of victorious troops were returning toward the Union lines.

"Where are our prisoners?" said one of the soldiers, looking around.

"Yes, whar, oh! whar are they? Did you see any?" ejaculated Jackson.

"That gang is pretty effectually wiped out," replied one of the Tennesseeans who had joined the command in the mountains. "I don't believe many made their escape from the camp, for we sprung the trap just in the nick of time, and the business of those at the wedding was finished nicely."

"Clean up!" said Jackson.

The whole party reached the Union lines in safety, and a few days after Bradford prevailed upon Emma to accept the escort of a friend who was on his way to Kentucky, and take up her abode with his mother for the present.

A few weeks after the battle of Missionary Ridge private Jackson, who, with several of his comrades, was *en route* for home on furlough, stopped at a hotel in Louisville, and, claiming the privilege of the first treat, said,

"Boys, here's to Major Bradford and his bride! May Old Abe appint him commander of the gorriller districts, and we be with him on all speshul sarvices!"

TO THE SOLDIER.

Do you think that we forget you,
That our hearts to self are sealed,
Seeking comfort, pleasure, riches,
While you waste in camp and field?

Do you think our greatest care is
That we win in party strife,
While the fever stills your pulses,
Or the death-wound drains your life?

When you marched to battle for us
And the sacred rights of man,
Then we took the rearward places,
Unto you we gave the van.

In the future heard we voices,
Not pronouncing names we bear,
Saw you standing girt with glory,
Saw ourselves in shadow there.

Heard your children say at evening,
"Years to-day our father fought!"
While our children blush beside them
For the deeds we never wrought.

"Yes," you say, "you yielded to us
Honor's doubtful, empty breath,
Dim and distant starry praises,
Far behind the clouds of death.

"Sweet it is to live, far sweeter
Than to lie beneath the sod;
Few the prayers for death that mortals
Lift unto the ear of God."

But we have a son or brother
In the terrible wild fray,
And in death he writhes one moment,
In love's anguish we for aye.

Nay, the blood mounts with the battle,
Certain danger loses much
Of the horror of the unseen,
We fear little what we touch.

While we start erect in dreaming
With the spasm of the blow
That has killed him, he is laughing
By the evening camp-fire's glow.

Thus our souls are with you, naked
In the perilous battle front,
While you fight in double armor
Of excitement and of wont.

Then by all the bonds that give us
Each with each a common doom,
By the dark wave of your suffering,
By our sympathetic gloom,

By our hopes to you intrusted,
By your hopes of just return,
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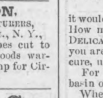
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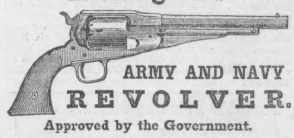
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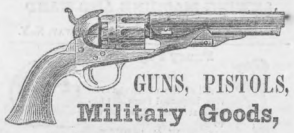
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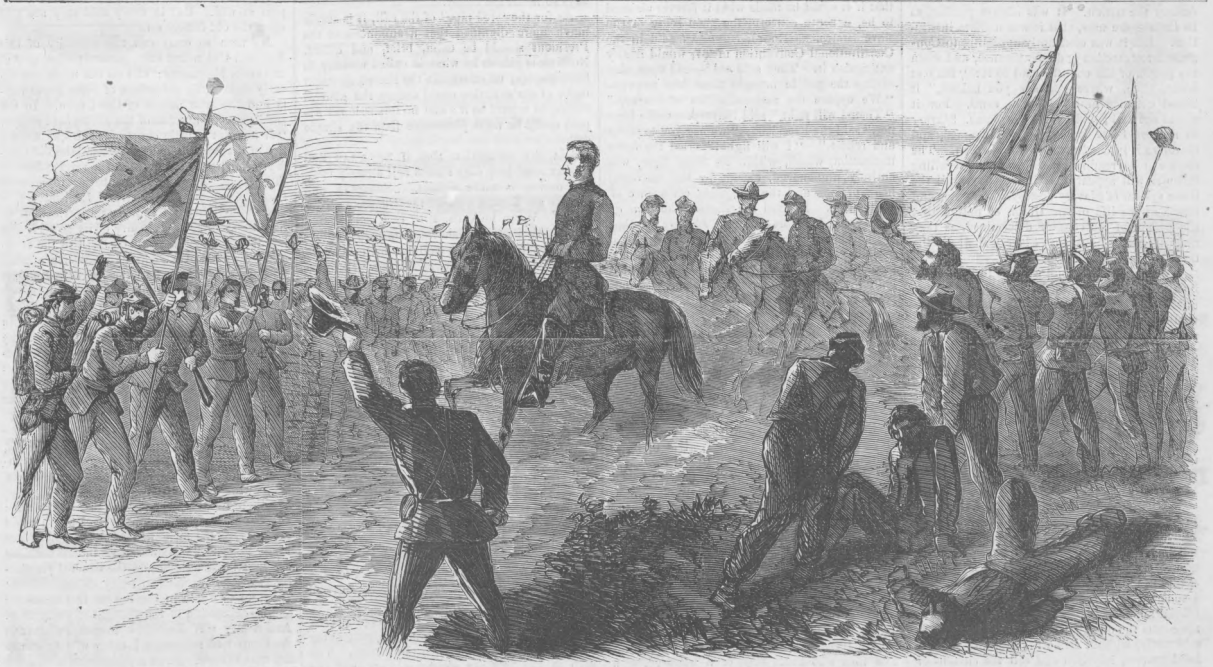
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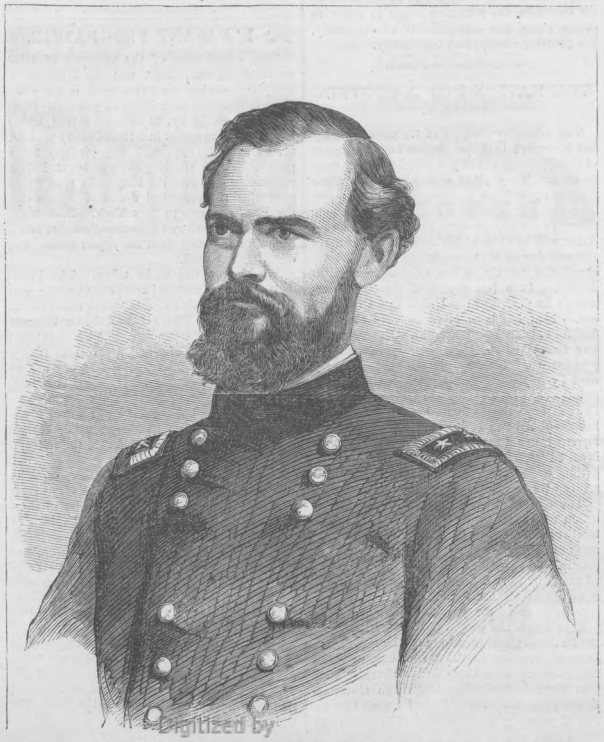
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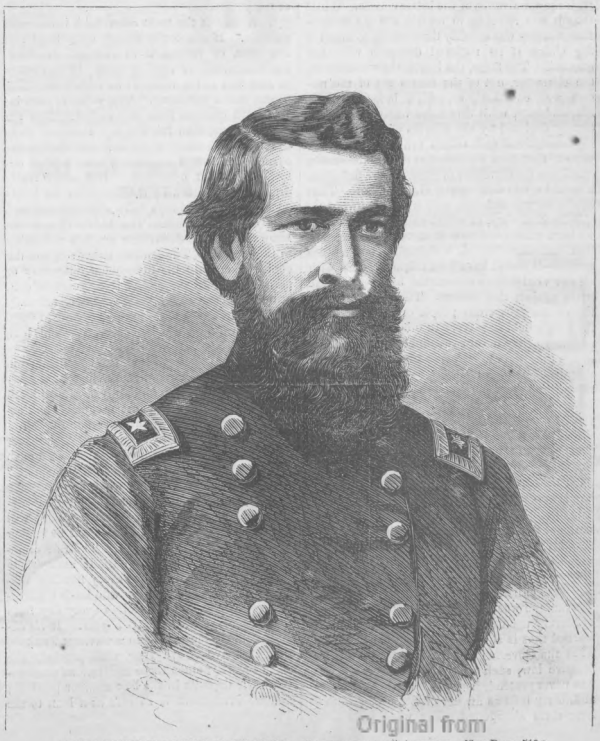
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GENERAL HOOKER RIDING ALONG HIS LINES ON THE MORNING OF JULY 21, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 525.]



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. MCPHERSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 517.]



MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 518.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

THE ARCH REBEL.

THE most specious argument of the enemies of American nationality and progress is, that as Slavery is a State institution the nation has no right to meddle with it; or as one of them lately expresses it: "If they [the Slave States] abolished Slavery, well: if not, the bond of federation [by which phrase the Constitution of the United States is described] did not make us any more responsible in the eye of Heaven for Slavery in Virginia than our commercial treaties with Brazil do for its existence there."

This view of the Union as a Confederacy, and of the Constitution as a treaty, we do not here discuss. But the entire and willful fallacy of the implication concerning national interference with Slavery is very easily exposed. The whole truth lies in this nutshell, that when Slavery found it could not be nationalized it tried to destroy the nation. It was always prating, as its lackeys are now, that it was a State institution. But it was constantly appealing to Congress for protection and countenance, and when the people of the country said to it: "Stay at home, then, where you say you belong," it hissed defiance and sprang to arms. For it would not and could not stay at home. Slavery as a mere State institution was doomed, and therefore it insisted upon nationalization. The facts can be readily recalled, and in recalling them it will appear that it was not until the State system of Slavery destroyed the peace and struck at the life of the Union or nation that the people of the country determined, as they unquestionably have, that Slavery shall die the death.

We say that it was not content to be a State institution. If it had been it would have been untouched by all but moral influences. But it would push into the common territories without the national permission, as in Kansas, for which purpose the Missouri Compromise was repealed, upon the motion of a Northern man, indeed, but to secure Southern support. It would rob the national mails, as it was authorized to do by AMOS KENDALL, the political sponsor of General M'CLELLAN. It would shape the national policy, as Mr. CALHOUN confessed at the time of annexing Texas; and as became evident in the Ostend Manifesto, in which Messrs. BUCHANAN, SOULÉ, and MASON announced that we would steal what we could not buy. It would destroy the national rights of citizens of the United States, imprisoning, shooting, hanging, and burning them, because of their color or for the exercise of privileges secured by the national Constitution, as when Mr. HOAR, of Massachusetts, a venerable and eminent lawyer, went down by official appointment to Charleston to discuss in the courts the question whether one State could arbitrarily, without crime alleged, and without legal process, imprison and sell the citizens of another; for which he and his daughter who accompanied him were mobbed out of that city, with the connivance of the better classes. While thus it was refusing to remain a State institution, Slavery was steadily threatening to dissolve the Union if its national demands were not granted. The fame, the honor, the consistency, the character, not of the States but of the nation, were constantly crumbling before its insolent audacity, until this State institution deliberately declared by the mouths of senators and representatives and stump orators and newspapers, that if its Presidential candidate—not a candidate for Governor of State—were defeated, it would try to destroy the Government. That candidate was defeated, and it kept its word.

Now if Slavery, of whose national aggressions we have mentioned two or three instances, had been content to be what it claimed to be—a State system—it would have been tolerated, even with all the vital crimes committed by it within the State against the Nation. The moral sympathy of the prosperous people of the free States for a race held in slavery in other States, whose sufferings they never saw, and with whose condition they were taught that they were constitutionally forbidden to interfere, would have protested, but feebly and ineffectively. When, however, the State system spurned State limitations, and, by seeking to nationalize itself, threatened the political rights and the material prosperity of the free States, as it did by claiming that the owner of twenty blacksmiths should enter the common territory as the rival of twenty blacksmiths who owned themselves—and when this attempt was accompanied by the threat of national ruin if it were resisted—then the long-slumbering common sense of the American people accepted the struggle, for four years has gloriously maintained it, and will end it and its author together.

Thus the war is the direct armed aggression of Slavery upon the Government, because it had learned that it could not subvert it peacefully. That the Government had ever passed an oppressive law, such as might justify revolution, was never pretended. The complaint of Personal Liberty bills as an act of State bad faith is long since abandoned. For what were those bills? They were laws to secure the liberty of the people of certain States. Could such laws be properly offensive to any well-disposed citizen? If the law enforcing slavery upon part of the people of Virginia were a State right not to be lawfully changed from without, was a law maintaining the freedom of all the innocent people of Wisconsin less a State right not to be externally molested? If South Carolina were to have the right to come into Vermont and seize a man as a slave, was Vermont not to have the right to take care that none of her citizens were seized under false pretenses? Senator IVERSON, of Georgia, and the chief rebel leaders at the South, made no such feeble plea as that. They left that to a class of people at the North properly called doughfaces. The leaders said, frankly, It is not your personal liberty bills, it is not the forcible rescue of fugitive slaves; it is the public opinion of the North which is the difficulty.

Moreover, neither President LINCOLN nor the party which elected him had the remotest intention of touching Slavery in the States. Believing it to be ultimately fatal to any State, and consequently to the Nation, they were yet sure that if it could be made what it forever claimed to be, a State concern, the good sense of the slave States, as ROGER SHERMAN said in the Constitutional Convention of '87, would finally extinguish it. They said only—and upon that saying the people brought them into power—"We oppose the nationalization of Slavery." "Then I will fight," said Slavery. "We hope not," said the President; "we beg you to pause and reflect." "I will fight!" cried the State institution, which, within its State lines, was entirely unmenaced, except by the universal heart of man and the indignant conscience of civilization. It fired the shot at the *Star of the West* and at Fort Sumter. Slavery attacked the nation with the sword. For three years it has shed the blood of the noblest and the most precious in the land. The sword has revealed both the essential character and political purpose of Slavery. By God's grace, that sword shall not be sheathed except in its heart.

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The *Security* is absolute. Every dime of the wealth of the People, worth in gold at this moment not less than twenty thousand millions of dollars, and in spite of the waste of war constantly increasing, is pledged for its payment. The man who holds fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand dollars in these notes, holds a first mortgage upon every dollar of the whole wealth of the People.

This loan is the most *convertable* investment possible. If one lends money upon bond and mortgage, or invests it in railroad, banking, manufacturing, or mining stock, he can never be sure that at the moment he wishes to realize he can find a purchaser. The value of such investments changes from day to day. Now the Bulls have it, then the Bears. Between them the investor is likely to get only one shell of the oyster, the meat of which has been sucked out by Wall Street operators. But notes really drawn and indorsed by the People of the United States must always have a permanent and nearly uniform value. The holder of one can know almost to a dollar how much it will bring in the market. The lender, moreover, has the choice of making his investment temporary or permanent. At the end of three years he can, at option, receive back his loan, interest already paid, or can exchange it for a Government bond payable in from five to twenty years. This loan is thus the best Savings Bank.

The *Interest* is larger than can be gained from any other safe investment. Savings Banks pay five per cent. Money can hardly be safely placed on bond and mortgage at six per cent. The People in this loan offer almost seven and a half.

The Interest is easily *collectable*. The lender has not to hunt about for his debtor. To each note, great or small, are attached "coupons," or interest tickets. These, when due every six months, may be cut off and presented for payment at any Government Agency. They will be the best money, for any merchant or banker will be glad to receive them. The rate of interest is not arbitrarily fixed. It amounts to exactly two cents a day for every hundred dollars loaned. Thus the man who lends the People a thousand dollars receives every day from them twenty cents, or $73 a year. If he deposited the same money in a Savings Bank he would receive $50 a year, with precisely the same security, since these institutions must invest their deposits in the best manner possible; and no investment is so safe as a loan to the People.

In every point of view this Government loan—even apart from the patriotic motive of maintaining the cause to which every man not a traitor has pledged his means, life, and honor—is the best and safest investment possible.

THE CALL FOR MEN.

IT seems to us a great error to represent the call for five hundred thousand men as chilling the national heart; and equally erroneous to regret that it was not rhetorically made, or to suppose that a word from General GRANT or SHERMAN would fill the ranks which the President's word might fail to recruit.

Upon the subject of an increase of the army nothing is juster than the position taken by the *Evening Post*, that now is the very time when we can not have too many men—a position directly antagonistic to the idea that the call for these men, whether for one, two, or three years, would chill the national ardor. But to summon them for a month or a hundred days is idle. Let them be called for one, two, or three years, and if they are not needed more than twenty days so much the better.

As for the "red tape" of the call, it is surely much more dignified that a summons of the President should be calm, brief, and direct. Nothing is gained by what is called rhetoric in State papers; no statement the President might make of the situation could deepen the general feeling in regard to it; and no impassioned appeal could be more persuasive than the simple call.

But the suggestion that if SHERMAN and GRANT need help they should call directly upon the nation is more serious. SHERMAN and GRANT are Lieutenants of the Commander-in-Chief. When he calls, they call. The man must have a strange conception of public affairs who imagines that the call for men is made without concert with General GRANT. He must have a still stranger conception of the duty of Generals to their Chief who supposes that the summons of the subordinates would be more persuasive. In what condition would this country be, if it responded to a call from General SHERMAN which it disregarded from the President? Either the General and the President are in perfect accord, or they are not. If they are, General SHERMAN already calls for more men. If they are not, and we are likely to obey his call when it comes, meanwhile neglecting the President, then General SHERMAN is in the most dangerous position possible for the country. In that case he has that hold upon the popular heart to the exclusion of the President, which the false friends of M'CLELLAN tried to create for him, with the intention, under certain circumstances, of enabling him to do what some of his newspaper supporters openly called upon him, and afterward upon General GRANT to do, namely, to overthrow the Government and install himself as dictator.

There could be no surer sign of approaching anarchy than a call for more men proceeding directly from any General in the service. The men in the field are citizen-soldiers, and the President is their Commander-in-Chief. Through him, with the knowledge and approbation of his Generals, the summons ought to come, as it has come, not despondingly or doubtfully, but gravely, calmly, and confidently.

THE NATION NOT A CONFEDERACY.

THE attentive observer of the times will not fail to remark that the phrases and arguments of the opponents of the war plainly indicate their position. They plant themselves upon State Rights, upon State Sovereignty. They reproduce CALHOUN'S elaborate sophism as the true theory of our Government, and assert that condition still to exist which ALEXANDER HAMILTON and JAMES MADISON, in the *Federalist*, declared that the Union was expressly formed to destroy. In a late speech of Governor SEYMOUR'S he described the Union as a Confederacy. That has been often done by the most faithful citizens before the war. But since the war began the word Confederacy has had so peculiar a significance that it is not carelessly used by any speaker of authority. So in the passage elsewhere quoted the Union is called a Confederacy, the Constitution of the United States—that bond of intimate fusion in whose fervent heat all State sovereignty was melted—is called "the bond of federation," and its obligations are compared to those of a commercial treaty with Brazil.

The rebel position is now, as that of nullification was formerly, that the Constitution is a treaty or compact between States, not an instrument establishing a Government adopted by the people. The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. But among the powers which the people have conferred upon the National Government are all the great attributes of sovereignty. That is exactly what the rebels deny. The Copperheads virtually support them in their denial. When Governor SEYMOUR said that the United States had no power to coerce a State he showed exactly in what school he had been trained. From that moment it was clear that he could never heartily support the war.

But even if the Constitution were solely the compact or treaty that the rebels and Copperheads claim it to be, it is plain that every party to a compact or treaty repudiates it at his peril. South Carolina has no right to destroy the interests and safety of Iowa or Michigan in seeking her own. The argument is as old as the sophism. WEBSTER comprised it in his reply to HAYNE. But WEBSTER wrought his statue in marble quarried from the *Federalist*. The people of this country will never forget that they are as primarily citizens of the Union or nation as of any State. In one sense, indeed, they are more so. For in almost every one of the large, active, controlling States a multitude of the citizens were born elsewhere. In the great Northwestern States this is true of much of the adult population. If a conflicting inter-State question should arise they would be distracted between the State of birth and that of residence. But a national question finds them every where equally at home. The States are the fields, from one to another of which they pass at will. But in every field they are still upon the old family estate.

No man so early saw the necessity of this National Union and State subordination as ALEXANDER HAMILTON; and no one more trenchantly exposed the subterfuge of State Sovereignty and the true nature of the Union. In the twenty-second number of the *Federalist* he says: "It has not a little contributed to the infirmities of the existing federal system [the old Confederation] that it never had a ratification by the people. Resting on no better foundation than the consent of the several Legislatures, it has been exposed to frequent and intricate questions concerning the validity of its powers, and has in some instances given birth to the enormous doctrine of a right of legislative appeal. Owing its ratification to the law of a State, it has been contended that the same authority might repeal the law by which it was ratified. However gross a heresy it may be to maintain that a *party* to a *compact* has a right to revoke that compact, the doctrine itself has had respectable advocates. The possibility of a question of this nature proves the necessity of laying the foundations of our National Government deeper than in the mere sanction of delegated authority. The fabric of American empire ought to rest on the solid basis of the *consent of the people*. The streams of national power ought to flow immediately from that pure original fountain of all legitimate authority."

Where that empire ought to rest it does rest; and the jealousy of national power which could not prevent the formation of the Union is not likely to destroy it, now that its indispensability for individual welfare and the general prosperity has been revealed to every citizen. What HENRY CLAY said in the Senate in 1850 is the simple expression of the thought of every loyal American: "If Kentucky to-morrow unfurls the banner of resistance I never will fight under that banner. I owe a paramount allegiance to the whole Union—a subordinate one to my own State."

A PLEASANT PROGRAMME.

THE coincidence of the presence of rebel agents upon the frontier and the invasion of Maryland, during the last month, is not without significance. Like desperate gamblers, those gentlemen would try, as occasion served, either to sweep all the stakes into their hungry pockets, or, as actually happened, beg pitifully for a penny. When Washington was severed from communication with the North, the reader may remember the published denial of reports that the President was in New York. Now, if the same reader had any Copperhead sources of information, he knew what the report meant, and what was expected.

Washington was to be taken. The President and Cabinet would escape to Canada; and thereupon the rebel agents would announce to the people of the States that all the Confederacy wanted was the independence which it had shown its ability to maintain, and a favorable treaty. In the vacancy of the Chief Magistracy a Dictator would be inevitable. He would command the armies. There might be some demur—yes, some, possibly—but then the war would break out every where, and its horrors would compel negotiation and peace, and secure the triumph of the rebellion.

Here was a pretty dish to set before a nation! Yet it was supposed by many to be very nearly cooked. There are men in the city of New York, for instance, who sneer at the idea of "conquering the South," but who seriously suppose that "the North" is a great sheep, and they believed that this programme was to be carried out! Doubtless there are many who would like to see it fulfilled, and who would help to fulfill it. But they should reflect that war, which was so inexpressibly awful a word to the people of this country four years ago, has become sadly familiar. They should not forget that we have now the habit of anticipating that insecurity which civil war produces. They should always remember that the cause for which "the North" has given so much of every

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kind, and in every way, is a deep, earnest, permanent conviction of the vital necessity of Union; and that while their friends defend it in Southern fields they would not shrink from its defense in Northern streets. They should bear in mind that "conservatism" showed its hand in the bloody riots of last year, and that its solemn asseverations of regard for government, and of the fundamental guarantees of civil liberty, are fully illustrated by the light of burning asylums, and in the roaring streets where human beings guilty of dark skins were hunted and massacred, and that these asseverations are valued at their exact worth.

With this experience of "Conservatism," he would be a dull student of history and human nature who was not constantly conscious of the perils and probabilities of a political contest of which "Conservatism" of the New York type is one of the parties—a "Conservatism" which devotes its energies to exciting the jealousy of the State against the nation and the hatred of the most ignorant class of the population, which, in the midst of a civil war involving national existence, declares that the friends of the Government are really responsible for the rebellion, and relying upon the most sordid passions closes its eyes to the permanent welfare to be secured, and points out with speechless horror the vast expenses to be encountered. A "Conservatism" like this, which includes and flatters the most degraded and dangerous population, will put no citizen off his guard. Its existence makes every good citizen a minute-man. Whether it take the shadowy form of a northwestern conspiracy or appear in the bloody reality of a New York riot, it will not be unanticipated. The masks are stripped off. The friends and the enemies of the rebellion are known. The friends may choose to dare much to prevent the election of Mr. LINCOLN, and to secure the triumph of the conspiracy, and the final shame and ruin of the Union and Government. But if they are desperate, good citizens are firm. The loyal men of the North are not to be bullied either by threats of battle or by bugbears. They have clearly made up their minds to fight the war through, and they will do so wherever the exigency may demand. How can any sensible Copperhead suppose that a people which has done what "the North" has, during the last three years, is so utterly and ludicrously pusillanimous as to yield in the northwest or the northeast the cause which it disputes in Virginia and Georgia?

AN IMPORTANT BEGINNING.

THE University Convocation of New York is an annual meeting of the Regents of the University, and of the Presidents, heads, and teachers of the various colleges and schools of the State subject to the visitation of the Regents, for the purpose of improving by the comparison of experience, by essays and discussions, the standard and methods of education. The Convocation of this year was but the second. Yet it is clear that it is full of promise, if the interest manifested should annually increase and extend, as it is likely to do. A union of the Regents and of all the collegiate and academic experts of the State makes a force which, for its proper purposes, is irresistible. In the Legislature or before the people it would not easily be withstood by the utmost adroitness of the Lobby or the greatest ingenuity of misrepresentation. Such a body, well organized, ought to secure and maintain the noblest system of public instruction possible.

This year the Convocation approached a subject of the greatest general interest and importance. One of the topics announced for consideration was the value of competitive examinations in preparation for public employment, both military and civil. Mr. HENRY BARNARD, of Hartford, the experienced and accomplished editor of the *American Journal of Education*, made a stirring and vigorous appeal to the Convocation to take some steps toward the accomplishment of so great an object. President ANDERSON, of the Rochester University, who has recently returned from a collegiate tour in Europe, supported Mr. BARNARD with great force. The practical application of their remarks was to the appointments at West Point and the Naval Academy; and the necessity of some such examination, if we would have those academies of the fullest service, is apparent from the last year's report of the Board of Visitors to West Point.

The facts are that the appointments are made by the Representatives in Congress. They are determined by purely personal or political considerations, without regard to the disposition or fitness of the boy. The entering examination is a farce. Every boy of ten years should be able to pass it or be flogged, said Dr. ANDERSON. Yet, of those who are presented, a large proportion fail in this preliminary examination. Of all who enter not a half graduate, although the intellectual training is not severer than in an excellent female academy, such as Mrs. WILLARD'S, in Troy; and of those who fail, three-fifths break down in the studies of the first year, which are elementary.

Now what should the rule be? Evidently that the boy in every district of the most natural aptitude and of the highest scholarly merit should be appointed. And this could be done if the representative would consent to make his nomination dependent upon the result of an open examination of all such candidates. General SICKLES, when in Congress, four years ago, tried the experiment. He gave his appointment to the boy who stood best at the Free Academy, and this year that boy graduated at the head of his class at West Point.

The discussion was most interesting, and resulted in the passage of resolutions recommending such a course, and instructing the Board of Regents to inform our representatives of the action of the Convocation, and to devise some practicable plan to be submitted to them. The Board, in pursuance of the request, appointed a Committee which will not put the matter to sleep. If the Convocation can thus influence one representative in one State, it will have begun a reform of incalculable advantage to the country. For when it becomes the practice of one State it must inevitably extend to all. The principle once illustrated in the military and naval service, as Mr. SUMNER'S Consular Pupil bill provides for the civil, and we shall have fairly begun the movement which can alone save the Government from the abyss of ignorance and incapacity which will engulf the most righteous theories and the truest principles.

CUNNING OUTWITTED.

IN alluding to the peace performance at Niagara Falls Mr. GREELEY has said, and it has been repeated by others, that it would have been wiser for the President to have "asked the Confederates to perfect and verify their credentials and then make their proposition." The object of his doing so would have been to allow the rebels to show that they wished nothing short of recognition, or some other equally inadmissible condition.

But Mr. GREELEY must surely see that there would be no end to this business. Every time GEORGE N. SANDERS or Colorado JEWETT chooses to announce that a couple of rebels wish to talk about peace, is the President to say that they have only to get authorized and he will hear them? The President has left no doubt of his position. Whenever an authorized proposition is ready to be made the Government is, and always has been, ready to consider it. Mr. CLAY, and Mr. HOLCOMBE, and Mr. GREELEY knew that perfectly well, and it is folly to imply that the Government hindered their getting authority. If they had really wanted to treat, or had honestly expected any result, does Mr. GREELEY suppose they would have come without authority?

The President's reply thwarted their plan. It exposed the fact that they were not willing to seek authority to treat for the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery. That is just as evident now as it would have been if they had gone to Washington and proposed a separation and a commercial treaty. The President's honesty, as usual, utterly outwitted diplomacy.

THE APPEAL TO COWARDICE.

THE appeal of the Copperheads to cowardice, in order to delay and embarrass recruiting, is natural. But it is a great insult to the spirit and the intelligence of Americans. Thus we read in a late newspaper an extract from a letter of a soldier in the Ninth Corps to show how great the loss had been; and a little sub-editorial remark to the effect that "fine openings for young men is now defined—Graves on the north bank of the Appomattox."

There is something ludicrous and pitiful in telling Americans who are fighting for every thing that makes their name honorable and their liberties secure that they may get hurt. The rebels, it seems, were told the same thing, and a clerical brother of General LONGSTREET wrote a pamphlet to show how small a chance there is that any individual soldier will be killed. If the apprehension were so general that it was really necessary for such a statement to be made, the condition of the rebel valor would be most promising for the Union cause. And if the Copperhead appeals to cowardice were really likely to prevail, it would be only because we deserved the loss of the liberties which we did not dare to defend.

DEATH OF MRS. GENERAL BARLOW.

IN speaking of General BARLOW, whose portrait we published a few weeks since, we said that the men of his division would never forgive his biographer who should omit to record the unwearied service in the hospitals and among the wounded and dying soldiers from the beginning of the war to this day, of his faithful and devoted wife, and that for no woman in the land did more earnest prayers ascend from suffering lips and grateful hearts than for Mrs. General BARLOW. Those prayers no longer avail. On the 27th of July Mrs. BARLOW died in Washington of typhus fever contracted in the military hospital. On the same day her brave husband was driving the enemy from their intrenchments and recapturing some of the guns taken from us last spring. Thus each at the post of duty, the wife dies and the husband makes his life still more illustrious. Amiable, accomplished, admired, beloved, Mrs. BARLOW from the first has been among the most eminent of the many heroines in this war whose names are not loudly mentioned, but whose memory will be forever fresh in the grateful heart of their friends and country.

NO MILITARY AUTOCRAT.

GOVERNOR BROWN, of Georgia, has ordered into active military service all the reserve militia between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, and fifty and fifty-five; also all from seventeen to fifty who are exempt from "Confederate conscription;" and, in fine, all who are able to bear arms; and all who respond to the call are to seize and carry off as deserters all who do not. Those who resist, of course, will be shot.

How pleasing, in view of this order, to learn from Mr. CLEMENT C. CLAY that if "there be any military autocrat in the North" who can do what the despot Lincoln does, "there is none in the South;" and that "those who control our armies are the servants of the people, not their masters." That will probably be the opinion of any unfortunate Georgian, who, not wishing to see his family starve, is shot for not obeying his servant, Governor BROWN.

"THE STONINGTON LINE."

WE know by pleasant experience that there are no more agreeable steamers upon the Sound than those of the old "Stonington Line," as it is still called, although within a few years the dangerous and difficult harbor of Stonington has been avoided, and the steamers stop at Groton, opposite New London, whence the railroad skirts the Sound and Narragansett Bay to Providence and Boston. The boats are strong, spacious, well-appointed, and clean. The family accommodations are admirable, especially in regard to communicating state-rooms and private supper-tables. The route winding through the East River to the Sound, and across its pleasantest part to the Thames River, is delightful, and as little exposed as possible. You escape the tedium and discomfort of the angry Point Judith, and are in Boston betimes. The "Stonington Line" has many rivals, but no superiors.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

OUR military record this week is chiefly concerned with General Grant's unsuccessful assault on Petersburg, Saturday, July 30.

For six weeks preparations had been making for a grand assault on the enemy's lines. The point to be gained was Cemetery Hill, a commanding position both in regard to the other rebel fortifications and the town of Petersburg itself. This hill, on the east side of Petersburg, was about 500 yards distant from our lines. It was approached by regular lines, according to the usual process of a siege. The resistance to be overcome was great, the position being made as strong as possible both by nature and art. In order to break the centre of the rebel lines at this point, a battery of the rebels occupying a salient point was undermined. The mine was 400 feet long, with two galleries constructed from the main passage-way, and was charged with eight tons of powder. To divert Lee's attention to the north side of the James, operations were conducted on a large scale threatening Richmond from General Foster's position at Deep Bottom, three miles from Malvern Hill. General Foster had held a position here for some weeks, his flanks being protected by gun-boats. A bridge stretched across the James at this point to Jones's Neck. Thursday night, the 21st, a second bridge was thrown across, at Strawberry Plains, just below Deep Bottom, and the next morning a few regiments of the Nineteenth Corps crossed to hold the head of the bridge. The enemy became alarmed, and there was considerable skirmishing from the 22d to the 26th, when Grant threw over Hancock's corps and three divisions of cavalry—two under Sheridan and one under Kautz. To make his threat in this direction more formidable, he sent across, on Friday, 400 wagons of the Sixth Corps. This led Lee to plant a force of from 15,000 to 20,000 north of the James. That night the Second Corps recrossed the river, and were ready to co-operate in the assault on Saturday.

Our lines on Saturday morning at 1 o'clock were disposed to suit the contemplated movement. The Ninth Corps held the centre, with the Eighteenth massed in the rear. Warren's (Fifth) corps held the left in support. The signal for the assault was to be the explosion of the mine, at 3½ o'clock, when a cannonade was to be opened from every cannon along the line, and the Ninth Corps was to charge through the gap laid open by the explosion.

If the mine had been exploded at the time set, the disposition and movements of our troops would have been covered in darkness; but there was a delay, and it was not till after light, at 4 o'clock and 40 minutes, that the signal was given, and the enemy was partially forewarned. The explosion was terrific; the battery (6 guns) was blown up, and a North Carolina regiment, acting as garrison, was buried in the chasm. Then the artillery opened all along the line and the charge was made, Ledlie's Division of Burnside's Corps in the advance. The Second Brigade, Colonel Marshall, led the Division, followed by the First, Colonel W. F. Bartlett, and then by the Third, Colonel Gould. The Fourth Division of the Corps, all negroes, pushed on in the rear of these three brigades. The Fourteenth New York Artillery were the first to enter the breach; seizing two of the rebel guns left in the ruins, these were turned against the enemy. The three assailing columns then pushed up toward the crest of the hill, but were driven back. Then the colored troops pressed up and broke. The rebel artillery slackened, and the enemy made a charge and were themselves repulsed. The assault was then given up.

The loss was very severe considering the troops engaged. The entire loss will probably reach to between 2000 and 3000. General Bartlett and staff were captured, also Colonel Wild.

The rebels lost heavily, in the explosion and in the charge; we captured about 500.

There is little additional news from General Sherman. On the 26th, Thomas, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, issued a congratulatory order to the army, stating that in the battle of the 20th the total Union loss was 1733, while in front of the Twentieth Corps alone 6000 rebels were put out of combat. The Second Division of Howard's Corps (Newton's Division) repulsed seven separate assaults. In the battle of the 22d the Union loss was 3500 men and 10 pieces of artillery. We captured 2200 prisoners; the enemy left 2142 dead in front of the Army of the Tennessee alone; 18 stands of colors and 5000 stands of arms were captured by our troops. In this battle Hardee's Corps got in the rear of M'Pherson's army. M'Pherson was at Sherman's head-quarters when he heard of it, and in riding back was killed. At the time of the attack the Seventeenth Corps was on the left of the railroad, the Fifteenth on the right, with the Sixteenth in reserve. The rebels, flanking Blair, succeeded in capturing a battery on the extreme left. Logan, assuming the command after M'Pherson's death, made a charge and recaptured the battery. Our loss here was about 2000; but that of the rebels was much greater, as they were exposed to the artillery of other portions of the line bearing upon them from commanding positions. Hardee's Corps had previously occupied Hooker's front.

The battle of the 28th was an assault in force on the Fifteenth Corps, and appears to have resulted in as complete a defeat of the rebels as that of the 22d. Six hundred and forty-two dead rebels were buried by our forces after that battle.

FROM THE SHENANDOAH.

Early finding that Crook was disturbing his prospect of harvests in the Shenandoah, turned back upon him on the 23d, and fought him a short distance beyond Winchester, with a force which Crook estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000 strong. Crook was defeated, losing nearly 1000 men. Colonel Mulligan was killed. After this the rebels took Martinsburg. Since the capture of this place nothing has occurred of any importance, except the raid of a few hundred cavalry to Chambersburg. This party burned the better portion of the town, destroying over two millions' worth of property. Averill at the latest advices was pursuing these wicked fellows.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

IN Egypt, when a death occurred in a family, "the right thing to do" was to send for the doctor. The medical gentlemen of the day had not only the privilege of losing and scarifying people when alive; but even when dead "vile bodies" had another ordeal to undergo at their hands.

When the doctor came he had to show his skill, not to bring back the dead man or woman to life again, but to adopt every precaution that he or she should do no such thing; or, if he or she did, he or she should be of very little use. The doctor had first to extract the brain through the nostrils with a curved probe, to make the head as empty as possible—supposing the head not to be empty already—and then to put in certain drugs. An incision being made in the side of the corpse, the intestines were drawn out, washed in palm wine, and covered with powdered aromatics. Sometimes they were restored to the body; sometimes deposited in vases and laid in the same tomb. The body itself was filled with powdered myrrh, cassia, and other fragrant substances, and sewn up. This being done, it was kept in natron for seventy days; then washed and wrapped in linen, of which a thousand yards were occasionally used. Thus prepared it was removed by the relations, placed in a wooden coffin, and, in the case of a wife or husband, retained at home until the time came for the second of the pair to undergo the same process, and then both were deposited together in a vault. A respectable funeral, thus carried out, would cost altogether more than $1000.

The northern peoples of Asia and Europe, in ancient times, exhibit the most curious peculiarities as regards the treatment of the dead. Thus in Thibet, even to this day, dogs are the sepulchres. Here the most complimentary of all burials is to cut the body in pieces and giving these to be eaten by the dogs. The poor have as their only mausoleum the common vagabond dogs of the locality; but the more distinguished defunct are treated with greater ceremony; for in the Lamaseries a number of dogs are kept, and within them the rich Thibetans are buried. Henceforth let no man despise the fate of "going to the dogs."

AMONG the many eccentricities which have been displayed in will-making the two following instances are noticeable. Mr. Gilbert, well known as an English writer on the banking system, left a large sum of money to be invested as follows: first, in the erection of a monument to himself; secondly, in the circulation of his works; and, thirdly, in the circulation of his likeness among his business acquaintances. Another English gentleman, Mr. Hartley, founder of the Hartley Institute at Southampton, directed in his will that a room in that building should be devoted solely and exclusively to the preservation of his mother's wardrobe and furniture. And there are to be seen to-day the articles used by an English merchant's wife of a century ago—bonnets, dresses, shoes, tapestry, fans, drawers, china, chairs, etc., making altogether a most singular collection.

THE whale was not pursued by the ancients; five hundred years ago whales abounded in every sea. The great demand for oil and whalebone of late years, however, has caused such destruction of whales that they are disappearing from numerous parts of the ocean. They were once numerous in the Mediterranean, but are now no longer so. They live on soft gelatinous mollusks in which the sea abounds, which must have increased enormously, owing to the destruction of whales. It is to the increase of these small organisms that the phosphorescence of the Mediterranean Sea is attributed.

THE late King of Wurtemburg announced in his will that nothing was more annoying to him during his life than ceremonies and etiquette, and that he does not wish to be visited with them after his death. He therefore begged that his body might not be laid out in state and buried with grand solemnities: "those who know me will find this natural, and the curious must pardon me for having robbed them of the pleasure of gaping at empty ceremonies." He desired that his body might leave the palace at night with a few attendants, and be buried on the Rothenberg, the time being so chosen that the procession should arrive there with the first rays of the sun.

THE mass of the Russian population is clothed at a very small expense. Cotton trowsers tucked into high boots of half-dressed leather, a cotton shirt, and a sheep-skin coat, a coarse camlet caftan bound round with a sash, constitute the whole outward man of the moujik, whose entire equipment may cost about ten rubles (thirty shillings), the sheep-skin being the most expensive article. Ten shillings would buy a common female costume, which consists of a sarafan (or long petticoat), held by straps which pass above the arms, a chemise with sleeves extending nearly to the elbow, a kerchief over the head, a pair of shoes, and sometimes stockings, but more frequently strips of cotton or linen cloth wrapped round the leg and foot; for outdoor wear a quilted jacket is added to these, and when circumstances will permit, a salope or long cloak in the German fashion.

IN Lower Saxony the young girls gather sprigs of St. John's wort on the eve of St. John, and secretly suspend them on the walls of their chambers, with certain mysterious ceremonies. The state of the plant on the following morning indicates their future lot. If fresh and undrooping, it foretells a prosperous marriage; if fading and dying, the reverse. The plant is influenced by the condition in which it is placed, and those who have damp walls are the more likely to have prosperous marriages than those whose walls are as dry as they should be.

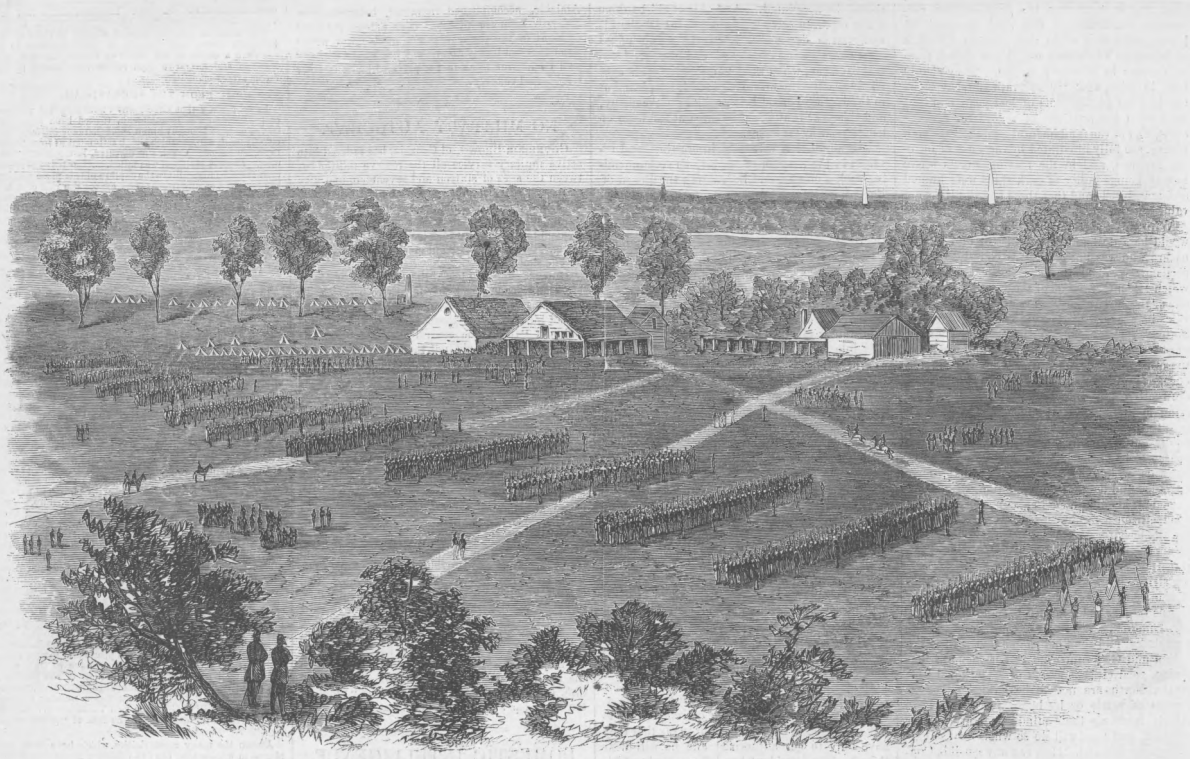
IN Paris there are said to be sixty thousand persons who wake in the morning without knowing whether they will have any thing to eat during the day.

HOUSEWIVES in northern England prevent the loss of heat when their tea is brewing by putting over it a kind of cap made of woolen, which they call a "cosy." The use of this, especially where, as in *hard* water places, the tea needs a good time to brew, is very beneficial. The tea is thus kept twenty degrees warmer.

WOMEN are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their nature, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets—they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or bush rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.

A NEW spider has been discovered at the Ararat diggings, Australia. It is about half the size of the common tarantula, and is banded longitudinally with alternate stripes of very dark green and gray. The back is furnished with a kind of shell, to which there are fifty entrances, from which young spiders may be seen leaving and again returning after a short stay outside.

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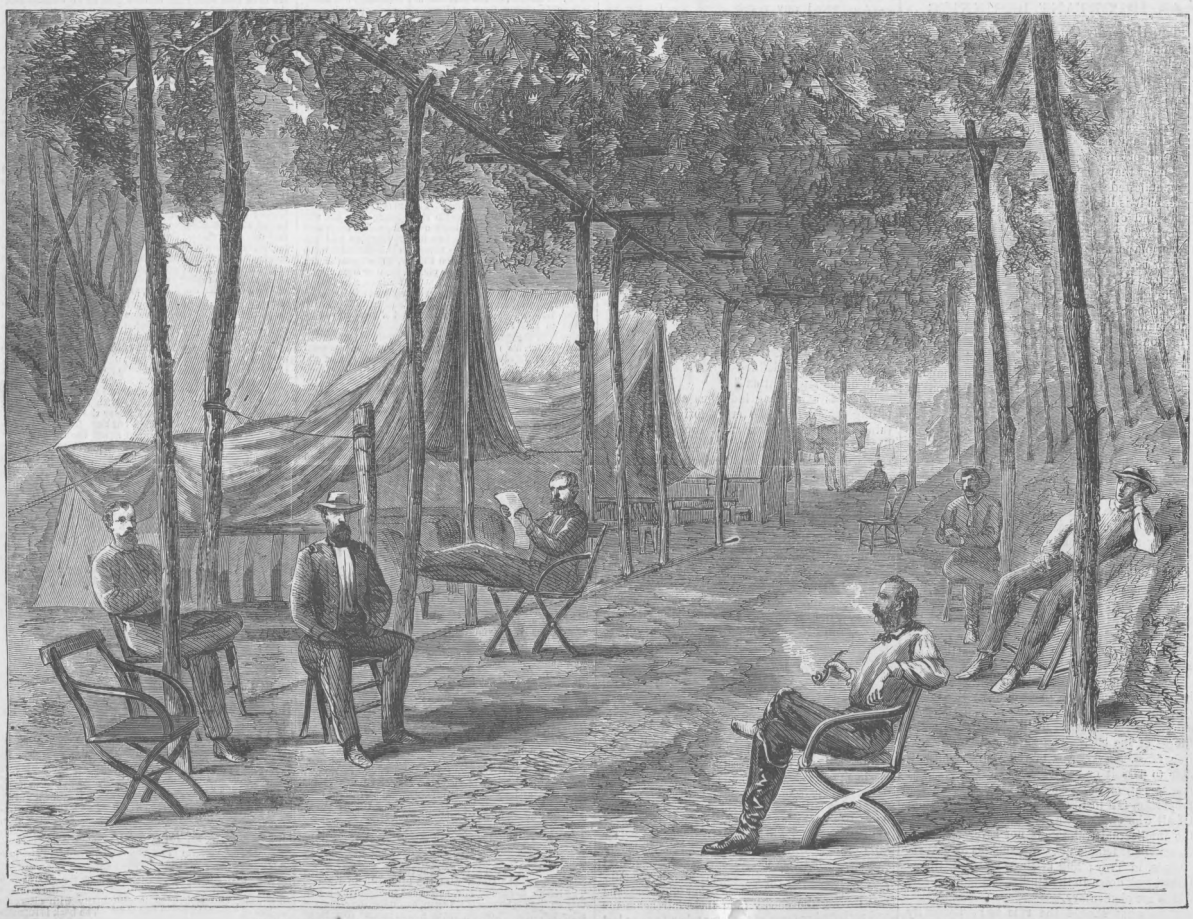
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—INSPECTION OF THE SECOND PENNSYLVANIA, COLONEL GIBSON.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on this and the next page, and on pages 520 and 521, several sketches relating to the Army of the Potomac and General GRANT's campaign.

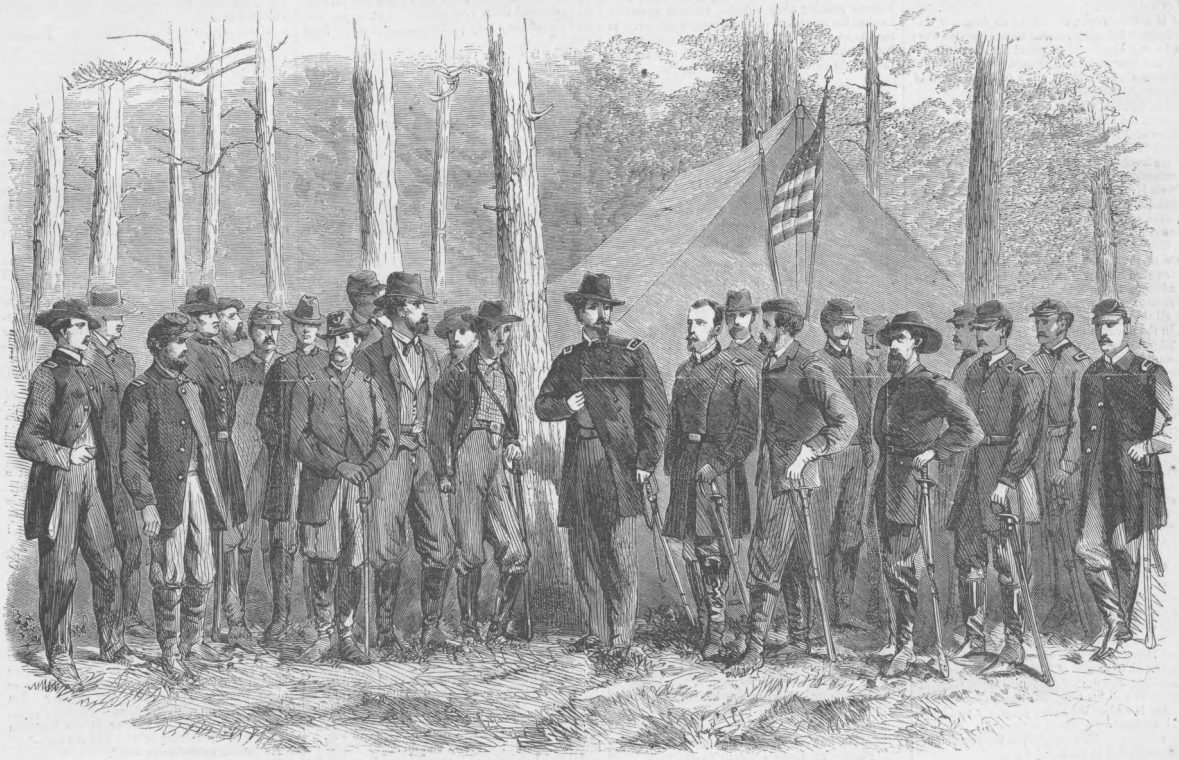
GENERAL STANNARD'S HEAD-QUARTERS, illustrated on this page, is one of the most delightful places within the lines, although only a hundred yards from the enemy's front, and a considerable distance in advance of General SMITH's head-quarters. It is situated in a little ravine, with a brook running at each end, and in the hottest days it is clear of dust and refreshingly cool. The birds build their nests in the trees overhead, and the squirrels play around the quarters just as if they were not within reach of whistling bullets and bursting shells. General STANNARD commands the First Division of the Eighteenth Corps.

We give also on this page a sketch representing the INSPECTION OF THE SECOND PENNSYLVANIA



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL STANNARD'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

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ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL HANCOCK AND STAFF.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ARTILLERY BY GENERAL AMES, as seen from General SMITH'S head-quarters. This regiment is one of the largest in the service, numbering, when it left Washington, over three thousand men. It is commanded by Colonel A. A. GIBSON, who has the rank of Major in the Third United States Artillery.

On this page two illustrations are given, taken from photographs by BRADY; they represent Generals HANCOCK and WARREN surrounded by officers of their staff.

On pages 520 and 521 we publish a view of PETERSBURG as seen from Captain DAVIS'S Battery, First Connecticut Artillery—a portion of the battery appearing in the fore-ground. This battery is situated on the Appomattox River in front of the Eighteenth Corps; it is armed with 30-pound Parrott guns and eight-inch mortars, and completely commands the city. The woods in front and on the flanks are occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters. The Eighteenth Corps up to Thursday, July 28, held the extreme right of GRANT'S lines.

MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON.

JAMES B. M'PHERSON, Major-General of Volunteers and Brigadier-General of the Regular Army, whose Portrait we give on our first page, was born in Sandusky, Ohio, November, 1828. He graduated at West Point in the year 1853, standing at the head of a class which numbered among its members the rebel Generals HOOD, WALKER, and ROSS; General SCHOFIELD, Commander of the Army of the Cumberland; General W. S. SMITH, General R. O. TYLER, General SHERIDAN, General TERRIL, who fell at Perryville; and GILL, who was killed at Stone River. Entering the army as Second Lieutenant of Engineers, he was immediately, although hardly twenty-five years of age, appointed as an assistant instructor of practical engineering at West Point. In 1854 he was employed as assistant-engineer on the New York harbor defenses; in 1857 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware; also the fortifications on Alcatraz Island, San Francisco Bay, California. December 13, 1858, he was appointed First Lieutenant, and until August, 1861, was engaged as Chief of Engineers on the Pacific Coast.

When General HALLECK assumed the command of the Department of the West he selected M'PHERSON as an Aid-de-Camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was GRANT'S Chief Engineer in the operations against Forts Henry and Donelson, and also against Vicksburg. May 15, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and during the following summer superintended the military railroads in the Department of West Tennessee. When our army at Corinth was cut off from its supplies, in October of that year, he succeeded in bringing up reinforcements to its as-



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL WARREN AND STAFF.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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sistance, and for this service was made Major-General of Volunteers.

It is not, however, merely as an engineer that M'PHERSON has distinguished himself in this war; now he was appointed to guard the rear in a retreat, and now to lead an assault. He and SHERMAN were GRANT'S great allies in the capture of Vicksburg.

When General GRANT recommended his various officers to the Government for promotion for their services at Vicksburg, he wrote as follows about General M'PHERSON:

"He has been with me in every battle since the commencement of the rebellion, except Belmont. At Forts Henry and Donelson, Shiloh, and the siege of Corinth, as a staff officer and engineer, his services were conspicuous and highly meritorious. At the second battle of Corinth his skill as a soldier was displayed in successfully carrying reinforcements to the besieged garrison, when the enemy was between him and the point to be reached. In the advance through Central Mississippi General M'PHERSON commanded one wing of the army with all the ability possible to show, he having the lead in the advance and the rear retiring. In the campaign and siege terminating with the fall of Vicksburg, General M'PHERSON has filled a conspicuous part. At the battle of Port Gibson it was under his direction that the enemy was driven, late in the afternoon, from a position they had succeeded in holding all day against an obstinate attack. His corps, the advance always under his immediate eye, were the pioneers in the movement from Port Gibson to Hawkinson's Ferry. From the North Fork of the Bayou Pierre to Black River it was a constant skirmish, the whole skillfully managed. The enemy was so closely pressed as to be unable to destroy their bridge of boats after them. From Hawkinson's Ferry to Jackson the Seventeenth Army Corps marched roads not traveled by other troops, fighting the entire battle of Raymond alone, and the bulk of JOHNSTON'S army was fought by this corps, entirely under the management of General M'PHERSON. At Champion's Hill the Seventeenth Corps and General M'PHERSON were conspicuous. All that could be termed a battle there was fought by the divisions of General M'PHERSON'S corps and General HOVEY'S division of the Thirteenth Corps. In the assault of the 22d of May on the fortifications of Vicksburg, and during the entire siege, General M'PHERSON and his command took unfading laurels. He is one of the ablest engineers and most skillful Generals. I would respectfully, but urgently recommend his promotion to the position of Brigadier-General in the regular army."

The appointment was given to date from August 1, 1863.

On the 12th of March, 1864, on the promotion of Lieutenant-General GRANT to the command of the United States armies, and General SHERMAN to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, General M'PHERSON was placed in command of the Army and Department of the Tennessee, embracing the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Army Corps.

In SHERMAN'S advance on Atlanta M'PHERSON has conducted some of the most gigantic flank movements of the war. At Powder Spring, near Dallas, he obtained an important victory, driving the enemy and inflicting on him a loss of 2500 killed and wounded. After crossing the Chattahoochee he held the extreme right of SHERMAN'S army at Decatur, and was here killed in the battle of Friday, the 22d. He was shot while riding along his lines, superintending the advance of his skirmish line, by a band of rebel bushwhackers in ambush. Then occurred the most notably disgraceful act which has ever blackened the annals of civilized warfare. Having shot M'PHERSON, the rebels took the body and stripped it of its clothing. Colonel STRONG, however, led a charge and secured the body. Thus the Army of the Tennessee lost its brave commander.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.

GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, whose portrait we give on our first page, and who, according to late advices, was to succeed General M'PHERSON in command of the Army of the Tennessee, is a native of Maine. He entered West Point in the year 1850, was brevetted Second Lieutenant of Ordnance in 1854, and First Lieutenant in 1857, when he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics. This position he held until the beginning of the war, when he became Colonel of the Third Maine Regiment. Many of our readers will remember the march of this regiment in Canada gray uniform through Broadway, June 6, 1861. In the battle of Bull Run HOWARD'S brigade stood side by side with those of WILCOX, FRANKLIN, and SHERMAN in the hottest of the fight. Six weeks afterward he was appointed Brigadier-General, at the same time with MEADE, CASEY, M'COOK, RICHARDSON, MILROY, and LEW WALLACE. In the battle of Chancellorsville HOWARD commanded the Eleventh Corps, having a short time previously been appointed a Major-General. He had been in all the great battles of the Peninsular Campaign, where he had given evidence of unusual talent. At Antietam he took the command of SEDGWICK'S Division after that General had been compelled by two severe wounds to leave the field. But here at Chancellorsville he was placed over men who were not known to him, and his task was a difficult one. It was upon this Eleventh Corps that the weight of STONEWALL JACKSON'S advance fell on the memorable 2d of May, 1863. A German brigade on the right gave way. Division after division broke and fled. HOWARD was left almost alone. He begged his men, and threatened them; but all in vain, the day was lost. At Gettysburg and Chattanooga, and on many other fields, this Corps has retrieved its honor, and compelled admiration. In SHERMAN'S present campaign General HOWARD has played an important part. On the 19th of June he wrested from the enemy an important position, which, in an attempt to retake, the rebels lost nearly a thousand men without gaining their object. General HOWARD has lost his right arm in his country's service. It used to be a joke between him and KEARNEY, who had lost his left arm, that, as a matter of economy, they might purchase their gloves together.

SWEET FACES.

CHILD-FACES round us beaming,
How wonderful they are!
Although so common-seeming,
Yet each a perfect star;
In every crowded city
These new conceits have birth,
And thoughts of God in pity
Are thus express'd on Earth.

When Katie's face I'm viewing,
If she's at work or play,
Whatever she is doing,
She leads my mind away
To where bright birds are winging
Swift flight from tree to tree,
And songs to her are singing,
Or so it seems to me.

There's Rose, a little lady,
Now nearly ten years old,
So quaint and so old-maidy,
So shy, and yet so bold;
In all she says so clever,
In all she does so kind,
And sunlight shines forever
Her gravest looks behind.

There's Annie, always smiling,
I think she can not frown,
That smile is so beguiling,
Oh, could I write it down!
Oh! could I to these pages
The perfect charm impart,
To bind through all the ages
The deathless human heart!

If one sweet face has vanished
That seemed to us divine,
From one delight we're banished,
Yet are not left to pine;
For freely in all places,
As flowers from the sod,
Spring up these childish faces,
So bountiful is God!

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S STORY.

I.

"A NEW scholar, girls, and for our room, too!" It was study-hour in Room A, but as Hallie Parker ran in, breathless with haste, books were pushed aside and study suspended while all discussed the news she brought.

"I saw her in Dr. Esling's office just now."

"But are you sure she is to be a boarder, Hallie?"

"Quite sure, Carry. Her father is with her, at least I presume it is her father, and while Miss Esling was giving me my theme-book, I heard the Professor say to him, 'It was contrary to the general rule of the institution to admit pupils after October, but he would gladly violate the rule in this instance for the sake of having Miss Katharine under his care.' His very words, girls, so you see 'Miss Katharine' must be of considerable importance in the Professor's eyes."

"I wonder who she is? What kind of person is she, Hallie?"

"What kind of person?" Hallie repeated, slowly. "Well, she is just the loveliest creature I have ever seen!"—and she drew a long breath of delight.

"Why, Hallie Parker!" cried Mollie Harris, my left-hand neighbor at the study-table, "do you really mean she is pretty, or are you jesting?"

"Pretty! Not a bit of it, Mollie. She is perfectly beautiful! But you will soon judge for yourselves, for she will certainly be in our room, as she is quite a young lady, and too old for any but Room A."

"Quite a young lady! Horrible!"

Carry Burns, the madcap of the room, sprang to her feet in dismay. Poor Carry had received so many lectures for unladylike conduct that the very name of *young lady* had grown distasteful.

"Quite a young lady, and beautiful besides! What shall we do with the creature? I dare say she will be wanting to rule the room by virtue of her airs and graces. Oh dear! I wish 'Miss Katharine' had staid at home!"

"And so do I," Mollie Harris agreed. "It is really too provoking to have a stranger break in upon our pleasant room-company just as we have got nicely settled for the term. I *wish* she had staid at home!"

And so did we all; but our council was abruptly ended by the sound of coming footsteps.

"Quick, girls, to your places! Miss Esling is coming!"

It was only Bridget on her nightly round with the lights, but our governess soon followed. As the clock struck eight books and maps were exchanged for our work-baskets, and as we resumed our seats Miss Esling said:

"You are to have a new room-mate, girls, as I suppose Hallie has told you. You were in papa's office while Katharine was there, were you not?"

"Yes, ma'am," Hallie replied. "Dr. Esling was talking with the young lady's father about receiving 'Miss Katharine,'" and Hallie threw a comical look across the table.

"Not her father, my dear; the gentleman was her guardian. She is an orphan, doubly so, fatherless and motherless since childhood."

"Do you know her very well, Miss Esling?" Carry ventured to ask, finding our governess so unusually communicative.

"Not at all, Carry, but papa knew her parents, and esteemed them very highly. I think you will find Katharine a very pleasant addition to our little circle."

"She is quite a young lady, Hallie says, Miss Esling." Carry's voice was quite tremulous, and as Miss Esling replied, with her glance turned smilingly on the questioner, that "Katharine was decidedly more of a young lady than some of us," her eyes sought the floor, and her face vibrated between amusement and vexation. Her love of fun got the better of her, however, and she led in the laugh that followed at her expense. The laugh was quickly silenced as the door opened, and Dr. Esling entering, announced,

"Miss Katharine Veighn, young ladies. I bring you your new charge, daughter; I am sure she will not be a troublesome one. Girls, I commend Miss Katharine to your kindness, trusting you will make Room A very pleasant for her."

As our principal withdrew we resumed our seats, and the new-comer advanced to receive the cordial greeting of our governess. I sat nearest to her, and I feared to look up lest I should meet her eye; but the looks and gestures of admiration passing around the table told me that Hallie Parker had for once at least not exaggerated. Presently,

"Phebe, I will assign Katharine to you as a partner. You are the only one not mated, I believe."

As I rose, Miss Esling presented me to her.

"This is Miss Phebe Warner, Katharine. She will show you to your room to lay aside your wrappings."

The young lady's hat and cloak were soon removed, and passing her little white hands carelessly over her dark hair, Katharine announced herself ready to go down.

Once at the table with us, the young stranger strove to enter into our employments. Having no work for her, I applied to Hallie, introducing her, and indeed all the girls, by name. Hallie found a skein of silk, and Katharine held it while the owner wound.

Then, at last, I could look at her.

How beautiful—oh, how beautiful was Katharine Veighn! Tall, slender, graceful in figure, almost faultless in face, with a queenly stateliness of manner, joined with a winning grace a child might have worn, Katharine Veighn was a woman to win admiration, other than that of a few romantic schoolgirls—a woman to be loved and honored as queens are loved and honored—a woman, whom to win, a king might well risk crown and life.

All this I thought as I watched the classic head, with its heavy coils of black hair, bending slightly over the tangled skein; the large dark eyes shining softly beneath their long black lashes; the clear, pale complexion, with its delicate flush as she spoke or smiled; the perfect mouth with its lovely, childlike smile, and its proud curve when at rest. How beautiful beyond words, how stately, how gracious was Katharine Veighn!

The tangled skein—ah, yes! that was how we came to see it. Katharine slipped the skein from her left hand, carefully, so as not to increase the entanglement, and picked patiently at an obstinate knot. Just then, Mollie Harris touched my arm; I looked up and caught, as her hand moved, the fitful sparkle of a superb diamond ring, "on the engagement finger, too," as Mollie whispered in my ear, at the first opportunity. I dreamed of her that night, as a princess throned in purple and ermine, and thought a fair-haired prince knelt to woo her, and placed upon her hand a jeweled ring of betrothal.

Days passed, and weeks; Christmas had come, and we knew little more of Katharine Veighn; little more of her inner self, of her thoughts, her dreams, her secrets. Outwardly her noble character grew before us and upon us every day. We had learned almost at the beginning that our new companion was far beyond us in scholarship. She was richly gifted, and every gift had been cultivated to the utmost. Indeed, I never knew a girl more religiously devoted to self-culture; and I use the adverb advisedly, for in its highest sense self-culture was a part of her religion.

To us she was ever kind, ever gracious, good-tempered, and ready to oblige. During all the months of our living together, in fact, we never but once saw Katharine Veighn angry, and that *once* we never forgot.

Thus we learned to know her and learned to love her as few school-girls are loved by their fellows, but we learned no more. Most of us, girl-fashion, had our little romances more or less earnest, our little heart-secrets, tinging our daily life with that delicious rose-color only found in the balmy air of early youth. Of these Katharine had, or seemed to have, none. To our glowing visions of the future she often listened, adding now and then a touch of her own bright fancy; but of love, lover, or marriage, with respect to herself, she never spoke; and with all her graciousness of manner there was always about her a sort of stately dignity that forbade question.

So we came to think her proud and cold, misjudging her as the world too oft, alas! misjudges her sisters. Even Mollie Harris, with all her talent for weaving the brightest Goblin of fancy out of the veriest cobweb of fact, could build no airy castle for Katharine Veighn.

"I tell you, girls, she is not like other women. She is too proud to love any ordinary man, and there are no heroes nowadays. That ring is a gift from some one else; who knows? perhaps it was her mother's."

One peculiarity of Katharine's was, that she held in utter abhorrence what women know by the name of "fancy-work." No animal myth ever grew beneath her fingers; her taste for colors never reveled in brilliant lamp-mats, watch-cases, or pin-cushions. Her idle hours were given to the making up of hospital clothing for our sick and wounded brothers in the field. This quaint "fancy-work" was matter of surprise and gossip at first; but the young girl's loving loyalty soon won converts, and her heavy flannels and muslins employed many dainty fingers besides her own. And this brings me to tell of the only time we ever saw Katharine really, thoroughly angry.

It was several days before Christmas. The town was thronged with strangers, many of whom went through the school to look at the decorations with which the dear old place is always decked at Christmas-tide. On this evening we were busily employed, some of us in completing our little Christmas gifts, the rest in finishing the last of the hospital clothing for the Christmas-box Katharine had persuaded Room A to fill for "our brave boys" in one of the Washington hospitals. As for her, she was all life this evening; we had never seen her so animated or so beautiful. Our conversation was growing momentarily livelier, when the entrance of Dr. Esling with a party of visitors quieted us, and a sudden silence settled down upon our little group.

Among the party was a young lawyer of the town, an ineffably vain youth, who was an ardent admirer of our "Ice Lady," as Mollie Harris called Katharine Veighn. Now he approached her at once, with his profoundest bow, thinking, doubtless, to seize this golden opportunity to impress her obdurate heart. After a few commonplaces the young gentleman remarked,

"You ladies are very industrious, Miss Veighn. Making gifts, I presume, for the dear friends at home. Ah, how happy must they be to receive gifts from so fair a hand!" Then bending to examine Katharine's work, which she had just laid down, "but what is this, Miss Veighn? Certainly not a Christmas favor."

"No, Mr. Laird, not a Christmas favor but a Christmas debt, abundantly owed, poorly paid. My friends and I, Sir, are preparing hospital stores for our sick and wounded."

"Oh, Miss Veighn, you surprise me! But I presume it is one of Dr. Esling's odd whims."

"Pray, Sir, if I may inquire, how do I surprise you?"

The words were spoken with Katharine Veighn's usual courtesy, but the crimson flush was stealing over her cheek, and the childlike winsomeness was fast vanishing from her lips, leaving only the proud curve in its stead.

"Can you ask, Miss Veighn? Can you wonder that it pains and surprises me to see your delicate hands roughened upon coarse garments for those vulgar wretches in the hospitals yonder? Let *them* clothe them who send them. *You* have no interest in this miserable war, or in the low-born fellows who are fighting in it! *You* are too—"

He paused, in doubt—in dread.

Katharine's tall figure was drawn to its full height, her beautiful, proud face was terrible in its boundless contempt. One hand raised to her swelling throat, as if to keep down the indignation that labored for utterance, she stood for a moment silent, while her eyes surveyed the young gentleman, measuredly, from head to foot. At last, throwing more of scathing scorn into her look and tone than Portia ever did, she said only,

"Heaven made him, so let him pass for a man!" and swept to the other side of the room with the air of an outraged empress. The unhappy exponent of Northern vulgarity stood a moment in doubt, I thought, whether or not to make an attempt at propitiation; but finding that the strangers had gathered around us unnoticed, and had evidently heard the whole colloquy, he hastily withdrew amidst the laughter of the gentlemen, including even the grave Professor.

A tall, fine-looking, elderly man, wearing a military undress, whispered to Dr. Esling, who bowed his consent, and the officer, turning to Katharine, said,

"My dear young lady, accept a soldier's warmest thanks for your very thorough rebuke to the young coxcomb who has just relieved us of his presence. It atones to us, poor fellows, for many of our hardships, to know that the daughters and sisters we leave behind us love the cause we are fighting for. May I have the honor to know your name?"

The girl's countenance was very bright and tender as she replied, "Katharine Veighn, Sir."

His dark face lighting with pleasure, he exclaimed,

"I thought I could not have erred! Miss Veighn, I am Colonel R——, of the —st Pennsylvania. I return to it in a very few days. Have you any message for my regiment?"

His tone was very significant, and Katharine blushed deeply as she faltered,

"Tell them—tell them, Colonel R——, that I—that we—have not forgotten them."

She gave him her hand as she spoke, and they talked for a few minutes in a tone too low for our ears amidst the hum of general conversation.

As the party left Katharine sank into a chair and sat, with listless hands and dreamy face, until aroused by Miss Esling's summons to prepare for retiring.

As my head touched the pillow that memorable night Mollie Harris's arms stole around my neck, and drawing my ear close to her lips she whispered,

"I've got the clew at last, Phebe Warner, and it *is* an engagement ring after all. The happy man is in Colonel R——'s regiment—she is a woman like the rest of us, only a thousand times nobler and better, bless her heart!"

I fell asleep, thinking drowsily of the insatiable curiosity of my sex, and wondering whether Mollie's surmises were right or wrong.

II.

MAY was looking her last upon the blossoms already hastening into the lap of June, when Spring, joining hands with Summer, brought us that dark day at Fair Oaks.

There were sad hearts then in Room A, and of all the saddest was Katharine Veighn's. She moved among us with a white, scared face, starting at every noise, at a strange voice, at the opening of a door, as though she feared to meet a spirit. In a few days, however, her face grew brighter, her manner more composed, she was once more her usual self, and began to cheer our sorrowings over the

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sad disasters to our arms with prophecies of a speedy and glorious retrieving.

One day at noon, as Miss Esling was about laying down her paper, she said, sadly:

"Another long list of killed and wounded, girls. Many of them are Pennsylvanians, too, poor fellows!"

After reading the names she resumed her work, and Carry Burns asked:

"May I call Katharine Veighn, Miss Esling, if you please? I know she would like to see the list."

"Certainly, Carry. You will find her in the music-room yonder, I think," nodding toward a door, standing ajar.

Carry entered, but started back with a wild cry: "Oh, Miss Esling, she is dead!"

In a moment we were in the next room. Katharine was kneeling by the music-stool, her head and outstretched arms fallen forward upon it. Her face was livid, and her hands cold as death.

Silencing our outcries with the assurance "it was only a swoon," our governess dispatched some of us for Dr. Esling and the school-physician; some for water and restoratives. As for me, as Miss Esling held Katharine in her arms, I knelt beside her, chafing and kissing the cold, cold fingers.

At last, after long effort, we won her back to life. The deathlike pallor gave way slowly to living warmth and brightness, as the rich blood awoke from its deep slumber, and presently, with a long, shuddering sigh, she opened her eyes and looked around upon our anxious faces. She tried to rise, but, succeeding, was glad to sink into an arm-chair's shelter.

Miss Esling asked, kindly,

"My dear child, how did this happen? Why did you not call when you first were feeling ill?"

"I could not—I did not know."

The words were fairly gasped, as if with mortal agony, and she covered her face with her hands.

"Are you in pain, Miss Katharine?"

The physician waited a moment, then repeated his question. Rousing herself she looked up into the kind old man's face.

"In no physical pain, thank you, Sir. I think I will go to my room for a little while, however."

All hastened to assist her, but she declined.

"Thank you, Miss Esling, thank you, girls, you are all very kind, but if Phebe will give me her arm I shall get up very nicely."

I sprang to offer it, crying like the rest, for the utter unnaturalness of this meek, sad manner fell upon our hearts with a chilling dread. As we reached the sleeping-hall she stopped and kissed me.

"Thank you, child, I do not need you any longer."

I insisted upon waiting to see her comfortably in bed, but with a negative gesture she passed in and locked the door.

The girls met me at the foot of the staircase with troubled looks; and Carry asked, eagerly:

"Did you notice, as Miss Esling read that list, several names from the —st Pennsylvania? Colonel R——'s regiment, you know. Do you think she could have heard them?"

I could not tell, but I thought—yes.

At tea-time Katharine came down, looking pale and worn, and thenceforth she resumed her school duties as usual. As usual, have I said? Alas, no!—*not* as usual with Katharine Veighn. The heart was gone from her work, the head and the hands went on with their mechanical labor as best they might. Katharine's smiles were faint and rare now, and there was a look in her dark eyes that told of a sorrow too deep for words—too deep even for tears.

The brightness had died out of our school-life, and a sober quiet was setting upon us hitherto undreamed of in Room A. All felt it—none could explain it; we only knew that a deep grief had fallen upon Katharine Veighn and each of us; even the wild Carry strove to make the burden lighter for her. Changes come quickly to school-girls, and all this had occurred within little more than a week after Katharine's illness.

One evening after tea Allie Milner, a lovely child of eight or nine years, entered our room with a message to Miss Esling from the Professor. The little girl had evidently been weeping violently, and as our governess was passing out she asked her kindly.

"What is the matter, Allie? You seem to be in sad trouble."

Struggling to keep back the tears, Allie replied,

"My dear Uncle Alan has been killed by the rebels."

"Poor child!" and the kind-hearted woman sighed as she kissed the little mourner and spoke a few consoling words. "You may stay with the young ladies until bedtime, dear, if you wish. Girls, try to amuse her for a while."

Allie came over to the study-table as Miss Esling left, and talked to us, between her sobs, of her uncle.

"He was so good and handsome, Miss Carry, and such a brave soldier! Mamma's letter says grandma has been very ill ever since they heard he was killed, and that was about a week ago, so maybe grandma's dead too," and her grief burst out afresh.

"What was your uncle's name, dear, and in what regiment was he?"

It was Katharine that asked. She had been poring sadly over a long letter, and I do not think she had heard any thing previously. Aroused by the child's crying, she had turned to listen.

"He was Lieutenant Alan Fielding, of the —st Pennsylvania."

She had hardly ended when Katharine caught her up in her arms and covered the tear-stained little face with eager, passionate kisses. We were amazed—the child more than all; but the younger pupils looked up to Katharine with a sort of bashful idolatry, and Allie forgot her troubles as she threw her arms around the young girl's neck and exclaimed,

"Oh, thank you, Miss Katharine. You are so good! But why do you kiss me so? You never did before. Is it because you love me now?"

"Yes, dear, because I love you now."

Katharine Veighn's face was almost bright again, as she cradled her little figure in her arms, laying her cheek against Allie's, while she lovingly smoothed the golden curls.

"Please hold me so, Miss Katharine, until Miss Esling comes. Sit down in that chair by the window, and rock me, please."

Established to her liking, Allie asked,

"May I tell you about my dear Uncle Alan, Miss Katharine? The wicked rebels have killed him, you know."

"Yes, dear."

Katharine's face was turned away from us; her voice was very low and tremulous.

"He was mamma's youngest brother; and we all loved him so dearly! He was so handsome—almost as beautiful as you are, Miss Katharine, only he had not black hair. His eyes were such a lovely blue, just like the sky up there where it is so clear; and his hair was like mine, in such *pretty* curls!"

Here I noticed the listener press her lips to the bright hair.

"He was always so good and kind to grandma; and she loved him better than any of us. Oh, Miss Katharine, what will she do, I wonder?"

"I can not tell, Allie."

The voice still trembled; the child went on, in her simple way, not waiting for further answer. At last she said suddenly, after a little silence,

"When I was home, last summer, I heard dear grandma say that some day she would have another daughter, because Uncle Alan loved a beautiful lady—loved her, oh, very, very dearly! What will *she* do now?"

Katharine's face was looking out into the deepening twilight, and she made no answer.

"Miss Katharine, what will *she* do now?"

"God knows, darling!"

Now the voice was shaken as with agony hardly controlled, and the child nestled closer upon Katharine's bosom and said no more.

There was a deep hush in the room, but Carry Burns was crying softly near me, and I know there were pitying tears in other eyes than hers.

III.

It was the night of Wednesday, June 25, 1862, the night of grand rehearsal; our Commencement would be on the morrow. The friends or relatives of most of the pupils were in town, and the whole school was in an uproar of preparation and expectancy. As we came up from tea the lights were already gleaming in the church opposite, and Dr. Esling's voice was sounding through the halls, summoning the Rooms to rehearsal. Room A was the last to go over, and we found the platform filled with teachers and pupils, and the body of the church with a stranger audience much larger than desirable for a rehearsal.

It was Katharine's turn to sing. Hearing her name she arose, throwing down the bandage on which she was employed with a weary sigh that went to my heart. I caught her hand.

"What is it, Phebe?"

I did not dare to intrude upon her sorrow, she had not confided in me though I guessed it all, but I *longed* to comfort her; so I drew her down to me and whispered,

"Katharine, remember *God knows?*"

She started violently, and a deep crimson flashed over her pale face as she kissed me, with a scarcely audible

"Thank you, Phebe. I will try to remember."

"Mees Veighn! Mees Veighn! Vy come you not ven I call?"

Madame's voice was raised impatiently, and Katharine withdrew her hand. Upon reaching the piano the flush had all died away, and I noticed, in the full blaze of light, how pale and thin the beautiful face had grown of late.

Her voice was superb and her execution usually faultless, but on this evening she sang in a cold, indifferent way that almost put the excitable German beside herself.

"Mees Veighn! Mees Veighn! I vill not have dis! I tell you I vill not have dis! You vill rueen me—*ja, gänzlich! gänzlich!* You have sing nevare so bad before; now shall you not begin! You shall dis sing dis night, bis dat you it sing parefect—*vollkommen!*"

Katharine looked at Madame with a kind of proud surprise at her violence, and said,

"I can not sing it better, Madame, at least not this evening. I have done my best."

"*Can not! Can not! Ach, lieber Himmel!* Vat mean you mit *can not*, Mees Veighn! I tell you you must dry! you must sing! *Nun, noch einmal*, you must it sing, I say, parefect! *Nun!*"

Katharine sighed wearily but took up the score for one more trial, and Madame's angry fingers dashed through the opening chords, *fortissimo!*

"*Nun!* Vy begin you not, Mees Veighn?"

"Look at Katharine!"

Madame and Carry spoke at once and with almost equal vehemence. I looked. I shall never forget what I saw! I hope it is not irreverent to confess that I know from that what Paul means when he says of Stephen, "And all, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The young girl's countenance was absolutely transfigured, glorified with such an ecstasy of happiness as comes to most of us not once in a lifetime even in our dreams.

Lips apart, bosom heaving, cheeks all aglow, hand raised, as if to keep silence lest the blessed vision should vanish forever, Katharine stood with her head bending slightly forward, her eyes fixed upon the main entrance of the church. Thence Dr. Esling was hurrying toward the platform, accompanied by a young officer in lieutenant's uniform, bearing his sword-arm in a sling. The soldierly bearing, the easy, gentlemanly carriage, the handsome high-bred face, with its Anglo-Saxon perfectness of feature and purity of complexion, the broad, high forehead, with a fresh scar running into its shadowing of golden hair, I noticed all this ere he reached us.

He was upon the platform in a moment, a great joy lighting up his pale, emaciated face.

The crowd of girls parted—he passed between—he stood face to face with Katharine Veighn. He held out his left arm, the uninjured one, and in a moment more it was around her, drawing her closer, closer to the warm living heart she had long thought cold and dead upon the bloody sod of Virginia, and she was weeping away in tears of glad thanksgiving the heavy, heavy burden of weeks of tearless bereavement.

And a little head, bright with its crown of golden curls, was peering through the crowd, and a blithe young voice was crying,

"Oh, Uncle Alan! Uncle Alan!"

THE LUCKY BLUNDER.

"My friend," wrote the ex-Minister Fouquet to La Fontaine, whom he had so often benefited, "you saw me at Vaux when I was at the height of my power. When you read this I shall be buried alive in a dungeon. After depriving me of my property and my liberty, my friends wish to take my head; and the King, deceived by them, will grant it to them, unless the only person who can save me undertakes to establish my innocence. This person is Mdlle. de la Vallière. Give her the letter I send herewith."

"Fouquet in prison! Fouquet on the point of being executed!" sobbed La Fontaine, his sincere friend. "That shall never be. It is impossible; it is a dream."

Then, directly he recovered from his momentary stupefaction, he hastened to Mdme. La Sablière's, where he knew that all the courtiers who were not at Marly with the King would be assembled, and at once, and to the great scandal of all present, began to ask what news had been heard of Fouquet, and whether it was true that his Majesty was disposed to judge him severely.

This was a forbidden subject—so much so, that not only would no one answer the poor warm-hearted poet, but he even found deprecatory glances directed at him from all sides.

"When does the King return from Marly?" asked La Fontaine.

No one knew.

"What will be the fate of poor Fouquet?" he inquired.

No one would say. He asked the ladies, he asked the gentlemen, he applied to those in favor with the King, and to those whom the King detested; but he could obtain no information on a subject which, by common consent, was proscribed. Molière and Mdme. La Sablière were the only persons present who understood and sympathized with the warm-hearted man; but they really knew no more of Fouquet's fate than did La Fontaine himself.

The company had dined and dessert was served. Never had La Fontaine been so dull before, and it must be remembered that poets and writers generally are not tolerable in high society unless they are determined to be amusing. However, as soon as the dessert was put upon the table, La Fontaine coughed, and said gravely to the assembled guests,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a question of the greatest importance to propose to you."

"At last," said the guests. "I thought we should have him at last."

"We are going to have a discussion," said the savans.

"We are going to shine," said the wits.

"We are going to have compliments paid us," said the ladies.

Every one paid the most scrupulous attention to the words of the worthy but hitherto dull La Fontaine.

At last he opened his lips.

"Can any of you tell me," he began, "when his Majesty will return from Marly, and what is the fate of the unfortunate Fouquet?"

The poor man forgot that he had already put those questions ten times to every one present.

Mdme. de la Sablière and Molière exchanged a glance of intelligence and pity, but the rest of the guests preserved the most rigid silence.

Just then two young men burst into a loud laugh.

"By Heavens! gentlemen, this is no laughing matter," thundered out the usually timid and reserved La Fontaine.

The young men were abashed, and answered not a word.

"What a noble man!" said Mdme. de Sablière to Molière. "He is as fine as your Alceste."

"M. Fouquet is accused of all sorts of crimes," continued the fabulist, with renewed courage, "but he is innocent of them all."

A shudder passed through the company. In spite of Molière, who tried to restrain him, the good La Fontaine said again,

"He is innocent; and I tell you so. And I will tell the King the same, and will defend him every where."

"Mad! evidently mad!" muttered one of the courtiers to his intimate friend sitting by his side.

"You were wanting me to recite some verses a little while ago," he went on. "I will recite you some now that I have composed on this very subject of Fouquet and his arrest."

And the poet read aloud his beautiful lines to the "Nymphs of Vaux," in which Fouquet is enthusiastically defended under the name of Oronte.

Mdme. de la Sablière gave the signal for applause, which soon became general. Whatever the company might think of Fouquet's affair, and the prudence of openly defending a disgraced minister, there could be no two opinions as to the beauty of La Fontaine's verses.

Molière at that moment rose and spoke a few words to M. de la Cavoie, the least courtier-like of all the courtiers. It was of him that Louis XIV. once said, on seeing him in earnest conversation with Racine, "There is M. de Cavoie teaching Racine how to be a courtier, and Racine teaching M. de Cavoie how to be a poet. An excellent plan for making a bad poet and a bad courtier."

Nevertheless, M. de Cavoie was able to introduce La Fontaine to the King, and did so as soon as his Majesty returned. The Dauphin recognized the poet at once, and called out his name—a terrible sin against court etiquette. The King frowned at the offender, the Princesses smiled, and La Fontaine fell at his Majesty's feet.

"Yes, Sire, I am La Fontaine," said the fabulist; "the most humble of your Majesty's subjects, and the most unhappy. I have come here to implore your Majesty's justice and clemency for M. Fouquet."

For a fortnight no one had dared to pronounce this name in the presence of the King. A deathlike silence reigned around, but nevertheless La Fontaine continued:

"Pardon my ignorance of Court usages," he said, "and listen only to the dictates of your own generous heart. M. Fouquet has committed no crime. His enemies have dared to accuse him to your Majesty, but he is really innocent."

The King motioned to the guards, and was about to order the unfortunate fabulist into arrest when he saw that he held a paper in his hand. La Fontaine had resolved to offer to his Majesty his "Nymphs of Vaux." He had, in fact, composed it for that very purpose.

"Give me that paper," said the King. "What is it?"

"Some verses, Sire, that I venture to submit to your Majesty," said the fabulist, as he presented the paper.

The King unfolded it; started, frowned, read it from beginning to end, and then, in a voice thick with emotion, said to the petitioner,

"Withdraw. You shall learn M. Fouquet's fate afterward."

Then the King rose from his seat, and it became evident now that he was in a violent passion.

"Ah!" exclaims the fabulist, to himself, "what have I done? I have ruined my benefactor."

At length, however, La Fontaine remembered that he had still the letter for Mdlle. de la Vallière. To her it was not difficult to procure an introduction, for he already knew her and esteemed her, as did every one else who was acquainted with her, for her disinterestedness and her thoroughly good heart.

"She has more influence with the King than any of them," said he to himself. "She will speak to his Majesty, and my poor benefactor will yet be saved."

La Fontaine hastened, then, to Mdlle. de la Vallière, and, taking a folded paper from his pocket, exclaimed, without losing time in any preliminaries,

"A letter, Mademoiselle, from M. Fouquet, now the most unhappy of mankind."

The favorite opened the paper, pale and trembling with emotion, and then began, with a more satisfied look, which at length became a beneficent smile, to read the contents. La Fontaine was in raptures. When she had finished, Mdlle. de la Vallière said, with a look of delight,

"These verses are really charming. You, of course, wish me to present them to his Majesty?"

"Verses, Mademoiselle? No! It is a letter from M. Fouquet."

"Excuse me; but here are the verses, and here is your signature at the end."

La Fontaine was in despair. He had given his verses to Mdlle. de la Vallière! Then he must have given Fouquet's letter—that terrible, compromising letter—to the King!

"Good Heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed the favorite, in a voice of terror, when the poet explained to her what a terrible blunder he had committed.

And out ran La Fontaine, now again in a state of despair, and exclaiming, as he struck his forehead, "I have killed him! I have killed my benefactor!"

On leaving Mdlle. de la Vallière's presence he, in fact, heard that Fouquet had been condemned to death. But he was determined to make one more effort to save him. He rushed to his friend M. de la Cavoie to solicit another presentation, determined to run any risk rather than let his benefactor suffer through his fault.

He explained to M. de la Cavoie how terrible and fatal a blunder he had committed, and was giving way to his grief and his despair, when suddenly an officer of the guard entered and asked whether M. de la Cavoie knew where to find M. de la Fontaine.

"Here I am," cried the poet, as he rose.

"His Majesty wishes to see you," said the officer. "Follow me."

"Pardon me! pardon me, Sire!" cried the poet when he found himself in the King's presence. "Let your vengeance fall on me alone, for I alone am to blame."

"Rise," said the King. "An hour since M. Fouquet was condemned to death."

La Fontaine shuddered with horror.

"But now I revoke the sentence. He will be imprisoned or banished; but his life is spared."

La Fontaine wept with joy.

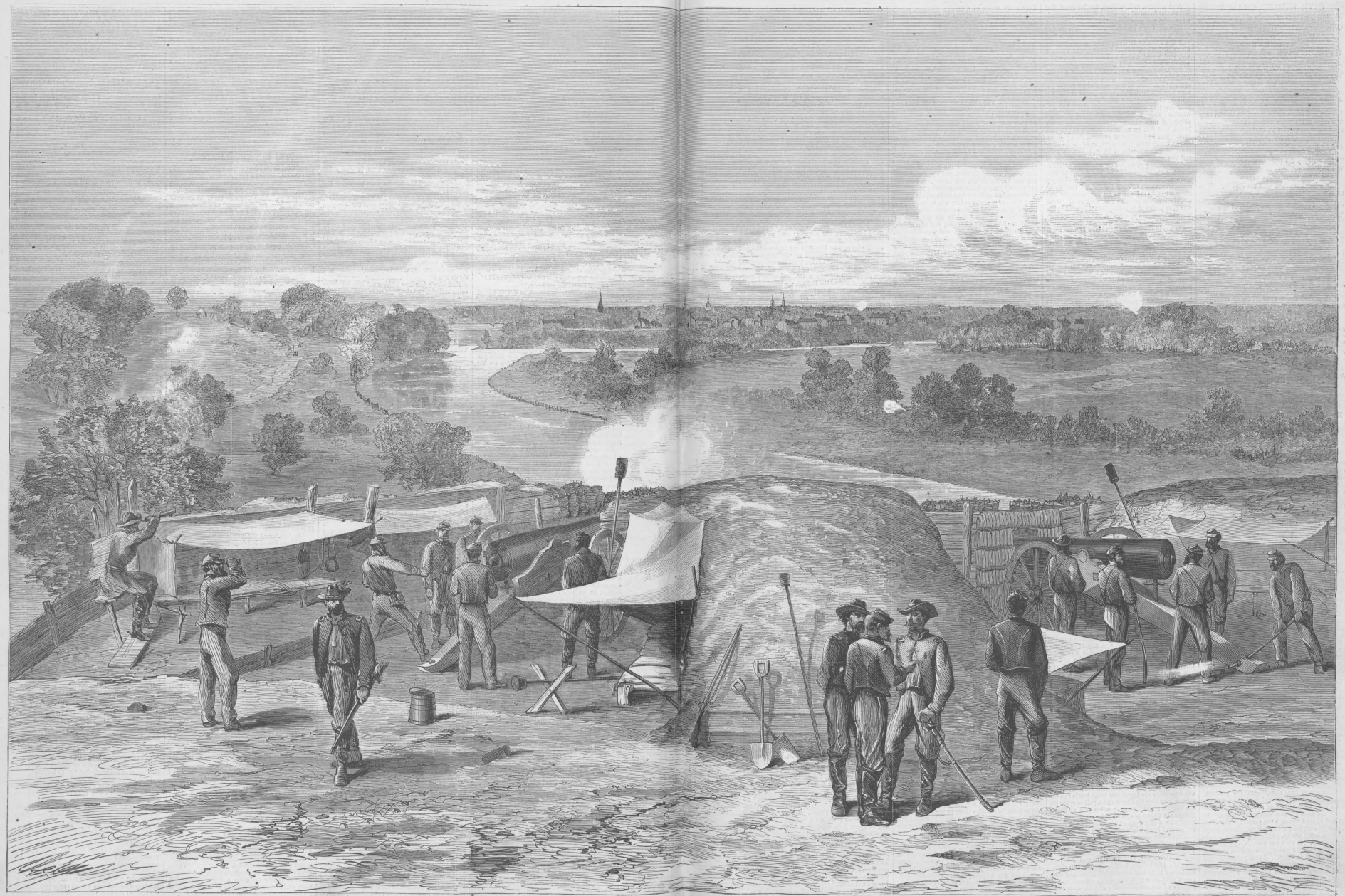
"Sit down at that table," continued the King, "and communicate this news to your friend yourself."

La Fontaine collected all his strength, and wrote two hasty lines to his friend and benefactor to tell him that he was not to die.

The explanation of the mystery was simple enough. Fouquet's enemies had succeeded in persuading the King that Fouquet was his successful rival in the good graces of Mdlle. de la Vallière. Now Fouquet's letter, which had fallen into his hands *by accident*—evidently by accident—contained the following lines, which at once proved how far Fouquet was from being the successful lover of the lady who had now gained entire possession of the heart of the King:

"You alone can save me," said Fouquet, "by telling his Majesty the simple truth. You, who repelled my homage so disdainfully, know better than any one that it was not carried very far, and that I obtained the copy of your portrait by a stratagem.....Pardon me, and you will be the cause of my being pardoned."

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—VIEW OF PETERSBURG FROM CAPTAIN DAVIS'S BATTERY, FIRST CONNECTICUT ARTILLERY.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 517.]

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GIVE HIM NO CHANCE.

BREAK up the road of the prisoner released,
Cover his pathway with shame;
Brand the man so
That he never can know
The wealth of a worthier name.

Open the gates, and tell him to earn
The wage of an honest man's toil;
Then follow him out,
And dog him about—
A CAIN on the breadth of the soil.

Let him doff prison garb—once more let him wear
The dress of his free fellow-men;
Then cut off his chance,
Withstand his advance,
And let him be cursed again.

To his ear keep the promise, that plenty of work
Waits either in country or town;
Then break to the hope—
Bind the man with the rope
Of evil report—hold him down.

"Go, sin no more," said the Master of men—
'Twas a pardon untainted with guile;
And we say the same,
But we think it no blame
To cheat our poor struggler the while.

Day after day he calls out for help,
But finds it all vain to implore;
Help must not come,
Not even a crumb
Is thrown from a righteous world's door.

Not alone shall the stain of his guilty renown
Be fixed on the felon enlarged;
But the brand of his shame
Must be hung on the name
Of his kindred—and they are discharged.

Then the man setteth down with a gnashing of teeth,
And a clenching of hands in the air;
Then returns to the thief,
With a howl of relief,
And a scornful and vengeful despair.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XL.

A DEAD AND GONE FESTIVAL.

WHEN poor little Lily reached the foot of the common staircase she found nobody there but the portress, who was engaged in a more or less amicable discussion with the Auvergnat in a blouse, who, with the assistance of a donkey, a cart, and several cans, was in the habit of bringing round the milk to that particular street. She had just informed the Auvergnat that he was a fichue bête; to which he had responded that she, the portress, was a vieille sorcière, who was born in the time of Pharamond, and had not invented gunpowder. Thereupon Madame la Concierge was about making an assault upon the uncivil milk-seller with her broom; but at this conjuncture the postman fortunately entered the lodge with the early batch of letters, and for ten minutes or so the portress had quite enough to do in examining the superscriptions, peeping between the interstices of the envelopes, and smelling the seals of the missives brought by the Mercury of the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

"Pouah! comme ça pue le musc," she said, nosing one delicate-looking billet. "Pink paper, too, satiné! Allons donc! And a hand like a spider out for a promenade, and all that for the soi-disant vicomte, who has his varnished boots mended, and owes two terms to our proprietor. Ah, ah, my brave, if you don't have warning before another month is over your head my name is not Cornélie Desgraeq. Il pleuvera des congés dans cette maison. Why, how now, ma petite, whither are you bound so early?"

This was to Lily, who had timidly asked for the cordon.

"I am going for a walk—I am going to take a bath."

Lily faltered. It is certain that nobody yet ever did any thing wrong in this world without having to tell one or more falsehoods to commence with. The embryo murderer has to tell a lie about the pistol or dagger, the would-be suicide about the poison he purchases. The ways down which the bad ship *Wickedness* slides to a shoreless ocean must be greased with lies. Lily's criminality was of no very deep dye; yet you see she had been unable to stir a pace in her expedition without telling a fib.

"There you are, then," said the portress, pulling the desired check-string. "Go thy ways, and a bright good-morning to thee. I like that petite ma'mselle," she continued, musing as the girl slipped through the portal; "she gives herself no airs, and, all things considered, is not far from being pretty. Cela a un petit air de rien du tout, qui n'est pas mal. Going to have a bath, was she? Well, it's hot enough. I wouldn't mind one myself if that pot-au-feu did not demand my attention." Good old portress! Since twenty years had she been preoccupied by that same pot-au-feu, perpetually simmering. "Mais dites moi donc un peu, what on earth makes all the girls in our time so very anxious to take baths? Does that scélérat Cupidon keep the baths of La Samaritaine, I should like to know? When I was a girl we were not so fond of bathing."

And Madame la Concierge, having concluded her examination of the postal delivery, proceeded to skim her pot-au-feu.

Lily went out into the great desert: to her quite trackless, and barren of oases. She had cast her skin, as it were. She had done with her old friends, her old habits, the old-new name with which they had invested her. She was now only Lily, and Quite Alone.

Still, though she was solitary among a crowd of thousands, and could not hope, between sunrise and sundown, to light upon one friendly human face she knew; though she was at sea in a frail cock-boat, without mast or rudder or pilot, in a howling ocean, stretching she knew not whither; though she had scarcely the means of obtaining that night's shelter or to-morrow's bread, Lily was on business. She was preoccupied. She had affairs of moment to attend to. There never was, I conceive, any one so idle, short of an idiot, who, if he chose to ask himself the question, could not remember that he had something to do. Lily was quite overburdened with business. She had to get to England: God alone knew how. She was to do something there to earn her living: God alone knew what. Oh! she was a fully-engaged and absorbed young person; but, first of all, there was that locket to be sold. Inexperienced in the ways of the world as she was, she dared not flatter herself that nineteen francs seventeen centimes would take her to London. London! she had scarcely pronounced that word as yet; but it was fully settled in her minor consciousness that she was going to London. Not a Turk in Asia Minor wakes up from his pipe-trance and thinks he should like a tour in Frangistan; not a Lascar coolie ships on board a homeward-bound Indiaman; not a long-tailed vagabond of Shanghai lays in a stock of rice and dried ducks for a voyage across the main; not a Genoese beggar-boy is sold by his padrone to grind the organ to the English heretics, but knows, although he may scarcely have mastered the words to say it, that he shall see London.

The locket! The locket! Lily knew that she was about to do a naughty thing, and, desperately as her mind was made up for the deed, she tried to stave off the evil moment of commission for yet a little time longer. Bishop, who murdered the Italian boy, set him to play with his children half an hour before he slew him. He, too, had made up his mind; but he luxuriated in deferring the thing for thirty minutes. We like to put the consummation of our villainy off. A convict in a penitentiary told me once that he counted seven hundred and fifty, neither more nor less, before he took pen in hand to commit the forgery which sent him to penal servitude for twenty years. I knew a man who repaired to an appointment from which his conscience told him sin would follow. As he was biding tryst a flash of remorse came over him, and turning a piece of money in his pocket he vowed that if, when he drew it out, head should be uppermost, he would abandon his intent, and go away before the victim came. He drew forth the money, and head was uppermost;—whereupon the man broke his vow and kept his tryst to the bitter end. The flash of remorse had died away.

So, when Lily knew well that the locket must be sold, her poor little trembling spirit was casting about on every side for a respite, were it even of the briefest, from the inevitable act. She must be quick about it. She knew that; for discovery and pursuit, although not probable, were just barely possible. But oh! for another minute, another half hour, before she would be forced to confess her unworthiness in her own eyes. Fortuitously, the bright morning air reminded her that she was hungry; and she remembered that she had had no breakfast. Where was such a meal to be obtained? She had walked as yet up one street and down another, not purposeless, but irresolute, and still staving off the evil time. She saw plenty of cafés around her: splendid cafés, all gilding and plate-glass; second-rate cafés; tenth-rate cafés, smelling of smoke, dirty, and generally ill favored. The large men with beards who were visible in most of these cafés as she peeped through the glazed doors frightened Lily. There was one specially alarming creature in a fluffy white hat, a great glass screwed into one eye, a twisted chin-tuft like a colossal comma: who, with his hands stuck in the pockets of a pair of tartan trowsers so wide at the waist and so narrow at the ankles that they looked like two jars of Scotch snuff, was standing, smoking, on the steps of a coffee-house in the Rue Montmartre. He greeted Lily with a hideous leer as she passed him, sticking his arms akimbo, and humming something about "La Faridondaine." She blushed and quivered as she hurried away. Oh! she must make haste to get to England. A vague intuition told her that Paris was a very wicked place, and that she was but a lamb in the midst of five hundred thousand wolves.

She saw at last a humble little shop in whose windows were displayed two large bowls full of milk, with a sky-blue basis and a yellow scum on the surface; sundry eggs; a bouquet of faded flowers; a siphon of eau de Seltz; a flap of raw meat with a causeway of bone running through it; several huge white coffee-cups and saucers; and the *Siècle* newspaper of the week before last. From sundry little blue bannerols bearing inscriptions in white letters, Lily learned that this was a Crémerie; that its sign was Au bon Marché; that bifteks, bouillon, coffee, and chocolate were to be had there at all hours, and that meals were even portés en ville—carried to the patrons of the establishment at their own residences. Furthermore, there was a tariff of prices which assured Lily as to the capacity of her purse to endure the charges of such a very modest little breakfast as she needed.

She entered the Cheap Creamery, and making known her wants to a brawny Norman wench with big gold ear-rings, who had a hoarse voice, the possession of which a corporal in the Chasseurs d'Afrique would not have disdained, and who, when she was called did not answer "Voilà!" after the fashion of waiters generally, but thundered forth, "Vous y êtes!" Murmuring her brief commands to this formidable servitor, Lily was presently supplied with a big white bowlful of chocolate, and a large piece of bread, the which (the whole costing but eight sous) made no very serious inroad on her stock of ready money.

The place was full of working people; the men in blouses, the women and girls in neat white caps or kerchiefs tied round their heads, who were as kindly and courteous in their demeanor as, in the course of many years' wandering up and down the earth, I have generally found working people to be;—in every country save one. That one is not England; but they speak the English language in that one. Lily's opposite neighbors passed the bonjour to her, and helped her to the milk and the sugar without her having to ask for those articles; and one comely little grisette even offered her a share of the poached eggs she had ordered. A gentleman who sat opposite to her, who apparently belonged to the baking trade—who wore a monstrous-brimmed felt hat like an umbrella of which the handle had impaled him and the cupola flattened on his head, and who was powdered from head to foot with flour profusely, but was beautifully clean to look at—reached over to Lily when he had finished his repast, and handed her a copy of that day's *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

"It does not belong to the establishment, mademoiselle," he said. "Their newspapers here are as stale as their bread. You can keep it as long as you like, and give it to the poor when you have done with it. For, if the *Gazette des Tribunaux* doesn't concern the poor, I don't know what does. I have the honor, mademoiselle, to wish you a very good morning."

With which mild witticism the baker bowed, touched the brim of the monstrous hat—he could not for the life of him get it off—and took his departure. He repaired to an adjacent salon de toilette to be shaved, and, if he could only have got that hat off, he would probably, it being a jour de fête, have had his hair curled.

Lily was not frightened at the baker, although he was at least two inches taller than the man in the fluffy white hat who had leered at her in the Rue Montmartre. She was too sick at heart to smile when he offered her the paper; but she murmured out her thanks, and, persuading herself that it was still very early, and, eager to stave off her business yet for a few minutes longer, she began to read the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

She had never set eyes on that famous journal before, and its contents, at first, absolutely horrified her. How wicked every body in Paris must be to be sure! The eight pages of ill-printed matter were crimson with crimes. One-half of the world seemed to be prisoners; and the other half, judges, gens d'armes, and executioners. Here was a viscount in the Charente-Inférieure who had poisoned his mother-in-law. A soldier in the garrison of Oran had struck his commanding officer, and was to be shot by sentence of court-martial. Dreadful vol avec effraction in the Avenue de Bondy! Sad case of juvenile depravity at Valery-sur-Somme! Awful conflagration at Brives-la-Gaillarde! Murder of three children by their mother at Noisy-le-Sec! An infant devoured by a wolf at Vitry-le-Français! Six men drowned at Meaux-en-Brie! An old gentleman aged eighty run over on the Boulevard Beaumarchais and killed on the spot! Inundations, ravages of small-pox, poisonings of whole families through eating ragout of mutton with mushrooms, steamboat explosions, breaking down of suspension-bridges all over the country! The news from abroad seemed as terrific as the domestic intelligence. They were hanging right and left in England. Every body in Russia, who had not had the knout, appeared to be on his way to Siberia. The sufferings of the Poles were fearful. The garrote was as busy as a bee in Spain; a new guillotine had just been imported to the island of Sardinia; three Chinese mandarins, and wearers of the blue button, had been chopped into ten thousand pieces by order of the Emperor of China, while their wives had been glued between two-inch boards and sawed in halves longitudinally. Lily did not know that, when the editor of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* was short of foreign intelligence, he invented, or served up afresh so much of old news as would suit his purpose, or the somewhat blasé appetite of his readers.

She was about laying down the sheet over which, in mingled horror and uneasy curiosity, she had spent some twenty minutes, when a paragraph at the foot of the Chronique, or collection of minor Parisian notes, caught her eye. It ran thus:

"UN ANGLAIS À LA MORGUE. The identity of the body found days since in the Filet de St. Cloud, and in due course transferred to the Morgue, has been established. Affirmation has been made before the commissary of police of the section of the Hôtel-Dieu, by the Sieur Jean Baptiste Constant, native of Berne (Suisse), proprietor, domiciled at Paris, that the corpse is that of Sir Francis Blunt, Esquire, gentilhomme Anglais, to whose person he was formerly attached in the capacity of valet-de-chambre. This statement has been confirmed by the evidence of the Sieur Rataplan, restaurateur, of the quarter of the Madeleine; and papers found in the vestments of the defunct place the truth of their story beyond a doubt. What could have led Sir Blunt to this desperate act—a deliberate suicide being inferred by the authorities—is uncertain; but it appears that he was known as a constant frequenter of the Salons Erascati, and losses at the gaming-table may have been the primary cause of this sad catastrophe (triste événement). Milord Blunt had formerly been rich to millions, but of late had become much reduced in circumstances. With touching solicitude M. Jean Baptiste Constant has charged himself with the interment of the remains (dépouilles mortelles) of this unfortunate son of Albion."

Lily read this paragraph through, read it again and again, and fell into a dream. The names recorded were unfamiliar to her. She knew nothing of proprietors who were natives of Berne in Switzerland and were domiciled at Paris, of restaurateurs who lived in the quarter of the Madeleine. Sir Francis Blunt, with that thundering addition of "esquire," who was he? And yet—Jean Baptiste Constant, Rataplan, Blunt—Rataplan, Blunt, Constant—had she or had she not ever heard those names before? She passed all the simple and sorry incidents in her life in review before her. She strove to remember every place where she had been, every one whom she had known—there were the Bunnycastles: the three sisters, the old lady, with her sentimental wool-gathering talk, the servants, the discreet apothecary, her prattling, ever complaining school-mates. Then up came a vision of a gentleman in a cloak, who had spoken to her lazily, but sharply; and a vision of another gentleman, with a glossy black whisker on his cheek, who had held her in his arms not unkindly. Again started up the image of the fierce and imperious lady, with her temper, her stampings, her frettings, and her scoldings. To her succeeded Cutwig & Co., the cheery foreman, the demure Miss Eldred, the large-mouthed clerk who grinned and ate apples. Was it at the Greenwich dinner she had heard the name of Blunt, or on board the steamer, when the gentleman with the heavy whiskers and the gold-laced cap had given her chocolate? Was the sickly gentleman in the carriage on deck named Blunt? Had Rataplan's name ever been pronounced at the Pension Marcassin? Did Marygold ever speak of a certain Constant? J. B. Constant—Jean Baptiste Constant—the name, the initials, kept ringing in the ears of her mind. But it was all a dream, and would yield nothing tangible. So soon as, for an instant, she thought she had gotten hold of a form and a substance, they slid away from her as though she had been walking on glass, and all was impalpable. As sometimes in a strain of music, and sometimes in a sigh of the wind, and sometimes in a word, forgotten so soon as it was uttered, if uttered indeed it were, Lily fancied that she remembered something—she knew not what, she knew not when, she knew not how; and then the fancied reminiscence faded away into nothingness and a perplexing blank, in which memory had no place.

Very sadly she rose, folding up, she could scarcely tell why, the copy of the paper, and placing it in her pocket. The dream might come back again, she tried to think, and tell her something more definite. At present she was bound to go on her business. That dreadful locket! Yes; the evil time might be no longer staved off. So she walked down to the quays that were about the Pont Neuf. It was a wonder she did not meet little Amanda on *her* morning walk, or Monsieur Philibert meditating on the grand doings the Pompes Funèbres would have when the corpse of the Emperor came home.

There were plenty of goldsmiths' shops on the Quai, plenty expressing on their signs quite a delirious eagerness to purchase gold, silver, and diamonds at their utmost value. Lily entered the first shop on her way. The gentleman who kept it appeared to deal in all kinds of rags and bones, so to speak, of the precious metals. His counter was heaped with frayed and tarnished epaulets; with coils of torn and shabby gold and silver lace; with coat-collars, coat-pockets and lappels, decorated with faded embroidery, and ruthlessly torn from their parent garments; with sword-knots, and satchels, and tassels, and bridal veils with silver spangles, and broken tea-pots, and mugs crumpled up as though they had been made of paper, and flute-mountings, and the tops of meerschaum pipes, and the lozenge plates from cigar cases, and the bosses and mouldings from cartouche-boxes, and the stoppers of bottles from dressing-cases; any thing you please to mention in the way of gold and silver. In front of the counter was a stout wire grating reaching to the ceiling, and in front of the grating was the dealer in the precious metals himself. He was smoking a half-penny cigar, and, with the assistance of a pair of tweezers, was holding some loose pearls, which he took from a sheet of letter-paper, up to the light. He was a dealer with a very shock head of red hair, and had a very white pasty face, and very weak watery eyes, and very full, luscious-looking pink lips, and was a Jew.

"I won't buy any thing this morning," he cried, as Lily hesitatingly entered the shop. "That scoundrel Pifflard. He pretends to go to the Orkney Islands for pearls. There's not one of them here worth five francs, ma parole d'honneur."

Lily, wincing under this rebuff, was about to withdraw, when he called her back.

"Stop! What is it? What have you got? The defroque of a marshal of France, or the sceptre of Charlemagne? I'll buy any thing for the sake of your eyes. I love eyes. I wish I could sell them."

He was such a florid dealer, and such a voluble dealer, and, withal, such a very hungry not to say rapacious-looking dealer, that Lily was more than half alarmed at the manner in which he accosted her. However, there was no help for it now. She nerved herself to a strong

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effort, and produced the ill-fated locket. She had previously taken out the hair of the Martyr King, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and put it carefully away in her bosom. At least she would not sell *that*, she thought.

"And what might you want for this little bit of a toy?" asked the dealer, turning over the locket, as he spoke, with much contempt.

"A hundred francs," answered Lily, at a guess. "You see, Sir, there are diamonds outside."

"I know, I know," retorted the dealer, who with avid eyes had taken stock of the whole. "Diamonds! Do you call these little pins' heads diamonds? They're nothing but beads: mere children's playthings. Come: I'll be liberal. I'll give you fifty francs."

Unused to bargaining in any shape, and perfect novice as she was in the marketable value of the precious metals, Lily could not but be conscious that an attempt was being made to swindle her. She humbly represented that the locket must be worth considerably more even than the price she had put upon it, and that fifty francs was really a sum that she could not think of accepting.

"Where's the hair?" cried the dealer, suddenly opening the locket and then shutting it with a sharp snap. "Where's the miniature of General Foy, or the tomb of Héloïse and Abelard, or the hair of your well-beloved, that ought to be inside?"

Lily replied that she had removed that which had been inside the locket. It was a relic, and she did not intend to sell it.

"Then I won't buy it at all," snarled the dealer, tossing the locket toward her. "Take back your trumpery. I don't buy empty lockets. Nobody likes to buy 'em; and to break up, it isn't worth a louis."

"Oh, Sir—" Lily began to plead, as well as she could for the tears that were rising.

"Take it away. I think you stole it. I got into trouble last time about an empty locket. It belonged to a countess in the Faubourg St. Germain, and her chambermaid had robbed her of it. They menaced me with the commissary. Me! Israel Sarpajou! Get out of the shop, or I'll call the guard."

The meaning of all which was, that M. Israel Sarpajou had been somewhat disappointed that morning in the quality of some loose pearls in which he had invested capital; and, not caring to lay out any more ready money just then, thought he could indulge in a little cheap luxury by baiting a girl whom he knew to be poor, and guessed to be friendless.

Indignant, and yet alarmed, Lily was hastily leaving the shop of the ill-conditioned dealer, when, in his vapid slobbering voice, he called out,

"Come back, little one. Give me a kiss and you shall have seventy-five francs for your locket." But Lily staid to hear no more, and hurried away as fast as ever she could.

She went into one gold and silver dealer's shop after another; but, through a kind of fatality, as it seemed, no one would give her any thing like a remunerative price for the trinket. One overflowing philanthropist, who was a Christian, offered her twenty-five francs for it; another, who was a wag, advised her to make it up with her young man, and then she would no longer desire to sell the locket which contained his beautiful black hair—ses beaux cheveux noirs. A third was more practical. He was an optician as well as a goldsmith, and wore himself such large polygonal blue goggles as to look like a walking light-house. He told Lily that her locket was worth, at the very least, two or three hundred francs—not to melt, but as a work of art—and advised her, instead of selling it, to take it to the nearest bureau of the Mont de Piété, where they would lend her half its value.

This benevolent counselor gave her, besides, the address of a commissary priseur—one Monsieur Gallifret, who lived in the Rue Montorgueil. Thither did Lily repair with quickening steps; and very seldom, I will venture to surmise, was the first visit to a pawnbroker's paid so blithely.

Monsieur's office was up a narrow filthy passage, and three pair of stairs. There was a traiteur's on the first floor, and a preparatory school on the second; and the mingled odors of soup, scholars, and the bundles of wearing apparel in the pawnbroker's store-closets, were decidedly powerful, but far from pleasant. Monsieur Gallifret was not at home; but his wife was—a snuffy old woman with a red kerchief.

"A hundred francs," said Madame Gallifret, when she had examined the locket.

Lily bowed her head, meaning the gesture as a sign of acquiescence.

"Cent francs, ni plus, ni moins. Do you take it? Est-elle sourde-muette, la petite? Speak out."

"I will take it."

"Bon; what is your name?" went on Madame Gallifret, opening a large thin ledger.

"Lily Floris."

"Drôle de nom! Your profession?"

"Couturière." Oh, Lily, how fast one learns to lie!

"Domicile?"

"A hundred and twelve, Boulevard Poissonnière." She was making rapid progress in mendacity; but that locket had to be got rid of.

"Where is your passport?"

"My passport, madame?"

"Yes, your passport, your papers. Don't I speak distinctly?"

"I have none."

"Bien fâchée, then, but we can have nothing to do with you. No business is transacted in this office save with persons provided with papers perfectly en règle."

And once more Lily went forth into the street: the locket still unsold, and even unpawned.

WON AT LAST.

THE wedding ceremony was just over.

Through the arches of Trinity the tumultuous sweetness of the organ rolled in billows of sound, while the tinted splendors of stained glass casements streamed like shivered rainbows across the path of the bridal cortége. And Karl Chesney, looking down at the fair face shrined in a silver mist of tulle and jasmine blossoms, felt his strong heart thrill within him with a new-born happiness.

"My wife—my darling!"

Was it but a sickly fancy, or did the rose-leaf hand shrink away from his arm as he pressed it closer to his heart? Surely she loved him, this little wild flower he had transplanted from the wilderness to his palace home—there could be no doubt about *that*. Yet the mere possibility that for an instant flashed across his mind seemed to curdle the warm currents of life around his heart.

"Does not she look like a freshly-gathered rose-bud?"

There was a momentary stoppage in the crowded vestibule, and Karl Chesney heard the low-spoken words from one of the bridemaids beyond.

"Yes; I was afraid the sleepless night and all those tears would spoil her beauty."

"Did she weep much?"

"Poor thing! if you could only have seen her sobbing on my shoulder after the wreath and veil were on. She don't love him—she can't, poor child! Just consider how brief the acquaintance has been."

"That is true," acquiesced the bridemaid.

"But then it was such a splendid match, and her mother insisted on it. She would never have married him, though, if it were not for the fact that his regiment marches to-day. He will be away some time, and in fact who knows what may happen before he returns? In any event time will reconcile her to the marriage."

The words had been spoken in a whisper, but every syllable fell on Karl Chesney's ear as distinctly as if pealed through a trumpet's brazen throat—fell like fiery rain on the upspringing blossoms of his heart.

So he had been blinded, trifled with, deceived. A bright, brief dream! But he was rudely waked at last with a pang than which death would have been sweeter far. It was well that he was so soon to leave the young wife who detested him; and the dangerous fire blazed into his eyes as he thought of the words he had just heard—"Who knew what might happen before he returned?"

"Good-by, Cecile!"

He touched his cold lips to the fair forehead overhung with radiant ripples of gold hair, and held for an instant the soft hand in his own. How lovely she was! how innocent! A bride, yet a widow; a wife, and no wife!

For Karl Chesney had sworn within his inmost mind a solemn oath that he would never return to claim an unloving heart. And Cecile looked shyly up into the dark, stern face, and wondered if it was wrong to be glad that her husband was going off to the wars within an hour of his bridal. Poor child! she was not so much to blame after all.

So Captain Chesney left his beautiful wife. If all our soldiers carry such reckless desperation, such sick hearts, into the tumult and carnage of the battle-field, it is no wonder that they fight with the fierce abandon that makes a world stand by in awed wonder.

"There, I thought how it would be. Allen is down. What on earth possessed the General to send *him* of all other men!"

Colonel Playfair spoke the short, fierce words between his set teeth, as he sat on horseback, grimly surveying the confused field through his glass. Karl Chesney struck his spurs into his horse's flanks and rode up alongside with a curious gleam in his eye.

"Who is to take his place, Colonel?"

"Whose? Allen's? Nobody that cares a fig for his life. I tell you, man, any one that rides beyond the hill rides into the jaws of death."

"Nevertheless, the orders must be carried. You have a duplicate; give it to me."

Colonel Playfair dropped his glass and stared blankly at Chesney.

"Man! are you tired of your life that you would throw it away from you?" he asked, hoarsely.

Karl Chesney snatched the paper from Playfair's hand and spurred his horse furiously on, while a strange exultation curved his lip into something like a smile.

"There goes the bravest fellow on the staff!" ejaculated Playfair, clenching his hand over the sword-hilt. "Struck from his horse! I knew it—I warned him! Poor Chesney! and he was married only the day we marched! Oh, my God! how much longer is this massacre to last before retreating orders come?"

At that instant a young aid-de-camp galloped up with a whispered message. Playfair turned sharply on him.

"At last! Well, it is not my business to criticise. Tell the General that Frank Allen and Chesney are gone, and I don't much care what else happens!"

It was a heavy heart that throbbed behind the blunt old man's battle-tarnished uniform as he rode slowly at the side of his decimated regiment that night—a heavy heart and a sore, for he had liked the two brave boys that were down.

"Where am I? what are you doing to me?"

The red stream of lantern-light seemed to burn across Karl Chesney's eyeballs like molten fire, as it revealed the swarthy faces bending above him.

"Turn him over, Benson—gently, gently! Now a long strip of bandaging and a tuft of lint. I wonder how long it will be before the ambulances are here?"

The surgeon spoke indistinctly with a sharp steel instrument between his teeth. Chesney snatched his arm from the kindly touch, and tore the bloody bandages away.

"Leave me alone! why can not you let me die in peace? I *was* dying."

"Hallo!" ejaculated the Confederate surgeon. "Here's a new aspect of things! Steady, my lad! it isn't my business to let people die if I can help it."

"Then go to some one that needs you."

"I am of opinion that *you* need me," said the surgeon, coolly striking the revolver from Chesney's hand. "We don't require that little instrument, and it is not exactly grateful to point it at my head. Tie his hands, Benson! I see we shall have to do him good against his will."

"Ain't he game!" ejaculated the admiring cadet. "Wants to die, just because the Yankees have got the worst of the little skirmish. I say, doctor, it's all I can do to hold him."

"Why do you torture me back into life? I tell you I have no desire to live."

"For several reasons," said the surgeon, quietly. "One is, that I don't choose to have you Yankees say that you don't receive proper attention within our lines. Another is, were you aware that this cut across your upper lip is likely to prove rather an awkward affair for your beauty? Did you ever wear a mustache? because you'll have to now. A curious zigzag scar; I should think it might change the whole expression of your face. There! are you easy now? Benson, lend a hand here and help lift him into the ambulance. My boy," he added, in a lower tone, as he softly laid the wounded man's head on the cushions, "I have a son about your age in the ranks; I have done for you what I would fain have some charitable soul do for him, were he in your place; and I say to you what I would say to him, don't forget that you have no right to throw away the life God gave you!"

So the Confederate surgeon went on his way.

"What a delicious breeze there is from the Atlantic to-night!"

Harper Talboys was sitting on the long hotel piazza at Newport, smoking an evening cigar with the dark-faced fellow-traveler who had come in the same steamer with him from Cuba. Mr. Streighton did not reply, but then he was not a man that talked much at any time, and Talboys was used to his grave taciturnity.

"Lots of people here, Jenkins tells me, and pretty girls enough to drive a fellow distracted. But the belle of the season is a young widow, Mrs. Chesney."

"Chesney did you say?"

"Ay, the widow of an officer who fell in that unfortunate affair at ——, a year ago. A beauty and an heiress—now there's a fine chance for you and me, Streighton. I just saw her at the dinner-table, and—I'll be hanged if here she don't come now on horseback! See what a sensation she makes among those young fellows on the steps! By Jove, what a beauty!"

Streighton rose deliberately up and walked forward a step or two, leaning back against a column of the piazza to get a good view of the reigning beauty.

Like a shower of gold the fair curls floated away from under the black plumes of her riding-hat, while the liquid blue eyes sparkled with healthful exercise, and the color on her cheek was deep and soft as the velvet petal of a pomegranate blossom as she rode up to the hotel steps in the carmine glow of the August twilight.

"Who is that dark gentleman on the piazza?" she asked, looking rather earnestly at the stranger.

"A new-comer, I believe," replied her cavalier. "Streighton, I think his name is, from Cuba. Take care, Mrs. Chesney: it is never safe to drop your reins like that, and Selim is inclined to be a little gay."

The words were yet trembling on his tongue when Selim gave a forward spring. Cecile caught at the reins; but it was too late, and the next moment the horse was checked with a firm hand like iron, and she was lifted from the saddle by the dark stranger.

As he bowed and turned away she laid her hand timidly on his arm.

"May I not know whom I am to thank?"

"Mr. Streighton has had the pleasure of being useful to you, madam."

Cecile was used to the adulation of the male sex; but there was something in that olive face, with its dark, melancholy eyes and heavy mustache, that made her breath come quicker and brought the roses back to her blanched cheek.

All that evening Streighton watched her bright, innocent vivacity with grave, dreamy eyes—watched her girlish happiness and unconscious beauty, while his heart ached with unspoken pain.

"She cares little enough for the husband who fell in battle," he pondered. "I wonder if I could make her care for Charles Streighton. It is worth the trial. I love her in spite of every thing, and in spite of every thing she *shall* love me!"

Those were bright days at the sea-side—days of golden air and blue quivering sunlight, with silver shimmers on the snowy beach and pulses of liquid music rolling up against the rocky battlements beyond; bright days, but they came to an end, like all bright things.

"Going to-morrow, Mr. Streighton?"

Her lip quivered in spite of her resolute effort at self-control, and he could feel the tremble of the little hand that lay on his arm.

"Yes."

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

They were alone in the moonlight shadows of the garden, while the merry music of viol and flute streamed from the brilliant windows of the house beyond, and died away in delicious cadences among the moving leaves.

"Do you care, Cecile?"

"Do I care, Charles?" she said, reproachfully.

"Oh, Cecile!" he exclaimed, turning to her with an almost passionate intensity of fervor, "is it possible that you have learned to love me at last?"

"At last?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Tell me, love," he went on, "could you feel for me what a wife should feel for her husband? Do you love me in very truth, Cecile?"

He trembled now—she saw the quiver that ran through his whole frame.

"Are you mine, Cecile? mine in heart and soul? Love, do not deceive yourself or me, tell me the truth."

"She put her hand on his shoulder and looked frankly and lovingly into his white, agonized face.

"Yours, dearest! yours forever!"

He drew her close, close to his breast with a strong, convulsive sob.

"Oh, my wife, my darling! did no warning impulse tell you that it was your husband who sought the priceless gift of your affection? Oh, Cecile! my blue-eyed dove, I have won your heart at last!"

So Cecile Chesney had two wedding days—one for her hand, the other for her heart.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY is an interesting book like a toper's nose?—Because it is read to the very end.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee but a poor Christian.

NICE DISTINCTION.—"I sells peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a candy shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want comfits you must come week days. They're secular commodities."

"Pa, do storms ever make malt liquors?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Because I heard ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes, for a storm was brewing."

Wanted to know the exact length of a rope used when a man is "tied to time."

At a recent exhibition of some dissolving views in Lincolnshire an arrangement was made with the musicians in attendance to play appropriate music for the scenes represented. The order of the music was arranged according to the order of the views; but by some means or other the latter were transposed. On arriving by the programme to the disarranged scene the music proceeded in the order assigned, and played "Home, Sweet Home," while upon the illuminated canvas glowed a distinct representation of the *Model Prison* at Pentonville.

An Irish lawyer, of the Temple, going to lunch, left his direction in the key-hole: "Gone to the Edinburgh Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you."

Carlyle says that each man carries under his coat a "private theatre," whereon is acted a greater drama than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

In the gardens of a certain nobleman's country-house there happened to be fixed up at different spots painted boards with this request: "Please not to pluck the flowers without leave!" Some wag got a paint-brush and added an "s" to the last word!

If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?—If 7 days make one week, how many will make one strong?—If 5½ yards make a pole, how many will make a Turk?—If 3 miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy?—If 4 quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?

PICTURESQUE.—It is indeed a pretty sight in the country to see a landed proprietor standing under his own ash smoking a cigar.

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon."

In the course of a conversation or disquisition on Satan, Archbishop Whately once startled his listeners by asking, "If the devil lost his tail, where should he go to find a new one?" and without giving much time for reflection, replied, "To a gin palace, for bad spirits are retailed there."

The sea is of the Quaker persuasion; it has a broad brim.

A country girl, coming from the field, told by her poetic cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said, "Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out!"

Old Cranky says, if any man thinks rebellion a nice thing let him get married.

Why are cobblers eligible for medical diplomas?—Because they're all skilled in the art of heeling.

A man bought a horse on condition that he should pay half down and be in debt for the remainder. A short time after, the seller demanding payment of the balance, the other answered, "No; it was agreed that I should be in your debt for the remainder; how can that be if I pay it?"

Some merchants went to an Eastern sovereign, and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The king admired them, and bought them; he, moreover, gave the merchants a lac of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive manner, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked why. He replied, "Because you intrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back." "Ay, but suppose they should come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

A juryman, kept several days at his own expense, sent a friend to the judge to complain that he had been paid nothing for his attendance. "Oh, tell him," said the witty judge, "that if ever he should have to go before a jury himself he will get one for nothing."

A thin old man, with a rag-bag in his hand, was picking up a number of small pieces of whalebone which lay on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice; "but I 'spect some unfortunate female was *wrecked* hereabout somewhere."

A good instance of absence of mind was an editor quoting from a rival paper one of his own articles, and heading it "Wretched Attempt at Wit."

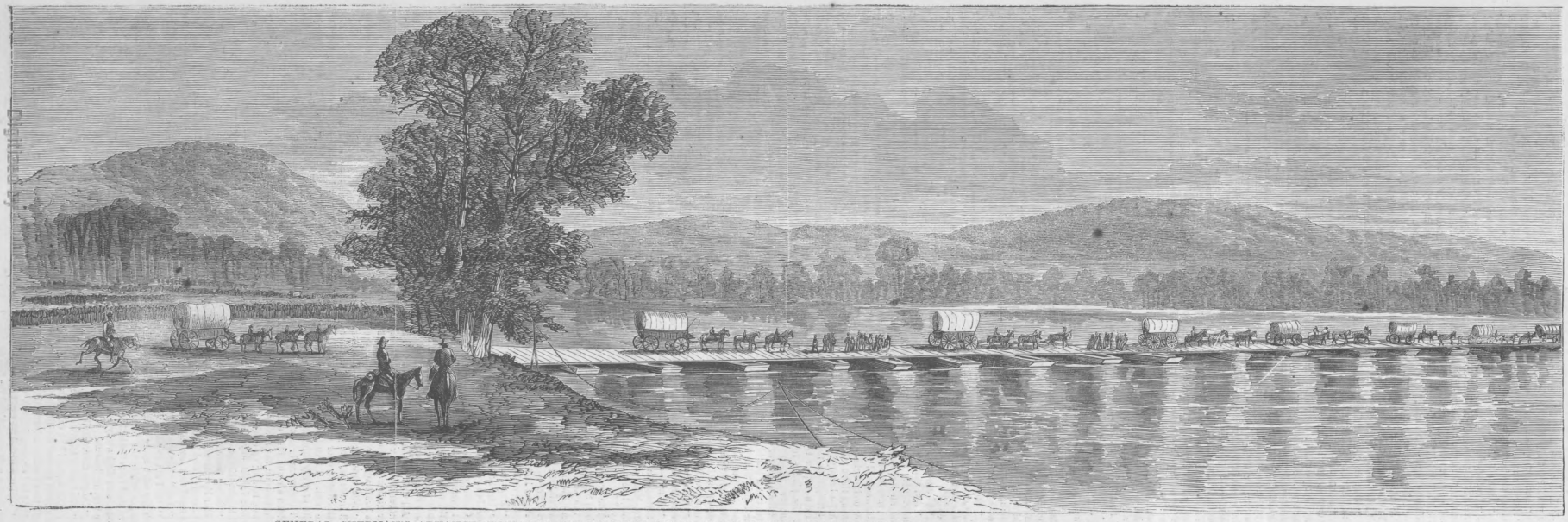
"Why, Mr. B——," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so very small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies—not easily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

Jerrold said to an ardent young gentleman who burned with a desire to see himself in print, "Be advised by me, young man: don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

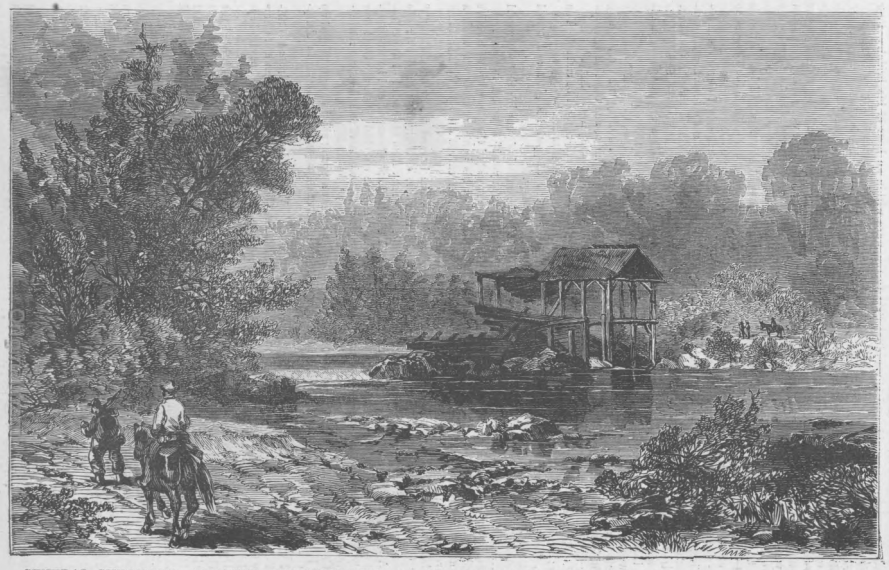
What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

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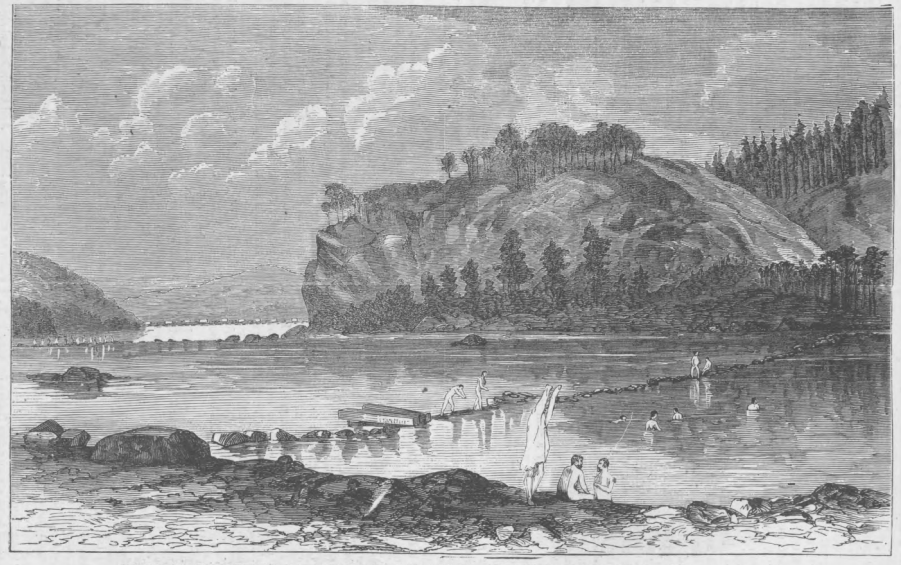
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GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—HOWARD'S (FOURTEENTH) CORPS CROSSING THE CHATTAHOOCHEE, JULY 12, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

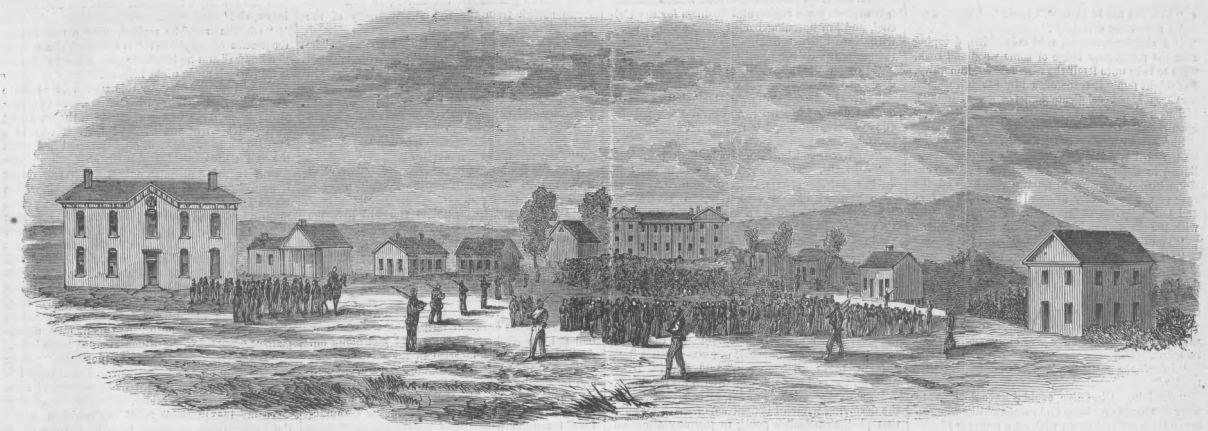


GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—TURNER'S MILL, ON THE NICKAJACK CREEK, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—FISH-TRAPS IN THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF THE MILITARY COLLEGE NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

ON this and the preceding, as well as on our first page, we continue our illustrations of General SHERMAN'S great campaign. One of these, on page 524, represents THE FOURTH CORPS—General HOWARD'S—CROSSING THE CHATTAHOOCHEE. This corps was one of the last to cross; it reached the Atlanta side without opposition, taking its position in the centre of SHERMAN'S lines after crossing the river.

TURNER'S MILL, illustrated on the same page, is on Nickajack Creek, which is an affluent of the Chattahoochee, from the northern side, emptying into that river a little above Sandtown. It was near its mouth that the rebel army made its last stand before crossing the Chattahoochee. The illustration is chiefly valuable for its rural rather than its military feature.

Another pleasant scene, which we give our readers on the same page, is that representing the soldiers engaged in setting Fish-traps in the Chattahoochee.

On this page we give a view of the MILITARY COLLEGE near Marietta, formerly one of the first in the South. The area, as seen in the sketch, is filled with rebel prisoners.

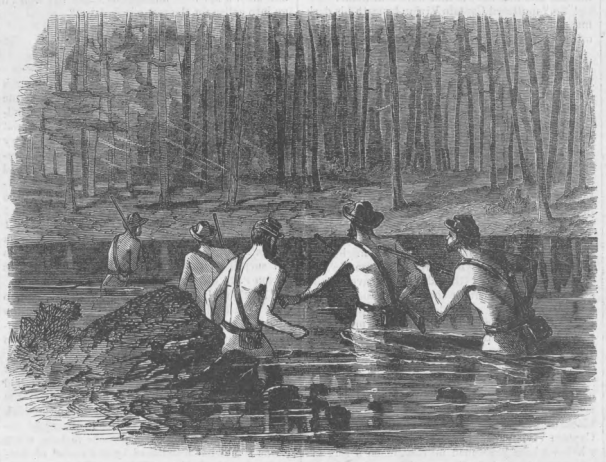
Another illustration on this page represents Colonel JIM BROWNLOW with a small party of men in Georgia costume, crossing the Chattahoochee to capture the rebel pickets. The expedition was a successful one, but it broke up the friendly communication which had been several days established between the pickets across the river. This was before SHERMAN had crossed. The morning after the occurrence notice was given of the changed situation by a Reb yelling out across the stream:

"Hello, Yank!"

"What do you want, Johnny?"

"Can't talk to you 'uns any more!"

"How is that?"



COLONEL BROWNLOW ON A PICKET HUNT.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

"Orders to dry up!"

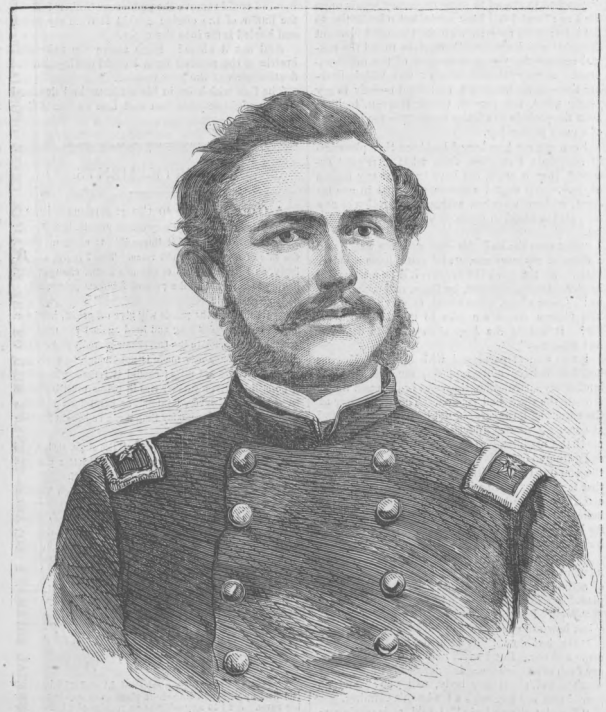
"What for, Johnny?"

"Oh! JIM BROWNLOW, with his d—d Tennessee Yanks, swam over upon the left last night, and stormed our rifle-pits naked—captured sixty of our boys, and made 'em swim back with him. We 'uns have got to keep you 'uns on your side of the river now."

More interesting, as connected with later and more stirring events, is the illustration given on our first page representing General HOOKER riding along his lines on the morning after the great battle of the 20th. This battle was very severe. The rebels, by their own account, lost over 5000 men, while our loss was less than one-third of that number. The attack was made by the enemy shortly after our troops had crossed Peach-tree Creek. NEWTON'S division of HOWARD'S corps had found time to protect itself by a slight rail-barricade. HOOKER was attacked while yet in column, his "family," as he calls the Twentieth Corps, getting into order almost without an order. The heaviest attack fell on General WILLIAMS'S division. WARD'S and BUTTERFIELD'S divisions were more successful. They had for trophies seven rebel flags. When HOOKER rode along the lines the next morning, as represented in the sketch, to greet his troops and to congratulate them on their success, these flags were all brought out for his inspection, the men being engaged in burying the rebel dead lying thickly around.

We also give on this page portraits of General A. S. WILLIAMS and of the late General HARKER.

Brigadier-General CHARLES G. HARKER, killed in the assault on Kenesaw, June 27, was a native of New Jersey. He entered West Point in 1854, at the age of seventeen. He entered the regular army as Brevet Second Lieutenant of the Second Infantry July 1, 1858. He was made First Lieutenant of the Ninth May 14, 1861, and a Captain in October of that year. He entered the war as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-fifth Ohio Volunteers in the fall of 1861, and afterward became its Colonel. He participated in the battle of Shiloh and the siege of Corinth, and helped chase BRAGG out of Kentucky, being then in command of a brigade. His brigade joined General ROSECRANS'S Army of the Cumberland. In the official report of the battle at Stone River he was recommended for promotion, which he only received last April, when he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was under THOMAS when the latter made his gallant stand at Chicamauga.



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES G. HARKER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSES, NASHVILLE, TENN.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. S. WILLIAMS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSES, NASHVILLE, TENN.]

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CLARA'S PLEDGE.

"You are not in earnest, Clara?"

"I am—most certainly!"

If a slender-stemmed wild columbine, drooping over the precipitous ledge of some woodland rock, were to take unto itself the attributes of humanity, you might fancy it transformed into such a woman as Clara Meade—delicate and fragile, with blue, serious eyes, and folds of chestnut hair knotted low upon her neck.

She sat by the open window watching a tiny brown bird rock on the branches of a blossoming linden in the park below, while the yellow sunshine turned her hair to auburn depths, and the roar of the great city sounded dimly in her ear; and Olive Byington, kneeling at her side, played with the rings upon her white, slim fingers.

"You have signed the pledge, Clara?"

"Yes, and I mean to keep it."

"Oh but, Clara," coaxed the little brunette, "it don't say you're not to wear all those pretty dresses you have already made up—it says only you are not to buy any thing new of foreign manufacture."

"The letter of the pledge may intimate some such thing, Olive. I have given in my adhesion to its spirit."

"I don't see any necessity for being so very particular."

"But I do. Oh, Olive, could I have the heart to wear diamonds and laces and rainbow silks when so many lives are laid down without a murmur?"

"That beautiful crimson silk!" sighed Olive, leaning over to arrange the lustrous folds of a superb evening dress that lay on a divan opposite. Clara shuddered.

"Do you know what I fancied, Olive, the night I wore it first, and the news came from the Wilderness?"

"No; what?"

"I imagined there was blood in all its crimson shine; I almost looked to see the dark drops fall!"

"Nonsense, Clara, you are so fanciful. And the pearl necklace you have never once worn!"

"I could not wear it, dear; it would be like clasping round my neck the tears of widows and orphans who have given up their best and bravest!"

"But, Clara, this is all a romantic fantasy. What good do you suppose it will do the Army of the Potomac for you to lock up all your rich dresses and India silks, and go into a nun's costume of calico and linsey-woolsey?"

"Listen, Olive!" said Clara, softly, while the blue light in her eyes seemed to glow into tremulous sapphires, and a faint crimson burned on either cheek—"do you suppose it will do our soldier-heroes no good to know that we, their wives, sisters, daughters, have laid aside the gaudy trappings that drain away the country's wealth, and are crushing our petty vanities for their sakes? It is easy to give money, but it is not so easy to deny ourselves these daily articles of luxury. Can not we make one trifling sacrifice in memory of those who have given up home, and comfort, and life itself for us? Oh, I am sick of hearing cashmere shawls rustle past the sombre weeds of the bereaved ones; I am tired of seeing diamonds shine over the fresh sod of new-made graves. Is it meet or seemly that we should lavish money on this absurd display when Want stalks grimly in our midst, and the soldier's helpless orphans lack their daily bread?"

"How can you speak of such dreadful things?" said Olive, complainingly.

"They make you shudder and grow pale, do they, the mere mention of them? What must it be to endure them?"

"I am sure *I* am not to blame for them," said Olive. "*I* didn't make the war, and I don't see how it will help matters for me to turn myself into a homespun fright."

Clara sighed, remembering that Olive Byington was the representative of other women innumerable on whom argument and persuasion were alike wasted.

"But, Clara," went on the little brunette, tripping to the mirror so as more satisfactorily to adjust a scarlet geranium that had fallen from her glossy black hair—"this is better in theory than practice. You *can't* wear calico to Mrs. Eytinge's to-morrow night!"

She nodded triumphantly as she spoke.

"Can't I?"

"No!"

"You will see."

"Clara! you never will be so absurd—so Quixotic!"

Clara did not answer; she was leaning over the roses that filled the balcony, and thinking of something sweet, yet sad, for there was a smile on her lips even while a crystal drop sparkled through her eyelashes.

"All aboard!" shrieked the conductor. There was a rush for the platform—a shower of sparks surging up from the grimy smoke-stack of the locomotive, and the long train began to move.

And just as the last car glided slowly past the station a tall soldier rushed from the coffee-room, and, sprang recklessly on board, nearly knocking over the two or three loungers who were setting the "Rules and Regulations" of the Company at defiance by riding on the platform in the teeth of law and order.

"Hallo!" ejaculated the new-comer; "I came within one of being left, and that rascal who sells cigars told me there was plenty of time. Before I'll believe the perjured villain again—! I beg your pardon, Sir; I hope my head wasn't harder than your metal buttons, for— Why, it's Walter Vivian!"

"Of course it is," said Captain Vivian, coolly; "and if you'd been just a whit less lucky in catching the car-guards, you would have been the late Private Byington."

"Well, you see I'm pretty well used to hair-breadth escapes," said Byington, laughing. "Have a cigar? No? Perhaps you are right. I don't myself think they ever saw the shores of Havana. Are you homeward-bound?"

"For a day or two—yes."

"So am I. I just ran down to Philadelphia this morning on some regimental business for the Colonel, and I'm hurrying back to dance the German with Kate Eytinge to-night. Are you going?—though of course you are."

"I thought of it. How are the ladies in Gramercy Park? Your sister is well?"

"Olive? Yes. Quite well enough to torment me out of my life with her Central Park parties, and her receptions, and ten thousand other absurd ideas."

"And your cousin, Miss Meade."

"All right. They've got the house full of milliners and dress-makers, getting 'em up for Saratoga or Newport, or some such folly. What a lot of money it does take to rig a woman up, to be sure! Talk about the country's being poor! I should like Uncle Abe to look over Olive's bills this summer. I guess I'll inclose 'em to him, marked 'Private and Confidential!'"

And Martin Byington burst into a laugh that fairly shook the platform.

Captain Vivian's face grew grave—almost stern.

"I thought the ladies of New York had bound themselves by a pledge, or something of that sort, to put down this reckless tide of extravagance."

"Oh, that's all gammon," said Martin, trimming off the end of a fresh cigar with his pen-knife.

"Really these weeds aren't so bad, considering the deceiving wretch I bought 'em of. It's all talk, that pledge—nobody's going to pay any attention to it. Why, our girls were out shopping yesterday, and I wish you could have seen the silks and muslins and lace shawls that were sent home."

"So," muttered Captain Vivian beneath his dark mustache, "they are not willing even to abridge one of their useless vanities for our sakes."

"Oh well, women will be women, you know, Walter," said Byington. "They don't amount to much except to look pretty and be made pets of. There's not one of 'em has a soul above point lace and ear-rings."

Captain Vivian looked thoughtfully at the far-off hills gliding past as in a dream.

"I had thought better of them," he pondered. "I had hoped the dawn of a new redemption was at hand. If they could have stood beside me on that bloody field in the Wilderness—if they could follow the fatal footprints of Death along the aisles of those rudely-constructed hospitals, where lives died out as swift and suddenly as I have seen fire-flies vanish in summer glens, they might perhaps learn a lesson which would endure always. These women—how little idea they have of the strength that lies within their frail hands! And *she* is like the rest. I would rather Martin Byington had stabbed me than spoken those words."

And Byington, innocently smoking his cigar on the platform of the lightning train, marveled at the shadow that lay upon the Captain's stern, set face.

Kate Eytinge was "receiving" in sky-blue silk and sapphires—"receiving" the gay world of her acquaintance as joyously as if no pall stretched its black darkness over the country's horizon. And Captain Vivian stood in the recess of a superb bay-window whose blossomed myrtles made a sort of green wall to exclude the crowd beyond, and surveyed the swaying multitude with a bitter curve to his lip.

"*This* looks like keeping the pledge," he said, scornfully, as Byington came up to look for a dropped fan.

"I told you so," said the young man, shrugging his shoulders.

Captain Vivian looked toward the door—he was tall enough to insure a pretty favorable prospect—as Olive Byington floated in, the rich folds of her maize-colored silk rippling over the carpet like sunshine, while the point-lace shawl that drooped from her perfectly moulded shoulders was clasped with the golden sparkle of a superb Oriental topaz.

Walter Vivian gave but one glance, and then turned away with a feeling very like disgust at his heart.

Suddenly a familiar appellation struck on his ear, sending the hot blood in a torrent to his sunburnt forehead.

"It *is* Clara Meade, with Miss Byington. But what is she wearing? Pale-blue silk?"

"No; it looks like grenadine, and yet it isn't. What can it be? India crape?"

"Fiddlestick!" said plain Mrs. Mandeville. "Don't you see it's blue calico, with a little white check all over it? Now *that's* what I call good common sense."

The beau monde, gorgeous in moiré antique and shimmering glacé, stood appalled and silent as Clara Meade quietly moved up the long room on her father's arm. Calico! And at a full-dress reception! Why, who ever heard of such a thing?

And then came a murmur of scarcely-repressed admiration—a spontaneous tribute of applause to the girl's simple beauty. Clara Meade had triumphed over Mrs. Grundy, Madam Greenback, and Company.

For she looked strangely lovely in the pale-blue dress, with its delicate edging of lace at throat and wrists, and the creamy water-lily twisted in her shining brown curls, a dream of the Lotus Isles. No jewel sparkled on her breast, only a knot of waxen lily-buds; yet all the pearls of the East could not have improved that spray of graceful buds.

"Calico, eh?" laughed Kate Eytinge, archly surveying her friend. "I see you have enrolled your name on the Pledge."

"I have," said Clara, calmly; "and I intend to observe its regulations."

As she turned away her hand was drawn lightly within an arm that trembled slightly in its Herculean strength. She looked up, with a sudden blush, through which there glowed the sunbeam of a radiant smile.

"Captain Vivian!"

"Clara, pardon me; but I have only this evening to stay with you, and I have so much to say."

Martin Byington would not have thought the young officer's eye stern could he have seen the tender brightness that illumines the dark irids *now*. And Clara's glance fell beneath it, as you sometimes shrink from the welcome intensity of the gentlest sunshine.

"I scarcely know how to thank you for this," he said, inclining his head toward the folds of her azure dress; "but it is a surety to me that your heart is in our cause. It has given me new hope and strength, Clara."

He stooped to pick up the bunch of lily-buds that had fallen from her bosom.

"I should like to keep these, Clara."

"Keep them, Captain Vivian."

He gave them back to her silently. She looked up in timid surprise, half fearing that she had unwittingly offended him.

"I don't want them, unless you will give me something else with them, Clara."

"Something else?" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Your heart, dearest!"

She looked downward, rosy as an eglantine, and then gathered up the cream-tinted buds and laid them gently in his hand.

So Walter Vivian proposed and was accepted, and the moving crowd of fashionables around him had not the slightest idea of what was going on. And Clara is to be married in the identical blue calico dress—at least so Captain Vivian decrees it, and husbands-elect generally get their own way in such matters. And the *trousseau*, greatly to Olive Byington's horror, is to be of "domestic manufacture" throughout.

"It will be so *outré*," sighed Olive; "and yet—I don't know—if signing the Pledge would get me half such a splendid husband as Clara has won I'd go into calico for the rest of my days!"

A MADMAN'S END.

A VERY dear friend who was passing through Hindlesham by the night-express wrote to ask me to meet her at the station. Now my correspondent was not aware that that particular train did not stop at Hindlesham, and it was too late, on the very day of her passing when I received her letter, to rectify her mistake. For all that day, however, I could not get the night-express out of my head; it haunted me the whole day long; mixed itself up in the most perplexing manner with the very important case of Regina and Higginbotham, upon which I was then engaged, and finally scattered all thoughts of work to the winds. This being the case, it was not surprising that I should find myself, at about eleven P.M., at the Abbey Bridge.

The night, I remember, was dark, though not so dark but that I could distinguish the outline of the trees and the tall, gaunt telegraph-posts, filing singly like spectres through the gloom. It was the darkness, in fact, of a summer-night.

Leaning upon the low stone-wall, which at that part separates the path from the railway, I had—in harmony with the sweet tranquillity of the night—fallen into a very pleasant reverie, in which the young lady then approaching in the night-express was not the least conspicuous feature, when I was somewhat astonished by the sound of footsteps upon the bridge. This was, I knew, an unusual circumstance at that time of night, and I waited with some curiosity to see who the late traveler might be. As I turned my head to listen the footsteps ceased, but only for a moment. When they broke upon my ear again, however, I fancied that they were accompanied by a sound as of something being dragged over the loose cinders of the bridge. "It is some plate-layer," I said to myself, "returning late from work, or who possibly has been dispatched to attend to some necessary repair upon the line;" and I fell back again, not reluctantly, to the interrupted reverie, with the thousand pleasant thoughts which grouped themselves round the central figure—the young passenger of the night-express. A very pleasant dream it was, which, floating there as an indistinct, undefined melody in my young mind, has proved, thank Heaven, to have been the prelude to a fuller harmony—the key-note of a more perfect joy.

I can not say how long I had been thus pleasantly occupied; I suppose, from what afterward occurred, that it could not have been for any length of time. All that I remember is, that in one instant, without warning, without preparation of any sort, all the blood in my body was turned to sudden ice.

"Get over the wall, Sir—get over the wall," said a voice in my very ear, "and you'll have a better view. By the Lord Harry, Sir, it'll be a sensation header. Real water, and, by jingo, real rocks. Ha, ha! Come along, come along, or we shall miss it. The *Colleen Bawn* 's a joke to it. Do you hear, Sir? It 'll beat the *Peep o' Day Boy* to fits—ha, ha! fits—fits."

I was almost paralyzed with horror. Having heard no footstep, and wrapped in the dreamy cloud-land of my speculation, the voice broke upon me as though the dead had spoken. The *full* horror of the situation, however, did not burst upon my mind at once. A glance, indeed, was sufficient to show me that a madman was before me—a madman who, as I gathered from his incoherent words, had doomed the coming train (with what intensity I felt *then* that it was freighted with all that I held dear on earth!) to a fate too terrible to think of. The diabolical ingenuity which he had employed, however, for his purpose was happily then unknown to me; had I seen that, I should have almost despaired.

For one moment I doubted how to act; for one moment my thoughts failed to suggest any course of action, in the next I had formed an indefinite plan.

"Well," I said, turning so as to face the man, "but how are you going to do it?"

"Ha, ha! do it!" he replied; "come and see, come and see. But I say," he went on, a momentary flash of suspicion coming across his mind, "you won't—won't tell any body, will you?" and he peered into my face with a madman's cunning.

"Pooh! tell any body!" I said, endeavoring to force a laugh; "who'd tell such a joke as that? I wouldn't whisper it; that is, if you'll let me see how the scenery's managed; where the trap is, you know, eh!"

"Oh, the trap," he replied, with a momentary recurrence of suspicion; "it's behind the scenes, you know;" and he laughed again, a hollow maniac laugh, which made night hideous.

I was over the wall by this time, and we were walking together toward the bridge. A very few yards brought us to the spot where the wretched man had been at work. Ay! there it was, as I dreaded: a heavy balk of timber bound fast upon the rail with cord—bound with an intricacy and cunning which a madman only would have thought it necessary to use. How my heart sank within me as I saw it, for I knew that the night-express might reach the spot at any moment; I knew that it was at that instant hurrying on its way to meet the hideous fate which this wretched man had prepared for it, and the thought almost deprived me of the power of action. To use force, I had sense enough to know, would be dangerous, for a glance showed me that the madman was a strongly-built, powerful man, and I was aware that any madman is terrible in his strength. At this moment an expedient occurred to me which afforded some hope.

"Good Heavens!" I said to the man, "you've put the trap on the wrong line. You'll spoil all. Quick! off with it—it's all wrong—wrong," I almost shouted in my anxiety.

To my inexpressible relief the madman seized the idea. Once possessed with it, he was down upon his hands and knees in an instant, endeavoring to carry my suggestion into effect.

With what terrible anxiety I watched the cord unwound! How slowly the coils loosened beneath the fingers of the wretched man, eager and anxious as he was! How I trembled as now and then a knot or intricacy of the cord impeded the work! How my heart ceased its pulsation, as ever and anon he would pause in his work to laugh a horrid laugh, and mutter inarticulately about a "jolly header!" But the wretched man was earnest in the task; "Spoil all, spoil all," he continued to mutter; "of course it would; why, one would think I was mad not to have seen that!" and then he fell again eagerly to the removal of the obstruction.

And all this time I listened with an intensity which I can not describe for any evidence of the coming train; but still no sound broke the stillness of the summer-night to tell of its approach. I heard the river fretting in its narrow channel eighty feet below. The distant chime of Hindlesham Church clock was borne to my ear faintly on the breeze, as it struck the quarter past the hour—the quarter past! then the express was due! I started; the madman even started to his feet, when the long whoop of an owl broke shrill and loud upon the startled ear of night; but still no sign of the night-express.

I began to breathe more freely as I urged him to his work. All might be well yet, I thought; when hark! the shudder in the air, the weird whisper in the trees, the thousand signs I knew so well, and the quick pulsation of the coming train reached my ear.

"Quick, quick!" I said, bending over the madman at his work—"quick, we shall miss it all;" but he laughed loud at my anxiety. He, too, had heard the train. "Hurrah!" he shouted, "she's coming—coming, the fiery devil's coming; and now on to the bridge—on to the bridge to see the header!" and the poor maniac left his work unfinished, and hastened on to the centre of the Abbey Bridge.

To seize the block of wood was with me the work of an instant, and, to my inexpressible relief, I found it loose. I was not one moment too soon. Before I could remove the ponderous timber, indeed, the buffer of the engine caught it from my hand, and hurled it far into the night.

And not it alone! High above the noise and brattle of the passing train I could distinguish the death-shriek of the poor maniac.

The fate which he in his madness had destined for the night-express had met him on the Abbey Bridge.

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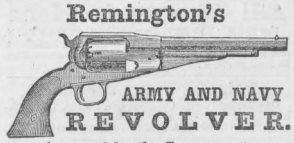
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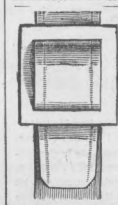


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BEFORE PETERSBURG—CARRYING POWDER TO THE MINE.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

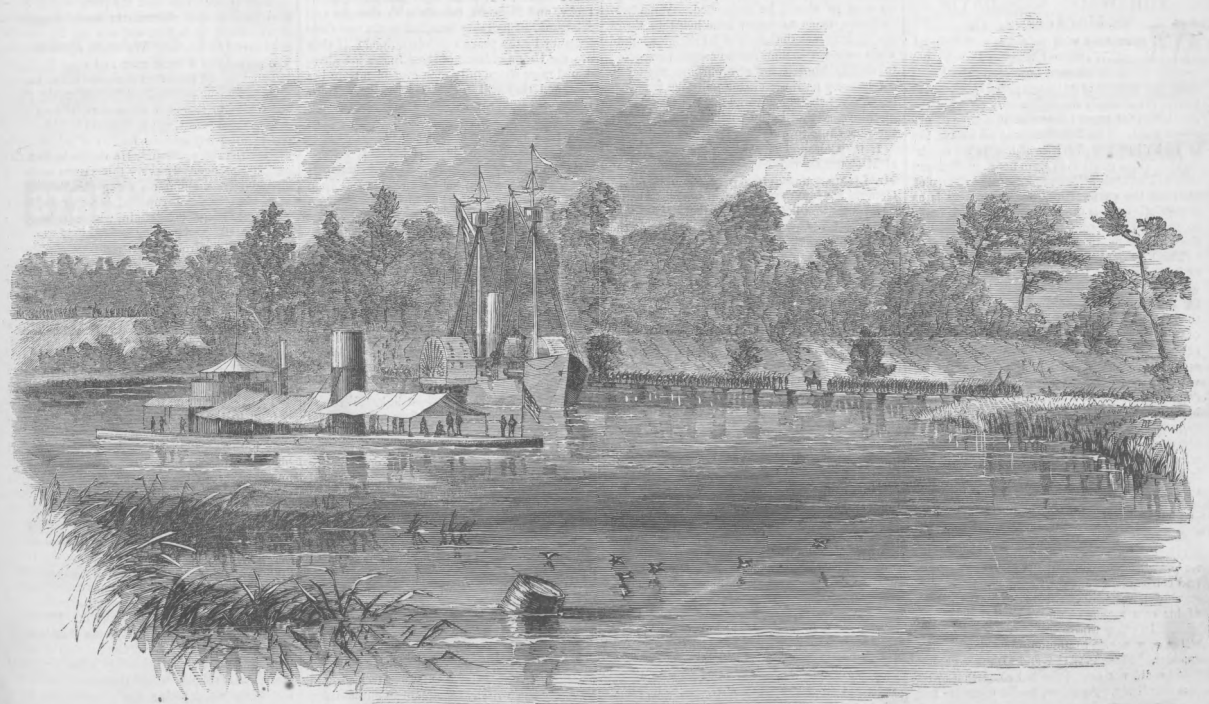


COL. PLEASANT SUPERINTENDING THE ARRIVAL OF THE POWDER.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

ON this page, and also on pages 532, 536, and 537, we give illustrations of General GRANT's campaign. THE CROSSING OF THE JAMES by HANCOCK's corps, illustrated on this page, took place July 26, from Jones's Neck to Deep Bottom, on the north side. By 6½ o'clock the next morning this corps had all crossed the river, and was advancing across Strawberry Plains to the earth-works of the enemy half a mile in its front. Although exposed to a sharp fire in this advance, they pressed steadily forward, and flanking the rebel left, gained a position from which the rebel line could be easily enfiladed, when the enemy gave way. BARLOW's division captured four 20-pound Parrott guns which the flying rebels left in their embrasures at the edge of the woods. This capture, the credit of which is particularly due to Miles's brigade, is illustrated on page 532.

On this page are also two sketches illustrating the interior of the mine exploded in front of Petersburg July 30. One of these represents soldiers carrying the powder down the covered way into the mine; the other the arrival of the powder, superintended by Colonel PLEASANTS. The mine had two chambers at the end of the covered way, and was 400 feet in length. It was made under the supervision of Colonel PLEASANTS. It was 510 feet in length, from the entrance to the point where the galleries diverged. A visit to it was not the most delightful trip that could be imagined. In the first place, the covered way by no means afforded entire security to the passengers through it, as there were numerous places covered by the rebel sharp-shooters, who, upon the traveler's appearance, would fire half a dozen shots at once, to make sure of him—particularly aggravating to the men perspiring under the burden of sand-bags or kegs of powder, the latter carried also in bags. The mine being less than four feet in height, it was necessary to bend double in order to pass through it; the atmosphere was insufferably hot, and the ground so slippery as to quickly tire any one not used to such locomotion. Sitting at the end of it, the men passing in the powder as silently as possible, speaking in low tones, and lighted by dimly-burning dark lanterns, a queer sensation was felt on learning that not more than



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—HANCOCK'S CORPS CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER FROM JONES'S NECK, JULY 26, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. CHARLES.]

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twelve or fourteen feet of earth separated you from the rebels in the earth-works overhead—an effect heightened by the sounds of the rebel workmen countermining, whose blows in faint thuds reached the ear.

A SOLDIER'S LAMENT FOR M'PHERSON.

WHAT mean these wailing strains
That come like summer rains
Through the air;
Their solemn breathings play
Upon the tranquil day,
The voices of despair.

Let all the woods around,
With music's saddest sound,
Tell that M'Pherson's dead;
Clouds shed your heavy tears,
For in the prime of years
Low lies the honored head.

O comrades in the fight,
How his eye's inspiring light
Led us on!
When battle-trumpets blew,
How grandly he dashed through,
And was gone!

Can we forget the form
That passed us 'mid the storm
Of hissing shot and shell?
'Mid our cheering, wave on wave,
We knew what the look he gave
Was meant to tell.

Ah, giants we became,
When through the battle flame
We saw our hero fall;
We forced the foe to yield
His body on the field,
That our breasts might be its pall.

A mother's tears like rain,
A young bride's passionate pain,
O'er his dear face shall pour;
For in the fiercest fight,
Or bivouac's flickering light,
It shines no more!

But far beyond the tears,
Above the mists of years,
The peaceful bow of heaven
Arches in tranquil light
Their fame, who for the right
Their lives have gladly given.

And on our history's page
Shall gleam through many an age
The name we love to tell;
Our children's children shall repeat it o'er,
"The grand old name of gentleman" he bore,
And bore it well.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

THE WADE AND DAVIS MANIFEST.

WE have read with pain the manifesto of Messrs. WADE and WINTER DAVIS; not because of its envenomed hostility to the President, but because of its ill-tempered spirit, which proves conclusively the unfitness of either of the gentlemen for grave counselors in a time of national peril. The President may be wrong, but no such distempered critics of his course can be right. These gentlemen seem not to understand that to lose their self-command to the degree of assisting the enemies of the Government is as unpatriotic as it is unmanly, and, while it tends to destroy public confidence in the Administration, forfeits public respect for themselves.

The President may constitutionally veto a bill, or he may allow it to lie, after adjournment, without his signature. In both cases the bill for the time fails to become a law. Now, in the particular case involved in the manifesto of Messrs. WADE and DAVIS, the President received the bill at the last moment, and did not approve it. He might have left it there; but, with his usual frankness of dealing with the country, in which his official conduct may well become a model for his successors, after maturely reflecting upon the principle of the bill, he announced that while he did not approve it as a whole, and consequently could not make it a law by giving it his signature, yet that he did approve some suggestions in it, and in his executive action would be governed by them. Nothing could be simpler, fairer, or further from "despotism." It was his constitutional right to let the bill drop and say nothing about it. But he chose to say that while he could not approve, and consequently obey it as a law, yet that he would follow it within the unquestioned domain of his own action so far as it seemed to him wise. In other words, he accepted parts of the bill as suggestions to guide him in his executive conduct. Messrs. WADE and DAVIS complain that he did not accept the bill altogether or reject it entirely. As a law, he did reject it; but, like a wise man, he embraced the sound principles he found in it, and will act upon them.

To declare, as Messrs. WADE and DAVIS indignantly do, that such a notification is unprecedented, is true, but not in the injurious sense they intend. It is in accordance with the perfect confidence in the people which the President always manifests, and which endears him so closely to the popular heart. The Chief Magistrate is certainly not forbidden to announce the general principles which will govern his action, whether he do it without special occasion or in his annual or a special message, or in the form of a proclamation explaining why he has not signed a bill. To charge him, because he does so, with extraordinary and dangerous assumptions of power, is childish. Mr. LINCOLN is a candidate for re-election by the people. Is he likely to take a step which there is no necessity for his taking at all, and which, if it so plainly lead to absolute despotism and the preference of his arbitrary will to every other consideration, then leads, as he perfectly well knows, straight to his own political annihilation?

The insinuation of Messrs. WADE and DAVIS that the President refuses his assent to their bill from motives of personal ambition is entirely unworthy of them. It is part of the desperate struggle of those who are hostile to the Administration to represent him as destroying all our liberties, and mismanaging the war only to secure his own re-election. Messrs. BENJAMIN F. WADE and HENRY WINTER DAVIS condescend to pander to this effort. But against such assaults, whether proceeding from masked friend or open foe, the personal character of the President, as revealed in the fierce light of the war, must be his sufficient defense. From the day when covert rebellion lay in wait to assassinate him in Baltimore, through all the mad ribaldry of the rebel press down to the last malignant sneer of Copperhead Conservatism, the popular confidence in the unswerving fidelity and purity of purpose of the President has smiled the storm to scorn. We hear occasionally of Secretary SEWARD'S little bell, whose tinkle by the President's permission sends any citizen unheard to a dungeon. But nobody knows, and nobody wishes to know more than the President and the Secretary that twenty million pairs of eyes watch that little bell, and its tinkle is effective only because the people who look with those eyes see that the bell is rung to save their liberties, not to secure their slavery. It is simply impossible to make the American people believe that the President is a wily despot or a political gambler. His views may be erroneous, his public policy is open to discussion, but that he loves the Union less, or is less faithful to the Constitution than the bitterest of his enemies, we are sure no loyal man honestly believes.

Nor is the censure of the manifest of Messrs. WADE and DAVIS a party matter. There is no party consideration in the case. The Union men of the country have nominated Mr. LINCOLN upon the strength of the general course of his administration and of his personal patriotism. They do not profess to approve every act, or to agree with every measure of that administration; but under all the circumstances of the time and country, and his unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles which the rebellion attacks, they think it best for the country that he should be re-elected. Whatever, therefore, tends to defeat him helps to throw the country into the hands of its enemies. And while no sensible man can be asked or expected to stultify himself for any purpose whatever, surely every patriotic citizen will take care that his conduct shall be governed by the actual state of things, so that he may not hopelessly injure the very cause to which he is devoted.

If the Chicago Convention nominates General M'CLELLAN, our friends who are hostile to Mr. LINCOLN must either vote for him, or for General M'CLELLAN, or stay at home, or call a new convention before the election. That they will vote for M'CLELLAN either directly at the polls or indirectly by staying away we do not believe. To call a new convention and make another nomination could not detach from Mr. LINCOLN the body of his friends, but might secure the election of the Chicago candidate. It would be a division in face of the enemy. But if the friends of the Administration are so fatal as to justify such a course they would justify a direct vote for the Chicago nominee without the machinery of a third nomination.

These are very obvious considerations, but some of our friends seem to forget them. To criticise the Administration and to censure, upon occasion, is not only pardonable—it is patriotic. But there is the censure of a friend and of an enemy. There is a criticism which, free from the least suspicion of private or personal motive, strengthens the Government by friendly suggestion. There is another criticism which, by incessant and irritating carping at the details and by omission of the general scope and result of an administration, disheartens the desponding, paralyzes the timid, delights the foe, saddens the friend, and helps the hostile triumph. But if there be any ground of doubt of the patriotic purity of motive in the censor, he not only gives the victory to the enemy, but he loses the confidence that was reposed in himself.

We attribute no unfair motive whatever to Messrs. WADE and DAVIS. Their fidelity to the good cause is unquestioned. But is it not a significant sign to them that they have chosen a method to display their friendship which the bitterest enemies of that cause applaud?

A PEACE ADMINISTRATION.

WE have already said that the adoption of the extremest peace measures would not give us peace. Let us look a moment and see why this is.

If the peace party should come into power the leaders must at once take some practical steps to secure the object for which they had been elected. They must, of course, first of all, proclaim a cessation of hostilities, and proceed to negotiate with the rebel chiefs. Now there are but three conceivable solutions of the question outside of war. Either the peace administration and the rebels must agree to a convention by whose decision they will abide; or they must of themselves arrange some terms of reconstruction, or they must consent to some kind of separation. The peace party, if it obtains power, must adopt some one of these three measures.

The first of them, a convention, except for the express purpose of arranging the terms of dissolution, is plainly impracticable. For the rebels would of course refuse to abide by any deliberations which might result in declaring the indissolubility of the Union. Why should they not, when the very fact of our offering a convention would show that we were irresolute and tired? If we agreed that the convention should virtually let them have their way, the rebels would naturally accept it. But upon any other conditions does any reasonable man suppose they would accept the action of a convention? Would not the very fact that the peace party had come into power prove to the rebels that they were already substantially successful, and prevent their putting that success in peril? The election of peace candidates would be an advertisement that the people were ready to stop the war, and that is done always upon terms dictated to and not by the party that asks for peace.

But if the peace administration should undertake to arrange reconstruction we know already the conditions. They would be substantially such terms as the rebels might propose. The Constitution would be vitally changed so as to secure the ascendency in the government of the influence known as "the South." The grounds of the action would be that slavery is best for the negro, and that the productions of the South are the most important and valuable to the country.

If, however, there should be any ineradicable suspicion or conviction upon the part of the rebels that their safety lay in total separation, our peace administration must devise some method of securing a dissolution of the Union. How can that be done? It is a very easy cry, "Let them go, and have peace." But how are they to go? The very first practical point is the settlement of a line. Where shall it be? There is no natural boundary—no river or desert or lake or mountain range—between the rebel section and the rest of the country. It must then be an arbitrary line. But upon what principle shall it be determined? Obviously by the slave system. The rebellion is to save slavery. When it is victorious it will properly claim all the Slave States. It must have Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, equally with Georgia and Alabama. Shall they be set off to the new Confederacy by the peace administration? If they are, the Union citizens of those States are abandoned more shamefully than ever men were before, and they will certainly refuse to submit. If they are not set off, the question must be left to the popular vote. But could it be so left, with such tremendous issues pending, without civil war and anarchy in those States?

Or let us suppose that such Border States assented to the separation—then what? Then the adjoining Free States at once border upon a victorious foreign slave empire which has proved its power to destroy the nation of which those States were parts. The inevitable consequence would be that the question would be forced upon every such State whether it would try to form a new alliance with the other States of the late Union, or join its fortunes to the triumphant Confederacy. This question would develop at once two embittered parties; nor is there any possibility whatever that it could be peaceably determined.

For it must be borne in mind that the Union is no stronger than its weakest link. When it is broken any where it falls every where. The bond that holds Vermont to New York is precisely the same as that which connects New York with South Carolina. When one State or ten States by force of arms compel the united government to consent to their withdrawal, the united government must thenceforth allow the secession of any other State at will, and becomes consequently of the exact weight of a single State. This was all practically proved eighty years ago under the Confederation. Now as union is really an instinct among the people of the States—for they are truly a nation—immediately upon the dissolution of the present Union by any stronger Union of some of its States, the remainder would instantly gravitate toward that. But they could join it only upon such terms as it proposed, and those terms would certainly be so vitally repugnant to an immense party in each of those States as to lead once more to war and chaos.

If, therefore, the most obsequious peace party were brought at once into power, it is impossible to conceive any policy which they could adopt that would avoid war. Their most flattering promises must fail. They could save neither blood nor money, while they would transfer the seat of war from the South to the North, and plunge every part of the land into mere anarchy. Ought it not, indeed, to be enough to name the names and contemplate the characters and careers of the men who are the most vociferous and acknowledged champions of the peace policy? Think of them, think of the most eminent among them, and then ask whether *such* leaders can honorably save any nation under any circumstances whatever. When men who are universally respected declare that peace is possible with honor, the people will cry Amen! But while those who command respect neither by character nor ability incessantly vituperate the Government and clamor for peace upon rebel terms, the people will continue to cry "Pooh!"

SHOULD M'CLELLAN BE RECALLED?

SEVERAL weeks since we recounted the reasons why it would be unwise to recall General M'CLELLAN into active service. It was not because of any conscious collusion upon his part with the rebels, nor because of his melancholy military records, but because of his total want of sympathy with the convictions and policy of the Administration. The views then expressed we have certainly seen no occasion to modify. At a late meeting in Hempstead General M'CLELLAN is reported to have said that he supposed his flattering reception was offered not to him, but to the cause which he represented. He vaguely explained by saying that the cause was the country; but how he represents the country more than any other citizen not in rebellion—than General BUELL or General FREMONT, for instance—it is not easy to see. Yet there is a cause which he does represent, and it is precisely because of that fact that it seems to us unwise to recall him.

In view of all our history, and of the developments of the war, there is yet a party which holds that the rebellion, if not justified, was at least palliated by the discussion of slavery; which insists that the free and legitimate exercise of the most fundamental right of any popular government was censurable, if not almost treasonable; which believes that the Southern system of slavery—notwithstanding the facts of thirty years and of human nature—is perfectly consonant with a republic like ours; which maintains that, in waging the war against this rebellion, it is impolitic and unconstitutional to do any thing about slavery except to return the slaves who escape to our lines to their masters. It is a party which thinks that slavery is good for negroes, that the President is a weak trickster, that the principles and policy of the Administration are fundamentally false, and which steadily flouts and insults the great American doctrine of equal rights as "Niggerism."

This is the cause and the party which General M'CLELLAN represents; and because he represents it, he is not, and can not be considered merely a soldier. We might agree that he was personally a brave man and a good officer, but that would not affect the question of his recall. The moment the Administration summons him to its aid it surrenders its own convictions and policy, not to General M'CLELLAN, but to the party and its leaders of whom he is merely the figure-head. He would be but the entering wedge. If every thing went well, we should hear a shout all along the line of his party that it was because of the extraordinary genius of this great chieftain, who must be made President by acclamation. If things went ill, we should hear from the same authorities that it was because of the outrageous jealousy and interference of the President and the "Washington Directory." If they went very ill, even through M'CLELLAN'S own incompetency, that cry would swell as it did when he was before in command, into a shout that it was his duty to turn out the imbeciles at Washington and install himself Dictator in their place. Thus, were M'CLELLAN recalled, the tactics of "the cause and party" which he represents would constantly tend to the same end, namely, their return to political power by any means whatever.

It is to secure the chance of this result that his recall is so strenuously urged at this moment by those of his friends who doubt whether he is sure of the Chicago nomination. But General M'CLELLAN has chosen to paralyze his power of serving the country in this war as a soldier by accepting the leadership of the political party which rancorously reviles and opposes the Government, and he has therefore no right to complain that the President declines to undertake to blend a policy which he approves with one that he does not. If, however, the President should yield, he may be very sure that in case of any disaster under M'CLELLAN, the same papers which now so smoothly urge his recall merely as a soldier, would then most loudly insist upon his deposing the Government as a Dictator.

General M'CLELLAN, it must be remembered, is only a figure-head. Since the war began he has said nothing and done nothing which showed

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either great ability or comprehension of the emergency. He has made several non-committal speeches; he has written a letter urging the election in Pennsylvania of the candidate for whose success the rebels were praying; and he has delivered an oration at West Point, remarkable only for its commonplace platitudes, and for declaring that the war should be prosecuted for the restoration of the Union. He has also published a Defense of his Chickahominy Campaign, the object of which is to show that he was not responsible for its disasters and catastrophes—a point upon which he differs with many leading military men in the country. General M'CLELLAN also gained an advantage at Antietam, but did not call up his reserve to secure it, and by giving LEE a day's truce enabled him to withdraw and save his army, thus showing himself to be an eminent disciple of the BUELL school of war.

These are his services. But whether the President be entreated to recall him to the field, or the country be solicited to make him President and Commander-in-chief, he is still but a puppet. Behind him, and controlling his words and acts, are men who are doing and have done what they can to delay the suppression of the rebellion by discouraging the national hope and paralyzing the national endeavors. General M'CLELLAN is to be judged by the "cause" and the party which he represents; and whoever urges his recall to service urges the Administration to open Pandora's box.

THE BLACK TROOPS.

THERE can be nothing more pitiful than the malevolent eagerness with which certain newspapers deride the colored troops for being no braver than the white troops at Petersburg. Did the unhappy panic at Bull Run, three years ago, prove that white men were cowards? Did the misfortune of the noble Second Corps, five or six weeks since, which General HANCOCK announced must be retrieved, show that they were poor soldiers? Or did every sensible man say at once that the reputation of that brave corps was not to be lost by a mishap which might occur to the best corps of the best army in the world? Upon occasion of the late disaster to General M'COOK's cavalry—caused by the fact, as reported, that the men were drunk with whisky—is it sneeringly asserted that if the Government chooses to employ white cavalry, nothing is to be expected but that they will get drunk and be whipped on every occasion?

Of course not. When we read of M'COOK'S misfortune we remember SHERIDAN'S, and KAUTZ'S, and GRIERSON'S, and AVERILL'S daring and victorious excursions, and we acknowledge with pride and gratitude the valor of our cavalry while we regret every mischance that befalls them. When we heard that the Second Corps had been flanked and had lost prisoners, we recalled their dauntless conduct at Spottsylvania and in the Wilderness, and chafed with them over the temporary shadow that obscured their name. And every sensible and true American citizen, when he reads of the faltering and retreat of the colored troops at Petersburg, recollects Fort Wagner, Olustee, Milliken's Bend, and BALDY SMITH'S charge upon the same ground at Petersburg, and knows that the failure is not the proof of cowardice or incompetency, but is one of the painful events from which the record of no corps and no army can be entirely free.

We have always insisted that colored men should have the same chance of fighting in this war that white men have; and we have always believed that, battle for battle, they would show the same spirit and pluck. Nor has the history of the war, the last assault at Petersburg included, belied our belief. And we may fairly ask whether any class of men—white, black, red, or yellow—whose services had been so grudgingly received and so reluctantly rewarded; who knew that their capture was equivalent to torture, massacre, or slavery, and for whose wrongs retaliation so loudly promised was as yet not inflicted; who were so maligned, rebuffed, and insulted as the colored men in this country are—we may fairly ask whether any soldiers would have fought more steadfastly and bravely and willingly than the colored troops in the Union army?

The mental and moral condition of those who begrudge fair play to the most unfortunate, but by no means the least meritorious class of our population, is one of the most melancholy phenomena of the times. The want of that fair play has produced the war, and until we concede it the war under some form will continue. The most brutal part of our population, deluded by "Conservative" demagogues, incessantly declare that "niggers are only fit for slaves." The most intelligent American citizens, and the conscience of all Christian civilization, rejects the foul injustice. It is the conflict of that enlightened sense of equity and right with the ferocious determination of class privilege and prejudice which is reddening our soil every where. Whoever panders to that injustice prolongs the war. Whoever cherishes it postpones the peace which can be permanently established upon Justice only.

The more thoughtful among those who are committed by party-spirit and jealousy to fostering the unmanly refusal to allow the black race fair play in this country must sometimes clearly see the hopelessness of their cause. They know as well as we that their profession of seeking the real interest of that race is a self-delusion. They know that the word slavery expresses some form of injustice, disguise it as they may; and they are consequently aware that they are fighting against the human heart, against the instinct of civilization, and against the peace of the world. In such a contest, however they may prolong it, they are doomed to defeat and ignominy. They know, as we all do, that General GREENE in commending the valor of the colored troops in the revolutionary battle of Rhode Island is a more humane and ennobling figure to our imaginations than he would have been had he sneered at them as unfit for soldiers because they were "niggers." For that is not the spirit which makes honorable men or great nations. We, too, are passing into history. And in our children's eyes which will seem nobler, the men who died bravely fighting upon the slopes of Wagner and Petersburg, and on the plains of Olustee and Milliken's Bend, or those who contemptuously cried as they read the story of the last Petersburg assault, "Pshaw! niggers never will make soldiers."

THE NEW LOAN.

WE gave last week in these columns a perfectly simple description of the new loan and its advantages. Yet to many plain people all over the country all financial matters are mysteries, yet mysteries which a little explanation will readily remove. We suggest, therefore, to our friends every where, and especially in remote and quiet country districts, that they call meetings of the neighborhood to talk over the loan, to show its direct and vital importance, to point out its peculiar value as an investment, and to explain to every man what to do in order that the United States may get his fifty or five hundred dollars. There are thousands and thousands of people every where who would gladly lend to the Government if they only knew how. The active men in every village and hamlet and country neighborhood, who are used to practical financial details, might form themselves into committees to secure the subscriptions. At least the matter is worthy of their consideration.

The rebel sympathizers, foreign and domestic, already assert that the debt will be repudiated. That the disciples, allies, and well-wishers of the famous Mississippi repudiator, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and of a "Confederacy" which has repudiated all Northern debts, should say so is not strange. But loyal citizens will easily see that the debt is simply the pledge of the people to themselves of all their property. Every citizen is consequently interested in the payment of the debt—first, in his honor as a debtor; and then in his interest as a creditor.

Loans and arms are the right and left hands of the nation in this war; and while every body can not bear arms, there are very few who can not lend money. To subscribe to the loan or to go to the field are therefore equally patriotic services; and the former is a service which many a woman who has laid by her earnings can and would willingly render.

FROM THE WESTERN ARMY.

WE have received a letter from "D," in the Western army, inclosing the lines upon M'PHERSON'S death, of which the writer says, "they have the merit of being *felt* if nothing more." He kindly adds in another part of his letter, "Allow me to congratulate you upon the wide and healthy influence you are exerting through the columns of the *Weekly* in our army. No reading matter that comes to us 'cords' so completely with our feelings in these days of battle as your ringing editorials. We fight from belief in such a thing as patriotism and love of country; and if our leaders at home shape the institutions of the country so as to make it more worthy of loving, they will increase our devotion in fighting for it."

Our correspondent subjoins the following authentic particulars in regard to General M'PHERSON'S death:

The morning of July 22d the Army of the Tennessee was in line of battle two miles east of Atlanta, crossing the Augusta Railroad, facing west, with the Seventeenth Corps on the extreme left. Anticipating an attack upon his left flank, General M'PHERSON ordered the Sixteenth Corps, under General DODGE, to form on the left of the Seventeenth, running the line southeast. While this movement was being executed the rebels made their first assault. The right of the Sixteenth Corps had not been completed to connect with the left of the Seventeenth, and a column of the enemy penetrated to our rear.

General M'PHERSON, in riding along the line of the Sixteenth Corps, was vociferously cheered by all the troops, and particularly by the Second Brigade, Second Division. He bowed his acknowledgments with his usual genial smile. A few moments afterward, in crossing to the line of the Seventeenth Corps, he came upon the force that had turned their left flank, and receiving a volley of musketry, he was struck by a bullet, which passed through his right lung, shattered the spine, and produced almost instant death. The Second Brigade was ordered to charge, recapture a battery of the Seventeenth Corps, and recover the General's body. Lieutenant-Colonel CLARK, General M'PHERSON'S Adjutant-General, rode forward with the brigade, and excited the men to a frenzy by his appeals to them to avenge M'PHERSON. They rushed forward with a low cry, swept the rebels from the field like chaff, recaptured the guns, while Lieutenant-Colonel STRONG and Captain BUELL, of General M'PHERSON'S staff, went forward with an ambulance, under the guidance of Private REYNOLDS, of the Fifteenth Iowa Regiment, and brought off the body.

The following is a copy of the Order issued by General BLAIR, complimenting Private REYNOLDS:

HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,
BEFORE ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *July* 26, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER.—No. 8.

During the bloody battle of the 22d inst., in which this corps was engaged, Private GEORGE J. REYNOLDS, D Company, Fifteenth Iowa Infantry Volunteers, was, while in the performance of his duty on the skirmish line, severely wounded in the arm. In attempting to evade capture he came to the spot where the late beloved and gallant commander of the army, Major-General M'PHERSON, was lying mortally wounded. Forgetting all considerations of self, Private REYNOLDS clung to his old commander, and amidst the roar of battle and storm of bullets, administered to the wants of his gallant chief, quenching his dying thirst, and affording him such comfort as lay in his power. After General M'PHERSON had breathed his last, Private REYNOLDS was chiefly instrumental in recovering his body, going with two of his staff officers, pointing out the body, and assisting in putting it in an ambulance under a heavy fire from the enemy, while his wound was still uncared for.

The noble and devoted conduct of this soldier can not be too highly praised, and is commended to the consideration of the officers and men of this command.

In consideration of this gallantry, and noble, unselfish devotion, the "Gold Medal of Honor" will be conferred upon Private GEORGE J. REYNOLDS, Company D, Fifteenth Iowa Infantry Volunteers, in front of his command.

This order will be read at the head of every Regiment, Battery, and Detachment of this corps.

By Command of
Major-General FRANK P. BLAIR.
(Signed) Lieutenant-Colonel J. ALEXANDER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

SINCE the assault made against the enemy's lines before Petersburg, July 30, nothing of importance has transpired in General Grant's army. A truce was allowed by the rebels August 3, to bring off our wounded and dead. The portion of the rebel defenses assaulted on the 30th was assigned to General Mahone. The injury done by the explosion of the mine has been repaired. The exact number of our losses in the assault is set at 5640. On the 6th inst. the rebels exploded a mine in front of the Eighteenth Corps. It was followed by an assault in the afternoon, which was repulsed. Colonel Steadman, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, Eighteenth Corps, was killed by a stray shot from his own comrades in the confusion which followed the explosion in the morning.

From General Sherman there is little additional news. The three battles fought on the 20th, 22d, and 28th of July it is estimated have cost Hood's army 25,000 men, while our own loss has been not half of that. The Atlanta *Appeal* of July 24 says that at the rate of fighting since Hood took command the rebel army would be annihilated in just three weeks. This was before the battle of the 28th, in which the rebels lost five or six thousand men. Major-General O. O. Howard has succeeded M'Pherson in the command of the Army of the Tennessee. This appointment has unfortunately led to the resignation of Hooker, who has come to the East.

We have the details of the battle of the 28th. On the 22d the Army of the Tennessee, consisting of the three corps lately under M'Pherson, threatened Atlanta from the east at Decatur. On the morning of the 28th this army was transferred from this position to the extreme right, moving to within a short distance of the Macon road on the west of the city, the only railroad communication then left to the rebels. While this was transpiring Schofield, then holding the left, was attacked, having orders to refuse. A general skirmish line was kept up along Sherman's lines, however, and the commanding officers had orders to take advantage of any weak point which offered in the enemy's position. In the movement from Decatur Logan's (Fifteenth) Corps had the advance, taking up a position between the railroad leading to Macon and that to Chattanooga. Dodge's (Sixteenth) followed on his left, then Blair's Seventeenth. On Logan's extreme right Jeff C. Davis's division of the Fourteenth Corps was to take its position, but by mistaken orders failed to do so. As soon as Howard's army got into position, and had built temporary breast-works, Stewart's rebel corps, numbering 20,000 attacked him furiously with infantry and artillery. Lorling's division of this rebel force, with a brigade of cavalry under Martin, attempted to flank Howard, by dashing across an open field into a patch of woods on his right, and almost succeeded. This rebel column was, however, repulsed by Logan. This was at two o'clock P.M. The battle lasted till five, no artillery being used by Howard, and very little by Stewart. Our forces had the advantage, as the enemy was wholly unprotected. Logan lost about 1500 men.

Sherman's position at last advices was such that he invested the city on the north and west especially, having it in his power to throw a large force forward to the west or east as he might choose. The Fourteenth Corps rested on the Chattanooga Railroad, three miles north of the city.

On the 26th of July General Stoneman, with between three and four thousand men, commanded by General M'Cook, set out on an expedition against the Macon Road. Eighteen miles of the road were destroyed, and a large wagon-train going from Atlanta was captured. M'Cook's men, partaking too freely of whisky taken on the train, were attacked on their return by a superior force under General Ransom, and more than half of the entire command was captured, Gen. Stoneman included. M'Cook made his escape. Many large fires have recently taken place in Atlanta.

General Hunter has been superseded by General Sheridan in the Department of Washington and the Shenandoah. The rebels have appeared in large force at various points along the Potomac, and it has seemed to many that Early was contemplating a movement on Wheeling, and thence into Ohio. What seems most probable is that all the movements for the past few weeks have been diversions to cover their main object, which is to secure the harvests of the Shenandoah. This is no evidence, however, that they will not in future, and perhaps very soon, attempt an invasion of the Northern States in greater force than hitherto. General Grant visited Hunter at his head-quarters near Monocacy Junction July 5. General Averill had, at the latest reports, fought M'Causland and Bradley Johnson at Moorfield, defeating them and taking 500 prisoners.

The prisoners on both sides which have been held under fire at Charleston were exchanged on the 4th inst. An effort is being made by the rebel authorities to make Charleston the future exchange point for all prisoners of war.

The United States steamer *Fulton* arrived at this port, August 9, from Port Royal, having on board the fifty-five released officers whom the rebels had held imprisoned in Charleston under our fire. The retaliatory measure adopted by the Government was perfectly successful. The exchange was carried on in the most satisfactory manner. The rebel officers, fifty in number, never having been fairly exposed to the fire from the rebel forts, were on the 3d conveyed in the *Cosmopolitan* to a point off Sullivan's Island, where they were met by another vessel, the *Chesterfield*, having on board the Federal officers. Having crossed the bar in the *Cosmopolitan* on their return, the Federal officers were invited to dine with Major-General Sickles on board the *Admiral*, an invitation which most of them accepted. We shall give next week a very interesting sketch of the head-quarters assigned to our officers during their stay in Charleston. It will convey to our readers some idea of the desolation which has visited that once proud and prosperous city.

The most cheering news of the week is that which comes to us from the Gulf. On Friday, August 5, Admiral Farragut with his fleet attacked the defenses of Mobile and the rebel fleet in Mobile Bay. The report is from the rebel General Maury. He states that on the 5th Admiral Farragut with seventeen vessels—fourteen gun-boats and three Monitors—passed Fort Morgan. The Monitor *Tecumseh* was sunk by the guns of the fort. The rebel ram *Tennessee* surrendered after a desperate engagement, in which Admiral Buchanan lost his leg and was taken prisoner. Another rebel steamer, the *Selma*, was captured. Still another, the *Gaines*, was beached. The Federal fleet had approached the city. We give herewith a MAP showing Mobile Bay, the City, and its defenses. The numbers on the map indicate the depth of water in various parts of the channel.

It is believed that there are over 3000 bushwhackers on the north side of the Missouri River. If this be true, the task of killing or expelling such a formidable body of thieves and murderers will be a huge one. The last heard of Anderson's gang, who are reported to have done the damage on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, they were at Middle Grove, Monroe County, and were supposed to be pushing on toward Charlton County. Five hundred Federal cavalry are in pursuit of them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MEXICO.

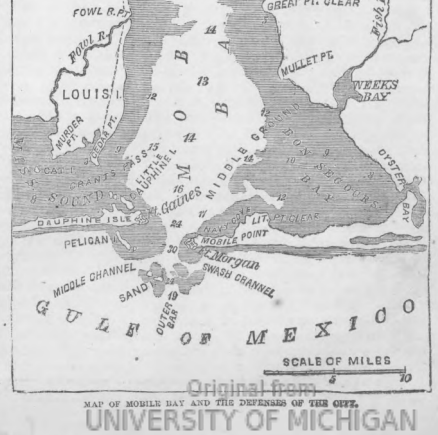
IT appears from advices which have been coming by every mail from Havana lately that Maximilian's empire is not peacefully recognized by the Liberals. Thus by the news of the 23d of July we hear that the Imperialists have been attacked about three miles from San Martin by a force of about 500 Juarists. Maximilian has granted an amnesty to all prisoners whose offenses were strictly political; this, however, does not extend to parties in armed opposition.

EUROPE.

On July 18 a deputation of factory operatives representing Manchester, Stockport, Preston, Oldham, Macclesfield, and other English manufacturing towns, waited by appointment upon Earl Russell at the Foreign Office for the purpose of presenting to his lordship a petition for the intervention of the British Government in the American war, signed by upward of 90,000 persons engaged in the cotton manufacture. The plea was made to rest, first, on the suffering of the petitioners from the war; and, secondly, the hopelessness of the attempt on the part of the North to subdue the Southern States. Moreover, the deputation begged to submit "that in the opinion of the vast majority of the people of the cotton districts, the Southern States, as well by superior force of arms as by the manifestation of the highest capacity for self-government, had entitled themselves to recognition as an independent Power."

After listening to the deputation, his lordship expressed his admiration at the conduct of the operatives, his sympathy with them in their unavoidable sufferings, and his earnest desire that the time would speedily arrive when the Government might, with good effect, offer to mediate between the contending parties.

A meeting composed of eminent men of all parties was held at Geneva July 9. Enthusiastic speeches were made, giving moral support and encouragement to the American Union in its war against slavery. An address was drawn up to be sent to the people of the United States. This address recognizes a federal unity as at the basis of the American Constitution. It refers back to similar periods of intestine strife in her Helvetian history, and it concludes with the following sentiment: "The struggle has commenced between the two principles—Liberty and Slavery. The consignee of victory must be the abolition of slavery forever and every where. Hail Liberty! Hail Republic of the United States!" To this address Secretary Seward has made an appropriate reply.



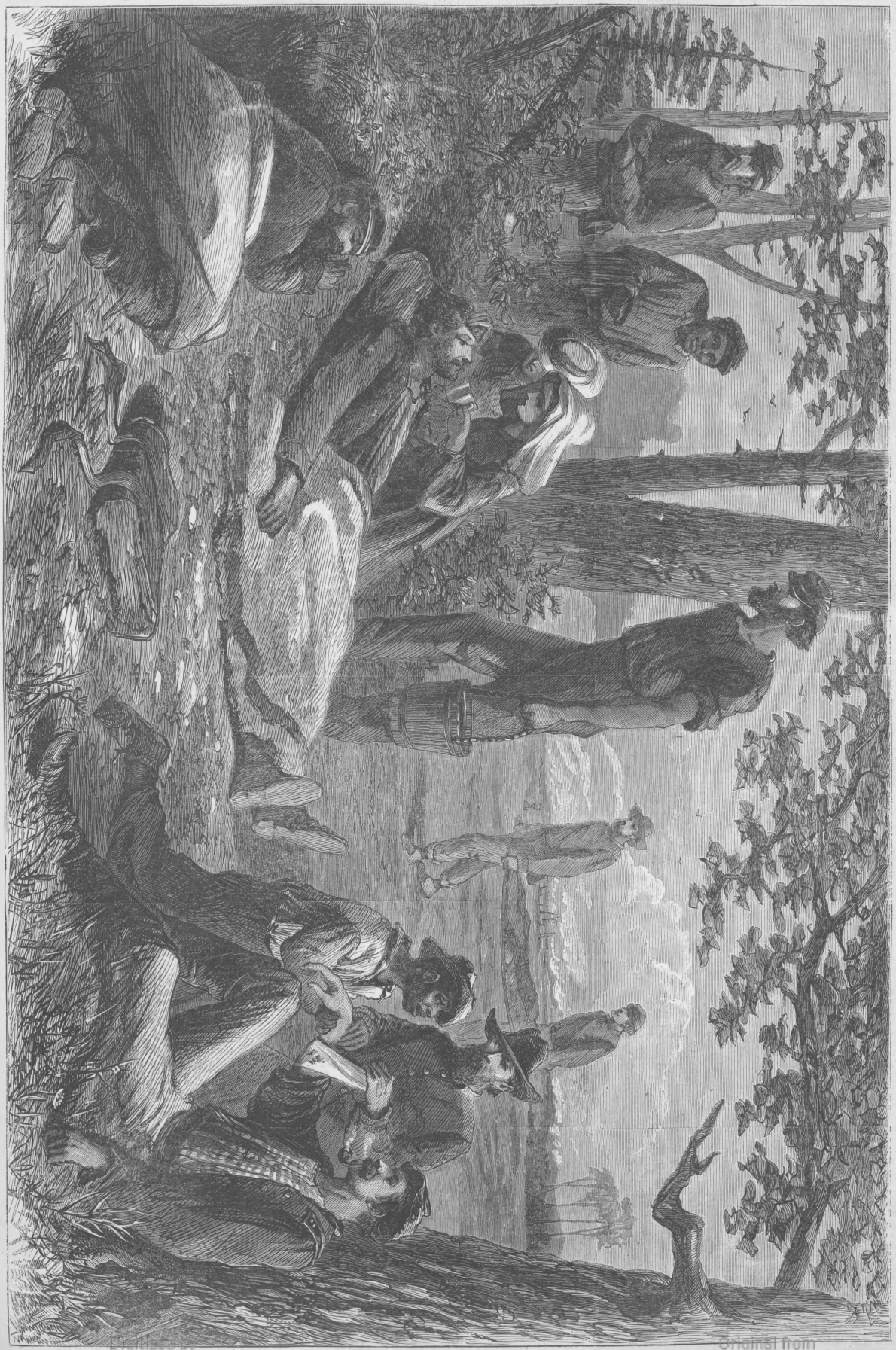
MAP OF MOBILE BAY AND THE DEFENSES OF THE CITY.

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—CAPTURE OF FOUR TWENTY-POUND PARROTT GUNS BY MILES'S BRIGADE, BARLOW'S DIVISION, JULY 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION IN THE FIELD.—[See Page 534.]

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THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

ON page 533 we give an illustration representing THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE. There is no feature connected with the war which so well illustrates the peculiarity of Republican institutions as the work performed by the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. These are supported not by the Government, but by the people. As our Government is of the people, so is this war the people's war. And the people have taken it upon themselves to take care of the soldiers. This is a peculiarity which distinguishes the North from the South in the conduct of the war. It is on this account that the losses from sickness, and especially from wounds, have been so few in our army as compared with that of the rebels.

Says the Richmond *Enquirer* of August 3, alluding to our advantages over the rebels in cannon and ships and otherwise: "Their dietetic and sanitary systems have saved them thousands of soldiers who would have died upon the coarse fare of the military hospital. Preserved fruits, dessicated vegetables, solidified milk, the condensed nutriment of meat, the concentrated essence of tea and coffee, wines, and pure spirits, accompany the hospital every where. Ices and cordials refresh, patent ambulances, spring beds, and hair mattresses solace the sick and the wounded. When the field hospitals beyond the Appomattox suffered for water a canal was cut and steam pumps put up, and an abundant supply was furnished."

This service likewise has its sacrifices and its martyrs. Thousands of Christian men and women are giving up the pleasures of home, and it often happens that they give their lives also. Soldiers' wives work in the hospital while their husbands fight on the field. While BARLOW is taking cannon at Deep Bottom, his wife dies in Washington of fever contracted in the hospital. While M'PHERSON falls before Atlanta, Professor HADLEY dies in New York, worn out with weariness by long weeks of exposure and fatigue suffered for the soldier's sake.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WILD WOMAN.

WHAT was she to do? Try another pawnshop? She had no passport. They must have papers. It was the law, it seemed. But how did people get papers? Were they born with papers? Should she go back to the goldsmiths on the Quai and try them once more? Alas! of what avail would that be? She would receive only the same answers, the same rebuffs. Was there no one in this enormous city of Paris who would purchase a gewgaw from a poor child who wanted to run away? She had heard of a place called the Temple. She had read of it, too, and Madame de Kergolay had talked to her about it hundreds of times as the site of that old donjon keep where the Martyr King and his queen had lain in captivity, and where the poor little Dauphin had been handed over to the cobbler Simon, to be slowly tortured to death. The donjon keep was pulled down now, and the Temple was a place where they bought and sold every thing. Should she ask her way there? But she knew that she would have to pass close to the Marais; and an indefinable terror forbade her to retrace her footsteps.

She came, suddenly, in the middle of the pavement, on a marchand d'habits—an old-clothesman. No Jew was he. In Paris Christians do not disdain to carry the bag, and wear the three hats. This fellow was a Marseillais, swarthy and bright-eyed, with a head of tufted black hair, dazzling white teeth, and ear-rings. He had two umbrellas beneath one arm, and a cavalry sabre beneath the other, a cocked-hat in one hand besides the three on his head, a pair of patent-leather boots tucked in his waistband, and any number of loose garments flying all abroad about him: besides his bulging bag.

"Troun de l'air!" cried the marchand d'habits when he saw Lily, "what a pretty girl!"

"Will you buy a locket?" said the girl, shrinking from the man's bold gaze, and holding out the trinket in her little trembling hand. She was desperate now. She would have had courage to ask the statue of Henry the Fourth on the Pont Neuf if he would buy a locket.

"Carragoui de zeval," exclaimed the Marseillais in return, "I am not a jeweler. What do you want for your little breloque, mon anze zérie?"

"A hundred francs," replied Lily, half choking.

"Masoulipatam!" shouted the marchand d'habits, who seemed to possess an inexhaustible arsenal of strange execrations. "Veux-tou mi rouiner? Ma, I will be generous. Ze souis Chrétien, moi, et pas oune Zouif. Twelve francs fifty centimes for your locket."

"No," cried Lily, passionately. She could have strangled the man.

"Quesaco! crrricuicoui!" continued the Marseillais. "Don't fly into a temper. I don't buy jewelry on fête-days. Come and breakfast with me. Allons manzer, allons boire!' And the eyes of the old-clothesman sparkled like unto live coals.

Lily drew her shawl about her, and, spurning his offer, walked indignantly away.

"Pif de Pilate!" the Marseillais muttered, looking after her, "z'est oune zentille petite fillette za. Never mind. I shall dance at the Barrière du Trône to-night. Marchand d'habi-i-i-i-ts." And with his lugubrious and long-drawn-out chant, his bag and his bright eyes, the old-clothesman went on his way. They were magnificent eyes, only he had spoiled them by a habit of squinting, contracted through the endeavor to glance at the first floor windows on both sides of the street at once, to see whether the occupants had any old clothes to sell.

Twelve francs fifty for her locket! The villains. The wicked, wicked, hard-hearted people, she thought. Had she had time she could have sat down on a door-step, covered her face with her shawl, and cried her eyes out. But it was with her as with the Wandering Jew, "Onward! Onward!"

She remembered that she was not yet quite destitute. Her breakfast paid for, she was still the possessor of between eighteen and nineteen francs. That would carry her some distance toward her destination—support her for some days, she thought. And then she would beg. *She* beg! Perhaps there were cottages on the road where the people were kind and would give her bread and milk, and allow her to sleep on the straw in their barns. She would have nothing more to do with this cruel and pitiless Paris. She would begin her journey at once. How it was to be prosecuted she had not the slightest idea. She knew she had to reach the coast and to cross the sea: that was all.

The Marseillais marchand d'habits had told her, the *rascal!* that he never bought jewelry on fête-days. Once or twice before in the course of that weary morning's travel she had heard about the festivals. At the pawnbroker's they had bidden her to be quick, for they were about to close. The poor, it seems, must pawn even on the morning of a holiday, so the commissaire-priseur opened his doors for an hour or two before the business of pleasure began.

Lily saw that there were a great many more people about this morning than on ordinary days; that many of the shops, and nearly all those of a superior class, were closed; that the humbler sort of people mostly wore clean blouses, and the grisettes clean caps; that the students of the School of St. Cyr were abroad in their holiday clothes; that the soldiers of the garrison looked unusually spruce and burnished up; and that the very sergents de ville had waxed their mustaches and given their sword-hilts an extra polish. There were a good many flowers about; from many of the windows hung banners and streamers; and in front of every public building rose great black triangular stages, like monstrous but truncated ladders, supporting on their many rungs pipkins full of oil and tallow, in which were huge cotton wicks. These were the lampions for the illuminations at night.

Then Lily all at once remembered that this was the twenty-seventh of July, and that Madame de Kergolay had told her that on the twenty-seventh, the twenty-eighth, and the twenty-ninth of that month, in every year, the official gala-days known as the Fêtes of July were held. "They are to celebrate the democratic revolution of July, 1830," the old lady would say, disdainfully; "the revolution so adroitly discounted in their own favor by M. le Duc d'Orleans and the banker Lafitte. It is an official celebration, strictly a government affair, my child, and the maskings and mummeries and tight-rope dancing are all paid for out of the public treasury. The people have nothing to do with it—absolutely nothing. The only holiday which lives in their memories and in their hearts is the Fête de St. Louis."

Thus Madame de Kergolay; and Lily had, of course, implicitly believed her. But she could not help thinking now, as she watched the gayly dressed and laughing throngs hurrying past, that, if the Fête of St. Louis were in their hearts, the lights of the Fêtes of July shone uncommonly bright in their faces. Every one looked happy; every body *must* be happy, thought the poor little outcast runaway, her sad heart sinking within her at the sight of the smiles and the joyous faces. She little knew that among that laughing concourse there were numbers upon numbers ten thousand times more miserable than she.

It was good that she should not know it. It would not have consoled her. She had not yet arrived at that age when "there is something not absolutely disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends." The wretcheder she was herself—being, as you know, young and silly, and not at all a woman of the world—the readier she was to sympathize with sorrow. She was but a little fool at the best, but she never grew out of *that* folly.

So it was a grand holiday, a very grand holiday. The government liked to encourage holidays; it made the people feel light and pleasant, and saved them from getting the headache over those stupid newspapers. On the third, and grandest day of the fêtes, the newspapers were not published at all: another thing which the government liked dearly. A good government, a paternal government, a light-hearted government; it rejoiced to see the hard-worked editors and reporters strolling in the Elysian Fields, dining at the Café Anglais, or dancing at the Chaumière—even if they danced that naughty cancan—instead of muddling their brains in the composition of prosy leading articles, or wearing their fingers to the bone in taking crabbed short-hand notes of the long-winded debates of the Chambers. "Enjoy yourselves, my children," cried this good government. "In these last days of July let us sing a Te Deum for fine weather, an abundant crop of strawberries, and the possession of so beneficent a sovereign as that dear old gentleman with the umbrella at the Tuileries yonder. See: he wears a tricolored cockade, the emblem of Liberty, in his hat. Is that not good of him? Let us celebrate the feast of the Patriots of July. What glorious fellows they were! Shout! How nobly they fought. Fire the cannon! How heroically they died. Drub the double drums! How very soundly they sleep in the vaults under the column in the Place de la Bastille. Let us drink all their healths, and inscribe all their names, even to the humblest blouse-wearer, in golden letters on the marble plinth. As for the patriots of to-day, they are a pack of sulky disagreeable grumblers, mere spoil-sports and trouble-fêtes, and, lest they should mar the bright sunshine of our holiday, we have put them away in the casemates of Belle Isle, and Mont St. Michel, and Doullens, and turned a big key on them. Soldiers! bring your muskets to the 'ready,' and, bombardiers, keep your matches lighted. This is a fête-day. Every body is to enjoy himself under pain of immediate arrest. Eat, drink, and be merry, my children. Go to the play for nothing. See the illuminations, and the fire-works, and the water-jousts, for nothing; meanwhile we, who are your parents and best friends, will govern you, and look after all your little affairs at home and abroad. Tiens! that birchen rod of ours is getting a little limp. Excuse us if we use one of iron."

So spoke the Government of July, thinking it was to last forever; but it, and its dynasty, and its festivals, and all its pretty little winning ways, are dead and gone, and well-nigh effaced from the memory of man.

For aught Lily knew the gay doings might be in honor of the birthday of King Louis Philippe, or the birthday of Monsieur Lafitte the banker. To her mind the revolution of 1830 conveyed but a very dim and meagre impression. Once, when Mademoiselle Espremenil, who was an Orleanist, told her that three hundred patriots were killed on the Place du Carrousel fighting against the Swiss guard, she exclaimed, "How very wicked of them to fight against the king's soldiers!" and was called nigaude, and made to copy out the third chapter of Télémaque for her pains. She had never gone outside the doors of the Pension Marcassin at the time of the celebration of the fêtes during the whole of her incarceration in that penitentiary. The other girls had given her, from time to time, glowing accounts of what they had seen during the three glorious days; but to Lily those were only fairy tales and fables, as beautiful but as unreal as any in the Arabian Nights.

Now she was privileged—by her own act and deed at least—to see the grand sight, for a momentary peep at which, even, she had often thirsted, and to wander at will among the merry-makers. But she fled from it all as though it had been a pestilence. She was afraid. While the day lasted, she thought, it would be folly, it would be madness, to venture into the Elysian Fields, where all the world of Paris would be out walking. No, no: that place was to be avoided at all hazards. Still she had an irresistible craving to see something of the brave show before she commenced her flight to England in good earnest. She would wait until sunset, she thought—until nearly dusk. Then the crowd would be denser, and the quieter sort of folks gone home, and she might mingle with the throng unnoticed and unrecognized.

Now lagging, now hurrying through a tortuous maze of streets, she came all at once into the great garish Rue de Rivoli, and saw the Tuileries Gardens and the Place de la Concorde one vast Lake of Pleasure, covered with Islands of Delight, blazing in the sun. She turned from the dangerous open and fled. Ascending the Rue St. Honoré she ventured to cross it before she reached the Palais Royal, and even got safe over the upper part of the Rue de Rivoli into the dismal little labyrinth of by-lanes, full of sellers of old prints, and older curiosities, technically known as the Pâté du Louvre, and which had grown up, a fungus, between the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries. To her relief she managed to gain the Quai: not that where the old gold-dealers live, but that which fronts the Long Gallery. She crossed the Pont Royal as timorously as a little mouse seeking a fresh hole, and, diving down the Rue du Bac, was glad to lose herself in a fresh labyrinth of little streets.

She found out, perhaps, the dimmest little cabinet de lecture, or reading-room, that ever was groped for, and at last discovered, in the dimmest portion of old Paris. It seemed to Lily not much bigger in size than the cage of a good-sized macaw, and was very dark and gloomy, and so suited her admirably. The old maiden lady who kept this abode of literature had read herself more than three parts blind with bad novels, and was so deeply immersed in one of the admired works of Monsieur Horace St. Aubin, that, when Lily entered, she could barely find time to extend her hand for five sous—the regulation price of admission to the Cabinet of the Muses.

All the people who frequented the reading-room were old—as old as the visitors whom Madame de Kergolay received, but of a shabbier and more dilapidated type. They seemed to be tumbling to pieces with sheer antiquity, both in their bodies and their garments, and to be only kept together by means of stays, and braces, and pins, and buttons, and hooks, the horns of spectacles, the springs of false teeth, and the elastic bands of wigs. There never was such a rickety congregation. Ague, paralysis, neuralgia, and sciatica, seemed to have gotten hold of the furniture as well as the patrons of the establishment; and every thing tottered and shook and trembled and creaked. As Lily walked up the room, and chose the darkest corner, the very boards yielded beneath her tread and sent up little clouds of dust, giving to her ankles a wreathed appearance, as though she had been a young Mercury.

There was a tall old gentleman who came to the Cabinet, not to read, but to sleep. It could not be said precisely that he snored, but the air about him seemed to be haunted by the spirit of a defunct trombone. And it was a spirit seemingly in pain.

There was a little old lady who represented a prodigious cap, a large pair of green goggles, a red plaid shawl, and nothing else. Her face seemed to have gone out of town, and to have left a P.P.C. card over the spectacles, on which some one had sketched the lineaments of a death's head; but sketched them very faintly. And most of the time even this was a fact which you were not enabled to ascertain with any degree of certainty, as the little old lady usually kept a copy of the *Gazette de France* before her, never turning over the pages; and under those circumstances she was only so much newspaper, and so much shawl.

Over against Lily there sat an ancient personage of the male sex, lean and long as Don Quixote, and wearing a night-cap under his hat. He had a long green cloak with a rabbit's skin collar; and under this cloak he fondled and cherished a diminutive dog of, apparently, the turnspit breed. There was a very strict prohibition against the introduction of dogs to the Cabinet in a notice hung up at the entrance. But the old gentleman had very probably been offending against the regulations for the last fifty years. He was the senior, the doyen of the customers. Those who surrounded him were too old and feeble to resent his malfeasance, and the lady at the counter was too much engrossed by Monsieur Horace St. Aubin to take notice of any thing outside her book. Still the old man in the cloak was not exempt from occasional twinges of conscience. The little dog was generally very quiet, but, from time to time, feeling bored probably, he would poke his nose from beneath the folds of the mantle with a sharp yap, or a plaintive whine. And then Lily would hear the lean old man whispering in great trepidation to the refractory turnspit: "Hush, for Heaven's sake, Lindor! De la sagesse, mon ami—de la sagesse, Lindor; remember what a risk I am running for thee. Je t'implore, Lindor, de ne pas me compromettre. I entreat thee, Lindor, not to compromise me." Once the lean old man caught Lily looking at him. The turnspit had been very restless. The old man covered its tiny muzzle with both his white trembling hands, and cast toward Lily a look at once so piteous and so supplicating that the girl felt half inclined to laugh and half to cry.

She staid here, reading newspapers out of date and dog's-eared romances, which excited, for two reasons, her special wonder: first, as to whoever could have written them; and next, whoever could have read them before her. That they had been diligently conned, however, and to some purpose, was evident; for the edges were yellow and shiny with much thumbing, and many pages were blistered with long dried-up tears.

They were all full of love; but it was not the kind of love that Lily could comprehend, with which she could sympathize, or from which she could derive any consolation. Silly girl, she was quite raw and ignorant. She had not yet learned to take her heart to pieces and put it together again, like a map puzzle. She had not acquired the art of preserving her passion, and boiling it down, and putting plenty of sugar to it, and spreading it on paper, as jam is spread upon bread. Lamentable little dunce! She was yet at the A B C of the great alphabet, which, being learned, after infinite wailings and canings, only teaches us to spell the words Disappointment and Despair. She was quite a novice in the cosmography of the Pays du Tendre. Had Lily been asked to write a love-letter it would have begun with "I love," and it would have ended with "I love," and there would have been nothing else, except blots, which are the blushes of manuscript. I have known people who punctuated their protestations of affection. They must have been very much in love indeed.

Here she lingered until the day was declining. She went out at last (the mistress of the place never heeding her), and she left the old folks there, doddering and coughing feebly in their chairs. Those who are alive, and the oldest folks always seem to last the longest, may be there, doddering and choking to this day.

Into the broad streets, and on to the broader quay, and over another bridge; but this time it was the Pont de la Concorde, and they were beginning to light up the lampions in front of the Chamber of Deputies. Then she was in the vast Place, by the side of the Luxor obelisk. She could resist it no longer. She was beyond the control of reason. She was bewildered—fascinated. Come what may, she must see the sight.

So she sped by the spouting fountains, and entered upon the enormous avenue of the Elysian Fields. The sight almost took away her breath. It was wonderful. Two huge open-air theatres, within whose vast prosceniums whole regiments of red-legged soldiers were engaged in deadly combat with white-burnoused Arabs. They fired off real guns and real howitzers. Real horses galloped on to the stage, not at all alarmed by the noise, whereas the very smell of the powder almost frightened Lily out of her wits.

But the theatres were only a drop of water in the sea. There were Punches by the score. There were Marionettes. There were greasy poles up which adventurous gymnasts climbed, intent on reaching the silver watches, spoons, and mugs—no vulgar legs of mutton here!—suspended to a hoop at the summit. What shouting and clapping of hands when a climber, his strained fingers within an inch of the coveted prize, found the treacherous surface beneath at length too much for him, and so slid down to the bottom again, defeated and fat-begrimed.

There were merry-go-rounds. There were targets at which you could fire au blanc, and if you struck the bull's-eye found a plaster figure of the Emperor Napoleon arise, like a jack-in-a-box. Ninepins; spring top; roulette playing for macaroons; jugglers; acrobats; rope-dancers; dancing dogs and monkeys; a camel; a bear that beat a tambourine; a goat that danced

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at the bidding of a gipsy woman dressed up as Esmeralda; a dog that, being desired to name the greatest rogue in company, walked straight up to his master, wagged his tail, and barked an unmistakable "This is he;" several other dogs, with cocked-hats tied under their chins, military coats, and frilled pantaloons, who performed gavottes, looking most mournful the while; a camel, on whose head a little boy executed a saraband; every thing, in short, that was wonderful, and strange, and delightful.

Booths where gingerbread was sold—brown, sticky-looking, shiny gingerbread, like Moorish faces on a very hot day, and with great white oval almonds in them, like eyes; booths where sweetmeats were dispensed; where fruit and fried potatoes, hot pie-crust—the famous galette—and gauffre cakes were to be had—all these abounded. And shrilly sounded above the myriad noises of the throng, and was audible even in the intervals of blank cartridge firing, the voice of the man who sold cocoa. "A la fraîche! à la fraîche!" he cried. A little round tower, with crenelated top bristling with many-colored flags, and hung with gay tinkling bells, was strapped to his back. Beneath his arm passed the brass pipe and tap from which he frothed his cool but mawkish beverage. Around his body was slung a wooden cestus, and thick hanging from it a store of goblets of burnished tin that shone as bright as silver. Still cried he, "A la fraîche! à la fraîche!" his bells tinkling and his flags waving through the jostling mass.

There were no dandies here, no leaders of fashion, no eye-glass wearers, no fan-twirlers. You might look around in vain for gold watch-chains, for varnished boots, for bright bonnets, or for robes of silk. This was the People's festival; and they, the People, pure and simple, were here in force. This was one of the three days in the year when Jacques Bonhomme was in his glory, and had the best of it. He might come in a clean blouse, or in a dirty blouse, or in his shirt-sleeves; but he was welcome to the show for nothing. So many hundred thousands of francs were set aside every year to amuse him, and to buy him toys, and to make him forget his rights. He forgot them for the nonce; but the paternal government who turned showman on Jacques's behalf found it impossible to make of the whole year one long July, and to have a festival every day. The result of which solution of continuity was, that when it wasn't July, and there were no fire-works, dancing dogs, and open-air theatres, and work was scarce and bread dear, Jacques Bonhomme would turn on the paternal government, suddenly remember his rights, and rend his rulers in pieces.

Lily thought it very kind indeed of the good gentlemen, whoever they were, who had provided this sumptuous spectacle, and charged nothing for it. She had a vague idea, from some staring placards she had read on the walls, that the Prefect of the Department of the Seine had something to do with this grand merry-making. He must be a very good man, she thought. Perhaps it was *his* birthday.

She had eaten and drunk nothing since breakfast; so, calling to mind that she was hungry, she dined frugally on two sous' worth of gingerbread and an apple. She had even the hardihood to stop one of the men who wore the round towers strapped on their backs, and, accosting him as "Monsieur," asked him for a glass of cocoa.

The particular merchant she chanced to patronize displayed considerable splendor in the fittings of his establishment. His round tower was covered with crimson cotton velvet, hooped with gilt foil paper, and embowered in his flags was a little brazen eagle with outstretched wings.

He frothed up the cocoa so for Lily that the beading bubbles on the rim sparkled in the evening sun like diamonds, and presented her the goblet with an air.

"Drink," he said, "belle dame. It is the nectar of the gods."

It wasn't any thing of the sort. It was merely so much Spanish liquorice boiled down with a little sarsaparilla; but the merchant had such a winning way with him that had he asseverated that the Nabob of Arcot's diamond was dissolved in his cocoa he might have found those to believe him.

"How much, monsieur?" asked Lily, when she had drunk.

"To you," the merchant replied, with a bow and a flourish, "one sou. A pint of cocoa and a quart of froth, all for five centimes."

Lily paid him. Straightway he whisked out a napkin which hung from his cestus, gave the goblet an extra polish, frothed it again, and handed it to Lily.

"Drink again, belle dame," he said. "For this I charge nothing. It is my humble offering to youth and beauty. And I declare that had not my family, through political misfortunes, supped deeply of misery, and were not my old grandmother, là-bas, down yonder in la Sologne in misery, sur la paille, I would have made you pay nothing for the first."

Although the girl's thirst was assuaged she did not like to offend the hospitable merchant, and so half emptied the goblet he offered her. Then she thanked him and courtesied, and turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

"I salute you," cried he of the round tower, looking after her retreating figure. "Belle dame, I am at your feet. Pauvre petite," he continued, polishing up his cups, "she is too young and too pretty to be wandering in this tohubohu quite alone. But, bah! she is safer here than on the Boulevard of the Italiens. The blouses will do her no harm. A la fraiche! faites-vous servir! à la fraîche!" and he went on his way, jangling his cups and tinkling his bells.

It was nearly eight o'clock, but bright and mellow daylight yet. Lily had been struggling against temptation for a long time, but she could now resist it no longer. She had never seen one before in her life. She must go inside and see one—a show.

No, not the educated seal, the pictured resemblance of the monster on the cartoon outside the booth, where he resided, terrified her. Not the Oriental menagerie either: the roaring she could hear through the canvas, the squeals and yelps as the keeper plied his switch, and the acrid odor peculiar to wild beast shows appalled her more than the terrific paintings, much larger than life, of the panther of Java, the gigantic baboon of Sumatra, the hyena of Abyssinia, the crocodile of the Nile, and the boa constrictor of Seringapatam, by means of which the enterprising proprietor of the Oriental menagerie strove to attract patronage. The grand concourse of the combat of animals, where a wretched old white horse was to be baited by sundry mastiffs, she likewise avoided.

But the wax-work show! the royal and imperial exhibition of wax-work of Signor Ventimillioni (from Milan), she *must* see that. It cost ten sous to see this show, but Lily paid them.

Signor Ventimillioni himself took her half franc. He was a tall, sallow man, with a coal-black beard, and wore a velvet waistcoat of Scotch plaid, but was otherwise attired as a Roman emperor. He stared very long and very impudently at Lily. What was there about the child that every one stared at her so?

She drew aside a curtain that veiled the entrance and entered. She started back with a shriek at the first object she saw. It was a colossal gendarme in a monstrous cocked-hat and jack-boots. His face, fringed with huge peaked mustaches and chin-tuft, was pale as death. His eyes glared horribly with a fixed and stony gaze. In one gauntleted hand he brandished a gleaming sabre. He looked like one of those ominous officers of the Convention Lily had seen in pictures, who came to conduct Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. He had come at last to take her, she thought, shrinking in her inmost soul. She was to be arrested for running away, and trying to sell her locket!

"You little imbecile," cried a fat cattle-dealer from Poissy, who had followed close on her heels, and giving her as he spoke a slight push with his umbrella, "you foolish child, don't you see that ce cuistre à ceinture jaune is only wax-work?"

The cattle-dealer had paid his ten sous before, and often, and knew the ways of men and wax-work shows. He was chuckling at his penetration, when the voice of Signor Ventimillioni was heard in a shrill treble, frantically shrieking:

"Les armes et less parapluies sont déposés a la porte—weapons and umbrellas must be left at the door. Advance, messieurs et mesdames. Advance, I supplicate you."

The cattle-dealer turned back, grumbling, to give up his gingham; but Lily advanced. The show soon made her feel very faint. It smelt oppressively of lukewarm wax, and saw-dust, and old clothes. Apart from the good King Henry the Fourth, Monsieur de Voltaire, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Sir Hudson Lowe (who was aptly represented in a yellow cloak lined with leopard's skin, the well-known uniform of general officers in the British army), the collection was mainly composed of eminent murderers. Louvet was there, holding, of course, the identical poniard with which he slew the Duke of Berry. Next him Avril, and Lacenaire, who with a bottle of Chambertin before him was represented as absorbed in the composition of a sonnet. Fieschi with his arm shattered and his face all dabbled with blood; the personages in the Affair Fualdès, playing boston at a gory card-table; Pontis de Sainte-Helène in the fetters and red night-cap of a Toulon galley-slave; the Bergère d'Ivry—for there were victims here as well as assassins—with her throat cut, and the Courier of Lyons with a bullet through his head. Horror!

"Call that Madame Lafarge?" the cattle-dealer from Poissy was heard to murmur as he halted before the effigy of a fashionably-dressed lady wearing a white chip bonnet and a black lace veil. "It is an infamy, an imposture! Je te reconnais, coquine. Thou hast not been to the fair of Poissy for nothing. Two years since thou wert Charlotte Corday; last July thou wert the Duchess of Berry previous to her betrayal by the Jew Deubz; and now, affublée d'un nouveau cotillon, and that gimcrack bonnet on thy head, thou must pass, forsooth, for the Veuve Lafarge, née Marie Capelle. C'est une supercherie inouïe. I demand my money back. I have a great mind to beat thy waxen head off, fraudulent puppet." It was evident that the confiscation of his umbrella still rankled in the cattle-dealer's mind.

Forth again into the Babel of money-making went Lily. She had had enough of shows for the time. Where was she to pass the night? How shamefully she had loitered her time away! How recklessly she had been squandering her slender stock of money! But she could not muster up courage enough to flee the enchanted ground. It had a strange and deadly fascination for her, and, like a moth round a candle, she felt she must continue to hover about it: even to her destruction.

She absolutely, before it was quite dark, went to see another show. It is true that this was a humble spectacle, and only cost five sous. The attraction was a solitary one: there was but a wild woman to be seen.

"La femme sauvage—la femme sauvage!—the wild woman!" cried, with stentorian lungs, the orator, in a full suit of armor and a hussar's busby, from the platform in front of the booth. "The wild woman from Madagascar, the largest of the group known as the Inexorable Islands. Her name is Antannariva Zoraïde. The idolatrous practices of her ancestors she has abjured, and is a good Christian, wearing three medals blessed by le Saint Père the Pope, who sent to Rome for her expressly to bestow his patronage and benediction upon her; but she lives entirely on raw meat, and neither threats nor persuasion can induce her to wear stays. The wild woman! Ladies and gentlemen! This is her last appearance in France. Reconciled to her illustrious family, she leaves to-morrow morning for Madagascar by the Messageries Royales of Messrs. Lafitte and Caillard, stopping only at Lisbon, in order to be presented to the infants and infantas of the House of Braganza. The wild woman, messieurs les amateurs! Her disposition is amiable, and her tastes are artistic. She can lift a weight of one hundred and fifty kilogrammes with the little finger of her right hand, and suffer a pastille to burn to charcoal on the tip of her tongue. En avant for the wild woman. Admission only five sous, a reduction of eight hundred per cent. in consequence of la cherté des denrées—the high price of provisions. Nobody can enter without paying, but paying without entering is permitted by the civil and military authorities."

The crowd, who had been listening to this balderdash with a grin of bewildered complacency, burst into a roar of laughter at the concluding witticism. There was a press of sight-seers at once to the ladder. That prodigal little Lily, after gazing for a while at the violently chromatic portraits of the Wild Woman strangling a Tigress; the Wild Woman riding three wilder horses at once; the Wild Woman in the wilds of her native Madagascar, taking refuge in the branches of a banyan-tree from the pursuit of the hunters; the Wild Woman kissing the Pope's toe; the Wild Woman lifting ponderous weights, firing off pistols, and defeating the celebrated Monsieur Grisier in a fencing-match—after contemplating these astounding works of art, the desolate little girl wandered into the show, which was now lit by a hoop of flaring oil-lamps suspended from the centre pole of the tent, and took her seat with some twenty others on the last of a row of planks placed on trestles.

There was a little proscenium and a rude set-scene supposed to represent Madagascar. On the prompt side there was a screen, and on the O. P. sat a hump-backed man with a flageolet and a kettle-drum, the which he thumped and blew alternately.

But he tootled on this pipe and whanged the parchment so long that the audience grew impatient. It was surely more than time for the show to begin. Murmurs of "La femme sauvage! La femme sauvage!" began to be heard. "Eh marchez donc: faites voir vos trucs," was the next expression of the popular wish. The orator in full armor pushed his way through the auditory, climbed on to the stage, and disappeared behind the screen. Voices were now heard in angry contention; but still the Wild Woman failed to make her appearance.

There was the voice of a man, seemingly endeavoring to pacify an infuriated woman. The man's voice Lily recognized at once as that of the orator in chivalric panoply whom she had heard haranguing outside. The voice of the woman—Merciful Heavens! where had she heard those angry tones before? and why did they sound like a death-knell on her ear, and send a cold shiver through her heart?

At this conjuncture a gentleman in a blouse, affected perchance by the heat of the weather, or by inordinate libations of cocoa, and stung to desperation by the prolonged absence of the Wild Woman and the monotonous iteration of the flageolet and kettle-drum, cried out, "Attrape, Mayeux!" and flung a roasted apple at the orchestrant. Hit by the soddened pulp precisely on the nose, the hunchback uttered an unearthly yell, and rushed from the stage, shrieking, "A la garde! à la garde!"

The sound of something breaking—glass seemingly—was next heard, and a black bottle became visible, and rolled to the footlights. The gentleman who had flung the pomme cuite, and who occupied a front row, picked the bottle off the stage, smelled it, and exclaimed:

"Cognac! The Wild Woman must be en ribotte."

But the words had scarcely left his lips before the screen was violently dashed down, and a woman, thinly clad in a tawdry and absurd costume, made her appearance in the enforced company of the orator in armor. I say enforced; for, by one hand she held him by the hair of the head, while with the other she brandished aloft a three-legged stool, with which she was minded, apparently, to brain him.

The audience taking this to be a part of the performance, and, in fact, the prearranged entrée en scène of the Wild Woman, began to applaud vehemently; but the dolorous expostulations of the armor-clad orator soon undeceived them.

"Help, help!" he cried, in piteous accents; "ladies and gentlemen, I shall be murdered! This woman has taken too much cognac. She is mad. She will kill me!"

Suddenly the Wild Woman relaxed her grasp, flung the showman disdainfully on one side, and stood planted in the middle of the stage, her hands on her sides. Lily looked at her. She was a powerful woman, lithe and shapely, but of what age it was impossible to discover, through the paint and the sham tattoo-marks with which her face and arms were ruddled. For all apparel she wore a suit of fleshings, a blue gauze scarf, sandals, a spangled skirt which failed to reach to her knees, and a preposterous head-dress of Dutch metal and feathers.

But anon Lily became conscious that the Wild Woman was looking at her with a fierce, fixed, hungry gaze. There was something in her eyes that struck infinite horror and terror into her. And just as the Wild Woman made a step in advance, as though toward her, Lily started from her seat in affright, and rushed from the booth.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterward was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed:

"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead?"

"So he is, ma'am; but *the crather's not sensible of it.*"

A grammarian conjugated the increasing heat in somewhat the following style: "Hot, hotter, hottest; hottentot, hottentoter, hottentotest; hottentotissimo, hottentotissimus; hot as an oven, hot as two ovens, hot as four ovens, hot as seven ovens!" How comfortable to contemplate, this weather!

The following stanza, on the marriage of Reuben Wise with Martha Cheevis, is exceedingly well told and witty:

"At length she seized the proffered prize—
A happy one, believe us;
For matrimony made her Wise—
Before she was Miss Cheevis."

ETIQUETTE.

When your host's servant announces dinner jump up from your chair, cry out in a hearty manner, "Off we goes!" and rush down stairs.

On entering the dining-room lift up the different covers and choose your dish.

When making a call see that your boots are quite clean before going into the house. If they are not, take them off and request the servant to polish them before ascending to the drawing-room.

Always carry your hat into any room, and whirl it round and round on the handle of your stick or umbrella; this gives an air of unconcerned good-breeding while carrying on a conversation, and finds an occupation for your hands.

LATEST FROM "LE FOLLET."—The Sweetest Thing in Bonnets—The Ladies' Faces.

When may two persons be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

"THE WRETCH."—Tomkins, whose wife is desperately fond of the Opera, says she is like a very naughty boy, for she wants a box on each (y)ear.

Human nature is very easy to spell, but extremely difficult to *read*.

Why are ladies out shopping like birds that are long on the wing?—Because it is a considerable time before they settle on their purchase (perches).

"What! are you drunk again?" "No, my dear, not drunk, but a little slippery. The fact is, my dear, some scoundrel has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

BEER.—What's the difference between Bad Beer, Ginger Beer, and Good Beer?—They are respectively All Slop, All Pop, and All-sop.

A gentleman wishing, not long since, to "pop the question," took up the young lady's cat, and said, "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, "Say yes, pussy!"

A few nights ago a stalwart Boniface, who was talking boastingly about his customers, said of one of them, "He is the most regular man in Harwich; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on the Sunday. It's a grand thing being punctual."

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I've been wanting you to start for the last hour."

Why is a sword like beer?—Because 'tis no use till 'tis drawn.

TWO ECONOMICAL DISHES FOR DINNER.—Two dishes with nothing on them.

Why is a young lady just left boarding-school like a building committee?—Because she is ready to receive proposals.

AN INSPIRING SIGHT FOR A GLAZIER.—The early day when it breaks through the windows.

A swell clerk from London, who was spending an evening in a country inn full of company, and feeling secure in the possession of most money, made the following offer: "I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The man who holds out the longest to have the whole and treat the company." "I'll do it," said a farmer. The swell dropped in half a sovereign. The countryman followed with a sixpence. "Go on," said the swell. "I won't," said the farmer; "take the whole, and treat the company."

An eminent barrister having a case sent to him for an opinion—the case being outrageously preposterous—replied, in answer to the question, "Would an action lie?" "Yes, if the witnesses would *lie* too, but not otherwise."

English tourists in Ireland soon discover that the length of Irish miles constantly recurs to their observation, eleven Irish miles being equal to about fourteen English. A stranger one day complained of the barbarous condition of the road in a particular district. "True," said a native, "but if the quality of it be rather infarior, we give good measure of it, anyhow."

While a country parson was preaching, the chief of his parishioners, sitting near the pulpit, was fast asleep; whereupon he said, "Now, beloved friends, I am in a great strait; for if I speak too softly those at the further end of the church can not hear me, and if I talk too loud I shall wake the chief man in the parish."

An old clergyman one Sunday, at the close of the sermon, gave notice to the congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of his parishioners, in great agitation, exclaimed, "Why, my dear Sir, you have never told us one word of this before! what shall we do?" "Oh, brother," said the parson, "I don't expect to go out of this town!"

"The most luxurious smoker I ever knew," says Mr. Paget, "was a young Transylvanian, who told me that his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth the first thing in the morning, and that he smoked it out before he awoke. 'It is so pleasant,' he observed, 'to have the proper taste restored to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its wants.'"

A lady who painted her face asked Parsons how he thought she looked. "I can't tell, madam," he replied, "except you *uncover* your face."

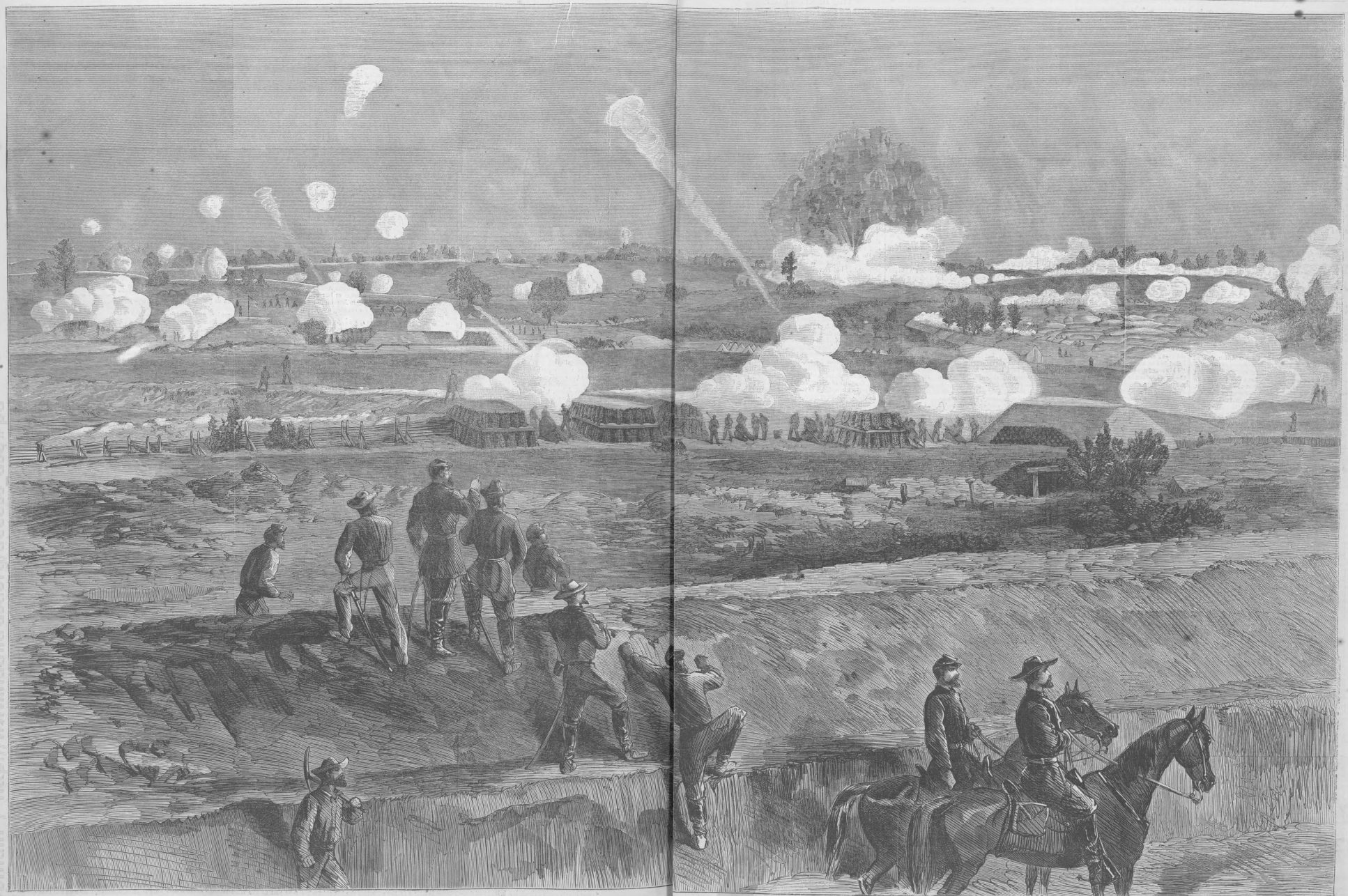
Two ladies who inhabit Wapping were having some words together on the pavement, when the daughter of one of them popped her head out of the door, and exclaimed, "Hurry, mother, and call her a thief before she calls you one!"

An Irishman charged with an assault was asked by the Judge whether he was guilty or not. "How can I tell," was the reply, "till I have heard the evidence?"

The best of friends fall out. Our teeth are no exception.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a-weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest, said, "Oh no, I belong to another parish."

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE AND ASSAULT ON CEMETERY HILL, BEFORE PETERSBURG, JULY 30, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

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A DIRGE.

WILL the dead Hours come again,
From the arms of the buried Years?
Though we call, we call in vain,
And they will not heed our tears.
Why, O why were they slain
By thy fears?

Will the dead Love e'er return
For all thy late desire?
Can thy grief unclose Love's urn,
Or make of the ashes fire,
Though the cinders yet may burn
Round the pyre?

Alas and alas for the Gone!
We mourn, and we mourn in vain,
Like a ghost, or the dreamy tone
Of some long-forgotten strain,
Their memory haunts the Lone
But with pain.

PROFESSOR HALSTEAD'S GIRL.

A CROTCHETY and contrary old chap was Joel Shellenbarger, a rich old farmer, as mulish as the donkeys in his barn. He had made his way in the world by the doggedest obstinacy—seizing hold of whatever came in his way, and retaining that hold as though life depended upon it. Joel's mulishness had literally been the making of him, though you mightn't have considered the little pot-bellied, thick-skulled old man as much of a *make* after all.

Joel had one son—a handsome, clear-headed, active young man—tall, straight as a young larch, and as set in his way, when he chose to have one, as old Joel himself. This son, as he grew up, had proved a great assistance to his father in working the farm, and his services had been made the most of, the old man managing to keep him at home with him some time after he ought to have been doing for himself. Not an acre of the father's possessions was ever called the son's; he owned nothing in the world save a horse which some neighbor had given him when it was a sickly colt, and some sheep obtained in much the same manner; and the old man grudged him the keeping of these.

Joel Shellenbarger and his son Anson differed often, but there were two points on which the difference amounted to something serious. The first point concerned education, for which the old man had a profound contempt—and the son had not. There was a college some dozen miles from the Shellenbarger farm, and thither—having thoroughly-prepared himself, in spite of fatherly thwarting and opposition—Anson betook himself, in spite of the same continued opposition, and by one contrivance and another, and helped out by his mother's small marketing, kept himself there till he graduated. Joel Shellenbarger contested the ground inch by inch, but afraid, in his selfishness, to do any thing more than be obstinate, lest his son should leave him. That was the first point of difference, and that was how Anson settled it. The second was not likely to be of so easy an arrangement.

At college Anson had found something besides graduating honors. He had chanced upon a very charming combination of brown curls and azure eyes—a red-lipped, dimple-cheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professors, who, instead of curving her dainty lip at the homespun suit which his poverty and his father's niggardliness compelled him to wear, never seemed to be conscious of any thing or any body else when he was by.

In short, Anson had found some one to love, somebody that he wanted to marry, as he gravely informed his father. You should have seen the old man's eyes; it was a mercy they were fast in their sockets. Here was gratitude! This Anson, having already defrauded his old father of so much of his time, was going now to set the seal upon his absurdity and disobedience by marrying a "town girl!" Bad enough to marry any one, seeing his father wasn't through with him yet—but a town girl! *He* should never consent, and every Shellenbarger acre should go to strangers before Anson should have one, if he persisted in an idea so ridiculous!

"And pray what harm is there in being a town girl?" questioned Barbie Halstead, when Anson told her, half-laughing, half-vexed, and altogether rueful—for without assistance from his father he could not marry Barbie for a long time yet.

Anson laughed again, but with some embarrassment, saying, "My father is afraid that a daughter of Professor Halstead would not make a very good farmer's wife."

"Does he think—?" Barbie hesitated, looking with smiling perplexity at her little white hands.

"That these pretty hands don't know much about brewing and baking, etc.? Exactly; I believe he thinks just that."

"Then he thinks wrong," said Barbie, reddening, and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. "Didn't I hear you say you needed a servant at home? I've a mind to go down and offer for the place."

Anson laughed again, enjoyingly.

"We need one badly enough, but my father will not suffer one inside the house."

"Why, how do you live then? Who cooks for you, now that your mother is ill?"

"We do our own cooking," Anson said, with a return of the half-smiling half-embarrassed expression. "We cook for ourselves, or do without."

The very day succeeding the one which witnessed this conversation Anson was at home busying himself over some culinary operation when the outside door, which stood ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide, and a singularly-attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a red and green plaid dress, the checks very large, a yellow shawl, and a very frowzy and tumbled-looking white bonnet. A red feather, nearly as long as Anson's arm, streamed from one side, and within the brim flopped the immense frill of a cap which clung close around the face of the stranger. The face—what could be seen of it—was a very curious one to be inside of such a bonnet and cap. Just now, as she surveyed the kitchen and Anson—herself still unseen—the muscles about her mouth twitched nervously, and her eyes twinkled with roguish brightness.

Presently Anson looked that way.

Instantly the face took lugubrious length; and coming into the room the girl said, insinuatingly, but without looking at him,

"An' would ye be afther hirin' a servant the day?" and stood fidgeting with the fringe of her shawl.

"I believe not," said Anson, coloring with some annoyance, perhaps, at the nature of his employment.

"Shure, Sir, an' the lady that sint me—God bless her swate eyes!—said you'd be shure to take me on her riccommendation, which I has in me pocket—and here 'tis now."

She gave him a little note, which proved to be from Barbie Halstead. Anson read it with very lover-like carefulness, but shook his head.

"I am very sorry, my good girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant."

"Belike your father mayn't object whin he sees me," the girl persisted.

Anson looked at the soiled white bonnet and the red feather, and repressed a smile, wondering what his father *would* say. But he was of too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even this servant to his father's rough manner. He repeated what he had said before, assuring her that it would be of no use to see his father.

The girl stood a moment—"If ye plaze, Sur, I'll just see him a momint. Belike he may take a likin' to the look o' me."

And before he could reply she had crossed the room, and stood upon the threshold of the next.

Anson followed presently, curious to see what sort of a reception she would get.

"Shure an' I'll do plinty more'n I'm worth to yees," she was saying with innocent emphasis as Anson entered.

She talked rapidly, pouring out such a torrent of words that the old man could not by any possibility slip one in among them, and sat regarding her with an expression of the most ludicrous astonishment.

This remarkable volubility completely baffled the old man's slowness. He could not say a word if he wished to, and when she concluded at last with "I kin make flap-jacks and corn-bread that 'd bring the very eyes out iv yer head, and make ye swally yer tongue with delightsomeness" (if he had a weakness it was for flap-jacks and corn-bread), he could only twirl his thumbs in a sort of delicious awe, and ask her with a cunning smile how much she expected "to git for doin' all them things."

"Seventy-five cents a week," was the prompt reply.

With a still more cunning laugh Joel offered her half the money.

Greatly to his amazement she agreed at once, and he found himself, to use his own expression, "in for it." To add to his chagrin, Anson stood by laughing with intense enjoyment.

But the girl, without further ado, proceeded to disencumber herself of bonnet and shawl, and vanished in the direction of the kitchen before any thing more could be said.

As she shut the door she stole a glance at Anson that made him start and bite his lips, and presently he strolled kitchenward also. She was already at work, handling the broom like an adept, and grumbling in her rich brogue at the dust that had accumulated in the corners; for the extent of Anson's and his father's sweeping had been to brush the centre of the room, somewhat to the disadvantage of the rest.

She did not look up as Anson entered; but he sat down, and deliberately, but furtively, watched her. For some time she seemed unconscious of his scrutiny; but presently she turned, and clasping both little hands upon the top of the broom-handle, said, with a mixture of bravado and archness too natural to be mistaken,

"Well, Anson, what do you think?"

The young man laughed and looked annoyed in the same breath.

"Then it *is* you, Barbie?" he said. "I was suspecting something of the sort."

"Not till I looked at you," said the girl, roguishly, retreating as he approached.

"Do you think this is quite the thing, Barbie?"

"Shure an' why ain't it the thing for a poor girl to be gittin' her livin' decently and honestly?"

And that was all he could get out of her. Having acknowledged her identity with Barbie for an instant she was a most unapproachable "Biddy" the next, and would have nothing to say to him save in that character.

"Does your father know of this, Barbie?—what would he say?" persevered Anson, anxiously.

"Shure an' it's not me own fader would be interferin' wid me, would he?" said Biddy.

In vain were all remonstrances with the roguish and willful girl. She persisted in being Biddy even to him, and maintained a distance between them very different from that between him and Barbie in her own proper self.

Annoyed, provoked, chagrined, almost angry, the advent of his father forced him to retire from the kitchen for fear of betraying Barbie's secret, which he would not have done for a great deal.

It was several hours before he could return to the house, his father having joined him, and, upon one pretext and another, detained him. When at last they entered together, kitchen and sitting-room—both which had been in a most untidy state when they left them—had undergone such a remarkably renovating process that old Joel drew back at first, thinking he had set foot in somebody else's house instead of his own. Supper was smoking on the table—such a supper as old Joel, at least, had not seen in months. To crown all, Mrs. Shellenbarger was sitting, propped with pillows, in a great easy-chair, and looking wondrously contented, and with reason: the poor lady had not had a woman's hand about her before since her illness. They lived in such an isolated, inhospitable manner that very few of their neighbors even knew that Mrs. Shellenbarger was not as well as usual. Biddy—as she called herself—had tidied the poor lady up in a wonderful manner.

Joel Shellenbarger sat down to the daintily-spread table, and made a most hearty and keenly-relished meal, glancing askance at Biddy meanwhile.

Anson, strange to say, ate very little, and he watched Biddy askance too.

That was only the beginning of the reforms this daring girl instituted.

First, however, as much, perhaps, for her own peace of mind as Anson's—knowing that mother and son were fast friends and always of one opinion—she told her secret to Mrs. Shellenbarger, and fairly wheedled the good lady into approval.

It is true that she shook her head at first, and looked wondrously shocked. But it was so charming to have those little soft hands fluttering about her, and to see such brightness and comfort springing up around, that she could not, for her own sake, help countenancing, as much as silence could, Biddy's mysterious presence.

I haven't time to give you all particulars, but having made so good a beginning, with true Irish facility, Biddy established herself in a very short time completely in the good graces of the old man.

He had a lurking liking for neatness and order, and Mrs. Shellenbarger—poor lady!—wasn't a *very* tidy housekeeper. Under the new reign order grew out of chaos; the house seemed in holiday garb all the time, and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness pervaded every thing.

One morning—Biddy had said something about leaving the day before—the old man ended a grumbling complaint of Anson with, "I never see no good come of eddication yet. If it hadn't 'a bin for that college business you might have taken a liking to a sensible girl, and she to you."

He glanced at Biddy as he spoke. She turned scarlet, and came near dropping the dish she was holding. It was not the first time Anson had heard such insinuations, and he rather enjoyed Biddy's trepidation.

"See here, father," he said, roguishly: "just you pick me out a wife, and see what will come of it."

"The only girl I know of worth having wouldn't have *you*, I dare say—would you, Biddy?" Joel said, grumblingly, but suddenly turning to the girl.

Anson was smiling maliciously. Bridget O'Flynn had kept Barbie's lover at a most tantalizing and unrelenting distance all this time. He was taking his revenge now.

Making a desperate effort, Biddy rallied her confused senses to say, with considerable self-possession,

"Shure, Sur, an' it isn't mesilf that 'll be afther havin' ony mon till I'm asked."

"Biddy, will you marry me?" said Anson, gravely, extending his hand.

"I will that now," said Biddy, promptly putting her hand in his, while old Joel came near choking with amazement.

It was too late to recede, however, whether he had really wished such a thing or not, as they soon made him understand. He went out of doors presently, and privately pinched himself to ascertain if he were in his senses or not. Seeing the two standing by the window in close conversation soon after, he crept with the same laudable intention toward them, under cover of the bushes that grew by the house.

"Now, Barbie," Anson was saying, laughingly, "What is to be done next? I must say you've managed wonderfully so far; but what do you suppose he'll say when he knows you're not Biddy at all?"

"Not Biddy at all!" screamed Joel Shellenbarger, struck with a sudden suspicion of he knew not what, as he started out of his covert.

There stood Biddy, the white frill of her close cap as immense as ever. She laughed, though, when she saw him, and deliberately taking off her cap shook her bright curls all about her face, and reaching toward him her little hand, said, archly, "Shure, Sir, an' ye won't be afther hatin' a poor girl because her name's Barbie Halstead instead of Biddy O'Flynn!"

"You—you Professor Halstead's girl?"

"Professor Halstead is my father, Sir," said Barbie, in her natural tones.

"What's that?"

Barbie repeated it.

"And you're not Irish?"

"Niver a bit!"

The old man stood a moment, clouds gathering in his face.

"Well, Anson," he said, rather surlily, "you've outwitted me again—much good may it do you. You'd better get out the horses now, and take Halstead's girl home. He must want to see her by this time."

"Yes, Sir." And Anson colored with mingled anger and amusement.

Barbie did not change countenance, however. Extending that pretty hand of hers again, she said, sweetly, "You'll shake hands with me, Sir?"

Joel Shellenbarger turned back and gave his hand awkwardly. The girl took it in both hers, bending her bright arch face toward him, and saying, "I shall come back some time, Sir. Will you be glad to see me?"

Joel hummed and hawed, and stammered out at last, "Yes, yes; come back, Biddy—I mean Miss O'Flynn—I mean Miss—"

"Barbie," suggested the girl, quietly.

"Yes, come back; and the sooner the better. There, Anson, make the most on't!"

Barbie did come back, in a very few weeks, too, and nobody was gladder to see her than old Joel, though he was a little shy at first of Professor Halstead's girl. She soon made him forget, however, every thing save that she was Anson's wife; and the way he humored the sly puss to sundry grants of moneys and repairs, refurnishing, etc., I couldn't begin to tell you. But I'd like you to see the Shellenbarger place since Barbie has gone there to live.

THE DEATH-LIGHT.

THERE is a bird of the grossbeak tribe, called the baya, of which many curious stories are related by travelers in the East Indies, in some districts of which it is common.

The baya is about the size of the roseate grossbeak of this country, a bird which it also resembles in form. Its plumage is brown, tinged here and there with lemon yellow, and its beak, which is remarkably thick and strong, is of the color and grain of ivory. Hence, among some of the mountain tribes it is called by a name which signifies the "elephant bird."

Of all the feathered species none perhaps is so susceptible of education as the baya. It can be taught to fetch and carry like a dog; to hold a silken thread in its beak and fly with it to a distance, until desired to stop, when it alights, and advances slowly along the ground toward its mistress, keeping the thread at a proper state of tension while she winds it upon a reel; to feign death when aimed at with a toy pistol; to go through a variety of military evolutions, and to do a hundred other things which would make the fortune of a French poodle of average intellect. The strangest circumstance related about the baya, however, is that it lights up its nest with fire-flies. A traveler, incredulous with regard to this alleged fact, asked an aged inhabitant of the mountains why the baya, being a bird of the day, should thus illuminate its residence at night? To this the hill-side sage replied that it is not for man to question the mysteries of nature. "The baya," said he, "beholds you as you move about in the light of the sun, but do you suppose that he troubles himself about the price you pay for the wax-candles that you burn in your tent at night?" A more satisfactory solution has been propounded, however, respecting the night-lamps of the baya. It appears that the nest of this bird is partially constructed of a sweet and glutinous fibre, to which the fire-flies are attracted, and by which they are caught as if with bird-lime, thus offering a succulent repast to the young fledgelings.

About the close of the last century, when peace had been proclaimed between the East India Company and the Rajah of Mysore, a young English officer, serving in the army of the former, was about proceeding to England on leave of absence. During his service in the mountain districts he had been employed for some time as an interpreter, and finally as a Commissioner for negotiating terms of peace with certain frontier tribes. While thus acting he became acquainted with a beautiful young princess, daughter of one of the rajahs of these people. His perfect knowledge of the language soon gained him the confidence of the rajah's family, with whom he remained for several weeks; and the result was that he fell desperately in love with the dark-eyed daughter of his host—a passion which was reciprocated by her with all the ardor of the glowing Oriental temperament.

The blood of the native tribes was yet red upon the hands of their invaders. It was from motives of policy alone that the rajah entertained his English guest, the disclosure of any designs on the part of whom with regard to the daughter of the house would in all probability have led to the death of both. The day had arrived for the departure of the young Englishman. He had a brief, hurried interview with his *affiancée*—for such the rajah's daughter now was—and it was arranged between them that she was to elope with him under the cover of darkness. She was to meet him, soon after nightfall, in a certain grove of mango-trees, whence they were to be conveyed by palanquin to the military station nearest to the frontier.

It was already dusk as the young princess, taking with her all her most valuable diamonds and other jewelry, went stealthily forth from the house, and bent her steps toward the designated rendezvous. She turned when she had reached the further end of the garden to take a last look at the lovely spot in which she had passed the seventeen years of her happy, innocent life. It was a trying moment; but love prevailed, and she opened the garden wicket and went out into the field beyond. As she followed the path that wound through a bushy ravine her eye fell upon the nest of a baya, which she had observed there the evening before as she walked with her lover. The young birds had already flown from the nest, around the edge of which a few fire-flies still flickered with their pale, uncertain light. Led by a coquettish impulse, the young girl took the nest from the branch of the beautiful shrub to which it was attached, and wove it jauntily into the heavy masses of her raven hair. It would be an appropriate present for her lover, who had collected many curious things to take with him to Europe, but had not provided himself with a baya's nest. It wanted yet half an hour of the appointed time of rendezvous when the rajah's daughter entered the mango tope. Night had fallen, and she seated herself upon one of the stones of a ruined temple and waited for her lover.

That day a leopard had been reported in the neighborhood, and an old shikar, or hunter, lay in wait for it at night on the edge of the mango tope, where it had last been seen. A rustling in the bushes attracted his attention as he lay half dozing in his ambush. "If I could but see the glare of the beast's eyes," said he to himself, "I would soon plant my bullet between them. Something is glimmering among the old stones yonder now;" and he penetrated the gloom with his eagle eye.

Presently the glimmer became more distinct. It moved a little; two specks of greenish light were plainly discernible through the night, and, taking a steady aim between these, the hunter discharged his matchlock.

No words can describe his horror when, on running to secure his prey, he saw, by the pale moonlight that now began to silver the stems of the mangoes, the dead body of the rajah's daughter, through whose head he had sent the fatal bullet, mistaking the gleaming fire-flies in her hair for the eyes of a couching leopard. The time of his agony was brief, however. Now the hour of the rendezvous was come, and the lover approached, attended by some

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of his bearers. For a moment he was speechless with horror at the scene that met his view. Then, hardly yet comprehending the situation, a feeling of vengeance took possession of him, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, he shot the old hunter dead upon the spot.

By this time the rajah's people were aroused, for the princess had been missed from the household, and the lamentations of the old shikar, heard from the mango tope, directed the search to that quarter. The wretched lover made no attempt to escape. Paralyzed with horror, he was led away to the rajah, whose first impulse was to behead him with his sword. But he reserved him for a more cruel fate.

Years after, when the walls of the rajah's fortress were battered down by the cannon sent against his successor, a bleached skeleton was found standing upright in a niche that had been laid open. To the skeleton there was chained a plate of gold, an inscription upon which, in the native language, briefly set forth the story narrated above.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

"WHAT is the reason you object to live in the old family house, Alfred? The man who drove me from the station told me it was haunted; but you surely do not believe in such nonsense?"

"Certainly not. You must have a bad memory, however, if you can not understand the reason why no earthly inducement would bring me to occupy it."

"Well, my memory is bad enough, I allow; but when I left the country, seventeen years ago, your father and mother occupied it; and I never heard either you or your sister find any fault with it."

"Ah! I had forgotten. You have not heard of the dreadful affair which cut us up root and branch; for I am the only survivor of the family left, except my poor sister, and I shall never marry."

"Crossed in love, eh? If you had come out to me in South America when it happened you would have forgotten it long ago, and have come home as fully determined to marry and settle down as I am. But tell me all about it, my dear old boy! Let me see—when I left college you had just entered on your first term."

"Just so. Our parting was the first sorrow of my life. How well I remember my sister, my cousin Fanny, and myself walking with you to the station! Fanny was not much to look at then; but if you had seen her when she was two years older you would have thought her, as I did, one of the most beautiful girls the sun ever shone upon."

"I understand—cousin Fanny was the rock on which the happiness of your life was wrecked, as novelists say."

"For Heaven's sake, Tom, do not speak another word in that jeering tone! I will tell you what has happened since, on condition that you do not speak of it again. I had but a few months longer to remain at college when I was sent for, in consequence of the serious illness of my mother. On reaching home I found that Fanny was staying there, and during this time we were necessarily a great deal together. My sister was occupied in attendance on our mother, and could not often accompany us in our walks. Under other circumstances I might have seen so many different faces, have had so many visits to make, and have found so much amusement in field-sports and in talking with my father respecting alterations and improvements about the estate, that I should have had comparatively few opportunities of associating with my cousin. As it was, we were in each other's society for hours daily. The result of this constant association was that I became passionately attached to her; and when my mother had recovered so far as to be out of danger, and I was about to return to college, I obtained from her the acknowledgment that my love was returned, and I left her with the understanding that when I had taken my degree the day of our marriage should be fixed. If ever there was a man in the world who looked forward with undoubting confidence to a life of happiness I was that man. My father and mother were both favorable to our marriage, and there was no conceivable obstacle to oppose our wishes. The only person whom Fanny had to consult was her aunt, and there was nothing to fear from any objections on her part.

"I do not suppose you remember, even if you ever heard, that this aunt of hers was very rich. She had adopted Fanny and her brother when they were mere children, their father and mother having been drowned in the ——, when that vessel went down in the Bay of Biscay. Fanny's brother I had never seen. His conduct was so bad at school that he was expelled, and so disgusted his aunt that she refused to allow him to live with her, and he was sent from home. The frequency with which he wrote to his aunt mollified her feelings toward him so far as to induce her to increase his allowance; but she said she had vowed that her whole fortune should go to her niece on her death, and nothing would induce her to break this solemn resolution.

"As I was leaving the college chapel one morning a familiar voice said 'Good-morning, Mr. Alfred,' and a hand was held before me with a letter. I was so surprised that before I took the letter I looked at the speaker, and a chill came over me when I saw that it was the groom who waited upon me when I was at home. Telling him to go to my rooms I went back into the chapel, which was now empty, and opened the letter. It was written by my father; and after exhorting me to bear the painful news he had to give me like a man, he told me briefly that Fanny had disappeared on the previous morning, and that they had been seeking her all night in vain. On reading this letter I rushed to my rooms, threw off my cap and gown, and within a quarter of an hour was driving homeward. My first question as I jumped out of the gig and took my father's hand was, 'Have you found her?' His answer was in the negative. He told me she had gone out alone before breakfast, as usual, and had not been seen since, though she had been sought for in every place.

"It may have been a year or more before this that I had taken a great interest in photography, and there was not a picturesque spot about the estate or near it I had not photographed. During my mother's illness it was my chief amusement; and, accompanied by my cousin and a man to carry the apparatus, I had spent whole days in practicing an art which, to me, had all the charm of novelty. I remembered well all the spots which had most pleased her, and where we had afterward walked most frequently. Too impatient to regulate my pace by my father's, I called to my groom to come with me, and set off to search those places beyond the limits of the estate which we had liked most. I had searched several of these without success, and had got as far as The Beeches, when I suddenly recollected that there was a place called 'Clay Hollow,' about two miles distant. This was a very lonely spot, but commanded a beautiful view, and had been a favorite walk of ours since we had discovered it. Wondering why I had not thought of it before, I set out for this place. The pathway, which led into the hollow, wound through furze and broom, and came out behind a remarkably fine old oak. I had no need to look further. Beneath this oak lay the dead body of the woman with whom I had expected to share a long life of happiness.

"If this had happened but an hour ago I should not have a more vivid recollection of what I felt as I looked at the widely-opened glazed eyes and the distorted features which I had last seen full of life and animation. The body was carried home and laid in the great hall, and a surgeon was sent for, who, after a brief examination, told us, what I had seen already, that she had been strangled.

"No other motive for the murder except robbery could be suggested; but whether she had been robbed or not nobody could tell, as at that early hour of the morning it was not likely she could have had any thing about her which any body could steal. There was indeed a brooch missing from her shawl, but this was afterward picked up among the grass. The necessary legal formalities were gone through the next day, and a verdict of 'Willful Murder' against some person or persons unknown was returned. Perfect love excludes every other feeling. I felt no shrinking horror at the sight of the dead body of my betrothed. Night and day I had remained beside the corpse; and it was while looking at the eyes, so changed since the mind had ceased to look out of them, that an idea occurred to me which I had immediately determined to put in execution as soon as the official investigation was over. The idea was, *that a photograph of the retina of the eye might be magnified so as to present a distinct image of the last object depicted upon it.* Every object depicted on the retina during life endures for a time, and is succeeded and effaced by another. The duration of the image on the retina is, however, influenced by various causes. If the eye is directed toward a very brightly-illuminated object the impression made upon the retina is so strong that when the eye is turned toward a light-colored surface the dazzling object is still visible; but instead of appearing bright, it is represented darkly, as though it were the shadow of that object. The duration of the image is also affected by the condition of the humors contained in the eye. When death is caused by strangulation the eye becomes charged with a viscous secretion, which is not withdrawn, but coagulates and hardens, so to speak, as vitality is expelled, and the last image impressed on it is retained precisely as the picture is retained on the photograph which the light has printed on it with the most delicate gradations of tone. These and similar reflections induced me to determine to put the conclusions I had arrived at to the test. With this view I requested the surgeon to remove one of the eyes from its socket. From this I took a great number of photographs on glass, and then gave it back to him that he might restore it to its place. These pictures were of course very much smaller than the eye itself, and it was therefore necessary to devise a method of enlarging them. No very profound knowledge of the effects produced by a combination of lenses was required to point out the means of accomplishing this. I caused one of the rooms to be made totally dark, and an opening to be made in the boards which were nailed over the windows just large enough to admit a single ray of light. This ray was made to pass through a succession of lenses, and also through the glass on which the photographic image was printed, a sheet of prepared paper being fixed to receive the magnified image, and record it in ineffaceable characters.

"Conceive, if you can, the intense anxiety with which I waited for the development of the hidden secret. The day was unusually dull and wet, both circumstances which delayed the reproduction of the image. Hour after hour dragged along till the day ended, and the result was just sufficiently evident to prove that a face was growing out of the paper. I heard persons knocking at the door, but I took no heed of them. I felt neither hunger nor the want of sleep; but sat there on the floor through the long, long night, which seemed as if it would never come to an end, till I was half maddened by my eagerness and the fear that the murderer might have time to escape beyond the reach of discovery. I thanked God with all my soul when the first faint indication came of returning daylight. The morning sun shone full on the window, and I saw with inexpressible satisfaction that the light was far more vivid than on the preceding day. By slow, very slow degrees—for it is not with these enlarged representations as with small ones—the face became more and more defined. What mixed feelings of horror, rage, and grief filled my mind while this likeness of the murderer crept slowly but steadily from darkness into light!

"At last I had before me the portrait of the last human being on whom her eyes had rested. It was that of a man, young, with good features; but with an indescribable expression of mingled terror and ferocity in his face. This to some extent served as a disguise; but the features were too strongly marked for it to prevent any person who knew the original from recognizing him. I showed it to my father, and he had a vague impression that he had seen a person resembling it somewhere, but that was all. I then rode with it to the police-station, and put it into the hands of the superintendent. All the constables were called in, but they all declared that they had never seen a person about the country resembling the portrait. Leaving this in his possession, I took another likeness, which I myself showed to every individual, old and young, for miles round.

"All our researches were fruitless. Nobody had seen a person resembling the portrait—a circumstance the more mysterious that it was not that of a person who would be likely to pass unnoticed. The only plausible suggestion to account for this was made by the superintendent, namely, that the man, whoever he was, had come across the fields from the railway-station, and had returned the same way; but inquiries made at the station failed to confirm this idea.

"The continual sight of the effigy of the murderer almost drove me out of my senses. My brain was so far affected that I was incapable of applying myself to any thing, and I believe nothing saved me from going raving mad but the conviction that I should one day discover the murderer. To search for him was my sole occupation. In theatres, on the race-course, at railway-stations—every where where men congregated I sought him. I saw neither the amusements nor the business; nothing but faces. The death of my mother, which at any other time would have affected me deeply, came so soon after the other calamity that I hardly felt it.

"Month after month I wandered up and down the streets from morning to night, avoiding no place, however infamous, where there was a chance of finding the man of whom I was in search. My quest was interrupted for a time by a letter from my sister summoning me home. My father was very ill, and no hope was held out of his recovery. When all was over the medical man suggested that I might be more successful in finding my cousin's murderer if I went abroad. I thought he was right. I went to Paris, thence to Baden, and through all the German watering-places. From Berlin I went to Vienna, and from that city to Venice, having been drawn to the latter place by a paragraph in a newspaper stating that the city was thronged with foreigners. I was always well supplied with letters of introduction to persons in every place I visited. The first I presented on the morning after my arrival in Venice was to Count Frasini, who, before we parted, gave me an invitation to a ball to come off in the evening. The Count occupied a palace facing the square of St. Mark, a very large building, which on this evening was crowded with visitors. I had seated myself on a balcony outside the ball-room, from whence I could see all who approached the Countess to pay their respects. I dare say it was close upon midnight when I saw two gentlemen making their way toward the spot where the Countess was seated conversing with the young Archduke Maximilian and the commander of the Austrian troops. The taller of the two bent his head so frequently that I was unable to get a distinct view of his face; but the partial glimpse I got of it from time to time convinced me that I had at last found the man I had been so long seeking. I re-entered the room; but just as I did so he seemed to think it would be hopeless to attempt to reach the Countess, for he turned suddenly to the right, passed through a doorway, and disappeared. Little as I heeded who I thrust aside in crossing the room, it took me so long to make my way through the crowd of visitors that when I reached the staircase the man of whom I was in pursuit had reached the street. I rushed down the stairs, and found that they led me to a small door, which likewise opened into the square; but it was not that by which I had entered, which was at some distance and surrounded by servants and boatmen. I looked eagerly about the square, uncertain which way to pursue, when suddenly I saw a bright flash at the furthest corner of the square, as though somebody was lighting a cigar. The distance between us was so great that I could only imagine it to be the man I was seeking. Nevertheless, I rushed across the square as fast as I could run toward him. I overtook him as he was leaning over a bridge which crossed one of the canals, looking down at the water. I seized him by the arm with my left hand, and with my right I grasped a handful of his clothes. I could not speak for the moment, so great was my excitement; and just as I was about to raise my voice for help I felt a sharp pain, and a descent through the air, followed by a sensation of extreme cold. After this I was half conscious of a cry that an assassin was in the water, and then I seemed to fall asleep. A long sleep it must have been, for it was five weeks afterward before I knew that I had been thrown into a canal, from whence I had been taken by some boatmen who were close to me with their gondolas where I had fallen. As soon as I had recovered my strength sufficiently to move about my room (for the wound I had received was more painful than dangerous) I was told that I must consider myself in custody, the boatmen who gave me over to the police officials having told them that I was attempting to commit a robbery on a gentleman, when his two servants seized me, and in the scuffle wounded me, and I jumped into the canal.

"I sent for Count Frasini, and told him of what had happened. He soon settled the matter with the police; but although I showed him the portrait of his guest he was unable to identify the original.

"I did not lose courage even under this disappointment; on the contrary, the conviction that I must one day discover the murderer grew stronger than ever. The first use I made of my renewed strength was to resume my search in Venice, but to no purpose; and when all hope of finding him here was gone I traveled to Rome. At this city I found an accumulation of letters from my sister, urging me strongly to return home. The strongest motive she had for desiring my return she said very little about; nor did I, in my then state of mind, feel greatly interested in it. She wanted to consult me respecting an offer of marriage she had received from Fanny's brother, who had returned to England and become reconciled to his aunt. I answered her letter, telling her that if she liked to accept him as her husband I could have no reason for objecting to him; that she had better act in the way most agreeable to her inclinations, subject to her aunt's approval, and that I would endeavor to reach England in time to be present at her wedding. Having written thus I dismissed the matter from my mind, and continued my wanderings. I shall not weary you by specifying any more of the cities I visited. I had heard that my sister was married and was very happy; and in utter weariness and almost despair of succeeding in again meeting with Fanny's murderer I resolved to come back here for a time.

"I had not taken the trouble to write to my sister to say on what day I should come; so, as I was not expected, I walked across to the old oak tree beneath which the body had been found. I sat here buried in thought for a long time, and, soon after turning into the lane on my way to the house, I met a woodman with whom I had spent many days in felling trees. He was so anxious that I should go to his cottage to see his wife, who had been nurse-maid in our family when I was a child, that I walked with him there. I staid there some time listening to what they had to say of changes about the estate, and of persons I had once known, but whose names I had then almost forgotten. On leaving them I found it was so late that I pushed my way through a hedge to get to the house by a shorter way than by following the carriage road. By going this way I had to pass through a wood; and directly I stepped out from beneath the trees I saw crossing the field, about a stone's-throw distant from me, a man carrying a gun. I stepped out briskly to overtake him. The land had been newly plowed, so that he did not seem to hear my steps till I was close to him, when he turned round, and we stood face to face. The sun was going down, and he had to bend his head a little to look at me, because of the rays which shone directly into his eyes. My heart for an instant ceased to beat. There before me—his face inclined exactly as it was in the photograph—stood the murderer I had been seeking for so many years. He, no doubt, recognized me, for he looked as inanimate as though he had been suddenly turned to stone. As soon as the shock had passed I rushed at him and seized him with both hands. 'Murderer!' I said, 'you do not escape as at Venice.' He offered no resistance at first, and I looked around to see if there was any body near I could send to the police-station to bid the constables come to fetch him away. He may have understood why I withdrew my eyes from him, for he recovered his strength instantaneously and seized me by the throat. He was far stronger than I, and I felt myself tossed hither and thither; but I clung to him notwithstanding. I tried, as I wrestled with him, to throw him, but I could get no foothold on the uneven ground; and it was he who succeeded in forcing me backward to the earth. Still I held him, but he could now press my throat with full force; and it was I now who had to struggle to save my own life. My head seemed to be swelling to a monstrous size, and this was the last thing I remember.

"I lay in the field all that night. In the morning I was seen by the man who came to finish the plowing, and he, with the help of the keepers, carried me home. I was quite unable to move; but I had a dreamlike consciousness of what was being done. By the time I was laid on the bed I had recovered so far as to be able to speak, and the first words I spoke was an order to a man to ride as hard as he could go to the police-station and bring back with him the superintendent.

"My sister came to my bedside as the man left the room. We were always strongly attached to each other; but I was surprised to see her so agitated by, as I supposed, the attack made on me. Her eyes were red and swollen, and she looked so worn and pale that I feared she was ill. After answering her questions with respect to myself, I said,

"'You were with our aunt when I made those photographs of poor Fanny's murderer, and have never seen one, have you? I thought not,' I continued; 'but if you open the pocket-book which is in the breast-pocket of my coat you will see it.'

"She opened it, took out the portrait, and, looking at it, said, 'This is not it. This is my husband's portrait. Where did you get it?'

"'Your husband! Fanny's brother!—her murderer!' I stammered. The truth flashed upon our minds at the same instant.

"For several hours she remained totally insensible; and when at last she became conscious she talked incoherently, and has not since recovered the use of her reason.

"I was thankful, when I was told that the superintendent had arrived, that I had not had time or opportunity to mention to any body but my sister the cause of my being found insensible. Leaving it to be inferred that it was due to sudden illness, I gave the superintendent to understand that I had sent for him to direct a search after my brother-in-law, who had not been seen since the preceding evening. After he had made inquiries among the servants he came back to tell me that he would send over a constable to follow up the matter. As he was leaving the room, I said, carelessly,

"'Have you still got the portrait I gave you several years ago?'

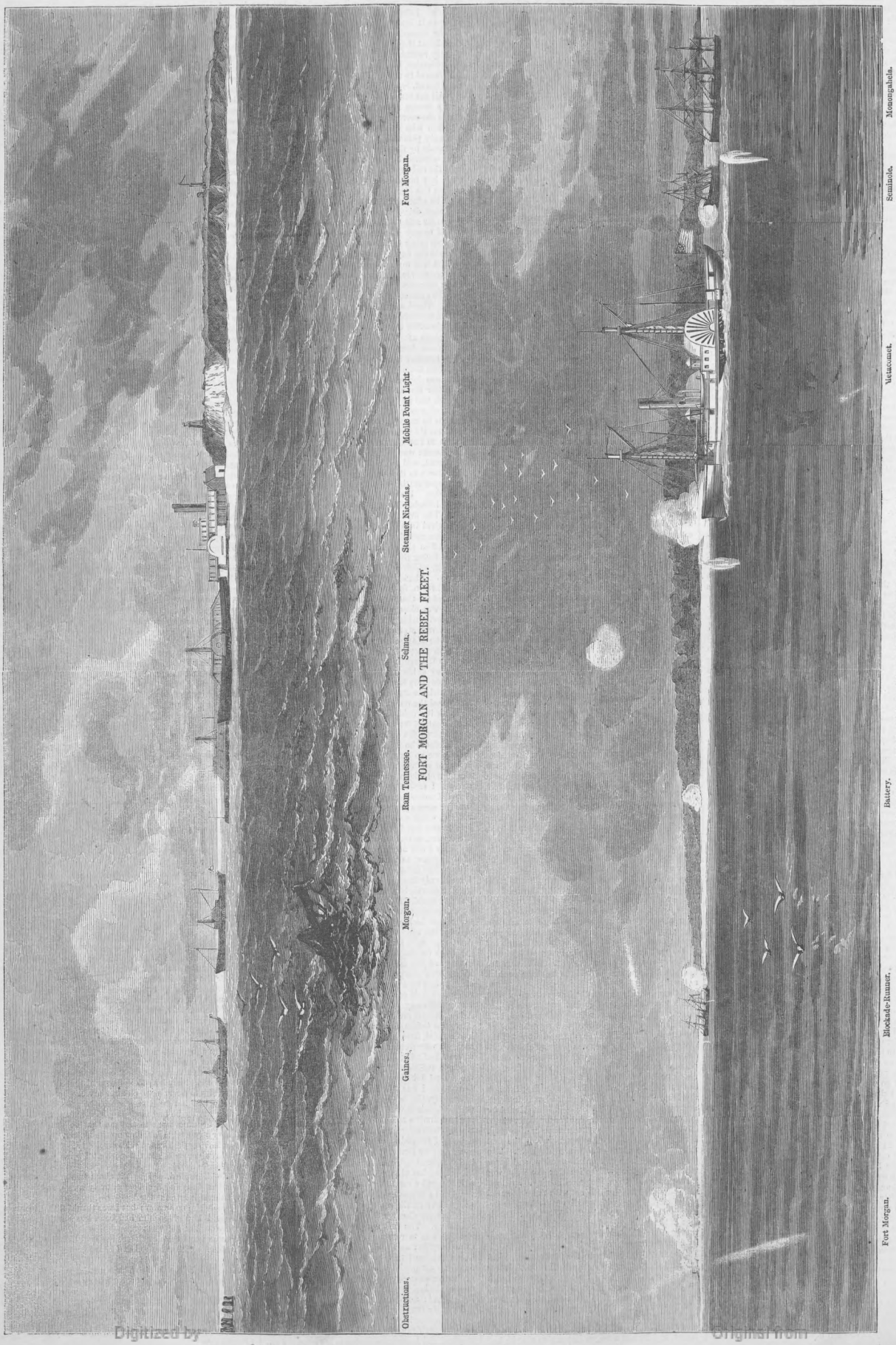
"'No,' he replied. 'I kept it about two years; but it had then faded almost entirely away, and then I threw it into the fire.'

"I made him no answer; but I was thankful that the copy I had given him had been less durable than my own.

"It was found that my sister's husband had gone to London; and that is the last I heard concerning him.

"Do I think he was his sister's murderer? you ask. Is it possible to doubt it? I have no hesitation whatever in saying that in all cases where death occurs in broad daylight, and especially when it is caused by similar means, the last object on which the eye rests will be found depicted on the retina after death, and from Darkness may be brought into Light.

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FORT MORGAN AND THE REBEL FLEET.

OFF MOBILE—SHELLING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

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THE RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG—BANK AND FRANKLIN HOTEL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURNITE & WELDON, HARRISBURG, PA.]



THE RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG—VIEW OF MAIN STREET.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURNITE & WELDON.]



THE RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG—THE TOWN-HALL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURNITE & WELDON.—[SEE PAGE 540.]

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OFF MOBILE.

Now that FARRAGUT's fleet has attacked Mobile, the illustrations which we furnish of the blockade off that port and of the rebel fleet must prove doubly interesting to our readers. Fort Morgan is the principal defense of the city, at the entrance of Mobile Bay. The city itself is thirty miles distant, even after Forts Morgan and Gaines have been passed. Fort Morgan is so completely embanked with earth-works that only the ramparts are visible. At the left of one of the sketches may be seen the piles which obstruct the main passage into the bay. The lower sketch represents the *Metacomet*, the *Monongahela*, and the *Seminole* shelling a blockade-runner, supposed to be the *Dubeigh*, which ran aground while trying lately to get out to sea. The *Metacomet* is a double-ender. Our fleet at Mobile now consists of the following vessels:

FLAG-SHIP—Hartford, screw sloop, 20 guns.

IRON-CLADS.

Winnebago, 2 turret Monitor	4 guns.
Chickasaw, 2 turret Monitor	4 guns.
Tecumseh, 1 turret Monitor	2 guns.
Manhattan, 1 turret Monitor	2 guns.
Four Mississippi River iron-clads	10 guns.

SCREW SLOOPS.

Richmond, first class	18 guns.
Brooklyn, first class	24 guns.
Monongahela, second class	12 guns.
Lackawanna, second class	14 guns.
Oneida, second class	10 guns.
Ossipee, second class	13 guns.
Galena, second class	14 guns.
Genesee, second class	8 guns.

DOUBLE-ENDERS.

Metacomet, side-wheel	10 guns.
Sebago, side-wheel	10 guns.
Port Royal, side-wheel	8 guns.
Conemaugh, side-wheel	9 guns.

SCREW GUN-BOATS.

Kennebec	5 guns.
Pancla	4 guns.
Itasca	4 guns.
Pembina	4 guns.
Penguin	7 guns.
Tennessee	5 guns.

Besides these, there are five tugs, carrying two guns each.

BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.

WE illustrate on page 541 THE BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG by the rebels, July 30. A large rebel force was near at hand, but only a few hundred cavalry-men were employed in the work of conflagration. The burned district covers all the business portion of the town and some of the finest private residences. Not a store escaped: hotels, mills, manufactories—all were consumed. The view of Main Street, given in one of the sketches, will suggest to the reader the completeness of the work. The rebel General presiding over this carnival of destruction was M'CAUSLAND. He demanded $500,000 as the alternative of this outrage, knowing well enough that it could not be raised. It is estimated that the loss is not less than four millions of dollars. Two thousand five hundred people lost their homes. As if this was not enough, the rebel soldiers added insult to injury, thus interpreting their chivalry to defenseless women and helpless children. Bedridden old women even did not elicit any compassion in the breasts of these rebels. Uncoffined corpses had to be buried hastily in gardens to save them from the flames. In all the roads leading toward Harrisburg were multitudes of men, women, and children flying from the flames, with no clothing except that on their persons, and no provision against hunger and roofless exposure.

Much blame has been thrown upon General COUCH. But it is clearly impossible that he or any other General could protect Pennsylvania from being at some point infested, and if infested by an army regardless of the amenities of civilized warfare the result was inevitably such as we have described.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE BEFORE PETERSBURG.

THE explosion of the mine before Petersburg, August 30, and the assault which followed it, form the subject of our illustration on pages 536 and 537. Our artist furnishes the following graphic description:

The picture is from a sketch made upon the Fifth Corps line at the time when the cannonade opened along the entire front, just before sunrise. The crest of Cemetery Hill, above which is visible the steeples of the "Cockade City," as the natives delight to term it, was the goal the army had in view, it being the key of the whole position. Upon and in front of this gentle rise the rebels built their intrenchments. Of what is on the top of it but little is visible. In front, however, is a line of works for infantry and artillery, rendered so strong by nature and the art of the engineer as to be extremely hard to penetrate. It was on a portion of this line that the mine was exploded, not in a fort or redoubt, which could have been held with greater prospect of success, but in a re-entering angle or indentation of the general line, entirely enfiladed on each flank, and open to a fire in the rear. The "three tiers" of fortifications spoken of by correspondents do not exist except in their imagination, inflated by the stories of stragglers and coffee-boilers. Our lines can be traced by the smoke of the artillery fire, representing a portion of the Fifth and Ninth Corps. In the fore-ground is a battery of 10-inch mortars, under the personal supervision of Colonel ABBOTT, and beyond them, on the front line, another battery of 8-inch mortars, and some of the light batteries of the Fifth Corps, of which Colonel WAINWRIGHT is chief of artillery. The assistant chief, Major FITZHUGH, a gallant officer, was wounded during the engagement.

Coming upon this line soon after daylight of the 30th ult., a calm and clear morning, the rebels were plainly visible sitting about, and strolling upon and in front of their parapets, looking at the progress we had made, and enjoying the cool air, apparently unsuspicious. On our side no unusual number of men was visible, the works and covered ways giving ample concealment. Nevertheless many anxious eyes were directed to the point of the expected explosion, speculating upon the cause of its delay. The fuse had failed, and it was but a short time before sunrise that the mine was sprung. With a muffled roar it came, and as from the eruption of a volcano—which it much resembled—upward shot masses of earth, momently illuminated from beneath by the lurid flare. For a few seconds huge blocks of earth and other *débris*, mingled with dust, was seen in a column perhaps 150 feet in height, and then the heavy volume of smoke, which spread out in billowy waves on every side, enveloped all, like a shadowy pall for the two hundred souls thus rushed into eternity. As if for breath there was a short pause, the rebels regarding the giant apparition as though spell-bound, and then one hundred and fifty guns opened in one grand volley upon the rebel lines. The storming columns could be seen springing forward to the doomed work; but the rapid cannonade soon hid that portion of the line in smoke, though the savage discharges of musketry showed plainly the enemy did not propose giving up without a struggle. Their artillery withered under the terrible accuracy of the fire directed against them, made but desultory firing, and soon became almost silent before the Fifth Corps. The Petersburg Express made regular trips into the city; the mortar shells, visible to their destination, creaked through the air and formed beautiful rings and spirals; while the sun, struggling through the heavy vapors of battle, recalled Campbell's lines:

"'Tis morn. But scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun."

On the parapets of the works they had erected, the engineers and their chief, Major DUANE, carefully watched the contest. The hours sped along, and yet no success; when the smoke lifted the attacking column of the Ninth Corps became visible in the crater of the explosion, huddled in masses, but with their colors planted upon the ruins, and returning the enemy's fire with musketry and the rebel cannon, which they had turned upon its former owners. It was easy to see that the ground was covered with the dead and wounded. Many ran to the rear, not a few being shot down before reaching cover. Others could be seen running up the gentle slope toward Petersburg, voluntary prisoners. The rebels in their turn charged our men, yelling as they came up. In this attack they were successful, driving some back and capturing others, in spite of the staggering volleys they received; and it then became evident the attack had failed, with more men lost than would have been if they had pushed on and taken the crest of the hill.

BLUE-BELLE.

A CHILDISH face, too smooth and soft, you would have thought, for suffering; yellow hair falling into waves around it; dimples in the cheeks; red, dewy lips, pouting a little; a round, pliant chin; and curves like a baby's where the little head was set on the full, white throat; a character without force enough, you would have said, to be bad or good—a passive, plastic nature, on which other stronger souls could stamp themselves, and coin saint or sinner as fate ordered. Looking out of the window just now with a vague discontent, a sort of longing for some one to do something—for a sensation.

That was Belle Lansing—Blue-belle they all called her, by virtue of deep-blue eyes, and dresses which she almost always wore to match them.

What had Colonel Eustace thought when he gave heart and soul into such frail keeping? His love for her was unaccountable, people said; but people say that of almost all love affairs. Lookers-on never understand the game of hearts. What the players call trumps and honors are very common cards to them. At any rate Colonel Eustace was not a common man. Women whose shoe-latchets Blue-belle was not worthy to unloose would have been proud of his love. He was past his youth, but in the rich prime of his manhood. He had learned the lessons thirty-five years of life held for him, gained strength, courage, and patience in his battle with fate, and stood now on the summit he had gained a hero. Only one thing he had missed "in his life's full scope"—love. And what uncanny fate was it that introduced him to Blue-belle?

He had seen so little of women. They might have souls and minds for all he knew; doubtless they had; but he only looked in them for two things—hearts and faces. The face must be fair, and the heart—of course faces were but reflections of hearts, and through sunny eyes what could shine but a sunny nature?

He saw Blue-belle walking under the elm-trees that arched like the roof of a temple over the straight village street. The sunset rays glanced in the trees like golden arrows, and burnished with a scintillant radiance her yellow hair. Blushes—childish, innocent-looking blushes—came and went on her cheeks. Blue eyes, rosy, parted lips, graceful form, light steps—surely here was Nature's master-piece. Like so many men of his age he fell straight into love. He did not pause to analyze or consider. That she was a good, simple girl—as men of thirty-five believe all girls of seventeen to be good and simple—he never doubted. He did not ask in her any thing for the highest part of his nature to mate with. *That* had sufficed for itself hitherto. He wanted some one to pet, to caress, to be fond of; some one who would make home for him by-and-by.

Blue-belle was flattered. If she had a heart she had never found it out yet; but ambition, pride—innocent-looking little creature as she was—these were not wanting. Colonel Eustace, of the regular army, was a great personage in her eyes. She felt herself distinguished by his attentions, and she accepted them with an eagerness which he thought was simplicity.

Of course he made love desperately, as is the nature of soldiers, and considering also that he had but three weeks wherein to secure what appeared to him just then to be the chiefest treasure the earth held. Blue-belle was eminently receptive—receptive rather than demonstrative—for her nature was not large or intense enough to have very much need of expression. She wore his flowers, rode with him, walked with him, sang to him, and let him love her just as much as he pleased.

The night he bade her good-by she was a little startled at his emotion. The spirit she had raised frightened her. She did not know what such strong words meant. She wished he would not hold her hands so tight, or talk so much about death. She would have liked a cheerful parting better—some pretty speeches about winning laurels to lay at her feet—some protestations—some gallant compliments. Eustace was too much in earnest then for any such light wooing. He believed that he was parting with the one woman the earth held for him—the woman who loved as he loved—who would crown his life if he lived, and be faithful to his memory till the next world if he died. So he talked to her, not of love merely, but of death and heaven. She gave him a soft tress of her yellow hair, and he folded it away as something sacred. He looked at her—a long, silent look—a gaze that would hold in memory forever every item of her loveliness; and then, with a passionate "God bless you!" he went away.

And now it was only a week after and pretty Blue-belle sat by the window longing for some new excitement—something to put a little savor into the life which had grown more monotonous than ever since Colonel Eustace and his romantic devotion had dropped out of it. For Blue-belle was neither strong-hearted nor strong-minded. She was not sufficient unto herself; and she had not enough imagination to solace herself with memory and anticipation. She wanted something tangible and present—something to enjoy.

Behind her, sitting thus at the window and murmuring vague discontents, came Madge, her sister. Daughters of the same parents, reared in the same home, called by the same family name—sisters in so far; but in every thing else, in looks as well as in nature, aliens. Madge was dark and thin; not without her own claims to beauty, but beauty of a very different kind from Belle's. It was beauty that did not catch the eye readily—a loveliness not of shape or tint, though her features were clearly cut and noble, and the long dusky hair matched in shade the great dark eyes. But it was only now and then that her eyes told you any thing, or any color came into the clear olive of her cheek. Usually her face revealed little, and her thin lips closed resolutely over all that her heart felt. Now and then, though, her eyes blazed with scorn, or softened with a tenderness which was mightier than natures like Blue-belle's could ever fathom. Just now, as she came up to the window, there was meaning enough in her face. You could see in it a certain kind of love for the weak, pretty child she looked at, but a love touched with contempt and vexation. Her voice was earnest and honest, and her words might have seemed ungentle if some unexpressed tenderness had not softened her tones.

"Belle, you vex me. You are not worth one of Colonel Eustace's thoughts. Sitting here sighing for fresh excitements, and he scarcely a week gone. He ought to despise you!"

"See if you could make him!" and even Madge was not proof against the charm of the small, mutinous mouth—the rebellious, provoking blue eyes. She spoke more gently.

"But, Belle, you are not a child any longer; for the sake of your own womanhood put away childish things. If Colonel Eustace loves you, why are you not contented? What more of honor could one woman ask? Why are you not satisfied to think of him, to live for him? This craving for new excitements is unworthy of you both. Have you no heart?"

"If I have not whose fault is it? *I* did not make my own nature," and angry tears sparkled in the blue eyes. "Neither you nor John Eustace has a right to ask me to be any thing but myself. If you don't like me as I am leave me. I never made any great professions to Colonel Eustace, or gave him any reason to think I could love in the exclusive, altogether-satisfied, high-and-mighty manner you and he talk about."

"No, but he saw himself reflected in you, and you let him go on believing that you loved him—you know you did. As for the *kind* of love he had no idea of any kind but one. To him love is love."

"And to me sermonizing is a bore."

The words were saucy, but the glance which accompanied them was arch, and a kiss upon Madge's half unwilling lips silenced her.

After that came a visitor, another military hero—Captain Denham. Recruiting in the village, and riding by, he saw at the window the blue eyes, and the primrose face with its yellow hair framing it, and remembered an introduction at a "Sanitary Fair" which gave him a right to call, so he drew rein at the gate. He, too, was there for only a few weeks, and then he was going to the war, a Captain of Volunteers. He was quite of Blue-belle's kind; young, merry, handsome, and a little thoughtless. He had more heart than she, to be sure, for he had not wasted it on so many flirtations.

He, too, fell straightway in love, and began with all humility to wear Blue-belle's fetters. Of course she did not mean to care for him. She considered herself betrothed to Colonel Eustace, and she meant to marry him if the rebel shot and shell should spare her her bridegroom. If she had not been so fettered Denham would have suited her well. Of good family, rich, and full of the courage and grace of a youth at once noble and undisciplined, he was ten times more to her taste than her graver lover had ever been; but she shut her eyes on that, and persuaded herself that she was devoted to Eustace. Captain Denham, she would have said, amused her—supplied the missing excitement for which she had been longing. So she went over again with him the same paths she had trodden at John Eustace's side—Madge wondered the very stones at her feet did not cry out against her. She rode with this new-comer, sang to him, and let him put summer roses in the yellow hair, a lock of which lay close to a heart far away—a heart too noble for her to understand. And Ralph Denham loved her too; loved her with a selfish, frantic, craving love—a young man's love.

What evil spell was on her when he told her of this love? It was not too late then. She might have said to him that she belonged to Eustace—instead she put him off with vague denials, noes that had no emphasis in them, and in spite of which he believed that he held her heart. Even when he cut off for himself, without her permission, a loose tress of her flowing hair, she did not take it away from him. The truth was, she came a great deal nearer to loving him than she had ever done to loving Eustace—he was nearer her age, more of her kind.

When he was fairly gone she began to realize what she had done, and to be, not remorseful—her nature was not deep enough for that—but frightened over it. She went to Madge, of course, and told her all. It was her wont to pile all her burdens on some other person's shoulders. But she got no comfort. Madge could not understand her state of mind. That a woman should not know which of two men she loved, and should encourage both, was a state of things she could neither pity nor comprehend. So Blue-belle had to console herself as she best could. She found a crumb of comfort in thinking that her two lovers were not very likely to know each other, though both were with the Army of the Potomac. She thought there would be little probability of intimacy or acquaintanceship between a Colonel of regulars and a Captain of volunteers. Besides, as she said to Madge, it was an even chance that they would both be killed, and ten chances to one that one or the other would be.

"And you would marry the survivor, whichever he might be?" Madge questioned, with a wrathful blaze in her eyes, and an intensity of scorn in her tone that made Blue-belle quake a little.

After a while both of them wrote to her, and as it never rains but it pours, both letters came on the same day, and between them made Belle Lansing more uncomfortable than she had ever been in her life. She saw how both depended on her and loved her—how each one regarded her as his future wife. To see how true and honest they had been did at last rouse some late remorse in her heart; but presently, as she turned a leaf in Captain Denham's letter, all contrition was swallowed up in one agony of fear. He spoke of Colonel Eustace as his best friend. A family connection, of which Belle had not heard before, was the explanation; but Denham said the kindness he had received from the Colonel was something more than he had had any right to expect. He wrote of him with a frank enthusiasm, a warmth of attachment, which filled Belle with terror. Of course, she thought, he would tell the Colonel about her. Judging him, as women are apt to judge men, by herself, she thought it would be impossible for him to keep from so dear a friend a secret which lay so near his heart.

Her dismay was intense. If there had not been something ludicrous in it it would have been pathetic. They would talk her over together, and they would both hate her. "Wouldn't they?" This question to Madge, who had been listening to her bewailings in unsympathetic silence.

"No!" Madge did not think Colonel Eustace would hate her. She thought the feeling he would have for a woman who was too weak to know her own mind would be better described by another word than hate. As for the Captain, he was young and in love—besides, he was the latest comer—perhaps he would overlook all.

But even this view of the subject was scarcely consolatory to Blue-belle. The higher grapes hang the sweeter they are to natures of her kind. With the thought that probably Colonel Eustace would not want her returned an intense admiration for him. She recalled his noble presence; his eloquent words; his manly, unselfish love; and began to admire him frantically, and think if she lost him there would be no more stars in her sky. Madge, who knew her better than she knew herself, believed that the lesson would do her good. As for Colonel Eustace, she thought that when he should know all it would help him to an understanding of himself and his own needs, which would insure him against heart-break—if indeed such a word as heart-break be permissible in remotest connection with six feet of heroic flesh and blood under the uniform of the United States.

The next letter was from Colonel Eustace, and came for Madge. While in her neighborhood the Colonel had scarcely noticed Blue-belle's dark and quiet elder sister. It was singular how clearly her image came back to him when an emergency arrived where strength was needed.

Strong as Madge was her fingers trembled a little when she held his letter in them. Why had he written to *her*? It was just after a great battle—was there something he feared to say to Belle? Was some one wounded—or did he know all, and was Captain Denham dead? She was thankful that Blue-belle was out, and she could read the letter with no questioning, watching eyes waiting for its tidings. She opened it, and it seemed scarcely a moment before she understood all.

The night before the battle Captain Denham had come to him with a letter to be forwarded, in case he died, to Miss Belle Lansing. Then, with the morrow's desperate chances before him, the young man's heart had opened to his friend, and Colonel Eustace had listened to the whole story of his love and his hopes. He had said nothing, for he thought the latest lover must have been the dearest to that fickle girl-heart. If Denham must die, let him die believing himself beloved—if he lived, why not believe himself beloved also, and be happy. For his own part, of course, he had no disposition to contest such a claim—this ended all. Belle had *not* loved him, whatever she might have felt for Denham. In any event *his* dream was over. If the wound was sore, he uttered, writing to Madge, no word of complaint.

He passed from his account of this interview in his tent the night before the battle to his story of the morrow's strife. Denham had distinguished himself, but he had been severely wounded. There was some hope for his life, but he lay now in hospital, delirious, and calling constantly for Belle,

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He had need of better nursing than the regular attendants could give, in this time of hurry and confusion—if there had been any truth in that love in which Captain Denham had certainly the firmest faith, did not Miss Lansing think her sister could, and ought to, come to the hospital at once?

As Madge raised her eyes she met Belle's. She had come in from walking, and Madge had been too much absorbed to notice her footsteps. She stood there, her face white with a desperate terror, looking at the handwriting she knew so well on the cover of the letter her sister was reading.

Madge knew not how to soften her tidings. She felt helpless. She just handed the letter to Belle, and kept silence until the girl had read it all through. Then she asked, simply,

"How soon can you be ready?"

"Oh, Madge, I can not, can not go! How could I ever see Colonel Eustace? I should die of shame."

Madge looked at her sternly.

"Belle," she said, in a tone as relentless as an avenging conscience, "which of those men did you love? It is no time for folly or self-deception when death is waiting for one of your victims."

Belle trembled. For the first time in her life she looked resolutely into her own soul and sounded its depths. Then she answered as solemnly as if she were speaking at the Judgment,

"I loved Ralph Denham. Colonel Eustace only dazzled me. I thought his attentions were a great honor, and I did not know what love was. But I did not know either that I loved Denham until this news came. If he dies it will be God's punishment for my sin."

"Do you love him, and hesitate about going to him for fear of Colonel Eustace's scorn? Child, you will rue it all your life if you falter now. You must go to-day."

They had no one to ask. They were orphans, the two girls, and the aunt who lived with them and was indebted to them for home and comfort never thought of criticising their proceedings. Madge was the ruling spirit in all emergencies. She got Belle ready, and packed the things they would both need. Belle noticed nothing, but when they were at the dépôt she said, appealingly,

"If you were only going, Madge!"

"Of course I am. You did not think I should send you alone?"

After that Belle said no more. She performed the journey mechanically. At its close Colonel Eustace met them. He had made sure that they would come. He bowed to Belle gravely and respectfully, and answered Madge's inquiry for Captain Denham with as few words as possible.

"Yes, he is alive still. Are you able to go at once to the hospital?"

They found the patient very ill. Belle's eyes filled with bitter tears as she heard him ask for her, in pleading, helpless tones. She bent over him, untroubled now even by John Eustace's eyes, and pressed her lips to his face.

"I am here, Ralph; I will not leave you."

Strength seemed to go out from her: courage to breathe from her lips. She seemed to infuse something of her own vitality into the man she nursed. He began to improve from the very night of her coming. She watched him week after week, as he climbed slowly upward from the valley and shadow of death, the darkness in which he had seemed to stand. During those weeks she grew into womanhood. The playful, selfish child was gone forever. A woman-nature looked out of her blue eyes, which many tears had softened. There would be no danger now of her ever doubting again who she loved.

When at last Captain Denham rose from his bed of pain, thin, pale, lame, and disabled for evermore from fighting in his country's wars, she made her humble confession to him—told him the whole story of her acquaintance with Colonel Eustace—her uncertainty, even after she knew him, who held her heart, until the sharp blade of anguish had probed it and revealed its secret.

"Can you ever forgive me?" was her concluding sentence.

He looked at her sadly.

"Is my forgiveness worth any thing, Blue-belle? Could you ever marry me, halt, feeble, helpless?"

Her eyes answered him; her cheeks, where the blushes came and went as of old; last of all the trembling lips, which he closed with his kisses.

That day, too, Colonel Eustace stole an hour to talk with Madge.

"If I only dared to say I love you; but how can I hope you will believe me when you know all I felt for Belle—when I saw you at the same time I saw her, and did not choose you—did not recognize you? And yet, Madge, if you only *could* believe that I offer you no second place in a worn-out heart, but first love, best love, of which the other was only a prefiguring dream, you could be all the world to me."

To him, her first lover, Madge Lansing raised her eyes—those great, dark eyes, full now of light and splendor, uttering her soul as no words could; and he, from henceforth to be her other self, understood her, knew that there could be no more doubt between them.

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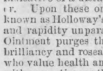


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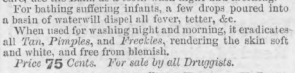
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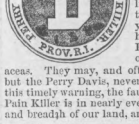
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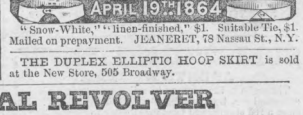
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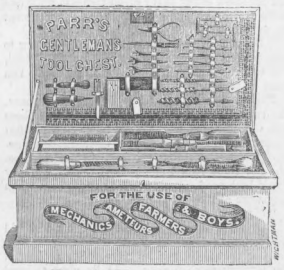
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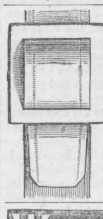
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 400.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—EXPLOSION AT CITY POINT, AUGUST 9, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 550.]

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Songs of the Army.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

I.

THE TROOPER TO HIS MARE.

OLD girl that hast borne me far and fast
On pawing hoofs that were never loth,
Our gallop to-day may be the last
For thee, or for me, or perchance for both!
As I tighten your girth do you nothing daunt?
Do you catch the hint of our forming line?
And now the artillery move to the front,
Have you never a qualm, Bay Bess of mine?

It is dainty to see you sidle and start
As you move to the battle's cloudy marge,
And to feel the swells of your wakening heart
When our sonorous bugles sound a charge;
At the scream of the shell and the roll of the drum
You feign to be frightened with roguish glance;
But up the green slopes where the bullets hum,
Coquettishly, darling, I've known you dance.

Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,
Your eyes are a bird's or a loving girl's;
And from delicate fetlock to stately head
A throbbing vein-cordage around you curls:—
Oh, joy of my heart! if you they slay,
For triumph or rout I little care;
For there isn't in all the wide valley to-day
Such a dear little, bridle-wise, thorough-bred mare!

II.

HOW THE SOLDIERS TALK.

WE have heard the rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well
And mean to fight it out;
In victory's happy glow,
In the gloom of utter rout,
We have pledged ourselves—"Come weal or woe,
By Heaven! we fight it out."

'Tis now too late to question
What brought the war about;
'Tis a thing of pride and passion
And we mean to fight it out.
Let the "big wigs" use the pen,
Let them caucus, let them spout,
We are half a million weaponed men
And mean to fight it out.

Our dead, our loved, are crying
From many a stormed redoubt,
In the swamps and trenches lying—
"Oh, comrades, fight it out!
'Twas our comfort as we fell
To hear your gathering shout,
Rolling back the rebels' weaker yell—
God-speed you, fight it out!"

The negro—free or slave—
We care no pin about,
But for the flag our fathers gave
We mean to fight it out;
And while that banner brave
One rebel rag shall flout,
With volleying arm and flashing glaive
By Heaven! we fight it out!

Oh, we've heard the rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out;
In the flush of perfect triumph,
And the gloom of utter rout,
We have sworn on many a bloody field
"We mean to fight it out!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

IF we would all only bear in mind the chances and conditions of every war, we should be less disposed to grumble over our mishaps or reason too confidently from our successes. That the campaign of this summer was to be fierce, protracted, and like all campaigns, uncertain, every thoughtful man was aware. That LEE, if too sorely pressed to risk a battle in the open field, could fall back, and with a trained army, behind the defenses of Richmond, hold GRANT long at bay, was as evident a possibility as it is now a plain fact. That some one or many of the accessory movements of GRANT might fail, and so delay and embarrass his own operations, was as probable in May as it is proved in August. That SHERMAN'S campaign was as dangerous as it was daring; that to penetrate an enemy's country in the face of his army and through a most difficult region where nature was his most efficient ally, to advance further and further from your base, exposing your supplies to the flying assaults of guerrilla hordes hovering upon your flanks and rear, was a movement full of constant peril whose failure would be as unfortunate as its triumph would be magnificent and vital, and that necessarily both in Virginia and Georgia, the progress of events could not be other than gradual, since only very foolish people believed in a sudden "collapse" of the rebellion, or "breaking its back-bone" at a stroke—all these things we ought to have known if we did not; and we shall individually not blame ourselves very much upon having suggested last April and May, because the consideration was so obvious, to those who wished to wait until August before nominating a President that there was no reason to suppose the campaign would end by August. But because the campaign is not yet decided, because GRANT is still before Richmond and SHERMAN not yet in possession of Atlanta, we are regaled with the ancient taunt of the enemy, "You can't conquer the South;" and with the old whine of the friend, "Oh dear! the North loves dirt, and wishes to be humiliated."

Now the whole question of this war is a question of character. That the Government—or, in other words, the people—have the power to subdue the rebels and restore the Union, is undeniable. The only inquiry is, will they exert the power, or have they become indifferent? We confess that we see no sign of it. The excitement and enthusiasm of the opening war have of course passed away. The apparent unanimity has disappeared; and the party divisions which in every country, at every period, and in every war, have been developed, are evident among ourselves. The enormous expense, the inevitable civil, military, and naval blunders, which also accompany every great war, have appeared, and with them the bitter partisan appeals to political hostility based upon systematic misrepresentation, and sustained by secret sympathy with the enemy. The foolish prophecies and deceits of the press, which are by no means always willful, but often the result of enthusiasm and imperfect information, have also fitfully exalted and depressed the sensitive national heart, until now, in the fourth year of the war, with a Presidential election coming on, the fury of party difference is so hot that many a doubtful observer wonders whether patriotism is not altogether lost and the country ruined.

No; the time for that question is passed. The enemies of this country never had so fair a chance as in the winter of 1860–61, and that chance is lost forever. Those enemies were united, ready, firm, and every advantage, moral and physical, was theirs. The North—to use a convenient term—was sure neither of its cause nor of its purpose; it doubted not only whether it had a right to fight, but whether it wanted to, or whether it could. Its traditions and habits were all those of peace: it was a trader, and war ruined trade; for slavery it cared very little; the first thing it feared, and had always avoided at any cost, was attempted disunion; the second thing was interruption of its trade; it felt itself doubting, demoralized, half despairing; it saw that it had nine hundred soldiers in its army, four ships in its navy, and five hundred thousand dollars in its treasury; it heard many of the trusted leaders of "Northern" sentiment loudly crying, "Let them go!" "Let them go!" it was sure of nothing whatever but its own doubt. It seemed a moribund, effete nation, a huge mummy, apparently erect, but which the slightest touch would bring down in dust. That was the most horrible, the most humiliating hour that any true American has ever known. And just as the appalled spectator listened to hear the death-rattle from these shriveled lips they suddenly swelled with the red blood from the heart, and the battle-cry of life burst from them exultingly.

Into the struggle we went. Every thing was to do, and every thing was done: armies to be raised and trained; a navy to be built: a treasury to be filled; every kind of treachery and plotted disaster to be encountered and endured; selfishness, incapacity, lying, swindling, upon the most colossal scale and in every department, civil and military; the shame of defeats; the scorn and hostility of foreigners; the gradual unmasking of domestic faction; the angry debates about policy; the imperfect general apprehension of the real nature of the contest; the rise of a rebel party among ourselves under the name of peace; the partisan assertion of State rights against the national supremacy; sharp differences among loyal men; foolish denunciations and personal spites; the menace of imminent financial convulsion and universal ruin—all these difficulties, in every form and in all degrees, the character and spirit, in one word, the patriotism, of the American people has had to encounter and resolve, and it has not failed.

It has maintained tranquillity in the loyal States and steadily repelled invasion; it has raised such an army and fought such battles as no American had conceived; it has built a navy which has successfully blockaded half the Atlantic coast of the continent; it has supplied an adequate currency and averted serious financial panic; it has occupied New Orleans and opened the Mississippi; advanced from the Ohio to Chattanooga, from Chattanooga to Atlanta; it beleaguers the chief rebel host in its capital; it threatens, under auspices of victory, Mobile; it has steadily compressed and reduced the area of the rebellion until now it is striking at its vital centres; while every nerve of the rebel strength is strained, every man, woman, and child that a despotism of terror can drag into the service is arrayed against us, stimulated by every frantic appeal, and assured that they are defending their hearths and their honor. Meanwhile the Government, so patient and forbearing as to alienate some of its most loyal friends who denounce it as weak and vacillating and stupid, yet so resolute and prompt as to be cursed by its factious enemies as an intolerable tyranny, stands ready to hear and consider every authorized offer of peace which may be made by the rebels. No man whose opinion is free from factious bias believes that the Government wishes another shot fired in this war, or has any other desire than the restoration and permanent security of the Union.

If these things are so—and who will deny it—is there any reason for shaking and shuddering? We all meet a great many loud Copperheads and faint-hearted patriots every day; but in all wars the grumblers, and doubters, and opponents are always apparently more numerous than the devoted and energetic friends, unless—as in France in '93, and in the slave States now—the opposition is suppressed by terror. There are not half so many Copperheads and faint-hearted patriots among us now as there were in the Revolution. Every difficulty we encounter was ten-fold greater in our fathers' time. Sometimes the clouds of discontent and opposition were so thick that WASHINGTON himself was almost discouraged. But he knew that a people which had been willing to try the struggle with the great British empire could not fail. It was a question of character, and the quality of character had been shown by undertaking the contest. So with us, the odds against the Government at the opening of this war were enormous. But they have been baffled. The sneers, the grumbles, the threats, the denunciations, the appeals, the doleful prophecies, the shouts of enemies, the dismal quakings of friends, do not and can not avail against a clear, steady, patriotic purpose which carries the nation along. The Cowboys of the Revolution tinkled their dolorous bells like the Copperhead Conservatives of the rebellion. But the people were neither cows nor cowards; and they made a nation. Their children have already shown themselves worthy of their sires. Be of good cheer, O ye of little faith! the soul of the American people is marching on.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THAT the Administration is not the Government is a very favorite proposition of those who refuse the slightest sympathy or aid to the war. It is certainly not a very original proposition, but it is urged with all the ardor of a new discovery and the excitement of a profound truth. A man, for instance, sneers at every measure of the Administration; embarrasses in every way the raising of men and money; misrepresents every loyal act, and is unending in his praises of the rebel ability, courage, and resources, and in his censure of the outrageous conduct of the North in exasperating the Southern gentlemen to revolt; in fact, gives all the moral aid and comfort in his power to the men who are trying to destroy the Union. If you tell him that he is not a very strong friend of the Government, he replies with the air of a man who is making an excellent repartee, "Sir, the Administration is not the Government."

Very true: neither is the body the soul. But when a Government is assailed a man can pursue but one of two courses; he must either help save the Government by aiding those who administer it, or by refusing to aid them he must co-operate with the enemy.

For instance, if a Government is attacked by force, it must have men to defend itself; and it can call for them and use them only through the Administration. But if you go about denouncing the Administration as tyrannical, oppressive, and wicked, and insist that its purposes are selfish and base, you do all you can to overthrow the Government, because you endeavor to prevent the raising of men by the Administration, by which means only can the Government be defended. So with the loan: if you decry the credit of the nation, prophesy inevitable financial ruin, extol the desperate determination of the enemy to be annihilated rather than to submit, and promise every poor man death instead of a chicken in his pot, you hinder the Administration from raising money; and you consequently do all you can to destroy the Government, which can not be maintained without it.

The Government is visible and practicable, and operative only in the Administration. Our Government is the administration of the power of the people by their consent, and according to the Constitution. If the people elect a Congress which passes laws which the Administration executes, and any citizen, saying that the laws are unconstitutional, refuses to obey, he is forced to yield or to pay the penalty of disobedience. If he can persuade a great body of others to join him, they may exclude the Administration; but they have also overthrown the Government, because the fundamental law prescribes a course of action, in case of dissent, which they have not regarded.

Therefore for a party to say that they will support an administration so far as it acts constitutionally is folly. For does the Constitution make them or any citizen the judge of what is constitutional? Does a measure or policy become unconstitutional because a party caucus or convention denounces it as such? Besides, if a party is honestly persuaded that an administration is unconstitutional in its general policy, how can it support it in raising an army, for instance, by which it may enforce its unconstitutional measures? The Opposition say that they are in favor of the Government which is endangered by the Administration. How, then, can they conscientiously strengthen an administration which threatens the Government?

This is the point upon which the logic of Mr. FERNANDO WOOD is stronger than that of those who declare their hostility to the Administration, and yet insist upon supporting the Government by men and money. The truth is, the Government of the United States is to be attacked and defended only in the Administration. Elect a peace Administration, and you overthrow that Government. Elect a war Administration, and evidently you can maintain the Government only by supporting the Administration; which is, in other words, supporting its policy. Therefore, if any man believed, what a great many men say, that the Administration is trying to overthrow the Government, it would be his patriotic duty to save it by depriving the Administration of men and money. But to do that is to secure the triumph of the rebellion. What then? He is of opinion that the Administration is as rebellious as the rebellion.

It was a great political blunder of the Opposition not to see and avoid the danger of the cry that the Administration is not the Government, and that the Administration is unconstitutional—because that led them to justify those who refuse to support the Administration, which a man with one eye could see was surrendering the Government, and so placed them by the side of the rebels. The true point of attack should have been the attempt to show what they would denounce as the folly, the weakness, the blunders, the extravagance of the Administration, while they stoutly supported its calls for men and money: showing as artfully as possible that the Administration with all its faults must be endured because it was constitutionally elected, and the alternative of its overthrow was anarchy; while the war should be prosecuted more vigorously and more economically under another administration. This is what DOUGLAS would have done—what any great party leader would have done.

Instead of this they denounce the Administration as treacherous to the Government, and [illegible] by compel themselves to follow Mr. FERNANDO WOOD. Does any sane American suppose that following leads to national union, or honor? This war is to be prosecuted to victory of the Union, or it is to be stopped on terms that rebels may prescribe. Is there a possible candidate among those who have opposed the Administration whose name would be a guarantee of greater vigor in conducting the war? And if not, is not the defeat of the Administration a step toward the overthrow of the Government?

DAWSON'S "FEDERALIST."

SOME months since appeared a large and handsome edition of the *Federalist*, edited by Mr. HENRY B. DAWSON. The publication was presently followed by a highly animated correspondence in the papers between the editor, Mr. DAWSON, and Messrs. JAMES A. HAMILTON and JOHN JAY, mainly touching the aid and approbation the latter gentlemen were asserted or implied to have given to the new edition. So far as the controversy was personal we believe it is ended; but in "Mr. JAY'S Second Letter on DAWSON'S Introduction to the *Federalist*" there are points of profound public concern.

We have more than once alluded to the attempt now making to denationalize the Union in the popular mind. The friends and political allies of the rebel leaders, under the cry of State Rights and State Sovereignty, are following Mr. CALHOUN in his effort to establish the popular conviction that the Union is a League of sovereign and independent States, and that the Constitution is a treaty of whose obligations, as of the scope of his allegiance to it, each sovereign is the judge. This doctrine, of course, is the end of the Union, of the Government, and of the Nation; and is the complete triumph of the rebellion. The *Federalist* has been always considered the impregnable defense of the doctrine of American nationality in the Union. It was therefore a skillful plan of the enemies of the Union to attempt to undermine that defense. This plan, according to Mr. JAY, has been matured, and the object of his Second Letter is to show that SCRIBNER'S comely edition of the *Federalist* is and is to be edited by Mr. DAWSON, for a second volume is yet to come, to shake the fundamental faith of the American people in the truth that their fathers in forming the Union practically founded a nation.

It seems that our old friends of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge, headed by Mr. S. F. B. MORSE, issued, some time during the last year, a work called "Citizenship Sovereignty, by J. S. Wright, assisted by Professor J. Holmes Agnew, D.D., Chicago. Published for American citizens, the true maintainers of State Sovereignty"—no name of printer or publisher appearing. The burden of this book, as the reader may suspect, is the loveliness of human slavery, and the doctrine that

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"a sovereign State should be unaccountable to all else but Deity." CALHOUN and the secession philosophers, Bishop HOPKINS and the slavery apologists, are of course duly eulogized, and Europe is called upon to recognize the Confederacy that has so nobly maintained itself: this, it appears, being the kind of political information which the members of the society are so anxious to diffuse.

In the course of the work Mr. WRIGHT censures Mr. MOTLEY's letter to the London *Times* at the opening of our war; but adds, by way of comfort to the enemies of the American Union, that "Mr. HENRY B. DAWSON has a rod in pickle that will be sufficient to whip him [Mr. MOTLEY] into the traces." The context shows Mr. WRIGHT's perfect familiarity with Mr. DAWSON's views. "The chief point of difference between us is that he [Mr. HENRY B. DAWSON] considers the word 'nation' should never be used in connection with the United States, each State being the only 'nation,' whereas it appears to the writer [Mr. WRIGHT] that, with clear conceptions that each State is the real nation, the United States may properly be called a 'nation' of nations. Mr. DAWSON's edition of the *Federalist* has been alluded to, and his valuable notes will be found coincident with the views herein taken, and will be followed with the publication of other debates connected with the adoption of our Constitution, most opportune, and furnishing important information of which few have knowledge.....His extensive historical explorations convinced him years ago that we were all wrong about the *theory* of our Government."

This is the useful political knowledge which is diffused, in the "Society's" own style and grammar, of the new edition of the *Federalist*; namely, that it is edited by (as Mr. JAY informs us) an Englishman, Mr. HENRY B. DAWSON, who has already, in print, charged, without proving, General PUTNAM with complicity in ARNOLD's treason; and who now undertakes, as Mr. JAY contends, to shake the national reverence for the men who exposed the essential folly of the doctrine of State sovereignty; to show that the evils of the old Confederacy did not spring from the nature of the bond; and that the Constitution was foisted upon the nation by false pretenses and political trickery.

Every one who reads Mr. DAWSON's introduction can judge from its tone whether his editorial intention was to strengthen or to weaken public respect for the authors of the *Federalist*, and to confirm or destroy the conviction, essential to the maintenance of the Union, that we are a nation and not a Confederacy. But while this may be a matter of inference from the introduction, the quotations from the work of Mr. WRIGHT's, which Mr. JAY publishes in his "Second Letter," leave little doubt that the intention of Mr. DAWSON's edition of the *Federalist* is to show us that "we are all wrong about the theory of our Government;" that sovereignty belongs to the States, not to the nation; that, consequently, secession is a reserved right; the war against secession wicked, and the Union at an end.

TO UNION MEN.

THE rebel papers, considering that they are printed in what they call another country, are curiously interested in the political movements of this country. They print long columns of anxious speculation, and then assure us that they have no shadow of interest in the matter, and that their contempt for us and our affairs exceeds expression. A recent performance of this kind in the Richmond *Examiner* is peculiarly amusing. It thinks it sees signs that the Administration is to be defeated, and it can not conceal its joy. Its ribaldry is as remarkable as in the days that followed Sumter, when it was full of fervid longings that the Yankees would only come down and be soundly flogged by the slaves, since Southern gentlemen disdained the dirty business of whipping them with their own hands. Since then, however, at Vicksburg, at New Orleans, at Gettysburg, and in Virginia and Georgia the Southern gentlemen were not disinclined to try their hands; and it is a curious and interesting fact that they have whipped the Yankees all the way from Gettysburg to Petersburg, and from the Ohio to Atlanta, and will probably not be satisfied until they have whipped the scoundrels into the Gulf.

The Richmond *Examiner* says with solemn exultation, in words that are the just indication of the dignity of the rebel cause and the honorable spirit in which it is conducted: "The obscene ape of Illinois is about to be deposed from the Washington purple..... He was in the eyes of all mankind an unanswerable argument for our secession; he stood there a living justification, seven feet high, of the steadfast resolution of these States to hold no more political union with a race capable not only of producing such a being, but of making it a ruler and king."

There is a great deal more in this strain, which is peculiar to a baby-selling chivalry—a strain in which JEFFERSON DAVIS showed himself an accomplished adept when he called his fellow-citizens against whom he has drawn the sword "hyenas."

But such articles show, what is not sufficiently apprehended by ourselves, the moral value of the maintenance of the Administration. Contemporary with this Administration, the war for the Union is necessarily identified with it. The rebels and their friends the Copperheads have constantly denounced it as "LINCOLN's war;" while our own foreign friends and enemies have always regarded the President as the accepted exponent of the war. The rebels undoubtedly mean, therefore, to show a brave front until after the election. They know if, by holding on, they can only fatigue or dishearten loyal men to the point of declaring that they must have a change merely for the sake of change, that the defeat of Mr. LINCOLN will be accepted by their own population as a sign of desire to compromise and yield, while it will be understood by foreign powers in the same way, and assure them that the hour has come for successful mediation, recognition, or interference.

The one thing which, under the circumstances, would be the most valuable to the rebels is the defeat of Mr. LINCOLN; while, on the other hand, his re-election would be the most shattering blow to them. For it would say plainly to the whole world that the loyal people of the United States, while they differed upon many points of policy, were heartily agreed upon the one great essential aim of the maintenance of the Union by arms against all who by arms seek its overthrow: that failures of many kinds were inseparable from all human enterprises; that, as they had begun, they meant to finish; and that while there were many faithful and devoted patriots in their ranks, there was no one more faithful or more devoted than the President, who had borne so patiently the heat and burden of the day. Any change whatever shows some kind of dissatisfaction with the war and its policy. But the re-election of the President reveals a grim and impregnable resolution, the earnest of absolute victory.

AN ARMISTICE.

A CRY for an armistice is sometimes heard. Let us stop fighting for six months, shouts some newspaper or orator, and call a Convention of the North and South, and see if they haven't had enough of it, and on what conditions they will come back.

It might be replied to this suggestion that the rebels began this war by firing upon Fort Sumter, have maintained it ever since, and do not ask for an armistice. The Government is merely maintaining its existence, and is ready to stop fighting the moment its enemies retire from the contest. Can it honorably expose itself to the insults as well as to the blows of rebels? To this it is answered that the question is too grave to be settled upon points of etiquette, and that the Government can postpone its dignity until it ascertains whether the rebels refuse offers of conciliation.

But no Government can postpone its dignity without fatal harm. If a Convention should be offered and spurned the result would not be the union of the North, as prophesied—it would be loyal indignation with the weakness of the Government, and Copperhead assertion that it was the fault of the Government that the project failed. Whatever the issue of the proposition the Government must lose. If it were refused, the entire responsibility would be thrown upon it by its enemies. If it were accepted, who would guarantee that the rebels would abide by the result of the Convention? They believe absolutely in State rights; are they likely to relinquish that faith upon our summons, who have been fighting them upon that very point for three years? If they say they will relinquish it, does any body propose to believe them?

Or again, are any better terms of union possible than the Constitution of the United States, which the rebels repudiate? The rebellion is not a new thing in intention. They plead total incompatibility of political conviction and social principle with us. The whole generation of fighting men among them has been carefully educated in that belief. They think that the tendency of the country under the Constitution is to the destruction of those convictions and principles. In the midst of a war in which they yet have great armies in the field, are they likely to change their belief at the invitation of those whom they regard as enemies?

They would use the armistice to strengthen their lines; their allies, the Copperheads among ourselves, would use it to distract and divide the North; and if the negotiations failed it would be found, as it always is, that the proposer of the armistice had lost all its advantages. The rebels discuss these questions as well as we. The Richmond *Examiner* warns the Chicago Convention that the only chance of its party lies in proposing an armistice, and upon what conditions? These: "a formal renunciation of all right and pretense to coerce these States; and, of course, an entire withdrawal of all land and sea forces." Then, says the paper, the Northern States will be in a condition to propose reconstruction and a Convention to negotiate the terms.

What is this but asking us to concede that States have the right to secede—that the Union is dissolved—and that a new convention may decide upon a new Constitution? The *Examiner* does not promise a favorable result of such a policy; but it will be observed that it does not insist upon separation. Why should it, since by the very terms precedent separation is conceded? When we allow that the old Union is gone, they profess their possible willingness to consider the formation of a new one. But if they think it unadvisable to form a new one, we shall have renounced the right "to coerce States."

This is the feast to which "an armistice" invites us; and does any body seriously suppose the rebels will meet us in conventions while our armies and navies are upon the Southern coasts and in the Southern centres? This war will end in one of two ways; either the rebellion will overthrow the Government, or the Government will subdue the rebellion.

FARRAGUT.

THE part of the navy in the summer's campaign, if it begins late, begins gloriously. FARRAGUT has already joined his name to those most cherished in our naval history, and no such history is more splendid than the American. Our children will speak of FARRAGUT as we speak of PERRY and DECATUR, of LAWRENCE and PREBLE. The action at the mouth of Mobile Bay reminds us of the remark made by the traitor Commodore BARRON, who was captured at Hatteras Inlet. He was in Fort Warren, and heard the recital from a newspaper of FARRAGUT's victorious entry at New Orleans. Profoundly interested, and forgetting his treason, and remembering only the glory of the service with which his own name had been honorably associated, BARRON exclaimed, vehemently, "Yes, yes; I tell you nothing can stand against our navy."

There is not a loyal man or boy, not a true woman or girl, in the land who does not rejoice in the victory of FARRAGUT and his gallant men, or grieve in sympathy with the hearts that bleed for CRAVEN and his honored crew. The duty of the navy in this war has been enormous and difficult, but how bravely it has been done! Its victories have been, in a sense, more impressive than any others. The baffling of the *Merrimac*, the passing Fort Jackson, the destruction of the huge rebel ram the *Mississippi* and the reduction of New Orleans, PORTER's exploits upon the Western waters, the sinking of the *Alabama*, and now the occupation of Mobile Bay, are all single events that shine with signal lustre in the story of the war.

We do not enter into the Monitor quarrel. That they are totally useless no one who remembers the day in Hampton Roads is likely to believe, while that very day may have caused too great confidence in them as the only valuable vessels. FARRAGUT's feeling about "fighting in an iron kettle" is very intelligible, nor less so his love of hearts of iron in ribs of oak. Certainly the oaken ribs of a certain flag-ship *Hartford* will not soon be despised or forgotten. The operations at Mobile may proceed, or the end in view may be already accomplished by the possession of the bay. But whatever follows, the sailors of the Union stand side by side with its soldiers. Over the heads of each floats the same old flag. In the hearts of each burns the same invincible purpose—Union and Liberty!

"The army and navy forever,
And three cheers for the red, white, and blue."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT has resumed operations on the James River. On Saturday, August 13, General Hancock was thrown across to Deep Bottom, near Dutch Gap. A few days previously his corps had been embarked, as the enemy supposed, to move down the river. Instead of going down, however, the fleet went up, and landed as above stated, when the Second Corps was reinforced by a great portion of the Tenth, and the entire command was formed on Foster's right, threatening a strong position of the enemy in that neighborhood. An attack was made, and 500 prisoners were taken, with six pieces of cannon and two mortars. General Burnside has returned home on furlough, his command being transferred to General Wilcox. Butler at last reports was digging a canal at Dutch Gap, which was to shorten the travel along the James. The rebels have been trying to disturb the work by their shells.

Sheridan has advanced against the rebel force in the Shenandoah. The latter is reported to have been reinforced by twenty thousand men. From a dispatch of Sheridan's, dated August 14, we learn that Early has not been able to take away from Maryland or Pennsylvania sufficient plunder to materially benefit the rebel army.

General Sherman's lines on August 8 reached from the Chattanooga Railroad to within a mile and a half of the Macon road, Schofield holding the extreme right. These lines are very strongly fortified, in that respect rivaling the works of defense about Atlanta. On the 6th there was a battle, of which the details have not yet reached us. Hood has been strongly reinforced since he assumed command. All the militia of Georgia has joined his ranks, and it is given out in rebel journals that he has been strengthened by large accessions from Lee's army.

The following dispatch to Secretary Welles from Admiral Farragut, dated August 5, tells its own story in regard to the Admiral's late success in Mobile Bay:

"SIR,—I have the honor to report to the Department that this morning I entered Mobile Bay, passing between Forts Morgan and Gaines, and encountering the rebel ram *Tennessee* and gun-boats of the enemy, viz., *Selma*, *Morgan*, and *Gaines*. The attacking fleet was under way by 5.45 A.M., in the following order: The *Brooklyn*, with the *Octoroon* on her port side; *Hartford*, with the *Metacomet*; *Richmond*, with the *Port Royal*; *Lackawanna*, with the *Seminole*; *Monongahela*, with the *Tecumseh*; *Ossipee*, with the *Itasca*; and the *Oneida*, with the *Galena*. On the starboard of the fleet was the proper position of the Monitors or Iron-clads. The wind was light from the southwest, and the sky cloudy, with very little sun. Fort Morgan opened upon us at ten minutes past 7 o'clock, and soon after this the action became lively. As we steamed up the main ship channel there was some difficulty ahead, and the *Hartford* passed on ahead of the *Brooklyn*. At 7.40 the *Tecumseh* was struck by a torpedo and sunk, going down very rapidly, and carrying down with her all the officers and crew, with the exception of the pilot and eight or ten men, who were saved by a boat that I sent from the *Metacomet*, which was alongside of me. The *Hartford* had passed the forts before 8 o'clock, and finding myself raked by the rebel gun-boats, I ordered the *Metacomet* to cast off and go in pursuit of them, one of which, the *Selma*, she succeeded in capturing. All the vessels had passed the forts by half past 8, but the rebel ram *Tennessee* was still apparently uninjured, in our rear. A signal was at once made to all the fleet to turn again and attack the ram, not only with guns, but with orders to run her down at full speed. The *Monongahela* was the first that struck her, and though she may have injured her badly, yet she did not succeed in disabling her. The *Lackawanna* also struck her, but ineffectually. The flag-ship gave her a severe shock with her bow, and as she passed poured into her a whole port broadside of solid 9-inch shot and thirteen pounds of powder, at a distance of not more than twelve feet. The iron-clads were closing upon her, and the *Hartford* and the rest of the fleet were bearing down upon her, when, at 10 A.M., she surrendered. The rest of the rebel fleet, namely, the *Morgan* and *Gaines*, succeeded in getting back under the protection of Fort Morgan. This terminated the action of the day. Admiral Buchanan sent me his sword, being himself badly wounded with a compound fracture of the leg, which it is supposed will have to be amputated. Having had many of my own men wounded, and the surgeon of the *Tennessee* being very desirous to have Admiral Buchanan removed to the hospital, I sent a flag of truce to the commanding officer of Fort Morgan, Brigadier-General Richard L. Page, to say that if he would allow the wounded of the fleet, as well as their own, to be taken to Pensacola, where they could be better cared for than here, I would send out one of our vessels, provided she would be permitted to return, bringing back nothing she did not take out. General Page consented, and the *Metacomet* was dispatched."

The casualties on board the Federal fleet amounted to 120 killed and wounded. Twenty officers and one hundred and seventy men were captured on the rebel ram *Tennessee*. On the *Selma* were taken ninety officers and men.

On the morning of the 8th Fort Gaines surrendered unconditionally, with 56 commissioned officers, 818 enlisted men, its entire armament of 26 guns, and a year's provisions. Fort Powell was deserted by its garrison, leaving 18 guns behind them. General Granger, in connection with the fleet, then proceeded to the reduction of Fort Morgan.

This success gives us command of Mobile Bay. It is expected that the capture of Fort Morgan must speedily follow. The rebels have by this defeat lost another valuable port of entry, and have also lost their most valuable fleet.

There are two entrances to the bay; one by the eastern projection of Dauphin Island, called the Swash Channel, which is employed by all ships of heavy tonnage; the other by the north of Dauphin Island, between it and Cedar Point, the southermost extension of the main land. The Swash Channel has about eighteen feet of water, and is between two and three miles broad. The island which divides these channels is narrow, and about ten miles long. The passage between the island and the main land is not practicable for vessels of heavy draught. The approach of an attacking fleet must therefore be made by the Swash Channel. Mobile Point, a low and sandy continuation of the eastern main land, makes out for nearly twenty miles to the west of the main land, and has its termination fortified by Fort Morgan. Fort Morgan mounts one hundred and thirty-six guns. Fort Gaines, upon the other side of the channel, was commenced but not finished before the rebellion. It was designed to cooperate with Fort Morgan, and by a cross-fire render entrance impossible. It is said to mount fifty guns, which is the number for which it was intended. Between these two forts, a line of spile obstructions stretched under the guns of the forts, with a single narrow opening near Fort Morgan for the ingress and egress of blockade-runners. This opening was commanded by a number of heavy guns, trained upon it from the fort, and was constantly patrolled by picket boats.

The other opening, known as Grant's Pass, which was employed by the line of steamers plying between Mobile and New Orleans, is dominated by Fort Powell on the southernmost point of the western coast of the main land, which mounts twelve guns; by a water battery of nine long-range guns, and a series of earth-works, whose armament is not known. Sand Island, which lies a little beyond Fort Gaines, has been prepared with earth-works and armed with heavy guns. After the bay has been entered there is a long line of intrenchments on the seaward side of the city, and another line on its land front.

The whole southeastern front of the city, from the Alabama River to a little stream called Dog River, is strongly intrenched, with twelve independent earth-works of considerable size in their rear. These intrenchments, and one of the channels to the city, are, in their turn, strengthened by a battery of nine guns on Point Pintos, which rakes them. A battery of five guns at Garrow's Bend lends aid to that on Point Pintos, and sweeps the channel and its obstructions for three miles. Other earth-works near the city are built to repulse an attack from Spring Hill, supposing our forces to march from Portersville, on the Mississippi Sound. These are said to be eighteen miles in length, and are mounted with ordnance of an inferior quality. A casemated battery has also been constructed in the marsh, which was built up with dirt and spiles for that purpose, and is armed with three 100-pound rifles, four 9-inch Dahlgren guns, and three ordinary 32's. Near the Alabama River there is a redoubt to aid the marsh battery, which commands a portion of the bay. Another redoubt mounting four guns is north of this on the railway. The railroad bridge at Three-mile Run is guarded by a redoubt. The great earth-work, several miles in extent, which stretches from the shell road entirely around the city to the Alabama River, is several miles long, defended by breast-works and rifle-pits. A battery of six guns is erected between the shell road and Alabama River. The army which holds these various fortifications is under the command of Major-General Dabney S. Maury. The total number of guns mounted in the various defenses is 217. Just below the city a bar outside of shelling distance permits the passage only of vessels which draw but 8 or 10 feet of water.

On Thursday, August 11, a new rebel privateer, the *Tallahassee*, Captain John Taylor Wood, appeared off New York harbor, and in the course of six hours captured and burned six vessels. Since that time she has been daily adding to her list of prizes. The *Tallahassee* is an iron steamer, with two smoke-stacks, two screws, about two hundred and thirty feet in length, twenty feet beam, and draws about nine feet of water. She is fore and aft schooner rigged; mounts three guns, one small one on the topgallant forecastle, a long 32-pounder amidships, and a 24-pounder aft. She carries four waist boats. Her crew consists of about one hundred and twenty persons, including the officers. Men of all nationalities are represented on board, most of whom are said to be soldiers from Lee's army. She is said to have run out of Wilmington about six days ago, without having been seen by any of Admiral Lee's blockaders. She has quite a quantity of cotton on board to protect her boilers, and there are four barrels of turpentine on deck to be used in firing vessels. Thirteen vessels have been dispatched by Secretary Welles in pursuit of the *Tallahassee*.

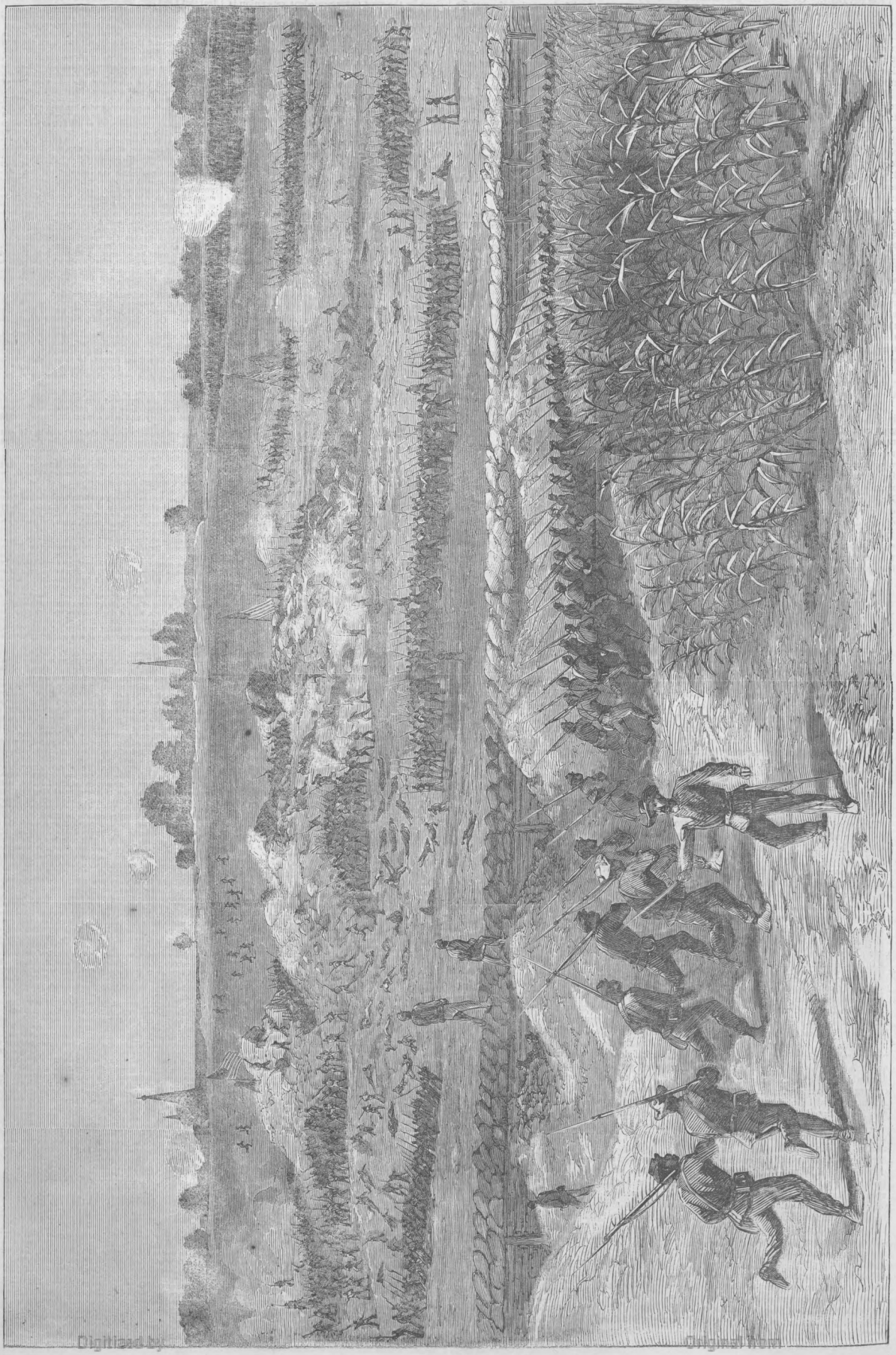
FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

DENMARK has resigned her claims upon Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, and peace has been concluded between her and the German Allies. There is to be no further burden laid on Jutland, only the German army is to retain its position in that province until all the details of the treaty are settled.

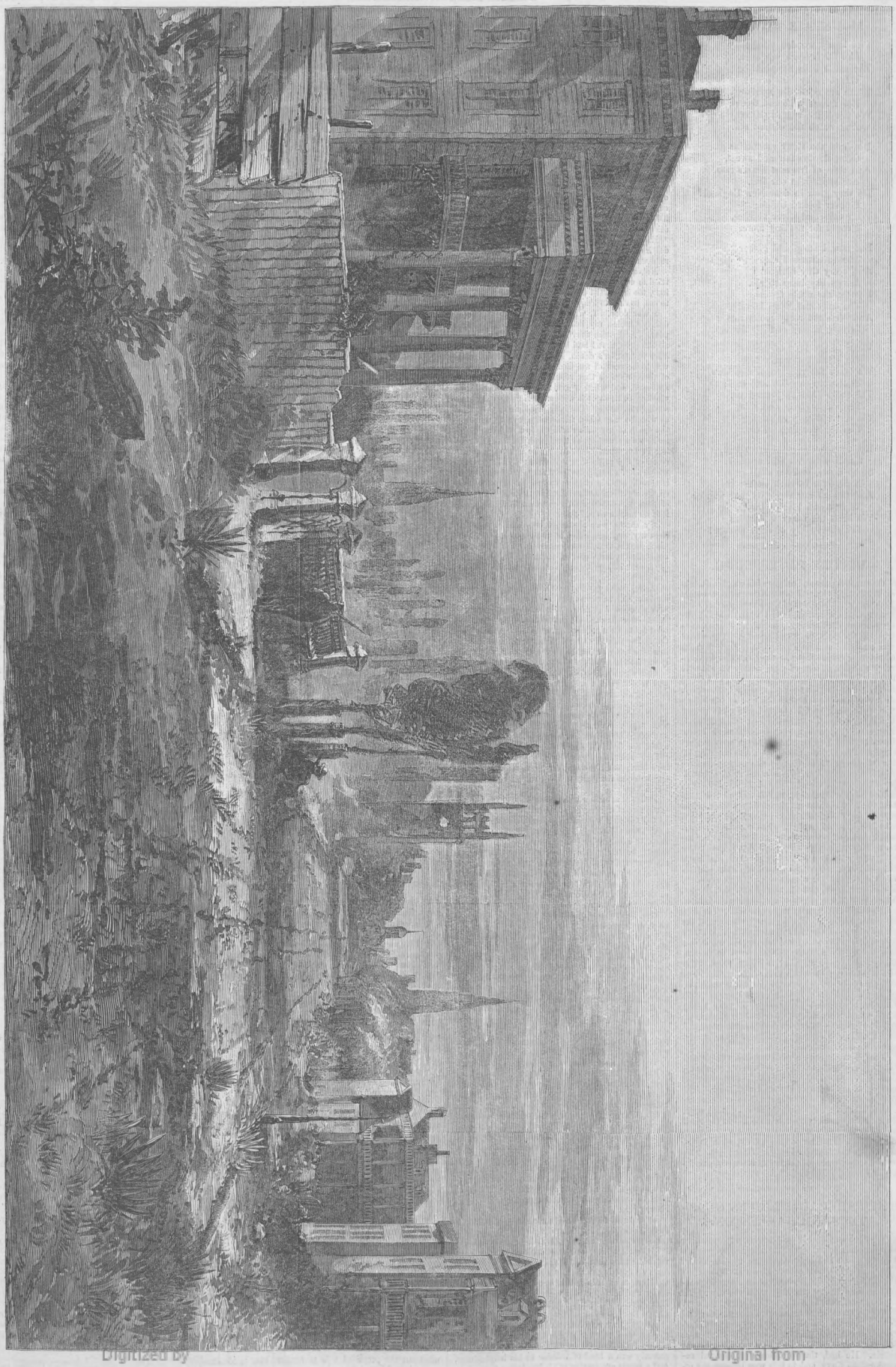
The news of the peace negotiations lately undertaken at Niagara had reached England and were variously commented on by the British press. The Manchester *Examiner* regards the operations in the light of a political diversion; the London *Star* strongly approves Mr. Lincoln's letter; while the London *Times* infers from the whole proceeding that the North is tired of the war.

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE CHARGE ON CEMETERY RIDGE, AFTER THE EXPLOSION, JULY 30, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 550.]

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QUARTERS OF THE UNION OFFICERS EXPOSED TO THE FEDERAL FIRE IN CHARLESTON.—SKETCHED BY ONE OF THE OFFICERS.—[SEE PAGE 550.]

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MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

THE lonely wooden village
Lies far beneath our eyes,
The cattle bells are tinkling
Where rocky hills arise;
There are no fertile meadows,
Nor forests wild and free;
We climb the rugged pathway
And watch the distant sea.

But 'mid the stony mountains
Grow flowers fair and sweet,
And tufts of fragrant heart's-ease
Are smiling at our feet.
Do they grow in dear New England?
I never looked before;
With oaks and silver beeches,
I cared for nothing more.

But now I stoop and gather
The loveliness I see,
And every tiny blossom
Brings happiness to me.
I forget the noble forests,
The oaks and hazel bowers,
And bless the rocky mountains
For the beauty of their flowers.

When in the land of sorrow
We climb the weary hill,
We leave the rich green meadows
That were so calm and still;
The rocks close in around us,
The air is sharp and cold,
We can not help regretting
The summer days of old.

But though the great are taken,
Small pleasures still are left;
Stoop down, and we shall gather
A blossom in each cleft;
And though our thoughts may wander
To lost and lovely bowers,
We bless the rocky mountains
For the beauty of their flowers!

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

ON our first page and on page 548 we give sketches illustrating General GRANT's campaign before Petersburg. The scene of the EXPLOSION AT CITY POINT, which occurred August 9, and which is illustrated on our first page, was along the new pine wharf at the main steamboat landing. This wharf was one-third of a mile in length. Back from its edge ten or twelve feet was the large new Government warehouse, also of pine, nearly coextensive in length with the wharf, and answering as a dépôt for the railroad which conveys supplies to the army. Across the railroad, and at the foot of the hill on which the small town is situated, was a new row of buildings, accommodating the Post-office, Adams's Express office, and the Quarter-master's office. Upon the hill, besides about a dozen houses, were numerous tents for soldiers. On the morning of the explosion three barges, the *Major-General Meade*, the *J. E. Kendrick*, and the *J. C. Campbell* lay close to the wharf. The *J. E. Kendrick* was loaded with ammunition, and it was on this boat that the mischief was developed from a too careless handling of the ammunition. The 11.30 A.M. train was just about to start out when a stunning shock was heard, and the air was piled thick with the ruinous fragments which in their fall rained down upon the tents and houses on the hill, and upon the heads of passengers on board the train, scattering the ground for a mile around with muskets, shells, bolt-heads, and the ribs of exploded barges. The *Kendrick* was blown to atoms with the loss of all on board—a dozen or more of souls. The captain was absent. The *General Meade* and the *Campbell* were destroyed and sunk with little if any loss of life. The wharf was torn up, the warehouse was destroyed, and the railroad cars shattered, though not irreparably, by the concussion. The row of buildings the other side of the railroad was crushed. The entire loss of property was about two millions. The loss of life was not so large as might have been expected. Upward of 50 were killed, 32 of whom were colored laborers. Besides these nearly a hundred were wounded, a great proportion slightly. It was altogether a melancholy and heart-sickening accident.

The illustration on page 548 represents the charge which followed the explosion in front of Petersburg, July 30. This sketch gives also a more detailed outline of the scene of the exploded mine. The heights shown in the picture are those of Cemetery Ridge, and were the points aimed at by our troops. In the fore-ground is the crater formed in the rebel works by the explosion. Here it was that our soldiers were massed for further efforts, while in the mean time troops are hurrying up for support. This was the ground also of the flag of truce, and was literally covered with the fallen.

THE FEDERAL OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN CHARLESTON.

WE give on page 549 an illustration representing the quarters allotted to the fifty Union prisoners lately imprisoned and held under fire in Charleston. The principal interest connected with this sketch is the disclosure which it makes of the ravaging desolation brought by our fleet upon the city. As many as fifty shells a day are lodged in the city. Buildings on all sides are torn to pieces. General SEYMOUR, one of the officers confined in these quarters, was one of General ANDERSON's garrison at Fort Sumter when that fort was assaulted by the rebels. He had, therefore, many influential acquaintances there, and in this way became the recipient of many courtesies. On their way to Charleston the Federal prisoners were treated with great indignity; the food given them was poor, and barely sufficient to sustain life. The quarters in which they were confined were at the corner of Broad and Rutledge streets. The sketch is by one of the officers confined. It seem that, although nominally under fire, only one shell came near them, and that not sufficiently near to do any harm.

DISCIPLINED.

I.

I WAS as unreasonable and undisciplined a girl at twenty as I had been two years before; and yet I had seen some trouble in those two years, that ought to have schooled my rebellious nature to a quieter endurance of ills which, after all, did not fill my life to more bitter repletion than many another.

Brought up in affluence, I found myself, by the death of my only surviving parent—my father—reduced suddenly to utter penury.

Nobody knew how it had happened, and I never tried to understand. I was too wicked and rebellious, too impatient of the pain and grief so unusual to me, to care to know why I was poor.

I was poor. I, with my luxurious tastes, my dainty fancies, my indolent habits, I had become poor. And when they told me that, at the end of all the grief that I had been through in those days after my father's death, I said, angrily, that what was to become of me God only knew. I had one of those natures that rebel at pain, that resent its approach, and when a great blow falls, instead of yielding to it, meet it with a passionate and unreasoning resistance. The lady principal of the school at which I was when these successive blows fell—the death of my father and the loss of fortune—offered me a situation as teacher of music and drawing in her establishment. In a kind of haughty scorn of the pride that was strong within me, and which such a position—there among my whilom aristocratic school-mates—must so outrage, I accepted the situation, and retained it, through what rack of pain and defiance only my own soul knew, and it is no matter to tell here.

My salary was a stinted one, and my duties, from my very ignorance of what was due me, were made almost unendurably onerous. I had been the haughtiest young chit of them all in my palmy days, and in my lowered estate I received, measure for measure, what I had meted out to others; though I must say for myself that my pride and hauteur had never vented itself on such helplessness as mine was now. I had never taunted the fallen—no, thank God! never that. My scorn had been for those who were my equals in worldly position. For them I evinced my preference or dislikes in a reckless way that made me enemies, who openly exulted in what they called my downfall.

I have no wish to dwell upon particulars. School-girl troubles have a bitterness of their own, and school-girls are capable of being as cruel, in their peculiar fashion, as those old Pagans were who tortured the martyrs. Never mind; the end of it all was, that when Philip Warburton sought me out and asked me a second time to be his wife (he had asked me the first time two years before) I said "Yes," scorning myself for saying it, for I did not love him; but I thought any thing would be preferable to the indignity of the position I was in, and I said Yes.

Philip Warburton was a man twice my own age—not a man to act rashly. For reasons of his own he did not offer to marry me at once. He took me away from all that pain and humiliation, and placed me with a lady friend to rest and recover my jaded spirits, he said. He committed me to her with many charges that I was to be well taken care of; and at the last, ere he left me, he told me, with a grave kindness that touched me some, that I was to be happy and learn to love him. He saw very plainly that I did not yet.

Mrs. Lawrence was a widow lady with one son—he away in the army.

I was not patient in those days. I was bitter at the need that had tempted me to accept the *charity* of Philip Warburton—for so I named it in my scorn—*I*—living upon the charity of the man I had promised to marry! Every time I thought of it I writhed; but I was too proud to tell him so, and too cowardly to return to my former position as musical drudge for Madame A——

He wrote often; I, rarely; but he never came to see me; and I was thankful for that; for, far from feeling any grateful tenderness toward this man, who was so patient with my waywardness, so kind to my need, so delicate of my delicacy, I thought of him only as one who had taken advantage of my position to make himself my tyrant. I constantly contemplated my fetters, and made them galling by hating them.

Mr. Warburton made a great mistake in supposing that he could win the love of a spirit like mine by loading it with favors. I staid gloomily where he had left me; but I never wore any of the presents he sent me, I never spent any of the money he so lavishly supplied me with. I repaired and altered old dresses, and put his money and his presents away as much out of my sight as possible, and tried to choke myself on the crust I was eating at his expense.

In the end I wrote to Madame A—— asking to be taken back. But she did not want me now, and nobody else wanted me that I could discover—nobody that I asked; so I staid sullenly at Mrs. Lawrence's, eating the bread that Philip Warburton paid for, and growing more bitter and impatient as the weeks wore on till—till Robert Lawrence came suddenly and unexpectedly home from the army on sick leave. The pale, handsome, kind young soldier!

At first I avoided him, as I avoided every body; though won, in spite of me, by a nameless charm of speech, or look, or manner, I used to watch him secretly with a kind of wonder at his helplessness, and a secret admiration of his handsome face.

One day he caught one of these looks, and laughed, coloring though. I colored too, and left his vicinity at once.

I tried to be more careful after that, but the same curious fascination drew my eyes toward him when I thought they could with any safety venture that way.

The long hours of convalescence must have dragged heavily to him, but his face never lost its serenity; I could but notice what a contrast he was to me in my sullen discontent.

Gradually he won me somewhat out of my pride and reserve, and I talked with him. Sometimes I read to him; and then as he got able to go out in the garden and yard, his mother being busy with indoor duties, I went with him.

Mrs. Lawrence seemed at first pleased we were both amused; and I dare say it was a relief to her to see any softer expression take the place of the gloom and discontent that had so long answered in my face to all her efforts after my comfort and happiness.

Robert Lawrence did for me what no one else ever had done—he found my heart, and in some manner peculiar to himself made it for the first time conscious of its own ingratitude. We were very happy together for a while—happy as two children, and as innocent in our pleasure in each other. He knew as well as I that I was the promised wife of Philip Warburton.

In my present strangely-descended happiness I rarely thought of my fetters now, and he—I think he never thought of them unpleasantly either.

But gradually I noticed a strange discomposure in Mrs. Lawrence's manner when I was with Robert. She was a nervous, excitable woman, with a fancy for small, transparent scheming that any body could see through; but I was long in understanding what her strange uneasiness about Robert and myself meant.

I think he understood first, long first; for he began, or I fancied it, to somehow avoid me a little. In some inexplicable way our walks and chats, our readings, were strangely broken in upon.

In my impatience and wonder I finally asked him what it meant.

We were sitting, for the first time in many days, alone in the summer-house in the lower part of the garden. He gave me a strange look when I asked him that—a strange, steadfast look, before which my eyelids drooped, and I felt the startled blood glow in my cheek, and something that was sweet to pain stirred in my heart, and thrilled every pulse of my being.

He had not spoken, he had not answered my question; he did not need. But presently he said, in a low voice,

"Shall we go up to the house, Frances?"

I scarcely understood him, but when he rose I rose also, and we went slowly up to the house, my eyes downcast, and his—sometimes—*sometimes* upon my face.

He went in, or I supposed he did. I remained outside, reluctant to enter, lest something should jar upon the fond sweetness of the thoughts that were moving me, and which were so new, so tender, that I shrank involuntarily from meeting Mrs. Lawrence's uneasy eyes.

She had seen us, however, come in from the garden, and she came out instantly, and stood beside me. Preoccupied as I was, I could but see that she was agitated—very much so.

Presently she put her arm round me and drew me to her.

"My dear child," she said, abruptly, "Robert likes you very much, don't he?"

"Yes, I think he does," I said, my heart sinking indefinably, as it always did when she spoke of him in that tone of vague anxiety.

"And you like him?"

"Yes, I like him."

"Very much?"

"Very much."

She strained me closer and kissed me. "Don't dear, don't like him so much, I don't want you to; don't, don't dear," and taking her arms from round me, she wrung her hands together in a strange, excited fashion.

"Why not? why may I not like him? What do you mean?" I asked, cold chills creeping over me.

"There, don't be angry, don't be vexed with me, I don't want to vex any body, but I don't want you to like Robert too much."

"Why not?"

She sighed, long and heavily, "He might die, you know."

I felt like choking; I clung to the pillar by me. I understood her in part—Robert must die to me. She meant that, no matter why; he was not for me; *nothing* was for me.

"Don't, don't look so," Mrs. Lawrence said, anxiously, putting out her hand and holding my dress.

I pulled away from her, nervously.

"Don't talk to me," I said, "I'm not angry; you are right, quite right; I don't blame you, but don't talk to me."

She turned partly away from me, in a vague, uncertain way, "I mean right, I mean right," she said, piteously.

"Yes, yes, I know," I said; "go in, please, let me be alone; you are quite right, but I want to be alone."

"You won't tell Robert I have said any thing, will you?" and she was clinging to my dress again.

With a sudden impetuous movement I tore it from her hand, and ran down the walk into the garden. I did not stop or look behind me till I reached the summer-house, and darting within threw myself upon my knees before the seat upon which I had sat in such strange happiness with Robert only a little before. How happy we had been! How kind he had always been to me, shrinking away from me of late, but *he loved me, and I loved him!*

I knew it then. I stood face to face with the fact—the holy, tender, *cruel* fact—for what was I that I should dare to love him or suffer him to love me, what but the promised wife of another man? A man whom I hated, but whose promised wife I was all the same.

"Frances!"

I shivered from head to foot, but bent my face lower.

"Frances!"

It was Robert. He sat down upon the seat and put his hand upon my bowed head, not speaking for some moments, but I could feel his hand tremble.

"Won't you talk to me, Frances?" he said, finally. "I want to talk to you."

I did not move, I did not answer him, I could not. It seemed to me I *could not* lift my face to him, the shamed face that would tell him so much, only to tell him in vain, for I was the promised wife of a man whose fetters his very charity to me (and I set my teeth as I thought of it) had bound in such a manner that I could not loose them without utter degradation.

"Frances," he said again, and his voice smote me with its pain, "you *must* talk to me, or at least hear me, since it has come to this—since I know—yes I do—that you love me. You start—I feel you thrill under my hand—but you do not, you can not deny it. It is true, then?"

He paused, and I could hear him breathe, the panting breath of strong excitement.

"If you had not, if my own pain had been all, I would have gone away and never spoken. But now I must. There is no law in heaven or earth that ought to make you the wife of any other man than me. I tell you plainly, Frances, that I will not submit to any such law; I will not suffer you to do so. Promise me that you will not suffer yourself."

I did not answer him—I could not. Scornfully as I had promised myself to Philip Warburton, I had done so solemnly, and with the full intention of abiding by my promise. I had *never* thought of swerving from it. Even when I had contemplated running away from what I called his charity, I had not thought of recalling my promise to marry him. I had considered myself indeed as much bound to him as though the marriage vows had been spoken, and God knows how innocently I had come to give another the love that belonged of right to him alone.

I trembled then, kneeling under the pressure of Robert's hand. I trembled at the thought of telling him all this. I felt that the mood in which he was would burst stormily upon me if I told him that.

"Frances, child, how you have frightened me!" It was Mrs. Lawrence, with a quiver of anxiety in her tone—anxiety beyond what her words expressed. She stepped quickly toward, and took hold of me. I had risen instantly at sound of her voice. Robert's hand had fallen from my head to my hand. He held my fingers in a firm, close clasp, not yielding me even to his mother.

"Let her go in, Robert. She is ill, I am sure," Mrs. Lawrence said.

"I do not hinder her, mother. She can go if she chooses."

But he did not loose my hand.

"You will come in with me, won't you?" Mrs. Lawrence said, beseechingly. "Come in, Frances."

"Will you go or stay?" Robert said, bending to look at me, and his hand clasped mine almost fiercely.

I made a faint effort to release my hand. I could not speak. He resisted the movement an instant, then his clasp fell heavily away from mine, and scarce knowing what I did, I suffered his mother to lead me away toward the house.

She took me to her own room, seated me, and closed the door.

"Do you want to know," she said, speaking rapidly and excitedly, "why you can not, why you must not love Robert?"

I looked at her like one in a dream without answering. I was so full of other thoughts, so haunted by those tones, those looks of Robert's stern yet loving eyes.

"This is why," she went on: "long ago Philip Warburton loved *me*—*me*—do you hear? and more truly, I believe in my soul, than he does you now. I wronged him, as woman can most wrong man, and he never forgave me till the day he brought you to me. Then he said that if I kept you safe for him—if I taught you to love him, he could forgive me the wound that twenty-two years had not yet healed. Do you think then that I will ever suffer son of mine to defraud him of his second love as I did of his first? Ah, woe is me! Why did Robert come home?"

I understood her; but it had not needed that.

"Be at peace, Mrs. Lawrence," I said, in a low voice; "I have promised to marry Mr. Warburton."

"Do you expect to keep that promise?" she asked, in a milder tone.

"I do."

"May I tell Robert so?"

I hesitated. But what matter? Why should I shrink? I had brought this fate upon myself. I saw no way of escape from it. Why should she not tell Robert?

"Tell him any thing you like, Mrs. Lawrence," I said, almost passionately. The old, vehement rebelliousness against pain was rising within me.

"May I tell him that you did not wish him to address you again on this subject? May I tell him from you that it would be quite useless to do so?"

"Tell him what you like," I said, impatiently. "Why do you torture me with it?"

She was a strange woman. Whether to kill any ever so faint hope that I might have, or to try me, no matter why; but she said, looking steadily at me, and smoothing the folds of her silk dress with her white hand,

"You remember that beautiful girl who was here last week—Rose Gilbert? Robert liked her once. I think, when he finds he can not hope for you, he will like her still. She adores him any one can see. I shall advise him to marry Rose Gilbert if she will have him, and the sooner the better!"

She went away and left me.

Did she think he would marry Rose Gilbert because she advised him to do so?

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I went from Mrs. Lawrence's room to my own. I did not go out to tea that night, and Mrs. Lawrence brought it to me with her own fair hands, saying, as she set it down,

"I have told him, my dear, what you said, and he bore it very well. Indeed I begin to think my alarm on his account was needless. He was quite merry at tea—quite, indeed—so much so that I ventured to speak about Rose. He *has* always liked and admired her, I find; and after that, you know, the rest is easy. It'll all come out right yet. Don't you think so? You and he were having a very comfortable little flirtation; but it was really time to put a stop to it, as I told him."

"And what did he say to that?" I demanded, suddenly interrupting her volubility.

"He laughed, and said, 'Yes, mother.'" And she went away.

Sitting there, in the twilighted room, I repeated slowly and faithfully to myself all that Robert had ever said to me. I put looks, which might mean any thing, out of the question. I found it was not much. Bereft of the manner which had, I imagined, so emphasized it, and said far more than the words had, I found it was not much.

With my usual haste I concluded that what his mother said was true. On his part, all these summer hours in which he had taught me to love him he had only been amusing himself with me—flirting, in short. I *was* a sensible girl to spend any regrets on him.

I said that to myself; but my cheeks glowed, and my heart throbbed impatiently.

"I threw back the blind of my window, finally, and went out of doors. I thought if I could once see Robert's face, once meet his eyes, I should know. Why did I want to know? What right had I to want to know? None. But still I was resolved that I would know. I lingered about outside till it was quite dark, but I saw nothing of Robert, and finally I went in without seeing him.

I met him at breakfast the following morning; but his face told me nothing. His eye met mine calmly, naturally, neither seeking nor avoiding me.

My heart, which owed its every throb to Philip Warburton, sank heavily. If I could only speak with him, I thought, and I lingered about all the forenoon feverishly watching an opportunity, and reproaching myself—for what? I knew not. Surely what I had said to Mrs. Lawrence was true. I had meant it at the time? Yes, alas! and I dared not do other than mean it now.

Mrs. Lawrence had told me that Robert had replied favorably to her proposal that he should marry Rose. I did not believe her, but I was heavy of heart, and looking all the forenoon, and with an anxiety that I did not conceal from myself, for a glimpse of Robert.

Mrs. Lawrence watched me with evident uneasiness, bustling about very energetically for her, and making for herself always some business in my vicinity. Inoffensive as she looked, I knew that if Robert had come near me she would have prevented, in her quiet way, all speech between us. And why should we have speech of each other? Alas! I know not; but I longed for it nevertheless. I made errands every where to escape the vicinity of Mrs. Lawrence. But whether I went into the garden, or to the orchard, or to the currant-bushes, Mrs. Lawrence made it convenient to accompany me.

Half an hour before dinner-time some more than usually urgent call took Mrs. Lawrence from my side a few moments, and looking up I saw Robert slowly passing down the walk near me. Now was my time! but I seemed suddenly stricken dumb. I stood still, waiting for him to speak, which I knew very well he would not do after the word I had sent him the night before. I knew it, and yet I took no step toward him. In another moment he had passed me, and I was, in my keen, self-reproach, about to go after him, when Mrs. Lawrence joined me again, talking volubly, and casting apprehensive glances from me to Robert.

At last it was dinner-time; and now I thought I should certainly be able to get an opportunity of speaking to Robert. But he was not at dinner, and a little before the conclusion of the meal Mrs. Lawrence remarked, carelessly, that she thought "Robert would have a pleasant ride after all," glancing at the sky, which, cloudy all the morning, was clearing now.

I felt that she watched me furtively as she said it, and in vague uneasiness I asked suddenly, "Where has Robert gone?"

"Oh, only to Boone!"

Rose lived at Boone. I could almost see myself the darkness that swept over my face at this announcement.

Mrs. Lawrence was relentless. "My dear," she said, as she was leaving the table, "Lawrence has gone to ask Rose to marry him; at least I infer so from what he said."

I could not, I would not believe her. She was silent enough after that. She had said her "say," and perhaps thought she could afford me the kindness now of silence.

That was a long afternoon to me. The undisciplined nature that was still mine, despite all the tutoring of adversity, rose up now and grappled me fiercely. I set myself tasks, and then, in vengeful willfulness, refused to do them; smote them aside with angry and scornful vehemence, and walked my room bitterly and impotently rebellious against the fate that chained me *still*—a log—while the man I loved was wrecking his own peace and mine.

Mine! My peace was nothing—less than that; but *his*—I knew what misery it would be to his eagle spirit to find itself irretrievably tied to the mere doll Rose Gilbert was!

I wore the afternoon away as best I might, and I went out to tea, swallowing two cups of Mrs. Lawrence's bitterest tea with a queer kind of pleasure in its bitterness. Then I went into the garden, deaf to Mrs. Lawrence's call after me that the evening was damp, and I'd better take a shawl with me.

I went energetically away, stamping my feet up and down the walks, and watching with devouring eyes the various avenues to the house. The night *was* damp; and though I was scarcely conscious of it, its coolness stilled my bodily fever, and lowered the irate tone of my spirits to their stillest despondency. I stood among the rose-bushes by the gate, and watched and waited. I knew I was waiting with a sick heart for Robert to come. I dare say I shivered more than once, but I was scarcely conscious of it.

I saw, as it grew late, Mrs. Lawrence come out and look—I doubted not for me. She went in, and after half an hour came out again—this time down the walk toward me. I shrunk farther and farther back in the shadow, and finally down the walk by the fence. The sound of horse's hoofs suddenly quickened my steps.

Robert had come at last, and was taking his way round by the stables.

"Now I *will* see him!" I said to myself, desperately, and hid myself among the bushes.

Mrs. Lawrence passed me while I crouched there. Would she go on and meet Robert, and not leave him a moment alone? Should I never be able to speak to him again? This night I must and would!

Straining my eyes I fancied I saw Mrs. Lawrence returning by another route toward the house, and presently distinguished Robert's slow, firm step about to pass me.

I had nerved myself, I stepped out from my concealment, I was about to speak, when a form flitted past me—Mrs. Lawrence—and, fastening upon his arm, went chatting up the walk. I shrunk back, conquered—baffled, by a will weaker far than mine in all the ordinary happening of life.

An instant before I had been chill as death; now all my veins tingled like fire, and I stood restraining myself, only by a strong effort, from following them.

A moment—many perhaps—I stood so, then, suddenly yielding all command of myself, I sped frantically up the walk after them.

A strong arm arrested me midway. Robert had come back after me. He had seen me when he passed me, and had come back after me, and alone.

He exclaimed as he touched me,

"You are wet, Frances! Out without a shawl this damp night—how could you do so?"

"Robert," I cried, clinging to him and sobbing, "don't marry Rose!"

He put an arm quickly round me, stooped, and kissed my cheek for the first time in his life. But he said *naught*.

My very heart seemed turned to ice, and my limbs dragged like lead. I understood him—it was too late.

He took me in and passed me over to his mother, with a warning that I would be ill if I were not attended to.

II.

No matter what became of that night, but I know. I know that I thought dawn would never come. But it did, and it brought a strange mysterious bustle with it.

Mrs. Lawrence came into my room early, but I was already up. She looked surprised, but kissed me smilingly; and miserable as I was I noticed, with a kind of bitterness, what an unusual radiance her still, beautiful eyes wore, and what a pink flush her cheeks had got.

Robert was not at breakfast, but he came in in the course of the morning. All the forenoon I wandered aimlessly about. I had plenty of opportunities to speak to Robert, but I did not care about it now. It was too late.

I watched drearily, and without interest enough to wonder what it was about—the bustle of preparation that was going on before me.

Toward noon Mrs. Lawrence came to me, and with a curious smile, which she in vain endeavored to hide, told me that Mr. Warburton was coming down—she expected him every moment.

She sent me away then to dress for his coming. Dress! I put on a fresh muslin and touched my hair with a brush, and sat down in my room to try to bring my distracted thoughts into something of that discipline in which they ought to be to meet Philip Warburton.

I had never thought of asking him to release me from my promise, or, if I had, only to dismiss it. He would not be likely to do that, and I had promised deliberately enough.

It was not long before Mrs. Lawrence came for me. Mr. Warburton had come, and was asking for me.

I rose desperately and went to the parlor.

He met me at the door, and, with an air of grave courtesy, led me in. We were alone. He did not kiss me. I had feared that he would. He had never kissed me but twice—once on my cheek when I said I would be his wife, and again, a touch of his lips on my forehead, when he left me with Mrs. Lawrence.

He seated me, and taking a chair himself, sat regarding me with an expression that, though I did not look at him, I knew was stern. In a moment I suspected that he knew all—that Mrs. Lawrence had written him of my strange infatuation for a man who cared so little for me that he had already promised himself to another.

Philip Warburton spoke presently—he spoke as I had expected, sternly.

"I left you here," he said, "under what I supposed were congenial influences, and told you to learn to love me. Have you learned it?"

With a sort of desperate courage I said, while my face whitened, "I promised to be your wife, Mr. Warburton. I have no design to recede from my promise."

"No, certainly—right; but have you learned to love me?"

"No."

I had no power or care to soften the monosyllable: I did not even look at him as I uttered it.

"Ah! very plain spoken indeed—very. I like you for your honesty, my dear. But a promise is a promise, and you intend to stand by yours, eh?"

"Certainly, Sir." Was it my voice that said that? I wondered.

"I don't, then." Was it Philip Warburton that said *that?* For the first time I looked at him.

Not a muscle of his face moved. He bore my scrutiny silently a moment, and then repeated,

"I *don't* wish to stand by my promise. Miss Frances Thorn, will you release me from my promise to be your husband?"

"Certainly, Sir," I said, coldly. I thought he was only angry with me, and said that to punish me. He rose at once.

"You won't shake hands with me now, my dear, but you will presently." And he left the room.

I sat absently looking at my fingers, and wondering what it meant, when a step came behind me, two hands were laid upon my shoulders, and I looked up to meet the deeply-loving eyes of Robert Lawrence, to hear him say, in tones that trembled with emotion,

"Will you take me in his place, Frances?"

He saw that I would, he knew that I would, when I could comprehend that it was possible; and he said:

"My darling, I said I would never give you up. No man has any right to give up the woman he loves. I said that there was no law, human or divine, that ought to take you from me; and when you thought I went to Boone I went instead to see Philip Warburton. He is a good man, Frances, a noble gentleman. I will bless his name as long as I live. I told him every thing. I talked very rashly and excitedly. I said some things that it would have been better not to have said. But he was patient with me, and not only forgave my hasty words, but said that, God helping him, he would never take for a wife a woman who loved another. He gave me his free consent to win you if I could. Can I—my darling, will you be my wife?"

"Will I? Oh, Robert!" I said, holding my hands to him and crying. He kissed me then. He had never touched lips to hand or cheek before.

"Robert," I said, after a little, "why didn't you tell me last night? What made you let me think that about you and Rose?"

"I didn't tell you, because I had promised Mr. Warburton I would not till to-day. And as to Rose"—he colored a little—"I hoped you would be as jealous of her as I was of Philip Warburton. Were you?"

"Yes, I believe I was."

Robert led me out after a little to Mr. Warburton. I could not speak for tears; but I gave him my hand, and he held it a moment kindly, understanding all I would have said better than though I had spoken it. Perhaps, too, he read in my face something of my questioning anxiety concerning him; for he smiled a little sadly, saying:

"It is better so, my child. I did not love you as a man should the woman he marries. But I was a lonely old bachelor, and I thought if you could love me, if I could make you happy, I should get some of the reward in my own heart. God bless you, Frances. I don't blame you, child. Never have a regret on my account!"

His voice was sad. Involuntarily, as it were, he glanced toward Mrs. Lawrence. There were tears in her eyes. She looked at him imploringly.

"Acquit me of blame also, oh, Philip!" she plead. "I tried indeed. Forgive me that I so failed in the trust you imposed upon me."

I saw sudden emotion flush over Philip Warburton's face, and taking a step toward her, he said:

"I forgive you on one condition, Emma. My heart is unchanged in all these years—"

I drew Robert away. I saw how it was going to end.

They are married now. I am staying with Mr. and Mrs. Warburton for a little. Robert—my Robert—has gone back to the army. In a few months he is coming home, and we are to be married.

God will keep him. I believe that, if I ask Him, and I do constantly, God will keep him for me till then. I am changed some from the passionate, undisciplined girl, ungrateful for my benefits. This slow pain, yet sweetness, of waiting and praying for the life that mine is folded in has made me very humble. I am patient. Yet, Father, in Thy mercy bring my Robert safely back to me! I believe He will.

IN THE VAN.

Oh, as he lived he died,
His life burned not to ashes, white with doubt;
But flaring up with Battle's breath went out,
His young blood pulsing years in a wild rout,
Then halting at high tide.

In the loud trumpet-blast—
In the grand rush of lifted banners met,
With his cheeks flushing and his sabre wet,
His young eyes flashing and his young lips set,
So his rich spirit passed.

Just when the fight was won—
When the clouds broke from off the hard-won height,
And the pierced flag leaped out upon our sight,
In Victory upspringing from the fight
His brave young soul went on.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"GARDENING for ladies" is all very well, but the dears are more inclined to agriculture than horticulture, on account of a partiality for husbandry.

A rascally old bachelor says the most difficult surgical operation in the world is to take the jaw out of a woman.

A stupid tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf of the parable was male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply; "for I see the male," looking his questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh before me."

One day, at a farm-house, a wag saw an old gobbler trying to eat the strings of some night-caps that lay on the grass to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call an attempt to introduce cotton into Turkey."

"Ma," said a little boy, "why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell, my son; why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in a corner." "Susan, put that boy to bed."

THE BAR SINISTER.—The toll-bar.

CONJUGAL THERMOMETER.—The *Nain Jaune* (Paris) relates the following anecdote: "At the commencement of the winter two journalists were in conversation at the opera. The one, M. de X., is a bachelor; the other, M. de Y., just married. 'Well,' said the one to the other, 'how do you get along in your new condition?' 'Ah, my dear X., there is nothing like being married! You can not imagine how happy I am. When I am at work my wife is at my side, and at the conclusion of each paragraph I embrace her. That is charming!' 'Now I understand,' was the happy retort of X., 'why your sentences are so short.' This conversation quickly spread through Paris. From that time forth the articles of Y. were consulted by the public as the thermometer of his conjugal felicity. During two months the prose of M. Y. was disjointed and epigrammatic, in shorter periods than are to be found in the earlier writings of Emile de Girardin. All the women grew jealous of Madame Y. But gradually the periods elongated, and at last Madame Y. opened the journal edited by M. Y., and casting a rapid glance over the article signed with his name, cried, 'What! but a single paragraph in the whole article! Poor woman, a divorce will most assuredly follow!'"

In the course of an examination for the degree of B. A. under an examiner whose name was Payne, one of the questions was, "Give a definition of happiness;" to which a candidate returned the following laconic answer? "An exemption from Payne."

"I think I now see a new fee-ture in this case," as the lawyer said, when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

"Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are very stubborn things." "Dearie me, you don't say so!" quoth the lady; "what a fact you must be!"

Two persons of satiric turn met a neighbor and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most knave or fool." The man took each of the querists by the arm, so that he was in the middle. "Truth," said he, "I believe I am between both."

A few years ago, when Billy Burton was in his "trouble," a young lawyer was examining him as to how he had spent his money. There was about three thousand pounds unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with much self-complacency, "Now, Sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those three thousand pounds." Burton put on one of his serio-comic faces, winked at the audience, and exclaimed, "*The lawyers got that!*" The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter. The counselor was glad to let the comedian go.

Talk as you will of the "sovereignty of the white race," there are no sovereigns like the *yellow* ones.

AN ODD MISTAKE.—A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sins of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

It has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

DR. Macknight, who was a better commentator than preacher, having been caught in a shower of rain, entered the vestry soaked with wet. As the time drew on for divine service he became much distressed, and ejaculated over and over, "Oh, I wish that I was dry! Do you think I'm dry? Do you think I'm dry enench noo?" To this his jocose colleague, Dr. Henry, the historian, returned: "Hide a wee, doctor, and ye'se be dry eneuch when you get into the pu'pit."

WHAT IS A THINGUMBOB?—Well, a watch-ye-may-call-it.

THE PROPER SIDE TO VOTE FOR.—The sea-side.

Why are Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli like two gentlemen engaged in joint literary work?—Because they are trying to make a Pam-flit!

Why are widows like smokers?—Because they often find solace in their *weeds*.

A young fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by Jove! but I must," said the youth. "Well, friend, as thee hast sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

The folly of betting is well satirized in one of Walpole's letters: "Sept. 1st, 1750—They have put in the papers a good story made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door, and was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

A farmer, having lost some ducks, was asked by the counsel for the prisoner accused of stealing them to describe their peculiarity. After he had done so, the counsel remarked, "They can't be such a rare breed, as I have some like them in my yard." "That's very likely," said the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the same sort I've had stolen lately."

A regular physician being sent for by a quack, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling, neither," replied the quack; "for, to tell you the truth, I have, by mistake, taken some of my own pills."

If you visit a young woman, and you are won, and she is won, you will both be one.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you can not tell what a difficult task I find it."

A very considerate hotel-keeper, advertising his "Burton XXXX," concludes the advertisement—"N.B. Parties drinking more than four glasses of this potent beverage at one sitting, carefully sent home gratis in a wheel-barrow, if required."

Sydney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" said he.

Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country. In the course of their walk they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. A very sentimental poet present vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper round its neck, bearing this motto: 'When this you see, remember me.'"

Mr. Philip Thicknesse, father of the late Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and put up a board, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "Boots and shoes mended in the best and cheapest manner, by Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley." His lordship took the hint, and the board was removed.

After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister sniffed once or twice, and remarked, "Saunders, I fear you have been 'tasting' this morning." "Deed, Sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes; "deed, Sir, I was just ga'in' to observe I thocht there was a smell o' speerits amang us this mornin'!"

Mr. Query wonders if, when Night falls, she doesn't hurt herself? The desire of Mr. Query for "useful knowledge" and things is only equaled by his humanity.

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DAY-DREAMS.

WHERE the orange bee on the purple flower
Of the roadside thistle dozes;
Where the flying down blows, filmy white,
And the azure air-bell poises light;
And where the mole, deep out of sight,
After his work reposes—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the plovers whirl, and circle, and scream,
Over the loneliest places;
Where the eastern clouds roll heavy and slow,
And the glad winds race, and flutter, and blow;
Where the golden corn is all of a glow,
And so are the reapers' faces—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the fir, so balmy and evergreen,
Raises its dripping cones,
And the squirrel, sailor-like, climbs the tree;
And the wind is breathing its lullaby,
Fond, and soft, and ceaselessly,
The songs of distant zones—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the sunshine comes in level lines
Across the velvet mosses,
And stealing in and out in patches,
In sunny fits and playful catches,
As a bough or trunk it snatches,
With varying gains and losses—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLII.

LILY IS SEIZED.

LILY was in haste now to leave those Elysian Fields, which had exercised so strange a fascination over her. She was haunted by the eyes of that painted woman. She wandered about for full an hour she knew not whither; dazed by the colored lamps, the crowds, the shouts, the braying of bands; the hoarse rhetoric of the mountebanks, the roaring of the cannon, which were to usher in the fire-works. She sought vainly for an outlet from the saturnalia; but the crowd compassed her about and hemmed her in, and on its remotest borders there seemed to be more shows and more crowds.

She was almost in despair when, thinking to gain the Place de la Concorde, and in view even of the great obelisk, which from base to apex was one blaze of light, she found herself wedged in a mass of sight-seers who were gathered round the carriage of a quack doctor. Lily had never seen the Elisir d'Amore, but there, as large as life, was Doctor Dulcamara. He had deviated a little from the costume on which the late admirable Lablache conferred well-merited fame, inasmuch as over his well-powdered periwig he wore a Roman helmet of brass, with a tremendous plume of crimson horse-hair; but the scarlet coat, the frills, the ruffles, the top-boots, the buckskin, the watch and pendulous seals, the snuff-box, the signet-ring, and the gold-headed cane, all belonged to the opera. He was an impudent vagabond at best; but had the flow of flashy verbiage common to his tribe, and scores of hands were speedily extended from the crowd beneath him, holding francs and half francs to be exchanged for the worthless nostrums he extolled so highly.

His calèche, and the white horse that drew it, to boot, were quite a bower of Chinese lanterns; and in the rumble sat his servant, who was attired as a drum-major in the Imperial Guard, whose business it was to be the butt of his master's jokes, and grind the barrel-organ when Dulcamara was out of breath. The under quack was a fellow of cadaverous traits and discontented mien, and appeared heartily ashamed of his position. He had reason to be. He was the real doctor. His diploma and license to practice were duly certified by the Faculty of Paris, and without them Dulcamara would have been hauled to prison as a swindler: but the genuine physician being poor and idle, and dissolute and drunken, the quack was content to pay him so much a year to use his diploma; and he filled up his leisure time by grinding the barrel-organ. "On demande un médecin pour voyager." Have you never seen that advertisement in *Les Petites Affiches?* It means that Dulcamara the quack is in want of an organ-grinder with a diploma.

"Approach, my children," the mountebank was bawling. "Approach, lose no time. I have but a few moments to bestow upon you. I am wanted elsewhere. Kings and princesses sigh for my presence. Spanish hidalgos, who have eaten too much olla podrida — English milords, agonized by the spleen—refuse to be comforted without me. Grand Biribi—(this to the melancholy man with the diploma)—strike up the chanson à boire from Robert le Diable. After that we shall have something to say about the Imperial Soporific and Atomic Tincture of Honolulu."

An hour ago, in her recklessness, Lily might have been for a moment detained by the loquacity of this bombastic humbug. But it was too late now. The awful consciousness of her miserable position had come upon her; and some inward voice kept thundering in her ears that she was in danger—from she knew not what; and that she must fly—she knew not where.

Exerting more strength than she had imagined she possessed, she contrived at last to disengage herself from the throng, and to reach a space which was less encumbered. She leaned up against a tree sick and faint. Her poor eyes were blinded with tears. Her strength had broken down. Her enterprise seemed to her now impossible of accomplishment. That dreadful fever was racking her head again. Heaven be merciful to her—what had she done, and what was she to do?

"Pretty little demoiselle, you seem ill," a voice behind her said.

She had heard the voice before. It was that of the man who had declared that all weapons and umbrellas must be left at the door. She turned her head, trembling, and saw the Italian wax-work showman.

"Aha! you recognize me, then?" continued Signor Ventimillioni. "Do you know that I have been looking for you this half-hour?"

"I do not know you," faltered Lily. "Good-night!"

"Not so fast, picciolina mia. We are not to part in such a hurry." And the Italian laid his hand on Lily's arm.

"Let me go! let me go!" cried the terrified girl. "Let me go home."

"Precisely, that is where I am going to take you. There is a lady at home who is expecting you most anxiously. You have kept her waiting a very long time. Whole years. Home indeed. Aha! you little runaway!"

He tightened his grasp. He passed the other hand round her waist. Lily tried to scream, when, suddenly some loose garment was thrown over her head, and another pair of hands were clasped over her mouth.

"Enough of this trifling," grumbled very hoarsely a man who had been lurking a few paces behind the Italian during his parley with Lily. "Come, my Phidias of the painting-room, bring the young toad along, or some sergent de ville will be passing by."

"Don't smother her, Demosthène," remonstrated the Italian. "Take the cloak off her head, and your hands off her mouth, and let us try to make her listen to reason. Des convenances, mon garçon; n'oublions jamais les convenances."

The second man did, sulkily, as he was bid, but he planted his great hands on Lily's shoulders, and kept them there. The girl was too terrified to speak, but palpitated in the grasp of the two ruffians like a captured bird.

"Listen to me, ma mie," went on the Italian, putting his face so close to Lily that she could feel his beard upon her cheek; "you are coming home with us. You are our prisoner, if you like that tournure de phrase better. Come quietly, and no harm will be done you; but dare to call for assistance, and I will put this pretty little bodkin into you."

He drew, as quick as lightning, a long knife that glittered in the lamplight. Lily saw that she was lost. She could hear the distant hum of the crowd, and the clanging of the music; but the spot was solitary, and she was beyond all human help.

"Will you be quiet, then?" the Italian asked, half caressingly, half threateningly.

Lily murmured a faint affirmative.

"That's right. Now, Demosthène, let us take her between us. Don't forget that little bright bodkin of mine, little one."

The two strong men hooked their arms in those of the girl, and led her rapidly away. They plunged into an alley between the trees, and which seemed entirely deserted. But as though in mockery at her utter wretchedness and state of bondage, she saw gleaming from behind the tufted trees the first sparkle of the fire-works, those fire-works which were to culminate in a resplendent bouquet, in which Liberty was to have her annual apotheosis, and the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth of July to be made glorious forever.

They were now walking by the water-side. That it was the Seine Lily knew, for she could see the lamps on the Pont Louis Seize, and the Chamber of Deputies flaring with lampions. They stopped before a mean wooden building, having seemingly but one window, through whose dirty panes a light feebly glimmered.

The Italian pushed at the door, which gave way, and they passed in. There was a narrow passage, and by the light of a swinging cresset Lily could see a woman who was rushing toward her—a woman huddled in an old plaid shawl, whose hair was disheveled, and whose face was painted. It was the Wild Woman of the Elysian Fields.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SULTAN IN LONDON.

WHAT is a year? Pshaw! what are ten? When you are young, a year seems a very long time. That last month before you are twenty-one, or before you leave school, or get your commission, or pass your examination for the civil service, the month it takes for your mustaches to grow, how it lags, how it loiters, how every moment seems to have its feet clogged by leaden weights! Do our best as we may to squander the days in recklessness and prodigality, what a weary time elapses before we are thirty years of age, and fogies cease to tell us that, as young men, we should defer to the opinion of our elders. Never was there, perhaps, a sane woman of twenty-nine who passed herself off as thirty-one; but how often does a young middle-aged man slily add on a year or two? But hey! when the mezzo cammen is reached, how swiftly the years fly! We lose count. Sixty-two melts into sixty-three, and that into sixty-four, without our special notice. Things pass as in a dream. The day before yesterday, why it was eighteen months ago. Our newly-formed acquaintance, why we have known him these eight years. The far-off goal of gray hairs, and toothlessness, and the tomb, why we are close upon it. It was a tedious pull to Tattenham Corner; it is a lightning rush to the judge's stand, even if we come in with the ruck.

A year had passed since the events previously narrated. Madame de Kergolay was dead. She passed away very peacefully, leaving the bulk of that which she possessed to her beloved grand-nephew, Edgar Greyfaunt. It was not much, but it was a capital to be turned into ready money, and that was all the young man wanted. It is due to the memory of the good old lady in Paris to state that she freely forgave poor little Lily before her death. Her ire, indeed, against the girl had lasted but a very short time. She had been shocked and pained by her disappearance, and had made every effort to gain tidings of her, but in vain. By degrees the vengeful pride which had led her to crush Lily with cruel words, because she had dared to love the sultan, her grand-nephew, gave way to her natural kindness and softness of heart. She wept and bewailed the fugitive. She would have sacrificed much to recover her. She acknowledged that Lily's love had been blameless. But she was gone, and would return no more.

The abbé, as in duty bound, informed Mademoiselle Marcassin of Lily's flight, and of the unavailing steps that had been taken to discover her hiding-place.

The Marcassin did not take the intelligence much to heart.

"I expected it," she remarked, coldly. "I, who am the greatest sufferer by the absconding of this vaurienne, would not spend three francs ten sous in an advertisement in the *Petites Affiches* to get her back. There are cats and cockatoos whom one is glad to lose, Monsieur l'Abbé. You and your Madame de Kergolay were entichés de cette petite friponne. Now she has robbed you as she robbed me, and has doubtless fled to join the swindler, her mother, with whom for years she has probably been in secret correspondence. Ah, ces Anglaises, ces Anglaises! c'est de la perfidie à en croire à la fin du monde. You had much better, instead of petting and spoiling her, have put her into a Maison de Discipline, where she would have been fed on bread and water and whipped twice a week. The Sœurs Grises have an excellent institution at Auteuil. You say that she did not take her clothes with her. Has your noble duenna counted her spoons since the flight of her darling?"

"I don't think the poor little child is dishonest," the abbé urged, in mild deprecation. He was a good man after all, and much troubled in his mind about Lily.

"Bah!" sneered the inflexible Marcassin. "You take the whole world to be inhabited by candidates for the Prize of Virtue. Une fameuse Rosière elle ferait celle-là! The trumpery little thing was innately and incorrigibly bad. Mauvaise herbe, I tell you, Monsieur l'Abbé, mauvaise herbe."

And Madame de Kergolay died. To her two faithful servants she left a small but adequate provision, much to the distaste of Edgar; but of the rest he was sole legatee. Vieux Sablons and Prudence faded away almost as quietly as their mistress from the stage. The old man did not survive madame many months. He expressed, before he died, his wish to be buried in Père la Chaise, in the same grave with his beloved mistress, but crosswise, at her feet, as became an ancient and faithful but humble servitor. The abbé did his best to have his wish fulfilled; but there were difficulties in the way: the administration was not propitious, and Vieux Sablons had to be buried as many millions of his forerunners had been buried before him. It did not so much matter perhaps. He was bound, let us hope, to a country where there is but One Master, in whose eyes superiors and servitors are alike.

Edgar Greyfaunt, after passing a decent period in retirement at Aix-les-Bains—his great-aunt had died toward the close of the summer—where his exceedingly fashionable mourning, his jet studs and wrist-buttons, and the coal-black steed he rode were deservedly admired, came back to Paris, settled accounts with Madame de Kergolay's notary—whom he accused, at many stages of their business transactions, of robbing him, and who did him the honor to remark, as he handed him the last packet of thousand-franc notes accruing from the dead lady's succession, that with a more heartless young man he had never come in contact—and called in an upholsterer from the Rue St. Louis, to whom, after a parley of ten minutes, he sold en bloc the entire furniture and fittings of his relative's apartments in the Marais—tapestry, china, pictures, and all. "I do not want this rococo stuff," he said, candidly. "I was in England not many months since, and am returning there; and if I require brics-à-bracs I can get as many as I need in Wardour Street at cheaper rates than here."

The upholsterer handed three thousand francs to the Sultan Greyfaunt, and sent a couple of vans to carry away all the poor old lady's penates, which were worth six thousand at least. Big men in blouses dragged the faded Cupids, and shepherdesses, and bewigged gentlemen with the cross of St. Louis down stairs. Gentil Bernard lay for a time in the gutter, and Babet la Bouquetière was calmly contemplated by a chiffonnier. A part of the furniture went very soon to decorate the rooms of a lorette in the Rue Taitbout. When she had quarreled with the English milord, through her overweening partiality for the Brazilian coffee-planter, who turned out to be a swindler from Hamburg, she had a lavage, or sale of her nick-nacks, and some of Madame de Kergolay's penates were sold to the Jews, and some were bought by painters to increase the "properties" of their studios withal. Then in process of time they got burned or broken up, or pawned and sold and pawned again, or exported to America or Australia. Which is the way of the world, and not at all uncommon.

But the first van-load of goods had scarcely left the house of the deceased before Edgar Greyfaunt was snugly ensconced in the coupé of the diligence on his way to Calais. He began to think his mourning very hot and shabby-looking. He must have an entirely new wardrobe when he reached London. Those French tailors did not know how to fit an English gentleman. Willis or Nugee should be honored with his patronage. He was about to assume his proper position in society. He was destined to shine there, that was certain. He had an ancient name, a handsome presence, and a fortune. Yes, quite a fortune. In a letter of credit on a London banking firm he was entitled to draw for no less a sum than five thousand pounds sterling. That was his entire capital—a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. It sounded magnificent. Reduced to English sterling, it had not quite so sonorous a ring, but still with a great deal of spending in it. In his whole life the sultan had never grasped so much money. His treasure seemed to him inexhaustible. He would live largely, luxuriously, he thought, but then he would be adding to his capital. Was there not the turf? might not he, a young gentleman of fashion and fortune, make a figure there, and win thousands by betting? How much would it cost to have a stud of race-horses? And play! there was play. Hitherto, certainly, he had but rarely had a run of luck; but Fortune favors the bold, and he would have no need to distress himself about the loss of a few paltry hundreds of francs. And if the worst came to the worst, was he not an artist? Had he not a commanding genius? Most commanding. Certainly, at no very distant date the portals of the English Royal Academy must open for his admission. But there would be plenty of time to take up with painting again. It was the last resource. To tell truth, he felt slightly ashamed of the easel and maulstick, now that he was an independent gentleman, with his pocket full of money. After all, it was but a base mechanical employment this painting. How villainously the turpentine and megelp smelt! How difficult it was to find subjects—what a bore it was to have to make sketches! And those troublesome models—they cost ever so much money, and the color merchant was always dunning for his bill. Those envious ill-conditioned fellows the critics, too, who made impertinent observations in print for which, if they got their deserts, they should be caned, and who drew no distinction between a picture painted by the son of a cobbler and one that was the work of a descendant of the barons of old.

Of course Edgar put up at the Ship when he landed at Dover—the Lord Warden not being then built—and although he had the largest suit of apartments next to a Russian grand-duke who had crossed with him, the Ship was several sizes too small for the Sultan Greyfaunt. He would have posted to London had not the railway just been opened. He could never have endured a vulgar stage-coach.

He had plenty of friends, and some few distant connections in London. It was known that he was Madame de Kergolay's heir. Nobody knew much about the old lady's circumstances, nor did the sultan feel called upon to enlighten society with any particularity. It was noised abroad that he had inherited a large fortune; nor did he take any special pains to contradict the rumor. If people chose to deceive themselves, why should they not be deceived? A convenient train of reasoning which has been pursued in all countries these five thousand years about.

So where, when the sultan arrived in the British metropolis, should his highness alight but at Pomeroy's Hotel in Great Grand Street, Grosvenor Square? He drove there straight from the terminus, and was received with much distinction. One had need be a distinguished foreigner to be welcomed in Great Grand Street. As a rule, Pomeroy (represented by a sharp Swiss named Jean Baptiste Constant, the successor to the original proprietor; he having retired on a fortune) only took in princes; and, equally as a rule, princes, when they came to town, were taken by their couriers to Pomeroy's. Mr. J. B. Constant (he was never called Monsieur now, and was supposed to be a naturalized British subject, and a stanch Protestant, the which did not prevent his entertaining the Sheik of the Soudan, who was a Mussulman, and the Abbeokuta Envoy, who was black and a pagan, and was with difficulty persuaded from celebrating his "grand custom" over a footbath full of blood in the black drawing-room; besides any stray Romanist or Russo-Greek grandees who came that way)—Mr. J. B. Constant owed much of the success which he had hitherto enjoyed to his extended connection among the useful class of traveling servants known as couriers, who, when out of an engagement, or off duty, were always sure of a hearty reception, a good cigar, and a glass of curaçao, or other comforting stimulant in Pomeroy's still-room. The recommendations of an experienced member of the courier profession, one Franz Stimm had been especially useful to Mr. Constant, and he was grateful to him accordingly.

Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt de Kergolay was therefore, as was only due to so high and mighty a prince, made much of at this patrician hostelry. On his cards he called himself Greyfaunt de Kergolay; and his name was surmounted by a neatly engraved and prettily spiked coronet. During the lifetime of his great-aunt, and in Paris, he had affected a disdain for his foreign

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lineage, and would own no blue blood but that of the Greyfaunts of Lancashire; but now that she was dead, and he had got her money, he thought there was no harm in hinting that he was the representative of a noble house from beyond the sea. Perhaps he found the Greyfaunts of Lancashire, like many other country families as noble, somewhat at a discount in London society, which, following the usual fashion, interested itself with what was passing on the extreme horizon in preference to that which was going on beneath its very nose. At all events, the lofty Edgar, when he was addressed as Viscount, did not resent the error with any great acrimony. His old companions called him Greyfaunt; but many newly-found ones in cosmopolitan and diplomatic circles spoke to him, and asked him to dinner as De Kergolay. Under that title he was entered in Mr. J. B. Constant's books; and as De Kergolay he was inscribed much more legibly, and indeed, indelibly, in Mr. J. B. Constant's mind.

Thus, and in despite of his English face and tongue, being accounted that which imperfectly educated persons are apt to term a "foreign swell," Edgar—you may call him, and I will call him by either of his surnames indifferently—was naturally introduced to the Pilgrims' Club in Park Lane, at which, as every body knows, or ought to know, the embassadors, the secretaries of legation, and the attachés accredited to the court of St. James's, mingle on a charmingly social footing with sundry illustrious Englishmen, whose qualifications as Pilgrims must be simply these: to have traveled ten thousand miles in a straight direction, and in a given line from the North Pole; to be faultless hands at écarté, piquet, and short whist, and to belong to the cream of the cream of English society, both by wealth, by birth, and by position.

There are always a good many candidates up at the Pilgrims' Club—where gentlemen's names are put down when they are infants in arms, with a view to their entering the club at their grand climacteric—but as failures in one of the three grand and essential requisites are sometimes unavoidable, the rejection of candidates at the Pilgrims' Club (which is, I think, near the Piccadilly end of Park Lane) is not by any means of rare occurrence. Indeed, they say there is more blackballing at the P. (the affectionate diminutive of Pilgrim) than at any other club in London: always excepting the Ostrich in Sandys Street, Deseret Square. There, you know, they pilled Sir Eurasius Quihi for his loose notions on the subject of suttee, and all but ostracized brave old Admiral Sindbad, because he was known to maintain that curry was better without chutnee than with it. For distinctions must be made, it is plain, to keep society select—which would otherwise degenerate into a mere anarchical Odd Fellows' gathering of the most ungenteel description: and it is a good and holy thing to be exclusive. Thus, as you see, the Pilgrims had secured the very cream of the cream in their English memberhood.

Well, and the foreigners. One must make allowances for foreigners, of course. If Baron Burstoff, Minister Plenipotentiary from Crim Tartary, had formerly been simply a Hebrew money-changer at Frankfort-on-the-Maine (the letters we used to have from him about the Imperial High Dutch lottery, and urging us forthwith to invest in that swindle, and win a castle on the Rhine, the title of Count, and the entire library of the late lamented Puffendorff!); if old Professor Stradivarius from Jena, the distinguished philologist and translator of the poems of Saadi into the Zummerzetzhire dialect, and the Post-Office London Directory of eighteen hundred and forty-two into Syro-Chaldaic, was the son of a tripe-dealer at Magdeburg, and had, in early life, followed the humble trade of a tailor; and if that famous traveler, Marcus Rolopolus, Ph.D., R.G.S., etc., etc., had been assistant-keeper of a wild beast show (traveling, and occasionally varied by the beef-eater business outside), a dealer in stuffed birds in the vicinity of Goodman's-fields, and the proprietor of a sailors' boarding-house at Gibraltar, before he discovered the site of the lost city of Alesia, brought back the original pleadings of the Abderites in the great lawsuit of the ass's shadow, and made it manifest to the entire world that the wild Wangdoodlums do *not* eat human flesh when roast hippopotamus is procurable; and that they *do* knock out their front teeth to be the better able to whistle their native airs—if the savans and the illustrious strangers who were made free of the P., and nearly threw the waiters into fits by spitting on the carpet of the morning-room, were sometimes of mean extraction, and occasionally of coarse manners, and now and then humbugs, the great principle of exclusiveness was at least outwardly vindicated. Once a Pilgrim always a Pilgrim; and the gown and scrip and sandaled shoon covered a multitude of sins.

Yes: the Sultan Greyfaunt had found his proper groove in life, and became it admirably. The groove was anointed with the most delicately-scented unguent: pommade divine, at least. It was a groove beginning very high up indeed in the social scale, and you slid down it, as down that famous One Tree Hill of antiquity, Avernus.

After a time Edgar left Pomeroy's Hotel. He did not complain of the costliness of its accommodation—(I think a mutton-chop costs a guinea there, and a bottle of soda-water three-and-sixpence, and I know a one-horse brougham is two pounds ten an hour); but, intending to reside permanently in London, it was, of course, idle to remain in a hotel. So Mr. Constant, whom the sultan deigned to patronize in the most benignant manner, found for his illustrious guest a handsome suit of chambers in St. James's Place; supplied him with a perfect pearl of a washer-woman, who enameled shirts, iced white waistcoats, frosted pocket-handkerchiefs, and turned cravats into snow-flakes in the most beautiful manner; and, in addition, recommended him a body-servant—a very jewel of a body-servant—a young man by the name of Hummelhausen, said to be a distant relation of the proprietor of Pomeroy's, who shaved, dressed hair, varnished boots, compounded curious restoratives on the mornings after heavy dinners, found out the addresses of people whom he had seen but once in his life, and then only on the Serpentine's banks, played on the guitar, and was worth his weight in gold generally.

Could there be a more fortunate youth than the Sultan Greyfaunt, with his health, his figure, his genius, his ready money, his pearl of a laundress, his jewel of a body-servant, and his coronet upon his card? His name was down at the P. He often dined there. His election was considered certain, owing to the influence of Sir Timotheus O'Boy, that great collector of musical instruments, who is said to have nine of Father Schmidt's organs down at his place in Devonshire, and the original anvil beaten by the Harmonious Blacksmith in his smoking-room in Curzon Street. Some of the best houses in London were open to Edgar. Some of the prettiest faces in London smiled at him from carriage windows. "Oh king! live forever!" cries the Eastern adulator. The Sultan Greyfaunt would have been but very slightly incensed with any adulatory person, Oriental or otherwise, who informed him that he, the sultan, was destined to live forever.

TWILIGHT IN CAMP.

THE twilight, like a hooded nun
Comes silent-footed o'er the hills;
The vesper-chanting whip-poor-wills
Seem glad the heated day is done.

Glad, for they sing—yet, in their song
There is a sweetly plaintive tone,
As if to birds there could be known
With love regret, or pain, or wrong.

They call and answer from afar;
They fill the silence with a name;
Night after night it is the same,
As is the shining of a star.

'Tis thus to those I love I call
Through days of absence, and I hear
By answering lips my name made dear—
Or think I hear, if that is all.

And when the twilight hour is come,
Whate'er of care the day has brought,
My heart grows patient in the thought
My name is called by those at home.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, *July*, 1864.

LITTLE DILVER'S TRUDGE.

AN April breeze was stirring the drifts of bloom on a Western prairie. Away as far as the eye could reach in one direction soft billows of grass and blossom rolled, and the breeze as it rustled among them caught the fresh breath of their fragrance on its wings. Just upon the verge of the prairie, nestled like some great white bird among the tall locusts and stout black walnuts that shadowed its purity, was a little white-walled cottage, with a green tracery of vines about its windows and porches, and a perfect wilderness of gay blossoms and emerald verdure in front. In the rustic doorway sat an old lady with soft white hair folded under the snowiest of muslin caps, and her hands, holding her spectacles between them, clasped upon her knee.

A little lower down, seated upon the steps, were four others—two stalwart young men with brown faces and earnest eyes, a young girl, and a child with a face like daybreak; such innocence, and freshness, and roseate bloom; such large, wondering, serious eyes; such a little sensitive scarlet mouth; such gravity just now upon the young features.

"You will remember, then, Dilver," said one of the young men, continuing a bantering conversation with the child, "that, just as Aunt Fanny is Mr. Forsyth's wife, you are mine?"

"Dilver 'll 'member," said the child with the utmost seriousness, while the young girl, blushing brightly and threatening him with her little hand, exclaimed, "Fie, Warren!"

"I'll leave it to Forsyth if it's not the truth," said the young man roguishly, as he dodged the pretty hand.

"If it's not true it is almost," Forsyth said, lightly; and then, drawing nearer the girl, he added, in a low voice, while his friend pretended obliviousness,

"I wish it was quite true, Fanny. I wish you would be my wife before I go. It would take away half the pain of parting to know that I left a wife behind me, instead of a pretty girl who will find plenty of beaux to help her forget me."

"If she could do that she wouldn't deserve to be your wife," said the girl, gently, yet with a tender sweetness that thrilled her lover's heart.

"Aunt Fanny," said little Dilver, "if Mr. Forsyth dits sick, or any body tuts his arm off where he's doing, shall you do and take care of him, and make his arm drow adin?"

The girl's soft eyes filled with tears, and she gave a little sob as she turned partly away from the child.

Forsyth's hand covered hers as it trembled upon her lap, and he whispered, "Be my wife, Fanny, and then if the worst happens you can come to me. I mean," he exclaimed, as he saw how her cheek whitened—"Hang it, how clumsy I am!" And rising suddenly, "Fanny, won't you come out in the grove with me? I want to see if—"

The remainder of the speech was lost as the girl rose, as much to hide her pale and tearful face, and let him lead her away.

"What was it he wanted to see?" questioned the child, her lip quivering.

"Only if the spring weren't dry," said Warren, roguishly.

"Springs don't ever dit dry," said Dilver, reproachfully—"not hardly ever. Aunt Fanny told me so."

Forsyth and Fanny were married the morning before the departure of the two young men for the seat of the war, and while young Forsyth held his weeping bride in his arms, little Dilver clung to Warren Hastings, and sobbed out her childish grief at his departure.

The child was very fond of him, and he of her; and when he had gone she refused to be comforted for hours.

Fanny sat in her chamber drenched in tears, or stole about the house with a very pale face and red eyes, and Dilver hid herself in the little recess at the head of the stairs, and cried her tears upon her apron—the very one that had been put on clean to bid Warren good-by in.

Whenever young Hastings's name was mentioned afterward she called herself, with great assumption of dignity, his "little wife."

The family, much amused, humored her in the fancy, and being a singularly bright and engaging little creature, others, who were fond of the child, found her small talk about it very entertaining.

She was a comical little imitator too, and whatever Fanny said about Frank, Dilver very gravely repeated concerning Warren.

One day came very sad news. Frank Forsyth had been wounded, and was likely to die. A telegram came summoning his young wife. Mrs. Loring was very unwilling that Fanny should go. She was old and timid, and it seemed to her a terrible thing for a young creature like Fanny to venture upon such a journey alone, for there was no one to go with her.

But Fanny was firm and resolved, and she went.

The very day succeeding her departure came very similar news concerning Warren Hastings; though not so directly, or from any reliable source. It was merely a rumor, but chanced to meet Dilver's ears. The curious child—not so curious either, for children often adopt such fancies—had taken upon her to expect that whatever happened to Aunt Fanny was to happen to her also; and ever since Aunt Fanny's departure she had asked constantly if no "teledom" had come for her from Warren.

Now she assumed at once that she had received her telegram, and (like Aunt Fanny) announced her intention of going to "Rashin'ton" immediately to take care of him.

The family smiled, and found much amusement, as heretofore, in watching and listening to her.

She had a little red morocco cabas that some one had given her. This she "packed" in very womanly fashion, and with much anxious consultation with "dranma."

Her mother—two years dead—had been Fanny's sister and Mrs. Loring's daughter.

"Dranma," with much prideful enjoyment, advised and was consulted to the child's infinite contentment, and the packing was concluded after the most approved fashion. Of course "dranma" and the rest thought no farther till Dilver bade them all a very affecting good-by, and started on her journey toward her sick soldier-boy.

At this point it was found necessary to resort to moral suasion, and finally something farther. In short, to the mortal offending of her dignity, Miss Dilver had to be returned to the house by force of arms.

She was too proud to cry, though she struggled some, and finally submitted, or seemed to submit, to her fate in silent state.

She was a quiet child always, and nobody missed her therefore for some time, nor suspected, when they did not see her about, that she had crept out, and was traveling through the tall prairie grass as rapidly as her small feet could.

When it really appeared that she was nowhere to be found about the house or grove, and when furthermore the absence of her little shaker and the *packed* cabas seemed to indicate that she had persisted in her childish resolve, two of her uncles—mere boys in their teens—went out, half-laughing, half-scared, to scour the prairie for her.

In half an hour or thereabout each returned to the house expecting that, without doubt, the other had found her. The search was renewed, Mrs. Loring frantically joining in it.

They had first discovered her absence at five o'clock. How long she had been gone then it was impossible to know with any certainty—possibly a full hour. At sundown they had not found her; and the boys rode hither and thither, rousing the neighbors for miles to assist in the search.

At noon the next day nothing had been heard of the child!

It seemed incredible that those little feet could have wandered so entirely beyond trace; that with so many scouring the prairie, and so soon, no sign of her should have been found. Yet so it was. Not so much as a little shoe rewarded the seekers; not so much as a tag torn from the little dress, or a crumpled place in the long grass where she might have lain.

The excitement was intense. The county—a large one, and sparsely settled—was alive with inquiry for the lost child. But the mystery only deepened.

Meanwhile little Dilver, watching her opportunity, had slipped out when "dranma" was not looking, and keeping close to the fence till she came to the tall grass, had trudged briskly away without looking behind her.

The prairie grass was in its rankest luxuriance, and amply high enough to shroud her small dignity amidst its greenness. The prairie was forbidden ground to her, and she had hitherto never attempted it, for in a general way the child was remarkably obedient. It was late in the afternoon, and not a very warm day; and as she trudged along picking all the flowers she liked—she couldn't do that at home—and feasting till mouth and hands were scarlet on the sweet wild strawberries, she felt as though she were in fairy-land, or would if she had known of such a place. She had her arms full of flowers, and she had taken off her shaker to put berries in for Warren. By-and-by it began to get dark, and the wee feet were tired, and she couldn't see any thing that looked like "Rashin'ton" yet.

It was not singular that the boys did not discover her at this time; for the prairie was wide, and the vast space swallowed their calls like pebbles cast into the ocean.

It is impossible to know how far she was from home at nightfall, probably not more than half a mile at most; but it might as well have been miles for any chance of seeing her in the deep grass. Sitting down presently to rest, the pretty eyelids grew heavy, the pretty head drooped to a grassy pillow, and Dilver was asleep.

In a little while an emigrant train came along, and stopped with the intention of passing the night there. But some one—probably one of those very men who were searching for the lost child—told them of a better camping-ground a mile and a half or two miles on. So they pushed ahead, and Dilver went with them.

She must have been wakened by the noise about her, and bewildered, as children are apt to be when waked out of the first sleep, perhaps fancied that she was at home, and had fallen out of bed; and so clambered back again, not into bed, as it happened, but into an emigrant's wagon, loaded miscellaneously with baskets and boxes, bags and bundles. At any rate that was where they found her the next morning, curled away like a kitten between a bag of flour and a box of corn. Ascertaining by questioning that this was probably the child that they were looking for the night before, the emigrants sent one of their number back with her.

The man had not gone far before Dilver announced a house that appeared in the distance as the one she lived in; and the man being in haste to return to his train, which had started on already, put her down at a little distance from the house and rode away.

It was still very early; and as the child, glad enough to get away from strangers and go home, but somewhat abashed and afraid of the reception she might get, timidly approached the house, she saw that there were no flowers in the yard, and no trees either; and besides that there was a great dog before the gate, and he growled and showed such sharp teeth that Dilver, very much frightened, turned and ran away again.

Fortunately the emigrants had given her her breakfast, and one of the children had put some crackers in her pocket; so she wasn't hungry, but she was cold and wet from running through the dew-drenched grass, and she began to feel very miserable and home-sick, and she was so little she couldn't see over the top of the tall verdure about her, and she got wetter at every step, and she didn't believe "Rashin'ton" was any where, and she "wanted dranma;" and then she began to cry, but not loudly, for the sound of her own voice frightened her out there all alone, and she was afraid the big dog would hear her too.

It was a terribly long time to her since she had seen dranma and uncles Phil and Wat. But by-and-by, as the sun came high in the heavens and dried the grass, and dried her wet clothes, and warmed her, she stopped crying and trudged on again, farther and farther away from home; but she didn't know that.

Warren Hastings, instead of being wounded, was on his way home on a recruiting expedition. From the nearest station, some twenty miles away, he was coming on horseback across the prairie, when his horse suddenly shied so violently at something in the grass as to almost throw him from the saddle.

Curious to see what could have so startled the animal, Warren urged him again toward the same spot. The next instant, with an exclamation of alarm, he was off his horse and kneeling in the grass beside little Dilver Loring.

She was not dead as he had thought at first, but was sleeping with the tears yet glittering on her long eyelashes, and a grieved expression about the little mouth.

"The small sprite! How could she have got here?" muttered the young man, looking about him with a bewildered air; and then lifting her in his arms, he spoke, gently, "Dilver, child, what are you doing away off here?"

The curling lashes flashed upward, and the child's large, serious eyes looked at him strangely.

"Has I dot to Rashin'ton?" she asked, simply, and then too weary and worn for talk, she nestled down in his arms and shut her eyes again.

Sorely puzzled, the young man remounted his horse, and rode on with the little creature asleep on his shoulder. Mrs. Loring saw him long before he reached the house, and seeming to know, though she could not see, what he carried in his arms, she rose from the couch upon which grief and the shock had prostrated her, and ran out and met him some distance away.

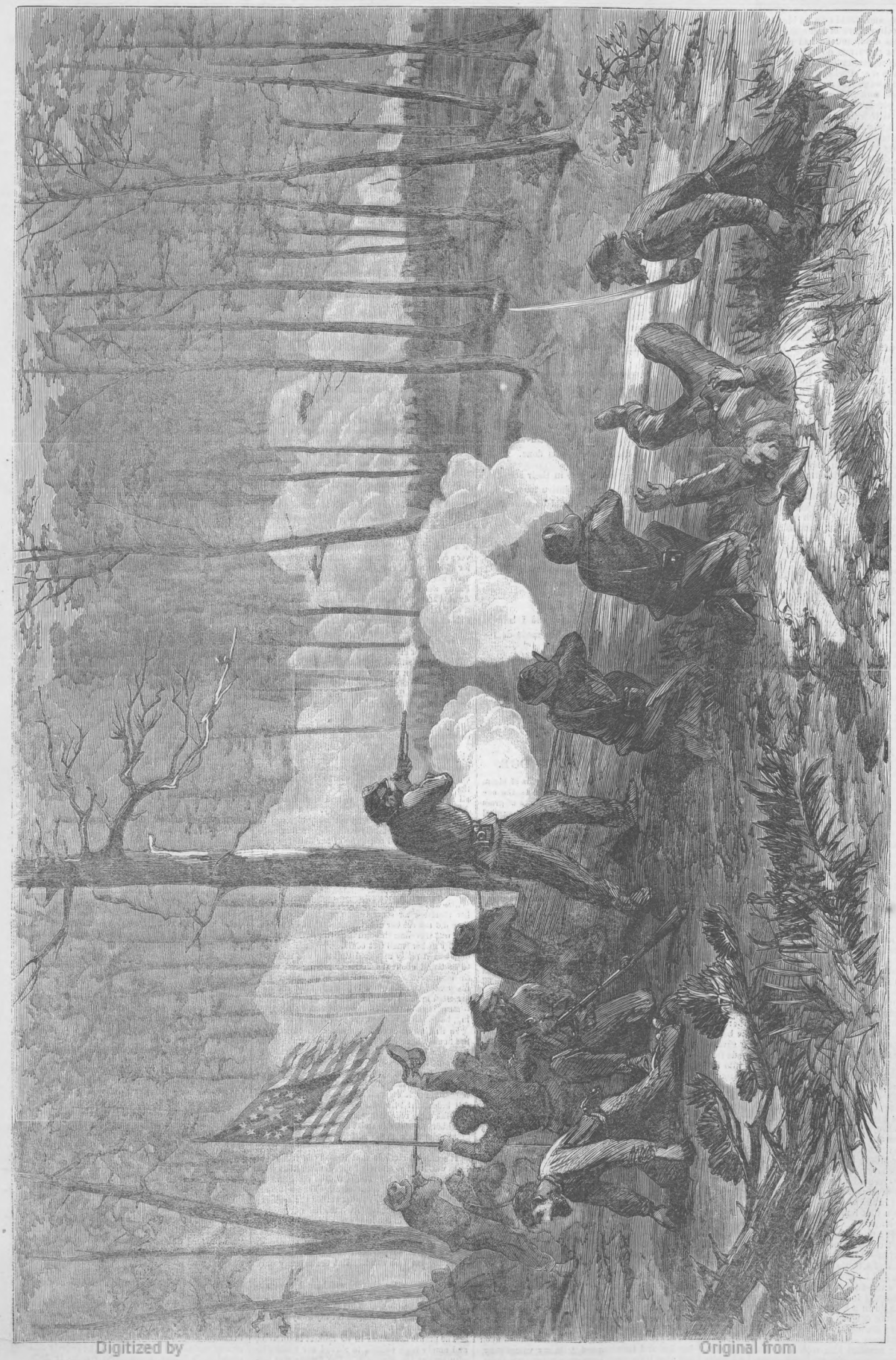
"God bless you, young man!" she cried, "I thought I should never see my darling again!" and she sank down sobbing in the grass.

His first leisure Warren Hastings devoted to elaborately explaining to that small Dilver that "Rashin'ton" was not to be reached on foot, and that, moreover, such little four-year-oldism as she was could not go there alone.

He furthermore informed her that that little talk about being his wife was only a nice joke between themselves; but that if they both lived, and she liked him enough when she got older, she should be in very truth his little wife.

Frank Forsyth did not die: he came home in time with Fanny, but it was to *stay*; for he had lost an arm, and all Fanny's loving care, he gravely told pitiful little Dilver, could never "make it drow adin."

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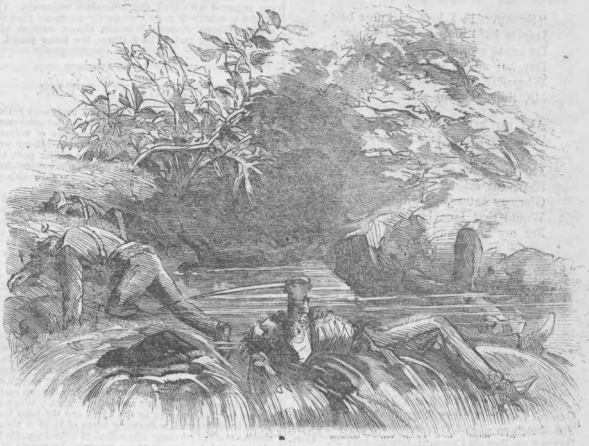


GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—BATTLE OF EZRA'S CHURCH (GENERAL WOOD'S DIVISION), JULY 28, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

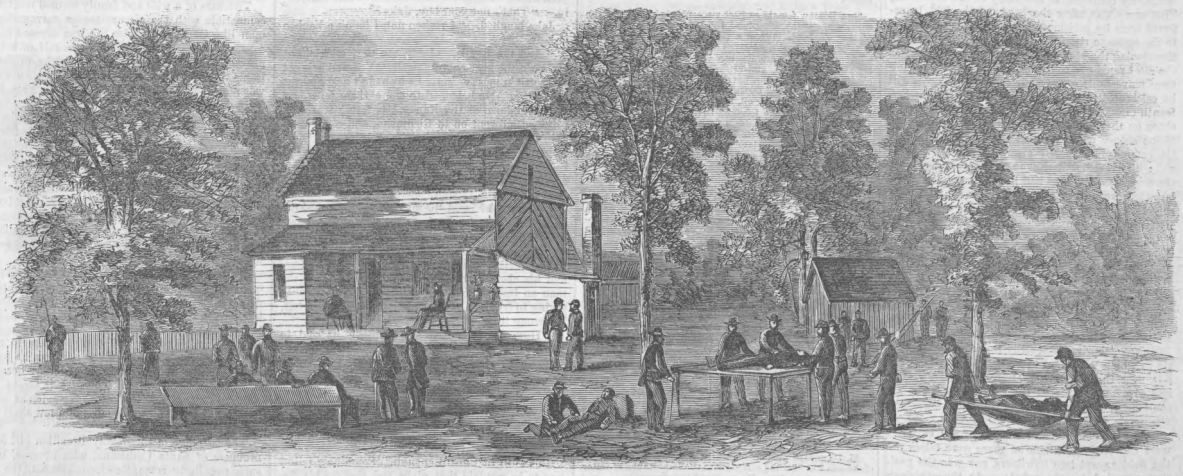
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GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—EZRA'S CHURCH, JULY 28, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



DEAD BROOK—BATTLE OF EZRA'S CHURCH.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR DECATUR, JULY 19, 1864.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1864.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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"SUNSHINE."

"SUNSHINE!" I love darkness best;
Day is hard and darkness tender:
Darkness soothes the aching breast;
Day but mocks it with his splendor.
Wherefore bid me sing of light?
Me, the mournful child of Night.

Ah! my hand upon the string
Wanders vainly preluding.
Echoes of the tropic wake!
Lavish bloom and languid grove,
Sharp-cut mountain, dreamy lake,
Glorious nature, glowing love!
Would that I could catch a ray
For my heart and for my lay.

Never here!—This pallid sky
Makes the very soul to shiver.
To my brown South let me fly,
Let me feel once more its fever;
Let me bury there my pain,
Live and love and sing again.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on pages 556 and 557 illustrations of General SHERMAN's campaign in front of Atlanta. The sketch on page 556 represents a portion of the BATTLE OF EZRA'S CHURCH, fought July 28. General LOGAN, after M'PHERSON's death, assumed temporary command of the Army of the Tennessee. This army was, after the battle of the 22d, transferred from its position on the east side of Atlanta to the extreme right of our army on the west side, threatening the Macon Road. The movement was the most rapid of a campaign which, for the expeditious movements of troops over vast distances, will be celebrated in the history of the war. The Fifteenth (LOGAN's own) Corps had hardly got in position on the right before it was attacked by 20,000 of the enemy under General STEWART. The battle, commencing shortly after one o'clock, continued with exceeding fierceness until nearly dark. At the first onset our men had no shelter of any kind, but their keen appreciation of a breast-work was shown by the fact that before the fight ended a railwork affording considerable shelter had been constructed. The battle was fought entirely by the Fifteenth Corps, and the loss sustained by them is probably the slightest that is known—51 killed and 476 wounded. Over 700 rebel dead were buried by our men, and the reports from the rebels acknowledge a loss of over 5000 men. Among the rebel wounded were Generals LORING, STEWART, S. D. LEE, BROWN, and GIBSON.

The sketch gives especially that part of the battle in which WOOD's division was engaged, on the left, near the church. HARROW held the centre, and MORGAN L. SMITH the right. After the assault on WOOD had thus signally failed an attack was made on SMITH with some success. SMITH was nearly flanked, and several of his batteries were captured; but none of these were taken off the field except two howitzers, nor was the position occupied by the rebels. At three o'clock WOOD reinforced SMITH, and the line of works taken by the rebels was recaptured. The scene from General SHERMAN's stand-point was one of exceeding grandeur. The lines were so close together that they seemed to be only separated by the work for which they were battling.

On page 557 we give a picture of EZRA'S CHURCH itself. On the same page is another sketch connected with this battle, giving a view of DEAD BROOK, the scene of a portion of the engagement. A third sketch represents General SHERMAN's headquarters near Decatur, July 19, before the battles of the 20th, 22d, and 28th. These quarters were at the same time used by Dr. SHIPPEN, surgeon of HASCALL's division, Twenty-third Corps, for the purposes of a hospital.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THE engraving on page 557 gives the Paris fashions for the month of August. Although easy of wear, these light costumes are not without their peculiar complications; and, to be altogether graceful, require care in the selection and arrangement of the colors for ornament. In addition to the ordinary disposition to patronize foulards, alpacas, and barèges, great favor is being bestowed upon white muslin dresses of the first quality, trimmed fantastically with strips of silk disposed in all directions, according to the caprices of the modiste. Indeed, light dresses generally, ornamented with silk strips attached as just mentioned, or with very small passementerie trimmings, enjoy a vogue altogether undisputed, and really merit the patronage they meet with even in the highest quarters.

The head-dresses and bonnets worn at this season are extremely varied in style and shape. The chapeau Windsor in Tuscan (shown in one of our illustrations) is one of the most fashionable of the round description; but the legitimate bonnet in white tulle—small, round, and with or without bavolet—completes, *à ravir*, the white muslin costume just alluded to. The bavolet is usually replaced by a bow in tulle or by a garland of small flowers gracefully arranged.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Robe and paletot of gray foulard, with three rows of dark violet silk and passementerie trimming on the skirt; round the edge of the paletot, across the shoulders, and on the cuffs, a single row of similar trimming is adapted with a most pleasing effect. The small round chapeau is in white tulle bouillonné, the bavolet being replaced by a large tulle bow; orange bow and ribbons.

Fig. 2. *Evening Dress.*—Very pale yellow alpaca robe, ornamented with silk embroidery in several shades of velvet. The skirt especially presents a very pretty and novel appearance, and the dress is completed by the Moldavian vest, and the muslin chemisette, of which only a small portion is seen above the black silk plastron edged with violet. The head-dress is the coiffure Catalane, in Valenciennes lace, with black and violet velvet bow in front.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress for a Young Lady.*—Light stone-colored toilet, the paletot and robe being of uniform color, but trimmed with pink silk ornaments soutachés. The paletot is relatively more abundantly decorated than the skirt. Tuscan chapeau Windsor, almost covered with cagles' feathers and white feathers, the latter placed in front.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE ancient Greeks and Romans had some very curious notions about bees. They imagined that they were sometimes originated from the putrid carcasses of animals, especially lions; that the kings (as they called them) were produced from the brain, as being the nobler part, and the remainder of the swarm—the *profanum vulgus*—from the flesh. Virgil actually gives a receipt for making a swarm out of a dead ox.

Another absurd fancy was that bees were generated in the blossoms and among the leaves of particular plants, the olive being one—a more refined notion than the other, certainly—and that the baby-bees were from thence collected by the old ones.

A still more wonderful story, if possible, is told us by Lucius Columella, in his agricultural work entitled "De re Rustica," written somewhere about the year A.D. 40. He gravely informs us that bees which have been *killed* for the sake of obtaining their honey may be advantageously kept till spring, and then placed in the sun among pounded fig-tree ashes, when they will come to life again! This *is* vitality, and no mistake.

THE New York theatres may now look out and secure for their audiences a new wonder. An optician in Paris has succeeded in producing the effect of zigzag lightning on the stage, with its peculiar blue color, by means of a concave mirror, in the process of which are the two carbon poles of a powerful battery nearly in contact. When the mirror is rapidly moved by the hand, and the poles touch for a brief interval, a dazzling beam of light is thrown across the stage precisely like a flash of lightning. He has also succeeded in producing a rainbow, by means of an electric spectrum, which is used with effect in the opera of *Moses*.

THE Roman female corpses were painted. So are the corpses of the inhabitants of the Polynesian Islands and of New Zealand. When a New Zealand chieftain dies, says Mr. Polack, the relatives and friends cut themselves with muscle-shells and let blood profusely, because they believe that ghosts, and especially royal ghosts, are exceedingly partial to this beverage. The head is adorned with the most valued feathers of the albatros. The hair is anointed with shark oil, and tied at the crown with a ribbon of *tapa*. The lobes of the ears are ornamented with bunches of white down from the sea-fowl's breast, and the cheeks are embellished with red-ochre. The brow is encircled with a garland of pink and white flowers of *kaikatoa*. Mats, wove of the silken flax, are thrown around the body, which is placed upright. Skulls of enemies slain in battle are ranged at its feet. The relics of ancestors, dug up for the occasion, are placed on platforms at its head. A number of slaves are slaughtered to keep the chieftain company. His wives and concubines drown themselves, that they also may be of the party. The body lies in state three or four days. The priests flourish round it, with wisps of flax, to keep off the devil and all his angels. The *pihe*, or funeral song, is then chanted, which we take to be the Old Hundredth of the New Zealanders, very much resembling the *nenia*, or funeral song of the Romans. At last the body is buried with the favorite mats, muskets, trinkets, etc., of the deceased.

THE language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark, but if in sympathy with the society, he is cognizant of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blueberries; others are liquid, and deep wells that men might fall into; and others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. There are asking eyes and asserting eyes, eyes full of faith—some of good and some of sinister omen.

M. DANCEL, in a paper read to the Paris Academy of Sciences, has directed attention to the importance of water as a cause of obesity. He narrated two experiments—one on a lean horse, from whose diet per day 3 pounds of oats were subtracted, while it was provided with abundance of water, into which a pound of bran was put. In the course of twenty-seven days it increased about 36 pounds in weight. In the same regiment an exceedingly fat mare, that could hardly carry its rider, was reduced from an allowance of sixty litres of water per day to fifteen, and speedily lost its obesity, resuming its former vigor.

THE spire of Strasbourg Cathedral had hitherto secured to France the distinction of possessing the loftiest structure among church belfries known in Europe; but that proud pinnacle is destined to be overtopped by the tower in process of erection at St. Stephen's Minster, in Vienna. Hitherto the Austrian spire had only reached an altitude of 439 feet, while the Alsatian steeple measured 449 in height; an addition of 15 feet to its rival on the Danube puts an end to the boast and glory of the Rhine—the state of the poll being now, Strasbourg 449, Vienna 454, majority for Vienna 5 feet with a few inches. France, however, has got Mont Blanc.

A FORMAL, but most essential rule makes letters once posted the property of the Postmaster-General until they are delivered as addressed, and they must not be given up to the writers on any pretense whatever. One or two requests of this kind related to us, we are not likely soon to forget. On one occasion a commercial traveler called at an office and expressed a fear that he had inclosed two letters in wrong envelopes, the addresses of which he furnished. It appeared, from the account which he reluctantly gave, after the refusal to grant his request, that his position and prospects depended upon his getting his letters, and correcting the mistakes, inasmuch as they revealed plans which he had adopted to serve two mercantile houses in the same line of business, whose interests clashed at every point. . . . Another case occurred in which a fast young gentleman confessed to carrying on a confidential correspondence with two young ladies at the same time, and that he had, or feared he had, crossed two letters which he had written at the same sitting. . . . Writing of this, we are reminded of a case in which a country postmaster had a letter put into his hand through the office-window, together with the following message, delivered with great emphasis: "Here's a letter; she wants it to go along as fast as it can, 'cause there's a feller wants to have her here; and she's courted by another feller that's not here, and she wants to know whether he is going to have her or not."

A DIFFICULTY between an actor and his manager gave rise to an odd scene the other night at the Théâtre des Arts, at Rouen. During the performance of "Nos Alliées," M. Delacroix, who was playing the chief rôle, suddenly paused in his part and said, "Gentlemen, allow me to interrupt myself an instant, and tell you something. I have just been dismissed by M. Dief. . . . Now, I depend on my engagement for my bread, and as I have not deserved this treatment I appeal to you. The director has in this case looked more to himself than the public. This will never do. If you agree with me, be good enough to applaud me; those who are of a different opinion can hiss." (Applause.) "Thank you." And he went on with his part of the haughty baron.

THE following singular event occurred just after Grant's severe battles north of the James. A sergeant had been engaged placing upon a number of head-boards the names of members of his regiment who had been killed in the late fight. There was one board in excess, and in a sportive vein he placed with a lead-pencil his own name upon it, and the date of his demise, June 20, as his term of service had then expired and he was about to leave for home. A day or two after, while bidding his companions farewell, he was struck in the breast by a 20-pounder Parrot and instantly killed. The very head-board he had unthinkingly inscribed with his own name was placed over his grave, which, with date, correctly marks his resting-place.

A DIEPPE paper informs us that an English-built yacht, the *Pearl*, now belonging to a French gentleman, has come into that port, and is amusing the sea-side visitors by exhibiting a number of relics from the *Alabama*, picked up after the action, of which the *Pearl* was in part also a spectator. Among these objects saved is a curious note-book, belonging to one of the seamen, and containing, doubtless for his own interests in the way of prize-money, a complete list of all the vessels destroyed or captured by the *Alabama*. The list begins on the 5th of September, 1862, and closes on the 27th of April, 1864; and, curiously enough, enumerates just sixty-five captures, answering to the number of Captain Semmes's chronometers. Seven vessels are named as ransomed, forty-seven as burned, and ten as sold; and the work of destruction is estimated at from eight to ten millions of dollars.

THE LITTLE HERO.

"HERE's news for ye, Jake, and work to do!" said a tall, rough-looking fellow, who had ridden up a moment before, and throwing himself from his horse came up the walk to where Jake Rennan sat cleaning a shot-gun. Jake looked up lazily.

"Wa'al, what is it now?"

"The Colonel's got positive news that that durned courier 'll pass this way some time to-night. It's most likely he'll come by Rocky Run; but he may come t'other way, so you're to watch and stop him of you kin afore he gets to the Forks. Take a couple of men with you, more of you kin, and make it sure this time. Ef he carries the news the Colonel thinks he does, it 'll be worth money to you to take him."

"All right! Ef he comes my way he's booked for the Colonel's quarters, you may be sure o' that."

A bright-looking boy of some ten years was sitting near by, hacking at a bit of pine with a rusty jack-knife. The new-comer looked at him curiously. "That's not your boy, Jake?"

Jake laughed. "I reckon not, I hain't a Yankee myself."

"And the boy is. I kin see that stickin' out plainer'n the nose on yer face." "Yes, and he's got more grit 'n most of 'em. Ef he hadn't he'd a never been yere. He belonged to one o' them fellers we surprised down at the Run. His father was took prisoner and sent off to Richmond, and some of us goin' next day by where the campin' place had been, we found this yer boy pretty bad wounded too; but he would git well, and so we let him, and yere he is on our hands, as desperit a Yankee as you'll find. I kind o' like him though."

"Gritty, eh?" said the man, stepping toward the boy. "See yere, bubby, jest you say Hurrah for Jeff Davis, or I'll put this through ye quicker 'n lightnin'!" flashing his sword in the boy's face.

The little fellow was standing up by this time, and his cheeks were flushing. He looked at the man an instant, perhaps he saw that he was only trying to frighten him. Taking off his ragged hat, he swung it over his head,

"Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!" he said, in a low voice, but firmly.

The man's face darkened. He looked as though he were going to strike him, but Rennan interposed.

"Don't bother the boy; run away, Will."

The other man laughed. "I wasn't goin' to touch him," he said, and went down the walk, Jake following him, and standing some moments to talk with him beyond the boy's hearing.

But Will had heard enough. Some poor fellow was to be waylaid that night and shot for his dispatches. The boy, young as he was, had had already experience in life beyond his years. His father had been living South at the time when the war broke out, and of a family of six his father and he had alone escaped alive from the persecution which raged round every Union man. Three brothers he had seen slain, and his mother had died of grief. He had refused to leave his father, and now here he was. He knew what these men meant when they talked about waylaying a courier. "If I wasn't such a little boy," he thought, sadly, "I could do something: I wonder if I couldn't any way. The man said some time to-night, and I know where the Forks are. They'd kill me though, if they caught me at it." He wandered about, thinking it over, anxious and unhappy all day.

When night came he complained of a headache, and made it an excuse to go to bed early. Once in the little room where he slept he raised the window softly, and clambering out over a roof below, he started off as fast as he could go in the direction of the Forks.

They were all too busy getting Jake ready to miss him; but he feared lest they should discover his absence, and suspect where he had gone. His heart beat fast as he flew along the road, and he imagined in every sound that he heard Jake upon his track.

He reached the Forks, however, safely. Beyond this point the road—rough and scarcely more than a bridle-path before—dwindled and diverged into various nearly undistinguishable ways.

It would not answer for him to remain here, but where to wait beyond? By which of these scarcely perceptible ways would the expected courier come?

Fortunately, about half a mile on the woods were more open and the growth low. There was a high, bright moon. "If only Jake will stay at the Forks and watch," thought the boy, as he ran again toward the more open ground. That reached, he climbed a tree, and began his watch, listening at the same time for Jake and his men.

Not a very easy watch you may imagine that—every young sense on the alert, and so many shadows among the scattering trees to delude his eye.

Suddenly he heard the tramp of a horse, and almost instantly saw him—it must be he, he thought—a man alone on horseback, and riding at that pace.

Almost in the same moment he imagined he heard some one approaching in the opposite direction. The courier, if it were he, was riding unsuspiciously on, trusting perhaps to the speed of the animal he rode to take him past any danger that lurked.

Will was coming down from his perch as quickly as possible. He was quite sure that Jake and his men were waiting not far away; the courier was riding on unconscious of it—passing directly under the tree in which the boy was, when, calculating the distance with an accuracy born of the emergency, Will swung himself lightly down, and—strange and providential happening—landed upon the very back of the animal the courier rode. The horse plunged a little; the man, too accustomed to danger of all kinds—for these couriers are a very brave and tried set of men—to lose his presence of mind made no sound.

"Turn back quickly," whispered the boy; "there's danger ahead!"

The man did not hesitate a single instant. With an instinct sharpened by long experience he recognized the warning as worthy of notice, strangely as it had come, and wheeling his horse suddenly to the right, he rode at top-speed to a thicker portion of the wood, and, skirting along it, soon distanced Jake and his men, though they followed him. Upon discovering his change of route several shots were fired after him, but ineffectually, and he eventually reached his destination, bearing the boy with him.

Will became the hero of the hour.

News came soon after of the death of his father in prison, and the boy was left the sole survivor of his family.

He begged to stay with the army, and the regiment into whose hands he had fallen at first were too fond and proud of him to send him away. So he staid as drummer-boy.

GARIBALDI'S WIFE.

THE care of a wife and family seemed wholly incompatible with the circumstances surrounding a man like Garibaldi, whose life was devoted to the cause of liberty—of fighting in behalf of all oppressed peoples—however successful he might be in his efforts, he would never have the leisure that was required in the father of a family. Fate, however, decided otherwise.

Finding himself completely isolated, and standing alone in the world, from losing all his friends, who were drowned at the wreck of the *Rio Pardo*, he was one day, while on the lake of Santa Catharina, sitting in the cabin of the sloop *Itaparika*, and looking toward the shore, when suddenly he saw, at a farm-house situated on the neighboring hill of La Barra, three or four girls busily engaged in domestic duties. They were all remarkable for beauty; but one in particular arrested his attention for her uncommon grace and loveliness.

He was still watching them when he received an order to go on shore. Immediately on landing he directed his steps to the house. He was admitted by the owner, whom he happened to know slightly, having met him once before.

The impulse which had prompted him to go to the house was to address the girl whom he had so admired. On seeing her he immediately besought her to become his wife. The girl, it seems, conceived an affection as warm and as sudden as he had felt for her; and after the lapse of a few short days they were man and wife.

The surname of this lovely Brazilian girl of the province of Santa Catharina, who became, under such peculiarly romantic circumstances, the wife of Garibaldi, has never been revealed. In all the biographies of our hero she is alone mentioned by her Christian name of Anita.

She seems to have been a brunette of a rich, warm complexion, with black and piercing eyes; of a beautifully rounded figure, and a sort of queenly majesty of deportment; active, daring, high-spirited, and in every respect worthy of being the companion for life of such a man as Garibaldi.

Many anecdotes are told of her courage.

Scarcely had she been married to our hero, and had gone to sea with him, than they were threatened with an attack by the enemy, who were far superior to them in numbers. Garibaldi wanted Anita to land, but she steadily refused to accede to his request, and, as from the bottom of his heart he admired her courage and was proud of it, he did not urge his point, but allowed her to do as she pleased.

Not only did Anita remain on board the vessel, but she staid on deck during the whole of the engagement, and even took a part in it, inspiriting the crew to acts of desperate courage by her own example. Snatching a carbine from the hands of a man who had been shot down dead at her feet, she kept up a repeated fire on the enemy.

During the engagement, which lasted five hours, Garibaldi, as he says himself, experienced the greatest shock he ever felt in his life.

Anita, in the heat of the battle, standing on the deck and flourishing a sabre, was inspiriting the men to deeds of valor when she was knocked down by the wind of a cannon-ball that had killed two men standing close by her side. Garibaldi was springing forward to her, thinking that he would find her a corpse, when she rose to her feet, covered with the blood of the men who had fallen close to her, but quite unhurt.

Garibaldi begged her to go below and remain there until the action was over.

"I will go below," was her reply, "but only to drive out the cowards who are skulking there;" for only a few seconds before she had seen three men leave the deck and hurry rapidly down the hatchway, so as to get out of danger of the storm of bullets that was sweeping the deck. And going below she immediately after reappeared, driving before her the three men, overcome with shame that they should have been surpassed in courage by a woman.

Garibaldi himself has said that Anita, whose heart beat as much as his own for the cause of the people, took part in fights as an "amusement," and "as a simple variation to the general monotony of camp life."

At the battle fought at a place called Coritibani she could not content herself with being, as her husband desired, a mere spectator of the combat. She went to the baggage-wagons with the view of seeing that the soldiers were properly supplied with

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cartridges. The constant fire that was kept up by the Garibaldians against their enemy made her suspect that their ammunition would fail them if they were not constantly supplied with it. Accordingly she went to the principal scene of the engagement. She had not been there long when she saw about twenty or thirty of the Brazilian horse coming down upon the baggage-train at full gallop.

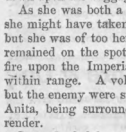
As she was both a good rider and well mounted she might have taken to flight and saved herself; but she was of too heroical a spirit to do so. She remained on the spot, encouraging the soldiers to fire upon the Imperialists as soon as they came within range. A volley emptied several saddles; but the enemy were successful in their charge, and Anita, being surrounded, was called upon to surrender.

Instead of doing so she clapped spurs to her horse, and dashed through the enemy's lines with the intention of joining her husband; and was galloping off when she was struck by a pistol-shot through her hat, which carried away some of her hair without injuring her skull.

And perhaps she would have effected her escape had the horse not been shot through the head, causing it to fall dead on the ground, and throw her heavily on the turf. She was then forced to surrender, and was taken to the Colonel of the enemy.

Heroically brave in danger, she became, if possible, still more sublime in calamity. In presence of the commander of the Imperialist forces she would not allow him to speak with contumely and disdain of the soldiers of Rio Grande.

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The Notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

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I am very respectfully yours,
L. T. MULCREAN,
2d Minn. Vols., Head-Quarters 3d Division, 14th Army Corps, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

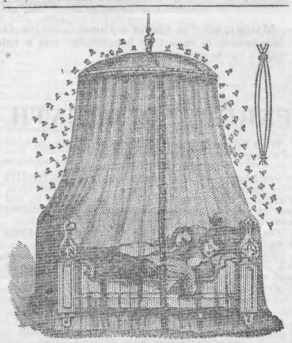
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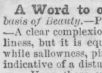
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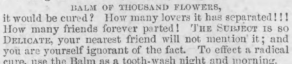
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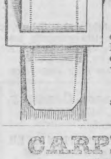
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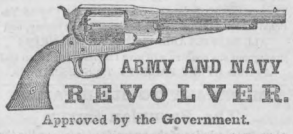
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 401.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"GENTLEMEN, I INTEND TO PLACE THIS ARMY SOUTHWEST OF ATLANTA!"

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—COUNCIL OF WAR HELD AT GENERAL WOOD'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS. [SEE PAGE 566.]

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READING ON THE RAIL FOR CHICAGO.

ABOUT seventeen years ago Mr. HOSEA BIGLOW, of Jaalam, contributed some sprightly verses to the Boston *Courier* of those days (not of these). They were afterward published, with others not less lively, in a convenient volume, edited by HOMER WILBUR, A.M., which has latterly been included in the works of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, doubtless for reasons satisfactory to Mr. BIGLOW and his editor. There is one poem in the collection called "The Debate in the Sennit," which, as Mr. CALHOUN is its hero—who was, speaking humanly, the real author of this war—we have thought might be a subject of fruitful meditation to delegates upon their way to Chicago. They will remember that General JACKSON, who used to be good Democratic authority, said that the Slavery agitation would be the next excuse of the secessionists. Nor will they forget that Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in his conversation with Colonel JACQUES and Mr. GILMORE, has just confirmed the General's prophecy. The younger delegates to Chicago, who are pondering compromise or reunion upon the terms of the disciples of Mr. CALHOUN, may not be unwilling to be reminded that General JACKSON was always sorry that he did not hang Mr. CALHOUN.

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT—(1848).

SOT TO A NUSRY RHYME.

"Here we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!
It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils o' proofs;
Fer how could we trample on't so, I wonder,
Ef 't worn't thet it's ollers under our hoofs?"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Human rights haint no more
Right to come on this floor,
No more'n the man in the moon," sez he.

"The North haint no kind o' bisness with nothin',
An' you've no idee how much bother it saves;
We aint none riled by their frettin' an' frothin',
We're *used* to layin' the string on our slaves,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Foote,
"I should like to shoot
The holl gang, by the gret horn spoon!" sez he.

"Freedom's Keystone is Slavery, thet ther's no doubt on,
It's suthin' thet's—wha' d' ye call it?—divine,—
An' the slaves thet we ollers *make* the most out on
Air them north o' Mason an' Dixon's line,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Fer all thet," sez Mangum,
"'Twould be better to hang 'em,
An' so git red on 'em soon," sez he.

"The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,
Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree;
It puts all the cumninest on us in office,
An' reelises our Maker's orig'nal idee,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Thet's ez plain," sez Cass,
"Ez thet some one's an ass,
It's ez clear ez the sun is at noon," sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,
But keep all your spare breath fer coolin' your broth,
Fer I ollers hev strove (at least thet's my impression)
To make cussed free with the rights o' the North,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes, sez Davis o' Miss.,
"The perfection o' bliss
Is in skinnin' thet same old coon," sez he.

"Slavery's a thing thet depends on complexion—
It's God's law thet fetters on black skins don't chafe;
Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)
Wich of our onnable body'd be safe?"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Hannegan,
Afore he began agin,
"Thet exception is quite oppertoon," sez he.

"Gen'nle Cass, Sir, you needn't be twitchin' your collar;
Your merit's quite clear by the dut on your knees;
At the North we don't make no distinctions o' color;
You can all take a lick at our shoes wen you please,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Jarnagin,
"They wun't hev to larn agin,
They all on 'em know the old toon," sez he.

"The slavery question ain't no ways bewilderin'.
North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a glance;
No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell their childrin,
But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git a good chance,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Atherton here,
"This is gittin' severe,
I wish I could dive like a loon," says he.

"I'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,
An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make head,
An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,
'll go to work raisin' promiscoous Ned,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes, the North," sez Colquitt,
"Ef we Southerners all quit,
Would go down like a busted balloon," sez he.

"Jest look wut is doin', wut annyky's brewin',*
In the beautiful clime o' the olive an' vine;
All the wise aristoxy is tumblin' to ruin,
An' the sankylots drorin' an' drinkin' their wine,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes," sez Johnson, "in France
They're beginnin' to dance
Beelzebub's own rigadoon," sez he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't feel a mite skeery,
Our slaves in their darkness an' dut air tu blest
Not to welcome with proud hallylugers the ery
Wen our eagle kicks yourn from the naytional nest,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Oh," sez Westcott o' Florida,
"Wut treason is horrider
Then our priv'leges tryin' to proon?" sez he.

"It's coz they're so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints
Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled;
We think it's our dooty to give pooty sharp hints,
Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth shan't be spiled,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Ah," sez Dixon H. Lewis,
"It perfectly true is
Thet slavery's airth's prettiest boon," sez he.

* The French Revolution of 1848.

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

PEACE with the serpent's nest?
Peace with the traitor race,
Who have stabbed their mother's breast,
And brought our land disgrace?
Whose feet were on our necks,
Whose bravos swarm our decks,
Who have drenched with blood our sod?
There is no peace! saith our God.

Come on! ye sunburnt men,
From hay-field and from plow!
Spring up from desk and pen!
Forward! if ever, *now!*
Come faces dusk and pale!
Shall whips or thews prevail?
Come, storm across the land,
And win peace, hand to hand!

Remember all our dead;
Have they, then, died in vain?
The blood that they have shed
Calls from the ground again!
Clasp! noble hands and true!
Those hearts that bled for you—
Is *this* the peace they sought?
The liberty they bought?

No peace while breathes a slave!
No peace while lurks a stain!
No peace with brute or knave!
No peace with love of gain!
O patient land, endure!
When chastened, strong, and pure,
Like dew upon thy sod,
Shall fall the peace of God.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE result of the Chicago Convention is a foregone conclusion. It matters little whether it sits a long or short time; whether Mr. DEAN RICHMOND or Mr. VALLANDIGHAM be its master spirit; whether there be the brotherly peace in its deliberations which the latter gentleman prophesies, or whether the ardent delegates break each other's shins, heads, and noses; it matters little whether it painfully constructs a platform sparkling with sham sentiment upon which the party may try to scale the glittering heights of power as poor Madame Somebody in spangled skirts tried to walk up a tight rope amidst fire-works, tumbling off and perishing by the way, or whether it builds a vessel as broad and ample as the unfortunate steamer *President* which sailed away and was never heard of more; it is all the same whether it nominates General M'CLELLAN and Mr. GARRETT DAVIS, or Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and the late General BUELL, or Mr. GUTHRIE and Mr. WASHINGTON HUNT, or Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR and Senator SAULSBURY, or Judge NELSON and Mr. EDSON OLDS, or Mr. DEAN RICHMOND and Governor THOMAS SEYMOUR, or Mr. POWELL and Mr. FERNANDO WOOD—a selection of eligible combinations, especially the last—to which we respectfully invite the attention of the Convention—it will be all the same, and the Chicago nomination will wonderfully simplify the situation.

It matters little who is nominated there, because the Convention represents opposition to the war, and its candidate can not escape the fate of his position.

On one side in this election, all who stand for the unconditional maintenance of the Union and the Government, and for waging the war for that purpose, until the rebels yield and ask to be heard, will vote for LINCOLN and JOHNSON. On the other side, all who stand for the conditional maintenance of the Government; for asking the rebels on what terms they will obey—in a word, all who wish peace upon any terms or "conciliatory" war, which is merely shameful surrender, will vote for the Chicago candidate. He will be the candidate of the enemies of the war, and whoever he may be, knowing who his supporters are, he will justly regard his election as a sign that the first wish of the people is to stop the war, not to maintain the Union.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was right, therefore, in saying at Dayton that there would be harmony in the Convention. For he knows that if M'CLELLAN is nominated and were elected, his policy must be substantially that of VALLANDIGHAM himself. This is clear from the facts. The "Democratic" party is said to be divided into the Peace men and the War Democrats. But it is only the former who manage the party. The logic of the party policy is incarnated in Messrs. VALLANDIGHAM and WOOD. That policy has always been, as no honest Democrat will deny, to yield to the South—which is the policy of Messrs. VALLANDIGHAM and WOOD to-day. The efforts of Mr. DEAN RICHMOND and his friends can not successfully oppose that policy. Those gentlemen can only hope to do the same thing without saying so. They must insist that they are going to Limerick when they are really going to Cork.

Mr. WOOD declares that there is no such party as the "War Democracy." Is he not correct? There are indeed men of the purest patriotism who are uncompromising supporters of the war, and who have always been and are now Democrats, like Mr. MOSES F. ODELL, representative in Congress from Brooklyn. But in Pennsylvania, last autumn, when Governor CURTIN was re-elected by a lean, though tough and true, majority of 15,000, was the bulk of the opposition vote cast by men like Mr. ODELL, firm and faithful for the war, or by men like the opposition candidate, Judge WOODWARD, and WILLIAM B. REED, one of the most notorious rebel sympathizers in the country? General BUTLER, like Mr. ODELL, is a War Democrat, so is DANIEL S. DICKINSON, and Secretary STANTON, and General LOGAN, and General GRANT. They have never been any thing but Democrats. Have they, or any man like them, a chance for the Chicago nomination? The "War Democracy" is a name. There are individual Democrats who support the war with all their hearts, looking first to the Union, not to their party. But the vote for THOMAS H. SEYMOUR in Connecticut—was that a War Democratic vote? So in all the States, the opposition vote represents opposition to the war. Its resolutions always denounce the Government, seldom the rebellion. Its orators rage at the President, never at JEFFERSON DAVIS. Its papers do all they can to dishearten loyal men. It is upon these orators and papers that the Chicago nomination will rely. It is this vote which the Chicago nomination will command. It is this policy which the Chicago nomination will favor. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM seems to us quite correct in predicting harmony in the Convention.

Whoever is the candidate and whatever the platform at Chicago, therefore, the Convention will not propose to enforce the authority of the Government more vigorously, but to truck and dicker with rebels. The platform will state the contemplated bargain in some pretty phrase. It will call it, perhaps, a fraternal effort at reconciliation. But the American people, who are the Government of this country, will not forget that without the least injury done or threatened this rebellion began. They will not forget that the House of Representatives, in which the friends of the present Administration were largely in the majority, carried forbearance almost to weakness in endeavors to avert the overt act. By a vote of 136 to 53 it passed the Corwin conciliation resolutions. By a vote of 133 to 65 it recommended a constitutional amendment that the Constitution should never be amended so as to allow Congress to touch slavery in a State. They will not forget that the friends of the new administration in the Peace Conference proposed a national convention to consider and settle all differences before blood was spilled. So precious was the Union, so great the dread of war, that efforts to preserve peace and maintain the Government, which seem now almost abject, were made by Congress and loyal citizens and were haughtily spurned by the rebels. They counted upon the absolute degradation of the American people, and they fired at Sumter to try if that degradation were complete.

They have had their response; and this election is to determine whether the tone of that response is to be changed. The rebels are waiting to learn whether the war they have waged has degraded us to the point of granting them their will; or whether they are to discover in the defeat of those upon whom they depend in the loyal States, and the total ruin of their own mad schemes of disunion, that the will of the American people, constitutionally expressed, shall be respected by all American citizens, or the disobedient shall feel the full force of the Government until they sue to be heard.

COMPROMISE OR WAR.

ON the 6th of November, 1860, at a constitutional election, in which the people of all the States participated, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was chosen President of the United States. On the 20th of December a Convention of the people of South Carolina "dissolved the Union" between that State and others. No complaint of the general Government was urged. No oppression was pleaded; no wrong alleged. At the moment of secession, and for more than two months afterward, it was under the control of the party which was predominant in South Carolina, and that party had controlled the Government for many years. The debates in the Convention show that the action was the result of a mature purpose. Mr. INGLIS said that they had been thinking of it for twenty years. Mr. KEITT said that he had been engaged in the matter ever since he entered public life. Mr. RHETT said that it was not the event of a day, and was not produced by Mr. LINCOLN's election or the non-execution of the Fugitive Slave law. Similar statements were made by Members of Congress, as they rose in their places and resigned. The movement continued. Under the plea of the right of States to withdraw from the Union at their pleasure, State after State seceded, and the seceded States combining declared that the United States should not victual its own troops, and upon its attempting to do so began the war.

For more than three years the war has been waged, on the part of the Government to maintain the Union and enforce the laws; on that of the seceders to establish their independence, whereby the Union is destroyed and the Government overthrown. The question now presented to us is whether the effort of the Government to compel disobedient citizens to obey the law unconditionally shall be relinquished, or whether any minority of the people of the United States who are dissatisfied with the result of an election may take up arms to impose their will upon the Government. That is the only question. The Government has sought neither conquest nor any other end than the supremacy of the Constitution in South Carolina as in Maine. What is there, then, to compromise? The moment the rebels yield to the laws that moment the war ends. What is there to compromise but the right of the Government to make the Constitution the supreme law of the land—and when that is compromised the Government is gone.

But we have been fighting for three years, says somebody; why not try a Convention? Very well. Suppose a Convention were called. Suppose the rebels attend its meetings. Is it proposed to offer them more or less than the Constitution and the laws of Congress and the acts of the Executive authorized by it? Is it proposed to ask them upon what terms they will consent for the present to obey the laws and abide by the Constitution? Is it proposed to take their terms? But if the Constitution and the laws are to be offered them, they are offered now, and always have been, without a Convention, and it is against them the rebels have been fighting. If something less or more than the Constitution is to be offered, then we confess that the rebels are already successful, and the Convention is one in which they will dictate terms to a conquered foe.

In a convention of the kind proposed the Government must either maintain its position or recede from it. If it stands fast, the rebels will have gained a breathing spell for renewed fighting. If it recedes, the Government will have justified every defeated political party or sectional faction in flying to arms against their opponents.

That Government should be reasonable is not denied. That grievances should be redressed is true. The Government that does not hear complaints and adjust abuses will surely fall. But while the measures of Government are just, its authority must be unquestionable, or there is no security for justice. While, therefore, all complaint should be heard, all redress must be lawful. If, therefore, any citizens of the United States have any complaint against the Government, when they cease to threaten its authority they can be heard in a convention or any where else. But if, with arms in their hands, they can force it to do their bidding they are themselves the Government, and the other no longer exists. Yet in our case, as we said, no complaint was alleged. The men who up to that moment had controlled the Government said, quietly, "It is our pleasure to destroy it." If now, under any pretense, the Government which knows that they are straining their last nerve, which hears one of their victims own that the rebellion must end of sheer depletion before long, stops to ask these leaders upon what terms they will compromise, it concedes that it is vanquished, and that it has not the most essential quality of every true Government, the will and the power upon proper occasion to compel absolute obedience.

FINE FEATHERS DO NOT MAKE FINE BIRDS.

No name is more cherished by the people of this country than "Democrat." But it must stand for a true democracy, or every true Democrat will leave the name and cleave to the thing. The party which now assumes the name and uses the organization is not a party with which unconditional Union men can easily ally themselves. "Democratic" conventions no longer speak for true Democrats, the political children of JEFFERSON. Thus the "Democratic" Convention of Maine lately resolved that "the Democratic party is, and ever has been, the true Union party of the country."

Now, considering that the rebellion was plotted by a "Democratic" Cabinet, Senators, and Representatives—that every rebel leader is a "Democrat"—that the rebel papers say, with the Atlanta *Register*, if the "Democrats" will only "use the ballot-box against Mr. LINCOLN while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other"—that every State which such "Democratic" leaders controlled in 1860 has been taken out of the Union—that every form of opposition to the maintenance of the lawful authority of the Union comes from persons and parties who call themselves "Democratic"—that those who rejoice at rebel invasions of the North, who conspire against the necessary measures of the war, who maintain in speeches and papers the cause of secession and disunion, all belong to what they call the "Democratic" party—that those who invite foreign interference are "Democrats" of the same kind—that every man who, under the name of peace, hopes and works for a bloody counter-revolution at the North is a "Democrat"—that every "Knight of the Golden Circle," or open or secret foe of the integrity of the Union, is a "Dem-

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ocrat"—that every man who counsels the surrender of the Government by making terms with citizens who are trying to overthrow it is a "Democrat"—considering that there is no man, party, or measure which is now or ever has been working in the interest of the rebellion, and consequently for disunion, which is not "Democratic," we submit that the Maine "Democracy" perpetrate a tragical joke when they solemnly resolve that the "Democratic party," of which JEFFERSON DAVIS, FRANKLIN PIERCE, SLIDELL, VALLANDIGHAM, MASON, WIGFALL, and FERNANDO WOOD are accredited leaders, and which excommunicates BUTLER, STANTON, DICKINSON, LOGAN, and GRANT, is and ever has been the true Union party of the country.

THE "PEACE" APOSTLE AND THE MAJOR-GENERALS.

WE had supposed that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was sent to Chicago by his political friends; but he tells us at Dayton: "I expect speedily, by the grace of God—and I ask no higher authority—to be at Chicago." This effectually disposes of the authority of the Convention that sent him. But would he kindly inform an inquiring public, in case he had been dissatisfied with the authority he asserts, to what "higher authority" he would have appealed?

In the midst of his speech the worthy orator paused to ask this most puzzling question: "What shall I say, as an honest man?" What, indeed! That question may be called, in the language of the rude street boy, "a sockdologer."

But recovering toward the close of his address, he proclaims his purpose "to remain forever 'God's noblest work, an honest man.'" It is a most commendable resolution. The delegate who holds his office as the old kings claimed to hold theirs, "by the grace of God," doubtless remembers what Othello says to Emilia of her husband Iago:

> "An honest man he is, and hates the slime
> That sticks on filthy deeds."

But being an honest man, why does the immaculate orator proceed to asperse the honesty of the soldiers. "I do not look for personal aggrandizement. *If I did I should have been a Major-General long ago, and had millions of money laid by as the spoils of my part in the war.*" This is the plain assertion that the commission of a Major-General is the result of a desire of personal aggrandizement, and that Major-Generals lay by "spoils" to the amount of millions of dollars. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM should remember that he is a "peace" man, and not a good authority upon soldiers; who as they read such words will be apt to exclaim, as he remembers Othello did, with a peculiar emphasis, when his mind awakened to the truth, "*Honest, honest* Iago!"

TWO NATIONS ON THE SOIL OF ONE.

THE question is often asked whether England did not declare in our Revolution, as we do in this rebellion, that to yield to the demands of the colonial rebels would be to connive at the humiliation of the Government; and whether, after all, England was ruined by the separation of the Colonies. This is another form of the favorite remark of rebel sympathizers, that the secessionists are doing only what our fathers did.

The British Government was unquestionably humiliated by the separation of the Colonies, and the English have always borne us the grudge which they are now gratifying. But the Government was not overthrown, simply because the Colonies were subjects of a country three thousand miles off, and because the bond between them was not like ours. In a word, the cases are not alike, because they are altogether different. Thus, our fathers did not say that, because government justly exists by the consent of the governed, therefore any number of people any where, at any time, and under any circumstances, have the right to overthrow the Government by force, with all the inevitable and melancholy consequences of war. They said only that, when the consent of a people is permanently and injuriously disregarded by the Government, and experience shows peaceful redress to be hopeless, and the consequences of submission are more calamitous than war, then, rehearsing their wrongs to mankind, and appealing to human sympathy and divine justice, those people may forcibly overthrow that Government.

That is what the American colonists did in 1776. Is that what the American rebels are doing in 1864?

The Government, so far as the Colonies was concerned, was destroyed, but the consequences ended there. But if the British monarchy had been a Union like ours, if the counties of Kent and Sussex had been parts of the whole in the same way and by the same bond that the colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts were, then the whole bond would have been loosened. But even then it would not necessarily have plunged the island of Great Britain into anarchy, for the revolted section of the empire was separated from it by an ocean.

But if thirteen English counties on the soil of the island, separated from the rest by no natural barriers of any kind whatever, had risen in insurrection, and after a war of four years the British Government had asked them upon what terms they would submit, or had agreed that they should form an independent power upon the English soil, how long would the majesty and force of the British Government last? Should we have heard the London *Times* complacently asserting that there was plenty of room for two monarchies in England; or would the London *Times* perceive, what all the world would know, that the British monarchy was at an end?

There are such things as nations and a national life. There is an American nation and an American people, exactly as there is an English or a French nation and people. And the American nation proposes to continue its existence.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND HIS SOLDIERS.

A PRIVATE soldier in the First Illinois Artillery lately sent to General SHERMAN a bridle and collar which he had worked in camp, "as a slight token," he said, "of the high regard and esteem which all the soldiers entertain toward you as our commander." The General, with that hearty recognition of valor and character, which is ennobling to every man and sure to endear him to others, in acknowledging the present, says:

"I have always borne testimony to the peculiar intelligence, good conduct, and gentlemanly deportment of the young men who comprise your battery, and, when the war does close, if I survive it, I will make it my study to give full honor and credit to the soldiers in the ranks, who, though in humble capacity, have been the working hands by which the nation's honor and manhood have been vindicated.

"As Battery A was one of the first to fire a hostile shot in the war in the great valley of the Mississippi, I hope it will be one of the last, and that its thunder tones will in due time proclaim the peace resulting from a war we could not avoid, but which called all true men from the fancied security of a long and deceitful peace."

The final sentence shows General SHERMAN's just appreciation of the nature of the war. The reader will observe that he differs from Mr. DON CARLOS BUELL, late a Major-General in the United States army.

"COMPROMISE WITH THE SOUTH."

THE powerful picture of Mr. NAST's, which we print this week, shows at a glance the condition which compromise presupposes. Those who urge it represent the friends of the Union as in the condition of the Northern soldier in the picture, utterly defeated, crippled, and crushed; while by letters in their papers and by the mouths of their orators they depict the Rebellion as rather more stalwart, vigorous, and victorious than ever. And again, when compromise shall come, the consequence to the North will be the total prostration represented in the picture. For compromise with armed rebellion is abject submission.

When the free and independent citizens of the United States are completely overwhelmed and conquered, like the Union soldier in this picture, as Copperheads now believe them to be—when they are ready to send back into slavery the brave black boys who have fought for their flag—when they forget the massacres of Lawrence and Fort Pillow, and the burning of Chambersburg, and the long, long story of the hanging and torture of Southern Union men at home and of Union prisoners in rebel hands—when the people forget the meditated shot fired contemptuously at the American flag, and the thousands of true and brave men who have been slaughtered defending it—and when they forget their betrayed and deluded fellow-citizens at the South forced into the service of the rebellion, and are ready to renounce honor, self-respect, and all that makes man noble or a nation imperial—when they are a pack of cowards, and no longer a sovereign people—then, and not until then, will they make the picture true, and agree to relinquish by compromise the authority of the Government their fathers founded, and the Union for which their sons and brothers have died.

LITERARY.

"OUR Burden and our Strength" (from the steam presses of the *Daily Times*, Troy, New York), by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., one of the highest statistical authorities in the country, is, as the subtitle of his most timely and valuable pamphlet asserts, a comprehensive and popular examination of the debt and resources of our country, present and prospective. The importance and clearness of Mr. WELLS's statement are already so well appreciated that its substance has been issued as a "broadside" by the New England Loyal Publication Society, and a cheap popular edition will be published under equally loyal auspices in New York; while the newspapers have not failed to appreciate it, so that we may confidently expect every voter in the land to understand that a large debt is not for this country necessarily ruinous. The title of the pamphlet explains its purpose. It must be seen by all who care to know the truth; and we can assure our friends that Mr. WELLS is justified in saying, as he does at the end: "Enough of statistics (which no partisan zeal can wrest from their true meaning) have been given to satisfy our readers that the country can not be destroyed or even crippled by any *probable* future debt; and to induce every loyal man, as he reflects upon our resources as a nation, to 'thank God, and take courage.'"

"The Destiny of our Country" (A. D. F. RANDOLPH, New York) is the title of Judge CHARLES P. KIRKLAND's address originally prepared for the alumni of Hamilton College, and now enlarged for publication. It is an ample and accurate statement of the origin, course, and probable consequences of the war, made with judicial calmness and patriotic earnestness. The cause of the rebellion the Judge finds in the aristocratic ambition of a certain class in the Southern States; an ambition nurtured by the social and industrial system of the South—that is, Slavery—and essentially at war with the spirit and natural development of our popular republican government. The right of Nullification and the Slavery agitation he considers, with General JACKSON, to be mere pretenses for insurrection. The real object sought is the salvation of the aristocracy, to which a slave system is essential. Although an opponent of the present Administration at the time of its election, Judge KIRKLAND justifies its official conduct upon the highest patriotic grounds. He evidently does not love the word *abolitionist*, although he thinks slavery is doomed by the war. But he is too good a scholar not to know that the one thing that is never harmless until it is stone-dead is the exclusive principle in human affairs. The fathers in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 thought that slavery was dead. But eighty years afterward it is still lustily kicking. While it lasts war, open or hidden, will last in this country.

"The Gospel of Peace," Part 3, has been published for a few weeks, but, as usual, has received little attention from the press. It is remarkable that the most popular brochure of the war should have made its way into universal recognition without newspaper assistance of any kind. Nor is it less remarkable that a literary secret of the kind should have been so long and faithfully kept. A great many persons are sure that they know the author, but their assertions are still inquisitive. Whoever he may be, he may congratulate himself that he has reached and enlightened many a mind that would otherwise have been ignorant, indifferent, or confused in the great struggle. The broad humor, the felicitous allusion, the trenchant truth-telling, and the familiarity with all the curvatures of the New York "ring" are as striking in this part as in the others.

"Not Dead Yet" is the last novel of J. C. JEAFFRESON (HARPERS), whose name is already known among the most popular of current novelists. It is a story which begins "not far away in the past"—emphatically it is a tale of to-day. It is a story of love and crime, told with that peculiar intensity of style which characterizes the author, and winding up, as all well-regulated novels should, with the passing away of the "subtle, selfish, clever, false Rupert," and the happy marriage bells of "Kitty and Nat," of "Edward and Flo'."

The HARPERS publish "Willson's Larger Speller," one of their School and Family series. The peculiar value of Mr. WILLSON's school-books is already widely acknowledged, and every parent or teacher who can speak of them from experience speak most highly of their simple and comprehensive method. Primers, reading-books, and spellers, they make the painful path as pleasant as it can be made without shirking the inevitable difficulties or helping the child to shirk.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT evidently does not intend to leave Sheridan, Farragut, and Sherman unsupported. He will not allow General Lee to dispose of the rebel army in Virginia at his own option entirely; if the latter chooses to send reinforcements to Maury, or Hood, or Early, the last few days' operations north of the James and in the vicinity of the Weldon Road will certainly teach him that he can not deplete his army with impunity. In last week's record we gave the details of the engagement near Dutch Gap, August 14. After the battle the Confederates took up a stronger position further back. On the 18th our line extended from Curl's Neck on the James to White's Swamp. While the rebel line was drawn out thus extensively to confront our right, other operations were undertaken south of Petersburg with a view of gaining possession of the Weldon Road. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 18th the Fifth Corps, which had been for some days held in reserve, started for Reams Station with four days' rations. The event proved a surprise to the enemy, who gave way, leaving the Fifth in possession. This was at 7 A.M. Four or five hours were spent in tearing up the track, when the enemy made his appearance marching down the railroad. The Second Division held the road, supported by the Third and Fourth on the right, and on the left by the First. The rebel force, a portion of Hill's Corps, after a fight of two hours, was repulsed. The next day the rebels attacked again, and succeeded in breaking between the Fifth Corps and another, said to be a portion of the Sixth, which had come up to its support. About 1500 of the Fifth Corps are reported to have been taken prisoners. The general assault, however, failed, and the road was still held by the Federal troops, the Ninth Corps having come up in time to regain all the ground which had been lost. On Sunday, the 21st, the rebels attacked again, and were again repulsed with great loss in killed and wounded, besides 500 captured. Grant still holds the road. The Second Corps recrossed the James Saturday night.

In the Valley Early has been quite heavily reinforced by General Longstreet, and has taken a strong position south of Strasburg. This, together with a partial defeat at Berryville on the 14th, in which Sheridan's wagon-train was so completely destroyed as to embarrass his operations, has led the latter to fall back upon Winchester. The details of Sheridan's movement down the Valley are as follows: On the 8th August Sheridan assumed command, his force consisting of the Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth Corps, together with Crook's, Averill's, and Kelly's commands. On the 9th he started in pursuit of the rebels, who had two days before been beaten by Averill and Kelly. On the 10th Early's rear was overtaken ten miles north of Winchester, and a slight engagement followed with trifling results. The pursuit was continued to Strasburg. On the 14th Mosby attacked Sheridan's rear at Berryville, and owing to the weakness of the force dispatched against him, gained an important success. Two days later Early was reinforced through Thoroughfare Gap. On Sunday, the 21st, Sheridan was attacked near Charlestown, in the Valley. Charlestown is on the line of railroad from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, and six or seven miles southwest of the latter. Sheridan's line in the morning had its front at Summit Point, its left stretching out toward Berryville, and its right across the Martinsburg Pike. At 8 o'clock A.M., General Wilson's cavalry holding the advance at Summit Point, was attacked and forced back to Charlestown. Mackintosh's brigade lost 300 men. A feint attack was then made on the Federal left, held by the Nineteenth Corps, but the main assault fell on the Sixth, which held the right. There was a severe battle, and in regard to the result we only know that Sheridan fell back two or three miles on the railroad, to the heights about Halltown.

Turning to the West we find no material alteration in the position held by Sherman's army.

On the 14th of August the rebel General Wheeler advanced with a force estimated at between two and five thousand men against Dalton, which was defended by Colonel Seibold with four hundred men. General Wheeler demanded the surrender of the place in the following terms: "To prevent the effusion of blood, I have the honor to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of the forces under your command at this garrison." To which Colonel Seibold replied: "I have been placed here to defend the post, but not to surrender it." An attack was then made by the enemy, but Seibold succeeded in holding his position until the arrival of General Stedman with reinforcements from Chattanooga on the 15th; the rebels were then forced to retreat.

The information in regard to the raids made by Sherman's cavalry under McCook and Stoneman on the Macon road is yet very unsatisfactory. Stoneman passed around Sherman's left near Stone Mountain and McCook around his right. From Stoneman nothing has been heard. McCook accomplished his purpose against the road, but when near the Chattahoochee on his return he found himself nearly surrounded by the enemy. McCook's force consisted of his own Division, the First Brigade containing the Fourth Kentucky, First East Tennessee, and Eighth Iowa, commanded by Colonel Croxton, and the Second Brigade, containing the First Wisconsin, Second Indiana, and Fourth Indiana, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Torry. Four regiments, the Eighth Indiana, Second Kentucky, Fourth Tennessee, and Fifth Iowa, which participated in Rousseau's raid, went along as a reserve. The Ninth Ohio, also one of Rousseau's raiding regiments, was to be left to guard the pontoon across the Chattahoochee, where the raiding party crossed, also four pieces of Lilly's Indiana Battery. The other two pieces accompanied the raiders—the only artillery along. One ambulance to each regiment was allowed, and a few pack mules.

The entire column was not over 2500 strong, many of every regiment being left behind. Picked men and picked horses were only admitted to the expedition, though, eventually, some of the former were left on account of an inability to mount them properly. Some of the regiments were armed throughout with the Spencer rifle, the most formidable and effective repeating arm known.

The expedition started on the 27th, crossing the Chattahoochee to the north side, several miles below the railroad bridge, and marched down the river to Turner's Ferry, ten miles below Campbellstown. Here McCook crossed the river, and leaving the Ninth Ohio Cavalry with four guns to guard his pontoon bridge, moved eastward to Palmetto station on the railroad from Atlanta to West Point. Palmetto station is twenty-five miles from Atlanta. The road was torn up for five miles, and the dépôt building, full of commissary stores, was burned. Moving on, the night of the 29th, the command, after a march of nine miles through a drenching rain, came upon the skirts of Fayetteville, and upon a train of rebel wagons. Themselves taken for rebels, they easily surprised and captured the train of nearly a thousand wagons, containing all the baggage of the rebel army at Atlanta. Then Fayetteville (forty miles south of Atlanta) was occupied. At nine A.M., on the 30th, McCook struck the Macon road three miles south of Fayetteville; a dépôt was burned and six miles of the road destroyed. At two P.M. the column began its return march, passing through Newman toward the fords of the Chattahoochee. At night, before recrossing Whitewater Creek northward, a heavy force of rebel cavalry attacked McCook's rear under Harrison, driving the latter. Harrison was then supported by the Second and Fourth Indiana, and the enemy was repulsed. The command then halted for the night, and the next morning reached Newman, forty miles from Atlanta, and twelve from the Chattahoochee on the West Point road. Here McCook encountered a heavy force of rebel infantry. He fell back and crossed the road 2½ miles below Newman. Shortly afterward the advance-guard—the Fourth Indiana and Second Kentucky—were cut off from the main body and had to fight their way out. Not more than half succeeded in reaching Atlanta. On August 3 General McCook returned with 1200 men. His loss in killed, wounded, and missing can not have been less than 1000. It was intended that McCook's and Stoneman's commands should effect a junction on the Macon road. Stoneman appears to have met with a determined opposition. Savannah papers announce his arrival with 500 men as prisoners of war at Macon, Georgia.

General Kilpatrick has just returned from a raid on the Macon Road. The details of the expedition are not yet given; it is only known that about a dozen miles of the road have been injured, and that the command has returned uninjured.

From Mobile there is no important intelligence later than that given in last week's record. On pages 568 and 569 we illustrate Admiral Farragut's entrance to Mobile Bay, August 5, giving the disposition of the Federal and Confederate fleets and the situation of the forts and obstructions. At the mouth of the Bay is Dauphin Island, separated from the main land on either side by a strait. It is impossible for a fleet to navigate the western channel, which has only five feet of water. Forts Morgan and Gaines command the eastern channel—Morgan four miles from the island, Gaines upon it. Fort Powell is a mile above Gaines on the island. The only part of the channel free from obstructions and torpedoes was about 1500 yards in front of Fort Morgan. It was through this gateway that Farragut, steaming up so close to the fort as to command its guns, effected his entrance on the morning of the 5th, breakfasting inside the Bay as he told his men he should.

While Farragut was passing the forts Gaines was invested by General Granger by land. After taking Gaines and Powell Farragut and Granger entered upon their operations against Fort Morgan, a formidable fort with a garrison of 1000 men.

ITEMS.

Generals Hovey and Hughes lately encountered the rebel Colonel Adam Johnson's forces at Morgenfield, Kentucky, and completely routed them, capturing nineteen prisoners and recapturing a large amount of Government property which had been taken by these guerrillas.

The guerrilla Woodward died at Hopkinsville, Tennessee, August 19. His command is scattered in all directions.

The faculty and trustees of Williams College at its last commencement conferred upon General Benjamin F. Butler the title of Doctor of Laws. This honor from a Massachusetts college to one of the most distinguished and patriotic of Massachusetts citizens will certainly appear to no one inappropriate or unmerited.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

ALL the occasions which a few months since suggested an extensive European war seem now to have disappeared. The Polish insurrection has been quelled; France has been allowed in peace to take possession of Mexico; and the Dano-German difficulties have been definitely settled.

The preliminaries of peace agreed upon between Denmark and the German Allies are the following:

1. King Christian relinquishes his rights over Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg, agreeing to whatever disposition Austria and Russia may make of those provinces: with Schleswig are surrendered all the islands belonging to that Duchy. Denmark also cedes the Jutland possessions south of the District of Ribe, for which Denmark receives an equivalent portion of Schleswig.

2. The debts contracted on account of Denmark proper, or the Duchies, will be borne respectively by either of them. The debts contracted on account of the monarchy will be proportionately divided between Denmark proper and the Duchies, with the exception of the loan contracted in England in 1863, which will be paid by Denmark, and the war expenses of the great German Powers, which will be borne by the Duchies.

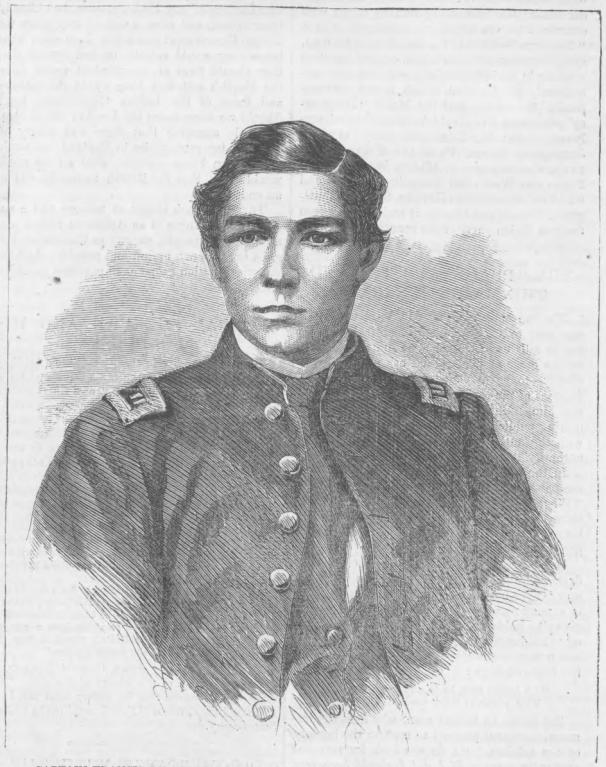
3. Both parties agree to an armistice until September 15, contributions no longer being levied on Jutland. The two armies to remain as at present until the treaty is concluded.

4. Prisoners of war are to be set at liberty on giving their parole.

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THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL M'COOK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOAG & QUICK, CINCINNATI, O.]



CAPTAIN FRANCIS DE GRESS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. R. GARD, CHICAGO, ILL.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

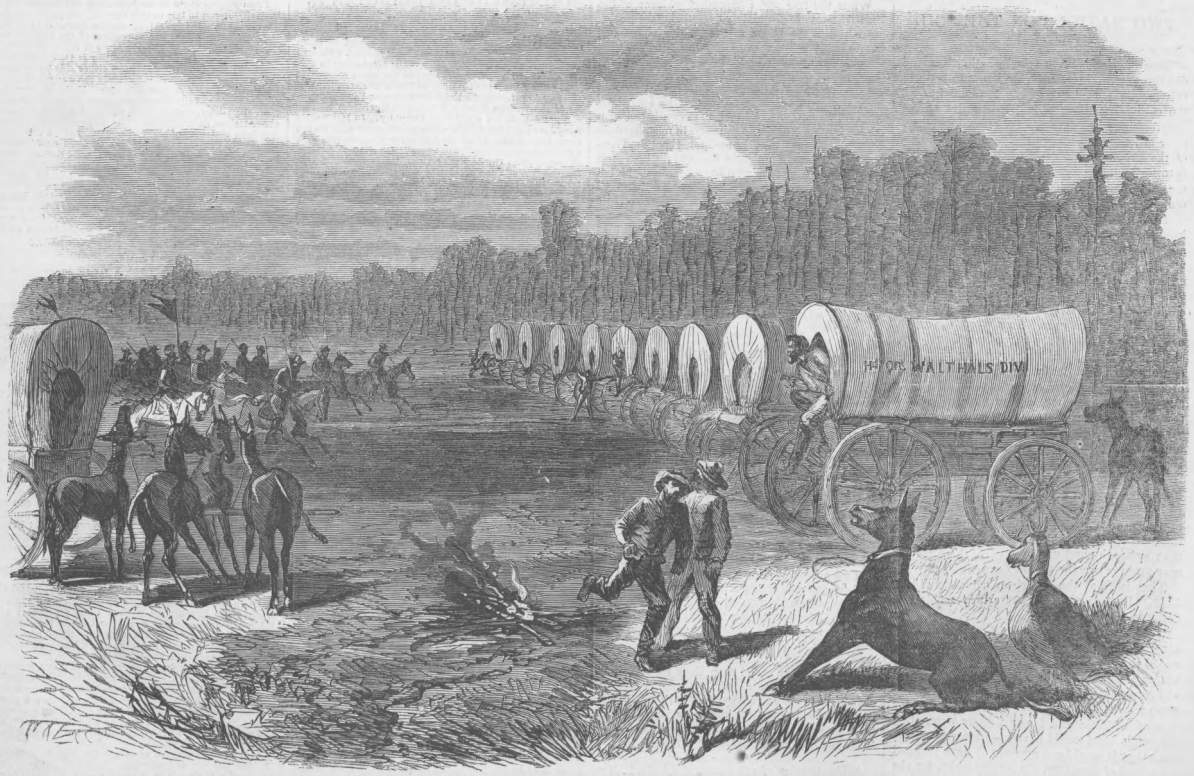
GENERAL DANIEL M'COOK.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL M'COOK, who lately died of a wound received at Kenesaw Mountain, July 27, and whose portrait is here given, was born July 22, 1834, in Carrollton, Ohio. The following sketch is from a soldier of his brigade:

"General DANIEL M'COOK was the sixth son of the late Major DANIEL M'COOK, who was killed at the battle of Buffington Island, Ohio, on the 21st of July, 1863. He is the third son of this family who have been killed in the war for the Union: CHARLES, aged 17, was killed at Bull Run 21st July, 1861; General ROBERT L. M'COOK, killed while sick in his ambulance August 5, 1862. At the breaking out of the war he was practicing law at Leavenworth, Kansas, a member of the firm of EWING, SHERMAN, & M'COOK. EWING is now a Brigadier-General; and the present gallant commander of the army before Atlanta was the other member. M'COOK raised a Company, called the 'Shields' Guards, and joined the First Kansas Volunteers as Captain of Company H; he remained with his regiment in southwest Missouri until his health failed him; being satisfied he could not undergo the fatigues of long marches, he resigned, to accept that of Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General, and was assigned to his brother's division in General BUELL'S army, where he served with distinction until the evacuation of Corinth by the rebels. At this time he received a commission as Colonel of the Fifty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He soon after marched with his regiment to Lexington, Kentucky.

"When General BUELL advanced from Louisville M'COOK was assigned to the command of a brigade in General GILBERT'S Corps. On going to Nashville his brigade was assigned to General GRANGER'S Division, and formed part of the Reserve Army of the Cumberland. GRANGER'S Division joined ROSECRANS just before the battle of Chicamauga, M'COOK'S Brigade being the first to welcome the veterans of LONGSTREET with Western bullets. In this battle Colonel M'COOK greatly distinguished himself, and was recommended for promotion, which he received two days before his death."

General M'COOK wrote the article in the May number of *Harper's Magazine* headed "Second Division at Shiloh."



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—CAPTURE OF A REBEL WAGON TRAIN BY GENERAL M'COOK, NEAR FAYETTEVILLE, GEORGIA, JULY 30, 1864.
SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

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THE LATE

JOHN GRIGG, Esq.

IN 1816 a young man, twenty-four years of age, came to Philadelphia and assumed the position of a clerk in the Publishing House of Warner & Johnson. His life thus far had been for the most part an adventure. Left an orphan at six in Cornwall, England, he began with the world as a farmer's boy. But there was a spirit of enterprise within him which overleaped the limits of the farm. Looking out upon the sea from the Cornish coast, he thought he saw harvests of brighter promise; and at twelve he began to seek a sailor's fortunes. Soon tired of this field of labor, he came to Richmond, Virginia. Here we find him engaged in a survey of the State before he was yet out of his teens. Leaving Virginia for Ohio, we next find him a clerk in a Judiciary court, and afterward superintendent of a woolen factory.

This young man was JOHN GRIGG, Esq., long known as the enterprising Philadelphia publisher and bookseller, and whose portrait is here given. He came to Philadelphia, as we have said, at the age of twenty-four. Here he resided until his death, August 2, 1864. Serving Warner & Johnson seven years as a clerk, he, in 1823, commenced publishing on his own account, securing immediately the patronage of the firm with which he had been connected, and, which, by the death of WARNER, had been dissolved. He had closed up the business of this firm, and his sagacity and perfect integrity soon built up his own fortunes. In eight years his business was so large that he was induced to take Mr. HUGH ELLIOTT as partner. In 1847 three younger partners were also introduced. In 1850 Grigg & Elliott sold out to their juniors, Messrs. Lippincott & Willis, and the firm was styled J. B. Lippincott & Co.

At his retirement Mr. GRIGG was fifty-eight years of age. He was married to Miss M'CLELLAN, sister of the celebrated surgeon, and aunt of General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN. He was a man possessed of a very genial disposition — as characteristic for positive benevolence as for good-humor. Although a millionaire, the modesty of his youth never gave place to the swaggering boldness or the curt manners which so frequently distinguish the very wealthy. Money only gave him the opportunity to exhibit the inherent nobility of his nature. For the most winning traits of his character he was known only to associates, but his public spirit endeared him to all.

Mr. GRIGG was also a man of cultivated tastes. Music and poetry delighted him, and in the latter his judgment was very good. But the strong development of his understanding gave him a keen relish for history and biography. And, as in all cases where the judgment is superior, his memory was remarkable. It was in immediate connection with these mental characteristics that those habits of method were developed which, though they never create, yet chiefly secure and regulate success.

After he retired from the publishing business he was engaged until his death as a private banker, and in the management of his large fortune, which included real estate in Philadelphia, Illinois, and Mississippi. But he was always especially interested in the Book Trade, with which his fortunes had been so intimately connected. He died at the age of seventy-two, leaving many friends to mourn his loss, and leaving on record an example not only of enviable success but of inestimable worth.



THE LATE JOHN GRIGG, ESQ.

NASSAU, N. P.

NASSAU, New Providence, of which we give a view on this page, is a point of great interest at this time as the principal rendezvous of the Anglo-Confederate blockade-runners. A correspondent says of the place: "The enterprise of British merchants" — an enterprise, we may remark, which no honorable nation would care to justify — "has lined its quays with long, light-colored, rakish-looking steamers, discharging their rich freights of cotton that have run the gauntlet through the Federal cruisers off Wilmington. The voyage from the



NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, THE PRINCIPAL RENDEZVOUS OF THE ANGLO-CONFEDERATE BLOCKADE-RUNNERS.

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Confederate States to Nassau averages about fifty hours; but these fifty hours are crowded with an excitement that a voyage of fifty days would fail in producing. From the time of leaving Cape Fear River, Wilmington, to the time of sighting Nassau and getting into British waters, these craft are never safe from being overhauled by a Northern man-of-war. Nassau is the point whence most of the blockaders start with the cargoes destined for the Southern Confederacy, and it is here that they return with their bales of Sea Island and Upland cotton, which they have obtained in exchange for the rifles, blankets, and shoes so much needed by the Southern soldier. The climate of the Bahamas, of which New Providence is one of the group, is almost tropical; oranges, shaddocks, bananas, cocoanuts, pine-apples, and many other varieties of fruit abound, and the diversity of foliage in which the charming bungalow residences are embedded is most attractive." The population of the town is about 10,000.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

ON OUR first page and on page 564 we give illustrations of General SHERMAN'S campaign. The sketch on the first page represents General SHERMAN holding a council of war at WOOD'S head-quarters. General SHERMAN holds his councils of war with himself. The different generals seem to listen rather than to suggest. The General speaks his thoughts aloud, and the words uttered on this occasion disclose the movement that he has in his mind for some day in the future.

On page 564 we illustrate the capture of the rebel wagon-train by General EDWARD M'COOK. A full description of the incident will be found in our news column. General M'COOK has made the only raid in the rear of Atlanta that has any semblance of a success. He succeeded in destroying the Macon Road for a short distance, and burned a considerable number of wagons, which were mostly head-quarter trains. His escape from the trap set for him, and the gallant manner in which he cut himself out, are spoken of with pride by the army.

Captain DE GRESS, whose portrait is given on page 564, commands Battery H, First Illinois Artillery. The following gallant action is thus recorded by our correspondent: On the 22d of July the battery of Captain DE GRESS was placed by order of General SHERMAN in such a position as to throw shells from his 20-pounders into Atlanta. The rebels came charging through the railroad cut to the left of the battery. The supports gave way. DE GRESS saw at once that his guns were gone. He directly ordered his guns pointed left oblique, and gave the charging rebels double canister, at the rate of four rounds per minute. Soon he had two of his guns spiked, and ordered his men to get away, remaining himself with one sergeant (PETER WYMAN), using one gun as rapidly as possible. Still the enemy came on, and when within less than twenty steps an officer called to him to surrender. DE GRESS, who stood with the lanyard of either gun in his hands, shouted, "Certainly, come on!" at the same moment discharging his two guns, and called to WYMAN, who stood with pincers and spikes, to spike under the cover of the smoke and get away. DE GRESS saw the spike driven into the last gun, and as he started a storm of shot was sent after him. The sergeant was killed, but DE GRESS escaped uninjured. General LOGAN, who was coming up at the head of Colonel MARTIN'S brigade, was met by DE GRESS, who told the General that his guns were lost. "Oh no, Captain," said the General, "WOOD'S guns have been turned upon the horses of your battery, and I think that those chaps will hardly get them away before I have this brigade charging clear over them." In less than a quarter of an hour DE GRESS, who had gone up with the charging column, was busy drawing the spike of one of his guns, which was very soon sending canister into the retreating rebels, the infantry officers near acting as cannoniers under the direction of Captain DE GRESS, who has met with the sincere applause of the general officers who witnessed his gallantry. Captain DE GRESS is a young officer of French extraction, and is considered the finest artillerist in the Army of the Tennessee.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

"MY dears," I said to the three children I had nursed and reared for upward of fifteen years, till the eldest was a grown-up young lady of eighteen—"my dears, mother is getting a poor weakly old body, and there's no one to mind her and the shop at home, and I am afraid I shall have to leave you. It would break my heart to go if our house wasn't in the same street, and I can see you every day. But I can never say good-by to you, so I'll run away early some morning."

Of course I waited till they could hire a new servant, a long lanky girl that moved slowly about the house, and took no interest in any thing; and even then, though I was badly wanted at home, I could hardly find it in my heart to tear myself away from the children and the old master, who was getting infirm and weakly, like mother; for he was in years when he married, being a minister on a middling sort of a salary, and he had made up his mind not to venture upon the expenses of a family till he had saved five thousand dollars clear, so that he was upward of forty before he had gathered all that sum together. Mrs. Ambery, poor dear, had been waiting for him ever since she was a girl of twenty, and he only five years older; waiting all that weary time, with an ache and pain at her heart as her girlhood passed by and the prime of her years faded, till her hair began to grow gray, and all across her forehead were fine little wrinkles that could be seen plainly enough by daylight. On her wedding-day, when the sun shone as brightly as if she was only twenty again, you could have counted the lines one by one as soon as she lifted up her white veil to sign her name in the register.

Well, poor dear, Mrs. Ambery was taken away from her husband and children when Rebecca, her eldest, was just eight years old. The little children sat in the pew with their father on the Sunday night when the pastor from another church preached Mrs. Ambery's funeral sermon, and every body wept, and said it was a very affecting occasion. There was the grave child Rebecca, and pretty Katie, just turned six, and little delicate Nellie, not quite four; while Mr. Ambery, who had never looked a young man, seemed stricken fully ten years older by the death of his Catherine.

About two years after Mrs. Ambery's death my old master called me into his study one night after the children were gone to bed. "Mary," said he—he was sitting by the fire, stooping badly—"Mary, come forward and sit down by the fire. I want to speak with you."

I crossed the room and sat down as he bade me, and as I looked into his face, which was greatly troubled, I saw the tears standing in his eyes.

"Mary," he said, wiping his eyes, "I've been pastor of this church ever since I was eight-and-twenty years of age, and from time to time my income has been raised. It has been a little hard upon the members, perhaps, to raise the salary, for they are not rich people, and our dependence has been upon the pew-rents. But for the last two years—since *that* time, Mary—the congregation has been dwindling away before my eyes. God knows I have done my best, though His hand is heavy upon me. But it is hinted to me quietly, not officially, that my people wish me to give place to a younger and more energetic man. They would give me a pension of two hundred dollars a year, and obtain for me a further sum from a fund for aged and disabled ministers, upon which income they want me to retire."

"I wouldn't do it, Sir," I answered, warmly; "they can not turn you out, and that sum would never keep you and the three children respectably."

"Nay," said the minister, "I dare not refuse; my spirit is broken, and shrinks from conflict. Moreover, Mary, I am not solely dependent upon my ministerial income. I have private property which brings me in over two hundred dollars a year."

In the course of a few months we retired upon a pension, and as our income was a good deal lessened, I gave the other servant notice, and we settled down in a small but well-looking house, a little back from the street, in as respectable a part of the town as one could desire, with the little shop of confectionery, which my mother kept herself by, not more than a stone's-throw off.

Rebecca was quite a pattern of a child, the very picture of her poor dead mother, with fine little lines upon her forehead before she was twelve years old, and a careful look in her face as if she was saving up the very fun and mirth a child ought to have. Never was any young creature so strait-handed and sparing; even while she was small enough to have a doll she stinted and contrived for it like a full-grown mother. Katie and Nellie were merry little romps, like other children, and a very sore exercise of spirit were they often and often to Rebecca.

It was five years since I left the children. Katie was gone out as a governess; and Mr. Ambery had sunk further into an infirm old age, and left every thing to Rebecca. She grew more saving than ever; and though she gave away a tenth of their income to charity and religion, because she believed it to be right to do so, it was quite as a bargain with Providence that no losses through ill-health or misfortunes should come upon them. She would scarcely spend a farthing upon herself. She wore no flowers, or flounces, or ribbons, like other girls; yet with all that, and the fine faint lines upon her face—which nobody could see so well as I did, who knew her poor dear mother—she was by far the prettiest young lady that attended our church, when Katie was away.

The young minister—the second since Mr. Ambery resigned—took a fancy to Rebecca. It was edifying, even to me who knew her little faults, to see her at public worship, with her dark eyes downcast, and the beautiful long lashes lying over on her cheeks, as still and quiet as on a baby's sleeping face. The minister never caught her eye wandering, nor even lifted up to himself, until he read out his text, and then they fixed on him with a steady, serious gaze, as if he was some angel from heaven, who could have no earthly thoughts of love or any thing of that sort.

Early one morning, while I was mixing my dough for the breakfast-rolls, the shop-bell rang furiously, and who should rush through into my bake-house but Rebecca, with nothing on her head save a shawl! There she stood, gasping for breath, with her hand pressed against her bosom, and her large dark eyes looking larger and blacker from the ashy paleness of her face. My own heart beat at the sight of her till I could not speak, and we stood staring at one another in silence, as if the last day was come.

"Your father," I gasped out at last.

"He is asleep," she muttered with difficulty; "I haven't told him nor Nellie."

"Katie!" I cried.

"No, no," she answered, "she is all right." And I leaned my head down upon my floury hands, and cried for very joy; for I had thought of nothing but that one of them was dead.

So I took Rebecca into my little kitchen, all trembling and shivering as she was, and set her down in my mother's arm-chair upon the hearth, keeping her hand pressed hard upon her heart to quiet its beating, till the color began to come back into her face, and the sobs died away so that she could speak.

"Mary," she said, in a grand reasoning sort of way, as if she was setting me up for a judge, "you have known us all our lives. Have we ever been like other girls, flaunting, and idle, and extravagant? Have I not kept myself and my sisters aloof from all evil as carefully as my mother would have done? I have given a tenth of all our income to the poor."

"My dear," I interrupted, for though I was proud of her and the other two, I did not like to hear her talk in that manner, "there are no young ladies equal to you in all the town. But what ever is the matter?"

"Listen," she said, and she read to me a lawyer's letter, with a great many whereases and notwithstandings in it; but the pith of it, as I could make it out, was, that the old scoundrel, Mr. Corbett, gave notice to Mr. Ambery that he had the sum of five thousand dollars to pay on that day six months. Red as my face was from the heat of the oven I felt it going as pale as Rebecca's own.

"My dear," I whispered, for it seemed too dreadful to speak about loud, "how is it? What is the meaning of it?"

"I hardly know," she said; "all I can understand is, that my father was made a trustee to a marriage-settlement belonging to a cousin of Mr. Corbett's more than thirty years ago; and this money was left in my father's hands, or Mr. Corbett is trying to make out that it was."

We sat speechless some minutes after that, till Rebecca burst out again crying and wringing her hands.

"Oh, I wish I was a man!" she sobbed.

"Why does he come upon us now, after all these years?" I asked.

"His cousin is just dead," she answered. "Mr. Corbett is executor of his will, and is winding up his affairs, I suppose."

There were no breakfast-rolls made that morning. I went down home with Rebecca, and she carried her father's breakfast up stairs to bed as usual, and we waited as patiently as we could till he was dressed and had finished his own private prayers, which seemed longer than ever that day. But he came down stairs at length, looking so calm and tranquil, with his thin white hair brushed back from his kindly face, that the moment Rebecca saw him she ran and threw her arms round his neck, and leaning her head upon his breast, wept there as she had never done before.

We should have told Mr. Ambery at once, for Rebecca's strange conduct alarmed him, but his first thought, like mine, was that something had happened to Katie. There was a letter from the child to her eldest sister left unopened on the table, for the lawyer's letter had caught Rebecca's eye first; but now she broke the seal, and read it out aloud in a dry hard voice—such a letter! for it had been written in a merry, yet timid, fluttering confidence, telling what the young creature scarcely dared to confess to herself, that away from home and all of us, she had found some one whom she could love better than us all. And there stood Rebecca, reading it out before every body, hardly knowing what the sense was; and just folding it up like a common letter when she had finished it.

"But listen to this, father," she said, tossing Katie's letter aside like a useless thing, and while the father was dwelling upon his child's words, Rebecca read the dreadful notice in a clear and distinct voice, as if it were a sermon. Mr. Ambery did not hearken at first, but as she went on he fixed his eyes upon her, and a look of vexation and anxiety settled on his face.

"My love," he said, almost peevishly, "I never touched that money in my life."

"Then what does all this mean?" asked Rebecca.

"I don't know what it means," he answered, in a helpless manner. "I do just remember Mary Corbett. Yes, she married Thompson, who went to college with me, but took to some business afterward. I was trustee to her marriage-settlement, and John Ward was the other. If either of the trustees had the money in his hands it was Ward, but he died years ago. They are all dead now."

"But, father," said Rebecca, who had a good head for business matters, "the money would be invested in some way or paid into a bank, and you would get some receipt or acknowledgment for it. Just try to recollect."

"Ah!" he cried, after a few minutes' thought, "I remember Ward bringing me a document, which he said was a deed of release. But it is thirty years ago, and I must have put it into some place of safety. We must find it, and send it to Mr. Corbett."

The finding was easier to speak of than to do. Mr. Ambery had been writing sermons ever since he was twenty; and as if he had been one of those Turks I heard of at a missionary meeting who think it a sin to destroy a bit of paper, and I thought of the master the moment they were mentioned; he had kept every sermon and writing of his own, as though they were sacred, precious things. Also, he had kept every letter he had received. Ah! there were all his wife's letters, for all the weary years they were waiting, tied up in packets for each twelve months; and Rebecca's white face, with the lines growing harder and plainer upon it, bent over them anxiously, as she unfolded one after another, to see if peradventure the costly document was among them. We were the more certain that the master had never made away with it, from the very numbers of the papers that were stored away in one place or another; even to a little closet under the eaves, so full that when the door was opened the bundles of yellow sermons rolled out along the passage floor. But Rebecca sought perseveringly; and when she had searched in vain through every packet, she began again, though with a feeling of despair, and went through her wearisome task a second time, so sure were we all that Mr. Ambery had put the deed in safety somewhere.

I did not tell Rebecca, but some ugly reports were being whispered about the town, and I wondered how the matter got abroad. Even the members of the church began to ask where the old minister's money came from.

We were sitting all together that night after evening prayer, and Mr. Ambery was smoking his pipe as peacefully as if there was neither sorrow nor care in the world, when Rebecca laid aside her mending—she always seemed to be mending rather than making—and she spoke in a hard, decisive manner, as though she had quite made up her mind how the present misfortune should be managed.

"Father," she said, "the deed of release is nowhere in the house. The claim is unjust and wicked, but Mr. Corbett has too much sense to make it if it is illegal, and it will swallow up the savings of your lifetime. I see only one way to escape out of our difficulty."

"My love," said her father, laying down his pipe, and folding his hands one over the other, as he looked into her anxious face, so like Mrs. Ambery's, "your poor mother and I denied ourselves all the joys and pleasures of youth to gather this money together for you children. It was a great sacrifice, and I would not lose the fruit of it willingly. What am I to do?"

"The money is your own, father," she answered, "but you can not keep it as yours. Give it to us children at once. Withdraw it from your investment, and make a gift of it in equal shares to us three. They could take it away from you, but not from us."

"And what will they do to me?" asked the old man.

"They may make you a bankrupt," she cried, rising and flinging her arms round his neck, "but we shall love you more, and all good people will not honor you less."

"Rebecca," said Mr. Ambery, "this morning Mr. Craig came hither to tell me that evil reports have arisen. They say that I have possessed myself of this money fraudulently, and already a church meeting is decided upon to investigate my conduct. My good name is more precious to me than gold or silver. What think you, my daughter? If I consent to do this thing which you propose, could I lift up my face before the congregation, or raise my voice in the church to deny this charge? Shall I say, 'My money is justly my own, but I can not prove it so, and to save it from being wrested from me, whether I came by it honestly or dishonestly, I have given it over unto my children; let the accuser take what he can?' Rebecca, you shall decide this thing."

Not a word had Rebecca heard before either of the scandal or the church meeting, and as her father spoke of them she stood before him as if turned into stone, with clenched hands, and lips half open, and forehead furrowed with deep, dreadful thoughts. It was terrible to her pride to think of her father bearing the name of bankrupt, but the blot of dishonesty was a thousand times harder, and she had to weigh pride and dishonor against the long growing of a love and care for money. All of us looking upon her knew that she was wrestling with temptation, and we held our breath, and turned away our eyes, whispering low down in our inmost spirits a prayer for her. There was a long, long silence, while we neither moved nor sighed, and there was no sound but the crackling of the embers in the grate as they wasted away in the consuming flame.

"Father," cried Rebecca, throwing herself on her knees beside him, "I've loved this money; oh! I've loved it more than I know myself. You laid it up for us, saving it from your own youth to make ours easier, and must the thief break through and steal the treasure? Well, let it go. Any thing to keep your good name free. I will love no money again."

I never saw the young creature, who had grown old before her time, look so radiant and youthful as she knelt there, smiling bravely into her father's face. Mr. Craig would have given something for that vision, I guess. We drew a long breath of relief and gladness, and spoke no more of the trouble that night.

The very next day Joshua Lamb, Mr. Corbett's clerk, came in to buy a cheese-cake or two after his dinner, and as I had my own purpose to serve (no doubt he, being a lawyer's clerk, had his also), I invited him to step into my kitchen, and made myself agreeable to him. A man, even if he is a lawyer's clerk, is sometimes outwitted by a woman, and by-and-by my gentleman began talking in a very low and confidential tone, leaning over the small round table between us, till I almost drew back from him, only I was too wary for that.

The day the church meeting was to be held Katie came home for the Michaelmas holidays. We had told her nothing, and I suppose little notice had been taken of her confidential letter to Rebecca, for when we were alone together (she and I) she pouted, and blushed up to the roots of her hair, and then hid her face upon my shoulder.

"*You* will care about it," she murmured, "though Rebecca doesn't, because she intends to be an old maid herself. Oh, he is such a darling! And you're not to suppose you are going to step over my head, if you do go and marry Joshua Lamb, and have that lovely carpet of fern-leaves. I'll be higher than you yet. If you marry the clerk I'll marry the master!"

"My dear," I cried, thinking of that awful scoundrel, Mr. Corbett, "don't make a jest of such a dreadful thing."

"But I will make a jest of it," she said, "and it isn't dreadful to be married, you best of old maids. We'll work Joshua just as hard whether you marry him or not, and Harry shall have fine times with doing nothing but mind me. Why, Mary, aren't you glad for me to settle down at home among you all?"

"But who is Harry?" I asked.

"The nephew of Mr. Corbett, the great rich lawyer here," she answered. "He is to become his partner now he has finished his law studies, and we are to be quite grand, you know. Why, Harry's father died a little time ago, and left him I don't know how much money."

I felt sick at heart to hear Katie rattle on about Harry Thompson and his uncle; but I could not gather up strength to tell her about the trouble at home, just then in the first glee of coming back to us. So in the evening we only told her there was going to be a church meeting, and as I had been a member of the church for some years, to be an example to my children I went down to walk with Mr. Ambery and Rebecca to the church. Rebecca and I took our seats quite back, and my poor child covered her face with a thick veil. But Mr. Ambery went and took his customary place among the deacons, with the young minister presiding over them, just underneath the pulpit, from which he had taught and comforted the church for upward

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of thirty years. The very sight of his white head, tremulous and bowed down with age, and not with dishonor, ought to have stricken them into shame, and I did see several, who were getting on in life themselves, hide their faces for a minute or two in their hands, as if they were saying a second prayer on his behalf alone.

There was a long stifling hush after all the usual work was over, so dreadful that all our hearts throbbed and fluttered painfully, while we gazed with fixed eyes upon our young minister. You could see him shiver; you could catch the light falling upon big tears which forced their way through the fingers of his hand covering his eyes; you could almost hear the muttered words that rose to his lips, and were choked back again to his heart by his sobs. Every one of us except Rebecca gazed upon him awe-stricken, and a sigh, that sounded like a sorrowful wailing, rolled round the church as he stretched out his trembling hand toward the old pastor.

"Brethren," he cried, "I can not! I can not! You ask me to sit in judgment upon a father. God knows I have looked upon Mr. Ambery as a most revered father. Choose one from among yourselves to take this place."

He left it as he spoke, and, stepping down into the aisle, took a seat in the minister's pew. There was a stirring and rustling of the motionless figure beside me, and I saw Rebecca glance once at the minister's averted face. The deacons looked at one another in confusion and bewilderment, not knowing how to choose, and there ran a whispering from pew to pew; but before any person had found courage to speak Mr. Ambery rose from his seat, and, with tottering steps, moved to the minister's chair, and, standing for a moment to look round with a faint glimmer of a smile, sank down into it, leaning his silvery head against the purple cloth with which it was covered. He had always taken the vacant chair whenever our minister was absent; but could he sit in judgment upon himself? I kept my eyes fixed upon him, but his face was as tranquil and bright as was Stephen's in his hour of false accusation; and while yet the church hesitated, he lifted up his voice, clear though feeble, and said, "Brethren, proceed with the matter in hand. Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters?" One of the deacons—I mention no names—stated that thirty years ago, when the sum in question must have passed into Mr. Ambery's hands, it was found that he had invested the same amount in a mortgage upon a church, which he proved by a letter from one of the trustees of that church.

Mr. Ambery listened attentively, but with a strange sad air of perplexity upon his face; and when the speaker came to a pause he answered nothing, but glanced round uneasily as if for some one else to speak. After a dreadful pause, he rose and drew himself up to his full height, stretching out his arms toward them with a look of tender entreaty, while his voice, thin and quavering, fell upon our hearkening ears.

"My people," he said, "it is I who have baptized you; these hands have broken the bread of communion among you; night and day have I borne the burden of your souls before the throne."

He paused there tremulously, and a profound stillness and shame fell upon the church.

"You ask me how I saved that money," he cried. "I tell you I denied myself every thing that is desirable and pleasant to a man. I gave hunger, and famine, and loneliness, and labor for it. Catherine herself trod upon the verge of starvation to snatch it from the poverty which threatened us. I tell you men like you know not what self-denial is. We paid our full price of suffering for every portion of it. Behold now, here I am, old and gray-headed, before you: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed; whom have I defrauded? or whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it to you."

He stood before us with his hand upraised, and his eyes flashing back our earnest gaze; but before one could move the fire faded away from his face, and with a low bitter cry, which tingled in our ears, he sank down upon the floor, as one suddenly stricken by the hand of God.

Yes, stricken, but with a very gentle stroke: paralyzed down one side, yet with his mind and his speech spared to him, or rather restored after a few days' lethargy. There was nothing marvelous about it after the great excitement and emotion of the troublous days; but there were some who, when the first shock was over, were not afraid to say there was a judgment in it. There was no other church meeting held, though nothing had been decided at the first; and still every one was reckoning and calculating whether the money could have been honestly gathered, or was, as Mr. Corbett's friends asserted, this very sum for which Mr. Ambery was trustee. And there was a great division of opinion in the church about it.

Of course we were compelled to tell Katie all; and never did a more woeful change pass over any young creature. She had come home to us a rosy, merry, sunny girl, such as it delighted my eyes to see, after bearing the burden of Rebecca's carefulness and anxiety; but in that single day Katie grew blenched and sorrow-worn, as if the iron entered into her soul. No delay or dallying she allowed herself, but wrote at once to Harry Thompson, bidding him to find out the treachery practiced upon her father, or to see her face no more; and then she closed her lips in utter silence about him, and going about the house the two or three days she was with us with downcast head and sunless face, it almost broke my heart to watch her.

There was nothing that I could not do for the children. It is no light thing for a woman of forty to think of marriage; but I sat down and mused upon Joshua Lamb's house, and carpet, and furniture, until I reached out the writing-desk my children had given me, and wrote a note on a sheet of gilt-edged paper, inviting Joshua to come to supper that evening. I never saw a man relish any thing more than he did the meal which I set before him, well cooked by myself, for he had miserable sort of cookery at home, in spite of his drawing-room; and when he was satisfied he leaned back in the arm-chair and regarded me with a very earnest and grave countenance.

"Mary," said he, with a deep sigh, "how long are you going to make me uncomfortable?"

"Why, Mr. Lamb," I answered, innocently, "I'm sure I'm making you as comfortable as I can."

"Nay, Mary," he said, "you understand me well enough. Will you become my wife?"

He had never spoken so plain before; and though that was just what I was wanting to bring him to, there went a dither all through me as he spoke the words.

"Joshua," I said, after a while, "I'll make a bargain with you, and a promise. If you'll find out this roguery of Mr. Corbett's I'll be married to you as soon as ever you choose to ask me afterward."

Till the very last day I expected that the deed might be found, or Mr. Corbett's heart be changed; but nothing happened. Rebecca wrote to Mr. Corbett, requesting him to come and receive the money in her father's presence; Mr. Craig and the long-headed deacon were asked to be present likewise; and Rebecca insisted upon me staying with her in the old minister's sick room.

Mr. Corbett entered the chamber with the air of an apostle, ready to give every one of us his blessing. The long-headed deacon shook hands with him heartily; and I suppose Mr. Craig felt it to be his duty to submit to take his offered hand. But when he turned to old Mr. Ambery, who lay propped up on pillows, his thin, trembling fingers grasping a roll of bank-notes which fluttered in his hold, the tears ran down his white and furrowed cheeks. Rebecca stepped forward and placed herself between him and the smiling villain.

"Be quick," she said, with a flash of the lightning in her eyes; "finish your iniquitous work and go your way. But take you this word from me, The Lord God of recompenses, He will requite."

He shrank back, and muttered some words we could not catch; and Rebecca, taking the bank-notes from her father's feeble hand, counted them out one by one before him, the look of scorn gathering more and more upon her face, like the thick thunder-cloud. When that was ended, and the deed of release given in due form, she crossed the room without another word, and, throwing wide the door, beckoned to them to depart at once, and in silence. Even Mr. Craig withdrew, after casting one beseeching look at the white-faced, haughty woman, who closed the door with a snap, as if it would never be opened to any one of them again. I also went home, and wrote a letter upon black-edged paper to Joshua Lamb, bidding him never to think of such a thing as crossing my door-step any more.

Mr. Craig continued constant in his visits, and at times won a little softening regard from Rebecca, which kept him on the verge of hope, just balanced between that and despair. But we found out long afterward that Katie could not help relenting toward Harry Thompson; and they were carrying on a correspondence of heart-breaking letters about their circumstances, which comforted and cheered them very much. As for Joshua, he would as soon have dared to venture into a lion's den as to enter into my shop either for sugar-candy or cheese-cakes.

Many a person would say it was my fancy; but ever after that day, when he took the minister's money, Mr. Corbett shrank, and paled, and dwindled away before my eyes, until whenever he went down the street, with the woeful shadow behind him smiting upon its breast, each time I saw the life slowly dying out of him, like the light goes out of the sky on a summer's evening. I noticed him muffling up more and more, and walking with feebler tread; and then there came a faint, hollow cough, which sometimes made him press his hand against his side.

It was getting on for twelve months after Rebecca and her father had paid away their treasured savings, when one day, in the dusk of the evening, Joshua Lamb tapped meekly upon my counter; but, before I could open my lips to order him off my premises, he began to speak glibly but humbly enough, not giving me room to put in one word, until he had told me that Mr. Corbett was getting worse and worse, and wanted to see Rebecca.

I may as well be straightforward, if Joshua Lamb and Mr. Corbett were not. After some hanging back, she consented; but would not go without me. We were shown into Corbett's lonely parlor, where he sat amidst the gloom of crimson curtains, which cast a kind of rosy glow upon his white face. They could not conceal the wasted cheeks and sunken eyes, nor the glance of mingled despair, and shame, and agony with which he met Rebecca's steadfast gaze.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, smiling; for he was that cunning yet that he could read one's very thoughts; "thank you, but never mind. Sit down, you and Miss Ambery; you would rather not shake hands with me. I am troubled about the old minister; he is an aged man, and he thinks he has something against me. Miss Ambery, I should die easier, and I know I am dying, if you would receive that money back again from me as a gift."

Rebecca did not answer for a minute or two; while Mr. Corbett drew out a large pocket-book, and took from it a number of notes, counting them aloud one by one. I knew how poor we were, and I felt dazed and giddy for very joy.

"No," said Rebecca, "I will not take them; they are the price of my father's good name. I will accept no gift from you, Mr. Corbett."

A spasm shot across his face, and he laid his worn hand upon his heaving chest, as if to strengthen him to speak again.

"Rebecca," he said, "I have known you since you were a little child, and I can not bear for you, and Katie, and Nellie to come to want. I would rather give you the money than leave it in my will. Take more money. Take five thousand dollars apiece if you will have it. Take it. and I will consent for Harry to marry Katie." Rebecca stood up in her place calm and resolute, though her eyes were fastened upon the rustling bank-notes in Mr. Corbett's hand; while he watched her face eagerly, as if his soul's salvation rested upon her answer. She smiled at length, half in scorn, and half in triumph.

"It is a great bribe," she said, "and I loved money once, but it has no power over me now. Give me back my father's good name, and I will listen to you; but till then you may go on to offer me your worthless money and I will say no to the last."

"Rebecca," he cried, looking affrighted at her, "give me your solemn promise that you will not betray me, and I will tell you."

"I will hear nothing that I can not make known," she answered. "What you have to tell you shall write down, that it may be made known to the world after your death. So far I consent. Only let my father's name be righted, and I care very little about the money. May God have pity upon you, Mr. Corbett!"

He was too feeble to answer her any thing; and I ran and made the pillows soft and easy under his head before we turned to go away. Even Rebecca stepped up to his side and took his languid hand for a moment in her own.

"Stay," he cried, gasping for breath, and he closed his fingers over hers, though he had not the strength of a baby, "you shall write it for me; only keep my secret till I am gone."

So Rebecca sat down at the table beside him, neither trembling nor faltering, and waited with her steadfast piercing eyes resting upon him, until he recovered himself; and receiving our solemn promises to keep his secret, he bade her what she should write upon the paper. It was to this effect: When Mr. Ambery resigned his office of pastor to the church, the trust-deeds, with other law papers belonging to the church, had been given over to Mr. Corbett's care, and that among them he discovered the lost deed of release, which the minister had kept with them, though belonging to his own private affairs. Furthermore, that when Mr. Thompson died, who was the last person then living that could bear testimony for Mr. Ambery, he had been tempted of Satan to claim the moneys from him. The wretched man spoke clearly, and Rebecca wrote it down with a firm hand. Whereupon he rang and ordered Joshua Lamb to his presence, and without reading the paper to him he signed it, and bade him put his name to it as a witness. After which, with the precious paper in our own possession, we returned home rejoicing.

Mr. Corbett died at last without much feeling, either of body or mind, as most people do, whether they be saints or sinners: and the following Monday, being the ordinary monthly church meeting, Rebecca sent that paper to Mr. Craig for him to read before the assembly of the church.

She and I had never been to a church meeting since the charge was brought against Mr. Ambery; nor did we go to that. We were sitting together in Mr. Ambery's chamber, Rebecca near the window, looking up to the evening sky so peacefully that there was no line of grief or care upon her face, when through the quiet house there rang a loud and earnest peal, which caused us all to start with affright, and I ran down stairs hastily to open the front door. There in the street stood the assembled church, with Mr. Craig at their head, and all the deacons pressing close after him, eager to follow him in. Mr. Craig put me gently on one side, and marched straight on with his company up into the minister's long deserted and desolate chamber. There was little need of speech. The weeping church, tongue-tied with shame and sorrow, yet smiling amidst its tears, crowded round the old pastor's bed, begging pardon in sobs and choking words, until the long-headed deacon called upon Mr. Craig to be their spokesman. He went forward before them all, and standing for a minute or two speechless beside Mr. Ambery, while every body was looking to him to confess their sorrow, he could do nothing else but stoop down and press his lips reverently and tenderly upon the old man's wrinkled forehead.

I saw that when he lifted up his head his eyes met Rebecca's, and a glow and a flush, strange to both those grave faces, flashed across them for a moment. He lingered till all the church had departed, even to the deacons, and the last sound of footsteps had died out of the house. But as Rebecca, shrinking and nervous, was creeping away stealthily from his presence, he placed himself in her way, and took both her hands in his.

"Rebecca," he said, speaking before her father and me, "do you love me?"

"Yes," she answered, hanging down her head.

"I am a poor man," he said, "and we may have to wait long."

"We will wait," she whispered, as Catherine, her mother, might have done many years to this aged, bedridden man, who then stood before her as her lover. Mr. Craig laid his lips upon hers with as much reverence and tenderness, but with more passion, maybe, as when he had kissed her father beforehand; but I, knowing the mother's sorrowful, shortened life of toil and care, turned aside heart-sore for the two young creatures before me.

But their lot in life was to be easier than Mr. Ambery's and Catherine's. When Mr. Corbett's will was opened, though it made no mention of the paper which owned to one of his crimes of dishonesty and oppression, it contained a codicil which left five thousand dollars apiece to the minister's three daughters, and it revoked the condition that Harry Thompson should inherit his wealth only if he gave up his marriage with Katie.

Before many months were past Rebecca became the young minister's wife; and Katie only waited for a year or two more of discretion. Joshua Lamb professes to charge me with breaking my word, but my bargain with him was plainly enough that he himself should find out the trickery about the deed of release. At times I feel a little heart-sinking, lest he should bring an action against me for breach of promise of marriage; but he has nothing to show save those two little notes I wrote to him; and I feel there would be very little hope of happiness in marriage if I had to be upon my guard all my life long.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"No man was better inoculated to prejudge pork than my husband was," says Mrs. Partington; "he knew what good hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."

At the Durham assizes a deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "What will you take?" asked the gentleman in the bob-tailed wig of the old lady. The old lady shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury, in confidence, that she was "very hard o' hearin'." "His lordship wants to know what you will take?" asked the learned counsel again, this time bawling as loud as he could in the old lady's ear. "I thank his lordship kindly," said the ancient dame, "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale."

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—Acclimatization is all very well in its way; but it is no joke, on rising to the surface, after taking a header, to find a lively hippopotamus as your companion in the bath.

"How thankful we ought to be for the many good things which are provided for us to enjoy!" said a gentleman at a city dinner the other day. "The beasts of the earth, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea," he continued, "were all created for the use of man." "Very true," replied his friend: "but if you had witnessed the hair-breadth escape which I experienced of being devoured alive by a shark, when in the West Indies, you would have been satisfied that the horrible monster entertained just the opposite opinion. He believed that man was created for him."

It is mentioned in the "Diary of a Lady of Quality," that the first thing asked for by a rescued nun, when restored to her friends in England, was a looking-glass. Since she was five years old she had never seen her own face.

An admirer of dogs having had a new litter of a fine breed, a friend wished him to put him down for a puppy! "I set you down for one a great while ago," was the answer.

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, Sir," said John. "Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents him from getting up again."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—The Poet Laureate is about to bring out a new volume of verse, entitled, the "Idyls of the Hearth." The subject is, of course, a grate one, and likely to make a stir.

A PIL-GRIM.—A bolus made up of equal parts of prussic acid and strychnine.

"Some people," said a red-nosed individual, haranguing three or four by-standers, "waste their money in charity, others squander theirs in supporting wives and families, but as for me, I save mine to buy spirits."

Nobody giving attention to Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes crowded to hear him. "Ye gods!" he said, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" Poor human nature!

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company where every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half brothers, each measuring six feet."

A man brought before a justice of the peace charged with some petty offense pleaded in extenuation a natural infirmity. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, Judge," said he, "if I hadn't been a *fool;* it's a dreadful drawback to a man."

Lines written on the marriage of a Mr. Husband:

"This case is the strangest we've known in our life,
The husband's a Husband, and so is the wife."

The sweetest of all pleasures, and one that will never decay, is to cherish the heart that loves you.

There is said to be a man in the moon. In the honeymoon there are both a man and a woman.

A Hibernian senator, speaking of suicide, said, "The only way to stop it is to make it a capital offense punishable by death."

A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed quarreling. "And yet," said he, "with all our differences, we never fall out."

MEDICAL QUERY.—When a person declares that his "brain is on fire" is it etiquette to blow it out?

A man advertises that he has "always a large supply of leeches *on his hands.*"

LIQUID REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.—Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and then take it internally to clench the roots.

ON A BALD HEAD.

My hair and I are quits, d'ye see;
I first cut *him*, he now cuts *me*.

A knavish attorney asking a very worthy gentleman what was honesty, "What is that to you?" said he; "meddle with those things that concern you."

How wisely Nature, ordering all below,
Forbade a beard on woman's *chin* to grow;
For how could she be shaved (whate'er the skill)
Whose *tongue* would never let her *chin* be still?

Never confide in a young man—new pails leak. Never tell your secret to the aged—old doors seldom shut closely.

A philosopher being asked of whom he had acquired so much knowledge, replied, "Of the blind, who do not lift their feet until they have first sounded with their stick the ground on which they are going to tread."

One communion Sabbath the precentor observed the noble family of —— approaching the tables, and likely to be kept out by those pressing in before them. Being very zealous for their accommodation, he called out to an individual whom he considered the principal obstacle in clearing the passage, "Come back, Jock, and let in the noble family of ——," and then turning to his psalm-book, took up his duty, and went on to read the line, "Nor stand in sinners' way."

"Come down this instant," said the boatswain to a mischievous son of Erin, who had been idling in the round-top. "Come down, I say, and I'll give you a good dozen, you rascal!" "Troth, Sur, and I wouldn't come down if you'd give me *two dozen!*"

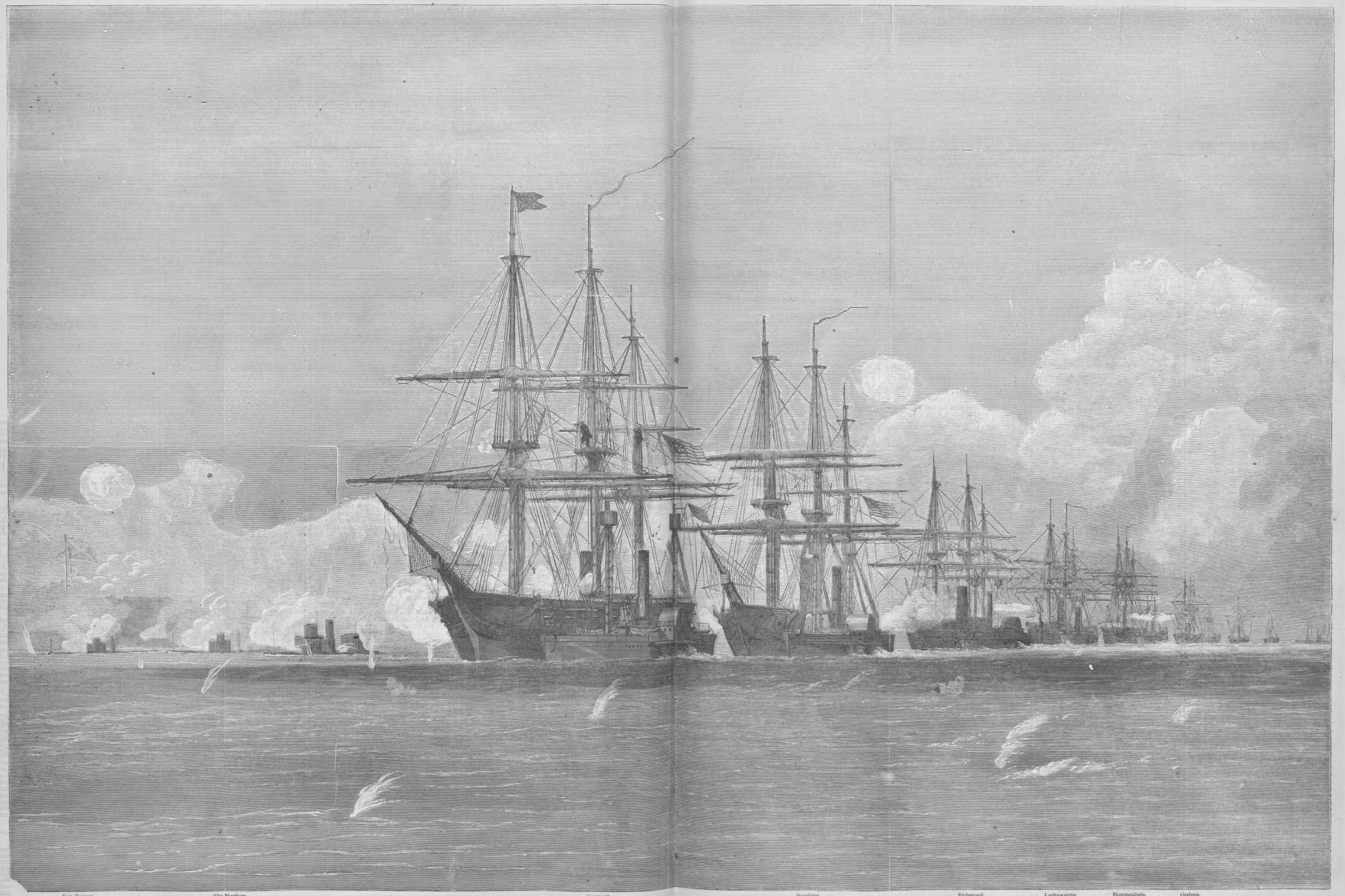
EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Reader, beware immoderate love of pelf,
Here lies the worst of thieves—who robbed himself.

Some school-boys meeting a poor woman driving asses, one of them said to her, "Good-morning, mother of asses." "Good-morning, my child," was the reply.

"I rise for information," said a member of the legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a by-stander, "for you must rise a little more."

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FARRAGUT'S FLEET PASSING THE FORTS AND OBSTRUCTIONS AT THE ENTRANCE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.

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RICH AND POOR.

WITH choicest meats the cloth is spread
And clustered fruits from off the vine,
And in the goblets, gold and red,
Sparkles the warm, delicious wine.
The rich man lifts it to his lips,
And murmurs while he slowly sips:

"Ah, wealth, what bounteous gifts are thine!
Where does the poor man find his bliss?
For him there glows no generous wine
With fruity flavor like to this.
Wealth builds us round a wall secure
Which shuts us from the vulgar poor."

Oh, rich man, once upon the earth,
In years gone by, a stranger trod;
The prophets who foretold his birth
Proclaimed him as the Son of God,
And he, whose every deed was pure,
Chose his own friends among the poor.

In yonder naked garret's gloom,
Her aching sight made dim with tears,
With little left which once was bloom,
And seeming twice her actual years,
A woman toils from day to day
To drive the wolf and sin away.

And here a mother, mute with grief,
Bends low above her prostrate boy;
The nights are long, the days grow brief,
To her the morning brings no joy,
But finds her watching by the bed
Where lies her darling cold and dead.

Somewhere beyond our mortal sight
There is a city fair to see,
Where comes not sorrow, want, or night,
And time is an eternity.
And there no frowning wall secure
Shall separate the rich and poor.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PILGRIMS AT RANELAGH.

I DON'T know whether they allow strangers to dine at the P. in these days. I am rather inclined to think they do not. Ultra exclusiveness tends in the long-run to inhospitality, and Spaniards, through whose miserably shriveled veins creeps the sangre azul, are sometimes reluctant to share their puchero with the best-recommended stranger, fearful lest he should have less than ninety-seven quarterings on his scutcheon.

At all events they dined outsiders at the P. twenty years since, and a very agreeable time the outsiders had of it. This may account for a certain round table in the Pilgrims' coffee-room being occupied on a certain evening in the winter of the sultan's sojourn in London, by four guests, only two of whom were free and accepted Pilgrims.

Members first, if you please. There was our old friend Lord Carlton, much older, but not much the worse for wear. He had settled down and grown fat. Need any thing more be said? Well, a little, perhaps. He was married, and her ladyship modeled wax flowers beautifully, and illuminated scrolls with "Thou shalt not steal," and "The tongue is an unruly member," in gold and colors, for ragged schools, in most superb style. She was rather too serious to be the wife of a reformed rake, and was given to lamenting her destiny, and exclaiming against the ingratitude of the world, when the juvenile pickpockets whom she had converted morally to a state of grace, and physically to be foot-pages, turned out failures, and absconded with the spoons; or when the awakened returned transport, whom she had promoted to be butler, was detected handing a blue bag containing Lord Carlton's court sword (broken short off at the hilt), a church service bound in purple velvet and gold, a silver vinaigrette, and fourteen yards of Valenciennes lace, over the area railings to Mrs. Fence, of Middlesex Street, late Petticoat Lane, by condition a widow, and by predilection pursuing the vocation of receiver of stolen goods. Lord Carlton, however, went his way, and her ladyship went hers.

His lordship bought pictures that were *not* by Titian, and, in his place in the House, was a very thorn in the side of the Royal Academicians and the Trustees of the National Gallery. He had brought in a bill to abolish whistling in the streets, and to compel costermongers to say "asparagus" instead of "grass," when they cried that delicious esculent for sale. This measure had a succès d'estime, for it absolutely got read a second time, by accident, on a very hot Goodwood Cup-day; and it was only in committee, and by the advice of a right reverend prelate, who, as the rumor ran, was a distinguished amateur of sibilation, and the only bishop who could dress asparagus with oil and tarragon vinegar after the recipe of Marie Antoinette's Cardinal de Rohan, that his lordship withdrew the bill, which had fluttered the Volscians, and dreadfully alarmed the London butcher-boys and itinerant vegetarians. A good man was my Lord Carlton, after a tempestuous youth. He owed a good deal of money, but he also gave away a good deal; and if Peter was damnified by his laches, Paul profited by his liberality. He went to sleep with commendable regularity at church, at the Opera, in the House—save when the whistling and green-stuff business was afoot—at the club, in the green-rooms of the patent theatres, in the committee-room of the Royal Hospital for Plica Polonica (that beneficent institution which we owe to the ever-to-be-lamented Dr. Quackenboss, and at whose anniversary festivals a royal duke generally takes the chair), and at the board meetings of the Elephant Life Assurance Association. Universally respected and beloved, a D.C.L., and lord-lieutenant in prospective of his county, Lord Carlton had probably little to wish for here below, save a little less gout, and a little more money to pay off his mortgages with. He had a literary turn, and had written a stinging article in a review, showing up would-be connoisseurs, who gave enormous sums for spurious Titians; and he was, just now, occupied in editing the family papers of the Carltons. As the first lord got his coronet through selling votes to Sir Robert Walpole, and the second earned a step in the peerage by selling votes to Mr. Pitt, and the third had cracked innumerable bottles with George the Fourth, much, very much was expected from the Carlton Papers.

And who was the second Pilgrim? Sir William Long. He was thinner, and paler, and looked taller, and men said his health was failing him. His hair was slightly grizzled, he ate little and drank less; he had a cough; and he smoked even more persistently than of yore. He was unmarried. He had traveled considerably since we saw him last, and fully earned his status as a Pilgrim. He had been East, and brought home narghilés, papouches, and attar of roses; he had been West, and returned with buffalo robes and moccasins, the antlers of elks, and the tails of beavers. His hunting-lodge was hung with the scalps of the Hours he had killed; but he felt a little bored, even among the desiccated skull-caps of his slain enemies. They were dead; but what was he to do with the hours which were to come? He had become wealthier; but he spent little, so far as was known; drove now no four-in-hand; indulged in no elegant wickedness. The gossips whispered that the priests had got hold of him; that by his munificence had been endowed the new bishopric of Adrianopolis in partibus infidelium; that he had built the oratory of St. Gengulphus up in Northumberland; and that he would probably make an end of it as Brother Something or other, with pease in his shoes and spikes in his girdle. But you and I know what the whispers of the gossips are worth.

And the pair of guests? The Sultan Greyfaunt is before you. He was in his proper element; he was happy. The pearl of a washerwoman and the jewel of a body-servant had done all that was possible for him. The sultan had a contented mind, and had fully made that mind up on the important subject of himself.

The partie carrée at the round table was completed by Tom Tuttleshell. I wish to state that Tom has been dead (worthy soul!) these five years, and that his mantle has not descended upon any body. There are a great many people going about the world who would like to be Tom Tuttleshell, *but they can't manage it.* Only one Tuttleshell can flourish in a generation, and the time of the next Tuttleshell has not come yet.

He was a florid little man, with such bright red hair and whiskers, such sparkling blue eyes, such gleaming white teeth, such a dazzling shirt-collar, such mirror-like boots, and altogether in such a violent and inflammatory state of freshness, that he looked as though he had been boiled, starched, and mangled in a hurry. His hands were so ostentatiously clean, that you might have fancied (but that he was the most harmless fellow breathing) that he had been murdering somebody, and scrubbing his knuckles with a flesh-brush to get the blood off. In evening-dress he was superb, and wore the largest, cleanest, and stiffest white neckcloth to be seen out of a Wesleyan conference. In morning-dress his trowsers were of so very large and pronounced a check as to give his legs the appearance of ambulatory draught-boards; and he wore, winter and summer, a white waistcoat, a black watch-ribbon, and a white hat with a crape round it. I think that costume was the making of Tom. In it he was fit for any society. In that white waistcoat he had assisted at a ladies' committee (anti-slavery) in the gorgeous saloons of Sennacherib House. Often you might see the white hat, and snowy vest, and the rubicund perspiring face between them, on platforms at public meetings, down the yard at Tattersall's, and in the lobbies of the Parliament House. They always let Tom into the Speaker's gallery of the Commons. I don't know why; but I conjecture in consequence of the hat and waistcoat. They looked so much as though they and their wearer had a right to go every where.

You met Tom Tuttleshell in all kinds of London penetralia, to the most exclusive. At the guard-mounting at St. James's you would find Tom in the centre of the hollow-square, where the colors were, chatting to the dandy Guardsmen. At a review in Plumstead marshes who was that individual in a white hat and waistcoat? Who was that bold civilian riding full split with the chief of the staff? That, by your leave, and by the chief's leave too, who knows him, was Tom Tuttleshell. Tom was never in the commission of the peace—his commissions were of a very different nature—but you might behold him sitting on the bench, cheek by jowl with the Middlesex magistrates on licensing day. He was sure to turn up on the speech-days of the public schools, and at the collations afterward. The swan-hopping excursions of the corporation of London; the term-feasts of the Honorable Society of Reynard's Inn (where you dined in a rusty black gown, drank hippocras, and were expected to drink, in Norman-French, to the health of the late Chief Justice Gascoigne); and especially the annual banquets of the Worshipful Company of Chain-mail Makers (nearly the last of the City companies who put five-pound notes under the plates of their guests, and cause their beadles to fill the hats of the company with macaroons and pine-apple jelly when they go away: such is the munificence of the Chain-mail Makers, whose Hall has not been rebuilt since the great fire, and whose paraphernalia is in the custody of the head waiter of the Star and Garter);—none of these festive gatherings would have been complete without the presence of Tom Tuttleshell. He sung so good a song, and told so good a story, that aldermen and baronets had been heard to regret, almost with tears in their eyes, that That Man was not something in the City, whereby he would infallibly have made his fortune. I believe that Tom *was* free of the Chain Makers, whose stock paid twenty-seven per cent., and that he lived upon his dividends. Others accounted for his means of livelihood by whispering the mysterious word "commission." It was certain that, although Tom was always ready to borrow forty thousand pounds—at seven and a half per cent., not a penny more—for the Earl of Liveloose, he never borrowed any money himself. You could not call him a sponge; for though he was continually being asked to dinner, he never asked to be asked. You had no right to brand him as a tuft-hunter, for he toadied nobody, and made himself sought by, without seeking the company of, the great. The malevolent only could hint, with a sneer, that Tom's mother must be a washer-woman and his father a cab proprietor, so very white and profuse was his linen, and so very frequently was he to be seen scurrying from the West End to the City in a Hansom. Being a very little man, he naturally carried, at all places of public entertainment, a very big opera-glass; and it was highly edifying to watch him at the opera or the theatre, on the first night of a new dancer or a new play, apparently engaged in sighting a brace of Armstrong guns linked together. You could scarcely sweep the vista of the hill at Epsom or the grand stand at Ascot without your eye lighting on Tom and the big opera-glass, sitting in the high-places, or planted, Colossus of Rhodes like, on the top of a four-in-hand. He went behind the scenes of all the theatres; and many a manager owed his temporary rescue from ruin to Tom Tuttleshell's friendly offices in the way of letting stalls and private boxes. He was free of a great many newspaper offices, and of a great many newspapers too, to judge from the neatly-folded and banded copies which were handed to him by bowing publishers when he took his weekly trot down the Strand every Saturday afternoon. He went frequently to Paris, and consorted with the best people there, both English and French. He was a confidential creature. When Sir John Brute, who adored his wife, and was in the habit of beating her black and blue, had been unusually obstreperous, her ladyship always called in Tom Tuttleshell, and he seldom failed to induce penitence in the heart of the offending husband. He had saved Mrs. Lightfoot from committing suicide, after the discovery by her jealous spouse of Captain Tenstun's miniature in her writing-case; and when Mrs. Majolica Potts threw the tea-things at her husband's head, and he retorted by casting china images at her, and the children, terrified by the quarrels of their parents, cast themselves in wild confusion down the nursery stairs, Tom was always called in to restore peace to that distracted household. Thus, welcome every where, and doing harm to no man, was Tom Tuttleshell. He was not literary; but had once written a song in aid of the funds of a fancy fair, and dedicated by permission to Mrs. Hiram Hyem Higgs (great banking family). He was not artistic; yet was supposed to have a keen eye for the old masters, had once been examined as a witness before a Fine Art committee, and was absolutely alluded to in a Fine Art debate, when the report was brought up in the Commons, as "a gentleman of well-known taste." He was no great politician; but he was sure, at election-time, to be on the Conservative candidate's committee. He was neither financial nor commercial, though he was always very anxious about the price of consols, shook his head when Venezuelan bonds were mentioned, and had been seen in Upper Thames Street attentively regarding a sample of Patna rice in the outstretched palm of an eminent wholesale grocer. "I ask you, Tom, as a fellow who knows what's what, if that's *rice?*" the grocer was heard to say. He was undeniably respectable; but nobody knew precisely where he lived. He was supposed to have a bedroom at a hotel in Jermyn Street, and chambers in Reynard's Inn, and an office in Gideon Court, Sampson Lane, Cornhill. Yet, granting this slight amount of mystery, not a breath of suspicion rested on the fair fame of Tom Tuttleshell, for he had been seen lunching on turtle at Birch's with a governor of the Bank of England, and was currently reported to have an audience with the prime minister every morning, when the pilot who guided the ship of state was engaged in the pleasant occupation of shaving. These things become known, and do a man good.

The Pilgrims' dinner had reached that agreeable stage when men begin to trifle with the cates before them; to be critical about the wine-biscuits they nibble; to inspect contemplatively the checkers in their Madras napkins; to be deeply interested in the hinges of their nut-crackers, to peer curiously into the shells of their filberts, and when they find a withered one to utter a fat sigh, half in the complacency of processive digestion, and half as though they were reflecting, "Such is life;" then to whisk imaginary crumbs from off their knees; then to pull their wristbands and adjust their collars; then to find more flavor in the Chambertin—"A very delicate, yet sound wine, Tuttleshell:" "I wish I had a quarter-cask of it, my lord"—than ever the wine-merchant put into it; then to admit that, after all, the old Saxon families surpass the so-called Norman race in purity of blood and antiquity of lineage. "I would rather be Cedric the Saxon than Philippe de Malvoisin," says Lord Carlton, finding two beeswings in his port instead of none: to which Tom Tuttleshell, whose grandfather was the Lord knows whom, cheerfully assents; and finally to yawn, and to think that a mild cigar and a glass of Seltzer with something in it would be about the summum bonum of human felicity. Don't let me hear you say that there are few hours of unmixed happiness in life, or repeat that trash, that man never is but always to be blest. Man is blest when he is asked to dine at the Pilgrims'. The chef would impale himself on his own spit if he heard that any one had been compelled to take carbonate of soda after one of his dinners; the cellar is so good that there is not a headache in the whole of it; and black care never sits behind the horseman who puts his legs in the mahogany stirrups of that friendly club. No British wife is ever angry with her husband for being bidden to dine at the Pilgrims'; precisely as no British husband (save a monster) would deny his wife a check if she were about to be presented at court, and lacked jewelry or lace.

"But the question is," said Lord Carlton, as they rose from table in beaming mood; "the question is, where shall we go?"

"Strangers can't play cards," remarked Sir William Long.

"Hate cards," added Lord Carlton.

"They are stupid things at best," observed the sultan, loftily. "Give me hazard."

The baronet looked at him. "You must have oceans of money, Mr. Greyfaunt," he observed.

"Not much, but enough," Edgar replied, with something akin to a blush.

"I am glad to hear it. People call me rich; yet I daren't play at hazard."

"You played too much when you were young, Long," his lordship, who was conscious that Edgar was not very well pleased with the remark, interposed. "Greyfaunt will soon have enough of hazard. It's like rowing. When a fellow begins to know something about it it's time for him to leave it off. But still, all this by no means helps us to settle the question, 'Where shall we go?'"

"I shall go home," Sir William Long said, wearily.

"You've no home to go to, most misanthropic bachelor, except those dreary chambers in the Albany, where you bury yourself to smoke cigars twenty times too strong for you, and read Crebillon the Younger, or Butler's Lives of the Saints. Why on earth don't you fall in love and marry?"

"I never was in love but once," the baronet made answer, gravely, "and that was with a little girl scarcely nine years old. I don't think I could marry her, for I am gray and broken now, and she must be a young woman by this time."

"Was the attachment reciprocal?"

"I think so. I never saw her but once in my life; but I gave her some sugar-plums, and she let me kiss her at parting."

"What was her Christian name—sans indiscrétion?"

"Lily."

Edgar Greyfaunt pricked up his ears. "Why, I know a little girl called Lily," he cried, "and not so long ago either."

"Not such a very uncommon name," yawned Lord Carlton.

"My aunt adopted a poor relation," put in Thomas Tuttleshell, "whose name was Hannah; but she was a sentimental woman was my aunt, and changed the girl's name to Lily."

"A most interesting piece of family history," sneered his highness, who misliked, he scarcely knew why, the universally popular Thomas. "Have you many poor relations, Mr. Tuttleshell?"

"Plenty," answered Tom, cheerfully. "The very poorest of my poor relations has had the honor of making a fourth at a very pleasant dinner-party at the Pilgrims' Club, Park Lane, this very evening." Hereby Tom managed to kill two birds with one stone; to give Greyfaunt a Rowland for his Oliver, and to pay Lord Carlton, who was the Amphitryon, a neat little compliment. Yet the good fellow winced somewhat as he replied to the young man. He knew all about Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt. "Why should that brainless puppy insult me?" he thought. "Here's a peer of the realm and a rich baronet. *They* never say any thing rude to me; yet here's a stuck-up young jackanapes, who's burning the candle at both ends, and in six months won't have a penny of his old aunt's money, has never a civil word to throw at Tom Tuttleshell. Well: it don't much matter. *He'll* never get on." Tom never bore malice; and to prophesy that a man would never get on was the severest censure he ever passed on the conduct of an enemy.

"The question," resumed Lord Carlton, anxious to put an end to an embarrassing discussion, "again resolves itself into, 'Where shall we go?'"

They were donning their great-coats in the hall.

"Come home and smoke with me," suggested the baronet.

"We will smoke, and not go home with thee, hermit of the passage between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens:" thus Lord Carlton. "We know how it would end. Three o'clock in the morning, a discussion on the Cosmic Principle in Nature; Greyfaunt losing his temper, and challenging us all to fight duels before breakfast; nervous affections brought on by excessive indulgence in tobacco; and Tom Tuttleshell asleep with his head in the coal-scuttle."

"Come and play lansquenet at my rooms," proposed the sultan. He knew that Tom never

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played, and would go away (which was the very thing he wanted) if the invitation were accepted; and he would have been delighted to entertain a peer and a baronet, even if he lost money to them.

"Long has forsworn lansquenet, and I prefer whist," objected his lordship. "Can no one propose something else?"

"Why, there are plenty of places to go to," said Thomas, who saw that his peculiar office was now in request, but who had prudently bided his time until the invention of his superiors was exhausted. You must not be obtrusive with the lion, even if you be a jackal. Wait until King Noble begins to scratch his mane with a puzzled air, and turns an inquiring eye toward you. Then you may hint to his majesty, but very discreetly, where you think the nicest antelope is to be found.

"Places to while away an hour positively abound," pursued the diplomatic Thomas. "Will you take a cab down to Pentonville, and see the Grecian? A monstrous queer place, I can assure you. I took an English duke and the Hospodar of Moldavia (who insisted on wearing a false nose, thinking there was a masquerade) there one night, and they enjoyed themselves immensely. Don't care about going so far? Will you be my guests at an humble little club in Frith Street, Soho? It is club night. Brattles will be in the chair. You know Brattles, the well-known sculptor of Satan putting on the Serpent's Skin. There will be some capital singing, and you'll meet some of the first wits of the day. I'll introduce you all as Manchester men, if Mr. Greyfaunt chooses to hide his artistic candle under a bushel."

"I should like to go very much indeed," said Sir William Long.

The Sultan Greyfaunt demurred, on the plea that they would probably be bored. The sultan would have dearly liked to strangle Tom Tuttleshell for that ill-timed allusion to his artistic genius.

"Try again, Tom," said Lord Carlton, who was thinking what her serious ladyship would say if she even heard of the expediency of visiting these wild haunts of dissipation being mooted.

"Well, there's Evans's; but it's too early. There's a new farce at the Lyceum—Potatoes and Pool, or the Can and the Cannon Game; but I know the French piece, and the man who has done it into English, and both are stupid. What do you say to a visit to Ranelagh?"

"Ranelagh! why, I haven't been there for ten years!" exclaimed Sir William.

"Ranelagh! Why, it's midwinter and as cold as charity," said Lord Carlton.

"Where *is* Ranelagh?" asked the Sultan Greyfaunt, with engaging simplicity.

"Southwark Bridge Road, half a mile from the Asylum for Club-foot; two-shilling cab fare," rapidly pursued Thomas. "As to its being winter, that will be just the fun of it. M'Variety, the manager, who took the lease when poor Benjamin Raphael went to the bad, and who is a fellow of infinite resources, was the first man to hit on the ingenious notion of opening Ranelagh in winter. The statues in the Archipelagean walk are covered up with straw, it is true, but they're beautifully lighted. The trees are leafless, but there's no end to the additional lamps. There's an artificial skating-pond, and a Galop Infernal on skates, with a full band, at ten o'clock. The lake's boarded over, and the Panorama of Seringapatam has been turned into Moscow at the time of the French invasion. It will be set on fire punctually at eleven; and Bandenessi, the great gymnast, dressed as the Emperor Napoleon, will cross from the Kremlin to the Church of St. Ivan on the tight rope, and in the midst of a shower of fire-works."

"Accomplished Tom, you speak like a book," said Lord Carlton.

"Or a play-bill," good-naturedly suggested Mr. Greyfaunt.

"You're not far wrong there," returned Thomas, with a dry laugh, "for I help M'Variety (who is an old ally of mine) every week to make out his programmes. Come, my lords and gentlemen. Shall it be Ranelagh? The price of admission has been reduced from half a crown to one shilling. There are a concert-room, a dancing-pavilion, an exhibition of wax-works direct from Paris, and the property of the celebrated Florentine anatomical artist Signor Ventimillioni. There are the Wolocrini family—the Bounding Brothers of the Western Prairies; there is a ballet-theatre; and, finally, there is a circus, where Madame Ernestine, the celebrated equestrian, is to make her first appearance this very night on her trained charger Constant, dressé à la haute école, the bills say, although what that may be I have not the slightest notion. We shall be just in time to see her."

"Constant! that's an odd name for a horse. Poor Frank Blunt—Griffin Blunt they used to call him: he came to a sorry end in Paris the other day—used to have a man called Constant. Deuced clever fellow he was too. Dressed hair and made curaçao punch wonderfully. Robbed his master, I dare say. No, I think Blunt must have robbed him. A shocking rip was Frank, poor fellow!"

"There is a man called Constant who keeps Pomeroy's Hotel, where I staid when I came to town," Edgar remarked, in reply to Lord Carlton. The nobleman had sent away his brougham, and the baronet his cab, which were waiting at the club door by this time; and the distinguished quartet, ensconced in an humble four-wheeled cab, were on their way to the famous gardens of Ranelagh. "I wonder whether it's the same Constant? These valets often save money and set up hotels."

"There is a river in Macedon, and there is a river in Monmouth," observed Sir William Long, "and I can't see what your Constant or any body's Constant has to do with the lady's horse at Ranelagh. I wonder who this Madame Ernestine is? These horse-riding women change their names so often. I know there is one of them whom I should like to find."

THE SONG OF THE BLUE-BELLS.

HARK! what do the blue-bells say,
As they ring their fairy chime,
Tinkling 'neath the south wind's sway
In the summer's early prime?

They're nodding in elfish glee
As I slowly pass along,
And merrily mocking me
In their tiny, whisp'ring song.

I sit by the old oak-tree,
At my feet a rushing stream;
And here my wild heart beats free
As I lie awake and dream.

I list to that floral peal,
As it joyously seems to ring,
While sad mem'ries o'er me steal
Of the past, as thus they sing:

"Our summer is bright and brief,
But, ere clouds pass o'er the sky,
To tell of a coming grief,
We wither away and die!"

As I muse on joy that's past
I envy each bending bell,
And wish that my fate were cast
With them in their quiet dell.

THE WINDOW ON THE PORCH.

How came the window open on that stormy morning? It was the old, old story, the story of young hearts and old heads. Two young people falling in love with each other; a person in the shape of a father disapproving; the lover poor, the father rich; the girl divided between duty and affection for her parent and passionate tenderness for her lover; and Love triumphing in the long-run, as he generally does.

This was why the parlor window stood wide open that stormy morning; for at twelve the night before she had come down to him, wrapped in white furs and a crimson hood, and had sobbed, "Oh, Charles, I am very, very wicked, and unless Pa forgives me God never will!" which theological statement Charles combated bravely, and proved beyond a doubt (to his own heart at least) that there was no harm in marrying whom one loved.

Trembling and sobbing softly, though there was no danger of being heard amidst the gusts of wind and the creaking of the bare elm branches, she let him lead her on tenderly over the soft snow until a dark object under the trees slowly developed itself to their eyes as a sleigh and two horses, and an old driver, who had been beating his arms against his breast to keep himself warm, helped the lady in, with a gruff sort of sympathy. And away they glided, the black horses before them, and the white snow about them, falling softly, softly over them, and Janet's head lying upon Charlie's breast, and her little fur-clad form nestled close to his. They were foolish little people, but not wicked, whom those black horses whirled over the white snow to Hymen's altar that bitter winter's night so long ago.

When they found that balcony window open in the gray morning's dawn, and found also a penitential letter blotted with tears, and an empty bed, the pillows of which had not been rumpled, pursuit was useless; for Janet Grey had promised to love, honor, and obey Charles Oliver, and he had vowed to love and cherish her until death did them part.

"Forgive them—never!" So passionate old Robin Grey vowed, with many an expletive not to be written here. Forgive her! The serpent warmed in his bosom to sting him at last. From his heart and his home she had gone forth of her own free-will, and an exile from both she must remain forever.

Poor Janet, she loved her father dearly. Poor old man, he had no one on earth but that pretty petted daughter, who had about as much idea of the life before her as a baby might have had.

She had married a sailor, second mate of the *Bonnie Lassie*, who made voyages to the East Indies and brought home cargoes of spices and sweet-scented woods and fruit and rare confections, but who did not always bring home those who went with her; for in those warm latitudes fevers are rife, and many a sailor in his hammock shroud has floated from his moorings to the Spice Islands, while at home many a young wife has watched for the good ship which should return her husband to her never more.

Three months of innocent delirium, the world seeming made for them, and only lovers worthy to breathe its air. Then came the awakening. Burly Captain Thomas broke the dream with his "Ahoy, messmate, where away?"

They were rambling together in the shady paths of Washington Parade Ground, and he came upon them.

"How are you, Captain? Glad to see you. This is my wife." And how proud he was to show the pretty child, with her long curls and blue eyes and dainty waist and waxen white hands with her sixteen happy summers scarcely told upon her brow.

The Captain bowed. "Heered you was spliced," he said. "You couldn't have moored alongside of a prettier craft, my lad. Though she don't look as though she'd weather through a storm. Never expect to follow your example myself though. The *Bonnie Lassie* is my wife. You know she sails to-day week."

"Ay, ay," said Charlie. "Why should I forget?"

"Sumat better to think on, p'raps," said the Captain. "Fair weather, shipmate. Respects, mum."

And away he went, feet wide apart, hands in both pockets, and gait that of one who, used to a rolling vessel, seems when on land always to expect the world to give a sudden lurch, and who tries to be on his guard against it.

Janet looked up into Charlie's face with fearful eyes.

"What did he mean, Charlie?"

"He is Captain Thomas, of the *Bonnie Lassie*, love."

"Well?"

"That's all, dear."

"And the *Bonnie Lassie* is your ship?"

"Yes."

"And she sails to-morrow week?"

"To-day week."

"Charlie."

"Love."

"Of course the horrible thought never entered your mind of going with her."

"I must."

"Oh no; you want to frighten me. I couldn't live, you know. Oh, Charlie, I feel like fainting. I'm all alone. I have nobody. Pa will never speak to me again. Charlie, laugh—say 'It's all fun, Janet.'"

"I wish I could. My dear, you knew your husband was a sailor when you married him."

"Yes; but I never thought he would be so cruel as to leave me. Charlie, I really think I shall die."

Her pretty baby face was so white and wan, and her hands so cold, that he was frightened. They sat down upon a bench together, and then she pleaded to go with him—only to go with him any where and any how.

"A long dangerous voyage. He could not think of it." And her answer was:

"A dangerous voyage! And I to stay at home and listen and hear the winds blow, and think of you. Charlie, stay at home if you care for me."

Poor Charlie! He held her to his breast in the shadow of the old Park, and tried to teach her her first lesson—how money must be earned, and how men must earn it; how a sailor bred could be nothing but a sailor; how as a man he must discharge his duty, and never have to think that he had dragged her from the sheltered home of luxury to suffer poverty and all its ills; how, in fact,

"Men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep."

It was very hard to learn, and the poor girl-wife could not comprehend it. As for going with him, old Captain Thomas, an old-fashioned sailor, who boasted that he never "crept in at the cabin windows," and never studied navigation out of book, but fought his way up from cabin-boy—that old salt-water would never have consented to have a woman on board, in view of all manner of traditionary ill-luck—storms, shipwrecks, etc., etc. There comes some such episode to every young wife in a modified form.

Janet could see no necessity for this voyage. Only cruel choice.

That fortnight all tears and lamentation. That parting for six months—six eternities to her. Charlie and Janet had grief enough in their two loving hearts to fill this world and leave a surplus for some other.

At last the day came, and he left her fainting and went away crying like a child.

Then Janet was all alone, and thought that she should die. When her tears refused to flow so freely as at first, which was not for many weeks, she found some comfort in an old piano, a sweet-toned thing, and very, very shabby, that stood in the parlor of her boarding-house, but her songs were always sad; a wounded bird dying in her nest and calling for her mate could not have uttered notes more pitiful to listen to. Only now and then when a letter came she brightened up for a while. But at last six months were gone and there came no letter. The ship must be at hand, that of course was it. He, Charlie, would be here very, very soon; but no Charlie came: those who waited for the *Bonnie Lassie* saw her not. No letter, no Charlie; another month—another—another—still no news. One morning she stood by the window watching, and the landlady came to her. She was a good woman, and hesitated to speak; but her boarding-house only kept her out of poverty, and this blue-eyed girl was a boarder after all. So she said: "Mrs. Oliver, I don't like to tell you—but—but—"

"Oh you've heard ill news of Charlie!" and Janet, turning with ashen cheek, clung to her arm.

"No, my dear. Oh no, thank goodness, it's quite different! Your husband paid your board for six months in advance, you know."

"Yes."

"Well—ahem. It's—it's nearly ten months since he went, and I'm quite poor, and I'm often cheated, very often, and, the fact is, can *you* pay me?"

"I? Oh no. Charles—Mr. Oliver will settle with you the moment he returns."

"Y-e-e-s—but it's no use mincing matters, my dear. I'd be glad to wait. But are you sure he will come back? The sea is treacherous, and they say sailors are also, 'a wife in every port.' There, now, don't take on. Haven't you relations, or somebody who will help you?"

"My father, I'll go to my father," said poor Janet. "He will forgive me *now*;" and she left the house as a weary child might have done, longing for that good old breast that used to be her shelter. Far out of town the homestead stood, and its doors were locked, and its windows barred against her. A strange servant came at her summons: she had anticipated that, and written a few lines begging that he would see her. They were returned to her. On the envelope was written, "I have no longer a daughter: she is dead to me."

Janet Oliver went back to the city boarding-house, and there that night a babe was born to her. A wailing thing that struggled for life and won it at last; and Janet holding it against her breast felt that a fragment of her Charlie's life lay there, and clung to it as drowning men will cling to the frailest floating thing. But for those little hands—those strange, ignorant eyes, that precious nothing holding the embryo soul, Charlie Oliver's wife would have let go of life and floated away upon the sea of death that night. Her baby kept her alive; and now her watch, her rings, her little jeweled keepsakes began to go—by-and-by her costlier clothes, the white furs she had wrapped herself in when she eloped that night with him. One by one every thing went, save some cotton gowns, her hood, and a large shawl. At last came the climax.

She stood with her babe before the landlady, and the woman said, though not unkindly,

"Mrs. Oliver, I'm sorry for you; but you *have* a father, and he *must* keep you—*I* can't." And Janet took her child and went out into the midwinter afternoon. She had no hope of her father's pity; but she said, "We can die, my child and I, within sight of the old house; and perhaps he may forgive me when he sees me dead." Then another hope entered her soul; she would wrap the child up carefully; the little one might live, and he would have mercy on that for its innocence.

Poor girl, she had no money for a stage-fare; she plodded on through the cold streets and out upon the weary road for hours; and it grew dark and darker: eight was rung from the city clocks, nine, ten, and only then, by the clear frosty moonlight, she saw the roof of her father's homestead, with the elms about it leafless as they had been when she fled from it with Charlie Oliver.

She had matured her plans, and dragged her weary steps to the porch. Upon it those deep windows opened to the ground. There she would lie down, and in the morning they would find her there dead. Ah, poor child! I hardly dare tell what she had done, it was so wicked; but she was very miserable. At the bottom of her pocket lay a vial labeled "laudanum."

So at last she stood before those windows, and one of them was open—wide open at half past ten on a night in midwinter!

God had opened it for her. So she said. And even then she knew not the strange truth of her words.

"Oh, my home!" she wailed, softly. "Oh, my father! I will go in. I will lie in my little bed. I will die there, and my babe will live, and all good angels help her to be a better child to father than I have been."

So she crept in on tip-toe, unfastening her shoes, and leaving them without, that she might make no noise whatever.

She gained her little room. By the moonlight she saw that it was just as she had left it, and must have been carefully kept from change. The sleeping babe was laid upon the soft pillow, and then she thought of her garments lying in the bureau drawers. Were they there yet? It would be more seemly to die in clean, fresh, white robes than in those travel-stained clothes which she wore. So she peeped in, and found the white raiment, and put it on, and then she knelt to pray—to *pray* with a vial of poison in one hand, with mad suicide in her heart.

As she knelt she faced the door, and her eye glancing thither, she saw a light glancing up and down the wall, and heard a footstep. Could it be her father? She crept to the door and looked. Along the stairs came the man-servant bearing a light, coming stealthily with a strange look on his face—the strange man-servant who had turned her from the door by her father's orders months before, and whose wicked face had haunted her ever since. Where was he going—what was he going to do?

She watched him with a heart suddenly stilled in its beating, and saw him enter her father's chamber door.

Then she made haste to follow him as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her. Not too soon. She saw as she crept in an open safe, a rifled chest, papers and gold upon the floor, and the servant's form bending over her father struggling.

She uttered a shriek and sprang forward. In prison afterward the villain said he fancied her a spirit, and the sight benumbed his arm. He started, half arose, and with this opportunity the strong and vigorous old man recovered his surprise, and turning on him had him down in an instant.

He knew his child; he knew she had saved him; but this was no time to think of that. He only said, "Raise the window, Janet, and call for John, the coachman." And Janet obeyed. In a few moments that wiry rascal on the floor had no chance of escape; he was bound hand and foot, and lay there whining.

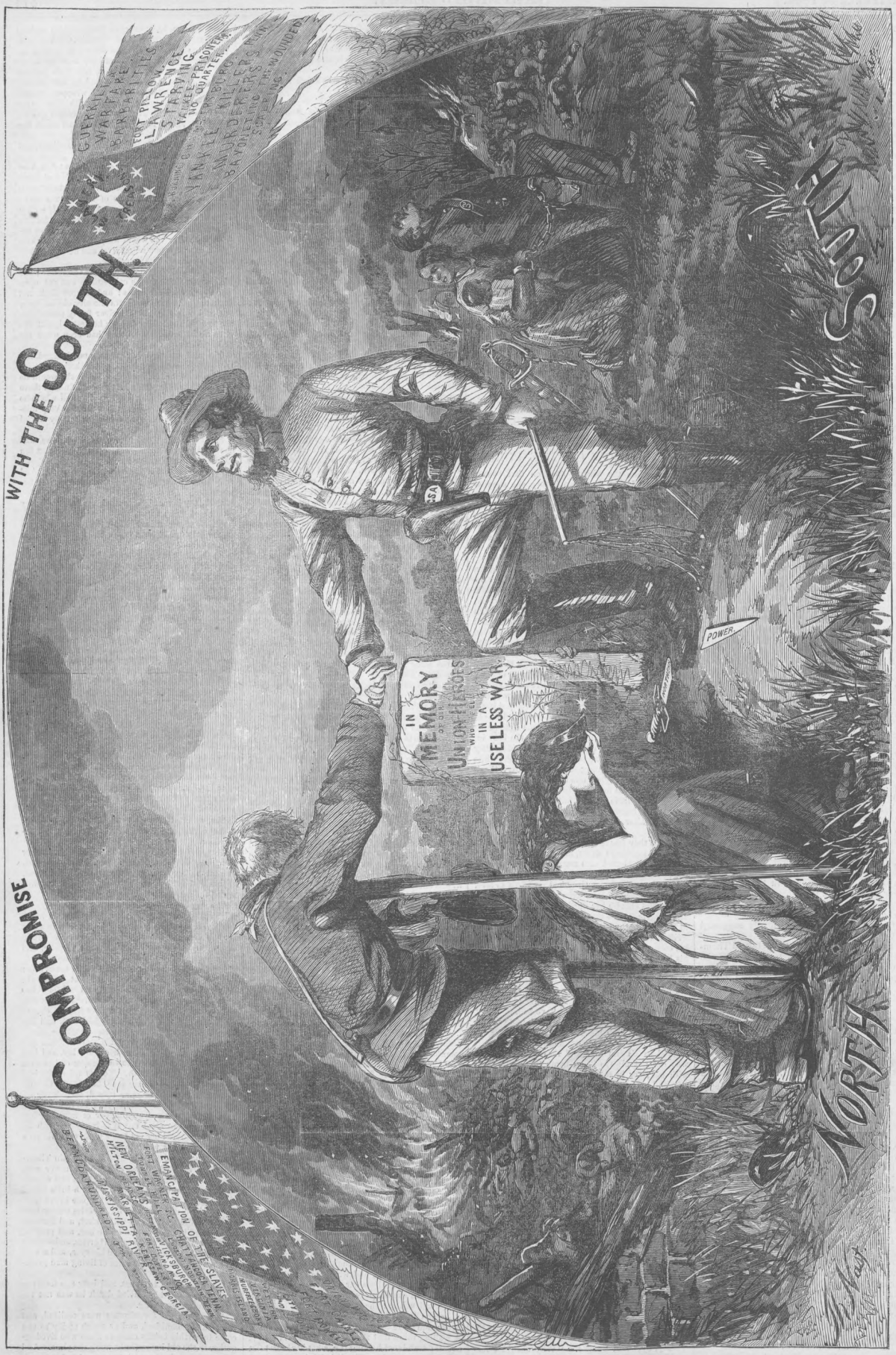
And Janet was in her father's arms. She had led him to the bed where her baby lay, and had told him all. He had known nothing of her woe, even of the baby's birth. To his mind she had been joyful in her young love, ungrateful to him. God had left the door open indeed, though the instrument had been a murderous servant's hand, who, fearful of the watchful ear of honest John, had thought to steal out noiselessly through it. Janet had entered her old home to save her father's life and to creep into his heart once more.

The *Bonnie Lassie*, and good old Captain Thomas, and a host of honest sailors were never seen again, for the sea opened its great arms and enfolded them to its breast forever. But a little island in the ocean had room enough for one brave foot, and, with so much to live for, Charles Oliver battled with the waves, and with thirst, and hunger, and death-like solitude, and watched, and prayed, and waited, feeding on roots, and berries, and strange fruits until at last sails greeted his eyes, and a vessel hove in sight, and the voice of living man greeted him once more.

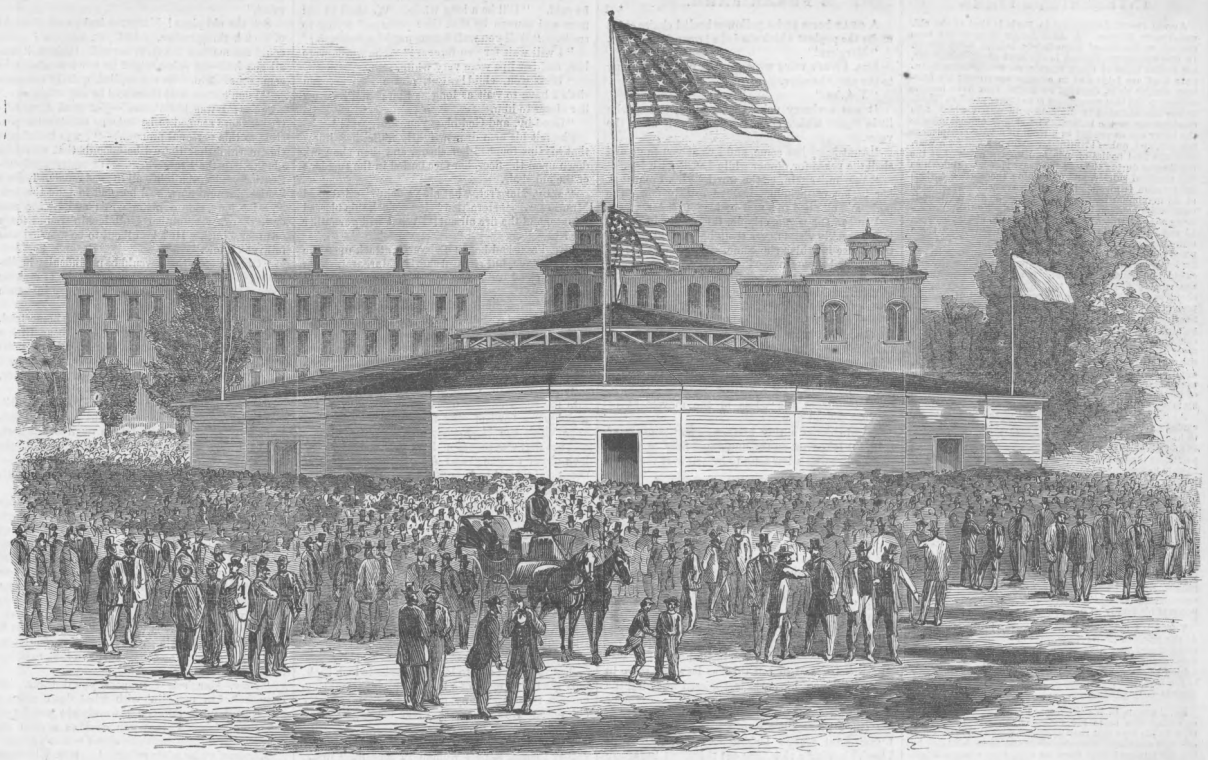
He came home to Janet, and long ago forgiven by her father in his fancied death he was not refused forgiveness living.

And so the old love-dreams were realized, and the shadows banished, and as much of joy as can come to earthly beings came to those who lived together in the old homestead among the elms. And to her children, in the twilight, ay, and to her grandchildren, perhaps, by this time, Janet Oliver has often told the story of the open window on the porch.

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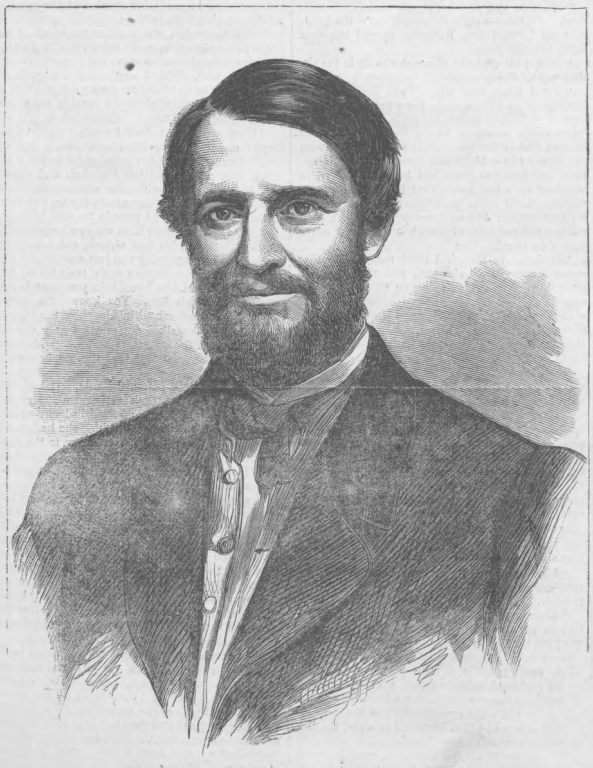
VIEW OF THE TENT IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IS TO BE HELD, AT CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

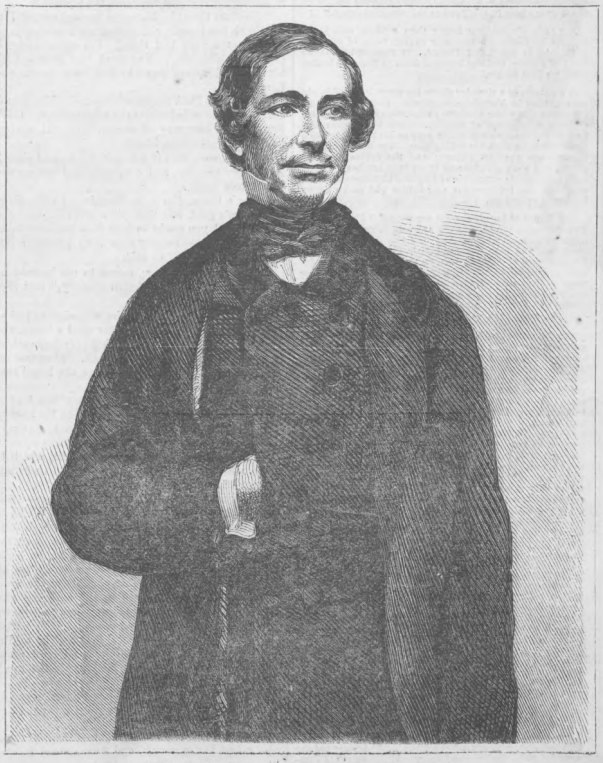
WE give on this page portraits of C. L. VALLANDIGHAM and FERNANDO WOOD, the leaders of the Peace Party; also a view of the WIGWAM in which the Democratic Convention is to be held on Monday the 29th. These two gentlemen recently held a Peace Convention at Syracuse, New York, the object of which was to coerce the Chicago Convention by a vast popular demonstration in favor of peace. The meeting was of no significance. They each made speeches, earnestly begging the people by their fear of severe wounds and of heavy taxes not to resist the rebellion any longer with arms, but to settle our difficulties by compromise. As our "difficulties" are nothing but the armed resistance of certain citizens to the laws, with the declared intention of destroying the Government, it is not easy to understand what kind of compromise with them is possible, except submission to the degradation of the Government. The plan of Messrs. VALLANDIGHAM and WOOD undoubtedly contemplates a temporary separation, with the hope of an ultimate reunion upon terms that will permanently secure the Southern ascendency. Of course there is as yet no open declaration of such a scheme, but no man familiar with our politics and with the course of these two leaders will doubt it. Their silence, and the studied manner in which they always speak of the Union as endangered by the loyal men of the North, instead of the rebels at the South, and the constant declaration that the authority of the Government can not be maintained by force, are sufficiently significant of their views.

MR. VALLANDIGHAM was first notorious as the squire of Mr. MASON, of Virginia, at the time of the JOHN BROWN enterprise, when he endeavored to extort from the old man something that would implicate in a conspiracy the leaders of the political party to which Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was opposed. This unhandsome trick, in which certain gentlemen in New York took part, signally failed; and a suit at law being brought against the New York gentlemen by Mr. GERRIT SMITH, the effort was exposed to merited contempt. Since then Mr. VALLANDIGHAM has been a steady friend of the rebels.

Of Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, who was first notorious for a suit brought against him for swindling by his partner, Mr. MARVIN, and who as Mayor of the city of New York regretted to ROBERT TOOMBS that he could not connive at the sending of arms destined for the slaughter of loyal citizens, the New York *Herald* of August 22, 1864, says: "His appropriate sphere is that of a ward politician, and he displays himself to singularly bad advantage whenever he vainly attempts to appear like any thing else."



CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



HON. FERNANDO WOOD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

AMONG recent demolitions in Paris is that of the old, well-known Morgue. A much larger Morgue has been erected on the island immediately behind Notre Dame. In one apartment, lighted in the most effective manner, are twelve slabs of black marble, on which the unfortunate dead are laid; and in another apartment are fourteen similar slabs, destined for bodies that have become so decomposed that recognition is no longer possible. Bathrooms are abundantly supplied with water, which falls continuously on the bodies. The clothes appertaining to the latter are suspended in a room in a very conspicuous manner, and, unless identified, remain exposed for a year.

Of the 2851 bodies of men and women received at the old Morgue during the past ten years 1766 are set down as the result of suicide, and concerning these some curious information is given. It appears that self-destruction is at its maximum between the ages of 30 and 40, that it commences between 10 and 15, and dwindles to almost nothing after 70, which is not surprising, the suicides between 10 and 20 being three times more numerous than those committed after the age of 70 years. As regards the supposed causes—for in this case there must be a margin left for imperfection of judgment—it appears that insanity and suicidal monomania account for more than one-quarter of the whole; drunkenness and disgust of life, each, for about one-tenth; absolute poverty for nearly the same proportion; misfortune and incurable diseases, each, for nearly as many; next, and close upon these, come disappointed love, domestic misery, and misconduct of the suicide himself; accusation of theft stands for about 1 in 26; fever and delirium for 1 in 38: and vexation caused by the remonstrances of others about 1 in 51. This, however, applies only to the male sex. In the case of women insanity stands first, disappointed affection second, disgust of life third, drunkenness fourth, starvation fifth, domestic misery sixth, and incurable disease seventh.

As regards the mode adopted, out of the 1766 cases recorded at the Morgue, 1414 had recourse to drowning, 114 to hanging, 98 to fire-arms, 56 to the fumes of charcoal, 46 precipitated themselves from buildings or other elevated places, 16 made use of cutting weapons and instruments, 11 only had recourse to poison, 7 threw themselves beneath railway or other carriages, and 4 killed themselves by swallowing alcohol. Another table informs us that more than one-third of the whole of these suicides were committed between the hours of six in the morning and mid-day; while the first two hours of the afternoon exhibit by far the smallest number, not one-tenth as compared with the six preceding hours of the day.

The number of females who committed suicide is scarcely more than a fifth of that of the male sex. It is a striking proof of the influence of misery on suicide—unless, indeed, it be an evidence of a superstitious dread—that only about one in six of the suicides was buried at the expense of his family or friends.

THERE is a new mania for frog eating in Pennsylvania. At the Mansion House Restaurant at Chester in that State seven dozen and nine frogs were sold in one evening. Some of the citizens of the borough, who seldom ever went fishing before, can now be seen, gun in hand, on their way to the frog fields. Several gentlemen report a morning's work at forty-one frogs.

MR. ARNOLD, in his "European Mosaics," suggests an appalling idea as to the future of Rome, the "Eternal City." He says that the Campagna which surrounds it is one vast cemetery, becoming more and more desolated by the malaria springing from its soil; that whole villages are depopulated and deserted, and the time may come when the city of Rome will be no longer habitable, and the Papacy itself be blighted, and go forth a wanderer over the world.

AGNES STRICKLAND, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," in giving an account of the rewards bestowed by Queen Mary upon her friends, after her accession, says: "The Queen's gratitude took a very odd form in the case of the Earl of Sussex. He was a valetudinarian, who had a great fear of uncovering his head; and, considering that the colds he dreaded respected no person, he petitioned Queen Mary for leave to wear his night-cap in her royal presence. The Queen, in her abundant grace, not only gave him leave to wear one, but two night-caps, if he pleased. His patent for this privilege is, perhaps, unique in royal annals: 'Know ye, that we do give to our well-beloved and trusty cousin and councilor, Henry, Earl of Sussex, Viscount Fitzwater, and Lord of Egremond and Burnell, license and pardon to wear his cap, coif, or night-cap, or any two of them, at his pleasure, as well in our presence as in the presence of any other person or persons within this our realm, or any other place in our dominions wheresoever, during his life; and these our letters shall be his sufficient warrant in his behalf.' The Queen's seal, with the Garter about it, is affixed to this singular grant."

A SMALL picture, not larger than a plate, said to be painted by Raphael when only twelve years of age, has been sold at the Hôtel Drouot. It represents Charles VIII. of France, and was knocked down to Baron de Rothschild for 2700 francs.

A WEDDING of a singular character was celebrated lately at a church in Yorkshire, England. Four bridegrooms led to the altar four blushing brides, sisters, of the name of Preston, residing at Shipley. Each bridegroom was born in the same month of the year as his bride, and each bride was older than her bridegroom. The mothers of the bridegrooms were all widows; and the brides were orphans, and were given away by an only brother. Under such a fortuitous concourse of singular circumstances it is expected that bridegrooms and brides will make happy husbands and wives.

THE fumes of burning coffee are powerful disinfectants. Experiments have been made at Paris to prove this. A quantity of meat was hung up in a closed room until decomposed, and then a chafing-dish was introduced, and 500 grammes of coffee thrown on the fire. In a few minutes the room was completely disinfected. In another room sulphureted hydrogen and ammonia were developed, and 90 grammes of coffee destroyed the smell in about half a minute. It is also stated that coffee destroys the smell of musk, castoreum, and assafœtida.

THE following is a description of an interesting encounter which lately took place in Spain between a bull and an elephant. When the elephant was brought to the Place des Taureaux a fiery young bull was turned out. The bull advanced against this terrible adversary without evincing the slightest fear. He attempted to flank him in order to wound him; but the elephant, exhibiting an equal agility in his motion, did not suffer him to approach. Finally the bull attacked him in front; but, every where confronted by the formidable tusks, which interposed an impregnable barrier, he did not succeed in wounding him. At last, in one of the rushes, the bull succeeded in thrusting his head beneath the tusks; but, before he could penetrate the tough hide of the elephant, he fell to the earth. The spectators only saw the elephant bend his head slightly, and rest the extremities of his tusks, which had been plugged, upon the back of the bull. From that moment the bull was *hors de combat*, and when they afterward killed him it was found that three ribs were completely crushed by the almost imperceptible movement the elephant had made in holding him with his tusks.

PRACTICE and native shrewdness has long ago taught the Russian peasant the importance of large quantities of soft carbon being taken into his animal system; important against the cold of that country, and still more important as a corrective of the large quantity of plain bread he delights to consume—three pounds a day generally, and five pounds during harvest, over and above his *kasha*, or boiled millet, eggs, milk, salted cucumber, mushrooms, cabbage, and not unfrequently supplies of beef. The sort of bread he prefers is rye, and prefers it for the same reason that the acute Scottish plowman clings to his oaten cake, and discerned long before the days of Liebig, that it was chemically more strengthening to muscular fibre than expensive wheaten flour. So here, having his dear "black" bread, as well as most other articles of his food, fried up in abundance of rich linseed oil, or, on high-days and holidays, with sunflower oil, the hardy denizens of the woods of Archangel, or the roamer over the steppes of Tamboy, is able to prosecute his work through all seasons of the year in spite of even Siberian weather.

FREAR FARM.

A GRAY horse and a yellow-wheeled chaise stood under the poplars which shaded a brown farm-house.

"Marg'ret!"

Mrs. Frear's voice went ringing up the stairway to the east chamber.

"Yes, 'm."

It was a cheery voice that replied, and a trim little figure which came tripping down after the voice.

"Aunt Mary has come, and I want you to go and shell the pease for dinner while I visit with her."

"Yes, 'm," again, as the worthy Mrs. Frear took her basket of mending, walked briskly down the path, and climbed to a seat beside her sister.

You see she was a cripple, this Aunt Mary, and in her weekly visits never thought of alighting from the chaise in which she came. Consequently that vehicle had stowed away in its old chinks more general information than ever crammed the cranium of any mortal carriage since the flood. It was, in fact, a perfect moving encyclopedia of births, marriages, and deaths, past, present, and prospective, for the little town of Heathe.

In it they were seated, this June morning, two white-haired women; their backs were turned to the sun, while Dobbin cropped the lilac twigs, munching them after a solemn, reflective fashion, quite cognizant the while of the movement of tongues behind him.

Within doors a tidy kitchen, great squares of sunlight lying out on the unpainted floor, and Margaret humming a low song to herself over the basket of pease.

"Guess who!" rang out a merry voice behind her, and two brown hands drew her backward blindfold.

"Anson! But what will father say?"

"Nothing to me, I imagine. I left him down in the two-acre lot with Parson Sykes. They'd just begun with original sin, and they've got to get through election and the decrees yet, to say nothing of the probable fate of the heathen world. They're safe enough for the next two hours," said the young man, throwing his straw-hat upon the floor.

A broad-shouldered, straight-limbed fellow was Anson Boise, and so tall that, as he stood there in the low kitchen, his curls just missed brushing the cross-beam overhead.

"But mother?" again suggested the girl.

"Oh, I knew what would become of her when I saw Aunt Mary's Dobbin coming up the hill. They're having a rich time out there. I heard my name just as I leaped over the fence. So now, if you please, I'll sit down, though you haven't asked me to, and shell pease as propitiation, or penance, or whatever you choose to call it, for my transgression." He drew up a low chair, and sat down beside her.

"But, Anson," she still remonstrated, "I'm afraid this isn't right."

"Of course you are, and of course I know 'tisn't! But I know of something that's worse; and that is, for your father to insist upon separating us when he knows how fond we are of each other, and for no reason under heaven than that I'm an orphan and poor. I say it's a burning shame, begging your pardon, Margaret." And the young man's face flushed indignantly. Margaret said nothing, and he went on:

"However, it's the last time I shall trouble him, or cross your scruples again for the present."

"The last time?" Margaret pressed one of the pods with her thumb, and looked up inquiringly.

"Yes, the very last time! I'm going away—going to California." The flush had gone out of his face, and instead was a look of fierce determination.

"California!" The pod was opened, and a sound dozen of pease rolled across the kitchen floor. California was a long way off to her, little girl, sitting in that Vermont farm-house.

"But, Anson, isn't it a dreadfully wicked place? Ain't they heathen, and cannibals, and bad as the Hottentots 'most?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, Maggie. I only know that there's gold, and that it's a great country out there. Oh! you ought to hear Jim Bartlette talk. You'd think 'twas mighty slow work getting a living off these rocks," he said.

"I know—but, Anson, seems to me 'twould be better to stay in a Christian country," said she, hesitatingly.

"I declare, Margaret, you're well-nigh as bad as Uncle John. He says I'd better steal a horse, and get sent down to Windsor to making scythe swaths." Anson laughed his old merry laugh. Margaret remembered it. It was years before she heard that laugh again.

Then there was a pause. The cat dozed upon the settle, and the tea-kettle sang upon the hearth.

"And when will you ever come back, Anson?" asked the girl.

"When I can bring something with which to make a home of my own," he said; and there was another silence.

The pease were shelled, and Margaret was sitting with her two hands folded upon the top of the basket. Anson sat gazing at her with a hungry look in his eyes. That little figure in its brown dress, the small head with its heavy coil of hair at the back, the long-lashed downcast eyes—he took them all in with that look. How many nights in the years that came after did he see in the darkness that little figure parting the shadows come and go before him!

"Here's something I found for you," he said at length, laying in her hand a small gold cross. "You'll wear it sometimes, and remember me, I know."

She did not move. Only her fingers were like ice as he touched them, and her face was pale.

"I must go now," he said, rising.

Margaret stood up leaning against the deal table. She raised her eyes now, and Anson stood looking down into them—those clear, brown eyes—and holding her two hands in his.

"Do you think you can wait for me, little girl?" he said. "It'll be a long while. We shall be old man and woman by that time perhaps," trying to smile. "Will you wait for me until I come back?"

"I will wait for you forever!" The words were low, and her lips were very white.

"Bless you, child! But, please Heaven, you sha'n't have to wait as long as that;" and he drew her closer to him.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Margaret!"

She felt his arm drawn tightly round her, knew that his lips touched her cheek, and then she sank down upon the floor, her face buried in the cushions of the old chair.

"Why, Marg'ret, what air ye doin'?" cried good Mrs. Frear. "Here 'tis twelve o'clock this blessed minute, and the fire all out! What will yer father say?"

Mrs. Frear had begun a vigorous attack upon the cooking-stove, but stopped short as Margaret, rising wearily, stood before her with blanched, bewildered face.

"Why what ails the child! Bless me, she looks as ef she'd had a stoke!" A stoke, indeed, but not exactly of the kind to which her mother referred.

Margaret passed her hand across her eyes heavily, as with an effort. "It's nothing, mother," she said. "I must have been a little faint. That's all."

"All? enough, I should think. You just come into my room and lie down on my bed, and I'll make you a bowl of sage tea. Mercy to me! I hope 'tisn't the black-tongue. Your Aunt Mary told me that was prevailin' in Barnet. Just let me look o' yer tongue;" and the good woman bustled about, bringing blankets and brewing herbs in her solicitude for her child, quite oblivious of dinner and all other minor considerations.

And Margaret buried her eyes in the snowy pillows, while Anson, all his worldly effects packed in one valise, took his way on foot to the next stage-town. And the next week a tall man stood upon the ship's deck and watched the blue New England hills grow dim, and a little figure, in its brown dress, sat still in the Vermont farm-house and worked on as before—only her cheek was a trifle whiter, and instead of her old song there was silence.

Ten years! Long to look forward—to look back, only the brief dream of a summer night. But time enough to create many new joys, to forget many old ones. Had Margaret Frear forgotten? We will see.

The same tidy kitchen; the same old chair, and seated therein a pale woman in mourning dress. She had sat down in the kitchen; she could not stay in the sitting-room to-day. They had carried out from there yesterday a coffin—her mother's; and in that place between the windows, where the table was standing now, *it* had stood. She seemed to see the black pall there yet.

There was a knocking at the inner door, followed by the entrance of a tall woman in a dark gingham gown. It was Mrs. Kittredge. She lived next door, which next door was a good half mile away; but they were called in Heathe near neighbors.

"I told my husband," she said, laying down her sun-bonnet—"I told him, Marg'ret, that I'd just come over and sit down 'long with you a spell. I knew 't must be lonesome like."

"I am very glad to see you," said Margaret; and she rose, shaking the cushions of her rocking-chair, and setting it for her visitor.

"No, no; you just keep your sittin'. You're tired. I'll fetch a chair for myself out o' the keepin'-room." And Mrs. Kittredge opened the door softly into *that* room.

"Perhaps it would be pleasanter to sit in the sitting-room," feebly suggested Margaret.

"No, I know how 'tis. 'Twas just so to our house after gran'f'ther died. For a week we couldn't none of us bear to go into his room. Seemed as ef 'twas chilly somehow, like a vault." The good woman took off her spectacles and wiped them with the corner of her black silk apron. She had gray hair, and years of labor had left their record in wrinkles upon her face. That face with its large features, could never have been beautiful even in its best estate; but over many a sick bed, over many a sad and sorrowing soul, it had shone as the face of an angel.

"It seems as though I must see your mother round somewheres," she said, and the spectacles grew dim again. "It's going on thirty year now that we've lived 'long side of each other, and a sight o' comfort we've had together; a sight o' comfort, Marg'ret," she repeated, "an' we never took nothin' but comfort together, the Lord be thanked, and that's more'n most neighbors can say."

The old clock ticked in the corner, and the two sat silent for a little. Mrs. Kittredge was knitting very fast. The tears would keep coming, and she was choking them down under that string of gold beads about her neck. She had come over purposely to "cheer up" Margaret, and here she was crying herself. She has never heard, good woman that she is, what some one has said: "Be not consistent, but be simply true;" and so consistency and truth are having a sore battle of it. The former conquers, however, and she says:

"Well, Marg'ret, she was a good mother to you; and now 't she's gone, you'd ought to be grateful that she was spared so long."

"I know it, Mrs. Kittredge, but it is very hard to be grateful always;" and Margaret's lip begins to tremble.

"Bless your dear soul! don't I know 't it's hard; but, as my husband says, "We'd ought to thank the Lord that it's as well with us as it is."

Very homely consolation this, but nevertheless, all the more, possibly, it went down into the heart of the orphaned, solitary girl. A dry soil, which all day long has scorched under a burning sun, receiving at night the cooling rain and the dews of heaven, it was like this, Margaret thought, the low spoken comfort of an honest soul.

"I suppose you'll sell the place, most likely?" said Mrs. Kittredge, presently. "It was well enough," she said to herself, "for Margaret to begin to think of those things. 'Twould take up her mind."

Sell the old place! Margaret had never thought of such a thing before. And yet, why not? She could not manage the farm herself. Besides, it was all she had—its value might be more available in some other form. So she replied, quietly enough:

"I don't know that there will be any other way."

"Yes; I was tellin' *him*"—(for good Mrs. Kittredge there seemed to be but one substantive possible to this personal pronoun)—"I was tellin' him this mornin' that there'd be enough that would be glad to buy the Frear Farm. It's under good cultivation, and the buildin's all in good repair. There's Squire Varnum now, he'd be glad to take the ten-acre lot 'long side o' his mowin'; and for the rest on't, there's my brother Hall lookin' round for a farm for Zimri. He's layin' out to be married this fall, you know."

"Oh, I'm sure there would be no difficulty in disposing of it," said Margaret, for the sake of making some reply. Her thoughts were too busy just then for her to talk.

It was sudden, this plan of selling the homestead. A little like taking the ground from beneath her feet, it seemed to her, and she hardly knew what would become of her afterward. Mrs. Kittredge's thought must have been nearly in the same place, for she asked,

"And what are you intendin' to do, Marg'ret?"

"Indeed I hardly have thought yet, Mrs. Kittredge. Perhaps I might take a room somewhere, and board myself, and teach the district school," she said.

"Now that sounds sensible; and as for a room, you're welcome to come to our house."

"Thank you," said Margaret, and Mrs. Kittredge went on:

"I can't help thinkin', Marg'ret, how 'most any girl situated as you are would be thinkin' o' gettin' married, and havin' a home o' their own. But that ain't your way." This was said in a deprecatory tone, and Mrs. Kittredge gave Margaret's face a searching look. The face told no tales which she could read. There was only a little twitching about the mouth; so the good woman, shuffling a little in her chair, and knitting with a speed perfectly incredible, proceeded, as she would have said, to "free her mind:"

"Now, Marg'ret, I suppose you'll think like enough 't I'm meddlin' with what don't concern me; but I must tell you 't we always wondered, my husband and I, that you couldn't a seen yer way clear to take up with Squire Varnum's offers."

Margaret's white face reddened. Mrs. Kittredge noted it, and took courage.

"He's a professor, and, so fur's I know, a consistent man. Be sure he's a good deal older 'n you, but after a woman's twenty-five that don't signify. And mebbe his children, eight of 'em, might be an objection with some folks. But you're good-tempered. You'd get along well enough. An' then, another thing, whoever goes there 'll have enough to do *with*, for the Squire's worth property, an' there ain't a mean streak about the man. 'Tain't too late to think on't now. The Squire, he said as much to him the other day. Hadn't you better now, Marg'ret?"

"Mrs. Kittredge!"

Six consecutive stitches were let down upon Mrs. Kittredge's stocking that instant, so startled was she by the tone in which her name was spoken. Margaret was sitting forward in her chair, a bright red spot burned upon either cheek, and her eyes had a little flashing light in them.

"Mrs. Kittredge, you must never speak to me about this again—this, or any thing like it." And she began counting her stitches in a quick, nervous way.

"Well, well, child, I won't then, I'm sure. I only want ye to do what's fer yer own good about it. You won't think hard o' me for speakin' out?" she added, apologetically.

"Hard of you! Indeed I won't," replied Margaret; and then, comprehending suddenly that she might have wounded her good old friend by her quick manner, the girl left her chair and crossed over to her, and, smoothing the woman's gray hair, said, "I should be an ingrate to lay up any thing against the best friend I have in the world."

"No, no, dear heart; then we won't say another word. But here, 'tis four o'clock, and I must go. And, Marg'ret, supposing you just walk along with me, and sit down an' have a cup o' tea with my husband an' me. Mebbe 'twould do you good to talk over matters with him. You know your mother was in the habit o' consultin' him about her affairs."

And the two walked out under a gray sky and over the short brown grass; and when Margaret came back it was settled that the old homestead should be sold.

It was the night before the sale. It had been with Margaret a busy day. Her room at Mrs. Kittredge's had been taken, and furnished with articles from the old house, many of which she had carried carefully in her own hands. And now, in the gathering dusk of the summer night, she closed the door, locking it behind her, and sat down upon the gray stone.

How quiet the night was! Only the croaking of frogs in the marshes, and the shrill note of a whip-poor-will, weird and far off, borne by the night wind across the lowland. An odor of mignonnette came up from the little flower border at her feet. That border—who would tend it now? And the odor of mignonnette—how it carried her back to that morning, ten years before, when Anson went away! She remembered that a spray of it was in her dress that day. She had never smelled mignonnette since without living the parting over again.

Ten years! And Margaret, sitting alone in the gloaming, half wondered if she were the same girl that she was then. She looked at her hands folded on her knee. How thin they were! They used to be round and plump, she remembered. But whatever else they had lost they had kept the firm pressure of Anson's good-by. They had always seemed, they always would seem, a little better to her, remembering that.

Ten years! She had promised to wait for him

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forever. It seemed likely now that she would. It was so long to wait. Would he never come back to claim her promise? If he were alive. But what if he were dead? They all supposed he was. Perhaps he was. Every one she loved had died. Why not this one? And if he were dead was her promise binding? Something outside of herself seemed to suggest this. She looked away through the darkness. A bright light glanced from among the maples on the hill. It came from the bow-window of Squire Varnum's library. Margaret watched it a moment, thinking then of her own little room at Mrs. Kittredge's. It was a contrast certainly. A word of hers would place her under the cheery lamplight of that library, with all those old books looking down, and Squire Varnum's genial face looking across at her. Should she speak that word? But between her and any such answer there came her own voice of old, promising to "Wait forever." And she remembered too well Anson's "Please Heaven, you shall never have to wait so long," to forget it now. And so she would trust God. Wait and hope still, though it should be hoping against hope.

And then the shadows deepened, and the flames of sunset burned to ashes down the west, and the figure of the lonely girl was lost in the gloom of the porch.

She started suddenly. Something brushed against her foot. Only the cat; she had forgotten her until that moment.

"Come pussy," she said. "You shall go too;" and taking the old creature in her arms she went down the walk, the creaking gate swung behind her, and she passed out into the night.

"The Frear Farm to be sold to-day," they said. An auction was an event to the dwellers in this quiet land of farms. Early in the afternoon the old vendue-master was upon the stand, shouting and gesticulating in a way which would have done justice to a more hotly contested sale. There were, in fact, but two competitors for the farm, Squire Varnum and Deacon Hall. The latter had just risen twenty-five dollars above the price set by his opponent.

"The Deacon's got it now," said a voice in the crowd, but just then there appeared a new figure upon the scene.

On the street, in front of the house, just under the poplars, a wagon had stopped, and a tall man, bronzed and brown-bearded, stood erect in it, looking down upon the crowd with a keen, steady eye.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars!" shouted the auctioneer, "I'm offered twenty-five hundred dollars for Frear Farm! Who bids again? Going, gentleman! Too cheap by half. Going!"

Every ear awaited the final "Gone," when a voice sung out, deep and clear as a bell,

"Twenty-six hundred dollars!"

The astonished farmers faced about to a man, and scanned the new-comer.

"Twenty-six hundred and twenty-five!" vociferated Deacon Hall, beholding his supposed possession suddenly taking to itself wings.

"Twenty-seven hundred!" shouted the stranger, leaping from his wagon with a bound, and striding through the crowd. He reached the stand just as the hammer came down.

"Gone for twenty-seven hundred to—. What name, Sir?" and the vendue-master turned to the stranger.

"My fellow-townsman ought to do me the honor to remember that, Sir," he replied, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"By all the powers! I believe it's Anson Boise!" exclaimed the old man, taking the stranger by the arm, and turning him toward the light.

"The same, Sir;" and Anson extended his hand cordially.

"Well done, boy, and well grown too! Why, what a giant you are! Might a ben one o' the sons of Anak the Scriptur tells about," said Deacon Hall, looking up at him.

"And so you've come back to settle down among us. That's right, that's right;" and they pressed round to shake hands with him.

"Where's your wife, Anson?" asked one.

"Haven't found her yet," was the laughing rejoinder.

But he did find her.

Margaret, sitting alone in the dusk, heard a step coming down the walk. "The auctioneer," she said. Well, she was ready for him. She had been schooling herself all day. She would be brave and not falter when he told her that the old homestead was gone. To whom? she wondered; and then the light before her eyes was darkened, and then rang out again the merry challenge,

"Guess who comes now!"

Poor Margaret, she had been ready for the auctioneer—ready for almost any thing, she thought, but not for this. So she gave a little cry, and would have fallen to the floor. Then you know what happened; how Anson took her up in his strong arms and carried her to the air, and how Mrs. Kittredge ran for water and the "camfire bottle;" and the household generally was thrown into a state of confusion.

"Poor little creetur, 't was all so suddin!" said Mrs. Kittredge, soothingly, as she bathed Margaret's white face. "But she'll come out ont in a minute."

And Anson held the light form so easily, as though it had been a child; and when Margaret came to herself again, there he was, looking down at her with the same old look in his eyes.

"I've waited for you," she said, and she smiled a little, bright, happy smile.

"She's had a hard time of it, poor thing!" said Mrs. Kittredge, stopping to take off her spectacles and wipe them. Anson turned his head aside. There was a mist before his eyes just then.

And so it came to pass one Sunday evening that the minister walked over to Frear Farm, and there was a quiet little wedding in the old parlor. And now, while I am telling you this, I can just catch the gleam of their lamp through the lilac bushes; and I know that within there is love, and plenty, and peace.

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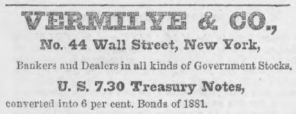
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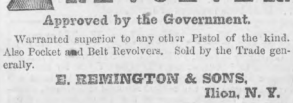
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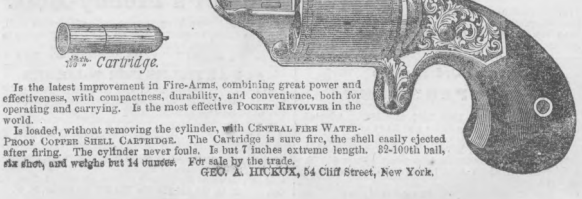
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 402.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY.

WE give on this page a portrait of the Reverend JOHN M'CLOSKEY, the successor of JOHN HUGHES in the Archbishopric of New York. Formerly the bishop of the diocese of Albany, Dr. M'CLOSKEY was known as one of the most polished and eloquent orators of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, and after the usual course of education was ordained a priest. On the 10th of March, 1844, he was ordained Bishop of Axieren and coadjutor to Dr. HUGHES, then Bishop of New York. Three years later he became the Bishop of Albany, being the first prelate of that see, as the diocese was then first established. St. Mary's, one of the four Catholic Churches of Albany, he made his cathedral. In the entire diocese there were about forty churches, some of them without a regular clergyman. The Catholic population were scattered over a large territory, were for the most part poor, and had to struggle against the prejudices of the surrounding people. Dr. M'CLOSKEY had therefore no easy task before him in carrying out his zealous plans for the Catholic Church. But he went to work with earnestness.

One of the bishop's first projects was the institution in Troy of a Female Orphan Asylum, which he placed under the control of the Sisters of Charity. In 1851 the Christian Brothers opened the Academy of Saint Joseph in the same town; and the same year the Sisters of Charity opened a hospital which has in a single year received 789 patients. The next year a Female Seminary was founded in Albany by a colony of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. In 1855 Dr. M'CLOSKEY opened in Utica an Academy for boys, at the cost of more than $17,000.

The diocese of Albany includes all of the State of New York lying north of forty-two degrees north and east of the eastern line of Cayuga, Tompkins, and Tioga counties. After a service of seventeen years Dr. M'CLOSKEY left in this diocese one hundred and thirteen churches, eight chapels, fifty-four minor stations, eighty-five missionaries, three academies for boys and one for girls, six orphan asylums, and fifteen parochial schools. If the new Archbishop of New York leaves as good a record as he has left as Bishop, the Catholic Church will surely have no reason to regret the Pope's selection of JOHN HUGHES's successor.

On Sunday, August 21, the Reverend JOHN M'CLOSKEY was installed as the Archbishop of the Catholic diocese of New York, the ceremonies on that occasion being performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral. If Dr. M'CLOSKEY succeeds as well as his predecessor in making his influence tell for good, both the Country and the Church will have occasion for congratulation.

ISOMETRIC VIEW OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

On page 580 we print a Map giving an ISOMETRIC VIEW OF THE REGION AROUND PETERSBURG. In the fore-ground is City Point and the region north of the James, which has so lately been the theatre of GRANT'S movements. At Dutch Gap General BUTLER is digging a canal, which, as the reader will see, must very much shorten the course of the James at this point.

Off to the left, southward of Petersburg, stretch the Federal lines across the Weldon Railroad. Further to the left is the Danville Road, which has two branches from Burkesville Junction eastward, one running to Petersburg, and the other to Richmond. This view does not include Burkesville Junction.

FRANCIS MULLER, THE MURDERER, FROM LONDON.

INTENSE popular excitement prevailed in New York August 24, when it was announced that the London murderer had arrived in the packet-ship *Victoria*. There was nothing in the murderer himself to account for this excitement, which was due rather to the peculiar circumstances attending his crime, and the somewhat extraordinary manner in which the detection of the criminal was brought about. The crime was committed on the 9th of July, in a first-class carriage on the North London Railway. English rail-cars are very different from those to which we are accustomed in this country. The carriages are divided into separate compartments; and it is frequently the case that only one person is the sole occupant of a compartment. On the day above mentioned Mr. Briggs, chief clerk in a city bank, and residing at Hackney, took a compartment in a first-class train from London to his place of residence. The train arrived at Hackney without him that night. As it reached the station a person opening the door of No. 69, which was Mr. Briggs's room, and placing his hand upon the seat found it covered with blood. He also found in the room a gentleman's hat, walking-stick, and a small leathern bag. Ladies in the adjoining compartment gave notice to the guard that in some way blood had been spurted upon their dresses from this same bloody room. At the same time Briggs was being picked up back on the road, and carried almost senseless to Mitford Castle Tavern. Four and one half pounds in gold was found in one of his pockets, and a silver snuff-box in another. A diamond ring was also found on his person. From these circumstances it was evident that Briggs had been murdered and then thrown out of the car by some person who had that night occupied No. 69 with him.

Who was the murderer? This was the question which for days agitated the popular heart of London. There seemed to be but a single clew: Briggs's watch had been taken. The murder was committed Saturday evening. The next Monday evening a gentlemanly looking foreigner, apparently a German or Swiss, entered the shop of one Mr. Death, a silversmith on Cheapside, and asked to be shown some gold Albert chains. He finally selected one to suit him, and took from his waistcoat pocket another chain, and asked Mr. Death what he would give for it. It proved that there was five shillings' balance in the foreign gentleman's favor, which balance was covered by a ring. Mr. Death packed up the chain in a paper box and delivered it to his customer, who then walked out. That foreign gentleman was the murderer for whom the London police were in search, and this barter of his with Mr. Death led to his detection. After leaving the jeweler's office he proceeded to his residence in Bow Street, and made arrangements for coming to New York in the *Victoria*. The little daughter of the cabman discovered the paper box in his room after he left, and showed it to her father. This box had Mr. Death's address on the inside, and this, with collateral evidence from a great number of sources, made it certain that Francis Muller was the murderer. He had taken passage in



THE MOST REV. JOHN M'CLOSKEY, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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a sailing vessel, and on his arrival in New York was arrested by Inspector Tanner, who had arrived from London several days previously in the *Manchester*. Muller is about 24 years of age, and is a tailor by profession. His hair is light, and he has small gray eyes. Altogether he is not prepossessing in his appearance.

THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH.

THAT is our answer—see on high
The old flag fluttering in the breeze,
Proudly it greets the broad blue sky
Upon the land and on the seas.

What! dim its lustre—strike one star
From out its glorious azure field?
No, never! we would rather far
Shed our last drop of blood than yield.

Take back the olive-branch! We hold
It better that the cannon flame
Than that the envious world be told
The Peace we purchased cost us shame.

From Maine to Florida's far shore,
From East to farthest West, each State
Must be thenceforth for evermore
Bound in one UNION strong and great.

The fields are broad throughout our land;
Our people powerful in their might;
Each loyal heart, each loyal hand
Is ready to defend the RIGHT.

The traitor who to WRONG would bow
Cowers low before the patriot's eye;
The North has registered her vow,
"The UNION!" is her battle-cry.

It sounds across the mighty lakes,
Its thunder tone the wide air fills
It rolls along her vales, and wakes
The echoes of her giant hills.

Hear it, ye people of the South!
Tear down foul TREASON'S bastard rag;
Join in the cry with heart and mouth,
And rally round the brave old flag.

Then shall this reign of bloodshed cease;
The warrior shall put by his sword;
And, graved in golden letters, "PEACE"
Shall be a Nation's dearest word.

You have our answer—see where flies
The old flag underneath the sky;
Turn to its shining folds your eyes,
That banner is our ONE reply!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

WHO shall be the Union candidate for Governor of New York? Whoever he may be, if he be honest and true, we shall give him our hearty support. But, meanwhile, before the Convention meets, it is a most serious duty to consider the circumstances which should control the nomination.

In this great and vital campaign, for the salvation of national honor and the authority of the Government, we need in the State canvass a leader whose name will be at once familiar to every voter in it, and which will assure every man beyond the State who loves his country and the Union that he may be confident and cheerful of the national result, because New York goes into the great fight intent only upon overwhelming victory.

What man then is there, known to the whole State and to the whole country, whose name is his platform, who is identified in every word and act since the rebellion began with the Union; whose nomination will be the seal of the sincerity of Union men in claiming to disregard party, and who will rally to the cause all who in an election regard persons more than platforms, and who look first and only to the honorable maintenance of the Union?

We know how conventions run in ruts, and how carefully they are selected with reference to certain purposes. We concede the necessity of strict party organization in free governments for the sake of achieving great results. But civil wars are the furnaces in which old parties are fused, and the pure gold of patriotism runs together in new combinations. We Union men deceive ourselves if we underestimate the necessity of gaining every advantage we can command. We are fatally deluded if we suppose that the old party precedents can now be strictly regarded. No convention can be so dear to the people, or so secure of victory by deserving it, as one which strikes a note to which the great popular heart responds, and which, by discarding those who seek to control it with too great personal partiality, confides its action to the dispassionate judgment of its constituents. If the Chicago Convention had been brave enough to rely upon the resolution of the American people to maintain their Government without asking the rebels upon what terms they might be permitted to do so, and had nominated a man conspicuous only for patriotic devotion, it would have divided loyal support with that at Baltimore, for its key-note would have been Patriotism. But it was impossible. It reveals itself a mere party machine, the danger of which to the country we allow, but which will be shivered by the strong sense of the people.

Will Syracuse make the mistake of Chicago? Will it not rather follow the noble example of Baltimore, which reflected the popular will in nominating Mr. LINCOLN, and in associating with him an old Democrat and an ex-slaveholder, ANDREW JOHNSON? How gladly and gratefully every Union man in the land will vote for ANDREW JOHNSON, who was tried and tried again, but was not found wanting; and vote for him even more willingly, with a chivalric generosity honorable to human nature, if his former party associations were republican.

It was said, indeed, at Baltimore, and it will be said at Syracuse, that quite enough concession has been made to Union men of Democratic antecedents. But that is an unwise and unworthy suggestion. If the Baltimore Convention had thought General BUTLER, an old Democrat, a stronger candidate with loyal men than Mr. LINCOLN, an old Whig, it would have nominated him. It knew each to be as honorable and faithful as the other; and it was not a partisan but a patriotic consideration which decided for Mr. LINCOLN. So at Syracuse, and especially at this time, we are to forget whether a man were Whig, Democrat, or Republican, and are to ask only whether he be an honest, able man, who heartily supports the policy of the Administration, who is thoroughly trusted by it, and who for reasons that are honorable to himself but not discreditable to any other, is a candidate whose name not only promises a surer victory in the State, but will greatly strengthen the national ticket. The suggestion should need no argument nor illustration, but commend itself at once. Such a nomination should be as spontaneous as it will be successful.

We do not forget how many noble and true men there are, faithful early and late to the good cause; we do not forget how many might contend in a high rivalry of patriotism for the nomination at Syracuse; we do not forget that honest and long service creates a party claim not to be wisely disregarded in party times and party conventions. But in strange and momentous periods like this, when all mere party is an impertinence because the issues infinitely transcend party considerations, is it not clear that if a man can be found who, when all shook, was steady, when the wisest were confounded, and the bravest dismayed, and the most confident doubtful, and the very ground was reeling under our feet, spoke the word that brought the blood back to the national heart, and vigor into its frame, and lighted its eye with victory, he is our natural, our inevitable, our triumphant leader, marching with whom we know that whoever hauls down the American flag will be shot upon the spot?

Every man, woman, and child in the State and the country who reads these words knows that there is such a man; and their hearts are before their lips in naming

GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

UNION FOR VICTORY, AND VICTORY FOR UNION.

COULD there be a more melancholy spectacle than the whiners, grumblers, and groaners among the Union men of the country? Involved in a tremendous war; under fire in the face of the enemy; with a large party skillfully and constantly assailing the Administration; with an ever-present necessity weighing upon that Administration to be no less confident of its friends at home than vigorous in the field, and an equal necessity upon its friends to be patient and forbearing in criticism and very charitable in judgment, there are plenty of Union journals and men incessantly, although undesignedly, lending the most efficient aid in perplexing the Administration and prolonging the war.

The need of the hour is recruits. How are they to be obtained if Union men are busiest and loudest in decrying the time and method in which they are called as the most unfortunate possible, and the Administration that calls them as the weakest conceivable? Why should we wonder that rebels shout, and Copperheads hiss with joy, if Union men are limp in the knees and mortally weak in the back, and invite defeat by showing that they expect it?

"Oh! but," sighs some despairing brother, "the President is so dreadfully slow." Yet he is quite as fast as Congress and faster than the country. You who complain of his being slow and behind the people, are the very ones who regret his talking about the abandonment of slavery in "To whom it may concern." You blow hot and cold in the same breath.

"Oh, dear me! yes; but if he had only gone ahead at first and created public opinion!" Yet you know, who sigh and groan most dismally, that if the President had begun by abolishing slavery, the Democratic party would have had the very excuse they were longing for, to take sides against the Administration. And even now, from the moment of the preparatory Emancipation proclamation, there has been an organized opposition. Would he have avoided it by issuing his proclamation when Ellsworth was killed? It is very important not to skip facts.

"But he is so shockingly weak! He might have shown more vigor. Just hear how openly treason is talked on all sides!" And yet whenever his hand falls heavily, upon VALLANDIGHAM, upon the papers that publish a proclamation forged for mischief to the country, upon orators inciting to resistance, or when LONG in Congress is threatened with expulsion for renouncing his oath, who is first to condemn the action of the Administration, and so give the President the best reason for supposing that summary action will divide Union men?

"Yes; but why didn't he end the war long ago? See how he hung on to M'CLELLAN when he knew him to be incompetent." Those who say this are mainly "radical" men. Do they honestly believe that a war of which they understand the philosophy, which they know to be a radical, vital, social, and political revolution, was to be ended in a year or three years, when one party to the conflict was taken utterly by surprise and totally without preparation, and when the course of the war was sure to develop the bitter opposition that we see? Does any thoughtful man really believe that in June, 1861, there was a royal road to victory in six or twelve months? And as to M'CLELLAN, he was at that time a popular idol, and worshiped with a superstition proportioned to ignorance. Before he had been publicly tried and had conspicuously failed, it would have been mere folly for the President to risk the consequences of his arbitrary removal. For if his removal after the terrible Chickahominy campaign, and the day's truce given to LEE to save himself at Antietam, has produced the party feeling for him that we see, what would the result have been had he been removed when an immense number not of his party believed in his capacity and insisted that he must have a chance?

"Yes, perhaps; but then the President is surrounded by such a shilly-shally cabinet." Yet against the character of each one of them no word can be breathed. The Secretary of State has saved us from foreign war; perhaps obsequiously, but he has saved us; and of vows more or less profound, when in time of great peril they secure vital results, we can at least be tolerant. "But the Secretary is under the thumb of THURLOW WEED." Very well; then the President is not under the Secretary's thumb; for Mr. WEED himself assures us that he has, and has had, no influence whatever with the President. "But he wants to compromise and bargain." Very well; if he does, you see the President does not, and every cardinal act of his administration has been his own. In the range of his duties as foreign minister has the Secretary of State served his country well? If he has, that is his department. The Secretary of War is hated by a large party, of course. Mistakes he has made, like every Secretary in every administration. Yet at this moment is not every army in just the place and under just the leader we should wish? And has any malfeasance or special incompetency ever been brought home to the Secretary? The Secretary of the Treasury—of an antique Roman mould—have not his appointment and his skillful and patriotic appeal, with returning public confidence and the decline of the gold fever, reconciled loyal men to the departure of his predecessor? "But there is a 'ring' in the Navy Department, and the Monitors are a failure." Well, we did not think the Monitors a failure in Hampton Roads, and FARRAGUT, and WINSLOW, and DU PONT, and PORTER have not seriously tarnished the old fame of the American navy. "But MONTGOMERY BLAIR is the very genius of evil." Yet he supports most cordially the President's policy, and we hear most of his enormities from the friends of Mr. WINTER DAVIS, who, unquestionably faithful and able as he is, at this moment is certainly not doing much to secure a Union victory at the polls.

That, as in every administration, there have been gross blunders and costly faults; that there have been mistakes of policy and of detail; that, as in every war, there have been contract frauds and corruption of every kind, is as true as that in the previous Administration, whose friends are fiercely assailing this, there was universal corruption and infamous treason. But the man who does not view the Administration as a whole; who does not consider exactly under what circumstances it took office, and with what unquestioned honesty and unselfish patriotism its chiefs have conducted affairs; the man who does not bear constantly in mind the enormous difficulties which have beset it, arising from the peculiar political complications of the country; who does not consider the inevitable danger to the cause itself of pertinaciously making the Administration responsible for every military mishap; who does not see and acknowledge the vast results that have been achieved in every way; who does not recognize that the insane fury of the rebels against the President, echoed by the frantic denunciation of him as a despot and a tyrant by their political allies at the North, all indicate a mortal fear that the people, whose representative he is, do not mean to submit to disunion or degradation—the man who does not bear all these facts in mind, but forever carps at details, and is frightened by the loud brag of the enemy into dolefully shaking his head and flapping his feeble hands, can not be held guiltless if the event he predicts arrives, and the Union and the country are destroyed.

AN INSTRUCTIVE GAME FOR THE CANVASS.

THIS new game is very simple, but it is very instructive, although not in the least surprising. It consists merely in rolling up separately the following pretty sentences, shaking them in a hat, then drawing them out and trying to determine which is from a rebel, and which from a "Democratic" authority:

"The thing LINCOLN has attempted can not be done. ....God help the tyrant when the people are arrayed against him."

"LINCOLN can never ruin the South."

"LINCOLN is a usurper, a man of blood, a monster of iniquity, the embodiment of murder and infinite crime."

"Let not the tyrant usurp the place [voice ?] of the ballot!"

"To throw off such a tyranny requires the exercise of a public virtue and a popular and manly independence."

"A desolating war forced upon an innocent people by an imbecile President."

"Let the two hundred thousand graves he has made tell their own tale."

"General LEE is a better champion of the rights of self-government in this country than ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"Mr. LINCOLN is a military despot."

"On to the common enemy! Down with LINCOLN!"

"United against Mr. LINCOLN and his wicked policy."

"Though the destroying angel has not passed through the land and taken your first-born, he has taken hundreds of your first-born at the command of LINCOLN."

"The monster who now rules the Yankees."

"LINCOLN demands blood. Let the tyrant tremble when the people peak."

"Who among you dare speak or write what he thinks against the tyranny which has robbed you of your property, imprisons your sons, drags you to the field of battle, and is daily deluging your country with blood?"

The game may be varied by daily cutting out fresh extracts from the rebel papers and those that support the Chicago nomination. Those that we have quoted are from a paper in Iowa, from the FREMONT organ, from the Richmond *Whig* and *Dispatch*, and the New York *Express*, and from the speeches of Messrs. KERNAN and WOOD of New York, DREW and BRADBURY of Maine, and VALLANDIGHAM of Ohio, and from the "Peace" mottoes at Syracuse. The last extract, however, is not modern—it is from the Proclamation of BENEDICT ARNOLD to the citizens and soldiers of the United States, October 20, 1780.

Those who use this language do not differ very widely. They mean the same thing. Whoever agrees with them will vote for their candidates. Whoever believes that no Government can compromise with rebels without insuring its own destruction will vote against them. If the President of the United States is "a monster" or "a tyrant" for keeping his inaugural oath; if his recourse in the midst of a terrible war to means universally necessitated and legitimated by a state of war any where, and by the Constitution of the United States and the commonsense of mankind, makes him "a usurper, a man of blood," then let us hasten, under leaders who say what we have quoted, to return to a state of things in which the right of speech and of the press and every right of personal liberty whatever was annihilated in a time of profound peace by those who now rage at the President when, in time of rebellion or invasion, he suspends the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, in order that the Union, and under it the personal liberty of every citizen in it, may be as secure in peace as it is in war.

FRIENDS OF THE ENEMY.

WHY is it that the rebel papers are so ready to give friendly advice to what they call the "Democratic" party at the North? They had no counsel to offer at Baltimore—nothing but sneers and defiance. Yet the Baltimore Convention only declared for the unconditional restoration of the Union and submission of all rebels to the supreme sovereignty of the people. Was it, then, because they believe the Chicago Convention ready to demand something less than this that the rebels were so forward with friendly advice? And if so, does any thoughtful Union man who understands the question wish to support that policy which is shaped by rebel counsel and enjoys rebel approval?

The Atlanta *Register* says: "If they ['Democrats'] will use the ballot-box against Mr. LINCOLN while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other."

The Richmond *Examiner* said, two years ago: "It is not to be denied that a Democratic victory at the North would be a subject of much gratification."

The Richmond *Whig* says: "If LINCOLN be defeated the war may be brought to a speedy, honorable, and satisfactory close.....It is the sheerest nonsense for Southern people to affect indifference as to what is going on in the North, or as to whom the people of that section may have for President.....It is a matter of the first importance to us that that functionary be a man who will have some regard for our rights, our interests, and our honor."

The point of the last article from which we quote, which is very long and written with studied calmness, was to show the Chicago Convention what policy would defeat Mr. LINCOLN. That is the rebel hope. To defeat GRANT and

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SHERMAN in the field and LINCOLN at the polls is the aim of all their efforts. Then they say that the way is clear "to commence negotiations for peace." Will negotiations for which our military disasters and the overthrow of an Administration pledged to maintain the Government pave the way be likely to end in an honorable or permanent peace?"

Granting that the Chicago Convention was an assembly of the purest patriots—that mere party success was scouted by them—that they were inspired by the most holy horror of corruption in every shape, from swindling your partner in business up to stealing Indian funds in the War Department—yet considering that the rebels show so morbid an anxiety for the success of the Chicago candidate, may not every loyal-hearted citizen who wishes the rebellion subdued and the Union unconditionally maintained, properly ask whether the way to secure these results is to vote the ticket which the rebels recommend?

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE Platform of the Chicago Convention will satisfy every foreign and domestic enemy of American Union and Liberty. It declares that the Government of the United States is guilty of resisting rebellion, and that the American people can not maintain the authority of their laws. It has no word of righteous wrath against the recreant citizens who have plunged the country in the blood of civil war, but lavishes its fury upon the constituted authorities which have steadily defended the Union. It has no censure for any act of rebellion, but the war measures taken by the Administration, under the authority of the Constitution, are branded as tyrannical and despotic. There is not a word in it that can cheer any soldier or sailor fighting for his country; not a syllable that stirs the blood of a patriot. It is craven, abject, humiliating. It confesses the defeat of the Union cause, and covertly implores the mercy of JEFFERSON DAVIS and his crew.

And this at a moment when stout old FARRAGUT is thundering at Mobile; when the inexorable GRANT clutches at the Weldon Road, which, as an officer in his army writes, is "like touching the cubs of a tigress;" when EARLY's Shenandoah invasion is too late for success; when SHERMAN is closing around Atlanta; when State after State is supplying its quota of fresh soldiers; when gold steadily declines; when a universal public confidence is awakening; and when the rebels are plainly, palpably struggling to hold out only long enough to see if the election, by the elevation of the Chicago candidate, will not turn to their advantage.

Never again will this nation have a fairer chance of maintaining its constitutional authority than it has now. For three years it has, at every disadvantage, battled against this formidable conspiracy, and never was the conspiracy in so desperate a strait. The country has it by the throat. A little more force, a closer pressure, and the monster falls strangled, dead forever. A little less force, a relaxed hold, a wavering purpose, and the scaly folds of rebellion thrill with hope to the extremity; it renews its strength, it recruits its venom, and darts a deadlier blow at the life of the country.

As the Chicago Platform declares the war hopeless, its friends will of course wish to see its position confirmed. Every victory of GRANT, of FARRAGUT, and of SHERMAN will therefore be unwelcome. Every brave man who enlists will be grudged. The rise of prices will be hailed with delight; while universal disaster to our armies and navies, and the victories of the rebel armies will be hailed with exultation as conclusive proof of the "failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war." There is not an English lord or European aristocrat, not a sneerer at popular government and friend of despotism in the world, who will not applaud the Chicago Platform and hope for the success of its candidate.

The political campaign is opened. It will be short, sharp, and decisive, and the most momentous the country has ever known. If Mr. LINCOLN is re-elected the Union, the authority of the Government, and the national honor will be maintained unconditionally; the rebellion, strained and baffled on every side, will be suppressed; and the peace and prosperity of the country be permanently re-established. If General M'CLELLAN is elected there will be an attempt to negotiate, to compromise, to bargain with the rebels. In the effort it is not the disputed point, it is the dignity and character of the Government which will be compromised. A treacherous truce will be patched up and labeled peace, and after staggering under its dishonor and disgrace for a miserable while the country will plunge forward again into the flaming gulf of war.

The issue is simple and sublime. It is the life or the degradation of the nation. It is to show that a Government of the people is equal to every exigency—ready for taxation, ready for military service, ready for endurance, ready for forbearance—that it is as strong as any Government in the world, and stronger—that in war it is as powerful and resolute and orderly as in peace it is industrious and prosperous. There seems to us but one way in which this can be shown, but one way in which utter national humiliation can be avoided, and that is by the steady and strong hand of war until the rebels confess the authority of the Government. That is the policy which is personified in ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON, and which we shall most strenuously support, for it is the cause of the peace and happiness of the American people.

GENERAL SEYMOUR UPON THE WAR.

WE hope our readers have not failed to see General SEYMOUR's letter to Mr. W. E. DODGE, Jun., and printed in the daily papers. It is full of matter, and inspires the most loyal confidence. The General, it will be remembered, was captured in the Wilderness, and was afterward taken to Charleston, and could not be suspected of any peculiar prejudice against the rebels, for he had had no political sympathies against them, and was—we believe unjustly—accused of injustice to colored troops of his command.

General SEYMOUR's conviction agrees with that of every judicious observer—that the rebel cause is approaching exhaustion. This is apparent from various considerations, but from none more strikingly than the universal and forcible conscription ordered by Governor BROWN in Georgia. A letter from one rebel to another, which fell into the hands of a fellow-prisoner of the General's, confirms this view of the depletion of the rebel cause. "The people are soul-sick and heartily tired of this hateful, hopeless strife.... The men who, to aggrandize themselves, or to gratify their own political ambition, brought this cruel war upon a peaceful and prosperous country, will have to render a fearful account of their misdeeds to a wronged, robbed, and outraged people."

To release this people of the South who have been taught by false leaders that the people of the North are their enemies, the sole want of the moment is men. Our armies are large and brave, and skillfully commanded. They fight with indomitable courage, and in this summer's campaign have driven the rebellion to bay. But, as General SEYMOUR says, we ought to have four to one in the field, and an army of reserve now would confirm the hold that the terrible GRANT has upon the rebellion, and enable him to shake it speedily to death. The one hope of the rebels, he says, "is the result of our next election for President. If a Democrat succeeds to Mr. LINCOLN they profess to feel sure of negotiations, and sure of their Confederacy. They believe a Democrat will be elected. In Mr. LINCOLN's re-election they see only subjugation, annihilation, for the war must then continue, and continuance is their failure and ruin. In military affairs it is an excellent rule never to do what the enemy desires—is it not equally true in politics? Certain it is that the only remaining hope of the South lies in Mr. LINCOLN's defeat."

The whole letter is a manly rebuke of the pusillanimity which sighs and sobs that we "can not conquer the South." Of course we can't do it by whining that it is impossible. But, says General SEYMOUR, "behind the James only boys and old men are to be seen, while here men buy and sell as in the olden days of quiet, and regiments of ablebodied citizens crowd the street." With just and patriotic indignation the soldier who has fought and suffered exclaims in conclusion—redeeming the name of SEYMOUR in this war—"There are some who speak of peace! Of all Yankees the Southron most scorns those who do not fight, but are glad enough to employ them, as they do their slaves, to perform their dirty work. Peace for the South will be sweet indeed; for us, except through Southern subjugation, but anarchy and war forever. The Pacific, the Western, the Eastern States would at once fall asunder. The South would be dominant, and the people of the North would deserve to be driven afield under negro overseers, to hoe corn and cotton for Southern masters."

DOCTORS DISAGREE.

The Richmond *Examiner* of August 22 says:

"General GRANT's army may now be considered as utterly and signally and finally defeated. Whether the moment is come when the remnant of it is to be driven to its ships, General LEE is the best and sole judge. That measure, however, when he shall decide upon it, will be a noble movement in the interest of peace."

The Richmond *Enquirer* of August 23 says:

"GRANT's plans on the Danville Road are now revealed, and all the energy and gallantry of the army under LEE and BEAUREGARD will not be too much to beat back this bold movement to the south of Petersburg."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

On Wednesday, August 24, the rebels disappeared from the front of the Fifth and Ninth Corps; and it was inferred that Lee was contracting his lines. The Second Corps and the Tenth had recrossed the James to the south side on Saturday night, the 20th; and the former was sent to the support of the Fifth on the Weldon Road. On the 25th, while the First and Second Divisions of the Second Corps were engaged in tearing up the road, they were attacked by a portion of Hill's and Longstreet's corps. The battle occurred at Reams Station, the Second Division falling back to that point in order to connect with the left of the First. The line was a crescent, the right flank being nearly at right angles with the railroad, the centre a little beyond and nearly parallel with it, and the left recrossing and receding from it. It appears that the rebels, disappearing from WARREN's front, had gone around westwardly, with the intention of flanking the Federal force holding the road. The enemy first assaulted in front, and then made two charges on the extreme right, and were each time repulsed with severe loss. Then another charge was made against the right; two regiments stationed outside of our works wavered; the entire rebel force came on without firing until they reached our works. They were mown down by our musketry; still they pushed on. Some new recruits on the right centre gave way, and the enemy gained an advantage, compelling the two divisions to withdraw into the shelter of some woods, where they again formed in line and advanced against the rebels in their works, flanking them, and compelling them to abandon the position. The attack had been made late in the afternoon, and night now put an end to the conflict. The rebels, fearing that we would be so strongly reinforced that they could not expect to hold their ground, abandoned the field, leaving their dead and wounded. Our loss in this battle is stated at about 2000, while that of the rebels is estimated at 5000. The length of Grant's line may be estimated from the fact that Reams Station is twenty miles to the left of Butler's head-quarters. Our forces still hold the Weldon Road, and a railroad has been projected to connect City Point with General WARREN's Corps.

In the fight on Thursday we lost nine guns. Captain Henry Sleeper, of the Tenth Massachusetts Cavalry, was wounded. The Weldon Road had been destroyed for a distance of eleven or twelve miles.

From Sherman there are no detailed reports, and our only information is Secretary STANTON's dispatch stating that that General's movements to place his army on the communications of Hood's army have been successful. On the 21st of August the rebel General Forrest made a raid into Memphis, Tennessee, probably for the purpose of securing the persons of Generals Washburne and Hurlburt. The particulars are given on page 588.

Early, it seems, has disappeared from Sheridan's front; but as the reabsorption of his force into Lee's army would leave the Lynchburg Road open to our forces in the Valley, it is probable that the rebel retreat was necessitated by the want of supplies. A portion of this force will doubtless join Lee's army to assist in driving our forces off from the Weldon Road, and this will prepare the way for Sheridan's advance southward. The rebels are now at every point driven to a purely defensive conduct of the war. This has not been true before since the war commenced, and is a most encouraging sign that the war is speedily drawing to a close.

From Mobile we have the simple announcement made in rebel journals that Fort Morgan is now in our possession.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The Chicago Convention met August 29, and Ex-Governor Bigler was appointed temporary President. A Committee of delegates was chosen to report resolutions. The next day, upon the assembling of the Convention, Governor Seymour was elected President, and the following Platform was adopted with but four dissentient voices:

Resolved, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union under the Constitution as the only solid foundation of our strength, security, and happiness as a people, and as a frame-work of government equally conducive to the welfare and prosperity of all the States, both Northern and Southern.

Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity, or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

Resolved, That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Delaware, was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the Administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection, the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law exists in full force, the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the employment of unusual test oaths, and the interference with and denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union and the perpetuation of a Government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

Resolved, That the shameful disregard of the Administration to its duty in respect to our fellow-citizens, who now and long have been prisoners of war in a suffering condition, deserves the severest reprobation on the score alike of public and common humanity.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the Democratic party is heartily and earnestly extended to the soldiery of our army who are and have been in the field under the flag of our country, and in the event of our attaining power they will receive all the care, protection, regard, and kindness that the brave soldiers of the republic have so nobly earned.

On Wednesday General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN was elected as the Democratic candidate for President, receiving 162 votes.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

MR. CHARLES BABBAGE, in "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher," tells the following anecdote: Once, at a large dinner-party, Mr. Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom, then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass: it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination, that he actually caught cold. It so happened that I was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, I immediately said, "Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination. When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no night-cap, I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of pack-thread tightly round my head, I go to sleep imagining that I have a night-cap on; consequently I take no cold at all." This sally produced much amusement in all around, who supposed I had improvised it; but odd as it may appear, it is a practice I have often resorted to. Mr. Rogers, who knew full well the respect and regard I had for him, saw at once that I was relating a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited.

ABOUT ten months ago two gentlemen of San Francisco laid a wager, by which one of the parties was bound to the following condition: If the Federal forces did not capture Richmond within three days from that date, he was to give his opponent a single, sound, eatable apple; if Richmond held out sixty days he was to give him two apples, and so on, doubling the number for each month until Richmond was taken—to the end of time, if that event did not occur before. Nine months have passed since the first apple was handed over, and the list of apples delivered at the end of the successive months is as follows: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256—total 511. Apples are 4 cents. If Richmond be taken within the present month he will get back all the apples he has lost, and one more, which would make him more than even; but should it hold out a year longer and he continues to pay his losses, his payment would cost him 40,960 dollars, and he would be 81,900 dollars out; in three months more he would be out 686,340 dollars.

TORTURE applied to extort confession was discontinued, it is said, in the public courts of Portugal, in consequence of the following circumstances: A conscientious judge, having observed the effects of the rack upon supposed criminals, in making them confess any thing, to the sacrifice of their lives, to get released from the torture, determined to try an experiment. It is a capital crime in that country to kill a horse or mule; and he had one of the former which he much valued. He took care one night to have all his servants employed, so that no one but the groom could go into the stable. When all were fast asleep in their beds, he stole thither himself, and cut the horse so that he bled to death. The groom was apprehended and committed to prison. He plead not guilty; but the presumption being strong against him, he was ordered to the rack, where the extremity of the torture soon wrung from him a confession of the crime. Upon this confession, he had sentence of hanging passed on him, when his master went to the tribunals, and there exposed the fallibility of confessions obtained by such means, by owning the fact himself, and disclosing the motives which had influenced him in making the experiment.

"I REMEMBER," says Dr. Leicifield, in his Autobiography, "being particularly struck with the personal neatness of John Wesley as he came out of his carriage. His coachman also attracted my notice; for he seemed to be his master's *valet de chambre*, his clerk when necessary, and his deputy, to converse and even argue when people. I heard that on one occasion an individual, who was one of the class of captious questioners, addressed himself to Mr. Wesley with an air of impertinent curiosity. The preacher had no time to spare, and, furthermore, felt it necessary to check annoyances of this kind for the future. He therefore gravely asked his questioner, 'Can you read Greek?' 'No, Sir, I can not,' was the reply. 'Oh, then,' rejoined Mr. Wesley, 'my coachman will be able to satisfy you.'"

WHENEVER you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man; for the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome though painful shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

IN the burial-register of Lymington, Hants, there is the following entry: "12th August, 1729. This forenoon the body of Samuel Baldwin, late inhabitant of this parish, was conveyed in a vessel off to sea, and was committed to the deep off the Needle rocks, near the Isle of Wight." "This appears to have been done," says a Hampshire paper, "in accordance with the wish of the deceased, to prevent his wife from dancing over his grave, which she threatened to do."

CURIOUS anecdotes are related of the effect of music upon animals. Marville has given the following amusing account of his experiments: "While a man was playing on a trump-marine I made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, some cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard under the window. The cat was not the least affected; the horse stopped short from time to time, raising his head up now and then as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind-legs, looking steadily at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows stept a little, and after gazing at us, went forward; some little birds that were in an aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens, who were solely employed in scraping a neighboring dung-hill, did not show in any manner that the trump-marine afforded them pleasure." That dogs have an ear for music can not be doubted. Steibelt had one which evidently knew one piece of music from the other; and a modern composer had a pug-dog that frisked merrily about the room when a lively piece was played, but when a slow melody was performed he would seat himself down by the piano, and prick up his ears with intense attention until the player came to the forty-eighth bar: as the discord was struck he would yell most piteously, and, with drooping tail, seek refuge from the unpleasant sound under the chairs or tables.

EASTCOT relates that a hare left her retreat to listen to some choristers who were singing on the banks of the Mersey, retiring whenever they ceased singing, and reappearing as they recommenced their strains. Bosmant asserts that an officer confined in the Bastile drew forth mice and spiders, to beguile his solitude, with his flute; and a mountebank in Paris had taught rats to dance on the rope in perfect time. Chateaubriand states as a perfect fact that he has seen the rattlesnakes in Upper Canada appeased by a musician. And the concert given in Paris to two elephants in the Jardin des Plantes leaves no doubt in regard to the effect of harmony on the brute creation. Every instrument seemed to operate distinctly as the several modes of the pieces were slow or lively, until the excitement of these intelligent creatures had been carried to such an extent that further experiments were deemed dangerous.

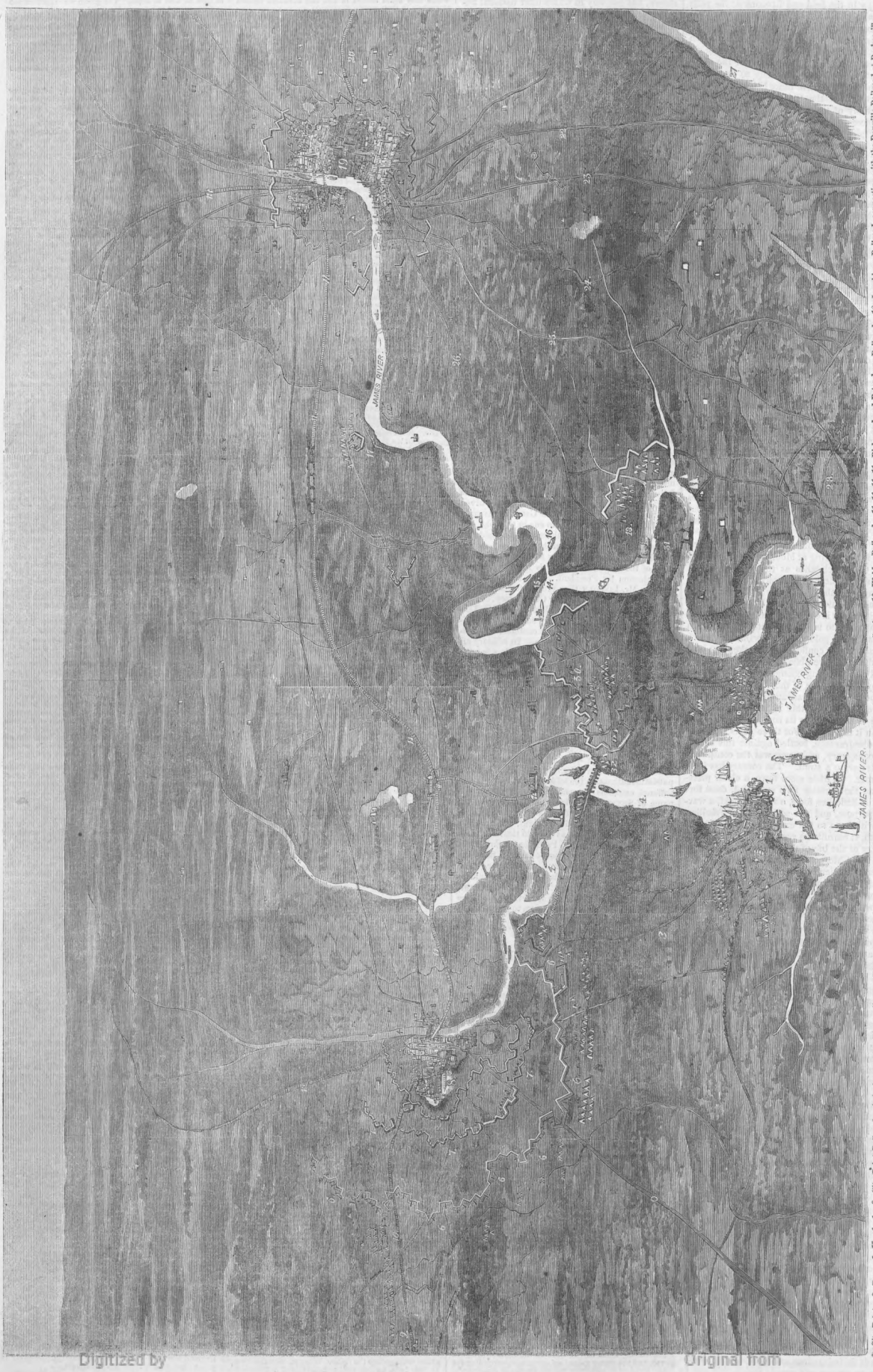
SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk near Frashford, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face, and said, "But you can mend it, can't ee?" Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to one of his family as he did so, "I can not disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

THE number of looms employed in making Cashmere shawls does not exceed five hundred. Of the finest shawls not more than half an inch is completed in a day, although three workmen are employed on each piece, the shawl being composed of a number of separate pieces, which, as they rarely correspond in size, will account for that peculiar defectiveness which is often to be observed in the real "Cashmere." A long, narrow, but heavy shuttle is used; those of which the pattern is variegated are worked with wooden needles, there being a separate needle for the thread of each color. The people at the loom are superintended by a foreman, who is a skillful artist, with a fine eye for color and ornamental design. He explains to them, in a peculiar chanting tone, the figures, colors, and threads they are to use. During the whole operation the rough side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame, notwithstanding which the foreman never mistakes the most intricate designs. The shawl is not complete until all the separately-woven pieces of which it is composed are taken to the men who are employed in sewing all these portions together, so as to form a harmonious whole. At this tedious, and, as it would seem, puzzling work, they earn about a penny a day; and the experienced superintendent who overlooks their operations is very little better off than themselves.

WE could give scores of instances of bad taste shown in the choice of patterns on our walls. The difficulty would be to find many which are not. In the choice of paper for the walls of rooms, it ought to be borne in mind that in most instances the covering of walls is only a background for prints, water-color drawings, or paintings; rooms may be seen hung with valuable drawings, papered with the gayest colored flowers. The force and beauty of works of art are completely destroyed by such a mounting. In addition to the bad choice of the paper, much damage is often done to prints and pictures, which now supply the place of the ancient tapestry, by the style of the frames.

THERE are above a quarter of a million of persons in England and Wales bearing the cosmopolitan surname of Smith, and above 45,000 persons in Scotland. If you meet 75 persons in England, or even 68 in Scotland, you may expect to find a Smith among them. Next to Smith there comes in each country a purely local name—Jones in England and Wales, Macdonald in Scotland; in every 78 persons in Scotland there is a Macdonald.

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1. City Point.—2. Bermuda Hundred.—3. City Point Railroad.—4, 4. Appomattox River.—5. Fort Walthal.—6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6. Union lines.—7, 7, 7. Rebel lines.—8. Petersburg.—9. Reams Station.—10. Weldon Railroad.—11, 11, 11, 11. Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.—12. Lynchburg Railroad, connecting with the Danville Railroad at Burkeville.—13. Deep Bottom.—14. Canal at Dutch Gap.—15. Farrar's Island.—16. Rebel Gun-boats above this point.—17. Fort Darling.—18. Danville Railroad.—19. Richmond.—20. Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad.—22, 23, 24, 25, 26. Roads leading out of Richmond.—27. The Coldeckahominy.—28. Malvern Hill.—30. Butler's lines.—31. Jones's Neck.—32. Norfolk Railroad.

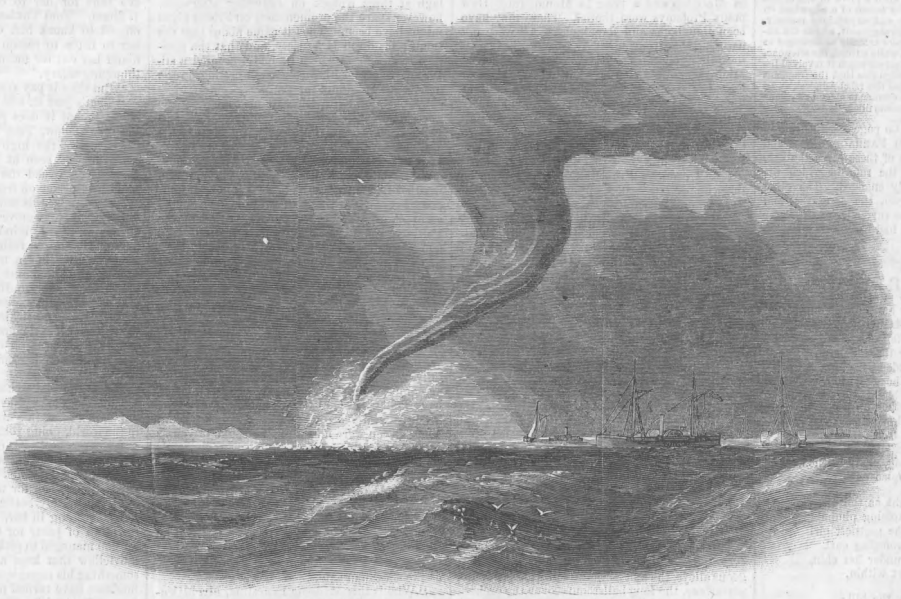
ISOMETRIC VIEW OF GENERAL GRANT'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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WATER-SPOUT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND.

WE illustrate on this page an incident which recently occurred in Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, near a portion of the Federal fleet.

On the afternoon of August 3 a heavy water-spout was observed forming in the vicinity of the fleet. The weather being stormy, and several others having been seen during the day, no immediate concern was manifested regarding it; but as it soon attained such gigantic proportions as to exceed any thing ever before witnessed, serious fears were entertained for the safety of the tugs and other small craft of the fleet. After taking a circuitous route among the vessels, fortunately without encountering any, it struck out for the land, the water boiling and foaming beneath it, and being apparently lifted to a great height. On reaching the shore it immediately burst, discharging what appeared like a solid body of water of immense volume. The accompanying sketch was made by an officer of the *Shamrock* immediately after the occurrence. During the performance of this irregular drama by old Neptune the *Shamrock*, *Otsego*, and *Tacony* were near at hand, while the Union sailors were silent but by no means uninterested spectators.



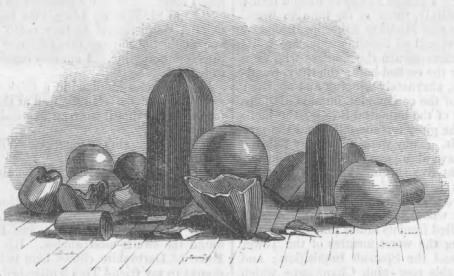
GRAND WATER-SPOUT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND, AUGUST 3, 1864.

FARRAGUT'S VICTORY.

WE give on this page, and on pages 584 and 585, illustrations of FARRAGUT'S recent victory in Mobile Bay. The sketch accompanying this description represents the shot and shell which were extracted from the sides of the *Brooklyn* after her engagement with Fort Morgan and the ram *Tennessee*, August 5, 1864. The cut at the foot of this page gives a view of the sinking Monitor *Tecumseh*. While FARRAGUT was making his entrance into Mobile Bay past Fort Morgan, the *Tecumseh*, proceeding on the left of the fleet, struck upon a torpedo and went down. The infernal machine exploded almost directly under the Monitor, whose side was lifted six feet above the water, when she settled so rapidly that only five of her crew, who tumbled out through her port-holes, escaped. The Monitors, in a casualty of this nature, appear to be perfect traps, out of which there are no loop-holes of escape except the port-holes. The *Tecumseh* sank at the beginning of the action.

The conflict with the rebel ram *Tennessee*, illustrated on page 585, was the most spirited naval engagement of the war; it is only rivaled in interest by the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, early in 1862. After the rebel gun-boat *Selma* had surrendered, and the *Morgan* and *Gaines* been driven under the guns of Fort Morgan, FARRAGUT ordered the whole Federal fleet to engage the *Tennessee*, and to close upon her as rapidly as possible. The order was none too quickly given, as the ram was uninjured by our fire, and in the rear of our fleet, threatening seriously to interrupt our progress.

At the time of the engagement FARRAGUT was passing the water batteries under Fort Morgan. The fire of all the vessels seemed to have no effect on the ram. When the order was given to run her down, the *Monongahela*, *Lackawanna*, and *Brooklyn* all butted against her, "and they might as well," says our correspondent, "have butted against the Crow's Nest on the Hudson!" The Monitors appear to have forced the ram to surrender; they made the splinters fly inside of the heavy iron and wooden armor of the *Tennessee*. The *Manhattan* sent a solid 15-inch shell through her side at a distance of twenty-five yards. The *Chickasaw*, also, did splendidly with her 11-inch guns. The *Winnebago* was less rapid in her movements. Probably the chief causes of the surrender of the ram were the wounding of Admiral BUCHANAN and the injury done to her rudder chains. The length of the vessel was 200 feet, her breadth 48. Her draught is 14 feet 8 inches.



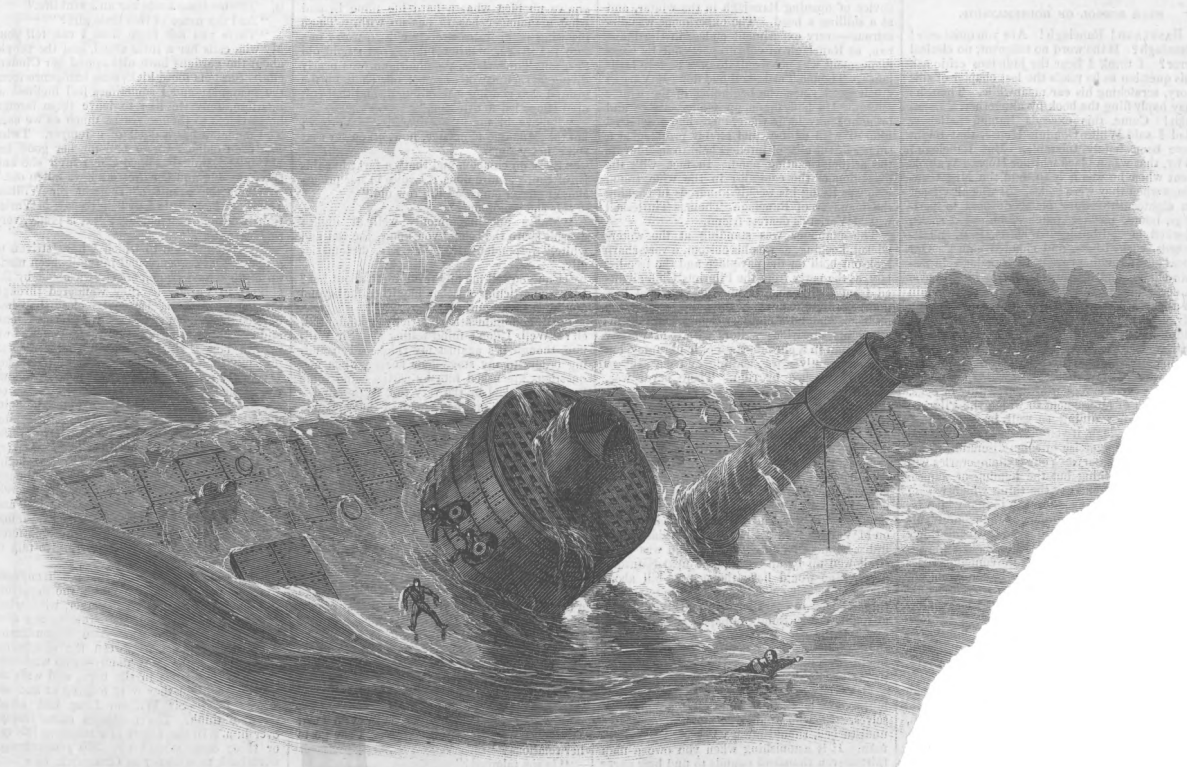
SHOT AND SHELL EXTRACTED FROM THE "BROOKLYN" AUGUST 5, 1864.
[SKETCHED BY SIGSBY.]

The following description of the ram is given by a correspondent of the *Tribune*:

"In form she varies from the old *Merrimac*, though evidently a modification of that unfortunate and short-lived craft.

"Her armor consists of two and a half inch iron, in bars eight inches wide, crossing each other, and bolted down with one and three-quarter inch bolts, making five inches of solid iron. This again is backed by two feet of solid oak throughout the entire portion of the boat above the water-line, and extending some feet even below that. From her forward casemates forward, including her pilot-house, an additional inch of iron is given her, making six inches of plating, and an additional foot, making three feet of wooden backing at this part of the boat.

"Her gun-room, if that is the proper term to use, occupies about two-thirds of her length, and is constructed with a flat top, composed of two and a half by eight-inch iron bars, crossed and bolted together, forming a close lattice-work above her gunners, and affording ventilation while in action. The sides are inclined like those of the old *Merrimac*, and, as before stated, are composed of five inches of iron plating, backed with two feet of solid oak backing, through which, in the fight with our fleet, no ball succeeded in piercing. Her ports, of which there are two on ei-



DESTRUCTION OF THE MONITOR "TECUMSEH" BY A REBEL TORPEDO, IN MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.—[

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ther side, and one fore and aft, are closed by means of iron shutters, which revolve upon a pivot in the centre of one side, and are worked by means of a cog-wheel on the inside in a very simple and expeditious manner. They are liable, however, to derangement, and in the engagement with our fleet two were actually so deranged as to prevent their being opened, while a third, the after one, was shot away entirely, the pivot on which it revolved being broken off, and it was through this that the fragment of shell entered which wounded the rebel Admiral, as he was standing near directing a gunner to clear away some splinters with which it had become filled."

The two sketches given on page 584 illustrate in detail the conflict between FARRAGUT's fleet and the rebel gun-boats. One of these gives the portion of the conflict with the ram, in which the *Richmond* was prominently engaged. The other illustrates the fight between the *Metacomet* and the *Selma*, resulting in the surrender of the latter with 93 men, 18 of whom had been killed, and 22 wounded.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She hid her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair;
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O Western Wind! do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?—
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast?
When he as gladly folded her in
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin.

O Ellery Vane! you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLV.

HIGH SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP.

RANELAGH! Ranelagh! Are you quite sure! Ranelagh? Is the word no misprint, no clerical error? I think I hear the judicious critic ask this question as he reads the last chapter of this story, scratching his ear meanwhile. Then, he may haply fling the book by altogether. Ranelagh! Come, this exceeds human patience. Had I said White Conduit House, that might have been barely tolerable. But Ranelagh! Why, that was a place whither Horace Walpole went when he was a beau, and the Miss Gunnings when they were belles. It was altogether an eighteenth-century place, devoted to periwigs, hoops, powder, patches, brocaded sacks, clocked hose, high-heeled shoes, fans, small-swords, cocked-hats, and clouded canes. Our great-grandmothers went to Ranelagh in sedan-chairs, and attended by little black boys. A certain Mrs. Amelia Booth (wife of a captain in a marching regiment, and known to a certain Mr. Henry Fielding) supped there one night, more than a hundred years ago, in company with a clerical gentleman who had a few words ing the evening with a British nobleman. which I reply that I know what I am about, t there is reason in the roasting of eggs. of amusement to which the Pilgrims fter dining so well in Park Lane, elagh, if you please. This is an age exercise of some discretion in lit- essary. Your contemporaries will thing but the naming of names. and say the thing which is *not*; ing utterance to that which *is*. emoirs of the candid Tal- blished until full thirty the period of his la- f the contemporaries t be compromised, creature could For a similar eye shall be ladies and like green t mid- e oc- han let

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entirely original remark, that there was a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth. How many Ptolemys were there? There may have been Ranelaghs and Ranelaghs. All were not necessarily patronized by Horace Walpole and the Misses Gunning. Is there not a London in Middlesex, and a London in Canada? A Boulogne in the department of the Seine, and a Boulogne in the department of the Pas de Calais? An Aix in Savoy, an Aix in Provence, and an Aix in Rhenish Prussia? An Alexandria in the land of Egypt, and an Alexandria in the State of Virginia?

At all events, all the Ranelaghs are gone by this time—your Ranelagh and my Ranelagh. Yes; the pleasant place is departed. The fifty thousand additional lamps are fled, and the garlands of flowers, real and artificial, are dead. The plaster statues have reverted to dust and their primitive gypsum; the trees have been cut down; their very roots grubbed up. Bricks and mortar invade the once verdant expanse of the Ramilies ground. No more balloons ascend from that Campus Martius. There are wine-cellars where once the lake was; pantries and sculleries where once the panorama of Moscow raised its cupolas of painted canvas, profusely festooned with squibs and crackers, to the starlit sky. Pulled down, laid waste, and laid out again: such has been the fate of Ranelagh. Its present desolation of hods, scaffold-poles, and places where rubbish may be shot, seems even more dreadful than would be utter solitude and silence. Somebody Else—that ruthless and immovable Somebody Else—has got hold of Ranelagh, and turned it to other uses. May it, under its new aspect, be profitable to Somebody! It is certain that Ranelagh, as Ranelagh, never did pay Anybody.

Is it necessary to shed a few sympathetic tears over the parterres, the fountains, the umbrageous alleys, the labyrinths and grottoes, the supper-arbors, the long ball-room—over the orchestra with its shell-shaped sounding-board, and the little hutch beneath, where you purchased the creaming stout in brown jugs which might once have been Toby Philpots, and have lived in the vales? I should like so to weep a little; but, unfortunately, there is no time to weep. The Pilgrims and Madame Ernestine, professor of the high school of horsemanship, are waiting. Let others mourn the fiddlers who were wont to wear the cocked-hats; the tipsy, fraudulent waiters, alternately cringing and abusive; the masters of the ceremonies, humble disciples of the school of the immortal S——; the money-takers; the gipsy fortune-teller and the prophetic hermit. They were all worthy folk, no doubt, but have disappeared. So have the petrified fowls at five shillings each, the ham cut so thin that it resembled the leaves of some fatty sensitive plant, and curled into shrinking convolutions when you touched it; the rack punch, so called from its fumes inflicting on you next morning the worst tortures of the Tower of London and the Spanish Inquisition; and that remarkable rose-pink Champagne which never went round more than once, and never cost less than half a guinea a bottle.

It was M'Variety, who, as Tom Tuttleshell correctly observed, had hit upon the notable device of opening Ranelagh in the winter, and at a shilling a head. The experiment was disastrous—every experiment ended, in the long-run, at Ranelagh in catastrophe—but its commencement was not destitute of a certain brilliance. Thomas Tuttleshell had done M'Variety much good since the beginning of the winter season. He had made up many parties, and brought many lords there. He had interested himself with editors, and affably presided at a supper of the élite of intellect held to inaugurate the artificial skating pond. In fact, with the exception of the capitalist in the wine trade, who was losing his weekly hundreds in backing the manager of Ranelagh, Thomas Tuttleshell was M'Variety's dearest friend.

The manager was standing at the water-wicket, keeping, as was his custom, a very sharp look-out both on the pay-place and the free-list box, as the party from the Pilgrims' Club alighted from their cab. It may be imagined how many cordial pressures of the hand he bestowed on Tom, and how many sweeping bows he favored his illustrious visitors with. M'Variety was a man in a chronic state of bankruptcy, but who constantly arose, smiling and cheerful, as though refreshed by ruin. There never was, perhaps, a debtor who was so much beloved by his creditors. Those to whom he owed most were generally the first to help him to start afresh. It was the opinion of the capitalist in the wine trade—an opinion frequently expressed as he signed the weekly checks—that it was no good crying after spilt milk; that a man could not eat his cake and have it; that you could not always be turning over your money ten times a year; and that there was a deal of meat on M'Variety yet. "Sir," the enthusiastic capitalist would exclaim, "if Ranelagh was to be swallowed up by an earthquake next Saturday night, Mac would have the neatest bill about the ruins (as patronized by royalty) to be seen at three o'clock in the afternoon and nine o'clock at night, out in Sunday's paper, that ever you saw. He is a man of spirit, Sir, is Mac." So the capitalist went on signing checks and sending in cases upon cases of the rose-pink Champagne.

M'Variety always looked after his small liabilities, and let the large ones take care of themselves. He who would owe much, and yet live undisturbed, should always pay his washer-woman. It is astonishing when you owe a man thirty-seven thousand pounds to find how eager he is to ask you to dinner, and to lend you another three thousand pounds to make up the round sum. Mac always paid his small people. He never treated his underlings to an empty treasury. The ghost walked regularly at Ranelagh at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, however spare the promenaders on Friday night might have been. Thus it came about that the small folks loved M'Variety, and that the master-carpenter—to whom he had presented a silver snuff-box for his exertions in getting up the fire-work scaffolding for the panorama of Moscow—declared, with tears in his eyes, that the governor was the honestest soul he ever drove a nail for, and that if timber ever ran short in the gardens, he'd cut down Bushey Park (at the risk of transportation for life) sooner than the governor should want it. And finally, as Mac, whether it was hail, rain, or sunshine with him, always entertained a retinue of old pensioners, and took great care of an old grandmother (who considered him the brightest genius of any age) and two spinster sisters down in Devonshire, he was not, perhaps, on the whole, such a bad sort of a fellow.

"Tip-toppers?" whispered the manager to his friend, as he bustled officiously in advance of his guests.

"The very first," Thomas returned. "An earl, a baron, and a foreign count: no end of a swell. The conceited puppy," he added, mentally, to compensate for his slightly imaginative eulogium on Edgar Greyfaunt. It was a harmless peculiarity of our friend that he always gave his aristocratic acquaintances a step in rank. Thus, if you were a captain, he spoke of you as colonel; if you were an archdeacon, he made you a bishop.

"Sure, I'm very much obliged to you Tom," went on M'Variety. "Come and chop on Sunday?"

"Thanks. Can't promise, but we'll see."

"Well, I know you will if some other swell doesn't turn up. This way, gentlemen. You're just in time for the circus. Just a goin' to begin, as the showman said."

"Who is this Madame Ernestine, Mr. M'Variety?" asked Sir William Long, quitting Lord Carlton's arm to walk with the manager.

"Famous French equestrian, my lord. Just arrived from Paris. Turned all the people's heads there. Pay her a tremendous salary."

"I am Sir William Long," the baronet said, quietly, "and should be very much obliged if you would tell me any thing definite about this Madame Ernestine. I am very curious, indeed, to learn."

The manager indulged in a subdued—a very subdued—whistle. He glanced at the baronet's face, and saw that it wore an expression of earnest curiosity.

"Well, she ain't young, Sir William," he made answer.

"If she is the person I mean she must be forty years of age, or thereabout."

"You may bet your money on *that* horse, Sir William," acquiesced the manager. "Hope you'll excuse my familiarity, but I've always found the swells most affable. His Grace the Duke of Darbyshire comes here twice a week, thanks to my friend Tom Tuttleshell. Invaluable fellow, Tom. His grace wanted to drive his four-in-hand over the artificial lake, but I was obliged to refuse him, for fear of accidents, and the newspapers, and that sort of thing. Ah! you've no idea what a hard life mine is, and what a manager has to put up with. Those licensing magistrates are enough to worry one into the grave. Only think. That stupid old Sergeant Timberlake, the chairman, was nearly giving a casting vote against our shop, on the ground that skating was immoral, and that colored lamps led to drinking."

"Believe in my sympathy, Mr. M'Variety; but this Madame Ernestine, now. You say that she is not young?"

"She's no chicken, and that's a fact; but this is, of course, entre nous. Ladies in her profession are never supposed to grow old."

"Is she handsome?"

"Makes up uncommonly well at night; doesn't spare the 'slap,' you know, the red and white," responded Mr. M'Variety, diplomatically.

"Can you tell me any thing more about her? I have a particular object in inquiring, far beyond any impertinent curiosity."

"All communications strictly confidential, eh? Well, I don't mind telling *you*, Sir William, though it's against my rules. My standing orders to my stage-door keeper, when any questions are asked him by parties—and some have been asked by the very first in the land—about the ladies and gentlemen of the company, is to tell 'em to find out, and if they ain't satisfied with *that*, to write to *Notes and Queries*. That generally satisfies the Paul Prys, and you don't know how we're bothered with 'em. Now, to tell you the honest truth about Madame Ernestine, she's about the most mysterious party I ever knew, and I have known a *few* mysterious parties in my time, Sir William."

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. M'Variety; pray proceed."

"I can't make out whether she's a Frenchwoman or an Englishwoman. She speaks one language as well as the other. She swears like a trooper and drinks like a fish, which ain't very uncommon in the horse-riding profession; but then she gives herself all sorts of fine-lady airs, and treats you as if you were a door-mat. She says she was married to a tremendous swell, an Englishman, who is dead, and that she is a lady in her own right. My treasurer, Van Post, won't believe it, and you'd find it rather hard to meet with a sharper customer than Billy Van Post. 'If she's a lady,' says he, 'why don't she go to her relations?'"

"Is she talented?"

"Clever as Old Scratch, to whom, I think, she's first cousin. But, to tell you the honest truth, Sir William, she's too old for the kick-out business. At her time of life the swells don't care about seeing her jump through the hoops. It's time for her to cover up her ankles, Sir William. Tom Tuttleshell told her so, and she offered to knock him down for it; but we got her to listen to reason at last. You see, Tom found her out for me in Paris, and I pay her a thumping salary."

"But does it pay you to do so?"

"That's just it, Sir William. You'd hardly credit it, but it does pay tremendously. That ingenious fellow, Tom Tuttleshell, put me up to the dodge of the high school of horsemanship which he had seen at Franconi's. It's as easy as lying," pursued the candid Mr. M'Variety; "and it ain't far off from lying, any way."

"What may this novel invention be?"

"Just this: You've got a lady rider that's clever—first-rate, mind, but passy. Well, you just put her into a riding-habit and a man's hat, and you give her a trained horse and a side-saddle, and she makes him go through all kind of capers to slow music, and the audience they go half wild with excitement. It's a new thing, Sir William, and tickles 'em. The British public are very capricious, and have got tired of the Three Graces on one horse, and the Swiss Shepherdess on her milk-white steed, and such like."

"And the high-school horse?"

"Perfection. When Tom first dug out Madame Ernestine in Paris she was very low down in the world, going round the fairs, I have heard say, as a spotted girl, or a mermaid, or a giantess, or something not worth five-and-twenty bob a week, at all events. She was quite broken, in fact, and good for nothing but to make play with the brandy-bottle. Well, Tom saw there was something in her, and that she was exactly the kind of party for the high-school business, and he managed to pick up a horse from an Italian fellow that kept a wax-work show—Venti something his name was; and that horse and the madame have turned me in a pretty penny since I opened. I wish every thing else in the gardens had turned out as profitably," M'Variety added, with a half-sigh.

"And the madame, as you call her, is a success?"

"Draws tremendously. As I warned you, she's no great shakes as to youth or good looks; but for pluck, action, and general 'go,' that woman," the manager continued, confidentially, "may be considered a Ripper. Fear! She doesn't know what fear is. Five-barred gates! She'd take the wall of the King's Bench Prison, chevaux de frise and all, and leap over the Surrey Hills into the bargain. She's a Ripper, Sir William, and nothing but a Ripper."

"Is she alone—I mean, does she live alone?"

"Yes and no. Husband's dead, so she says. That I told you. The wax-work Italian says he's her uncle, but he's abroad. She has a fresh servant about once every fortnight after she's broken the old one's head with a water-jug. Barring that, I think she's alone. Stay, there's a little chit of a girl that lives with her—a niece, or cousin, or dependent of some kind, though Billy Van Post, my treasurer, will have it that she's the madame's daughter. A quiet little girl she is, and would be pretty if she wasn't so thin and pale. Like a little ghost she is. The madame leads her an awful life."

"And the name of this little girl?"

"There you ask more than I can tell you. My wife calls her a little angel, and the people about the gardens have nicknamed her Cinderella. She gets more kicks than half-pence from the madame; and I sometimes feel inclined to interfere, only we like to leave these foreign horse-riders to themselves as much as we can. The madame has a devil of a temper. Twice I've been obliged to go bail for her good behavior at Lambeth Police Court after she and the water-jug and her dressers have fallen out."

"It is the countess," thought Sir William Long. "Poor little Lily!" To Mr. M'Variety he went on, abstractedly: "It is pretty, very pretty, indeed."

The conversation to which I have striven to give coherent sequence had in reality been made up of disjointed fragments strewn about by the voluble M'Variety as they wandered through the gardens. Long before its close they had entered the wooden pavilion fitted up as a circus, and ensconced themselves in the manager's own private box. Here Lord Carlton, after expressing to Tom Tuttleshell his opinion that M'Variety was a worthy, a very worthy fellow, went placidly to sleep. Tom, who was one of the most placable of creatures, and had quite forgotten Edgar's offensive manner toward him, would have been very happy to entertain the young man with a lively description of every thing and every body connected with Ranelagh; but the sultan chose to continue superciliously sulky, and Tom, seeing that he was merely wasting his words, slipped out of the box and had a walk round the gardens, where he found numbers of people who felt amazingly flattered and patronized by his condescending to talk to them.

Sir William Long was too much engaged with his own thoughts to notice the departure of Tom, or of the polite manager, who, when his guests were seated, withdrew to see after one of his thousand-and-one concernments about the gardens. Between the slumbering peer and the simpering dandy—who was looking at the audience in the hope, and with the expectation, that they were looking at and admiring him—Sir William Long had ample scope to think. The memories came rushing over him. In the desert of a misspent life two or three oases started up. His remembrance went back to a dinner at Greenwich, to a little timid girl he had petted, and made playful love to, to whom he had printed on her forehead a kiss he had printed on her forehead. How many years had passed since that dinner, and yet how many hundreds of times he had re-

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called it; how vividly he could recall its minutest incidents now! Why? It was but an ordinary tavern festival. He had been at scores of similar revelries, in company as good, as bad, or as indifferent, since. There had been nothing about it out of the common. Nothing but the child who had sat by his side. And what was she to him: to him, a gentleman of wealth, title, and ancient descent? If she lived, and were indeed this Ernestine's dependent, she could scarcely be a woman even now, and he was worn and grizzled. Why should his thoughts revert, again and again, to the childish playmate—the playmate but of an hour—whom he had kissed in the tavern hall?

"Here is the *high* school of horsemanship," remarked Mr. Greyfaunt. "What a dreadful old harridan in a riding-habit to be sure! She looks like Queen Boadicea addressing the ancient Britons."

The Swiss Shepherdess had whirled round the arena on her milk-white steed, scattering artificial flowers out of a kind of decorated milk-pail, and casting quantities of pulverized tan into the eyes of the groundlings. The Three Graces, in very short skirts, and somewhat faded fleshings, had likewise made the circuit of the ring on their solitary steed. The clown had uttered his usual dreary witticisms; and his colleague, rival, and deadly foe, a French grotesque, attired in garments of parti-colored hue, had tied himself into several knots, grinned between his legs, knocked the back of his head against the small of his back and uttered the customary ejaculations of "La, la!" to the immense delight of the audience. French grotesques were novelties in those days, and the mountebank in question was exceedingly popular.

The legitimate British clown stood apart watching the gyrations of his alien competitor with intense disgust.

"*That* fit for a Hinglish king, is it?" muttered the Briton. "*That's* the sort of thing that's to go down at Windsor Castle before the r'yal fam'ly and the nobility and gentry. It's enough to make a fellow take to the busking game, or turn Methody parson at once. 'I'd rather be a barker to a shoe-shop in the Cut than demean myself like that."

Here the volatile foreigner, whose head was turned by success, and who was plainly presuming on his popularity, came up to our British friend with his tongue out and "I say, mistare—" The clown, whose cockscomb was out of joint, administered to him the kick of contempt a little harder than he would have done to an English colleague, and grumbling, "I'll punch your 'ed after the fire-works, see if I don't," submitted to be touched up by the riding-master's whip, to thrust his hands into the pockets of his pantaloons, turn in his toes, make a grimace, and to propound, for the seventeen-hundredth time, one of the seventeen conundrums he had carefully studied from a jest-book, bought at the stall, at the outset of his professional career.

I think it was subsequently to the performance of Herr Mooney, the spangled contortionist, who achieved such fame through his desperate efforts to swallow himself, that the celebrated trick act of the Young Strangler, from the Imperial Circus Samarcand, took place. Strangler used to appear, you recollect, as a British sailor, from which, by continual flinging off his outer garments into the ring, he was successively transformed into a parish beadle, Punch, a Scottish Highlander, Massaroni the Brigand, the Emperor Napoleon, and Cupid, God of Love. It was just after Strangler's second recall, amidst thunders of applause at the close of his performance, that the band, which had been contentedly repeating, times and again, those good old jog-trot airs traditional in all circuses I have ever seen all over the world, and which seems to have been expressly composed for horses to canter to, addressed itself to a very slow and almost lugubrious prelude. And then the heavy curtains which veiled the entrance to the circus from the stables were drawn aside, the barriers were thrown open, and Madame Ernestine, in a black velvet riding-habit, a shining beaver, a silver-gray veil, and waving an ivory-mounted whip, made her appearance on her celebrated trained steed—a magnificent chestnut mare.

The high school of horsemanship required some time to be appreciated. In the beginning it bored you somewhat. A long time elapsed before it seemed to be coming to any thing. At first the movements of the trained steed induced the belief that she had got a stone in her foot, and was making stately but tedious efforts, always to slow music, to paw the impediment out. Then she slowly backed on to the edges of the ring among the groundlings, causing the women and children in the lower rows to shriek. After that she reared up, until her fore-hoofs seemed in dangerous proximity to the chandelier, and her long sweeping tail lay almost on a level with the dust of the area. Then she curveted sideways; then she went through a series of dignified steps, now approaching a gavotte, and now offering some resemblance to the menuet de la cour. Anon the musicians struck up a livelier strain, and the trained steed began to prance and to canter. The canter broke into a gallop, interspersed with sudden checks, with rigid halts, with renewed gallops, with desperate plunges, and which concluded with a terrific high-flying leap over the barriers. The audience shouted applause. The grooms clambered on to the barriers, and held up between them a scarf breast high. The trained steed took it easily, and bounded back into the ring. And then the music became soft and solemn and subdued again, and the docile creature subsided into gentle amblings, and almost imperceptible gambades. Such was the high school of horsemanship. In ten, three minutes since then, and the leap over the scarf left out; but it still culminates in a sensation.

Sir William Long cared very little for the high school of horsemanship; but he never took his eyes off the horsewoman. She rode wonderfully well. She was evidently very powerful of hand, and had complete command (the which she exercised unsparingly) over her horse; but her movements were at the same time replete with grace. She flinched not, she faltered not when her charger was caracoling on a bias perilously out of the centre of gravity. She and the horse seemed one. She must have been Lycus's sister.

She was, more certainly, the countess who once used to live at the Hôtel Rataplan; the once-handsome lady who had dined at Greenwich, and taken Lily to be fitted out at Cutwig & Co.'s, and had left the child at the Marcassin's. She was the widow of Francis Blunt. "Yes," William said to himself, "it was she." Woefully changed in many respects she was; by age, perchance, the least; but there were the old traits; there was the old manner; and, at the heat and height of her horse-tricks, when the animal she rode was careering round the circle at topmost speed, there were audible, above the sibillant slash of the whip on the poor beast's flank, the cries by which she strove to excite him to still further rapidity. And these were the same tones which William Long had heard years ago, when the impetuous woman was angry or excited.

She had more than reached middle age, and her features, it was easy to see, had lost their beauty. Beneath the paint and powder they must have been swollen or haggard, flushed or sallow. You could not tell, in the glare of the gaslight, the precise nature of the change which had come over her, or how she would look by day; but something told you that the change was an awful one. Masses of superb hair there still were, braided beneath her hat; but, pshaw! is not superb hair to be bought at the barber's for so much an ounce? But her eyes still flashed, and her teeth were still white, and her figure was still supple and stately.

Sir William Long waited until the high-school act had come to a close; and then gently woke up Lord Carlton. His lordship was good enough to say that he had spent a most delightful evening; but that he was afraid that the claret was corked. He also inquired after Thomas Tuttlesheil, and being informed that the excellent creature in question was below, in the gardens, remarked that he dare say Tom was looking up some supper. Which was the precise truth. Thomas had fastened on a special waiter, one whose civility was only equaled by his sobriety—a combination of qualities somewhat rare at Ranelagh, and at other places of entertainment besides—and had instructed him to lay out a neat little repast in one of the arbors overlooking the covered promenade: something toothsome in the way of cold chickens, lobster-salad, Champagne, and that rack punch, for the concoction of which Ranelagh had earned so world-wide and well-deserved a fame. The quantities of rack punch drunk at Ranelagh by his late Royal Highness the Prince Regent, assisted by Philip Duke of Orleans and Colonel Hanger! The statistician staggers at the task of enumeration.

The sultan was by this time weary of the horse-riding, and strolled down with his lordship, lisping flippant disparagement of the "dreadful painted old woman" who had presumed to inflict her forty years upon him. If the countess could only have heard that complacent sultan's criticism! There was life, and muscle, and devil in her still; and I believe that the protégée of La Beugleuse would have essayed to tear the dandy limb from limb.

Sir William Long was glad to slip away from companions with whom he had scant sympathy. The sleepy peer bored him; and Greyfaunt's arrogance and petit-maître assumptions irritated him beyond measure: he could scarcely tell why. "I am growing crabbed and morose," Sir William reasoned; "my liver must be out of order. I was wont to be tolerant of puppies. This young fellow is not an arranter donkey than hundreds of his race who hang about town; yet his drawling insolence makes me quiver all over with a desire to knock him down. Decidedly we are as oil and vinegar, Monsieur Greyfaunt and I." He called him "Monsieur," the further to disparage him in the eyes of himself—the baronet of unmingled English lineage.

Fortuitously he met Tom Tuttlesheil returning beaming from his interview with the special waiter. He liked Tom, and, although using him as most men did that obliging soul, did not despise him.

"Tom," said the baronet, "you are just the fellow to do me a service."

"What is it, Sir William?" asked Tom, who would have tried to jump through one of the hoops, or to attempt the high school of horsemanship itself, if any one had asked him affably.

"I want to go behind the scenes of the circus."

Tom rubbed his left whisker with a puzzled air. "I have heard of scenes *in* the circus," he rejoined; "but there are no scenes behind it, that I am aware of. There's not much to see in the place where the horse-riders go between the performances, if that's what you mean. Stables, and saw-dust, and grooms, and lots of people cursing and swearing dreadfully. Those horse-riders are a rough lot. Very dull and very dirty, and so on."

"Never mind what kind of a place it is. I wish to see it. Will you pass me through? or shall I ask Mr. M'Variety?"

"No need to do that, Sir William. I'll get you in, of course. I have the Open, sesame! all over the gardens."

Tom seemed to have the Open, sesame! every where. They used to say he had a master-key to the bullion vaults of the Bank of England, the tea-room at Almack's, the omnibus-box at Her Majesty's, the copper door in the wall of Northumberland House, and the cage where the crown is kept in the Tower of London.

He led the baronet to a little door of unpainted wood, on which were rudely red-ochred the words—"No admittance except on business." Sir William told him where to find Lord Carlton, and Tom, after sundry cabalistic signs and occult whispers which made it "all right!" with the door-keeper (who looked half like a groom and half like a grave-digger, and was, in truth, by day, a kind of under-gardener and odd man, who looked about the parterres and bosquets of Ranelagh), went on his way rejoicing.

This was not the first theatre, or semi-theatre, by many scores, to the penetralia of which Sir William Long had in his time gained admittance. From the Italian Opera House to the little dramatic hovels of country towns, "Behind the Scenes" was a familiar locality to him. From experience, he knew that the best course to pursue in these strange places was to keep straight on, until somebody hallooed to him to stop.

He heard the loud, angry tones of a woman's voice; and he knew at once whose voice it was.

He was in a kind of alley, or saw-dusted gangway, smelling very strongly of gas, orange-peel, and horse-litter, leading on one hand to the stables, and on the other to a range of closets rudely partitioned off with planks and used as dressing-rooms by the ladies and gentlemen of the equestrian company. He was bidden to "get out of the way there" by a groom, who was leading a very stout and peaceful Dobbin, with a mild, watery eye, a very round nose, and a coat covered all over with spots, like black wafers. This was the celebrated educated pony Rasselas, that played at chess (invariably checkmating the clown), drank port-wine, and made believe to read the Supplement of the *Times* newspaper.

Stepping aside to avoid this erudite animal, Sir William found himself close to one of the dressing-rooms just mentioned, and the door of which was more than half open. A lady in a riding-habit, the trail of the skirt thrown over her arm, was standing on the threshold, her back toward him, and raging fearfully.

Her conversation and her ire were apparently leveled at some person inside the dressing-room.

"You nasty, lazy, idle, worthless little wretch," she cried out, "you've sewn the lining in my hat so badly that it all but tumbled off and ruined my act. Look at it—look at it, you slovenly little cat. Look at it, you good-for-nothing, do-nothing pauper!"

With which agreeable and considerate remarks she absolutely wrenched the unsatisfactory beaver from off her head, and flung it from her into the dressing-room toward the unseen object of her rage.

Sir William heard a plaintive little sob from the dressing-room.

The infuriated woman suddenly turned her tongue over, and in a voluble scream proceeded to abuse the invisible offender in French:

"Oui, pleure. Ça fera du bien, n'est-ce pas? Ça raccommodera un chapeau de trente-cinq francs que v'là abîmé. Ah! tu me paieras ce chapeau-là, petite diablesse! Pleure donc. Toi et un crocodile c'est à pleurnicher à qui mieux mieux. Petite satanée, tu me sers encore un plat de ton métier. Ne me donne pas la réplique, ou je te flanque une paire de gifles. Tu l'as fait exprès. Exprès. M'entends-tu? Et ces palefreniers—qui sont bien les plus infâmes drôles du monde—sont là qui ricanent. Attends, attends! je vais te tremper une soupe, fainéante! Ma parole d'honneur, j'ai envie de te cingler les épaules avec ma cravache."

She made so threatening a move inward, she made so ominous a gesture with the hand that held the horsewhip, that Sir William, who, although he could ill keep pace with, had understood the purport of her jargon well enough, became really alarmed lest positive outrage should follow her menace. He stepped forward, and, at all hazards, determined to arrest her in her intent, laid his hand on her arm, and stammered out, "Madame! madame! je vous en prie!"

The woman turned round upon him with ferocious rapidity. In forcing her hat off her hair had come down. Those tresses were not from the barber's at so much an ounce. They were her own, and were superb. But with her locks streaming over her shoulders, and her bloodshot eyes, and the heat-drops pouring down her face, which Sir William could see now was coarse and furrowed, she looked like a fury.

"Cent mille tonnerres!" she cried out, "que me veut ce voyou-là?"

The situation was critical. Madame Ernestine was a lady evidently accustomed to the adoption of extreme measures. What business had Sir William there, then? What right had he to interfere with a lady with whom he was unacquainted, and who was merely scolding—her servant, perhaps? A horsewhip might not have been an unusual argument in use behind the scenes of a circus. Now that he had gone so far, what was to be his next move?

Luckily Madame Ernestine evinced no immediate intent of seizing him by the throat or of tearing his eyes out. As even greater luck would have it, M'Variety, the manager, came bustling up at this moment.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" he inquired of an assistant riding-master.

"It's that thundering Frenchwoman again," replied the gentleman with the gold braid down the seams of his pantaloons, and the mustache whose lustrous blackness was due to the soot from the smoke of a candle, caught on the lid of a pomatum-pot, rubbed up with the unguent and applied with the finger, hot. "'Pon my word, governor, there'll be murder here some night; she'll knife somebody and get hanged at Horsemonger Lane. The way she bullies that poor little girl who waits upon her's awful. This is the third time to-night I've heard her threaten to skin her alive."

"Oh, nonsense!" rejoined Mr. M'Variety, who remembered how well the Madame drew, and wished to keep things as pleasant as possible. "It's only her temper." And he pushed his way by toward the scene of action.

"Temper be smothered," grumbled the assistant riding-master, retiring into a corner, and giving his whip a vengeful crack. "She's a regular devil that woman, and four nights out of six she's as lushy as a boiled owl. If she belonged to me I wouldn't quilt her! I wouldn't make the figure of eight on her shoulders with whip-cord! Oh dear, no! not at all."

"Mr. M'Variety," said the baronet, as the manager came bustling up, "you will infinitely oblige me by introducing me to the talented equestrian Madame Ernestine, whose charming performance I have just witnessed, and whose acquaintance I am respectfully anxious to make."

Madame Ernestine appeared to be susceptible of conciliation. She courtesied with her old haughty grace as the delighted manager ceremoniously presented Sir William Long, Baronet, to her; she even bestowed a smile upon him; but she took care to close the door of her dressing-room behind her, and to set her back against it, and, meanwhile, from the countenance of Sir William Long, Baronet, she never moved her eyes.

The manager, who was always in a hurry, bustled away again and left them together.

"Ah! it is you," the woman said. "I have written to you half a dozen times for money, and you have never answered me. That was long ago, it is true."

Sir William explained that he had been abroad, sometimes for years at a time. Where had she written to?

"It does not matter. You did not send the money. You are all alike, you men. What do you want now?"

"Well, we are old friends, countess, and—"

"Bah! A d'autres vos sornettes. What do you want with me, now that I am old, and wrinkled, and fond of brandy, and can not show my legs? You don't want me to dine at Greenwich with you now. I am ugly, and coarse, and crevintée."

"Come, come, countess," pursued Sir William, "don't be cross. Whitebait isn't in, or we should be delighted to see you at Greenwich, I'm sure. You must come and sup with us to-night when you have changed your dress. Carlton is here. You remember Carlton?"

"I remember every body. How old and worn you look! What have you been doing to yourself? You must have to pay dearly for your bonnes fortunes now. Nobody would fall in love with you pour vos beaux yeux."

She was unchanged, inwardly at least. The old, insolent, defiant countess.

"Never mind what I have been doing to myself. Will you come and sup? We will have plenty of Champagne."

"Champagne! I am too old to drink Champagne. I like cognac better. Well, never mind. We will have a night of it, as we used to have in the old time:

Eh gai, gai, gai,
La gaudriole!"

she sang, in an old cracked voice.

William Long could scarcely refrain from a shudder; but he continued diplomatic to the last. "How long shall you be changing your dress?" he asked.

"Half an hour. I must wash this paint off and put some more on. Il faut que je me fasse belle ce soir pour vous, mes beaux seigneurs. Wait until the fire-works are over, and then come for me to this door. Who else will be of the party besides Milor Curzon?"

She rolled his name and title under her tongue as though it were a sweet morsel and had a delicious flavor to her. I dare say it had. She had been brought very low in the world. It was long—a weary, dreary long time—since she had consorted with lords. Now she felt herself again. She would so paint and bedizen herself, she thought, as to make it impossible for them to discover that she was no longer young.

"Tom Tuttlesheil will be of us. You know Tom?"

"Do I know my grandmother? Histoire de l'Arche de Noé. Monsieur Tuttlesheil and I are friends—business friends—of some standing. C'est un franc niais, mais il m'a été utile. Who else?"

"Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt."

"Connais pas. What a droll of a name!"

"He is to all intents and purposes an Englishman; but his grand-aunt, a Madame de Kergolay, who brought him up, was a Frenchwoman, and died lately in Paris. Monsieur, or Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt, has inherited the whole of her fortune."

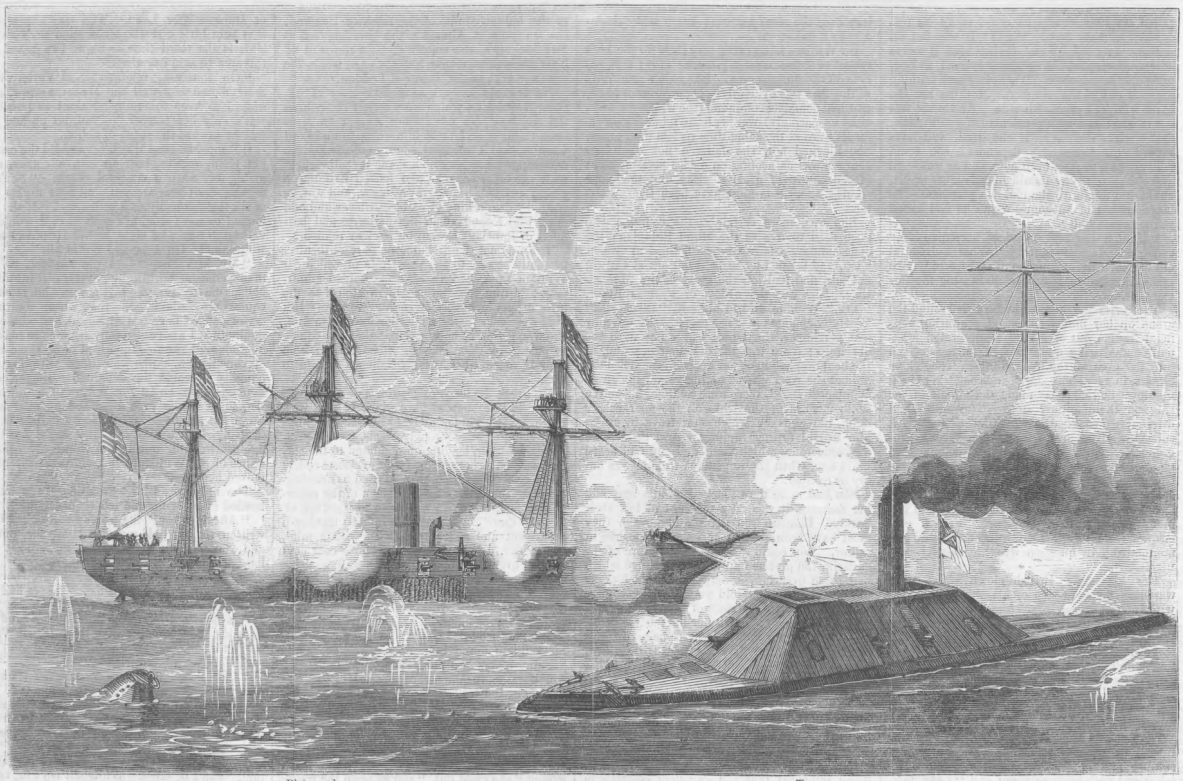
"A-a-a-h!" the countess exclaimed, drawing a prolonged breath. "It seems to me that I have heard some stories about this Madame de Kergolay before. An old hypocrite who stole children away from their parents, quoi? I should very much like to see this Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt. Now go away, and I will get ready."

"Is there any one else you would like to bring with you to supper? Comrade, sister, any one?"

"I have no sisters, as you know, or ought to know by this time. Comrades, forsooth? Are you in the habit of associating with stable-boys? What men are here I hate, what women I despise. You have asked my director, I suppose? He is as avaricious as a Jew, and has robbed me shamefully; but otherwise he is bon enfant, and amuses me."

"We will take care to secure Mr. M'Variety. But consider well. Is there no one else? Whom

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Richmond. Tennessee.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "RICHMOND" ENGAGING THE REBEL RAM "TENNESSEE," AUGUST 5, 1864.—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

voice was that I heard in your dressing-room? Had you not a child—a daughter—years ago? She must be grown up by this time."

The countess made him an ironical courtesy. "Merci du compliment, monseigneur," she sneered. "Yes, I know well enough that I am growing old. Du reste, let me inform you that I am not in the habit of bringing my fille de chambre"—she laid, perhaps intentionally, a stronger emphasis on the word "fille" than on those which followed—"and that if you will be good enough to take care of your own affairs, I shall have much pleasure in attending to mine. I come alone or not at all. Am I understood?"

"Perfectly. Brava! you are quite the old countess—I beg pardon, the young countess—we used to know and call Semiramis. Come alone, if such is your will. Now, good-by until after the fire-works."

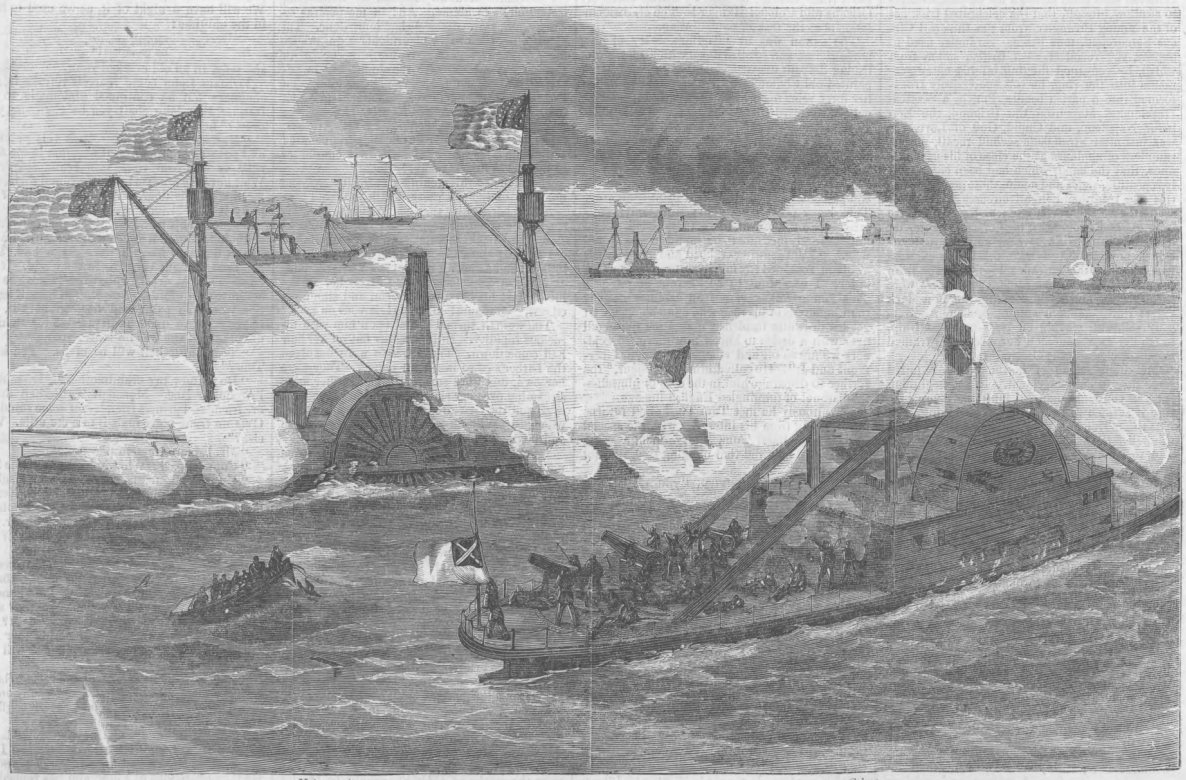
He was retiring, when she recalled him.

"Stop, mauvais sujet," she cried, "have you got a billet de cent francs about you par hasard? I want to buy some gloves.

Sir William laughed. "You will scarcely find the Burlington Arcade at South Lambeth," he said, as searching in his waistcoat-pocket he brought out some loose sovereigns and dropped them into the woman's outstretched hand. She just nodded her thanks, and going into her room shut the door. The performances in the circus were over, and the work-people were turning off the gas. The baronet had some difficulty in groping his way to the door.

"She has not changed a bit, save in looks," he soliloquized; "what a devouring harpy it is, to be sure! If ever the horse-leech had a fourth daughter the countess must have been the one. How hungry she used to be in the old days after money!"

Madame Ernestine, on her part, was also soliloquizing. "Ah! I am Semiramis, am I? Ah! I am asked to supper because it is thought I have a daughter. Ah! pieces of gold are flung to me with a taunt, like pennies to a beggar. Little devil"—she said this savagely, and not to herself. "Thou art sticking pins into me on purpose. Quick, my pink dress; quick, or I shall strangle thee!"



Metacomet. Selma.

THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "SELMA" SURRENDERING TO THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "METACOMET."—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

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FARRAGUT'S VICTORY IN MOBILE BAY—THE CAPTURE OF THE REBEL RAM "TENNESSEE."—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

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FARRAGUT.

His is a heritage of deathless fame
That shall grow brighter with each rolling year;
On History's page shall live no grander name,
None that his countrymen will hold more dear.

Hail to the Viking, he whose praise is heard
Borne from our lips on every wandering breeze!
His name to-day is as a household word;
Hail to the greatest sailor on the seas!

Oh never through all time shall be forgot
His last brave deed, now told by every lip,
When on he sailed, amid a storm of shot,
Lashed in the rigging of his stanch old ship!

Give ear, ye winds, that lift the desert's sands;
Give ear, ye winds, that wander far away;
Bear the great Viking's fame to farthest lands,
Tell how he passed the forts in Mobile Bay.

Oh what to him the battle's roar and crash,
Or what the heated cannon's fiery breath,
Though round him, in his place, at every flash
Shrieked the fierce iron messengers of Death!

His is a heart that knows no thought of fear,
No dread of Death amid the battle's strife;
He holds his country and her cause more dear
Than any ties which wed him unto life.

Such stuff are heroes made of—when they die
The nation mourns, each man as for a friend;
And in the grand cathedrals, lifted high,
Thousands of voices in one anthem blend.

Long may he live to hear us speak his praise!
Our children's children shall be taught his name,
That through the growth of undiscovered days
Shall shine upon the muster-roll of fame!

LOU VENESTRE.

THE softened splendor of an April sunset was streaming across a Southern landscape as Lou Venestre, touching her mettlesome steed sharply, and then holding the rein with a little but firm and assured hand, let him dash on at a pace that left her small negro follower far behind.

Her dark eyes flashing with excitement and eagerness, and her black curls floating back in jolty contrast to the snowy plumes of her riding-hat, the girl was just such a bright and sparkling picture as one liked to look upon in that misty sunset glory.

Scarcely pausing for a little darkey to throw open the avenue gate, she cantered through it and up to the very steps of her father's house, where several gentlemen stood talking earnestly. There reining him in so suddenly that he almost fell upon his haunches, she called out—

"Gentlemen, have you forgotten how to hurrah? Sumter is ours!" And she lifted her plumed hat, waving it.

Before they could respond, her horse—already so restive as to almost defy control—had caught the gleam of the floating feathers, and, mad with fright, wheeled and, in spite of all her efforts to restrain him, shot off at a right angle down the ascent upon whose summit the house stood.

The gentlemen sprung and the negroes ran in all directions. Lou kept her seat bravely, but her strength was failing her, and the reins were slipping through her little fingers, when a strong hand fell upon the bridle, and checked the frightened animal so quickly and so firmly as to leave him trembling in every muscle. In another instant she stood upon the ground, a little white-faced, but in no danger of fainting. Lou Venestre was not one of that sort.

Berrian Knowles, catching the direction she was taking, had darted at a thought across the garden, and intercepted her.

They were at some distance from the house, and the others, taking the rout they did, had not yet come up. While he waited for Miss Venestre to recover her somewhat shaken equanimity, Knowles, letting the horse find his own way back, stood with his arms folded and his gray eyes fixed upon the distance.

He looked young—a sharp, clear-cut face, though—decided as it was handsome, with a nervous tremor just now about the mouth, and a kindling light in the keen eyes that belied the carelessness of his attitude.

Miss Venestre was herself very shortly; enough so, at any rate, to say, with a slight impatience, yet feelingly,

"You have saved my life, Berrian, and you stand there as though it was the commonest of incidents."

"Do I? It wasn't much I did, you know, and I was thinking how much more unmanageable a steed than yours our unhappy South had just mounted. Is this true about Sumter?"

"That Sumter is ours?" said the girl, a sudden, eager glow upon her beautiful face. "Mr. Nugent told me; he was right from town. The news came by telegraph. It is flashing the length of the land by this time. May it strike as much consternation to cowardly Northern hearts as it stirs exultation in ours. Gentlemen"—for the rest had come up by this time, and were listening to the excited girl, forgetting in their eagerness to congratulate her upon her safety—"Gentlemen, shall we have that cheer now?" And again the white plumes waved over her head.

The gentlemen responded in an excited and somewhat clamorous hurrah, in which, however, Berrian Knowles did not join, but stood apart with his brow knit and his lip curling.

Miss Venestre did not hurrah with the rest, which, enthusiastic as she was, one might have expected. Her lips were smiling; but though she was not looking at him, she was conscious of the half contemptuous observation of young Knowles, and was saying to herself,

"He has never been the same since that six months at the North. I dare say now, judging me by his pet Northern standard, he considers my conduct highly unfeminine."

"Knowles don't seem to appreciate the news," said one of the gentlemen, glancing toward Berrian. "Why, man, this blow will fall a little on independent nation of us. It's the inauguration of such days as the South never saw—a glorious victory."

"One hundred men against ten thousand!—*you* may call that a glorious victory, *I don't*," said Berrian Knowles, hotly.

There was some commotion in the ranks of the others as he spoke, and Miss Venestre's face flushed, but as the argument seemed about to leap into stormy words, she lightly led the way to the house, her hand within her father's arm.

Berrian did not follow at once. His blood was hot, and he waited, coming finally to the door, only to say good-night to Lou.

Miss Venestre was not in the room. The gentlemen were talking excitedly, and Knowles was quite sure he caught an echo of his own name as he crossed the hall. Mr. Venestre met him at the door, and with a hand familiarly on his shoulder urged him toward the others, saying,

"I have been defending you, Knowles, but I'm glad you've come now to speak for yourself. These gentlemen have some of them been trying to persuade me you're not sound on Southern rights—eh?"

The young man's eyes glowed wide and bright.

"Who says that?" he asked.

"There, didn't I tell you so?" said Venestre, "sound and stanch. Of course he'll stand by us."

Berrian Knowles colored. He hesitated an instant, simply that he might not speak too excitedly to Lou's father.

"I am a stanch Union man, Mr. Venestre," he said, briefly. "I supposed my sentiments already fully understood."

Mr. Venestre's hand dropped from his shoulder; he receded a step. An awkward silence fell. Knowles said good-evening, and turned again to go; Mr. Venestre followed him.

"My daughter is a Southern woman," he said, in a low voice; "these being your sentiments she desires me to give you this."

He gave him a little note superscribed in Lou's delicate but impatient hand.

With a sinking heart Knowles tore it open, glanced at the only words it contained, "Good-by," and, bowing again to Mr. Venestre, left the house.

"If that don't bring him to listen to reason I am mistaken," said Mr. Venestre to himself as he reentered the room.

At the avenue gate, just where he could not well pass out until she moved away, Berrian found Lou, very erect, very pale, very heroically-inclined, but very anxious. Perhaps she hoped that Berrian had listened to reason as expounded by her father; but a glance at his face—pained and angry—but decided, convinced her that it was not so.

"Good-by then, Lou," he said, but he did not offer his hand.

"Good-by," she said, feebly; and then still lower and quite huskily, "I haven't thanked you yet for the life you saved this afternoon."

"I am amply guerdoned," he said, bitterly—"good-by;" and as she mechanically moved aside he passed out, and she returned to the house and lay awake all night, heroic still, but with a vague sense of ingratitude and self-reproach.

But of course Berrian wouldn't hold out against such sound reasoning as her father and the rest had at their command. He would come over to the right side in the end, and all would be smooth again.

The following week Miss Venestre was visiting an old school friend some ten miles from her own home. Perhaps the fact that her friend's father lived nearer the Knowles plantation than Mr. Venestre did made the visit particularly agreeable just now. Lou was not very happy; she began to doubt the heroism of renouncing the man she loved because he did not see with her eyes.

"Such a mystery," said little Jennie Mayne, as she met her friend and convoyed her at once to her own sanctum—"such a mystery: and now you've come, you dear creature, we'll— Well, you'll see;" and Jennie's round eyes looked rounder and brighter than ever. Before Miss Venestre was fairly relieved of hat and shawl she had unburdened herself in the very lowest whisper possible to be heard.

It seemed that a few weeks before some one of those secret political organizations, which were so rife at that time, had met at Mr. Mayne's house, and with such adjuncts of mystery as to arouse to feverishness the curiosity of Miss Jennie. To-night they were coming again, and she had succeeded in supplying herself with facilities for penetrating the mystery. In short, to-night she intended to listen in a safe place and know what it all meant. Lou refused to have any thing to do with it, and endeavored to dissuade her friend, but in vain.

For once little Jennie Mayne's insatiable curiosity was to be of some benefit to humanity.

Toward midnight, as Miss Venestre was dreamily folding the dark rings of her hair about her slender fingers, and wishing vaguely that Jennie would come, Jennie Mayne came gliding into the room looking like a little ghost, her face so white, and she trembling all over.

"Oh, Lou," she cried, clinging to her, "it's a Vigilance Committee or something of that sort, and they're going to arrest Berrian Knowles and try him to-night!"

"What!" said Miss Venestre, rising, and reaching for her shawl.

"Lou, you can't do any thing. It's too late. I tell you, Lou Venestre, they were getting ready to go to his house when I left them."

Miss Venestre's face looked ghastly white, but she did not tremble. Removing Jennie's clinging hand from her forcibly, she begged her in low, brief tones to say nothing to any one that she had gone out. And while she spoke she was putting on her habit and her hat, and all with such a white-faced resolution that her scared friend ceased expostulation or inquiry, awed into silence.

Gliding noiselessly down the stairs, and out at a back way, Lou Venestre stole like a shadow toward the stables. As she did so she glanced toward where she had observed some time in the evening that the horses of the party within were tied among the trees. They were there still—most of them certainly. Some impulse, fortunate as vague, moved her to turn her steps toward them, and with swift, deft fingers loose every one before she sought her own.

She had, as it happened, no difficulty in finding him, but more in getting him ready to ride. She succeeded, however, in all, and was leading him out just as the party at the house came forth prepared to mount. As she rode away into the darkness she could hear the exclamations of dismay and perplexity—oaths and imprecations, and with hope stirring in her scared heart she urged her horse over the road toward the Knowles plantation.

All seemed quiet as she approached, and leaving her horse concealed somewhat among the shrubbery, she passed to a side-entrance with which she was perfectly acquainted; for the house in which she had once expected to live—*his* wife—was familiar to her as her own. Two large watch-dogs met her, but knew her too well to growl, and finding the door, as she had hoped, unfastened, she entered.

As she approached she had caught the faint gleam of a light from a room in which she knew Berrian was very fond of sitting, and toward this room, through several others, she now made her dauntless way. She had not come through so much to hesitate now from any maidenly scruples, and she knew well enough the importance of utter secrecy—even from the servants. So, with a care to wake no one, if, as seemed, all slept save him, she at last came to the door of the room in which she hoped to find him, and knocked softly.

He opened the door himself, and started to see her as though she had been a spirit.

She told her errand briefly; her eager, scared eyes fixed upon his face, as she begged him to flee while there was time. He showed a strange obliviousness to the danger that menaced him. Standing with a careless elbow upon the mantle-piece he looked down upon the trembling white-faced girl, wondering if she had indeed cared enough for him to come so far to warn him.

In reply to all her entreaties that he would hasten away he only smiled sadly, till she laid her little hands upon his neck, pleading, "Dear Berrian, for my sake," and dropped her face upon his shoulder in a passion of tears.

"*Is* it for your sake?" he questioned. "If I flee from these scoundrels it will be to join the Union army, if there is one. What then, Lou?"

"Any thing! oh, any thing! so you go now."

"Shall that 'good-by' be as though it had never been said?" and his arms clasped her.

"Yes, oh yes, yes! dear, dear Berrian, go while there is time."

"My darling, there is plenty of time, if, as you say, you turned their horses loose."

"Every moment is precious to put distance between them and you."

"Every moment with *you* is more precious still. I may never see you again. This is an awful struggle that we are entering upon; and death may find me far from you. Lou, your father has other children to console him—I have only you. Go with me, and—would you be afraid? Am I selfish to ask it?"

It was no time to hesitate. Frantic almost with fear, as she recalled the vague and terrible stories she had heard of the proceedings of these Vigilance Committees, sick with the dread of never seeing him again, she decided almost instantly that she would go with him. Before morning they were miles away, in complete safety in time; and when, after some trying vicissitudes, Lou stood with her husband beneath the starry folds of the banner that shelters no Vigilance Committees, she looked reverently up to it, her hand in his, saying,

"Thank God it protects us once more."

SUCCOTASH.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

"TOBACCO is an Indian weed," and *succotash* is an Indian dish; and a right succulent dish it is. Some cooks make it plain; other some add "*ingrediencies*," which perhaps heighten the flavor and add to its deliciousness.

With the readers' permission, I propose to serve them up an occasional dish of literary *Succotash*. I hope to make it various and entertaining. I want to present something which shall cheer the soldier in the camp and upon a bed of pain and languishing; something intermixed, moreover, which may awaken more serious and pathetic thought; something, in short, which shall, in some one of its brief passages, have at least a transient interest for all classes of casual readers.

So we plunge *in medias res* into our initial paper.

As the cars of the Northern Railroad of New Jersey were stopping to-day at a wooding-station, where the tender was taking in provant for the "iron horse," a dispute arose between two young New York boarders at Englewood as to what constituted a cord of wood. Neither of them had ever "cut cord-wood," or "piled" it, and both were wide of the mark. With a too common lack of delicacy, not to say propriety, an appeal was made to a gentleman engaged in reading a newspaper. The reply was curt, if not courteous:

"I don't know a cord of wood from four dollars and a half, and always didn't!"

There was a "burst of silence," and no more questions were asked of *that* witness.

In thinking over the indefiniteness of this reply I was "reminded," as our good President says, of a similar response which a black boy once made to me, by whom I was about to send a note to a friend, whose lodgings were at a boarding-house near Trinity Church.

"Sam, I want you to take this note to Mr. Blank, at No. — Broadway, near Trinity Church, and as I placed a "quarter" in his hand I added, "But do you know where Trinity Church is?"

"I wish," said he, with a grin which showed all his glittering white teeth at once—"I wish I had as many dollars as I know where Trinity Church is!"

This financial idea puzzled me "muchly." I doubt whether even Mr. Fessenden could solve it. There is no "base-line"—no premises: a mere speculation, seen through *colored* glasses.

"DID you ever remark," said a friend to me the other day, "the unusual size of the hand of our friend Blank? Talk about a small hand being the outward sign of a gentleman! or of a foot and hand together of diminutive proportions being conclusive as to the correctness of the assumption. Not a bit of it." Now our friend Blank, not to speak it profanely, has a hand as large as the hand of Providence, and a foot in proportion. But by *nature*, by education, by finest culture, he is in every respect a GENTLEMAN: a man who, in respect to *every* man with whom he comes in contact, high or low, rich or poor, is always a Gentleman.

And his character "as such" is universally acknowledged. Small feet and small hands are *no* criteria even of the *externals* of a gentleman. The smallest foot and the smallest hand, the best shod and the most tastefully gloved I ever saw in my life, belonged to a professional gambler.

(Don't mistake me: I was never in a gaming-house in my life: I can not even play a game of whist, that most innocent of pastimes: nor do I really know one card from another.)

BUT speaking of feet: old Grant Thorburn had an "almighty" big foot for so small, short, toddling, and twaddling a biped as he was.

The last time I saw him was at Harper & Brothers, the great American publishers in Franklin Square, soon after he was wedded to his last wife. She was much taller than he was, and "fetched him in."

Immediately the old Mayor began "chaffing" him. In reply to an inquiry after his health Grant said:

"I've been ill, mon, and I fear I am getting too auld to stay lang amongst ye. I'm na' lang for this world, I'm thinkin'. (Grant never lost his Scottish brogue to the day of his death.)

"Nonsense, Grant!" said "the Colonel," looking down at his splay feet; "*you're* not going to die in a hurry; you've *got too good a hold on the ground!*"

And this was prophetic: old Grant *didn't* depart till ten years after.

APROPOS of large feet: there was once a man in Pennsylvania, well known throughout the country, who had a far better "hold upon the ground" than even old Grant Thorburn, and that was Reeside, a man known throughout the United States as "the great Mail Contractor." Who does not remember his lines of post-coaches, with "J. Reeside & Co." upon the panels, before they were displaced by the rushing railway cars? I never saw him but once, and that was at a hotel in Philadelphia, more years ago than I care now to remember; although, as the Connecticut old maid said (when reminded by an indelicate "gossip" that she "must be gettin' pretty well into years now"), "I've *seen* the time when I was as good as ever I was!"

Well, my first attention was called to Mr. Reeside's foot. *Foot!* It was not far from *two* feet in length, and broad in proportion. The servants at the hotels where he arrived used to ask him, pointing to his boots, "where he would have *those trunks* taken!"

A GOOD story is told of a shoemaker at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, of whom Reeside was ordering a new pair of boots.

"Mr. ——, how soon can you make me a pair of thick boots?"

Glancing down at his pedal "understandings," and then at a side of cowhide suspended by a hole in the corner on a nail on one side of his shop, he replied,

"By the middle of next week, *if it don't rain!*"

"Don't *rain!*" exclaimed Reeside; "what has *rain* to do with it?"

"A good deal," said Crispin; "boots for them feet has got to be built out o' doors: there ain't room in my shop to 'set 'em up,' and I can't work at 'em in wet weather!"*

The boots were ordered, upon condition that the joke should be suppressed.

I DID "agnize a natural and prompt alacrity" to respond at once to a letter which I have just received from a legal friend in far-off Maine; but, on the whole, I think I will let the types tell him that I have received his pleasant missive:

"The Kennebec is flowing right under my window, at spring-freshet height, and the way the logs are floating down is a 'visible joy' to the lumberman. Those great, noble pine logs are our wealth; they clothe and feed and render happy generally 'your undersigned.'.... I saw some handsome pickerel to-day, taken in a pond about eight miles from here. One weighed, as I am a true man, *nine pounds!* They are not, you are to understand, the heavy, stupid, soft-fleshed, *lake* pickerel. One of 'em on your line feels as if you had the devil in bit and snaffles, and your feet were braced again the fender.... We have been favored with a great 'revival' here. I received from some one of the converts recently a long, pathetic letter, painting in the bluest kind of blue colors my condition, and urging me to abandon the wicked and quarrelous profession of the law, and betake myself to the office of gospel-preacher! Verily my knees knocked

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* In olden time, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe in the fourteenth century was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long; those of a baron two feet; and those of a knight eighteen inches long. You will see pictures of long-limbed specimens in this kind in one or two illustrations of "Quentin Durward," in Cadell's superb Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels.

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together, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, as I fancied myself 'wagging my pow i' the pu'pit,' as Burns says. Besides, the *pecunia* is on my side now, for litigation is flourishing here..... The following superscription to a letter tickled amazingly the clerks of our post-office the other day:

"'Swift as the dove your course pursue,
Let naught your speed restrain,
Until you reach Miss Lucy Drew,
In Newfield, State of Maine.'"

I NEVER think of poor Fitz-James O'Brien without recalling the touching letter which he wrote the morning before he submitted to the amputation of his right arm, which resulted in his death. He had been a brave officer, and he met his death as bravely as calmly. Here is one of his little poems, which he gave me many months before he joined the army, but which was mislaid among some other manuscripts until a little while ago. It is now for the first time published, from his neat and legible manuscript. To my conception the lines are exceedingly graceful and spirited:

TO A CAPTIVE SEA-GULL.

Bird of the wild far-sweeping wing
Why art thou here?
Who chained thee thus, thou Ocean-King,
To earth so dark and drear?
Thy home is where the free winds sing,
And the thunder-tones of billows ring
Through caverns rocked with fear!

Did not thy proud heart burst—
Thou reckless rider of the stormy main—
When o'er thy unsullied plumage first
Was flung Man's chain?
Oh! thou whose infancy was nursed
Mid all the freedom of the skies,
How could thy spirit prize
Life e'er again?

Tempests were at thy birth, and the white waves
Sprang up rejoicing round thy rugged home
And as a lullaby, from deep-mouthed caves
Wild ocean-songs would come,
Bathed in the breakers' foam,
Rocked into slumber on the swelling sea,
Never was wild bird's infancy
More bright or free!

No more—sad prophecy—ah! never more
Will joys like these unbind thy frozen heart.
The unreposing ocean and dark shore,
The giant cliffs—the cavern's hollow roar,
Now of thy narrow life can form no part,
All prisoned, pining, wretched as thou art!
Existence is a waste. Thy soul lies dead.
The snows upon thy wing have melted there.
Drooped is that glorious head,
Stained is that bosom once so pure and fair—
Dimmed is the broad bright eye
That looked but from the billow to the sky!

Better, far better had thy life-blood dyed
The heaving sea;
Better thy last breath had been sighed
Where all was free.
Better that heedless waves triumphantly
Swept o'er thy pride,
Than to a lone existence thus to cling,
And hear the wild winds mock at thy unlifted wing!

CAN any reader tell me who is the author of the subjoined pregnant sentences? In condensation of thought and felicity of expression I have seldom seen their equal:

"Death is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door. But, after all, the shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better; and the longest life is too short if it do not."

THERE is something exceedingly *mal apropos*, not to say positively ludicrous, in the illustrations which are sometimes made use of by good and faithful ministers in their public ministrations. The reason of this I take to be the enthusiasm of the moment—a sort of bewildering conflict of the mind for the immediate and forcible pointing of a moral.

The following instance in this kind, although not clerical, was related to me by a friend, who was both an eye and ear witness of the same.

The subject of the "utterance" was a delinquent who had "backslided" three times within a twelvemonth. But he had a friend of humane and forgiving temper in the congregation, who was anxious that he should be reinstated in the church with which he was connected.

In the course of his remarks he made these observations:

"Brethren, you remember the parable of the barren fig-tree, which our blessed Saviour spared from the axe which was about to be 'laid to the roots of the tree?' Our erring brother here is an epitome, as it were, of the barren fig-tree. He has backslided several times. He has followed, for a space, the world and the things thereof; but he is now penitent, and means to be, and I have no doubt *will* be, hereafter, a good man. I hope he will be received again on probation. Suppose he *has* been heretofore a barren fig-tree? Let us try him one year more. Let us dig about him, and dung him, and so bring him up to the full stature of a perfect man."

This eloquent advocacy restored the backslider, nor has he since, in a single instance, said my informant, "gone out of the way."

ONCE upon a time "John Phœnix" (the late lamented Captain Derby) was going up to Sacramento from San Francisco, and it so chanced that two steamers, running side by side, were engaged in racing. When these boats had been running for about sixty miles, "tight and tight, and nip and tuck," passengers gathered in knots about the deck, discussing the comparative speed of the two steamers.

"Do you think the other boat has gained upon us within the last fifty miles?"

"I think she has, somewhat, although I can hardly tell how much. But, as I said before, I think she *has* gained."

"Well, how *much* do you *think* she has gained?"

"I may be wrong, as I have not lately accustomed myself to 'average' distances; but I *think* that within the last fifty miles she has gained about *an inch!*"

The several knots of passengers speedily dispersed upon hearing this oracular Bunsbyism, while John laughed in his sleeve at the sudden manner in which he had discomfited the persistent inquisitors.

A little characteristic specimen of Phœnix's love of fun occurred at West Point, on the occasion of a lecture upon Astronomy. The lecturer was in the habit of assuming that all his students were totally ignorant of the very first principles of any particular branch of science which he might be discussing. It happened, on a certain evening, that he was lecturing upon the *Moon*, and Phœnix, who was at the head of his class, with two or three others, were determined to balk the Professor in his style of teaching. So he began:

"Gentlemen, our lecture this evening is upon the *Moon;* one of the most interesting subjects," etc., etc. "You have all seen the moon?"

"No," said Phœnix, "I have never seen it."

"What!" said the Professor; "never have seen the moon!"

"No," the first members of the class declared they had never seen that planet, and persisted in the expression of their perfect ignorance of its character.

The "premises" of the Professor were removed, his "base-line" was gone, and he collapsed into utter confusion.

WHALING AT THE CAPE DE VERDES.

I LIVE in a group of islands on the coast of Africa, between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. The monotony of our everyday life is sometimes broken by incidents that cause more or less excitement and interest among our not very extensive community of Europeans—such as the arrival of the mail steamers and the receipt of news from home, which is no slight pleasure to Englishmen living abroad. Sometimes we are visited by Uncle Sam's vessels of war, with inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Confederate cruisers. Once we were favored by a flying visit from a Confederate cruiser, who made an appearance one fine morning in our offing; but as we had a Northerner at anchor in our harbor at the time the would-be visitor merely peeped at us from the offing, and then showed us her stern as she stood away again to sea. We are not so far off the coast but that at times we hear some news of our ebony-colored brethren, of battles round and about the European settlements between them and the Europeans; and we occasionally see curious things, the handiwork of our black brethren. Now and then we are visited by travelers who have lived much among the negroes, and have gone out in quest of the gorilla; we have even seen a skull said to have once been the property of a real living specimen of that tribe. We have heard curious stories about extraordinary slaving expeditions, the capture of slaving vessels with their human freights through the vigilance of her Majesty's ships. But as my notes relate principally to a certain whaling expedition in which I once took a part I will proceed to give some account of it.

It was a fine summer's day; the thermometer stood at about 80° in the shade, a moderate breeze blew over the red-colored land and blue-colored waters of our fine bay. I had finished my breakfast, and was looking out from our veranda on the bay, with its dazzling sandy beach which extends round its border, when I noticed much bustle and confusion upon the landing-places. Directly afterward several boats laden with natives put off into the bay, rowing with more energy than is customary among them, for at the best they are on most occasions the reverse of energetic. Away they pulled, and in a direct course for the leeward side of our bay, instead of following the usual track pursued by boats going off to ships moored in the harbor. My curiosity was raised to a high pitch to know the cause of so much confusion; but the mystery was explained when away to the leeward I perceived, floating very placidly on the surface of the water, an immense long black-colored object, which I at once knew to be a whale, from having seen them playing with their young, or "calves," as they are called, during the visits which they make to our waters during the breeding season between January and July. Presently I saw the foremost boat had reached the whale, which we conjectured was either dead or disabled from allowing a boat to approach so near without appearing to move. On looking again through my glass I noticed that the boat was actually made fast to the monster, and that several other boats which had reached the scene of action had fastened on to the first boat, and that the whole *cortège* was now proceeding at a very slow, funeral-like pace through the water with the poor whale in tow.

I proceeded to the landing-place, and not being able to resist the temptation of joining in what offered to be an exciting excursion, I jumped into a boat that then happened to be leaving for the general rendezvous. On reaching the scene of action I found that the whale was wounded badly in two or three places, and that in its side was sticking a harpoon. The boats were now being towed along after the whale, being made fast to it by the piece of line joined to the harpoon in its side. The whale was about sixty feet long, and was much exhausted, and its tail quite *hors de combat*. The boats continued to arrive from the shore and from the ships in the harbor until about fifteen to eighteen were assembled round the whale, who continued to behave most unoffendingly. We formed a motley throng, and as I looked over the assemblage I noticed that we were composed of Englishmen, Americans, Portuguese, Germans, and our natives, making up together quite a Babel of languages. Soon a grand attack was commenced; the whale began to move along slowly as the boats closed around on all sides. Crow-bars, boat-hooks, long knives, and a hatchet formed our arms, and away we hacked and slashed, cutting holes in the body, and then inserting the crow-bars and working them to open and deepen the holes thus formed. The whale appeared to take but little notice of our doings, and after taking two or three turns in the shallow water of the anchorage-ground of the bay, made off fairly to sea, moving along rather faster, at about three or four miles an hour. Most of the boats now fastened on, one after the other, in order not to have so much rowing to do, while two of the natives mounted on the whale's back to work away with the knives. But they were doomed not to ride far, for the whale now gave a plunge and dived down; the natives' hats were first seen floating, and then as soon as the owners rose to the surface they were rescued by the boats around. Soon afterward up came the whale itself, and spouted out a column of water that rose to about the height of ten or twelve feet, and happened to be blown over a boat containing two German captains, who were much disgusted with the unpleasant odor of the water.

We were now fast approaching the mouth of the bay; the sea began to roughen, and we began to think of our return. However, on we went, the natives crying out now and again that the whale would soon give in. Once or twice it dived down, and as whales are known to go down and remain swimming under water, when well, for as long a time as a quarter of an hour, frequently when harpooned by the whalers, considerable apprehension was manifested, and knives were ready to cut the short rope attached to the first boat in case our whale should have an idea of making a prolonged stay below; but it appeared unable to stay a long time, probably from exhaustion; its stay did not exceed half a minute, the longest time that it was under water. An Englishman in one of the boats inserted an oar down its mouth as it swam along, in a vain attempt to reach its throat, and so to dispatch it; but the whale proceeded ahead, not appearing to notice this movement. On we advanced, the whale appearing not to be any nearer its dissolution in consequence of our grand combined attack on it. We were now about three miles from the landing-place. Several boats now returned to shore, others remained and continued the chase. The sea being now much higher caused some of us to become better acquainted with it by occasionally sending the crest of a wave into our boat.

Our attempts at cutting and hacking the whale were now principally given up, through the sea running so high as not to allow of much execution being done, the people still insisting that the whale would not live much longer. We, the lookers on, were now anxiously hoping that it might soon die, as we had no desire of proceeding for an indefinite period to sea. Just at this moment a whaling boat hove in sight, which was a source of satisfaction to us. After a quarter of an hour or so the whale-boat had reached us, and now commenced a parley between the whalers (who were Americans) and the natives. The whalers offering to kill the whale, and after having boiled up the blubber to give five barrels of oil to the natives; the natives held out for more, and the whalers refused to give more, until the whalers, seeing that the whale would not be killed by the natives according to the plan pursued by them, under another twenty-four hours, when it would probably be some eighty miles away, and also there being only two natives' boats left in charge of it, they decided to kill it, which they did most summarily. In went the long lances wielded by powerful men; then the whale spouted a high stream of blood once or twice, and the whalers soon became the victors. The natives returned to shore, and the whale-boat towed away their prize to their vessel, which awaited them off the coast of our island in a small bay. Now commenced our return to shore, which was to windward of us; we had all to take a turn at the oars, for our men were fagged. Those of us not accustomed to rowing fared badly, and were able to show on arrival evident proofs, in the shape of blisters on the hands and drenched garments, that we had formed part of the expedition: we arrived ashore safely without any mishap.

We afterward heard from the master of the whaling vessel that the harpoon that was found sticking in the whale bore on it the inscription of a whaling vessel that was engaged in fishing for whales at an island some sixty miles off, consequently our whale must have traversed that distance (and more, for probably it did not come direct) before its arrival in our bay. We also heard that it yielded only 22 barrels, or 1100 gallons, instead of about 50 barrels, which it would probably have yielded, had it been freshly captured and in good health, instead of being badly wounded and sick.

The whale was one of a species called by the whalers Humpbacks, and sometimes Blackfish, and yield, on the average, about 40 or 50 barrels, or 2000 to 2500 gallons per every full-grown fish. More cows (or female whales) are caught than bulls (or male whales), from the fact that the cows are more frequently met with near land than the bulls, as they frequent bays and inlets, and the coast generally, to play with their calves (or young); and the whalers, making an island or other similar place a rendezvous, find it easier to harpoon them in smooth water than in rough water, or where there is a heavy sea running.

The plan generally adopted by the whalers in harpooning the whales in our waters, which is during the breeding season, is thus: When the whales, which principally come in "schools" of from two to six, are playing with their young in the smooth waters of some bay or inlet, to approach them from the leeward side so that they may not so readily notice them approaching, and upon getting near enough, to harpoon the calf, as the mother will never desert it while she is alive; then, when fast unto it, and following, on the first opportunity that the cow or mother shows itself in a favorable position, with the highest part of its back called the hump visible above water, to "let drive" the harpoon, and then, after harpooning her, to let go the calf, in order not to kill it, as, while it lives, the cow is less troublesome to catch. On the other hand, supposing the calf has been struck and the harpoon enters some vital part and it dies, the cow becomes very furious, and gives a great deal of trouble to capture, diving deep and rushing in different directions, and frequently even making attempts to destroy the boats, and often parting the harpoon line by her struggles and getting clear off; but while her young is alive her whole care is for it, consequently rendering her capture much easier to effect. The whalers even say tl at the mother frequently carries its young on its back, when the latter are harpooned and being chased by the whale-boat, though how they contrive to accomplish this I can not imagine, considering that their sides are very slimy and slippery, as I know by experience.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MUSICAL.—Living for some time upon a "fiver" may be the definition of "Dwelling on a note."

EYES.—An eye fancier writes thus learnedly of the mysteries: "It has often been said that a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, is always an entertaining, agreeable, and lovely companion. 'We never knew,' says a quill-driver, 'but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose which looked like the little end of nothing whittled down to a point.' The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In women it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel is noble in its significance as in its beauty. The blue eye is admirable, but may be feeble. The black eye, take care! Look out for the wife with a black eye! Such can be seen at the police-courts, generally, with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery."

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a dandy, who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they can not see your ears."

"Well, my boy, do you know what 'syntax' means?" said a schoolmaster to a pupil. "Yes, Sir," was the reply; "the duty upon spirits."

"Jeems, my lad," said a hopeful father to his son, "keep away from the gals. Ven you see one comin' dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the door-step on t'other side of the street fooled your poor old dad, Jimmy. Don't cast yer eyes that way and wink. If it hadn't been for her you and yer dad might a been in Brazil huntin' dimuns, my son."

A young sculptor, arrested for debt, wrote to a friend to visit him in *quod*. His first greeting was, "Well, my dear fellow, I suppose you are here for chiseling one of your creditors."

PICTURESQUE COSTUME.—A contemporary mentions the arrest of a woman in the streets, and states further that nothing was found on her person but a love-letter and a daguerreotype. Rather a "poetic" and "picturesque" costume for the metropolis!

NEW PUBLICATION.—Unpoetical "Lines on a Lady's face"—Crows'-feet.

"Excuse me, Madam, but I would like to know why you look at me so savagely?" said a gentleman to a lady stranger. "Oh! beg pardon, Sir. I took you for my husband," was the reply.

MORAL INSTRUMENT.—An upright piano.

Why does a cat run after a mouse?—Because the mouse runs away from it.

That was an excellent reply of Tonsor's when he had cut a customer on the chin. Tonsor's breath was redolent of "Jamaikey," and the customer indignantly said, "That horrid drink!" "Yes, Sir," said Tonsor, "it does make some faces dreadful tender."

When a ship was about to perish in a storm, the sailors all confessed to a priest. "But our sins are yet on board," said one. "For the priest has them all." So they threw him overboard.

With many persons eating is all *stuff*.

PRETTY EXCUSE FOR A WIFE-BEATER.—The treasure which we value most we *hide*.

A REASON FOR POLYGAMY.—An Irishman was recently brought up before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain? "Please your worship," says Paddy, "I was just trying to *get a good one*."

Those persons who do most good are least conscious of it. The man who has but a single virtue of charity is very much like the hen that has but one chicken. That solitary chicken calls forth an amount of clucking and scratching that a whole brood seldom causes.

"Sonny, can you cipher in two syllables?"
"Yeth thir—and spell ki the rule of three all day long."
"Smart boy. Now see if you can tell what a pint of cold slaw will come to at a cent a yard."

A husband advertises thus: "My wife, Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, any body can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her'n."

While inspecting a farm in a pauperized district an enterprising agriculturist could not help noticing the slow, drawling motions of one of the laborers there, and said, "My man, you do not sweat at that work." "Why, no, master," was the reply, "seven shillings a week isn't sweating wages."

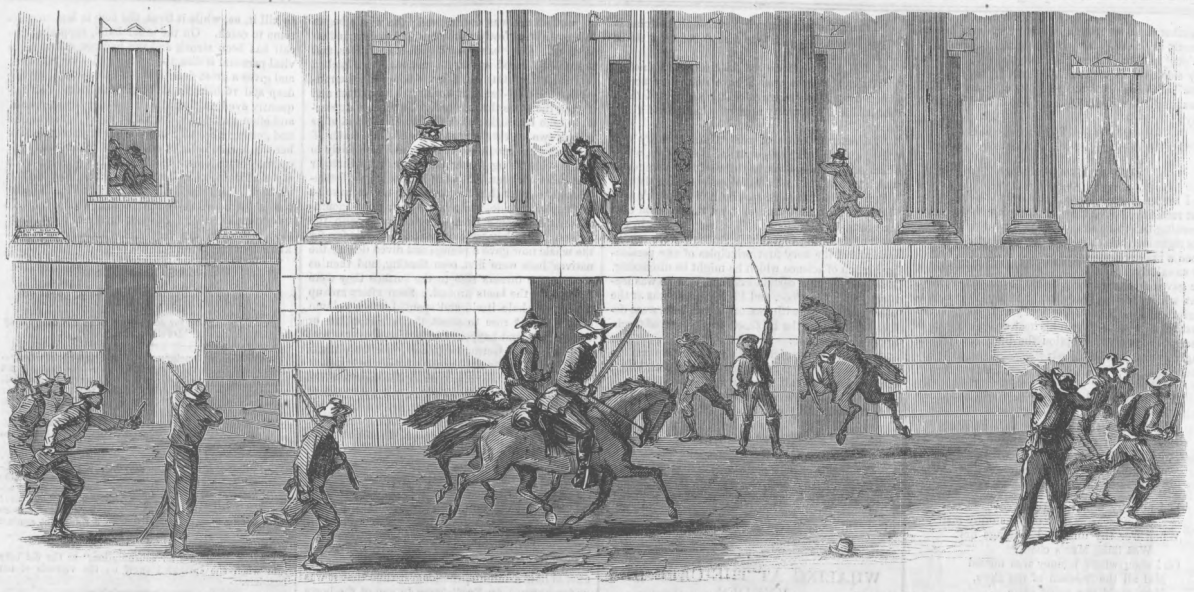
A school-boy being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, Sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upward, and the down ones light!"

A Scotch country minister had been invited, with his wife, to dine and spend the night at the house of one of his lairds. Their host was very proud of one of the very large beds which had just come into fashion, and in the morning asked the lady how she had slept in it. "Oh, very well, Sir; but indeed I thought *I'd lost* the minister a' thegither."

"I keep an excellent table," said a lady, disputing with one of her boarders. "That may be true, ma'am," says he, "but you put very little *upon it*."

Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembled only the "effigy of a man;" said the stout gentleman, "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you *had been at dinner constantly*."

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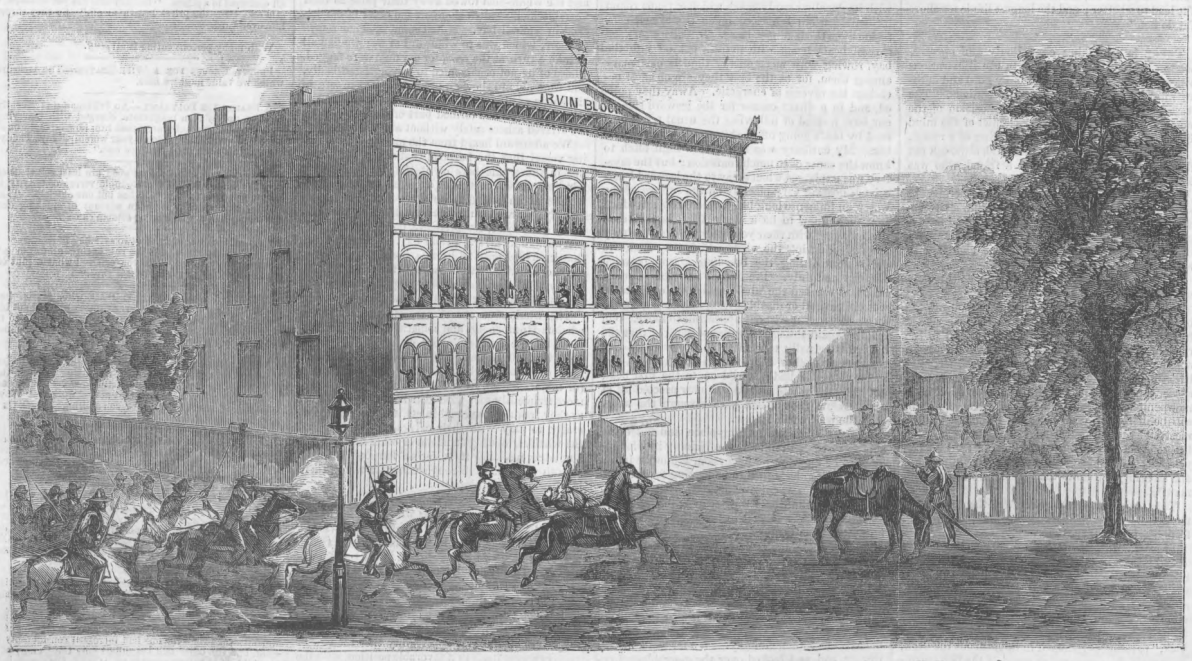
FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS—THE REBELS AT THE GAYOSO HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.]

FORREST'S RAID.

ON Monday, August 22, the rebel General FORREST made a daring raid into Memphis, Tennessee, which is illustrated in the accompanying sketches. The expedition was commanded by FORREST in person, and consisted of portions of eight or nine cavalry regiments, mostly from Tennessee, and numbering from 1500 to 2000 strong. Arriving at Beal Street, the rebels divided off in several squads and struck for the Gayoso House, Hospitals, Irving Block, and General WASHBURNE'S head-quarters on Union Street. The latter was first visited by a force of about two hundred, under Lieutenant-Colonel JESSE FORREST, who entered and found it deserted, the General and his staff having but a moment before escaped. JESSE captured the General's over-coat, and started for the Gayoso House with his valiant horsemen, who rode right into the office of the hotel in search of General HURLBURT, who had also escaped. A portion of the rebel force then proceeded to break open Irving Prison, in order to release the prisoners there confined.—But the guard resisted them, and was assisted by the fortunate arrival at the right moment of the Eighth Iowa regiment. About 6 A.M. the rebels left the town, finding it growing too hot for them, having accomplished the capture of 200 citizens and about 100 horses, and having butchered all the negroes they could find in in the streets. There was little plundering; indeed the rebels had orders not to dismount under penalty of being shot. The rebels suffered heavily. Their object appears to have been the capture of Generals WASHBURNE and HURLBURT.



FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS—ESCAPE OF GENERAL WASHBURNE.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.]



FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS—REBEL ATTACK ON THE IRVING PRISON.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.]

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MAJOR-GENERAL WRIGHT AND STAFF.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

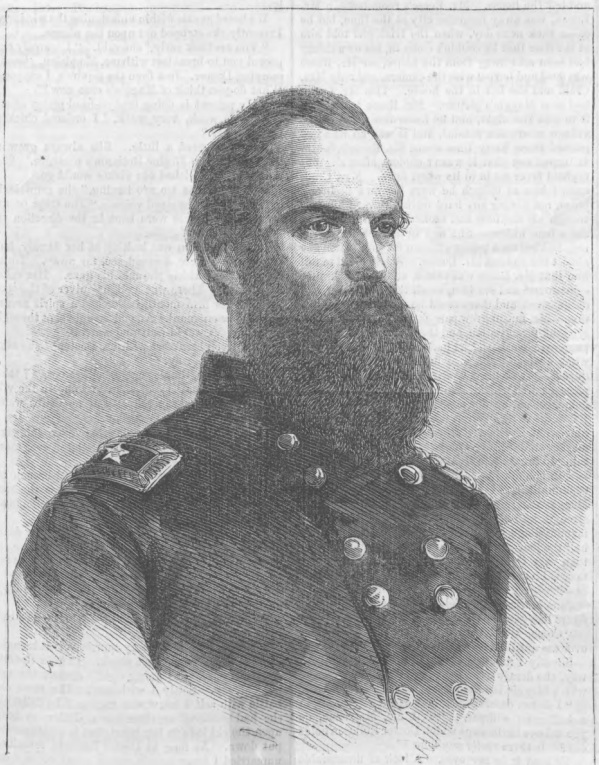
GENERAL WRIGHT AND STAFF.

WE give above portraits of General WRIGHT and Staff. General HORATIO GATES WRIGHT, a native of Connecticut, became a Cadet at West Point in 1837, and graduated with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Engineers in 1841. He was appointed as Acting Assistant Professor of Engineering in that Academy in 1842, a position which he occupied for a year, when he was made Assistant Professor. In February, 1848, he was promoted to be First Lieutenant in the regular army. He entered the war at the beginning, and was given the rank of a Brigadier-General. He was one of the most efficient of the general officers connected with the Port Royal expedition; and in March, 1862, he was engaged in the capture of Fernandina, Florida. Having been promoted to a Major-Generalship he was, in August, 1862, assigned to the command of the Department of Ohio. Upon the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac General WRIGHT'S Division was made the First Division, the Sixth Corps, under General SEDGWICK. When SEDGWICK was killed in May General WRIGHT succeeded to the command of the Corps.

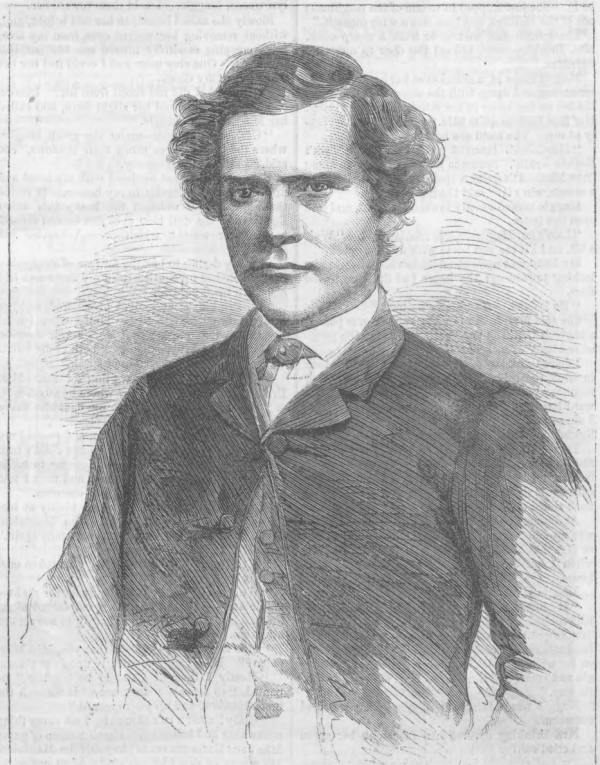
GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY, whose portrait we give on this page, is a native of Pennsylvania. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of ROBERTS'S Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers in the Mexican war. He was in command of this regiment in the battle of Chapultepec, and was wounded in the action. Notwithstanding this he resumed the command that same day in the attack of De Belen gate. He was elevated to the rank of a Colonel November 3, 1847. The next year he was appointed Postmaster of San Francisco.

General GEARY entered the present war as Colonel of the Twenty-Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment. In the latter part of 1861, his regiment, attached to General BANKS'S command, was posted in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry on the Upper Potomac. Here GEARY was engaged in some pretty rough encounters with bodies of armed rebels, from five hundred to a thousand strong. In March, 1861, we find him Acting Brigadier-General at Leesburg. During M'CLELLAN'S peninsular campaign GEARY was stationed with his brigade in the vicinity of White Plains, Virginia. It was about this time that he received his commission as Brigadier-General, commanding the First Brigade of the Second Division of the old Second Corps. This brigade GEARY led in the terrible battle of Cedar Mountain, where he received his second wound. Afterward GEARY'S command, together with WILLIAMS'S and GREEN'S, constituted the Twelfth Corps. This corps in the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863, held the extreme right. GEARY'S command was transferred to Ten-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY.



FRANCIS MUELLER, THE MURDERER OF MR. BRODERICK.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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nessee last winter, and has been covered with glory in a series of battles extending from the storming of Lookout Mountain to the late severe conflicts about Atlanta.

INS AND OUTS.

I WALKED hurriedly away from our village post-office, for the rain was beginning to fall sharply. I had a letter in my pocket for Squire Brinkley's daughter. The old postmaster had given it me in charge, being "afeared none of the Squire's folks would be down that night."

I had not been at the Brinkleys since Henderson Reese went away to Boston. Which of the daughters of Necessitas led me again to the Squire's door?"

I could see by the glimmering lamp-posts that the address on the envelope was not in Mr. Reese's handwriting. Little more than a year back we had been engaged—Henderson Reese and I. I was proud, willful, and passionate, spurning with impatience the control he would have exercised. One day, under the shadows of the old apple-trees down by the brook, after some bitter, unjust words of mine, we parted. During the winter I did not go to singing-school. Mr. Reese did; and there were plenty to tell me how he was keeping company with Squire Brinkley's daughter.

Just before he went away to Boston, to be in business with his uncle, the whole village rang with the engagement between Henderson Reese and Maggie Brinkley.

Miss Scudder, with her thin nose and peaked chin, made it her business to come up to Aunt Elvira's to tell me of it. I was washing tea-cups. As soon as I saw her picking her way through our kitchen-garden I knew her errand. I made a safety-valve of the handles of a couple of the tea-cups, and before she had passed the turnip-bed I was ready for her. She came hustling into our kitchen. Aunt Elvira was up stairs making beds. I wiped a chair for her, and before she could seat herself I said,

"So the Squire's daughter is engaged to one of my old beaux, Miss Scudder. Well, I guess he's as fine a fellow as ever walked the village green."

The spinster looked aghast.

"How you do talk, Magdalen!" she said, elevating the peaked chin, the thin nostrils resembling a spread eagle. "Now do tell! Why, law me! don't you feel checkmated? Not a bit, hey? Why all the villagers are saying you will be a-spoiling your eyes crying for him"....

Almost on the run I went down the lane leading to the Squire's house. I entered by the kitchen door, for it was open a crack, and my shoes were muddy.

The Squire and his wife dozed over the dying embers.

"Here is a letter for Maggie," raising my voice to arouse them.

Squire Brinkley rubbed his eyes vigorously with his hard knuckles, and poked the old tabby cat from his knee.

"Why, bless me, Permelia, wake up! it's Magdalen Boid. Do you hear, wife? It's Magdalen."

Mrs. Brinkley took off her spectacles like one in a dream, wiped them on her apron, and slowly adjusting them, peered at me, only as yet half awake.

"Did you say a letter, Magdalen? Who'st for?" asked the Squire. "From Bosting? Then it's for Maggie, sure. 'Tain't none of Reese's writin', though; half an eye tells me that. Maggie orter be in. She just stepped in to one of the neighbors; one of the children was took down with measels."

The garden-gate swung to with a sharp click. Mrs. Brinkley went toward the door to meet her daughter.

Maggie came in, a shawl over her head, her curls streaming, and damp with the night-rain. Her eye lighted on the letter in her father's hand first thing. Her face became quite pale. She glanced nervously at me. The hand she held out quite shook.

"Magdalen's brought you a letter. 'Tain't Reese's writin'. Seems to me one orter come along from him. It's quite a spell since he's writ: nigh a month, ain't it?" said the Squire.

Maggie turned quietly toward the light, and tore open the letter.

"Don't go, Magdalen," her father said. "Wait a bit, and I'll see you home with a lantern."

My hand was upon the door-latch. Maggie was looking toward us: the letter had fluttered to the floor.

"He is dead. A stranger writes."

She said it quite simply, but her face was pale as a snow-drift. The pretty sparkle of her life seemed suddenly quenched.

I don't think any of us for the moment quite took in what she said. She was so very quiet in her manner; but when she stretched out her arms toward her mother and uttered, "Mamma, mamma, I am so weary," we all three sprang, as though the lightning of God had smitten us.

Through that night we watched by her bedside. She did not speak or notice any of us, but kept her face turned to the wall. We could see that her eyes grew darker and brighter, and that a fever flush rioted on her cheek.

At daybreak I stole out and went home. Auntie was up and nervous about my absence. I talked so fast that she only partially understood matters when I hurried away again to Squire Brinkley's house.

Maggie was delirious.

"It came on soon after you went out, Magdalen," half sobbed Mrs. Brinkley. "For a spell she was just as quiet as a lamb, not even a move of one of her little hands; and when the doctor put his finger on her wrist to feel of her pulse, she began to struggle and moan, and then burst right out in this frantic way."

Maggie was talking rapidly, wild unconnected sentences.

Mrs. Brinkley covered her face with her apron and cried softly.

Dr. Rollason, the family physician, bent anxiously over Maggie and forced a liquid through her clenched teeth. "The medicine will soothe her presently," he said, in a comforting voice, turning to Mrs. Brinkley.

"Permelia," whispered the Squire to his wife, "hadn't Magdalen better take a leetle rest? Cousin Jane Maria has come to help. Magdalen looks dreadful white and shaky."

I found Jane Maria in tears in the long sitting-room. She came hastily toward me and grasped my hand.

I whispered that she was wanted in the sick room.

She looked thankful that there was something for her to do. "Poor Cousin Maggie. Oh, Magdalen!" She broke down then, and just touching my cold cheek with her quivering lips hurried away.

I did not see Maggie again for days. Two weeks passed, three. A change, but not an improvement, was all the information I could gain. No one was allowed access to the house. Jane Maria was not visible even at the well or at a window. Miss Scudder canvassed the matter until the sight of her grew intolerable.

The first week in August came. One morning I waylaid Dr. Rollason, as he came over the fields from the Brinkleys, and pleaded hard that he would give me some definite information respecting Maggie.

"We hope she will be better soon," was all he would say at first.

I urged the matter passionately. He wavered. Breathlessly I waited for him to speak, but he did not. Silently he turned with me and retraced his steps to Squire Brinkley's house. We entered the front door noiselessly. He stood for a moment, running his eye over the garden.

"Can you call to mind, Miss Magdalen, any little thing—a flower even, or a branch of leaves, which was a favorite with Maggie," he asked, musingly.

I drew from my belt a freshly-picked bunch of wild flowers, holding them up without speaking.

"Yes, yes, that will do; when you go into her room, she is alone and quiet now, give them to her and call her by her name in a quiet, natural tone of voice."

My blood seemed turning to ice, a thousand fears took hold of me.

Dr. Rollason laid his strong hand upon my shoulder.

"That letter containing the news of Henderson Reese's decease was too great a shock for her brain. She lost her reason. It is not a hopeless case by any means. Her mind may be restored to her as suddenly as she was bereft of it. If you will be strong and cool during the interview, which I will allow you now, you may prove of great assistance."

"I am calm," I whispered.

He led the way quietly.

A soft, derisive laugh smote on our ears. I shuddered, for the sound came from Maggie's chamber.

Dr. Rollason scanned my face gravely.

"Go," he said, pointing with his finger at the door. "You will be brave and calm. I can quite trust you, Miss Magdalen. I read your mother's spirit in your eyes."

I went.

Maggie was crouched in one corner of the little bedroom. As I closed the door she raised her head with the quick motion of a bird and stared fixedly at me. A feeling of horror stole over me as I met that dull, unmeaning gaze.

I picked these pretty purple blooms in the Jocelyn woods, Maggie. I held them toward her.

Slowly she raised herself to her full height, and, without removing her vacant eyes from my face, came creeping stealthily toward me, her purplish lips apart. One step more and I could feel her hot breath upon my cheek.

Thank God, I did not recoil from her. I threw one arm lightly around her slight form, and called her Maggie, dear Maggie.

"Under the boughs—under the green boughs, where the green leaves throw their shadows," she said, looking at me piteously.

I smoothed her hot forehead with my hand and drew her head gradually to my bosom. It rested there quietly. I watched the heavy lids droop slowly over the dull blue eyes and braced myself to bear her weight, which pressed heavier and heavier.

Scarcely daring to breathe for fear of awakening her I took her up cautiously in my arms and laid her down upon her bed.

Mrs. Brinkley's meek eyes overflowed, and her thin, sallow cheek flushed gratefully, when I went to find her, and told her that Maggie was sleeping as sweetly as a baby. She took both of my hands and pressed them, but could not speak.

Dr. Rollason had been waiting for me. Mrs. Brinkley went to the window where he stood.

"You will let Magdalen see my daughter every day," she pleaded, in a choked voice.

Once more she came toward me, and pressed my hands before going to watch beside her child's bed.

Dr. Rollason brought me some water to bathe my temples—made me drink some, and then I told him all that transpired in Maggie's chamber.

When I had finished, he looked kindly at me. "You need some rest yourself, Miss Magdalen. Go home now. To-morrow you may come again."

"And Maggie?" I asked.

"If this sleep should prove a long, unbroken one, all may go well."

"We were shutting up the house for the night—auntie and I—when a breathless lad darted along the peach orchard, whistling sharply to attract our attention.

"Miss Boid! Miss Boid! be that you, Miss Magdalen?" He sprang impatiently upon the piazza.

"Mostly I thought I should be too late," he panted, "so I made a short cut of it through the brook meadow, and up your orchard."

"Golly! such a run though! I set every thing squawking and hollering. Here's a scrap of paper Miss Jane Maria gin me to gin you, Miss Magdalen. It's a note or sich like, ain't it? Must cut sticks now, 'cause I'm late in doing up the chores round the barn-yard."

"A note from Jane Maria this time of the night!" jerked out Aunt Elvira, contemptuously. "Some of her boarding-school airs, I'll warrant."

"Somebody has arrived. Is in this very house. Oh, Magdalen, do come quickly!" it ran.

"Auntie," I began. A numbness was creeping over my heart—words failed me.

"Well," she dryly responded.

Mechanically I stretched out the note to her. She would not touch it, but glanced it over as I held it.

"Just as I thought," she exclaimed, with warmth. "Some of Jane Maria's genteel timidity. A poor, wayfaring man wants, I suppose, a mouthful of something to eat, and a corner in the barn to lay his head in for the night. Squire Brinkley and Permelia are asleep, maybe. The saints know they need a little after such constant tending of their daughter; and that Jane Maria, instead of putting before the man a plateful of broken victuals, and showing him a place in the barn where he can sleep, must needs bounce upon you in this hifalutin style. How sensible folks, like Squire Brinkley and his wife, can stand that fool of a girl round their house is more than I can understand. Don't dawdle, Magdalen. Shut the blinds."

I did so coolly enough. I had needed something to rouse me, and drive off the dead numbness at my heart. Nothing could have done it so effectually as one of Aunt Elvira's sarcastic flings. Whether directed at myself or somebody else it mattered little; the effect was the same.

Jane Maria met me at the well, in her cousin's yard.

"I saw you coming down the road, and came out to meet you." She drew out the dripping bucket, and forced upon me a cup of cold water.

"Magdalen! Magdalen! can you guess?" she exclaimed, as I tried to swallow a mouthful of the water. Her very lips were white. She clasped her hands excitedly.

Some one has arrived to give the particulars of Mr. Reese's death, I answered.

"My God!" she exclaimed; "then you don't know that Henderson Reese lives—is in our house this very minute."

She made a hasty step forward, and flung her arms about me. "Fool, fool that I was, to tell her so suddenly," she muttered. "I have killed her!"

But I put her away from me with sudden strength. My eyes devoured her face. "Go on," I articulated; "tell me more."

"Yes, yes, I will; only don't look at me in that strange way, Magdalen," she pleaded. "I was the only one up in the house when he came, excepting little Dickey, who was late in doing up his outdoor work. I heard old Bruno bark, and I was fearful he would awaken Maggie, who has slept easily since you were here this morning. I went out to still him, and found him jumping about a gentleman, as though he was at his wit's end for joy. When I came nearer, I screamed louder almost than Bruno had barked, for I thought it was Henderson Reese's ghost. He was standing there, right under those lilac boughs; but do, Magdalen, come in out of the moonlight—it makes me creep all over to see it shining on your white face."

"And he lives! he lives!" I said, grasping at her arm.

"Yes, Magdalen; now please don't stare at me so. You see he was at a boarding-house, and was taken down quite suddenly. Mrs. Craik, the landlady, called a doctor at once. He pronounced it cholera. The rest of the boarders got into a panic and left the house. Mr. Reese's room-mate, a Mr. Lucan, was away from the city at the time, but he came back next day, when the Irish girl told him at the door that he couldn't come in, his own things had been sent away from the house, for Mr. Reese was dead and buried with the cholera, and only Mrs. Craik and she left in the house. This Mr. Lucan had seen Maggie's picture. Mr. Reese had shown it to him one night, and he knew the name of the village where she resided, and it was he who had penned those hasty lines about Mr. Reese's death. It turned out that it wasn't cholera after all; but typhoid fever set in in its worst form. Mrs. Craik nursed him as though he were her own flesh and blood, not having any hard feeling toward him, although his sickness had broken up her house, and she a lone widow. She was in market one morning, looking up a tender chicken for him, when she almost ran against Mr. Lucan. She stopped to tell him that Mr. Reese was better, and begged him to come round and see him, as all traces of fever had disappeared, and there could be no danger of infection. Mr. Lucan grew pale as a cloth, could scarcely speak for agitation, and then it came out how the panic-stricken Irish girl had misinformed him, and what he had written to Miss Brinkley in consequence. It seems this Mrs. Craik was the coolest piece as well as the most motherly, for she went home, cooked up the chicken delicately, made Mr. Reese eat of it, had him take a long nap, then told him what she had learned that morning in the market-stalls. Mrs. Craik thought he needed something to arouse him from the languor the fever had left, so she did not feel afraid of the effects of the communication. Weak as he was the thought of Maggie mourning over his supposed decease put strength into his body, and the next day he started for our village, Mrs. Craik herself going him through half the journey. I am sure Mrs. Craik would more than ever think that he needed arousing were she to see him now. When I told him all about Maggie he—"

Jane Maria started violently. A silent, noiseless figure had joined us at the well.

"Come, Magdalen," was all he said, bending over me until his hair brushed my cheek.

Silently I followed him through the open doorway, the dreary unlit entry, into the little chamber where Maggie lay sleeping.

"I do not deserve such love as hers," he said, in a half-awed whisper. "Tell me, Magdalen, do you believe in the hope which Doctor Rollason holds out? Is there *really* any hope?"

He read it in my eyes. A look of unutterable thankfulness spread over his countenance. Softly he touched her hair with his hot lips.

I drew him hastily back. Maggie's thin, pale hands moved restlessly.

Breathlessly we watched for her eyes to unclose. They rested first upon Mr. Reese's face, in a half dreamy gaze.

As he spoke, and touched her hand, they brightened, and a fond smile crossed her face.

We thought she spoke his name, and bent down to hear, but her lips were quiet, she had dropped away again to sleep.

Mr. Reese turned to me, a thanksgiving light in his dark gray eyes. "Thank God!" he said under his breath, "she knew me perfectly. All will go well now."

He laid his hand upon mine as I was leaving the house. I did not resist his touch, but waited for him to speak. A shadow played about his forehead.

"Magdalen is white and ill," he said, turning to Jane Maria. "She must take care of herself. Can't we make her?"

There was kind authority in his voice. My heart bounded, and then stood still. I thought of Maggie's pale face, and hated myself for the glad thrill his tones awoke. A mist swam before my eyes. The rushing of many waters sounded in my ears.

"You can ride home, Magdalen. I have made Dickey harness up old Sprite."

It was Jane Maria who spoke. Her voice recalled my scattered senses. She stood between Henderson Reese and I, so sheltering my face from his earnest gaze.

I escaped thankfully. I had a night-key in my pocket, but I should have stifled in the house. The piazza ran at the back of our cottage. I knew no one would disturb me there. I shrank closely into the thick shade of the tangled vines. I had flung away Henderson Reese's love. What else was there left for me in life? Like Briareus of old, trouble comes hundred handed; but the hundred hands were never known to strike together at one object. Job was not an exception. Miss Scudder would be baffled by the patient roses on my cheek, but she would still cling to the idea that I had been checkmated.

"Miss Magdalen!"

Doctor Rollason's voice sounded cheeringly. I sprang up quickly. He was making his way to me over the flower-beds. Had I been asleep? the early morning sunlight was brightening the garden.

"I saw your white dress through all this green, and vaulted like a great awkward school-boy over that hedge to have a word with you. I am just from the Brinkleys."

"I came home late from there last night."

"Indeed! ah! And you saw Henderson Reese of course?"

"Yes."

Doctor Rollason looked at me keenly. "Magdalen," he said, "I was your mamma's friend and adviser. As having been such, let me give a word of advice to her daughter. You must find something to do now. Something which will interest and engross you. It will be the only way to help you forget that a year ago you threw your happiness away."

He had read my heart then as easily as though I had laid it bare to him.

He held out his hand to me. "You are not offended at my plain speaking?" he continued, seeing that I did not look up.

"No."

"If ever I could be of service to Henlen Boid's child, remember it would be the greatest pleasure of my life." He bent and kissed my forehead gravely.

We heard auntie within unfastening the windows. Presently she stepped out upon the piazza.

"You are back early," she said. "I scarcely expected you to breakfast with me, Magdalen. Good-morning Doctor. Just from the Squire's, I suppose. What do you think of Maggie's case now?"

"My patient is doing finely—head pretty clear, but she is weak, very weak. I ordered chicken broth for her."

Auntie fidgeted a little. She always grew a little nervous in Doctor Rollason's presence. She now evidently wished our visitor would go.

"Fine weather we are having," she remarked, in a slightly constrained voice. "The crops promise well;" her eyes were bent in the direction of her broad fields of grain.

Doctor Rollason was looking at her fixedly, but his thoughts were, I could see, far away. Turning her head quickly she met his gaze. Her color heightened. There was a slight quiver of the eyelids, but her firm mouth betokened a spirit accustomed to be on guard. An odd thought shot through my brain. I would wait and watch.

"Will you breakfast with us, Doctor?" she asked, in a careless way.

"Thank you, thank you; I believe not. I take my morning meal earlier than any one in the village. My housekeeper has been no doubt waiting for me already. Good-day."

"Auntie," I said, following her down the garden walks, "why didn't Doctor Rollason ever marry?"

She stopped to put back a wayward branch of honey-suckle. Her head was bent over the wet leaves as she answered, "He loved your mamma, Magdalen. That was the reason."

"And my mamma not love him! such a dear, good man!"

"We can not say to Love, go and come," she replied.

Presently she walked away. Her face was very quiet—the quiet borne on a hungry heart.

I felt that I had read aright; my mother's sister loved the Doctor.

That August day was very oppressive. It brought a feverish tide to auntie's cheek. Late in the afternoon I found her leaning rigidly against the upper balcony. Softly I withdrew. The same old battle with self, I knew, was raging. In daily life she had gathered together cares, duties, to heap upon the old love in her heart, but it would not be put down. As long as Doctor Rollason remained unmarried I knew auntie would never come from the strife laurel-crowned.

I felt glad that I had guessed out the state of

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things. My manner toward her unconsciously softened. Before there had been a dearth of sympathy; now a bond existed.

The October winds blew with fitful eagerness. Maggie was regaining strength and elasticity of body. Her mind was perfectly clear. Mr. Reese had said he would not leave her yet; he would wait until November. They came to see me sometimes, and I went there too. Matters went on smoothly enough until one day.

I had been after a rare Eastern lily which Mrs. Brinkley had promised me.

"You like high colors, Magdalen," she said, tapping a pot which held a scarlet geranium. "I shall add this to the lily."

Mr. Reese stood listlessly by the window, watching the falling leaves, waiting for Maggie to ride with him. Maggie stood before the glass opposite me, putting on her hat. As Mrs. Brinkley spoke Henderson Reese turned from the window, and breaking off a full cluster of the rich scarlet blossoms, laid them against my cheek.

"You are so pale this autumn," he commented.

"Am I?"

"I hope you are well," he continued in a grave voice.

"Perfectly, thank you." I turned away, for Maggie was all ready to go.

Mrs. Brinkley went to the window to see them drive off.

"Come into the orchard, Magdalen," the Squire called out to me, plenty of fruit there. I should like to send some to Miss Elvira. You must select it."

Dickey was filling up a basket. Suddenly he ceased whistling, and looked toward the road.

"What's fetched them back?" he exclaimed.

I followed his glance.

Maggie beckoned to me from the low carriage.

"You must come with us," she said. "Yes, Magdalen, I want you. You must. Dickey can carry the fruit and flowers home for her, can't he, mamma?"

"Certainly, my love," said Mrs. Brinkley, smiling kindly at us from the doorway.

I was sorely puzzled by Maggie's manner. Still I hesitated—pleading home duties. Maggie made a gesture of entreaty. Her pretty lips had grown quite pale.

I sprang in.

"Let us drive to the Darlington grove," she said.

Mr. Reese turned and looked at her. "You are in a strange mood this morning, Maggie," he said, smiling.

She averted her face, and sank back wearily in the carriage, not speaking again until we stopped under a fine growth of beeches.

She sprang out first, and walked swiftly over the brown crisp leaves.

Mr. Reese waited to fasten the horses. When he joined us, I could see that Maggie was obliged to lean against one of the trees for support; her eyes still bent upon the misty hills miles away.

"What are you dreaming about darling?"

She started, and shrank, as though his words had hurt her. A bright color dyed her cheek, and vanished. A few eager steps brought her close to his side.

"I have never quite filled your heart," she began, rapidly—her eyelids steady, and her brow a flame. "When you laid those blossoms against Magdalen's cheek, a little while ago, I read the truth. We are all wrong just now; Magdalen, you, and I. *You* love each other still—and—please God—I will not stand between you two."

"Hear me," she continued, as Mr. Reese would have interrupted.

"Good God! I will not, Maggie," he broke out, vehemently. "Never, never have I loved even Magdalen Bold as I do *you* at this moment!"

—"At this moment," she repeated, softly, with a strange look of unrest upon her face.

Mr. Reese caught her convulsively to his breast. "God help me to become worthy of the love of this noble woman. Maggie—my treasure—dearer than life itself!"....

They were married in November. Mr. Reese would not be put off. He took her with him to Boston.

Aunt Elvira and I still live at the little cottage. Miss Scudder gives out that Doctor Rollason is to marry the meek little dressmaker over the way.

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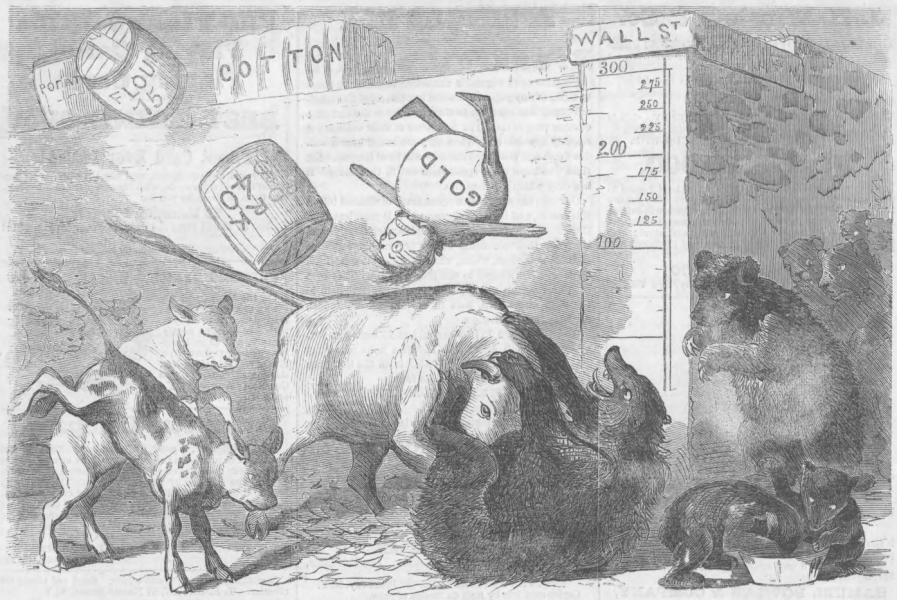
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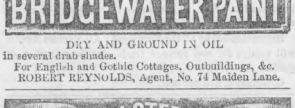
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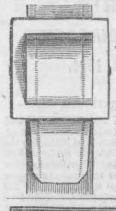
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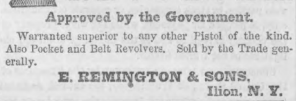


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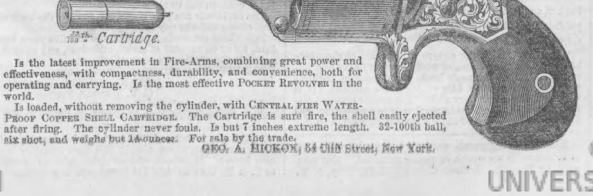
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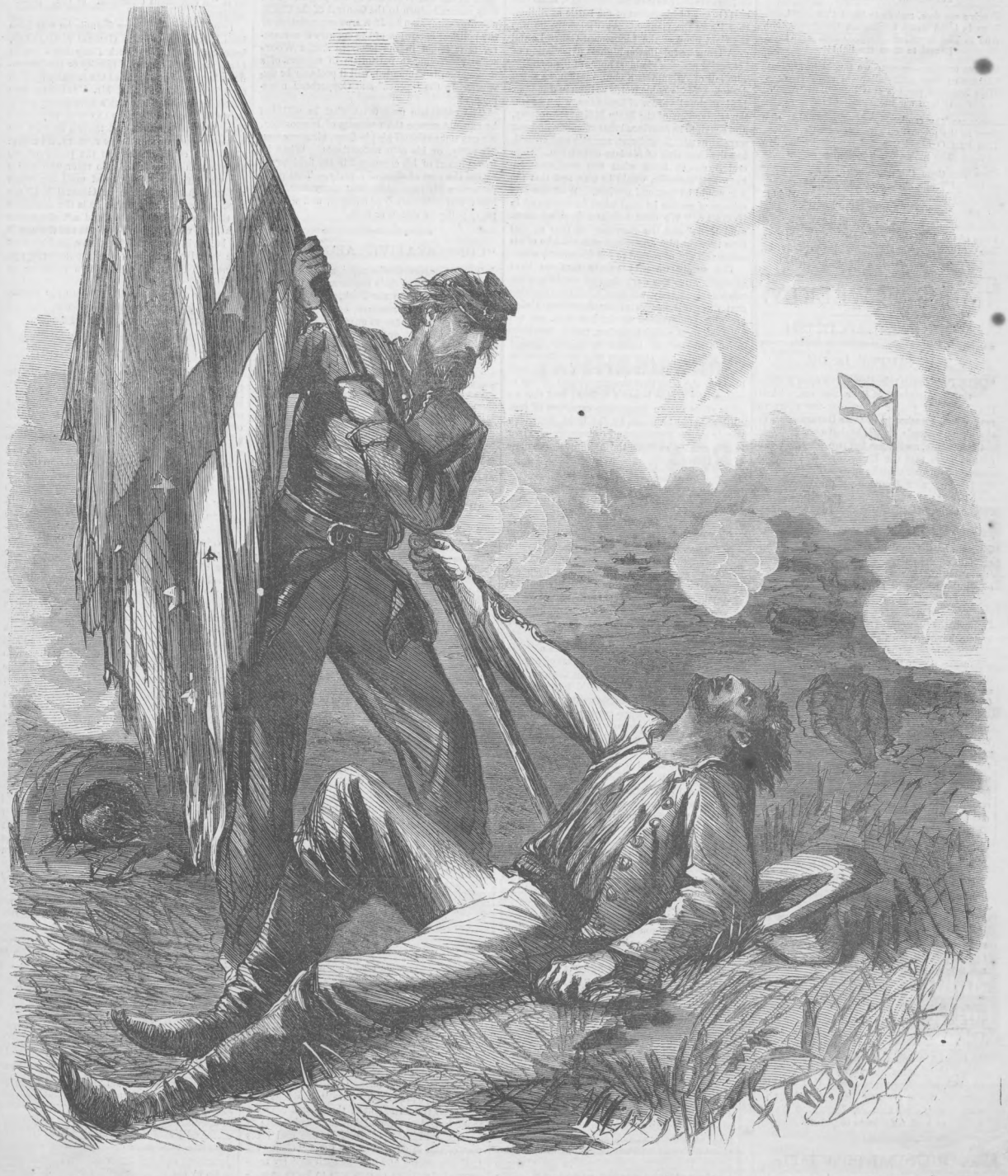
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 403.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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HARRY DAVIS CAPTURING THE BATTLE-FLAG OF THE THIRTIETH LOUISIANA REGIMENT, AT THE BATTLE OF EZRA CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 606.]

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A HYMN FOR THE NORTHERN PEOPLE.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1864.

GREAT God of Battles, lift we unto Thee
A people's voice in gratitude and praise,
Thou, who, unsearchable in all Thy ways,
Ordainest victory.

To Thee we bow, lend unto us Thine ear,
Clothe us, O Lord! with thy protecting power,
And unto us in this our thankful hour,
Great God in Heaven, draw near!

Bend down upon us Thine all-seeing eyes,
Thou who in ages past Thy throne didst set
With myriad stars, and see our altars wet
With blood of sacrifice!

Reach unto us, O God! Thy bounteous hand,
Full of all blessings with the closing year,
And scatter them like good seed far and near,
Throughout our bleeding land!

Forgive our foes, restore to them their sight,
Who in blind wrath unsheathed the cruel sword,
And in Thy boundless mercy, O good Lord!
Reveal to them the light!

Forgive our sins—so were we taught to pray—
Cleanse us from guilt; allay our many fears;
Wipe from the people's eyes the scalding tears,
O turn our night to day!

Announce Thy coming, Lord! show us that sign
Seen in the prophet's vision long ago;
How long, O Lord! from out the press must flow
The nation's blood-red wine?

Give unto them, the rulers of our land,
A love of Truth, of Justice, and of Right:
May they be upright in Thine own pure sight:
Give each a firm right hand!

Let War, and Pestilence, and Famine cease
From off the earth; Great God! we fain would hear,
Ere yet the Christmas chimes sound sweet and clear,
The voice of Christ say "Peace!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

THE SIMPLE ISSUE.

THE Presidential election turns upon a question as simple as it is momentous. Shall the American people relinquish the effort to maintain the authority of their Government, or shall they concede that it is destroyed? That is the question, and it has but two sides. Whoever believes that the Union and Government should be unconditionally maintained will vote for LINCOLN and JOHNSON, all others will vote for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

The Chicago Convention resolved "that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, * * * * justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States." In other words, the slave-system having risen in insurrection against the American people, they are to confess themselves conquered and to believe that justice, humanity, and liberty require that slavery should have increased security. That is the platform of GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

The Baltimore Convention resolved "that it is the highest duty of every American citizen to maintain against all their enemies the integrity of the Union and the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that, laying aside all differences and political opinions, we pledge ourselves as Union men, animated by a common sentiment and aiming at a common object, to do every thing in our power to aid the Government in quelling by force of arms the rebellion now raging against its authority, and in bringing to the punishment due to their crimes the rebels and traitors arrayed against it." In other words, the American people have *not* failed, and do not intend to fail, in the conflict with the insurrection of Slavery. Justice, humanity, and liberty require not that it shall be strengthened, but that it shall be destroyed by every constitutional means. That is the platform of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Which has the true ring? Which speaks the resolution of a great and brave people, and which the base submission of a cowed and craven nation? Which is the spirit of Bunker Hill and Saratoga, of PERRY and DECATUR, of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, of the Weldon Railroad, Mobile, and Atlanta, of GRANT, FARRAGUT, and SHERMAN; and which that of BENEDICT ARNOLD, whose treacherous heart told the same people in 1780, after four years of war, that their Government was a tyranny that deluged the land with blood, and that *he*, BENEDICT ARNOLD, wished to lead Americans to peace?

GENERAL SHERMAN.

THE victory at Atlanta crowns one of the most daring and extraordinary military campaigns in history. "Since the 15th of May," quietly says General SHERMAN on the 3d of September, "we have been in one constant battle or skirmish, and need rest." A glance at the map shows what these words mean. It shows the point from which he moved and that which he has gained; the first was long considered impregnable, and became ours a year ago; the second was held by the rebels as scarcely less precious than Richmond, and is now lost to them. But these great results have been obtained only by great sagacity, the most incessant labor, and invincible bravery. The steady advance by direct assault and masterly flanking of unassailable points; the protection of an enormous line of communications; the safe crossing of rapid rivers; the pushing an enemy to his fortified base; the repulse of all his fierce assaults, and the final severing of his army, with his defeat and flight with an army that can not but be terribly demoralized—all these show that we have at last learned to make war, and that at the West, as in the East, we have "a great captain."

It was mainly to General SHERMAN, said General GRANT in his report of the battle at Shiloh, that I owe the victory. At Vicksburg he was the right hand of the Lieutenant-General; and at Atlanta he fulfills the highest expectation of his senior and the gladdest hopes of his country. The fall of Atlanta is a confirmation, in thunder tones, of his noble words written in January, 1861, to the Governor of Louisiana, when he was Superintendent of the State Military Academy, and began to be convinced that rebellion and war were at hand. That letter, recently republished, has the clear ring of his late dispatches. General SHERMAN knew what was coming. He knew that secession would be war, and that the war would be vast and terrible. With the prescience of genius he said when in command in Kentucky, "We need here two hundred thousand men;" and the Secretary of War at that time thought him crazy, and relieved him of his command out of regard to his disordered wits.

But surely we may rejoice that we have emerged from the dark days of doubt and inefficiency. Surely we may offer thanksgiving that the great armies of the American Union are now commanded by leaders who are not only the most skillful, daring, rapid, tenacious of soldiers—whom neither mud nor Quaker guns appall—but also men who are devoted in every fibre of their frames and drop of their blood to the faith that the experiment of war to restore the Union is *not* a failure; and that no other effort for an immediate cessation of hostilities should be made by the loyal American people except renewed and overwhelming vigor in the war to confirm the absolute supremacy of the Government.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEWS FROM SHERMAN.

THERE is not a man who did not feel that M'CLELLAN's chances were diminished by the glad tidings from Atlanta; nor any one who does not know that if SHERMAN had been defeated, the friends of the Chicago candidate would have felt surer of his success. When people solemnly resolve, as the party which has nominated General M'CLELLAN did at Chicago, that "the experiment of war" to maintain the Government and restore the Union is a "failure," how can they be glad to hear of a great and vital victory which belies their theory? No unconditional Union man could have asked a more significant commentary upon the true character of the Chicago movement. For suppose the great M'CLELLAN ratification meeting had taken place upon the Saturday the news of SHERMAN's glorious victory was received, how like a soaking storm it would have fallen upon an assembly whose cardinal principle is a "demand that immediate efforts be made by a cessation of hostilities!" SHERMAN has done more, in his capture of Atlanta, for a cessation of hostilities than VALLANDIGHAM and his Convention could do in twelvemonths of abuse of the Administration and of the war.

If the American people were craven; if they were so utterly humiliated and prostrated that they could hear of the success of our soldiers only with abject regret; if they were really willing to surrender the victory of their Government and laws in the hour of its approaching triumph; if they truly thought that the men who managed the Convention at Chicago were more sincerely patriotic than GRANT and SHERMAN, than FARRAGUT, GRANGER, and SHERIDAN, then we too could almost be sorry for the glorious news; for it would be clear that such a people were not worth saving, and that the life of every devoted soldier who had fallen was wasted in the cause of those who were too contemptible to respect themselves.

"HARMONIOUS."

IT is very possible that the friends of General M'CLELLAN may persuade him to put something into his letter or speech accepting the nomination which will help conceal the bald surrender of the Government contained in the Chicago Platform. But the effort will be vain. The character and intention of that Convention can not be hidden. It was, as Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and FERNANDO WOOD predicted it would be, "harmonious." It was harmonious in its desire of peace at any price. It was harmonious in saying that it was faithful to the Union, and in declaring that the war to maintain it had failed. It was harmonious in refraining from the slightest censure of the rebellion, and in declaring that it is the loyal citizens, and not the rebels, who have defied and disregarded the Constitution. It was harmonious in the tone of all the resolutions, which imply that the responsibility for the war rests with those who approve the maintenance of the Government. It was harmonious in its spirit of abject submission to insolent treason.

There is no escape for the candidate. If he kicks over the platform he kicks over his party, and upon his party he depends; for does any body suppose that this country is so stark mad as, under any circumstances, to make General M'CLELLAN President upon the strength of his own performances, or of confidence in the persons who most influence him? If unshrinking vigor in the war is desired by the people, would they naturally turn to the General of the Chickahominy campaign? If a true appreciation of the political condition of the country is necessary, is it found in the letter to Judge WOODWARD? If sincere patriotism in support of a nomination is demanded, will it probably be discovered in the "peace" and Copperhead newspapers?

The candidate may write what he will, but he can not escape the necessity of his position. He can not shake off his platform, his advocates, his party, or his own antecedents. When he was relieved of his command in the field he accepted the post of chief of a party. That party prescribes his principles; that party nominates him; that nomination he accepts; and with the party policy he stands or falls.

"CONSERVATIVE" ARGUMENTS.

THE "Conservative" campaign has opened in a perfectly characteristic manner. At the meeting of exultation in the Park, on the evening that the news was received, one of the orators of the gentry who are so anxious that the laws shall be respected and personal rights secured, urged his "Conservative" friends

"....to form 'White-boy' clubs in every ward, and protect the freedom of the ballot-box. If there should be opposition to the freedom of election, he hoped they would put all who opposed them where they belonged, and hang them. He had heard, he said, that General BUTLER was to be sent here to overawe New York; but he thought if he was sent here with such a purpose he would never be allowed to get far up Broadway."

Another of those "Conservative" gentlemen who are profoundly concerned at the suppression of free speech, and who are opposed to fanatical appeals to passion, remarked that

"It has been facetiously stated that in hot weather niggers smelled badly; and it was about time to learn that in this country white men had their rights, and that the Constitution was made for white men, and not for the nigger. You have come together now to take action to restore those liberties which that secession scoundrel and traitor, ABE LINCOLN, has taken from you the rights of the poor man, and we have selected GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, the man who held the white man above ABE LINCOLN and his niggers.

* * * * * * *

"Once a poor man could walk the streets free and speak his mind, but under the rule of that ignoramus, ABE LINCOLN, he can not. Bear in mind, gentlemen, that you are the Government, and not that scoundrel at Washington.

* * * * * * *

"Will you desert the hero of South Mountain, whom ABE LINCOLN has sought to degrade, that he might make you and I lower than his niggers? [Cries no, no.] No. God tells me you won't; your honest faces tell me you won't. When you meet your Abolition friends in the street they belch out their secession talk at you, as old ABE and his crew have done (for I hold old ABE to-day to be a bigger secessionist than JEFF DAVIS)."

Of course where such things are openly said in public meetings it is evident that free speech has been totally abolished; as when an Iowa paper calls the President "a bloody monster," it is clear that a free press has ceased to exist.

These "Conservative" speeches in favor of the election of General M'CLELLAN have been promptly supported by the "Conservative" papers, one of which says:

"We will strip from ABRAHAM LINCOLN the false garb of honesty he has worn so long! We will, if need be, show up, among other things, the infamy—yes, that's the word, infamy—of the White House! If necessity requires, we will call Senators and tradespeople, in this city and elsewhere, to attest the truth of what we say. We have no heart to expose such public and personal infidelity as, since Mr. LINCOLN'S advent, has festered there, because of the disgrace it would bring upon so many innocent persons."

Here is that freedom from personality and decorous discussion of principles which are always sure to be found in the mouths and on the pens of the "Conservative" party, and this is the most obvious and natural course of those who wish to go on their knees to rebels and ask upon what terms they will allow this Government to be carried on. "Conservatism" naturally calls JEFFERSON DAVIS "President DAVIS," and the President of the United States a scoundrel, traitor, and ignoramus, because it hates the cause represented by one and loves that of the other. Are not these "Conservative" arguments and appeals such as every true-hearted American citizen sees to be most welcome to every enemy of the Union and the country? Is a "Conservatism" whose only resource is an appeal to the basest passions of the most ignorant and brutal men, very likely to save the dignity and honor of this nation?

DOUBTS REMOVED.

IF any one had been in doubt of the real significance of the policy which General M'CLELLAN represents in this canvass, he was relieved by reading the New York *Daily News* on the day after the nomination. That paper is the Northern organ of the rebellion, whose policy at the North is "peace." A "peace man" is well understood to be a friend of the "Confederacy," and the "peace" organ says: "We accept the platform adopted by the Convention as a great triumph for the peace party.....The nominees of the Chicago Convention stand committed to a course that is undisguisedly and unequivocally traced in accordance with the popular sentiment of opposition to the war." The *News* will support General M'CLELLAN because he stands upon a "peace" platform, and by the side of GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who "is the man of all men" whom the *News* would have nominated, because he is "a consistent champion" of the "peace" sentiment.

Does any man, however friendly he may have been in his judgment of General M'CLELLAN, believe that the New York *Daily News* has at heart the true honor and dignity or the permanent, because just, peace of the country? Can such a man forget that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM moved to make M'CLELLAN's nomination unanimous? General M'CLELLAN was nominated by a peace convention, and though he were the most resolute war man in the country, if he were elected he could not escape the policy of the party which elects him. No voter who wishes the war vigorously prosecuted until the rebels ask to be heard will vote for General M'CLELLAN, because he knows that he is the candidate of those who wish to stop and ask the rebels what they want. Every opponent of the war in the land will vote for M'CLELLAN, and his election would be a sign of the popular will that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities.

That is the policy which he can not escape, should he be elected; and no one who does not favor that policy can honestly vote for him.

ON A LATE LOUD NOISE.

THE loud buzz and hum and clatter of the Chicago Convention, and of the M'CLELLAN ratification meetings, might induce a heedless observer to believe that they truly represented the opinion of the American People, and that we all supposed we had been deprived of our liberties without knowing it, and had yielded to a tyrannical despotism under the delusion that we were maintaining our own lawful Government. Such a chatter about despotism and despots might make an observer imagine that the misfortune of the country is not that a desperate conspiracy is striving to overthrow the Government, but that the Government has the unblushing effrontery not to yield to its assassins. The noise of the politicians at Chicago, contrasted with the settled patriotism of the American people, recalls the famous figure of BURKE: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, it is not to be imagined that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shriveled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

AN EVIDENT TRUTH.

THE Copperheads, who insist that this war is a war waged by the President for the sake of emancipation, now assert that he is pledged to continue it for that purpose even after the submission of the rebels. But when the rebels have submitted against whom can war be carried on? It is useless to speculate, to affirm or deny that the President will or will not continue the war after the rebel submission—simply because he can not.

The war is prosecuted for the maintenance of the Union and Government. When the rebels yield, they submit to the Constitution and all laws and executive acts in accordance with it. Whether the emancipation proclamation so accords is a question which the President has himself left to the Supreme Court.

It is impossible honestly to mistake the President's position upon the Slavery question. His letters to Mr. GREELEY and to Mr. HODGES, and his various messages and speeches express it as plainly as words can. "I am naturally anti-slavery," he writes to Mr. HODGES. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I can not remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. .....And I aver that to this day I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery."

So in the manifest—"To whom it may concern"—the President states what he understands to be the condition upon which a permanent peace is possible. In that paper he takes the initiative, and says that whoever is authorized by a power which can control the rebel armies

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to make a proposition embracing the integrity of the Union and the abandonment of slavery will be heard. There is no bar in this, no limit. He does not say that no other proposition upon the same authority will be heard. But to end all mousing diplomacy and intrigue he frankly states the terms upon which, in his estimation, the American people can have peace.

But peace is always at the discretion of the rebels. When they lay down their arms and return to obedience to the laws the rebellion ends. Of course the Government must decide when it is satisfied that the rebels *have* laid down their arms, and it will take good care not to be betrayed by any false pretenses. But it can not fight without an enemy. And when the rebels leave the constitutionality of the executive acts where the President leaves it, to the Supreme Court, there will be peace, which will be long or short as the Court sustains or annuls the Proclamation.

But the purpose of the rebel leaders is much more earnest than Copperhead doctors believe; and they will yield when they are conquered, not before.

A SLANDER EXPOSED.

NEWSPAPERS have a bad habit of reporting what they wish to have believed as upon unquestionable authority, and it is often impossible to correct the most injurious and false statements made in this way. But General "BALDY" SMITH has lately effectually exposed this trick, and in a manner which is of the greatest service. One of the stalest and most hackneyed charges against the President is the assertion that he constantly interferes with military movements, and is the moving cause of all mishaps and disasters in the field. Before General GRANT's campaign began we were gravely informed that if he succeeded it would be on account of his own skill, but if he failed it would be because the President had meddled with his plans. When General BUTLER's movements were apparently less vigorous than the public, knowing nothing of the intentions of the campaign, thought they ought to be, we were told that such were the consequences of the President's insisting upon retaining civilians in military commands.

In order to damage the Union cause a story of this kind was lately told, in which the name of General SMITH was used. The General immediately wrote a letter, in which he says:

"In your issue of the 24th is a statement from Washington which demands notice from me, especially as it is prefaced by the remark that it is given upon 'authority which may be regarded beyond contradiction.' The writer states that upon my return to the front I called upon General GRANT, reporting for duty, and then proceeds to say:

"Upon this General GRANT produced an order or letter of instructions from the President for the reinstatement of General BUTLER in full field command, from which he had been relieved by order of the Secretary of War, Mr. LINCOLN adding to General GRANT substantially as follows: 'Having reinstated General BUTLER in his former command as it was before the Secretary of War's late order, you will oblige me, personally, by exerting yourself to avoid all cause of difference or irritation with Major-General BUTLER, at least until after next election.'

"I had two interviews with General GRANT after my return, at which no one was present but ourselves. At these interviews no order or letter of instructions of any description from the President was produced by General GRANT, nor did he state or intimate that he had received such an order."

The General proceeds to correct some other misrepresentations of his conduct and that of General GRANT at the same interview.

This unqualified refutation of an incessant slander disposes of all the brood.

A VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE *Grant County Herald*, a Wisconsin paper, contains the following letter from Judge JOHN J. MILLS, giving an account of a recent interview with President LINCOLN, at the Soldiers' Retreat near Washington:

"We" [Ex-Governor RANDALL and Judge MILLS] "entered a neat, plainly-furnished room. A marble table was in the centre. Directly appeared from an adjoining apartment a tall, gaunt-looking figure, shoulders inclined forward, his gait astride, rapid, and shuffling, ample understandings with large slippers, and Brierian arms, with a face radiant with intelligence and humor.

"The Governor addressed him: 'Mr. President, this is my friend and your friend MILLS, from Wisconsin.'

"'I am glad to see my friends from Wisconsin; they are the hearty friends of the Union.'

"'I could not leave the city, Mr. President, without hearing words of cheer from your own lips. Upon you, as the representative of the loyal people, depend, as we believe, the existence of our Government and the future of America.' This introduced political topics.

"'Mr. President,' said Governor RANDALL, 'why can't you seek seclusion, and play hermit for a fortnight? it would reinvigorate you.'

"'Ah,' said the President, 'two or three weeks would do me no good. I can not fly from my thoughts—my solicitude for this great country follows me wherever I go. I don't think it is personal vanity or ambition, though I am not free from these infirmities, but I can not but feel that the weal or woe of this great nation will be decided in November. There is no programme offered by any wing of the Democratic party but that must result in the permanent destruction of the Union.'

"'But, Mr. President, General MCCLELLAN is in favor of crushing the rebellion by force. He will be the Chicago candidate.'

"'Sir,' said the President, 'the slightest knowledge of arithmetic will prove to any man that the rebel armies can not be destroyed with Democratic strategy. It would sacrifice all the white men of the North to do it. There are now in the service of the United States near two hundred thousand able-bodied colored men, most of them under arms defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces be disbanded, and that the masters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. The black men who now assist Union prisoners to escape, are to be converted into our enemies in the vain hope of gaining the favor with of their masters. We shall have to fight two nations instead of one.

"'You can not conciliate the South if you guarantee to them ultimate success; and the experience of the present war proves their success is inevitable if you fling the compulsory labor of millions of black men into their side of the scale. Will you give our enemies such military advantages as insure success, and then depend on coaxing, flattery, and concession to get them back into the Union? Abandon all the posts now garrisoned by black men; take 200,000 men from our side and put them in the battle-field or corn-field against us, and we would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks.

"'We have to hold territory in inclement and sickly places; where are the Democrats to do this? It was a free fight, and the field was open to the war Democrats to put down this rebellion by fighting against both master and slave long before the present policy was inaugurated.

"'There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity. Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe. My enemies pretend I am now carrying on this war for the sake of abolition. So long as I am President it shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoring the Union. But no human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy, and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion.

"'Freedom has given us two hundred thousand men raised on Southern soil. It will give us more yet. Just so much it has abstracted from the enemy, and instead of alienating the South, there are now evidences of a fraternal feeling growing up between our men and the rank and file of the rebel soldiers. Let my enemies prove to the country that the destruction of slavery is not necessary to the restoration of the Union. I will abide the issue.'

"I saw that the President was not a mere joker, but a man of deep convictions, of abiding faith in justice, truth, and Providence. His voice was pleasant, his manner earnest and emphatic. As he warmed with his theme his mind grew to the magnitude of his body. I felt I was in the presence of the great guiding intellect of the age, and that those 'huge Atlantean shoulders were fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies.' His transparent honesty, republican simplicity, his gushing sympathy for those who offered their lives for their country, his utter forgetfulness of self in his concern for its welfare, could not but inspire me with confidence that he was Heaven's instrument to conduct his people through this sea of blood to a Canaan of peace and freedom. J. T. MILLS."

"PEACE MEN."

"WHY do you fret, O cowardly North!
When we are your masters still?
We'll count the roll of our slaves ere long
On the summit of Bunker Hill."
For three long years have we met the foe—
We drive them before us still;
Yet they do claim slaves up in the North,
Though not upon Bunker Hill.

We've talked of the black men trodden down
'Neath the iron heel of might;
But oh! (shame on the dastard race!)
These Northern slaves are white.
Their Southern brothers of darker hue
The lash and the chain controls,
But these step under their master's heels,
And freely offer their souls.

You may seek on the battle-field in vain
For these white slaves of the South—
They dare not follow our brave boys there
So near to the cannon's mouth!
They dare not share in such noble toil,
Bidding treason's utterance cease,
So they cover themselves with the Quaker garb,
And lustily cry for peace.

When the roll of honor that Fame prepares
Is held to the proud world's gaze,
And men shall read the glorious deeds
Of the heroes of these great days,
We shall see the record of Freedom's sons,
As the pages we unfold,
Traced with the lasting pen of truth
In letters of purest gold.

And Fame has another book in press
For the world to read some day,
Of those who their country's cause forsook,
And ran from their flag away—
Of those who would aid a traitorous crew
To deluge the land with gore—
They sought for peace with their country's foes,
And peace shall be theirs no more!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SHERIDAN'S MOVEMENTS.

THE interest in the Virginia Campaign this week centres upon General Sheridan. His army has an important mission to accomplish, which includes something more than a conflict with Early's army. The rebels are aware of this, and it is for this reason that a strong Confederate force is still kept in the valley. It was thought a few days ago that Early was retreating upon Richmond. But Sheridan's advance develops the enemy in full force north of Winchester. On Saturday, September 3, Crook's command, together with the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps advanced to Berryville. That afternoon a severe battle occurred between the Twenty-third and Thirty-sixth Ohio, in the advance, and a large body of rebels. The latter were repulsed.

THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA.

A dispatch was received, September 4, by the War Department from General Sherman, dated September 3, twenty-six miles south of Atlanta. Sherman had removed his army from Atlanta during the last week of August, and transferred it to a position on the West Point Road, from which an advance was made upon the Macon Road in three columns—one under Howard, who was to strike the road near Jonesborough on the right; another under Schofield, whose goal was Rough and Ready on the left; while the third column, under Thomas, pushed up to the road at Conche's in the centre. A part of Hood's army occupying Jonesborough was thus cut off from the main force at Atlanta. This detachment attacked Howard, who had intrenched himself on the road north of Jonesborough, but were easily repulsed. The whole army advanced upon the road, and destroyed it between Jonesborough and Rough and Ready; and on the 1st of September Jefferson C. Davis, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, attacked and carried the rebel works at Jonesborough, capturing 10 guns and 1000 prisoners. The defeated rebels moved south to Lovejoy's Station, and were pursued. In the mean time Hood blew up his magazines at Atlanta, and evacuated that important position by night. Atlanta was immediately occupied by General Slocum, commanding the Twentieth Corps. General Sherman gives his loss as not more than 1200, and says, "We have possession of over 300 rebel dead, 250 wounded, and over 1500 well."

A later dispatch from General Slocum states that the enemy destroyed seven locomotives and eighty-one cars loaded with ammunition, small-arms and stores, and left fourteen pieces of artillery, most of them uninjured, and a large number of small-arms. A large number of deserters were coming into our lines.

The defeat of M'Cook and the capture of Stoneman considerably weakened Sherman's cavalry force, and taking advantage of this weakness, Wheeler, Forrest, and Morgan appear to have formed a junction for the purpose of destroying the railroad between Chattanooga and Nashville. Rousseau, however, is confident in his ability to take care of these raiders, who will only be able to effect a temporary damage.

DEFEAT AND DEATH OF JOHN MORGAN.

General Gillem, commanding a body of Union troops in East Tennessee, gained a complete victory over John Morgan and his guerrillas on the 4th inst. Morgan's camp at Greenville was surprised, Morgan was killed, his staff and one piece of artillery captured, and his force dispersed, with a loss in killed alone of 15 men.

CAPTURE OF FORT MORGAN.

Fort Morgan surrendered August 23 with a garrison of six hundred men, including General Paige and two Colonels. Sixty guns were taken, but these had been spiked by the rebels. Admiral Farragut and General Granger arranged their vessels and batteries so as to invest the fort on three sides, enveloping it with a raking fire so terrible that it was impossible for the enemy to work his guns. The bombardment commenced on the morning of the 23d and continued all day. In the evening a shell exploded in the citadel and set it on fire. The next day at 2 P.M. the fort surrendered.

THE CHICAGO NOMINATIONS.

On Wednesday, August 31, the Chicago Convention nominated General George B. M'Clellan as the Democratic candidate for President, and the Hon. George H. Pendleton for Vice-President. The former received 202½ votes. Guthrie stood ahead of Pendleton on the first ballot, receiving 65½ votes, while Pendleton received 54½. On the next ballot all the other candidates were withdrawn, and Pendleton's nomination, on the motion of Mr. Vallandigham, was made unanimous. The Convention resolved itself into a permanent body. Governor Seymour was appointed chairman of the Committee to tender the nomination to General M'Clellan.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK CITY.

The War Department has credited New York city with 13,448 men enlisted in the navy from April 15, 1861, to February 24, 1864. There was a surplus over the last draft of 1137. This surplus, together with the naval enlistments and 1616 recruits enlisted under the last call, amounts to 22,010. The quota of the city is 23,124, leaving a balance in favor of the Government of 1114 men. There will therefore be no draft in this city.

CAPTURE OF THE "GEORGIA."

By a telegram dated London, August 25, we learn that the United States frigate *Niagara* had captured the rebel privateer *Georgia* twenty miles off Lisbon. At the time of her capture she was sailing under the British flag.

THE VERMONT ELECTION.

Vermont, in her election on the 6th inst., carried the Union ticket by a largely-increased majority as compared with that of 1863.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE Spanish Government has issued more stringent regulations in regard to vessels entering within the jurisdictional waters off Forts Tarifa and Isla Verde. These vessels are now required to hoist their flags. Her Catholic Majesty's Minister of Foreign Affairs, says the Queen, in bringing the preceding dispositions to the knowledge of our Government, flatters herself that the Cabinet at Washington will find in the measures adopted a fresh proof of the sentiments of deference which her Government entertains for the American nation.

The chief topic of interest in England is the Belfast riots. The ceremony of laying a corner-stone for a monument of O'Connell, in Dublin, has excited the indignation of the Belfast Orangemen, who have broken out in the most outrageous manner against the Catholics. The riot commenced in burning O'Connell in effigy, and proceeded immediately to more violent disturbances, and became so powerful at length that it required a military force to put it down.

The *Kreuz Zeitung* of Berlin discusses in a very elated humor the friendship which has suddenly sprung up between Prussia and Austria. It exclaims: "No more Olmutz, no more Villafranca, so long as the Prussian and Austrian flags shall float side by side. The alliance of the Western Powers, which has so long threatened the peace and public right of Europe, has become so silent and mute that one might say that the representatives of civilization are completely routed. It is not at London or at Paris, but at Vienna and at Berlin, that the destinies of Europe are now decided."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AN instance of the danger of too hasty interments lately occurred at Vienna. A few days since, in the establishment of the Brothers of Charity in that capital, the bell of the dead-room was heard to ring violently, and on one of the attendants proceeding to the place to ascertain the cause he was surprised at seeing one of the supposed dead men pulling the bell-rope. He was removed immediately to another room, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

DR. ADAMS's friends had long been desirous to engage him to sit to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his picture, but he had always hitherto declined to do so, not choosing that it should be done at the expense of others, and thinking the price too high for himself to pay. He was, however, at length induced to comply, chiefly to oblige Sharp, the eminent engraver, who had received much notice from Hunter, and was very anxious to be permitted to make an engraving from Sir Joshua's picture. Reynolds found Hunter a bad sitter, and had not been able to satisfy himself with the likeness, when one day, after the picture was far advanced, Hunter fell into a train of thought in the attitude in which he is represented in the present portrait. Reynolds, without saying a word, turned the canvas upside down, made a fresh sketch with the head between the legs of the former figure, and so proceeded to lay on over the former painting the colors of that which now graces the walls of the Council Chamber of the Royal College of Surgeons.

THE practice of eating at certain conventional periods of the day is never attended by any bad consequences, and is actually necessary in the present state of society. Habit exercises the greatest influence in the matter, and the man who has been in the practice of taking food at a certain hour of the day, will always, while in good health, feel hungry at that hour. Indeed, it sometimes happens that the stomach will only work at these hours to which it has been long accustomed, and infirmity has frequently been traced to a change in the hour of taking a meal, more especially dinner, which, with most people, is the chief meal of the day.

THE phalansterian school, Fourier's disciples, are the most precise and positive in their opinions. They hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and the azure sky. A bunch of violets would, therefore, tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness, but also work; orange, enthusiasm; white, unity; black, favoritism, the influence exerted by an individual. Besides the seven primitive colors, gray indicates poverty; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver-gray (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale-pink, false shame, etc.

THE custom of placing the wedding-ring on the fourth finger is explained by some in this way. It was in ancient times the duty of the man to place the ring on the top of the thumb, and on the top of the second and third fingers of the woman successively, and lastly to leave it on her fourth finger, thus—he takes the ring and repeats after the priest, "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father (thumb), and of the Son (second or index finger), and of the Holy Ghost (third finger), Amen (fourth finger)." There is also a legend that the fourth finger was selected because a vein runs thence directly to the heart. But all veins run to the heart. The vein reason would apply to any finger, or to the toes. The simplest explanation is that the Greek custom of wearing rings of all kinds on the ring or fourth finger has remained to the present day in the case of that most important of rings—the wedding-ring.

WHEN Archbishop Whately was engaged one day in his gardening operations, a companion referred, among other matters, to the great revolution in the medical treatment of lunatics introduced by Pinel, who, instead of the strait-waistcoat and other maddening goads, awarded to each patient healthful and agreeable occupation, including agriculture and gardening. "I think gardening would be a dangerous indulgence for lunatics," observed DR. Whately. "How so?" said his friend, surprised. "Because they might grow madder," was the rejoinder.

WE once heard a story anent the qualifications which induced a certain Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to promote a curate to be Dean of St. Patrick's. His Excellency was visiting a country district in the Emerald Isle, partaking of the hospitality of the landed gentry in his rounds. One gentleman, who had been promised the honor of a visit from the Viceroy, was sorely perplexed as to the means of properly receiving the great guest. His house was ample, his *ménage* perfect, his guests unexceptionable, with only one drawback—none of them could stand as many bottles of wine as his Excellency. What was to be done? It was necessary to find some one who could drink bottle for bottle with the representative of the Sovereign. A happy idea occurred to the host. There was a poor curate in a neighboring parish who could compete with his Excellency in bibbing. He was implored to come, and come he did. When all the other diners, including the host, had sunk under the table, as was our forefathers' custom in the afternoon, his sober Excellency became conscious of the fact that there was only one guest—a curate, too—who kept him in countenance. Fellow-feeling rose in his breast for his companion. He inquired into the curate's condition, heard of his poverty, and took a note of his ability. Some time after the Deanery of St. Patrick's fell vacant, and the Lord Lieutenant promoted the poor curate to the distinguished position.

SOON after the introduction of the convict system to Ireland a gentleman, known and respected as an ardent advocate of reformatories, boasted to a friend who occupied a responsible office in the Irish government, that he held the system in such high estimation that he employed no servants in his house but those who had passed some time in a reformatory. The party so addressed was much struck by the information and its significance, and, with suitable impressiveness, he communicated both to Archbishop Whately. His Grace listened attentively to the recital, and at length quietly observed, "Your friend will waken some fine morning, and find himself the only *spoon* left in the house."

AT Paris, lately, an autograph of Tasso was sold, written by the poet of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. It is worded as follows: "I, the undersigned, hereby acknowledge to have received from Abraham Levi 35 lire, for which he holds in pledge a sword of my father's, 6 shirts, 4 sheets, and 2 table-covers. March 2, 1570. Torquato Tasso."

IT is claimed in Paris that eleven millions of dollars' worth of silks has been exported to this country the last year.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY when preaching has been known in the height of his argument to get his leg over the pulpit. He was an inveterate smoker, was usually accompanied by three favorite dogs, whom he had taught various tricks, and was a thorough believer in clairvoyance and Mesmerism.

THE men of Coventry, hearing that Queen Elizabeth liked poetry, welcomed her to their town:

"We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your gracious Majesty;
Good Lord, how fair ye be!"

The royal reply was equally unique:

"Her gracious Majesty
Is very glad to see
The men of Coventry;
Good lack, what fools ye be!"

THERE lately died in Buenos Ayres an old man of seventy-eight years, whose will contained a clause leaving ten thousand cigars for those who might attend his funeral. This eccentric testator also expressed his desire that his friends should not leave the house of mourning without drinking to his memory all the wine left in his cellar.

COFFEE was first introduced into Arabia from Abyssinia, where it originally grew, about the year 1450. It was certainly known in England before either chocolate or tea. It is said to have been first brought there about the year 1652, by a Turkey merchant named Edwards, whose Greek servant made the first dish of coffee ever drunk in England. This caused several coffee-houses to be opened shortly afterward, both in the metropolis and various other towns throughout the country. These were visited periodically by the excise officers, and a duty of four pence per gallon was imposed until 1689.

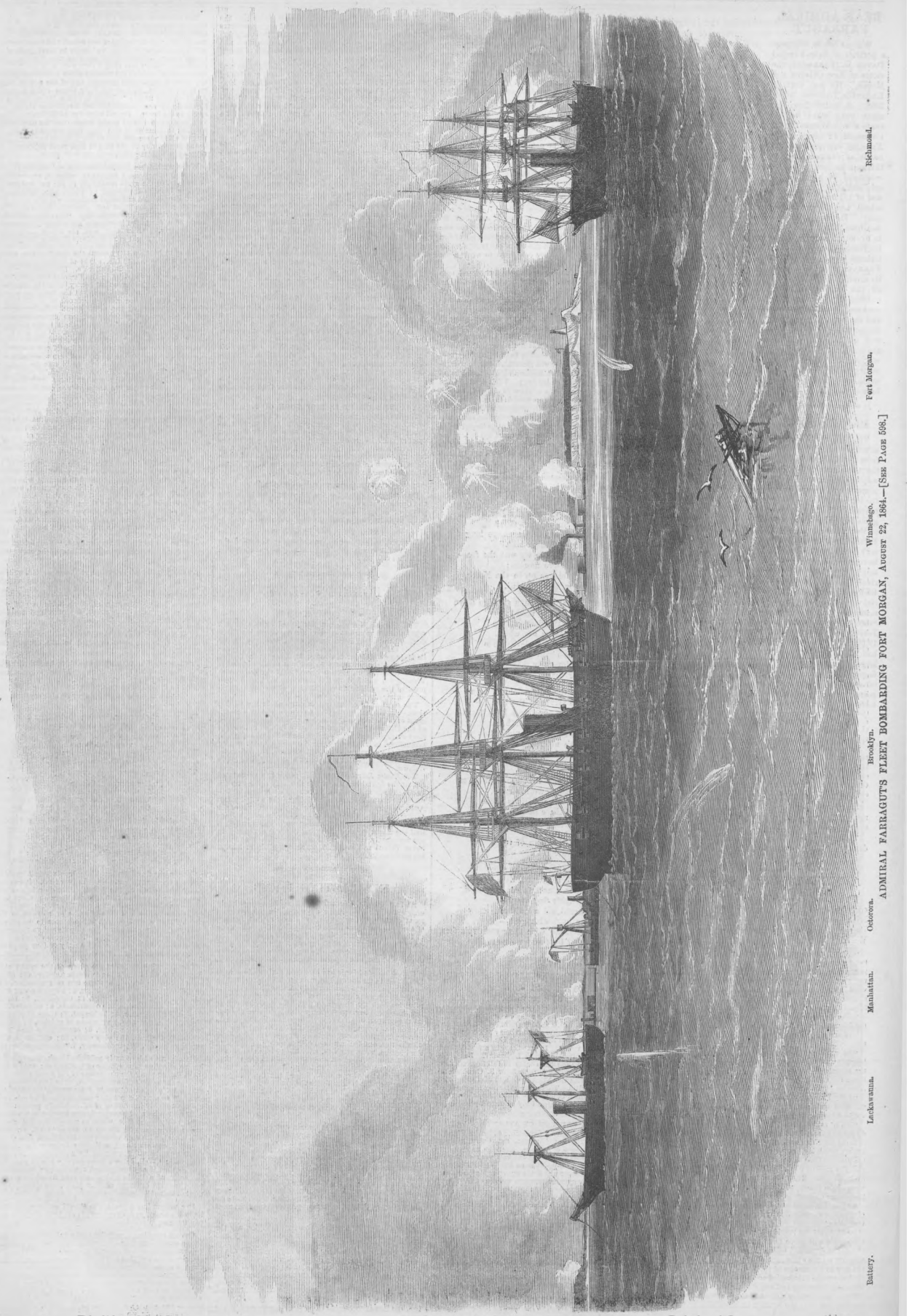
THE following statistics are given of the senior class just graduated at Bowdoin: "Whole number, 43; oldest man, 29; youngest, 19; average age at graduation, 23; prospective lawyers, 14; ministers, 4; physician, 2; mineralogist, 1; soldiers, 3; loafer, 1; undecided, 5; republicans, 21; abolitionists, 2; copperheads, 6; orthodox, 12; Baptist, 5; Unitarian, 4; Episcopal, 2; home Baptist, 3; Shaker, 1; Mormons, 2; professors of religion, 7; divorcely inspired, 1; drink whisky, 0; occasionally take it for medicinal purposes, 15; play cards, 16; anti-players, 7; smoke regularly, 15; incessantly, 1."

BABBAGE, in his recently published book, gives the following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington: "At a very small dinner-party the characters of the French marshals became the subject of conversation. The Duke, being appealed to, pointed out freely their various qualities and assigned to each his peculiar excellence. One question, the most highly interesting of all, naturally presented itself to our minds. I was speculating how I could, without impropriety, suggest it, when, to my great relief, one of the party, addressing the Duke, said: 'Well, Sir, how was it that, with such various great qualities, you licked them all, one after another?' The Duke was evidently taken by surprise. He paused for a moment or two, and then said: 'Well, I don't know exactly how it was; but I think that if any unexpected circumstance occurred in the midst of a battle which deranged its whole plan, I could perhaps organize another plan more quickly than most of them.'"

IF a woman has a heart, she should never suffer it to lie in her bosom as dead capital; it ought to circulate and pay interest.

CUVIER considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died in Vienna at the age of one hundred and four. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred and sixty years. Pelicans are long-lived. When Alexander the Great had conquered Phorus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription, three hundred and forty years after. Camels often live to the age of one hundred years.

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ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET BOMBARDING FORT MORGAN, AUGUST 22, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

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REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

WE publish on this page a portrait of Rear-Admiral DAVID G. FARRAGUT, the victor of New Orleans and Mobile. He was born in Knoxville, Tennessee, about 1803. A sailor from his ninth year, when he became a midshipman, under Commodore PORTER, on the *Essex*, he was present at the battle of Valparaiso. At thirteen he was placed in command of a prize-vessel; and at the close of the war of 1812 he was sent to school, and thence into the navy. He then married a Southern lady, and settled in Norfolk, Virginia. When the Expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon FARRAGUT was selected as its commander. He entered the Mississippi River, passing forts Philip and Jackson March 24, 1862, and the next day took possession of New Orleans. He took an important part in the reduction of Port Hudson, and his late achievements in Mobile Bay have made him the first naval hero of the age.

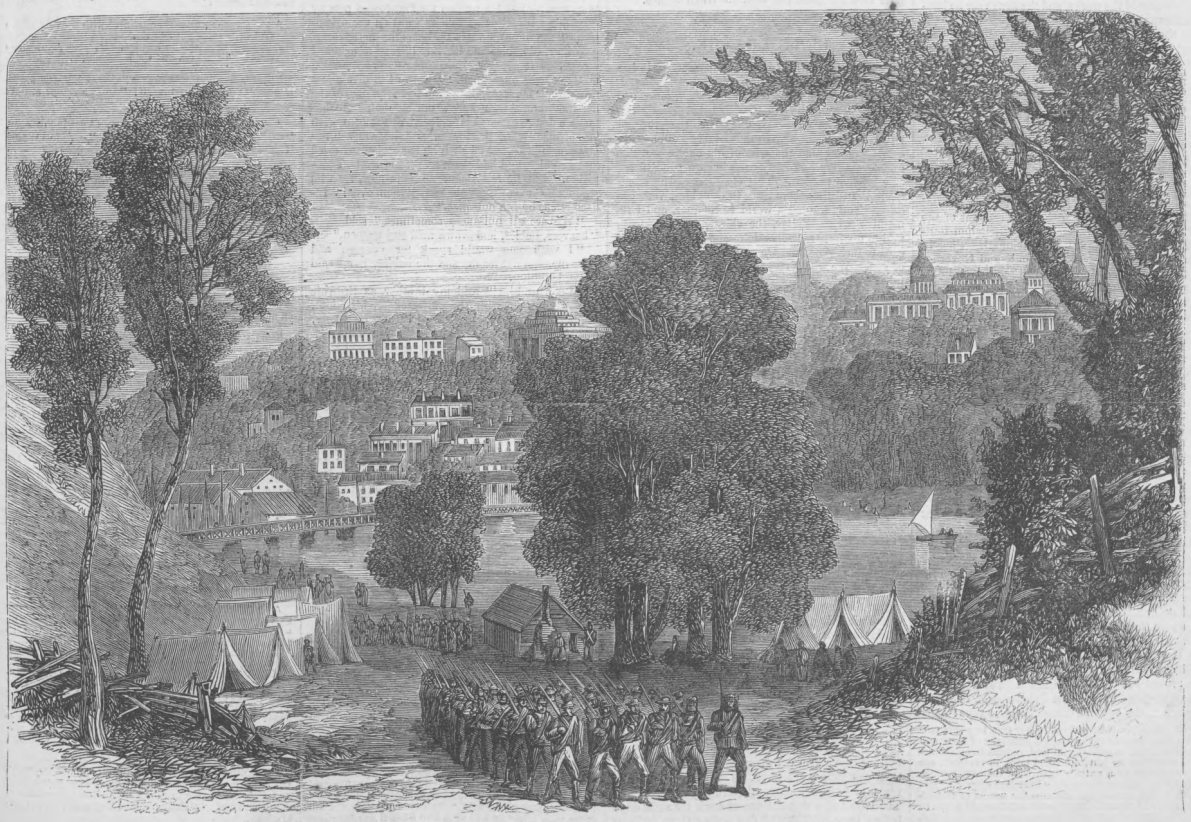


REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT, U.S.N.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PETERSBURG.

THE view of PETERSBURG given below is taken from the Richmond side of the Appomattox. The railway bridge across the Appomattox is seen toward the left, and a large factory beyond. The river is navigable only below the bridge, as there are rapids above. Petersburg is contemporary with Richmond, both cities having been laid out in 1733, and having continued to be rivals in commerce, until Richmond acquired a special importance by being made the capital of the State. The population of Petersburg was about 12,000 before the war. It had six churches, several large cotton and tobacco factories, and was a place of considerable trade, exporting flour, cotton, and tobacco. As early as 1645 a fort, called Fort Henry, was erected at the falls of the Appomattox, on the point where Petersburg now stands, for the defense of the neighborhood against the Nottoways and other Indian tribes. Soon after this, PETER JONES, one of the first settlers of Virginia, established there a trade with the Indians. The place where he fixed himself was precisely where the two principal streets now meet, and was in consequence called Peter's Point, but the name was afterward changed to Petersburg. Two suburbs have since been incorporated with the city, one called Pocahontas and another Blandford, at which latter place are the ruins of an old church, and which, being on high ground toward the southern side of the town, must now be much exposed to the Federal fire.

Petersburg was occupied at one time by the British troops in the Revolutionary War. They approached by the same route now adopted by the Federal Generals—namely, by way of James River to City Point, where an army was landed, under General PHILLIPS, in 1781, and marched into the city. While General PHILLIPS lay ill of a bilious fever at Bolingbroke House, the Americans, under General LAFAYETTE, cannonaded the town from Archer's Hill, so that poor General PHILLIPS—of whom JEFFERSON said, "he is the proudest man of the proudest nation upon earth"—was conveyed to the cellar for safety, where he exclaimed, "Won't they let me *die* in peace?" However, not the cannon-ball but the fever terminated his existence, and he was buried in Blandford churchyard. One week later Lord CORNWALLIS entered the town from Wilmington, on the south, by the same line on which the Federals are now threatening the town; and his Lordship fixed his head-quarters at Bolingbroke House.



VIEW OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE APPOMATTOX.

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BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MORGAN.

WE give on page 596 an illustration representing the commencement of the BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MORGAN by the army under GRANGER, and by FARRAGUT'S fleet. The action commenced at daylight, August 22. The practice was excellent, almost every shell bursting in the fort. The *Richmond*, *Brooklyn*, *Lackawanna*, *Octorora*, and Monitors commenced the bombardment on the part of the navy, shortly after the shore batteries opened. All the vessels except the *Octorora* and the Monitors lay off and used only their Parrott rifles. The action continued all day on the 22d. A conflagration raged in the fort all night, and at 2 P.M. on the 23d the fort surrendered. Next to Fortress Monroe Fort Morgan was considered the strongest work on the Southern coast.

GEN. GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

GEORGE BRINTON M'CLELLAN, the Democratic candidate for President, whose portrait we give on pages 600 and 601, was born in Philadelphia December 3, 1826, and is now thirty-eight years of age. His father was an eminent physician and surgeon, and was professor in a medical institute of that city. Hardly had the infant been born before the distinguished surgeon announced the event to his pupils. Scales, it is said, were brought from the neighboring grocer to weigh the child. All the weights were placed in one dish and the infant in the other, but the child moved not. The doctor threw in his watch, keys, lancets, etc.; but GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN still outweighed them all. More weights were added, but the string broke, leaving the opposite balance still unmoved.

At the age of thirteen he entered the University of Pennsylvania. Three years later he entered the Military Academy at West Point. From this institution he graduated with high honors in the class of 1840; was assigned to duty with a company of engineers, and before the close of the year was ordered into actual service on the line of the Rio Grande. We were then at war with Mexico, and the battle of Monterey had just been fought when Lieutenant M'CLELLAN reached his post. In January, 1847, he was ordered to Tampico to help in the organization of SCOTT'S army. In this campaign M'CLELLAN and BEAUREGARD, HEINTZELMAN and MAGRUDER, KEARNEY and PILLOW, STONEWALL JACKSON and RENO, ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON and JOSEPH HOOKER, GRANT and LEE fought side by side and for a common cause. Now these couples stand separated, meeting in the stern and bitter antagonism of civil war.

At the battle of Contreras M'CLELLAN was brevetted First Lieutenant of Engineers for gallant and meritorious conduct; for similar conduct at Molino del Rey he was offered the brevet of Captain, but declined it on the ground that it was not due to him; but he earned the distinction in the storming of Chapultepec.

In June, 1848, Captain M'CLELLAN was ordered to West Point, where he remained three years in command of a company of sappers and miners; then he was removed to Fort Delaware to superintend the construction of the works, and the next year he joined the expedition, which was then proceeding to explore the territory of the Red River under the command of Colonel MARCY, whose daughter M'CLELLAN afterward married. Promoted to a full Captaincy in the First Cavalry in 1855, M'CLELLAN, together with Major DELAFIELD and Major MORDECAI, constituted a committee appointed by JEFFERSON DAVIS, then Secretary of War, to proceed to Europe for the purpose of studying the war of the Crimea. In 1857, as the result of his researches, he published a report of the armies of Europe, and then resigned his commission in the army.

Having previously occupied the situation of Engineer and Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railroad, he was, in 1862, elected President of the Eastern division of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, when he removed to Cincinnati. Shortly afterward the civil war broke out, and Governor DENNISON, of Ohio, appointed M'CLELLAN a Major-General of Volunteers to command the contingent of that State, then consisting of thirteen regiments.

M'CLELLAN'S subsequent military history is familiar to the country. His rapid and successful campaign in West Virginia; his labors after the dispiriting reverse at Bull Run in the organization and discipline of a great and efficient army; his appointment to the chief command in November, 1861; his disastrous Peninsular campaign—which has elicited more discussion, political and military, than any other topic of the war; his deposition from command; his restoration to the command after POPE'S defeat, and his important victories at South Mountain and Antietam, and then, six weeks afterward, his second deposition;—these successive stages of General M'CLELLAN'S military career, though many of them enshrouded in a great deal of mystery, are before the people.

General M'CLELLAN'S next appearance is as the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. The platform of the party which nominated him is only too evidently a peace-on-any-condition platform. It declares explicitly in favor of an immediate armistice, which will restore to the rebels all which they have lost, and whether the Convention of States which it advocates results in Union or not it still declares for peace. It says distinctly: "The experiment of restoring the Union by war has proved a failure." M'CLELLAN'S exposition of his own views in his West Point speech is just as explicit in the opposite direction. He says:

> "To efface the insult offered to our flag, to secure ourselves from the fate of the divided Republics of Italy and South America, to preserve our Government from destruction, to enforce its just power and laws, to maintain our very existence as a nation, these were the causes which impelled us to draw the sword. Rebellion against a Government like ours, which contains the means of self-adjustment and a pacific remedy for evils, should never be confounded with a revolution against despotic power which refuses redress of wrongs. Such a rebellion can not be justified upon ethical grounds, and the only alternatives for our choice are its suppression or the destruction of our nationality. At such a time as this, and in such a struggle, political partisanship should be merged in a true and brave patriotism, which thinks only of the good of the whole country. It was in this cause and with these motives that so many of our comrades have given their lives, and to this we are all personally pledged in all honor and fidelity. Shall such devotion as that of our dead comrades be of no avail? Shall it be said in after-ages that we lacked the vigor to complete the work thus begun? That after all these noble lives freely given we hesitated and failed to keep straight on until our land was saved? Forbid it, Heaven, and give us firmer, truer hearts than that!"

Holding these views, it can not be doubted that GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN has it in his power to-day, by a bold and Jacksonian announcement of them, and by a complete repudiation of the Chicago platform, to wield a larger influence in favor of the Union and of a lasting peace than is in the power of any other single man. That this position would, without much doubt, insure his succession to the Presidency is a minor matter; but it is of infinite consequence that the country be assured that whether GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN or ABRAHAM LINCOLN be President of the United States there shall be no concessions made to armed rebels until they shall have laid down their arms and sued for peace.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on pages 604 and 605 sketches illustrating General GRANT'S campaign. The view of JAMES RIVER given on page 604 is located just above Dutch Gap at the bend of the river. This bend is commanded by the rebel batteries at the Howlett House, and it is to avoid these that BUTLER has been cutting a canal across Farrar's Island, around which the river bends. Admiral LEE has sunk obstructions at this point to prevent the approach of the rebel fleet down the river.

On the same page we give a sketch of GENERAL WARREN'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT THE SIX-MILE HOUSE, on the Weldon Railroad, August 27. The sketch was made by a soldier of the Fifth Corps. Another sketch on page 605 gives a view of FORT HELL, on WARREN'S old line before he transferred his corps to the Weldon Road.

PICTURES.

I.

A silver thread among the hills,
Gleaming down the hollows:
A babbling brook among the fells,
In sunny pools and shallows:
A broad stream flowing through the plain,
In the land of the fruitful West:
A river rolling to the main,
Bearing navies on its breast:
And the great broad sea with its thousand shores.

II.

An infant, with a tinkling toy,
In its mother's bosom fondled:
A chubby, bright-eyed, radiant boy,
On his father's proud knees dandled:
A youth in learning's eager chase,
While Truth's broad scroll's unfurl'd:
A man with anxious care-worn face,
Bent 'neath the load of the world:
And Death's great sea with its silent shores.

BEN'S BEAVER.

A PIONEER settler in the woods of Canada has need to be a man of brave heart and strong hand. We had been five years on our Canadian farm, and we had "a frame house" as fairly fitted for two families as two flats in Paris one above the other, or two dwellings joining in a semi-detached villa. My eldest brother had the wife of his choice and two fine boys. We had thirty acres in corn, grass, fruit, and kitchen garden. This conquest of the woods made the two brothers next to the eldest very uneasy. They wanted a world to conquer, and I remember when Walter, the eldest, now eighteen, said to my father, "Give John and me ten shillings each to buy axes, and we will never ask any more of you. We will give you a receipt in full for our inheritance."

"And may well do so, if you have your health and can fetch your food from home for a while," said my mother.

The result was, that the two boys started, each with an axe and a knapsack, for a place called "Thug's Hollow," ten miles into the dense forest east of our home. The tract of land, comprising a fine waterfall, had been bought by a man named Sugge, and he intended that his claim should bear his own name; but he lisped and called himself Thugge, and other folks called him what he called himself, and hence the ugly name was fastened on a very lovely valley which is now a beautiful and prosperous village, long ago emancipated from forest trees, beavers, blackened stumps, and its bad name.

On the mill-stream, where now stand the mills of my victorious brothers, Ben's beaver was caught in a box-trap. He was a baby beaver, or he might have known better than to intrude into the small room that became his prison for the bribe of a sweet-apple. The colony of beavers that had built near where the corn-mill now stands had been fastened out of their house, and all shot, by my brothers, while they were trying to get in at their own doors. It was a cruel and profitable job, for beaver skins then brought a very high price. Not one was left alive except baby Brownie, who was given to Ben by reason of his great love of four-footed pets. I went over to see the beavers' house, built of small trees, or saplings, which they cut down with their chisel-like front teeth, and floated into position in the water. The dam, as well formed as if men had built it, the warm dry rooms of the dwelling with their soft lining, the treasures of bark and bulbous roots for food in winter, all were wonderful to me. The boys had watched them at work for some days before they commenced destroying them. They had seen them cut down saplings to repair damage purposely done to their dam. They had floated these to the place where they were wanted, and then, lifting the stick upon the fore-leg, as a man takes a burden on his arm, they had put it in its place, very much after the manner of a monkey. Many have said that the beaver carries burdens on his tail, and that he uses it as a trowel. My brothers were not able to verify these assertions. They were of opinion that though the tail may be used sometimes to brace the animal, like a fifth leg, or to hammer their work into place, yet that it is not used as a trowel or a raft. Perhaps the time they allowed themselves for observation was too short.

I took notes of Brownie for a long time, and he soon grew to be a big beaver and very tame. He was one of the most cheerful and affectionate pets in the world, and, though he ate bark and bulbous roots readily, his favorite food was bread and milk; if it was sweetened it was a special and delightful treat.

One of our neighbors was remarkably fortunate in finding horses that had gone astray. On being asked for the secret of his sagacity and luck, he said: "I always fancy myself a horse, and think of what I would want if I was one, and where I would go to get it." If I could fancy myself a beaver, I might hope to explain some of the singular doings of Ben's. He loved my brother so dearly, that Alice (my brother's wife) was almost jealous of him. It was impossible for Ben to separate or hide from him. On one occasion Ben left home to go to Plattsburg and Whitehall, on Lake Champlain. This lake is nearly one hundred miles long, and has many steamboat landings on both sides: being at its widest not above six miles across. The beaver was left at home, but when Ben went up to his room at the St. Alban's Hotel, he was met by Brownie, who showed no signs of fatigue, and indulged in the most extravagant expressions of joy. Ben rewarded his attention with a dish of bread and milk, of which he ate about one half, and then laid himself to sleep on his master's valise. He changed to his master's feet when my brother was in bed. In the morning Ben missed him, and the remaining portion of the bread and milk. "Brownie has gone home," said Ben to himself. That night he staid at Plattsburg, on the other side of the lake; when he retired to his room, after taking supper in the ordinary dining-room, there he found Brownie on his valise again. Again there was a joyful meeting, and an eager consumption of bread and milk and sweet-apples. This time there was none left for breakfast. Still Brownie disappeared early, and not until Ben reached Whitehall was he again visible. It is to be noted that in all the distance traveled by this beaver, from our home, there was water. Brooks and a small river took him to St. Alban's, and after that he had the lake. The beaver is a poor traveler on land, and does better by night than by day. Much of the work of beaver colonies is done in the night. But Brownie followed his master by day, and made the same speed as the boat, and always knew where to land. The animal has powerful means of water locomotion in the hind feet: his tail he uses as a rudder.

Who or what told Brownie that Ben was to land at Whitehall I can not know, but there he was, ready to pay his ardent respects to his master's pocket for the sake of a sweet-apple.

My sister Alice had hoped when she married Ben to reform him of his passion for four-footed pets by furnishing substitutes; but he went on the principle of "the more angels in the heart the more room," only he read babies and beavers instead of celestial beings. I remember Mrs. Ben's rueful expression of face as she exclaimed, "Oh dear! Brownie is a nuisance. He has built a dam in the parlor, of the fire-irons and fender and a music-stool. He has made a double-roomed house at the back of it with two ottomans, and lined them with the leaves of my last music-book. And then he has stolen my dried sweet-apples, and laid them up for his winter's provision. But he is welcome to them now, for who would eat them after he has messed them over! Indeed, Ben, he *is* a nuisance."

"We are all nuisances sometimes," said Ben, "beavers, babies, and grown men and women."

"I wish you would speak for yourself and Brownie, and not for me and the babies, Ben," said Alice, laughing.

"Look at him!" said my brother, as Brownie combed himself with the claws of his hind foot, making his toilet as carefully as a cat or a lady. We all did look at him, and we all forgave his mischief, and admired his neatness, sagacity, and affection. All the world forgives the pets and favorites when they serve or amuse sufficiently to pay their way.

The end of poor Brownie was tragic, and no settler in Canada has been more sincerely mourned. To this day a tender sadness fills my heart when I think of him. He was mistaken by a hunter for a wild beaver, when the hunter was on an excursion with my brother in the backwoods. He was shot. Ben got his skin and had it stuffed, and to this day it is kept as a parlor ornament in my brother's Canadian house.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YANKEE has invented a new and cheap plan for lodging. One of his lodgers mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

An old gentleman who has paid some attention to small matters, says he always watches with much interest the ingress and egress of husbands and wives to and from the dining and drawing rooms of the hotels at the sea-side at this season of the year. "If," says he, "the wives enter and depart a little in advance of their husbands, be sure they wear the Oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems. If, on the contrary, the husbands take the lead, you may rest assured they take the lead in every thing else."

A young minister, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times, "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said her husband heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one; and as he said "the common taters did not agree with him," he had sent him some of the very best kidneys.

Hope is the dream of those who are awake.

The Dayton *Journal* states that Fernando Wood in a fine frenzy, during his speech made recently in that city, said that if by offering up his own life he could stop the bloodshed that is now afflicting the country, he would cheerfully do so. An appreciative Irishman in the crowd earnestly responded—"It wud be mighty chape."

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I tid not go in the pote," was the Dutchman's placid reply.

A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son for impatience. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man. "So far from having served me, you have ever stood in my way; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandmother."

"How far is it to Taunton?" asked a countryman, who was walking exactly the wrong way to reach that town. "'Bout twenty-four thousand miles," said the lad he asked, "if you go the way you are going now; about a mile, if you turn round."

"I was never on intimate terms with the prisoner," said a burglar who was used as Queen's evidence against a "pal." "He was no gentleman. I've known him when he was robbing a house to drink a gentleman's Champagne and go off with his silver, without leaving a card of thanks on the dining-room table. He brought discredit on the perfesshun."

When is the mother of a large family like a ship at sea?—When she's upset by a squall.

Why is there no occasion for a flute-player to go to Germany for his health?—Because he can stay at home and breathe a German air.

The clergyman who "came to a head" in his discourse was much disappointed to find no brains in it.

"I can't say I admire your style of acting," said a landlady to a strolling player when she caught him stealing the spoons.

Boys on land often play the game of pitch and toss. When at sea, still oftener.

NAUTICAL CONJURING.—To keep a *Sailor's Log-Book* properly is considered to be the ART of *Lodger-de-Main*.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John, with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning.
"Quite out, Sir, indeed," said her maid in reply,
"For she finished the bottle this morning."

An Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant-woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was what is termed afraid of work. "Oh! not at all," said he, "not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it."

"Sir," said a barber to an attorney who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good half-sovereign?" The lawyer, pronouncing the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding, with gravity, "If you'll send your lad to my office I'll return the three and fourpence."

A mechanic his labor will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it *strikes!*

A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary, of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the patriarchs lived to such extreme old age?" To which question the clergyman replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

Franklin was once asked, "What is the use of your discovery of atmospheric electricity?" The philosopher answered the question by another, "What is the use of a new-born infant?"

A painter who was well acquainted with the dire effects of law had to represent two men—one who had gained a lawsuit, and another who had lost one. He painted the former with a *shirt on*, and the latter *naked*.

Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied the wit; "*Hook* and *Eye* are old associates."

A gentleman asked a friend, in a very knowing manner, "Pray, did you ever see a cat-fish?" "No," was the response, "but I've seen a rope-walk."

"Well, neighbor, what's the news this morning?" said a gentleman to a friend. "I have just bought a sack of flour for a poor woman." "Just like you! Whom have you made so happy by your charity this time?" "My wife."

"What's in your mind let no one know,
Nor to a friend a secret show;
For when your friend becomes your foe,
Then all the world your secrets know."

"The British Empire, Sir," exclaimed an orator, "is one on which the sun never sets." "And one," replied an auditor, "in which the tax-gatherer never goes to bed."

Some persons can neither stir hand nor foot without making it clear they are thinking of themselves, and laying little traps for approbation.

A scholar having fallen into the hands of robbers was fastened to a tree, and left so nearly a whole day, till one came and unloosed him. "Now," says he, "the old adage must be false, which saith that the *tide* tarrieth for no man."

A lady, whose fondness for generous living had given her a flushed face and rubicund nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass she exclaimed, "Where, in the name of wonder, Doctor, did I get such a nose as this?" "Out of the decanter, madam," replied the Doctor.

A traveler, when asked whether in his youth he had gone through Euclid, was not quite sure, but he thought it was a small village between Wigan and Preston.

A gentleman at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How he should stir the fire without interrupting the music." "*Between the bars*," replied the friend.

A traveler relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servants had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed, that there was no great matter in it; "For," says he, "we ran, and they *ran after us*."

Mrs. Bray relates the following of a Devonshire physician, happily named Vial, who was a desperate lover of whist: One evening, in the midst of a deal, the doctor fell off his chair in a fit. Consternation seized on the company. Was he alive or dead? At length he showed signs of life, and, retaining the last fond idea which had possessed him at the moment he fell into the fit, he exclaimed, "*What is trumps?*"

Mr. Smith passed a pork-shop the other day.—Mr. Smith whistled. The moment he did this every sausage "wagged its tail." As a note to this, we would mention that the day before he lost a Newfoundland dog that weighed sixty-eight pounds.

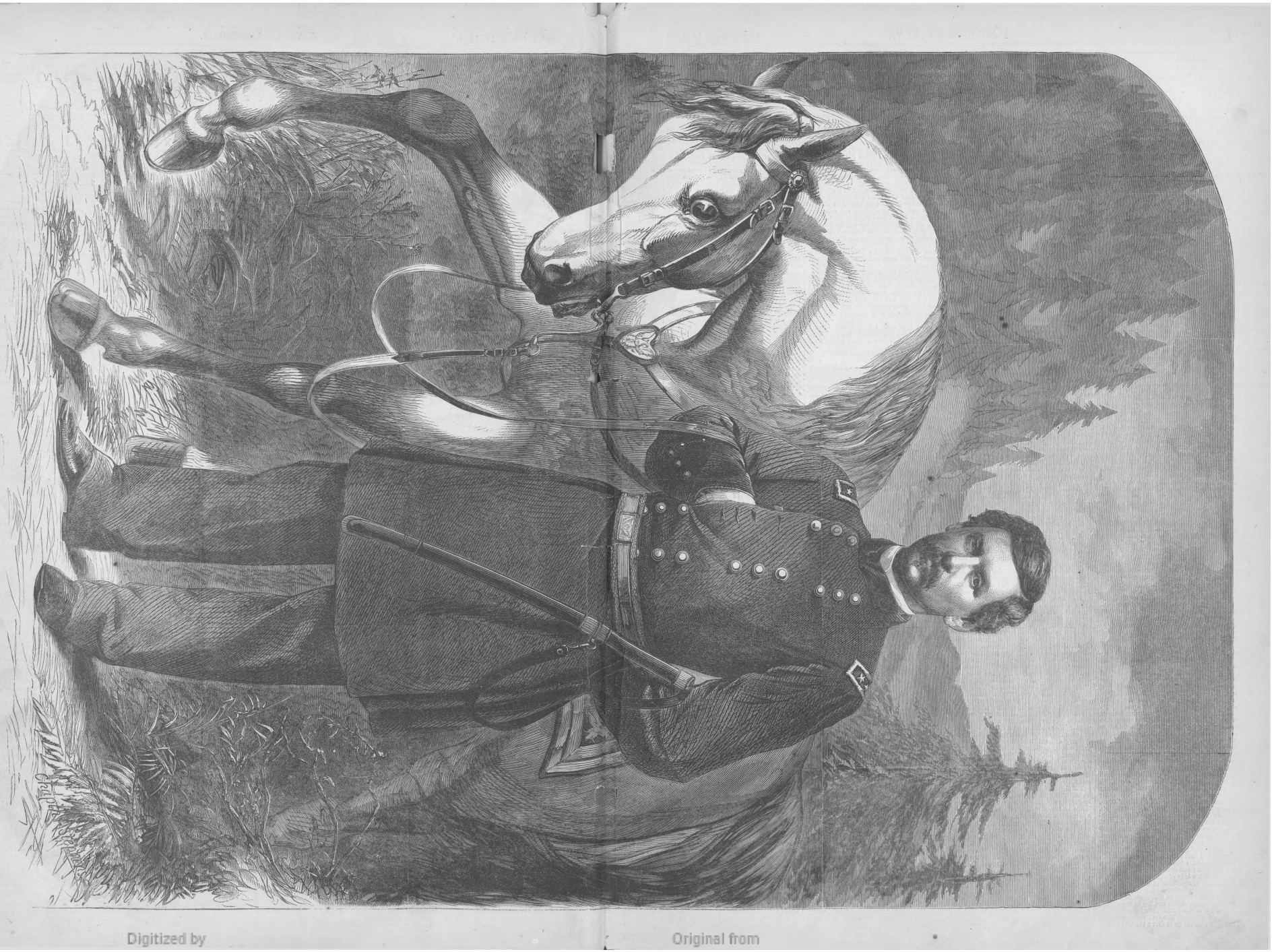
An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him *standing behind a tree*.

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MAP SHOWING THE ENTIRE FIELD OF OPERATIONS UNDER GRANT, SHERMAN, AND FARRAGUT.

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MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. MCLELLAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

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SEASONABLE WORDS.

"And a word spoken in season, how good it is."

A *gentle* to a little child
In kindly accents given,
Lest we with angry words should blight
The lily buds of heaven.

A *loving* to the bright-haired boy,
Upon whose sunny face
A brave and noble beauty sets,
Its purest seal of grace.

A *tender* to the blue-eyed bride,
Who from the mother nest
Flies to the dream-land of a love,
Warm fluttering at her breast.

A *patient* to the wayward youth;
The bark by tempests tossed
Oft comes to harbor, while the ship
Less tempest-tried be lost!

A *cheery* for the white-haired man,
The frost upon his brow
May hide as warm a heart as thine,
Though winter crowns it now.

A *timely* to the wearied soul,
Beneath life's noonday sun;
That fainting sinks upon its way,
Ere yet the fight be won.

Good words, true words, good *deeds*, kind *deeds*;
Oh! 'tis a glorious part
To shed upon our fellow-man
The sunshine of the heart.

Then, though the chain that binds us here
By Death a while be riven,
Its golden links shall join again
God—beautified in heaven!

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LILY'S NEW LIFE.

A BREATH of her old life had blown on the faded cheek of the horse-riding countess. The boon companions of by-gone times, the opportunity for being luxurious, and haughty, and insolent, had returned once more. She painted and decked herself with a will; for she knew how select was her audience, and how sure she was of their plaudits. To think that she—who had been the leader of that kind of fashion which fashionable young men are ashamed to own, yet follow, and bow down before with servile reverence—should have been but an hour ago doomed to caper on a circus-horse for the amusement of an amphitheatre full of plebeians, admitted for sixpence in addition to the ordinary price of entrance to the gardens! To think that not so very long since her worldly estate should have been even more debased, and that, ruddled and tattooed, and with feathers on her head, she should have been shown, as a mock savage, for a few liards, on the boards of a French booth!

So the countess is gone to her supper, and the horses are safe in their stables. The last Roman candle has smouldered out, and very ghastly and gallows-like in the moonlight looks the iron frame-work of the fire-works. A faint odor of burning yet lingers about them, and the night breeze stirs shreds of cartridge-paper, half consumed to cinder, which have fallen in the thickets of Ranelagh. You might fancy that this was some huge Place de Grève, where criminals had been broken on the Catherine-wheel, or hanged upon gibbets, and their bodies afterward given up to the flames. But it was only the corpse of Pleasure that had thus been burned to ashes.

The countess is gone to her supper, the peep-shows and fiddling-tents are shut up, and Ranelagh is left to darkness, to the night watchman; and to Lily Floris.

Lily did not live in the gardens, but she and her—well, her guardian, her protectress, her mistress, her tyrant, were generally the last to leave the place. The countess was generally so much exhausted by her exertions in the high school of horsemanship as to require a long period of rest in her dressing-room before she went home. Stimulants—stimulants stronger than eau-de-Cologne—had to be administered before she felt strong enough to retire to her domicile. The countess was liberal—not to say lavish—in her use of stimulants. As she had attained middle age, as her husband was dead, and she had no particular character to speak of, it may not be indiscreet to avow, once for all, that she was in the habit of taking a great deal too much brandy-and-water. She said it did her good. The doctor said it did her harm; but, at any rate, she took it—cold. It did not improve her temper. Far from angelic at the best of times, it now bordered very closely on the fiendish. Her powers of tongue were by no means diminished; yet she seemed to distrust them, and her abusive eloquence was by no means rarely backed up by blows. She was frequently provoked into striking those who offended her; and who could avoid giving offense to that terrible countess? I have heard that the children of the man who makes birch-brooms have usually a bad time of it; and there is considerable risk in residing with a lady of violent temper addicted to drinking, of equestrian pursuits, and part of whose necessary equipment is a riding-whip.

Lily often thought of that dreadful night in Paris, when the Italian met her in the Elysian Fields. Was it a judgment on her for running away, she wondered, that her temporary evasion had been followed by so dire a bondage? Perhaps. Her terror had been so excessive, her despair so great, that it was only in a dim and fragmentary manner that she could recall the incidents of her capture. She had fainted somewhere, that she knew. On returning to consciousness she had found herself in a filthy little room, stretched on a filthier mattress laid upon the floor. The Italian was crouched on a stool by the fire-place, smoking, and a toothless ragged old woman was pottering over some evil-smelling mess in a pipkin on the hearth. The room was seemingly Signor Ventimillioni's studio; for, strewn about, were numbers of unfinished wax torsos, some with wigs and some without, some horrid in hirsute adornments in the way of whiskers and mustaches, and some bare and grinning like corpses. Arms, legs, hands, and feet, appertaining to celebrated characters in ancient and modern history, littered a row of shelves and a rough deal table, together with certain pots full of color, and bits of lace and tinsel. A faint odor of warm wax, even more sickening than that of the stew in the old woman's pipkin, pervaded the hovel.

There came from an inner room a woman with her hair hanging over her shoulders, a half-washed face—for fantastic streaks of paint were still visible on her cheeks and forehead—and an old petticoat and shawl hastily thrown over a theatrical tunic and fleshings. Her spangled sandals were plainly visible beneath her dress. She held in one hand a flaring tallow-candle, and in the other a glass of some liquor.

She knelt down by the side of the still half-fainting girl, and held the glass to her lips.

"Drink!" she said, in English; "drink! this instant. It will do you good. Drink! or I'll strangle you."

Lily could not but obey. The strangely-accoutred woman looked so fierce and spoke so sternly. She swallowed a mouthful of the liquid, which was nauseous to her palate and scorching to her throat, and was, indeed, brandy mingled with water. After a short time she felt better, though dizzy.

"And so I have found you at last, little runaway," the woman went on. "I could have sworn it was you in the booth. I knew those hypocritical little eyes of yours at once. Ah! I have had a fine chase after you, cunning little fox as you are. Where have you been all these years, you crocodile? Come, confess. Let me know all about it. Speak, or I'll beat you."

Nervous and shattered as she was, Lily could at first give scarcely a coherent reply to the questions with which the strange woman well-nigh overwhelmed her. Though she had a vague and alarmed dread of whom she might be, she was not prepared at first to admit her right to interrogate her. In fact, she could only tremble and palpitate like a little bird fresh caught in the hand of a strong cruel boy.

The woman made her drink more of the liquid. Lily pleaded that it nearly choked her, and burned her, but she would take no denial. Although it seemed to set her brain on fire, she really felt stronger for it, and, after a time, could talk. The woman led her on, not unadroitly, by asking her if she remembered Miss Bunnycastle's school at Stockwell, the dinner at Greenwich, the steam-boat, the journey to Paris, the Pension Marcassin. Yes: Lily remembered all these. What next? the woman asked, threateningly. Well, she told all she knew of her residence with Madame de Kergolay: all save her love for Edgar Greyfaunt.

Why had she left the roof of the lady who had been so kind to her? Lily experienced much difficulty in explaining that part of the matter. She could not lie; and yet she dared not avow the hard and bitter truth. The woman would not believe that she had found herself in the Champs Elysées by accident. She had run away, she said: of that she was certain. Lily, blushing and sobbing, was constrained to admit her flight. Why had she fled? The woman asked her again and again, in tones which each time became more menacing. She raised her clenched hand at last, and might have brought it down heavily (for she had been partaking freely of the stimulant which she had forced Lily to sip); but the Italian muttered something from his stool, and she desisted. The girl sought to pacify her. She tried to explain. She confessed that she had been ungrateful to her benefactress, that she had lost her affection, and that she saw nothing before her but sudden flight.

"Ungrateful! I can well believe that. To whom hast thou not been ungrateful, little spawn of evil? From youth upward it has always been the same story—ingratitude, ingratitude!"

Surely she, the Wild Woman, had done a great deal in her time to earn the poor child's gratitude!

"There is some man at the bottom of this," she said at last, rising as if wearied with further cross-questioning. "Thou art just the age to make a fool of thyself for a dandy face and a pair of blonde whiskers. Never mind, little one; we will wait. Sooner or later, by fair means or by foul, we will have thy secret out of thee."

She let her be at last, and the girl sank into a long deep slumber. Waking toward morning, Lily turned on her sorry pallet, and, half hoping that she might never wake again, once more sank into sleep. Excitement, fatigue, and the liquor they had made her swallow had been more than opiates to her.

She was kept close prisoner in the hovel the whole of that day and the whole of the next. The fêtes still continued, and her tyrant was called upon to enact, during at least sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, the part she was so admirably qualified to fill: that of the Wild Woman. Lily used to look upon her in the morning with a curiosity that was mingled with horror as she arrayed herself for the mountebankery of the day. It was a monstrous toilet. How soiled and faded the fleshings were! How frayed at the wrists and armpits! How they bulged into ugly creases at the knees and elbows! How splay-footed the sandals looked, how coarse and garish the embroidery! She had no time to pink her fleshings, but rubbed powdered vermillion into the parts that were discolored, just as she rubbed it into her face. There were patches of the latter, however, that required orpiment, and cerese, and bismuth, and ochre, and chrome yellow to be laid on in grotesque streaks, and half-moons, and dabs. Was she not a Wild Woman of the Prairies? Before she daubed on her war-paint she would anoint her face and hands with a tallow-candle.

"No cold cream for me now, little angel," she would say, with a horrible leer, to the wondering girl. "Watch well what I am doing. It will soon be thy turn to assist me to dress, and woe betide thee if thou makest blunders. Observe, the candle first; the tallow, c'est du suif, de chez l'épicier, tout de bon. And I, who have covered myself with pearl powder—de vraies perles d'Orient—who have basked in eau-de-Cologne and milk of almonds, and who have found, when I have done dressing, the bouquet left for me at the door of my loge by the duke or the embassador—ay, the bouquet with a diamond ring for a holder. 'Cré nom! c'est à crever de rage!"

Then she would drink a little brandy, and a little more, and more, and console herself, and begin to sing.

When she was fully accoutred in all her paint, and all her feathers, and spangles, and tawdry, twopenny splendors, she would, after surveying herself in a broken piece of looking-glass, come forward to Lily and pose and grimace before her with the great wooden club and foil paper-covered hatchet that went to make up her paraphernalia.

"Am I handsome, à cette heure? Am I graceful? Am I fascinating? Am I La Bella Zigazesi, who has turned so many hearts?" she would cry, ironically.

Lily did not know what answer to return.

"You say nothing. You despise your m—your protectress. Ah! you disdain me, do you, Mademoiselle la Comtesse—Baronne—Princesse de Kergolay—Mademoiselle la Marquise de Carabas—Quatre sous? We will soon take your pride out of you. Quick, trollop. Donne-moi la goutte. Give me some brandy, do you hear?"

Lily poured out for her into a glass that was without a foot some of the poison the woman liked so well.

"Ah! that is good," she would say, drawing a long breath. "Ça tue à la longue, mais ça donne du courage—du zug-zug." And then she would throw back her long hair, now coarse and ropy from inculture, and flecked with gray. "A short life and a merry one. Vive la joie et le zug-zug! Dire que j'ai été une miladi—la femme d'un gentilhomme. C'était de la crapule, ce Blunt. Un franc coquin que j'ai eu pour mari. Yes, he was a scoundrel, but he was a gentleman, and I was his wife. I used to ride in a carriage and go to the opera with ostrich feathers in my head. I used to wear diamonds. Look at my hands now, you wolf cub."

Rude work had spread the muscles, swollen the knuckles, roughened the skin, and covered the backs with gnarled knots like unto the roots of trees. They had once been handsome hands; but they were discolored now, and chapped and barked by exposure. In bitter mockery of her former state, she still had her fingers covered with rings; but they were paltry baubles, not worth ten sous apiece—mere bits of glass backed with tinsel and set in hoops of brass, which left green stains upon her flesh.

She would come home at night, tired, dusty, perspiring, the ruddle on her face muddled into one cloudy morass, and more than half intoxicated. The Italian wax-work man would come with her, and he who wore the suit of armor. There was another Italian too, a hideous hunch-backed fellow with a heavy fringe of black whisker beneath his chin, and a huge fur cap and velveteen jacket, who dealt in white mice, marmots, hurdy-gurdies, and Savoyard boys. He went by the name of "L'organo di Barbaria," and no other. He brought one of his slaves with him the second day, a wobegone little object from Chambery, aged about eleven, very wan-faced and ragged, who had a consumptive cough, and crouched down in a corner, cuddling a diminutive monkey, who was, as to his upper parts, attired after the fashion of a marquis of the ancient régime, and, as to his lower, after that of the Sultana Scheherazade, as seen in illustrations of the Arabian Nights. And of this monkey the wobegone little boy from Chambery seemed passionately fond.

While the men and the Wild Woman were wrangling over their brandy and tobacco and dominoes Lily ventured to approach the little monkey boy and slip into his hand a piece of bread, the remnant of her coarse repast.

The Wild Woman saw the action. "Young robber," she cried out. "Attends, je vais te donner une triplée. Ah! I have the double six." But beyond this she took no notice of Lily's patronage of the Savoyard.

The girl was very glad. She made the boy eat, and was delighted that he first of all took care of the monkey, whom he addressed as Cupidon, and whose white teeth were soon chattering over a crisp bit of crust. Lily, growing bolder, stroked the long lean paw of the ape, and even mustered up enough courage to scratch his bullet head. He resented this liberty somewhat, and might have bitten the girl, but for a warning tug at his chain on the part of his master. Then he retired into private life, and the bosom of the Savoyard's friendly but uncleanly shirt, there to dwell in pensive dreams, perhaps, of his primitive forests, and the happy days when he hung on to the limbs of trees by his prehensile tail, watching his great uncle as he hurled cocoa-nuts at the head of the intrusive traveler. Still absorbed as he was in the pleasures of warmth and rest from labor, Lily could see his little bright eyes twinklingly watching her from under the waistcoat of the Alpine boy.

"Where do you dance?" asked the Savoyard.

"Dance?" quoth Lily, opening her eyes.

"Haven't I seen you with a tambourine and red shoes, doing the Infiorata?"

Lily told him, gently, that it must be some other girl.

"How much did your padrona give for you? My padrone paid six hundred francs for Vittore Emmanuele" (the names of all Savoyards are either Victor Emanuel, Charles Albert, or Charles John). "My father bought two cows and six goats with my price, and paid off Gripe Minaud, the blood-sucker, who had lent him money to raise his crop. Does your padrona beat you? My master beats us with a chain. Luigi, the boy from Genoa, who died, tried to poison 'L'organo' in his petit verre. When they washed him for burial his body was all blue."

They were a curious trio—the girl, the Savoyard, and the ape.

On the morning of the third day the Wild Woman came to Lily's bedside, and said, "March!" The girl had nothing to pack up, and still wore the modest little bonnet and shawl she had had on when she ran away from Madame de Kergolay. The Wild Woman had discovered her locket, and, not without tears and entreaties on Lily's part, had wrenched it away from her. She had nothing now that belonged to her in the world, and was Quite Alone.

The Wild Woman's traveling dress was a faded tartan gown, and a more faded scarlet shawl, with a bonnet inconceivably battered. She did not fail to remark, however, as she bade Lily survey her, that she had been in the habit of wearing velvets and cashmeres, and a bird of paradise plume in her bonnet. And then she cursed, and took a little more cognac.

The Italian wax-work man, who was either the Wild Woman's husband, or some relative, near, but decidedly not dear to her, was to be of the party. He was not so very ill-conditioned a fellow, and was passing kind to Lily, never failing to remonstrate, and, if need were, to interfere if the woman offered to strike her. The Wild Woman's temper, especially toward evening, when she had partaken most copiously of cognac, was very uncertain; and there was no knowing when the blows might begin to fall.

They went by means of a wagon, laden with the wax-work and the scenery and appointments of the Wild Woman (for the shows were a joint concern, and Ventimillioni appeared to be proprietor of them both), to a place called Pontoise. Thence to Orleans, and thence even so far as Dijon. They halted by night at mean inns, where sometimes they obtained a couple of bedrooms cheaply, and sometimes Ventimillioni and the countess—that is to say, the Wild Woman—camped out in a barn. The toothless old woman had been left in charge of the hovel on the quay in Paris, but Lily had always, however small and miserable it might be, a room to herself. The Wild Woman never failed, likewise, in the precaution of taking away Lily's clothes, and the candle, and locking the door after her, when she retired for the night.

The girl fell into a state of semi-lassitude and apathy. She did not seem to care much what became of her. She had lost her purview. Her horizon was bounded on all sides by the Wild Woman and the Italian, and beyond them she could discern nothing. She was not specially desirous to die; but she was not particularly anxious about living. She was not even actively unhappy. She was quite submissive and resigned: only numbed, and chilled, and torpid.

There were fairs on the road; and at some of these the Wild Woman gave her performance, and Signor Ventimillioni exhibited his wax-work. On these occasions Lily was always carefully locked in her room, and got neither dinner nor supper till the pair returned at night, the woman not very sober, now grumbling, now chuckling over the receipts of the day and evening.

It was at a place called St. Esprit, and when Lily had been locked up many hours on a hot August afternoon, and felt very lonely—just that kind of loneliness when you begin to hear strange noises that have no foundation save in your imagination—that a big country girl, who was waitress and chambermaid at the miserable auberge the party had put up at, came into the room. "I have got another key, little one," she said, triumphantly.

The country girl had very red elbows and a face like a tomato, little pig's eyes, and matted hair whose roots were within an inch and a half of her eyebrows. She breathed hard when she spoke, and, seemingly, was not unaccustomed to the use of garlic as a condiment with her meals.

"I have a key, little one," she continued, "and something else, too. Atrappe." And from beneath her apron she produced a mighty slice of bread covered with blackberry jam.

Lily was really hungry, and only too glad to get the bread and jam. She had well-nigh devoured it, when the girl whose face was like a tomato said:

"Why don't you run away? I would, if I were you. I know those wretches treat you cruelly. I have heard them abusing you at night, after I have gone to bed. Tenez, ma petite. I have got fifteen francs saved up to buy me a golden cross, but my bien-aimé will give me another, I am sure, even if he is obliged to sell himself as a substitute in the conscription to do so! Take my fifteen francs, and run away from these bad people."

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Run away! She had tried that once before; but whither was Lily to run now?

Lily heard the good-natured country girl out, and thanked her for her bread and jam, but she bade her take back the key, lest she should get herself into trouble, and told her that she had no thoughts of running away. No one meant to treat her unkindly, she said, and, if she was unhappy, it was her own fault. She was, in truth, too weary to fly. She did not care much what became of her. The first hour of captivity is very awful; you rage and scream, and feel as though you could hang yourself to your dungeon bars, or dash your brains out against the walls; but days, weeks, months, years pass, and at last you bear your durance with a dull apathy that is well-nigh utter indifference. It does not so much matter. A year the more or a year the less does not count. And at last, when haply the cell door is opened, and you are told that you are free, you are in no very great hurry to move. You have remained here so long, why should you not stay here a little longer? Prisoners have been known to memorialize their jailer to be allowed to stop, when their discharge has arrived, and at last they have had to be turned out of the prison by force. There are times when you might leave Gonfaloniere's door in the casemates of Spielberg open, and tell him that the sentinel is bought, and that he has two hours to get away—when Silvio Pellico might find the bars of his cell window under the piombi sawn through, and a rope-ladder nailed to the sill; and yet when the captives would but yawn, and think it scarcely worth their while to make their escape. There is somewhat of the infinite mercy of Heaven in thus blunting our senses during suffering. The victim sleeps at the stake. I have heard of a convict who committed suicide because the end of his slavery was rapidly approaching; but I think you might trust a hundred convicts with razors to shave themselves every day for a year without three of them cutting their throats.

Lily was not in chains, and her window was not barred; but she was a captive nevertheless. She had resigned herself to it, and waited submissively enough for what was to come next.

The hostess of the tavern where they lived at Dijon brought her her meals after this. Perhaps she suspected the good nature of her servant girl. The Wild Woman had told her that Lily was a refractory apprentice, obstinately intent on not learning to dance on the tight-rope, and inveterately addicted to running away. The hostess, who had had much to do with mountebanks in her time (her husband had been a paillasse, and her eldest son was a ventriloquist, while her youngest daughter walked on stilts), fully believed this story, and looked upon Lily as a very atrocious young criminal indeed.

"If you were apprenticed to me," she would say, "my faith, I would arrange you. You should learn to dance as the bears do. Va petite drôlesse, je te ferais sauter à la musique d'un bon martinet. I'd lay a strap about you, that's all."

Lily did not think it worth while to bandy words with this woman, who was stupid and violent, and given to imbibing too much cassis.

"Sulky young baboon," the hostess would continue, shaking her forefinger at her. "At thy age, too. Almost a woman. And not so very bad-looking, either," she added, in an under-tone to herself. "Dost thou know what will come to thee for running away? The police will get hold of thee, and thou wilt be sent to prison, absolument comme une coureuse. Is it so very difficult, then, to dance on the cord? Bah! when I was half thy age my father made me swallow a Turkish cimiter and the sabre of a cuirassier; and before I was twelve I was practicing the back somersault on a spring board into a pond of water, to prevent breaking my bones when I fell."

A fortnight elapsed before the Wild Woman came back; but she returned radiant. They had been to Lyons: to the fair of the Croix Rouge. Ventimillioni had run over to Geneva, where, in those days, and may be, for aught I know, to this day, there is a public gaming-table. Luck was in his favor, and the Italian had won heavily: two hundred Napoleons. He had come back to Lyons, dressed up the Wild Woman in satin and velvet, bought her a bonnet with a bird of paradise plume in it, covered her wrist and neck with cheap jewelry, and taken her over to Geneva. Luck had gone against him then; and with a very few Napoleons remaining from his winnings, he was prepared moodily to return to the place whence he came, and take to the wax-work business again. But the Wild Woman—Madame la Comtesse in future, if you please—had been experiencing the smiles of fortune, while on the unhappy Ventimillioni she had so suddenly scowled. Madame had not ventured any thing beyond a few five-franc pieces on the red or the black; but she had met an old, a very old acquaintance at Geneva. Whence it arose that she returned to Dijon radiant.

"Up, paresseuse!" she cried to Lily. "Up, and get your rags together. We are going back to England and to life."

The girl, who passed most of her time now crouching listlessly in a corner, interpreted this command as a literal one, and stood up in obedience to it. Madame seemed to recollect that the rags she had spoken of were already gotten together, and that Lily had no others.

"Did ever one see such a tatterdemalion?" she grumbled. "I must go to a revendeuse à la toilette, and get her some clothes to travel in."

Lily was locked up for the last time; but within an hour madame came back with a fat old woman who had a lisp and the asthma, and whose splay, slowly crawling feet, in their roomy black list slippers, looked like a pair of turtle in mourning for their brethren who had been made by cruel epicures into soup. The fat old woman carried a big bundle beneath each arm, and Lily was speedily equipped in some faded but decent second-hand garments. The countess sat by, inspecting the proceedings, and tapping the floor impatiently with her parasol. It was the second time, Lily remembered, that she had so been fitted out under inspection. The last time it was by Cutwig & Co.

Ten days afterward they were in London. The Italian staid behind. He seemed to bear separation from the Wild Woman—the countess, I mean—with great equanimity. She had for him, and had had always, the haughty and insolent indifference we feel for a person whose grade is beneath ours, but who is useful to us. Even in her lowest state she had treated the wax-work man du haut en bas.

"When I pay you a visit in London, my empress, the Italian remarked, showing his white teeth, "you will have some macaroni for your Angelo, your Angelino, your Angeliotto—is it not so?"

"That depends," she answered, tossing her head. "Can you let me have any more money?"

"Not a bajocco! you would devour as many millions as there are in my name. I have but four Louis d'or left, and I must have crowded houses at the show for a fortnight, or I shall starve."

"That is your affair."

"Yes, my duchess, that is my affair"—and the Italian showed his teeth again—"what a pity I did not put you on a pair of pasteboard wings, and show you as an angel instead of a Wild Woman! Well, I am not angry with you. Donna è mobile. When you are tired of England, and have lost your engagement through too many potations (you are too fond of cognac, my Zenobia), you will be glad enough to come back to your Angelo, and grate the cheese for his macaroni."

"I hope not."

"Yes you will. Till then, farewell. Take care of the Poverina"—this was Lily, and he patted her, not unkindly, on the shoulder—"and keep your hands off her. England is a good country, though the sun never shines there, and there are laws to protect the weak. Here, La Giustizia never interferes with you, unless your passport is out of order."

"I shall do what I like with my own."

"Precisely. Don't ill-treat your cat, or your dog, or whatever else is your own, then. Go, and be happy. Don't tear your new padrone's eyes out, if you can help it. What is his name? Il Signor Touticello—what is it? Dio mio! what a barbarous language it is!"

"His name is no business of yours. Tu m'embêtes, Ventimillioni. Que cela finisse!"

And so parted. The Italian may have been a roving vagabond, not over-scrupulous as to morality; but he was a good-natured kind of fellow, and, when he showed his white teeth, looked quite amiable.

This is how Lily came back to England, and became acquainted with Ranelagh. She had become the attendant, the dresser, the drudge, the slave—call it what you will—of Madame Ernestine, the lady who was creating so great a sensation in the high school of horsemanship.

OUR LOST BOY.

"My dear, I assure you I have not the least idea where he is."

I said this to Mrs. Dobb on her return at ten o'clock at night. You see, cousin Bob drove up to the house just after tea, and invited my wife to go for a ride behind his bays. Bob drives a fast and handsome span of bays, and a ride behind them is a treat she is always delighted to enjoy, particularly as I do not keep horses myself. I keep a cow, but she is not good to either ride or drive. It is a pleasing trait in my wife's character, that she always obtains my permission before going to ride with Bob. On this occasion she said:

"James, Bob is going to drive me out to the Grove and back. We shan't be gone long."

"All right, my dear. I permit you."

"Oh, thank you, I'm sure! Permit!"

And then she went.

I was left in sole charge of the house and the four little Dobbs. Bridget had gone for a walk with one of her cousins, of which she has a *quantum sufficit*. I instructed the children in the matter of behavior, and then entered my study and went to writing. I never thought of those babies again until about half past nine. Then I shut up my study and went to look after them. I found little Susie curled up on the sofa in the parlor, fast asleep. Sallie had gone to bed, and tucked herself nicely in with her hoops on. Nell was on the hall-stairs, sleeping like a top. And Fred was—

I hunted the house all over, from cellar to garret, and finally came to the reluctant conclusion that I did not know where Fred was. So when Mrs. Dobb came home, that is what I told her.

"James, do you want to frighten me to death?"

"No, my dear; that would be too horrible."

"Then where is that boy?"

"I give you my word I don't know."

"Why, where did he go?"

"My dear, if I knew where he went I should go after him immediately."

"Oh, dear! was there ever such a man? And I have just got home alive, after being run over by the cars."

"You don't tell me! Are you hurt much?"

"Well, we just escaped. The locomotive came so close to us that it took my breath away, and Bob had to put his arm around me to keep me from swooning."

"Novel expedient!"

"And he said I trembled like a leaf. And now I come home only to find that you have lost our boy, and to be frightened to death again."

"Now, my dear, you are too severe. *I* lost the boy? I didn't lose him."

"Then I ask you again, where is he?"

"I'll go and find him."

"Find him!" said my wife, with a perceptible accent of incredulity. "We shall never find him this night."

Nevertheless I lit a cigar, exchanged my slippers for boots, put on my coat and hat, and set out in the night to beat the neighborhood.

I walked around the square, examining the gutters carefully, and looking over fences into people's door-yards, but I found nothing but a large number of dogs, which barked at me as if I were a burglar.

Pausing under a street-lamp, I saw two female figures approaching, and grasped my stick to be prepared for the worst. They proved to be Mrs. Dobb and Bridget.

"Can't you find him?" said my wife, in tremulous tones.

"Why no, my dear, I haven't found him yet, but I dare say I shall."

"James, how *can* you be so calm?"

"Why, what's the use in fidgeting?"

"And that darling child may be floating in the river, with his poor little face turned up to the stars, and his father talks about fidgeting!"

"You horrify me, Susan. I will go right down to the river and see about it."

I walked off smoking.

It was a long walk to the river, and smoking is favorable to thought. Before I got to the water's edge I had concluded that there was little probability Fred would be found there. What should he go to the river for? However, I stood on the dock and looked up and down the stream, but I could see nothing floating.

A man came off a canal-boat near by, and I asked him if he had seen a little boy around there without any cap on.

"Why, yes," he said, "I have. How old a boy was it you wanted, Sir?"

"Oh, about six or seven years old," I replied. I never can remember those children's ages exactly. My wife says if I had a thousand children I couldn't remember their ages, and I dare say I couldn't. "How was this little boy dressed that you saw?" I continued.

"I didn't notice particular. He was purty ragged. He axed me fer some cold wittles, and I guv him in charge. Fer I'd only knowed y' wanted 'im!"

"But my boy isn't ragged."

"Oh, *your* boy! Have y' lost yer boy, Sir?"

"Yes, he's got away somewhere. I was afraid he might have fallen in the river."

"P'r'aps he have. A many boys git drownded in the river."

"Good Heavens! I hope not."

"Oh, but they do! Now I think of it, my old woman said she heard something about a half 'n hour ago. Who knows but it might 'a ben him?"

You can not conceive with what a cheerful sprightliness the wretch advanced this proposition.

"I'll tell you what it is," said I; "if you'll get a boat, and row up and down the river and look, I'll give you ten dollars if you find him."

"But s'posin' I don't find 'im?"

"So much the better."

"I tell *you* what," said the man, "if you don't mind givin' me a dollar afore I start, I'll git a boat and make a hunt for that. I wouldn't care to go otherways."

I gave him a dollar, and saw him set out in a leaky boat which required a deal of preliminary bailing; and that was the last I saw of him.

After waiting a long time on the dock I went on the canal-boat and put my head in at the cabin door. There was a light burning on a table, but nobody was there. Descending into the cabin, I took a card from my pocket, and sat down to write a word of instruction to the man against his return with the lost boy, when I was startled by a loud scream close at my back. Turning, I beheld a feminine head in a dirty night-cap, and two eyes glaring at me as if I were a ghost.

"Don't be alarmed, my good woman. I wished to leave a note for your husband, who is out looking for my boy."

"Where's yer boy?"

"I don't know where he is. He's lost. Your husband is out on the river in a boat looking for him."

"Drownded?"

"I hope not. Your husband spoke of your hearing a splash in the water, or a cry of distress, a little while ago, and—"

"That's his gas. I ha'n't heard nothin'."

"Why, he told me you did."

"He's gassin'. How much d'ye pay 'im?"

"I paid him a dollar."

"That's enough."

"Enough for what?"

"Fer a lie. He's gone down the river t' drink yer health."

"You don't mean to say—"

"Yas I do. You may's well go home."

And home I went.

"Have you found him?" asked my wife, her pale face greeting me at the door.

"No, my dear, not yet. I didn't know but he had come home. What time is it?"

"It's after eleven; and oh! *where* is that poor child?"

"I'll go out again, dear;" and I started, with a weary sigh.

"James!" called my wife.

"Well, what is it?"

"Hadn't you better take the dinner-bell, and ring it, and wake the neighbors? Who knows but he has gone in somewhere and gone to bed?"

"Fudge!"

"How can you be so heartless as to say fudge at such a time as this?"

And Mrs. Dobb began to cry.

"There, it won't do any good to cry, Susan. I said fudge, but of course I didn't exactly mean it. But don't you know that if our boy was at any of the neighbors' they would send him home?"

"Well, I don't know what harm there would be in just ringing the dinner-bell."

"I shouldn't want any body to go ringing bells through the streets after *I* was abed, Susan."

"They might well ring bells if they had lost their children," persisted my wife.

"Well, I'll go to the police-station and set the police after him. They'll find him easily enough, and bring him home in the morning. You go to bed and don't worry."

"Oh, James, how you *can* be so calm I never can understand! But you don't love your children as their mother does. I shall not sleep a wink till I find that poor boy again."

"Well, good-night, dear. I'll be back in an hour or so."

And off I went, with a fresh cigar.

Confound the boy, he should have such a lecture as he would remember, when I got him again—straying off in the night in this way, and making his poor father tramp the town after him.

Wherever I saw a light—in drinking saloons and so on—I stuck my head in and inquired if they had seen a stray boy. I got all sorts of replies, and in one place a hilarious young gentleman invited me to "come up and drink on it;" but I didn't find my lost lamb.

At the police-station I left a description of my boy: blue eyes, curly hair, six or seven years old, buff waist, drab pants embroidered around the bottom, and blue-and-white plaid stockings. I received the assurance that lost children almost always turned up all right in the morning, and that my boy should be brought home as soon as discovered.

My wife was still up when I got home.

"Have you found him?"

"No, my dear—I give him up."

"James!"

"But I've set a policeman after him—a big fellow—six feet at least—big as two of me. He'll find him."

After which confident statement I began to undress myself.

"Are you going to bed?" asked my wife.

"Why, of course I am. I'm sleepy."

"Was there ever such a man?" groaned Mrs. Dobb.

I went to bed. I could not coax Mrs. Dobb to do likewise. Ah, how refreshing the soft couch was! I dozed off like a little kitten, and had become quite oblivious of worldly cares, when that unhappy woman came into the room, lamp in hand.

"James!"

"Eh! What now?"

"What time did you say Freddie went out?"

"I said I didn't know, my dear."

"What were you doing?"

"I was writing all the evening."

"What time did you miss him?"

"When I got through writing; about half past nine."

"Did you search the house?"

"Yes, dear, I searched it all over. And now I'm sleepy. Good-night."

"Did you look down cellar?"

"Yes; I looked every where."

"Did you look in the barn?"

"In the barn? No. What's the use? He couldn't get in there. The door's fast."

But nothing would do but I must get out of bed now, and go and overhaul the barn. I did; and I looked through all the outhouses, but there was no boy.

"Let's search the house again, James."

"Why, what's the use? I have. And I dare say you and Bridget have again."

"Of course we have. Do you suppose we could sit here idle? But I *must* go over the house again. It will help pass away the time till morning."

"I can pass the time very comfortably asleep, my dear," I said, with a heavy yawn.

"Oh, you can do any thing! I believe you could sleep if it was judgment-day."

"Very likely I might, Susan, if I was as sleepy as I am to-night."

Of course you know we went over the house again. We inspected the wood-pile, and we looked under the sofas. We examined all the closets, and we opened all the trunks. We overhauled the pantry, and we poked under the library, where a cat could hardly get to sleep.

"James, I want to know where you were when that boy went away?"

"Why, I told you I was in my study, writing."

"Go in and show me."

"Oh, vexation! Won't you ever let me go to bed?"

I went into the study, and sat down at my round table.

"There!" said I. "Here is where I sat. The inkstand was here; the lamp was here; the dictionary was under this foot, and the other foot was stretched under the table—so!"

Ah!

My naked foot touched a soft lump under the table. I looked under. There he was. Curled up on the floor, fast asleep.

"Come out here, you rascal!" said I, and I dragged him forth, rubbing his little eyes with his two little fists.

"Oh, you darling, darling child!" burst forth my wife, in ecstasy, as she folded him in her arms; "where *have* you been?"

"My dear, that's superfluous! He's been under the table, clearly enough."

"The poor boy!"

"Crawled under there in one of his sly moods, I suppose, to give papa a surprise, and dropped asleep while I scratched on unconscious."

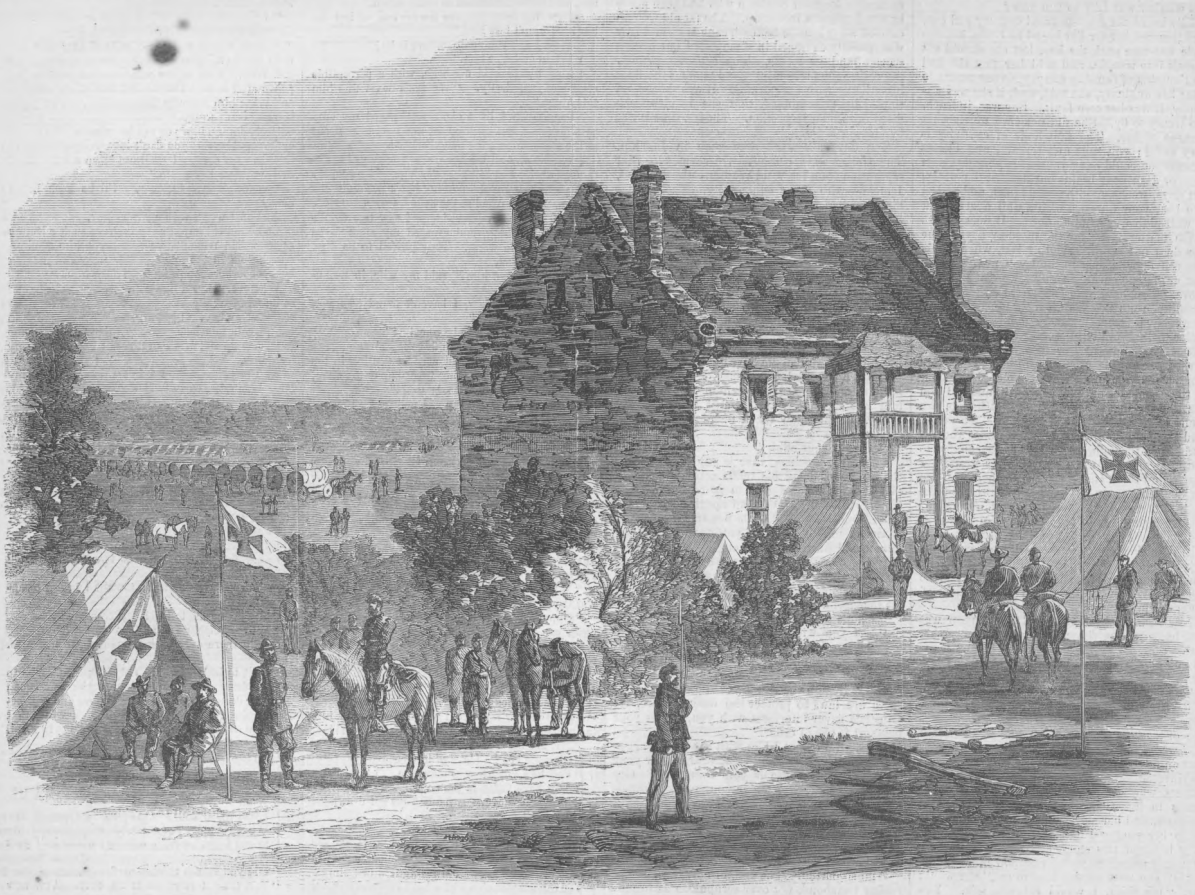
"The dear child!"

"And has been snoozing away like a little pig while I have been ransacking the town, seeing boatmen, invoking policemen, and all but ringing dinner-bells, my dear."

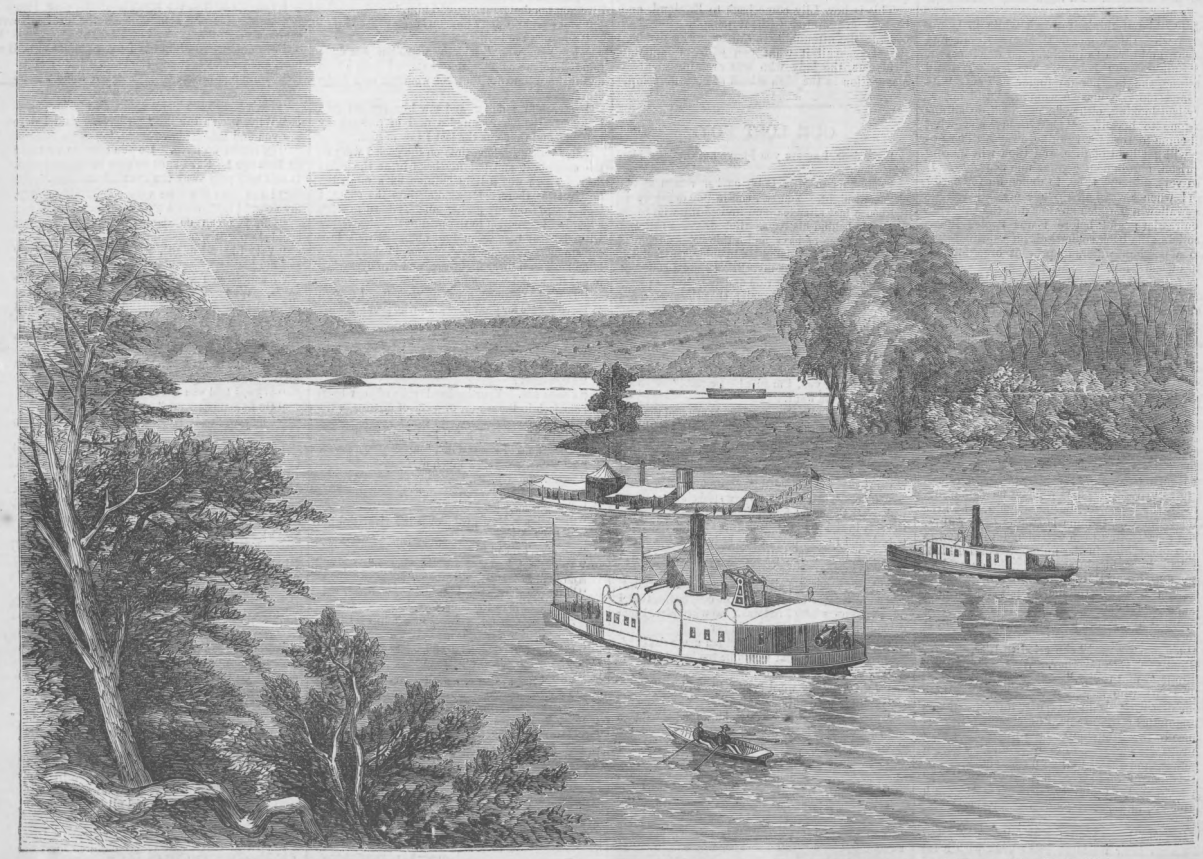
"And good enough for you," said Mrs. Dobb; "you'll take better care of my children next time I go out to ride with cousin Bob."

"Oh, confound cousin Bob!"

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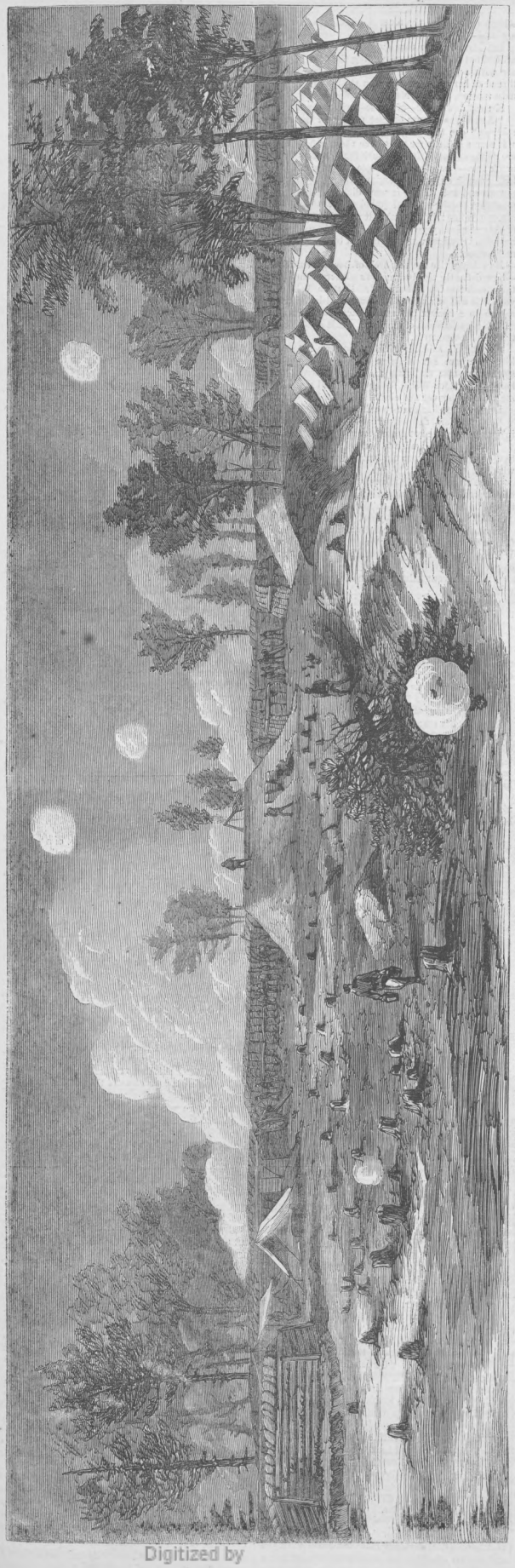


GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—WARREN'S HEAD-QUARTERS ON THE WELDON ROAD, AUGUST 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY G. W. WEBB.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



VIEW OF THE JAMES RIVER AND THE BEND AROUND FARRAR'S ISLAND, ABOVE DUTCH GAP.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—FORT HELL, ON GENERAL WARREN'S FORMER LINE.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, whose portrait we give on this page, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July, 1825. He was elected a member of the State Senate of Ohio in 1854 and 1855, and was the subsequent year chosen as representative of his district in Congress, and has held that position ever since. Personally Mr. PENDLETON is a man of pleasant manners, and has always been popular with his associates. His sentiments are in perfect harmony with the principles of the Chicago Platform. Unlike COX and other representatives of his party, PENDLETON is sincere in his political faith.

GENERAL JEFF C. DAVIS.

WE give below a portrait of General JEFFERSON C. DAVIS, who lately distinguished himself in the battle of Jonesborough, Georgia. He was a native of Indiana, and graduated from West Point with the rank of Second Lieutenant of the First Artillery, June 17, 1847. In February, 1852, he received a First Lieutenancy. He was one of the officers under Major ANDERSON'S command at Fort Sumter. It was General DAVIS who, in September, 1862, shot General NELSON at the Galt House in Louisville. General NELSON had insulted DAVIS, and the latter was acquitted of the murder. He was at this time a Brigadier-General. He had en-



GENERAL JEFFERSON C. DAVIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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tered the war as Colonel of the Twenty-second Indiana Volunteers. In March, 1862, while yet a Colonel, he was given a Major-General's command, taking an important part in the spring campaign in the Missouri Department, which culminated in the battle at Pea Ridge. He commanded a portion of General BUELL'S army in the Kentucky campaign against General BRAGG; early in 1863 he occupied Shelbyville, Tennessee. In General GRANT'S Western campaign he took an active and prominent part; and in the late advance on Atlanta he deserves an honorable mention. When General PALMER resigned he assumed the command of the Fourteenth Corps, and it was in the exercise of this command that he fought the late decisive battle of Jonesborough.

A GALLANT EXPLOIT.

WE give on our first page this week an illustration of one of those brave actions which have conferred distinction and honor upon our private soldiers, but which have most frequently passed with only an occasional record. At the battle of Ezra Church HARRY DAVIS, a soldier belonging to the Forty-sixth Ohio regiment, advanced far to the front under the fire of rebel batteries, and reaching over the breast-works of the enemy, grasped the colors of the Thirtieth Tennessee, from the hands of the rebel standard-bearer and brought them off as a trophy. Two weeks ago we gave the portrait of Captain DE GRESS, who had distinguished himself by a gallant action; and we deem it proper that the private soldier also should receive the merit due to his bravery.

THE REFUGEE.

A FRIEND and I were strolling down
The gay and crowded street,
When with a pale and sad-eyed one
It was our chance to meet.

My friend had bowed to ladies fair,
Who passed and were forgot;
He bowed to her, and on his cheek
I saw a crimson spot.

And yet it was no flush of shame
Upon his cheek that burned;
His look was soon as sad as hers:
To look at her I turned.

Her years they might have been two score,
Her step was sad and slow;
Not weariness—but just that pace
At which all mourners go.

Though poor, around her yet there was
That nameless grace, which says,
Even to careless passers by,
"I have seen better days."

"Tell me," said I, "why you, who wear
A soldier's name and sword,
Changed color as she passed us by—
Passed us without a word."

His eyes flashed flame. "My blood," he said,
"It near to madness stirs
To meet that sad, that patient one,
And think what wrongs are hers.

"Two years ago—alas, how changed!—
A fond, proud wife was she,
And mother, too, of three fair sons—
Three fairer could not be.

"Her noble husband to his flag
And to his country true,
Was foully slain, at midnight, by
A cruel traitor crew.

"Slain, not in open, manly fight;
But on his own hearth-stone
She saw his life-blood ebb away,
And heard his dying groan.

"She heard the troopers' curses deep
Re-echo through the hall;
She saw the lurid flames spread fast,
She saw the roof-tree fall.

"When morning came, half crazed she stood
There desolate and lone,
Gazing with tearless eye upon
A mass of whitened bone;

"All that was left of him whose love
Had made her life so sweet
Now mingled with the ashes of
Her home now at her feet."

"But where were they, her noble boys,
In this her hour of woe?"
"Ah! they had sought the battle-field
Ere fell this fearful blow.

"Two were with Grant when Vicksburg fell."
"The other, where was he?"
"Another flag above him waved
At Richmond, under Lee.

"And him she mourns as worse than dead.
For in this deadly strife
He battles on the side of those
Who took his father's life.

"Bright-eyed, glad-hearted, once she dwelt
In lovely Tennessee;
Slow-paced, sad-eyed, sad-hearted now,
She's here a Refugee."

THE WOMAN IN BROWN.

"MONEY! More money? Mrs. Wilde, I am perfectly astonished!"

"It isn't for myself, Eugene," faltered the timid little wife, flushing up to the roots of her hair; "but the ladies in the church are trying to make up a little sum for the poor soldiers in hospital, and—"

"Twen-ty-five dol-lars!" slowly enunciated Mr. Wilde, as if every syllable were a hundred-pound weight hurled at his defenseless partner. "For the soldiers! Do I pay taxes, Mrs. Wilde, or do I not? Are my resources drawn upon by the Government, every day in the year, or are they not, for this very object? I am *not* made of gold, Mrs. Wilde, whatever you may think; I assure you that it is only by the practice of the most rigid economy that I am able at the year's end to bring my expenses within my annual income. Besides, I very cordially disapprove of these outside charities. It's Government's business to provide for the sick soldiers; *I* can't afford to pay the debts of the whole War Department; and what's more, I won't!"

Eustace Wilde was standing in front of a garnet-clear coal-fire, on the hearth-rug, buttoning up his gloves for the daily down-town jaunt that opened his day's business, a handsome, stylish-looking man, with a silky black mustache and a portly figure attired in garments that fitted him as only Broadway suits can fit; while Maggie, his wife, sat before the coffee urn in a pretty morning dress of buff gingham, with deep linen cuffs, and a little white collar tied with maize-colored ribbon. She had a very sweet face, shadowed with heavy brown hair and bright hazel eyes, in whose translucent depths there lurked just a gleam of piquant fire; but somehow there was a weary, care-worn look about the delicately-moulded features, a tired droop of the lashes, and a dark ring under the eyes that made one instinctively remember patient Martha of old, "burdened with many cares."

She took up her little porte-monnaie with a disappointed face to replace it in the pocket of her black silk apron.

"What shall I tell the Committee, Eustace?"

"Tell them, Mrs. Wilde," said her husband, dogmatically, "that at the present scale of prices economy is the chief duty of us all. The soldiers will, I have no doubt, be cared for by the proper authorities. *I* must decline to subscribe. You observe, my dear," he added, glancing at a bank-note that lay on the shining damask table-cloth, "that I have already placed housekeeping funds for the week at your disposal. I must beg of you to use proper discretion in its expenditure."

"Five dollars is not enough, Eustace," said Mrs. Wilde, with a stolid courage born of desperation.

"Not *e-nough*?"

Maggie raised her eyebrows a little impatiently.

"If you think, Eustace, that five dollars will pay the butcher, settle the baker's account and the iceman's bill, and then leave enough for daily marketing expenses, I should like to have you remain at home and take charge of the finances yourself—that's all!"

"My dear, you must purchase cheaper articles."

"But, Eustace, you know how fastidious you are about your meals."

"That has nothing to do with the question," said Mr. Wilde, a little shortly. "We must economize, my dear—we must, indeed."

Maggie Wilde colored, and bit her lip. Economize!—when she had sat through all the sunshiny hours of yesterday over a weary work-basket mending little dresses, and darning tiny socks, and retrimming her own bonnet to save unnecessary expenditure. Economize!—when she wore her old shawl, and made over her old dresses, and heard the children's lessons, to dispense with a governess's salary! Poor Maggie! It *was* rather hard to be accused of extravagance under these circumstances. A quick answer trembled on her lip, but she forced back the angry words, and answered in a subdued tone:

"Indeed, I try not to be extravagant, Eustace."

"But you *must* be, my dear, or else where in the name of common sense does all the money go? *I* never spend any thing."

"Don't you?"

"Never, my dear—never. Depend upon it the escape valve is somewhere in the housekeeping. It would be much better to devote your energies to domestic economy than to running about collecting money for the soldiers—*very* much better, Maggie. And, moreover, I can not very well let you have any more this morning; my funds are running decidedly low."

"You had fifty dollars in that pocket-book the day before yesterday," said Maggie, quietly, "and I have used but ten of it."

"Ten? you must have had more than ten."

"Not a cent," said Maggie, firmly.

"The coal bill. I paid the coal bill out of it, and that was twenty, you remember, Mrs. Wilde," said Eustace, triumphantly.

"Then where are the other twenty dollars?"

Mr. Wilde twisted himself a little, as though his pearl-colored over-coat were rather a tight fit.

"Business, my dear; you can't be expected to understand any thing about business matters."

"But *what* particular business?" persisted his wife.

"Maggie," said Mr. Wilde, solemnly, "this isn't to the purpose at all. A woman's mind isn't adapted to comprehend business relations; she should confine herself to the one grand point, economy. Reduce your expenses; bring every thing within the narrowest possible outlay. I think it would be a very good plan, my dear, to keep a little account of your daily disbursements, and I could glance over it every night, and check off any little items that struck me as clearly superfluous."

Maggie's dark eyes began to sparkle ominously; she played nervously with the golden circle of her wedding-ring.

"You would find no items of that description, Mr. Wilde."

"You think not, I have no doubt; but women seldom understand the nicer distinctions of economy, and—"

But Mrs. Maggie rose quietly to her feet, and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind her with a good deal of vehemence. The slender thread of her patience had been strained to its utmost tension, and had snapped asunder at last.

She sat down, and—of course—cried heartily.

"And I was so sure of that money for the poor soldiers," she thought, between the bright drops. "It seems so little for us to give them, when they are doing and enduring so much for us! I can not brook this—I *must* not! Eustace has harped quite long enough on this particular string—it must be put an end to! There *is* some difference between pinching parsimony and judicious economy. O Maggie Wilde! if woman's wit don't help you out of this perplexity you deserve to sink into a mere household drudge, whose idols shall be gold, silver, and copper!"

How haughtily the red arch of her lips curved!—how defiantly the brown eyes glittered through their moisture! Beware, Mr. Eustace Wilde—your wife will be a match for you yet, although you rejoice in a beaver hat and a mustache, and the superb consciousness of manhood, while she—is nothing but a woman!

"Bridget," said Mrs. Wilde, coming into the kitchen where her Milesian cook was chopping spices for some elaborate made-dish wherein the heart of Eustace Wilde delighted, "will you lend me your old bonnet and cloak to-morrow?"

Bridget stared in open-mouthed amazement.

"Sure, ma'am, and why would ye be after wantin' 'em? They're not dacent for the likes o' you."

"Never mind; I wish to borrow them for a particular reason, and your old brown dress also, if you will lend it."

"You're welcome as flowers in May, ma'am," said honest, puzzled Bridget; "but it's a queer fit they'll be for you, darned, an' patched, an' faded."

But Mrs. Wilde only laughed.

The rain was pattering drearily against the breakfast-room window the next morning as Eustace Wilde sauntered slowly in, but Maggie's chair was empty.

"Where's your mistress, Mary?" he asked the waitress.

"She's breakfastin' with the childer, Sir. Master Charlie's got the toothache, and won't be quiet without his mamma stays."

"Maggie spoils those children," thought Mr. Wilde, shrugging his shoulders. Breakfast was rather a dismal meal without his wife's bright face opposite to him, and he did not linger long over it.

"A bleak day," he soliloquized as he opened his umbrella and strode forth into the rain and wind. "It's a good thing the stages run only a block off."

He took his seat, unfolding the morning paper, all unconscious of the shabbily-dressed woman, veiled and wrapped in a coarse brown cloak, who entered the stage at the next corner. Nor did he observe that she descended at the same street where he pulled the check-string to alight.

As he entered the covered stairway leading to his office, in a massive marble building, a bluff-looking man advanced to meet him.

"Look here, Wilde, I've been waiting here these fifteen minutes, and I'm in a deuce of a hurry too."

"I *am* a little behind time this morning," said Eustace, shaking the rain-drops in a dingy shower from his umbrella. "Come up to the office, Hall."

"I can't; I haven't a minute to stay. I just came round to see if you could pay that little bill."

"What bill?"

"Why, your share of the supper at D——'s, and the ride afterward."

"Oh! yes—yes. Well, how much is it?"

"Only a trifle—eight dollars."

Mr. Wilde leisurely opened his pocket-book and placed one or two bills in his companion's hand.

"That's right, I believe. A very unpleasant day. Good-morning, Hall!"

He ran briskly up the long flight of stairs, two steps at a time, while the shabby woman, who had been standing just outside the threshold during this colloquy, as if waiting for somebody, came into the vestibule to escape the driving rain.

"Give us a box of your very nicest cigars—tip-top!" bawled Jemmy Stokes, the office-boy, diving into the tobacco-store next door. "Quick! our boss is in a hurry. Ten dollars? that ain't much for a good article. I say, you might give me one for myself; I always get Mr. Wilde's cigars here."

"Take it, then, and get along with yourself," said the man of smoke. "What can I do for you, mem?"

"A penny-worth of Scotch snuff;" that was all the shabby woman in the faded brown cloak wanted. But even through the dingy veil her eyes sparkled—she must have been very fond of Scotch snuff!

The big bell of the City Hall was booming the first iron strokes of twelve as Mr. Wilde stood once more in the vestibule preparing to open his umbrella.

"Going to dinner, Martin?" he asked, as another legal luminary rattled down the stairs.

"Well, I suppose it's about time to think of such a thing," returned Mr. Martin.

"They have some capital turtle soup round the corner," said Wilde. "Come round with me, and try it, will you?"

Mr. Martin would certainly; he was not in the habit of declining such invitations, and the two set forth in high spirits. While close behind them glided the woman in brown!

The waiter looked a little surprised as the shabby apparition crept in and took her seat at one end of the long table where Eustace Wilde and his friend, Mr. Martin, had snugly established themselves; but waiters in a down-town restaurant soon cease to be surprised at any thing, and he came briskly forward to take her order.

"Cup o' tea, m'm—yes, m'm. Dry toast and sandwich—right off, m'm!"

Rather an abstemious meal compared with the dainty fare in which her neighbors were indulging—turtle soup, with flakes of unctuous green fat floating on the surface, roasted woodcocks, garnished with rich amber jelly, a bottle of rose-red claret to finish off with, and a basket of black Hamburg grapes, arranged with superb late peaches.

"Beg your pardon, m'm—you've got the wrong check—this 'ere's yourn!" ejaculated the waiter, as the woman in brown took up the check stamped "$6."

She laid it quietly down again: she had discovered all she wanted, and moved out of the restaurant as noiselessly as she had entered.

"It's very strange!" said Eustace Wilde, thoughtfully.

"What's strange?" inquired his friend, detaching a black-purple berry from the bunch of grapes on his plate.

"That woman who has just gone out in the faded cloak—did you observe what a delicate white hand she had?"

"She didn't look like one of the white-handed kind," observed Martin, carelessly.

"No; and that's what struck me as being so singular."

And with that Mr. Wilde dismissed the subject from his mind.

Meanwhile the little brown phantom sped swiftly down the next street, fluttered up the long flight of marble stairs, and tapped softly at the door of Eustace Wilde's snug office.

"Come in."

Jemmy Stokes was sitting on the corner of the table cutting his initials neatly on the green morocco cover—an operation which he called "keeping office." He looked up rather disdainfully.

"Is—is Mr. Wilde in?"

"Gone to dinner," said Jemmy, laconically. "Be back in twenty minutes. Take care, ma'am—your wet dress 'll spoil Mr. Wilde's new office-chair. Take the old 'un, if you please!"

"The old one" was a handsome arm-chair whose green leather cushions were scarcely defaced; the "new one" was a superb affair of black walnut and crimson reps, with a movable desk attached to the arm.

"Is that style of chair very expensive?" asked Maggie, meekly, motioning her head toward it.

"Guess it is!" returned Mr. Stokes, with laudable pride. "Let me see; the bill's here somewhere; it only came this morning. Oh! here it is. Forty-five dollars that 'ere chair cost."

As the visitor made no comment, Jemmy applied himself once more to the curl of the letter S on the morocco table-cover, secretly wondering what business that rusty female could have with the fashionable lawyer his master, while the penetrating eyes under the veil took in all the elegant little accessories of the luxurious office.

Click! click! came a pair of knuckles against the door. She started like a guilty thing, but it was only a half-grown boy, the very counterpart of Mr. James Stokes.

"Here's the books your boss ordered, and the bill."

"Jus' you leave 'em," said Jemmy; "Mr. Wilde 'll send the money round this arternoon. How much?"

"Twelve dollars fifty cents."

It was a handsome illustrated edition of a popular author, but the visitor dared not linger to look at it. Murmuring something about "calling again," she withdrew, much to Jemmy Stokes's relief. Nor was she too precipitate in her movements; for she turned into Broadway her cloak brushed against Eustace Wilde's broadcloth garments.

She hailed a passing stage with one finger of the little white hand that was so incongruous to her rusty dress and misshapen bonnet.

"Quite enough for *one* day," said the brown phantom to herself, as she stood on tip-toe to pay the fare. "I'll have a little settlement with my lord to-night that shall astonish him—rather!"

And she laughed until the dimples danced over her cheeks, all alone by herself in the stage, and careless of drenched skirts and driving rain.

She was sitting at her work-table, the brown hair shining like bands of satin, and the neat figure attired in a black silk dress trimmed with glistening bugles, when Eustace came in that night. The table was set in the middle of the room, forming a pretty picture with its pearly damask and gilded china, and the urn steamed merrily on the tray.

"This looks comfortable," said Eustace Wilde, throwing himself into an easy-chair; "it's a dreary night outside."

"Is it?" said Maggie, innocently.

"My dear, you haven't any idea *how* dreary," said Mr. Wilde. "That's one of your feminine advantages; we men are forced to battle with the world in *all* weathers!"

Mrs. Wilde took her seat at the tea-table without remark, but her lips twitched a little at the corners.

"Eustace," she said, when her husband had lighted his evening cigar, and was just taking up an uncut *Harper*, "I am ready for you to look over my day's housekeeping accounts."

"Ah, very right," said he, approvingly, glancing his eye down the column of petty items. "Bread—vegetables—starch—steaks—total, one dollar, sixty cents. Don't you think, my dear, that we might economize by Bridget's making our bread instead of buying it?"

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Wilde, smiling. "And now, Eustace, suppose we make a little estimate of *your* day's expenses."

Mr. Wilde started at his wife, as if he thought her slightly demented.

"What for?"

"Oh, just to compare our ideas of economy."

"Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all."

"But I don't remember—I couldn't tell!"

"Perhaps I can assist your memory a little, Sir. For your share of the supper at D——'s and the ride afterward, you paid eight dollars—a package of cigars, ten—a dinner of turtle soup, clar.., etc., six.. [illegible] office-chair—very splendid certainly—was forty-five—your illustrated edition of ——'s

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works, twelve dollars and a half. That amounts, I believe, to eighty-one dollars and fifty cents. Don't you think, my dear, you might *economize* a little?"

Eustace Wilde turned scarlet from his shirt collar to the roots of his hair. Had there been such a thing as a convenient chasm in the floor he must certainly have sunk into it.

"Maggie! are you a witch?"

"No, dear, I am only a woman."

"How the deuce did *you* know?"

"I found out," said Maggie, quietly; "I must confess that I had no idea how *very* expensive business was."

Eustace moved uneasily in his seat.

"I give it up, Maggie," he said; "I'll own you have me there. Be merciful, little woman, and don't abuse your victory. But I *do* wish I knew how you heard of it."

Maggie smiled. "If this is a specimen of every day's expenses, it's no wonder you can not spare any money for the Soldier's Fund, or—"

"*Don't*, Maggie!" he pleaded, hurriedly drawing out his purse, and placing it in her hands, "take what you wish, my dear."

"I'll be moderate," said Mrs. Maggie; "I suppose you would like to subscribe at *least* fifty dollars for the sick soldiers."

"Just whatever you please, my dear," said Eustace, with a grimace.

And from that day to this, whenever Maggie Wilde wants any extra funds, she has but to hint at "daily expenses" and Eustace's pocket-book flies open as if by magic, although he has never yet discovered *how* she found it out.

The Committee was agreeably surprised at Mr. Wilde's liberality in the matter of the Soldier's Fund; but then the Committee was ignorant of the marvelous victory achieved by the Woman in Brown.

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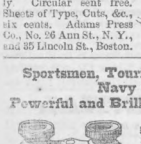
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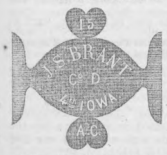
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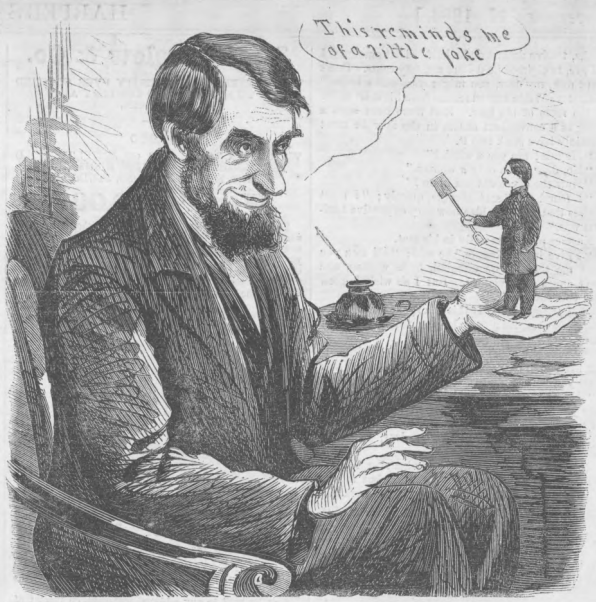
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 404.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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BRAVE Sherman! here, to many a soul,
Those glorious words of thine,
"Atlanta's ours, and fairly won,"
Come like a draught of wine.
The doubting spirit gains new faith,
And echoes back, "Right nobly done,
Atlanta's ours, and fairly won."

The nation's heart beats quick to hear
The double deadly blow,
Striking at once the rebel armed
And the secret traitor foe.
Bright shines again the Northern sun,
"Atlanta's ours, and fairly won."

Let this for ages be our cry,
In battle or in civil strife,
Whether with pen, or word, or sword,
We fight the fight of life.
We'll hand it down from sire to son,
"The victory's ours, and fairly won."

In coming years, when smiling fields
And sheaves of yellow grain,
When Commerce, Arts, and Industry
Surround us once again,
May we proclaim with head erect,
Fearful of naught, denied by none,
That "Peace is ours, and fairly won."

PEACE THROUGH VICTORY.

UPON pages 616 and 617 we print another picture by THOMAS NAST, who drew "Compromise with the South." Like that it tells its own story—Peace comes by victory, not by submission, nor by "an immediate cessation of hostilities." The triumph of the people over their enemies is the dawn of universal peace; the prison doors are opened and the captives go free; they close only upon traitors who have struck at the national heart. The soldier and sailor return to the loved ones who welcome them from a field of victory and honor, not of "armistice" and armed truce; the slave raises his head as a man; and wide-waving plenty and ripening summer overspreads the land, while in his solemn joy the patriot beholds in imagination every part of the land united, happy, and free. Our friend the artist has already shown us in all its abject woe what compromise means. He now reveals the radiant form of Peace by the steady prosecution of the war, by Victory, Union, and Liberty.

The admirable picture by MR. NAST in the *Weekly* of September 3 is an unanswerable argument. There will be no better in the campaign. The following stirring letter from a soldier is one expression of the universal satisfaction of loyal men with its simple truthfulness. The earnest protest of our correspondent against the craven platform at Chicago is the voice of the army. He and all his companions in arms need have no fear that their country will desert them, or believe, while a single rebel remains in the field, that "the experiment of war has failed:"



THE LATE REBEL GENERAL JOHN MORGAN.

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY, WEST VIRGINIA,
September, 1864.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

God bless you for the high and noble patriotism and loyalty of your sheet!

I can not restrain the exclamation that comes up from my heart on looking at your splendidly-designed engraving in the number for September 3 of "*Compromise with the South.*" I hope it will stir the blood of every Northern heart, as it fires that of every soldier who has fought through these terrible three years of slaughter begun by the fratricidal and murderous South. It would be *impossible* to depict more perfectly and feelingly what "Compromise with the South" means.

Allow me to say that no one but a *soldier*, who has suffered and bled at the hands of these vile traitors, can fully appreciate your noble picture. It deserves to be hung in a frame of gold on the walls of every household in the North. Oh, that those cowards at the North who desire "peace at any price" could be fired with one spark of the high and self-sacrificing spirit that animates the army! We who risk most and suffer most by the war desire *no peace till every black and crime-stained traitor heart is crushed in the dust, and every seed of future treason and rebellion annihilated.*

Accept the assurance that the army appreciates and honors you for the grand loyalty that your paper has always exhibited. Yours ever, in upholding the old flag,

A SOLDIER OF THE REPUBLIC.

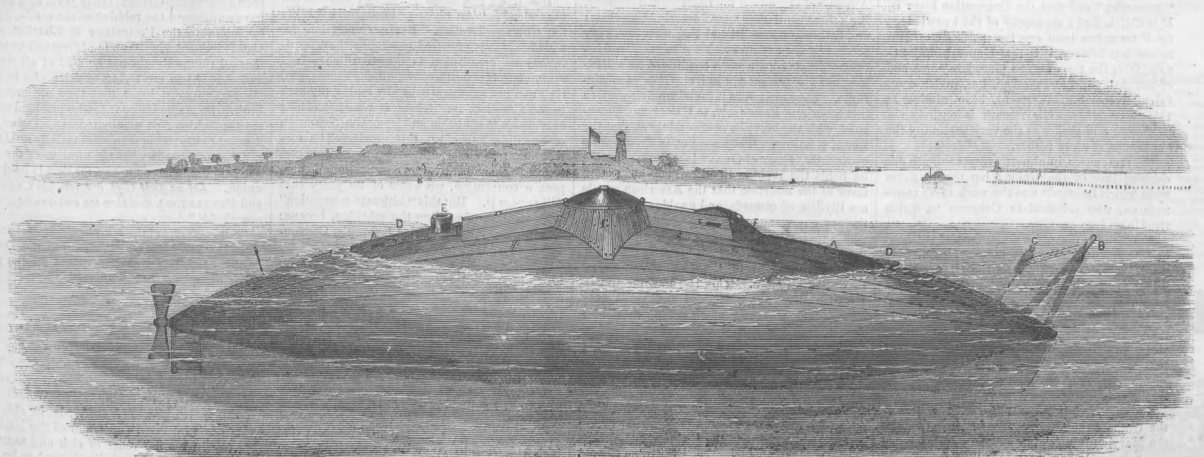
JOHN MORGAN.

THE late rebel General JOHN MORGAN, the most noted guerrilla leader of this war, was a native of Kentucky. When the war broke out he was a planter with considerable means; but he left his plantation and joined the Confederate army, when he was attached to General HARDEE'S division. After the capture of Nashville by the Federals, in the spring of 1862, he was left by General JOHNSTON on the opposite side of the Cumberland, to watch the movements of BUELL'S army. He did not, however, confine himself to regular operations of this nature, but gathered about him a set of adventurous young Kentuckians, whom he led in a series of predatory operations against railroads, supply-trains, and loyal citizens.

In the summer of 1863 MORGAN made a raid into Ohio, which terminated in his capture. With 28 of his command he was placed in the Ohio Penitentiary. He afterward escaped by means of a tunnel, and was promoted to a brigadier-generalship. The following are the incidents of his capture and death: MORGAN was on a reconnoissance near Greenville, in East Tennessee, September 4, and was lodging at an inviting house near the village. This house happened to be the residence of Mrs. WILLIAMS, whose husband is an officer on General BURNSIDE'S staff. When MORGAN was asleep Mrs. WILLIAMS procured a horse, rode fifteen miles, and returned with a company of Union soldiers. As they arrived at the house MORGAN had just awoke. He drew his revolver and undertook to escape, when he was fired upon and killed.

THE REBEL TORPEDO BOAT.

WE give below a sketch of the rebel torpedo boat which was designed to do so much injury to FARRAGUT'S fleet. FARRAGUT, while outside of the Bay, was in continual expectation of a visit from this boat, of which he had accurate information. She attempted to get out, but lost her reckoning, and the adventurers on board becoming frightened, dropped their torpedo, as it impeded their progress, and made their way back into the Bay again. After that, rough weather delayed the proposed expedition, and at last it was found that the boiler was not trust-worthy. She was sent to the city for a new one. Returning to Fort Morgan the new boiler exploded, killing the three men who managed her and sinking the vessel. The boat was made of wood, covered with sheathing of one-fourth inch iron. Her length was 38 feet, and her diameter 7 feet. The boat will be repaired for the use of the Federal fleet.



A, A. Dead Light.—B. Torpedo Projector.—C. Crane in elevating or lowering the Torpedo.—D, D. Kleets.—E. Smoke-stack.—F, F. Sight holes for Pilot or Helmsman.—G. Covering of Steam-drum.

REBEL TORPEDO BOAT.—[DRAWN BY R. WEIR, UNITED STATES NAVY.]

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THE SITUATION.

SLOW fades the summer in the leaf,
With steady pace the autumn comes,
And still our thro'bing pulses time
With bugle-note and roll of drums.

Still waves our starry flag on high
Its greeting to the broad blue dome,
And still we gather 'neath its folds
In spite of treacherous foes at home.

We heed no offerings of a Peace
That clouds the honor of our land:
Our hands will never yield the sword
Till firmly based the Right shall stand.

The giant cataract echoed loud
The calm reply our ruler gave:
"Restore the UNION of the States
And loose the fetters of the slave!"

Ah, not till then may battle cease,
Though thick the rain of blood and tears;
This sacred baptism of fire
Must purify the stains of years.

It was by blood the land was bought,
The precious blood which patriots give
To win the birth-right of mankind;
It is through blood that we shall live.

As Abraham, known in days of old,
Offered up Isaac in God's eyes;
Our land, the mother of us all,
Offers her sons a SACRIFICE.

On Southern slopes their graves are green,
No war dreams stir their tranquil sleep;
Theirs is a rest forever sealed,
Whether the Nation smile or weep.

Oh, let it not be all in vain
That these have died! The smoke-stained sky
Is ringing with the cry of "Peace!"
And men proclaim the end is nigh.

Oh, God of battles, hear our prayer
Above this wild and stormy din,
And grant that ere the leaves shall fall
Freedom and Peace be ushered in!

TO ——.

NAY, not so, dearest! Look into my eyes,
Giving the search its clearest, amplest range;
Look in my heart, and see if there arise
In all its palpitations, new or strange,
One pulse of doubt, or smallest sign of change!
We have come hence the common road along,
And ours the common lot: for we have seen
Some lights go out, and darkness fill the way,
And even then, our hearts so full of song,
Sang to each other, as we passed between
The storm and cloud-drifts of the waiting day.
Think you such love could its dear object wrong?
I have thy answer as I give thee mine;
Yet all I can bestow, how mean compared with thine!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

M'CLELLAN'S LETTER.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN may be a good rider, but it requires an extraordinary exercise of the skill of the most accomplished equestrian simultaneously to ride two horses going different ways. The chance is that he will fall between the two. His letter of acceptance is a worthy conclusion to the ignominious performance at Chicago. It is confused and verbose: wanting both the manly directness of the soldier and the earnest conviction of the patriot.

He begins by saying that the nomination was "unsought," and that the Convention knew it. If it did, it had a monopoly of the knowledge; for if there has been one fact perfectly evident in our late history, it is that General M'CLELLAN, from the time he was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, has, under careful advice and management, been aiming at this nomination. His remark is entirely superfluous, and shakes at the very beginning the confidence of every reader.

He announces in almost every sentence his devoted love of the Union; but the platform upon which he stands was the work of VALLANDIGHAM, who proposed in Congress to divide the Union into quarters.

He declares that the war ought to have been prosecuted only to maintain the Union. No man knows better than he that it never has been prosecuted for any other purpose, nor has any authorized person ever announced any other. When General M'CLELLAN bagged the entire Legislature of Maryland it was done to maintain the Union. When his friend VALLANDIGHAM was arrested it was for the same purpose. When the emancipation proclamation was issued it was to the same result.

He says that if the war had been waged for the Union only—and not, for instance, against the Maryland Legislature—"the work of reconciliation would have been easy." Easy! After Ball Run, for instance! This sentence is ludicrous, as showing General M'CLELLAN's profound ignorance of the causes and scope of this war; an ignorance manifested in every political paper he has ever issued, including his letter favoring Judge WOODWARD's election in Pennsylvania, an event openly desired by the rebels.

He says that when "our present adversaries"—meaning the rebels—clearly want peace "upon the basis of the Union," they ought to have it. Yes, and they will have it. The only basis of the Union is the Constitution. When the rebels submit to that, they will have peace of course. Nobody ever said otherwise, except those who nominated General M'CLELLAN.

He says:

"We should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practiced by civilized nations, and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country to secure such peace, re-establish the Union, and guarantee for the future the Constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace—we ask no more.

* * * * * * * *

"If a frank, earnest, and persistent effort to obtain those objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union. But the Union must be preserved at all hazards."

The Government of the United States, with the aid of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN and CANBY, and Admirals FARRAGUT, PORTER, and Captain WINSLOW, is making exactly that frank, earnest, and persistent effort for peace. The President is preserving the Union at all hazards. Why, then, does General M'CLELLAN oppose him? Why does he not assist those frank and earnest efforts? Or, after all his fine talk, does the Chicago candidate really mean the kind of earnest efforts that the Chicago Convention meant, "An immediate cessation of hostilities, or other peaceable means?"

It is a sorry plight for a man who once held the position that M'CLELLAN did in public confidence to be nominated by the party of national disgrace, and then exhaust his ingenuity in trying to hedge so as to seem not to be exactly of their opinion. If he is conscious that he does not represent their views, why not say so manfully. To accept their nomination upon so plain a platform is to declare himself, as he is, the candidate of those who made it, and of the party which has no objection to the Union provided only that Southern slaveholders control it, but who think that the only real enemies of the Union are American citizens who are unwilling to allow the slaveholders to override the laws.

The General's political strategy is no better than his military. As usual, he is too late. If he had instantly kicked over the platform the act would have shown an indignant and manly patriotism that would have helped him in the estimation of all honest citizens. But to devote a week to the vain effort of saying something that should please one part of his partisans and not alienate the other, and while he seemed to be in favor of the war yet to agree to stand upon a platform which pronounces it a failure, was simply to devote a week to his own defeat.

His letter is an attempt at political juggling in the midst of an earnest war. But the loyal people of the United States want no leader who gives an uncertain sound. They will weigh this letter in the scale with all the frank, manly, simple letters of the President, which leave no doubt of their meaning or of their author's position, and the juggling letter will be found wanting. They will compare it with the calm and earnest letters of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN and SEYMOUR and HAZEN and LOGAN, and will leave its writer among those whom of all American citizens he has chosen for his friends, those for whose success the rebel chieftains pray.

THE STATE NOMINATIONS.

THE Union State nominations have been made. REUBEN E. FENTON of Chautauqua is the candidate for Governor, and THOMAS G. ALVORD of Onondaga for Lieutenant-Governor. Both these gentlemen were formerly Democrats; and both are unconditional Union men. They are not in favor of an armistice to ask Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS upon what conditions he will allow the Government of the United States to continue. They are not in favor of sending word to SHERMAN and FARRAGUT, to CANBY and SHERIDAN, with the brave boys around them, that the war is a failure. They are not in favor of declaring that General GRANT is whipped because he holds the Weldon Road. They are not in favor of the assertion that the American people are lily-livered cowards, and unable to maintain their own government. Every man in the State who agrees with them will of course work and vote for them.

The resolutions of the Convention repeat those at Baltimore. This is right, for the issue throughout the country is substantially the same. The Governor of New York must be a man heartily in accord with the Administration, and sincerely believing in the cause of the country. The present Governor of the State is a magistrate dear to the rebel heart. He is a magistrate who does not hesitate to charge the responsibility of the rebellion upon the loyal States and people. He is a magistrate who declared publicly that if the Union could not be saved without emancipation the Union should be dissolved. Finally, he is the magistrate who calls the worst criminals "my friends," and who was President of the Convention which proposes to submit to the rebels. This is not the kind of chief magistrate that New York requires at this time. That officer must believe in the fundamental American doctrine of equal rights and fair play; in an unconditional Union; in the submission of armed rebels to the Constitution and the laws; in the national supremacy.

Mr. FENTON and Mr. ALVORD are unswervingly true to these cardinal points; while the extent and duration of their public services have given them each large experience and a wide familiarity with men and affairs.

Every national success in the field strengthens the Union ticket in the State as it does in the country. Is not that argument enough for every honest patriot? Principles need no explanation when the triumph of the national arms confirm them. That fact alone shows those principles to be national and the candidates who represent them to be men who agree with GRANT and FARRAGUT, with SHERMAN and PORTER, and with the vast majority of the American people.

COPPERHEAD THREATS.

TRUE to their belief that the American people are conquered by the rebels, and are craven enough to ask for terms, the Copperhead orators and papers hope to frighten those people still more by threatening them with civil war at home if the Copperhead candidate for Pesident is not elected.

This kind of talk comes naturally from those who wish to compromise with men who began civil war four years ago because their candidate was defeated. It comes naturally from those who believe that the States are sovereign powers, and that, therefore, citizens of the United States can not be forced to submit to their Government. It comes naturally from those whose reliance is not upon the intelligence but the ignorance of the people; from those who do not prevail by reasonable argument, but by appeals to the basest passions. It comes naturally from a "Conservatism" which burns orphan asylums and massacres men because they are poor and defenseless.

But those gentry sadly deceive themselves if they suppose the loyal people of this country are so deeply sunken in degradation as to surrender their right of voting freely to any threats of this kind. It is precisely because the Copperheads are capable of using such menaces in a political canvass that they will find themselves excluded from power by the people. For there is not a fool in the land who does not see, that, if they threaten violence when they find themselves in the minority, there is no enormity of which they might not be guilty if they found themselves actually in the majority.

THE CHICAGO PEACE-RECIPE.

THE Chicago Doctors tell us that, since it is proved we are beaten, we must ask the victors for an armistice, with a view to "an ultimate Convention." But upon what terms are the rebels likely to grant an armistice to those who confess that the war is a failure? When one adversary says to another, whom he is throttling while his knee is on his breast, "There, I see I can not whip you, now let's stop and talk"—what happens? The man who is under knows perfectly well that his only chance is to get his feet. So he has only to say, "Take your hand out of my throat, and your knee off my breast, and we'll see about it."

That is the first step. We must recall our armies and navies. The enemy frankly says that before we ask him. The armistice and immediate cessation of hostilities means the withdrawal of our forces. Are we sunk to that?

But if we are, if we go so far, what is the next step? "An ultimate Convention," reply the Chicago Doctors. But a convention for what? If it is proposed to change the Constitution, no convention is lawful which is not summoned by two-thirds of all the States, and they can not summon it but by taking the oath to the Constitution. There is no need of our offering an "armistice and immediate cessation of hostilities" to effect this result. The moment that the rebels lay down their arms and return to their loyalty, and constitutionally propose a convention, we know of no party that will oppose it. But this "ultimate convention" is no method of settling the rebellion, because the rebellion must be settled before the Convention is possible.

Now the real meaning of this talk about "an ultimate convention" is apparent enough from a remark in one of the most violent M'CLELLAN papers, that "we could not expect the South to come to a convention pledged in advance to accept the result." In other words, "the South," or the rebels, having taken an oath of fidelity to the Union so as to be able to hold a convention at all, would perjure themselves, and plunge into fresh war if they did not like the action of the convention. And the paper which makes this extraordinary statement also assumes that both sides would come into the Convention armed! In other words, that GRANT, FARRAGUT, and SHERMAN should remain just where they are, but should refrain from further demonstrations until the rebels had decided what terms they would offer us, and we had accepted or rejected them!

To any such ridiculous suggestion DAVIS would, of course, reply, "If you men of Chicago believe what you say, that you can not do what you have undertaken to do, take away your armies. You concede that the experiment of war has failed, and, therefore, whatever happens, you have no further need of soldiers." When we had done what he commanded he would add: "And now you want a convention. What for? To restore the Union which I spit upon, and which you confess you can't maintain by arms? Do you think I am going to give to blarney what I would not give to cannon-balls, and yield to M'CLELLAN's palaver what I refused to FARRAGUT's batteries? We rebels fought to dissolve the Union. You fought to retain it. You confess yourselves beaten. Do you suppose we love the Union any more dearly because you have shed our blood and desolated our lands? We despise the lot of you, and especially those who insist upon licking the boots that kick them." And so "not being pledged in advance to accept the result," but being pledged exactly not to accept it, JEFF DAVIS and Company would depart to their own place.

This is the peace-recipe of the Chicago Doctors. Are faithful citizens of the United States ready for such tragical tomfoolery? This is what one of his sycophants calls "the strangely mature statesmanship" of General M'CLELLAN. Would not statesmanship a little less "strange" serve our purpose at this juncture? Is not the practice of Doctors GRANT, SHERMAN, FARRAGUT, SHERIDAN, PORTER, and CANBY somewhat more consistent with the character and purposes of the loyal American people than this of Doctors M'CLELLAN and VALLANDIGHAM, and the Chicago school?

"CONSERVATIVE" RIBALDRY.

IF any of our readers are really wondering which is the "Conservative" party in this election; which candidates a peaceable, thoughtful, self-respecting citizen ought to vote for, let him look over the following list of epithets applied to the Constitutional President of the United States by the men who obstreperously vociferate that they are "Conservative." Is this the spirit of that wise Conservatism which every good citizen respects? Is there any partisan ribaldry so disgusting since the *Aurora* bespattered General WASHINGTON with invective? These are the terms applied by the friends of General M'CLELLAN to the President:

Filthy Story-Teller,	**Ignoramus Abe,**
Despot,	**Old Scoundrel,**
Big Secessionist,	**Perjurer,**
Liar,	**Robber,**
Thief,	**Swindler,**
Braggart,	**Tyrant,**
Buffoon,	**Fiend,**
Usurper,	**Butcher,**
Monster,	**Land-Pirate,**

A Long, Lean, Lank, Lantern-Jawed, High-Cheeked Boned Spavined Rail-Splitting Stallion.

Is the party whose orators and papers incessantly speak of the President of the United States in such terms, a party to which the Government of this country should be intrusted?

THE CHICAGO KEY-NOTE.

A DR. ALLEN recently said at a meeting of the "Democratic" club in Washington that we must let the rebels go, if we could not agree upon the terms of their return. But Dr. ALLEN is probably a young man. AMOS KENDALL is not. AMOS KENDALL is old enough to have been Postmaster-General thirty years ago, and to have authorized the robbing of the mails. (Instructions to the Postmaster at Charleston in 1835.) AMOS KENDALL is old enough to know that all things should not be said at all times; and that if you are trying to drive pigs to Killarney you must insist that they are going to Cork. So AMOS KENDALL, who presided at the meeting which first nominated M'CLELLAN, remarked to the young man substantially: "Don't say that. That is what the minions of the despot LINCOLN wish us to say, for that is bald disunion. *Let us first elect our men* (M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON), *and then we can do whatever is practicable.*"

This, says one of the most belligerent "peace" papers, "gives the true key-note to the Democratic music." Of course it does, for the tune is disunion.

THE SOLDIERS' VIEW.

THE New York Secretary of State has sent the blank ballots to the army for the New York soldiers. Those soldiers will not be likely to forget that the Union candidate for Governor of the State, REUBEN E. FENTON, is the able and efficient and devoted Chairman of the National Committee for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. He does not believe, nor has he ever believed, that the war was a failure, and that the imperial State ought to ask pardon of rebels; nor that the triumphs of SHERMAN, and FARRAGUT, and the deadly grip of GRANT, are grounds for asking "an immediate cessation of hostilities."

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"AT ALL HAZARDS."

GENERAL M'CLELLAN, in accepting the nomination of a Convention which says that the war has failed and that there must be an immediate cessation of hostilities to arrange a peace, declares, with a fine flourish, that the Union must be preserved at all hazards. His friend, HORATIO SEYMOUR, the President of the Convention, differs from him. Mr. SEYMOUR says that if the Union can be preserved only by emancipation, then to save Slavery the Union must go.

Yet Mr. SEYMOUR will vote for General M'CLELLAN. Does not that fact give us a glimpse behind the scenes?

Mr. SEYMOUR further says that the candidate is the representative of principles. Of what principles? Clearly of those who nominated him.

Will every Union man weigh these things?

A SHOT FROM FARRAGUT.

IN his dispatch to Commodore PALMER, at New Orleans, Admiral FARRAGUT says: "Congratulate the General commanding.....*Nothing could have been more harmonious than our combined operations. We had no ambition to excel each other but in the destruction of the enemy's works.*"

Are not these timely words for dissatisfied Union men to ponder? Ought we to have any other object than the destruction of the enemy's works at Chicago and elsewhere, and the defeat of all their Generals commanding?

THE PRESIDENT.

THE great service that the President has done for this country and for civilization has been often considered in these columns. But we commend to the careful attention of our readers the following thoughtful little essay, which foretells what we believe will be the verdict of history:

When a ship, after a long and tedious voyage, is met by head-winds and unfavorable currents as she slowly approaches her destined haven, a feeling of disappointment and despondency takes possession of the passengers and the crew, and each one attributes to the officer of the ship the inevitable and necessary delays and discouragements to which they are subjected. Instead of looking forward to the near and certain land to which they are bound they turn their eyes resolutely backward, and, persuade themselves that all the troubles in the past are to be gone over anew, and that the momentary delay from which they are suffering could have been avoided had a different course been pursued in some previous part of the voyage. A few days, however, generally suffice to change all this. The long wished-for land is sighted, certainty takes the place of disappointed hopes, and they feel with mortification and regret how unjust they have been to the officer whose every hour and thought has been devoted to their welfare, and who has at length brought them with safety, and with a prosperous voyage, to the end of their journey. Long after every other incident of the voyage has faded from their minds they remember and long to recall the unreasonable and unjust accusations that a moment of impatience caused them to utter toward one to whom their safe return home was in so large a measure due.

In just such a situation do we find ourselves at the present time. The voyage is nearly over; we can almost feel the land-breeze wafting over the waters, and see the land birds fluttering around us; our charts and our observations all give us assurance that we are near the end of our journey; but because we can not see the land and put our feet upon it, we are disposed to be anxious and captious, and to lay blame on our faithful and vigilant leader. Let us be more manly and more just. Let us remember how upright and courageous our President has been in the dark and anxious days we have passed through. How manfully and persistently he has met disaster and defeat, always hopeful and always calm in the midst of the greatest dangers and trials.

It is not of so great importance to Mr. LINCOLN's future fame that he should or should not be elected President for another term. His great record is written, and can never be effaced. In a few short months we may be at the end of our great troubles, and, let us hope, free forever from the anxieties that now beset us. But when that time comes, when history and tradition repeat beside every fireside in the land the trials and the dangers and the heroism of each most faithful and noble veteran, then it will be said: "And he, too, never faltered: he marched with us side by side: he believed in us when so many desponded: he risked all to support and sustain and reinforce us. We and he worked together with one heart to remove the dark stain of Slavery from our national honor; and if we deserve any credit for what we have done in restoring our land to unity and peace and justice, he with us shall ever receive a common share."

This is a fame which no station or absence of station can add to or diminish. His work, like that of the most obscure soldier whose body lies buried under the sod of Gettysburg or Antietam, has been done, and faithfully done, and no act of others can destroy or weaken or increase its honor. Faithful and consecrated to the service of his country, his memory, though it were as nameless as that of any private in our armies or any nurse in our hospitals, will, like theirs, be sweet in the heart of every true American so long as the humblest hamlet remains to keep up the tradition of a good citizen. So manly and modest a character, so faithful to every duty, so forgiving and so generous, with a sagacity so eminent, and exercised with so much intelligence and such an absence of guile that his strongest enemies and those of our country have no so ardent wish as to see him replaced in the position of influence he occupies by some other, any other, man. The discontinuance of power does not imply with him cessation of influence. To his successor, whoever he may be or whenever he may come, we can only say, "Walk as nearly in his steps as you can, and you can not, and you will not in the end, fail of the support of all loyal hearts. Think as much of the humblest soldier as of the most distinguished general; be as just to the interests of the poorest citizen as to those of the most importunate suitor; be slow to come to a decision, and slower to change from it; dare to be unpecuniar in the performance of imperative duty; set an example of calm confidence and religious trust in the bear of gloom and despondency; and you, like him, shall have it written on your tombstone and on the hearts of your fellow-countrymen, 'He, too, was worthy to be an American citizen.'"

It is not our desire in these lines to introduce the merits of party considerations or of partisan success. Our appeal is to higher and nobler motives. Let us strive to recall, and to cherish the remembrance of his long and faithful efforts at co-operation with all the highest and best purposes which have actuated our country in the great and earnest struggle in which we are engaged. Let us aim to imitate his unfaltering tenacity of purpose in the attainment for our country of a permanent Union and liberty, worthy of the traditions into which we were born; then, indeed, the question of who is to be our next President will be one which we need not consider with solicitude; while by such thoughts and such purposes we shall have paid the highest tribute which a free people are able to bestow upon one who has earned so great a claim upon our respect and our gratitude. G. C. W.

WANTED, A LITTLE GOOD SENSE.

ANOTHER friend writes: "The party that went for peace at Chicago has gone to pieces at Atlanta. But the want of practical good sense on the part of some of our friends pains me. The real question at issue is so simple, and the importance of solving it correctly so immense, that I am surprised alike at the confusion of mind and the failure of appreciation of the stake among those who are most deeply interested in the result. Even if Mr. LINCOLN were not, as I believe, the best candidate, he is now the only possible one for the Union party; and surely, such being the case, personal preferences should be sunk in consideration of the unspeakable evil to which their indulgence may lead."

A WORD IN SEASON.

GENERAL DIX has written the following letter to Mr. WARD HUNT, who had asked to be allowed to use the General's name as a candidate for Governor of New York:

"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
NEW YORK CITY, *Sept.* 5, 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received yours of the 3d instant, and thank you for your kind suggestion. I could not, however, accept the nomination for Governor if it were tendered to me. I am not, for that reason, the less earnest in my desire to do all in my power to sustain the Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion—an object to be effected, in my judgment, by a steady and unwavering prosecution of the war.

"I am, my dear Sir, truly yours,
"JOHN A. DIX."

General DIX favors "a steady and unwavering prosecution of the war," not "an immediate cessation of hostilities."

THE VOICE OF "A MAN."

HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, for the last four years representative in Congress from the Chicago District, recently withdrew as a candidate for re-election in consequence of a sharp contest among the Union men. He writes a dignified and manly letter, concluding as follows, in words and in a spirit which we commend to all those in the Union ranks who are disposed to indulge their personal griefs:

"In my judgment the next ninety days will decide the fate of our country. Disguised and covered up as it may be, it will really be a contest between war for liberty and the Union and a humiliating peace. It will be a contest between patriotic self-sacrifice and narrow selfishness, as well as between heroic loyalty and sympathy with traitors. I need scarcely add that my efforts for the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN will not be lessened, and that I shall labor, as heretofore, for the utter destruction of Slavery and the restoration of the Union on the basis of liberty to all."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE armies of the Union have never at any period of the war been so favorably situated as they are to-day. With Hood's army driven out of Atlanta, and with Lee's army rendered, by the judicious disposition of the Federal forces in Virginia, incapable of assuming the offensive, with reinforcements poured every day by thousands into the Federal armies, while every day witnesses the diminution of the rebel armies both by desertion and the inevitable attrition of war, the victory of our national Government over this shameful rebellion can not be far distant. According to our Lieutenant-General's estimate the rebel desertions amount to one regiment per day. Every rebel reverse like the fall of Atlanta multiplies in a continually increasing ratio the number of these desertions. General Grant, in order to encourage rebels to come into our lines, has issued a proclamation assuring them that they would not be compelled to enter the Federal army, but would receive free transportation to any point within our lines. The sole circumstance affording courage to armed rebels is the disposition on the part of the Chicago Democratic party to sue to the rebel authorities for peace.

GRANT AND SHERIDAN.

There is no important intelligence from the Army of the James. There is every reason to believe that Lee's army behind its intrenchments at Petersburg was reduced to the lowest possible limit in order to render Early master of the situation in the Shenandoah Valley. Grant, taking advantage of this depletion in his immediate front, seized upon the Weldon Road, and has held it with his accustomed tenacity. At the same time the Federal army in the Valley was reorganized and reinforced, and Early was obliged to take the defensive. At one time we have a rumor that Lee is reinforcing Early, and then again that Early is reinforcing Lee; but in neither case is there any certainty. Since the engagement at Berryville on the 3d there has been no action of importance in the Valley. On the 4th Mosby captured one of Sheridan's ambulance trains of 35 wagons, filled with wounded.

SHERMAN.

The following letter from General Sherman gives the details of the capture of Atlanta:

"ATLANTA, *September* 7.

"On the 25th of August, pursuant to a plan of which the War Department had been fully advised, I left the Twentieth Corps at the Chattahoochie Bridge, and with the balance of the army I drew off from the siege, and using some considerable artifice to mislead the enemy,

"I moved rapidly south, reached the West Point Railroad near Fairborn on the 27th, and broke up twelve miles of it. When moving east my right approached the Macon Railroad near Jonesborough, and my left near Rough and Ready. The enemy attacked the right wing of the Army of the Tennessee, and were completely beaten.

"On the 31st, and during the combat, I pushed the left of the centre rapidly to the railroad above, between Rough and Ready and Jonesborough.

"On the 1st of September we broke up about eight miles of the Macon Road, and turned on the enemy at Jonesborough, assaulted him and his lines, and carried them, capturing Brigadier-General Gorman and about 2000 prisoners, with eight guns and much plunder. Night alone prevented our capturing all of Hardee's corps, which escaped south that night.

"That same night, Hood, in Atlanta, finding all his railroads broken and in our possession, blew up his ammunition, seven locomotives and eighty cars, and evacuated Atlanta, which, on the next day, September 2, was occupied by the corps left for that purpose, Major-General Slocum commanding, we following the retreating rebel army to near Lovejoy's station, thirty miles south of Atlanta, where, finding him strongly intrenched, I concluded it would not 'pay' to assault as we already had the great object of the campaign, viz., Atlanta. Accordingly the army gradually and leisurely returned to Atlanta; and it is now encamped eight miles south of the city, and the railroad will move to the camps appointed. I am now writing in Atlanta, so I could not be uneasy in regard to our situation.

"We have as the result of this quick, and, as I think, well-executed movement, 27 guns, over 3000 prisoners, and have buried over 400 rebel dead, and left as many wounded; they could not be removed.

"The rebels have lost, besides the important city of Atlanta and stores, at least 500 dead, 2500 wounded, and 3000 prisoners, whereas our aggregate loss will not foot 1500.

"If that is not success, I don't know what is.

(Signed) "SHERMAN, Major-General."

It was Hardee's corps, together with General S. L. Lee's and Cleburne's commands, which fought the battle of Jonesborough on the rebel side. The rebel Generals Anderson, Patten, and Cummings were wounded. The capture of Atlanta renders useless any of the rebel attempts on Sherman's communications.

FARRAGUT.

During the siege of Mobile, and up to the surrender of Fort Morgan, August 24, our loss in all was one ship sunk by a torpedo, one burned through infrection of orders, and 330 men killed and wounded, half of whom were killed by drowning or the fire of the enemy. On the other hand, we took from 1700 to 1800 prisoners, captured the two best vessels of the enemy, forced them to burn the gun-boat *Gaines*, and drove the rest of their fleet beyond the obstructions. Three forts, with one hundred guns of heavy calibre, with all their material, were unconditionally surrendered to us.

The rebel gun-boat *Morgan* escaped to Mobile, and the gun-boat *Powell* was blown up to prevent her falling into our hands. The United States steamer *Oneida* suffered more than any other vessel; Commander J. R. Mulaney lost his left arm. The second day after the surrender of Fort Morgan a torpedo was accidentally exploded in the breach, killing five and wounding four men of the *Seminole*, killed two of General Granger's men, and took off both arms of one of the *Metacomet's* men.

The pilot of the *Hartford* was wounded. Admiral Buchanan was doing well and would not lose his leg. Commander Murphy of the *Selma* was wounded and doing well. Commander J. D. Johnston of the rebel ram *Tennessee* was in the hospital at Pensacola. The executive officer of the *Tennessee*, W. L. Bradford, is a prisoner on the United States frigate *Potomac*.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

The Union State Convention met at Syracuse on the 7th of September. Hon. Reuben E. Fenton was nominated as candidate for Governor, and Thomas G. Alvord for Lieutenant-Governor. Horace Greeley and Preston King were appointed Presidential Electors at large.

THE ELECTION IN MAINE.

The election in Maine September 12 resulted in the choice of Samuel Cony, the Union candidate, for Governor. The Union majority is 20,000, a large gain upon that of last year.

ITEMS.

Brigadier-General J. E. Mower has been promoted to a Major-Generalship.

The Government has no apprehensions of difficulty with England on account of the seizure of the pirate *Georgia*, notwithstanding she had been sold to Portugal. It is a well-settled principle of English maritime law, that belligerent's vessels shall not be transferred from neutral ports during hostilities between the belligerent parties.

At the municipal election in Baltimore, September 6, the Union men carried the city by 450 majority, electing every candidate in every Ward.

The Democratic State Convention of Illinois was held in Springfield September 6. Hon. James C. Robinson was nominated for Governor, and S. Corning Judd for Lieutenant-Governor.

Colonel Thomas Egan, Fourteenth New York, has been appointed Brigadier-General for bravery in the field, on General Grant's recommendation.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.—The year used to be reckoned to contain 365 days 6 hours; but, strictly speaking, the year only contains 365 days, 48 minutes, 48 seconds. In 1752 there were eleven days over, and by Act of Parliament, the 2d was called the 13th, and the reckoning and the true motion made to agree. The new style is called the Gregorian style, because it was introduced by Pope Gregory XIII., at Rome, introduced it as early as the year 1582, when the vernal equinox fell on the 11th instead of the 21st, and ten days were dropped. The Romans added the day on leap-year on the 6th of the calends of March, making two *sixths*, or *bis sextus*, and hence the expression Bissextile year, or leap-year. A leap-year is the year that divides evenly by four, and, consequently, the present year is a leap-year, when any ladies who feel so disposed have, according to an old saying, the right to "pop the question." In England, until 1752, we began the year at the vernal equinox, and to make dates agree with those of other nations, between January and Lady-Day, our writers used to put two dates thus, February 7, $\frac{1738}{1739}$ the bottom date being that from January the 1st, and the upper that from the previous Lady-Day. The Russians still adhere to the old style.

JOY is of itself worth something, if only that it crowds out something worse before one lays down his heavy head and sinks into nothingness.

How much authors change their opinions of their own works according to their time of life is illustrated by the following anecdote. Baron Haller was in his youth devoted to poetry. His house was on fire, and to rescue his poems he rushed through the flames; he contrived to rescue his manuscripts, but ten years after he condemned to the flames the very poems which he had risked his life to preserve.

THE following anecdote furnishes a good suggestion to ministers and lecturers who are troubled with inattentive audiences: At a public meeting held at Antwerp a few days since, one of the speakers, M. Van Ryswick, was received with such clamor by some of the persons that he could not obtain a hearing. He accordingly sat down, produced a pack of cards, and asked one of his neighbors to join him in a game of piquet till the noise should cease. This humorous expedient had the effect of instantaneously stilling his opponents.

THE Montreal *Herald* describes a horrible scene which was recently witnessed in Canada. The court-house and prison of St. Scholastique caught fire, the flames spreading with great rapidity. The prison contained six prisoners—three men and three women. The men were with difficulty rescued. The women could not be reached. One of them appeared at a window and piteously implored "*Mon Dieu, sauvez nous! sauvez nous!*" To relieve her was now beyond the power of man. Men, women, and children who were spectators of this scene fell on their knees, praying the Almighty to pity her.

On the topmost step of a fragile ladder were the feet of the Rev. M. Barnabe, with hands clasping the iron bars, imploring the poor creature to prepare to meet her God. Here, at the risk of his life, he gave the dying creature the last consolation of his Church. Ere it was completed the black smoke became red, and in it the poor girl fell back to be neither heard nor seen again. Her mother and sister were victims with her, but neither of them were seen or heard from the outside; suffocation, no doubt, came early over them. These three women had been confined for destroying a newly-born infant.

TOBACCO became fashionable through Sir Walter Raleigh, but by the caution he took in smoking it privately it is clear he did not wish to have the custom imitated. But sitting one day with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called for some small-beer. The fellow coming into the room threw all the liquor into his master's face, and running down stairs called out, "Help! help! Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out at his mouth and nose."

ABSOLUTE, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind.

YOUNGER, in his "River Angling," gives the following hint to persons who are too tenderly inclined to go a-fishing: "On the falling in of a flood the trout soon perceives, and sets out on his foray, first on the easy eddies, and anons in the small flies in thousands, filling his stomach on dainties to repletion. Cut up a trout of a pound weight in such a time, and see in his throat and stomach ten thousand blue midge flies going into a mash among six or eight pars and minnows, and find that he has also been so greedy as to take your fly or minnow over all; and then don't be sorry for having *nabbed* him, and saved a million more of flies and small fish, each life as precious as his. From the stomach of a trout of about the above weight I have cut out six small trouts, pars, or smolts, averaging five inches long: the one first swallowed digested nearly to the bones, the last, whole and entire, still stuck in the gullet for lack of capacity in the stomach equal to the voracity of its nature. This trout took my imitation fly over and above this gorged bellyful, by which it was caught."

He says also: "I have known two fishers, each of whom has, at periods more than twenty years apart, met with the self-same occurrence in the very same place. The fish took the bait, and was run some time from near the head to the foot of the stream, when, by some accident, the line was broken, or cut on a rock, within a foot or two of his mouth, when the fisher coolly put on a new tackle and bait, went up and began again at the end of the cast, and exactly on the same spot, hooked him again with much less ceremony than at the first, as the fish seized it this last time with great eagerness, and was run and landed with the first bait—hooks, gut, worms, and all—hanging in his throat."

THE murder of Mr. Briggs on the Great Northern Railway in England appears to have rendered the English people over-nervous. A few days ago a Duke was traveling by rail, and the sole occupant of a first-class carriage, when at an intervening station another passenger got in in a hurry. No sooner did he perceive that there was but one passenger in the carriage than he called out pretty hastily, "Guard, guard, let me out!" The train, however, started immediately, and the stranger dropped into his seat, looking exceedingly nervous, and ventured at length to say, "It's rather an awkward thing traveling with only one man nowadays." The Duke, whose frank and open countenance might satisfy the most suspicious, appreciated the joke, but did not take the advantage of it he fairly might, and replied, good-naturedly, "Well, if you are not afraid of me I am not afraid of you."

MOST lives, though their stream is loaded with sand and turbid with alluvial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom as they flow along.

THE latest discovery in portraiture is an invention styled by the patentee the "Casket or Crystal Cube Miniature," by which a solid image of your head is, by some development of the photographic art, seen looking, with a strange, living reality, from out of the centre of a small cube of crystal, every feature standing out in as perfect relief as though chiseled by the hands of fairy sculptors.

WE have frequently heard of the power of the imagination, but the following instance, which lately occurred in France, affords a novel illustration: A respectably-dressed man of about fifty called on a man at St. Etienne, and said, "I am a builder by trade, and in making my contracts am sometimes obliged to drink rather too freely. Finding myself lately indisposed in consequence of these excesses I was advised to apply to M. X——, of Caux, who had, I was told, a secret of sovereign efficacy in such cases. I followed the recommendation and took the remedy, which consisted of a white powder done up in small packets; but instead of being cured I find I am poisoned, and I have been told this morning that the remedy is arsenic. Yes, Sir," continued the speaker, with great violence, 'I am poisoned, and already to-day I have had one violent attack.'" While speaking his countenance changed, his breathing became heavy, and throwing himself back in a chair he exclaimed, "I am going to have another—I am dying—help! help!" The doctor went toward him and found that he was dead. A post-mortem examination proved that the man died from paralysis of the pectoral muscles, brought on by violent emotion produced by a diseased imagination. No trace of poison existed. The white powder was analyzed, and turned out to be not arsenic, but simply sugar of milk, a completely harmless substance.

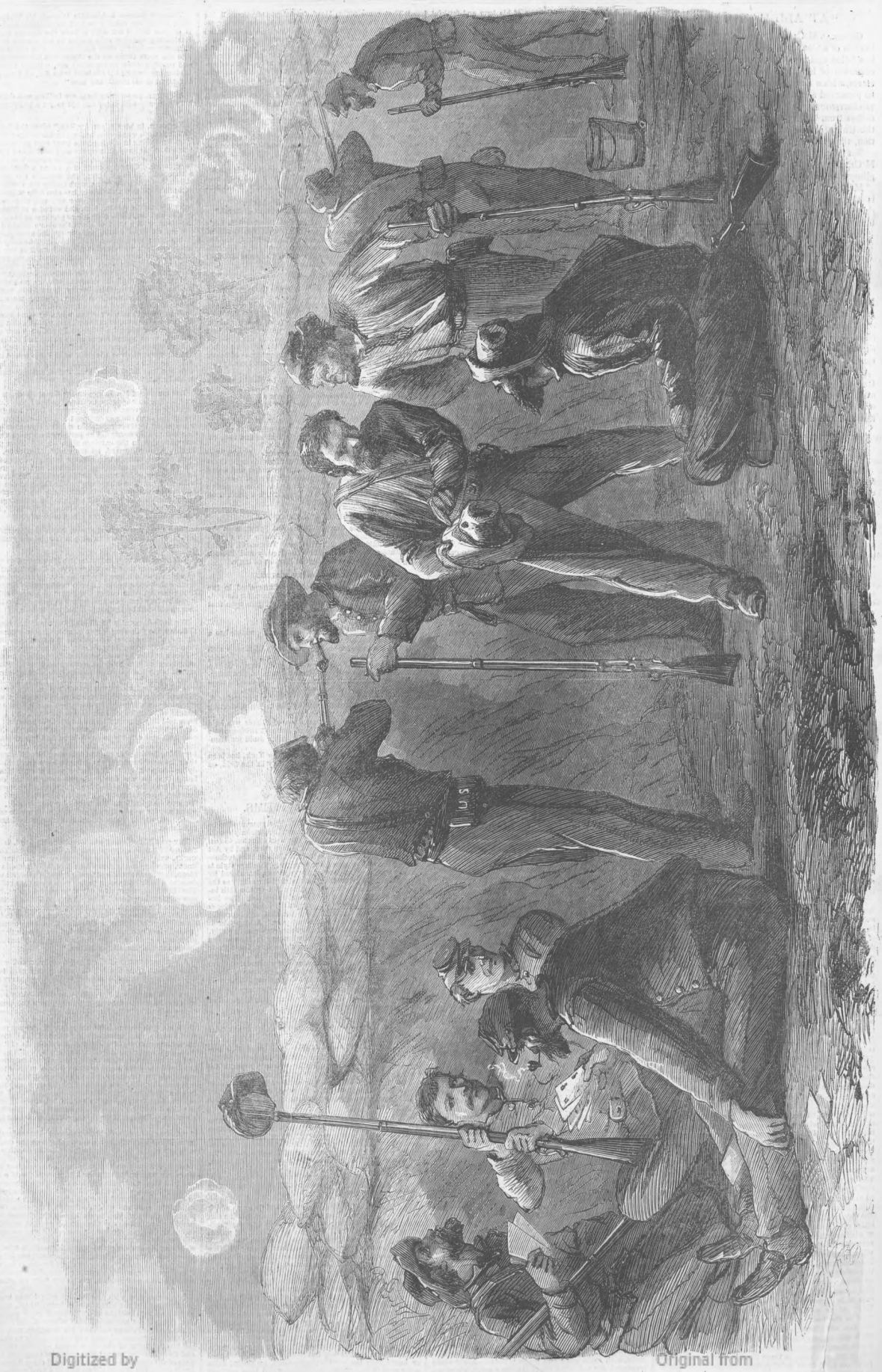
THE poet Milton's house in Barbican, England, is to be removed for railway purposes. Mr. Dunn, foreman of the works, writes: "It may be interesting to antiquaries to know, previous to the demolition of Milton's house in Barbican, that there are relics there in course of removal which deserve a better fate than to be carried away as rubbish. The old school-room and study were almost entire, but is now partly taken down. The oak around these apartments is still on the ground. Only forty panes of glass from the original windows are there. There may be more to interest collectors of objects of this kind than I am aware of; but, previous to the utter removal of every atom from the premises, I shall be happy to admit any party having an interest in the 'memoir' of Milton."

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Athenæum*, writing from Naples, gives the following items in regard to discoveries lately made in Pompeii: "Just two years ago I communicated to you my good fortune in witnessing, during a visit to Pompeii, the disinterment of a baker's oven, with its full batch of loaves untouched since the moment, eighteen hundred years ago, when they were there deposited by the unforeboding baker, for the sales on that morrow which he was fated never to see. In my present visit I find myself close upon the track of the discovery, hardly less curious, of another of the elements of human life—that of an ancient well, with its waters still as fresh and sparkling as when, on the day of the great catastrophe, the *aquarius* of the house to which it belongs drew from it the supply for the last meal of the doomed family. The well is in the cellar of a house which has been very recently excavated, and in which have been discovered many objects of interest, especially a small but beautiful statue, of which I shall have occasion to speak later. The well is about sixty-five feet in depth, and still retains about fifteen feet of water.

"Among the relics of a bakery preserved in the local museum is one which throws a curious light on the domestic arrangements of the Pompeian baker, being no other than one of the dishes which were actually in process of preparation for dinner on the very day of the catastrophe! Upon the cooking-stove in the kitchen was found a stew-pan half filled with ashes, and in the bottom appeared an indurated mass, which Signor Fiorelli rightly conjectured to have been produced by some of the viands which lay within the pan, and which, although long since decomposed, had left their impress on the now consolidated ashes. Acting upon this happy thought, he applied in this instance the same ingenious process which was so successfully adopted in reproducing that painfully life-like group of human figures described with such terrible fidelity in one of your former numbers; and the result has fully justified his anticipations, being an exact fac-simile in bronze of a young pig, which was being stewed for the family dinner at the very moment when they were surprised by the stroke of doom.

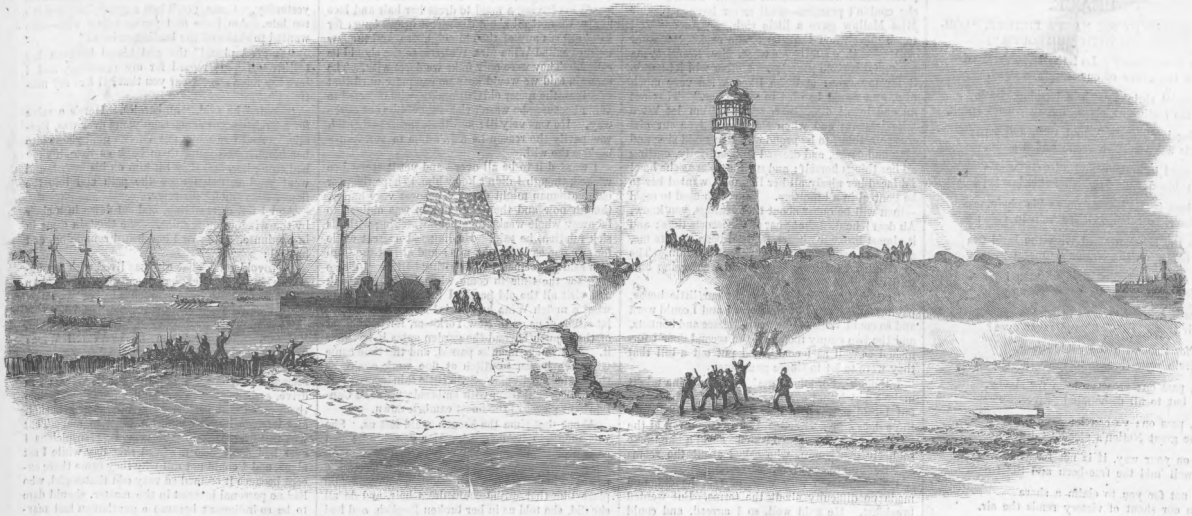
"In connection with this curious relic I may mention the discovery of the skeleton of a horse, which, together with two other skeletons of horses found many years ago, has, through the anatomical skill of one of the Members of the Academy, been carefully put together, and placed in one of the rooms. I have had the curiosity to examine the 'tooth-marks' of the most recent of these skeletons, and find that the animal was just five years old at the time of the destruction of the fifth. All these horses were small-sized, but of good shape, and of a type still common in Southern Italy."

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GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.

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FORT MORGAN JUST AFTER THE SURRENDER, AUGUST 23, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE SLATER.]

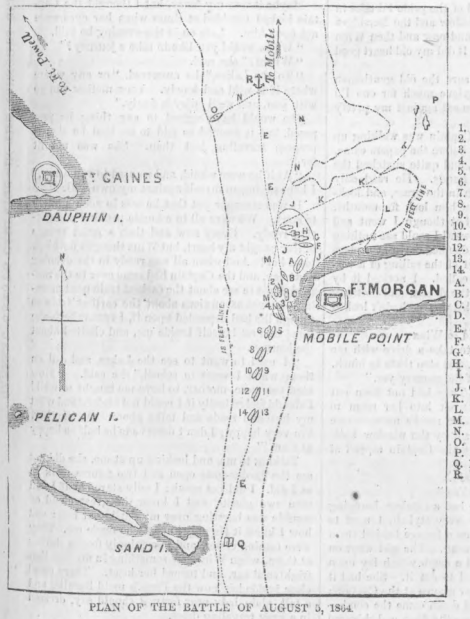
FARRAGUT OFF MOBILE.

WE give on this page sketches of Fort Morgan, the Light-house at Fort Morgan, the United States steamer *Brooklyn*, and the plan of the battle in Mobile Bay. The latter is official, as it is the plan which our artist drew for Admiral FARRAGUT.

The view of Fort Morgan dates just after its surrender. The principal feature of this sketch, as also of those representing the light-house and the *Brooklyn*, is the illustration given of the effects of the battle. If our ordnance wrought havoc in the fort and battered the sides of the light-house in the bombardment of August 22, the fire of Fort Morgan also, in the action on August 5, left its mark upon the vessels of our fleet. Of this the plan of the *Brooklyn*, given in the accompanying sketch, is a good illustration. The *Brooklyn* being the leading ship in the action of course suffered especially. She was struck fifty-nine times in hull, spars, and rigging. She was hulled thirty-five times, and her mainmast was shot through four times. She was also considerably cut up in the port-side. Some shot-holes are so situated as not to be shown. Admiral FARRAGUT, being on board of the *Brooklyn* a few days ago, remarked that he had never seen a ship so much cut up before. The other vessels were injured in proportion to their relative exposure.

THE "BRANDYWINE."

WE give on page 620 a sketch by JAMES S. CONANT, illustrating the destruction of the receiving-ship *Brandywine* by fire at Norfolk Sept. 3, 1864. At 2½ A.M. the alarm was given by the guard to the officer on deck. In a short time the entire hold was a mass of flames. The decks were burned through in several places before the men could be got up with their hammocks. No lives were lost. The destruction of the ship was complete, and none of her stores were saved. The fire is supposed to have originated in some cotton waste brought down a few days previously by the *Newbern*. This combustible matter communicating with oil and turpentine needed only a spark to ignite, and once on fire it was impossible to save the vessel. The *Brandywine* was an old line-of-battle ship. She was the vessel which carried LAFAYETTE back to his native country on his second return. She was one of the relics of olden time, now rapidly passing away to give place to the new order of affairs. The loss to the Government, with the stores, amounts to over a million of dollars. There are rumors that the ship was set on fire by the crew, but these are without foundation. The fire broke out in the forehold, and as there was a vigilant guard it was no doubt an accident.



1. Brooklyn
2. Octorara
3. Hartford
4. Metacomet
5. Richmond
6. Port Royal
7. Lackawanna
8. Seminole
9. Monongahela
10. Kennebec
11. Ossipee
12. Itasca
13. Oneida
14. Galena

Wooden Vessels.

A. Tecumseh, sunk by torpedo
B. Manhattan
C. Winnebago
D. Chickasaw

Iron-clads.

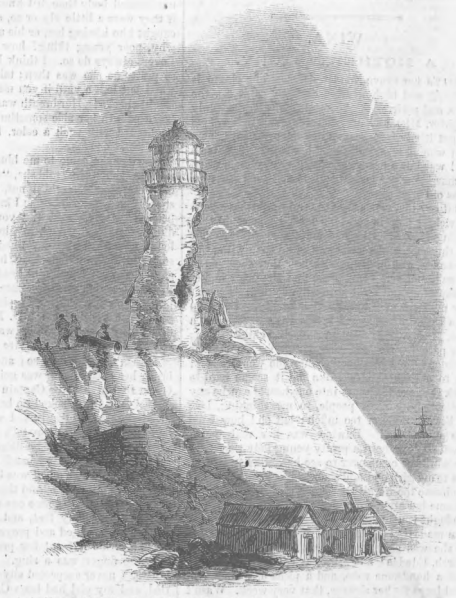
E. Course of Union Fleet.

F. Ram Tennessee
G. Morgan
H. Gaines
I. Selma

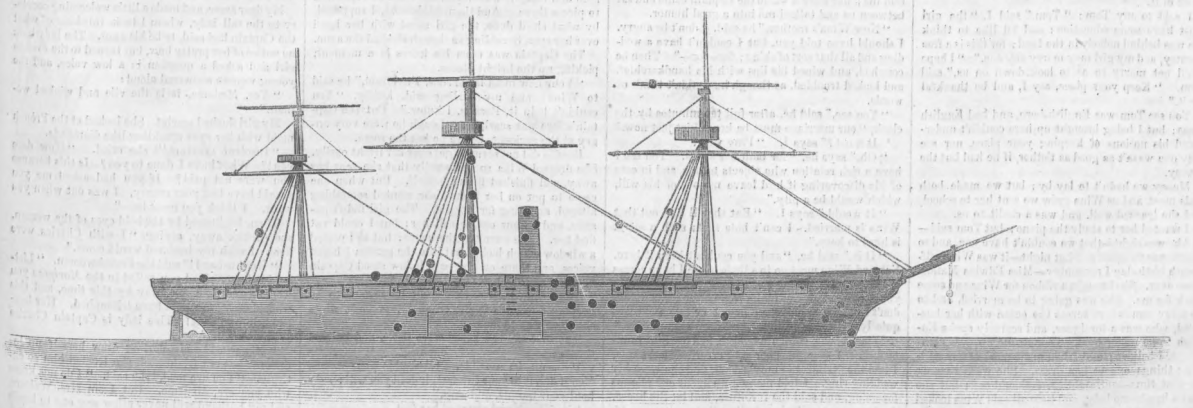
Rebel Vessels.

J. Course of Ram.
K. Retreat of Rebel Wooden Vessels.
L. Morgan and Gaines's course toward Fort Morgan.
M. Hartford turning out for Brooklyn to back.
N. Course taken by Ram during second attack.
O. Ram surrendered.
P. Selma surrendered to Metacomet.
Q. Formed line; read prayers.
R. Union Fleet anchored.

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF AUGUST 5, 1864.



LIGHT-HOUSE AT FORT MORGAN.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE SLATER.]



THE "BROOKLYN" SHOWING THE SHOTS RECEIVED ON HER STARBOARD SIDE DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF AUGUST 5, 1864.

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PEACE.

[SUGGESTED BY MR. NAST'S PICTURE, "COMPROMISE WITH THE SOUTH."]

Is this your Peace? Lo! the traitor's tread
Is over the grave of our hallowed dead.

The patriot shrinks with a burning cheek
From his loathsome clasp, but dares not speak.

Our flag is dishonored, and rent, and torn;
Is made a by-word, a scoff, and a scorn.

The sword is broken, and Liberty weeps
O'er the blood-stained sod where her last hope sleeps.

The slave bends low again to his chain,
And looks to the North for help in vain;

While the air glows red with the lurid fire
That flames on the Nation's funeral pyre.

Well may ye gaze, with a crimson brow—
Is *this* such a blessing, think ye now?

Is Peace, when it comes in *such* a guise,
So fair that it dazzles your eager eyes?

Is it for this, with the rabble rout,
Ye strain your throats to raise the sho ?

If so, pass on; ye were born for slaves,
Born but to fill dishonored graves.

If so, pass on; ye can have no part
In the great Nation's steadfast heart;

Pass on your way, it is not for you
To dwell 'mid the free-born and the true—

It is not for you to claim a share
When our shout of victory rends the air.

Pass on; it is meet that you should stand
With suppliant look and "cap in hand;"

Or, stooping, lay in the dust your mouth
At the feet of the despots of the South.

We, too, would have Peace; but it must be
When our flag shall float from sea to sea;

When its folds shall kiss the morning skies
Wherever our mountain peaks arise;

When there is no rood of our native sod
That can by a traitor's foot be trod;

When the winds that sweep from the Southern main
Shall bring to our ears no clank of chain;

But rivers and forests shall sing to the sea
The chiming anthems of the free.

WINA.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

THAT'S her grave yonder, Miss. The clover is so strong and high about it that you can't see the name, and perhaps— Ah, well! She was my only daughter, Miss, and such a pretty creature! Where she got her beauty I could not tell; for I'd been a plain woman all my life, and her father, God bless him! was but a hard-working, poor mechanic when we married, after waiting years and years in vain hopes of better times.

But our girl was a beauty, and might have been the richest lady in the land for all you could tell looking at her. She had such wee white hands and tiny feet, and a waist you could span with your two hands, and pretty golden hair that shone so in the sun, and soft black eyes, and the color in her cheeks came and went as the dimples did. 'Twasn't only mother's eyes that saw her beauty. I've seen folks turn to look after her in the street many a time, Miss. We never had another child to live; and, perhaps, we loved her better for that. Our minister says I lost her because she was my idol; but to a poor old body like me it seems hard to think the love God puts into our hearts can be any way wrong. Most people, to my thinking, love too little instead of too much; but oh! how I did love my Wina! Edwina was her real name. When she was born a pretty young lady that I did fine work for came over to see her. She took a notion to my girl, and said she was like herself. "And handsome too for all that," she said, with a laugh. "Name her after me, and she shall have a present." I thought it a fine name, though a long one. When Tom made that objection, I said we'll call her Wina. So she was christened Sunday a fortnight, in the church, Edwina; and Miss Edwina Mallow sent her over a handsome robe, and a piece of flannel, and coral loops for her sleeves, that very week. Wasn't I proud of my ... It makes me young again to think of it.

I said to my Tom: "Tom," said I, "the girl must have some education; and I'd like to think she was behind nobody in the land; for this is a free country, and my girl may marry any one." "I hope she'll not marry so as to look down on us," said Tom. "Keep your place, say I, and be thankful for it."

You see Tom was English-born, and had English ideas; but I being brought up here couldn't understand his notions of keeping your place, nor see why one wasn't as good as t'other, if he had but the money.

Money we hadn't to lay by; but we made both ends meet, and as Wina grew we sent her to school, and she learned well, and was a credit to us.

I wanted her to study the piano; but Tom said—and he was right—that we couldn't have one, and so where was the good ... at night—it was Wina's fifteenth birth-day I remember—Miss Edwina Mallow came over. She brought a ribbon for Wina and some work for me. She was going to be married, and to go away somewhere across the ocean with her husband, who was a foreigner, and scarcely spoke English to be understood. Though she knew his language, I believe; and I had made most of her wedding things except her dress. She wasn't young by that time—quite thirty, I should say; but she was a handsome lady, and they all said Wina looked like her. She kissed my girl, and joked with her about being married herself soon; and I told her how sorry I was that Wina couldn't learn to play.

"Her father would have her taught," I said; "but she couldn't practice—we'll never have a piano." Miss Mallow gave a little sigh. "No one will touch mine when I'm gone," she said. "Mother will miss it. I tell you what, Mrs. Brent, Wina may go there and practice. Mother will let her do it for my sake; and she likes Wina very much also, and would be glad to oblige her." That put an end to all difficulties, and my Tom let Wina take lessons; and when she was sixteen our girl was something to be proud of. She could sing and play and dance, and dressed so beautifully, cutting all her things herself; and such a waist as she had! I'd laced her nicely all her life, for I wanted her to be genteel in all matters. Poor Tom used to scold—men will be queer about those things, you know. Ah dear! he died that year at Christmas time; and it almost broke my heart, for he'd been good to me, and I had never said an angry word to him. The first thing I took any comfort in was seeing how well Wina looked in black.

By that time Tom had bought our little house, paying for it bit by bit, you know; and I could work and so could Wina. She made dresses and bonnets, and the two empty rooms on the second floor I furnished as well as I could, and put out a bill that they were to let to single gentlemen.

I thought, Lord help me! that my Wina might make a match that way as Burridge's daughter did; but I said nothing to her. The bill had been up three days when, after tea, there came a rap at the door; and when I opened it there stood a handsome soldierly gentleman, who asked about the rooms and went up to see them.

He liked them very well, or said he did, and made no difficulty about the terms. But wanted breakfast. He paid well, so I agreed, and could hardly wait until he was gone to tell Wina. She, poor thing! was pleased and half frightened; and we sat up all night finishing a blue dress for Wina to wear next day, she looked so well in blue.

Captain Walters—that was his name, and he was dark, and had such lovely whiskers. I never saw any one so handsome or so stylish out of a fashion-plate, and that's the truth. He admired Wina, as I knew he would, and I watched and waited. I was so proud and pleased with what I thought I saw.

Now and then I wondered how he came to fancy such a plain place as ours; for he had a great deal of money, gold by the handful and rolls of bank-notes, and he gave Wina so many presents—jewelry, and books, and flowers, and his own miniature. It was a regular courtship before he had been there six months. Respectful to me he was too, plain, uneducated body though I knew myself to be, and if they were a little sly or so, and now and then I caught him kissing her, or his arm about her waist, why, poor young thing! how could I scold her? Lovers always do so. I think I never saw any one so pretty as she was then; tall and fair, and her waist but half a yard if you measured it, and such bright cheeks! Her breath was very short, and she had a pain in her side sometimes; but I was never frightened with such a color, I knew she must be well.

One day she came to me blushing and beautiful, and she said, "Ma," said she, "I'll tell you a secret, only don't scold." "I'll not, pet," said I. Says she, "Ma, I never told you I knew Captain Walters before." "No," said I, "you didn't." "But I did," says she. "And, ma, he only came here to lodge because he knew *I* lived here. He told me so." "But how did you know him?" says I. "Oh," says she, with her bright head down on my knee, so that I couldn't see her face, "when I went to practice on Miss Edwina's piano. He was there sometimes visiting old Mrs. Mallow. She called him Harry—and—and—he walked home with me twice when it was dark. Are you angry, ma?"

I wasn't, and I said so; and she went away to brush her curls, for he was going to take her to the Opera that night—the Captain I mean—I know the richest lady there looked no better. I could see he loved my darling dearly. I was so sure of that, I believe it still. You may talk and deceive, but your eyes can't lie. And if he didn't speak as soon as I thought he would, why what did I know? Fine people have fine ways, and I was but a poor mechanic's wife and didn't understand them.

At last she came to me one night all blushes, and knelt down at my feet, and cried and trembled. And when I begged and prayed of her to say what ailed her, she put out her pretty hand and on the wedding finger was a ring. They'd been out so quietly I never suspected any thing, and were married, and my girl had been Captain Walters's wife three days. I felt a little hurt, for they might have told me; but after a while the Captain came and sat between us and talked me into a good humor.

"Now Wina's mother," he said, "don't be angry. I should have told you, but I couldn't have a wedding and all that sort of thing; for—for—" Then he coughed, and wiped his lips with his handkerchief, and looked troubled, as though he couldn't think of words.

"You see," said he, after full ten minutes by the clock, "our marriage must be kept quiet just now."

"It must?" says I. "Pray why?"

"Oh," says he, "for both our sakes. You see I have a rich relation who objects to this, and in case of his discovering it he'd leave me out of his will, which would be a pity."

"It would," says I. "But they'll find out that Wina is married. I can't hide that; such a secret is hard to keep."

"It is," said he, "and you couldn't keep it here. You and Wina must go to a little house I have across the river and quite out of the way, and I will join you there. You can make some excuse for going, don't say where, and for a month or two we'll live quietly. No one will know who we are up there."

Wina seemed contented, and I had no right to interfere. I thought, poor silly creature that I was, I had the certificate in my pocket, and she wore her wedding-ring. I told many a fib about our reasons for going, and sold the furniture, and let the house. And we went. Such a darling little cottage, with furniture I never saw out of a shop before! and birds, and flowers, and two black servants that spoke a foreign tongue, and a French maid! Think of my Wina having a maid to dress her hair and lace her! I forgot all about the secret before long; for I did not see any of the old neighbors, and the few we met called Wina Mrs. Walters, as she should be called. They were only folks we dealt with. The Captain said we would keep no company until that relative—the queer old Californian, who objected to Wina because she wasn't rich—should be out of the way. He was very ill; and that, the Captain said, was partly the reason he didn't like to vex him—besides the will.

I wanted it to be all over—and yet it seemed so wicked, though I didn't know him, to hope the poor old gentleman might die. Wina was very happy, though now and then the Captain was obliged to be away whole weeks together—watching with his sick relation, he said. He lingered a great while for any one as bad as he was; and at last the Captain said he seemed to be getting better. I did so long for the time to come when I might go back and visit all the old people I knew, and tell them what a match Wina had made! He never would let either of us go to New York—or, for the matter of that, much beyond the garden gates if he knew it. And so six months passed, and the time came when we began to stitch at fine work again, as though for our living. Such little things, my dear, and we covered them with embroidery. The Captain sent pieces of the finest cambric down.

About that time the French maid left us. She was going to be married. Her sweet-heart had come over from France to find her; and as she took her leave she said she knew a young woman, a friend of hers from her own country, who wanted a place like that. She could dress hair, and do all she did, she told us in her broken English, and had been dismissed only because the lady was going to Europe, and she did not want to travel.

Wina asked the Captain, as she always did, and he said, "Suit yourself, my dear;" and the maid came down next day. She was a tall young woman, with a determined face and sharp black eyes. I never liked her, I hardly knew why. She took airs over me, as though she knew I had not lived in style, though she was respectful enough to Wina. The Captain was away when she came, and he had written to us that his uncle was very ill indeed, and that he must stay until all was over; so she did not see him for more than a fortnight. He returned in the night unexpectedly, and the first words he said were, "Our troubles are almost over, little dear!" and then he kissed her.

I heard them talking softly for hours; while I sat in my own room too full of the pride I'd take in telling my story to Mrs. Mallow and the Burridges at our place to go to bed; and now and then Wina would laugh—so merrily! It did my old heart good to hear her.

For though I felt quite sure the old gentleman must be dead, I couldn't grieve much for one I'd never seen, and who was so set against my pretty Edwina.

The next morning the Captain was walking up and down the garden hours before the papers came. He seemed eager for news, and quite snatched the *Herald* from the carrier's hands. He read only one line, and threw it down in the grass, and looked happier than I had seen him look for months. Something pleased him; but though I went and looked over the paper afterward I could see nothing except that the sheet was doubled down at a place where there was an account of the sailing of a vessel—the *Mariposa*, it was called. I noticed it by the queer name. As for the deaths and obituary notices, they were still folded up; he hadn't looked at them.

At breakfast-time he said to Wina:

"Darling, I want you to take a drive with me to-day. We'll go to S——, and stop there to lunch. You have not seen much of the scenery yet."

Wina looked pleased. They had not been out much together, and she went into her room to dress. Rosalie—that was the maid's name—came to dress her hair; and I sat by the window knitting. In a moment or so the Captain tapped at the door.

"May I come in?" he said.

And Wina answered, "Yes."

So he sauntered in—he had a careless, lounging way of walking that was very stylish, I used to think, and threw himself on a lounge behind them—Wina and her maid, I mean. The girl went on brushing until she needed a comb which lay upon the toilet; then she turned to get it. She had it in her hand when I saw her glance at the Captain; and then such a start! and down came the comb—gold and ivory it was—upon the floor, and shivered to pieces there. And then, frightened, I supposed, by what she'd done, the girl stood with her hand over her eyes, trembling as though she had the ague.

The Captain was upon his knees in a moment, picking up the bright pieces.

"Your new maid is nervous, I'm afraid," he said to Wina; and my darling said, kindly, "You couldn't help it, Rosalie, I know." But the Captain's face was scarlet, as though he were very angry at the accident, before he left the room.

Rosalie did not seem to get over her fright easily. She dressed Wina so awkwardly that she sent her away, and finished fixing herself. But when she came to put on her bonnet she wanted something altered, and rang for Rosalie. The girl didn't answer, and I went out to call her; but I could not find her. She wasn't in the house; but as I passed a window which looked out into the garden I heard voices, and there on the path below stood Captain Walters and the maid.

They were both excited; but he seemed to be keeping down his fright or anger, or both, while she gave way to hers.

The first words I heard were these, and he said them:

"Rosalie, be sensible. I'll double your wages. You'll find it to your interest, indeed you will; only hold your tongue, and stay."

The French girl stamped her foot.

"Stay! I am not so bad as you!" she cried. "I ... me. He will be here soon. I am not unprotected, as you may think." I am not a child to be made to

"I'm not afraid," he said. "The *Mariposa* sailed yesterday. Come, you'll lose a good place, and it's too late. Am I the first young fellow who—who wanted to shake off the leading-strings?"

"A good place!" the girl hissed between her teeth. "I have regard for my character, and I love my mistress. Hear you that? I *love* my mistress!"

"Come," he said, "no heroics. Here's a salve for a tenderer conscience than yours ever was, Rosalie." And I saw him put a dozen gold pieces into her hand. She flung them back as though they had stung her, and they hit him on his breast, and went jingling down upon the path and into the flower-beds among the roses.

And I fell a trembling, and sat down in a chair by the window quite faint. The Captain came in in a minute. He saw I had heard something, and he said:

"Provoking! That girl has lived with my uncle's wife. She'll let the cat out of the bag. An obstinate creature, beyond even a bribe."

"I thought your uncle was dead," said I.

"He may be by this time," said the Captain. "If not, he'll alter his will. Don't tell Wina; there's a good soul."

He looked as though he were telling lies. But it seemed likely enough, and he hurried Wina off to drive, and they were gone all day; and meanwhile the French girl packed some things in a basket, and left the house without a word to me. That was my first fright. The very first suspicions I ever had came into my head that day while I sat alone, and I could not tell why they came there except because it seemed so very odd that a girl, who had no personal interest in the matter, should dare to be so indignant because a gentleman had married against his uncle's will. Once I wondered whether (such things do happen, you know) he ever could have made love to the French girl, so that she was jealous.

I never had passed such a day. I'll believe in presentiments forever, for a great black cloud seemed to hover over the house all day, and I could only understand that danger and grief were hovering over my Wina, and that a blight was coming to her happy life. How I didn't see, but I was sure of it, though I kept saying to myself, "Silly old thing; why you're no better than a baby!"

They came home at tea time, and she was as merry as a child. They didn't mind me, and she sat on his knee on the porch, and sung to him. She had a grand piano in the parlor, but she never went near it that night.

Maybe it was my fancy, but I thought the Captain looked troubled at times when her eyes were not upon him. Late on in the evening he said,

"Wina, would you like to take a journey?"

"Where?" she said.

"To the Lakes," he answered, "or any where where it is wild and lonely. Your mother can go with you, and we'll enjoy it finely."

She would have agreed to any thing he proposed, but it seemed so odd to me that he should propose traveling just then. She was not fit for it.

"As if he were afraid, and wanted to run away," I kept saying to myself against my own will.

It was stranger yet that he was in such a hurry to start. We were all in a bustle packing and getting ready. Every now and then a great twinge of fear caught my heart, but Wina thought nothing, bless her! And when all was ready in the evening next day, and the Captain had gone over to the railroad dépôt to see about the earliest train next morning—he was as anxious about the earliest train as though life had depended upon it, I remember—she came and sat herself beside me, and chatted about the journey.

"I used to want to see the Lakes, and sail on them when I went to school," she said. "How kind you were, mother, to have me taught so well! I should feel so badly if I could not understand what my husband reads and talks about. Oh, mother, I'm very happy; I don't deserve to be half so happy as I am!"

Talking to me, and looking up at me, she did not see the garden-gate open and two figures walk in as I did. I did not speak; I only stared as if I had seen two ghosts, and I knew the great cloud of trouble was bursting over my darling at last; and how I knew it He only knows who made me. They were coming closer, and I seemingly frozen staring at them, when Wina saw something in my face that frightened her, and turned her head. There stood close beside her now the French maid Rosalie, and a tall, plain lady near forty, I should say, dressed in a gray traveling dress.

My dear arose, and made a little welcoming courtesy to the tall lady, whom I took, thinking of what the Captain had said, to be his aunt. The lady took no notice of her pretty bow, but turned to the French girl and asked a question in a low voice, and the young woman answered aloud:

"Yes, Madame, it is the vile and wicked woman."

My girl flushed scarlet. She looked at the French maid with her eyes sparkling like diamonds.

"Insolent creature!" she cried. "How dare you!" What have I done to you? Is this because you were not paid? If you had asked me you should have had your money. I was out when you went. I think you must be—"

Then, frightened by the bold eyes of the woman, she shrunk away, saying, "I wish Charles were here. I wish my husband would come."

"Her husband!" said the Frenchwoman. "Listen, Madame. Had you sailed in the *Mariposa* you would have been far away by this time, and this wicked creature would have triumphed. Her husband, impertinent! This lady is Captain Charles Walters's wife."

"His wife!" My darling drew herself up indignant but not frightened, she trusted him so entirely. "You are mad," she said. "I do not know who you are, Madame. But I am Mrs. Walters, and my husband will never allow any one to insult me."

"Then, Madame, you will be glad to see him," said the lady, coolly. "Ah, here he comes. Shall I call him, Monsieur, and *garde-vous*."

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believe any foolish story. You are either an impostor or insane, but I am not afraid of you."

The strange lady looked at my dearest with her strange gray eyes, that seemed to pierce you through.

"I thought you very bad," she said. "Now I think that you may be better, and he worse than I believed. If you are married to him, he has deceived us both."

"If"—my darling uttered the word with a look I shall never forget—"if I am married! I wish he would come; I wish he would come. Mother, send that wicked woman away."

The tall lady looked at the French girl. "Rosalie," she said, "you were wrong; this lady is as much to be pitied as myself. The man who calls himself your husband, Captain Charles Walters, has been mine five years. I say it to my shame and to my sorrow. He is a scoundrel, a base, miserable villain."

My girl only clung closer to me—only said again, "Mother, send that wicked woman away;" and just then footsteps came up the path, and Captain Walters was among us.

Oh, I knew by his look, by his start, that she had spoken truly when she called him a villain.

My Wina stretched her arms toward him. She gave a little cry—"Charles, Charles, that wicked woman! Oh, tell me she does not speak the truth? I know it, but tell her so. Say she is mad, or an impostor. Send her away, Charles!"

But when she saw that he did not come toward her, that he stood like a whipped dog, the cur that he was, looking at both those women from under his black brows, my girl turned pale, and would have fallen had I not caught her in my old arms. Yet, sweet creature! she said again, in her fainting voice, trying to believe in him until the last, she loved him so:

"Oh, I know it is false, Charles! I know there is no word of truth in all the wicked story!"

I can't remember quite all. I was sick and giddy, and my heart was one great pain. Only I know the lady stood before him, reproaching him in such words that they must have burned into his soul.

And she said, "I knew long ago that you only married me for my money; but having that, was it not enough to neglect me without going so far as this, and making that girl suffer also? I do not blame her now. She only trusted in you as I did once."

He turned on her then, maddened, I suppose, by the knowledge that she had him in her power, and could punish him by the law. She had said something of that and of divorce, I know; and though my heart bled for my darling I could not help pitying her. It was not her fault, poor lady! that she was not handsome; and that he never loved her was shame to him. But he spoke as though it was, and these words I remember:

"Because of my debts and my poverty I sold myself to you; but I love this girl, and I have made her mine, and you shall not part us, for she loves me."

Then before I could stop him he had caught my Wina to his heart, fainting and cold as she was, and kissed her lips, and cheek, and forehead, and laid her back in my old arms, and was off and over the garden-paling and away in an instant.

Then I said to the tall lady,

"Go!—you have killed her! Let that satisfy you! She shall never see him again if I can help it—Go!"

And the tall lady bent down her head, the hair all streaked with gray before its time, and in a moment knelt there at my Wina's side.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said. "I am very miserable, and I thought you so guilty. He was my husband, and I loved him once!"

And with that she went away, and I heard her moaning, over and over again, "I loved him once! I loved him once!" like one quite dazed.

You didn't think she could live through it, did you? When a storm of hailstones comes, you know you'll find the slender flower-stems in your garden broken. That night, after twelve, there came a rap at the door of the room where I sat weeping, and I opened it. Captain Walters stood without, white and trembling. "Let me see her, mother!" he said. "Let me see her, and speak to her!" He could do no harm by looking; and as for speaking, my poor girl was in no danger of listening to him now. I opened the door of her room and beckoned to him, and he went in.

There she lay, white and still. I had dressed her in her wedding clothes, and all her golden hair was brushed and curled; and on her bosom lay the baby—a girl—that had no weary woman's life before it, and had only cried one minute—sixty seconds, instead of sixty years, like me. They were at rest together. He was very bad; but I can't forget the wild, awful cry he gave when he saw that sight.

"She is dead!—dead—dead—dead! That woman has killed her!"

"No, Captain Walters," I answered, "you have killed her; and you have used the poor plain lady worse even than my pretty darling!"

And I was so calm, you would not have thought my heart was breaking. I seemed frozen, soul and all. But he—down on the floor, tearing his hair, praying for her life, that was gone for good, poor lamb! blaspheming, weeping. Oh it was an awful sight!—an awful, awful thing to look upon and listen to!"

He staid there until the funeral was over; and near the grave, all through the service, a man stood watching him. When it was over he put his hand upon the Captain's shoulder, and unbuttoning his own coat showed something glittering on his breast. Then they walked away together, and I've never seen the Captain since.

Years and years I used to blame myself, thinking it was all my fault; for if I'd never been so proud of my girl, and had her taught to play, she'd never have met the Captain, and if I'd been wiser and more watchful she might not have married him. And the doctor told me too she never could have lived, for all that lacing had done her harm; and these old hands have drawn the laces tighter many a time and oft when I was so proud of her little waist—my beauty! But now I try to hope God will forgive me, as an old foolish thing that meant no harm, and only didn't know the right, and that I'll meet my Wina some day in heaven. And as I was telling you, Miss—as you'll see if you put back the clover—that was why we only put her pet name, Wina, on the stone there, and couldn't write after it, "Wife of Captain Charles Walters."

THE OCEAN WAIF.

BEAT the crested billows
On the sunset shore,
Making voiceful music
With their troubled roar.

Curls of wave are sporting
O'er the gleaming sand,
Bearing ocean treasures
To adorn the strand.

Corals from the sea-cave,
Where the mermaid dwells;
Wreaths of twining sea-weed,
Pearls and gleaming shells.

And the playful eddies
Kiss the shore in glee:
But there comes a murmur
Of sadness from the sea;

For a waif of ocean
Hath been drifted there,
Bringing from the storm-ship
Tidings of despair!

'Tis the mournful record
Of a crew's farewell,
Written while the thunder
Peal'd their parting knell.

Trembling fingers wrote it
'Mid the tempest foam;
Tearful eyes will read it
In the stricken home!

Loving winds have fann'd it
O'er the restless tide—
May the pitying angel
Travel by its side!

JOHN WAGGONER'S RECRUIT.

IF it's bragging, Sir, here goes for a brag! I'm going to put it in print.

I'm a plain man in most respects, but in one respect I *am* a little peculiar. In respect to keeping sober under circumstances that make other men drunk, I never met any man like me. The vicious monarch the Temperance Society is opposed to has no terrors for John Waggoner. I presume you may have heard of that fire-eating Southern chap—what *was* his name?—who used to boast in Washington before the war that he was "born insensible to fear." He must have been an awful booby, if he wasn't an awful liar—that's my opinion of *him*. Whether I was "born insensible" to fear of "King Alchy, the sarpent," I don't just remember. At any rate it's a fact that liquor can't fuddle me a bit—not a bit. But, bless your heart, *that* I never thought a bragging matter. I've got a swill-tub down at the farm that will hold more liquor than any man / ever saw.

When I was in the army I was a teetotaler on principle. Every man has his own bit of influence in this world, and I never wanted any comrade of mine to have it to say that he drank because John Waggoner drank. I don't believe whisky makes a soldier brave, even though it may make him reckless. A good soldier takes care of himself—that's my experience. He don't go to war to be killed; he goes to fight. Give the enemy fits, and look out for Number One all the same, is my motto.

If I don't hate a mean man I am not acquainted with my own sentiments. Since I was a boy it has always been a source of pleasure to me to kick a mean man—morally or physically—whenever the good Lord sent me a favorable opportunity. I've seen many mean men in my day. I have seen a man who was so mean that he abused his wife till she got a divorce from him, and then tried to get her to be his mistress. But in my humble opinion—I've been a soldier, Sir, and faced my country's foes under fire—there's no meaner style of man living than the fellow who tries to make dirty money by dealing in substitutes.

I read the papers pretty carefully, and don't skip the advertisements. I have got a deal of good out of advertisements at different times. Last week I read an advertisement of a substitute-broker named Miggs, in the city. Plenty others like him there were, to be sure; but my way of dealing with a swindle is to pick out one of the swindlers and give him a handling. I picked out Miggs, and went to town to see what the prospect might be for handling him.

The first man I met was Jo Smith, and I told him I'd got a little job to do, and wanted his help. Jo knows me.

"All right," says he. "What is it, John?"

"Do you know a chap named Miggs?"

"Substitute swindler?" says he.

"Yes. C. E. Miggs."

"Guess I do! He's been trying to get me to sell myself to him cheap."

"For a sub?"

"Yes."

"You don't say! Come, this is just the talk! Find me Miggs, will you? I'm a substitute."

"Poh! You ain't going to let any of these dirty sharks gobble you up and make a hundred dollars out of you. Are you, John?"

"He won't make *more* than that out of me, any how. All I ask of you is to set him on. Tell him to get me drunk, and I'm his man. I will be."

"Oh, I see! John, you're a good egg. Here's my hand."

He went straight off, and I waited on the corner for him. Pretty soon he came back with Miggs—a lean chap with sore eyes and a treble voice. He was dressed in a shiny broadcloth suit, and wore a blue vest with regulation buttons. *Our* buttons!—I could have knocked him down for that.

"Mr. Miggs," said Jo, "let me introduce my friend John Waggoner, from the country. I want you to show him the elephant, Miggs. Mr. Miggs knows the city like a book, John. He'll take care of you. Come 'round to my house to-morrow and I'll be more at leisure than I am to-day."

Jo went off, and left Miggs and I standing on the corner. He looked at me as much as to say, "You're my game, country!" *Oh, am I?* thought I; but I looked peaceful.

"Smith's a good fellow, ain't he?" piped Miggs.

"Yes," said I, "he's well enough; but he's too darned partic'lar for me. He won't never drink with a feller, and if there's any thing I like, it ain't tea—ha! ha! ha!"

"He! he! he!" squeaked the sore-eyed substituter, "that's a good one. Eh! But, I say—let's have something."

Broker had got his cue at once. He was going to get me drunk as fast as possible. No doubt his time was precious.

We drank. Broker took a very light nip, I noticed. I let him do it—that time.

I warmed up with my liquor wonderful quick, you understand; and as we went right off into another saloon and drank again, I took Miggs's glass when he had dribbled a little whisky into it, and said I,

"Look 'ere! That ain't the way you drink with your friends, is it, Miggs, old chap? Here, let me fill her up for you."

And I filled her up, and watched Miggs drink her, too. He tried to laugh it off, but he made a wry face over her.

"What do you think about the war, Mr. Waggoner?" said Miggs after that. He was for getting on to business.

"War's a big thing on ice," said I. "*Big* thing! Come up and take something."

We took something. I poured out for Miggs, who began to eye me anxiously. To encourage him, I said,

"Miggs—hic!—old boy, I b'lieve I can lick Deff Javis or any other man. I b'lieve you an' I could, anyhow."

"Of course you could," said Miggs, who began to feel perceptibly better. "I tell you what, Waggoner, I've half a notion to enlist myself."

"Bully f'you!" said I. "Come up and drink."

Miggs made a wry face again as I poured out his gin, but he had to drink it. After which he grew decidedly unsteady on his legs.

"Say, Migg—hic!—iggs," said I, "if you'll 'list for a Major-General, I'll 'list for a—hic!—high private. What say?"

"Do it!" said Miggs, and he hiccoughed in earnest. "Do it! Recruiting office right 'cross way here. Come over!"

"Le's drink first," said I; and that one did the business. Miggs was as drunk as a fool. I took him over to the recruiting office and enlisted him in Uncle Abraham's army.

I can testify that there is one mighty mean man wearing the army blue, and that man is John Waggoner's recruit.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN LIBEY PRISON.

I was brought up to regard the celebration of Independence Day as the imperative duty of every American wherever he might on that day be. In my younger days, when enthusiasm flushed all my life, I exercised my prerogative in the very fullest degree, entering heart and soul into the spirit of the day, attending always the inevitable militia muster, and spending my few dimes in the purchase of enjoyments inseparable from the occasion; namely, small beer, cakes, and the choicest peppermints. In later years I did not depart from the earlier practice; and when, on the Fourth of July, 1863, I found myself, a loyal Union soldier, in Libey Prison, I was more determined than ever to properly commemorate the event which gave us the nation that traitors are trying to destroy.

There were some hundreds of us in that Castle of Despair when that anniversary of our Independence dawned upon our torn and bleeding land. Many of us had been there for weeks, and had grown sadly weary of the dreadful monotony of our prison-life. What could better relieve that monotony than a genuine old-fashioned celebration? The proposal once made found a hundred backers. Every man seemed to feel that it would be a just retribution upon our oppressors thus to hurl defiance in their very faces, and preach the gospel of Liberty right in their strong-holds. We were not long in making our preparations. Speakers were selected, a reader procured, and every thing arranged, when suddenly it occurred to us that we had no flag! That was for a time a terrible damper to our enthusiasm. Who ever heard of a Fourth of July celebration without a flag? You might as well attempt to have a wedding without a bride as to commemorate Independence Day without the Stars and Stripes to illuminate it! We must have a flag. But where to get it—that was a difficulty not easily overcome. One of the men suggested that we could borrow one from the rebels; they had several about the building, all hanging upside down; but the suggestion was not seconded. We wouldn't ask even the loan of a flag from traitors who were doing all in their power to blot out its stars. Our perplexity was for a time, as you may conceive, very great; but Yankee ingenuity brought us relief at last. One of the men, we found, had a blue shirt, which, a white one being also found, he promptly gave up; these we tore into strips, and so manufactured a flag—a rough one, to be sure, but one that symbolized, nevertheless, the national colors under which we had fought. The field was blue; the stripes and stars were white; we had only to

think of the battle-fields from which we had come to fancy there was more of red than of either.

At last we were ready to hang our flag. So all the men, except Chaplain M'Cabe, Captain Reed, myself, and two others, left the room while it was elevated to its position. We wanted to put it high up the wall so that it would hang in graceful folds over the chairman's head. It was a difficult thing to do, but Captain Reed accomplished it; he was one of Grant's Western boys, and you know Grant's men go just where they please. Well, when the flag was hung we opened the doors and called in the men. You should have seen them as they came in—their faces were like pictures. As each entered his eye caught the flag. It was not merely a glance; a deep look of affection shone out from every eye and flushed every face, even the saddest and the palest. Holy memories thronged upon them; and upon us all as we looked upon that poor resemblance of our country's flag—memories of battles fought and victories won under its streaming folds; of sufferings, sacrifices, wounds, imprisonments suffered for its sake; of comrades fallen never to rise at any morning-call again. We needed many things in that day of misfortune; but there wasn't any thing for which we could have more devoutly thanked God than for the sight of the dear old flag, and the recollections it awakened as we stood there with faces upturned and radiant.

Presently, every thing having been arranged, the exercises commenced. First there was a prayer; then the Declaration was read from an old defaced copy; and then the chairman of our prison organization delivered an address, cautioning us first not to applaud if any thing pleased us lest the guard might come in and interrupt us. It was hard, as the brave young fellow—he was a Massachusetts Captain, only twenty-five years of age, and had fought gallantly on many fields—it was hard as he talked to us of duty, of the value of our imperiled Union, of the glorious future which awaited it if this rebellion should be put down, not to give expression to our feelings in vehement demonstrations; but prudence required that it should be so, and we refrained. With all our care and caution, however, we did not escape detection. Probably our unusual quiet had something suspicious in it; at any rate, just as the chairman closed his address a rebel officer appeared, and, looking around the room, announced, "By order of the Colonel commanding this fuss must be stopped." That was nothing more than we expected; but some of us were not disposed to submit in silence. Colonel Streight—you have heard of him—stepped up to the rebel officer, and in a voice that had something of a crisp defiance in it, "Do I understand you to say that we can't celebrate the Fourth of July here?" "Yes; you can't do it," he answered. "They ain't been celebratin' the Fourth of July down here for a long time; in South Carolina it hain't been heard of since 1832." We knew that before; they don't like to read the old Declaration of Independence in the present condition of their society—it would put odd notions into the heads of their slaves, and, maybe, produce uncomfortable results.

Of course, we saw that we were going to have trouble. For a minute or two nothing more was said; then the rebel, looking up, saw our flag; and I think I never saw a man look at a flag so long and intently as he did at that. It seemed as if he couldn't take his eyes from it; probably some thought of the crime he had committed in fighting against the cause of which it was the symbol kept his gaze riveted there. But he found voice at last to say, "That flag must come down." You can imagine how that command deepened our indignation. A soldier of Grant's army, captured in Mississippi, rose quick as thought, and with his face pale with rage, eyes blood-shot, and lips firmly set, approached the rebel: "Let any man touch that flag if he dares," he said, in a voice stern as death. To me he was a hero, standing there royally in the face of near peril. There was the rebel officer, with a guard; a hundred bayonets were within call; the brave boy knew they would think no more of killing him where he stood than you would think of brushing a fly from your hand; but the thought did not even so much as ruffle his placid, resolute purpose. He didn't expect, of course, to keep the whole Southern Confederacy from tearing down the flag; but he did mean that none of us should do it, and had any one attempted it, he would have struck down the coward with swift and certain blows. Presently the officer repeated the command, "Take down that flag!" but not a soul of us moved; we feared that resolute fellow standing there with defiance on his face. A third time the command was given; and at last the rebel found it necessary to remove himself the offensive flag, which he did with great difficulty, every soul of us wishing as he clambered upward that he might—well, that he might fail to get down again in safety.

Our flag was gone. Should the celebration go on? That was the question which now arose, and that we debated for five mortal hours—in that time making enough spread-eagle speeches to serve a dozen New England villages, if equally distributed, on any ordinary Fourth of July.

A few days after that a friend of mine, living in Richmond, called at the Libey. I had heard that Vicksburg was taken, and asked him if it was true. He denied it, and went away, declaring *that* would never be. But a day or two after, Johnston's dispatches, announcing the fall of the strong-hold, were published, and gradually the glad news crept through our prison doors, filling us all with rejoicing. One day a rebel officer came in. We asked, "What day was it that Vicksburg surrendered?" "The Fourth of July," he answered. "What time of day was it?" He told us, and lo! it was just about the time our meeting was held; while the rebel officer was pulling down our flag, Grant was lifting up the starry banner over the roofs of Vicksburg! You should have heard us cheer as that fact dawned upon us; we saw that we hadn't had such a bad Fourth of July after all; and had the whole rebel army stood at the prison gates with shotted guns we would have cheered *them* for Grant and the Flag!

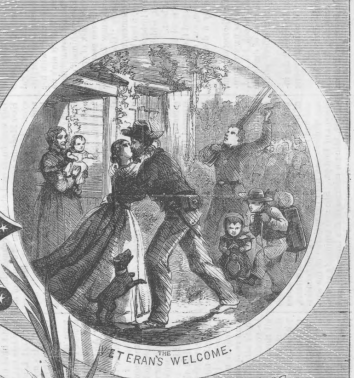
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THE BLESSINGS OF VICTORY.



FREEING THE PRISONERS OF WAR.





THE VETERAN'S WELCOME.



VICTORY WILL BRING US PEACE.

Th. Nast.

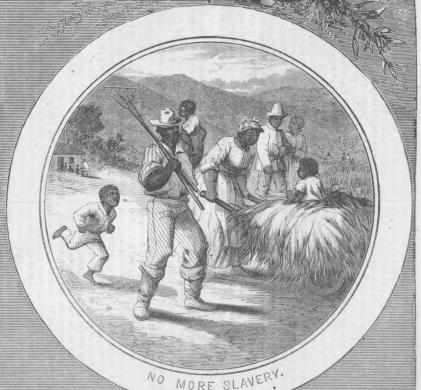


THE TRAITORS.



HONOR TO THE BRAVE

THE UNION FOR EVER.



NO MORE SLAVERY.

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLVII.

RANELAGH WITH THE LIGHTS OUT.

It was close on one o'clock in the morning, after the countess had gone to supper with her friends, that Lily had packed up such of her tyrant's effects as she ordinarily took home with her, and was ready to go home herself.

She knew the way to the Gardens, and from the Gardens, just as an imprisoned antelope in a menagerie may know its inner lair and its outer paddock, and the bars where the sight-seers stand to give it crumbs of cake. Beyond this there was a vasty void, only there was no visitors at the grate to give cakes to Lily.

They lived in a front parlor and bedroom, in a little one-story house in a by-street, close to the river-side. There was a scrap of garden in front, full of very big oleanders and sunflowers. The brass plate, too, which proclaimed that here was an academy for young ladies and gentlemen by Mr. Kafooze, seemed nearly as big as the little green door to which it was screwed. It was a tidy little house, in a tidy little street; only, as all the inhabitants did their washing at home, a smell, rather too strongly pronounced, of soap-suds and damp linen, and the wash-tub generally, hung about it, morning, noon, and night. All the little doors had big brass plates upon them. Mr. Kafooze's academy was flanked on one side by a lady who brought people into the world, and, when they had had enough of that ball, assisted them out of it, even to robbing them for their journey; and, on the other, by a distinguished foreigner from Oriental climes, who gave himself out simply as "Fung-yan, Chinese," as though the bare fact of that being his name and nation was amply sufficient to satisfy any purpose of legitimate curiosity. Fung-yan dressed in the European manner, and, unless he wore his pigtail underneath his coat, had even parted with that celestial appendage. His smooth, India-rubber face, twinkling black eyes, and eternal simper, had made him not unpopular with the fair sex. He had even contrived to court, in pigeon-English, the widow of a retired publican with a small annuity, and, to the great scandal of some of the more orthodox Christians of the district, Mrs. Biff, formerly of the King of Prussia, licensed to sell, etc., had become Mrs. Fung-yan. Fung, however, was married at the parish church; it is true that he was accused of burning fire-works and sacrificing half a bushel of periwinkles to his joss in the back garden on the first evening of his honey-moon; but he kept his head high, paid his way, and extorted respect from the neighborhood. Some said that he swept a crossing, in Chinese costume, for a living; others, that he went round the country swallowing molten sealing-wax, and producing globes full of gold fish from his stomach; a third party would have it that he assisted behind the counter of a tea-dealer in Leadenhall Street; while a fourth insisted that he was an interpreter at a water-side police-court. I think, myself, that Fung-yan was a stevedore down in the docks, where years before he had arrived, a rice-fed, pigtailed coolie on board an East Indiaman.

The night-watchman held his lantern up to Lily's face as she glided past him toward the water-gate of Ranelagh.

"Good-night, miss!"

"Good night, Mr. Buckleshaw!"

"Have my great-coat, miss? It's woundy cold. I sha'n't miss it."

"Thank you, no, Mr. Buckleshaw. I am well wrapped up. Good-night again."

"It's a sin and a shame to send that poor young gal home at all hours o' night," grumbled the night-watchman, who was an old soldier, and testy and kind-hearted, as old soldiers usually are. "It's a burning shame, and so it is. Them furriners don't seem to care a brass farden what becomes of their own flesh and blood. Such muck, too, as they live upon! The young gal ain't a furriner, though I wonder where that she-devil, who's sending the people crazy with her rough-riding, got hold of her. Well, it ain't no business of mine." And the night-watchman lighted another pipe, and addressed himself once more to the not very interesting task of crunching, with heavy footsteps, the frozen gravel.

The policemen on the beat knew Lily quite well, and more than one cheery "Good-night, miss!" greeted her on her way homeward. There was one gallant constable who, when he happened to be on night-duty, always insisted on seeing her to the corner of her street, which happened to be within the limits of his beat. While thus occupied—for Lily could not repel him, he was so civil and obliging—they passed the great inspector himself, in a short cape, and carrying a bamboo cane, and followed by a discreet sergeant.

The inspector stopped. The discreet sergeant, who was of a somewhat suspicious nature, turned his bull's-eye full on Lily, shook his head, and whistled as loudly as the rules of discipline and his respect for his superior officer would permit him to do.

"At your old tricks again, Drippan," the inspector remarked, severely. "Who is this young woman?"

Lily was terribly frightened. Drippan, however, who was the gallant constable, hastened to explain. Fortunately the inspector had on more than one occasion patronized Ranelagh with his wife and family, and had seen Lily waiting for Madame Ernestine at the stage-door of the circus. He was quite satisfied with Constable Drippan's tale, and was even good enough to tell Lily that, if she liked, a constable should escort her, so far as the boundaries of his beat permitted, toward her home every night.

The next time Mr. Drippan met her he cleared up the mystery of the inspector's severity at their first meeting.

"Hi've got henemies, miss," he explained, "henemies has his sworn to 'ave my 'art's-blood, let alone rewenging my good name, and reporting on me at the station when I ain't done nothin'. I should be Hinspector Drippan but for those henemies."

Lily said she was very sorry.

"Well you may be," pursued this victim of malevolence. "I've been druv from beat to beat in a way that's hawful. The minds of sergeants 'aye bin pisoned agin me, and I've been put hunder stoppages for nothink at all."

Lily told him she was very grieved, but was still somewhat puzzled to learn what his sorrow really was.

"I 'ave bin," he continued, in a dark whisper, "a perliceman in Grosvenor Square. I was huniversally respected and moved in the fust families. It was hall halong of a puffidious nussmaid as kep' company with a Fiend in Human Shape in the Life-Guards. She split on me, and the cook—which had bin there seven year—lost her sitiwation. Vy did the hinspector 'ave me up before the commissioners and play old Gooseberry with me? Because he were jealous. Because I had put his nose outer joint. Ha!"

He paused, as though for sympathy, but Lily, not knowing precisely what to say, went on.

"They're hall agin me. It's hall known at 'ed-quarters, and they'd as soon promote the fireman's dog as me. Hi ham a paryour among my brother hofficers. Do I drink? Did Hi hever do the doss when on duty? Let 'em prove their words. They ses I runs arter the gals. My 'art is blighted. They've sent me down to this jolly old South Lambeth, where there's nothink but cads, costermongers, and fried fish. Hi ham treated in the most exasperatin' way, and hif this sort o' thing's to go on, Hi'm blowed hif Hi don't write to the *Weekly Dispatch*."

I am ashamed to confess that little Lily—who, having had her own peines de cœur, should have learned sympathy for another's woe—was not very forcibly impressed by this lamentable tale. I am afraid, indeed, that she was once or twice very near laughing. Poor soul! it was but little matter for mirth she had now. The gallant but unfortunate Drippan did not fail to mark her culpable indifference. From that night he offered to escort her no more; nay, once meeting her at her own street corner he pretended not to know her, and even murmured, in muffled tone, the injurious words, "Move on!" But Lily often met the inspector, and he had always a kind word for her.

She dared not go to bed, this night of the supper, until her tyrant came home, and when she had lighted a candle and unpacked the bundle she had brought from Ranelagh, sat down in the little parlor to read. A Sunday newspaper was the only literary matter at hand, and she had read it through at least twice before since the beginning of the week; but she addressed herself again, and most industriously, to its perusal, going through all the advertisements of the splendid corner public houses, the snug little free beer-shops, the eligible openings in the chandlery line, the unequaled tobacconists', stationery, and Berlin wool businesses for sale, wondering whether they all found purchasers, and whether it took six months or twelve for their lucky purchasers to realize large fortunes. And then she attacked the page devoted to theatricals, and read how Ranelagh was nightly the resort of the highest rank and fashion; how the experiment of a winter season had been a complete success, and how Mr. M'Variety was gaining golden opinions from all sorts of people. What were golden opinions, Lily wondered—money? If that were so it was strange, for Mr. M'Variety was always grumbling to the countess about the money he was losing. Then Lily went on to read about the countess herself. How Madame Ernestine was the cynosure of all eyes. How her youth, her beauty, her grace and agility were the delight of thousands, and how she had created, in the high school of horsemanship, a position in which she might have many imitators but few compeers. A brief biography of the gifted equestrian followed this glowing criticism. Lily learned, to her astonishment, that the countess was of Spanish extraction—of a noble Andalusian family, indeed; that her mother (in the land of the dark mantilla and the bewitching cachuca) was known as the Pearl of Seville; but that reverses of fortune had forced her papa to adopt the lowly but still honorable profession of a matador. Educated in the Terpsichorean department of the Conservatory at Milan, the countess had been instructed in the mysteries of the high school of horsemanship by an Arab sheik, assisted by the Master of the Horse to the Emperor of Austria. Her stud comprised an Andalusian barb, an Estremaduran jennet, a thorough-bred Arab from the Sahara, and a Persian filly from Tiflis. She had been married in early life to an English gentleman of high rank and vast wealth; but the union had not proved a happy one, and the gifted and beauteous Madame Ernestine was now a widow. She had gone through a series of the most startling and romantic adventures, and had received costly presents, mostly consisting of diamonds, from the majority of the sovereigns of Europe. She was eminently accomplished, being a mistress of five languages, and a skillful dancer, painter, and modeler of wax flowers. In age she might be bordering on her twenty-seventh year. Lily could not help asking herself, when she had come to the end of this astonishing narrative, whether it was all true—whether the countess was indeed the wonderful person they made her out to be, or whether newspapers were even addicted to the practice for which the girls at her school used to be punished: to wit, lying.

It must have been nearly two in the morning when the landlord, Mr. Kafooze, knocked at her door and asked if he might come in. The candle had a very long wick by this time, and Lily had laid down the imaginative newspaper and was nodding wearily. She started up at the landlord's voice and bade him enter.

Mr. Kafooze was a very little old man, with a white smooth poll very like a billiard-ball, and reddish eyes, and no perceptible teeth, and a weak piping voice. He dressed habitually in black, had a limp wisp of white kerchief round his neck, and was, perhaps, the last man in South Lambeth who wore knee-breeches, slack cotton hose, and plated buckles in his shoes. The small-clothes and buckles, added to his baldness, were of no small service to him among his neighbors. Parents liked to send their children to a school of which the master looked at once so very clerical and so very scholastic. Mr. Kafooze's academy was on the humblest scale. Some twenty little boys and girls used to come there every morning and afternoon, to all appearance for three purposes: to crack nuts, to munch apples, and to pinch one another. When the last nut was cracked, the last apple devoured, and the last pinch-extracted squeal uttered, school was dismissed. The pupils generally went home black and blue, so far as their arms were concerned, but not through any corporal chastisement inflicted by Mr. Kafooze. That placid old man had not so much as a half-penny cane in his academy. His assistant in the business of education was his niece, a hump-backed young person, with red hair, and a firmament of freckles on her countenance, who reveled in the somewhat exceptional name of Rhodope, who passed the major portion of her time either in endeavoring to mollify the bunions with which she was troubled, or in relating ghost stories (of which she had a vast stock) in an under-tone to the three senior pupils. Mr. Kafooze sat apart at a little desk, and when the scholars were unusually noisy, would tell them mildly that they were "worse than bluebottles." He was generally intent on the contemplation of a celestial globe, and when he had (as it seemed, being short-sighted) smelt at this orb for many minutes, he would rush away to his desk, bury his nose in a quire of foolscap, and cover at least two pages with blots, scrawls, dashes, and hieroglyphical characters of strange design. Whence arose, even among Mr. Kafooze's most friendly critics, a rumor that he was engaged in the discovery of the perpetual motion, to be accomplished by means of clock-work and balloons, and that he had, in furtherance of his scientific ends, entered into a compact with the Evil One. But every body agreed that "he knew a deal," and was exceedingly genteel in his manners.

"It's only me, my dear," piped Mr. Kafooze, entering the parlor with a little lamp in one hand. With the disengaged hand, which was so thin and shriveled as to be well-nigh transparent, he shaded the light from Lily.

"You watch late to-night," he resumed, in his weak treble. "Hasn't your mamma come home yet?"

"Madame is supping with some friends," Lily answered, quietly. "Madame" was a discreet compromise into the use of which she had been drilled by the Wild Woman. "Dare to call me any thing else, and I will skin you alive, you viper," was her amiable warning to her dependent.

"Ah! it's no business of mine. She's a very good lodger, when she's in a good temper, and has every right to her latch-key. I hope she's enjoying herself. What a famous schoolmistress your mamma would make? Ah! she'd make the little ones mind, I'll warrant you. They don't mind me a bit, nor my niece Rhodope."

"But you, Mr. Kafooze," said Lily, who was accustomed to the little old man, who often came in at night for a quiet gossip, "you are up very late too."

"Oh! I, my dear young lady, I'm always up late. It's my way. I've so much to do. I sit up with the stars."

Lily thought Mr. Kafooze's fellow-watchers were most delightful company, and told him, almost enthusiastically, that she loved to sit up and look at the stars.

"Ah! that isn't it exactly," rejoined Mr. Kafooze, shaking his head, and with a half sigh. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, and all that sort of thing. I read the stars, my dear, and have come to know them. Deary me! but there's a deal more to be learned about them," he added, with another sigh.

"And what do they tell you, Mr. Kafooze?" asked Lily.

"A deal that's good, and a deal that's bad, my dear," the star-gazer replied. "They tell me little that's worth knowing about myself, however. If the stars would be good enough to inform me how it is that I can't earn more than two pounds a week, I'd be obliged to them, that's all. The stars, my dear, I can tell you in confidence, have been my stumbling-blocks all through life. My father turned me out of doors, and cut me off—not with a shilling, but without one—all owing to the stars. I attribute my failure in the haberdashery line in the year 'twenty-three entirely to the stars. I published a 'Voice from the Stars' in the shape of an almanac for three years running, and lost a very pretty penny by it. And now I've come down to what you see. But I trust in the stars as firmly as ever; and indeed my motive in looking in upon you to-night was to ask you whether you could tell me what star your mamma was born under. I shouldn't like to ask her myself, for you see she has rather a quick temper."

"I am sure I don't know, Mr. Kafooze," replied Lily, "but I will ask her if you like."

"For goodness' sake don't, my dear young lady," Mr. Kafooze interposed, hastily. "She's a remarkable woman, is your mamma, and she might do something dreadful if you were inquisitive about her affairs. I thought that perhaps she might have mentioned something to you incidentally about the stars."

"I do not know, Mr. Kafooze," said Lily, very sadly, who felt somehow impelled to place confidence in the little bald-headed schoolmaster, "whether she is my mamma or not. One day she tells me she is; but the next she denies it, and forbids me to call her any thing but Madame. I know that she treats me very unkindly, and that I am very unhappy, Mr. Kafooze."

She buried her face in her hands. She could not help the confession. It was the first wail—the first outcry under cruel agony.

"Hush, hush!" piped the schoolmaster; "you mustn't cry, you mustn't fret, my dear. That would never do. You'll wake the lodger up—as worthy a young man as ever lived, and plays the trombone at Ranelagh for five-and-twenty shillings a week."

He sat down by her side on the little horse-hair sofa, and fell to chafing one of her little hands between his own parchment palms.

"Don't mind me," he quavered; "I'm old enough to be your great-grandfather. I'm seventy-two, but I don't fret now; I leave it all to the stars."

Lily dried her eyes, and admitted that she had been very foolish, and besought the schoolmaster not to tell Madame of what had passed.

"It is not that she strikes me," she explained. "She is always threatening, but she has seldom gone beyond a push, and has never gone so far as she did to-night when she menaced me with her horsewhip. But oh, Mr. Kafooze, she strikes me with her tongue—with her cruel, cruel tongue. Night and day she browbeats and insults me. What am I to do? You have seen me here. How am I to conciliate her? How have I offended her? Do I look, do I act, like a bad, wicked girl?"

"You are a little angel, my dear," quoth old Mr. Kafooze; "a dear, persecuted angel; but you must not fret. You must leave it to time and to the stars. They will make it all right. I won't say that they will avenge you; because vengeance does not belong to the stars."

Lily could only repeat that she was very unhappy—that she did every thing she could to please her hard task mistress, and that it was not her fault.

"It's nobody's fault, my dear," urged the little schoolmaster. "Nobody but Destiny's. I've been fighting against Destiny for threescore years and ten, and she's had her heel upon me, and trampled me under foot many and many a time. But I'll get the best of her, and have her under *my* foot, the jade!" he concluded, clenching his bony hand, and in a most valorous pipe.

The sound of a key was heard turning in the door.

"That's your mamma," quoth he, hastily. "I wouldn't have her see me here for twenty pound. Good-night, my dear. Your mamma's got a destiny too; only I want to know more about her star before I can tell you what it is. I'm afraid it's a bad one." And Mr. Kafooze vanished.

Two persons came into the little parlor: one was the countess, flushed and radiant, the other was Thomas Tuttleshell, Esquire. That gentleman Lily had never before seen; but the countess had often spoken of him as a fellow who had been useful to her. She had decidedly but few surplus funds in the way of gratitude, our countess, and dispensed them very grudgingly.

She had torn off her mantle, had flung herself on to the sofa, and sat in her gay dress, fanning herself. Lily had seen her as hot and as excited after her performance in the French booth as the Wild Woman; but she seemed scarcely the same being now. She was different in mien, in voice, in gesture. She was transformed.

Thomas Tuttleshell had escorted her from supper, but whither afterward Lily knew not. It was certain that madame and her friends were not in the gardens when the girl left. Perhaps Sir William Long had still chambers where he could conjure up the image of his old parties. Perhaps Thomas knew of some quiet hotel in the neighborhood of St. James's, where, even after supper hours, guests who wished to talk, and smoke, and drink Champagne, were welcome.

"It's very late—very late, indeed," was the courteous remark of the countess to Thomas, as she flung away her fan, and gave a great yawn; "you had better go home."

"Much obliged to you," thus Thomas; "but allow me at least to apologize for keeping this pretty young lady, whom I presume to be your daughter, up to such a very unseemly hour. You see, miss, that your mamma—"

"*My servant* needs none of your apologies," the countess interrupted, with her old haughtiness. "If she complained of waiting up early or late, just as it suited my good-will and pleasure, I'd break every bone in her skin."

"It would be a pity to hurt such pretty bones."

"Never mind whether they are ugly or pretty. They are none of yours. They are mine. Now, go away, there's a good man. I am tired to death."

"Allow me at least to light a cigar. It's deuced cold."

"I do not allow smoking in my apartments."

"By Jove, Ernestine," cried the usually placable Tom, losing all patience under these continual rebuffs, "you're very different now from what you were when I took you off the boards in France. Why, but for the few Louis that Ital-

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ian fellow won at the trente et quarante, you wouldn't have had a shoe to your foot."

"I have nothing to do with what I was yesterday. It is enough for me to think of what I am to-day, and what I may be to-morrow." Spoken like a brave and consistent countess.

"At least," remonstrated Tom, "you might remember that I got you a good engagement, and, as an old friend, am at least entitled to a little consideration."

"A fig for your engagements," the woman cried, snapping her fingers; "a fig for the miserable ten pounds a week which your master, M'Variety, gives me. Dix livres sterling. Je me mouche avec ces gages-là!"

"You were glad enough to get them when I offered the engagement to you at Lyons, and lent you the money to come over to England."

"I might have been. It is so very long ago. In the century before last, I think. Chantez-moi quelque chose de nouveau."

"It was this very summer," grumbled Tom.

"A fig for last summer! a fig for my old friends. Je m'en fiche!" the woman cried. "I have found other old friends—and superb ones, too. I have been in the mud long enough. Now I am about to revenge myself."

"Then I suppose you don't want to see me any more. I wish you a very good-night." Tom was going away in dudgeon.

On the contrary, the countess condescended to explain, "I want to see you every day. You can be very useful to me, l'oncle Thomas. Allons, soyons amis, mon vieux. Tapez là."

She held out her hand in a scornful manner to Mr. Tuttleshell, who took it, and bowed, somewhat stiffly, for he was still but ill-pleased, and was going, when the countess started up and placed herself between him and the door.

"No, we are not going to part like that," she cried, half sarcastically, and half caressingly. "Pas de rancune, mon brave. You must continue to serve me. I want you here to-morrow morning. I want to talk to you before ces messieurs arrivent. Is not to-morrow—to-day, rather, I would say—Saturday? Have they not promised to so call? Am I not to dine with them, there being a relâche at the Gardens? Allons, donnez-moi la patte."

She had still, though haggard and ruddled, a cajoling kind of way about her which was not ineffective. Tom gave her his hand this time in perfect amity, and, promising to be with her again before noon, took his leave.

He had been slyly examining Lily while parleying with the countess. "By Jove! what a pretty little thing," quoth Thomas Tuttleshell, Esquire, as he put Mr. Kafooze's brass plate between himself and the parlor. "What a pity she should have such an old tigress for a mother! Clever woman, though. Fiendishly clever. In her day, superb. Sadly fallen off, though. I suppose the little one *is* her daughter. I wonder what Billy Long's game is. He's sown his wild oats; yet they're a sly lot, these swells: always up to something. He said to-night's meeting was as good as a thousand pounds to him. I wish he'd give me five hundred on account. Heigh-ho! C-a-b!" And Tom Tuttleshell hailed a four-wheeler, and was driven home to bed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DREAMLAND.

IT was a very long time since the girl had dreamed. How could she dream, she had no time. Her life had been wakeful, and hard, and cruel. She had been bedded on no soft pillow, dandled to sleep in no loving arms. Every one around her had been awake, and watchful to strike at her. Tranquil slumbers and bright visions she had just tasted of, here and there, and for a moment; but they had been rudely broken, and intervals of long years rolled between. Sometimes, as a quiet and not unhappy little child, the plaything of the school at Stockwell, she had dreamed, nestling in the soothing shadow of the Misses Bunnycastles' skirts. Then she had certainly dreamed for a whole afternoon at the Greenwich dinner, and for a whole day at Cutwig & Co.'s. A brief and blissful dream had been her sojourn at Madame de Kergolay's; but the waking up only seemed the ruder and more dreadful. Since she had groaned under the sway of the horrible woman, who, in her paint and out of her paint, on the boards and off the boards, was always wild, and capricious, and intolerable, she had forgotten what it was to dream, or rather she had been as one walking in her sleep, mobile, eyes wide open and unconscious. So she might have gone on, to find herself at last a dull, stupefied, apathetic drudge, too crushed and listless to be discontented. But this was not to be. A great change was fated to come over her. She was to dream again, and, for a time, delightfully.

The change began on the very morning after the notable supper of the countess with her old friends. She ceased suddenly to treat Lily in the same manner as heretofore. She was no longer brutal, sarcastic, impatient with her. She had her old temper or the countess; but when she found that she was losing, or the rather, on the point of giving way to her temper, she would bite her lips, and stamp her foot, and crisp her fingers, until the fit had passed off. Her self-control was wonderful. Lily was astounded at it; and Mr. Kafooze, at first puzzled, was ultimately led to ascribe the alteration to the conjunction of some more favorable planets in the horoscope. The cardinal point in the mild, although somewhat muddled, philosophy of the little old schoolmaster was neither to praise nor to censure his fellow-creatures for any thing. If things went badly, he bowed to the fiat of the stars; and if they went well, he thanked the stars for it. Perhaps, all things considered, one might have a worse system of philosophy than the Kafoozian.

They had visitors in the humble little sitting-room the morrow of the supper. The curiosity of the street was all agog when the distinguished visitors arrived. They came in private carriages—in a Brougham and pair and a carbriolet. The tiger attached to the latter vehicle, a youth of rosy countenance and confident mien, descended into Mr. Kafooze's garden, plucked two roses, stuck one of the flowers in his horse's headstall, and another in his own button-hole, and then gave himself up to, whistling, not defiantly, but with an air of cheerful superiority to things in general, and South Lambeth in particular.

Fung-yan, Chinese, who happened to be at home at the time (he always returned at noon to lunch on liver and bacon, rice, and bottled stout), came out to his front door, and surveyed the scene with his never-failing simper, just as his three hundred million prototypes simper as they cross the bridge on the willow pattern plate, or parch tea-leaves in copper pans, surrounded by flowery gardens and curly pagodas, on the grocers' chests. Most of the inhabitants of the street, however, were of opinion that the visit had something to do with a projected railway, the proximate driving of which through their quiet street, and consequent demolition of their dwellings, kept them in a chronic state of apprehension; while two or three ladies of mature age shook their heads, and opined that it was no business of theirs, but that some people had no sense of what was right and proper, especially foreign horse-riders. It was enough to make decent Christian people—having paid rates and taxes for years, and brought up large families most respectable—believe the world was coming to an end, and to cause the bones of their (the Christian bodies') grand-parents to turn in their graves.

Meanwhile the visitors, quite unconscious of these conflicting criticisms, had made their way into the little parlor. School was just breaking up as they passed through the passage, and, during the hour of recreation, the juvenile scholars of Mr. Kafooze played with much zest at being a double-knock, at being a gentleman in a white hat, at being a gentleman with a gold-rimmed eye-glass, and, in particular, at being carriages and horses.

Lily had been hurried, but not unkindly, into the back bedroom when the double-knock announced the arrival of the illustrious party. They were five in number. They were the Pilgrims, plus one; and the additional person was Mr. M'Variety.

"What do you want here?" was the countess's agreeable salutation to her director (she could not be amiable to every body); "do you want to raise my salary?"

"Don't mind if I do," returned the enterprising manager. "You're certainly drawing. I wish every body else did as well; but the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, you remember, the Swedish Albino who used to do the Living Skeleton at Rosherville, and, as a child, was exhibited as the phenomenon with the words Princess Charlotte plainly visible on the pupil of one eye, and, on the other, Leopold of Sacobble—supposed to mean Saxe Coburg—from whom I expected great things, has turned out a regular swindle. The confounded idiot has had the measles; and now he's got over them, he's getting quite fat and good-looking."

The countess had only heard the first few words of his remarks. Long before the manager had finished she was engrossed by the conversation of her more aristocratic guests. How heartily she despised M'Variety in her secret self! What a vulgar, presuming, self-sufficient, under-bred fellow he was! But the rest? Ah, they were true gentlemen. How affable, and easy, and gracious was Milor Carlton! What a grand manner—and a kind one too, for all his dryness—had Sir William Long, Baronet! And Edgar Greyfaunt, the Sultan Greyfaunt, perfumed, and curled, and oiled, like a gorgeous potentate in Vathek, the sultan in a braided pelisse and a sealskin waistcoat. "Il a l'air grand seigneur, celui-là," she muttered. "C'est un lion pur sang. Il a un peu le ton Parisien. C'est peut-être un milord qui a flâné longtemps sur le Boulevard de Gand." And to Edgar she was especially gracious.

On Thomas Tuttleshell, even, she smiled; but she took occasion to whisper to him:

"You never came this morning, false man. So you still bear malice?"

"Not a bit," returned Thomas, in the same low tone; you gave me a deuce of a reception last night; snow-balls and red-hot flat-irons, by way of a change, were nothing to it. However, that's all over now. I would have come this morning, but we were up late, and I was tired to death." Although Thomas was one of the most obliging of mankind, he had a reasonable sense of what was due to his dignity, and did not like to make himself *too* cheap.

"As you please," the countess rejoined, turning away. "We will have our confidential talk another time." However nettled she might have been by Thomas's apparent neglect, she took care (for good reasons of her own, doubtless) not to show it then or there, and was studiously civil to him. "Messeigneurs," she continued, "can I offer you any thing? The wines of South Lambeth are, I am afraid, not of the premiers crûs—the first vintages; but, if you desired it, the neighborhood should be scoured to procure beverages worthy of you. Will you smoke, Messeigneurs? Illumine your cigars, by all means. I will not do you the injustice to suppose that I could offer you any so good as those which are in your cases."

The gentlemen hastened to disclaim any wish to resort to the deleterious practice she expressed herself willing to tolerate, and assured her that her conversation was already sufficiently delightful without any extraneous aids. By-and-by Sir William Long gently suggested that she had made them, overnight, a certain promise.

"Ah," she returned, with seeming carelessness, "I know—my little girl. I promised to introduce her to you, did I not? It was a venturesome pledge on my part. Vous êtes par trop mauvais sujets, mes nobles seigneurs. However, you shall see that I can keep my word. Do you really wish to see the child? She is but a little bit of a thing, and quite timid and awkward."

"If she is half as charming as her mamma," Lord Carlton observed, gallantly, "she must be charming indeed."

"Flatterer! How do you know that I am her mamma? Ai-je l'air d'une mère, moi?" The vain woman plumed herself as she spoke. She was really beginning to imagine that she was young again. "But you shall see her. Excuse me for a few moments, and I will present her to you. You are sure that I can not offer you any thing?"

"Don't think you can," put in plain-speaking Mr. M'Variety. "'Tisn't very likely these gents could drink the kind of stuff you would be likely to get from the public house at the corner. If I'd only thought of it, now, I'd have brought a bottle of Champagne in his lordship's carriage."

"With his lordship's permission," Mr. Tuttleshell gently hinted, in an under-tone.

"With nobody's permission but my own, Mr. Tom Toady," the manager, who was quick of speech sometimes, retorted.

Thomas looked discomposed, and his lordship laughed. Mr. M'Variety's bluntness rather amused than offended him. It could certainly never be alleged against the enterprising manager that *he* was an adulator of the great. He was fond of the society of the "tiptoppers," as he called them, made much of them, and treated them with great liberality and hospitality; but he never cringed to or bowed down before them. He had often been known to swear at a lord who got in a carpenter's way behind the scenes; but it was difficult to be offended with him: he swore so very good-humoredly and respectfully. He was quite as affable and quite as hospitable in the society of the gentleman who contracted for the train-oil to supply the lamps of Ranelagh, the inspector of police, and the tradesman who manufactured pork-pies for the refreshment-room.

Madame Ernestine went away into the next room, and poor Thomas had rather a hard time of it until her return. That unlucky observation about his lordship's permission brought on his head a number of cutting things. Mr. Greyfaunt was secretly delighted that the harmless client had been put down. Mr. M'Variety hastened, however, to smooth Thomas's ruffled pinions.

"A right good fellow is Tom," he observed; "only he will put in his oar sometimes where it isn't wanted. Never mind, Tom; if I've hurt your feelings, I'm sorry for it."

It was difficult for Mr. Tuttleshell to be angry with any human being for more than five seconds at a time; and he was assuring M'Variety of his entire belief that he would do nothing willingly to wound his feelings, when the countess entered the parlor.

She brought Lily with her. She had some womanly grace and ingenuity left, this Wild Woman, and, during the few minutes she had been absent, had disposed some ribbons and scraps of lace about the girl's dress, which made her look quite smart. She was very pale, poor little Lily; but her soft brown hair and trusting eyes were beautiful.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the baronet, starting up. "She's not a bit changed. It's only the dear little girl we saw at Greenwich grown into a woman."

But Lily had grown paler and paler. Flashes of crimson came, transient, across the deadly whiteness of her cheek. But she trembled all over, and stretched forth her hands before her as though her sight were failing her, and she was feeling her way. At length she gave a feeble cry, staggered, and would have fallen, but that the countess caught her in her arms.

"I thought so," she muttered between her teeth.

She bore her into the bedroom, poured water on a handkerchief, damped her forehead and chafed her hands. The girl soon revived. The countess bade her lie on the bed and keep quiet, and she would soon be quite well again. "Sly little imp," she muttered again, as she passed the sitting-room. "Ah, I thought so, I thought so! Thou couldst not deceive me, little Jesuit."

She found her visitors in great perturbation at the untoward occurrence.

"It is nothing," she explained. "I told you. She is a mere child, and has hitherto lived in virtuous retirement." She said this with a grin. "She was alarmed at the sight of so many strangers, but she is already recovered, and will soon be herself again. I was just as timid at her age." And she grinned again. She was not pleasant to look upon when she grinned. She strove to engage her guests in conversation; but it manifestly flagged. She saw their eyes continually directed toward the closed door, and she hugged herself in her secret soul. She went into the bedroom once or twice, and came out saying that the patient was better, but too much frightened to confront the strangers again. And at last, with great amiability, but sufficient plainness, she told them that she had a rehearsal at the Gardens, and must beg them to excuse her until dinner.

"That's a crammer," whispered the enterprising manager to Thomas Tuttleshell; "there's not so much as a donkey rehearsing at our shop this morning." Whether his enterprise for the moment happen to be a play-house, an Italian Opera, a garden, a circus, a giant, a dwarf, a concert-room, a chapel, or a wild-beast show, Mr. M'Variety always alluded to it as a shop.

"I suppose something's gone wrong," said Tom, in a return whisper, "and she wants to get rid of us. We'd better be off, Mac."

There was clearly nothing left but for the visitors to go. The countess's face was wreathed with smiles; but there was no mistaking the gesture with which she showed them the door. She bade them adieu until dinner, which was to take place, it was arranged, at some hotel in the West End. Mr. M'Variety was to be of the party, and the manager whispered, as he passed out, that he had a proposition to make of a nature which might not be wholly displeasing to her. "Decidedly," she thought, "he means to raise my salary." Her views, however, were too ambitious just then to be satisfied with a mere two or three pounds added to her weekly stipend.

His lordship's Brougham would call for her at six o'clock. That was clearly as it should be, and another triumph. She was evidently resuming her proper station.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PRACTITIONER being asked by his patient why he put so many ingredients into his prescriptions, is said to have answered more facetiously than philosophically, "in order that the disease may take which it likes best."

AN OLD STORY SPOILED.—A contemporary relates a wonderful anecdote about a hen that flew at a cow in defense of her chickens, and killed the cow with one blow of her bill. This statement is not quite correct. To make the story perfectly genuine the hen should be a cock, and the cow a bull.

DRILL FOR SINGLE VOLUNTEERS.

Fall In—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you may have.

Attention—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

Right Face—Popping the question, like a man, and she'll accept you.

Quick March—To her parents, and ask their consent.

Right Turn—With her to the church, and go through the service of holy matrimony.

Halt—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

Right about Face—From the haunts that you frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

Advance Arms—To your young wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

Break Off—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

"I wish you wouldn't give such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

OLD SPANISH PROVERBS.

God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself.

Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors.

Thinking is very far from knowing the truth.

Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street.

Take your wife's first advice, not her second.

Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit.

"Do you see this stick, Sir?" said a very stupid acquaintance to Sydney Smith; "this stick has been all round the world, Sir." "Indeed," said the remorseless Sydney, "and yet it is only a stick!"

A one-legged miller is at once miller and hopper.

An elephant is a powerful animal, but the smallest dog can lick him.

In a country theatre there were only seven persons in the house one night. The pit took offense at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically; whereupon the manager brought his company on the stage and *out-hissed* the visitors.

Many people's charities, like the brooks, are scantiest when most needed.

Better have no dumplings in the family than make them of the apples of discord.

"I have a place for every thing, and you ought to know it," said a married man, who was looking for his bootjack after his wife was in bed. "Yes," said she, "and I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

"Isn't it strange," remarked a lady, "that the Miss Smiths are so gross?" "Not at all," was the reply; "their father was a grocer."

"Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. "Law me, I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning, and go to church, and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

Drive your cattle on the ice if you want cowslips in the winter.

Get too many suits brought for you by the lawyer, and you will get none brought to you by the tailor.

NOT A BAD MOTTO.—For the "Special Safety Matches" which ignite only on the box, we suggest the inscription, "*Strike but Here.*"

Why ought dentists to be good cricketers?—Because they are adepts at "drawing the stumps."

At a dinner-party one of the guests used his knife improperly in eating. At length a wag asked aloud: "Have you heard of poor L——'s sad affair? I met him at a party yesterday, when, to our great horror, he suddenly took up the knife, and—" "Good Heavens!" interposed one of the ladies; "and did he cut his throat?" "Why, no," answered the relater, "he did not cut his throat with his knife; but we all expected he would, for he actually put it up to his mouth."

When is a steamship like a very exacting man?—When she's a screw.

Mrs. Partington makes Shakspeare say, "Sweet are the uses of advertisements."

THE QUESTION OF THE *Times*.—"To bee or not to bee?"

At no time of life should a man give up the thoughts of enjoying the society of women. "In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses, at a riper age our companions, in old age our nurses, and in all ages our friends."

Of what trade is a clergyman at a wedding?—A joiner.

Poor men are apt to fare badly every where. It is a blessed thing to live in a land of plenty if you have plenty of land.

"My fate is foul," the boatman said when he was carrying some poultry to market.

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REUBEN E. FENTON.

HON. REUBEN E. FENTON, the Union candidate for Governor of New York, was born in Carroll, Chautauqua County, New York, July 4, 1819. His father was one of the pioneers of Western New York, and one of the most enterprising of those who changed the wilds of the "Holland Purchase" into that beautiful and rich agricultural district west of the Genesee River. He worked upon his father's farm until fifteen years of age, attending school during the winter months in the log school-house. He attended the College-Hill Academy, near Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Fredonia Academy, New York; and subsequently read law to qualify himself for business. Before reaching his majority he engaged in mercantile pursuits; and in 1840 he began, in a small way, on the head waters of the Allegheny, the manufacture and transportation of lumber down that and the Ohio rivers. He was entirely successful, and amassed a fortune at thirty years of age. After holding several town and county offices, in 1852, although a Democrat, such was his popularity that he defeated the Whig candidate for Congress in the then 33d District (which was Whig usually by 3000 majority) by 56 majority, and was a member of the Committee on Commerce. In 1854 he was defeated in the "K. N." tornado. In 1856 he was unanimously nominated as the Republican candidate, and elected to Congress by 5000 majority. In 1858, 1860, and in 1862 he was re-elected to Congress by average majorities of over 7000 votes. In the Thirty-seventh Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Claims, one of great labor, and requiring vigilance, discretion, and honesty. In the present Congress he is a member of the Committee of Ways and Means.

In his private as well as public life he has been uniformly successful. Kind and encouraging in manner and action, many young men owe prosperous positions to his unselfish aid. No man in Congress has been more uniformly devoted to the care and interests of the New York soldiers than Mr. FENTON. His time, his pen, his personal influence, and his liberal purse have been generously bestowed to alleviate, protect, and promote New York soldiers. He has been for a considerable time the President of the New York Soldiers' Relief Association.

Mr. FENTON is in the prime of life; he has a commanding appearance. As a public speaker he is fluent, effective, and eloquent. But his success is attributed to untiring vigilance and personal attention to all the details of business, private or public. There are few men possessed of such suavity of manners combined with so great executive talent as Mr. FENTON.



HON. REUBEN E. FENTON, THE UNION CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PARIS FASHIONS

FOR SEPTEMBER.

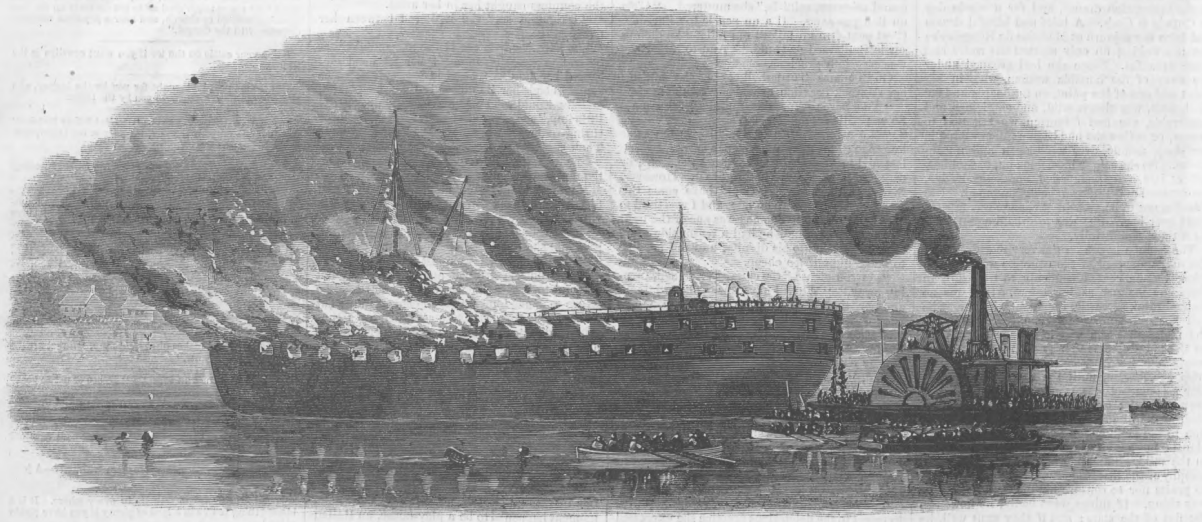
FOR some years past—and the present season has not differed in this respect from its modern predecessors—the edicts of the *Mode* have been issued during the summer excursion period. This is easily explained, from the circumstance that it has now become the general fashion to pass the hot months at the sea-side or at watering-places, where ladies are under very slight restraint as to the style of their costume, and can, without being subject to disagreeable remark, temporarily adopt any innovation, not to say eccentricity, which the taste of their modistes may suggest. Of all these bold innovations a few sometimes remain, and, once approved, become the mode for a certain time. Thus it was at the watering-places during the present season that the high bonnets recently worn received their *coup de ciseaux*; and the smallest of small bonnets, having obtained the official approbation of competent judges at Vichy, at Trouville, at Honfleur, and other fashionable resorts, will in all probability reign triumphant for some time to come. We have even seen some that scarcely cover the occiput, merely ornamented in front and on the scarcely perceptible back edge with drooping flowers, instead of the tour-de-tête and bavolet, which are now frequently abandoned. But it must be observed that such chapeaux, although met with in the best houses, are not yet general.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Green silk dress, deeply vandyked, each tooth being ornamented with rich white guipure. The casaque is adjusted to the waist, and is of the same color as the dress and similarly trimmed. White crape bonnet, small in size, and provided simply with a bouillonné of tulle in the place of the bavolet.

Fig. 2. *Sea-side Dress for a Young Lady.*—Light gray poplin robe and pardessus, all the ornaments being in black silk with long fringe. The chapeau is the chapeau Windsor, and is almost concealed by an aigrette and a large depending feather. The bottines are laced in front; the stockings are of the same color as the dress.

Fig. 3. *Carriage Dress.*—White muslin robe over sea-green silk slip. Rich lace flounce, surmounted by a ruching of green silk. The camail is of green silk, trimmed with deep lace of like quality with that on the skirt. Bonnet of white tulle, ornamented with grass, and with a rose (sometimes replaced by a butterfly) in the tour-de-tête. A large sea-green bow surmounts the back hair or catogan instead of the usual curtain.



BURNING OF THE RECEIVING-SHIP "BRANDYWINE," AS SEEN FROM THE GOSPORT NAVY-YARD, VIRGINIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY JAMES S. CONANT.]

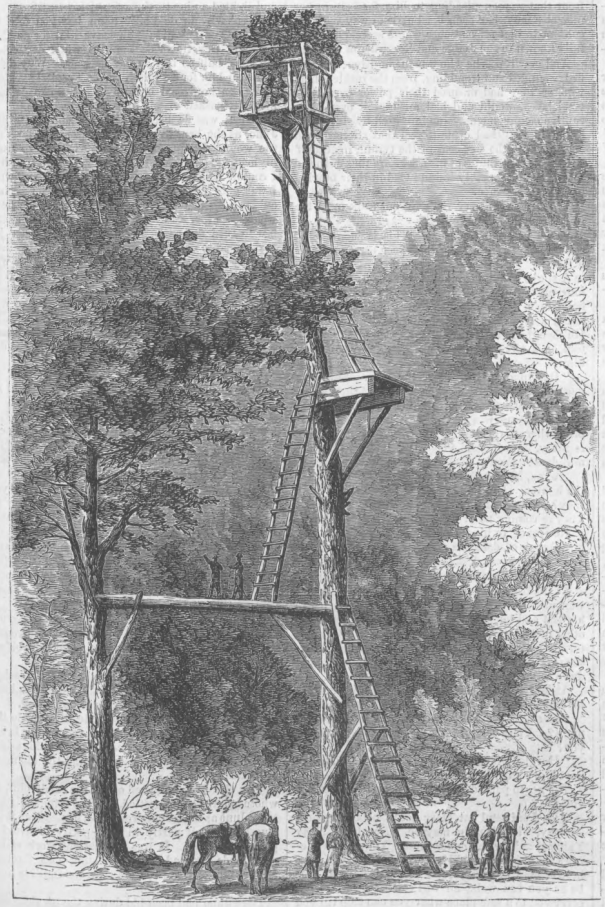
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PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1864.

CROW'S-NEST SIGNAL-STATION.

In the sketch given below the reader will get a very good idea of the manner in which signal-stations are constructed. In an opening in the forest, on an elevation, some strong, lofty tree is selected. At the top of a ladder a scaffolding is placed; upon this scaffolding another ladder rests, and so on till the summit is reached. Here in the top of the tree a platform is built, affording a commodious look-out.



[CROW'S-NEST SIGNAL STATION.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

THE accompanying portrait is a very exact reproduction of a daguerreotype taken by Mr. BRADY of this city, who assures us that its original was no other than Private MILES O'REILLY, formerly of the 47th Regiment New York Volunteer Infantry, but now serving as a re-enlisted veteran in some regiment belonging to the Irish brigade. Mr. BRADY says that, in spite of every remonstrance he could offer, Private MILES insisted on "bein' sot for his picture" in a coat borrowed for the occasion from some friendly field officer of his regiment—the reason he assigned for not appearing in his proper uniform being, that he wanted the picture for his sweet-heart, and therefore it must be "lookin' the purtiest he knew how."

Not wishing to cast any doubt upon Mr. BRADY'S statement, we can only say that the annexed portrait does not at all tally with the elaborate personal description of Private MILES given in that veracious chronicle of passing events, the New York *Herald*. We therefore append the pen-and-ink sketch and biography of the "Bard of the 10th Army Corps," as we find it reproduced in "MILES O'REILLY, HIS BOOK"—leaving such of our readers as may be curious in this kind of controversy to decide the authenticity of the portrait for themselves.

From the *Herald's* stenographic report of the interview between his Excellency the President, the foreign diplomatic body, the members of Mr. LINCOLN'S Cabinet, and Private MILES O'REILLY, held at the White House on last Thanksgiving-day, we make the subjoined extract; and, without expressing any decided opinion ourselves, the matter is now remitted to the consideration and judgment of an enlightened public.

"Private O'REILLY is a brawny, large-boned, rather good-looking young Milesian, with curly reddish hair, gray eyes, one of which has a blemish upon it, high cheek bones, a cocked nose, square lower jaws, and the usual strong type of Irish forehead—the perceptive bumps, immediately above the eyes, being extremely prominent. A more good-humored or radiantly expressive face it is impossible to conceive. The whole countenance beams with a candor and unreserve equal to that of a mealy potato which has burst its skin or jacket by too rapid boiling. He stands about six feet three inches, is broad-chested, barrel-bodied, firm on his pins, and with sinewy, knotted fists of a hardness and heaviness seldom equaled. On the whole, he reminds one very much of Ensign O'DOHERTY'S ideal picture of the Milesian hero:

> "One of his eyes was bottle-green,
> And the other eye was out, my dear;
> And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
> Were more than two feet about, my dear!
> O, the lump of an Irishman,
> The nasty, ugly Irishman,
> The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue,
> The leathering swash of an Irishman.

"Private O'REILLY says that he was born at a place they call Ouldcastle, in Ireland; that he picked up what little of the humanities and rudiments he possesses under one Father THOMAS MAGUIRE, of Cavan—'him that was O'CONNELL'S frind, rest their sowls;' and he is emphatic in declaring that he and seventeen of his O'REILLY cousins, sixty-



PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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four MURPHY cousins, thirty-seven KELLY cousins, twenty-three LANIGAN cousins, together with a small army of other Milesians—all his own blood relations, many of them now in the service, and all decent boys—would be both proud and happy to enlist or re-enlist for twenty years or the war, if his Riverence's Excellency the President would only oblige them 'the laste mite in life' by declaring war against England. He is of opinion that no excuse is ever needed for going to war; but adds that if any were, it might be found in the recent Canadian-rebel conspiracy to release our prisoners of war, now in camp on Johnson's Island."

We can not dismiss Private MILES from consideration in any manner more appropriate than by giving one of the songs which first brought him into notice, and which may now be heard sung to the air of "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea" at many of the camp-fires of our various armies. He called it his

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

"COMRADES known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be!
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But, whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

"Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers ever more to be:—
And, if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

"By communion of the banner—
Battle-scarred but victor banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Brothers of one church are we!
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us,
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we!"

THE REVENGE OF A GODDESS.

THROUGH the dewy thicket, out into the patch of silver moonlight, on to the silent wood, paced the picket-guard, humming a love-song between his teeth, and thinking of bright eyes far away, of honeyed breath and velvet lips, of a true heart and a plighted faith all his own, when he should return to claim them.

"Like enough this very minute she's looking at the moon shining down so bright, and thinking about—"

Seth Bryant never finished the sentence thus begun, for the same air-wave that brought his own words to his ears brought also a very different sound, and the sentimental murmur of the lover changed to the sentinel's stern demand of

"Who goes there?"

As private Bryant's musket-barrel dropped into his broad left palm, and his quick eyes fixed themselves eagerly upon a certain point in the thicket, where the crashing of branches and the sobbing sound of a labored breath denoted that some creature, driven almost to the death, was struggling forward toward the little moonlit glade.

"Who goes there?" reiterated the picket-guard. "Speak, or I shall fire!"

The last stubborn branches gave way suddenly, and the dusky figure of a negro woman broke through, and staggering a step or two farther, fell prostrate at Seth Bryant's feet, and clung about his knees.

"What is it? Who are you?" exclaimed he, trying to withdraw from that convulsive clasp.

The woman struggled for speech, but from her laboring breast and dry lips came only a moan, half of anguish, half of exhaustion.

Seth looked at her in the moonlight, and read her story in the dark, dumb face upturned to his. A life of toil, of misery, of hopelessness, had written its monogram upon every one of the coarse features, had bowed the figure that should yet have been in its prime, and intensified to terrible pathos the natural mournful expression of the negro's eyes, her only point of beauty. She was apparently about thirty years of age.

"You're a fugitive slave," said Seth Bryant, at last.

Before the woman could reply the renewed sound of crashing branches and trampling footsteps showed that a third person was about to appear upon the scene.

The negro woman shrank together, and uttered a gasping cry as she clung more closely to the Union soldier.

"Save me, mas'r! Oh, for de Lord's sake, don' let him git me!" panted she.

"Let go—let go of me this minute!" returned Bryant, somewhat roughly, as he tore himself away from the desperate arms clinging about him.

"Who goes there?" challenged he again, as soon as he could command his piece.

"A friend! A good Union man! You needn't be scared of me," returned a rough voice, as a man parted the branches and emerged into the moonlit glade.

"Halt, friend, and give the countersign!" returned the sentinel, covering the friend's gleaming right eye with the "sight" of his piece.

"I don't know the countersign, nor I don't want any thing to do with you," retorted the man, irritably. "All I'm after is that wench of mine that's trying to hide away in them bushes. You ain't going to hinder my coming fur enough into your lines to grab her, are you?"

He advanced as he spoke a step or two, and the woman, abandoning the futile effort at concealment, rushed once more to the feet of the sentinel, and clung there, moaning,

"O mas'r! oh, for de Lord's sake don' let him git me! O mas'r, tink it 'twor you own mudder or sister! Oh, good Lord, help me dis time! Turn your blessed face dis way just a minit, an' dere's a pore, mis'able creter dat ain't got no one but you and dis good Yankee sojer to look to."

"Halt where you are!" ordered Bryant, sternly, his musket still aimed at the intruder's head. "Another step and I'll fire. Now, tell me who you are, and who this woman is?"

"My name's Thomas Bellows, and I live about ten mile below here. I'm a good Union man as there is in Old Virginny. I'll stump any one to prove I ain't. That there gal is my wench Juno, and she's runned away, trying to git to the North, I reckon. I got track of her last night, and come up to look for her. I found her hid up in an old shanty down here a piece, and had just got a grip of her when she slipped through my fingers, and put for the woods with me after her. I come up with her just here, and all by chance, I expect, she sighted you, and thought you was going to help her. But your Kunnel don't believe in running off niggers, I've heard say, especially when they belong to good Union men like me."

"No, Colonel Sawyer don't want them to come into camp, and if you're a Union man as you say, I suppose he'd give up the slave if you was to go to him about it," said Bryant, thoughtfully.

"Of course he would, and as long as she's here, and I'm here, and camp's a good way off, why ain't it just the same thing to let me grab her, and be off without any more to do?" argued Thomas Bellows, persuasively.

"Well, I suppose it is," assented the picket-guard, uneasily, as he glanced down at the face of agony silently upraised to his.

"I don't know as I've any right to let you come within the lines though," added he, hesitatingly.

"Why, I don't want to stop a minute, nor go out of your sight. All I want is my own, and you say yourself that your Kunnel would give the gal to me."

"Very well, take her, and begone," said Bryant, sharply, as he once more disengaged those withy arms from their hold, and moved quickly away to the other end of the glade.

Not so quickly though but that he heard the savage oath—heard the brutal kick, with which the planter took possession of his slave; not so quickly but that his ears were pierced and his heart stabbed through with a long, low woman-wail full of despairing anguish.

When he turned round he was alone. Only the white moonlight filled the little glade, only the song of the whip-poor-will broke the midnight stillness; but to Seth Bryant's eyes that pure moonlight still showed a dark anguished face and form, that night-bird's mournful voice repeated always that passionate cry, "O Lord, Lord, have you clean forgot me?"

"And what would Mary think after all she said about just this?" asked the young man's heart, as he paced on mechanically; and then his thoughts went back to the night, three months ago, when he had bid his betrothed good-by, and heard her last prayers and charges for his welfare and well-doing. The old question, the old sorrow had come up between them even then; for Mary Gifford had been bred an ardent friend of emancipation, of liberty in its widest sense, for every human being in her native land.

Seth Bryant came of another stock and another creed; and while enlisting himself a soldier of the Union against the rebellion, he had spared no pains to convince his betrothed, himself, and every one to whom he spoke, that he in nowise pledged himself to fight against the very root and corner-stone of that rebellion.

But at least he would never, could never, take part in the cruel treachery of returning a fugitive slave, who, not learned in these nice distinctions between cause and effect, should have fled to him for safety. Thus pleaded the woman he loved, her hand in his, her eyes resting upon his, with a look of anxious doubt.

"Should I not return his horse, his ox, nay, his very child, if it thus escaped, and he came to demand it of me?" asked Seth, sturdily.

"God has given him the child, and will reckon with him for its training. God, too, has given men dominion over the beasts of the field; but God never gave man to man to hold as something lower than the very beasts," said Mary, earnestly.

Seth, however, had no mind for such discussion on the eve of a long parting from his betrothed, and so cut it short with a kiss and a whisper; but he had not yet forgotten the sadness which in that moment had settled upon Mary's gentle face, nor the tears that filled her eyes as she fixed them silently upon him.

And it might be hard to say which ghost haunted the stalwart soldier most persistently through the long hours of that moonlit night, or whether he turned most shudderingly from that delicate face with swimming blue eyes, eloquent in their loving sorrow, or those coarser, darker, stronger features, and wild dark eyes, raised to his in the terrible anguish of a vain appeal. Nor had daylight the power to lay these phantoms, but rather seemed to increase their horror by adding to their vagueness, and day by day, and night by night, they kept Seth Bryant company until he hardly had time or thought for other society, and became a lonely and moody man.

Suddenly upon this dreary dream came a sharp change. The rattle of musketry, the heavy boom of cannon, the fierce cry of onset, and Seth Bryant found himself fighting madly in the foremost ranks of his noble Massachusetts regiment, and for a moment forgot to wonder what was done to that woman called Juno by the brute who carried her away, and what God and Mary Gifford would say to his agency in the matter.

Then came the repulse, the terrible struggle for honor and life, of a handful of men, crushed between a legion of pitiless enemies and the precipice with a river at its base.

Of all the bloody battle-fields where this cruel war has left its footsteps, of all the God's Acres consecrated by the heart's-blood of hero-martyrs, of all the terrible blunders where hundreds of true, brave men have been offered up in vain expiation of one man's folly or treachery, there is to my mind none so pregnant with bitter interest, with pathetic heroism, as this battle of Ball's Bluff. Let those whose nearest and dearest perished there for naught say if my words are not sooth.

Seth Bryant, cruelly wounded in the very last of the struggle, staggered to the verge of the steep cliff and threw himself over, choosing rather to lie beneath the waters already turbid with the blood of his comrades than to fall alive into the hands of an enemy whose barbarous treatment of their prisoners shall ever throw a darker shade over the shameful annals of their treason.

But he was not then to die. Floating some distance down the stream he drifted at last into a tangle of reeds, osier-willows, and thick-set river plants, and lay there neither dead nor alive, nor caring much to intensify his condition to either state. Drifting in presently, so that his head and shoulders lay above the river-bed, while the water, softly lapping his wounded arm and breast, soothed the fever of his wounds, the poor fellow fell asleep, and dreamed of home and Mary, and the old mill-dam where they had sat while he told her how well he loved her. But just as Mary's head drooped low and lower toward his breast a dark hand rose from the water at their feet, and thrusting Mary aside touched him over the heart, and the touch was of molten iron. With a gurgling cry Seth awoke. The hand was gone, and so was the dark phantom-face that had just begun to shape itself beneath the water; but the sting remained, the cruel, burning thrill that seemed scorching the very blood within his heart. It was the wound, left exposed to the air, now that the rapid current had washed its plaything higher upon the shore, almost out of its own reach.

It was night now, a dark, breathless night, and Seth, slowly recovering his recollection, drew himself carefully out of the water, and rising to his feet tried to ascertain where he might be.

It was no easy task. Far away upon the opposite shore burned fires and lights that might be those of the Union camp, but might as well be those of the enemy; for the wounded man had no means of judging in the darkness to which bank of the river he had drifted, and his wounds were fast becoming so painful as to deprive him of the full use of his native coolness and acumen.

Leaving the river-side he climbed a long steep bank, and then crossing a highway and traversing some fields, plunged into a wood of considerable extent, with a vague intention of remaining there until he should feel able to reconnoitre his position more thoroughly, and see what were his chances for rejoining his regiment.

Creeping cautiously along—for he foreboded that he was on the enemy's ground—the fugitive presently found himself in an open space among the trees, and as he traced its boundaries by the dim starlight the old terror, the familiar phantoms suddenly rose up and claimed him as their own. The place was so like that one upon the opposite shore where a few weeks before he had turned coldly from that woman pleading to him for help in her mortal agony, had seen her hurried away with his consent to that prison-house whose secrets are only fully known to the Judge and Rewarder of all men.

And now it was he who was the fugitive; he who fled, wounded and trembling, from the ruthless men who, as they had misused their power over their bondslaves, would and had misused it over their captive countrymen. Men imbruted by slaveholding until they had come to feel that strength and dominion are the weapons of the tyrant, instead of the Godlike attributes of men, who are thus endowed that they may humbly imitate God in their bearing to their fellow-men.

With a wailing cry Seth Bryant sank upon the ground and hid his face in the wet grass.

"God has found me out. This is judgment!" said he, aloud. "I wish that poor creature knew it."

A slight sound at his side startled him—a step, a movement as of some one stooping close over him, a hand upon his shoulder. He turned hastily, and found a face bent within a few inches of his own. He thought in his feverish remorse it was the phantom, in a more visible shape, come to exult over him.

"It is Juno," murmured he—"Juno. She was a queen, wasn't she?—no, a goddess, and they killed her; burned her to death, and then whipped her till the ground was as red with her blood as that place where the Captain lay to-day. Juno! Where is Mary, Juno? Did you pull her down into the mill-dam? You're glad enough to see me here now, are you, Mary? No, it was Juno that I gave up to the hunter. Hunters of men they call them, don't they? I wonder if they're hunting me? Hark! They're coming now! I hear them!"

He sprang to his feet, and stood glaring around in a frenzy of delirious rage and terror. Then his fevered brain reeled, the dark wood and the dim sky blended wildly, and he fell heavily to the earth.

At the first words he had spoken the dark, silent woman whom he addressed as Juno had started to her feet and turned as if to fly; but curiosity or another motive detained her to listen to his wild mutterings; and now, as he lay silent and motionless, she slowly approached beside him, looking down in an uncertain, doubtful sort of fashion.

At last she touched him again, gently grasping his arm.

"Mas'r, Mas'r Yankee, can't you listen 'us' a minit? You's hurt in the fight I expects, wasn you?"

"Hurt! Did they hurt you, Juno? Did they hurt Mary any?" asked Seth, dreamily.

The negro paused before she answered in a stifled voice,

"De Lord send dat Mary needn' nebber be hurt dat way, whoebber she may be. Now hark, Mas'r Yankee, an' try fer understand. You's in de enemy's country, and you'll be cotched sure if you stops here or goes wanderin' roun' by youse'f. But if so be as you can walk, an' will come 'long o' me, I'll carry you to a safe place whar you can stop till you gets well ob dis wound."

"Come with you? Oh, you're going to give me up to the tormentors. Well, when it was my turn I did so by you, and now it's your turn. Come on then, it's all fair."

And Bryant, staggering to his feet, suffered the negro to put his sound arm over her shoulders and lead him gently forward.

"'No, mas'r," said she, presently, when she found the wounded man able to walk, and began to hope that she should effect her purpose—"no, I isn' goin' to gib you to de tormentors same's you did me dat time. I's goin' to take you to a place whar I stopped las' night, and was hid up real snug an' safe. I got away agin from my mas'r 'bout a week ago, an' to-night dere's a chance fer me to git across de ribber. If you could stan' it to git dere I'd take you to de place whar de boat is, but it's too fur."

"And then that black woman under the water is waiting to pull me down. She's got Mary now. No, that's Mary looking at us; but where's the other—where's Juno?" muttered the sick man, leaning more and more heavily upon the shoulders of his guide.

"He don't know nothing. He's gone wild," said Juno to herself; and with no farther attempt at conversation, she plodded steadily on until, near the opposite edge of the wood to that where Bryant had entered it, she came upon a little cabin built close to the face of a craggy hill, and looking as if it was trying to burrow completely in, and hide itself from sight.

All was dark and silent; but Juno, tapping lightly on the one little window, said, in a low voice,

"Quashy—Uncle Quashy! Be you dere?"

"Bress de Lord, who dat callin' Quashy dis yer time ob night?" asked a quavering voice.

"Only me, Uncle Quash—Juno."

"You! What's fotcht ye back, gal?" asked the querulous voice, doubtfully.

"Open de door, Uncle Quash. Dere ain't no call to be skeered, but open de door, an' let us in."

"Us! What's us, gal?"

"Me an' a pore wounded brudder," said Juno, drawing still closer about her neck the arm that was heavily slipping away.

The door now cautiously opened, and the grizzled head and stooping form of a very old negro appeared upon the threshold.

"Come in den, gal," said he, peering out into the darkness. "Whar's yer brudder? I nebber heern as you'd got one in dese parts."

Without reply Juno led her charge into the cabin, and let him sink gently upon the bed whence the old negro had just risen.

"He's my brudder 'cause we've got de same Fader—no oder way," said she, solemnly. "He's a Yankee sojer, Quashy; de berry one dat I saw when—when mas'r cotcht me."

"What! de feller as gib you up when you was clingin' hold ob him knees, an' beggin' him fer sabe you? Dat one you tol' me 'bout las' night?" asked Quashy, in great astonishment.

"Yes, Quash, dat berry one," said Juno, briefly, as she pulled the coarse curtain across the window and lighted a pine torch.

"An' why in de Lord's name has you fotched um here? Why didn' you leave him for de 'federates? Dey treats de Yankees when dey cotch um mos' half as bad as dey does us. Why didn' you leab him for de prison an' de hospital? He'd know den how good it is to be gib up to de tormentors," asked the old man, bitterly.

"Dem was de berry words he said," returned Juno, as she bent over the now insensible form of the wounded man, and cut away the sleeve from his arm. "De tormentors, says he. But, Quashy, I couldn' do it. Fust, when I foun' out who it wor, I was goin' fer jus' leab him where he were lyin', an' keep along to de ribber, but somehow de Lord wouldn' let me. I kep' a thinkin' 'bout what mist's use to read me out'n de Bible—how we wasn' jes to do good to dem dat was good to us, but to dem dat was real hard an' cruel wid us, an' how we was to do to ebery one jes de way we wanted they'd do to us. Den yer words come right into my heart same's if some one had said 'em, an' I spec it was de Lord hisself. Any ways I couldn' go contrairy to 'em, so I jes help dis pore feller de berry same way I'd ha' liked to hab him help me dat time dat he didn't."

"But, gal, you's los' yer chance ob crossin' de ribber. Nick 'll tink somefin's got ye, an' he'll be gone 'fur dis."

"Spec he will," returned Juno, absently. "But I didn' fotch dis man here fer you to nuss, Uncle Quash. I's goin' to stay an' do fer him till he gits a chance to go fin' dat Mary he's alluz talkin' 'bout. He's got ter be hid in de spar' room, Quashy."

"Well, gal, ef de Lord's put so much inter yer heart, 'twon't do fer ignerant ole nigger ter stan' in de light. Go 'head jus' as you sees yer way, on'y be keerful, do be keerful, honey."

Thus Quashy, mingling in his simple mind and uncouth speech a superstitious obedience to what he understood as the direct guidance of Providence, with an attempt to guide and control by human caution the working of Infinite Power.

"Well, he's got to be toted into de spare room," said Juno, looking a little anxiously at the young soldier's stalwart form, lying so helplessly before her.

"Lucky dere ain't no fire dere," returned Quashy, and he proceeded to pull out of the chimney a heap of brush piled there in readiness to be lighted.

Behind this, a large slab of slate-stone made the back of the fire-place, but Quashy, removing a brick or two that held it in place, easily slipped this aside, leaving visible a dark chasm behind the chimney of indefinite extent.

This chamber, hollowed out of the sandy cliff, at whose foot the cabin nestled, was the refuge alluded to by Juno as the "spare room"—a name given it by Quashy himself partly in jest, partly to avoid a plainer allusion. It was the patient work of his own hands, and had served as hiding-place through a long term of years to more than one fugitive from bondage and oppression.

Here Juno had been hid during the previous day and night, and it was Quashy who had arranged with the free negro called Nick, who was to have rowed her across the river on her way to the North.

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Private Bryant was now utterly insensible, and it was only by a prodigious effort that the feeble old man, with Juno's help, lifted him from the bed and carried him to the fire-place, where they laid him flat upon his back, and Juno having entered the hiding-place first, received the head and shoulders and dragged, while Quashy pushed, until the six feet of senseless clay known as Seth Bryant lay at last upon a rude bed of straw and leaves, across the end of the spare room.

The torch now placed in the chimney-corner threw a broad glare into the place, and showed, in strong Rembrandtish lights and shadows, the little crypt scarcely more than six feet in diameter, its walls and roof lined with pine saplings, and its few rude pieces of furniture. It showed, too, the straight soldierly form, and the death-white face of the wounded man, contrasting so vividly with the black skin and uncouth shape of his strange nurses as they stripped away the covering from his chest and arm, the better to examine his wounds. Upon the heart lay a picture, the photographed likeness of a young girl. Both negroes glanced at it, and Juno laying it carefully aside, said:

"Dat's Mary. De pore boy!"

"Don' see how he foun' it in he heart wid dat ere picter a layin' right on it, ter sen' back anodder woman to wuss nor def," muttered Quashy, bitterly.

"'Pears like he forgot dat time dat we was both women," said Juno, simply.

"Hark, gal! What dat? Hosses' feet, shore as I'm on ole sinner, an' stoppin' here."

"Go out! Hurry, hurry, Quashy! Get the stone and brush back 'fore dey come in, or we're all gone togedder!"

Vehemently whispering these directions, Juno pushed the old man out of the cavern, and tugged with all her might at the slab that should cover the entrance. But in vain, it had become jammed in some way, and would not stir, not even when Quashy upon the other side applied all his strength and experience to the effort. And already a heavy blow upon the door showed that the intruders were determined to enter.

"Pile up de brush in front, an' take away de torch. Hurry, for de Lord's sake, ole man, an' holler out you's a comin'."

"Comin', mas'r, comin' soon's I get de ole trowsers on," piped the shrill voice of the old man upon the instant, and with nervous hands he heaped back the brush high above the opening, and swept into the fire-place the bits scattered over the floor. This done, he took the torch in his hand, and hurriedly opened the door. Two officers on horseback, followed by a couple of orderlies, all in the rebel uniform, waited outside.

"Well, old stupid, why couldn't you open sooner? What are you about with a light at this time of night?" asked the elder of the officers, dismounting as he spoke, and coming into the cabin. One sharp glance around showed him, as he thought, the whole interior of the bare four walls, and his eyes returned to the stolid face of the old negro, who stood staring at him in well-feigned stupidity.

"What makes you up at this time of night, I say, boy?" reiterated the officer, sharply.

"'Cause you knock, mas'r."

"But you had a light, you old fool, and that was what made us stop. It's near midnight, did you know it?"

"Laws no, mas'r. I doesn' know noffin," mumbled Quashy. "I kep' a piny knot burnin' fer company like, mas'r. Dere's ben sich an awful scrimmage ober dere all day. I 'specs the Yankees has done come now for sartain. Pore ole nig couldn' sleep no way. Was 'fraid you was de Yankees, mas'r, when you knock."

"No, we ain't the Yankees, boy, but we'd like to get hold of some of those that are skulking in this wood. If any come here, uncle, and ask for help, let them in, and hide them up safe, while you toddle over to Leesburg and give information. You'll get paid well; and here's a dollar to put you in mind of what I say."

"Come, Bellows," called the officer outside, who had not yet spoken. "Don't waste any more time over that old idiot. He don't know enough to do us either good or harm. Come on."

"Very well. Remember, uncle, what I have told you."

"Sartain, mas'r. I'll 'member. 'Night, mas'r."

"Good-night, boy."

And Captain Thomas Bellows, after one more sharp glance about the place, withdrew, little guessing how near he had been to a double revenge, little guessing that a barrier so frail as almost to be none, alone separated him from that defenseless foeman, and that trembling woman, who, at the first tones of his voice, had fallen to the ground, and lay there as helpless in her terror as the hare who sees the hound darting upon her.

When Quashy, after listening for the last audible hoof-beat of the retreating horses, drew near the fire-place and whispered her name, it was only by a terrible effort that Juno was able to answer him; only in the lowest of murmurs that she dared to reply to his question whether she needed more help with a negative, and then Quashy, exhausted by his unwonted vigils, extinguished his torch, and crept back to bed, leaving Juno to watch and pray the long night through.

Three long weeks did that devoted woman voluntarily imprison herself in that gloomy crypt, patiently nursing and attending the man who, when she had sued at his feet for more than life, had coldly refused and repulsed her.

When Seth recovered his consciousness, and learned the manner of his escape from death and the identity of his rescuer and protector, he said little, but thought very much, and felt still more; and if ever a man was in this life "born again" that man was Seth Bryant, when he once more stood erect beneath God's heaven a man able to defend himself and her who had cared for him in his extremity; for to no scheme of escape would he now listen that did not include Juno with himself.

At last the opportunity came, and after bidding good-by to old Quashy with the promise of future reward—a promise faithfully and amply redeemed—Bryant once more threaded the forest paths beneath the blackness of night with Juno for a guide.

They reached the river bank; they found the little skiff and faithful boatman awaiting them; they crossed the river whose waters had run red but three short weeks before with patriot blood; they reached in safety the opposite shore, and stepping upon soil guarded by the banner of the republic Seth Bryant felt himself once more a freeman and a soldier—felt that at last he might begin his life-long repayment and atonement to the humble, silent friend who stood beside him so unconscious of the debt.

A short furlough was easily obtained for one so sorely wounded as private Bryant showed that he had been, and a few days later saw him traveling North with Juno by his side where it was permitted, with him by hers where a vulgar prejudice forbade her to associate with her whiter-skinned brothers and sisters.

So they arrived in Massachusetts; so they came to Mary Gifford's home; and to her care and guardianship was Juno confided before even the son sought his mother's presence or his father's home.

"It is to you that I bring the first-fruits of my repentance, Mary, for it is against your teachings that I sinned," said the lover; and Mary cared not to hide from "mild-eyed Juno's" gaze the close, kind kiss and fond embrace that repaid the offering.

And now, while Captain Bryant leads his gallant company against the doomed city whose downfall our bravest leader has decreed and will accomplish, his wife Mary waits patiently for the end, and her handmaid Juno adds her prayers to those of her mistress for the master's safe return.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 405.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"RALLY ROUND THE FLAG."

THIS week we print, on pages 632 and 633, another picture which shows at a glance the position of the Union men in this contest. The constitutional standard-bearer, who through good report and evil report has held the flag of the country aloft and triumphant, is represented surrounded by his gallant fellow-citizens of the army and navy, who on land and sea have maintained the honor and integrity of the nation. Neither he nor they ask for "an immediate cessation of hostilities"—neither he nor they are ignorant of the great price of constant sacrifice of every kind that must be paid for the final victory of the people over their enemies; of loyal men over traitors; of the great mass of men who live by their own labor over a privileged class that call workmen "mud-sills;" the triumph of the true Democracy over the only aristocracy in the land.

"Soldiers," said the President a few days since to a returning regiment, "I thank you in behalf of the country for the services you have rendered.... The war is for the perpetuation of the principle of equal rights to all. In this Government the sober and industrious have an equal chance. I occupy the White House now; but there is an equal chance that your father's son may be as fortunate as my father's son."

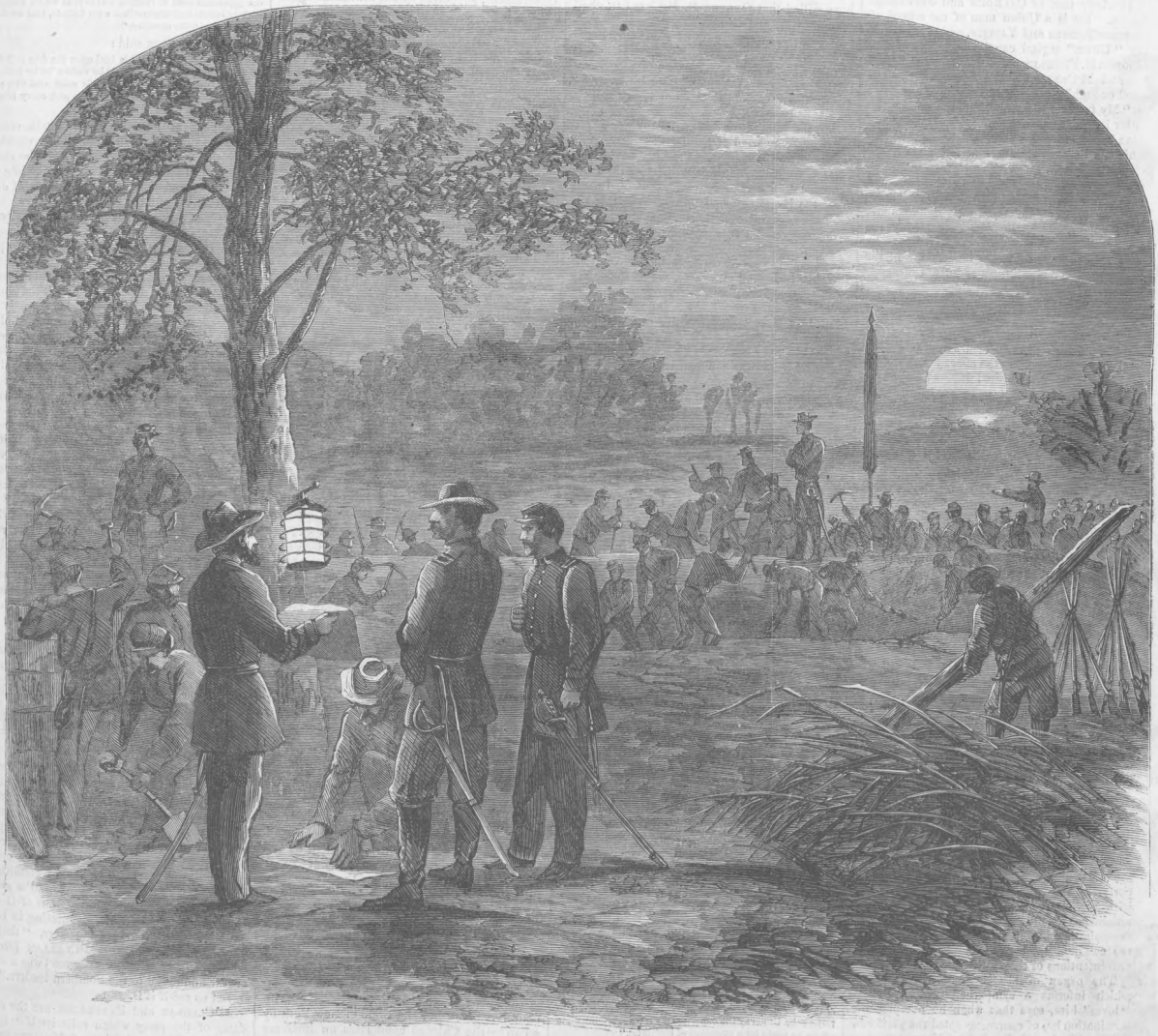
These are the words of a true Democrat and honest man, sprung from the people, and conscious that he is upholding their cause against traitorous enemies every where. "This is your war," he says. "Boys, rally round your Flag!"

GEN. WARREN EXTENDING HIS LINES.

THE sketch which we give on this page is one which illustrates an operation continually going on on General GRANT'S extreme left. According to the rebel journals the Lieutenant-General is slowly pushing westward from the Weldon Railroad; as he moves in this direction he fortifies his extended line. The scene given in the sketch relates especially to General WARREN'S front. The work of fortifying goes on at night, to avoid exposure to the enemy's fire.

THE U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "NEW ERA."

ON September 8, at Fairhaven, Connecticut, was launched the torpedo-boat *New Era*, of which we give a sketch on page 636. It is the first boat of the kind worthy of notice. She is a wooden vessel, seventy-five feet long, twenty feet beam, and seven feet depth of hold. She is securely built, her heavy beams being supported by hanging knees bolted and fastened, and is to receive an armor plating sufficient to make her shot and shell proof. Her engine has a cylinder eighteen inches in diameter, with eighteen inches stroke of piston, and works a screw capable of propelling the vessel at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The boiler furnishes the steam for the main engine as well as for the auxiliary engines, which work the submerging pumps, and the mechanism by which the torpedo arm places the torpedo beneath the ship. Forward of the boiler is the steering wheel, and then comes the torpedo-machine. It requires twelve men to man the vessel. The following is the method in which the torpedo-machine operates: As the vessel advances toward her victim a torpedo, varying in charge from sixty to two hundred pounds of powder, is placed in a basket-like contrivance, attached to a long rod. The torpedo is capped, and the hammer which is to explode it is secured, and every thing being in readiness, the large working box is closed, the gate at the bow of the vessel is raised; the water then rushes in until it is filled. The machine is now set in motion, and a long iron arm carries the basket containing the torpedo out from the vessel, and, closing up to the enemy, by means of a rod within this arm, the torpedo is released from its receptacle and is deposited in the water in just such a position as allows it to float up against the bottom of the vessel intended to be destroyed. The machinery still keeps on revolving, and the same motion which caused the arm to run out brings it back; the vessel in the mean time backs out of the way of the vessel intended to be sunk, and at the moment fixed upon the hammer falls, the cap is exploded, and the work is done. The basket may be again charged and the process repeated. The invention of this ingenious machine, by Chief-Engineer W. W. WOOD, U.S.N., introduces a new era in submarine warfare.



GENERAL WARREN EXTENDING AND FORTIFYING HIS LINES ACROSS THE WELDON RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

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SOLDIERS' HYMN.

THERE is a land where strife shall cease,
Where arms shall clash no more;
Where all is calm content and peace;
Lord, bring us to that shore!
In the rough tent, in the wild tent,
In the marches by the way,
Be thou the soldier's comforter,
His strength, his staff, his stay.

About the graves of good men gone
Make thou the grass to shine;
Our armies lead to victory on,
And make their victories thine.
In the rough tent, in the wild tent,
In the marches by the way,
Be thou the soldier's comforter,
His strength, his staff, his stay.

And when we've done with life's events,
When the dark shadows fall,
Help us, O Lord, to strike our tents
For the last march of all.
To the sad tent, to the sick tent,
To the dying tent, come down,
And gem the rough wood of the cross
With the blossoms of the crown.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CANDIDATE.

THE patriotism of the American people rejected with such instant scorn and indignation the craven platform of the M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON party that the managers are now painfully struggling to separate the candidates from the Convention and platform. So far as regards Mr. PENDLETON this effort is hopeless. He is as plainly and fully upon the record as Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. His political philosophy is precisely that of CALHOUN and JEFFERSON DAVIS. He is a Union man of the school of ROBERT TOOMBS and YANCEY, and of no other. No "Union" capital can be made out of Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON. He is therefore passed by, and M'CLELLAN's letter is offered as "a good enough" platform until after the election.

"My face is my fortune, Sir, she said." His letter is his platform, we are told. That would have been a more plausible deception if the party which is to support him had not already declared what he is to do. The representatives of that party from all parts of the country, and fresh from their constituents, met at Chicago and deliberately proclaimed their opinions and their policy; and as the New York *Herald*, the earliest supporter of M'CLELLAN, truly says: "The Copperheads are the law-makers of the Democratic party"—if the meeting at Chicago is to be allowed to usurp that name.

But the letter itself does not deny the assertion of the platform that the war is a failure; on the contrary, it substantially repeats it, by saying that we derive no result from our victories. It does not reject the effort for an immediate cessation of hostilities; it says merely that when it shall be probable, whether by means of such an effort or otherwise, that the rebels are ready for peace upon the basis of the Union, then—they may return to their obedience to the Government? Not at all; but that then we will proceed to consider upon what terms they are to obey. Is not the Constitution enough? If so, why does he not say so? Having taken up arms against the Government, are the rebels to be bribed to lay them down by the promise of a change in the Constitution? That is to grant the success of the rebellion. It is the surrender made at Chicago, and it is repeated in M'CLELLAN's vague phrases about "exhausting all the resources of statesmanship."

No man who reads this letter but sees its juggling intention. It talks of "the Union at all hazards," but so the Chicago platform declares Union to be "the aim and object" of the party. But *what* Union is meant? Is it Union under the Constitution of the United States, or the Montgomery Constitution? HORATIO SEYMOUR says the last is the best. Senator HUNTER, of Virginia, told a member of the Peace Congress in 1861 that all the Northern States except New England would accept the Montgomery Constitution. M'CLELLAN knows perfectly well the intended policy of the men who are his supporters, and they have purposely left this loop-hole in his letter.

But after this fine flourish about Union, what does the letter end in? In the acceptance of the nomination offered by the framers and supporters of the platform, and by falling into line with Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON a frank disunionist. To know the real significance of this campaign, therefore, and the true position of the candidates, we are to ascertain the views and intentions of their supporters.

The organ of M'CLELLAN in New York, which informs a sympathetic world that it "loves" him, says that when he accepted the nomination he, of course, accepted the platform.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a VALLANDIGHAM paper, says that M'CLELLAN "stands on the platform erected by the Convention as far as it goes, and adds another," which, "under his administration would never be required for use."

The Chicago *Times*, one of the most virulent submission sheets in the country, says: "He accepts the trust and with it all the conditions named."

The Boston *Courier*, which declares the war infamous, unscrupulously advocates the election of M'CLELLAN.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM says that while M'CLELLAN will adhere to the Union (Mr. V. himself proposes to divide it into quarters), yet "he is committed to—and he is a gentleman, and will carry out every pledge made—he is committed to resort to peaceable instrumentalities to accomplish that purpose." Mr. V. made the Chicago platform, seconded the nomination of M'CLELLAN, has read his letter, and, as the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says, will "cordially support and vote for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON."

Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, who, as Mayor of New York, regretted that he could not send arms to the rebels to shoot loyal men with, says that he shall give all his influence and weight to the election of M'CLELLAN, and that his letter declares for compromise.

Mr. BONE, of Pennsylvania, said, at Chicago, that "if they wanted the war to go on, then they should support LINCOLN." But he, BONE, of Pennsylvania, as a peace man, was in favor of M'CLELLAN.

"Capt." KOONTZ, of Pittsburg, remarked that "if Democrats catch LINCOLN's b——y satrap spies among them they must cut their d——d throats, that's all. It is the duty of every American to vote for a peace candidate..... D—n LINCOLN and his miserable followers! I should like to see the noble GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN as President; and that great Democrat, HORATIO SEYMOUR, should be Secretary of State." The "Capt.," we hope, enlarged upon "the LINCOLN despotism" which suppresses free speech.

Mr. PERRINE, after some indecent remarks disparaging Mr. LINCOLN and extolling JEFFERSON DAVIS, asked that "the people shall bow down to the will of the people, and they have willed that GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN shall be nominated and elected."

"Capt." ISAIAH RYNDERS said: "We are one and all for peace.....my first choice is GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN."

A Memphis "gentleman" gave his voice for peace, and invoked the election of the gallant M'CLELLAN.

Mr. "Sunset" COX declared "the war a failure," and supported M'CLELLAN.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, the President of the Chicago Convention, denies the right of the Government "to coerce States;" that is, to enforce the laws: and said in Wisconsin that the Chicago candidate was the representative of the principles of those who nominated him.

The resolutions of the State Conventions of the party during the year, as in Maine, Kentucky, Illinois, and elsewhere, are all in the key of the Chicago platform.

These are the men and the influences which went to Chicago, declared the war a failure, called for submission to the rebellion, and nominated M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON. These are the men upon whose support PENDLETON and M'CLELLAN rely. Suppose that, alarmed by the popular wrath, M'CLELLAN strikes a fine attitude and shouts, "The Union at all hazards!" is any honest man deceived? What says his party—what say his backers and supporters? "Wait till we elect our man," says shrewd old AMOS KENDALL, "and then we can do what we choose."

Is it to such men in such a crisis that the people of the United States are likely to intrust their Government? The letter of M'CLELLAN is merely a fool-hardy experiment upon the intelligence of the American people.

GEN. SHERMAN ON "A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES."

IT is refreshing to turn from the shame of the Chicago confession of rebel invincibility and the duty of national submission to the insurrection, to the noble order of General SHERMAN congratulating his troops. It has the manly ring of all his words and all his acts. It is modest, clear, vigorous, and not without a glow of generous pride in the great achievements of his trained and heroic soldiers. A brief history of the stupendous campaign, an honorable recognition of the patience and skill of the enemy, a word of heart-felt honor and sorrow for the fallen, naturally culminate in an expression of the profoundest faith in the grand old cause to which every true heart is devoted.

Let all faithful Americans who are not willing to see their nation humiliated and ruined, and its Government overthrown by the arms or the arts of rebels, compare the following passages from General SHERMAN's order and from Messrs. VALLANDIGHAM's and SEYMOUR's platform, for whose candidates our votes are asked. The M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON resolution says:

"This Convention does explicitly declare as the sense of the American people that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war....Immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities."

Hear now a declaration of the sense of the American soldier:

"This completed the grand task which had been assigned us by our Government, and your General again repeats his personal and official thanks to all the officers and men composing this army, for the indomitable courage and perseverance which alone could give success. We have beaten the enemy on every ground he has chosen, and have wrested from him his own Gate City, where were located his foundries, arsenals, and work-shops, deemed secure on account of their distance from our base, and the seemingly impregnable obstacles intervening. Nothing is impossible to an army like this, determined to vindicate a Government which has rights wherever our flag has once floated, and is resolved to maintain them at any and all cost."

Upon the first platform stand M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, VALLANDIGHAM and the WOODS, FRANKLIN PIERCE and HORATIO SEYMOUR. Upon the last stand LINCOLN and JOHNSON, GRANT and SHERMAN, SHERIDAN and CANBY, FARRAGUT and PORTER. With which of these, American citizens, are the honor, dignity, and peace of the nation most secure?

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. PENDLETON B. M'CLELLAN.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN, the candidate of "an immediate cessation of hostilities" and "peaceable methods" with rebels who defy the Government, and slaughter and torture loyal citizens and soldiers, stands arm-in-arm upon the Chicago Platform with Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON. If you vote for the one you vote for the other. It is the same figure with two faces. The one turned North is called GEORGE B. The one turned South is called GEORGE H. GEORGE B., in a military coat, says, "The Union at all hazards." GEORGE H., in the whitest of white cravats, and the whitest of white feathers in his button-hole, weeps, "If they must leave the family mansion I would bid them farewell so tenderly that they would forever be touched by the recollection of it." GEORGE B., in the military coat, shouts still, not daring to amplify, "The Union at all hazards!" GEORGE H., with the CALHOUN starch in his cravat, asks, "Now, Sir, what force of arms can compel a State to refrain from doing that which her State Government, supported by the sentiment of her people, is determined to persist in doing?"

"The Union at all hazards!" shouts the military GEORGE B., looking heroically for six months into the mouths of Quaker guns. "No, no, no," votes the civil GEORGE H. against all the bills to support by arms the authority of the Government. At Antietam GEORGE B. gives LEE a day to draw off his army from destruction. In Washington GEORGE H. votes that it is not the duty of the people to overcome the rebellion, and that the seceding States should be allowed to go with assurances of distinguished consideration.

Which is it? Who is it? What is it? If a man votes for the Chicago nominees does he really believe that he is voting against the rebellion? Which side of the candidates does he vote for? In the universal confusion he can be perfectly sure of one thing only, and that is, that he is voting exactly as JEFF DAVIS and the rebels wish him to vote. "Hurrah for M'CLEL'N and PEN'TON!" shouted an estimable "Conservative" voter, whose wits were bewildered either with wine or with the hopeless Chicago fog. "I mean for M'KELLAN and P'LENTON! No, that ain't it. Hurrah, I say, for M'KENNEL and PEL'TON!" The poor fellow got further from the mark at every attempt, until he finally gave it up in despair, exclaiming, "Oh! d—n such a mixed up mess! Hurrah for JEFF DAVIS!"

THE SIMPLE QUESTION.

IF lanterns voted and rockets argued—if shouts carried an election, and a New York crowd in Union Square were the American people at the ballot-box, Mr. PENDLETON and General M'CLELLAN ought to be contented. Possibly the illumination of the meeting in Union Square a week since may have been bright enough to be visible at several miles distance. But dazzling as it was, we can assure our friends outside the city that it did not obscure in the least the plain question before the country.

There are but two candidates and two platforms. Every voter will support one or the other. Every man who wishes the unconditional maintenance of the Government will vote for LINCOLN and JOHNSON; while all who have no faith in the right or the power of the Government to sustain itself—all who think that the "Confederacy" should be recognized—all who hold that a State is "sovereign," and may coerce the National Government and the other States, but must not itself be "coerced"—all who intend that the national debt shall be repudiated—all who believe that the war is and ought to be a failure, and that there should be an immediate cessation of hostilities, will vote for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

We do not say that some citizens who honestly mean the absolute maintenance of the Government will not vote for PENDLETON and M'CLELLAN—but in what company will they find themselves?

The hope of the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON managers is to carry the State of New York by securing the Chicago candidates an immense majority in the city. That they will have a majority here nobody doubts. But does any body doubt that the same city would cast a heavy majority to-morrow to make peace on JEFFERSON DAVIS's terms? Can the majority of such a city be considered a Union majority? Can the candidates who will unquestionably receive it be considered in good faith Union candidates, especially when one of them frankly says that the Government has no right to maintain itself by force, and that if we can not conciliate the rebels we must "let the seceding States depart in peace?"

All the colored lanterns in the country, all the denunciation of the President of the United States as a bloody monster, a usurper, an ape, a joker, and a buffoon, can not blind the common sense of the American people to the issue.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

AT the late M'CLELLAN meeting in the city of New York, Mr. RANKIN, of Philadelphia, formerly President of the Keystone Club, said that

"If Mr. LINCOLN remained in office under the plea of military necessity, when 'Little Mac' was legally elected the next President, the people must use force to install him their chief magistrate."

Mr. W. J. ROSE said

"That if any unfair means were used by the Administration to hold power under any plea but justice, then the people must show their might and power in enforcing their claims."

Governor PARKER said that the speech of Mr. SEWARD at Auburn

"Conveyed a threat that, in case Mr. LINCOLN should be defeated at the polls, he would resort to the means generally adopted by despots, and endeavor to perpetuate his reign by the force of the bayonet."

Mr. JOHN KELLY said:

"Let no soldiers stand in the way of the people at the ballot-box. It was done once before—let it not be done again."

Mr. John M'KEON said:

"These men are determined to exercise their rights at the ballot-box, and will the Administration dare to bring military power to bear upon you?"

Mr. A. OAKEY HALL said:

"There is yet a more dangerous kind of tactics which our opponents hold in reserve. It is that which theorizes with bayonets and dogmatizes with bullets, and we have that to fear in the elections."

Judge COMSTOCK said:

"The usurper now has his heel upon the free suffrages of the people; yet if the people be defrauded by military intervention at the polls, the people must and will take GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN in their arms, and carry him to the Presidency."

From whom does this kind of talk come? From the supporters of the only party members of which have ever resisted by force the result of a constitutional election. From the late political allies and the present apologists of JEFFERSON DAVIS and the rebels.

For what purpose is it used? To give occasion for resistance to the result of the election if the Government shall take measures to prevent fraud at the polls.

These fiery and foolish orators should remember that their late friends the rebels at the South, and themselves at the North, tried to carry the last Presidential election by the same kind of threats. They menaced the people with civil war then if they did not submit to the dictation of DAVIS and YANCEY and TOOMBS, and allow BRECKINRIDGE to be elected; and the people of every free State in the land spurned them and their threats.

They believe these people to be now thoroughly cowed and craven, and utterly whipped-in by DAVIS and his crew, and so they crack the whip once more, and threaten fire and slaughter if M'CLELLAN is not elected. Well, do Vermont and Maine seem to be very much terrified? and do the gentlemen suppose that threats which could not intimidate a people actually rusty with peace and ignorant of war, are likely to appall the same people when for four years they have been trained to war and are still in arms? These orators will discover, as the rebels are fast learning, that the people of the United States do not intend to be Mexicanized; and that politicians merely betray the frantic desperation of their cause when they conduct a Presidential canvass by bloody threats instead of arguments.

"A SOURCE OF FEAR AND DREAD."

MR. AUGUST BELMONT, Chairman of the National "Democratic" Committee—the gentleman at whose house, as was publicly stated in the newspapers at the time, an Englishman was allowed to wear a rebel badge without reproof from the host—a gentleman of such uncertain loyalty that there was long and serious opposition to placing his name upon the Committee of the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair, and a gentleman known as an especial partisan of General M'CLELLAN—said at the last meeting in Union Square, as reported in the papers, "that the nomination of General M'CLELLAN [and of course his companion PENDLETON] was a source of fear and dread to the Southern leaders."

Let us see if it is.

M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON are the candidates of the party which calls itself "Democratic." The nomination of M'CLELLAN was seconded by Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who has been the faithful friend of the rebels, and the steady apologist of the rebellion. Every man who has

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been conspicuous for resisting every measure necessary for carrying on the war loudly electioneers for him. The presumption therefore is, that the rebels would not feel very sore or greatly aggrieved by his nomination. And, despite the assurance of Mr. BELMONT, they do not. Speaking of Mr. LINCOLN'S possible defeat the Richmond *Examiner* says:

"A new party will succeed to power, which will sheathe the sword and hold out the olive branch."

Again:

"If the Administration fails the war will fail....because a war administration, employing the full resources and power of its country, when its finances were unimpaired and its resources unexhausted, will have failed to subdue the South; and because the inference will be irresistible that what could not be accomplished by a war administration in the full vigor of Federal resources, can not be by *a peace administration* succeeding to power after those resources had been materially reduced."

Again:

"The Democratic party would have been forever obliged to General HOOD if he had managed to hold Atlanta for another fortnight."

The Atlanta *Register*, speaking of the Chicago party several months since, says:

"Meanwhile if they will use the ballot-box against Mr. LINCOLN, while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other."

Even before the Chicago Convention had declared for submission to the rebellion the Richmond *Examiner* said:

"A Democratic victory at the North would be a subject of much gratification."

Again:

"In one way, and one way only, can we influence the result, but that is a most potential method, it is by striking some quick and fierce blows now, both by land and sea."

In other words, national defeat and humiliation insures the success of the Chicago party. An army letter in the New York *Herald* says:

"Mr. BARROWS while working outside the stockade had frequent conversations with rebel officers.....The prevailing belief is that 'the Democrats will elect a President that will help us.'"

The *Examiner* of the 8th September says:

"Every defeat of LINCOLN'S forces....inures to the advantage of M'CLELLAN.....The influence of the South, more powerful in the shock of battle than when throwing her minority vote in an electoral college, will be cast in favor of M'CLELLAN by this indirect yet efficacious means."

These are but a few of the words of the Southern leaders. Do such expressions show, as Mr. BELMONT declares, that those leaders "fear and dread" the success of the Chicago candidates? "Here and there are to be found," says a leading rebel journal, "one PIERCE, one VALLANDIGHAM, one WOOD, and two SEYMOURS like the five just men in Sodom." Well, these five just men earnestly support PENDLETON and M'CLELLAN, and the sixth just man, Mr. BELMONT, gravely says that the rebels "fear and dread" their success. But if the success of PENDLETON, VALLANDIGHAM, WOOD, M'CLELLAN, and the SEYMOURS, inspires "fear and dread" among the rebels, what will be their emotions at that of LINCOLN, GRANT, JOHNSON, SHERIDAN, FARRAGUT, and SHERMAN?

SHERIDAN AND THE SHENANDOAH.

GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN and his gallant officers and men do not seem anxious for "an immediate cessation of hostilities." They are of the opinion of General DIX, that if any man pull down the American flag, or resists with arms the American Government, he is to be shot upon the spot, and is not to be blarneyed with under the shade of olive-branches. We can assure the brave boys in the Shenandoah Valley that they made a whole country happy on Tuesday the 20th September, when the news of their victory came—a whole country except those who, two years ago, invoked the interference of England, and who now, in company with the British aristocracy, are in despair over our national successes.

But the great multitude of loyal American citizens hail with delight the triumph of SHERIDAN and the Army of the Shenandoah, while they and their children will forever hold in sacred remembrance and honor the heroic RUSSELL and his companions, who have fought their last fight, and have died that their country may live. Peace to the soldiers' memory! A regenerated nation shall be their monument.

The importance of the Shenandoah victory will be soon perceived. It shuts up the Richmond granary. It disposes of the force LEE was able to send to protect it. He must, therefore, either send another force to dispute SHERIDAN'S advance to Lynchburg—or he must come out and give GRANT battle—or he must evacuate Virginia. The genius of GRANT is once more illustrated by his chosen General, and we hope that SHERIDAN will do with Winchester what SHERMAN is doing with Atlanta, make it a fortified base of operations.

There is no need of pointing the moral of this victory. Every body felt it when the news came. There is a party and there are candidates whose chances of success were diminished by it, and will be further diminished by every victory of our arms; a party and candidates whose chances would be increased if news came that FARRAGUT had been forced away from before Mobile, and SHERMAN from Atlanta, and SHERIDAN from Winchester, and that GRANT had been driven to the James. Are those the party and the candidates which the American people will delight to honor? They will answer for themselves on the 8th of November

THE TWO DROMIOS.

ON Saturday, September 17, the Honorable ROBERT C. WINTHROP of Boston, who has always refused to associate with Senator WILSON of Massachusetts, came all the way to New York to strike hands and sit upon the same platform with the Honorable FERNANDO WOOD and Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS of New York. Mr. WINTHROP made a speech for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, and kicked at the Chicago Platform. Mr. WOOD made a speech for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, and kicked at the letter of acceptance. Mr. WINTHROP and Mr. WOOD will vote together for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON. Which is which, and who is who? Is it Mr. WINTHROP or Mr. WOOD who would determine the policy of their candidates if they could be elected?

How can Mr. WINTHROP seriously believe that he serves the Union better by voting for Mr. PENDLETON, an avowed disunionist and State-sovereignty advocate, than his friend Mr. EDWARD EVERETT serves it by voting for ANDREW JOHNSON? Mr. WINTHROP by his present course deliberately deserts DANIEL WEBSTER for JOHN C. CALHOUN.

"PEACE."

WE invite thoughtful citizens to ponder these words of Mr. JOHN M'KEON, an ardent "peace" supporter of the PENDLETON-M'CLELLAN nomination. "So sure as ABE LINCOLN is re-elected there will be a bloody revolution North and West."

Who will make it? The friends of the successful candidates, or the friends of "peace" who import carbines and pistols to resist the Government, who regret that they can not send arms to be used against loyal citizens, and who vote for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON?

We are, then, to understand, from past experience and from present threats, that if the Chicago party does not elect its candidates, it will take up arms. The Chicago party thus proclaims itself to be the Mexican party. Is that the platform which honest citizens wish to stand upon? Mr. JOHN M'KEON forgets that the days of Plantation rule are past. The American people, citizens and soldiers, are not to be scared into voting for submission to JEFFERSON DAVIS, WIGFALL, & Co. by any such crack of the whip as this. YANCEY frayed out the snapper of that whip when he made his last speech in New York four years ago.

CAMPAIGN PICTURES.

THE large picture in this paper of the soldiers and sailors rallying around the flag in the hands of the Constitutional standard-bearer is an argument which no man can escape. What better illustration of the simple issue of this election could any Union Club hang upon its walls? What more inspiring document could any Committee circulate?

And so with Mr. NAST'S "Compromise with the South," published in the *Weekly* of September 3. It has already attracted universal attention, for it shows at a glance exactly what the Chicago party believes to be the condition of the country. It is the most complete commentary upon the principles which the Chicago candidates represent, and which, we believe, the people will repel with as overwhelming and just an indignation as they did the rebel shot at Sumter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SHERIDAN'S VICTORY.

GENERAL GRANT'S visit to Sheridan was of no small importance, being the prelude to one of the most important and decisive victories of the war. Sheridan for the past few weeks, keeping hold of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, has held a position the advantage of which would become immediately apparent the moment Early should make his expected movement toward Martinsburg. At the latter point on Sunday, the 18th, Averill's command was situated, and was there attacked by Gordon's division of Early's army. Gordon was driven back a short distance to Darksville. Sheridan's opportunity had now offered; he immediately broke camp and determined the next morning to cross the Opequan, on the Winchester and Berryville pike, with his entire command, including the Army of Western Virginia under Crook, which was to march from its encampment near Summit Point and effect a junction with the main column before crossing. At daylight, on the 19th, Wilson's cavalry crossed in advance and gained a position for the infantry on the Winchester side. The Sixth Corps was the first across and waited two hours for the Nineteenth, which was delayed. This delay gave Early time to get Gordon's command from Bunker Hill, a little south of Darkesville, and bring it up to support Breckinridge, Rhodes, and Ramseur. On the arrival of the Nineteenth the two corps advanced up to the enemy's lines, which had been formed in a position to resist Sheridan's advance. At first the rebel army, already formed and with artillery in position, had a great advantage, and the advanced line of the Federal army suffered considerable losses, and was driven back a short distance and in some confusion. Order was soon restored, however; the lines re-formed and the artillery got in position, and after an obstinate fight the lost position was regained, Crook's army, which had been held in reserve, was now brought up on the right, and the two armies of the Shenandoah now confronted each other in full strength, as Averill's command, with Torbert's, having been engaged all day at a point some distance north of the main attack, now came up on the right. It was 3 o'clock P.M. General Crook had formed on Sheridan's right and rear. The Federal line, three miles long, then advanced under cover of a tremendous artillery fire; and shortly after this advance the cavalry on the right were led by their masterly leaders in an impetuous charge which broke the ranks of the rebel army. In this charge between seven and eight hundred prisoners were taken.

The enemy routed and in confusion fled toward Winchester, through which and beyond they were pursued by the victorious cavalry. The rebel loss is roughly estimated at between 4000 and 5000 killed and wounded, and 5000 captured. The rebel Generals Rhodes and Wharton are reported killed, and Generals Bradley T. Johnson, Gordon, York, and Godman wounded. Fifteen battle-flags were captured and five guns. The Federal loss is estimated at 2000; among the killed is General David Russell, First Division, Sixth Corps. General M'Intosh, First Brigade, Third Cavalry Division, was wounded, also General Upton of Sixth Corps.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

From the armies of the James there is little to record. On the 16th the rebels captured about 2500 head of cattle near Harrison's Landing. These were intended for the army on the north bank of the James. Gregg's cavalry was sent in pursuit, but was unable to recover the stolen property.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

Sherman's army is concentrated at Atlanta. This city is to be made a grand military post. All the inhabitants, loyal and disloyal, are ordered to leave, and a truce of ten days, commencing September 14, has been established to carry out the order. The following is Sherman's congratulatory order, issued to his troops September 8:

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
IN THE FIELD, ATLANTA, GA., *Sept.* 8, 1864.

Special Field-orders, No. 68:

The officers and soldiers of the armies of the Cumberland, Ohio, and Tennessee have already received the thanks of the Nation through its President and Commander-in-Chief; and now it remains only for him who has been with you from the beginning, and who intends to stay all the time, to thank the officers and men for their intelligence, fidelity, and courage displayed in the campaign of Atlanta.

On the first of May our armies were lying in garrison, seemingly quiet from Knoxville, and our enemy lay behind his rocky-faced barrier at Dalton, proud, defiant, and exulting. He had had time since Christmas to recover from his discomfiture on the Mission Ridge, with his ranks filled, and a new Commander-in-Chief, second to none of the Confederacy in reputation for skill, sagacity, and extreme popularity. All at once our armies assumed life and action, and appeared before Dalton. Threatening Rocky Face, we threw ourselves upon Resaca, and the rebel army only escaped by the rapidity of its retreat, aided by the numerous roads with which he was familiar, and which were strange to us. Again he took post in Allatoona, but we gave him no rest, and by a circuit toward Dallas and subsequent movement to Acksworth, we gained the Allatoona Pass. Then followed the eventful battles about Kenesaw, and the escape of the enemy across Chattahoochee River.

The crossing of the Chattahoochee and breaking of the Augusta Road was most handsomely executed by us, and will be studied as an example in the art of war. At this stage of our game our enemies became dissatisfied with their old and skillful commander, and selected one more bold and rash. New tactics were adopted. Hood first boldly and rapidly, on the 20th of July, fell on our right at Peachtree Creek, and lost. Again, on the 22d, he struck our extreme left, and was severely punished; and finally again, on the 28th, he repeated the attempt on our right, and that time must have been satisfied, for since that date he has remained on the defensive. We slowly and gradually drew our lines from Atlanta, feeling for the railroads which supplied the Rebel army and made Atlanta a place of importance. We must concede to our enemy that he met these efforts patiently and skillfully, but at last he made the mistake we had waited for so long, and sent his cavalry to our rear, far beyond the reach of recall. Instantly our cavalry was on his only remaining road, and we followed quickly with our principal army, and Atlanta fell into our possession as the fruit of well-concerted measures, backed by a brave and confident army. This completed the grand task which had been assigned us by our Government, and your General again repeats his personal and official thanks to all officers and men composing this army, for the indomitable courage and perseverance which alone could give success.

We have beaten our enemy on every ground he has chosen, and have wrested from him *his own Gate City*, where were located his foundries, arsenals, and workshops, deemed secure on account of their distance from our base, and the seemingly impregnable obstacles supervening. *Nothing* is impossible to an army like this, determined to vindicate a Government which has rights wherever our flag has once floated, and is resolved to maintain them at any and all costs.

In our campaign many, yea, very many of our noble and gallant comrades have preceded us to our common destination, the grave; but they have left the memory of deeds on which a nation can build a proud history. M'Pherson, Harker, M'Cook, and others dear to us all, are now the binding links in our minds that should attach more closely together the living, who have to complete the task which still lies before us in the dim future. I ask all to continue, as they have so well begun, the cultivation of the soldierly virtues that have ennobled our own and other countries. Courage, patience, obedience to the laws and constituted authorities of our Government, fidelity to our trusts and good feeling among each other; each trying to excel the other in the presence of those high qualities, and it will then require no prophet to foretell that our country will in time emerge from this war, purified by the fires of war, and worthy of its great founder.—Washington.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

The following dispatch was sent by General Grant to General Sherman in answer to the latter's dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta:

CITY POINT, VA., *Sept.* 4, 1864—9 P.M.

Major-General Sherman:

I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have just ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour amidst great rejoicing.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

THE MEXICANS AT BROWNSVILLE.

A somewhat remarkable episode of the war took place lately on the Rio Grande. September 6 the Imperialists moved upon Matamoras. They were met at White Ranche by General Cortinas and severely repulsed. The French fell back and Cortinas pursued. Brownsville is just opposite Matamoras in Texas, and was held by a Confederate force under Ford, who sent troops across the river to operate against Cortinas in the rear. Cortinas, disposing of the French army in his front, turned upon the Confederates and drove them to Brownsville; pursuing them across the river, he occupied Brownsville and erected the United States colors.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention met September 15 at Albany and nominated Horatio Seymour for Governor, and D. R. Floyd Jones for Lieutenant-Governor. The resolutions strongly indorsed the Chicago platform and the candidates of the Chicago Convention.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SOUTH AMERICA.

THE revolutionary movements in Ecuador against the Government of President Garcia, Morino, and General Flores, still continued at the latest advices. Several of the provinces were in full revolt. The fact that the Spanish Government intends to hold the Chincha Islands till Peru has complied with her demands in relation to the Palambo affair, and disavowed its complicity in the alleged attempt to poison and rob its Minister of his dispatches had caused among all classes in Peru the highest indignation. The Peruvian Secretary of State rejects the propositions of Spain, in a circular to its diplomatic agents abroad, but there are indications that his Government will, in the end, be compelled to yield. A plan had been matured to blow up the Spanish flag-ship.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

IN the October number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, just published, Miss Harriet Prescott has contributed one of her most powerful stories, "Mrs. Gisborn's Way." It has unusual dramatic force; the painting is, as it always should be, made subordinate to the movement of the story. It is possible that some of our readers will think the severe sufferings of Mrs. Considine and her little ones overdrawn. But this will not seem so to those who remember the severity of last winter in the West. The following episode in connection with the storm which occurred on Saturday, January 2, in its features outdoes Miss Prescott's picture. What we are about to relate occurred during the night, in a house just outside the northern boundary of the city of Chicago. A poor woman, whose husband was killed in the war, lived there with her two boys, one aged five years and the other aged two. The woman went into the city on Saturday to make purchases, leaving her two little boys at home. About four o'clock in the afternoon she was met by a policeman, who, knowing her, and perceiving that she was under the influence of liquor, advised her to go home. Promising to do so, she started off in that direction. Late in the evening, however, she was found in the street, insensible from cold and intoxication. She was taken in by some benevolent individual, and cared for during the whole of that terrible night. Toward daylight on Sunday she recovered sufficiently to be able, in company with her preserver, to return home. When they both reached the humble dwelling, about seven o'clock, they found it full of smoke. On the floor lay the youngest child on a heap of snow, and frozen stiff. The eldest boy lay on the bed: he, too, was dead, but not then quite cold. During the night the storm must have blown the door open. The younger boy, suffering from cold, had probably risen to close it, or to seek warmth at the black and cold fire-place. Overpowered by the frost, he died without rousing his brother. When the elder brother awoke he found the room filled with snow, and his little brother dead. Perishing with cold he closed the door, and built a fire against the side of a trunk that stood near, and lay down benumbed. The fire had kindled and burned a hole in the trunk, another in the floor, and had also set a portion of the bed-clothes on fire. The mother and the stranger arrived in time to save the house, but too late to save life.

M. DELISLE once observed a fly only as large as a grain of sand, which ran three inches in half a second, and in that space made the enormous number of five hundred and forty steps. If a man were to be able to run as fast in proportion to his size, supposing his step to measure two feet, he would in the course of a minute have run upward of twenty miles—a task far surpassing our express railroad engines, or the famous "Seven League Boots" in the nursery fable. In leaping, also, insects far excel man, or any other animal whatever. The flea can leap two hundred times its own length; so also can the locust. Some spiders can leap a couple of feet upon their prey.

SOME years ago a marriage was arranged between Hans Steinman and Marguerite Bluhme. There was no disparity in their condition; Hans was a hunter, and Marguerite's father a laborer. Unhappily the latter, from imprudence or misfortune, became the debtor of a man named Dreihahn, who, being unable to get the money due to him, and having taken a great liking for Marguerite, proposed to cancel the debt, provided the girl's father would break off the marriage with Hans, and give his daughter to him. The bargain was agreed to with the consent of the girl, who probably thought a rich husband was better than a poor one. On the wedding-day Hans forced his way into the house where the festivities were going forward, and invited the bride to dance with him. She was too frightened to consent or refuse, and looked to her husband to know what he wished her to do. He got up and appealed to the company to drive out the intruder, who thereupon raised his gun, and with the butt knocked him down, and then snatched the wreath from the bride's head, and walked away. The marriage, however, was far from being a happy one.

Dreihahn, from motives of jealousy, treated his wife very badly for upward of five years, when a catastrophe occurred which removed her from his power. One Sunday evening, as she was returning from Murzsteg, where she had been to hear mass, she was met by a man at the entrance of a road which wound round the mountain, who remarked to her that she must be very careful, as the rail which guarded the path had been broken away for several yards; this, so far as is known, was the last time she was seen alive. Her husband, finding she did not return home, went to seek her, and, supposing that some accident must be the cause, he requested several of his neighbors to go with him. The search lasted two days, until, at last, her body was discovered lying at the foot of a precipice, partly covered with plants, and on her head her wedding-wreath of rosemary, now all crushed and withered. Lying near her was the body of a man, who held the muzzle of a gun in his left hand, and in his right the end of a string, the other end being fastened to the trigger: he had been shot through the heart.

Though greatly changed by time, and more, probably, by mental anxiety, Dreihahn, who had never seen Hans since his wedding-day, had no difficulty in recognizing in the dead man, as he lay before him, weltering in his blood, his wife's young lover.

DR. CHALMERS'S eldest brother James was a very excellent person, but of a morose and eccentric temper. Among his crotchets, one was that Scotchmen in London were the greatest bores in life, always coming about one, and speaking about Scotland, and expecting what they called hospitality. When the Doctor was in London, in 1817, and the commotion about his preaching was naturally greatest among his own countrymen, this was all the more reason with James for keeping clear of the concern. Rather than be plunged into the Scottish element, he kept by himself the whole time, and never once went to hear his brother preach. He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir had penetrated even into his daily haunt, the Jerusalem Coffee-house.

"Well," said one of his merchant friends to him one day, wholly ignorant of the relationship, "have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?"

"Yes," said James, somewhat dryly, "I have heard him."

"And what did you think of him?"

"Very little indeed," was the reply.

"Dear me!" said the astonished inquirer; "*when* did you hear him?"

"About half an hour after he was born."

IT is a remarkable fact that persons losing themselves in the forest, or in a snow-storm, manifest invariably a tendency to turn round gradually to the left, to the extent even of eventually moving in a circle. The explanation of this is found probably in the fact that the limbs and muscles of the right side are generally better developed than those of the left side. Shoemakers say that, as a general thing, the right foot is somewhat larger than the left, and that the right boot wears out first. Under the excitement felt when one is lost, and in the absence of any guiding-line, the superior energy of the right limbs throws the pedestrian insensibly round on the left. It may also be remarked that in the ancient religious ceremonies of every country circular or choric dances were a prevalent custom.

THE grand total of the amounts expended by Great Britain on her new iron-plated ships for the year ending March 31, 1864, was £4,744,324, which is equivalent in greenbacks to about fifty millions of dollars. This expense, incurred by England in a time of peace, is more than double the sum which our Government has expended on the Monitors in time of war.

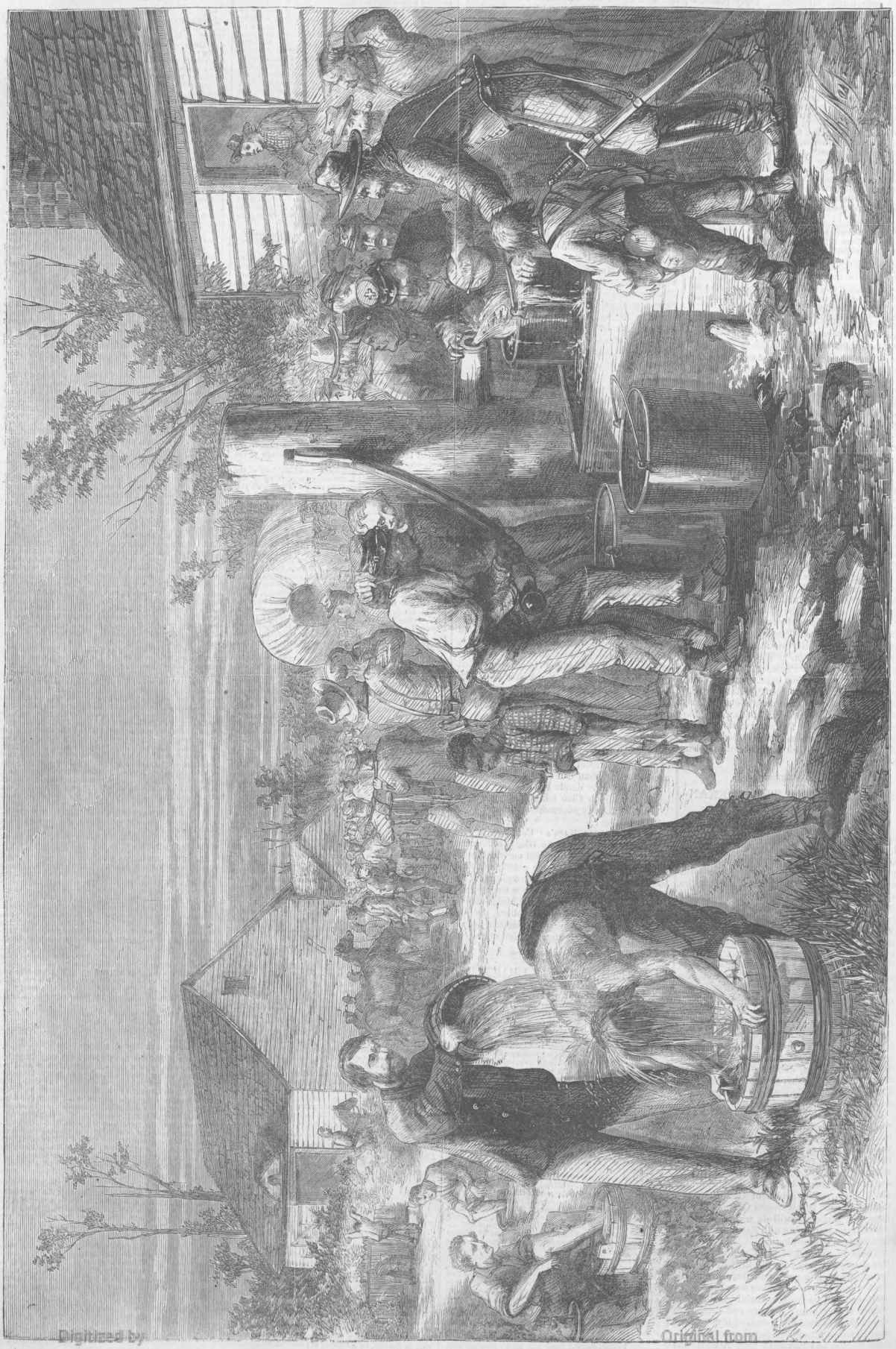
THE Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* says there are a couple of spinsters in Green—monomaniacs in their way—who have been trying to see how many cats could be multiplied from one pair. They began with one pair when the rebellion broke out, and as the kittens have grown and multiplied, their number now reaches to the alarming sum of 440 cats and kittens.

KING JAMES, once listening to a Presbyterian preacher who was inveighing furiously against him and his policy, cried out,

"For any sake consider it, man! or else speak sense."

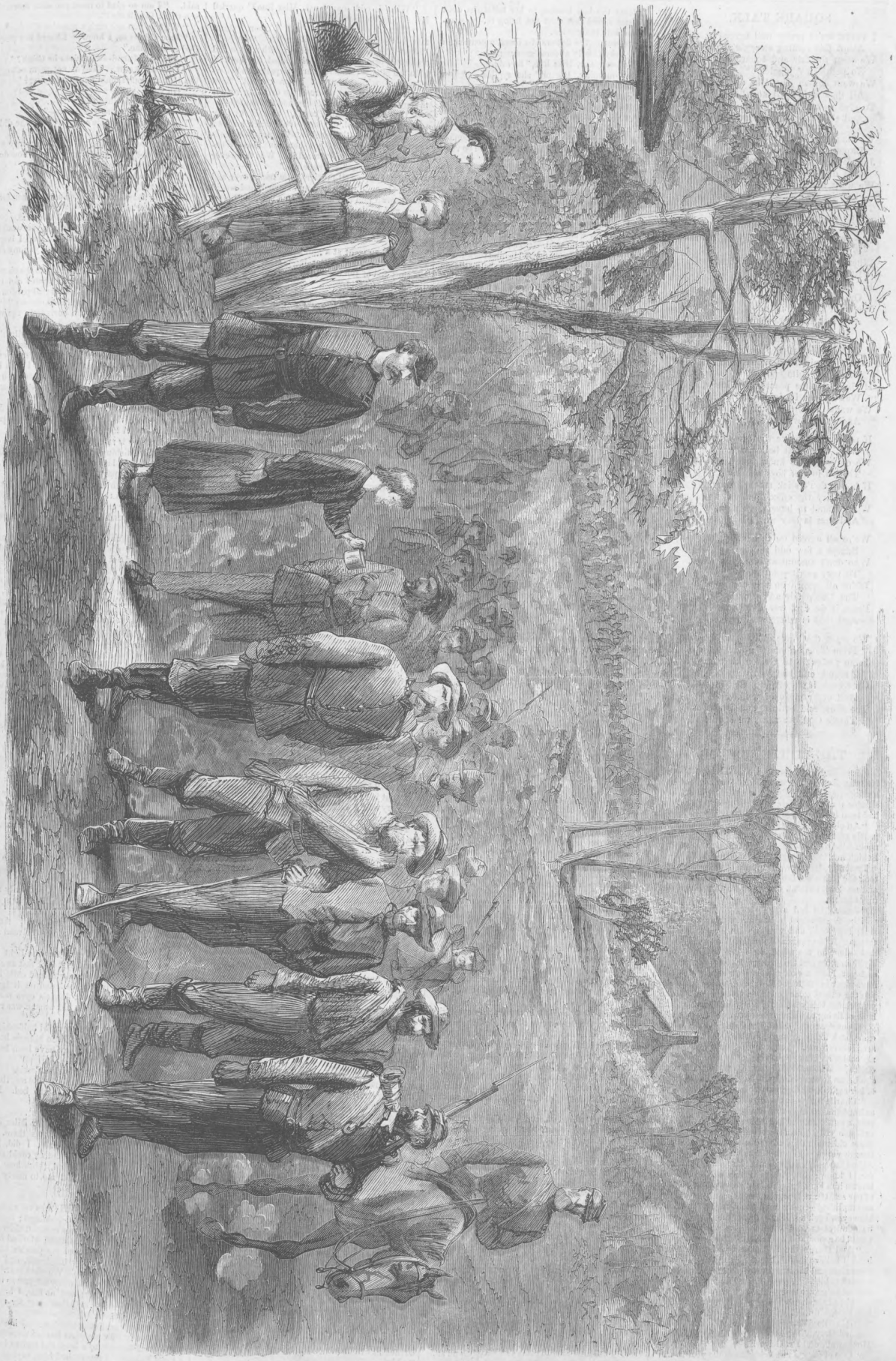
"I tell thee, O king," was the reply, "I will not come down from my text to speak sense."

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THE HALT.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS NAST.]

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S VICTORY.—REBEL PRISONERS BEING CONDUCTED TO ATLANTA FROM JONESBOROUGH.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

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SQUARE TALK.

I THINK we're pretty well agreed
About this coming struggle;
We want the fair and square thing done,
No politicians' juggle.
We want a man who'll be all thar—
All thar with heart and hand,
To give us back the Union;
And that is where we stand.

We want the best that's made, we do,
Expense 's of no account;
Just let us have the proper thing,
And draw for the amount.
We want the Union back again,
Each inch of lake and land;
The old concern, and nothing less;
And that is where we stand.

We want the right—the rightest man—
We do not care a fig
Whether he's a Black Republican,
Blue Democrat, or Whig:
He may be purple Carmelite,
Or yellow Amprazand;
We want the Union back again,
And that is where we stand.

A good square peace ain't bad to take,
And war is rather rough;
Of one we ain't had much of late,
Of t'other quite enough.
If Union can be peaced, you know,
Well! peace it right away;
We want the Union back again,
And that is what we say.

If peace don't prove the proper game,
Well, then, just holler out;
We only want to know, you know—
There's lots of boys about.
If honey don't stick strong enough,
We'll try the effex of steel.
We're bound to have the Union,
And that is how we feel.

We're all agreed on this one point,
Except a few odd traitors,
Who don't amount at best, you know,
To very small potaters.
We're all agreed on this one point,
The Union fair and square.
Peace if we can, war if we must,
And that is where we aire.

We want the brave old flag to wave
From Texas up to Maine,
From Delaware to Golden Gate,
Around, and back again;
Over each blade of grass that grows,
And every grain of sand.
The Stars and Stripes, and Union,
Thank God, for these we stand!

THE LITTLE DOCTOR.

JESSIE RUE was twenty-three. The sun of that birthday had just risen, and she stood before her looking-glass, fastening in her ears and about her slender throat and dainty wrists the pearls which had been her uncle's gift the night before.

"An old maid?" muttered Jessie, between those pearls of teeth which rivaled the gems about her neck. "An old maid? I think not, Uncle Walter; I think not." And again she laughed, gleefully.

Presently, however, she grew a little graver; she took the pearls off, dropped them into their casket, and sat down to think over her uncle's words of the night before.

"Jessie," he had said to her, "to-morrow you will be twenty-three. You are young and pretty still; but youth and woman's beauty are fleeting things. A few years and you'll find yourself an old maid alone in the world, for I can not live long. My threescore and ten years are upon me even now, and you have no other relatives on earth. You have plenty of suitors, child; and I wish I could see you the wife of some good man before I die. Make your choice this year, and give your old uncle some hope of living to bless you on your wedding-day."

"Poor dear uncle!" sighed Jessie, as the words came back to her memory. "He is worth a thousand lovers to me. I enjoy my freedom yet. Make my choice? He may be right after all. Make my choice? Whom should I choose, I wonder?" Then she began to count dreamily, touching the rosy tips of her right-hand fingers to those of her left.

"Charlie Wier—but he is a mere coxcomb, though as handsome as man well can be; Edward Burr—a poet, a musician, and intensely selfish; Vivian Garnet—too young, no man should be less than five years older than his wife; Colonel Grey—too old, though yet so fascinating, his daughter is my age; Alfred Earle—passable; young Moreland—he adores me, I know; Mr. Ashley Honeywell—I haven't known him long, but certainly he surpasses any one of our set, the richest, the most elegant, every way accomplished—such a fine Roman profile, such dark-blue eyes, such a soldierly bearing. And I believe he admires me. I wish I were sure of it. He would be a conquest worth the trouble. Heigh-ho!

"And there's the little Doctor; bless his bald head, I believe he thinks me perfection. How his color rises and his breath comes fast and short when I speak to him. A smile makes him happy; if I am distant he grows mournful.

She had absolutely drawn a pretty note-book from her bureau drawer as she spoke and had made a list: Charlie Wier, Edward Burr, Vivian Garnet, Colonel Grey, Alfred Earle, Guy Moreland, Ashley Honeywell, and Dr. Oliver.

"One of these I must choose ere the year is out," she said; "and don't flatter yourself that it will be you, Dr. Oliver!"

Putting the last touches to her toilet she went down stairs, and breakfast not being ready, sauntered out into the garden.

There among the flowers she found a gentleman looking very closely at some geraniums.

"Good-morning, Miss Rue," he said.

"Good-morning, Doctor," she replied. "You are out early."

"I came hoping to see you. I have a favor to ask, Miss Rue."

"A favor?"

"Yes. You know my little bachelor dwelling boasts no garden, will you let me pick a bouquet here every morning at this hour? I should be very much obliged."

"Certainly, Doctor. Will you have one now? You might have helped yourself and welcome; lend me your knife." And the white hands were busy amidst red roses, violets, and golden crocus. The bouquet arranged she bound it deftly with soft green grass, and handed it to the Doctor with a smile which she knew would make his heart beat.

"Thank you," he said. "You are very, very kind;" and the bright eyes danced behind the glasses. He walked beside her now in the garden-path—an upright, rather fine, broad-shouldered figure; but not tall, with a good, kind face, and a prematurely bald crown, about which the black curls clustered like a priest's tonsure, quietly listening while she chatted. In half an hour he said good-by at the garden gate, and she went in laughing.

"A transparent ruse," she said. He wants to see me often—oh, Dr. Oliver, Dr. Oliver; and Jessie Rue's cheeks were rosy as she sat down at the breakfast-table with her old uncle and chatted of the party to be at the Eastwoods that night, and where she expected to meet Ashley Honeywell.

Ashley was at the party. Dr. Oliver was there also—in a corner, talking politics with the old grandfather; but not until after supper did he find an opportunity to approach Jessie. She saw him making his way through a sea of crinoline—now and then treading on a flounce or a toe—and anticipating the appropriation of a chair vacated for a moment by Mr. Honeywell, was not gracious. He did not take it, but leaned over her chair.

"Miss Rue," he said, "may I have the pleasure of escorting you home to-night?" His voice had a pleading tone in it.

And Jessie heard it, but she answered,

"Thank you, Doctor, but I'm engaged;" and told a white lie when she made the statement, for she only guessed that Ashley Honeywell would ask to see her home. Yet her heart smote her when she heard the smothered sigh that lifted the little Doctor's broad chest, and saw him in the distance a few moments afterward looking at her.

"At least I'll speak to him kindly," she said, but he gave her no opportunity; for ten minutes after he had slipped away, and was making his homeward way by a short cut across the commons.

Ashley Honeywell did what she expected that night. He went home with her, and said things that had a flavor of sentiment in them. In a delicious sort of fever she dropped to sleep after peeping through closed shutters to watch him out of sight along the moonlit road; but, strange to say, she dreamed all night of Dr. Oliver. Over and over again she said cruel things, and he turned away from her with that sigh—such a heart-felt one.

In the morning she was up betimes, and, brushing her bright hair as she stood in her scarlet wrapper before the glass, heard some one whistling in the garden. At that she peeped through the curtains, and saw Doctor Oliver plucking his bouquet. She called down to him,

"Good-morning!"

He answered her with a bow and smile.

"You shall have one of these geraniums on my window-sill if you will," she said; "my own pet flowers." And she picked one and threw it down.

Dr. Oliver caught, kissed, and put it in his button-hole. This homage from the man lowest on her list pleased the coquette; and as she saw him take his departure, with many backward glances at her window, she murmured,

"You *do* love me. I believe were you as handsome as some one I know I could take pity on you."

The evening before a party had been planned to visit a picturesque spot not far away. They were to go on horseback—May Eastwood, her sister Rose, our heroine, young Moreland, Alfred Earle, and Ashley Honeywell.

May and Rose and their escorts came merrily riding up to the door at two o'clock. Five minutes after Ashley Honeywell was there on his coal-black horse, named Lilly by an odd caprice. Jessie was ready for them, looking well in her dark-green habit and jockey-cap with sable plumes.

An hour's ride brought the little cavalcade in sight of a rustic cottage with great trees about it, and a vegetable garden near the door, but neither flower nor vine in sight.

Under the trees, however, was a sight attractive enough to travelers on a warm spring afternoon—an old well with a "moss-covered bucket;" a picture in itself.

"I wish I had a glass of that cool well water," cried Rose Eastwood.

"Then you shall have one," replied her escort. "I'll storm the citadel, and bring you some or perish in the attempt."

And he leaped from the saddle, and marched toward the door with laughing glance over his shoulder at giggling Rose Eastwood.

Jessie and Ashley had halted with the rest, and Jessie's eyes had spied out something curious. A china mug on the low window of what seemed to be the parlor, in which was a bouquet—roses, violets, and golden crocus, and in the midst one scarlet flower which she fancied grew only in her garden.

"That looks like my bouquet," she thought; "the very one I gave to Dr. Oliver." Just then a little white, frail woman's hand stole beneath the curtain, touched the blossoms caressingly, and stole in again.

"Odd," said Jessie, aloud, involuntarily.

"What is odd, may I ask, Miss Rue?" queried Mr. Ashley Honeywell.

"That little cottage—the well, I mean," stammered Jessie, and she blushed scarlet.

Just then Alfred Earle came out with a glass and a pitcher; walked to the well; filled the bucket, then the pitcher; came toward the party, and offered each a sparkling draught. No one refused. Then the young gentleman returned the drinking vessels to some one within the cottage, and remounted.

"That's an enchanted castle," he said, as they rode away. "Within, I saw an old witch keeping guard over the prettiest enchanted princess—a beauty, as I'm a sinner. I know her name also—Wendeline. The old witch uttered it. Was there ever such a fancy name? Wendeline."

Ashley Honeywell muttered the name over and gave a start. Lilly reared and started, and would have thrown him had he not been a splendid horseman; and Jessie saw his cheek first pale and then flush. No one else observed the change.

"Lilly is impatient," he said. "Shall we ride faster?"

Away they went at a gallop, Moreland's jealous eyes following them. But Jessie was thinking of the start and of the flowers in the cottage window. By-and-by she said,

"Do you think that name pretty? Wendeline, I mean. It is odd."

"Too odd for my taste," said Ashley. "I never knew but one of that name in my life. The simplest names suit me best—Rose, or Kate, or Jessie."

All the way to the spot they had chosen, back again home, they kept close together.

Jessie should have been happy, yet a strange uneasiness was on her soul; and she was so curious about those flowers, and that little white hand, that she could not sleep that night. Consequently she awoke long after the sun was high and the Doctor had been for his bouquet, for she found a glove of his among the rows of roses. And after breakfast she walked out, straying farther and farther until the little cottage was in sight. There it stood in the window, the bouquet in the china mug, and a fresh one, all roses, lying on the sill.

Jessie approached. She could have sworn those were her roses.

From within at this moment a voice came sweetly, "Nursey, please get me some more water. I would not have these darling roses wither."

And the cottage door opened, and out came an old mulatto woman with a blue kerchief covering her head and a white pitcher in her hand.

Jessie walked up to the door and tapped.

"I have been walking a long way," she said, "and am tired. May I sit down to rest myself?"

"Oh do come in!" said the sweet voice she had heard. "There's the settle, that's the easiest;" and a young girl with her apron full of flowers arose to greet her.

Jessie sat down. The cottage-floor was bare, and there were three pine chairs, a table, and the cushioned lounge, for furniture. Nothing else, save a few shelves with dishes on them, and one or two books.

She looked at the girl. Nothing so lovely had she ever seen before; but the hectic of consumption was on the cheek, and the eyes were too bright, and the brow too pearly. Jessie did not think of this, she only saw the beauty.

"There are pleasant walks about here, I think," said the girl. "When I am better I shall try to find the prettiest. I love the woods so. But I've been too ill to leave the house."

"That is hard," said Jessie.

"Very hard," said the girl. "Ah, Jane, now fill that glass."

The mulatto woman had re-entered, she poured the silvery water, and for a few moments the girl's whole soul was in her flowers.

They were arranged, and she held them with childlike simplicity toward Jessie, saying, "Are they not lovely?"

"Beautiful," replied Jessie. "Are they from your own garden?"

"Oh no," replied the girl; "Jane has only some cabbages and radishes there. A dear friend brings me these every day."

"A dear friend—"

"The best I have in the world."

She said no more. Jessie sat still a little while, chatted, not as gayly as usual though, and went home musing. Though, as she said, what was it to her if her suspicions were correct?

Every morning the bouquet was plucked; and Jessie and the Doctor walked together in the garden for a few moments. But since the night of the party there had been a change in his manner. It was as though he had resolved on no more lover-like demonstrations.

Ashley Honeywell, the handsome and aristocratic, bowed at her shrine, and every girl who knew her envied her. Jessie Rue should have been content, but she was not. Once indeed, when the Doctor had gone away with his flowers in his hand, not once looking back, she found herself standing amidst the roses with tears in her eyes and a pang of mortification at her heart. Awakening to the consciousness of this she stamped her small foot angrily.

"Why should I feel hurt that he cares nothing for me now?" she said. "Let him admire that girl at the cottage if he will. It is nothing to me."

When next she went to the little cottage she found the shutters closed, and the old woman opened the door very softly.

"Good-morning, Miss," she said. "My young lady will be glad to see you. She's been very low—dying, I thought. Mebbe she will die yet." And tears came into the old creature's eyes.

Jessie's thoughts flew to the Doctor. He must have suffered much in the fear of losing his betrothed. For Jessie had resolved upon this state of things. She went into the little bedroom, and there, with the little hands, thinner than ever, folded on the white counterpane, lay Wendeline. She looked at Jessie with a smile, and put up her lips to kiss her.

"I thought I should never see you again," she said. "I am so glad to meet you once more. Do you think I shall die?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Jane thinks so, I know. I heard her praying God to spare me."

"And your friend—what does he think?"

"I do not know. Does it not seem strange to you that any one should not mind dying?"

"Oh yes."

"I do not, Miss Jessie."

"You—so lovely, so young, so—"

Beloved was on Jessie's tongue, but she did not utter it.

"I am young—at least I am not twenty yet—but life is not a happy thing to me. You do not know what trouble I have had."

"You have lost your parents?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

The girl shuddered all over and hid her face in both her hands.

"I have been very wicked," she said. "Oh, Miss Jessie, if you knew all, perhaps you would not be here! But I think I am dying, and I beg you to come again. Next time I will tell you my story. You are religious, are you not?"

"Not as I should be; but I belong to the church."

"Then you can tell me more than I can think for myself. I can not believe God will pardon me; yet they say He is very merciful to sinners."

Jessie put back the golden curls from the white forehead.

"You can not be very wicked, Wendeline," she said. "You are too pretty—too much like a child."

"Pretty!" The girl shuddered all over as she repeated the word. "Oh, Miss Jessie, I wish I had been born with an ugly face. I'd rather have been black, like dear old Jane. It has been a curse to me to be as pretty as I know I am."

Soothing her, half-fancying her delirious, Jessie sat beside the girl for hours. When they parted she had promised to return in a few days.

The next day it rained, and the next, then came riding parties, fishing parties, boating parties—a week passed. At last came Jessie's birthday, and a regular evening party.

Laughter and mirth and music filled the house.

The Doctor was there; but in the early part of the evening a boy came running to say that Squire Walker of the Bend had fallen down in a fit, and he left them.

The silver tongue of the time-piece on the mantle had counted ten when Jessie left the crowded parlors and stepped out upon the porch. She was not in a merry mood, and longed to be alone for a few moments. As she stood there she saw in the moonlight a strange crooked form half-running, half-hobbling toward the house. It entered the garden gate, and came toward her, and while she was wondering whether it were witch or brownie it flung back an old black hood, and revealed the face of the mulatto Jane.

"Oh, Miss!" she cried, "can you tell me where Dr. Oliver is? They told me he was over here—I— Oh, you're the young lady Miss Wendeline thinks so much of; she's dying, Miss, I'm afraid, and there's only a child of ten with her. Oh, call the Doctor, please, Miss?"

"Dr. Oliver is not here," said Jessie. "He has been, but he has gone. Do you know Squire Walker's place?"

"Oh yes, Miss."

"You'll find him there, and I will go to Wendeline."

"God bless you, Miss!"

"Take the path over the fields," said Jessie; and, waiting neither for bonnet nor shawl, she ran around the house until she came to the stable-yard. There sat John, the man-servant, in his shirt sleeves, passing his hours in chewing straw.

"John," she cried, "harness Black Bess to the gig immediately! I want you to drive me to the cross roads!"

"Yes, Miss," said John.

He was a man of few words, and only asked, when the gig was ready, "Shall I get my coat, Miss? This here is my stable jacket."

"No; time is every thing just now." And in a moment they were whirling along the road at full speed.

Far in the distance Jessie saw the light in the cottage window, and her heart beat fast as she entered the little room. A rough-faced child in ragged garments sat by the bed, and on it lay poor Wendeline. The moment Jessie's eyes rested on her face she knew that the old woman was right—her hours were numbered.

"You have come," the poor girl half-whispered. "I am so thankful! Send little Maggie home: I want to talk with you. They have been here. I saw them."

"Who have been here?" asked Jessie.

"Mother and father—one sat beside me, the other stood just there at the foot of the bed. Mother smiled; but father looked so stern."

"It was a dream," said Jessie.

"No; I was awake. Oh, dear Miss Jessie! you do not know why I feared to see them. I did so wrong! I broke their hearts; I did, indeed, wicked girl that I was! If mother could not pardon me, even on her death-bed, think how I must have sinned! They wanted me to marry Cousin Oliver—"

Jessie started.

"My parents, I mean. He was very good; but so shy, and serious, and old-fashioned; besides, he did not love me; and he was so much older. I ran away one night with a gentleman who had fallen in love with me, and of whom my parents knew nothing. But he was very handsome, and said he could not live without me. We were married, and went to Europe. I wrote many a letter to mother; they never forgave me; and, at last, I heard that they were both dead, and that grief for my disobedience killed them.

"That made me low-spirited, and my husband began to care less for me. At last we were in Italy; he devoted himself to a beautiful Italian lady, and I grew jealous. I reproached him, saying that his wife deserved his respect if not his love, and he told

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me the awful truth: our marriage was a false one. I was a poor degraded creature. I think my heart broke then. Still, alone with him in a strange land, what could I do? So I lived with him still. Sometimes he was kind, sometimes cruel. At last he said we would return to America.

"We went on board of the ship together late at night. In the morning I found myself far upon the ocean, and alone. Ashley had gone to the shore again in a boat, while I thought him on deck. He left a note and some money.

"He was tired of me, he said, and I of him, and it was best to part.

"I was very ill after that—delirious, I believe, but it was over. Ashley Honeywell and I would never meet again."

"Ashley Honeywell?" gasped Jessie.

"Yes, that was his name. Oh, Miss Jessie, do you know him?"

"I do," said Jessie, and her cheek was whiter than that of the dying girl.

"What next?"

"We came to America, and I was alone in New York city. My money, save and scrape it as I would, lasted but a little while. Then the woman I had boarded with turned me into the streets. It was my nineteenth birthday. That night I went down to a lonely dock meaning to drown myself. As I stood there ready for the leap a hand came upon my shoulder:

"'I have been watching you ten minutes,' he said. 'My poor woman, you are mad just now. Stop; think!'

"I turned and saw the face of my Cousin Oliver. It brought back home memories and I burst into tears, and was saved from the great sin of suicide. At last he knew me.

"'Cousin Wendeline,' he cried, 'how have you come to this?'

"So I told him my sad story, and he was very kind and good. He took care of me, and a few days after brought me here to live with old Jane, who had been my nurse, and who loved me dearly. Since that he has been so kind to me I have wanted for nothing. God will bless him I am sure; I do, I will with my dying breath; but oh, what a strange thing a human heart! I can never banish my love for Ashley Honeywell, who was so cruel to me. I would not have seen him had I lived; but as you know him—oh, Miss Jessie, will you write to him and say 'Wendeline is dead,' only that perhaps he will grieve for me a little?"

"I promise," said pale Jessie.

The dying girl fell back upon her pillow, and that other girl prayed beside her, until a step upon the floor of the outer room told that the Doctor was there.

Old Jane, sobbing for her darling, knelt at the foot of the rude cot. And beside the dying bed Jessie Rue and Dr. Oliver met each other.

Wendeline seemed past speaking now.

She put one soft white hand in Dr. Oliver's, the other still in Jessie's. And the lids drooped over the blue eyes.

So she lay, motionless as a statue, for many moments, then the lips moved in a whisper.

"God bless you, Cousin Oliver!" and the Doctor, hearing it, bent lower. "Jessie, remember tell Ashley Wendeline is dead." And with those words the spirit met the waiting angels.

The old woman burst into a wild moaning wail. The Doctor turned away to hide his tears, and Jessie only seemed unmoved. She walked to the window and sat down, and looking out upon the cold moonlit road thought of the story she had heard, of the broken heart and of its cruel idol.

In a little while the Doctor came to her. She had sent John home with the carriage to explain her absence.

"Shall I see you home?" he said. This time she answered "Yes."

Alone together, her hand upon his arm, nothing near save the chirping crickets in the hedges. By-and-by he spoke.

"She was a fair flower to die in life's summer. Do you know her story?"

"She told me all, I think. You have been very good to her."

"Only a brute could have done less."

He had taken off his hat and carried it in his hand; the moonlight shone upon the noble forehead and the bald head, circled by the tonsure of black curls. Jessie did not look upon it as she had looked once. That seemed a very handsome man who walked beside her.

His next words made her heart stand still.

"I may say good-by to-night, I think," he said. "After my poor little cousin's funeral I shall leave the place. I shall hardly return to it."

"This is a sudden determination," said Jessie; she did not know what to say. She could hardly speak at all.

"No," he answered, "I have thought of it for months. But I knew my cousin must die, and I am her only friend in the world."

"We shall miss you," said Jessie.

"No," said the Doctor; "I am not one to be much missed."

She walked on again. Suddenly he turned toward her, standing still, and clutching her arm.

"Oh, Jessie Rue," he said, in a low, passionate voice—"Jessie Rue, do you think I can stay here to see the only girl I ever loved in all my life wedded to another—one who is not worthy of her—one whom I believe to be a villain? I loved you better than any earthly thing, Jessie Rue, and I can not stay here to go mad."

His manner was so different from his usual one that it frightened Jessie. She could only clasp her hands and look at him as he went on:

"Ah, Jessie, he is handsomer than I, more pleasing, richer—above me in all outward seeming; but I have loved you as he never will, for I know his base, bad heart."

Then she found courage to speak.

"To whom do you allude?"

"To whom but to Ashley Honeywell, your betrothed husband."

"I am *not* betrothed to him."

"Thank God for that!"

"I never will be."

"Jessie!"

His face changed—he bent over her.

"Oh, Jessie, I am mad now, I think! Jessie Rue, look at me. Jessie, need I go?"

And she answered, "No, Dr. Oliver."

Then in the moonlight their lips met, and he caught her to his heart.

They were the only mourners save old Jane at the poor girl's grave. Hand in hand they stood within the church-yard when all was over, when clattering past the gate went a handsome horseman. He paused and looked at the two for a moment, and then rode on whistling. It was Ashley Honeywell, passing so near the grave of the girl whose dying thoughts were of him. That night a little note was brought to him from Jessie, and reading it, he knew that Wendeline was dead.

Jessie Rue had made her choice. At Christmas time they were married. Old Jane came from her little cottage to live with them as a servant, and Jessie was very good to her for dead Wendeline's sake. And never in all her life had she cause to repent of the day on which she married the man lowest on her list of admirers—the man whom all along she had loved best, even while ignorant of her own heart.

And Ashley Honeywell—there came a time to him, long years after, when dissipation had made him penniless, and he, a broken-hearted, friendless, wretched man, wandered bareheaded along the road, that coming to the lonely grave-yard, he lay down before a little stone with "Wendeline" upon it, and wept for the one heart which would have been true to him. And lying there, the snow began to fall, and covered him with a white shroud; so that when spring came, and the ground was moist with dew again, there were but a handful of bones to bury by pure chance at the foot of Wendeline's grave.

PUSS BURBANK'S ENEMY.

"How now, Vallance, speculating on to-morrow's chances, eh?"

Captain Dana threw himself lazily down on the grass beside his friend, and began to whistle softly.

"I should not be surprised if to-morrow's chances came to day," said Vallance St. Cloud, thoughtfully. "I suspect the enemy are nearer than we think—not a difficult thing for him to be hiding away somewhere down there. But that was not the subject of my speculations. Did you know, Dana, I spent two years in this vicinity once. Every thing looks as natural to me as the old book I learned my letters in would. Do you see that hill yonder, the bluest crested one, lower than the others?"

Dana looked and nodded.

"I staid just at the foot of that—the other side though—two years. It was the queerest, old-fashioned, big-roomed farm-house, with the oddest little maiden presiding over it. I should like to know what became of her. She wasn't a sweet-heart, Dana, so you needn't laugh; I was only a lad then, too. My mother left me there for the air; she fancied I was consumptive, I believe. I used to be ill sometimes, I remember, and this little girl took care of me. Such a demure little puss, you know; and, by-the-way, they called her *Puss* too. It's a fashion they have in these Southern families. There's always a 'Puss' among the children, and I never heard her called any thing else but Puss Burbank."

"There's a Burbank a rebel colonel, isn't there?" interjected Dana.

"It can't be Puss's father—no, of course not. He was an old man in those days—broken with drink too; treated the child shamefully sometimes, and petted her ridiculously at others. I'd give a month's pay to see the little thing again, if he hasn't killed her in one of his drunken rages. Why she couldn't have been—well—not more than eight, I should think, and she used to take care of me like a regular grandmother. She liked me wonderfully; clung to me as though she would never let me go the morning I left; and when I finally had to start, I left her in a kind of swoon. Children have such fancies occasionally, you know. I promised to go back and see her sometime, but I never went."

"She's probably dead or married before this time," said Dana.

"Possibly," St. Cloud said, with a half sigh; "but it seems to me as though I could find her right there in the old house yet, poor patient little Puss! I don't know why I never went to see her: I always meant to. There, Dana! didn't I tell you?" as a shell suddenly came screaming toward the lines from the plain below. It fell short though, and the two young men sprang up the bank, the long roll sounded, men flew to arms: it was a battle.

Puss, she wasn't dead or married, or gone away from the very roof that young St. Cloud had lain ill under years before. I dare say she had grown some, but she was a little thing yet; and if she had looked womanly when she was a child, she looked strangely childlike now she was a woman. There is an expression of countenance natural to some women that is always childlike; and, curiously enough, it so often accompanies as to almost mean patience and meekness under great calamity.

A little earlier than St. Cloud and Dana were talking of her Puss sat in the low doorway of the farm-house sewing. Short, low dropping curls clustered against her faintly-crimsoned cheek, and deep outcurling lashes fringed the blue-veined eyelids. As she now and then cast expectant yet shrinking glances down the path, her eyes had the serious brightness of a startled child. Puss wasn't thinking of the impending battle. Living in a very secluded and by-place, she caught only vague rumors of it. She thought of the war sometimes; often perhaps: but she was full of her own troubles, poor Puss! and the conflict off yonder had not yet deadened with its roar the clamor of this other—a vital one, too, in her own home. Her home: a plain and bare enough one, but owing what comfort it had to her little hands, that never ceased trying to brighten it—never wearied of caring for the old man, whose sole housekeeper she had been since her mother died, more than ten years now. She was older than St. Cloud thought.

He had called Burbank broken with drink when he knew him; but there had been vitality enough left in him to drag through these years since, getting more broken and worse with drink, and leading Puss such a life as is not easily described.

She never murmured though, and when her mother's relatives would have removed her from his control, she always said, in her little quiet, unanswerable way, "I promised mother, you know, and he's all I've got besides," and staid.

Burbank was afraid of her leaving him; and after one of these scenes used to hang about her in a pitiful kind of gratitude, that, half maudlin as it was, used to make her heart overflow with loving tenderness toward him.

She should never be sorry, that she should not, for staying with her old father. She'd get her reward some of these days; and one night he told her what it was to be.

There was a bold, bad, coarse man with whom Burbank had of late formed a drunken intimacy. That he led her father into even deeper excesses than he would seek himself Puss was very sure, and aside from his natural repulsiveness, that made him hateful to her. She shuddered at his very presence, but endured till her father commanded her to receive him as her future husband. This she utterly refused to do; but, emboldened by the old man's encouragement, and the girl's helplessness, the ruffian continued to persecute her with his loathsome suit. Poor Puss! Her mother's friends had gone away from that part of the country; she and her father lived very isolated lives, and she had nobody but God and herself to look to for protection from this danger—this outrage, which Burbank in his drunken dotage was capable of perpetrating.

Suddenly, as she sat sewing, she heard the approaching voices of her father and this man, who was always with him now, and shrank within the house. The two sat down to the meal that waited them, and Puss, after waiting upon them, retreated to the window and resumed her sewing, betraying no consciousness of having heard Mallory's coarse flattery. While they were eating the first sullen boom, boom of the attacking cannon sounded, and the two men started up.

"That means business, and sooner'n I reckoned on," said Mallory, and while Burbank lingered in the doorway he went and stood near Puss.

She drew back from his too near vicinity, not speaking, however.

"See yer now, my girl," said he, "I was goin' to fix this yer matter of ours shore to-day, ef it hadn't a been for this fight comin' on. I'm goin' to hev a hand in that now, but when I come back I sha'n't stand no more triflin'."

Puss only shrank a little till he touched her round white chin familiarly with his hand, adding some meant-to-be conciliatory words.

She rose trembling then, calling "Father!" in an agony.

Burbank did not hear. He was already nodding in the doorway; and with a brutal chuckle the ruffian bent toward her again.

Quick as a flash Puss struck him with her little hand one, two, three, sharp, stinging blows across the eyes; and as he recoiled involuntarily, blinded by the smart, she leaped through the door, like some scared animal, and bounded up the hill-side with such frantically swift feet that the fellow, after the first rush, gave up the chase.

Puss never paused till she stood at the top of the hill which commanded the far-away battle-field, whose din by this time was shaking the very earth. In a fascination that swallowed every other feeling she stood watching the lurid flash and rolling smoke clouds, nor turned away till she saw by the flying squadrons that Northern bayonets had won the day. Then she crept fearful and stealthily back to the house.

But no one was there, nor seemed to have been all day. Her sewing lay just as she had dropped it, and the door was wide. No one came near the house all night, though she sat and watched; not even her old father; and in the morning she went out, white and scared, to look for him.

Not stopping, as on similar occasions before, to look for him, asleep perhaps among the fastnesses of the hills, she went straight on, running sometimes, to yesterday's battle-field.

A little way out upon the plain, past sights that left her lips bloodless, though here had not been the heat of the fight, some one called her name. It was a young officer who lay near, half crushed under the body of his horse.

With a strangely throbbing heart the girl approached him.

He had recognized her, and not much wonder, she had changed so little; but it was somewhat singular that she knew him through the blood and dust, and after the years since she had seen him. Some women hold some faces in their hearts forever though, and defy time or aught to put the memory past recognition.

"Oh Vally!" she said, clasping her hands. It was what she used to call him.

He smiled faintly. "I'm not much hurt, if only some one would lift this carcass off me. I've got something in my shoulder that won't let me help myself."

Tears blinding her, Puss tried with her own little hands, but of course in vain.

An ambulance came up soon, however, and released St. Cloud from that incubus. As they lifted him in he held his well hand toward her. "Come and see me, Puss, won't you?"

With a gasping sob the girl turned toward the officer in charge.

"Where are you going to take them?" she asked. "Is it far?"

"About three miles."

Puss glanced at the ambulance, containing now as many of the poor wounded fellows as it could accommodate, and the thought of the long way before they could be at rest almost stifled her utterance.

"I live up there," she said, eagerly, "not near a mile. I'll take care of them all, if you'll let me, and as many more as you choose to bring."

The officer hesitated, glancing at the young pale face; perhaps some red-tape scruple vexed him; but if so, he risked it, ordering the ambulance in the direction indicated.

"In going over the field have you seen an old, quite an old man?" Puss asked, in a low and stricken voice, as they were moving off.

The officer understood her. "Poor child! yes," he said, gently. "He lies over there, just beyond that rise of ground." And as Puss, catching her breath, turned away, he spoke in a low voice to two of the men, who followed her.

The poor old man was dead.

A little whiter faced, but quiet, Puss followed dreamily after the men as they lifted and bore the body between them.

The day's happening was not yet done. Taking a little different route than that by which she had come, they found a man frightfully torn with wounds, and howling in agony. Puss knew him—it was Mallory—and stopped.

The ambulance had gone on. When the man saw her he entreated piteously that she would call it back; that she would bring him water; that she would not leave him there to die alone.

Fear and shuddering lost in pity, Puss promised to stay by him in his mad terror and agony till other help came. She brought him water, and knelt beside him, holding it to his lips.

Her enemy! Words can not tell how she had feared him; but he could not hurt her now; and with her hand upon him, pitiful and forgiving, he died there.

Puss made a capital nurse. Her patients thrived as no others did.

Vallance suspected from stray gleanings something of what her life had been all those years; but she never liked to talk of it, and he never knew that it was her enemy whose dying moments Puss had soothed that day. She kept that memory, so connected with her dead father, to herself. Nobody should blame him for that. But something of her long pain broke into her voice when one day after Vallance was almost well, and had been talking in low, cheek-flushing words to her, she crept into his arms, crying,

"I wanted you so long, Vally—I wanted you so!"

"I know it, my darling! God forgive me for not coming sooner! But now I want *somebody*. Can I have her?"

He knew, but he liked to hear her tender, timid whisper, "Yes."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT!

I.

DISENCHANTED.

Ah! you may blush, my sweet Anne,
Cast your eyelids bashfully down!
Do you think it matters to *me* any more
Whether you smile or you frown?

Knowing that which I know,
Can you wonder if I doubt
The inference to be drawn from a smile,
That is next of kin to a pout?

Pshaw! Am I yet a boy,
To be caught by a pretty face?
To see "threads of gold" in a flaxen curl?
Take a "Missy" girl for a Grace?

I am disenchanted now;
You may drop the mask, if you will:
Or, stay—there are *other* fools in the world
To be caught, if you wear it still!

Men were made for your sport,
Else what use to be fair?
"Tis only flats who can fall in love:"
Take care, my lady, take care!

Your heart may be found at home
When "the right man" knocks at the gate;
You may get paid back in your spurious coin—
'Tis one of the tricks of Fate.

That a girl who can "think it *fun*"
With a score to play loose and fast,
Sets the net too often in sight of the bird,
And gets trapped herself at last!

II.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

You call me "a heartless jilt"—
"A pitiless, vain coquette!"
But there is another and truer way
Of looking at it yet!

Say that I trifled a while:—
Do you, in your vain conceit,
Think every girl who jests with a man
Is to throw herself at his feet?

Well—we were both in fault—
I, that I drew you on,
For the foolish whim of an idle hour,
To mock and to smile upon;

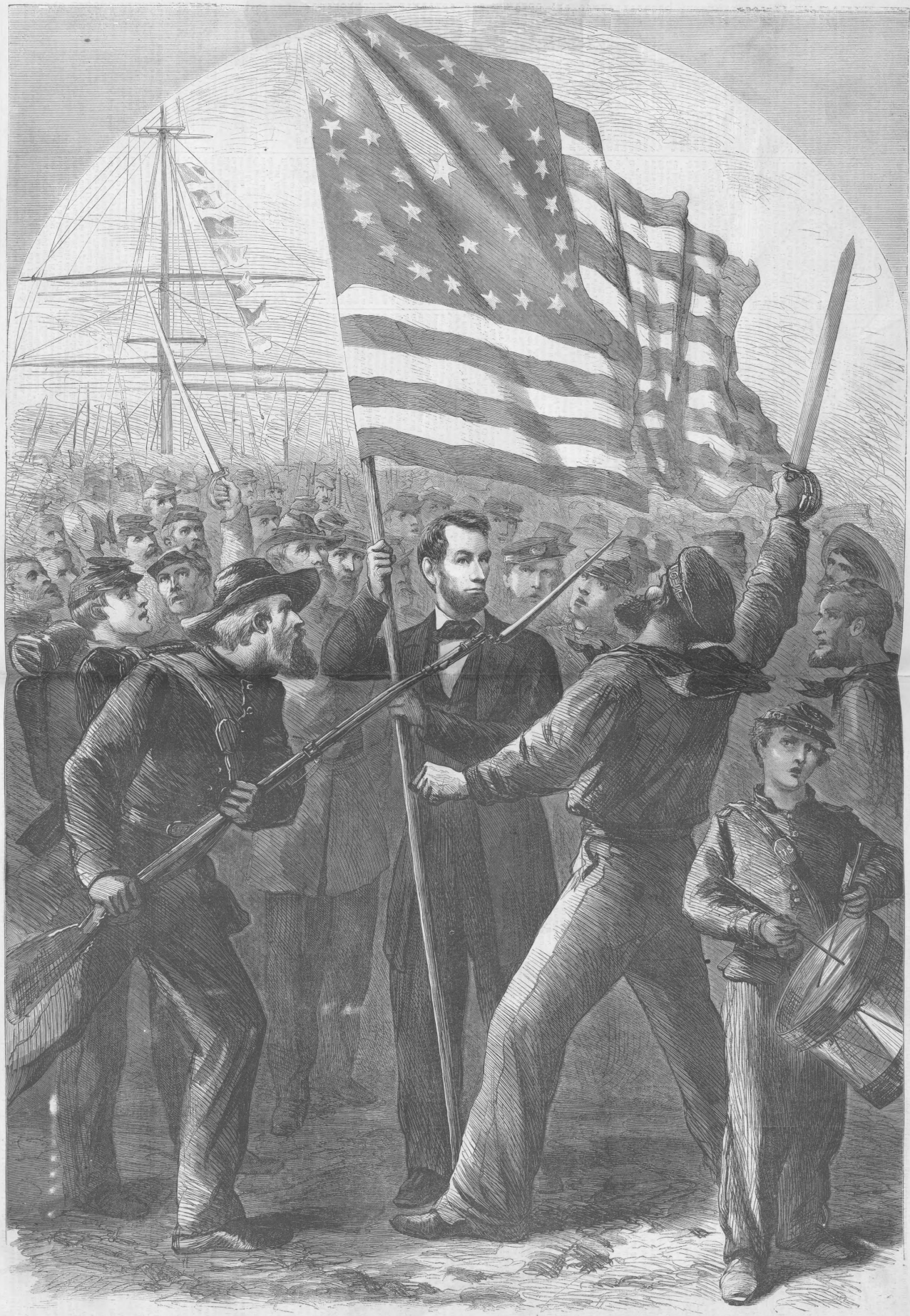
You, that your folly mistook
A "will-o'-the-wisp" for a star;
See, if a woman but lift her eyes,
How vain all these young men are!

What! would you have me say
The little words "I love?"
Would you have me utter a Yea for a Nay,
Then throw you off like a glove?

Better to break at once
The chain that your folly made,
Than to linger on in sight of the sun,
Then find yourself in the shade.

Let us part with our foolish dream,
Since we can not lovers be;
Go you your way, as a true man should,
And never look back on me!

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Rally round the Flag, boys!
Rally once again;
There are traitors in the camp, boys,
And pirates on the main:
There are rebels in the front, boys,
And foes across the sea,
Who hate the proud republican
And scoff at you and me.

Rally round the Flag, boys:
Rally in your might;
Let the nations see how freemen
Can battle for the right;
Make the throbbing mountains echo
With the thunder of your tread;
With music sweet of martial feet
Salute our gallant dead.

Rally round the Flag, boys:
Rally with a cheer;
For all you love and cherish most,
For all that hold you dear,
Defend the brave old banner,
Unsullied from the earth--
Within its folds enshrined it holds
All that this life is worth.

Then rally round the Flag, boys!
Rally, rally still!
Rally from the valley,
And rally from the hill;
Rally from the ship, boys,
And rally from the plow;
Now or never is the word--
Never! failing now.

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REMINISCENT.

A COTTAGE white, near a winding stream,
Quite hidden by trees from the sunlight's gleam;
A field near by, on a sloping hill,
Where the violet grew, and the daffodil;
A little girl and boy at play,
Whiling the summer hours away.

One had darksome auburn hair;
Both were young and both were fair;
One a boy not quite eleven,
One a girl of summers seven;
There upon the grassy lawn
They'd play till twilight's hour from dawn.

Months passed by, and soon came years,
Fraught to many hearts with tears;
The girl to maidenhood had grown;
The boy claimed man's estate his own;
Both had lived to learn that life
With care as well as joy is rife.

* * * * * * *

A cottage white, near a winding stream—
Yet not the same as in youth's bright dream—
Is the home where dwells a man and wife,
With not a cloud to bedim their life;
And by their side, with a curly head,
A baby sleeps in a trundle-bed.

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AGAIN THE SULTAN.

IT must have been at least a thousand years ago that the countess was the ruddled and drunken Wild Woman who used to go about the fairs and exhibit herself to the bumpkins at so many liards a head. She had always been a lady of fashion—of the very highest fashion. Of course. Yet for all that, when the visitors had taken their departure, she sent out Mr. Kafooze's humpbacked niece for a little brandy, the which that meek young person, who was half servitor and half governess, brought in from the adjacent public house, with a corner of her ink-stained apron thrown over the bottle.

It may here be not inappropriately remarked that, as Mr. M'Variety was following in the wake of his illustrious visitors, he met little Mr. Kafooze in the passage, and that, in the most affable manner, he immediately smote the schoolmaster on the shoulder, and inflicted a playful dig beneath one of his ribs. "What the dickens brings you here, my moon-raker?" was the inquiry of the manager of Ranelagh.

"Why, I live here, Mr. M'Variety," the little man replied, rubbing his hands together with somewhat of an uneasy expression of countenance.

"Live here! Why, I thought you didn't live any where, unless it was in the moon."

"There's my name on the door-plate, Mr. M'Variety. I keep a school. I keep a little school to eke out a livelihood. Times are very hard, and I don't get much of a salary at the Gardens, as you know, Sir, although I've been there these five-and-twenty years."

"These five hundred years, you mean. And so you keep a school? What a rum 'un you are, to be sure! Find it pay? Eh! my noble star-gazer?"

"Pretty well, Mr. M'Variety; only you'll oblige me if you won't mention it. It's really very important that you shouldn't mention it. It might do me harm with the parents. You see, Sir, that this is a very pious neighborhood, and party-feeling runs dreadfully high. I might lose all my pupils if it were known that I had any engagement—you understand—that I had any thing to do with the Gardens. Parents are so very prejudiced, you know; and people who grumble at having to pay half a guinea a quarter make as much fuss about it as if they were sending their young ones to the University of Oxford."

"All right, my Trojan. By-by, Kafooze." And Mr. M'Variety walked away. "Queer little customer that," he mused; "who'd ever have thought of his keeping a school, and teaching the young idea how to shoot? I wonder if he tells the young 'uns any thing about the stars. He's a good deal more than three parts cracked is Kafooze; but he's well up to his business, and is as worthy a little soul as ever breathed. Curious, now, that man believes in all the humbug he's paid five-and-twenty shillings a week to cram down people's throats. He believes in it as strongly as if he got twenty pounds a week. He's not a bad sort, and is worth every penny of his sal to me. Egad! I'll put him down for a snuff-box some of these fine days."

It was one of the most amiable traits in Mr. M'Variety's character to be continually presenting snuff-boxes to the persons in his employ. There was scarcely a carpenter, a scene-painter, a property-man, a lamplighter, or a fiddler in his service, who had not been at some period or another gratified with one of these tokens of the manager's esteem and confidence. Mr. M'Variety purchased them cheap at the pawnbroker's; and with the old inscriptions burnished out (for it frequently happened that they had done service previously as gifts to deserving employés) they looked quite beautiful. Indeed, it was rumored that, in this manner, the manager had often to buy his own testimonials back again. Times had never been so hard with Mr. M'Variety as to render it impossible for him to dispense at least two sets of these snuff-boxes in the course of a season. Once, when business was dreadfully bad, he had been forced to come down to tortoise-shell; but the pull up of a good benefit was speedily the means of the precious metal asserting its accustomed sway.

A remarkable interview took place in the afternoon between the countess and Lily. The former had told her that she was to dine out that evening with some gentlemen—the gentlemen she had seen that forenoon, in fact—and bade her get on her bonnet and shawl. They would take a cab, she said, to the other side of the water, and purchase some articles of dress; for the dinner was to be a very grand one, and she wished Lily to appear as smart as possible.

To the countess's astonishment—to her simulated astonishment, perchance—the girl cast herself at her feet, and with passionate entreaties begged to be allowed to remain at home. And, again, she implored her not to ask her the reason of her reluctance to attend the dinner. She would rather be beaten, locked up, starved, than confess that reason.

She was sincere; although, Heaven knows, she was interceding in her own despite, and uttering entreaties against herself. She had seen Edgar. She saw him: handsome, happy, and splendid. She would have given the world to be allowed to speak to him, to look him full in the eyes, to touch his kid-gloved hand. To sit by his side at dinner, to be in his company a whole evening, to listen to his voice, to see him eat and drink, would have been to her ineffable bliss. But she dared not confront it. It would be happiness leading only to her destruction and her death. If she saw him again she must once more fly, once more bury herself. She felt that she loved him more than ever, and that to give reins to her love was to court ruin and invite despair.

And Edgar Greyfaunt! Had he seen her? Had he recognized her when she swooned? Yes; the sultan's eyes had condescended to light on the horse-rider's little drudge. He had felt flattered and gratified when he was aware of the influence his presence had produced on her. He was gratified, but not grateful. The girl's fainting away was naturally the subject of conversation among the Pilgrims when they had left the house. Sir William Long was driving Greyfaunt in his cabriolet to town; and the sultan did not long delay in hinting that he knew something of the "little party" who had been so suddenly the means of breaking up the interview with the countess.

"I think I've made something like an impression in that quarter," he remarked, with an infinite fatuity of complacency.

Sir William Long repressed his first impulse, which I am afraid was to lift up the cab apron and fling Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt over one of the big wheels upon the freshly macadamized pavement of the Westminster Road.

"Indeed," he rejoined, biting his lip. "I was not aware that you had ever seen Madame Ernestine's daughter before."

"Madame Anybody's daughter," the young man went on, carelessly. "She must be a kind of foundling, I fancy. The little party and I are old friends."

"Old friends?"

"Yes. My aunt, Madame de Kergolay, picked her up from some snuffy old priest in Paris, whose niece she was said to be. You understand. A priest's niece! Queer kind of relationship that. The aunt never turns up, somehow. Stop, I think the little party was at some school where they ill-treated her. Well, *my* aunt, who was always picking up waifs and strays of some sort—it didn't much matter whether they were puppies, or cats, or children, or china monsters—took a great fancy to this little Lily. Yes; that was her name."

Sir William Long winced. He had another and stronger impulse: to shorten his whip and lay the lash handsomely about the shoulders of the Sultan Greyfaunt; but he controlled himself again, and observed,

"A very pretty name, I think, Mr. Greyfaunt?"

"Not so pretty as Leopoldine. I knew a little woman by the name of Leopoldine. By Jove, what a little devil she was! She used to live in the Rue de Seine. Well, Madame de Kergolay grew quite fond of our little party. She turned out badly, however."

"Turned out badly, Mr. Greyfaunt? What do you mean?" Sir William's voice quivered as he spoke. He was very nearly saying, "What the devil do you mean?"

"At all events, she gave my aunt a great deal of trouble. She used to say that she was shockingly hypocritical and deceitful. One day she gave the little party a tremendous wigging, whereupon, her monkey being up, Miss Lily bolted."

"Do you mean to say that the poor friendless young creature ran away?"

"That's it, Sir William. Unfortunate Miss Bailey, and all the rest of it, though she didn't hang herself in her garters. I'm afraid that the real state of the case was, that she had become smitten with your humble servant. I'm sure I couldn't help it. It was no fault of mine that she took a fancy to me. My aunt, who was a very soft-hearted old lady, was very much cut up when she found that the bird had flown. Would have given a good deal, I dare say, to get her back. But it was no use; they couldn't find the least trace of her; and now she turns up in the company of that horrible old horse-riding woman. Faugh! how she smells of brandy. How, in the name of all that's wonderful, she and Lily came together, passes my comprehension."

"It is indeed wonderful; but am I to understand, Mr. Greyfaunt, that it is your intention to continue to pay your attentions to this young lady?"

"How deuced solemn and formal you are, to be sure! But you're rather out in your reckoning. In the first place, it's rather stretching a point to call the little party a young lady. Persons of gentle blood are usually chary as to how they apply that appellation. You and I are men of old family, and don't sow the names of 'lady' and 'gentleman' broadcast."

"Indeed! What would you call this unfortunate child—this young woman—then? I have every reason to believe that she is the daughter of this Madame Ernestine, and she, I know positively, is the widow of an English gentleman of very gentle blood indeed."

"You astonish me. I shouldn't have thought she had ever gone higher in the marriage line than a groom or a harlequin. However, we will call the little party whatever you please. I ordinarily speak of this description of persons as ces gens—people. As for paying attentions to her you are again slightly in error. I never paid her any. It was all on the other side of the hedge. Je me suis laissé aimer. The little party took a fancy to me, and for that you will, I hope, agree I am not to blame. I don't think I ever had ten minutes' continuous conversation with her. There is time, nevertheless, to improve the acquaintance. Ah! here we are in Whitehall. I have a call to make at the Foreign Office. Thank you for the lift. Au revoir until dinner-time."

"And it is for this senseless, brainless puppy that Lily has made herself miserable!" Sir William Long muttered, as he drove furiously away. "Confound the coxcomb, I should have liked to twist his neck!"

CHAPTER L.

THE COTTAGE.

THE proposition made by Mr. M'Variety to the countess that evening, at dinner (a repast, by-the-way, at which Lily was *not* present), was essentially satisfactory to that lady. It was of a duplex nature. First it had reference to the augmentation of Madame Ernestine's weekly stipend; and, sundry pounds and shillings being added thereto, the countess vouchsafed to express her opinion that Mr. M'Variety was "un bon enfant," and exceptionally free from the vice of stinginess, inherent, if she were to be believed, to the managerial tribe.

"You needn't give me credit for too much generosity," the candid manager observed, in return for the countess's somewhat profuse expressions of gratitude, "even when I tell you that your sal can go on, if you like, all the winter. The concern doesn't pay, nor any thing like it; and I must shut up very soon, or, by Jove, I shall be shut up myself; but that will have nothing to do with your engagement. I mean to come out with a bang next spring, so you can be practicing something stunning in the high school way between this and next Easter. Open or shut, you'll find the ghost walk every Saturday at three P.M., military time; and if ever you want a fiver on account, you'll find Billy Van Post always ready to honor your I O U. Sounds very liberal, don't it? You needn't imagine, for all that, that I'm one of the Brothers Cheeryble. The fact is, countess, that what suits your book suits my book, and that's all about it."

As he spoke, Mr. M'Variety slapped, perchance involuntarily, his waistcoat-pocket. Of course Madame Ernestine, not being a clairvoyant, could not see, through the well-shrunken tweed and glazed calico lining of that garment, a neatly-folded slip of paper of a dull gray hue, which, had it been opened, would have proved to be a check, the amount of which has nothing to do with this recital, drawn in favor of J. M'Variety, Esq., or bearer, by a person signing himself William Long. But, morally, Madame Ernestine had cut all her eye-teeth, and could see through a millstone or a plaid waistcoat as well as her neighbors; and she understood the enterprising manager perfectly well when he hinted that it was not through any spontaneous intuition of munificence, but for divers reasons well known to himself, that he proposed to prolong her engagement on terms so exceedingly favorable.

"And, while we're talking business," continued the manager, "I don't see why you should go on wasting your sweetness on the desert air in that poky little hole where I found you this morning. Old Foozlum"—it was by this irreverent name that M'Variety called the Ruler of the Planets—"is a very good sort of a card; but he's a desperate slow coach; his house ain't much bigger than a mouse-trap, and there isn't an inch of style about him."

"Who is this Monsieur Kafooze?" the countess asked, turning quickly on her interlocutor. "Quelle est cette vieille ganache qui me conte toujours des balivernes sur les étoiles? Whence comes he, this idiotic old schoolmaster, with his moons, and his stars, and his other impertinences?"

"Poor old Foozlum. There's no harm about him. How sharp you do take one up, to be sure! I suppose he's a right to let lodgings, and be a little cracked, as long as he don't bite any body, if he likes. I was quite staggered this morning to find out what he was in the daytime."

"And what is he at night? A clown, a manbaboon, a lamplighter, a fiddler, a joueur de cornemuse?"

"That's tellings. Ask me no questions, and—you know the rest. Billy Van Post's got him down in the pay list, and he draws his sal pretty regular. That's all we've any of us any right to know. It ain't much, but he's worth his salt to me and more. However, it isn't about old Foozlum that we're talking. His shabby little rattletrap of a place ain't good enough for you and missy to live in, let alone receiving your friends. You want some place more stylish—something slap up."

"I don't want to live in town," the countess returned. "I can not afford to keep a carriage—there were days when I kept two—and in eight days I should be ruined in cabs."

"Don't want you to be ruined in any thing. Don't want you to live at the West End. You'd be getting into some deviltry there. Why don't you come to the Cottage, you and missy?"

"The Cottage, where is that?"

"Don't you know that queer old crib behind the ball-room. Two hundred years old, they say it is. *I* think it is a thousand. There's a good many rats, and a ghost or two, but it's very picturesque, and in tol lol repair. Besides, it won't cost you a penny for rent or taxes, and old Mrs. Snuffburn—that's the Ranelagh housekeeper, you know—who's been there ever since the time of Gog and Magog, will see that you're all right and comfortable."

The countess was nothing loth.

"But," she said, as though making terms, "I shall be able to see all my friends there, Monsieur Mac?"

"The whole boiling of 'em. Tom, Dick, and Harry. Lords and ladies—whoever you please."

"Au bout du compte, elle me va, votre offre. I accept it," she answered, simply.

"That's all right. You'll be as jolly as a sand-boy there, and if you want a nice little supper as often as ever you like, the kitchen's close by, and I don't give a French man-cook six pounds a week for nothing. What an extravagant rascal he is to be sure! That fellow would fry his grandmother in the best Epping butter at one-and-sevenpence a pound, if Billy Van Post did not keep a sharp look-out after him."

The bargain, then, was concluded. It suited the Wild Woman in every way. She wanted an oasis in the midst of a desert, a solitude where none but her intimates could hear her, and where she could be as savage and uproarious as she pleased. She was cabined and cribbed in the Little South Lambeth Street, with the schoolchildren down stairs, and the Chinese on one side, and the nurse on the other. "Va pour la chaumière," she cried, joyously. The Cottage was something wild, something Bohemian, something uncivilized, like herself.

The removal was soon effected. They had no penates. Lily's wardrobe could have been conveyed in a peck measure. The girl was sorry, nevertheless, to leave the little old schoolmaster and his humpbacked niece. Rhodope, indeed, cried very bitterly on the day of the lodger's departure, and, as she wound her arms round Lily, frequently complained that she had now nothing worth living for. It touched Lily to find that there was, after all, some one to like her, although that somebody was crook-backed and troubled with bunions.

Mr. Kafooze was sorry too—very sorry. He said more than once that he did not like the turn affairs were taking, and that some one meant mischief to some one else. The stars told him so. But the celestial bodies, vouchsafing him no further information, he was forced to assume a bland expression of countenance, and to mutter that it was no business of his, and that he had no right to interfere. He kept very carefully out of the way of the countess, of whom he was honestly afraid, sending for the rent by Rhodope, and requesting his late lodger—in a three-cornered note, beautifully executed in round hand—to do him the extreme favor of returning the latch-key. But he stole a quiet opportunity to bid Lily good-by on the kitchen stairs.

"It isn't a Kathleen Mavourneen farewell, after all," he whispered. "It won't be for years, and it won't be forever. The stars tell me so. I shall see you often, my dear, much oftener than you'll see me. You needn't take any notice of me, unless there's something very particular. I'm nobody, but I'm always about. God bless you, and beware of the gentlefolks!"

SUCCOTASH.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

WILL you do me the honor to sit up at the table and try another dish of my "*Literary Succotash*?" I've endeavored to make the mixture various, and (although different, I hope, from the contents of Macbeth's witches' caldron) yet "slab and good," notwithstanding:

"CONSIDERATE" AND "CONSCIENTIOUS" MEN.

I was thinking, this lovely September morning, in the country, a few desultory thoughts upon this twin theme; and, as I collated my thinkings, I came to this conclusion, that while a conscientious man may often be considerate, he certainly is not *always* so; but that, on the other hand, a considerate man is always *both* considerate and conscientious.

This, to some "extraor'nary or 'nary minds" of a *pseudo* logical turn, may seem a paradox; but it is no such thing—"whoever says so or not."

I have an illustration in point, I "seem to think."

There are many of our "metropolitan fellow-*citizens*," as Mr. Fernando Wood once called "*us New Yorkers*," especially the walkers down Broadway (which in twenty years from this date will have become one of the most splendid and costly thoroughfares in the world—an avenue of marble and granite—mercantile edifices of varied and tasteful architecture)—there are many of "us," we say, who will remember the *bazar* of Mr. Hart, at the corner of Cortland Street and Broadway, west side, upper corner. His store was the popular resort of most of our townsmen as they traversed the great boulevard, going up or coming down: and as the proprietor was a very popular man in his manners, and his establishment an *omnium gatherum* both of "men and *things*," his snug place was, at the time, quite a "head-quarters" of town news.

Thus much for a brief "prologue to a swelling act."

It was *my* custom also, at that period—my office at that time being a little below Mr. Hart's, in Broadway—to stop frequently at his place and have

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a chat with him. I had been absent, however, for two or three weeks, with a few congenial friends, among the trout-streams of Sullivan and Orange counties (O! Callicoon and Mongaup! would I were luring "*the speckled*" from your swirling, murmuring, bubbling, sunny and shady bosoms to-day!), and it was a week or more after my return when, walking down Broadway one lovely morning, I overtook my friend, Mr. Hart, a few paces from his store, walking slowly between two friends.

"How *are* you to-day?" I said, as usual, whenever we encountered each other; but he looked pale and sad, and did not instantly respond; so I added at once, "but I am afraid you are ill; you don't look at all well!"

"Haven't you heard of my terrible accident?" he asked.

I explained that I had been out of town for several days, and since my return had been very busy, and had therefore had no time to call at his store.

He, upon this, parted his frock-coat in front, and directed my attention to a protuberance above his right groin, to the extent, I should say, of a medium-sized musk-melon.

"About two months ago," said he, "in walking down to the store in the morning, I happened to step upon a piece of banana-skin, slipped upon it, and fell suddenly to the pavement. I got up in a moment, and felt no pain, but only a little annoyance at the ridiculous figure I cut and the laughter of the passers-by.

"The next day, however, I became sensible of a dull, heavy sensation in my right groin; and that night, on examination, I found exuding from an almost imperceptible orifice a whitish fluid. This continued to increase, day after day, with additional pain, and as it issued it ossified—*turned to bone*—until it has reached the enormous size you see. Is it not awful to think of?

"To-morrow morning Dr. —— and Dr. —— [two of our most distinguished surgeons] are to perform the operation of excision, which I'm told is not a very painful one; at any rate, I am willing to undergo almost any thing to have it cut off."

Two days afterward, as we passed the bazar, we saw that it was closed, and the black and white crape upon the door-handle and the following announcement explained the reason:

"*Closed in consequence of the death of the proprietor.*"

Mr. Hart had died under the operation!*

And this incident brings us to the illustration of a "*Considerate Man*," who, if he had preceded Mr. Hart on the fatal morning of his fall, would have saved him from that and the terrible catastrophe which ensued.

We were walking in the same street one day with the late Mr. Joseph Curtis, and remarked that every now and then he would pause, and with his cane knock from off the pavement a peach-skin or some other slippery rind of its kind, saying, at the same time,

"Lewis; whenever you see any thing like that lying on the walk kick it into the street: it may save many an accident—perhaps a human life."

Here was a Considerate Man.

It was the same spirit of considerateness which prompted him, he afterward said, never to notice any bodily infirmity in persons whom he met; to pass on the right side, or sit on the right side in a rail-car, of any one afflicted, for instance, with those painful blood-red "marks," forms of grape-bunches, etc., which are so often seen to disfigure the human countenance. And we may add that it was the same spirit which prompted him to invent the chairs which have prevented, since then, the achings of thousands upon thousands of little children's backs in the Public Schools; and how to hold, use, and keep clean and neat their books, so that daily use might not render them distasteful in their externals.

We have never forgotten the first two lessons as above imparted by a Considerate Man.

We shall speak, it may be, of the Conscientious Man hereafter.

* Few of my city readers but will remember the case of Mr. Halsey, father of three opulent and well-known metropolitan merchants, who slipped upon a piece of orange-peel, and was so seriously injured that he was compelled to keep his apartment for *fifteen years!* A very active old gentleman too, who suffered only from this terrible casualty.

VERY PUBLIC WHITEWASHING.

"IN the days of some time ago," when one of the publishers of this journal was Honorable Lord Mayor of Gotham, a most amusing scene was enacted in front of the City Hall, of which there are two *original* witnesses, the very first who saw its commencement.

The late Charles M. Leupp (so long the near and prominent neighbor of the publishers hereof, in the adjoining "Swamp") was crossing the City Hall Park, in company with "the present writer," one summer morning about eleven o'clock. We had been "laughing consumedly" at the airs of a tall, "shabby-genteel" apple-seller at a table by the gate; a man who looked like a seedy minister of the Gospel, or a disciplined Quaker "out of meeting:" "*Here* is an article of apple which we can put to you at two cents; but those in *that* pile can not be afforded under three cents, for they are of a very superior quality," etc., etc.

Well, as we neared the City Hall we beheld and lo! a great blue-breeched black man, with a pail of lime-water and a whitewash-brush in his hand, was bedaubing the southeast basement-corner of that beautiful edifice (of brown stone, as every body knows) with his *plastic* fluid. He hadn't given more than four or five "dabs" with his broad splasher (the stains remained there for years, and may be faintly seen there now for aught I know) when Leupp asked him:

"What are you doing *that* for?"

"Goin' to whitewash de basement all in front."

"Who told you to do it?"

"Dere was a man on de corner over dar who hired me to do it las' night. He guv me two dollars and a 'alf to begin; and he's gwine to git me *twenty* dollars when I finish de job. Take me 'bout a week, I reckon."

By this time several people had gathered round, and the news had been carried in to the Mayor's office that "a big nigger outside was *whitewashing the City Hall!*"

His Honor came out, and, looking with wonderment through his gold spectacles, saw that it was even so, and ordered the sable artist to "hold up."

"Can't do it, massa; it's a 'big job,' and I've been part paid: goin' to have some every day tel I get twenty dollars."

And on went another spattering splash with his broad "instrument," while he smoothed down the liquid with professional pride.

After a while "necessity was laid upon him," and he was compelled to desist; not without much grumbling, however.

"What's any body's business ef I *do de job*, and do it good as I kin? I told de man I would, an' I oughter! He said it was a dirty place, outside and in, and wanted cleanin' out!"

Some wag of a partisan, who "belonged on the other side," had started the poor fellow on a mission of "cleansing the Augean stable;" and much sport did the commencement of the operation create in the minds of all fun-loving Gotham.

Leupp never forgot this scene "to his dying day," and he could describe it better than any other one man who saw it: the obstinacy of the operator, his disregard of remonstrance, and his disdain for the laughter which was echoing from the by-standers who were witnessing his labors—O! it was *very* funny!

SPEAKING of Mr. Leupp, it may truly be said that no man more thoroughly appreciated "a good thing." Would that I could once more hear him describe a scene which he once witnessed at Blossom's old celebrated hotel in Canandaigua!

Lobsters were a great rarity at that time in the western part of the State of New York, and were not frequently seen even in its loveliest village; but Blossom, who always *would* have, by hook or by crook, every luxury upon his table which could be obtained in the markets of New York, one day had consigned to him some choice lobsters. He had them attractively presented upon his "full-spread board," where to some of his guests they were a curiosity—to *one*, especially, a penurious old fellow from the neighboring "country," who asked:

"Mr. Blossom, what's them red critters with the big claws?"

"Those are *lobsters*, Mr. Blank, a very great luxury. Try a *piece* of one: they are rather difficult to manage at first, but when you come to the *juice* you'll say you never tasted any thing more delicious!"

His guests laughed, for they "understood" Blossom; and while he was waiting to dress one of the "red critters," he drew off a *claw*, and presented it to his country friend.

The man had but two teeth in his cadaverous jaws; but he took the claw, and began to mumble and manipulate it.

"It's ruther *hard*, Mr. Blossom," said he, the "beads" beginning to appear upon his wrinkled forehead.

"Yes: I *told* you so," said Blossom; "but when you get to the *juice*, as I said, you'll admit that you have been repaid for your trouble."

By industrious drilling he finally established a hole, a fact which was made apparent to his host by the old fellow's manifest satisfaction.

"How do you like it *now?*" asked Blossom.

"Wa'al, it's pretty tough eatin'; but I kinder like the *peth* on't."

But as Blossom began to crack the lobsters' claws and shell, and extract the "*peth* on 'em," and the laugh ran from one end of the table to the other, "by *this* and by *that*," the victim saw the *pith* of the *joke*.

TOPOGRAPHY AND PATRIOTISM.

WHATEVER strengthens our local attachments is favorable both to individual and national character. There is a strong and a most important connection between *Topography* and *Patriotism*. What do you think our soldiers, fighting for this very sentiment—for a united country and undivided homes, North and South—think of it? If the one is desecrated, will not the other be jeoparded, if not destroyed? Show me a man who "cares no more for one place than another," and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice. You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root.

GOOD COOKING AND PIETY.

I DON'T think "Sam Slick" himself, shrewd and outspoken old trump as he is, ever gave vent, in his inimitable way, to a more irrefragable truth than is contained in this short sentence from "Adam Bede:"

"I've nothin' to say agin her piety, my dear, but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victuals. When a man comes in tired and hungry piety won't feed him, I reckon. I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Truman's dinner, and I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It is right enough to be speritual—I'm no enemy to that—but *I like my potatoes mealy*. I don't see as any body 'ull go to heaven any sooner for not digestin' their dinner; providin' they don't die the sooner, as mayhap Mr. Truman will, poor man!"

IT is a rare thing to find *proper names* introduced into verse with ease and effect; but you gave, Messrs. Editors, in a late number of the *Weekly*, a very happy illustration of the "way to do it" in the equally caustic and facile lines of Professor Lowell, of Cambridge. Dr. Maginn, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, excelled in this kind. Do you remember his broad burlesque "poem" on

"A lady who once lived in Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
Who, in spite of *all* her teeth,
Fell in love with an Irishman:
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, bumping, thumping,
Ramping, roaring Irishman.
* * * * * *
"His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGAN,
And whenever he finished his tumbler of punch,
He always wanted it *full* ag'in:
The boozy, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman,
The great he-rogue,
With his wonderful brogue,
The fighting, rioting Irishman!"

About the breaking out of the present unhappy war, somebody (and I wish I knew his name, for he fully equals "Ensign O'Doherty" of the "Noctes," in his way) wrote the following. Its satire is as pungent as its style is "humorsome." I can only give three or four verses, but they will "tell the story:"

"Two Irishmen out of employ,
And out at the elbows as aisily,
Adrift in a grocery store,
Were smoking and taking it lazily:
The one was a "broth of a boy,"
Whose cheek-bones turned out and turned in ag'in,
His name it was Paddy O'Toole,
The *other* was Mr. M'Finnigan.

"'Bad luck to the rebels,' says Pat,
'For kicking up all this bobbery;
They call themselves gintlemen, too,
While practicin' murder and robbery:
Now if it's gentale for to stale,
And take all your creditors in ag'in,
I'm glad *I'm* no gintleman born'—
'You're right, Sir,' says Mr. M'Finnigan.

"'The nagur States wanted a row,
And now, 'pon me word, they've got in it:
They've chosen a bed that is hard,
However they strive for to cottin it;
Now if it's the nagurs they mane,
By "chivalry," then it's a sin ag'in
To fight for a cause that's so black;'
'You're right, Sir,' says Mr. M'Finnigan.
* * * * * * *

"'There's never an Irishman born,
From Maine to the end of Secessiondom,
But longs for a time and a chance
To fight for this country in Hesslandom:
And so if ould England should try
With a treacherous friendship to sin ag'in,
They'll be all on one side at once;'
'You're *right*, Sir!' said Mr. M'Finnigan."

This is very far from being an *easy* style, as any one will find who may try to adopt it.

"I WAS over at Greenwood the other day," writes a friend, "and while traversing the multitudinous avenues and side-paths of that most beautiful PARK, rather than 'City of the Dead,' I could not help but think of that expressive sentence you quoted in your last number: 'Death is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door.' 'For each of the two hundred thousand reposing here,' thought I, 'Death has stopped at *some* door in yonder smoky metropolis, from which even here, in the solemn stillness, like the distant under-tone of Niagara, you can hear the subdued din of "multitudes of men commercing"—the roaring of the wheels.'"

Yes: two hundred thousand shells of men and women repose in Greenwood, who but a little while ago were toiling, bustling, scheming, "getting gain," or giving life and grace to society in yonder city. Yet I remember Greenwood when as yet not a single person had been buried in its lovely grounds.

Major Douglas, a graduate of West Point, who had an office at No. 5 Wall Street, started this great enterprise, and laid out the grounds. I was one among some fifty representatives of the daily, weekly, and monthly New York press, who, at the invitation of the Major, visited the place for the first time; and although at that period only the different "points" and paths had been marked out, the grounds and views were replete with natural beauty.

The lunch was "debouched," I remember, upon the banks of "Sylvan Water;" and while we were doing justice to the sandwiches and the Champagne a big bird flew across and disappeared in the foliage. Then there arose quite an animated discussion as to what manner of winged creature it was.

"It was a *heron*," said Charles F. Daniels, then associate-editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

"I think *not*," answered the present writer, affecting to misunderstand him. "It was not a *Scotch* herring, that is certain, nor a *red* herring."

The next morning, in an account of the visit to the future Greenwood, the *Courier* said that its contemporary of the *Knickerbocker* became so oblivious over the lunch that he couldn't tell a *hawk* from a *Scotch herring!*

There was not much to be won at the hands of the witty C. F. Daniels.

"Enough for the present."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THAT was a mean Dutchman, that Hans Karg. He had one beautiful Madonna-looking daughter, who no more resembled him than a flower the root. "Hans, how on earth do you manage to keep your potatoes from freezing?" asked a neighbor, one morning. "Fy, I makes Caroline shleep on de potatoes," answered Hans; "dat keeps dem from freezin'!"

FREEDOM OF THE CITY.—Coming to a "block" in the streets every ten minutes.

OLD G—— is a great advocate of economy, and never lets an opportunity pass for commending this virtue. Not long ago he was speaking in praise of a couple of young men who roomed together, and remarked, "It don't cost them any thing for dress; each one wears out the other's old clothes."

A gentleman at an inn being supplied with two candles which gave a very dim light, called to the waiter: "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of decent candles to see how these others burn!"

"Barber," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now corn's cheap you ought to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. Jones," said the man of razors. "I ought really to charge more, for when corn's down farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

DRILL FOR MARRIED VOLUNTEERS.

Fall In—To your wife's wishes; you'll find that you are a gainer by doing so.

Attention—To the children pay a little.

Right Face—Your business, and follow it with all your energy.

Quick March—To the call of duty, and never mind the consequences.

Halt—When your wife points out to you that such and such a course is not the proper one.

Right about Face—When you are invited by a "friend" to take another glass, and you know that you have had sufficient.

Present Arms—When your wife asks you to push the perambulator for her.

Break Off—Attending the public house so much, and keep at home. You will be benefited by it physically, morally, and socially.

Laraby and Joe H—— were neighbors, and, with the exception of an occasional quarrel, always lived in peace. Joe H—— had an ugly cur that trespassed upon the premises of Laraby, whereupon he terminated its existence very suddenly; and when Joe appeared, to wrathfully demand satisfaction or to avenge its death, Laraby sought to escape consequences by pleading ignorance. "If I had known that it was your dog," said he, "I wouldn't have touched a hair of his head; but the fact is," he continued, with terrible earnestness, "I didn't know that he was any relation to you."

An old miser, who was notoriously parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a doctor. "What shall I do with my head?" said the old man; "it's so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription and retired. The prescription ran thus: "When you see double you will find relief if you count your money."

A manufacturer has succeeded in making such an improvement in Britannia metal goods that it is asserted he is obliged to warrant them *not* silver.

A married woman can acquire nothing, the *proper tie* of marriage making all she has the *proper-ty* of her husband.

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier?—One tars his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

"You say, Mr. Snooks, that you saw plaintiff leave the house. Was it in haste?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you know what caused the haste?" "I'm not sartin, Sir, but I think it was the boot of his landlord." "That will do, Clerk, call the next witness."

"I should like to pay you off," as John Bull said to the National Debt.

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

Why is type-setting beneficial to a nervous man?—Because he can *compose* himself.

Why is the letter t like your nose?—Because it goes before you (u).

"Ho, Tommy!" bawls Type, to a brother in trade, "The ministry are to be *changed*, it is said." "That's good," replied Tom, "but it better would be With a trifling erratum." "What?" "Dele the *c*."

A gentleman has discovered an excellent way to disperse a crowd of idle boys. He offers to teach them the Catechism, and they instantly run away.

A merchant having been attacked by some thieves at five in the afternoon, said: "Gentlemen, you open shop early to-day."

Booth, the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth; but, to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied he, "the bridge is gone!"

A SCHOOLMASTER'S PROVERB.—The softer the head the harder the work of driving any thing into it.

The man who was lately "struck with a new thought," has resolved to overlook the act, it being the first time, and there is little danger of a repetition of the offense.

MRS. Partington wants to know, if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridal ceremony?

A mother admonishing her son (a lad about seven years of age), told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to-night."

An old maid, being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found all the needles had tears in their eyes.

SNOW-DROP.—Nature's delicate announcement that she is coming out in full dress.

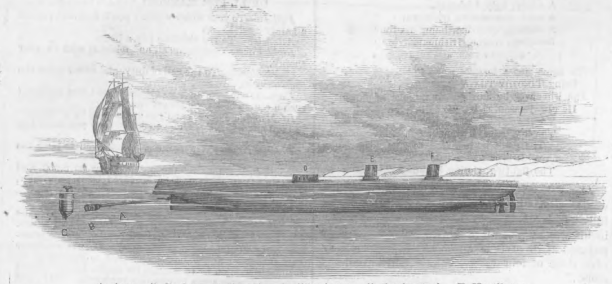
MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

IT is known that a monument is soon to be erected in Chicago to the memory of the lamented STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. We are enabled this week to present our readers with an accurate engraving of the monument, from a drawing made directly from the model for the *Weekly*. Its beauty will be apparent to every eye, and no word of encomium for the artist is necessary from us.

The monument will be one hundred feet high, wrought in marble on a granite base. Through the arched and grated bronze door seen in the engraving will be visible the sarcophagus containing the remains of the departed Senator. Directly over it an eagle with drooped wings is sitting, a sublime emblem of mourning for a dead statesman. The four seated statues upon the pedestals at the corners of the base are designed to represent: 1st, Illinois, at the right, holding a medallion portrait of Douglas; 2d, America, at the left, supporting a wheat-sheaf; 3d, History, at the left in the rear, with tablet and pencil; and 4th, Fame, holding a wreath and a trumpet.

The bas-reliefs upon the sides of the column-supporting pedestal base are designed to represent in panorama the progress of American civilization—more especially in the Western States—with which Mr. DOUGLAS was so peculiarly identified. That which is presented in the engraving represents the life of the untamed Indian, with a woman and papoose, and a hunter dragging a deer up to the door of a wigwam. Following this is a scene representing Agriculture and the first settling of the country—the settler's cabin and family, the plowing of the land, and the felling of the forest. Next comes a view of Commerce and Science—with caduceus, boxes and barrels of merchandise, locomotive, and telegraph. The last relief is Education—with the

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A. Arm.—B. Basket.—C. Torpedo.—D. Pilot-house.—E. Smoke-stack.—F. Ventilator.

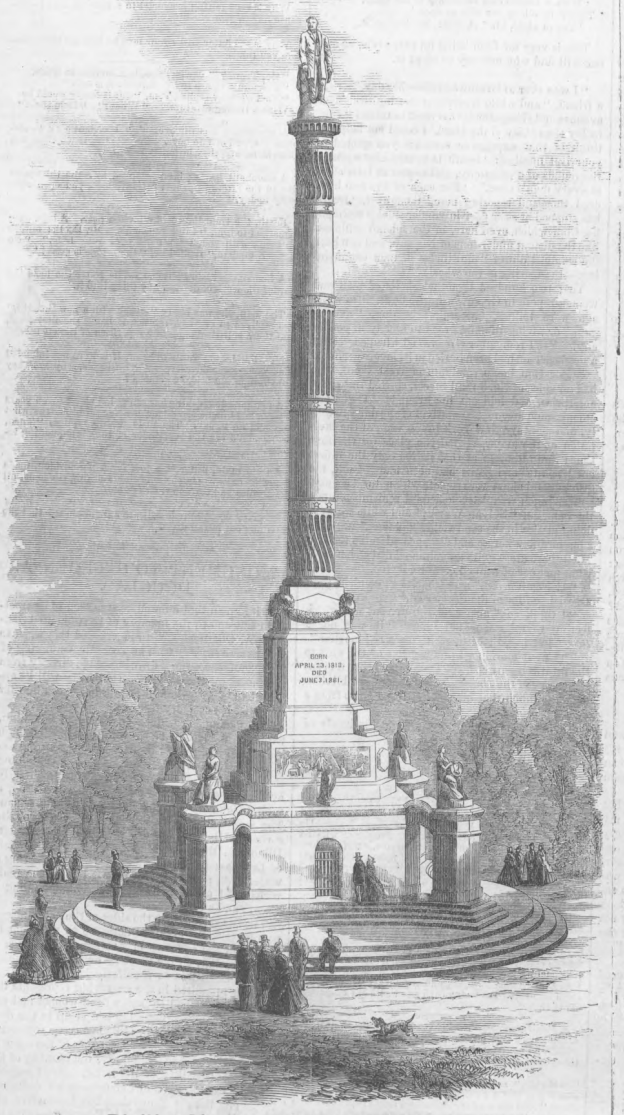
UNITED STATES TORPEDO BOAT "NEW ERA."

humble school-house, the church, and the National Capitol.

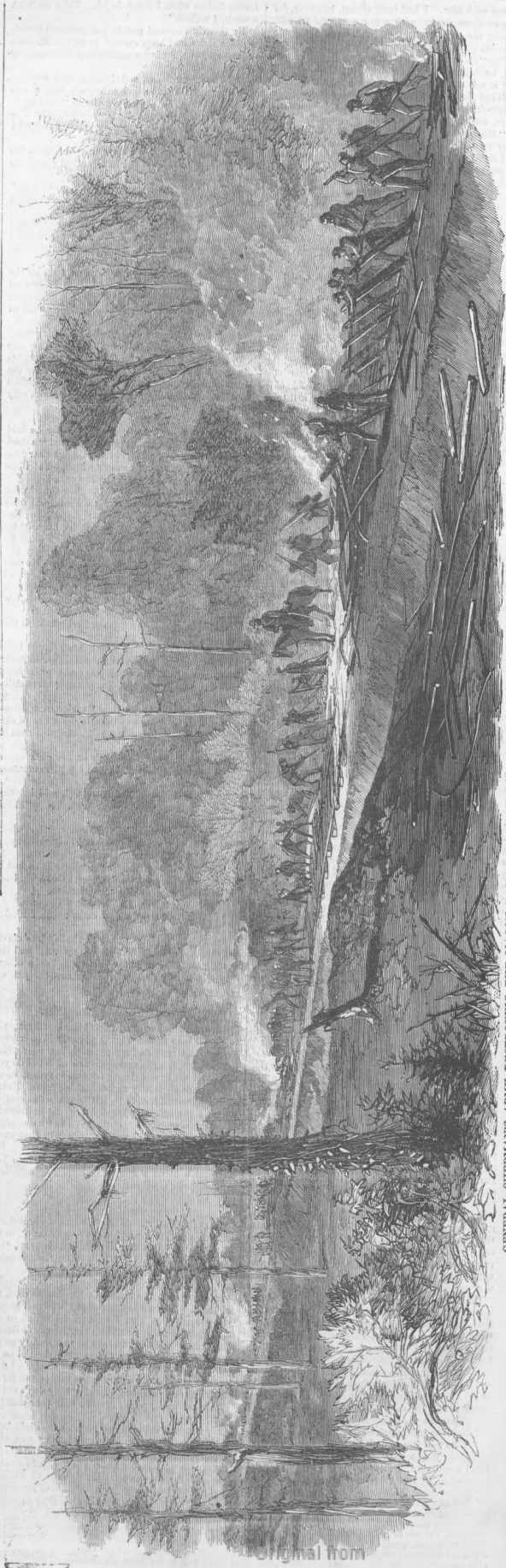
Wreaths, scrolls, etc., adorn the pedestal above, while higher towers the marble composite column, forty-two feet in height, and bearing stars, indicative of the States of the Union. The whole is surmounted by a colossal statue of DOUGLAS, standing upon a bronze globe, with his right hand upon the *fasces*—symbolical of the Union—and his left holding the Constitution.

The monument is well suited to the level character of the Illinois country, and in that regard follows a recognized principle in art and architecture among the ancients, hitherto too little regarded in America. The location of the monument will be upon the shore of Lake Michigan, in a beautiful grove in the southern suburbs of the city of Chicago, already consecrated as the resting-place of Senator DOUGLAS'S remains. From the various approaches to the city, by land or water, the tall shaft of the monument will be seen pricking the blue of the skies.

It has been erroneously reported throughout the country that the cost of the monument will be $500,000. It will cost, as estimated, only $50,000. In this place we think it proper also to correct a statement, which is being widely circulated by the press, to the effect that Mr. VOLK is a German. LEONARD WELLS VOLK was born at Wellstown, Hamilton County, New York, in 1828. His ancestors were among the first settlers of New York city—then New Amsterdam—which brings him in the eighth generation on this continent. He is American in his every sentiment, loyal to the core, thoroughly Western in his ideas of art, as well exemplified in this his last and one of his greatest works. He is also a relative of Mr. DOUGLAS by marriage, and has an earnest reverence for the memory of the departed statesman. His work has been, in the deepest sense, a work of love.



MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

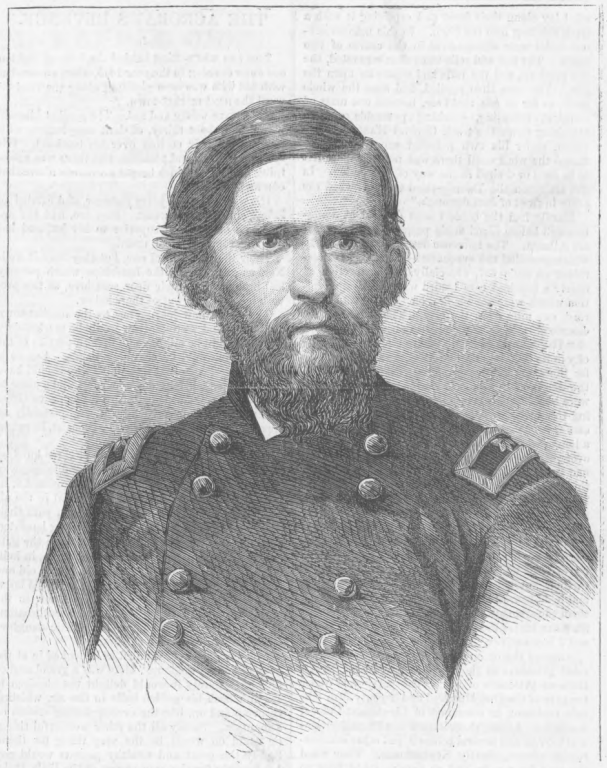


GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY DESTROYING THE MACON RAILROAD BETWEEN ROUGH AND READY AND JONESBOROUGH, GEORGIA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES D. MORGAN.—Photographed by Bishop.—[See next Page.]

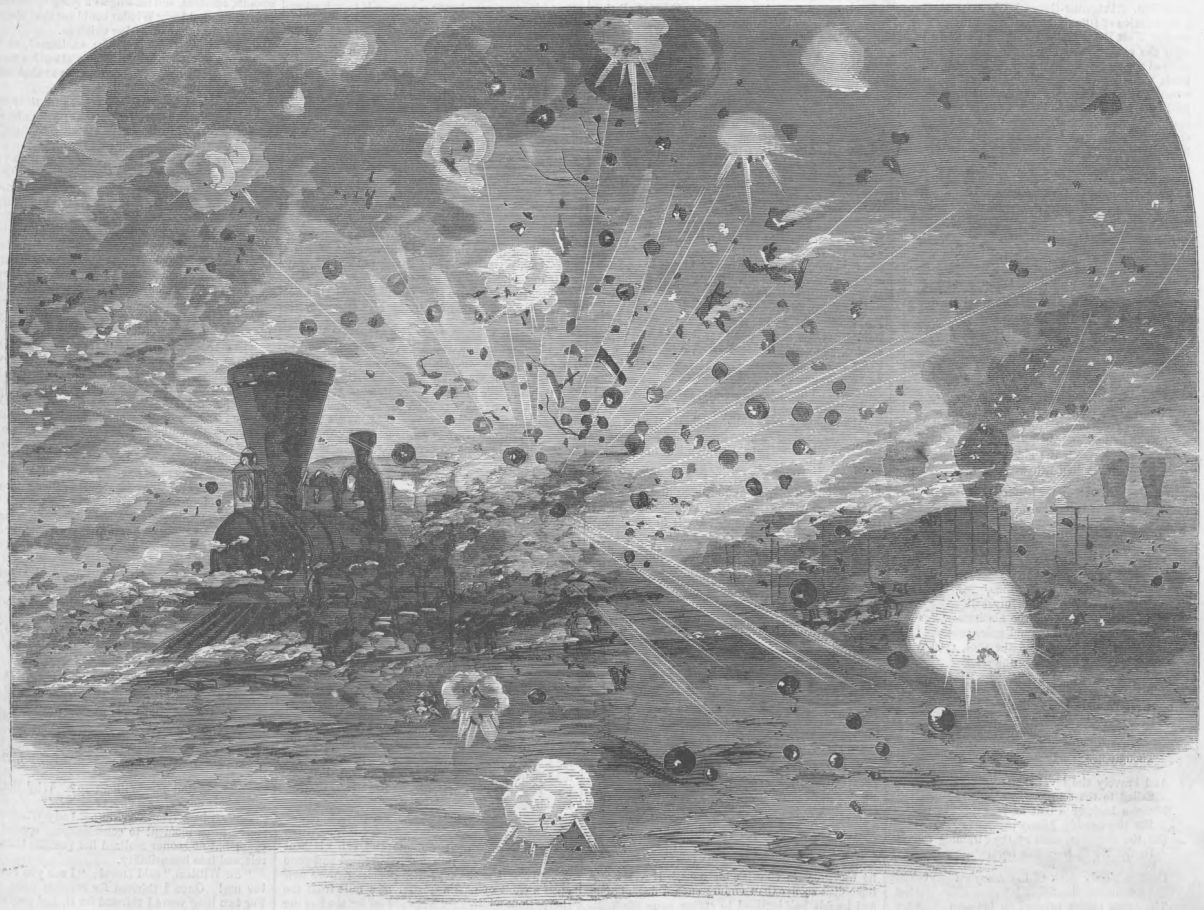


BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM P. CARLIN.—Photographed by Bishop.—[See next Page.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S VICTORY.

We give on pages 629, 636, and 637 illustrations of General Sherman's recent victory.

The sketch given on page 636 represents Sherman's army tearing up and destroying the Macon railroad below Rough and Ready. Sherman had swung his whole army round upon this road, leaving only the Twentieth Corps to guard his dépôts of supplies, and his line of communications across the Chattahoochie. Jeff C. Davis's Corps held the extreme right of the army after it struck the Macon Road, and was therefore nearest Jonesborough, where the rebel Hardee's Corps was posted. The other Corps, the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth, commenced early in the morning of September 1 to tear up the railroad. "At eight o'clock," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "the whole of the Third Division, Twenty-third Corps, was strung out along the track, each regiment taking hold of



[Destruction of Cars by General Hood previous to the Evacuation of Atlanta, September 1, 1864.—[See next Page.]

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what lay along their front and capsizing it with a crash sidelong into the ditch. In this manner several miles were thrown over in the course of two hours. The ties and rails were then separated, the ties piled up, and the rails laid crosswise upon the pile. Fire was then applied, and soon the whole track, as far as one could see, became one mass of seething, crackling, smoking pyramids of fire. Marching down the track General HASCALL'S Division, under his own personal supervision, continued the work until there was nothing more left to be done or desired in the way of destruction. In the afternoon the Twenty-third Corps reached the army in front of Jonesborough."

Hardly had the contest been decided at Jonesborough before Hood made preparations to evacuate Atlanta. The immense destruction of property which preceded the evacuation of the city is illustrated on page 637, especially the destruction of nearly a hundred cars loaded with fixed ammunition which were set on fire, on the Augusta Railroad, one mile from the city. The scene is thus described in the correspondence above quoted:

"The detonation of the bursting shells shook the city to its foundations, and filled the air continually for the space of several hours with fragments and the débris of the general wreck. The explosions were heard twenty-five miles from the city. Visiting this spot, I saw the naked trunks and axles of cars for near a half mile in extent, the ground for a long distance on both sides of the track covered over with the evidences of the terrible agents which had been at work. A large locomotive had been thrown off the track at one end by the explosions. Three locomotives are said to have been captured in running order. Four field-guns were lying near the track in one place, and four 32-pounders in another place. The latter had but recently been brought up for siege-guns. A considerable number of guns which the rebels could not take away in their hurried flight from the city were buried, and head-boards with lying epitaphs placed above them to personate graves of old soldiers. General Sherman states the number of guns captured as 27; and 7 locomotives."

Another sketch on page 629 gives a view of the rebel prisoners as they appeared returning to Atlanta as prisoners of war. The party was under the care of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois regiment, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel LANGLEY. Among the prisoners was Brigadier-General GOVAN and several colonels, and other commissioned officers, mostly Kentuckians. They filled the road for a mile, and as they marched back to the city which they had so long defended they appeared to excite in those living near the city much curiosity and commiseration. These people came out in troops to see the procession, and not unfrequently offered them water and refreshments.

On page 637 we give portraits of Brigadier-Generals CARLIN and MORGAN, who have taken part in the honors and hardships of SHERMAN'S victorious campaign. Brigadier-General WILLIAM P. CARLIN, a native of Illinois, entered the military academy at West Point in 1846, and graduated in 1850 with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant. He entered the war as Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Illinois Volunteers. When JEFF THOMPSON was advancing into the interior of Missouri in October, 1861, Colonel CARLIN had command of three regiments, the Twenty-first, Thirty-third, and Thirty-eighth Illinois. In the battle of Fredericktown, fought October 21, this force was prominently engaged. General CARLIN commands the First division of JEFF C. DAVIS'S Corps, and was in the advance in the recent attack on Jonesborough. General MORGAN commands the Second division of the same Corps, and was also prominently engaged in the battle of Jonesborough.

THE FISHER.

THE wife in the cot is lonely
  Since the fisher went away,
And the sun-burnt child it has not smiled
  This many and many a day,
And the schools of mackerel come unscared
  To the rocks of the inner bay.

The boat lies bottom upward
  On the edge of the crawling tide,
And the tangled net is green and wet
  In the slime and drift beside,
And grass through the alder hurdle shoots,
  Where the salted fish was dried.

The autumn brings no bounty
  And freight from the misty Banks,
Though the fishers come to their winter home
  With a thousand well-filled tanks;
And every unladen, luckless craft
  Has a golden cause for thanks.

The fisher said one spring-time,
  "Good wife, I have set my sail
These twenty years for the northern meres
  Of the iceberg, mist, and gale,
And my country has paid the shot, good wife,
  Whenever I chanced to fail—

"Paid for my sailor knowledge,
  And the skill of my ready hand,
And blue on my arm as a sacred charm
  Is the flag that guards the land.
The time has come to pay up the debt,
  Though my life it may demand."

And bravely the loyal fisher
  Sailed to the southern sea.
Never a hook or a bait he took
  For the deathly fishery;
But the stanchest man at the straining rope
  In the Northerner was he.

On the bloody deck of the *Hartford*
  Last month the fisher lay;
The azure charm pricked on his arm
  Was striped with red that day;
And the debt of twenty years was paid
  With a life in Mobile Bay.

THE ACROBAT'S REVENGE.

I.

THE sun was setting behind the hills of Maldon one June evening in the year 1845, when an acrobat with his wife was seen plodding along the road toward the next market-town.

They were weary and sad. The acrobat himself was a man about thirty, of dark complexion, with raven black hair curling over his forehead. His eyes were black and piercing, and there was something in his look which bespoke a nature above that of a mountebank.

His wife was some years younger, and carried an infant child at her breast. She, too, had the appearance of a person superior to her lot, and her face was comely to look upon.

Their life was a hard one, but they bore it well. Nor, as yet, had all the hardships which poverty had brought into their door sent love, as the proverb has it, flying out of the window.

They were now journeying to the market-town of Maldon, and, as to-morrow would be market-day, Duval thought he might come in for a portion of the money that would be changing hands. But as it was very desirable that he and his wife should have supper after their long day's journey, and a place to sleep in, he was anxious to earn a few pence either in the town or before reaching it, and presently an opportunity arose by which, as he thought, he might do so.

Almost opposite to him, at two or three hundred yards distance, was the lodge and noble gateway of a gentleman's park. As Duval approached it he heard voices sounding high and mirthful in the air—the voices of children making merry, with their light young hearts and their clear ringing laughter.

As he came nearer and looked through the gate he saw between twenty and thirty children, in holiday attire, playing upon the lawn before an old and spacious mansion which had belonged to the Windus family for many generations, and was now in the possession of Sir William Windus, the tenth baronet, and it was the birthday of his little daughter which the children were celebrating.

The acrobat's eyes kindled as he looked in at the bevy of holiday-makers. Here was a grand chance for him. Surely it would delight the children to see him flash his golden balls in the air, whirling them up and up, like the ever-springing stream of a fountain. Surely all the other wonderful things he could do would be the very thing for them. Surely the great and wealthy parents would pay handsomely for the amusement of the little ladies and the little gentlemen. He paused for a moment, then slowly pushed open the gate, and walked in toward the lawn, followed by his wife.

Had there been any one there whose permission he could have asked he would have done so. But there was no one but the children themselves; and, therefore, addressing one of the oldest, he asked her if they would like to see some of his feats. The girl smilingly replied that they would; and all the little faces, with their great eyes, were turned upon the acrobat and the wonderful box which he took from his shoulders and laid upon the ground.

And now the eyes of wonder opened as wide as they could go. And so intent was the little audience in watching the acrobat, and so intent was Duval in catching his brass balls, that none of them perceived that Sir William Windus was approaching with his game-keeper. He came forward with rapid strides, and when within a few paces of Duval he called out to him, in a voice of thunder,

"Vagabond! how dared you enter here?"

For a moment Duval stood astounded and dumb at this sudden interruption. He saw before him a gentleman much taller than himself, in shooting coat and boots, with a felt hat; narrow-shouldered; fair, with shaven lip and chin, but bushy whiskers of deep tawny hue; his eyes of a bluish gray, large and bright; and his bearing that of an aristocrat, with a strong dash of the bully.

"Come, pack up your trumpery, and begone!" said the baronet, seeing that Duval stood looking at him. But the acrobat had recovered his self-possession, and now said, with a firm voice:

"I meant no offense, your Honor; nor to harm any one or any thing belonging to you. I saw the children and made bold to enter, thinking it would please them to see my—"

"Oh, that's a very old story," said the baronet. "When thieves and gipsies prowl about gentlemen's parks we all know that their intentions are perfectly innocent!"

"Do you call *me* a thief, Sir?" demanded Duval, his dark cheek coloring and his eyes flashing fire.

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir William, his blood rushing into his face, and making it in a moment red with rage; "do you think I would chat logic with a strolling vagabond like you? I told you to pack up and be off! Do so at once." And as the baronet uttered this command he raised the hand in which he held his whip, as if about to strike the acrobat.

Duval looked at him with a savage glare of his keen dark eyes, and slowly, in a deep voice, trembling with suppressed rage, said—

"You had better not!"

"Duval!" said his wife, gently pulling him by the sleeve, and in a tone of mingled pathos and humility, "never mind the gentleman. We shouldn't have come in without his leave. We humbly ask your pardon, Sir; come, Duval, let us go."

"Take your wife's advice, my man," said the game-keeper, "and don't come into gentlemen's parks no more till such times as you're specially invited. There, now, gather up your toggery and get out."

While Martha and the game-keeper had been speaking, Duval's eyes remained riveted on Sir William's. The baronet had dared to threaten him with a blow; with a blow of that whip with which he was wont to chastise his dogs. Duval would have died sooner than endure such a degradation, and he felt half-inclined to spring upon Sir William as it was, and show him that when it comes to close fighting between man and man wealth and rank make no difference in pride of manhood or strength of limb. Sir William saw the fierce spirit that was struggling in the acrobat's breast. He felt that he could not bear the steady gaze he fixed on him, and that his proud and overbearing nature had met its match. His blood boiled with rage.

"Impudent villain!" he at last exclaimed, stamping on the ground, "do you dare to beard me, to browbeat me with your insolent look? Take that!" And lifting his arm he brought down his whip with a thud upon the acrobat's back that could be heard as far off as the lodge.

Mad with rage, frenzied with insult, Duval, with a tiger-spring, rushed at the baronet; and dearly would Sir William have paid for his rash act if the acrobat could only have had one blow at him, delivered with the prodigious strength of his muscular arm and broad, athletic shoulders. But as Duval rushed forward, Leo, one of the noblest hounds in Sir William's kennel, which had for some time watched the parley between his master and Duval with grave, sedate face, sprang upon the acrobat and intercepted his attack. Meanwhile two under-game-keepers had arrived. And Lady Windus from her bedroom casement saw the struggle between the man and the dog, and wondered what it all could be about.

"Down, Leo, down!" cried Sir William, and the dog sprang away from the man and sat down by his master's side.

"Now put him out," said the baronet, as he turned away and walked off toward the hall.

"It's no use making any more fuss about it," said the good-natured game-keeper, as Duval sprang upon his feet, his face and hands covered with dust and blood. "You were wrong in the beginning. Be advised and go your way quietly."

And Duval *was* advised; the more easily because of the appealing look his wife gave him as she gently wiped the blood from his face. He slung his box once more over his shoulders, and walked slowly toward the gate; he passed through it, closed it, and then pausing, he clenched his hand, and lifting it toward Heaven, cried out, in the agony of his heart,

"My God! I ask only this favor of thee—that I may one day be revenged!"

So he and his wife resumed their journey.

Presently a pony-chaise, driven by a lady, was heard behind them; when it came close to them the lady drew up; asked them, with slight agitation, the way to Natwich; then asked Martha whether the infant she carried was a boy or girl; looked at it, kissed it, dropped a sovereign into Martha's hands, and drove on. It was Lady Windus.

II.

Two years passed, and a beautiful lady lay reclined upon a sofa in the large and richly furnished drawing-room of a country mansion, every thing about which betokened the great wealth of its proprietor, who sat by the window patting the head of a noble mastiff, which every now and then looked up at his master, and gave a bark as if to ask what he could do for him. There was not much that dog or man could do for the wealthy owner of Windus Park; for time had lavished on him all her favors—ancient descent, great wealth, a beautiful wife, and two promising children. Well might Sir William be a proud man.

Suddenly the luxurious silence of the room was disturbed by a loud clamor in the hall, in which questions were heard rapidly put by some one in an agitated voice—"Where is my lady? Where is Sir William?" and the next moment Emily Carter, Miss Joan's maid, rushed into the drawing-room.

Sir William and Lady Windus started up.

"What is the matter?" demanded the baronet.

"Oh, Sir William! oh, my lady!—oh, my dear good lady—"

And then Emily shrieked three or four times running, and, turning white as death, fell back into a chair in a fit.

"Heavens on earth!" exclaimed Sir William; "what is the meaning of all this? Chambers, do you know?"

"Only, Sir William," said Chambers, very slowly, and selecting her words with a precision which showed that she was resolved neither to under nor over state what she had heard from Emily; "only, Sir William, this much. Emily Carter came to the door, as I were looking out on the lawn, and with a awful countenance, and every one knows what Emily's countenance is when Emily's in one of her—"

"Confound it, woman! come to the point!" cried Sir William.

"So, Sir, she says to me," Chambers suddenly quickening her pace; "'the children,' says she, 'the boat,' says she; 'where's Sir William?' says she; 'where's my lady?' And when I told her, Sir, where you and my lady was, she rushes in, and as my name's Sarah Chambers that's all as Emily Carter said to me."

Though Chambers's information was neither copious nor distinct, it conveyed forcibly enough that the children were in danger, and that the boat had something to do with it.

It is impossible to describe the ghastly hue which spread over Sir William's face, as the thought flashed across his mind that his children had been drowned. But he had hardly time to realize the possibility of such a calamity when in stole the curate, with a soft step and a smiling face.

"There is no imminent danger," he said, at once. "There is yet half an hour, during which it is quite possible to save them. But lose not a moment in sending a messenger on horseback to the nearest fisherman, and bid him bring round his boat directly. If you'll lend me one of your horses, I'll go myself."

Orders were given for the immediate saddling of a horse, and meanwhile Sir William learned from Mr. Ling that Master William had run his boat upon a sunken rock; that she had filled and gone down; and that the boy, with his sister, were now upon a point of rock a quarter of a mile from the shore, from which they were cut off by the flowing tide. In half an hour the point on which they stood would be a foot below water, and unless a boat could be procured by that time, they would be in peril.

In a few seconds more the saddled horse stood at the door. Mr. Ling mounted it and rode off.

By this time, however, Lady Windus was on her way down to the shore. The moment she heard of the boat she guessed all the rest.

The truth, however, was that Emily and Miss Joan had been sent out in the pony phaeton, under the charge of the page, for a drive; that William, seeing the equipage, ran his boat inshore; and that, as Emily declined to venture on account of her tendency to bile, and her dislike of sharks, he took his sister, of his own lordly will and authority, under his protection. The boat struck, filled, and went down; and, by the greatest good fortune, William, with Joan in his arms, was able to reach the point of rock on which he now stood.

What were the feelings of Lady Windus when she reached the shore, and beheld her children on a small spot of rock, with the sea all round them—smooth almost as glass it is true—but with the tide flowing, and every minute covering a fresh portion of the rock on which her babes were standing.

But in vain did her mother's heart swell within her till it was nigh bursting, as she saw the little dimpled hands of her Joan stretched out toward her, and her brave boy took off his cap and waved it cheeringly to her with a manly courage, which he drew from her own generous blood much more than from his sire's.

But could nothing be done?

Sir William now appeared on the road which ran along the shore. He was followed by the old game-keeper; by Emily Carter, who had recovered; by Sarah Chambers, who wished to see with her own eyes what the precise extent of the danger was; by the housekeeper, the stable-boy, and a rat-catcher who happened to be passing along the road at the time, and was drawn to the beach by that love of the terrible which kings, philosophers, high damsels and low, noble marquises, baronets, and rat-catchers, share equally among them.

Well, was there no one there who could swim?

Unhappily Sir William could not, nor the game-keeper. Sarah Chambers said, if there was no one who could make the attempt, she herself would try it; but, when questioned on her powers as a swimmer, she replied that she could only float; and that even that feat she had never performed out of her depth.

The rat-catcher being applied to by Emily Carter, looked at that young person solemnly for several seconds, and then quietly closed his eyes, and thus addressed her:

"Young woman, do you see this here rat in this here cage?"

"Well?" demanded Emily, with much dignity.

"Then, unless some on you can swim furderer nor me, or unless a boat comes up, or unless somethink else happens, which I sees no promising sign on, I wouldn't give the life of this here rat for the life of them two childer."

And the tide was rising. Smooth as glass—smooth, specious, and smiling as a lying hypocrite it was rising, and Lady Windus could see that already it was licking the feet of her children.

"Look, look, William!" she exclaimed, at the same time directing her husband's attention to the rock; "he lifts her up. The water is at their feet! My God! can we do nothing?"

Yes, it was true. The water was at their feet. William had raised Joan in his arms; and as he saw his mother direct the baronet's attention to them, he called out, though she couldn't hear him—

"All right, mamma; there's plenty of time yet."

Plenty of time! The sea was flowing in. Often as the party on the shore turned their eyes in the direction in which Mr. Ling had ridden to procure a boat, there was nothing in sight.

Lady Windus had fainted. Sir William stood the picture of agony, looking at his children. Sarah Chambers, Emily, and the stable-boy were grouped round the old game-keeper, who assisted them in shedding a great many tears, but had nothing better to offer his young master and Miss Joan, though he avowed, and perhaps truly, that he was ready to die for them.

The rat-catcher had seated himself on a stone.

"Are those your children?" asked a man who stood at Sir William's side, but whose approach had not been noticed.

The baronet did not turn to look at the speaker. It was some seconds, indeed, before he recognized that any one had addressed him; but when he did so, he replied, in a deep whisper of despair—

"They are."

The man's gaze was fixed upon the children. Sir William's was fixed upon him. He thought he remembered him, and so he did, for it was the acrobat.

It was Duval!—Duval, who had prayed for vengeance as the sole favor for which he would trouble Heaven. It was Duval, at whose door, if he could be said ever to have had one, all the miseries of life had knocked, and at whose hearth they had seated themselves. For did not she, whom he had loved more than himself—Martha—did not she lie in her cold grave, with her baby by her side, in the same pauper's coffin? And now—what was left to Duval?—only to wait for death.

Nay, something more—to live for revenge!

For no boat made its appearance, the tide had risen six inches more, and now they saw the boy kneel down in the water, and look up as if he were praying. And only Duval could save him and his sister—only Duval. He alone, of all who stood there, could breast the flood to the rock and back with the girl—to the rock and back again with the boy.

Why not tell Sir William so? Why not, indeed? Is not revenge sweet?

And still the tide was rising. Lady Windus, restored for a moment to consciousness, opened her eyes; but no sooner realized her position than she relapsed into insensibility.

"Sir William," said Duval; "I see you remember me! Once I thirsted for revenge upon you! For two long years I thirsted for it, and prayed for it. Heaven has sent it to me!"

A bright light shot from his eyes as he said this, and then he slowly walked down to within a few

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paces of the water. He undressed; he walked into the sea till it came up to his breast, and then, throwing himself forward, struck out for the rock.

We shall not describe the joy with which the parents, who had watched in agonized suspense the acrobat's attempt to rescue their children, received them back into their arms. But while they were fondling them, Duval had dressed and slipped away. He had regained the road, and was pursuing his journey with a light step and a light heart, for he had had his revenge.

No, not all of it. Sir William no sooner missed him than he set out in pursuit of him.

"Here," exclaimed the baronet, when at last he came up with him, endeavoring to put a well-filled purse into Duval's hand. "You have saved my children, and are entitled—I say entitled—to a reward."

Duval drew back his hand.

"I have had it!" he exclaimed, darting a look of fierce and withering scorn at the baronet, and then, turning from him with an expression of contempt, pursued his journey.

And the proud baronet stood looking after him, rebuked and humbled.

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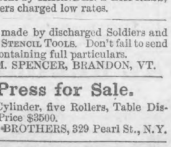
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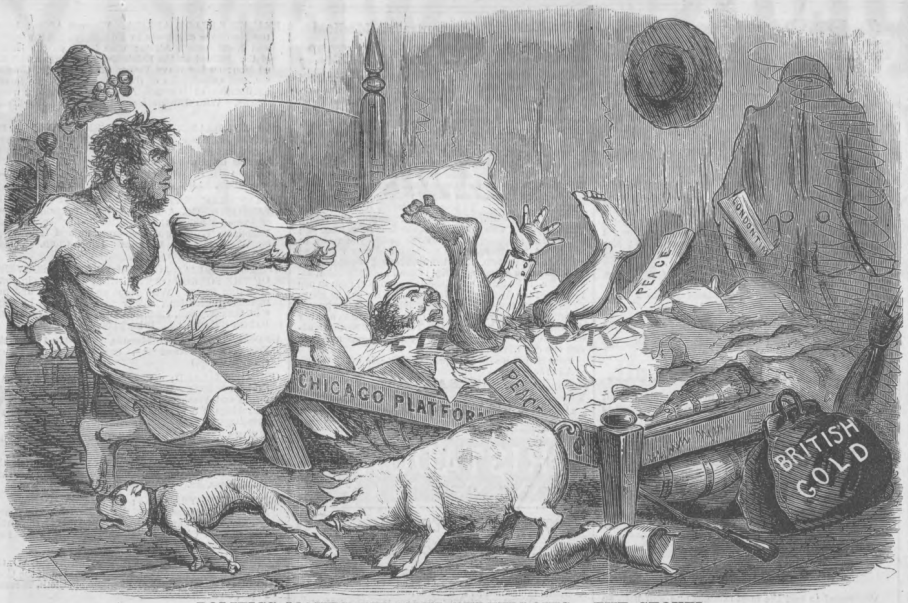
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

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THE BAYONET CHARGE.

Not a sound, not a breath,
All as silent as death,
As we stand on the steep in our bayonet's shine;
All is tumult below—
Surging friend, surging foe;
But not a hair's-breadth moves our adamant line—
Waiting so grimly.

The battle-smoke lifts
From the valley, and drifts
Round the hill, where we stand like a pall for the world;
And a glimpse now and then
Shows the billows of men,
In whose black boiling surge we are soon to be hurled—
Redly and dimly.

There's the word! Ready all!
See the serried points fall—
The grim horizontal so bright and so bare!
Then the other word—Ha!
We are moving! Huzza!
We snuff the burnt powder, we plunge in the glare—
Rushing to glory!

Down the hill, up the glen,
O'er the bodies of men,
Then on, with a cheer, to the roaring redoubt!
Why stumble so, Ned?
No answer. He's dead!
And there's Dutch Peter down, with his life leaping out,
Crimson and gory!

On! on! Do not think
Of the falling, but drink
Of the mad, living cataract-torrent of war!
On! on! let them feel
The cold vengeance of steel!
Catch the Captain—he's hit! 'Tis a scratch—nothing more!
Forward forever!

Huzza! Here's the trench!
In and out of it! Wrench
From the jaws of the cannon the guerdon of Fame!
Charge! charge! with a yell,
Like the shriek of a shell—
O'er the abatis, on through the curtain of flame!
Back again? Never!

The rampart! 'Tis crossed—
It is ours! It is lost!
No—another dash now and the glacis is won!
Huzza! What a dust!
How them down! Cut and thrust!
A T-i-g-a-r! brave lads, for the red work is done—
Victory! victory!

There's a lull in the fight,
In the glad morning light,
I stand on the works, looking back there, with pain,
Where the death-dew of war
Stains the daisy's white star,
And God's broken images scatter the plain.
Hush!, Do not speak to me!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

UNION ALONG THE WHOLE LINE.

THE divisions in the Union ranks are, as we have been always sure they would be, healed. Mr. FREMONT has withdrawn his name from the canvass in a letter far from magnanimous. Mr. COCHRANE has taken strong ground against the Chicago principles and candidates. But much more important is the fact that Mr. CHASE, Mr. WADE, and Mr. WINTER DAVIS have waived their differences with the Administration upon certain points of policy, and recognizing that there are, and can be, but two parties in this contest, are devoting themselves earnestly to the triumph of the Union and the Government as represented by ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON.

This frank and hearty union for the sake of union is but one of the innumerable auguries of success which are every where revealing themselves. The doubt of a few weeks since has entirely disappeared. The uncertainty has been utterly dissipated by the Chicago Convention and its candidates—one of whom is an honest and confessed secessionist, while the other looks for his support to the party which either justifies or excuses the rebellion.

Until the Chicago party made their platform and nominations there was a chance, although not much hope, that they might take the path which any truly great leader would have seen to be the only possible way to success; and the doubt in the public mind a few weeks since arose from the uncertainty whether they would do this. If DOUGLAS had been living the Chicago Convention would not have been managed by the men who controlled it, nor would it have hoped to carry a Presidential election by appealing to national cowardice and relying upon national disgrace. The nomination of Mr. PENDLETON, an extreme State-Sovereignty man, was the victory of JOHN C. CALHOUN over ANDREW JACKSON, of Nullification over Union; and in surrendering to the ghost of CALHOUN and the threats of South Carolina, the Chicago party, usurping the name of Democracy, surrendered the Nation, the Union, and the Government.

It was evident that the public mind would be relieved by the action of the Convention. If by any miracle it should pronounce for a more vigorous war and for the emancipation policy, as a ground of permanent peace, and nominate a man like General DIX, any loyal man, as we have before said, would feel that the canvass was only a generous rivalry of patriotism. Yet such an action as this was no more to be reasonably expected from a Convention officered and managed as the Chicago assembly was sure to be—and as it was—than fidelity to the Union was to be expected in DAVIS or TOOMBS. Still there were many who loved the Democratic name, and who hoped against hope. But when the Chicago party met, declared their principles, and nominated their candidates, the situation was so plain, the consequences of their success so palpable, that no man who did not believe DAVIS to be in the right could possibly support the Chicago action. It was at once evident that all old Democrats who valued the Government more than party must vote for the candidates who represented the unconditional maintenance of the Government; while all old Republicans, however they might differ upon points of policy with the President, could not fail to see that either he must be re-elected or the Government would be overthrown.

It is not surprising, therefore, that M'CLELLAN's and PENDLETON's chances have been decreasing ever since they were nominated. The case is too plain. Nobody denies that there are men at the North who wish well to the rebellion—men who, with Mr. PENDLETON, deny the right of the Government to enforce the laws—men who would willingly raise a counter-revolution to secure the success of DAVIS and his confederates—and nobody denies that all such persons are ardent supporters of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON. But the mass of the American people do *not* wish well to the rebellion—they *do* believe that the Government has the right and the power to maintain itself, and they do *not* desire a counter-revolution to help DAVIS. And as they are now shut up to a choice between LINCOLN and JOHNSON and M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, seeing in the two first-named men whom the rebellion and all its apologists bitterly hate, and in the last two men whom the friends of the rebellion ardently support, they are in doubt no longer, and are as sure of victory as SHERIDAN was when he attacked EARLY.

CANT.

GENERAL SHERMAN is as terrible a fighter with the pen as with the sword; and it is an instructive commentary upon our progress in the art of war to compare his letter to the Mayor of Atlanta with that of the other General SHERMAN at Port Royal in the beginning of the struggle.

The rebel Generals have canted throughout the conflict as lustily as the Northern Copperheads. From BEAUREGARD'S "Booty and Beauty" proclamation before the first Bull Run battle, down to HOOD'S charge of "studied and ungenerous cruelty," there has been a steady stream of cant from the mouths of the rebel civil chiefs and military leaders, as well as from all their friends at the North and in Europe.

The war has been described as "fratricidal," "sanguinary," "inhuman," "terrible." Of course it is. All war is. And how fearful, therefore, is their responsibility who begin it. The Copperhead orators and papers are very fond of this strain. If SHERIDAN wins a victory, or SHERMAN, or FARRAGUT, or GRANT, these people fall to shedding tears and bemoaning the families made wretched. Tears enough must indeed be shed, hearts broken, and homes desolated so long as the war lasts. Why, then, do not these canting Mawworms entreat their friends the public enemies to lay down their arms and give us peace? If the Copperhead heart is so wrung with the misery of wounded soldiers and wretched families, let it urge the deluded men who are resisting the Government which never harmed them to submit to the laws which they themselves helped to make.

When the haughty leaders of the rebels threatened the country before the attack on Sumter, when they declared that if they could not have their own way they would overthrow the Government and dissolve the Union, why did not these plaintive Copperheads hiss them down, and recount to them the horrors of the war which they were provoking? Instead of that they told the friends of the Union and the Constitution that if they did not submit to the menaces of those leaders, they, the loyal men, would be responsible for the bloodshed! That is to say, if you awake and find a ruffian with his hand at your wife's throat, *you* are guilty, if in the struggle she is hurt.

That is the contemptible cant which crops out in the Chicago platform, and in all the harangues and papers of the Chicago party. The war is shocking, they say, and ought to stop. Certainly it ought, and when those who began it choose to stop fighting it will end. Meanwhile the American people will fight them—spelling fight as SHERIDAN is reported to spell it, "f-i-g-h-t, kill"—until they do choose to stop.

General SHERMAN says to the Mayor of Atlanta what every true heart in the land confirms and approves: "War is cruelty and you can not refine it: and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out.....You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride.....Now that war comes home to you you feel very different—you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent car-loads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shell and shot to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people who only asked to live in peace at their old homes and under the Government of their inheritance .....I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect and early success."

So in his reply to HOOD'S canting talk about "cruelty" General SHERMAN says: "Talk thus to the marines but not to me, who have seen these things.....If we must be enemies, let us be men and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity."

Fighting is bad enough under any circumstances, but canting is a great deal worse.

A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

MR. JAMES GUTHRIE, one of the makers of the Chicago platform, asks, in a late speech in Indiana, "Who dares say that we shall not have peace upon the basis of the integrity of the Federal Union?"

Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who, with General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, stands upon Mr. GUTHRIE'S platform, and for whom, as Vice-President of the United States, Mr. GUTHRIE intends to vote, is the man who dares to say it. Mr. PENDLETON says frankly: "If your differences are so great that you can not or will not reconcile them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace."

That is peace upon the basis of the dissolution of the Union. Mr. GUTHRIE is answered by his own candidate.

NO ESCAPE.

THERE are some supporters of the Chicago nominations who say that it is unfair to charge them with practical disunionism. They declare that they are as good Union men as are to be found. They point to M'CLELLAN'S letter, and insist that it is a Union letter.

But these gentlemen will remember that BRECKINRIDGE called himself very loudly "a Union man" in 1860. His supporters were indignant if they were charged with want of fidelity to the Union; and they declared that they were, in fact, the only National party.

So to claim to be a Union man is not enough. And if any voter sincerely believes that the Union ought to be and can be maintained, and the authority of the Government re-established over the whole country, and that the war should be prosecuted until that result is achieved, how can he conscientiously support a nomination which, to say the least, is only half-way for the Union? Suppose General M'CLELLAN could be separated from his supporters, and their leaders, and their platform, and their policy—which comprise all the disunion elements in the country—how can he be torn from his companion upon the ticket? Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP kicks over the platform—does he also kick over one of the candidates upon it? He knows, and every body knows, that M'CLELLAN can not be voted for without PENDLETON. If M'CLELLAN should be elected and die—as Presidents HARRISON and TAYLOR did—then Mr. PENDLETON becomes President, and he will have been made so by the votes of Mr. WOOD, Mr. WINTHROP, Captain RYNDERS, and their friends. The President of the United States would then be a disunionist. But if Mr. LINCOLN be re-elected, and by his decease Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON should become President, there would be as true and tried a Union man in the chair as if the President had lived.

How can any honorable Union man justify his course in taking such a risk as that of elevating Mr. PENDLETON to the Presidency? There is only one way, and that is by saying, "Oh! well, General M'CLELLAN isn't going to die." Possibly; but still even he *may* be mortal; and if it should turn out that he was, how could any sincere Unionist ever excuse himself to his own heart for helping elect a President who believes that JEFFERSON DAVIS is perfectly right? Let Union men, whatever their personal preferences may be, ponder the following extracts, and remember that, if they vote at all, *they must vote for one or the other of the speakers.*

In the Congress of 1860–'61 Mr. PENDLETON was a representative from Ohio, and Mr. JOHNSON a Senator from Tennessee. When the secession movement began Mr. PENDLETON in an elaborate speech said:

"If your differences are so great that you can not or will not reconcile them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace; let them establish their government and empire, and work out their destiny according to the wisdom which God has given them."

Mr. PENDLETON is, in fact, a disunionist of the extremest Calhoun school, and holds exactly the same views now as then. In the same session ANDREW JOHNSON said:

"I will not give up this Government that is now called an experiment, which some are prepared to abandon for a constitutional monarchy. No. I intend to stand by it; and I entreat every man throughout the nation, who is a patriot, and who has seen, and is compelled to admit the success of this great experiment, to come forward not in heat, not in fanaticism, not in haste, not in precipitancy, but in deliberation, in full view of all that is before us, in the spirit of brotherly love and fraternal affection, and rally around the altar of our common country, and lay the Constitution upon it as our last libation, and swear by our God and all that is sacred and holy, that the Constitution shall be saved and the Union preserved."

Which of these two men—however blameless the character of each may be—would every true Union man wish to see President of the United States?

TO YOUR KNEES, YANKEES!

THE Richmond *Dispatch*, stung to fury by EARLY'S defeat, cries out:

"The Yankees are the most mercenary of God's creatures. If the ministry of our Saviour had been among *them* instead of the Jews, instead of lasting three years it would not have lasted three days. Some Yankee Judas would have sold him in less than half that time. And yet the Yankee loves his life better even than his interest; and when the universal nation finds that nothing but death is to be gotten by coming here, they will conclude that it does not pay, and will give it up. The best road to peace lies through the blood of the Yankees. The more we kill, the nearer we approach to peace."

This is precisely the view which the PENDLETON-M'CLELLAN Convention takes of the American people; and it proposes to those people to justify the view by surrendering their Government to such armed enemies. If they really were what the rebel paper says and the Chicago party believes, they would submit at once. But as they are not, they will say, "No, thank you," at the ballot-box on the 8th of November, as forcibly as SHERIDAN, SHERMAN, FARRAGUT, and GRANT say it from their shotted guns.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

IT is in vain that General M'CLELLAN, in stepping upon the Chicago Platform and placing himself by the side of Mr. PENDLETON, says: "The Union at all hazards."

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he the candidate of all who repudiate the Union?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he the fellow-candidate of Mr. PENDLETON, who lately thanked God that he "had never voted or given a dollar in support of the war, or in payment of abolition soldiers?"

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he the candidate of a Convention which declares the war a failure, calls for an immediate cessation of hostilities, and asks for a Convention to surrender the authority of the Government?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why has he accepted the Chicago nomination without a word of protest against its assumption that the war is a failure, and without a syllable of dissent from its base proposition to surrender the Government by treating with rebels and offering conditions of obedience to the laws?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he supported by every advocate of State rights against the sovereignty of the Union?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why does HORATIO SEYMOUR support him, who says that if the Union can not be maintained without emancipation, the Union must go that Slavery may be saved?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why did the rebel Senator SEMMES lately say at Jackson, "*Our* (the rebel) hopes for an early peace are dependent entirely on the success of the Democratic party at the North in the approaching Presidential election?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why do the rebel-disunion papers declare that "the influence of the South, more powerful in the shock of battle than when throwing our minority vote in an electoral college, will be cast in favor of M'CLELLAN?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why does the news of Union victories decrease his chances of election?

A PLAIN TRUTH.

THE great light which has been shining in the Shenandoah Valley has illuminated the political situation so that it is impossible to misunderstand it. The Richmond *Examiner* says that "every defeat of LINCOLN'S forces inures to the advantage of M'CLELLAN." The Charleston *Courier* says that the victory of the rebels "insures the success of M'CLELLAN; their failure insures his defeat." Have not the Shenandoah victories illustrated the strict truth of these remarks? Have not the political friends and opponents of the Chicago candidate been equally aware that events were confirming the indignant protest of the national heart against the cowardly declaration that the war is a failure, and that we must hasten to implore terms of our victors? Have they not all equally known that the glad bulletins of SHERIDAN'S successes came like tidings of defeat to the Chicago doctrines and their candidates?

Are the American people conquered? That is the question which the election decides. The friends of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON declare that they are; those of LINCOLN and JOHNSON insist that they are not. Therefore, if the tide of battle in the Shenandoah had turned against us, the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON party would have said, "There! we told you so. It's no use trying. We are whipped, and we may as well own it at the polls as we did at Chicago." If to-morrow news should come that SHERMAN had been driven from Atlanta and GRANT from

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Petersburg, the same party would exult in the rebel triumph, and see in the national humiliation and disgrace the grounds of hope for their candidates. On the other hand, if Richmond should fall before November, would there be much doubt of the election of the Union candidates?

Facts like these tell the whole story. The cause and the candidates which are helped by the victories of GRANT and SHERIDAN, of SHERMAN and FARRAGUT, are the cause and candidates of the country. But the party whose prospects improve with the defeat of American soldiers and sailors is not the party that any loyal American heart supports.

TWO WAYS OF HEARING GOOD NEWS.

IN the midst of a heroic and successful war to maintain the Government against traitors in arms a Major-General of the United States army accepts the nomination for the Presidency, offered him by a Convention in which every enemy of that Government was represented, and the leaders of which were fresh from interviews with foreign agents and rebel emissaries in Canada. This Major-General accepts the nomination of a Convention which, on the eve of the fall of Atlanta, calls for an immediate cessation of hostilities, and just as SHERIDAN in the Shenandoah lifts his hand to strike declares the war to be a failure. The Major-General accepts, and has not a word of censure for such craven and un-American sentiments as these, but has plenty to say of conciliation and statesmanship.

Yet on the very day when the electrified land thrilled with the glad tidings from SHERIDAN, when every loyal heart was devoutly thanking God for victory, and overflowing in gratitude to the brave soldiers who had given it to us, this Major-General is called upon by a number of his fellow-citizens. There is scarcely a civilian in the land whose joy in the victory would not have leaped from his lips in exulting strains; but this Major-General, who had been formerly very fond of speaking of "my own army," and of "sharing the fate" of his soldiers, *did not utter a solitary word of sympathy or admiration of the army of the Shenandoah, and did not make the least allusion to the great victory.*

Why did he not? Because the crowd were his political supporters, and he knew that such news was not welcome to them.

But there was another General that heard the news, and he—Lieutenant-General GRANT—sent his hearty congratulations to SHERIDAN and his men, and ordered a salute of a hundred shotted guns to be fired against the enemy's lines in honor of the Shenandoah victory.

And there was another crowd that heard the same news. It was the army before Petersburg. And they hailed the tidings from their comrades with such jubilant shouts that they were heard in Petersburg, and conveyed to the rebels the first news of their defeat.

Which was the Union crowd? Which means the Union at all hazards?

FROM PETERSBURG.

IT is pleasant to know that our paper goes to the army, and that its sentiments are approved at the front. We can not be far wrong if the men who are periling their lives for the cause send us back a cheer. We receive many letters of recognition, which have always a hearty welcome if we can not find room to print them. But here is one which is sure to interest our readers. It is from a cavalry private:

"NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *September*, 1864.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

'SIR,—I am a soldier this last three years, and intend to be during the war. I read your paper, and as a soldier I sincerely thank you for the manly, patriotic tone it bears.

"During the last two months I stood picket every alternate day within 400 yards of the rebels, and have very frequently exchanged your *Weekly* for the Richmond journals. During that time I have read at least two every day of their papers, and am conversant with their views of the war and of peace. During the same time I have conversed with at least 100 of their men representing different States, while we met between the lines. As a whole, they place little reliance on their own journals, and look to ours for the news, and, I must here say, sympathy. They have told me that they do not expect to whip us themselves, but expect their friends the Copperheads—*i. e.*, Democrats—to decide the contest in their favor at the right moment. I expect they mean next election.

"The Virginians are by far our strongest opponents. They rule the Confederacy; their Generals lead the armies. They are the men we want to catch. They think they are able to whip the whole North alone. Their State has been completely devastated by our armies, and in consequence they have lost every thing, so they are very defiant.

"North Carolina is a Conservative, lukewarm State, and wishes they were out of the war.

"South Carolinians are appalled at our resources, and think it is all up with them; still, as they were first in, they can't very well back out. If Atlanta and Mobile are taken the Georgians will not have much to say any way. Alabama ditto. Mississippi same. Now what is left that is formidable? Nothing but LEE and his army.

"We soldiers are for no peace while a rebel lives. No compromise, no armistice; but we are for subjugation, confiscation, emancipation, and annihilation.

"The blood of the best of our land calls for this. Their children must and shall have a home in the land of their slavers.

"I shall cast my first vote this election, and it will be for an honest man, ABE LINCOLN.

"The Chicago nominee, whoever he will be, will be either a traitor or will be governed by traitors.

"If SEYMOUR is a Democrat so is JEFF DAVIS; so were all the Southern secessionists, so are all the rebel Generals; so was the man who shot my best friend. A Copperhead would say ANDREW JACKSON was a Democrat; but ANDREW was down on all seceders or rebels of any name; and if he was President he would have put the Governor of the mighty State of New York in Fort Lafayette, not so bad a place, Messrs. Chicago Conventionists, as Belle Isle with crows picking at you.

"I shan't say much of M'CLELLAN. The rebels think too much of him for me.

"We will vote for old ABE, and we are in earnest. If you were here at this moment and heard the shells bursting over us you would think so too.

"Persevere, Mr. Editor. You will win, and we will. Then we will have a meeting—a peace meeting."

CAMPAIGN PICTURES.

WE are glad to know that the pictures published in the *Weekly* are felt to be helpers in the good cause. From among the letters from all parts of the country approving them, we select this hearty one from a Captain in the Michigan Cavalry:

"MR. EDITOR,—Allow me to suggest that those two excellent designs of Mr. NAST—'Compromise with the South,' and 'Blessings of Victory'—published in your *Weekly*, be offered to the public on durable paper, that they may be framed and hung up in every hotel, railroad depôt, and other places of general resort throughout the North, as being the most truthful and powerful explanations of the issues to be settled by our armies and by the November election.

"I am here recovering from a wound received before Atlanta, and when I return to my regiment I shall carry with me those pictures to show to my boys, though your truly loyal and superior paper circulates so generally in the army that they may see them before my return; but I shall make sure of it."

FROM ATLANTA.

A LETTER from an officer in SHERMAN'S army shows how firmly fixed its heart is upon unconditional surrender, and how it despises the peace that is to be bought by national dishonor and cowardice:

"ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *September* 14, 1864.

"Thanks for the picture in *Harper's Weekly* in honor of the nameless heroes dead. It only remains now to give us one commemorative of the living heroes laying down their arms, and humbly suing pardon of JEFF DAVIS and his cohorts for the pain and grief caused them by our most unjustifiable and uncalled-for invasion of their 'rights.' Can't we have it?

"Let the long procession begin with the President of the United States reading backward all his declarations in favor of the Union, all his warnings to the insurgents, all his words of hope and encouragement to the enslaved, every good and true sentiment which he has spoken as the head of a great nation. Let the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies recross and erase all the lines of battle on which he has fought it out thus far, and return a dishonored waster of human life to his little place at Galena. Let SHERMAN, and THOMAS, and FARRAGUT, and all the rest lay down their swords, tear off their coats of blue, and their badges of rank, and, clad in dingy butternut or dirty gray, receive at the hands of the triumphant arch-conspirator new commissions of a rank befitting those who have spent profitless years in an unholy war, and accept service under the orders of those chivalric men who have striven with superhuman energy to build up a black despotism on the ruins of the republic. Let the long procession close with the countless multitudes of those brave men who have risked all the storms and dangers of the battle-field, returning cowed and despairing, and ragged and unpaid, to their homes—scarce home any more—their banners dragged in the dust, the scorn and derision of the cowards and knaves who had enriched themselves by the peace which these soldiers had kept at the North by forming the living wall against the desolation of hostile armies.

"I can not but think that it is to just such an entertainment as this that our Chicago friends, if they succeed, have invited us. The Dunciad doesn't contain a sadder picture. Really that which has wakened the most anxiety in our minds in the latter days of this campaign, now so happily ended, has not been the enemy in our front but that in our rear. It was not so much the bullets of Hood's army which gave us apprehension as the feeling that while we were all trying, so many, too, at the sacrifice of life itself, to save the nation, even to the extremity of new-creating it, if so be we must, so large a number, that they boasted themselves a majority of people belonging to the nation of which we too are a part, should be doing all they could to alienate that nation from us. I wonder if these men really knew what they were doing? Is it possible that they want, now in the hour of our approaching triumph, to turn their backs on this glorious history, and treat us as if we did not exist?

"This army is a unit, and means that the nation shall be also. For the utterances at Chicago, so full of discord, and lacking every thing in which any true American can take pride, it has nothing but contempt. I do not know but we shall yet be called upon to give the greatest proof yet of the devotion of the army to the Union in again and again risking the lives of these brave men on the battle-field to save to these demented people the blessings which they spurn from them. I thought, at the outbreak of the war, that we should only have to do that for our Southern enemies; and now I begin to think we must do it for the North likewise. Pray do not let any thing like apathy, or indifference, or failure to say and do the right thing, lose us the great object of all our struggles, and so imperil the future of the country and of humanity."

WESTERN ILLINOIS SANITARY FAIR.

WHILE the army and navy are pressing on in front, the soldiers and sailors are remembered at home. The Sanitary Fairs, which have already carried so much consolation and assistance to the field, are not yet at an end—nor, we hope, will they be while one soldier is exposed to wounds and sickness and danger. The *Western Illinois Sanitary Fair* will open on the 11th of October, at Quincy, Illinois, and appeals now to the sympathy and aid of all the generous and patriotic hearts in the land. Illinois has contributed nearly 200,000 men to the army and navy, and, as the circular truly says:

"From Belmont to Mission Ridge, throughout the long list of battles and victories which have immortalized the career of that Great Captain whom our State has furnished to the chief command of the Army; from Resaca to Atlanta, along the route of the great Georgia campaign, which stands unrivaled in all the chronicles of war, and in the remoter conflicts in Virginia and the States along the coast, the soldiers of Illinois have ever been among the first to hurl back the legions of the enemy and secure victory to our arms."

Illinois soldiers stand by the Union; let the Union stand by the Illinois soldiers. The address of the General Agent, to whom contributions may be sent, is Colonel JAMES T. TUCKER, office of Miner's Central Railroad, 31 Nassau Street, New York.

GENERAL SEYMOUR.

IN speaking, a few weeks since, of General SEYMOUR'S admirable letter after his return from Charleston, we implied that his sympathies had been rather with "the South" than against it. We have received a letter from a friend of the General's, dated "In the field, near Petersburg," for which we can not find room entirely, but most gladly insert what we can:

"EDITOR OF 'HARPER'S WEEKLY,'—You unintentionally do injustice to General SEYMOUR in your last editorial. You say, after referring to his capture and imprisonment, 'and could not be suspected of any peculiar prejudice against the rebels, for he had no political sympathies against them.' How is this? General SEYMOUR has the same prejudices, if you call them such, against the rebels that all high-minded, chivalrous soldiers of the Union have, and he certainly never has had any political sympathies with them. Great injustice has been done to General SEYMOUR in accusing him of pro-slaveryism, and all that sort of thing. Because he bears the same name with a couple of public men whose loyalty, to say the least, is of a very mild type, he has been supposed to be of the same politics, and one journal at least has asserted that he is their cousin. General SEYMOUR'S father is a venerable Methodist clergyman, of the Troy Conference, and the General has never been recreant to the anti-slavery principles taught him in his boyhood.

"True it is that, in common with most West Point officers, he has not believed that officers of the regular army should be politicians, at least violent partisans; but never has he uttered a word to indicate sympathy with the cause of the South. When in Charleston, before the rebellion (he had spent seven years there altogether), they used to call him an Abolitionist—or at least some did.

"It is true that he is opposed to the idea that an officer should secure promotion merely by his political opinions, believing that merit as a soldier should be the sole ground.....

"I know what efforts he made to arouse the Government in 1860, foreseeing, as he did, that the rebels meant fight. He foresaw the war long before, and refused the Presidency of the North Carolina Military Institute to which he had been elected, chiefly on that account. He *comprehended* the war at the very beginning. The day after he arrived from Fort Sumter he said that the President should at once call out 500,000 men, for we were going to have a great war.....

"His letter has struck a chord responsive in every loyal heart in the army. We are neither going to submit to peace-men at home nor yield to Southern rebels. We intend to fight it out, and compel all rebels every where to obey the laws of the land.

"We shall vote for MR. LINCOLN—not because we care a fig about him personally, and some things in his administration we especially dislike—his large assortment of political Brigadier and Major Generals, for instance—but because we believe he is necessary to the Union. To lay him aside would be to ignominiously give up the contest. We find fault with him because, while we have been shedding our blood in defending the country against traitors, he has allowed men at home to talk treason and publish it, and hinder the draft and discourage enlistments, and encourage the rebels to continued resistance. But we are not on this account going to throw ourselves into the arms of those who take traitors into their counsels, and honor them and adopt their speeches as their party platform. God forbid that we should so stultify ourselves! God forbid that we should so dishonor the memories of the illustrious dead, whose blood poured out here has made the soil sacred indeed—consecrated it to liberty and law forever!"

Our correspondent speaks warmly of the injustice which he believes has been done to General SEYMOUR by not promoting him. We hope sincerely that his merit may be properly recognized; but meanwhile we can assure his friend who writes us that the General has promoted himself to the honorable admiration and respect of every loyal American.

THE SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

WE learn from the circular of Messrs. FISK and HATCH, bankers in New York, that this patriotic loan, of which we have already spoken at length, is being rapidly taken. Its advantages are briefly that it pays a certain rate of interest, unaffected by the fluctuations in gold and larger than upon ordinary investments; it is convertible in three years into bonds precisely like the Five-Twenties now in such immense demand; it directly aids the Government, and consequently enhances the value of all Government securities. There can be no investment safer or more promising. The notes are issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1000, $5000.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

SHERIDAN'S important victories in the Shenandoah Valley have very much simplified General Grant's combinations for the defeat of General Lee's army and the capture of the rebel capital. The campaign in the West had hardly been sealed with victory before the roar of Sheridan's cannon was heard in Early's rear. The first step taken by General Grant, in the execution of his grand campaign last May, was an attempt to put his army between Lee and Richmond. In this he failed of success. He then attempted to take Petersburg by assault, and thus cut Lee off from his Southern communications. In this also he failed. He then placed his left wing firmly on the Weldon Railroad. This was the first decisive success of the Virginia campaign. In order to appreciate the position of the two armies after the occupation of the Weldon Road we need to glance at the other communications which connect Lee's army with the Confederacy. Of the four railroads which enter Richmond, two, viz., the Fredericksburg and the York River railroads, are of no account; they drain a country already exhausted. But the Gordonsville Road, connecting Richmond with the fertile valley of the Shenandoah, was of great importance. But it was not of sufficient importance to justify Lee in keeping a strong force in the Valley. It was, indeed, a part of Early's mission to guard this communication; but a more important part of that mission was to cover the approach to Lynchburg. It was evident to Lee that one of the first things which Grant would attempt would be an advance on Lynchburg, and the same army would, in its advance, also completely destroy the Gordonsville Road. After the occupation of the Weldon Road the safety of Lynchburg became absolutely essential to the maintenance by Lee of any defensive position in Virginia. For Lynchburg was then the key to all the communications left to the rebel army. Once captured by the Federal forces and made a military station, it could be held by a small army, and made the centre of a new system of operations on the west side of Richmond. The investment of the rebel capital would then be as complete as was that of Atlanta when Sherman transferred his army to a position on the Macon Road. There would then be but a single alternative to the evacuation of Richmond, and consequently of Virginia, viz., a pitched battle. To await the result of a siege would be fatal to Lee's army. To defend Lynchburg, then, is to defend Richmond.

Sheridan's victories, therefore, occurring at just this time, simplify the system of operations against the Virginia rebels.

These victories have put out of combat more than one-half of Early's command, and have demoralized and paralyzed the other half. If Early is not heavily reinforced Lynchburg will certainly be captured. But to reinforce Early is to weaken Lee's own army. He may, indeed, succeed in saving Lynchburg, but it will take so many men to effect this that it will be at the risk of losing Richmond. An army on the defensive, strongly fortified, and holding an interior position, has great advantages; but in addition it must have strength of numbers when it becomes necessary to resist approaches made from so many points and at such distances from each other. Richmond and Petersburg are over twenty miles apart. The line confronting Grant from Deep Bottom to a point west of the Weldon Road is over twenty miles long. Grant threatens Richmond from the north side of the James, and takes the Weldon Road. Lee's army, weak in numbers as compared with Grant's, dissipates its strength and weakens its advantage of position by these long lines of defense. There can be no doubt, in view of all these considerations, that the crisis of the war in Virginia is now come, and is indeed already nearly past.

FISHER'S HILL.

After driving Early's columns through Winchester, September 19, Sheridan continued the pursuit. Three miles beyond Strasburg, at Fisher's Hill, Early made a stand, and on Thursday, the 22d, was attacked by Sheridan. At half past 3 o'clock Crook's command attacked the rebel left, throwing one of his divisions in their rear. At the same time the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps attacked in front. Crook's magnificent charge threw the enemy's left wing into disorder, and the position, which was considered almost impregnable, was abandoned together with twenty guns. Between one and two thousand prisoners were taken. The routed army pushed on down the Valley, the road behind them strewn with caissons, small-arms, haversacks, and every other impediment to flight. Our loss was estimated at less than a thousand men. Kershaw's division of Longstreet's corps, which Early had detached to guard his communications, came up in time to take part in the battle, but too late to be of any use. On Friday morning, the 23d, Sheridan had reached Woodstock, having pursued the enemy all night.

Early was driven beyond Jackson Mountain without further resistance, and on Saturday night Sheridan had reached a point six miles south of New Market.

GOVERNOR BROWN'S PROCLAMATION.

The following proclamation by Governor BROWN, of Georgia, tells its own story:

MILLEDGEVILLE, *Sept.* 10, 1864.

General J. B. Hood, Commanding Army of Tennessee:

GENERAL,—As the militia of the State were called out for the defense of Atlanta during the campaign against it which has terminated by the fall of the city into the hands of the enemy, and as many of them left their homes without preparation, expecting to be gone but a few weeks, who have remained in service over three months (most of the time in the trenches), justice requires that they be permitted, while the enemy are preparing for the winter campaign, to return to their homes and look, for a time, after important interests, and prepare themselves for such service as may be required when another campaign commences against other important points in the State. I therefore hereby withdraw said organization from your command, in the hope that I shall be able to return it, with greater numbers and equal efficiency, when the interests of the public service requires it. In this connection, I beg leave to tender to you, General, my sincere thanks for your impartiality to the State troops, and for your uniform courtesy and kindness to me individually. With assurances of my high consideration and esteem.

I am, very respectfully, your humble servant,

JOSEPH E. BROWN.

RETIREMENT OF FREMONT AND COCHRANE.

September 22 General Fremont, in a letter to Messrs. George L. Stearns and others, publicly withdrew his name from the political contest for the sake of securing harmony in the Union party. The day before Cochrane had adopted a similar course. It will be remembered that Fremont and Cochrane were the nominees of the Cleveland Convention for President and Vice-President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

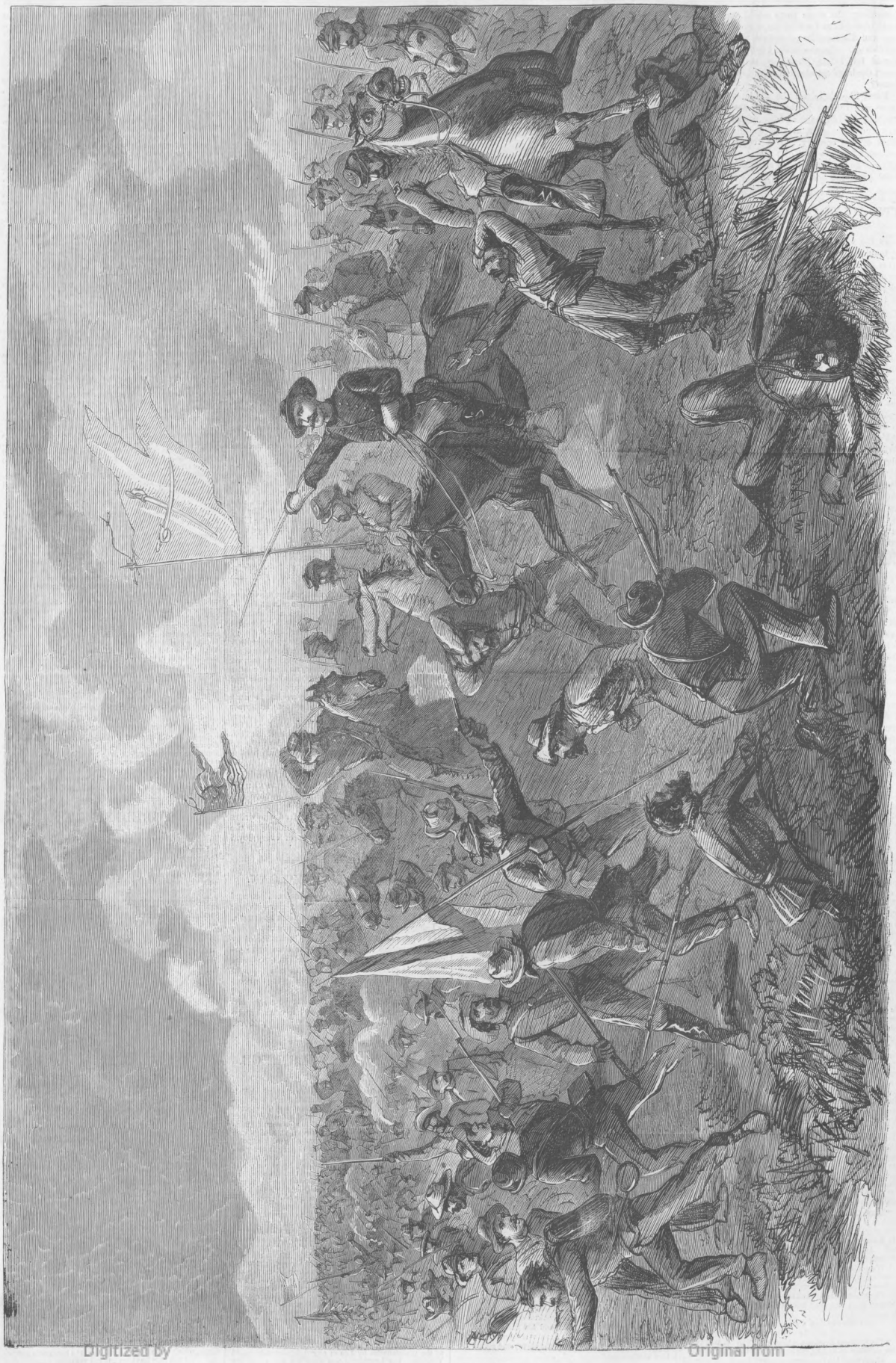
NEWS FOR LORD PAM.

LORD PALMERSTON, in his attitude toward the Southern Independence Association and the numerous abettors of secession in England, although he has steadfastly resisted the policy of recognizing the Confederacy, has yet invariably expressed the hope that the time would yet come for the adoption of that policy. This hope was expressed in very sanguine terms in a speech lately delivered at Tiverton. The following illustration represents the manner in which the noble lord will sink into his boots on receipt



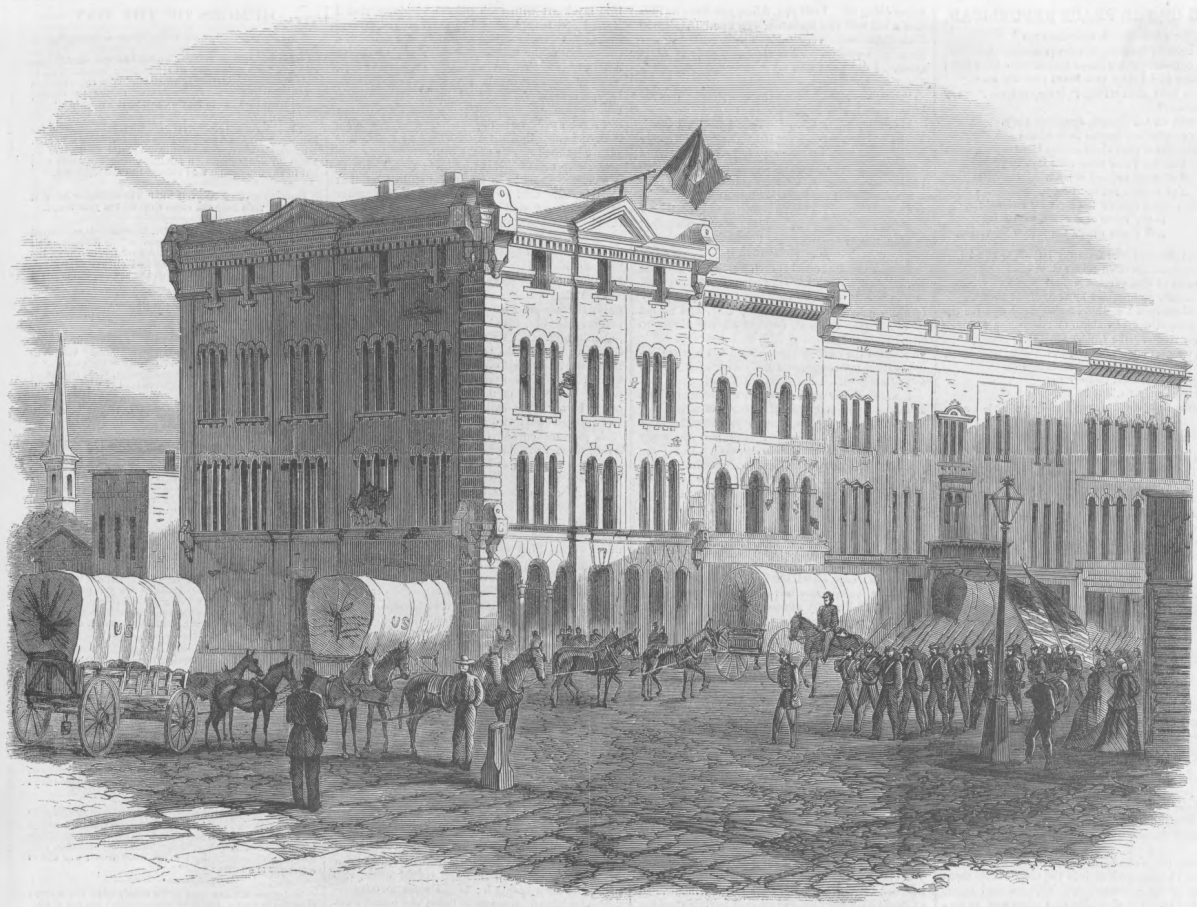
of the news of Sherman's, Farragut's, and Sheridan's victories, which will doubtless convince the honorable gentleman that not only has his time not yet come, but that it is long gone by.

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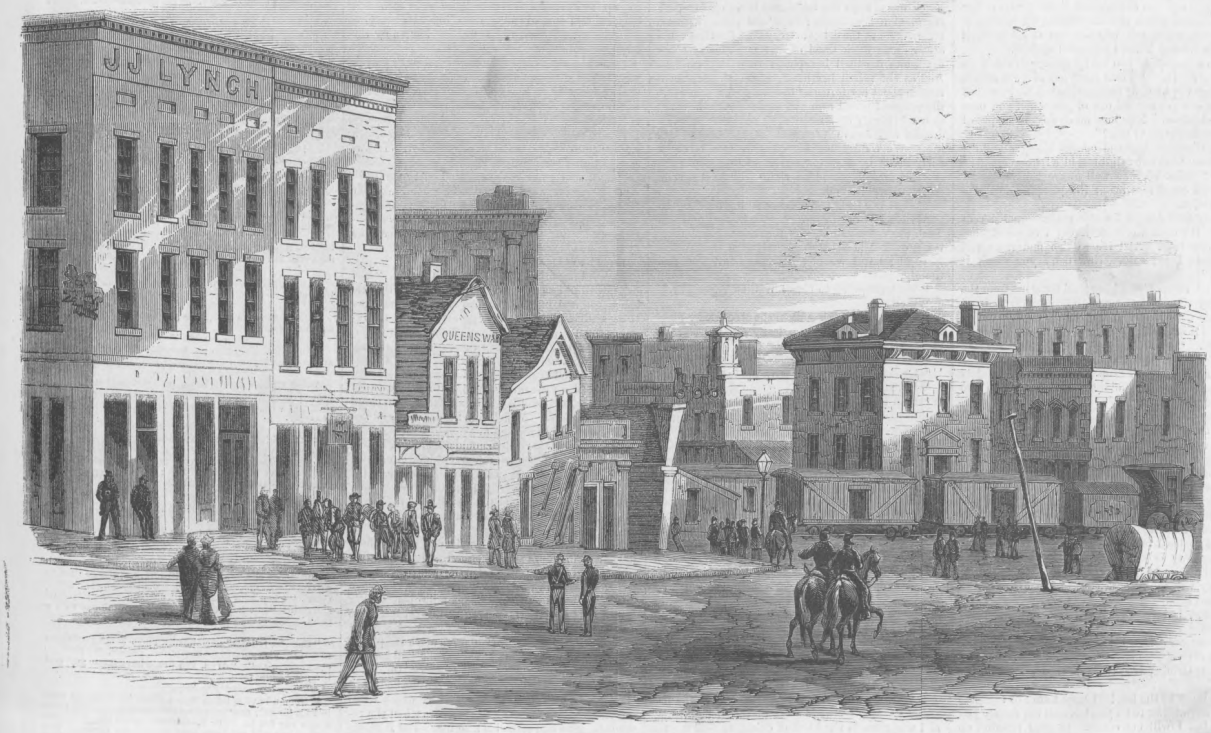


THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

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WHITEHALL STREET, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—Sketched by D. R. Brown.—[See Page 653.]



WHITEHALL STREET (LOOKING EASTWARD), ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—Sketched by D. R. Brown.—[See Page 653.]

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SONG OF THE PEACE REPUBLICAN.

I go in for Peace—yes, a Peace-man am I,
Of the deepest, the darkest, most permanent dye.
But an own-that-we're-whipped kind of Peace is all bosh;
The Peace that I want is a Peace that will wash.
But some folks shout "Peace!" "Stop the war!" "Cry *Peccavi*!"
Going back on our glorious army and navy,
Who've guarded our banner from insults and stains,
With the sweat of their brows and the blood of their veins.
Now the Peace these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And scheme for, and lie for,
And every thing else for but fight for and die for,
Is the Peace of a mouse with a cat;
And that's what's the matter with that.

No sound that can ring from thy larynx, O man!
Or ripple from lips of an infant or woman,
Is so sweet as that sweetest word, Peace, to my ears,
When it isn't accompanied by Copperhead cheers.
Those cheers spoil the whole, for we know that the cry
Means dove—the dear emblem of Peace—in a pie.
Pharisees sing of "the Lamb" till they're hoarse,
Caring only for lamb when it's served with Mint sauce.
Now the things these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And pray for, and lie for,
Are plump little doves they get ready their pie for,
With a lamb that is tender and fat;
And that's what's the trouble with that.

I go in for Peace—yes, a Peace-man am I,
Every inch of my frame, and I'm some of them high.
But olives, at times, have a worm in the bud;
And the vampire fans you while sucking your blood.
All rest is not health—note the pulse and the breath:
There's the slumber of life and the slumber of death;
There's the calmness of virtue, the silence of sin;
Disease driven out, and disease driven in.
Now the Peace these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And pray for, and lie for,
Is a Peace that we'd die *of*, not live for, nor die for.
It's going to bed with a vampire bat,
Otherwise known as a Peace Democrat;
And that, Brother Ben, 's what's the matter with that.

MY PUNISHMENT.

"Isn't it beautiful, George?"

"Well, it *is* rather pretty," I said, with a half-suppressed yawn.

"Now, George," she said, indignantly, "that is too bad. Do be generous for once. Isn't it perfectly *lovely*?"

"Well, I suppose it *is* if *you* say so, my dear;" and I leaned back in my chair, and with closed eyes placidly emitted a dense volume of smoke from my lips.

It was six o'clock in the evening, dinner was over, and I had subsided into the comfortable tranquillity of my dressing-gown, slippers, and cigar. Alice had been out shopping that afternoon, as several plethoric-looking bundles on the side-table testified; and now I must witness and share in the investigation of their contents.

So I listened while my wife commented on the texture of the linen intended for the bosoms of my new shirts.

She then produced a mysterious-looking package, which, divested of its paper covering, proved to be a very handsome black silk dress pattern. She looked so pretty as she stood before me—the bright fire-light shining on her sweet face—and it was all in a glow; and she was enthusiastic in the praise of her last purchase, which she was holding up before my unappreciating eyes. She was not at all satisfied with the limited praise I bestowed upon it.

"How provoking you are! George Warden, do you hear? Do take that cigar out of your mouth and come out of your smoke-clouds a little while! I never can get a word out of you when you once get to smoking. Now how much do you suppose I gave for this piece of silk?"

Mrs. Warden's husband opened his eyes and declared he "hadn't the slightest idea! how should he know?" Mrs. W. was well aware that he knew little and cared less about the paraphernalia of a lady's toilet.

"Only fifty dollars for the pattern—not a cent more! It's well worth fifty-six; I've saved that much any how. And it's so rich and thick it'll wear well, I am sure. Now don't you think it cheap?"

"Well, rather;" and I knocked the ashes from the tip of my cigar and prepared to resume my train of thoughts when her voice aroused me again.

"But it isn't paid for yet," she was saying, hesitatingly. "I hadn't enough money with me, and I was afraid if I waited till to-morrow I should lose the chance; and I was sure you wouldn't care—just this once," she said, timidly, as if she wasn't so sure I wouldn't care after all.

I sat upright—all awake in a moment. If there is any thing I abhor it is the credit system—I mean where women are concerned. Positively the idea that *my wife* was going in debt for things, and getting into the habit of running up long bills at the dry-goods stores, was more than I could bear. My prophetic eye saw in the future visions of temptation, deception, anxiety, unhappiness, and, perhaps, ruin—all resulting from those terrible bills! I had labored so hard to impress on her mind this one lesson, "Pay as you go." And the thought that she had disobeyed me on th first temptation made me very wrathful. The storm burst over her unconscious head.

"Alice, is it possible?—when I have told you repeatedly never, under any circumstances, to get any thing on credit, if you can possibly avoid it? I must say—"

"But, George, it is the first time I ever did so, and—"

"It must be the last! I hope I am not niggardly. I am willing to let you have all the money you need; but I will not consent to your running up long bills at the stores. I could tell you how many men of my acquaintance have been ruined by their wives doing so. I tell you, Alice, you have no idea how a bill will run up before you know it. These little debts seem very insignificant until you put them all together. *Then* the aggregate is enormous. I did not think *my wife* would act in such direct opposition to my known wishes."

"But, George—" And the tears came into the brown eyes raised to mine.

What a wretch I was! Why couldn't I speak kindly to the poor darling, if I must tell her of her fault? But no; my heart was full of bitterness because she had disobeyed me, and then it always put me out of humor to see a woman cry.

"I don't want to hear any more about it. Take your dress away; I don't wish to look at it! I hope you will enjoy it, and the recollection that in buying it you disregarded my wishes will doubtless add much to your pleasure in it."

I think this last cruel speech hurt her more than all the rest. It makes me furious against myself now when I think of it. But I had opened my heart to a venomous, satirical demon, and he sat there securely throned, defying all my efforts to expel him, and grinning with malicious glee while he pointed the barbed words which fell like poison-drops from my tongue. I had never spoken so to my wife before. I hated myself for it!

I watched her as she crossed the room and sat down, away from me, in the recess of a window, with tears dropping fast over her pale cheeks. How I longed to go and bring her back, and kiss away the remembrance of my harshness! But I did not. I don't know how long we sat thus, and I did not know what I was reading; I was only conscious of being very remorseful and very unhappy, when a timid, faltering voice startled me out of my abstraction, and caused me to look up. She was standing before me, with the tears not yet dry on her pale face, and the grieved look plainer than ever in her soft eyes.

"I don't care about having the dress, George. I'll take it back to-morrow. I know they will allow me to return it; only please do not look so. I can bear any thing but seeing you so displeased!"

Did I fling down that hateful paper, and seat the trembling pleader on my knee, and kiss the poor pale face till it bloomed again? Alas! the demon whispered, "Forgiveness easily obtained is not much valued. Hold out only a little longer." And I did; and lost the opportunity which the wealth of worlds can not buy now!

I steeled my heart against those pleading tones. I met the prayerful glance with one so cold that it froze down the upspringing tears, and then I said, coldly,

"No, you shall not do that. If there is any thing I hate, it is carrying a thing back after it has been taken. Now you've got it, keep it. I'll pay the bill when I go down in the morning." And that was all. Then I turned to the other side of the paper and appeared engrossed in a telegram from Washington. I could have cursed myself as I watched her move wearily back to the window, and sit down with her forehead pressed against the pane so despairingly; and when one or two convulsive sobs, but half stifled, reached me I fairly started, and rustled the paper nervously.

Seven o'clock. Alice arose and moved across the room. She stopped a few moments before the glass, and I watched her unseen. I remember now exactly how she looked and was dressed. I never can forget it. I knew not then, as I gazed at her so intently, that it was *the last time* I should ever see her with the current of life warming her veins and flushing her face! She wore a black dress. Black was always my taste, and it set off her pure complexion beautifully; high and plain, with no ornaments but the delicate lace about the throat and arms. One thick braid of hair passed across her head, and it suited her better than any coronet. And as she raised her hand to smooth the brown ripples about her forehead the sleeve fell back, and the prettiest round arm you ever saw gleamed out so bewitchingly! I knew very well why she had dressed with so much taste on this particular evening. We were going out together to a birthday party given by a young cousin of hers; for Nora thought nothing could go right without "Cousin Alice" to superintend.

She got her hood and cloak, making a noise purposely to attract my attention; but I heard nothing. Then she came and stood before me while she was tying on her hood; and waited some time for me to speak; but I would not; and at last she said, timidly,

"We were going to Uncle William's to-night."

"Well?"

That was all I said. Then she went away looking very sad. Presently a dusky face peered in at the door.

"Carriage am ready, missus."

"George, are you going with me to-night?"

"No."

"I am very sorry," she said, meekly; "but Nora will be so disappointed if I do not go; so I must go."

"Very well."

I did not look up till I heard the door close after her. Then I flung the paper aside with a muttered curse, and strode fiercely to the window. I watched her enter the carriage, and saw it drive off; and then I came back to the fire, kicked over a stool, and kicked it again when it fell; flung the paper into the fire, which I punched savagely for want of something more substantial on which to vent my fury, and then sat down with my face in my hands and groaned bitterly through my clenched teeth.

I was angry with my suffering, unoffending wife because she had gone out without me. I thought she ought to have staid at home and broken her engagement to humor my absurd caprice, when she did not even know that I wished her to do so. I was also angry with myself for treating her in such a shameful manner. Never before in all my life had I felt so. Altogether, I was perfectly miserable.

While I sat there I unconsciously drew from my finger the ring I always wore there. I held it up, as I was often in the habit of doing, to read the inscription within; and the words "*Grieve not the heart that loves thee*" flashed on my gaze—flashed into my heart with such painful vividness that I started and looked around to see who had uttered them. There was no one there. I was alone, and conquered by the talisman of the ring! "Grieve not the heart that loves thee." It was her gift. These were the words she was wont to murmur, lying with closed eyes and white hands nestled in mine, and the dear head pillowed on my heart. Such the sweet refrain, breaking ever and anon from the fresh lips, till I hushed their music into silence by the pressure of my own.

"Grieve not the heart that loves thee." It was her voice that spoke to me in the stillness of that lonely room. Oh! no other could have the power to so thrill my soul with feelings such as I had then! Where was she then? Moving amidst the glare and glitter of the crowded ball-room? Oh no! I know her spirit came to me in that lonely hour to take a last farewell, to breathe a parting benediction on my unworthy head!

That ring was her gift. She placed it on my finger the day after we were married; and I promised her solemnly, with her earnest brown eyes looking into mine, that I would never part with it in life or in death. As I sat there holding it in my hand sweet memories of old times flashed across my mind, like sudden sun-bursts over a darkened landscape. I thought of the time when I first asked her to be my wife—child as she was. It was not so long ago—only two years; and they had been such pleasant ones! She was very young, was Alice, when I first brought her to my home—only seventeen; and I was her senior in years. But I was older in experience even than in years. Accustomed from very early life to act and think for myself, I had acquired the habit of domination unconsciously; and Alice, with her tiny figure and fair young face, and, clinging, caressing ways, I never could think of but as a beautiful child, to be spoiled, and petted, and loved, and governed. Heaven knows how I loved and cared for her! But she had never before disobeyed me. Never before had she so wounded—not my love for her, but my love of authority.

But my heart was softened now. I thought of all her caressing, pretty ways—how she had nursed me during a long illness in the past fall—how she would bound into my arms when I came home every evening; and then I thought how dreary my home would be without her; and all the repressed tenderness of my nature welled up.

"Poor child!" I murmured, regretfully, "how I have made her suffer! I was harsh, God forgive me! Oh, that she were here now that I might take her to my heart and soothe her into forgetfulness, my poor wronged darling!"

I looked at the clock. The hands pointed to ten. She never staid out later.

"She will soon be here," I said, trustfully; and then I rang the bell, and had the fire replenished and the room arranged against her coming. I drew her favorite chair up into the bright blaze, and placed my own beside it; then I went to the window, and looked impatiently down the moonlit avenue. Not coming yet! I walked up the floor once or twice; and then, to beguile the tedious moments, entered into an investigation of the contents of her little work-basket which stood on a table. First, there was her tiny thimble and scissors, and spools of different hues; then I took up a small piece of flannel embroidered in various cabalistic designs—which last caused me to smile curiously, for I could not understand the meaning of so much work, all crowded on one small piece of stuff. But I dropped it quickly, for I heard the carriage coming up the avenue. I was at the door as soon as it stopped, and opened it eagerly. My wife sat with her face turned from me, and quite hidden by the large woolen hood.

"Are you not very cold and tired, dear?" I said, my voice trembling with impatient tenderness as I extended my hand to assist her to rise; but there was no answer, and she remained quite still.

"Alice, love, speak to me! Do you not hear?"

Silent still! Then I thought she had fallen asleep, and took her hand to awaken her. It was so cold that I started back chilled.

"How cold you are, dear Alice! Are you ill?" And I leaned forward and pushed the hood from her face. It was a very still, white face—so motionless it might have been carved in stone. The moonlight shone full upon it, and on the precious blue eyes, wide open, but dimmed and filmed.

Dead! O God! No!

I would not allow myself to think of it. "She has fainted," I said; and I carried her swiftly into the house and laid her on the sofa. I knew nothing of the gathering crowd of terror-stricken servants around me—saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing for a time. Every thought, every faculty was concentrated in my anxiety for her. I knelt beside her, and chafed the dead hands and temples, and pressed my warm, living lips to the beautiful cold mouth, as if seeking to breathe into them again the breath of life. Vain! vain! She never looked on me or spoke to me again.

A hand was laid on my shoulder; a quiet, kindly voice bade me move aside a moment, and our grave, gray-haired family physician laid his fingers on the white wrist, and then placed them on the still heart, and then, shaking his head sadly, turned away. I heard the words "Disease of the heart." That was all.

They left me alone with my dead at last. There in that room where I had seen her alive for the last time—where I had so wounded the dear heart whose last throb was for me! The fire glowed as brightly as ever. There stood her piano, still open, with a favorite song upon it. There was her work-table with her little basket upon it, and the book she had been reading, with a bit of ribbon to mark the place! There on a table were the things she had bought that evening, together with the piece of silk which had caused so much grief! The apron she had worn was thrown carelessly over the chair which I had drawn up to the fire to be in readiness when she returned. She had come back to me. But it seemed as if she had come in some terrible dream from which I can never awake.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SHORT WHIST.—"Short whist," says a descendant of Mrs. Battle, whose opinions on the game are very generally known, "is a rubber, where two out of four are hard-up players, unable to settle their losses. This is very 'short whist.'" "Long whist," adds this excellent matron, "is Mr. Battle's constant excuse for coming home from his Club at four o'clock in the morning."

A badly-bunged-up Emerald Islander, in response to the inquiry, "Where have you been?" said, "Down to Mrs. Mulroony's wake, and an illigant time we had of it. Fourteen fights in fifteen minutes; only one whole nose left in the house, and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

HOW TO MAKE A WATCH KEEP TIME.—Never wind it up, it will then keep the same time all the year round.

A new novel by the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton is announced with the title of "Life in the Squares." Is it possible that she has solved a great social problem? for, of course, life in the squares means life in the best circles. This quadrature of the circle, if it is all on the square, will astonish the sages.

BOY. "Please, Sir, tell me the time?"
CRUSTY OLD GENT. "Yes, Sir—bed-time!"

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—Queen Elizabeth was remarkably proud of her personal appearance. When she assumed to herself the title of "Head of the Church," it was Sir Walter Raleigh who suggested, that, instead of this title, her Majesty should have that of "The Vane."

WORTH KNOWING.—Tell not your secrets in a cornfield; it has thousands of ears.

We have a specimen of the Celtic race in our kitchen, says a correspondent, whose partiality for funerals, wakes, and other enjoyments of the representatives of that nationality, is frequently manifested in a very ludicrous manner. She asked a few days' leave of absence recently to visit a cousin. On her return I asked if she had enjoyed herself. "Faith, ma'am," said she, "and it was as good as a funeral all the time."

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—Because we are glad when he leaves.

"John, did you leave Mr. Jones's umbrella at his house?" "No, ma," said John. "And why did you not, my son? Didn't I tell you to?" "Yes, ma," said John; "but didn't you tell me a little while ago to keep something for a rainy day, and what better thing can I keep than an umbrella?"

"Pray, Mr. Labriska, why do you whip your children so often?" "La, Mr. Worthy, I does it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my life that they did not acknowledge it made them smart."

Certain coquettes, gayly dressed, thickly powdered, and well rouged, being at a ball in Paris, asked a foreigner present how he was pleased with the French beauties. "Ladies," he replied with great *naïveté*, "I'm no judge of painting."

Some one says that going to law is mighty cold business, for all you ever get is but just-*ice*, and sometimes you don't get even that.

While walking with a friend, a gentleman accidentally stepped upon a lady's trailing dress; she turned with a frowning look, and a strong expression of anger. With his usual urbanity he replied, "I am sorry, madam, very sorry, indeed, but really I didn't know that I was within a quarter of a mile of you!"

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

A young gentleman with an inquiring mind wishes to be enlightened on the following: If brooks are, as the poets call them, the most joyous things in Nature, what are they always murmuring about?

"Where are you going?" said Selwyn to an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

Why are young ladies like arrows?—Because they are all in a quiver when the beaus come.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

All that is necessary for the enjoyment of sausages at breakfast is *confidence*.

EPIGRAM.

A watch lost in a tavern! That's a crime;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time.

The watch kept time; and if time will away,
I see no reason why the watch should stay.

You say the key hung out, and you fail'd to lock it;
Time will not be kept pris'ner in a pocket.

Henceforth, if you will keep your watch, this do,
Pocket your watch, and watch your pocket, too.

A lady who went to consult Mr. Abernethy began describing her complaint, which is what he very much disliked. Among other things she said, "Whenever I lift my arm it pains me exceedingly." "Why, then, ma'am," answered Mr. A., "you are a great fool for doing so."

HAIRDRESSER'S MOTTO.—Two heads (of hair) are better than one.

When a man's face turns as yellow as a guinea, he has a rich complexion.

"No matter how often you may fall into the river," said an old toper, "you won't drown if your head swims."

A rich upstart once asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the reply.

An Irish lawyer, famed for cross-examining, was on one occasion completely silenced by a horse-dealer. "Pray, Mr. ——, you belong to a very honest profession?" "I can't say so," replied the witness: "for, saving you lawyers, I think it the most dishonest going."

A soldier who was being led to the gallows saw a crowd of people running on before. "Don't be in such a hurry," said he to them. "I can assure you nothing will be done without me."

The laird o' M'N——b was writing a letter from an Edinburgh coffee-house, when a friend observed that he was acting at defiance the laws of orthography and grammar. "I ken that weel eno'!" exclaimed the Highland chieftain: "but how can a man write grammar with a pen like this?"

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic matter-of-fact person. "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you won't have far to go," said the p[illegible]matic man.

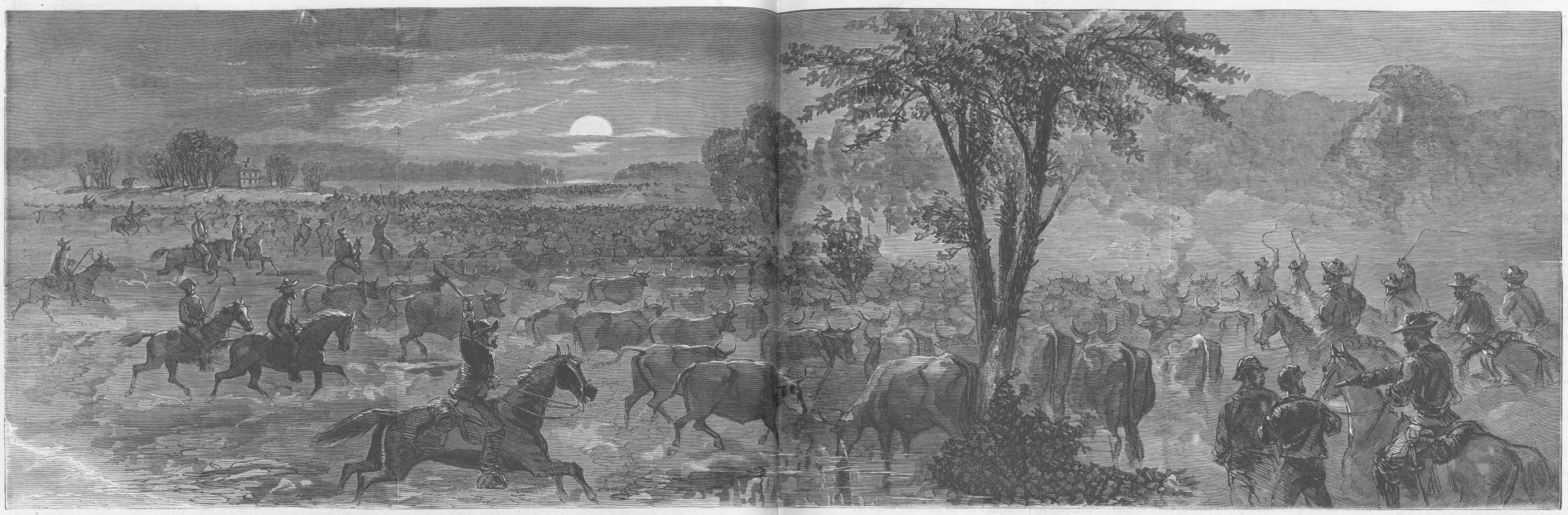
A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The by-standers asked him if he was mad—she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, "She was obstinate and contrary in her life, and no doubt she was the same at her death."

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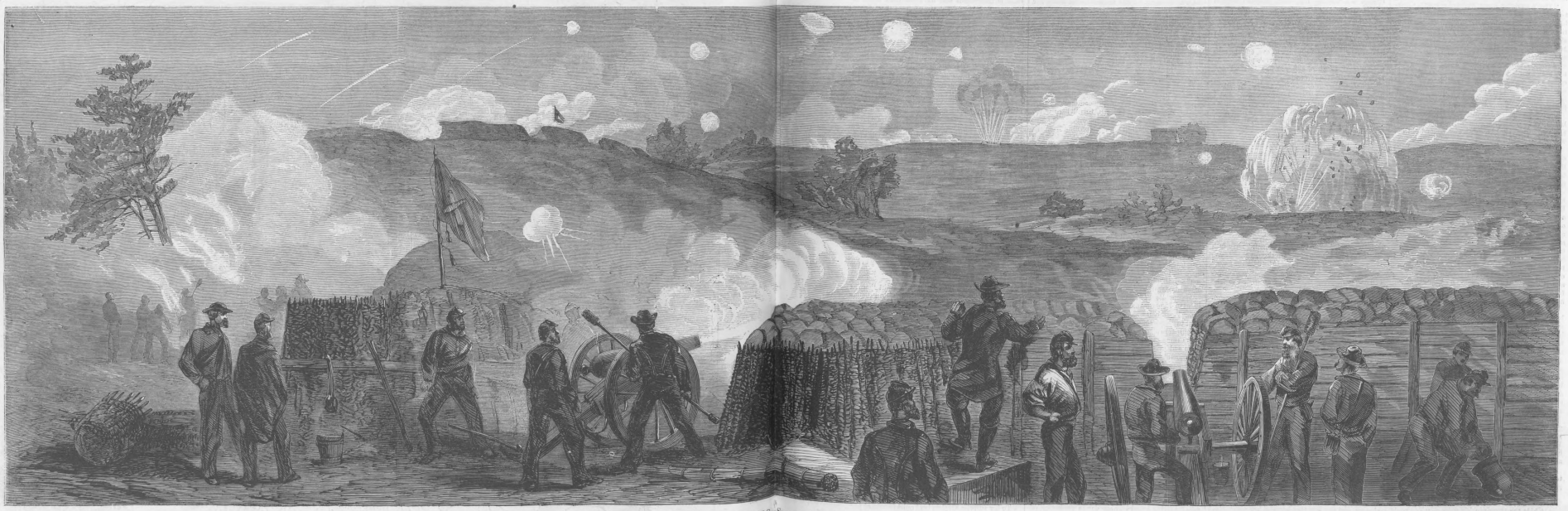


MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN, SHOWING THE LINES OF GENERAL GRANT'S COMBINATIONS.

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THE GREAT CATTLE RAID AT HARRISON'S LANDING SEPTEMBER 16, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 654.]



MIDNIGHT BEFORE PETERSBURG.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

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"NO REST."

Too soon, too soon does the sun ascend from the east at morning,
Too long he lingers at eve by his crimson gates in the west;
Proud of his kingly light, and the ruddy robes of his splendor
While under his eye of fire, I wait and long for rest.
Rest for the busy hand and the ever-aching brain;
Rest for the beating heart that has beat so long in vain:
So soon the long day dawns, so slow she wings her flight,
While the weary sons of toil are faint for the bliss of night.

Rest! But when night has come and slumber is still denied,
When the brain must still be busy, the hand not idle yet,
And the pleasant sounds of peace to the toiler, heavy-eyed,
Mock him with restless longings for joys he would fain forget.
Ah! then does he cry by night—"O morn! delay thy dawn,
For the hour of toil returns when the Sabbath of night is gone.
Let slumber a little longer on these dull eyes be pressed,
Grant to thy child—O grant the precious boon of Rest!"

And the Father majestic answers: "Is this a time to be idle,
When thy land is striving to banish the errors that she deplores:
When, calm in a steadfast faith, she celebrates her bridal
With the red-robed god of war, and sorrow is on her shores?
O, pause not now on the way, nor faint till the task be done;
No rest, no peace, no joy while the battle is not won.
Cry not for Sabbaths now, but deal with a willing hand,
And soon the Sabbath of peace shall dawn over all the land."

The sweet thoughts kiss my heart as the sweet lips of a bride
Fall on her husband's brow, and I wake to toil again.
Up, up! my hand, my heart! Away on the heavy tide!
No Rest for me till the dawn of freedom from death and pain.
Welcome again the morn and the slow-winged hours of toil;
I shall use my life and hope for the peace of my native soil.
I long no more for night; my pillow shall not be pressed
Till the land of my life and love is redeemed to a holy Rest.

CHRISTY ANDREWS.

Low kitchen walls, but white as drifted snow, with the spring sunshine flinging amber glooms across their spotlessness, a singing kettle on the hearth, and a white-spread table waiting.

Something else waited also. Rocking softly to and fro in her easy-chair, her head thrown back, so that you could see the round white throat with its ruffled circlet, the firm little chin, the serious, thoughtful profile, sat Christy Andrews, waiting for the husband of three months to come in from the fields to his tea.

"That's a mighty smart husband o' yourn, Christy," said a stout, dumpy-looking woman, in a rusty black dress, who sat near the window, from time to time eying the temptingly spread table; "they ain't another farmer in the county I reckon that's got his crops in this soon. 'Pears like some folks always is ahead o' their work, and the rest is always a letting their work get ahead o' them. 'Pears like, too, that in this yer western country every thing comes so easy that the farmers think they hain't got *nothin'* to do; and crops does come a'most with lookin' at 'em. Ain't you none afeard, Christy, that Stephen'll take it into his head to volunteer?"

Christy had scarcely seemed to hear the good lady before. Now a brightness flashed into her eyes that, half tears as it was, heralded with eager light her words.

"I shouldn't say a word, if he wanted to go," she said, almost passionately—"I shouldn't say a word, if it killed me to have him go. When I think of the old flag treated so—our old flag—I wish I was a man long enough to strike a blow for it."

Stephen Andrews standing just outside, where he had stopped at sound of Christy's ringing tones, lingered still a moment; but she did not speak again, and he cut short a somewhat prosy speech of Mrs. Dunn's as he entered the room, with no sign upon his manly face of having heard his wife, and saying good-evening to that lady, proceeded to hang up his hat and prepare for tea. Christy's little hands trembled some as she poured and passed the tea, and once or twice when her eyes met Stephen's casually, hers lingered questioningly. Her keen and loving intuitions perceived a slight change in him, and bravely as she had just expressed herself, a vague apprehension troubled her.

Stephen did not evade her look, he even smiled back at her; but her eyes were struggling with mistiness all tea-time. In the softly golden twilight—such twilight as comes nowhere as it does to that breezy prairie-land—when Christy had put away the little tea-table, and Mrs. Dunn had gone, and Christy stood in the low doorway, looking away across the rustling grass to where the sun had just sunk among green billows, Stephen came and stood beside her with an arm about the round, trim waist, and the young wife clasped her hands across his strong shoulder and drooped her face pensively beside them. Vaguely she felt what was coming.

"We're very nicely fixed here, aren't we, little girl?" Stephen said, in a low voice; "we've just got nicely fixed!" And then, quoting something Mrs. Dunn had said about Christy's housekeeping, he added, lightly, "I wish you understood farming as well as you do housekeeping!"

"Do you?" said Christy, lifting her large eyes to his face. What she read there chained her glance.

"Yes," Stephen said, caressing the little face with his hand, bending his own to it, and speaking low to hide the tremor in his voice. "You could see to the farm then while I am gone."

"Gone? Oh, Stephen!"

He drew her close within his arms, very agitated himself, for he realized what it was he was about to do, and she was but a three-months' wife—the one woman of all the world to him, the one love of his life.

"You will be brave, dear, I know. I have been wanting to say this some time, but I was afraid to tell you till this afternoon. I heard what you said to Mrs. Dunn, and that gave me courage."

Christy lay very still in his arms for a little, and then she lifted her head and kissed him, whispering,

"I will be brave, dear; I'm prouder to have you go than I should be happy in having you stay; but—but—you know, Stephen, you're all I've got!"

"I know, child," and he kissed her. After a long silence, which neither broke for fear of betraying too much agitation to the other, Stephen said, wishing to break the current of too sad thought,

"I feel anxious about the farm, Christy; I've got every thing in such prime order now. It's a pity to have it all run down, as it is almost sure to do."

Ever ready to second him, Christy said, in the same tone,

"I think I'll learn to be a farmer, Stephen. Why couldn't I? I sha'n't have much housekeeping to do, you know, and—"

Tears filled her eyes in an overwhelming tide, but she would not let him see them, and stopped speaking when her voice began to tremble.

Stephen, however, was thinking about his farm, and did not notice.

"Yes," he went on, "I should feel easier if I knew of good hands to leave the farm with. I've got it mostly planted now, and I'd let any good man take it on shares, and give him a good bargain too. But the fact is, these fellows that are round taking farms that way don't, the most of 'em, know any more about farming than you do. There's that lot of sorghum, now—if it could be half taken care of, I candidly believe there wouldn't be such another yield in the State. It's coming up splendidly, and I never had my heart more set upon any crop than I have on that cane."

Christy let him talk on, stimulating him with a word now and then—Stephen was an enthusiast about farming—but all the while she was thinking how short a time it might be now before his strong arm would cease to clasp her.

Stephen's father lived in an adjoining county. One morning, a few days after Stephen had decided to volunteer, the old man presented himself at his son's house.

"Is this true, Stephen?" he questioned. "I hear you are going to volunteer."

"Yes, father, I was coming over to tell you and mother myself, as soon as I could," Stephen answered, gravely, while Christy nearly burned her face to a crisp looking in the oven after the pies which she could not see for the tears that blinded her in a sudden rush.

"Well, it's best maybe," said Mr. Andrews. "I reckon you know what you're up to; but what's agoin' to come of the farm, and what's Christy goin' to do? If I was her, I wouldn't let you go a step."

The oven-door shut suddenly with a bang, and Christy was rushing out, when Stephen stopped her, and drew her reluctantly toward his father.

"Christy thinks the country needs me more than she or the farm," he said.

Mr. Andrews glanced at the red little face and the swelling eyelids. "Yes," he said, "the women are crazier than the men, I b'l've, and the men can't volunteer fast enough. There's plenty to go without you, Stephen, and you just married, and nobody to leave the farm with."

"I'm just the sort of man they need most, father, not too young, strong and hardy. Christy and I think it's right, and so I'm going. I thought maybe I could get you or one of the boys to look after the farm a little. If Caleb or Rob, now, would take it on shares."

"Caleb and Rob both volunteered yesterday; and it takes all my authority and his mother's entreaties to keep Jack from goin' the same road, youngster as he is. She let the other two go, but she hangs to Jack, and she was terrible took aback on Christy's account to hear that you was thinking of this sort of thing. I'll do any thing I can of course, but I'm old, you know, and I've got my own crops to see after. I don't know how I'll manage without Caleb and Rob."

"Never mind, there'll be some way. Whose regiment are the boys in? I ought to be in the same one."

"Denning's like to be their Colonel, Thirty-fifth Regiment; and it ain't full, I reckon, yet. If you be goin', Stephen, I'd like you to be with the boys."

"I'll go over this afternoon, and call on Townsend as I go. I was thinking of Townsend to take the farm if you couldn't."

This afternoon! Christy's fevered face grew suddenly white and chill; every thing seemed to whirl about her.

Mr. Andrews saw, and exclaimed, almost impatiently, "Townsend's no farmer; stay at home till you're wanted, Stephen and attend to your own business!"

"I think I'm wanted now, father." And then, seeing Christy's white face, "It's only to volunteer, you know, child; the regiment won't leave for weeks yet, and it's such an object to be near Caleb and Rob."

"Yes," Christy said, catching her breath.

Stephen volunteered that afternoon, but Townsend couldn't take the farm; and nobody was found to take it up to the last moment. Stephen's father promised to do what he could, and Stephen had to leave it so. A sore thing it was to him too, for next to his wife and his country that farm occupied the largest place in Stephen Andrews's thoughts.

Poor little Christy! She had coaxed a reluctant consent from Stephen to stay in their own little home while he was gone, and his sister Sarah was coming to live with her. But she thought, those first weeks after he had gone, that the pain of his absence, and the fear that haunted her about him, could scarcely be endured long.

Stephen wrote often, however, cheery letters, and had much to say about the farm. It worried him yet. They had tried a great deal to find some one to take it, but nobody was to be found. It was too late in the season; and meanwhile Stephen's hitherto carefully-tended fields missed him terribly. Mr. Andrews and Jack had done something, and now and then Christy had succeeded in hiring a man for a day or two, but the farm looked badly.

"I hate to tell him how things are; Sarah," said Christy, as she sat with Stephen's last letter open before her, and a pen in her hand preparatory to answering it. "He insists upon knowing just how every thing looks, and it's discouraging to have to tell him how it is."

She sat thoughtful a long time; Sarah, who was elderly and talkative, keeping up a glib dissertation on ways and means, none of which were practicable.

"I've heard Stephen say that if he wanted any thing done really, it was always safest to do it himself."

It was not easy to tell by this speech exactly in what channel Christy's thoughts were running; but presently she said aloud,

"Sarah, I believe I can do it myself. I'm not strong like Stephen; but I know how things ought to be done almost as well as he does. The farm needs a head more than any thing else. That stupid Fritz used to work well enough with Stephen to watch him, and I almost know I could plow corn. Andy Johnson—that little fellow, you know, Sarah, that was here this morning after sweet-potato plants—he can't be stronger than I am, and he plows corn by the acre. Then there's the sorghum; that's just woman's work at first, you know—too nice for a man's hands any how. Andy and I could do that easy enough. I shall write Stephen that I've got somebody at last to take the farm—somebody that knows how, too. It will relieve his heart of one anxiety, poor fellow!"

And she forthwith wrote precisely that, despite Sarah's demurring and astounded expostulations.

Mr. Andrews was having a busy time, and did not happen to come over to see them for about ten days, so that Christy had an opportunity to put her project in operation, and judge of the probability of success before receiving his remonstrances.

They were loud and long when they came; but Christy was—though quiet, and a little shy—so firm, and then she had a coaxing way of her own; and in the end the good old farmer grumblingly promised to keep her secret and let her have her way.

No one was to tell Stephen who had taken the farm; and Christy, in all her letters upon the subject, was singularly neglectful about giving names till he gave up asking.

"She won't hold out so," Mr. Andrews muttered to himself every time he came to the farm, though he was fain to confess that so far she had done wonders.

It was hard work—literal hard work—physically and mentally. The little hands grew brown with toil, and the young head ached with weariness and anxiety. She worked early and late, overtaxing herself indeed; but she was scarcely conscious of it, she was so eager. Fritz worked better under her eye than under Stephen's even, and after a while he brought a great strong Dutch brother of his to work with him. Little Andy came to help as long as the corn needed plowing, and Christy herself, after a deal of awkwardness, learned to plow too. The sorghum was the most troublesome of any thing; but Christy would not suffer it to be neglected at all, because she knew how much pride Stephen always had in it.

It was hard work—neither romance nor poetry in it—save as she thought of Stephen. She accomplished nothing by any romantic sleight of hand. It was what I tell you, literal hard work, not precisely necessitated but important; for Stephen depended upon the profits accruing from the farm to pay off a small debt yet upon it, and he had no other means save his soldier's pay. Being a private, that was not much. Hard work of head and hands, but the farm smiled, and that field of sorghum—how many of you ever saw a field of the Chinese sugar-cane rustling its slender, graceful reeds in a prairie breeze?—the long, lance-like leaves in a constant quiver, the tall arrowy canes bending and swaying, pliant as willows, and the heavy heads, black and shining like tasseled jet, nodding, nodding—that field of sorghum was the comfort of Christy's lonesome, tired life. She never looked at it without smiles or tears, it reminded her so of Stephen. Just so tall and straight, and supple of limb was he; and if suddenly one of those western tornadoes—that come sometimes—had burst upon that field and felled those green and serried ranks, I think Christy would have taken it as an omen almost, though she wasn't superstitious.

Meanwhile Stephen's regiment, ordered to the Eastern Department from the first, had seen service. Possibly it was incessant occupation only that kept Christy's senses from forsaking her in the awful suspense a-[illegible] that unhappy battle of Bull Run. News came at last—all three of the brothers were alive and unharmed. August, and the first week of September, passed safely, and then a long silence—an awful suspense, strangely unbroken by news of any of the three—and then, such news.

Caleb and Rob were prisoners, and Stephen—a comrade home on a sick furlough brought the word, and he shrank from Christy when he tried to tell her of her husband.

"He is dead," she said, in cold, still tones, a white circle creeping round her little mouth.

"Not dead," the man answered; "but I have heard him say that death would have been better. He is blind."

"Blind!" Christy covered her pale face with her hands and crept quietly away, thanking God for her husband's life. Blind! Had she not sight, and was not she his—oh! all his, God granting; but "poor, poor Stephen!"

It was true. Some lightning from the deadly missiles flying round him one day in the hottest of the fight had flashed blindness upon Stephen Andrews. Some other, slighter injuries there were; but he was better of them now, and was coming home in a few days. Christy went to meet him, putting tender arms about him, and crying upon his neck, "Never to leave me again, my darling." And then she led him home, the great, strong man, like a chained eagle; but already in her sweet and loving presence he felt it less.

At home—and he had not said a word about the farm. Christy would not speak, for she was afraid of hurting him. He could not *see* what she had done, not even the sorghum lot, and she always looked at it through tears now. How often she had pictured his surprise when he came to know that it was only his little Christy that had taken the farm! How often she had imagined to herself his start and look of surprise, and then the loving, loving chiding she should get! And now—now he would never see any of it, never more. Well, God was good still; God knew better than she what was best for her and Stephen.

Stephen said little. He was moody and taciturn, with a hard, unreconciled expression upon his face that reminded Christy constantly of what the man said about his wishing that death had smote him rather than blindness, and it hurt her somehow terribly to have him feel so. *She* could never be thankful enough that his life was spared her, and that she was able to be what she was to him. He did not know yet all she was capable of being to him.

One day Stephen, stumblingly, and with a more despairing look than usual, asked some questions about the farm. Christy drew him on to talk of it, and finally coaxed him out, telling him how every thing looked in such apt phrase that it might have been to him almost like seeing it. But his face only hardened. She led him among the breezy, silken rustle of the sugar-cane, and told him how clean, and tall, and fair it was, and then, with her face upon his shoulder as in the old time, she tried to comfort and soften him with loving talk.

He seemed to listen, but he said little in reply; and she noticed that his hands were hard clenched all the time. Once he seemed to shudder through all his strong muscular frame as with a sort of rage at the strength and stature that was yet so impotent.

Poor little Christy! Her heart ached and ached to see him so, and all the while she talked the tears were slowly gathering in her eyes, and dropping one by one. How should he know it though?

Meanwhile, a cloud scarcely larger than a man's hand at first, had grown, and, almost before Christy became conscious of its presence, had overspread the heavens. An awful hush suddenly filled the air, as though all nature listened—a hush—and yet an indescribable suggestion of sound—a panting of the very atmosphere.

Christy knew too well what these signs forboded, and turned at once toward the house. They had scarcely gone ten steps, however, before, with a swirl and a swoop, like some immense and winged destruction, it was upon them—a true Western tornado.

Imagine a body of wind impassable as a wall of fire, sweeping with the seeming swiftness of lightning over the country, marking its way with the ruins of homesteads that have crumbled before it like dust, breaking great strong trees short off at the base, lifting on its mighty wings huge timbers, and launching them like Titanic bolts through the air. Imagine thunder, like the crash of all the elements, and lightning like the flash of their dissolving—imagine crash and blinding glare, and mighty wind all in one, and so swift that while you said, "Let us flee!" it was upon you, and you have some idea of one of those tornadoes that have in late years so desolated portions of Illinois and some other Western States.

Stephen had sufficient self-possession to drop instantly to the ground, and force Christy with him. Almost in the same moment she was torn from him by the wind, and he called after her vainly. The fury of the storm was such that his voice fell back upon him like a tide-wave meeting breakers.

Almost maddened, between his impotence and an awful uncertainty concerning her fate, he rose to his feet, but was instantly dashed again to the ground by the wind, and with a force that left him helpless some moments.

The storm spent itself, however, in that first rage, and by the time he could rise again to his unsteady feet a comparative lull had come. Groping his way, he moved on, calling frantically at every step. What he suffered in those moments of suspense it is impossible to tell. He had known instances of awful and swift destruction in these tornadoed storms; and, when after what seemed to him a long interval, he still received no reply to his calls, he groaned aloud.

"Oh, Stephen! are you safe?"

She had risen up from the ground right there at his side. Some missile of the many filling the air had struck her, or else the fury with which the wind dashed her down had caused that unconsciousness from which she had only then roused. It was she, her little soft touch upon his arm; and as Stephen clasped her once more to him, after those moments which had seemed ages of darkness and agony, Christy little knew all that embrace meant to him.

He was still silent, as, drenched with the rain that was yet falling in torrents, they turned again toward the house; but he held Christy to him with a nervous clasp, and his face wore an expression that had not been upon it before since he came home.

Their house, as by a miracle, was unharmed; but, lingering in the doorway, Christy saw how destruction had swept over the farm. Acres of corn that this morning had waited in green and golden "shocks" made the fields look now like one vast threshing-floor. The sorghum, to use Christy's own simile, was as though a gigantic flat-iron had been dropped suddenly upon it; every cane was down, and the field looked as though strewn with rushes. She could not help catching her breath with consternation.

To her surprise Stephen bent quickly toward her, just as he used to do in the old time at any sign from her, but as he had not done of late. He had felt too bitter and unreconciled to his own fate to scarce be grateful even for her.

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"What is it, Christy?" he asked.

Wondering, she told him; and then gradually it came out how she had busied herself during his absence.

He could scarce believe her, but he comprehended at last; and when, her tongue once loosed on the subject, she went on in her own wise little way to tell him, first, what a summer it had been, and then to speculate on the ways and means for soonest remedying the mischief which the storm had done, perhaps the homely heroism that was undaunted under all the discouraging circumstances that surrounded her—and he numbered himself among them—touched him, in his sensitive state, more than any thing else could.

Holding her suddenly in his arms he poured forth all the pent-up emotion of the weeks past, of the day just dying gloriously now, after the storm. Standing in the red glory of that sunset the two took up the burden of life again, resolved cheerfully to bear it to the end, thankful to bear it together, and happier, perhaps, in each other than though suffering had not so tried them.

The corn and sugar-cane were saved with little waste; Christy was eyes and Stephen hands, and both had head; and they have worked so together ever since. And that is how Christy Andrews came to be a farmer.

GOOD-BY; GOD BE WITH THEE!

GOOD-NIGHT, the day is paling,
The sun will set in rain,
And I—my heart is failing,
And weakening with pain.

And thou—the tears will rise, love—
What dare I say of thee?
I gaze into thine eyes, love,
As though they were the sea;

Unsatisfied, unweary,
I look into their deep,
Till even visions dreary
Are safely laid to sleep;

And not our parting sorrow,
Not even coward fear,
Can make me feel the morrow,
While still I linger here.

Ten years—they must be ended
Some time before we die,
What hope and anguish blended,
Sweet heart, beneath thy sigh.

Ah! dear one, did I bid thee
Be calm and bear the pain?
Good-by, love, God be with thee,
And bring me back again!

TIT FOR TAT.

I WAS coming one morning into the city. I had the carriage to myself for some distance; then a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance, and manner. He was in evening dress, every thing about him, from the silk-faced dress-coat to the patent leather boots, being bran-new. A fact of which he was far from being unconscious; each of his garments, in its turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiquette was his neck-tie—a blue one, negligently arranged *à la* Byron under a rolling collar.

From this I augured that he was a poet, for turn-down collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrific gills, which, in short-necked men, endangered the safety of their whiskers and ears. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl being combated by the copious exhibition of grease, and probably by assiduous brushing.

His face, however, was somewhat against my theory: instead of being thin and pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, dumpling-like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, as he chuckled from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks, and presented to view a mere slit; his nose short, turned up, and garnished at the tip with six or seven curly hairs; his mouth expansive, and his teeth very good: fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come down.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to *embonpoint*.

In his button-hole he wore a magnificent white camellia, which, I regret to say, I saw, admired, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means if possible, if not, by foul.

This flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence a conversation which would acquire me the good graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camellia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying,

"Candidly, Sir, what do you think of my tailor?"

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as his work showed him to be a man of no common ability; I added, that he was fortunate in having a client whose figure and air would set off garments, even though fabricated with less consummate skill.

He tried to look modestly unconscious, and said,

"And who, Sir, may this client be with the *distingué* figure and air? As you say that you do not know my tailor, I might almost fancy that your truly flattering observations were addressed to me;—but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather below than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes men like you and me from the vulgar herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them. No, Sir, really; no indeed, Sir, really;" and he chuckled, blinked his eyes, and cast glances on his little round limbs of more than parental fondness. I perceived that he was not inaccessible to flattery, and did not despair of obtaining the camellia by fair means.

"I should apologize," said I, "for so personal a remark; it slipped from me unconsciously; but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the gentler sex. You are not insensible to their witcheries; I see that in your eye; nay, that camellia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy bondman of some black-eyed houri."

"How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love; but how did you find out the color of her eyes?"

"Well, I did not know positively. I thought it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have blue eyes, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?"

"Well, I can hardly tell you; I trust you may be right, but the fact is, I have never seen the lady's eyes."

"Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see: a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle voice, white hand, one raven lock just peeping from its concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little tiddly-iddly feet."

"Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "we are kindred spirits—you have felt the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp, and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, Sir, brother poets. Were it not a breach of the confidence she has reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our hopes, and our sorrows."

"You forget that so long as you conceal the lady's name there can be no breach of confidence. She is the unknown quantity; let X represent her."

"Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative; she would then become double, treble, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout."

"Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a slender and graceful letter."

"Good, let Y, for the moment, represent, unworthily, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, Sir, as you have already perceived, and not altogether unknown to the public; in the 'Poets' Corner of the Waverly *Repository exegi monumentum ære perennius!* You may have seen some of my contributions to that journal signed 'Beta.' I will just repeat you my 'Ode to the Morning.'"

"Pray don't take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to D—— at the Athenæum Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story."

"You have read my poem then: I had scarcely ventured to hope that the weak breathings of my muse had penetrated so far as New York."

"Why, my dear Sir, there are six copies of the Waverly *Herald* on the table of the Athenæum Club, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them; yet no one reads any part of it but the 'Poets' Corner.'"

"Not Waverly *Herald*, Waverly *Repository*. Well, I'll go on with my story. One evening I had just finished my 'Imitations of Anacreon,' and had taken them to the office of the Waverly *Repository*. The last feeble flicker of twilight was about to give way to the solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a quiet calm about the hour, that seemed to soften the heart, to prepare it for gentle impressions. In front of the office of the Waverly *Repository* is a garden. There roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful woodbine should twine round the trellis-work, and the stately lily should be there in the pride of her virgin purity; but I regret to say it is planted with potatoes. In this garden there are two gates. I was going down the path which leads to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition. (I never read the works of other people, it destroys originality of thought.) As I was going down this path I chanced to look toward the other gate: a fairy form was passing through it. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden in chase; but the potato stalks tripped me up, and I fell, sprained my ankle, and was incapacitated for further pursuit. I limped back to the office, and asked the clerk,

"'Who is that divine creature who has just left your office?'

"'That,' said he, grinning, 'is a contributor to our "Poets' Corner."'

"'She is a poetess, then—I knew it must be so. What is her name?'

"'Won't do,' said the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek, 'she wishes to remain *incog.*'

"Baffled in my inquiries, I returned to my couch, but not to sleep. That vision still haunted me—thought of the white hand, the raven locks, the taper ankle, the tiddly-iddly feet. Evening after evening did I lie in wait before the office in hopes of again meeting her, but in vain. Things went on so for a month, and every day I fell deeper in love; my appetite diminished, and I lost nearly two pounds in weight. At length a happy inspiration came upon me. I would pour out my soul in poetry, I would tell my love in the 'Poets' Corner' of the Waverly *Repository*. She was a poetess, she would read it: the sympathy which exists between kindred minds would tell her that she was the object addressed. I wrote the lines entitled 'A Glorious Twilight Vision.' Never in my most inspired moments had I so successfully portrayed the inward workings of the tender passion; for I then only imagined them, now I felt them. I will just repeat you those lines."

"Pray don't, Sir; I remember them well."

"I felt sure that she to whom they were addressed would read them, and reply; and I was not deceived. The next time I went to the office the clerk said, 'There is a letter here meant for you, I suppose.' It was directed, '—— Beetroot, Esq., contributor to the "Poets' Corner" of the Waverly *Repository*.' The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the similarity of sound was led into this very pardonable mistake. It showed she wasn't a blue-stocking, and I rejoiced at it.

"To make a long story short, we commenced a correspondence, but have never met; but this day she has given me a rendezvous at Pursell's, the pastry-cook, in Broadway. It is in honor of this occasion that I wear for the first time those garments, the fitting of which you so justly admire."

"And the camellia," I suggested, "don't you think that a budding rose would be more emblematic of your rising hopes? If so, I think I could manage to get you one."

"By no means; I should have told you that is our signal for recognition; we are each to wear a white camellia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Facilis est descensus Averni.* I had begun by coveting the one camellia, and resolving to obtain it by fair means, if possible. I now resolved to resort to the foulest means, if necessary, for its capture, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camellia now in the possession of the poetess of Waverly. To what a precipice was my passion for white camellias hurrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to try to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it, or take it by force.

Calling his attention to some objects on the roadside, I dexterously severed the stalk with a tap from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocket unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart the contents of the "Poets' Corner" in the Waverly *Repository*, it would still be a treat to hear some of these *chefs-d'œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his camellia, he favored me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry till our arrival at the city. I then took a hurried leave of him, jumped into a cab, and, transferring the camellia from my pocket to my button-hole, drove to Pursell's to complete my conquest.

We soon arrived there. Being in a capital humor, I was about to give the cabman a double fare. But what!—how is that? I tried my pockets one after another; no purse; the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

"My good man," said I, "I find that I have lost my purse, but my portmanteau is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Drive me to the St. Nicholas. I have a friend there who will lend me some money." The cabman saw the justice of my remark, and drove me to the St. Nicholas, where my friend received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal.

The journey was rather an expensive one for me, for not only was my purse gone, but my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the poet and I had been intent on similar designs; but while my ambition extended no further than white camellias, he had a weakness for articles of value and greenbacks.

It is needless to add that I did not return to Pursell's to complete my conquest, nor have I ever again met my friend the poet.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A GERMAN, who was wearied of Europe and had come to America, missed sparrows so greatly that he grew melancholy. "I can not live in a country where there are not even sparrows," he said, and returned to Germany. "O Lord!" he sighed there, "I can not live in a country where the police peer even into your soup-tureen," and went back to America. The same game was repeated several times. The absence of sparrows repulsed him here, the presence of policemen repulsed him there. How he found peace at last it is difficult to say. Great efforts are now being made to introduce sparrows into America, for their great value has been recognized.

CHARLES KEAN, the noted tragedian, visiting the United States, was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York merchants. Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said, "I saw you in Richard last night." Kean, feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed. "Yes, Sir," continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone; "I have seen your father in Richard; and I saw the last Mr. Cooke." Another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher. "Yes, Sir. Cooke, Sir, was better than your father; and your father, Sir, a long way better than *you*."

THE following, from W. B. D'Almeida's *Life in Java* gives an idea of Japanese marriages:

"I questioned Drahman concerning Japanese weddings and courtings, and was surprised to learn that the man and woman we had just seen were not yet married, though, according to the rites of the Mohammedan creed, they had been legally allied for nearly a whole week. The young couple were as yet only passing through a probational period, during which they live apart. Among the princes and the wealthy this separation sometimes continues three months, during which time the bridegroom meets his bride every afternoon in the presence of a number of friends invited on such occasions, for whose entertainment music is provided. When food is set before them, it is the duty of the *sposo* to feed his *spoza* with rice before all the people. All goes on merrily till midnight, when the bridegroom conducts his bride to her bed, drawing the curtains aside and assisting her in. When he has seen her comfortably settled he closes the curtains and tucks them in, so as to exclude the mosquitoes; after which, retiring with the guests, he is not permitted to see his bride again till the middle of the next day."

THE English profess to find much romance in the recent marriage of Belle Boyd to Lieutenant Samuel Harding, an officer of the U. S. Navy, on board the American war steamer *Connecticut*. The marriage took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, London:

"The lady, who is about the same age as the bridegroom, was the daughter of General Boyd, of the army of the Southern States, who lately expired in prison, having been made prisoner by the Federals. The lady's career is full of the most eventful and romantic features. Her father, who possessed vast estates in Virginia, early embraced the cause of Southern independence, was soon intrusted with command, obtaining the rank of General. His daughter, the bride, enthusiastically embraced the same cause, followed her father to the field, and accompanied him throughout his campaign with the celebrated 'Stonewall' Jackson, and on two occasions, heroically, as a modern Joan of Arc, led on the troops to battle; she was, however, in a skirmish captured, and made prisoner, and conveyed to Washington, where she was imprisoned. Here she remained 15 months, when she was exchanged for General Cochrane, who had been made prisoner by the Confederates. On her return to the South she went on board the *Greyhound*, Confederate steamer, which was captured by the Federal steamer *Connecticut* while running the blockade. Lieutenant Harding was sent on board the *Greyhound* as a prize-master, with his young heroine as a prisoner. The result was that they mutually became enamored and escaped together from the ship, and found their way to this country, the bride having succeeded in withdrawing her lover from his allegiance to the United States flag, and enlisted his sympathies and support for the South. It is the intention of Lieutenant Harding with his bride to leave this country at the end of September, to run the blockade, and enter the service of the Southern States. The marriage *cortege* was comparatively private, being confined to the bridemaid and two or three lady friends, the bridegroom being attended by a number of American gentlemen connected with the South."

AN English tourist, being recently "doing" Scotland, was ambitious to tell his friends on going home that he had scaled Goatfell without a guide. Against this mad project a "pawky" western Celt, who is wont to get his "sneezin" money out of adventurous visitors, earnestly sought to dissuade him for obvious reasons. All his arguments, however, failed, till he convinced the stranger of the utter impossibility of one unacquainted with the locality finding out of himself the really remarkable objects in it. "For instance," said he, in his broken English, which it would be vain for us to endeavor to imitate—"for instance," a happy thought suggesting itself on the spur of the moment, "there is a stone, and the strange thing connected with it is that if any one stands upon it he can hear no sound, however loud." "Indeed!" said the Cockney. "Try her," said the Highlander and Islander. Upon this the hero of Richmond Hill mounted the boulder, and Donald put his mouth into all the grotesque shapes which an enunciation of Gaelic gutturals requires and presupposes—slyly at the same time never sounding a note. The Cockney, supposing he was calling loudly, vowed he could not hear a whisper. Still, not quite satisfied with the experiment, he asked Donald to change places with him, which Donald gravely did. Forthwith the man of steaks and porter began to shout till the rocks and sides reverberated. Donald stood mute as nature. Again the Londoner called, but no apparent symptom of auditory susceptibility rose on the stolid features of the imperturbable Celt. "Most astonishing!" said the Cockney; and forthwith taking out his port-folio he entered the occurrence as not only the most extraordinary that had come under his notice in his "travels," but as also quite confirmatory of the remark of Donald how necessary it was always to have a "guide" in surveying Arran.

ONE of the most interesting features of our civil war is the readiness with which the privates of both armies fraternize. This disposition is most frequently shown in a sly process of barter going on between the pickets. "This traffic," says a *Tribune* correspondent, "seems to be carried on perhaps even more persistently and extensively, though a little differently, at some places on the left [referring to the army before Petersburg]. The pickets have an agreement not to fire on each other without due notice, but it is understood that all captures by main strength or superior numbers are legitimate. This makes the pickets somewhat shy of each other, and consequently the most of their traffic is carried on in writing. They have a neutral post between their lines—a stump, for instance—where notes of negotiation and commodities of exchange are mutually left. A note or two of the rebel pickets that I have seen will more fully explain the *modus operandi*:

"'Please leave the worth of this [a plug of tobacco] in writing-paper, with two envelopes. I will give you two plugs of tobacco for the knife.'

"'Please mail this letter [an open letter] to my mother in Kentucky. Put on one of your stamps, and here is one of ours and a piece of tobacco in return. What's the chance to get some coffee of you?'

"These notes, with or without the article referred to, as the case may be, are left at the nearest post, while the person leaving them retires, and the other person comes up and examines them, and replies—and so the traffic goes on. Sometimes the bargain and exchange is made in person, without the trouble of notes. One of the pickets told me that during one of the fiercest of the Weldon Railroad fights the pickets on a portion of the lines near by, not immediately engaged, were driving a brisk trade in tobacco, note-paper, etc. Besides this petty trafficking, not a little frank conversation on the state of affairs is known to be carried on between the more intelligent of the soldiers on picket."

A FEW years ago, M. Herran, French Consul-General at Salvador, discovered a sort of bean, the *Sinobe cedron*, which is a specific against the bite of venomous reptiles. While on an important mission across the mountains, one of the Indians of his suite was stung by an *omis*, one of the most dangerous of the snake tribe. Another Indian, however, at once administered a powder, which the patient swallowed, and a perfect cure ensued. M. Herran immediately purchased the secret, which was simply the above-mentioned bean reduced to powder. But for venom of a less deadly nature, such as the sting of the bee or wasp, phenic acid is an excellent antidote. This acid is obtained by the decomposition of spyrollic acid, salicine, and coal, by heat. It is solid, colorless, and crystallizable; it melts at 35 degrees Centigrade, boils at 188 degrees, and has a peculiar odor and a pungent taste. It is scarcely soluble in water, but very much so in ether and alcohol. This acid applied to the place will stop the inflammation and take away all pain.

DR. ALFRED TAYLOR, in a report on the means of committing murder by poison which are allowed to exist in England, says that poison enough to kill two adults can be purchased any where for three-pence, and that the careless dispensing of poisonous drugs is the cause of most frightful accidents. As to laudanum, it appears to be sold wholesale, single shops often in the Marshland supplying three or four hundred customers every Saturday night. Retail druggists often dispense 200 pounds in one year; and one man complained that his wife had consumed £100 in opium since he married. It is a mistake to consider the practice confined to the marshy districts. We do not believe there is a town in England where some one chemist does not on Saturday night load his counter with little bottles of laudanum; and we were assured by a wholesale drug-dealer that he could and did sell it in the eastern counties to the extent of some thousand pounds' weight in a year. This gentleman, an old and keen observer, declared that the demand had sprung up shortly after the introduction of teetotalism, and that it would be found to vary every where in accordance with the progress or decline of the system of total abstinence.

IN Yorkshire, England, sacrilegious hands have been disturbing deposits as old as "the dust of Alexander" in the fields about Settrington Beacon, upon the north-western spur of The Wolds, are several mounds which are regarded as of the British era. A ruthless farmer recently set about demolishing one of the large low mounds, already reduced in height, the surface-soil presenting a more than usual collection of chalk-flints. The laborers made a considerable excavation into the very heart of the tumulus, the contents of which, except a quantity of human bones, were forthwith carted away. It seems that the workmen were struck with finding these bones, and the circumstances reaching Malton, a lover of antiquities came over to make inquiries on the spot. A foot or two below the crown of the mound the men met with a walled chamber, which contained a large urn, holding a quantity of ashes and, the account states, a handful of whitish fatty substance. The urn was broken, but a fragment shows it to have been of unbaked clay; and the mixture of ashes and bones shows the tumulus to have been used for burials by cremation and otherwise. A surgeon has made out from the bones the greater part of the skeleton of a man, who must have stood over six feet high in life. A further examination of the tumulus is promised. At Malton, which is supposed to have been one of the oldest Brigantian fortified towns in this part of Britain, some remains of a later age have been found. During recent excavations for drainage works the workmen have cut across the two moats which formerly defended the Norman walls of the town, just outside the western gate.

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CHARGE OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS ON THE REBEL WORKS AT JONESBOROUGH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE LATE GENERAL RUSSELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

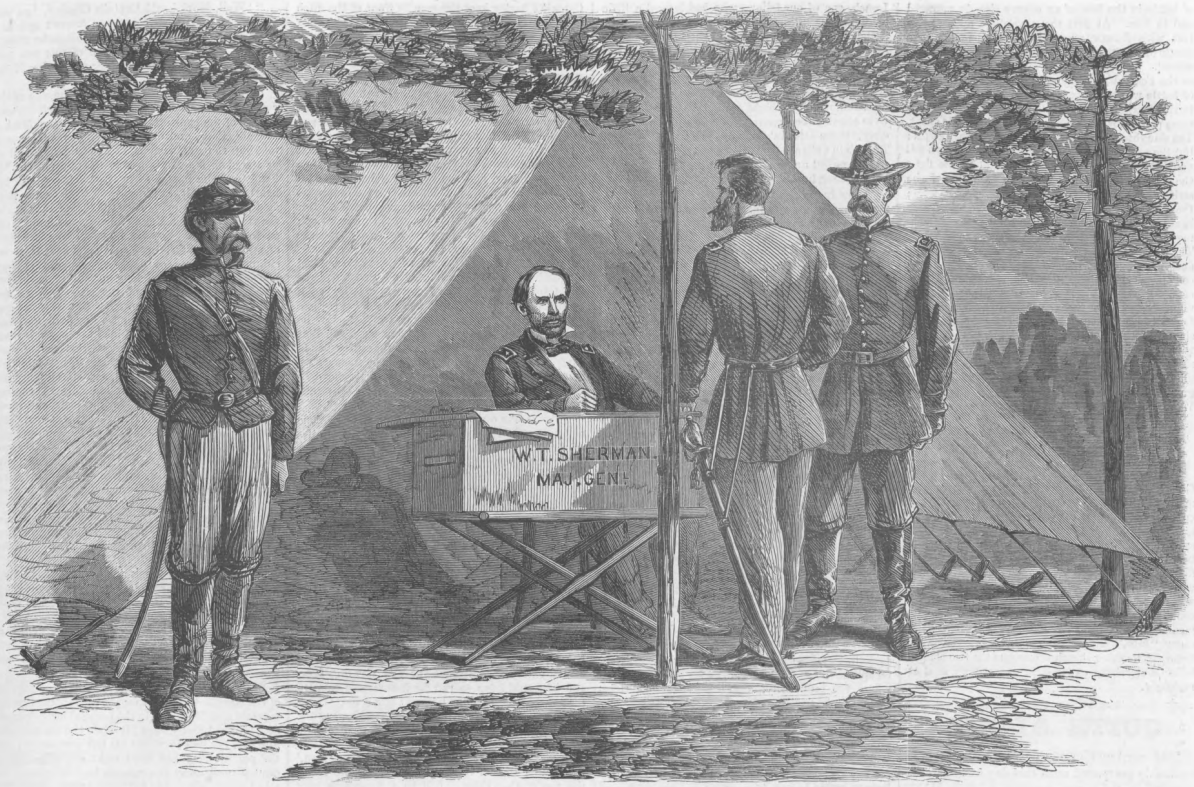
GENERAL RUSSELL.

THE late Brigadier-General DAVID A. RUSSELL, whose portrait we give above, was born in Washington County, New York. He entered the West Point Military Academy at an early age, graduating in July, 1845. He entered the army as Captain in the Fourth infantry, and until 1855 was engaged in operations on the Pacific coast. As Colonel of the Seventh Massachusetts he entered upon the present conflict, participating in the Peninsular campaign. For distinguished services in the battle of Williamsburg he was made a Brevet Major, and soon afterward a full Major in the Eighth infantry. When General BURNSIDE became commander of the army RUSSELL had been nominated for a Brigadier-Generalship, and the appointment was confirmed March, 1863. In the attack on Fredericksburg his brigade was engaged, and also in the battle of Gettysburg. It was in November, 1863, that General RUSSELL took command of the First Division of the Sixth (SEDGWICK'S) Corps. With this command he was engaged in the battles of the Wilderness, and lately in the important and decisive battles in the Shenandoah Valley. In the battle of September 19 he was killed. General RUSSELL united to the accomplishments of a soldier the courtesy of a gentleman. He was noble in stature, heroic in action, and was beloved by his command.



THE LATE COLONEL GROWER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S FLY.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

COLONEL GROWER.

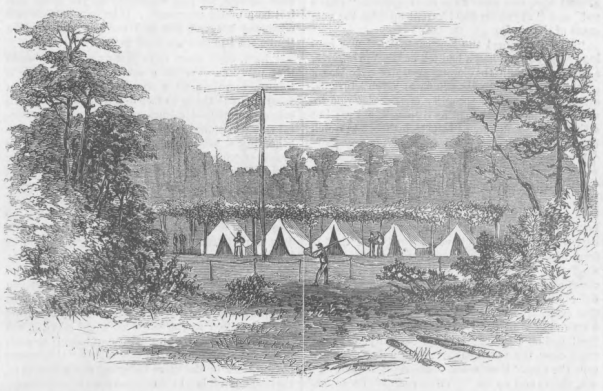
THE late Colonel GROWER, whose portrait is given on page 652, and who was killed in the recent battle of Jonesborough, was a native of Brooklyn, New York. At the beginning of the war he held a responsible position in the Metropolitan Bank of this city; but his patriotism induced him to enter the ranks of the Seventeenth New York Volunteers, under Colonel LANSING. From Captain he was soon promoted to Major, and finally from Major to Colonel. After the term of the regiment expired he reorganized it, and was sent to the West. He had been severely wounded, yet he entered upon the new campaign under General SHERMAN with all his original enthusiasm. When his regiment was ordered to Decatur, Alabama, after SHERMAN'S expedition into Mississippi last winter, he commanded a brigade. In August, 1864, his command was ordered to the front, and formed part of the storming party which carried the enemy's works at Jonesborough. It was here, while leading his command in a spirited onset, that he was killed. Although only twenty-five years of age his rapid promotion indicated rare soldierly ability, which would have doubtless met still higher awards of honor had his life been spared. He has received, however, the highest award which the soldier ever asks, that of dying on the battle-field while fighting for his country's honor.

THE "GEORGIA."

WE give on this page a sketch of the Confederate Privateer *Georgia*, which was captured by Captain WYTHECOMBE, of the United States frigate *Niagara*, August 24, 1864. The *Georgia* is a screw steamer. Since it was employed as a belligerent vessel in the destruction of American commerce it has been sold to Mr. E. BATES, a ship-owner of Liverpool. Mr. BATES having purchased the ship she was chartered by the Portuguese Government to convey passengers between Lisbon and the African coast of the West Indies. She had been dismantled for this purpose, and was under orders from Lisbon, sailing under the British flag at the time of her capture by Captain WYTHECOMBE. The crew of the *Georgia* was landed at Dover, and the vessel itself sent to this country for the purpose of adjudication in a prize court.

ATLANTA.

WE give on this page, and on pages 545 and 652, sketches of ATLANTA and the BATTLE OF JONESBOROUGH, together with a picture of GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS at Atlanta and a sketch of his FLY.



VIEW OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

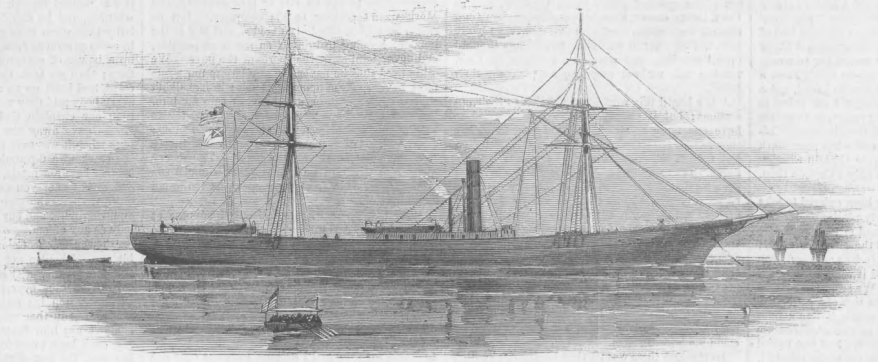
The two views of Atlanta given on page 645 represent different portions of the city, one of them being a view of the city as the spectator stands on Whitehall Street, and the other of Whitehall Street itself, which is the principal business thoroughfare of the city. The view from Whitehall shows the Georgia Railroad Bank. Off to the right is the Railroad Dépôt; and Trout House is visible in the distance. In the view of Whitehall Street itself the large corner building is one now used by the Twenty-third Corps as a hospital; it was formerly used by the rebel army as a signal-station. Atlanta has long been considered one of the principal centres of refinement in the South. A good proportion of its population was from the North.

The sketch on page 652 represents the charge of the Federal troops on the rebel works at Jonesborough, and the capture of a portion of the rebel army. This post was defended by HARDEE and LEE. DAVIS'S Corps, the Fourteenth, was the main force engaged in the attack. Generals CARLIN and MORGAN, whose portraits we gave last week, led the advance.

The two engravings on this page relate to General SHERMAN personally. One of them gives a view of the General's Head-quarters; the other represents him sitting at his "Fly," engaged in correspondence or other details of an official character.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

WE give on our first page a portrait of General PHILIP SHERIDAN, whose recent victories in the Valley of the Shenandoah have given us a foretaste of the glorious prospect awaiting the country of victory and peace. General SHERIDAN was born in Ohio in 1831 of Irish parentage. He graduated at West Point in 1853, with the rank of Brevet Second-Lieutenant, First Infantry. After two years' service at Fort Duncan, Texas, he was engaged in surveys in California for the Pacific Railroad, and was afterward one of the most prominent officers engaged in the adjustment of difficulties with the Indians in that vicinity. March 14, 1861, he was promoted to a Captaincy, and in the subsequent year became commander of the Second Brigade of the Cavalry Division of the Army of the Mississippi. After his victory over the rebel General CHALMERS before Corinth he was promoted to the grade of a Brigadier-General, and in BUELL'S advance upon BRAGG commanded the Eleventh Division of the Army of the Ohio. For distinguished service in the battle of Stone River he was appointed a Major-General December 31, 1862. Robust and energetic, yet skillful and cautious, he is one of our three great generals who has never met with defeat. With that rare instinct which never fails, GRANT saw that General PHILIP SHERIDAN was the man most fit to be intrusted with the most important and critical part of his combinations against the rebel capital, and appointed him to command the Middle Military Division of his army. The victories gained by SHERIDAN over EARLY in the week commencing September 19 are more important in their bearings than any series of operations since the war commenced.



THE PRIVATEER "GEORGIA," CAPTURED BY THE "NIAGARA," AUGUST 24, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY MR. KILLEEN.]

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

THE engraving on page 644 illustrates one of the most spirited actions, and certainly the most imposing spectacle of this war. It will be remembered that SHERIDAN, after having got the Sixth Corps across the Opequan, was compelled to wait full two hours for the arrival of the Nineteenth, and as a consequence of this to form an entirely new plan

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of battle in the face of an enemy already prepared and in line. At first the advantage appeared to rest with EARLY, whose fierce cannonade broke SHERIDAN'S first line, and threatened to disturb his second. But this state of affairs changed as soon as the Federal artillery got in position. The line of battle was re-formed, and the conflict opened in terrible earnest. The two opposing armies were at some points not more than two hundred yards apart. The slaughter is described to have been truly awful; but the advantage rested now with SHERIDAN'S advancing columns. At a critical point in the fight the cavalry bugle was heard above the din of the strife and the shouts of the contending armies; then followed the charge, led by such soldiers as MERRITT and CUSTER and TORBERT, upon the enemy's right. This decided the fortunes of the day. The movement was in accordance with SHERIDAN'S deep-laid plan, and besides being the most magnificent of spectacles was also a most wonderful success. "The stubborn columns of EARLY'S command," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "were forced to give way, and break before the fierce onslaught which our cavalry made upon them, who, with sabre in hand, rode them down, cutting them right and left, capturing 721 privates and non-commissioned officers, with nine battle-flags and two guns." Thus was fought and won the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864.

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

THE two sketches on pages 648 and 649 relate to General GRANT'S campaign. The great Cattle Raid made by the rebel cavalry under General HAMPTON on the 16th of September, though not in itself of great importance, was yet, it must be confessed, a very mortifying incident of the campaign. About 2500 beeves were captured. These cattle were intended for the army north of the James especially, and were captured at Harrison's Landing. The attack was very bold, and in such force that our guards could make no efficient resistance. A force was immediately dispatched under GREGG to pursue the saucy "rebs," but did not succeed in overtaking them. The other sketch represents the two armies before Petersburg engaged in an artillery duel at midnight.

QUITE ALONE.

THE continuation of this Serial Story is unavoidably postponed until this day fortnight.

COLONEL CHARLEY'S WIFE.

"YES, they *are* a splendid pair! There's no discount on that. There ain't a braver man in the Army of the Potomac than Colonel Charley; and as for 'Mother Jane,' as the boys call her (because you see she's *like* a mother to us although she's only a chick in age compared to some of us), *she* deserves a fighting man for a husband, for she's just the gamest woman that ever *I* see. Tell you what, if you fellows had seen what she done one day when she pulled a party of us Forty-ninth boys out of the tightest place ever *I* was in (and that's saying something, too), you'd take your oath that she'd *ought* to be a soldier's wife."

Sergeant Blake was convoying a squad of new recruits for the Forty-ninth. They had got within the lines of the Army of the Potomac, and were making their last halt before joining the regiment at Falmouth. The Sergeant had just been greeted warmly by a noble-looking officer, who rode up while they were boiling their coffee, accompanied by a handsome woman with a pleasant brown face and short, thick, black curls, which made a glossy fringe for a bewitching little jockey-hat, whose jaunty scarlet feather, held in place by a silver eagle, gave her a military air charmingly in keeping with the martial surroundings. The lady had also greeted the Sergeant with great cordiality, while the officer, whose shoulder-straps marked him as a Colonel, addressed a hearty "Glad to see you, my lads!" to the admiring squad.

"Sergeant," said one of the men, as the subjects of the former's eulogy cantered off, the lady sitting her spirited bay mare with the greatest ease and grace, "would you mind telling us the story?"

"Well, I don't care if I do. It'll show you fellows what *you* may have to come to some day yourselves; and it'll teach you the value of keeping a stiff upper lip when you are hard pushed." And, as the Sergeant took up an easy position against the trunk of a huge pine-tree, the men lit their pipes and gathered around him to hear his story.

"Well, you see, Colonel Charley was only a Captain then; that day's work sewed a Major's straps upon his shoulders. Little Williams ('Matches,' the boys used to call him, because his legs looked like a couple o' lucifers), who was appointed Major because he was first cousin or something to somebody that had *influence*, although he didn't know a ramrod from a cartridge-box when he joined, got a hint shortly after the circumstance I am going to tell you about that he had better resign, and Captain Charley got the place, and then the Lieutenant-Colonel took sick and resigned, and when poor Clark got his finish at Chancellorsville Captain Charley got to be Colonel. But he was only a Captain then, as I told ye.

"You see, the Captain had been ordered to take two companies of the old Forty-ninth and make a reconnoissance down the railroad (I didn't tell you that we were guarding one of the Potomac fords); for it was said that a gang of Mosby's men had been seen in the neighborhood, and it was thought they were trying to cut the road. We scouted for about six miles down without seeing a sign of a grayback, and had about made up our minds it was a false alarm. About three o'clock in the afternoon we turned and started for camp. We had just halted to rest a bit at a spring that ran out of the side-hill, where the railroad makes a deep cut through a long, narrow ledge, when we heard half a dozen shots in our rear, followed by a loud yell, and then Gus Lynch, one of our fellows who had lagged a little behind, came kiting 'round the point of the hill as if the old boy had kicked him. Gus sung out as he came up, 'Look out boys, Mosby is after us full chisel!'

"We had barely time to obey Captain Charley's order to fix bayonets and form when the first of the ragamuffins hove in sight around the curve. There were about three hundred of 'em in all; and mean, dirty, sheep-stealin' looking rascals they were. They didn't charge on us right away, as we expected, but pulled up when they got in sight, probably not knowing how strong we were.

"Now in numbers they greatly overmatched us, for we had only about forty muskets all told. But we had much the best of them in our position. If we had expected them we couldn't have picked out a stronger place to make a stiff fight. Captain Charley saw this at a glance. It was, of course, impossible for us to retreat, for they, being mounted, could have ridden us down in a minute. But we could hold the cut easy enough.

"You see the cut was narrow—just wide enough for the track—and as luck would have it there was a pretty deep drain-way running across the line between us and the rebs, which was uncovered, and about fifteen feet over. It was easy enough to cross it on the trussels, but it was a stumper for a horse. Our rear was open, but we knew well enough that they couldn't get at us there without dismounting or riding several miles around, for the side of the ledge they were on was like a wall almost. But it was an ugly trap, after all; for if they couldn't get *in*, we couldn't get *out;* and if they could hold us there until night it would be pretty easy for them to swarm up the bank and pop us over from the top, while we couldn't get a sight at them at all. But we stood and made ready for 'em, and made up our minds to trust in Providence, and to charge them five graybacks for every blue-jacket they knocked over.

"And let me tell you, boys," said the Sergeant, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "that this trust in Providence that the dominies tell about is no humbug, as you'll find out when you get under fire. A soldier may get kind of reckless and devil-may-care sometimes, from often looking death in the eye and escaping; but you may be sure that few men go in where the bullets fly, and the shells howl like blood-thirsty devils, and their comrades are struck down right and left, without feeling that they are in the hands of a merciful God. I tell you, comrades, there are no truer prayers spoken than those which go out from soldiers' hearts, though you may not see a movement of the close-shut lips along the lines of battle."

The Sergeant here paused to fill and light his pipe, while a solemn look fell upon the rough faces around him, and more than one emphatic "That's so!" and "Thrue for you!" went up from the veterans of the circle.

"Well," resumed the Sergeant, "as I was saying, Mosby's men had a bad job before 'em; worse, a good deal, than they were aware of. It was a good half-hour before they undertook to disturb us, although a couple of the dirty critters *did* ride toward the mouth of the cut as if to reconnoitre; but a shot or two sent them to the right-about in quick time. It was policy in us not to waste any powder, for we only had ten rounds apiece, so, although we might have picked off some of 'em as they stood, we just held our fire and kept our eyes peeled.

"By-and-by we could see that they were getting ready for a charge; so it was certain they didn't know any thing of the gully in the road, as it would have been madness to have charged with that in front of 'em. They came on first at a slow trot in single file, which was the best they could do, on account of the narrow track. Captain Charley had, before this, picked out ten of his best shots, boys that could take the spark out of a squirrel's eye at a hundred yards. This detail he now moved to the front, and on the further side of the gully. As they stood close the rebs couldn't see the ditch. Then says the Cap, 'Men, count from right to left, *one, two, three*, and so on.' They counted up to *ten*. 'Now when these fellows yonder get on the curve they will be out of line, and I want every one of you to cover his man. Number *one* take the first, number *two* the second, and so on; and when I give the word pelt the scoundrels.' So there our fellows stood, ten men to stop three hundred.

"Well, when they got within about three hundred yards of us they set up one of their devilish yells, and came on at hot jump. They thought they could stampede us; but we belonged to the Army of the Potomac," said the Sergeant, with a gleam of pride in his honest gray eye.

"As soon as they got well strung out around the curve Captain Charley sung out, 'Fire!' and those ten pieces cracked pretty much together, and, as I'm a living sinner, six of the Johnnies were tumbled off their horses dead, and two more were badly hurt. *That* charge was done for. They brought up all standing, and were in a panic in no time, turning tail without stopping to pick up their killed.

"We hoped this would put a finish to their operations; but it seems they were determined to have one more crack at us; and this time they showed us a trick that I never saw before, although I've read of something like it in accounts of Injun fights. It was a pretty 'cute dodge, and if it hadn't been for the ditch in front of us it would have fetched us, sure pop. They came on in the same way as they did before, but, just as they got fairly on the wind around the turn, we heard their officer sing out some order, and quick as a flash down went every man's head and the best part of his body behind his horse, so that they were pretty well covered by the necks of the animals. The thing was done so sudden and unexpected that it threw our fellows off their sight; and, although two or three horses were badly hurt, not a man, so far as we could judge, was hit.

"Of course there was no time to pick out another detail. The men had been formed four front, and the orders were to fire at the word, the front rank to fire and kneel, the second rank the same, and so on. Captain Charley kept the men in front of the ditch as long as it was safe, and then gave them the order to fall back, the ranks opening to let them pass to the rear. They all came off safe but one, Reuben Banks, who was shot dead by the rebel Captain. Well, of course as soon as our fellows jumped back the rebs saw the ditch, and the foremost of 'em pulled up sharp with a loud yell. But those in the rear came tearing on, and in a second the cut was jammed full of plunging horses and cursing men—and *such* cursing I never heard before nor since. It seemed to make the very air thick and blue. Now was our chance, and the way we pelted 'em with cold lead was a caution. 'Twasn't five minutes before the whole pack was running like hounds. Our fellows gave three rousing cheers as they went off; and felt good just then for any number of graybacks Mosby could send along.

"We now thought, most of us, that we had whipped them off for good and all, and wondered why Captain Charley didn't give us the order to fall in and march to camp, for we were by this time about used up and as hungry as wolves. But he was wiser than we were. He knew very well that they had got their *mad* up, and that they would hang on to us now for revenge. The moment we marched out of that cut we were doomed; our only safety was in that gully, and we must by all means cover that with our pieces.

"But it was certain that *something* must be done and very quickly. Our camp was only three miles off by the road. Some of us were sure that our firing must have been heard, and would bring out a rescue party; but Captain Charley thought that most likely the sound being pent up in the cut would prevent its reaching any distance, and the result proved that he was right. A man might be sent round by the road, and it was probable he could slip off without being seen by the Johnnies. But the best he could do he couldn't get to camp and a party get out to us in less than two hours, and it was now five o'clock. By seven it would be dark, and our flints would be fixed. Captain Charley was familiar with the ground, for he had often scouted over it, and he knew that a short cut along the crest of the ridge would carry a man to our lines in half an hour. The mischief of it was that a fellow couldn't get away without the rebs sighting him, and he would have to run for it sure, and trust to luck and his legs for his life. It was a risky thing for any man to attempt, but Cap determined to try it on. He first sent off a man by the road to take advantage of the chances of help coming in time that way; and then, says he to the boys, 'Men,' says he, 'I want a volunteer to go to camp along the top of that ridge. It'll be a dangerous job; for the man that does it will have to dodge bullets and to race with some of those rascals yonder: afoot though, for they can't ride up yon bank, and it'll be a pretty long start. If he gets off safe this command is saved, and if I can get him made a lieutenant I pledge my word to do it!

"Now, boys, there were just as brave fellows in that party as ever bit a cartridge, and yet for a minute there wasn't a foot budged. I tell you what, it's one thing to face death in company with other good men—*the touch of the elbow* is a wonderful thing to brace a man's heart—but when you are asked to cut loose from your comrades and make a target of yourself for you don't know how many bullets, it's no use talking; not many men *would* jump to do it. You'll read a good deal in the newspapers about 'gallant actions' and 'daring deeds' of individuals; but I tell you, boys—and it's no disgrace in an old soldier like me to own it—life is just as precious to a soldier as to any man, and he is no more eager to expose himself in cool blood to the danger of death than if he had never smelt gunpowder. I've seen things done *in action* that you would talk about as long as you live; but in a fight I hold that a man isn't himself. There is a kind of intoxication in the smell of burnt powder, the banging of the guns, the shout and tumult around, and, more than all else, a sense of *power* that comes over a man in the mere handling and sighting of that cold, hard, bright thing that can *kill*—that carry men on to do great things in spite almost of themselves.

"But I must get on with my story. As I was a saying, at first not a man budged; but just as we all began to feel so cruelly ashamed of ourselves that, I think, in another minute we should have been ready to fight for the honor of going, out steps a young fellow belonging to Company H, and said he was ready to go.

"This lad was called Mark Wilson. He was a slim, good-looking chap, who had never been considered of much account in the regiment. The truth was that the boys suspected that he considered himself too genteel to be a soldier. Camp is a poor place to put on airs or play gentility, and Mark wasn't popular in his company. But he rather seemed to like to be avoided, and was in the habit of keeping to himself as much as possible, and never joining in the sports of the boys. We all noticed that he never got any letters nor wrote any; never spoke of home or friends; in fact, didn't seem to have any, or any body to care for him. Sometimes the boys would be curious, and try to pump him; but they never got any satisfaction; and once or twice, when they pressed him pretty hard, he actually burst out crying. The theory about him was that he was some rich man's son who had run away from home, and was too proud to let his folks know where he was.

"Well, when Mark stepped out, I suppose at least a score of vets jumped to the front and wanted to go; but, to every body's surprise, Mark wouldn't back down. He insisted that, as he was first to volunteer, it was his *right* to go. The Cap says to him: 'Well, Mark, you're a plucky boy, and you certainly shall go if you wish it; but it seems to me you had better let me pick out a stronger and tougher man.' But the little chap wouldn't yield. He said, 'No, Captain. If I am killed I have nobody to grieve for me; and I suppose I am the only one in the regiment who hasn't got *some* friend.' The poor little fellow looked as if he was going to cry, and some of *us* felt like crying too.

"'Well, Mark,' said Captain Charley, 'go you shall; but you mustn't say you haven't got any friends. A brave boy like you will make friends every where, and if we come out of this safe you shall never want a friend as long as Charley Heming is alive.'

"There was a tree growing out of the side of the cut just a little ways back, and its top reached above the top of the bank. Captain Charley gave Mark a few directions, and handed him his revolver, and told him to be off as quick as he could. We all of us stared to see Mark, as the Captain put out his hand to shake hands, seize it, and press it to his heart, and kiss it, turning as red at the same time as a ripe strawberry. Then the little fellow ran to the tree, climbed it like a monkey, and jumped off on to the bank. Captain Charley, after a couple of minutes, couldn't keep quiet any longer, so he shinned up the tree too to take observations. 'They haven't seen him yet,' he sung out to us below. 'Ah! there come three of the scoundrels up the bank, and put after him. By George! the boy runs like a deer. He has got a fine start too; but one of the graybacked villains has got the longest legs, and gains on him. There, the leading man halts and fires his carbine. Curse it, he's hit; he's down. No, he only tripped, or fell on purpose. He's up and off again. But Long Legs is coming to close quarters. Ha! Mark wheels and gives Mr. Reb a barrel of his revolver; another. By Jove, he has tumbled him! And he don't get up. I guess he's done for, thank God! The other two have come up and stopped. The Captain now said nothing for another minute, and then he flung down his cap with a yell of delight, which was answered right heartily by us fellows below, for we knew before he said it that Mark had got off safe. The two graybacks didn't chase him any further, and soon returned to their command carrying the dead man with them.

"Well, the rebs stuck to us as long as they dared; but about six o'clock a rattle of musketry and a Union cheer told us that our men had come up and taken the rascals in the rear. There was a round or two, and then the cavalry skedaddled in every direction. Several were killed and wounded, and about forty taken prisoners. We got back to camp in high spirits about eight o'clock.

"And now, boys, I come to the most curious part of the story. As soon as we got in Captain Charley was told that Mark was in the hospital badly wounded. He had really been hit when the Captain saw him fall, the ball breaking his left arm badly; but the plucky chap had kept right on, although he fainted dead away the minute he had given Captain Charley's message to the Colonel. And when they came to dress his arm they found that they had a *woman* on their hands!"

"Sho!" "You don't say so!" "Holy Mother!" "Soh!" "Bully gal!" A chorus of ejaculations of astonishment arose from the many-blooded group as the Sergeant came to this *dénouement*.

"Yes, a woman; and, what's more, dead in love with Captain Charley. You see I heard the rest of the story from Jake Downing, who was nursing in the hospital at the time. It seems that when she came to, and saw she was found out, she cried fit to break any one's heart, and begged them not to expose her, and, above all, not to tell Captain Heming. They comforted the poor thing as well as they could, and promised to keep her secret for her. Before we got in she was delirious from the pain and excitement. It was while she was out of her head this way that they found out that she thought so much of the Captain. When he came in the surgeon thought best under all the circumstances to give him a hint of how matters stood, and he had the girl taken to a private house in the neighborhood, and nursed until she got well. It came out that she was the daughter of a farmer in Erie County, New York, and had a step-mother who was a perfect she-devil. Jane—for that was her name—and a brother, a little younger than herself, led the life of niggers. Finally, the boy ran away, enlisted, and was shot at Pea Ridge. The girl then had nobody left to care for, but she stood her step-mother's bad treatment as long as she could, until one night the old termagant beat her like a dog for what she called her 'impudence,' and actually shut her up in an outhouse, and kept her there all night. The next night Jane dressed herself in a suit of her brother's clothes, cut off her hair, and slipping out of the house, ran away. How she got into the Forty-ninth I never heard, but I know she *did* serve with us two years, and we never suspected her. Well, the upshot was that when Captain Charley found the plucky little girl had taken a fancy to him, and no blame to her—you saw him a bit ago—and when he found, too, that she was, when her natural self, a right pretty girl, and a *good* girl, too, it was natural enough that he should fall in love with *her*, and he did. I tell you, boys, we had a bully time when they got married, which they did in camp as soon as Jane got about again. We fixed up a bower of evergreens, and made it gay with flags; then we took the drums of the regimental corps, and built up an altar for the chaplain; and every body said they never saw a handsomer couple than our chaplain tied that day. Old General H—— gave away the bride, and he gave her a buss when it was over that the boys swore was like the crack of a 6-pounder rifle. Then we had the brigade band for music, and the jolliest spread and dance that ever you saw. We had lots of ladies down from Washington, and several officers' wives and daughters, and our Jane was just as much of a lady as any of 'em.

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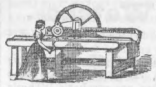
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 407.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HUNT AND DUANE.

WE give on this page sketches of Brigadier-General HUNT and Major DUANE, the former Chief of Artillery, and the latter Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac. Both are soldiers of the first class. HENRY J. HUNT entered the Military Academy at West Point from Ohio in 1835. He graduated with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In 1846 he was appointed First Lieutenant. He commanded a section of DUNCAN'S Battery in the Valley of Mexico. For meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco he was raised by brevet to the rank of Captain, and subsequently to that of Major. At El Molino he was wounded. JAMES C. DUANE graduated from West Point in 1844 with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Engineers. The responsible position held by General HUNT and Major DUANE is sufficient testimony to their worth and soldierly ability. The siege operations of General GRANT'S campaign — which, although they do not attract public attention, are yet of the greatest importance—have been principally conducted by these officers.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

ON page 660 we give two sketches of SHERIDAN'S great conflict with EARLY in the Valley. One of these represents the Sixth Corps in action after crossing the Opequan. The general engagement commenced a little after noon. The Sixth Corps was commanded by Major-General WRIGHT, who succeeds the gallant SEDGWICK. In the Valley this corps did not forget its old record under its former commander. The other sketch relates to a later period in the day, when the rebels had already given way before the impetuous charge of CROOK and TORBERT. In their retreat from the Opequan the rebels fell back upon Winchester in great confusion. In order to cover the town, or at least to check SHERIDAN'S advance, their right flank was drawn in at an angle with the principal line. RUSSELL'S division is in the front in this the final charge of the battle. The brave commander has been killed, and General UPTON commands in his stead. The retreat soon became a rout, and the rebel army was pushed back through the streets of Winchester. General UPTON was slightly wounded.



GENERAL HUNT AND MAJOR DUANE, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY AND CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

THE personal character of the President is the rock upon which the Opposition is wrecked. It dashes against him and his administration, hissing and venomous, but falls back again baffled. From the day when covert rebellion lay in wait to assassinate him in Baltimore, through all the mad hate of the rebel press to the last malignant sneer of Copperhead Conservatism and foreign jealousy, the popular confidence in the unswerving fidelity and purity of purpose of the President has smiled the storm to scorn.

The chief charge against the Administration, thundered in every key, is its despotism. It is incessantly asserted that personal liberty is destroyed, that original rights are annihilated, that we are all the cowering, shivering subjects of the bloody Emperor ABRAHAM, who brings us all to our knees by pointing to one of the innumerable bastiles which shadow the land; all of us, except ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED VALLANDIGHAM, and JOHN HAMPDEN WOOD, and WILLIAM TELL GUNTHER, and PATRICK HENRY LONG, and GEORGE WASHINGTON SEYMOUR, who bravely withstand the tyrant for the sake of justice and human rights. But with these exceptions, we are all groaning under the most intolerable tyranny, from which there is no hope of deliverance but by intrusting the Government to the hands of these patriots.

This is doubtless a cunning line of attack in the confusion and doubt of civil war. Indifference is always willing to see any Administration overthrown. Cowardice is always glad to end hostilities with the enemy by exciting hatred of the Government; and party-spirit, in every form, plays the dangerous game of seeking political power by tampering with national existence. But nothing balks such an attack so readily as personal qualities which no calumny can reach. The party which is mad with the lust of political power in this country does not hesitate to declare that the President is deliberately prolonging the war as a political game; that every act of his is performed solely with reference to his re-election; that if EARLY should return and overrun Pennsylvania, if GRANT should retire from Petersburg and SHERMAN from Atlanta, it would be because the President took care that they should not have men enough, and in every way thwarted and perplexed their plans. Yet the same party declares the war both wicked and a failure. It entreats, by its leaders, the interference of British influence, and it receives British sympathy, while it opposes the draft. And when you ask them how the President can send men to the Generals if men are not raised, they reply that it is no wonder he can not raise them for such a wicked war.

But these frantic efforts are vain. The profound confidence of the great mass of the people in the President is unshaken. It is simply impossible to make them believe, after their experience of his patient fidelity to the Union, that he is a monstrous despot or a political gambler. The American people, we are very sure, are firmly persuaded that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM does not love the Union more than Mr. LINCOLN; that Mr. WOOD is not truer to popular rights; nor Governor SEYMOUR, whose "friends" are the riotous violators of the public peace and the mad assassins of the poor and defenseless, more faithful to the Constitution than the President of the United States. The conservative power and influence of pure and lofty personal character, in a time of great national peril, was never more signally illustrated than in the official career of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE BRITISH LION CHEERS FOR CHICAGO.

THE London *Times* bursts into a shout of enthusiastic delight at the nomination of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, and the principles which they have been selected to represent.

We have always insisted, says the *Times*, that the North could not subdue the South, and the proof is the Chicago Convention and its nominations.

After three years of tremendous effort the Americans confess themselves conquered, shouts the *Times*, and the proof is the Chicago Convention and its nominations.

They are forced to try to conciliate and compromise, sneers the *Times*, and the proof is that the Chicago Convention has nominated a General who first discovered that his countrymen were whipped.

But can they coax the South back again? asks the *Times*. No, it is simply impossible, replies the *Times*, to its own question; victors are not in the habit of receiving terms from the vanquished. Conquerors dictate their own terms, says the *Times*, and the Southern leaders are not such fools as to relinquish what they have proved their ability to hold.

We understand, says the *Times*, the Chicago talk about Union. It is a sub to the whale. We do not wonder the Convention shrank from blurting out the truth that the South must go free. But that is the meaning of the platform and the nominations. The Chicago leaders know that what they confess can not be done by force will not be accomplished by persuasion. Palaver must always precede, not follow, powder. The United States of America are gone, exults the *Times*. They have split, scattered, and sunk to the bottom. We always knew they would. They were an insolent, upstart republic, menacing British ideas. Their success would have taken from us our commercial sceptre. It would have been a fatal blow at our precious aristocratic system. It would have stimulated the hopes of our poorest classes, and have made them suspect that they were not born to starve. It would have encouraged the laboring man every where. Thank Heaven that danger is past. The United States have tumbled to pieces, and are gone utterly to ruin and destruction. *Laus Deo!* Hurrah for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON!

Here are the two flanks of the Chicago movement. First, the rebel papers and orators had already told us that their only hope for success lay in the Convention and its action; and now our bitterest and most malignant foreign enemies are perfectly satisfied with the Chicago proceedings.

Two years ago the men who control the Chicago party, and who have now made its platform and nominations, went to the British minister and asked for British interference in our war. The honor of the country is something unknown to them. To secure their return to political power they would humble the United States at the feet of England or LOUIS NAPOLEON. They would allow the Union to be dissolved, according to their candidate, Mr. PENDLETON, who says we have no right or power to help ourselves. They would yield the authority of the Government to a rebellion, and confess its overthrow by treason. They would make the name of the United States a by-word of contempt. And therefore the rebels look to them as their last hope—and therefore the English Tories and all our foreign enemies cheer for their platform and candidates.

Is that a cheer in which the faithful American citizen—civilian, soldier, or sailor—can unite? Are the cause and the candidates which are acceptable to rebels at home and to enemies abroad the cause and the candidates of the true American people?

TO AN HONEST DOUBTER.

THAT the whole Chicago movement is, what the London *Times* calls it, a proposition to surrender to the rebellion, and to make peace upon such terms as the rebels will grant, is perfectly understood by the great mass of intelligent voters. But there are some who still honestly think that as Union men they can as properly vote for the Chicago nominations as for LINCOLN and JOHNSON.

Now such men will not deny what Mr. PENDLETON frankly avows, that whenever any State is dissatisfied and wishes to leave the Union she ought to be allowed to go. In other words, that the Union exists at the pleasure of any single State, and is therefore just as strong as Delaware and no stronger, and that the credit of the Union is measured by that of the smallest State in it. In Mr. PENDLETON'S view we are a league of thirty-five sovereign powers, no one of which has any authority over any other; and the duty of a citizen of the League to its Government may be absolved at any moment by the State in which he lives. Will any Union man seriously say that if these views are correct there is, in any true view, a Government of the United States, or a Union in any national sense?

Yet these are the honest opinions of Mr. PENDLETON, who consequently and logically holds that the war is a crime, and he has therefore always consistently spoken against it, and voted against it. How then can any man, who seriously believes that the Union can and ought to be maintained against all armed attack, honestly vote for Mr. PENDLETON when he knows his position?

For the purposes of the election General M'CLELLAN and Mr. PENDLETON are one. You can not vote for one without the other. And why do they stand together? Simply because the men who made the platform, and who would, if the Chicago ticket were successful, control the policy of the party, agree with Mr. PENDLETON; and being sure of him, of the platform, and of the great body of the voters, are cunning enough to shake General M'CLELLAN in the eyes of Union men as a decoy.

But would any such Union man as we speak of and to, believe that this paper were thoroughly and in good faith devoted to the Union if it supported a ticket composed of ABRAHAM LINCOLN for President and of VALLANDIGHAM for Vice-President? Would such a man not at once say: "If Mr. LINCOLN were a true Union man he could not accept the nomination of men who call for surrender to rebels, and who nominate VALLANDIGHAM as his substitute in case of death."

What he would justly say to us we say to him. The antecedents of the men who have nominated M'CLELLAN—their openly-expressed views at the Convention—their platform, which is the official manifesto of the party—their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, a frank disunionist and partisan of absolute State sovereignty—M'CLELLAN'S acceptance of their nomination and of his fellow-nominee, without a word of dissent from the principles announced or the least censure of the humiliating policy proposed—all these things combined must prove to every fair-minded man that when he votes for the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON electors he votes to commit the country and the Union to the men who made the Chicago platform, for whose success the rebels pray, and in the hope of whose triumph every foreign foe of the American Union rejoices.

REBEL TERRORISM.

IN "Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove," a little work by WILLIAM BAXTER, an Arkansas refugee, sold by him in Cincinnati, and sent upon receipt of a dollar, we have another tale of the terrible sufferings of the Union men at the South.

In the plain talks of Mr. F. W. SUMNER, of Texas, describing his personal experience, we have another of the revolting and heart-sickening scenes of the same tragedy.

No speeches or documents seem to us so searching and persuasive as such books and talks. They reveal the true spirit of the society which has generated this rebellion. They show how utterly human nature is imbruted by slavery. The one condition of personal quiet in the Slave States, as we have all long known, was a loud assertion that nothing was so divine and humane as chattel slavery. When the war began it was assumed that, as secession took place in the interest of slavery, whoever was true to the Union was false to slavery. To betray the least regard for the country, therefore—to be suspected even of a secret love for it—was the chiefest of crimes, visited with the promptest penalty of death.

The terrorism of the French Revolution, the daily calling of the roll of victims at the *Conciergerie* and Temple, the universal dread and desolation, were not more appalling than the wholesale slaughter of Southern Unionists. Mr. SUMNER tells us of his best neighbors hung in groups; of the assassins who, dressing in women's clothes, dragged a woman suspected of fidelity to the Union away from her home and her children, and hung her upon a neighboring tree, while her little children shrieked all day beneath her corpse. Mr. SUMNER himself, flying by night, was overtaken, and for ten months was confined in a cage twelve feet square.

His testimony is that of one out of a thousand witnesses. Men and women of every position in life, who knew the condition of the slaveholding society before the war, find their experience confirmed by these sad and suffering witnesses. Honor and humanity die in the heart of a people who will tolerate among them no one who is not an abject devotee of their brutal deity. And it is to such men—these murderers of our fellow-citizens who dare to love their country, who hang innocent women before their children's eyes, and who are fighting for an indefinite expansion of the system which degrades them—that the Chicago leaders propose that the victorious American people shall surrender by voting for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

The "Conservatives" who burn orphan-asylums, and massacre men, women, and children because they are poor and friendless, will naturally vote for the candidates of the policy which proposes to let the assassins of Union women dictate the terms of Union. But every brave and generous citizen, every man who is true to the Union and its Government, will vote and work for the policy which proposes by force of arms to reduce these criminals to entire obedience to the Government and to the penalty of the law.

"BLURTING."

MR. C. GODFREY GUNTHER is an ardent supporter of the Chicago Platform. He also presided at the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON meeting in Union Square. He is also Mayor of the City of New York. But when it is proposed that American citizens shall illuminate their houses in honor of glorious victories over the national enemies lately won by American soldiers and sailors, this warm supporter of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON forbids it.

Some of the Copperhead journals are alarmed. They think that if Presidents of their meetings refuse to rejoice over Union victories it will be suspected that the Chicago party is indifferent to the Union. So they blame Mayor GUNTHER a little. But it is useless. It is easy enough to repudiate DOGBERRY and laugh at him. But the unlucky truth, which can not be repudiated or concealed, is just this—that every man who, with Mayor GUNTHER, hates to hear of Union victories; who, with Mayor GUNTHER, believes the war to be a failure; who, with Mayor GUNTHER, thinks that we ought to have an immediate cessation of hostilities; who, with Mayor GUNTHER, wishes to compromise with armed rebels; who, with Mayor GUNTHER, thinks that the Government of the United States ought to surrender to the rebellion—every such man intends, with Mayor GUNTHER, to vote for Mr. PENDLETON and General M'CLELLAN.

Mayor GUNTHER is one of the men who, in the words of the London *Times*, "blurt out" exactly what his party means.

THE LONDON-CHICAGO VIEW.

THE effect of the late Union victories upon the prospects of the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON nominations are accurately described in the New York correspondence of the London *Herald*. The foreign enemies of the United States agree with the Copperheads and Mayor GUNTHER, the President of the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON ratification meeting, that the successes of GRANT and SHERIDAN, of FARRAGUT and SHERMAN, are not matters of rejoicing. Are these persons, who regret the victories won by the valor of United States soldiers and sailors, those to whom the United States Government can safely be intrusted? The correspondent of the London *Herald* says:

"There is no doubt that the friends of General M'CLELLAN, recently nominated for the Presidency, regard the late Federal successes as downright disasters.... Hence the Democrats make no secret of their discouragement and dismay at these chance evidences of vitality in the Union armies."

"THE CHICAGO PLATFORM."

WE publish to-day, in Mr. NAST'S illustration of the Chicago Platform, one of the most overwhelming and convincing speeches that can be made for the Union and its standard-bearers LINCOLN and JOHNSON. It represents the exact meaning of the Chicago resolutions, of which General M'CLELLAN and Mr. PENDLETON are the official representatives. It reveals the secret and express tendency of the whole policy of the party of surrender to rebellion, and compromise with treason. We do not undertake to describe or explain the picture, but we commend it to the thoughtful study of every patriot in the land.

We again suggest to Union committees and clubs that they can circulate no documents more effective than the series of political pictures and caricatures which have appeared in the late numbers of this paper. They can either procure quantities of the paper itself, or they can be furnished with electrotypes of the pictures to be printed and issued as they choose. Our hope and our purpose are simply to serve the cause of the Union, which is that of the country; for we believe with the old Continental Congress that the cause of the United States is the cause of human nature.

TWO MAYORS.

FOUR years ago there was a Mayor of the city of New York who regretted to ROBERT TOOMBS, one of the rebel chiefs, that he could not send him arms with which to kill loyal American citizens in battle.

ROBERT TOOMBS and his associates, having fought those citizens for four years, have been vanquished in a series of brilliant battles on sea and land, and another Mayor of New York refuses to rejoice in the national success.

The first-named Mayor was the Honorable FERNANDO WOOD; the second is the Honorable C. GODFREY GUNTHER. They are both "representative men," and both warmly support the Chicago Platform and advocate the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON nomination.

Are they the file-leaders whom the men who win the victories, and those who rejoice over them, are likely to choose?

DEATH OF CAPTAIN SPEKE.

THIS famous African explorer and discoverer of the source of the Nile, whose Journal of his Expedition was lately published, and has taken place among the most interesting works of African travel, has suddenly and most sadly been the means of his own death. The local paper in England gives the following account of the circumstances:

"He had gone down to Bath to attend the meeting of the British Association, where his presence was expected with an eager interest. On Thursday morning he went out to shoot. In forcing a way through a hedge, with his gun upon his arm, the piece was touched by the twigs. It exploded, and the charge went through his heart, causing instantaneous death. How strangely sad that a man who had seen and done so much, who had undergone and overcome so many perils of journeyings, of waters, of robbers, should come home to end his career thus miserably!"

SLANDER.

WE thank a discharged soldier in Vicksburg, who sends us his name, and asks us to refute a slander which he incloses, for his kind regard for our good fame. But he must be satisfied to know that it is a slander. For we are too busily engaged in defending the country and civil order from the blows aimed at them, to have any time or wish to repel those intended for us. Our correspondent says that the slander is taken from one of the Copperhead papers,

"That tickle the minds of the rebels, disgust *all* loyal men, and raise the d—l generally; that go in for VALLANDIGHAM, M'CLELLAN, and giving the South what even they have not had the impudence to ask for after the events of the last three years."

So we supposed; and the source of the slander shows its worth.

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FROM THE ARMY OF THE NORTHWEST.

An officer in this army writes:

"I can not refrain from giving you an idea of the feeling existing in the army regarding the recent Chicago convention. Curses not loud but deep greet the ear as the boys talk of the traitors who talk of compromise, etc. But when your *Weekly* of the 3d made its appearance in our camp excitement knew no bounds, and the members of this Company (C) to a man requested their officers to petition President LINCOLN to stop their pay; that they would fight to the last if he would only hang the traitors who talked of compromise. They did not want any more pay; if Uncle Sam had no money they would fight for nothing: only no compromise. We did not begin the war, and have suffered too much to compromise with traitors when the infernal rebellion is tottering on its last legs. I know such is the general feeling in all our organizations throughout Minnesota, and I cordially indorse them."

FROM THE ARMY BEFORE RICHMOND.

We quote from an officer's letter, dated "Near Petersburg, September 5:"

"I speak for a majority of the army when I say, don't vote for him [MCLELLAN]. You could not do the army greater harm than by electing him. He is the last hook the rebels have to hang a hope on."

FROM THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

"AN Old Soldier of the Shenandoah" writes as follows of Mr. NAST's picture, and adds some very agreeable remarks upon the *Weekly:*

"'The Blessings of Victory' have not come too soon; just in time to represent the great and glorious victory of the Army of the Shenandoah. Nothing could better represent the feelings of the soldier—a glorious victory, and an honorable peace will soon follow. The true soldier is sure and confident; while the weak, 'at home,' are despondent. The soldiers are proud of your noble paper, as it takes such high and bold stand for the 'Union now and forever,' and the integrity of our Government. 'All honor to the *elegant* sheet!' You have won an enviable place in the hearts of the soldiers. You are doing your duty as an editor, while the soldier is fighting in the field. I wish we could say this of every editor in the land. But how different—while we are fighting her 'battles,' many unholy articles are penned against our cause and us. '*Shame*' on such men, if we can call them such!

"The soldier knows his friends at home; and *Harper's Weekly*, which has always defended him, receives the enthusiasm of his heart, and he can never forget that *good old friend* in these trying hours of our republic.

"God grant you the success you deserve in battling for your country's good!

"The vote for MCLELLAN in the army will be small; and ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 'the soldier's friend,' will be their almost unanimous choice. The intelligent will vote for *him*, and victory will finally crown our patriotic efforts."

A WORD FROM THE NAVY.

THE letter of an officer commanding in the waters of North Carolina gives a new view of the rebel conscription. It has now reached the women. The earnest adjuration of the gallant officer not to fail to re-elect LINCOLN shows that the cause and its representative are well understood by the sailors as the soldiers:

"U. S. GUN-BOAT, ALBEMARLE SOUND.

* * * * * * *

"I manage to distress the enemy occasionally even here in the waters of the *loyal* State of North Carolina. I had a splendid time up at a little place called Columbia some two weeks ago. It averages about three a day of refugees that come off to us. DAVIS and his followers are scouring the whole country, taking men, horses, in fact every thing, and even *conscript women* and send them to the hospitals to attend to their sick and wounded. We have always been under the impression there was enough patriotism in them to attend to those things. I had a conscript woman to come on board, which proves the fact. She was conscripted because her husband joined the 'Yanks.'

* * * * * * *

"We are perfectly healthy here, excepting occasionally we are troubled with a 'ram' fever. You will hear something some of these days unless I am mistaken. Keep the army full a little longer, and the rebellion will collapse. Nothing can prevent it. They are on their last legs; and *don't fail to re-elect* LINCOLN."

GENERAL DIX'S POSITION.

THE noble speech of General DIX at Sandusky is in the key of his order. "If any man haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." He was received with three rousing cheers, and said, in response to a serenade:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I am very thankful to you for the honor you have done me. As I arrived here late to-night, an engaged in public business, and shall depart at an early hour in the morning, I know you will excuse me if I limit what I have to say to a simple acknowledgment of your kindness and courtesy.

"I will say one word, however, on the subject which lies nearest the heart of every loyal man—I mean the rebellion. It has been my conviction from the beginning that we can have no honorable peace until the insurgent armies are dispersed and the leaders of the rebellion expelled from the country. [Loud cheers.] I believe that a cessation of hostilities would lead inevitably and directly to a recognition of the insurgent States; and when I say this, I need hardly add that I can have no part in any political movement of which the Chicago Platform is the basis. [Renewed cheering and applause.] No, fellow-citizens, the only hope of securing an honorable peace—a peace which shall restore the Union and the Constitution, lies in a steady, persistent, and unremitting prosecution of the war [Great applause]; and I believe the judgment of every right-thinking man will soon bring him to this conviction.

"With these few remarks, and renewing the expression of my thanks for your kindness, I bid you all good-night."

BISHOP SIMPSON AND THE FLAG.

At the late session of the Pittsburg Annual Conference of the Methodist Church Bishop SIMPSON, one of the most eminent and apostolic divines, and most eloquent orators in the country, made a speech upon the four questions:

"Shall our Government be destroyed and swept from the earth? Can we be divided into two or more Governments? Shall we have a new form of Government? Is not the Nation to rise out of its present troubles better, firmer, and more powerful?"

The effect of his discourse is described as very remarkable. Toward the close an eye-witness says:

"Laying his hands on the torn and ball-riddled colors of the Seventy-third Ohio, he spoke of the battle-fields where they had been baptized in blood, and described their beauty as some small patch of azure, filled with stars, that an angel had snatched from the heavenly canopy to set the stripes in blood. With this description began a scene that DEMOSTHENES might have envied. All over the vast assembly handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and before the speaker sat down the whole throng arose, as if by a magic influence, and screamed, and shouted, and saluted, and stamped, and clapped, and wept, and laughed in wild excitement. Colonel MOODY sprung to the top of a bench, and called for 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' which was sung, or rather shouted, until the audience dispersed, as it had to disperse."

THE NEW LOAN.

THE Secretary of the Treasury announces that he will receive Proposals, until October 14, for forty millions of 5-20 Bonds. The 5-20s have always been so popular that a liberal premium is expected, and a considerable amount will probably be taken on foreign account. The 7-30 loan will not be interfered with, and remains the most convenient investment at par that is now in the market, while the "Proposals" may be desirable for banks and capitalists. The subscriptions to the 7-30s have already amounted to over forty-five millions. Full particulars in relation to both these loans will be found in our advertising columns.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE KISS IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school not far away,
'Mid Berkshire's hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on future mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book—
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss.
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath Willion Willith, if you please—
I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head with fear and shame,
And to that awful presence came,
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
The threat'ner faltered, "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school, to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she herself, Sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad—
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whisper'd I was 'fraid of girls,
And darsn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, Sir, at all!
But up and kissed her on the spot;
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to."

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

A LOVE LETTER.—"Och, Paddy I swate Paddy, if I was yer daddy, I'd kill ye wid kisses intirely; if I was yer bruther, and likewise yer muther, I'd see that ye went to bed airly. To taste of yer breath, I wud starve me to death, and lay off my hoops altogether; to joost have a taste of yer arm on me waste, I'd larf at the manest of weathur. Dear Paddy, be mine, me own swate valentine—ye'll find me both gintle and civil; our life we will spind to an illegant ind, and care may go dance wid the divil."

When Carter, the lion king, was exhibiting with Ducrow, at Astley's, a manager, with whom Carter had made and broken an engagement, issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stage-door, and asked for Carter. "Show the gentlemen up," said Ducrow; and when they reached the stage there sat Carter composedly in the great cage, with an enormous lion on each side of him. "There is Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen," said Ducrow; "go in and take him. Carter, my boy, open the door. Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by a private signal, a tremendous roar from his companions. The bailiffs staggered back in terror, rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs, and nearly fainted before they reached the street.

The old theologians presume, with no little show of reason, that all women, with the exception of Mary, will rise on the last day as men, in order that no anger, or envy, or jealousy may exist in heaven.

WHAT WE LEARN IN FOREIGN PARTS.—When last we were in Paris we strolled into the *Palais de Justice*, and soon found ourselves wandering in the famous *Salle des Pas Perdus*. On inquiring, we discovered that the *Salle des Pas* was not intended as a companion refuge to the *Champ de Mars;* and we also learned that the *Pas Perdus* were in no way paternally related to the *Enfants Trouvés*. These facts were no less new than pleasing to us, and so accordingly we have made a note of them.

Marriage is love parsonified.

Books in these days are generally like some kind of trees—a good many leaves and no fruit.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF TRAVELING.—Man travels to expand his ideas; but Woman—judging from the number of boxes she invariably takes with her—travels only with the object of expanding her dresses.

An Irish wake—a *spree du corps.*

ON A GENTLEMAN NAMED HEDDY.

In reading his name it may truly be said,
You will make that man *dy* if you cut off his *Hed.*

Why is a gentleman enjoying a snooze, and refreshed by it, like a hunter who goes at a jump with a number of others?—Because he takes his (s)leap with the rest.

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

"THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND."—The F—s and B—s in Lodging House Bedrooms.

"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said an elderly maiden to a blushing bride. "Yes," was the reply. "Going to have a girl, I suppose?" The newly-made wife colored, and then responded that she "really didn't know whether it would be a girl or boy."

DOMESTIC CONUNDRUM.—What's the difference between sixty minutes and one of my sisters? Give it up, do you?—Why, one's *an hour*, and the other's "*our Ann!*"

Universal love is like a mitten which fits all hands alike, but none closely; true affection is like a glove which fits one hand only, but sits closely to that one.

Marble is a hard substance, often used as a tablet for hard lying.

The life-preservers most frequently used in the battle-field are long legs.

A cook may not have as many boils as Job, but then they are as big as kettles.

"How much do you ask for that goose?" inquired a customer of a market-woman. "Seven shillings for the two," replied the woman. "But I only want one," said the customer. "I can't help it," said the woman; "I ain't a-goin' to sell one without the other. To my certain knowledge them 'ere geese have been together for more'n thirteen years, and I ain't a-goin' to be so unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."

Somebody says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in weeds.

A little fellow going to church for the first time, where the pews were very high, was asked, on coming out, what he did in church, when he replied, "I went into a cupboard, and took a seat on the shelf."

We confess, says a contemporary, that poetry permits her votaries to indulge in all sorts of metaphorical ideas, but this takes them all down:

"With eye of fire majestically he rose,
And spoke divinely through his double-barreled nose."

A drunken fellow got out of his calculation, and was dozing in the street, when the bells roused him by their ringing for fire. "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen," cried he; "well, if this isn't later than I ever knew it."

ON THE FOUR GEORGES.

George the First was always reckon'd
Vile—but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended!

A traveler who met a countryman in mourning made the observation, "You have lost some of your friends, I see." "Yez, Zur," was the reply. "Was it a *near* or a *distant* relative?" "Well, purty distant—*'bout twenty-four mile.*"

A man may declaim about religion without having much of it. It doesn't follow that one's stomach is full of food because he talks with victuals in his mouth.

What is the difference between a person transfixed with amazement and a leopard's tail?—The one is rooted to the spot, the other spotted to the root.

A Dundee journal circulates the following story: On one occasion a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Longside, author of "Tullochgorum," said to him by way of thanks, "Oh, Sir, I houp that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht." "Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have just been so particular as to the time."

A gentleman anxious to hear a celebrated West-end preacher, found himself in such a crowd that to get a seat seemed impossible. He watched the pew-opener's eyes looking very inquiringly at the hands of the applicants for seats, and he thought to himself, "Oh, oh, a fee is expected!" So taking out half a crown he held it most invitingly between his two fingers, and it was not long before it had the desired effect. He was quietly beckoned into a seat, whereupon he slipped a half-penny into the woman's hand. Presently, when the singing commenced, she came bustling round to him with a hymn-book, whispering, as she handed it to him, "You made a mistake, Sir, you only gave me a half-penny." "All right," he answered, "I never give less."

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William, Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown was, "Non repni, sed recepi" (I did not steal it, but I received it). This being shown to Dean Swift he said, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

Hopkins once lent Simpson, his next-door neighbor, an umbrella, and having an urgent call to make on a wet day knocked at Simpson's door. "I want my umbrella." "Can't have it," said Simpson. "Why? I want to go to the East End, and it rains in torrents; what am I to do for an umbrella?" "Do?" answered Simpson, passing through the door, "do as I did, borrow one."

Theodore Hook once observed a party of laborers sinking a well. "What are you about?" he inquired. "Boring for water, Sir," was the answer. "Water's a bore at any time," responded Hook: "besides, you're quite wrong; remember the old proverb—'Let *well* alone.'"

Taking babies to church is rightly termed a crying sin.

A Jew who was condemned to be hanged was brought to the gallows, and was just on the point of being turned off when a reprieve arrived. When informed of this, it was expected he would instantly have quitted the cart, but he staid to see a fellow-prisoner hanged; and being asked why he did not get about his business, he said, "He waited to see if he could bargain with Mr. Ketch for the *other* gentleman's clothes."

A Scotch clergyman preaching a drowsy sermon asked, "What is the price of earthly pleasure?" The deacon, a fat grocer, woke up hastily from a sound sleep, and cried out, lustily, "Seven-and-sixpence a dozen!"

"Well, Sir," asked a noisy disputant, "don't you think that I have mauled my antagonist to some purpose?" "Oh yes," replied a listener, "you have—and if ever I should happen to fight with the Philistines I'll borrow your jaw-bone."

An affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the 75th Regiment in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the 76th.

A comedian who had been almost lifted from his feet by the pressure at the funeral of a celebrated tragedian, ultimately reached the church-door. Having recovered his breath, which had been suspended in the effort, he exclaimed: "And so this is the last we shall ever see of him! Poor fellow! he has drawn a full house, though, to the end."

An East-India Governor having died abroad, his body was put in arrack to preserve it for interment in England. A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain forbade the purser, and indeed all in the ship, to let him have any liquor. Shortly after the fellow appeared very drunk. How he obtained the liquor no one could guess. The captain resolved to find out, promising to forgive him if he would tell from whom he got the liquor. After some hesitation he hiccoughed out, "Why, please your Honor, I tapped the Governor."

A boy being asked what was the plural of "penny," very promptly replied, "twopence."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

SHERIDAN has reaped the fruits of his great victories in the Valley. After the defeat of Early at Fisher's Hill, on the 22d of September, Sheridan pursued the flying rebels all night. The enemy's rear-guard was overtaken 35 miles south of Winchester at Mount Jackson. About 300 prisoners were captured, and stragglers were continually giving themselves up. Taking the Keezletown Road, Early left the Valley on the night of the 24th. Sheridan captured 800 rebel wounded at Harrisonburg. The cavalry advanced immediately on Port Republic and Staunton. In the pursuit to Port Republic seventy-five wagons and four caissons were destroyed. Torbert entered Staunton on the 26th "and destroyed a large quantity of rebel property, harness, saddles, small-arms, hard bread, flour, repair-shops," etc. Proceeding to Waynesborough, he destroyed the iron bridge over the south branch of the Shenandoah, seven miles of the track, and a large amount of property. Sheridan believed that the remnant of Early's army had passed through the mountains to Charlottesville. Kershaw's Division it appears had been recalled to Richmond, but so closely was Early pursued that it was necessary to send it back again. A great amount of forage will be lost to the rebels with the loss of the Valley. Sheridan says: All the grain and forage in the vicinity of Staunton was retained for the use of Early's army; while all in the lower part of the Valley was shipped to Richmond for Lee's army. He denies that the Nineteenth Corps was late in coming to the battle of Winchester.

General Grant's army is also in motion. On the 29th the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps crossed the James at Deep Bottom. Before daylight the Eighteenth Corps started out on the Varina Road, drove in the enemy's pickets, and at a distance of eleven miles from Richmond encountered the first line of works at Chapin's Farm. Stannard's Division, which was in the advance, moved boldly up to an earth-work mounting two 100-pounders and two other heavy guns. This being carried by assault, General Ord was directing the troops to capture other fortifications when he was put out of combat by a slight wound. The men, undaunted by the loss of their commander, captured the entire works at this point, with sixteen guns and 300 prisoners. Only two divisions, Heckman's and Stannard's, were engaged. General Burnham was killed, and General Stannard was wounded. Paine's Colored Division operated with the Tenth Corps on the Kingsland Road, and was in the advance. An engagement occurred near the junction of the Kingsland and New Market roads, a short distance from Deep Bottom. Here a line of works was captured with considerable loss; and Birney advanced on the New Market Road toward Richmond. The advance was checked at the junction of the Varina and New Market roads. The fortifications at this point were attacked unsuccessfully. The loss in the colored division was very great. Kautz's cavalry in the mean time made a reconnoissance as far as to the toll-gate, two miles from Richmond. On the 30th General Lee brought up Heth, Hoke, Field, and Wilcox to reinforce his left. At 2 o'clock P.M. the rebels, thus strengthened, made an attack on the Eighteenth Corps, whose right was now connected with the left of the Tenth. Major-General Weitzel commanded the Eighteenth. The enemy was repulsed with great loss. A heavy rain on the night of the 30th impeded the advance in this direction.

While Butler's army was engaged north of the James Meade's attacked the rebel right on the 30th, and gained an important position at Poplar Grove Church, near Southside Road. The troops engaged at this point were chiefly of the Fifth Corps, with two divisions of the Ninth. The next day General Ayre's division of the Fifth Corps was attacked by the rebels, who were repulsed with loss. There was also a cavalry engagement between Wade Hampton's force and Gregg's on the Vaughan Road, on our left: Hampton was driven back.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Hood, at the last advices, was intrenched on the West Point and Montgomery Railroad, twenty miles south of Atlanta, and near the junction of the West Point with the Macon Road. What Sherman's plan of future operations may be has not yet transpired.

In the mean time General Forrest is again raiding on Sherman's rear, with a force estimated at seven thousand men, with twenty guns. Advancing across the Tennessee he captured Athens, in Northern Alabama. The town was surrendered by Colonel Campbell, after a fight of two hours, the garrison consisting of 500 men. 300 more Federals were captured who were on the way to reinforce Campbell. Athens is a town on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad. This road was considerably injured between Athens and Decatur by the rebels, who immediately advanced on Pulaski, seventy-five miles south of Nashville, on the same road. They succeeded in driving the force posted at Elk River, and in destroying the Sulphur Spring trestle. The Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad is a short distance east of this road. On the 28th the telegraph wires on both roads were cut, cutting off all communication with Nashville. Rousseau on the 26th took the field and met the enemy at Pulaski. No battle occurred, however, as Forrest withdrew toward the Chattanooga Road, which Rousseau immediately took measures to guard.

INVASION OF MISSOURI.

Price is again moving into Missouri with a force estimated at from ten to thirty thousand men. On the 27th the main portion of this force was at Fredericktown in the southwestern part of the State. There was great excitement, and it was thought that a raid was contemplated on St. Louis. General Rosecranz is actively taking measures to meet the emergency, and General Mower is expected to move upon Price's rear from the south. The forces in the district of Central Missouri have been withdrawn from other points and concentrated at Jefferson city. General Ewing, commanding at Pilot Knob, was nearly surrounded. Several attacks have been made on his position, all of which have been repulsed. General Ewing has three thousand men, and at last accounts had succeeded in withdrawing his force from Pilot Knob. Price was advancing on Rolla.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

NEWS has reached England of the fall of Atlanta, which the London *Times* says "may fairly be regarded as crowning with success the campaign of the southwestern army of the Union."

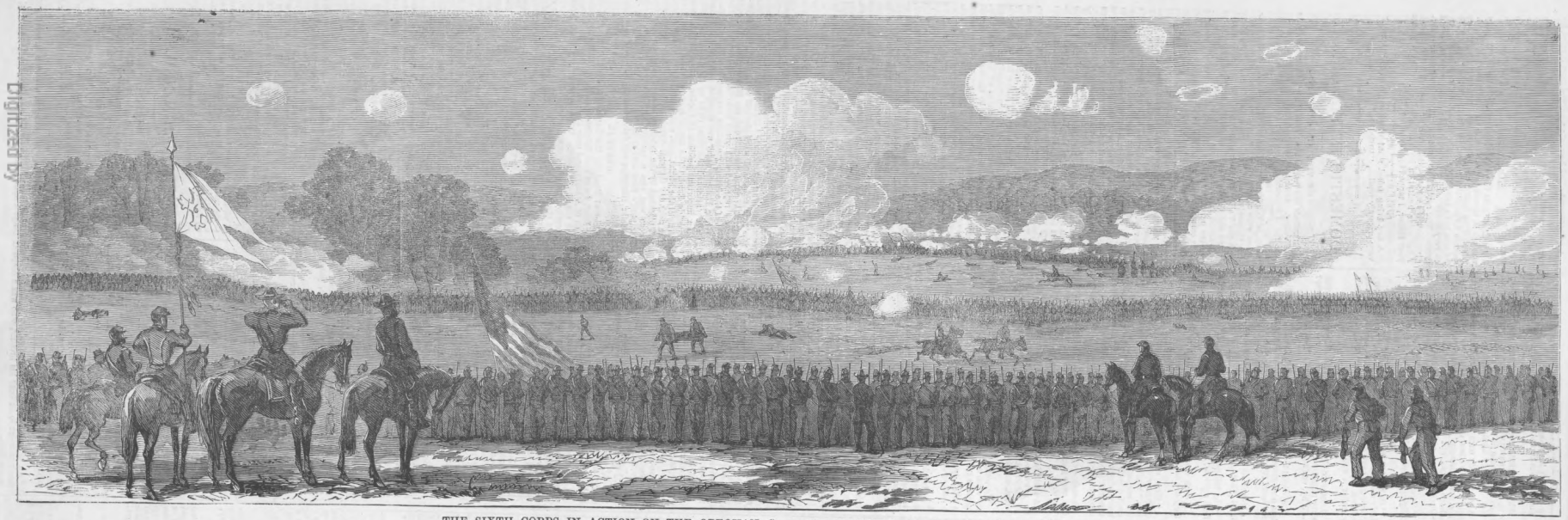
Muller, the alleged murderer of Mr. Briggs, has arrived in London. The excitement on the occasion was unprecedented in court annals.

A disastrous fire recently occurred in London, involving a loss of two millions and a half dollars.

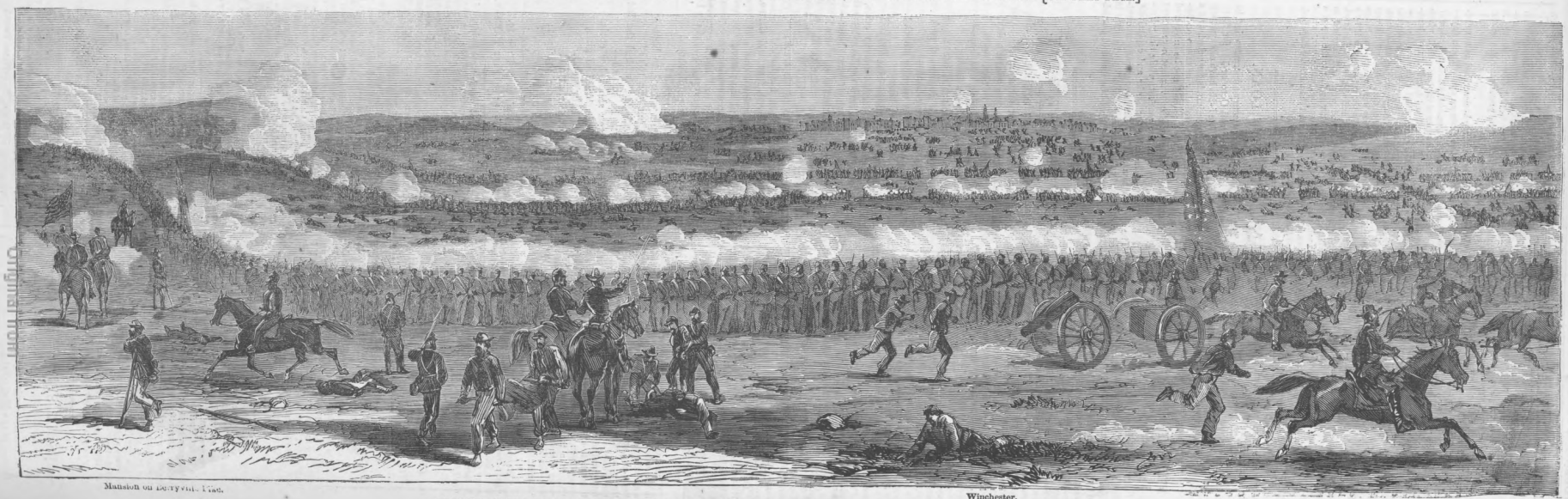
The Danish question begins again to wear a threatening aspect, in consequence of the refusal of Denmark to agree upon terms of peace. Sweden takes sides with Denmark.

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THE SIXTH CORPS IN ACTION ON THE OPEQUAN, SEPTEMBER 19, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



EARLY'S ARMY FALLING BACK UPON WINCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 19, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY.—[Photographed by Brady.]



MAJOR-GENERAL E. O. C. ORD.—[Photographed by Anthony.]

GENERALS BIRNEY AND ORD.

Generals Birney and Ord, whose portraits are above given, command respectively the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps of Butler's army. These officers had charge of the late operations north of the James River, in which Major-General Ord was wounded.

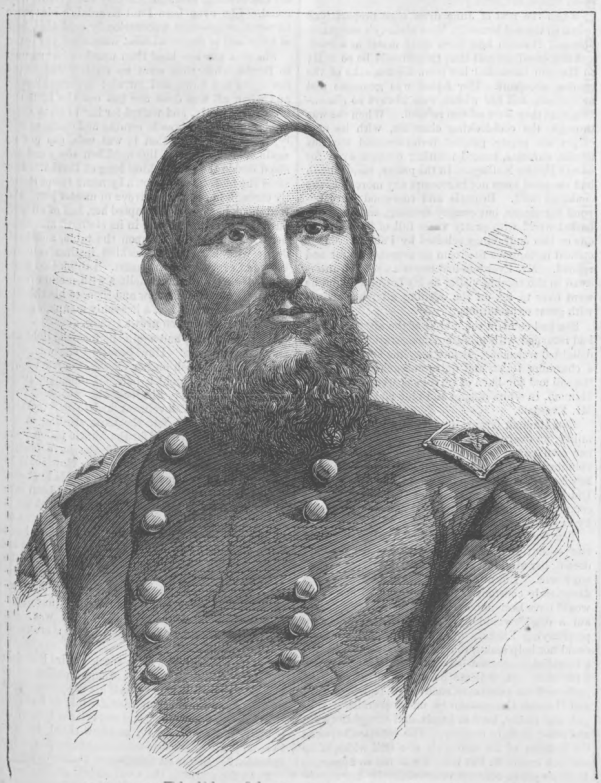
General David B. Birney was born in Alabama. He was the son of a rich planter, James B. Birney, who, although a Southerner by birth and a slaveholder, became a radical abolitionist. He carried his political creed into practice by coming to Ohio and emancipating his slaves. He was a Presidential candidate in 1844, when Henry Clay was the Whig nominee, and is said to have defeated the election of the latter by dividing the Whig party. Clay and Birney together had a popular majority of more than 24,000. General Birney was doing business in Philadelphia when the present war began. In August, 1861, he took the field as Colonel of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers. From a Colonel Birney was steadily promoted until he was appointed Major-General. He commanded a division in the Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac previous to assuming the command of the Tenth Corps.

Major-General E. O. C. Ord, a native of the District of Columbia, was a son of Lieutenant James Ord. He graduated from West Point in 1839 with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In September, 1850, he was promoted to a Captaincy. General Ord was attached to McCall's division of the Army of the Potomac, commanding the Third Brigade. This division of McClellan's army held the extreme right, and in the engagement at Drainsville, at the close of 1861, General Ord's command acted a prominent part. General Ord was during the next year transferred to the West, where he held a command under General Grant. He has proved himself a faithful and efficient officer, and has under him now "Baldy" Smith's old command. His wound, which is a slight one, was received on Thursday, September 28, while he was engaged in giving orders for an assault on fortifications still beyond those which he had captured at Chapin's Farm.

MAJOR-GENERALS CROOK AND TORBERT.

We give below portraits of Generals Crook and Torbert, the most efficient cavalry officers under Sheridan.

Major-General George Crook graduated at



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK.—[Photographed by Morse, Nashville, Tenn.]



MAJOR-GENERAL TORBERT.—[Photographed by Anthony.]

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West Point in 1852 with the rank of brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry. He commanded a brigade, the Third of General Cox's Division, in the Kanawha Valley in the spring of 1862, holding at that time the rank of Colonel. May 23, 1862, Colonel CROOK was attacked by the rebel Colonel HEATH. Troops from Ohio were principally engaged. The action was very severe, but CROOK gained a decisive victory. He here received a wound in the foot. He had spent the winter in disciplining the Thirty-sixth Ohio regiment, and the result proved the efficiency of a military education. General CROOK took part in the battle of Antietam, his command being attached to the Ninth Army Corps, commanded by General Cox. Soon afterward he was appointed Brigadier-General, and sent to Tennessee. General A. T. A. TORBERT, a Major-General by brevet, was also engaged in the battle of Antietam as Colonel of the First New Jersey Volunteers. His command, consisting of a brigade of New Jersey troops, won great distinction on that occasion. In the late victories in the Valley Major-General TORBERT has contributed an important part.

THE BALLAD OF A ROSE.

My folded flower last Summer grew
Serenely in a Southern place;
Its heart was filled with peaceful dew,
The peaceful sunshine kiss'd its face.

Beside the threshold of a cot
It knew familiar household ties,
The May's beloved forget-me-not
To maidens' lips and children's eyes.

Bees climb'd about it; birds above
Sang in the flush'd year of the rose:
"Our new millennium of Love
Begins with every May it blows."

Warm cottage-windows murmured near
All music making home so sweet—
The mother's voice divinely dear,
The lisping tongues, the pattering feet.

Ah, little rose, another tale
On your dumb lips has waited long
(Since then your tender lips grew pale)—
Speak, darling; make your speech my song!

Another tale than cottage peace,
Than balmy quiet, hovering wings
Of humming-birds and honey-bees,
And Summer's breath of shining things.

Ah, little rose, your lips are mute:
Could Fancy give them words to-day,
Such histories would but sadly suit
Those lips that knew but Love and May!

You woke, one Sabbath, warm and sweet,
The fields were bright with dewy glow;
The sun smiled o'er the springing wheat,
And spake, "Let all things lovelier grow!"

What answer rock'd the awaken'd earth,
Strange echo to that voice divine!
Before the battle's awful birth
The earth and heaven gave no sign.

The cannon thunder'd every where;
The bomb sprang howling from afar,
A coming earthquake born in air,
A winged hell, a bursting star!

And lo! about the sacred spot
Where late the doves of home would 'light,
Men red with battle falter'd not
Though others lay with faces white.

The lowly roof of Love, behold!
Is rent by shell and cannon-ball;
The rifles flame from casements old;
By bullets torn the roses fall!

Under the rose-tree where you grew,
A soldier, dying, look'd and saw
Your face, that only Sabbath knew,
With Nature's love and Heaven's law.

He heard with ebbing blood and breath,
At your sweet charm, the thunder cease,
And in that earthquake-hour of Death
The cannon jarr'd the bells of Peace.

For while he saw you, tender flower!
So peaceful in that troubled place,
A tenderer vision touch'd the hour
And left its halo on his face.

A captain pluck'd you, in the roar
Of battle, o'er his comrade slain,
And through the fight your beauty bore
Bloodless upon the bloody plain.

Dear rose, within your folded leaves
I know what other memory lies;
I hear (or else my ear deceives)
Your wail of homesick longing rise:

"O happy Summer, lost to me!
O threshold, mine to guard no more!"
You yearn for visits of the bee
To rose's heart and cottage-door.

Rest in my book, O precious flower!
And seem—a whitening face above—
The witness in the battle-hour
Of Peace and Home, of God and Love.

A MAN'S MISTAKE.

I AM afraid I can not make my heroine romantic. There are disqualifying circumstances, several of them. Her name—it should have been Constance, or Genevieve, or Madeline—it *was* plain Hannah. A good, respectable name; her mother had borne it, and her grandmother, and her great-grandmother. Good, conscientious women, all of them, doing their duty through life in the fear of God; but not such personages as novels and poems are written about. Then her home—if it could have been a stately stone mansion, a graceful villa, or even a white cottage overhung with vines, it would have figured better in a story; but, instead, it was a great, square, red house, with a great square yard in front, two immense, prosperous-looking barns on one side, and a thrifty vegetable garden on the other. Deacon Grant thought red was the most economical color for painting buildings. He was right, perhaps, but what his farm-house gained in economy it certainly lacked in picturesqueness. Last, but not least, Hannah Grant was not a beauty. Her hands were hard and brown; she had not been very careful of her complexion; and her hair was what the people round her called red. It was a shade to be sure that painters love—you and I should call it auburn—but it was not black or brown, and Hannah was greatly exercised in mind thereat, and, in an early stage of girlhood, did her best to spoil it with pomatum, trying to make it look dark.

Give me credit for taking all the aforesaid disqualifying circumstances into account before I began, and hesitating to tell you the story of Hannah Grant lest you should not find her an attractive heroine. But she was just one of the persons who do their work in life so cheerfully and so well; such a thoroughly genial, healthful nature that I thought it would do you good to sit down for a little while in her company. The people who know their own place in the world and are satisfied without trying to creep into their neighbor's are so rare. I do not think Hannah Grant had ever felt even a momentary discontent with her lot. She had a clear, strong mind, and saw things at their true valuation. She understood the rarity and worth of honest good sense and integrity, such as distinguished her parents, and appreciated the comfort and prosperity of her surroundings. Even when she went away to school for a year or two she did not take the fever after fashion, and finery, and frivolity, which seems almost as inevitable to girls in their teens as the measles and whooping-cough are to children. She came back to the red farm-house as natural and unspoiled as she went away.

She *did* fall so far into the ways of young ladyhood as to make one intimate friend; and chose, of course, her exact opposite. Bertha Mallory was a born fine lady, reared like a hot-house flower, and developed into a loveliness as frail and perishable, perhaps, but as delicate and dainty. It was not strange that Hannah Grant admired her, for she had a keen and vivid sense of beauty, and Bertha was beautiful exceedingly. Hannah had been struck, from the first day she entered school, with that picture-like grace—the slender, airy figure; the exquisite small hands and feet; the haughty little head, with its hair of pale gold waving round it in such soft ripples; the color delicate yet bright as the heart of a blush-rose; the long-lashed blue eyes so brightly, vividly blue; the perfectly cut features; the dainty mouth, with lips as red as a scarlet geranium flower. All this was heightened by that appropriateness of setting and finish without which even a diamond lacks lustre. Bertha had a genius for just one thing in the world, and that was dress. She did it thoroughly well. The only child of parents who lived but to indulge her fancies, to whom her caprices were law, she had never known the need of that fettering economy which asks before every purchase, "How long will it last? Will it dye? Will it turn?"

She wore the daintiest muslins, the loveliest ribbons, the gayest little slippers; and every thing was so harmonious, so perfectly selected, that it seemed but the fit back-ground for her beauty, enhancing instead of at all distracting attention from it.

It was certainly the strangest anomaly in the list of anomalous friendships that a violent intimacy should have sprung up between her and Hannah Grant. On Hannah's part it was natural, perhaps. Like most plain persons she worshiped beauty, and had for Bertha something of the devotion of a loyal courtier for a royal mistress. I think Bertha was attracted to Hannah precisely because Hannah was so unlike herself, made no attempts to rival her in dress, had no conflicting pretensions to beauty. She was a selfish little creature, too—profoundly selfish—and the generosity of Hannah's large nature was convenient. She sang with a siren sweetness of voice that admirably simulated true feeling, and she danced like a fairy; but there her accomplishments ended. She hated study, and made Hannah write all her compositions and do all her sums, paying her with kisses and caresses. Of real love I do not believe she was capable; but she had a continual need of her friend, and a habit of confiding in her, which both of them mistook for love.

Still, not even Bertha Mallory had power to subvert that strong, practical common sense of Hannah's, or give her a distaste for her home, and the life that awaited her there. She went back, as I said, thoroughly unspoiled. She took her right place in the household at once, and began relieving her mother of some hard duties, keeping her father's accounts, and making herself necessary to every one. Of course she corresponded with Miss Mallory. She wrote with weekly regularity, according to promise, good, cordial, loving letters, that must have come like a fresh breeze blowing from the hills into the perfumed, luxurious air of the rose-hung room where they were read. Bertha wrote quite punctually too. In her friend she was sure of an admiring auditor for all her triumphs, and her egotism was unsparingly prolix.

Hannah learned a new lesson that winter, sweeter and stranger than any that had gone before. She learned how a woman, strong and faithful of heart, vigorously organized, and unspoiled by sentimental fancies, can love a good man. There was a powerful fascination about Paul Everdale, and others felt it besides herself. He had come to Ashford during her absence, and taken the place of the old minister who had preached there ever since she could remember; and of course he was a frequent visitor at Deacon Grant's.

It seemed strange, at first, that he should love Hannah. His nature was so much more ideal than hers—all his tendencies were romantic and poetical. He was just the man, you would have thought, to marry for beauty—to marry, perhaps, and repent it ever after; for beauty alone would never have permanently satisfied him—yet you would have imagined his heart must be reached through his fancy. It certainly spoke well for his discernment, his real appreciation of character, that he should have recognized Hannah Grant's true worth, and forgiven her want of the dainty grace, the symmetrical loveliness, which it was a part of his very nature to crave. It surprised her to find herself his choice as much as it could have surprised any one. But she repaid him by fondest and faithfulest love. Now, indeed, her letters grew full of hope and brightness. Joy sparkled in them, anticipation flooded them with promise. Next summer, she wrote, Bertha must visit her. She would take no denial. She should not be satisfied till she had introduced her to Mr. Everdale.

Can it be credited that these letters piqued Bertha—that in the midst of her "great possessions" she envied the poor man's one ewe lamb? Hannah had been the first to become engaged—Hannah, in connection with whom she had never thought of lovers—whose destiny was, so she would have said if she had been questioned, to settle down by-and-by a farmer's wife, and distinguish herself, perhaps, for bread and cheese at agricultural fairs. It seemed unfitting, incongruous, that Hannah should be writing to her of this handsome, eloquent young man, with his dreamy eyes, his poet's face, his chivalrous homage.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, "he has seen no one else. What a pity if he should be allowed to marry, and then wake up afterward to the knowledge that there are women and women!"

She made up her mind to look into the affair herself. She could go in June, and spare six weeks or so before Newport. She wrote a gracious letter to Hannah, accepting her invitation, and promising to dawn upon Ashford in the month of roses. Of course Hannah was jubilant when she received it. She spent half the evening in talking to Mr. Everdale about Bertha's graces, and anticipating the delights of her visit.

That was a happy spring to Hannah Grant. She hunted May flowers with Paul Everdale, following the trail of their shy, sweet fragrance through the spicy woods. She drew nearer to him day by day, understood him better, grew more necessary to him. He began to comprehend what he had only vaguely guessed at first, the warmth of passion that lay so deep in her heart, the strength of loving that would make her tenderness the crown and glory of a man's life. There was an element of growth in her in which lay much of her attraction. He felt that when he had won her his work was not done. She would climb to new heights. Standing beside her to-day, he had yet some steps to take if he would stand beside her next year.

When the first of June drew nigh preparations began in the red house for Miss Mallory's reception. She and Hannah had been room-mates at school, and it seemed natural that they should be so still; so Hannah beautified her room for the sake of the coming occupant. Her father was generous and prosperous, and her wishes were always so reasonable that they were seldom refused. When she was through, the cool-looking chamber, with its new carpet, the pretty, painted furniture, and the soft muslin curtains, looked inviting enough even for dainty Bertha Mallory. In the parlor, too, Hannah had the good taste not to attempt any more than she could do well. Brussels and rosewood were beyond her means, but creamy matting, and chairs of basket-work, with pretty vases full of flowers, and one or two engravings selected by Paul Everdale's critical taste, gave the room an aspect pleasant and refined. Mr. Everdale had become as much interested in the coming visitor as his betrothed, and he went over to tea on the evening after her arrival with great expectations.

She had come in the middle of the afternoon, and had returned with profuse demonstration Hannah's delighted welcome. Before tea-time she had made a charming toilet, and quite untouched by any of the soil and sun-burn of travel she went down with Hannah, in white muslin and blue ribbons, to meet Mr. Everdale.

Had Hannah Grant, in spite of all apparent humility, an overweening self-esteem, a confidence in her own power little short of audacity, that she voluntarily put herself in contrast with Bertha Mallory? Or was the confidence in him, her lover? Did love mean so much to her that she could not comprehend the possibility of its being turned aside by any outside charms?

You comprehend at once that it will be the old story—that Bertha's beauty, like the beauty of a dream, her airs, her graces, her dainty toilets, will work woe. But at first Paul Everdale meant to be dauntlessly constant. The very idea of fickleness would have been abhorrent to him. "Is thy servant a dog?" would have been his answer to any prophesying Elisha. Still, from the very first, he could not help seeing that fair was fair. There was a tantalizing contrast between this dainty creature, with such soft, delicate beauty, such airy grace, such ineffable sweetness, such childlike dependence, and Hannah Grant—sturdy, uncompromising, rugged, and ruddy, hard of hands, and straightforward and self-reliant in manner. The contrast between the natures of the two girls was still wider, if he had but known it, but then it was not so apparent. Bertha's silken softness veiled skillfully her utterly selfish character, petty aims, narrow scope, and circumscribed powers. Hannah's great heart throbbed for all the world. She was ready to spend and be spent for suffering humanity every where. She was as unselfish as human nature can be—honest in her affections, strong of will, and vigorous of mind.

She had so much confidence in both her lover and her friend that it was a long time before her suspicions were awakened to the possibility that they might like each other too well. At first she threw them together in the most unguarded way. Not even for Bertha would she lay aside those domestic cares of which she had once lifted the burden from her mother's shoulders; and they kept her busy quite a portion of every day. She thought it was so kind of Paul to come over and help her friend to pass away these hours which must otherwise have been solitary. She took a heart-felt pride in Bertha's accomplishments, and when she heard her singing to the guitar which she had brought with her, she would pause at her work to listen, and think, triumphantly, "He will see now that I have not praised her too much."

Bertha found the Reverend Paul Everdale quite worthy of her steel. She had seen no handsomer man in her one winter in society, and she had seen few who equaled him in grace and culture. Unimaginative as it must be confessed she was, she found something infinitely charming in his poetical temperament; in the grave sweetness of his manner, suggesting always something held in reserve. She had commenced with only the intention to flirt a little—perhaps "to break a country-heart for pastime ere she went to town"—but in a week or two she found her own heart, or the sentimental vanity which did duty for one with her, seriously enlisted. Then with the uncontrolled willfulness which in weak natures like hers is often almost a passion she resolved that he *should* love her. Her task was not so hard as some of those which Sir Michael Scott set for his familiar spirit before he found that last endless one, at which, I suppose, the Enemy still labors. She had for weapons her beauty, her wardrobe, her voice, her finished coquetry of manner; and in the lists against her was only Hannah, unarmed and unskillful.

One by one she carried the outposts of her citadel. Day after day witnessed some wall fall down—some skirmish, successful on her side. She sung such low, sweet airs, sitting there on a foot-stool at his feet like an innocent child; she listened when he read to her with such sympathetic attention; she was so variable—now meek and womanly, with her hair rippling unadorned away from her low forehead, and making her look placid as a Madonna; again, haughty as a little queen, putting some coronet above her brow that made her look regal, and putting on with it a queen's dignity and hauteur; yet again airy and teasing, eluding him at every turn, slipping through his fingers like a butterfly. It was not strange that he was bewildered; that he felt the solid earth sliding away from beneath his feet, and dared no longer look his own soul in the face.

It was just at this stage that Hannah woke up to the meaning of affairs. The revelation flashed upon her suddenly. She read it in his eyes as they followed Bertha, perhaps; or heard it in the tremulous tones of his voice. She knew not how—she knew only that, whereas she had been blind, now she saw; and only Heaven could understand how sharp was the pang when her eyes were opened. Suddenly as it came her self-command did not fail her. She sat the evening through, scarcely more silent than usual. She even bore Paul Everdale's kiss when he went away—that unconsciously cold kiss, born of habit and of duty—without wincing.

She was not less kind than usual in her manner to Bertha when they went up stairs. She helped her untie her bows, and untwist her gay ribbons, and when all was done she put out the light and lay down quietly, and waited for her to go to sleep. When the regular breath, coming and going so softly, had satisfied her that it was safe, she got up again and lighted her light. Then she went and stood beside the bed, looking long at Bertha. Passions she had scarcely known by name swept stormily through her soul and strove to master her. Hatred shook her, revenge tempted her, last of all love, outraged and scorned, rose in its strength and defied her. She set the light upon the table, and knelt down with her burden, seeking instinctively the refuge of every sorrowful heart. I think God heard her. He who fed the Israelites with manna in the wilderness vouchsafes now and then, to his children in the wilderness of life, a heavenly manna, and the soul that feeds thereon grows strong.

At last she rose, and again she took the light and stood over Bertha. How beautiful she was, with that faint pink flush on her cheeks, the scarlet lips parted, the wavy golden hair, all unbound, straying over the pillow! She looked so sweet and innocent, too, that her loveliness had in it something touching. Hannah felt the tears stealing to her eyes. She hated herself for the frantic jealousy she had been feeling. How could she have blamed either of them? she asked herself. How could he help loving such grace and beauty? Had not she, a woman, felt that wonderful charm, and been subdued by it—could she expect a man to look on it unmoved? As for Bertha, she blamed her least of all, for who could help loving Paul? She knelt down once more and breathed another prayer, so utterly unselfish that I doubt if half the saints in the calendar ever did any thing so worthy of canonization—a prayer for them and their happiness together. I do not think she slept much that night. She could conquer herself when need was; but sternest duty could not bid her wear her crown of thorns joyfully.

She had meant at first to speak to Mr. Everdale the next day—to release him from all obligation to her, and leave him free to seek his happiness in his own way; but she began after a while to feel that this was not best. She could not release him without giving a reason for it; and how could she bear to seem jealous and suspicious—to accuse him of his defection? Better let things take their course.

So in the morning she went on just as usual—set herself about her accustomed tasks, and tried not to

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listen for the two voices that floated now and then out of the parlor. Paul Everdale was drinking a Circean cup, of which the dregs would be bitter enough at bottom, however the bubbles might sparkle on its surface. His nature was too noble to let him sin comfortably. He was troubled already by an accusing phantom that sometimes came between him and the siren-sweet face, or drowned in the clamor of its upbraidings the silvery voice. Bertha had tact enough to know this—to interpret aright his paroxysms of devotion and coldness. It only stimulated her to a resolution more intense—a more passionate longing for triumph.

Things went on so until the very afternoon before she was to leave. That day was to decide so much. Even Bertha was feverish with excitement. She thought her stake on the game was heavy, and she waited with frantic impatience to see whether she had won or lost. Mr. Everdale sat with her a while, talking about her going away; then, feeling his self-control failing him, he got up and went into the dining-room, where his betrothed stood alone, busy about some household task. Going to her side, he said, out of his utter desperation and helplessness,

"Hannah, I need you. If you ever loved me, save me!"

There was courage and strength in her look. She put out her hand to him, and he grasped it with clinging tenacity. I have seen a poor soul who could not swim cling so to a spar in the midst of deep waters.

"Yes," she said, "I will save you. I understand it all. You and Bertha love each other, and you have been feeling that the love was wicked. It is not. It is what you could not help. *She* suits you, and *I* never should. I only wonder that with that poet's temperament of yours you ever thought of loving me for a moment. I see now that I could never have made you happy: and I am so thankful that Bertha came and brought us all to our senses before it was too late! Of course I should not marry you now, and you are free as though you had never seen me."

Her strength and courage deceived him. He thought she was not suffering—that, after all, they had both been deceiving themselves. Perhaps his desire to think this misled him into judging too hastily.

"I was never half good enough for you, Hannah," he said, with that lip praise which means so little, and comes so easily on such occasions. "You will find some one more worthy, and I—"

"You *have* found Bertha," she said, turning away, and putting an end to the conversation; for she felt her strength failing her, and she longed to be alone.

Paul Everdale went back to Bertha. She was crying. She had not understood his leaving her, and she had feared all was lost, and so began, childlike, to weep over her disappointment. And tears were as becoming to her as they are to babies. They did not redden her nose and furrow her brow as they do those of ordinary mortals. The round drops just glittered on the long golden lashes, like the dewdrops on a fringed gentian. Mr. Everdale took the dainty little creature in his arms.

"Let me comfort you, Bertha," he said, with a proud and passionate tenderness in his voice.

She drew herself away from him a little pettishly.

"No," she said, "you can not; you belong to Hannah. You went to her just now."

"But I belong to Hannah no longer. She would not have me. She has given me up. Child, do not torment me—love me!"

Did any throb of compunction visit that girl's heart? Did she feel one momentary spasm of pity for the noble soul she had wronged—the strong life she had done her best to wreck? I think not. She crept, with that childish, caressing way she had, closer into his arms, nearer to his heart. She cooed her love in tones of such murmurous sweetness as intoxicated him still more. He called her by a thousand fond names, such as Hannah had never heard from his lips in the days when he loved her most. He thanked her, he praised her, he blessed her again and again.

Hannah left them to themselves that evening; but when Bertha went up stairs she found her, though the hour was late, sitting up in their room. The girl's tact did not fail her. She knelt down at her friend's feet, and said, plaintively,

"Paul loves me, Hannah; but that can not make me happy if I have lost you. I loved you first. Don't turn me out of your heart, poor little me! whom you have loved so long."

Hannah was too generous to hear this appeal unmoved. She bent over and put her arms around the little figure, and stooping down she kissed the fatally beautiful face that had wiled Paul Everdale's heart away.

"No, Bertha," she said; "I have loved you too well for that. I do not blame you or him. It was fate."

They kissed each other when they parted the next morning, and said some fond words each of them; but they wrote, after that, no more letters once a week. Newport, of course, kept Bertha busy; and Hannah found tasks enough at home to employ hands and head. I think she never knew in those days that she was tired. The harder the work the more welcome, so that it would keep her from thinking, and make her weary enough at night to win sleep.

Paul Everdale was not quite so happy as he had imagined Bertha's love would make him. He missed Hannah when he settled back into the old ways again. Bertha's empire over his senses had been absolute; but Hannah had drawn nearer, though he did not then know it, to that immortal part which must remember and love, suffer or enjoy eternally. He had been used to telling her all his thoughts, to sharing with her his dreams and aspirations; and he found himself lonely and listless when the hour came on which he used to go to her. He tried to solace himself with the memory of a primrose face, with pale gold hair framing it in. He recalled and fondly lingered over every item of that dainty loveliness. But it did not console him as it ought. Bertha's letters tantalized him a little. They were so full of the gayeties and triumphs of her Newport life that the expressions of affection they contained could not quite salve the wound they made. It was vexing to find that she could be so gay and happy away from him—could triumph so in other men's admiration. He did not like to think of her waltzing, and polking, and flirting. It seemed to rob her image of half the charm it had in the quiet days at Ashford.

When six weeks had gone by a letter came which he read through more than once, as if bracing himself to meet bravely the blow it dealt. It did not break his heart, but it wounded his pride cruelly. He folded it up at last, saying to himself:

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again;" and went with it to Hannah.

He found her sitting alone in the parlor where he and Bertha had spent so many hours together. He thought as he entered the quiet room that he had never done justice to her attractions. Even when he loved her best he had considered her plain; but now, standing a moment in the door and looking at her, he saw something nobler in her face than any pink and white prettiness. The sun stole into the window where she sat, and lighted up the massive braids of her auburn hair till it shone like a crown of reddish gold. Her eyes were earnest and honest; her features had a certain nobility in their expression which you could not mistake. Time had redeemed childish carelessness, and cleared up her complexion into those rich, warm tints that go with auburn hair and hazel eyes. She was not a woman to be a belle in a ball-room, but one whom having known well you could not easily forget—such a one as King Solomon had in mind when he wrote of her whose price was above rubies. She would be a wife in whom the heart of her husband might safely trust—a mother whom sons and daughters would reverence, and whose influence would make their lives rich and worthy.

But she was no longer Paul Everdale's; so what to him was all he read in the good, serious face? He went up to her and handed her the letter.

"Read that, Hannah," he said. "You gave us to each other; you have a right to know what comes of it."

Puzzled a little by his manner, and by the sternness in his voice, Hannah took the letter, and read, in Bertha's airy, graceful hand, these words:

"Paul, I am engaged. I write the news abruptly, I know; but what can I say to soften it? I did love you dearly—I do love you dearly now. I loved you so well that I never thought about any thing else when we were together. When I got away from you I *began* to think. I knew I was unfit—could any one be more so?—for a minister's wife, and I knew I should be wretched to settle down into such a life. I am not good enough for it. All my tastes and talents lie in another direction. I *can* shine in a ball-room—I could not as a directress of benevolent societies. I began to realize that if I married you I should torment you to death, and make myself miserable. Then Mr. Bruyn-Broeck fell in love with me. He is rich, and handsome, and fashionable. All the girls here were running after him. But he sought me out—me who never ran after him at all, but held myself aloof because of my obligations to you. He can satisfy all my ambitions. The life I shall live with him will be a life that just suits me; and I have promised to be his wife. Just this once I will tell you that I love you best—that I would rather marry you if you were in his place; but you are *not* in his place, and I can not give up so much. Burn all my little notes, please. They are not worth sending back. Forgive me, and don't be unhappy about me. Go to Hannah, and she will comfort you. She was always better than any one else. BERTHA."

When she had read the letter all through she handed it back. She hardly knew what comment to make, and Mr. Everdale's manner seemed strange and sarcastic. So she only said, gently,

"I don't see how she could have written it! I am very sorry for you."

"You should congratulate me instead. *I* am glad—thankful beyond expression for this release. If she had married me, then indeed my folly would have met its deserved punishment. I must be one of Fate's darlings, she has let me off so easily."

"But I thought you loved her!"

"Yes, while she was here *I* thought so too. Hannah, I can never despise myself enough for having been enslaved by smiles and dimples, blue eyes and sweet tones, and a little white hand. I thought I had more strength. I did not fancy my locks could have been shorn by any such Delilah. I have been waking up for weeks to the knowledge of my folly, and this letter came to me with the grace of a free pardon. If I could but have another pardon, Hannah! If you could take me back to your heart, and try me once more, I would be content. In that Bertha is right; you were always better than any one else.

Hannah Grant had that generosity which is higher than any other. She was noble enough to forgive freely. But she could not have faith at once in a reaction so sudden. She must be *sure* before she again trusted all. So she condemned him to a year's probation. For one twelvemonth he must not speak to her one word of love. He and she were both to hold themselves free as if no such word had ever passed between them. When a year had gone by, if neither of them had formed any other ties, they should both know themselves better; and then would be time enough to decide their future.

He was obliged to be content with this, for it was the most he could win. She was resolved. She gave him her friendship—her forgiveness he had had long ago—but she was not a woman facile enough of acceptance to seize a heart caught in the rebound.

In a few weeks she heard from Bertha—a letter full of triumph and self-congratulation, with a few penitential speeches, a good many coaxing, caressing sentences about their old love for each other, and an invitation to Hannah to come to New York, and be one of the bridemaids at her approaching wedding. But though she urged the point with pertinacity Hannah had the good sense to refuse. She wrote Bertha kindly and warmly, but she well knew how out of place she would be at such a wedding, and was not prevailed upon. She invited Mr. and Mrs. Bruyn-Broeck to visit her, however; and received a promise, which she did not suppose would be kept for the next summer.

Do you care to know how it all ended? Before the year was quite over Mr. Everdale's perseverance had succeeded in convincing Hannah of the strength and endurance of his love, and by the next midsummer she was again his betrothed wife. He *did* love her—he had never loved another half so well—loved her all the better that he had wandered away a while after a false idol. Having fed upon husks the bread of home was sweet.

Just after the renewal of their engagement came, quite unexpectedly, Mrs. Bruyn-Broeck. Her husband brought her, and left her behind him for a visit. He was a handsome, self-indulgent, pleasure-loving man, who worshiped his wife's beauty, and indulged her whims as lavishly as he did his own.

And so Paul Everdale had one more opportunity of measuring the two women. Every day while it lasted his wonder and self-contempt at his old infatuation grew stronger. Bertha's very beauty seemed insipid to him, now—her airs and graces had lost their power. Over his fancy, as over his heart, Hannah reigned, at last, the elect woman. For once Fate or Providence had been kind, and given a man an opportunity in this world to correct a grand mistake, retrieve a great error. Paul Everdale accepted his good fortune thankfully.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

DECAY of the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In three years ending June 30, 1840, the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales was 518,006, while the deaths among females were only 499,058, giving an excess of male deaths in the three years of 18,048. After this statement it can not appear surprising that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males. At the present time, in London, there are 996,600 females to 878,000 males, or an excess of 119,000 ladies. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between 1st July, 1838, and 30th June, 1840, 5247 males aged eighty-five and upward; whereas, of the same age, there died only 3954 females, leaving what is called in the City a "balance" in favor of the old ladies of 1293.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON announces a fall of manna in Asia Minor. His informant, M. Haidinger, states that he has received a portion of this manna, which fell with a gust of rain at Charput. It is a lichen which is formed in the steppes of the Kurghis, and is often carried in these falls far to the west, across the Caspian. The grains, which are always perfectly detached, have much of the form of a raspberry or mulberry, and are found frequently to be attached to a stony support of granite, sand-stone, and lime. This manna is ground into flour, and baked into bread, and is known among the Turks by the name of *kerderboghdasi*, which means wonder-corn or grain. It contains more than sixty-five per cent. of oxalate of lime, and twenty-five of amylaceous matter.

"How stupid you look, always staring straight up into the sky: what can you see there?" asked the Butter-cups of the Daisies.

"See! oh, we see the sun in his strength, and the glories of day, and the soft summer clouds, and the grand thunder-storms, and wonders and beauties beyond description," answered the Daisies.

"But you are stiff-necked by it, and all the field laughs at you," said the Butter-cups.

"We don't mind about it," said the Daisies.

"What poor, mean-looking things the Cardamines are! Don't you think so?" asked the Butter-cups.

"Are they?" asked the Daisies, in reply.

"Shocking: but it would be better to be like *them* than those clumsy Clover Blossoms—don't you think so?" asked the Butter-cups.

"Can't say, indeed," replied the Daisies.

"As to those flaunting Campions, well, they *are* bold, standing so tall and holding their heads so high; wouldn't you be ashamed to be like them?"

"Friends," said the Daisies, "be advised: it may seem stupid to be always staring at the sky, but it is very plain that if you would follow our example and do it, you would escape seeing much that disquiets you now—an escape bought cheaply, even at the cost of a stiff neck and a little contempt."

"How wise I am!" cried the Finger-post to a Willow-stump by his side.

"Are you?" said the Willow.

"Am I?" indignantly retorted the Post. "Do you see my arms? Are not the name of the great town, the road to it, and the distance from it, plainly written there?"

"Ah, yes!" said the Willow.

"Then you must acknowledge how superior I am to you. Why, I am a public teacher."

"True indeed," answered the Willow, "and learned you are; but, as to wisdom, I see little difference between you and me. You know the way to the city, I believe, and are the means of enabling many to find it; but here you have stood these twenty years, and I don't see that you have got a step farther on the road than I have, who don't profess to understand any thing about it."

THE corner-stone of the old Capitol was laid by General Washington on the 18th September, 1793. This building was set on fire by the British in the war of 1814, at the conclusion of which it was rebuilt. The wings were added in 1851, on July 4, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Under the corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol Mr. Webster deposited a paper in his own handwriting containing the following sentence: "If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundations be upturned, and the deposit beneath this stone brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm—that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world." Just ten years after this was uttered the Special Session of Congress of July 4, 1861, was convened for the purpose of taking measures to put down the insurrection of the Southern States.

THE Mexicans had reached a high state of civilization under Montezuma. Although, like the Chinese, they ate a variety of dog, called techichi, yet their principal resource for meat was the turkey, called totolin, which they reared in enormous quantities. Turkeys were a thing sufficiently abundant to cause a national surfeit. Cortez relates that the poultry-yards of Montezuma's palace were stocked with several thousand turkeys; and Bernal Diaz tells how, every day, a couple of hundred were sacrificed to feed the beasts in the emperor's menagerie; provided, first, that the said menagerie was vast, and secondly, that turkeys were not very dear. It was from Mexico that turkeys were brought to Europe.

The Mexicans were passionate lovers of flowers. They fully appreciated the vegetable treasures which nature had profusely lavished upon them. In their splendid gardens they assembled those which were most remarkable for their perfume or their brilliant colors. With these they associated medicinal plants methodically arranged, the shrubs most remarkable for their flowers or foliage, or for the excellence of their fruits or seed, together with trees of majestic or elegant aspect. They were particularly fond of sprinkling their parterres and clumps on the steep slopes of hills, where they seemed suspended.

The Mexicans were also the first people who collected together animals in menageries. Before the Jardin des Plantes and the Zoological Gardens were, the Mexican Horticultural Menagerie was. There were bright-feathered birds in aviaries as big as houses; wild animals, carnivorous beasts, and even serpents. There Bernal Diaz first saw the rattlesnake, which he describes as "having castanets in its tail." At that date Europe possessed no Jardin des Plantes or Zoological Garden. That of Padua, said to be the first, was founded in 1445; Venice, however, claims to have had one earlier. The others followed at a respectful distance of time.

ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.—I heard an anecdote the other day about one of the Cape wars. The colored chieftains and their followers were being strung up by dozens as a punishment for cowardly slaughter of women and children. One morning the Governor inquired of his secretary what number of Caffres were to be hanged on that particular day. "So many," replied the secretary, mentioning a large haul. "Indeed!" said the Governor; "why, they'll be at it several hours! And yet," he continued, "I ordered increased accommodation for them. How many will the last gallows built hold at a time?" "Not more," answered the secretary, "than six *comfortably*!"

MR. ROBERT NASH, church-warden of Otford, has a fine black retriever, who regularly goes to the post-office in the village about twenty minutes past seven in the morning, and conveys the letters, newspapers, etc., for his master with unerring precision. The sagacious animal walks straight to the office, and the postmaster, or mistress, places the letters, etc., on the counter, when he seizes them in his mouth and goes to his master's house, and will not deliver them to any one besides Mr. Nash. If he can not find him at once he searches the house and premises till he succeeds in doing so. This interesting animal invariably goes from his master's house at a walking pace, and returns with his letters, etc., at a bounding trot, thus showing a good example to human letter-carriers, which they would do well to follow.

THERE is a romantic legend attached to two monuments in the chancel of Bramber church, Sussex; one was that of a lady, the other of a knight with a crescent on his helmet. Eustace de Braose, affianced to Alice de Bouverie, and a crusader, while in the Holy Land, became enamored of Zulma, a beautiful Syrian girl. In the Battle of Acadon he slew her brother Azim, the most redoubtable warrior of Saladin's army, and her love was turned into bitter revenge. Dissembling her anger, she swore him to observe her commands, and to return to claim his English bride. Both and sorrowful he came back to Bramber, and espoused that lady; but on his wedding-night Zulma stood before them, and commanded him to die, by giving him a poisoned dagger. Wild shrieks rang through the castle, the hall was emptied of the wassailers, and the house women, who flew to the chamber of Alice, found her a maniac, gazing with wild eyes on two lifeless forms that lay upon the floor—the false Eustace and his unhappy Zulma.

HOW THE LONDON POOR ARE CLOTHED.—There are in very dirty streets and close thoroughfares small shops called marine stores. At these places, in addition to dripping, grease, and kitchen stuff, corks, bits of iron, copper, and old metal pots, bottles, and empty boxes, children's old clothes sometimes are offered for sale, and are resold at a very low price. Besides these places there are small pawn-shops and "leaving-shops" every where. Here raiment of all sorts, large and small, can be purchased. The mother can fit herself out, and her husband too, at these shops; but they pay dear for the cheap article, as the children's clothes are often filled with infection, and indeed must be. The poor in London live sometimes by pawning one thing after another, through a hard winter, or under stress of sickness. The clothes of the child just dead of typhus fever are taken to the pawn-shop, and turned into money. A drunken wife or mother will take the blankets and sheets from her dead husband's bed and pawn them. This husband perhaps has died of small-pox. A woman who goes to help at a gentleman's house after a dinner-party may be often rewarded for clandestine services to the cook by a faded stuff or cotton dress. I should think there is hardly a char-woman coming backward and forward to help the cook on occasions like these, who could not tell us this was the reward she received for the gin she procured and the dripping she sold.

NAPOLEON, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but Napoleon gently waved her on one side, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows that they do not "respect the burden"—whatever the burden is. Sometimes the burden is an actual visible load, sometimes it is cold and raggedness, sometimes it is hunger, sometimes it is grief or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle or am jostled) with a half-clad, hungry-looking fellow in the street on a winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I expect him to be harsh, rude, loud, unforgiving; and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again, a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent, so far as common amenities go; I am a brute if I quarrel with him for a wry word or an ungracious act.

WOMEN have really more taste in matrimonial affairs than we are apt to give them credit for. Next to the suitor's money the lady has undoubtedly an eye to his person, and admires a manly stature and a handsome limb none the less because she happened to marry a manakin instead of a man. A story is told of a Roman suitor, who obviously understood human nature far better than our modern beaux. Going to woo a fair lady, he took with him a bag of gold and a bar of iron; the former he threw at her feet, the last he bent in her presence. Spine and "spelter" did the business.

A SON was born on the 5th of August to ISAAC TETRO, being the twenty-fourth child of the mother, who is forty-five years old. All except one pair of twins were single births.

AN ingenious trick has just been detected in Paris. A man and woman worked it. The man would go into a shop and make a small purchase of a few sous only, for which he paid with a five-franc or ten-franc piece, and received the change. Immediately after his departure his female confederate would also enter and make a small purchase. Then, after looking at other goods for a few minutes, she would politely ask for her change, and when the shop-keeper denied having received any coin from her, she would reply that he must have forgotten, and that if he looked in his till he would find a gold piece with a certain mark on it. On finding such a piece the astonished tradesman would, of course, give the change with many apologies.

ENGLISH WEATHER.—As the *Standard* correspondent in Denmark was traveling by the rail from Copenhagen to Elsinore he got into conversation about the weather: "Two of the passengers who spoke a little English rather amused me in their ideas of our climate. One seriously assured the other that it rained cats and dogs sometimes in England, and that he had so read it. The other said he had likewise read of its raining ducks and drakes; and they philosophically accounted for the phenomenon by supposing that the dreadful whirlwinds which sometimes prevail in England must have caught up these animals, which in their descent were attributed to a rain of such things from the sky. I was appealed to as to whether such showers did not fall, and I could only answer that I had certainly very often heard of them, but that I had certainly not had the good fortune to have seen them!"

AT Russel, in the year 1549, cats formed part of an orchestra which performed before Philip II. of Spain. A bear was seated on a great car at the figure of an organ, which instead of pipes had twenty cats of different notes and sizes shut up in small cages with their tails out, and attached to the register of the organ in such a manner that when the bear pressed the keys the tails of the unlucky cats were pulled, and the cats began to squeak. The description proceeds to state that at the sound of this feline instrument, monkeys and some children (dressed up to represent bears, wolves, stags, and other animals) danced about on an adjoining stage. It is recorded of Louis XI. that he asked his master of music, the Abbé de Baigne, to treat him to a concert of pigs. The abbé assembled a number of the unmusical animals, of different ages and sizes (and, it is to be presumed, carefully selected in respect to the variety of their intonation), and placed them in a tent, having in front a table like the key-board of a piano-forte. As the keys were touched they moved certain pins, which pricked the unfortunate pigs, who grunted and squeaked accordingly.

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THE CHICAGO PLATFORM.

RESOLVED,—THAT IN THE FUTURE, AS IN THE PAST, WE WILL ADHERE WITH UNSWERVING FIDELITY TO THE UNION UNDER THE CONSTITUTION, AS THE ONLY SOLID FOUNDATION OF OUR STRENGTH

SECURITY, AND HAPPINESS AS A PEOPLE, AND AS A FRAME-WORK OF GOVERNMENT EQUALLY CONDUCIVE TO THE WELFARE AND PROSPERITY OF ALL THE STATES, BOTH NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN.

RESOLVED,—THAT THIS CONVENTION DOES EXPLICITLY DECLARE, AS THE SENSE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, THAT, AFTER FOUR YEARS OF FAILURE TO RESTORE THE UNION, BY THE EXPERIMENT OF WAR, DURING WHICH, UNDER THE PRETENSE OF A MILITARY NECESSITY, OF A WAR POWER HIGHER THAN THE CONSTITUTION

UNION FAILURES.

RESOLVED,—THAT THE DIRECT INTERFERENCE OF THE MILITARY AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE RECENT ELECTIONS HELD IN KENTUCKY, MARYLAND, MISSOURI AND DELAWARE, WAS A SHAMEFUL VIOLATION OF THE CONSTITUTION,

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE MUST BE TAKEN BY ALL THE DISLOYAL CITIZENS. THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

AND THE REPETITION OF SUCH ACTS IN THE APPROACHING ELECTION WILL BE HELD AS REVOLUTIONARY, AND RESISTED WITH ALL THE MEANS AND POWER UNDER OUR CONTROL.

THE CONSTITUTION ITSELF HAS BEEN DISREGARDED

EVERY MARYLAND PUBLIC LIBERTY AND PRIVATE RIGHT

RESOLVED,—THAT THE AIM AND OBJECT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS TO PRESERVE THE FEDERAL UNION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES UNIMPAIRED; AND THEY HEREBY DECLARE

ALIKE TRODDEN DOWN, AND THE MATERIAL PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY ESSENTIALLY IMPAIRED, JUSTICE, HUMANITY, LIBERTY,

THAT THEY CONSIDER THE ADMINISTRATIVE USURPATION OF EXTRAORDINARY AND DANGEROUS POWERS NOT GRANTED BY THE CONSTITUTION, THE SUBVERSION OF THE CIVIL BY MILITARY LAW IN STATES NOT IN INSURRECTION,

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, FOR PRESIDENT.

AND THE PUBLIC WELFARE, DEMAND THAT IMMEDIATE EFFORTS BE MADE FOR A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES WITH A VIEW TO AN ULTIMATE CONVENTION OF ALL THE STATES,

RESOLVED,—THAT THE SYMPATHY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY WITH THEIR FELLOW-CITIZENS IN STATES WHERE CIVIL LAW EXISTS IN FULL FORCE, THE ARBITRARY MILITARY ARREST, IMPRISONMENT, TRIAL AND SENTENCE OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IN THE EVENT OF OUR ATTAINING POWER, THEY WILL RECEIVE ALL THE CARE AND PROTECTION NECESSARY AND DESIRABLE UNDER THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY;

THE SUPPRESSION OF FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS, THE DENIAL OF THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM, THE OPEN AND AVOWED DISREGARD OF STATE RIGHTS

THE EMPLOYMENT OF UNUSUAL TEST-OATHS, AND THE INTERFERENCE WITH AND DENIAL OF THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO BEAR ARMS, AS CALCULATED TO PREVENT A RESTORATION OF THE UNION AND THE PERPETUATION OF A GOVERNMENT DERIVING ITS JUST POWERS FROM THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED.

OR OTHER PEACABLE MEANS TO THE END THAT AT THE EARLIEST PRACTICABLE MOMENT PEACE MAY BE RESTORED ON THE BASIS OF THE FEDERAL UNION OF THE STATES.

RESOLVED,—THAT THE SHAMEFUL DISREGARD OF THE ADMINISTRATION TO ITS DUTY IN RESPECT TO OUR FELLOW-CITIZENS WHO NOW AND LONG HAVE BEEN PRISONERS OF WAR, IN A SUFFERING CONDITION DESERVES THE SEVEREST REPROBATION, ON THE SCORE ALIKE OF PUBLIC INTEREST AND COMMON HUMANITY.

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THE SONG OF THE BEGGAR.

I SIT all day in the crowded street,
'Mid the sound of wheels and hurrying feet,
In the warm sunlight and the cruel sleet;
And very hard is this marble seat:
  Hard and cold as the hearts of those,
  Robed in laces and satin clothes,
Who pass me by as though I were stone.
A wonder it is that I have not grown
On the pavement here to a statue of bone,
For the wind to wail at and shriek and moan.
  Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
  Poverty makes the young look old!

From morning to noon, from noon to night;
And the broad bright day, and the wan gaslight;
Like a spectre here, the children to fright
As they pass me by, till my aching sight
  Grows dim with tears at the very thought
  Of my own child—mine! her whom I brought
Into this world of hunger and sin,
Dying at home! Oh the dreadful din
Of these heartless streets! Will it never begin
To grow warmer? for my blood is thin.
  Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
  Poverty makes the young look old!

Oh mother! for so I judge you to be—
Pray turn not in silent scorn from me,
For I am a woman like unto thee;
But the poor are slaves, while the rich are free.
  Sad it is to be so shut out
  From human creatures round about.
Sweet lady! I was once young and fair;
But it seems an age since my frosty hair
Grew gray and thin from mute despair—
The still-born offspring of Want and Care.
  Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
  Poverty makes the young look old!

The dark night comes, and the stars look down
From the peaceful skies on the heartless town;
On my hopeless woe they seem to frown
In their jewel-splendor, so like a crown.
  Pity! ah none! in vain I sue
  For a penny or a crust to chew!
The streets grow thin, and colder the air;
And my heart grows faint as I mount the stair
To the dreary chamber, blank and bare,
And the starving creature who waits me there.
  Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
  Poverty makes the young look old!

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

I HAD my hand on Dr. Tillmann's door, and yet I hesitated to knock. I was house-surgeon of the great Petro-Paulovsky Hospital at St. Petersburg, of which that testy and punctilious old German was principal physician, and I carried with me my daily report of the cholera patients who had died during the night.

A moment ago I had been talking briskly enough to a group of students, and now I was standing like a timid boy at a schoolmaster's door. The fact was, I knew the old automaton was jealous of me, and disliked me, and I detested him, and I tried as much as possible to avoid coming into contact with him. I had determined to resist and resent any indignity offered me, and yet I wished to avoid a quarrel, because I loved his dear pretty little daughter Olga. I was, moreover, on the morning of which I speak tired out both in mind and body; for I had been up the greater part of the night attending patients in a state of collapse from the terrible epidemic which was devastating the Russian capital. On my way to my own room to snatch an hour or two of sleep, I had stopped at Dr. Tillmann's door to deliver my official report. At that moment I would rather have been digging graves, tired as I was, than have confronted that intolerable old martinet, whom nothing could propitiate, and from whom no exertion of mine could extort a word of praise.

At last I knocked in a quick business-like way. There was a muttering, but no one answered. I knocked again. "Come in!" snapped out the Doctor, in his dry mechanical voice. I entered. There he sat, at he had sat every morning for seven-and-twenty years at the same hour, the great brass tower of a samovar boiling before him, and the tea-pot mounted above the burning charcoal on the little brazier stand. Before him lay the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, which he, a little nankeen-colored man in the blue official coat and brass buttons, was conning with a contemptuous air. Opposite sat Olga at the open window, for it was April time, teasing and feeding an old green and crimson parrot. It was a scene just such as De Hooge loved to paint. The sunshine fell in blanched light on one side of the snowy table-cloth, and in slant golden squares upon the marqueterie of the floor. I bowed to her and to the implacable Doctor.

"Well, Sir," said he, "your report."

I was about to hand it, when he said: "Read it."

I read it. "April 14, 1832. Number of patients received since yesterday: In the Peter ward, eighty-three; in the Catherine ward, seventy-five; in the Romanoff ward, ninety-two. Died during the night, forty-three."

"Oh, father, father, how terrible!" cried the Doctor's daughter; "Heaven has, indeed, sent the destroying angel among us. Do the poor people suffer much, Mr. Campbell? Oh, can I be of any use? Do you think if I went to the wards I could encourage the nurses?"

Even I had never before seen Olga look so beautiful as she did then, when a high and generous impulse was stirring her heart to good.

"Miss Tillmann," I replied, "you must not expose yourself to danger. The nurses are zealous. They understand the people, and can bear these scenes of horror better than you could."

"Olga, attend to your parrot," said the old pedant, harshly; "practice your music; your master comes at eleven."

"I am afraid, Sir," I said, "that opium and calomel treatment does not save more than a third of our patients. Those who have been brought in this morning have been nearly all in a state of collapse, from which it has been, in most cases, impossible to recover them."

"A mere phase of the disease," said Dr. Tillmann; "that will soon pass away. Continue the opium and the calomel. We must have no absurd innovations in the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital. By-the-by," said he (a mischievous malice twinkling in his little beady eyes), "here is a letter in the *Journal* to-day puffing up some new Persian anti-cholera drug—the Sumbul, or jumble, or some such absurd name: a musk-root, that brings the dead to life, according to an Englishman's account. I really think these foreign quacks are getting more impudent than ever." (Here he suddenly twisted round in his chair, and fixed his weasel eyes on me.) "Mr. Campbell, did you insert that letter?"

The blood rose to my face, and my cheek was turning red, as I replied, indignantly:

"No, Sir, I did not insert that letter: nor will I endure, even from you, the name of foreign quack."

I am sure the angry tone in which I replied must have given pain to Miss Tillmann, for she bent down to the parrot, and I could see the color rise to her cheek.

Nothing could move the Doctor. "Oh, I only asked," he said. "No offense; but I know young men take up these new-fangled fancies. The third house-surgeon before you was mad about mesmerism, and was angry with me for ridiculing it. We had high words; a word of mine to the government, and his name was struck off the staff. Take a seat while I go into the next room and put on my other coat. I will then go round the wards with you."

All this time the insolent old disciplinarian had kept me standing, as if I had been a servant.

I bowed, and took a seat. I was too proud to plead fatigue, and so escape the odious duty imposed upon me by this narrow-minded fossil of a by-gone régime. I had not dared to tell him that the letter he had questioned me about, though not inserted by me, was really my composition, and had probably been sent to the *Journal* by some imprudent and officious friend. It recorded some convincing proofs of the efficacy of the mysterious Persian musk-root.

As the inner door closed on the Doctor, Olga's pale anxious face turned round toward me with a half-sorrowful recognition that she had not dared hitherto to accord me. I advanced toward her and raised her hand to my lips.

"Dear Mr. Campbell," she said, "I thank you from my heart for bearing with my father's harsh caprices. I know how hard it is for your high spirit to endure these indignities. I hear there is danger; do tell me if it is true. I know you would not tell my father."

"Olga," I said, "this pestilence is not the worst danger we have to encounter. We hear this morning from the carters who bring the sick, that there is a belief spreading among the peasants that we are poisoning the patients, and that they threaten to attack the hospital. On my own responsibility I have written to the citadel to ask for a guard of soldiers. Olga, if danger comes—"

"Hush, Andrew," cried Olga, "here is my father!" And she turned to talk to the parrot.

In the evening of the same day, entering the room occupied by the students, I was hailed with a cheer as I arrived, and the porter of the hospital, Alexis, a good-natured thick-set fellow, with an enormous hydrocephalic skull, ran to place me a seat in the centre of the assembly. The students gathered round me. The scape-grace of the hospital, Ivan Pellican, was addressing the rest. It was he, I was sure, who had been rash enough to send that letter about the new drug to the *Journal de St. Petersburg*.

I advanced and seized him laughingly by the arm. "Why, you rascal," said I, "it was you, then, who sent that letter to the *Journal*? It'll be my ruin!"

Ivan, not the least disturbed, went on with a bantering speech about me and the new remedy. He was a little bright-eyed man, with pearl-buttoned gaiters and a white paletot.

At the end of Pellican's burlesque, the drug, resembling a greenish root bruised together, was passed round among the students. Every one pinched a bit off and tasted it.

The noise of the door opening startled us. We looked round; it was Dr. Tillmann.

"So this is how my students spend their time," said the stern old man, "plotting mutiny, and proposing schemes that subvert all discipline! Away with this trumpery weed! Mr. Campbell, after your denial of this morning, I am surprised at your want of ingenuousness. There, no outburst! I am accustomed to the violent self-assertions of youth."

The Doctor swept out of the room and slammed the door.

Next day the symptoms of effervescence among the serfs became alarming. Several cholera carts were stopped on their way to the hospital, the patients were taken out, the vehicles were broken up and thrown into the Fontanka canal, and the horses turned loose. In the great hay-market outside the hospital immense crowds assembled, shouting at the great entrance: "Let us kill these murderers the doctors!" The hay and wood sellers transacted no business, the quass and beer stalls were unfrequented; even the tea stalls had, I observed, but few customers. None of the richer classes were seen; the people gathered into dangerous whispering knots. That these groups were talking about the hospital there could be no doubt, for every third speaker had his hand stretched out and pointing at it.

Once, and once only, as we passed one of the large windows in the first ward, I could not help directing Dr. Tillmann's attention to these ominous symptoms; but all the answer the Doctor would deign to give was:

"Our peasants are stupid pigs, but they will not dare to lift a finger against the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital. No! They would as soon set fire to the Cathedral. What comes suddenly goes suddenly. This fire will soon burn itself out." He would not discuss the matter with me, and we went round the beds with the students.

Having an hour or so to myself before the night-patients arrived, and there being now no signs of any more dangerous concourse in the hay-market, I stole to my own quiet room at the left wing of the hospital, near the anatomical museum, to complete my chemical experiments on the musk-root, before communicating my discovery to the chief physicians in London and Paris.

It was a beautiful April evening; the full moon shining through my window upon my retort, and my glass vials and scales gave the room the look of an alchemist's chamber, for its beams fell in squares, and lines, and wavering glimmers, on my open books, and my saucers of tests and acids. The white wall of the hospital garden below gleamed as if it were solid silver. I was absorbed in the ardor of discovery. I treated a part of the membrane of the root with sulphuric acid, and it turned an intense purple. I was more and more certain now that my discovery was one of importance to the scientific world—one that would bring me fame and fortune. But how was I, an unknown man, kept in obscurity by a jealous superior, to make the discovery public? My proofs would have no weight in the eyes of prejudiced men disliking a novelty which superseded the old remedies of their youth. I was not enthusiast enough to believe I had found a panacea, but I was sure that I had found a reliable aid to the cholera doctor.

Pellican burst into the room with something in a tea-cup.

"Hurrah, Campbell!" he cried; "I've distilled the stuff as you wished me, and here it is. Reinsch and I have been at it ever since the last case of collapse was put into his bath."

In rushed Reinsch (an enthusiastic flaxen-haired German) in raptures. He had treated his solution with lime and muriate of soda, and the result had been a sediment consisting of gum, starch, and saline matter. In a moment we were seated, our three heads together, examining the precipitate with the true ardor of philanthropic discoverers.

We all liked Reinsch, who was one of those quiet amiable dreamers, too negative in quality for any one to dislike. But Pellican was my great crony. He was a native of Little Russia, an impulsive, warm-hearted fellow, as eager at study as at pleasure, our best surgeon, our best billiard-player. One moment you found him absorbed in the laboratory, and next moment you would find him shouting and singing among a party of card-players, and looming out of clouds of circling smoke.

We were well into our work, when, to my infinite chagrin, the door flew open, and in burst eight or ten medical students. There were Hungarians, Danes, Prussians, Armenians—noisy, reckless, good-natured fellows—in many varieties of costume. One of them, who had, perhaps, taken a little too much wine (in his laudable anxiety to escape infection), was playing on a concertina a fanciful selection of airs from the répertoire of the solitary Russian composer, Glinka.

"Here they are, grubbing away as usual!" cried Kalthofer, a Livonian.

"They'll kill themselves!" cried a young Prussian; "I know they will. Come, Pellican, make a second table at whist, here's Maslovitch and Hoffman been cleaning us all out."

Up leaped Pellican, all his good resolutions forgotten in a moment. He drew a pack of cards from his pocket, flapped them with a practiced hand, threw them in an arch over his head, and caught them as cleverly as a clever juggler.

"Not quite so much noise, old fellows!" said I; "remember this is a terrible time, and we have our hands full. Besides, I have an hour's writing to do before I go round the wards. Come, troop!" And I rose from my seat with the gestures of a drover collecting his flock.

I was driving them out at the door when two fresh students arrived, leading Alexis between them; he was pale, his coat was torn, he had a black eye, and his mouth was bleeding.

"Hallo, young Hydrocephalus," said Pellican, "what's this? Look at him!"

"Tell them all about it, Alexis," said his conductors, thumping him on the back.

"They call me a spy," groaned Alexis.

"Who did?" said I.

"Who? why the black people in the market-place. They took away the cholera cart from me, carried off the sick men, and would have thrown me into the canal if one of them, a coachman, hadn't said, kindly, 'Let the beast go; he sold his head to the poisoning doctors years ago, and they'll only thank us for killing him.'"

"And so we should," cried Pellican, laughing unfeelingly till he grew quite red. "Come along, Alexis, and have a schnapps, and tell us the whole story! Mr. Campbell, here, is busy. Come along, mes garçons; I say you must. I've got some news for you. Look at Campbell!"

The students already in the passage huddled back into the doorway, their faces looming through blue rings of smoke.

"Campbell's in love!"

"In love?" they all broke out, like the Greek chorus.

"Yes; in love—in love with old Tillmann's daughter—but he has no chance. She smiles at *me* whenever I meet her."

I rushed at my tormentor in a pretended rage; there was a shout of laughter, and the door closed on Pellican and his roistering friends.

An hour afterward I entered Dr. Tillmann's room. Olga was not there, but there was her book with a flower in it to mark the place. The Doctor was at his desk, the paper on which was strongly illuminated by the yellow light thrown upon it by the glow of an Argand lamp, over the glass of which was placed a circular green shade. Half in light and half in shadow, just beyond the lamp, stood three glass jars containing specimens of enormous tarantulas and centipedes.

The Doctor looked up as I entered, and in the coldest manner possible acknowledged my presence.

I mentioned the report of Alexis, and the possibility of the hospital being attacked during the night. I requested to be allowed to send to the citadel for a company of the Preobrajensky regiment.

"How long, Sir, am I to be troubled with these absurd fears?" demanded the Doctor, suddenly. "Is it not enough that you deceive me, mock me, encourage your fellow-students to mutiny and insubordination? No, Sir, I will have no soldiers to guard the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital. I have seen too much of our peasantry to fear them."

"You do me a great injustice, Dr. Tillmann," I replied, "and but for one reason that I have I would not remain another day under your direction."

The Doctor's eyes turned red as he took up one of the glass jars and shook it before me. "There is no reptile here," he said, "so full of poison as thou art. Do you think I have not discovered that you have dared to administer to the patients of the Emperor's hospital your infamous drug? No wonder the ignorant peasantry accuse us of poisoning the sick. I understand, Sir, also, your insolent allusion to my daughter; but be sure, Sir, she shall never become the wife of a beggarly adventurer. You see this letter" (here he pointed to a letter on the table); "it contains an order for your instant dismissal from the staff of this hospital. No words, Sir. Good-night! We shall see to-morrow who is master in this place."

I bowed and retired. I was paralyzed by Dr. Tillmann's threats. A cruel hand seemed snatching me from Olga, and hurling me into an abyss of obscurity, penury, and despair. When I was on the verge, too, of fame, happiness, and a great discovery!

Still I was young and persevering. I might still set myself right with the minister, obtain some fresh appointment, become rich and famous, and win Olga. One thing I determined. I would send (on my own responsibility) for soldiers, so imminent seemed to me the danger in which we stood at the hospital. I wrote a hasty note to General Mouravieff, then in command of the citadel, sent it by Alexis, and turned in for the night.

My room was at so great a distance from the entrance, and was approached by so many long barrack-like passages, that no groans of the populace could reach me there, no shuffling sound of feet as the bearers bore the bodies to the dead-house disturbed me. I ordered the main entrance of the building to be strictly barred before I went to my room. It was now ten o'clock. I blew out the candle, and, without undressing, threw myself on my bed and fell fast asleep.

I suppose I had slept three hours when a roaring noise from the market-place awoke me. I sat up and listened. It was a deep surging sound, such as you may hear arise from the sea when a storm is growing. It was interrupted every now and then by a burst of shouts and an occasional scream.

Pellican rushed into my room, followed by Maslovitch and a young English student.

"Quick! quick! Campbell. The peasants are attacking the doors, and threatening to kill every poisoning doctor they find."

"Pellican, go out the back way and try and bring some soldiers. Go to the main guard at the Winter Palace. I am afraid Alexis has turned traitor."

"No, Campbell," replied Pellican. "I don't go while there is danger. I stop with you. But come, we must keep the door against these madmen. Maslovitch, run through the wards and rouse all the fellows!"

Pellican and I hurried to the great entrance, against which some forty axes could be now heard ringing. We had not got down more than the first corridor of the enormous building when a tremendous splintering crash, and a howl as of so many wolves, told us part of the door had fallen. Every moment the roar of voices grew louder. We had reached the last passage leading to the great hall, when a figure in white ran to me from a side-room and threw herself at my feet. It was Olga.

"Save my father, save my father, Mr. Campbell! They are murdering him. He tore himself from me and has gone among them."

I kissed her forehead, and, placing her in the arms of one of the nurses, ran with Pellican down the long flight of steps that led into the hall.

There were forty or fifty great bearded peasants standing beside the half-broken door, swinging their axes and shouting, as they faced an old porter and Dr. Tillmann with drawn swords.

"Beasts! slaves! pigs!" cried the infuriated old donkey, "advance one step further to defile the hospital the Emperor founded and you die. Back, you hogs!"

As he spoke he advanced and struck at the leading insurgents. The leaders fell back before the feeble blows of his sword; but a rough butcher's man behind, his hands still red from the slaughter-house, struck him down over their heads with a crashing blow from a pole-axe. By this time I and Pellican were surrounded by some twenty or thirty students, porters, and assistants, all armed with bludgeons and sword-sticks. We bore down to the rescue, and driving the poor wretches back over the door, cleared the hall in a minute. We instantly carried off the body of the wounded Doctor into the museum, which opened to the left of the hall; and as the chief entrance to the main wards and to the Doctor's apartments lay through that room we agreed to make that place our citadel: barricading the door with chairs, forms, stools, and desks.

Fortunately our assailants, being chiefly bent on our murder, contented themselves for the present with attacking this entrance, and did not proceed, as they might have done, to sack the hospital and carry off the patients. Every minute's respite we obtained gave us hope of the arrival of the soldiers. It was a dark night, but by the light of the torches that some of the peasants carried we could see the seething mass of greasy black-bearded faces rolling and billowing under the windows.

Our scheme of defense was soon carried out. The Doctor, who had received a dangerous wound, was placed on a bed in a side-room under the care of Maslovitch, who was not of a combative nature.

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When I went to see him and prescribe remedies I found Olga already at his side. She gave me a look of unspeakable gratitude, and held her hand out for me to kiss.

"Are we in danger?" she asked, in a low voice.

"We *are* in some danger, Olga, but Heaven will protect us. Pray for us!"

When I returned I found that Pellican had arranged his force with great strategic skill up in the two iron galleries on either side of the barricaded door of the museum. We resolved to defend the door by showering jars of spirits and the heavy bones of skeletons upon every assailant that dared show his face over the threshold.

"Not a man must throw a bottle till I give the signal," cried Pellican from the second balcony, waving a huge glass jar. "When I cry Anafema! Harnisch throws; then the rest in turns. We must be cool, or we shall be all dead men before the morning. All I wish is, that every glass was full of vitriol: then we'd mark the rascals. Never mind what wounds you inflict, for if we can only keep a whole skin till the soldiers come the fellows will return to us to be cured."

There came a rush against the barricade, a crash of axes, and with shouts of "Give us up our children!" "Give us up our brothers!" "Tear the poisoners to pieces!" the crowd hewed down the door and rushed in, clambering over the shattered defenses.

Four or five of the more daring broke in pell-mell, and, astonished to see no enemy drawn up to receive them, they paused for an instant to wait for their companions.

Pellican gave the word, and down came a shower of glass jars, thigh-bones, pestles and mortars, and other extraordinary missiles. Two of the peasants fell stunned; the others, bleeding and frightened, scrambled back into the hall.

Three times the assault was resumed, and three times our splintering rain of horrible pickles drove the serfs back, staggering, amazed, and wounded.

"Never mind," they cried from the hall; "wait till the morning; then we will kill every doctor in the hospital, and throw you all into the canal!"

The fourth assault was more furious than the three previous attacks. Reinforced by hundreds of maddened greasy-beards, the peasants crowded in in a solid phalanx, and, braving all our missiles, threatened to storm the staircase leading to the gallery in spite of all we could do. But at that moment a discharge of musketry was heard, and a mere handful of soldiers, pouring in a volley at the mob, advanced through the hall with fixed bayonets, and were soon masters of the field. In five minutes more there was not an insurgent in the building, and we had again barricaded the great entrance and placed a guard there. It was Alexis who had brought in the soldiers by a back-garden entrance of which the mob was ignorant.

"So far so good, Campbell," said Pellican, patting Alexis on the back. "Well done, old Hydrocephalus! But it will still go hard with us at daybreak if we do not get further help. This time I *will* go."

I remonstrated with the brave follow, but all in vain. In a few minutes Pellican had put on the greasy leather caftan of Alexis, his huge, shapeless boots, and his lamb's-wool cap, and given him his dress. He pressed my hand as I went with him to the garden door.

"Good-by, Campbell!" he said. "If I don't come back be sure the dogs have got me; don't waste regrets on me; I am of no use to any one; only let my father know that I perished in trying to do some good. Adieu!" And he was lost in the darkness.

What a night that was! Spent partly with Olga watching the broken sleep of her father, who was tossing in a fever of pain; partly in supplying the soldiers and students with refreshments; partly in reassuring the sick men in the ward, who expressed perfect reliance in our good faith, and who, as they died, died blessing us.

There was no further attack that night, but every now and then a threatening roar broke forth from our cruel besiegers. To-morrow, if no aid came, must bring death to us all. Oh! with what inconceivable agony I watched the hands of the clock, from hour to hour, and still there came no tidings of Pellican, no sign of troops!

As the first curdling gray streaked the sky I left the roof where I had been watching, and went to Olga. She was not asleep, but she was on her knees. I kneeled beside her. "Dearest," I said, "our time on earth may be very short. These madmen will soon advance to the attack. Tell me that you love me?"

She made no answer, but she placed her hand in mine, and we kneeled hand in hand in that solemn betrothal.

Already the axes were ringing at our barricade, when a distant shout spread and widened till it ran through the vast multitude. The axes ceased their blows, the great mob rolled and heaved and divided, leaving a road through the centre of the market-place. There was a flutter of red and yellow flags, a glitter of spear-heads in the first sunlight, and an open carriage drawn by four gray horses dashed to the door. It was the Emperor, alone: the lancers, at his order, had retired into the outer street. He was in a plain military cloak, and wore a brass helmet, but no star or order. The barricades of hay wagons fell away as he approached. He prayed and crossed himself before the sacred picture at our door, then stood up in the carriage and addressed the people. He was so near that we could hear his words:

"My children," he said, in his imperial manner, "you are misled. These good men, these good doctors, venture their lives for your good. Not a finger shall be laid upon them. This pestilence is sent from Heaven to punish some of our national sins. Kneel down and pray to God to remove the scourge, and to forgive you!"

I shall never again behold such a sight. In a moment the multitude, lately so fierce and so thirsting for blood, fell upon their knees, and every head was bowed. When they rose they slunk away like so many criminals, and some fifty of them surrendered themselves without a murmur to the lancers, who came riding slowly among them. As I was still watching the extraordinary scene Alexis pulled me by the arm, and up the steps rushed Pellican, and seized me by the hand.

"Hurrah, Campbell! Did not I manage it pretty well? I drove to the citadel when I left you last night, and, finding the old brute of a general would not believe my story, or send me any more troops, I took a carriage and three horses and rattled off to Sarskoi Seloi, where, by the best luck in the world, one of the chamberlains whom I knew brought me to the Emperor, to whom the riot had already been telegraphed, and now he's coming to see the hospital. Get along and meet him. Hurrah, Campbell, we shall all make our fortunes!"

I went to receive the Emperor, who was most gracious. He thanked us for our conduct during the siege, and then went through the wards. The only thing that puzzled him was Alexis, whom, in Pellican's dress, he took at first for one of the medical staff. Next day the minister wrote to me, by command of Nicholas, constituting me a coadjutor of Dr. Tillmann, who, however, sank from his injuries within the week, and died soon after; but not before he had joined mine and Olga's hands, and begged my forgiveness.

I married dear brave Olga; nor was I long chief physician to the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital, you may be sure, before I made Ivan Pellican the house-surgeon.

THE WORDS OF SCHNEIDER.*

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, JUNE, 1864.

WE had crossed the Rappahannock,
A hundred thousand men;
We had fought and flanked the foe, boys,
And sent him to his den;
And of all who marched or skirmish'd,
Of all who worked or fought,
Not one of the living or the dead
Had nobler aim or thought
Than he now sleeping yonder,
Who challenged the foe at bay,
And stormed the works beyond the hill,
And failed to win the day.

He was nothing but a stripling,
And, boys, I knew him well;
And they told his friends, it soothed them,
I was near him when he fell.
As the men were getting ready,
With earnest voice he said,
"*I* am first the works to enter,
I lead, and am not led."
The line swept swiftly onward,
And SCHNEIDER led the way:
He did not seize the roaring guns—
He talked with death that day!

His father lives over the ocean;
He'd one son dead before,
And th' chaplain wrote the good old man
That this one was no more.
And the boy, I watched beside him,
With others brave as he,
But the words that passed his closing lips
Ring out for you and me:
"*I tried to do my duty*
To my country and my God,"
Oh men at home, he, but a boy,
For you this valley trod!

More than this, my friends, he uttered;
It sounded like a psalm;
And th' angel watching in the tent
Made every thing so calm:
"Now, dear chaplain," said the hero,
My friends will want to know
How goes it; so tell 'em I have gone,
And was content to go;
And, chaplain, tell my comrades,
If the war should seem to drag,
I said to you, I say to them,
STAND BY THE DEAR OLD FLAG!"

Will you hear me further, comrades,
Or have you heard enough?
No matter, Tom, the tears have come
From some of sterner stuff.
He'd a brother in the navy,
As brave, as true as he,
On the ocean fighting rebel crews
To make the ocean free!
"Now, chaplain, tell my brother,
Though he suffer pain and loss,
To closely cling to the dear old flag,
To JESUS AND HIS CROSS!"

Hearken to me still, my comrades:
Sometimes there comes to me
A dream of the happy future years,
And what is then to be:
Though it seems to come but slowly,
God's day *is* drawing near,
When the rebel chiefs before th' world
Shall stand for judgment here.
This boy who died for freedom,
Though a private—nothing more—
Shall live in contrast with the men
That mankind will abhor!

Oh, ye men who ne'er have spoken
A word for such as he,
Who are plotting while we in the battle
Die that you may be free—
And ye whose Lord has been taken,
And laid you know not where,
Let the words of this hero wake you
To watching and to prayer:
I have tried to do my duty
To my country and my God!—
O men, O Christians, rise and tread
The way this hero trod!

* Young Schneider, son of an American missionary in Syria, who fell in an assault on the enemy's works, June 17, 1864, and died a few days afterward. His words are quoted almost verbatim.

OUR ECONOMICAL SOIREE.

ECONOMY in household expenses has come to be the leading idea of terrestrial existence in the minds of Mrs. Dobb and myself. We calculate closely. We never did before since we were married that I can remember. But when butter costs at the rate of five cents a dab, and every thing else in proportion, housekeeping expenses become a serious matter.

I was musing upon the announcement that there was a rise of three cents the pound on veal since the day before—musing and eating veal, at the breakfast-table, when Mrs. Dobb spoke:

"James, did you know to-day was Sallie's birthday?"

"Is it?" said I. "How old is she now?"

"She is six years old, and I have promised to hold a little party for her in the evening."

"Susan, will it cost any thing?"

"Why, but a trifle, James. Besides, Sallie has never had a birthday party, you know."

"Sallie should not have her birthdays come so often, wife, in such times as these. How long is it since I bought her a self-operating locomotive for a birthday present?"

"That was Susie, my dear. It's perfectly distressing to me the way you do mix those children up."

"But what will this soirée cost us, Susan? You are forever preaching economy at me, and I'd like you to practice it a little, and let me preach. It's more fun to preach. I like to preach, first-rate."

"Oh! there will have to be some nuts and apples bought."

"And some candy of course?"

"No—"

"What! A baby party, and no candy?"

"If you won't interrupt me at every word, James, I'll tell you. I have bought two quarts of molasses, and I am going to make the candy myself. Now *there's* one of my economical shifts. *I* never get any credit for it."

"But what a dauby job, Susan! Stretching candy sticks a body's fingers up so!"

"You didn't mind it when you were a young man, Mr. Dobb. Have you forgotten the candy parties we used to have at our house when I was a girl, James? Such glorious times as we used to have in that old kitchen? Why, it was at one of those candy parties that you paid me the first compliment I ever received from you."

"Ah! what was that?"

"You said I was the sweetest girl in the room."

"That was because you were daubed all over with molasses, my dear—as you'll be to-night again."

"I should think, James, that it would be a pleasure to you to revive, here in the city, the recollections of those old days at the farm-house. Do you remember those big hooks in the ceiling of the kitchen that you threw a great twist of candy over to stretch it the easier, when Mary Howard helped you?"

"Ah, those were happy days!" I said, musingly, sipping my coffee.

"You enjoyed candy-making *then*, James."

"Yes," said I, coming back to the present and economy. "I enjoyed a great many foolish things when I was young and innocent—courting, for instance."

"Well, *I* haven't lost my zest for simple pleasures," said Mrs. D., with enthusiasm. "I think it will be splendid to make the candy. I had a thousand times rather make it than buy it."

"Which accounts for one of your economical shifts that you never get any credit for. Eh, my dear?"

Mrs. Dobb looked daggers at me.

"Well, Susan, let's see what it will cost. What's molasses the pound now?"

"I paid sixty cents for two quarts."

"And apples?"

"A peck will supply the party; that will be sixty cents more."

"And say a dollar and a half for nuts. That makes three dollars and seventy cents. It will be a very economical soirée."

"I should say it would, Mr. Dobb."

"Can I, papa?" said Sallie, looking up at me, with her spoon between her lips.

"Can you what, darling? Have the party? Why, of course you can, you little blessing!" And I helped her to another spoonful of gravy, out of the full fondness of a father's heart.

"Won't it be bully, Sis?" cried Fred from his side of the table.

How that boy does pick up the slang of this vicious age is astonishing! It's no use reproving him for it. "Boys will be boys," as a friend of mine once remarked when he sat down on a bent pin that his oldest son had placed in his chair in a frolicsome moment.

"What a good papa he is!" whispered Sallie to her sister, next plate east.

"Oh, he's gay!" slanged Fred.

I gave Sallie some more gravy.

"Do you like kisses, papa?" put in Nellie.

"I like every thing good, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Because we're going to have all the girls kiss you to-night."

"They won't be big enough, Nell—not half. I prefer big girls to little ones."

"James!" said Mrs. Dobb, reprovingly.

"Oh, Mary Ann Smith is a great big girl!" said Nell. "Her dresses almost come down to the ground."

"Do they? That's encouraging. Is Mary Ann coming?"

"Yes; and two other big girls. They write compositions."

"Compositions! They must be getting very old."

Compositions are such a proof of maturity among these little bodies! Did you ever notice it?

"Bring up the nuts when you come to dinner, James," was my wife's parting injunction.

"All right, my dear."

I was detained down-town that afternoon later than usual, and when I came home in the evening I found the four little Dobbs sitting in solemn state in the parlor, awaiting the coming of the guests.

Shortly after the door-bell rang, and the children were in a high state of commotion. Sallie jumped down from the sofa and made a dash for the door, but suddenly recollecting herself, returned to her perch and smoothed her hands over her apron.

Bridget ushered into the parlor a string of seven boys of assorted sizes, who ranged themselves against the wall without saying a word. But there was any amount of subdued giggling among them.

The next arrival was a cluster of little girls, looking as sweet as June roses.

I went out to tea, and when I looked in again the room was filled with the neighbors' progeny, including Mary Ann Smith and the two other big girls.

Such a staid conclave I never saw before in my life. There they all sat, as bashful as mice, never uttering a loud word, and scarcely daring to look each other in the face. It was vastly amusing to me to observe the conventional awe under which those boys, especially, labored; the very boys that had been saluting each other roughly in the street an hour before, perhaps pulling each other's hair. As sedate as deacons now.

The ice was broken in this way:

One of the big girls, by way of opening the ball, said to a youngster of some eight summers, named Joey Perry,

"It's a pleasant evening, Mr. Perry."

"Oh, how are you, Mister Perry!" burst forth our Fred, derisively, at the top of his voice.

And then such a broadside of laughter! In less time than it takes me to write it the youngsters were in a hubbub as noisy as the meeting had been sedate.

They played "Post-office," and "Cedar Swamp," and "Forfeits," and all that sort of games, whose principal feature is an abundance of kissing. I went into my study and began writing. The merry bursts of laughter came echoing to my ears, but they did not disturb me. I am a fond father.

One of the big girls came into my august presence and threw a cushion at my feet, on which she kneeled, pouting up at me a pair of ripe red lips.

"Who's this?" said I, laying down my pen.

"That's Mary Ann!" cried Fred from the doorway, which was thronged with giggling little spectators. 'She wants you to kiss her."

"Ah!" said I, as memory suddenly recalled the old-time game. "How many can I have?"

"Twenty!" "Thirty!" "A hundred!" cried a dozen voices.

"Well, I'll take three," said I, "and you may have the rest, Fred."

"Can't see it!" slanged that hopeful, backing off.

The young lady struggled after the orthodox manner, handed down from generation to generation of young ladies, and the children screamed with delight.

"Hold her, Mr. Dobb!"

"Kiss her, Mr. Dobb!"

"Rub her nose with your whiskers, papa!"

That last was from Fred, who had memories.

We left them alone at last. I don't believe in old folks intruding too much on the enjoyment of the little ones. They get along a great deal merrier by themselves. So Mrs. Dobb shut the parlor-door and left them alone, while I shut myself up in my study.

About half past nine I went out and found the little guests had gone.

Sallie was missing, but we presently found her on the stairs in the hall crying bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter with my bird?" said I, taking her in my arms.

She was loth to tell, but at last she sobbed out that she had been kissed too much, and had had her six years pounded on her little back, in honor of birthday usage, till she was sore all over. Added to which one of the boys had caught hold of her dress and torn it in a shocking manner.

She was soothed and put to bed, and then I went into the parlor.

Oh, spectacle for an economical parent! My statuette of Senator Douglas—only a cast, but a gift from the sculptor—had been knocked over as it stood in a corner, and its head broken short off. There was a deep scratch a foot long on the piano, and the music was one hideous daub of molasses candy from first to last. A lamp had been tipped over on the Brussels carpet and left a great grease-spot in the middle of the room. And, worst of all, some ambitious youngster had been at my paintings, and had broken a hole through the canvas of a choice landscape—an original Sontag, which I valued highly.

"Oh, Susan! Susan!" I cried, "behold the havoc of this economical soirée!"

Mrs. Dobb stood aghast at the spectacle.

"Can you compute this damage calmly?" I asked.

But Mrs. Dobb had no answer for me.

I got out a pencil and a piece of paper, and made a reckoning:

Beheaded Douglas	$25
Mutilated Sontag	50
Molasses candy and other damages to piano and music	10
Ruined carpet	100

"A total, my dear, of $185."

"I think you are extravagant, James," said my wife. "A little Spalding's glue will put the statue's head in place."

"And then you could tie a red ribbon around his neck to hide the crack, couldn't you, dear?" I said, in a tone of intense irony.

"As for the painting, seems to me you might mend it in some way, James, since you make those things yourself."

"Those things! That's a wife for an artist!"

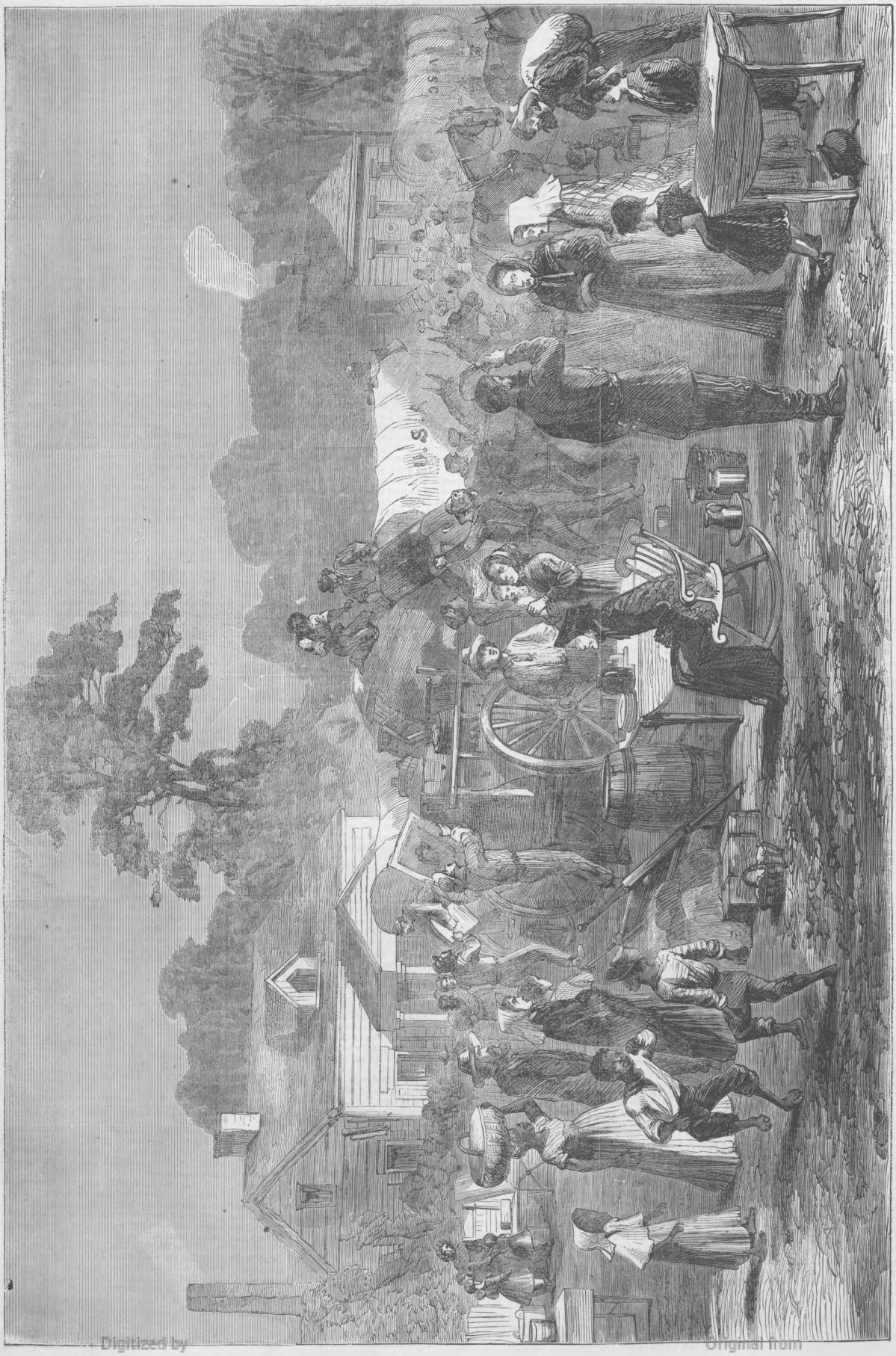
"The piano and music I will see what I can do with; and as for the carpet, we can get a rug for the centre of the room, and the spot will never show."

"Another expense, my dear."

"James, I have wanted a rug for that room this long time. For my part, I don't know as I'm very sorry. At least, it can't be helped now; and there are no more birthdays in the family this year."

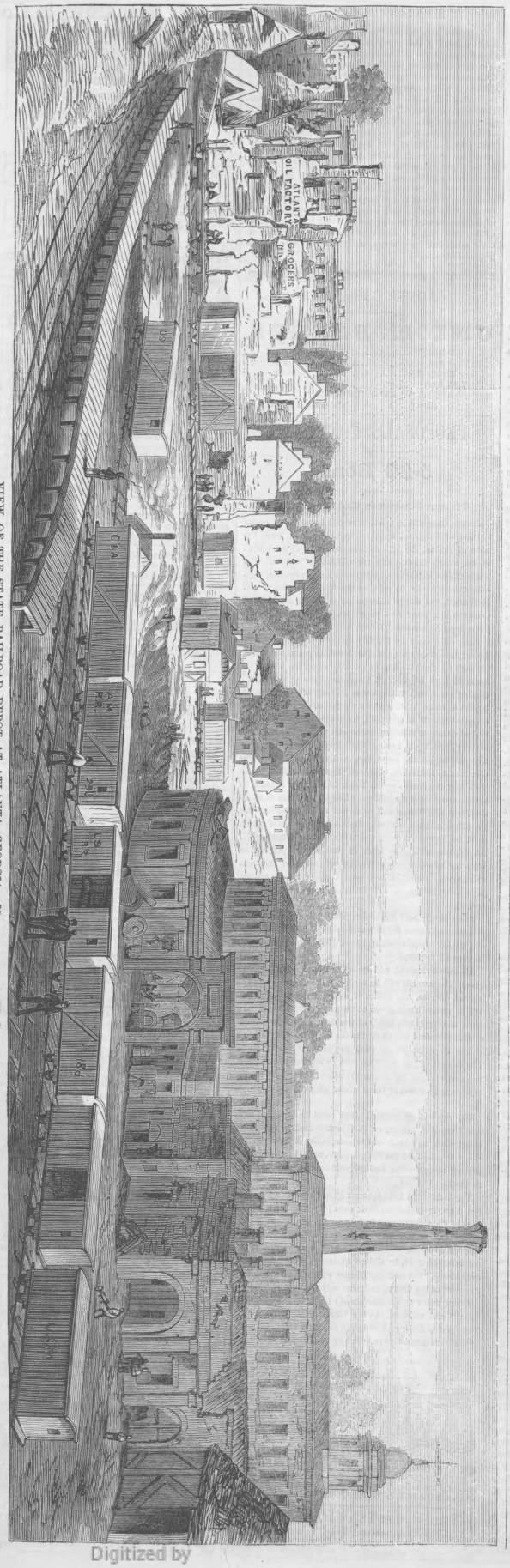
"Let us be thankful for that, then," said I.

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REBELS MOVING SOUTH FROM ATLANTA.—SKETCHED BY D. R. BROWN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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VIEW OF THE STATE RAILROAD DEPOT AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. GAUTEN.]



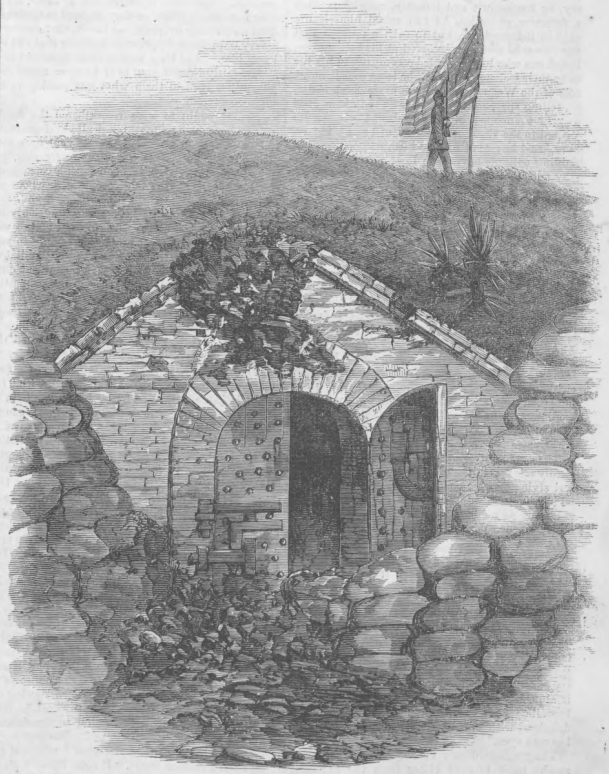
MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD J. OGLESBY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNEY, DECATUR, ILL.]

VIEWS IN ATLANTA.

On this page and on page 668 we give two views in ATLANTA. The view on this page represents the State Railroad Dépôt and the surrounding district, showing the effect of SHERMAN's bombardment previous to the evacuation of the city. The sketch given on page 668 represents the rebels in the act of moving south. When SHERMAN took possession he ordered all the citizens, loyal and disloyal, to leave the city, it being his intention to make Atlanta a strong military post. A truce of ten days was established between the two armies for carrying out the order.

GENERAL R. J. OGLESBY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RICHARD J. OGLESBY was a lawyer of distinction in Decatur, Illinois, and a member of the State Senate when the war broke out. At the first signal he raised a regiment (the Eighth Illinois) for the three months' service, and with it was ordered to Cairo, where it formed part of the small force under General PRENTISS. He took an active part in the various minor operations inaugurated against the rebels on the Missouri and Kentucky shores; but it was not until General GRANT began his operations against the great rebel strong-holds on the Cumberland and Tennessee riv-



SALLY-PORT AT FORT MORGAN, MOBILE POINT, AFTER ITS SURRENDER, AUGUST 23, 1864.
[SKETCHED BY LIEUTENANT GEORGE SLATER.]

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ers that Colonel OGLESBY was enabled to display those native military qualities which made him one of the most admirable, distinguished, and beloved heroes and leaders of our Western army of volunteers. In February, 1862, he marched with his men from Cairo to the Tennessee River; and at the great initial victory of the war—the battle of Fort Donelson—where he commanded a brigade consisting of five regiments of Illinois infantry, two batteries, and a body of cavalry, he stood out prominently as one of the coolest, bravest, and above all, as one of the most daring and dashing of officers among a body of men that never in the history of the world was surpassed for these qualities. His brigade was in M'CLERNAND's division, which was posted on our extreme right; and the accounts of the three days' struggle published at the time showed the splendid and effective work performed by OGLESBY's brigade from Thursday, when he first met the rebels and forced them from two positions, until Saturday, when the whole rebel garrison surrendered. Of the second day before Donelson one of the correspondents writes: "I must admit that, riding along our lines on Friday, and witnessing the formidable field-works of the enemy (between five and six miles in extent) which reared themselves every where to the front of us, I feared that the task of reducing them would be, at the best, a matter of considerable time. But cold and hungry, and with garments stiff with frost, the soldiers were still hopeful and firm. The universal sentiment was, as bluff Colonel OGLESBY expressed it, 'We came here to take that fort, and we *will* take it.' Not that day, but the next, brought forth the glorious fruit of this resolute purpose." For his gallantry on this occasion Colonel OGLESBY was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

On the subsequent advance of GRANT's army up the Tennessee River, and as far as Pittsburg Landing, General OGLESBY accompanied it with his brigade; and at the great battle of Shiloh, in April, he bore a distinguished part.

But we do not propose to recount all the services of our hero in the eventful summer of 1862.

At the battle and victory of Corinth, in October, General OGLESBY was present in command of a division. It was at this remarkable action that his military and manly qualities received their highest illustration; and it was here also that his services in the field terminated. While in the very thick and fury of the battle, "glorious old DICK," as his soldiers called him, was shot through the chest, and was borne from the field in a condition that led to a report of his death—which mistake Mr. RUSSELL has incorporated in his book on the American war. He was carried to his home in Illinois, where he was for nearly a year confined by his wound, which also permanently unfitted him for service.

General OGLESBY is now the Union candidate for Governor of Illinois, and on the second Tuesday of October will doubtless be elevated to the Chief Magistracy of that gallant and patriotic State.

Mr. "Bull Run" RUSSELL, in the "North and South," gives a lively picture of Colonel OGLESBY, whom he met at Cairo at the head of his regiment at the inception of the war. "He struck me," says RUSSELL, "by his shrewdness, simple honesty, and zeal. He told me that he had begun life in the utmost obscurity; but that somehow or other he got into a lawyer's office, and there, by hard drudgery, by mother-wit and industry, notwithstanding a defective education, he had raised himself not only to independence, but to such a position that one thousand men had gathered at his call, and selected one who had never led a company in his life to be their Colonel. In fact, he is an excellent orator of the Western school, and made good, homely, telling speeches to his men. 'I'm not as good as your Frenchmen of the schools of Paris, nor am I equal to the Russian colonels I m t at St. Petersburg,' said he; 'but I know I can do good straight fighting with my boys when I get a chance.'" We may add, that General OGLESBY's subsequent career showed that this was no mere empty boast. He did indeed do "good straight fighting" with his boys when he got a chance, which was very soon.

The same writer subsequently describes a gathering of soldiers at Cairo to listen to patriotic speeches: "OGLESBY was next summoned, and the tall, portly, good-humored old man stepped to the front, and with excellent tact and good sense, dished up in the Buncombe style, told them the time for making speeches had passed; indeed it had lasted too long; and although it was said there was very little fighting when there was much talking, he believed too much talking was likely to lead to a great deal more fighting than any one desired to see between citizens of the United States of America, except their enemies, who, no doubt, were much better pleased to see Americans fighting each other than to see them engaged in any other employment."

These, though striking and sensible, are certainly hardly fair specimens of General OGLESBY's oratorical style; for the popular speeches he has delivered in Illinois during the present Gubernatorial campaign are as noble specimens of natural and patriotic eloquence as the times have produced.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

LAVATER, in his work on Physiognomy, which created so great a sensation throughout Europe toward the end of last century, makes a remark regarding the hereditary brilliancy of eyes in certain families, which is partly true and partly false. "When any extraordinary vivacity appears in the eyes of the mother," says the Swiss mystic, "there is almost a certainty that these eyes will become hereditary; for the imagination of the mother is delighted with nothing so much as the beauty of her own eyes."

The "extraordinary vivacity" of which Lavater speaks must proceed either from the hereditary qualities of the soul or from the special culture it has received: first in the ordinary world of sense and show, and then in the higher sphere of emotions and ideas. The mother who possesses true nobility of soul can not fail to give her children a portion of the rich inheritance she has derived from her ancestors; and this, no doubt, determines that strong individuality of features and expression by which certain families are characterized. As a general rule, however, far more depends upon the culture which the soul receives from parents and teachers than upon the frame in which it is lodged.

Emerson makes some notable remarks, in his "Conduct of Life," on the marvelous phenomena of our spiritual being, as it shows itself at the "windows of the soul," which are well worthy of study.

"Eyes are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time.....The communication by the eye is, in the greater part, not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self; and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made; and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity."

"It is a point of cunning," says Lord Bacon, "to wait upon him with whom you speak with your eye, as the Jesuits give it in precept; for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances: yet this would be done with a demure abasing of your eyes sometimes, as the Jesuits also do use." As the Jesuits are exceedingly cunning they naturally adopt this demure aspect for the purpose of concealing their own thoughts as closely as possible, while they are all the while trying to read the inmost soul of the person to whom they are speaking. This is quite as bad as the reckless, roving expression of the eye which marks the American. The right course is to look the person with whom you are conversing full in the face, showing neither unmanly timidity nor undue boldness. That artificial and demure look which Lord Bacon calls "a point of cunning" is the usual mark of a Jesuit, but it is not confined to the disciples of Loyola. Now and then we encounter a face of this description, where the cunning expression has been produced by other causes. "The greatest hypocrite I ever knew," says Hazlitt, "was a little demure, pretty, modest-looking girl, with eyes timidly cast upon the ground, and an air soft as enchantment. The only circumstance that could lead to a suspicion of her true character was a cold, sullen, watery, glazed look about the eyes, which she bent on vacancy, as if determined to avoid all explanation with yours. I might have spied in their glittering, motionless surface the rocks and quicksands that awaited below." This, however, is only a one-sided view of the affair. What would the "little, demure, pretty, modest-looking girl" have said about the expression of Hazlitt's own eyes? Had she been able to express her feelings in as fine words as he used we might have had as repulsive a picture of him as he has drawn of her. Patmore tells us that Hazlitt's eyes were neither fine nor brilliant; and as for expression, "there was a furtive and, at times, a sinister look about them, as they glanced suspiciously from under their overhanging brows, that conveyed a very unpleasant impression to those that did not know him. And they were seldom directed frankly and fairly toward you, as if he were afraid that you might read in them what was passing in his mind concerning you."

Hazlitt ought to have remembered the fundamental law which reigns through all physiognomical relations, that like begets like. If your eyes wear a habitually suspicious or jealous expression, you may be sure that they will call forth a corresponding look in the eyes of most people with whom you come in contact. On the other hand, if your eyes have an open, frank, and cheerful expression, as if a good-natured soul were looking out of the window, you will find most people responding to your hearty greeting in the same pleasant ocular dialect. Marvelous also is the power which one soul exercises over another through the eyes, in imparting whatever passion or feeling predominates at the moment. This is certainly one of the greatest mysteries of our dual nature, but it is one to which we shall obtain the key when we have acquired that high degree in self-knowledge which enables us, really and truly, to "see ourselves as others see us."

Solomon warns us against familiarity with "him than hath an evil eye; for as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The double-minded man can not help showing his real nature in the language of his eye. "Eat and drink, saith he to thee; but his heart is not with thee." Singleness of heart is equally visible in frankness of ocular expression. "My eye no sooner fixed upon his," says John Dunton, "but through that perspective I could see the inward virtue of his soul, which immediately produced a veneration in my breast, and I soon found our hearts beat time to one another." How much of our enjoyment in social intercourse arises from such sympathy is well expressed by Emerson: "Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations are avowed by the eye though dissembled by the lips! A man comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him, and out from him, through the eyes." Nor is this enjoyment altogether owing to the felicitous temper of the individual himself. The company of sympathetic souls has the effect of a powerful cordial upon a sinking heart. It soon raises it up to a higher level; and this all the more effectually from the unconscious nature of its operation. When we see "holiday in the eye," we do not need to care much about what the tongue says.

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PROPOSALS FOR LOAN.

5-20 Bonds.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, *Washington*, Oct. 1, 1864.

Sealed offers will be received at this Department, under the act of Congress, approved June 30, 1864, until the noon of Friday, the 14th instant, for bonds of the United States, to the amount of forty millions of dollars. The bonds offered will bear an interest of six per centum, payable semi-annually, in coin, on the first days of May and November, and will be redeemable at the pleasure of the Government, after five years, and payable in twenty years from November 1, 1864.

Each offer must be for fifty or some multiple of fifty dollars, and must state the sum including premium offered for each hundred dollars, or for fifty when the offer is for no more than fifty. Two per cent. of the principal (including premium) of the whole amount bid for, by each bidder, must be deposited, as a guarantee for the payment of subscriptions if accepted, with the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, or with the Assistant Treasurer at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or St. Louis, or with the designated Depositary at Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, Detroit, or Buffalo, or with any National Deposit Bank which may consent to transact the business without charge, for which deposits duplicate certificates will be issued to the depositors by the officer or bank receiving them—the originals of which must be forwarded, with the offers, to this Department. All deposits should be made in time for the certificates with the offers to reach Washington not later than the morning of October 14, as aforesaid. No offer, not accompanied by its proper certificate of deposit, will be considered.

The Coupon and Registered Bonds, issued under this proposal, will be of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, and $1000. Registered Bonds of $5000 and $10,000 will be issued if required.

All offers received will be opened on Friday, October 14th. The awards will be made by the Secretary to the highest offerers, and notice of acceptance or declination will be immediately given to the respective offerers. In cases of acceptance, bonds of the description and denomination preferred will be sent to the subscribers, at the cost of the Department, on final payment of installments. The deposit of two per cent. will be reckoned in the last installments paid by successful offerers, and will be immediately returned to those whose offers may not be accepted.

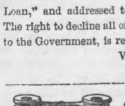
The amount of accepted offers must be deposited with the Treasurer, officer, or bank authorized to act under this notice, on advice of the acceptance of offers, as follows: One half on the 20th October, and the balance (including the premium and original two per cent. deposit) on the 31st October.

The bonds will bear interest from November 1st. Interest on deposits, from their date to November 1, will be paid by the Government in coin.

One half of the first installment, or twenty-five per cent. of accepted offers, may be paid, with accrued interest to October 14, in United States "Certificates of Indebtedness," but such certificates will be received in part payment of the first installment only.

Offers under this notice should be endorsed "Offer for Loan," and addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury. The right to decline all offers not considered advantageous to the Government, is reserved by the Secretary.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.



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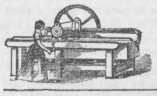
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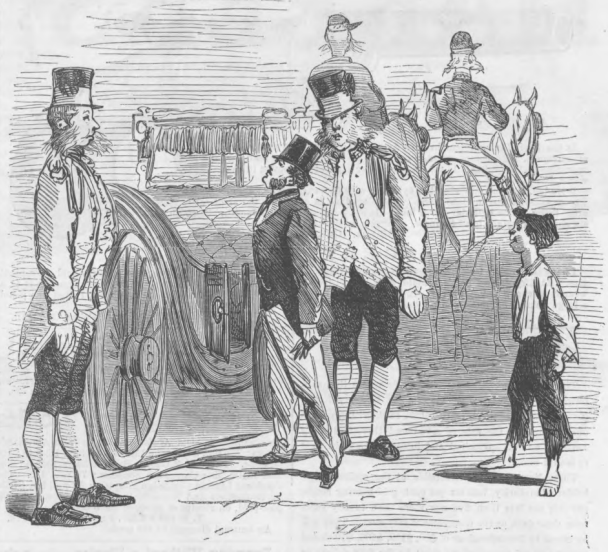
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 408.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WALL.—[SEE PAGE 668.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

"PEACE."

THAT the "peace" section of the Democratic party, the men whose friends are in arms against the Government, intend to help their friends with arms, if they can, is a secret to nobody. That "peace" means riot, massacre, and war, just as "Conservatism" means anarchy, the experience of the last year has fully proved. The existence of associations the purpose of which is to resist the result of the election if opportunity offers, is beyond question. The Society of Knights of the Golden Circle, and all the other forms of conspiracy, are matters of public knowledge. All these associations are manned and managed by members of the Chicago party. All the threats of resisting the election now proceed, as they did four years ago, from members of the Chicago party. The Convention of that party resolves that "the direct interference of the military authority of the United States.....in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control." All the speakers at the MACPENDLETON Ratification Meeting in New York repeated this threat; and the Democratic Union Association resolved the other evening, "that a Presidential election effected through Maryland by a suppression of the press, and, by consequence, of the ballot-box, would be an act of revolutionary violence, not binding upon the people of the United States, under the Constitution, or in morals, or in conscience."

The Chicago party is the one under whose domination free speech and a free press and ballot have always been suppressed in half the country, and constantly threatened in the other. Its whole policy has been the maintenance of slavery, with which free speech and all other Republican and Democratic institutions are incompatible. Therefore nobody imagines that the Chicago party, as such, is any more solicitous for free speech now than ever before. But it is desperate. The best men of the late Democratic party have left it just in the degree that it deserted its own principles. Its remainder is without a solitary leader of real power. It is in the hands of desperate demagogues or callow neophytes. It is reduced to a minority, who still clutch the organization and call themselves by the old name. But the followers of HORATIO SEYMOUR, AUGUST BELMONT, CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, ROBERT C. WINTHROP, and FERNANDO WOOD, are not the great triumphant Democratic party of JEFFERSON, MADISON, and JACKSON.

The resolutions of which we are speaking are the formal announcement that, if the present managers of the party can Mexicanize this country, they certainly will. For what is the military interference against which they protest, and which they declare to be just occasion of armed resistance? It is simply the care taken by the United States authorities that rebels shall not vote. It is the care taken that the Government shall not be put into the hands of JEFFERSON DAVIS and his conspirators. Is it an arbitrary assumption of power to prevent traitors from voting? Is it a crime for which the Government may be justly overthrown that it forbids the bitterest enemies of the Government from controlling it? The Chicago party insist that "HARRY GILMORE" shall vote in Maryland. He is an open armed enemy of the United States; but he is a voter, says the Chicago doctrine, by the law of Maryland. The intention is plain. The military power of the rebellion being now on the way to destruction, the Chicago party wish to restore the vigor of treason by giving to it civil ascendency.

Meanwhile Governor ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, has issued his proclamation, by which all free white men, citizens and soldiers, twenty-one years of age, citizens of the United States, and for six months before the election citizens of the State of Tennessee, duly registered, *and who take the most stringent oath of fidelity to the United States Government*, are admitted to vote, and all others will be prohibited from voting.

Is this tyranny? We ask every citizen and soldier in the land, Is it a destruction of our liberties that neither JEFFERSON DAVIS, nor ALEXANDER STEPHENS, nor BENJAMIN, nor WIGFALL, nor ROBERT LEE, nor HOOD, are to be allowed to vote for President until they shall have taken an oath of fidelity to the Union and Government? The Chicago party declares that it is. The Chicago party denounce such conduct as the imposition of illegal oaths. The Chicago party proclaims that such conduct justifies revolution.

And these are "Conservatives!" They went to Charleston four years ago, and said that if they could not rule they would ruin. They have been trying to do it ever since. By arms in the South and by arts in the North they have endeavored to destroy the Government. Pleading a sensitive regard for the Constitution, they have been in open sympathy with those who are warring upon it, and now declare that in the midst of a fierce war, to require an oath of fidelity to it before voting is reason enough for rebellion. A people that have so patiently and heroically maintained a war during four years to defend their Government are not very likely to betray themselves upon the eve of victory by surrendering it to the friends of their enemies. If those friends decide to take up arms they will find the people ready. Four years have taught the American people that they must maintain themselves against domestic enemies. They have had tolerable success thus far, and they will probably not yield to threats and resolutions what they have refused to shot and shell.

PENNSYLVANIA.

WHEN the news of SHERIDAN'S victories in the Valley began to arrive, a month ago, a man standing in front of a newspaper bulletin, and reading the good tidings, looked very gloomy, and remarked to his melancholy neighbor, "If this sort of thing goes on, ABE LINCOLN will be re-elected." How did that gentleman look, we wonder, on Wednesday morning, when the news from Pennsylvania began to arrive? It was a continuation of "this sort of thing." It was news of the people doing at home what the soldiers are doing in the field—defending the Union, the Government, and the Country. It was saying to SHERIDAN and GRANT and SHERMAN and FARRAGUT, "You shall not fight for a nation that is unworthy your heroism." It was shouting to the brave boys in the field, with three times three, "Strike home, and you shall be supported!"

The contest in Pennsylvania was most earnest and intense. The Chicago-London party had deserted all other points to concentrate upon the keystone of the arch. If they could only start that from its fidelity they hoped that the whole fabric would crumble. If they could persuade Pennsylvania to speak doubtfully for the Union in October, they were confident they could induce the country to surrender to rebellion in November. Beaten there they foresaw defeat every where. Consequently, no effort has been spared. Money in profusion, and the most reckless and desperate political trickery have been lavished upon the State. They have strained every nerve to draw Pennsylvania from her support of the American Union and Government, and, by the blessing of God and her faithful people, the combined forces of Treason, foreign hate, and rebellious Slavery have signally and disastrously failed.

It is a State triumph, a national triumph, and a triumph of universal liberty and good government. It proclaims to the whole world the inflexible resolution of the American people to maintain their Union and Government without compromise with rebellion, and without asking the permission of traitors and foreign foes. All hail, Pennsylvania! As you are the keystone of the Union, so you have struck the key-note of the chorus of Union victory. "We do *not* think the war a failure. We do *not* ask for an immediate cessation of hostilities. We do *not* believe the Government of the United States powerless, and surrender to armed treason the only hope of national safety," says Pennsylvania; and already the amen is gathering which will burst triumphant from the popular heart on the eighth day of November.

OHIO.

THE State of VALLANDIGHAM, who advocates a division of the Union into four parts—the State of GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the Chicago companion of GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, who thinks that the United States Government has no right to defend itself against treason and rebellion, has spoken again as she always speaks, for Union, liberty, and law. She has declared against her recreant sons, and for the undivided country. She sustains ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and with him GRANT and SHERMAN, SHERIDAN and FARRAGUT, the army and the navy of the United States.

Every true lover of his country and his kind has the right to rejoice over the noble result in Ohio, for it is another vindication of the American principle of popular government. It is another proof that in the very heat and crisis of a civil war the people can still calmly see their highest duty and faithfully perform it. The mother of the West has spoken, and the great and glorious family will echo her words in November.

INDIANA.

WE had not dared to hope for victory in Indiana; but so overpowering is the popular sentiment of patriotism that the most doubtful of States disdains the imputation of uncertain fidelity, and stands by her gallant and noble MORTON.

As we survey the field of Tuesday's work, what is the natural feeling? After that of devout gratitude that the people have been so true to their highest interests, is it not a resolution that the whole country shall do what Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana have done? After Indiana, need we despair of little New Jersey, where our friends are so steadily and cheerily working? To the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, all Union-loving Americans owe a debt that they will not forget, and that they will discharge most satisfactorily to the brave men of those States by going in November and doing likewise.

THE GEORGIA PEACE PLATFORM.

THE Macon *Confederate Union* newspaper has an official account of the reply of Governor BROWN, of Georgia, to an inquiry concerning the peace negotiations between him and General SHERMAN. Governor BROWN'S reply is long, but its substance is small. It is merely State sovereignty. If the United States want peace, says the Governor, let them confess that they are not the United States, and they can have it. Let them confess that their Government is destroyed, and that the Union is a foolish chimera—let them agree that every State may do exactly as it chooses—that the Constitution is a compact which any one of the parties may break at will—that the Union is a partnership at the pleasure of the partners; in a word, that WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, and MADISON knew nothing of the Constitution, but that Mr. JOHN C. CALHOUN was its only true expounder—let the United States merely do this, let Mr. LINCOLN proclaim an armistice, and then let every sovereign State decide for herself whether she will join the old or the new League, and we can have peace at once.

Governor BROWN adheres to the Chicago platform, and to the views of Mr. PENDLETON, the Chicago candidate. These are precisely the political opinions of CALHOUN, of JEFFERSON DAVIS, and of GEORGE H. PENDLETON. "Just give it all up," says Governor B.; "just agree that you are all in the wrong, and we all in the right; just confess that the war is a crime, as friend PENDLETON calls it, and there we are."

Whoever votes for Mr. PENDLETON votes for the views of Governor BROWN. If his vote be honest, he can not regard the war as any thing but a monstrous wrong against the rights of the States. If Mr. PENDLETON'S theory of our Government be correct, that it is a mere league or confederation of sovereign powers, then the war, waged upon the ground that the United States are a nation and their Government a Government, is totally unjustifiable. It comes to that at last. To negotiate, to compromise, is to surrender the national principle, and to concede that the authority of the United States is a name and the American flag a foolish rag. That is what Governor BROWN of Georgia urges. That is what JEFFERSON DAVIS and JUDAH BENJAMIN declare. That is what HORATIO SEYMOUR and his Chicago Convention assert; and to bring it to a test before the American people, that Convention declares the war a failure, and invites us to acquit JEFFERSON DAVIS by voting for General MACPENDLETON.

THE GENERAL ISSUE.

MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR, the Governor of New York and the President of the Chicago Convention, made a speech after the nominations of that body in which he said:

"We think he [MACPENDLETON] is an able man too. But no matter—we intend to carry this election upon what lawyers call the general issue."

What, then, according to Governor SEYMOUR, is "the general issue?"

General DIX says that it is whether we shall prosecute the war until the rebels lay down their arms, or make immediate efforts for a cessation of hostilities and a convention.

General LOGAN says that there are but two parties—those who support and encourage the rebels, and those who oppose them.

General WOOL says that the Chicago candidates were nominated by a convention that sympathized with rebels, and whose platform was dictated by Southern traitors.

General BUTLER says that it is for the loyal men of the North to see to it that the rebellion does not end in the separation of the States, as proposed by the Southern leaders, aided by the election of General MACPENDLETON and the Chicago platform.

These are authorities upon the real issue as weighty, perhaps, as Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR. But what says he? What, in his view, is the issue now presented to the American people?

On the 31st of January, 1861, he made a speech in Albany—the Tweddle-Hall speech. It was enthusiastically applauded, and was published as a campaign document by the present Chicago party. A constitutional election had just ended. The party to which Mr. SEYMOUR belonged, and which had controlled the Government for many years, had been removed from power by a constitutional majority of the people. A section of his party at the South had already seized the national property, and openly threatened the existence of the Union and of the Government. The simple question was, shall the authority of the Government be maintained, or surrendered to menace? "The condition of our affairs," said Governor SEYMOUR, "forces upon us the alternative of compromise or civil war." He considers these alternatives, and then concludes: "When unnatural war shall have brought upon our people its ruin, and upon our nation its shame, to what ground shall we be brought at last? *To that we should have accepted at the outset.*" What is that? Compromise. Mr. JAMES S. THAYER, Mr. SEYMOUR'S companion upon the Tweddle platform, said that the Southern States had a right to secede, and if the Government tried to prevent them it ought to be resisted by arms. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM said at Dayton that he always knew it would come to compromise. Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, two years ago, declared that the war could have no other result.

The issue, then, according to Mr. SEYMOUR, supported by his friends of the Chicago Convention and Mr. WOOD, is this: that the constitutional majority of the people have no right to govern, and ought to yield to threats and arms; that when a part of the citizens are dissatisfied with the result of an election, and resist it by force, they are to be allowed to have their way, and the majority and Government, not they, are to yield.

But again, on the 28th October, 1861, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR made another speech, and once more stated the issue: "If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms." That is to say, if some citizens to save slavery, abhorred of God and man, take up arms to resist the result of a constitutional election, and to destroy the Government and the nation, we must allow them both to be destroyed rather than touch slavery! The Union may go to the dogs, but human slavery must and shall be preserved!

This is what lawyers call "the general issue," says Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, and upon this we intend to ask the country to vote for our Chicago candidates, who are to be the agents of our policy. The general issue, therefore, fairly stated by the President of the Chicago Convention, is LINCOLN, Liberty, and Union, or MACPENDLETON, Disunion, and Slavery. For that issue the American people are quite ready.

DAVIS'S LAST SPEECH AND CONFESSION.

THE late speech of JEFFERSON DAVIS is very significant. At first it seemed so evidently a cry of frantic desperation that it was doubtful whether it were authentic. But, authentic or not, it is equally significant. If he really made it, it is the most pitiful wail of baffled treason. If it were forged by the Macon paper in which it appears, the object of the forgery could only have been to dispirit the rebels by the apparent despair of their chief, with the farther purpose of suggesting submission by revealing the hopelessness of the rebellion.

But there seems no reason to doubt its authenticity. JEFFERSON DAVIS did probably make the speech; or something of which this is a general report. He doubtless called General BUTLER a beast, because Mr. DAVIS is not choice in his epithets, and has formerly spoken of his loyal fellow-citizens as hyenas. Doubtless he spoke of General BUTLER as seeking, in his efforts to exchange prisoners, "to whitewash himself by intercourse with gentlemen;" although in what particular a Southern planter who sells babies and lives by the unpaid labor of men and women whom he whips at pleasure, is more gentlemanly than a Northern lawyer or mechanic who lives by his own honest labor, Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS fails to show. Doubtless he said that "the end must be the defeat of our enemy," for JOHNSTON and HOOD had drawn SHERMAN from his base all the way to Atlanta; and because the rebellion holds hardly a quarter of the area with which it began; and because as DAVIS himself says immediately afterward, "You have not many men between eighteen and forty-five left." Doubtless he said, "The city of Macon is filled with stores, sick, and wounded." Doubtless he added, "Two-thirds of our men are absent, most without leave." Doubtless, too, he added, "In Virginia the disparity in numbers is just as great as it is in Georgia." And doubtless, as a logical conclusion, he said, "Let no one despond. Let no one distrust; and remember if genius is the *beau-ideal*, hope is the reality."

There are those who have tried hard to form some heroic conception of JEFFERSON DAVIS, to represent him as a fine historical figure. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer, GLADSTONE, spoke of his "creating a nation." The rebel penny-a-liners for the British newspapers and for our own Copperhead journals have been very fond of comparing his "dignity" with Mr. LINCOLN'S want of it. But where was ever seen such sorry want of pluck in the defeated leader of a great and wicked enterprise? Where was ever heard such a shameful whine as this Macon speech? The Roman Catiline, DAVIS'S great exemplar, but less guilty than he, died sullen and gloomy upon the field. But this renegade American, this wretched traitor who has brought all the woes of war upon his country because he was defeated at an election, whimpers, "If one half the men now absent without leave will return to duty we can defeat the enemy. With that hope I am going to the front. I may not realize this hope, but I know there are men there

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who have looked death in the face too often to despond now." Even the foot-pads of Hounslow Heath used to ride gayly to the gallows with a nosegay in their button-holes. But they had merely eased travelers of their purses. This man who speaks at Macon has headed an insurrection which has saturated the land with innocent blood

This is the man and this is the cause to which the Chicago Convention invites the American people to surrender, by voting for General MACPENDLETON. Let us stop fighting him, says the Convention. Let us exhaust the resources of statemanship, says General MACP.

Let us put down the rebellion! the American people will thunder on the 8th of November.

GENERAL DIX AND THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

GENERAL DIX has written a letter to a Union meeting in Philadelphia. It speaks very plainly of men and things, and shows in the clearest light his own patriotic fidelity. He says that there is but one question before the country—the steady prosecution of the war, or an immediate cessation of hostilities. The latter course General DIX believes, in common with all thoughtful men, would lead to a direct recognition of the independence of the insurgent States. The General does not say, what, however, he doubtless knows, that this is the intention of the movement for an armistice. He adds, with inexorable logic:

"General M'CLELLAN, the candidate of the Chicago Convention, by force of his position, must be deemed to approve all the declarations with which he was presented to the country, unless he distinctly disavows them. Unfortunately, he is silent on the only question in regard to which the people cared that he should speak. He does not say whether he is in favor of a cessation of hostilities —the measure announced by those who nominated him as the basis for action in case of his election—or whether he is opposed to it. He does not meet the question with manly frankness, as I am confident he would have done if he had taken counsel of his own instincts instead of yielding to the subtle suggestions of politicians. The Chicago Convention presented a distinct issue to the people. As the nominee of the Convention he was bound to accept or repudiate it. He has done neither; and whatever inference may be drawn from his silence, either the War Democrats or the Peace Democrats must be deceived."

General DIX says in the plainest words that the Chicago nomination was a juggle. For he knows, as we all do, that the nomination of Mr. PENDLETON, and the fact that M'CLELLAN stands with him and by him, without a word of dissent from his known views and position, determines perfectly the character of the ticket and the intentions of those who nominated it. With the natural regret of a Democrat who remembers other days in which, as it seems to him, the party was true and not false to the national honor, he says of its Chicago platform and nominations: "In this injustice to the country, and to a great party identified with all that is honorable in our history, I can have no part. I can only mourn over the reproach which has been brought upon it by its leaders....."

There are thousands and thousands of Conservative men like General DIX who did not vote for Mr. LINCOLN in 1860, and who, like him, can not vote for Mr. LINCOLN's opponent in 1864. They believe with him, and mark his concluding words:

"The only hope left to us lies in the patriotism and disinterestedness of the great body of the people of all parties, who are facing the enemies of their country on the battle-field, with a heroism unsurpassed in any age, or who at home, amidst the prevailing tumult and disorder, are working out, in the quiet pursuit of their varied occupations, the momentous problem of the public prosperity and safety. When they shall send out fresh from their own ranks new men to consult together for the salvation of all that is most precious in government and society, there will be cause for hope and faith in our redemption from impending evils and dangers; bearing, in the mean time, as well as we can, the heavy burdens which have been cast upon us by a quarter of a century of political mismanagement and public misrule."

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

JOHN A. LOGAN, the intimate personal friend of Senator DOUGLAS, was a Democratic member of Congress in the secession winter of 1860-'61. When his political friends from the South began to talk of dividing the Union, LOGAN began to talk of maintaining it. When they said they should set up for themselves, he answered, "If you resist the Government of the United States the people of the Northwest will hew their way through the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf." The Southern leaders began the war, and JOHN A. LOGAN, like his fellow-Democrats, JOHN A. DIX and BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, went immediately into the service, and in the army, he, like them, has made a most enviable name. In all SHERMAN's operations in Georgia there has been no more gallant and victorious soldier than JOHN A. LOGAN.

Lately a MACPENDLETON committee asked him to approve the Chicago platform. He wrote upon the back of his last order congratulating his troops upon the Union victories the words "*Excuse me,*" and sent it by mail. General LOGAN says that at Atlanta he heard but one officer declare for MACPENDLETON; and that the private soldiers do not favor the election of a man who, according to the London *Times*, first discovered that his countrymen were whipped. The General is now stumping Illinois for Mr. LINCOLN. He makes the most eloquent and generous appeals to his old political friends. He says to them, and to all Americans who love the honor of their country:

"There are now only two parties—those who support and encourage the rebels, and those who oppose them. Honest men may be deluded with the Opposition, but the tendency of supporting the Chicago nominations is to strengthen the rebellion."

And again this patriot, who shows his faith by his works, says:

"I would as soon vote for JEFF DAVIS as PENDLETON; and I could not hesitate a moment as between candidates pledged to the Union, the Constitution, and unrelenting war while armed rebellion confronts the Government, and candidates who demand an immediate cessation of hostilities and peace at any price."

Is General MACPENDLETON a better Democrat than General JOHN A. LOGAN?

A PEACE MAN.

IF there has been a more faithful servant of the rebellion any where than Mr. LAZARUS M. POWELL, Senator from Kentucky—in Washington, not in Richmond—we have not known him. This is the gentleman who accused the Administration of arbitrarily suppressing free speech; who grew pathetic over the terrible despotism that had gagged American citizens, and, in fact, fiercely vituperated the Government which had exercised unusual, but not unconstitutional, powers in the midst of civil war. When he sat down Mr. HARLAN read from the journal of the Senate six years ago the record of a vote, by which it appeared that this gentleman, so very sensitive to the suppression of free speech in the midst of civil war intended to aid the enemy, *deliberately voted against a proposition to secure free speech, in time of profound peace, to citizens of the United States!*

This gentleman, of course, shudders at the enormous crimes of the Administration, and supports the Chicago principles and candidates. Mr. POWELL says, with the same frankness with which Mr. PENDLETON declares that he is a disunionist, and has never voted a man or dollar for this abolition war:

"*As a peace man who has opposed this war from the beginning, never having voted a man or a dollar to carry it on,* I never will occupy the position of one approving of the war or of the unjust acts connected with it; but I believe that General M'CLELLAN, as the nominee of this Convention, should receive my support, and he will have it—*my warm, hearty, zealous support.*"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has been noted for a fatal foreboding faculty in his writings. The catastrophe of a falling house in one of his novels ran so closely on an actual calamity of the sort in London that carping critics declared he owed his inspiration to the "accident" columns of the papers. His disavowal on that occasion will find confirmation strong in the minds of the readers of the September number of "Our Mutual Friend." The very words which he puts into the mouth of the old woman who dreads the work-house so strongly, so fiercely, find a living presentiment in the subsequently reported case of the unfortunate Miss Jeffreys, whose inquest has, lately, we feel sure, struck a pang to the hearts of its readers. Fact is not stranger or stronger than fiction here—they are curiously at all-fours with each other, and point to the present poor-law as a blot on England in the sight of God and man.

IN the Norwegian mines a singular and striking custom is observed in paying the weekly wages of the men there employed. They all present themselves on the Saturday evening to the inspector, who hears from each man the number of hours he has worked on the successive days of the week past, compares the total given with his own notes on the subject, and having settled the account, calls the miner, bids him turn round, and writes in white chalk upon his black back the sum due to him. Thus mysteriously numbered, the man has to go to the cashier, who also turns him round to look at the figures, and pays him without his having a word to say.

The method is an expeditious one—two or three strokes of chalk settle the matter; it is prudent, for the miner has no chance of altering a figure in his own favor; and economical, for a brush removes all trace of the inscription, and the same black jacket is ready for the next Saturday.

GENERAL BANKS was once a poor boy among the lofty mountains of New England. He was a common workman in a factory. He tells us that one morning, as the factory was lighted up before light in the early dawn, and just as objects could be seen out of the door, he was looking out of the window, and saw an object moving along slowly on the ice that covered the river. While watching it, suddenly the ice broke, and the dark object went down. In an instant he thought it must be a man. So, calling a companion, he ran down the stairs and out toward the object. He had the forethought to snatch up a plank, which he carried on his shoulder. When they had reached the place they found it was a colored man who had broken through the ice and was struggling for his life. They thrust out the plank. The poor fellow seized it with both hands.

"Now hold on, Tim, and we'll pull you out."

So they pulled and got him almost out, when off he slipped and went down again!

On his coming up they pushed the end of the plank to him again, and cried,

"Now, Tim, hold on with all your might."

"Indeed I will, Sir."

Again they pulled, and up he came, almost out, when off he slipped, and down he went. They felt that the third time must be the turning-point. It was now life or death. Poor Tim looked as if he thought so too. For the third time the plank was pushed out, when the negro cried out:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, give me the *wooden end of the plank!*"

They saw instantly that they had been giving him the end covered all over with ice, and no wonder he could not cling to it! They now gave him what he called the "wooden end," and drew him out in safety.

THE reason the dying never weep is because the manufactures of life have stopped forever; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first that stops work; one by one the others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up—there is no secretion any where. So the eye in death weeps not—not that all affection is dead to the heart—because there is not a tear-drop in it any more than there is moisture on the lip. It is a striking characteristic of that terrible disease, the cholera, that the patient, however suddenly seized, never sheds a tear, even though surrounded by weeping friends. The feature of the disease is the suspension of the secretion of the system and the most active excretory work, by which the body is drained of its fluids.

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.—One of the most remarkable of these noble dogs was Barry, who is known to have saved the lives of forty individuals. Besides his cask around his neck he carried a warm garment on his back; and if he failed to arouse the traveler into some sense of life by his warm tongue and breath he would race back to the house and bring somebody to the rescue. One day Barry found a poor boy asleep and almost frozen to death in the celebrated glacier of Balsore. Barry warmed the boy, licked him, woke him up, gave him something to drink, and carried him on his back to the monastery. The joy of the poor parents who can describe? After a life of service Barry was sent down the mountains to a warm and comfortable home, where he passed the rest of his days in honorable quiet. At his death his body was carefully buried, and his skin was stuffed, and there he may be seen in the Museum of Berne standing as large as life, with his collar and bottle round his neck, ready to start on his labors of love.

The dogs are short-lived. Many die from disease of the lungs, and others are lost in the falling of avalanches and other accidents. Neither men nor dogs can long stand the severe climate and thin air of so great a height. Both are often obliged to go down into the valley below and recruit amidst milder scenes. The leader of the pack now is named Plato, a brave, big creature, doing deeds of usefulness and valor which might put to blush the life of many a one of human understanding who never risked a thought, much less a deed, to help his fellow-men.

FAMILIAR and simple as singing, or music in general, seems to be, it is, if we analyze it, one of the most wonderful phenomena. What we hear when listening to a chorus or a symphony is a commotion of elastic air, of which the wildest sea would give a very inadequate image. The lowest tone which the ear perceives is due to about thirty vibrations in one second, the highest to about four thousand. Consider then what happens in a *greate*, when thousands of voices and instruments are simultaneously producing waves of air, each wave crossing the other, not only like the surface waves of the water, but like spherical bodies, and, as it would seem, without any perceptible disturbance. Consider that each tone is accompanied by secondary tones; that each instrument has its peculiar *timbre*, due to secondary vibrations; and lastly, let us remember that all this cross-fire of waves, all this whirlpool of sound, is moderated by laws which determine what we call harmony, and by certain traditions or habits which determine what we call melody—both these elements being absent in the songs of birds. That all this must be reflected, like a microscopic photograph, on the two small organs of hearing, and there excite, not only perception, but perception followed by a new feeling even more mysterious, which we call either pleasure or pain, and it will be clear that we are surrounded on all sides by miracles, transcending all that we are accustomed to call miraculous, and yet disclosing, to the genius of a Euler or a Newton laws which admit of the most minute mathematical determination.

IN digging at the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, when the workmen arrive at the depth of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this new-made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts. But that which is most remarkable is, that at the depth of fourteen feet are found the remains of an ancient city—paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic. Underneath is a soft earth made up chiefly of vegetable matters; and at twenty-six feet are the large trees entire, such as walnut-trees, with the walnuts still on the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells; and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under it vegetables are found again with leaves and branches of trees, as before.

THE "west shaft" at the Hoosac tunnel is now sunk about 320 feet, and the temperature at the bottom during the warmest day is 35 degrees. The depth of water in the mountain is about nine feet, and the engine employed at the shaft removes 25 gallons each revolution. The engine also works a fan by which the men are supplied with air. The number of men employed on the west side of the mountain is 350.

A SINGULAR trial lately took place at Madrid. A soldier was cited before the Police Court for having stolen a gold cup of considerable value which had been placed as a votive offering on one of the numerous altars dedicated in that city to the Virgin. The soldier at once explained that he and his family being in great distress, he had appealed to the Holy Mother for assistance, and that while engaged in prayer and contemplation of the four millions' worth of jewels displayed on her brocaded petticoat, she stooped, and, with a charming smile, handed him the cup to cash. This explanation was received by the Court in profound silence, and the case handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commission, to whom it at once occurred that, however inconvenient the admission of the miracle might be, it would be highly impolitic to dispute its possibility. They therefore gave the cup to the soldier, at the same time solemnly warning him for the future against similar favors from images of any kind, and impressing him with the comfortable idea that the Virgin would profound silence from him as a proof of his gratitude.

A NEW attraction has been added to the London Crystal Palace in the form of a "Pneumatic Railway." The application of atmospheric gravity as a substitute for steam has long been a problem which speculative men of science have regarded as desirable for solution, and many plans have been tried which have been more or less successful. In the grounds of the Crystal Palace a tunnel has been constructed six hundred yards in length, and along this a train of carriages is hurled by the mere force of atmospheric pressure. A description of the mechanical details would be prolix, and perhaps, if it were attempted, might not be satisfactory. Suffice it to say, that in this tunnel or tube, six hundred yards in length, a heavy train can be blown along at a good speed, and sucked back at a similar speed, and that the experiment is very interesting, and may be very valuable. Whether the result will be the supercession of steam by atmospheric pressure is a problem which time alone will show.

ROMISH miracles continue to multiply; the following is the latest: A farmer of the district of Piancastagnaio, near Florence, having openly declared that the cure of his arm from long-standing disease was attributable to the miraculous influence of the Madonna, who, he asserted, had appeared to him bodily on the window-panes of his own abode, the rumor of this "miracle" attracted crowds of devout worshipers to the spot. There, facing the small dwelling, with foreheads bared to the sun, the prostrate pilgrims did not fail to see the vision of the Madonna, angels, saints, and even the Almighty himself. The police thought to dispel attention by removing the panes from the windows and substituting instead a couple of deal boards. But the visionaries saw the same sights and described the same personages even after the planks had been put up.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

THE positions gained by Butler's and Meade's armies on the right and left flanks have been substantially maintained. The enemy has been compelled to assume the offensive, but in none of his attacks has he succeeded in gaining any advantage, while his loss has been greater than ours. The actions since Grant began to move may be summed up as follows:

Thursday, September 29, the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps attacked and carried the outermost intrenchments of Richmond, near Chapin's Farm and at New Market Heights. Considerable loss attended the engagements, especially in the unsuccessful attempt to carry Fort Gilmer and Laurel Hill.

On the same day Kautz, moving around to the right and up the Darbytown or Central Road, made an important reconnoissance, which disclosed the remarkable fact that the enemy had on that road no formidable defenses until within four miles of Richmond. Indeed, Kautz, in his reconnoissance, passed even this line without resistance, and reached the toll-gate only two or three miles southeast of Richmond. Terry's (First) division of the Tenth Corps was sent, while the fight at Laurel Hill was going on, to the support of Kautz. At sunset this advanced column fell back again, the cavalry maintaining its position near the Central Road, on the extreme right. The extreme left also was refused, as the rebel gun-boats on the James commanded the advanced position in that direction; but all the fortifications taken were held and strengthened.

On Friday, the 30th, the enemy, strongly reinforced, attacked the position and attempted to break the Federal lines where the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps joined. Two assaults were made and repulsed. Here the rebel loss was large—not less than 1000 men. 200 rebels, including 20 officers, were captured.

On Saturday it rained, and the state of the roads prevented any operations with infantry. But Terry and Kautz, on the right, pushed out to and up the Darbytown Road on another reconnoissance—a movement which was necessary to guard against a flank movement of the enemy.

It was evident that Lee would next attack on our extreme right, and so it proved. Two divisions confronting Butler's left at Chapin's Farm were transferred to the Darbytown Road. On Friday, October 7, an attack was made at this point early in the morning, and Kautz, opposed to a force of four to five thousand men, and having less than two thousand, was compelled to fall back. In retiring he passed through swampy ground, and left behind him eight rifled guns. His loss was about 300 men. The rebels pursued, and attacked Birney's line. On the right of this line was Terry's division, two brigades of which were advanced a short distance to the right of their breastworks, where they awaited the enemy. A deliberate fire put Hoke and Field's lines in confusion, but they re-formed again and made a fresh attack, and were a second time repulsed. Throwing up some intrenchments the rebels moved further round, as if to flank Birney's right. At this juncture Terry advanced upon their rear, and flanking them out of their position drove them from the field. The rebel loss, according to Butler's estimate, was 1200. The Federal loss was 400, and the eight guns. The position which had been yielded was more strongly held after the battle. The rebel papers admit the loss of General Gregg, of Texas, killed; and Brigadier-General Bratton severely wounded.

Meade advanced, September 30, and carried a fortified position at Peebles's Farm, some distance west of the Weldon Road. The enemy then fell back on his intrenchments covering the Southside Railroad. The Ninth Corps had the advance as Meade followed the enemy up to his works. An attack was made, which proved unsuccessful; and the rebels, making a counter-charge, penetrated between the Fifth and Ninth Corps, and captured a large number of prisoners.

On Saturday, October 1, an attack was made by the enemy on Ayres's division of the Fifth Corps. The rebels were severely repulsed. On the afternoon Hampton's rebel cavalry attacked Gregg, and was driven back with great loss.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Not driven back by any reverse, but in subservience to General Grant's plans against Richmond, Sheridan is returning down the Valley. On the 7th his command had reached Woodstock. Before retiring he had destroyed the grain and forage in the vicinity; and he says that, "In moving back to this point (Woodstock) the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made entirely untenable for a rebel army." We make the following extracts from his dispatch:

"I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements, over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep.

"This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley, as well as the main Valley.

"A large number of horses have been obtained, a proper estimate of which I can not now make.

"Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned.

"Since I came into the Valley from Harper's Ferry every train, every small party, and every straggler, has been bushwhacked by the people, many of whom have protection-passes from commanders who have been hitherto in that Valley.

"The people here are getting sick of the war. Heretofore they have had no reason to complain, because they have been living in great abundance."

A later dispatch, dated October 9, at Strasburg, gives information of an important victory over the enemy's cavalry on the 8th. Says Sheridan:

"In coming back to this point I was not followed up until late yesterday, when a large force of cavalry appeared in my rear. I then halted my command to offer battle by attacking the enemy. I became satisfied that it was only all the rebel cavalry of the Valley, commanded by Rosser, and directed Torbert to attack at daylight this morning, and finish this 'savior of the Valley.' The attack was handsomely made. Custar, commanding the Third Cavalry Division, charged on the back road, with Merritt, commanding the First Cavalry Division, on the Strasburg pike. Merritt captured five pieces of artillery. Custar captured six pieces of artillery with caissons, battery forge, etc. The two divisions captured forty-seven wagons, ambulances, etc. Among the wagons captured are the head-quarters wagons of Rosser, Lomax, Wickman, and Colonel Pollard. The number of prisoners will be about 330.

"The enemy after being charged by our gallant cavalry were broken and ran. They were followed by our men on the jump 26 miles through Mount Jackson, and across the north fork of the Shenandoah."

GENERAL SHERMAN.

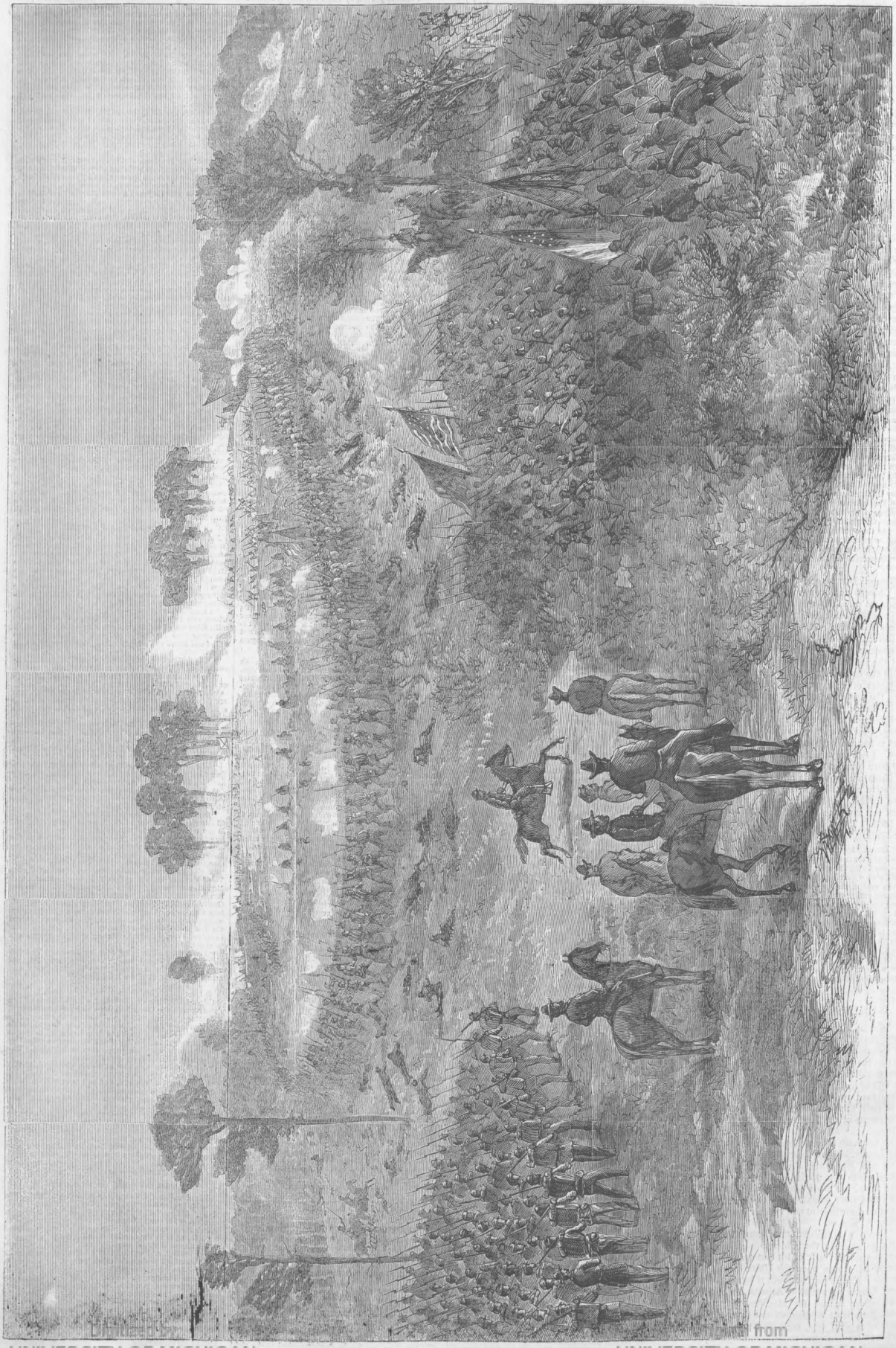
General Hood having dispatched a large force to make a detour across the Chattahoochee and on Sherman's rear, the latter sent General Thomas to attend to Forrest, taking upon himself the responsibility of attending to Hood's flank movements. Forrest has been compelled to recross the Tennessee; and an important victory was gained by Sherman over the rebels in his rear at Allatoona. The following is General Sherman's dispatch:

"I reached the Kenesaw Mountain October 6, just in time to witness at a distance the attack on Allatoona. I had anticipated this attack, and had ordered from Rome General Corse with reinforcements. The attack was met and repulsed, the enemy losing some 200 dead, and more than 1000 wounded and prisoners. Our loss was about 700 in the aggregate. The enemy captured the small garrisons at Big Shanty and Ackworth, and burned about seven miles of our railroad; but we have at Allatoona and Atlanta an abundance of provisions. Hood, observing our approach, has moved rapidly back to Dallas and Van Wert, and I am watching him in case he tries to reach Kingston or Rome. Atlanta is perfectly secure to us, and this army is better off than in camp."

THE INVASION OF MISSOURI.

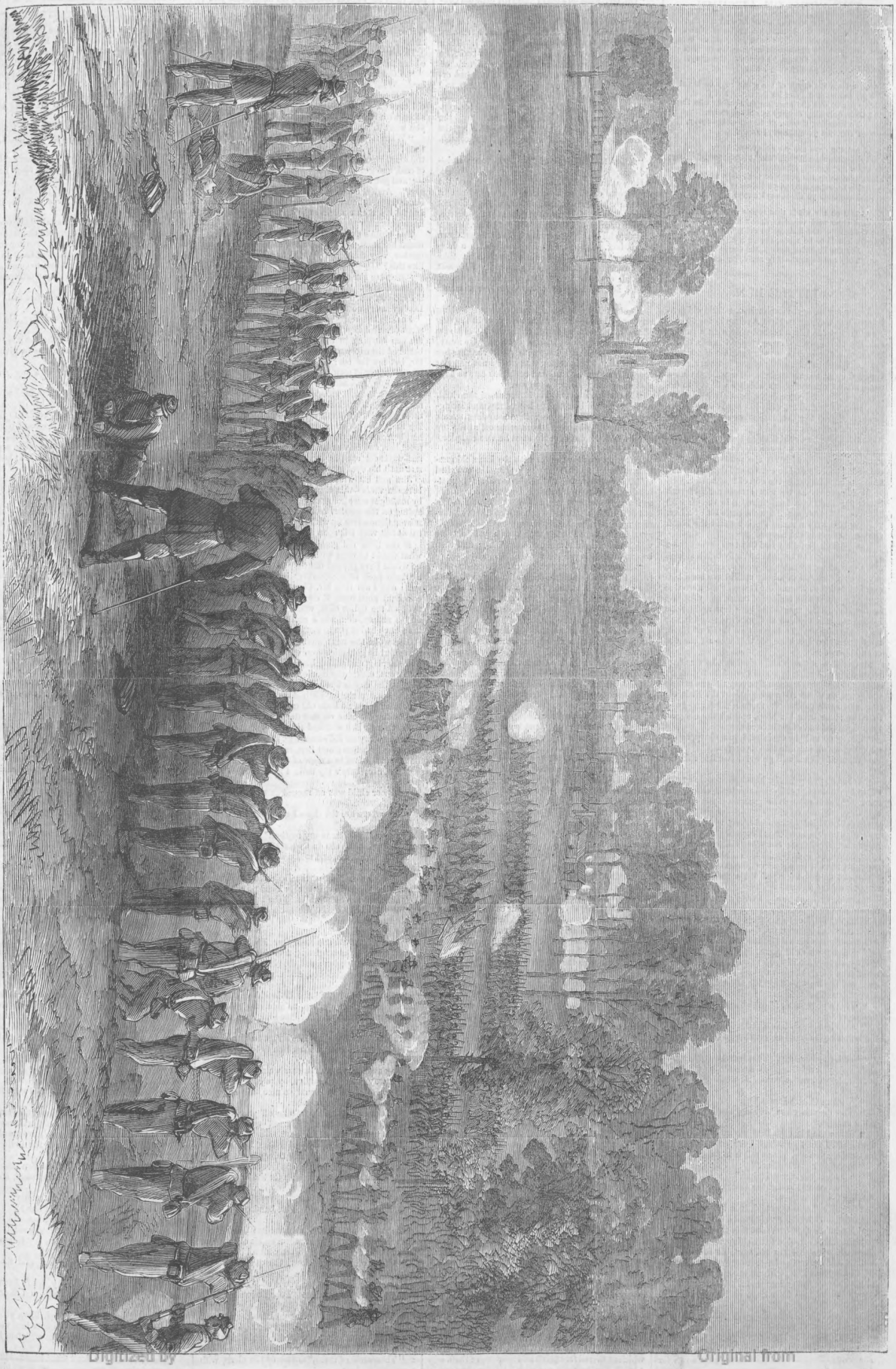
Brigadier-General Ewing has arrived at Rolla. We are able to give a detailed account of his defense of Pilot Knob. He reached that post September 25, and with a garrison of 1000 men undertook to hold his ground against Price's far superior force. The position is entirely indefensible, as it is surrounded on all sides by elevations which command it. General Price attempted an advance into the valley, and was terribly beaten, but gaining the mountain sides, he compelled Ewing to evacuate. On the way to Rolla Ewing was surrounded, and came near being captured. He escaped, however, by the aid of forces sent to his assistance. On the 7th, the rebels made a demonstration against Jefferson City, but this proved only a feint to occupy our forces while they crossed the Osage River. During the night they pressed westward. Price's army is estimated at 20,000 strong, with from 16 to 25 cannon. On the morning of the 8th General Pleasanton arrived, and assuming command followed the rebels with about 5000 cavalry.

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GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE BATTLE AT CHAPIN'S FARM, SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

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GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE REBEL ASSAULT AND ATTEMPT TO RECAPTURE FORT HARRISON, SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

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THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

I HAVE painted the woods, I have kindled the sky,
I have brightened the hills with a glance of mine eye;
I have scattered the fruits, I have gathered the corn,
And now from the earth must her verdure be torn.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

No more from the depth of the grove may be heard
The joy-burdened song of its fluttering bird;
I have passed o'er the branches that shelter him there,
And their quivering drapery is shaken to air.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

Plead not the days are yet sunny and long,
That your hues are still bright'ning, your fibres still strong;
To vigor and beauty, relentless am I—
There is nothing too young or too lovely to die.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

And I call on the winds that repose in the north,
To send their wild voices in unison forth;
Let the harp of the tempest be dolefully strung—
There's a wail to be made, there's a dirge to be sung;
For the lingering flowers, the leaves of the spray,
They are doomed—they are dying away! away!

LITTLE BEN.

ABOUT a year ago, more or less, a little old gentleman was walking in Fifth Avenue in the city of New York. He had a hooked nose with a pair of gold spectacles perched on the top of it, and a brown wig with a fine curl in the very middle of his forehead. His shirt was quite clean, but very much tumbled up at the wristbands. He walked with a cane, after a queer fashion which I will try to describe. He put the cane to the ground with a smart rap, then looked at it, with his bushy black eyebrows puckered together into what seemed a terrible frown, and took two short, quick steps. At the next two steps he would flourish the cane vigorously, making a figure 8 in the air, at the same time glancing upward, with all the puckers smoothed out of his brows; and so on, up and down, rap and flourish, until he got to the end of his journey.

It happened, as he was crossing Eighteenth Street and making a tremendous 8 in the air with his cane, that his eye fell upon a little bit of a boy, playing ball with a small stone against the blank side-wall of one of the houses.

The poor little fellow had but two garments—a ragged shirt with no buttons and only half a sleeve, and a pair of trowsers which were so large that the whole of his morsel of a body could have been hidden in one leg of them. As it was, they were tied round his waist with a piece of twine, and rolled up in the legs. His poor little bare feet and ankles looked red and cold, as well as dirty; and it was very fortunate that he had such a shock of thick, tangled hair on his head, for that was all the hat or cap he owned.

But, spite of his rags and nakedness, he was happy as a king, darting here and there like lightning, and counting out triumphantly every time he caught the stone, until, at the very moment the little old gentleman was passing, he made a miss, and away flew the stone over his head, and hit the old gentleman on the end of his hooked nose.

"Mercy on us!" he exclaimed, in a sharp, cracked voice, which sounded like a popgun.

"Where did that ball go to? hang it!" said the boy.

"What do you mean by knocking people's noses off in broad daylight?" cried the little old gentleman. "You'll come to the gallows if you go on in this way. Mercy on us!"

He rubbed his long hooked nose; while the boy, pushing away the tangled yellow hair from his brow, looked up frightened; but when he saw a pair of gray, twinkling eyes bent down on him, and a kind smile on the old man's countenance, another smile broke out in his beautiful little face—beautiful through all the dirt and neglect—and he said,

"I'm sorry I hit you. I didn't mean to. Let me clean your boots, Sir; they is awful dirty."

Then the little old gentleman saw that he had a small wooden box, with brushes and blacking; and looking down at his old-fashioned round-toed shoes, said "Mercy on us!" again, like another popgun. "Why, so they are dirty! To—be—sure!" Then, what does he do but put up one of his feet on the box, and the next moment the boy was spitting on his brush and rubbing away for dear life.

"What's your name?" asked the little old gentleman presently.

"Ben," answered the child, looking up. "What made you say I should come to the gallows? I ain't cheating."

"Well, to—be—sure. That was wrong in me. I shall buy you a ball. You mustn't be pounding people's houses with stones. It won't do. Where do you live?"

"Down in Centre Street."

"Why do you come 'way up here? It is two miles at least."

"'Cause the big boys beat me away from down town, and I must go where I can get some money for mother, you see, 'cause Bill is in prison."

"In prison? What for?"

"Lor bless you, for prigging."

"Mercy on us!" cried the little old gentleman. "What does that mean?"

"Stealing," said the child, in a low voice, looking down, and working very hard at the other shoe.

"Mercy on us!" came out this time more like a popgun than ever—the little old gentleman was so shocked; then, after a moment, he drew a long breath, and said "to—be—sure," and then he added, in a solemn tone, with all the twinkle gone out of his eyes—"But *you* are not a thief, are you?"

"O Lor, no! I don't know enough for that."

"Poor little man!" said the old gentleman. "God grant you never may know enough. Are there any more of you?"

"Yes; my sister, Fighting Bet. I hate her. She punches my head agin the wall every chance she can get. She would burn a house down for ten-pence."

"Oh, oh! what do I hear?" said the little old gentleman. "It is dreadful!" Then seeing that his shoes were finished, and shining like jet, he put his hand in his pocket and took out first a ten-cent stamp. "That's to buy a ball," he said. Then bringing out a well-worn black pocket-book, he took from thence a dollar bill with a portrait of Mr. Chase on it, which some funny fellow had ornamented with an immense pair of mustaches, and handing that also to the ragged, barefooted child, told him to buy himself with it a pair of shoes.

"Why, you're crazy, ain't you?" exclaimed the boy, as soon as he could close his mouth after the gape of astonishment this munificent gift had caused. "Really though, do you mean it?"

"Mean it, my poor boy! To—be—sure; and—and—good-by."

He walked off, his under lip trembling, and the great frown coming deeper than ever as he brought his cane with a rap to the ground, while it did not clear away as well as usual with the next two steps, and the flourish of the figure of 8 in the air.

Before he had taken six steps little Ben sat down on his box. He drew in his breath with a long sigh; then another still longer, and then he broke into a furious passion of crying, smearing the great tears all over his face with his little dirty brown hands, and sobbing as though his heart would break.

No one noticed him. Presently a cross-looking servant girl came out of a low area door in the side of the house with a pan of coal ashes. *She* saw little Ben crying, and bawled at him: "Go away, you little wretch; go 'long with you!" shaking her fist at him. Then, seeing that he did not move at once, she rushed at him, and cuffed his ears so hard that she knocked him quite over.

"You stop now, will you?" screamed the child, catching up his box by the long strap, and swinging it round till it came with a sounding whack against her shoulders; then running off at the top of his speed, he did not stop until he was completely out of breath.

But what was the matter with the little old gentleman's eyes as he walked away? He twitched off his spectacles, and taking a large red silk pocket-handkerchief out of his pocket, began rubbing them, as if *they* were to blame, holding his cane straight out before him. Then he rubbed the end of his Roman nose, as if he was worried about the state of his eyes, which were shining with a watery brightness which was very unusual and surprising; and then he exclaimed,

"Mercy on us! mercy on us! mercy on us!" three times to himself, in such a little soft voice that the words did not sound this time in the least like popguns; and after he had blown his nose, and put on his spectacles, he brought his cane with a rap to the ground and a "To—be—sure."

Before little Ben went home he bought a nice India-rubber ball with his ten cents, and tossed it in the air as he walked, singing, "My name it is Joe Bowers," at the top of his voice, for he had forgotten his tears in a very little while.

This boy was born in a cellar in the Five Points, amidst scenes of squalid poverty and all manner of wickedness.

Ben's parents were miserable people, who starved when they had no money, and lay stupid and senseless with poisonous gin when they had chanced to earn or beg a few shillings.

Haggard, brutal-looking men and women live all around, and swarms of wretched children, screaming and fighting continually, fill the crooked, dirty streets of this dreadful Five Points. The houses, some of them quite large, are rotten and mouldering with age and decay. All manner of filth lies putrefying in the gutters, and the very cats, which dart to and fro from one crazy den to another, are gaunt and hideous with famine.

No wonder that little Ben at eight years of age was a lean and shrunken child, between hard blows and slow starvation. What he earned was taken away from him every night when he was asleep on the bundle of straw that served him for a bed.

He only cleaned one other pair of boots that day, for which he was paid the usual five cents. With it he went into a low eating-house and bought a slice of bread and a bit of cooked ham. This he carefully stowed away in the pocket of the old pantaloons along with the precious dollar. Ben did not dream for a moment of spending it in buying shoes; he meant to give it to his mother, whom the poor little fellow loved because once in a great while she kissed him.

On his way home he met half a dozen other bootblacks, who immediately set upon him in a body; pinching his ears, pulling his hair, calling him a sneak, regretting that he had no cap on his head so that they might snatch it off and toss it sky-high; and desiring to be informed when he was to be hung, as they wished to be present at the ceremony.

The tormented boy became crimsoned with fury, but fearing for his dollar, he raised his arms to defend his head and answered back not a word, till watching his chance he broke from them and ran for his life.

Presently he turned into one of the wretched streets of the Five Points. Stopping before one of the houses, he stepped cautiously down the slimy, muddy steps, but being breathless and unsteady with running his foot slipped from the last one, and he fell against the miserable cellar-door, bursting it open.

"What's that?" cried a man, starting fiercely up and coming toward the door. He was a great, ill-looking fellow. "Can't you walk straight, you clumsy brat?" and he gave the child a blow which sent him staggering against the opposite wall.

"Why don't you let the boy alone?" growled his mother, who was cowering over a battered and empty stove. "I never see such a brute as you are."

The walls and ceiling were perfectly black with age. In one corner was a heap of mouldy straw, with some rags thrown over it by way of covering. By the side of the stove were two wooden boxes which answered for chairs, and near one of them was a black bottle smelling of whisky. An old frying-pan, rusty for want of use, and a tin mug, stood just within the chimney—and that was all.

The miserable boy stood crying where his cruel parent had thrown him, not daring to approach him.

He soon went softly up to his mother, and showed her the dollar.

"A *dollar!*" she screamed, clutching it—"a *dollar!* Where did you steal it?"

"I didn't steal it!" cried Ben, indignantly. "An old cove gave it to me himself; he told me to buy shoes with it; but I'll give it all to you, mother, if you want it."

"Want it? *want it?* Oh, won't we have a jolly time! Here, Jim," she continued, holding it out to the man, "go and get some wood, and half a peck of coal, and get this filled"—handing him the bottle—"and get some meat, too, d'ye hear? I'm hungry." And she rolled her eyes and rubbed her hands in joyful anticipation of the coming warmth and feast; then suddenly she drew Ben to her and kissed him.

The child's poor little thin arms went curling round her neck, and he piteously murmured, "Oh, mother, why don't you be kind to me all the time like this?"

"Because I'm such a wicked woman," she groaned, shuddering. "But, Lor, Ben, you mustn't mind if I hit you when I'm tipsy. I don't mean it, boy. Don't you cry now, don't!"

Luckily the refreshments coming in at this moment diverted Ben from his tears; and very soon a fire was burning in the rickety old stove, and the battered tin cup was doing duty on it, heating water, but not for tea; though Jim, foreseeing that the cellar would soon be pitch dark, as the sun was now setting, had added a tallow-candle to the rest of his purchases. This was stuck in a hole in the floor, for candlestick there was none; and soon the three were eating bread and smoked herring, tearing at both with their fingers with avidity. Jim had borrowed a cracked tumbler from an up-stairs neighbor, and in this he mixed some hot whisky-and-water for each in turn, Ben drinking like the rest until his eyes grew heavy, and then closed.

Jim and his wretched wife finished the whisky between them—this time without quarreling—and by midnight were going off in a series of short naps, sitting on the wooden boxes, tumbling forward and raising themselves up with sudden jerks and moans, till at last they fell upon the floor.

If the little old gentleman could have foreseen what would be done with his dollar, I really think he would have popped out his "Mercy on us!" like a whole pack of fire-crackers instead of one popgun; and I am sure Mr. Chase, who looks like an excellent good man, if one may judge by his portrait on the dollar bills, would rather have burned up his money, or made a real "shinplaster" of it, than have had it put to such a miserable use.

Ben woke the next morning feeling stupid and sick; but he got quietly up while his parents were still sleeping, and taking his box and brushes, went softly out, eating the ham and bread which he had bought the day before. He went immediately up to the same place on Fifth Avenue, hoping to see his friend; but no little old gentleman came along flourishing his cane on that day, or on many other days, though Ben watched for him eagerly.

But one day he did come, wig, cane, and all, just the same as before; and Ben, running up, his dirty but beautiful face in a glow of delight, cried out,

"See, Sir; here's my ball; I gave the ten-pence for it."

The poor child was as ragged as ever, and barefooted of course.

"But where are the shoes I gave you the money to buy?"

"I give the dollar to my mother."

"And what did she do with it?"

Ben looked down, and said, in a low voice, "Got tipsy."

"Mercy on us!" cried the little old gentleman, "what *are* we to do with such wicked people?"

"Bet is in the hospital," said the boy.

"Who's Bet?" asked the little old gentleman; for he had forgotten.

"Bet's my sister."

"Oh! How did she come there?"

"Well, she was a fighting, and she got her head broke with a brick-bat; and the pleeseman came to stop it, and he got kicked, and then they took Bet to the hospital."

"Mercy on us!" said the little old gentleman; then speaking quite sharp, to hide how nearly he was crying, "Here you, boy," he said, "come along with me!"

He hastened down the side street to Sixth Avenue and got into a car, telling Ben to follow. And so Ben took his first ride!

They rode as far as the cars went, then walked a little way to a hotel, where, by paying for it, the old gentleman soon had ready a nice bath of piping warm water, soap, and towels.

"Come, Ben," he said, "take off your clothes, jump in here and scrub yourself well; and I'll wait for you in the next room."

No sooner said than done; for Ben, in a state of delightful wonder at such fine things, soon slipped out of the ragged shirt with one sleeve and the big trowsers, and had a warm bath for the first time in his life. A ride and a bath! would wonders ever cease?

You never saw such a bright, handsome face as came out of that bath-room half an hour afterward! To be sure the ragged clothes looked doleful and dirty, and Ben hated to put them on his clean white body. But never mind! Just wait a bit.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the queer little old gentleman when Ben came up to him; "what a difference, and how clean you are! You perfectly smell of soap and water. Poor little fellow! to—be—sure."

They hurried out and went up Broadway to Mr. Brooks's great ready-made clothing-store, Ben walking on the very tips of his toes to keep his feet clean.

"Have you ready-made boys' clothes?"

"Thousands of them," answered the clerk, with a very polite bow.

"Well, take this boy's measure for a strong, dark suit. Put them on him, and tie up his old clothes in a bundle, if you please."

"Yes, Sir, certainly," said the clerk, with another polite bow. Then he took Ben into a small room, and bringing out his long piece of yellow tape proceeded to measure the boy in every direction. Presently he darted out and said to the old gentleman, "Did you mean shirt, stockings, pocket-handkerchief, cap, and all, Sir?"

"Mercy on us! do you keep all those things too?"

"Every article in the line, Sir, cheap for cash. They all come into the clothing department, you know, Sir."

"To—be—sure. Certainly. How about shoes?"

"We can send for a pair, and have them here in five minutes."

"Poor little boy," said the old gentleman; "he shall have them all. Get the shoes, too, if you please."

The clerk said to himself it was all "jolly queer," but none of his business if funny old chaps chose to pick up beggars and rig them out from top to toe; so he grinned and bowed, and went back to Ben, tickled his feet by measuring them too, and sent a boy to the nearest shoe store with an order and the measure.

Then he got out of a great pile a nice little white shirt, and told Ben to put it on.

"Is it to be mine, Sir?" asked Ben, his whole face in a glow of wonder and joy.

"I rather think it is," said the clerk. "That old chap, your grandfather, told me to give it to you."

"He's not my grandfather—he's my *friend*," said Ben. "I'm only a poor boy."

"Oh!" said the clerk, who knew perfectly well that the old gentleman was not his grandfather, "then you're a lucky chap, for you are to have a complete rig out like a dandy, all except pomatum for your hair, and cologne for your pocket-handkerchief; we don't sell those, I'm sorry to say."

Ben never suspected that the clerk was laughing at him. He was in a bewildered maze of ecstasy and delight as article after article was handed to him, ending with the shoes which the boy had brought in, and which exactly fitted.

And now he stood completely dressed, his face flushed, his eyes wildly bright, his hands trembling.

When he came out the funny little old gentleman did not know him; and when he came softly up and said, "Please, Sir, thank you, Sir, here I am."

"Mercy on us!" cried the old gentleman; "to—be—sure."

He paid for the clothes with some bills which had Mr. Chase's portrait on them.

Ben thought it must have been a hundred dollars at least that he had to give, and he said, timidly, "I'll brush your boots as long as I live, Sir. I love you. You are kind and good."

Upon this the little old gentleman winked very hard, for his eyes had become suddenly dim, and said, "To—be—sure," in a whisper, to himself.

They went out, Ben with his old rags of clothes and his blacking-box and brushes, all tied up together in brown paper, and the old gentleman, who seemed perfectly crazy about Ben, took him next to a barber.

"Cut this boy's hair, if you please," he said; and very soon Ben was thoroughly re-made.

The barber lifted Ben upon a high chair, and pinned a great towel around his neck; then, taking a comb and pair of scissors, began snip, snip, snipping, until the long tangled hair covered his shoulders. Then he rubbed something that smelled deliciously on Ben's head, and, taking the comb, with one flourish he made a beautiful parting at the side; then he brushed, and brushed, till the short wavy locks shone bright and golden.

He was a beautiful child. Thin and pale certainly, but with a sweet, gentle expression.

And the little old gentleman loved the child. He was such a simple old fellow that he quite wondered that Ben should love him; and as they trudged away from the barber's he kept glancing at the boy's happy face, and thinking to himself, "It's a great thing to have a child love you. To—be—sure!"

"Where do you live, Ben?" he asked, presently.

"Down in the Five Points, Sir."

"Will you take me there? I want to speak to your mother."

So they walked a little farther down Broadway, and in five minutes more they were at the steps which led to the cellar. Men, women, and children, fierce and ragged, watched them all the way, and one of the miserable children stole the old gentleman's red silk pocket-handkerchief.

"May I call you my friend?" asked Ben, timidly, of the old gentleman.

"To—be—sure," said the old gentleman.

They opened the battered door, and went into the dismal place.

"What do you want?" asked a gruff voice.

"It's me, father! it's me, mother!" exclaimed Ben; "and this is my friend who gave me all these nice clothes, and the dollar, and the India-rubber ball!"

The man came forward, caught Ben roughly by the arm, twisted and twirled him round, and then ungraciously said,

"You'd better have given him money. What's the use of fine duds to the likes of him?"

"Who's talking?" muttered a voice in the corner, and Ben's mother lifted her head from the straw on which she was lying. "Who's that? What do those people want here?"

"It's me, mother; your Ben!" said the child, going close to her.

"*My* boy! *my* Ben! Why, who's been doing this to you?" touching his clothes and clean face.

"MY FRIEND."

"What! that old man? God bless you, Sir!" said the woman; "though it's queer how you came to do it. I'll make him take 'em off when he goes to brush boots."

"Mercy on us! I don't want him to take them off!" cried the old gentleman. "I want him to go

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to school, and I will help you and your husband to get work, and to live in comfort, if you will promise me to keep sober and be honest."

"That I will!" cried the woman, bursting into tears.

The old gentleman tore a page out of his memorandum-book, wrote on it where he lived, and placed it in the woman's hands; then telling Ben to come to him before nine o'clock the next day, he hurried out of the place with many extra flourishes of his cane, and got safely back to Broadway.

"Mercy on us!" he ejaculated, "what a home! Ben shall come away. I'll have him educated; and with God's blessing he will grow up a good man. To—be—sure!"

He felt for his pocket-handkerchief to polish his spectacles, which somehow had gotten very dim.

"Mercy on us! they've stolen it!"

That night, when little Ben was asleep, his father took his new clothes and pawned them for drink. His mother begged him to leave them alone; but in vain. The brown paper was torn off, and the old rags placed by his side; and when poor little Ben awoke the next morning the shirt without a sleeve and the big trowsers were all he saw.

He rose, his heart beating wildly, and hunted in every corner of the wretched room. They were gone. He stood one moment perfectly still, as if turned to stone. Then he began to draw his breath in long sighs—longer and longer yet—and then broke into frantic screams and cries.

His father awoke, furious at having his sleep disturbed.

"You'd better be quiet," he cried, in a savage voice, shaking his fist at him.

"Give me my new clothes!" screamed the child. "Give them to me!"

"You'll never see them again. Go 'long out and black boots."

All at once the boy became silent. He put on the ragged clothes, but did not take his box or brushes, and went up the steps, saying to himself, "I'll go right to my friend and tell him."

His father heard him, and starting up to his feet he rushed after him, shouting, "No, you won't go to your friend!"

Furious with passion and drink, he seized his little son Ben by the arms, and, swinging him high above his head, hurled him down the stone steps.

One piteous moan, one quiver of the little wasted frame, and the child lay quite still.

"Why, what's the matter with Ben?" asked his mother, seeing him lying so still and white on the straw.

"He fell down the steps," said the father.

Something in the tone of his voice excited her suspicion, and looking keenly at him she cried,

"*You* threw him down. You know you did."

He went up the steps and soon brought back a Dispensary doctor.

The miserable child was examined with gentleness and care by the doctor, who found that his collar-bone and one of his legs were broken.

"He must be taken to the hospital," he said. "I will send men and a litter."

And so poor little Ben, almost murdered by his father, was carried off to the hospital; while his parents, afraid of the little old gentleman, moved immediately away to another cellar, in another street, telling no one where they were going.

And when Ben's "friend," wondering why the boy did not come to him, ventured once more into the Five Points, he could not find the child or his parents, or any one who knew any thing about them. And he walked sadly away, saying, "Mercy on us! what a world it is! Where is the pretty little boy? I meant to be so kind to him. To—be—sure."

Weeks passed, but poor little Ben still lay in his bed at the hospital. His constitution had received such a shock that he could not rally, and the bitter thought of his father's awful cruelty ate into his heart like a cancer.

Every body was kind to him. The nurse seemed to feel more tender and compassionate every day. The oldest and roughest among the patients in the ward where he lay would ask him how he felt in the morning.

One day, when his mother was with him, he threw his arms passionately round her neck and burst into tears, crying, "If I could only see him—oh, if I could only see him! I am dying, and I don't want to die without seeing *my friend*."

The woman sobbed. "Oh, don't say you're dying," she cried, "my darling, my own little Ben! I will never be cross to you again. And I'll go for the old gentleman; he will make you better."

She kissed him, and went out. But though she ran all the way to the old gentleman's house she did not find him at home. She waited an hour, and he did not come; then she left a message, repeating it over and over to the servant, entreating the old gentleman not to lose a moment when he knew who wanted him.

It was night before he came home, for he had dined with a friend.

"What!" he said to the servant, "my little Ben! Dying? Get me a coach, quick! Mercy on us! Oh dear! oh dear!"

It was against the rules to admit visitors at night, but the little old gentleman got in, and was soon at the bedside of the dying boy.

He was already too far gone to speak; but he threw his wasted arms around the neck of his dear old friend, and patted his withered cheek; then feeling under his pillow, he took out a *small India-rubber ball*, and holding it up, smiled in his face.

It was too much. The little old gentleman pushing away his spectacles, cried and sobbed like a child; while Ben stroked his kind face with his small, trembling hand, trying to comfort him; then drawing the old man's cheek close to his, with great difficulty he murmured,

"Good-by, *my friend*."

The arm dropped powerless, and the child turned his face away. Closing his eyes, he fell asleep; and when the old gentleman took the small hand gently in his it was already cold. For little Ben was dead.

THE ANGEL AND CHILD.

I saw an angel, in my sleep,
Pass out of the celestial town;
By golden stair and starry keep
This angel of the Lord came down.

He kindled into purple flame
His pathway through the cloven sky,
This angel of the Lord, that came
To where a little child did lie.

I saw their faces, near and clear,
His was the child's, the child's was his;
O babe, the mother-lips are dear—
Now you shall taste an angel's kiss!

I look'd again, and in my dream
I saw the angel and the child
Pass, hand in hand, athwart the gleam
Of innermost Paradise undefiled,

On to the Throne. They shall behold
The Father's lighted face alway.
Mother, the little limbs are cold;
Your angel-baby died to-day!

MAD ANNETTE.

MOST persons have paused for an hour or two on the road between Paris and London to lounge round the quaint old sea-port town of Dieppe. We, at least, did give so much time to the port as was necessary to note these its peculiarities before wending our onward way to Paris: and we did even more than this. Securing the guidance of a gray-haired hanger-on of the church, we mounted up many foot-scooped steps, and through an atmosphere containing as much dust as oxygen to the topmost platform of the roof. The view was worth the trouble. Right below the tower market men and women, in their blue and red clothes, were hurrying hither and thither over the place, and filling the clear fresh morning air with their chaffering cries. From a thicket of black masts and cordage rose the chimneys of the packet that had carried us over the kindly sea; which sea spread blue and placid till it was lost in the curve of the earth. The tall cones of the castle seemed to belong to another age, and made me think for a moment whether I wore the colors of the Bearnais or of Mayenne—no light matter when to wear the wrong ones was death. But the cicerone recalled me from the past by calling attention to a spick-and-span new house, in a quarter where bright red walls and green shutters were more frequent than the older yellow plaster, and exclaiming, with civic exultation, "See there the house of the Prefect!"

"And look there, Martin," cried one of my companions, "down there between the trees in that sort of close. There's that crazy woman who was at the porch when we came in."

"Ah! it is mad Annette that you regard down there, monsieur. Yes, she is truly droll; but it is sad, it is very sad that, if monsieur knew the history."

"A story! By all means; out with it, old Cockywax!"

"Comment, monsieur?"

"Jack, don't be absurd. If you would have the obligingness to recount the story it would give us much pleasure to hear."

"But below, monsieur means to say, without doubt."

But we all agreed that we were very well off where we were. The sun was not too hot: we were out of the immediate influence of the smells: each had a preparation of tobacco to consume. So, one sitting on the top step of the stairs, another on a perilous piece of balustrade, and a third on the ancient lead, our guide began his story of the mad woman. I can not pretend to repeat it with half the vividness of the original narrator. It must lose much in translation; more from want of accent and gesticulation. The old man was really no mean "conteur."

As we had seen, the poor mad woman was not at all dangerous; she never did any harm. There was no reason at all why she should not be allowed the liberty she had. She had a friend—the husband, indeed, of her sister—who was very good to her, and gave her a home and food and clothing. And many were ready to help her, for they knew her sad story. But how did she become mad? Yes, that is the important part of the tale. Twenty years ago she was not mad at all: she was the prettiest, merriest, brightest girl in all Dieppe. And as old Pochon, her father, was one of the most flourishing fishermen in all the Quartier de Pollet, it was hardly necessary to say that Annette and her sister Marie were very popular with all the lads, and were much envied by all those damsels whose eyes were less bright, whose skin was less clear, and whose ear-rings were less massive. Marie was soon disposed of to the worthy Pierre, who had a shop in the town, and who was still the generous maintainer of his afflicted sister. But Annette, much to the confusion of all the sturdy Dieppois, showed no favor to any one of them. Not that she was inclined to celibacy. There was a certain Bobbe Carreterre (it is all but impossible to suggest the manner of the enunciation of this name), who, I am sorry to say, was an Englishman. This Carreterre was huge of body and strong of limb; and on the occasion of the periodical visits of the brig in which he served to Dieppe, made great havoc among the hearts of the young fisherwomen. At last he paid peculiar and special attentions to Annette Pochon, and met with nothing like a rebuff. The old guide could well remember how he had seen the pair strolling on the beach—he big and burly, with light-brown hair knotted on his round head in thick close-cropped curls, and brown shiny skin, towering above the smaller race of Frenchmen: she, with little trim figure, fresh and clean in blue woolen skirt and starched cap, with great black eyes that were always meeting the gray ones of the perfidious Briton, and never said any thing but "I trust you." He also remembered how once, when Carter's ship was expected in the port, Annette would watch on the quay for hours; and how, when the good brig was really within a few yards of land, and but for some almost miraculous mishap would in a few moments be safely moored in still water, she ran to her home, and hid herself in the inner room in maiden bashfulness. And now Carter was mate of the brig, and gave his word that when he should next come to Dieppe he must return with Annette as his wife to his own land, and that she should be taken to see his mother and his home, as well as the wonders of London, and that then the locality of their future abode might be decided upon. In three weeks he might be expected in Dieppe again.

Old Pochon affirmed, quite confidently, "That is a man in whom we may put trust: that face can not be the face of a liar. He says, 'Annette, do you love me with all your heart?' She says, 'Robert, what shall I do to prove my love?' 'When I come to fetch you, shall you be very happy, and shall you be ready to come to me directly?' 'When you come to fetch me, whenever it may be, I will spring forward to meet you, and no one shall ever make me distrust you.'"

If her own father had confidence, what availed the fears of the neighbors? The old guide had never liked that Carreterre, but what was he but a grumbler? Things must take their course without interference. And, in truth, nobody had any thing very valid to urge against the match.

It is not difficult to imagine the excited eagerness with which Annette looked forward to the expiration of the allotted period. Never was there a more joyous bride. No letters passed between the parties; indeed it was improbable that either of them could write. At the end of the third week the collier by which Carter was to have traveled as a passenger appeared in the port, but no Carter was on board: nor had the collier's skipper had any dealings with any man answering to the faithless mate's description. After the first shock, Annette refused to allow that she was in the least degree doubtful. Of course he would come: of course some unforeseen hindrance had kept him from coming as he had proposed. Her friends were not sanguine, but she would permit no questioning. A week went by: Annette began to look a little sad. Another week: blue lines rose round her dark eyes. A third: and Annette moved and spoke and looked in such a miserable, apathetic, lack-lustre way that all her friends grew seriously frightened for her health. She would stray up and down the beach and the port for hours and hours together, always declaring that she was looking for her Robert—always quite sure that he would come—only let them give him time: she trusted him.

So two months went by. And though, indeed, on the one subject of her faithless lover's return she was then already crazed, no one regarded her state as being worse than one of fresh and unhealed grief—a state remediable by lapse of time and new associations. "Poor girl!" said the neighbors; and Annette received their pity very kindly and very impassibly, only saying, "I know he will come to fetch me; and when I see him I shall go to him." And of course Carter never came: he was never seen or heard of at Dieppe again. And now more than four months had gone by. Annette's wanderings became longer and more dreamy. Nothing done by her father or her friends availed to break her sorrowful stupor. Backward and forward on the shore of the much-sounding sea she walked, waiting for the vainly-expected summons of her lover.

Up to this time she could not be said to be mad; she was only very sorrowful and very fond of solitude. But now came the remarkable part of the story.

"Messieurs probably know the environs of Dieppe?" said the narrator.

"Never in the place till last night."

"Ah, truly. But you can imagine to yourselves the appearance of the coast which I am about to describe. Along to the west, down there, the beach is shelving shingle and slimy masses of chalk under the cliffs. At low-tide long tracks of rock are discovered stretching out to sea, divided in all directions by wide ragged fissures. Very green and very slippery are those tracks of rock. One day I had occasion to go a little journey in that direction, and, as the tide would serve, I determined to go along the beach. It was a bleak day in December; the sky was very black, and I had to walk steadily and briskly to keep out the cold. What did I see as I turned round one of the headlands of the cliff? What but Annette Pochon wandering on like a woman in a dream! Quite slowly, as if she cared nothing for the cold wind."

"'Good-day, Mademoiselle Annette. It is very cold down here by the sea, is it not?'

"'I am not cold, Monsieur Godin.'

"For I call myself Godin, messieurs. And she smiled such a sad smile.

"'What does mademoiselle seek this morning on the cold beach?'

"'Monsieur, I have a rendezvous with a friend.'

"Poor girl! I thought; your friend will never come; and you will be very cold and wretched.

"When my affairs were finished, now, I said, I will return along the road on the top of the cliff; that beach is too damp and slippery; so I set off briskly again. Ah, messieurs! I could walk then as I can not walk now. But, as I have had the honor to tell you, it is nearly twenty years ago. As I was going along the road, with the rising ground that ended soon in the cliff edge on my left hand, I thought on a sudden of Annette. Is she there still? I said to myself. She will be terribly frozen. She should be kept at home: she should not be allowed to go out. I must speak to old Pochon. Now I will mount the edge of the cliff, and see if she is still on the shore. It was just about here that she was when I passed below two hours ago. I turned quickly from the road, messieurs, and in a moment I was on the brink, with the great shelving chalk cliff at my feet. The tide had now quite gone down, and the surf seemed a long way from me. Green rocks, and sand, and pools stretched away for many, many yards. Was Annette there? Yes, sitting on a white fragment of cliff below me. So I stood watching the fair prospect and the sea stretching out as we see it now; not, however, smooth and blue; then it was dark and troubled, and white waves broke on the furthest ledges of rock. As I gaze down at Annette, suddenly she rises: she springs forward with a loud cry of delight, runs rapidly across the highest bank of shingle and sand, and waits an instant where the rocks begin. What does she see? My thoughts jump directly to the object of her desire. Is there any sign of the coming husband? Is there a craft in sight that the girl recognizes? Nothing. Two or three fishing-boats close inshore—boats that I know well—not boats that have come from England. Nobody on the shore, and nothing at sea. If Annette sees any thing it is in imagination. My eyes are fixed on her. She advances, swiftly making her way toward a tall rock on her right hand. She is agile and sure-footed. She steps over the chasms between the rocks. She stands poised for a moment on a weedy ledge: she is half hidden in a pool. She has fallen. No; she is rushing on again. She has reached the tall rock. With hands and knees she clambers to the summit, throws her arms wide open, gives a loud shriek, and clasps—nothing—nothing but air. She starts again—starts off to the left, messieurs, looking no bigger than the men and women you see in the place down below. I see her, now up, now down; sometimes splashing the water from some rock basin—taking long steps from rock to rock; sometimes falling; on again in a moment. Soon she stands still again, once more opens her arms, gives another loud cry of disappointment, and hurries off, this time direct to the sea. Should I have tried to get down? By the cliff before me, impossible with life. I stood looking—I could not take my eyes off. Before Annette now a ridge of rock rises out of the shore, with an almost straight course along the top, so that where the last rock meets the advancing tide there is a fall of some height. She runs—runs—runs; she is close to the sea; she will stop? No! She falls: I see her no more. She will be hurt by the fall. The tide will mount, and she can not move: she will be drowned!

"Before I had thought half this, messieurs, I was far on my way to the nearest path that I knew from the cliff to the shore. I ran as fast as Annette. In five minutes I was down and on the rock whence the poor girl had fallen. Ah! it was sad to see. Annette was lying in the moist sand, quite still, as one who is dead, the height of a man below me. And her long black hair was all matted round her beautiful face; and on one of her little brown feet a shell had made a cruel cut, from which the red blood trickled out into the sand; and twice or thrice the harsh waves had crawled over her, and she was all wet and cold. Ah, messieurs, it was sad, sad, sad! What could I do? Was she drowned? I did not know. I lifted her up: I carried her in my arms, poor child! about half a mile to a cottage in the hollow where the cliff sinks down. I tried to run; indeed I made the best haste I could, messieurs. Might not her life depend upon my speed? Under the remedies known to the good woman of the house the patient gradually recovered. Warmth and life came back together. Then I was very thankful, for I yearned over that poor motherless, miserable child. She came to herself: but no, I can not say that—she has never since come to herself. But she lived, and she began to mutter in a low, plaintive voice, 'Yes, my well-loved, I see thee. Thou art come now to fetch me, and I go to thee without a moment's delay. Stay for me, my darling! I am close to thee. What! thou art farther off? Only wait and I will reach thee. Thou beckonest: I am coming—I am coming.' So she went on, messieurs: and never since has she said any thing else.

"I went back to Dieppe; I informed the old Pochon. For weeks Annette lay in a fever at old mother Callot's; for weeks raving (always on the same subject), for weeks more too weak to walk. Since that day she has been quite silly. She never seems to know any one, or to care for any thing, except once. Yes, once she did seem to have some feeling of real things: that was when her dead baby was taken away from her. Then she wept for a little time, for a little time, messieurs."

And two big round tears rolled down the old man's wrinkled cheeks as he spoke.

"What a threnody!" cried Jack; though I don't believe he had understood half of it.

"And you never heard any more of the man Carter?"

"Never have I seen him since, Sir. He was not likely to come to Dieppe. If I do see him, I will—but what am I, Sir? The good God will punish him. And perhaps Annette may yet be healed."

"Now, Martin, come along down; we've been up here more than half an hour. What shall we give the old man?"

We tumbled and groped on the narrow stair again, and were soon on the lower earth once more.

Annette was at the porch again.

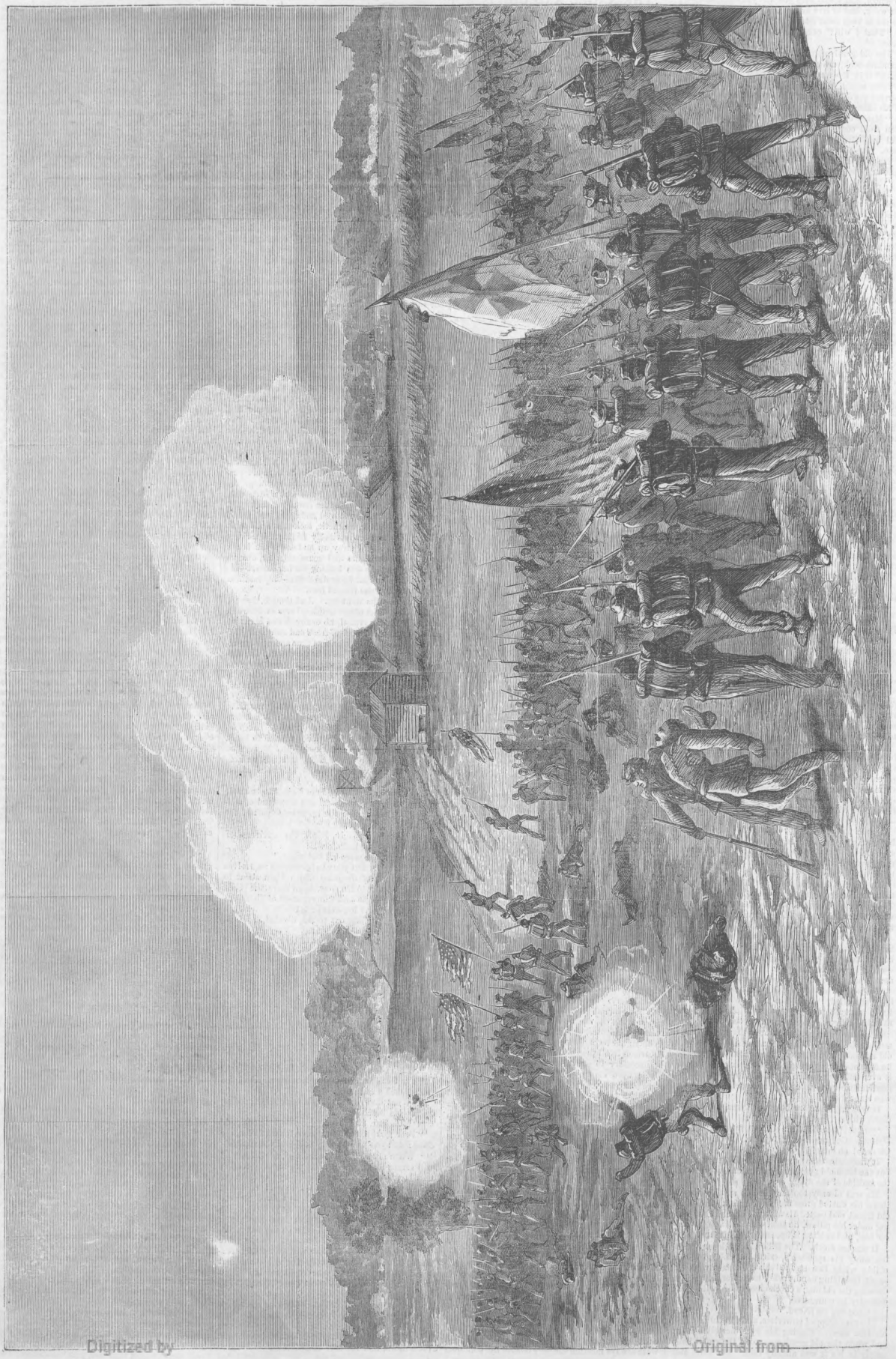
Looking out on the merry world with a mechanical, meaningless smile, she was seated on a rude stool under the shadow of the church wall. The old guide touched her hand and said, "Good-day, Annette!" No greeting came in reply. The smile remained, but did not change. As we turned away a little lad of some half-dozen years, evidently full of importance at "minding" the poor lunatic, came running up, and cried, "Come my aunt, it is necessary that thou return: my mother awaits you."

The little hand was suffered to close round the long thin fingers, and to lead away an unresisting and impassible charge.

We settled our hotel bill, drove to the station, and sank cozily on the comfortable cushions of the railroad running southward.

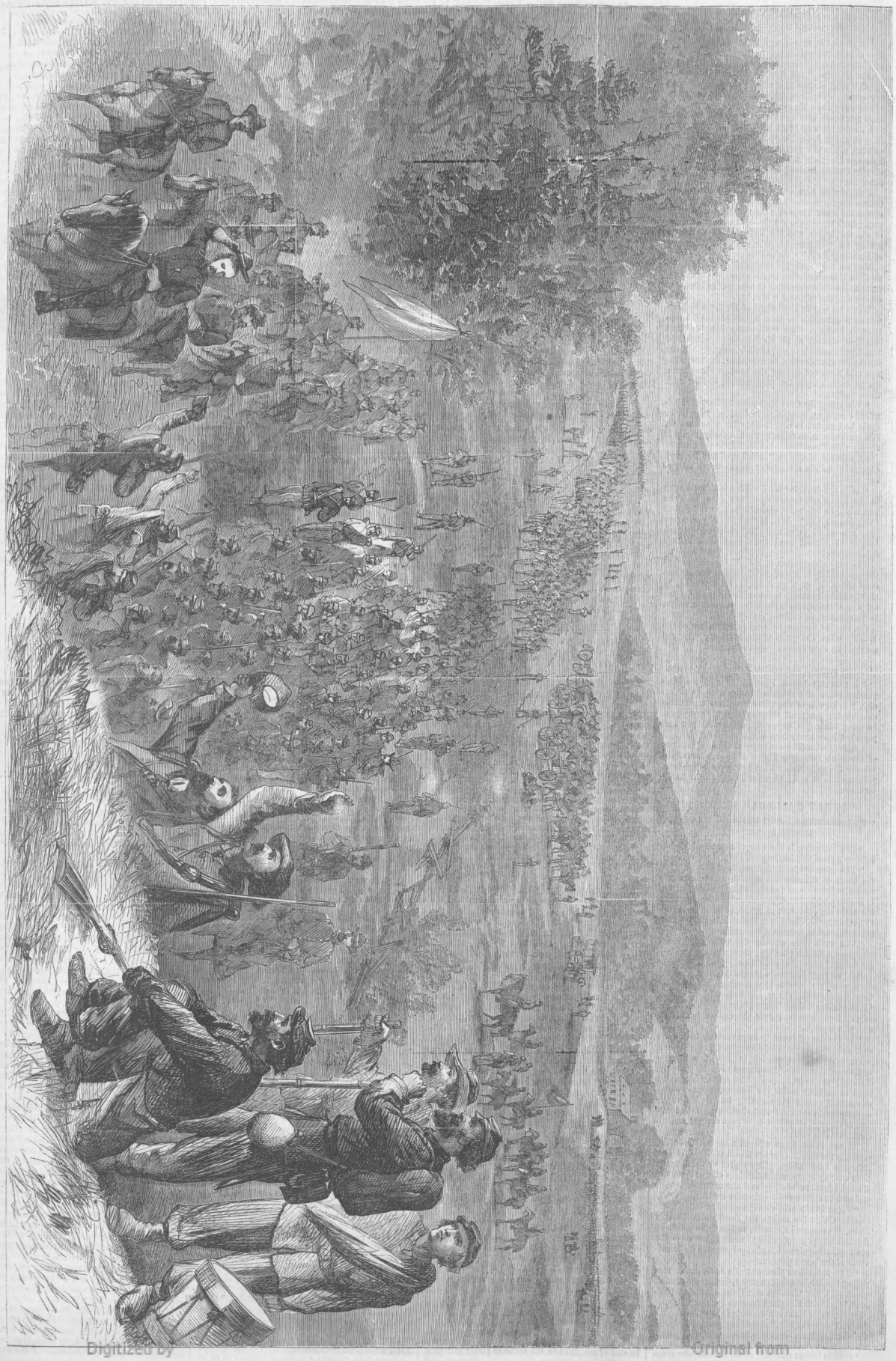
About three miles out of Dieppe Jack broke a long and meditative silence with a remark: "Do you know, you fellows, I believe that sort of thing generally ends in something or other—in something or something of that sort, you know."

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GRANTS CAMPAIGN—CHARGE OF THE FIFTH COPS ON THE REBEL REDOUBT AT PEEBLES'S FARM, SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.—SKETCHED BY C. H. CRAPSI.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

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SHERIDAN'S ARMY ON THE MARCH UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 696.]

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SUCCOTASH.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I FIND that in these desultory gossipings of mine it is almost impossible not to forget that I began and intended (and intend) to write only in the "first person singular;" but thirty years' use of the editorial "WE" makes it a very difficult practice to overcome. The inevitable "we" slips from the nib of our (there 'tis again!)—from the nib of *my* steel pen every now and then, and I can't help it.

I remember well "old Mathews," of whom Mr. Stetson of the Astor House tells some amusing anecdotes, while the great mime was a guest at the Tremont House in Boston (then the "crack hotel" of the United States), on his last appearance in America.

I remember him well in his wonderfully grotesque appearance—himself *alone*—on the boards of the old Park Theatre, rising suddenly from the prompter's box in the middle of the stage, in front of the foot-lights, and the leader of the orchestra giving his "Old Scotch Woman," the "Humors of Bartlemy Fair," and the like.

But we are especially reminded of "old Mathews" in this connection by some remarks which he once made—and reiterated at a supper in Boston—concerning the editorial "WE."

When he was in the height of his fame in London as a comedian he took it into his head to appear in tragedy. He "did essay Hamlet," and failed, of course; as all his friends expected, and had forewarned him; and of their prophecy did not fail, in his mortification, to remind him. And what was still more outrageous, the London *Times* had a severe *critique* upon the performance, closing with these words:

"We sincerely trust that our excellent and admired comedian, unequaled in his line, may never again be tempted to depart from his peculiar *rôle*. His performance in tragedy we have only to say is simply ridiculous."

At this old Mathews "boiled up," and he gave expression to his resentment in the words following, to wit:

"Who the devil is 'WE?' Who is this *one* man in the *Times* newspaper who goes about as if he had a pig in his belly, squealing or grunting out '*We*, *we*, *we*, *we*?' Who is '*We*?' If you knew him you could cane him; but who can thrash '*We*?' Confound 'em! there may be a baker's dozen of 'em!"

The very objurgation of the old favorite proved the potentiality of the editorial plural; but a thousand times, in days gone by, I have wished, in merely friendly gossip and familiar chat with readers and correspondents, like the present, it might be intermitted, or entirely pretermitted.

So, brother compositors and proof-readers of the *Weekly*, when I say "We," make me say "I," and *we* shall be very much obliged to you.

"JOHN PHŒNIX"—A GREAT RAILROAD PROJECT.

"I REGARD 'John Phœnix,'"* said a distinguished officer of the United States army to me today, "to be one of the wittiest writers which this country has produced within the last forty years. In quiet burlesque, especially, alike with pen and pencil, I have never seen him surpassed."

I agreed with him entirely; and as an instance of Phœnix's burlesque I give to the readers of the *Weekly* the subjoined, which has never before been published. It is in Captain Derby's own handwriting:

"GREAT RAILROAD PROJECT!

"THE BELVIDERE AND BEHRING'S STRAITS UNION RAILROAD!

"The foregoing is the title of a road which has become a *fixed fact* in the minds of the projectors.

"The proposed road commences at Belvidere, in the State of Illinois, and runs thence in a northwesterly direction to Behring's Straits, *via* Roscoe. It is also proposed to diverge several branches from the main line, the first of which is to be known as 'The North Pole Extension Railroad,' and by which it is proposed to secure the ice-trade.

"The main line crosses the before-mentioned straits by a floating bridge; thence south, by easy grades, and tunneling the Chinese Wall, to Pekin.

"At or near Behring's Straits it is proposed to diverge with a branch in a southerly direction to Cape Kamschatka, the said branch to be called the 'Kamschatka Valley Union Railroad.' The object of this branch is to secure the seal-trade for the Calcutta market.

"It is also proposed to start another branch at or near the same point of divergence, running in a westerly direction to Tobolsk, in Siberia, connecting at that point with an 'Underground Exile-escaping Railroad' to the Dead Sea. The said underground road to be built under the immediate supervision of eminent Ohio engineers, they having had much experience in works of that character. The services of Captain Ingraham have been secured as conductor on this road.

"From Pekin there will be a branch to Jeddo, crossing the straits near the island of Niphon by an immense Pile Bridge. The object of this branch is to convey troops and munitions of war from the United States to 'civilize' and annex the Japanese, and also to secure the Japan-ware trade.

"From Pekin will diverge another branch, *via* Cochin China (to secure the fowl-trade), Farther India, Borneo, and Sumatra, to the Gold Mines in Australia. It is proposed to cross the arms of the sea separating these islands by immense stone culverts of the latest pattern.

"The main line then extends to Calcutta, tunneling the Himalaya Mountains, connecting at this point with the 'London and Calcutta Union Railroad,' and with the plank-road to Booloochistan.

"The main line then extends from Calcutta, *via* Bagdad, crossing the Red Sea at *Moses's Ford*, and the great Sahara Desert to Timbuctoo, connecting with the 'Niger River Valley Union Railroad' to the coast of Guinea.

"The main line then extends through Ethiopia and the Caffre settlements to the Cape of Good Hope, there connecting with the '*Union Balloon Company*,' plying between Cape Town and Patagonia.

"Thence the main line extends up the west coast of America, *via* Valparaiso and Panama, to San Francisco, with a branch to the Lobos Islands (for the guano trade), and to Astoria, in Oregon. From San Francisco the line extends on a direct course to the place of beginning, with a plank-road to New York city.

"It would be useless to descant at any length upon the advantages which this road will possess over all others. A glance at the map will be sufficient to impress upon the mind of the most 'general reader' an idea of the stupendousity of the scheme, and the mines of wealth which will be necessary in order to build it. To the man of business, the extreme facility with which the most distant portions of the globe can be reached should especially commend this project; and to the pleasure-seeker, the ease with which he can be transported to the Maelstrom (which undoubtedly is the greatest watering-place in the world) should make this to appear *the* project of the age; the work which will cause this generation to shine in the very extreme of glory on to the farthest limits of time.

"We hope soon to announce the successful opening of this great work."

The "Atlantic and Pacific Railroad" had not at this time become a "fixed fact," or "Phœnix" would not have spoken of a "*plank*-road to New York city."

DO TWO WRONGS MAKE A RIGHT?

THIS proposition has been generally denied; the converse being assumed, that two Wrongs do *not* make a Right: but a friend mentioned to us the other night a bit of logic which he heard cited recently, and which would almost seem to upset the old maxim.

"Two Wrongs never make a Right," said one disputant to another.

"Yes they do—*sometimes*," said his antagonist.

"*Never!*" replied the other colloquist.

"They *do*, I tell you, and can *prove* it. The other day somebody passed on me a five-dollar counterfeit bill. *That* was wrong, wasn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Wa'al, I wasn't goin' to be cheated out of five dollars; so *I* passed it off, among some good bills, onto *another* man. Wasn't that wrong?"

"To be sure—as much so as the first."

"Wa'al, that makes *two* wrongs, don't it?"

"Yes."

"Jes' so; but it made ME *all right!*"

Passing the *morality* of the argument it would, at first blush, appear that the "last speaker" had "the best of it."

THE two following notes will not be uninteresting to many readers of the *Weekly:*

September 5, 1864.

L. Gaylord Clark, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—You ask in "Succotash," in *Harper's Weekly*, "Can any reader tell me who is the author of the following pregnant sentences: 'Death is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door. But, after all, the shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better; and the longest life is too short if it do not.'"

The Rev. C. C. Cotton, an eccentric and gifted English man, wrote the latter sentence, or jotting the words, "But, after all," and *possibly* the first one; but it does not stand in connection with this in his brief dissertation on "Death," which you may find in a work of his called "LACON." There are a thousand sentences in this book as "pregnant" in every thing marrowy as the one you quote. Excuse my haste.—Sincerely, etc.,

REV. H. N. POWERS,
President of Griswold Col., Davenport, Iowa.

I thank my correspondent for his note, but have some doubt about the passage quoted being by Cotton; for the most impressive sentence of all, the *first*, is not in "Lacon;" and as it is well known that the author of that collection "cribbed" right and left, my impression is that he stole the *last*. Byron said of "Lacon; or, Many Things in a Few Words," that it should have been entitled, "A *Few* Things in *Many* Words!"

Cotton was in this country in 1831, and I have conversed with those who conversed with *him* at that time. What a sad career was his! A graduate of Cambridge, a clergyman of the English Church, with a splendid "living," he became a desperate gambler and debauchee; and finally, in poverty and exile, afflicted with an incurable disease, he died in Paris by his own hand.

Since writing the foregoing a friend informs me that it is "borne in upon his mind" that he once saw the whole passage, as it stood in the first quotation, in an English translation of some of the quaint illustrations of Pater Abraham à Sancta Clara. But enough.

THE subjoined, from a second correspondent, enlightens us upon *another* point. Having been "out of the profession." Editorial for three years and upward, I have received but few of the issues of the public press. I have never seen the work which our loyal, patriotic, Union-loving friend praises so highly:

ROCHESTER, *Sept.* 26, 1864.

Lewis Gaylord Clark, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—In your last by no means unpalatable dish of "Succotash," served up in *Harper's Weekly* for October 1, you quote a few verses about

"Two Irishmen out of employ,....
One of whom was called Paddy O'Toole,
The other was Mister M'Finnegan,"

and, speaking quite highly of them, you express a desire to know the author. You will find the entire poem, which is entitled "Pro-Pat-ria," in the "*Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*," by R. H. Newell; and although mostly in a sarcastic and inimitable vein, they contain some beautiful touches of sentiment in the shape of poetry and prose (more especially, however, the former), war-pieces, and others, that I have ever seen.

There is a rumor filling the air as I write of the fall of Mobile—one step more up the ladder of triumph!"

"To our banner we are clinging,
And a song we are singing
Whose chorus is ringing
From each mouth;
'Tis, 'The old Constitution,
And a stern retribution
To the South!'"

Thank God it's coming at last! The end is appointed—the end is drawing us on; and even our dead soldiers, sleeping under green grass the loving, sweet sleep of the saint and of the hero (dear martyrs to Holy Truth!) are pointing the way there still. Very truly yours,

WM. S. LEA.

A CITY friend says: "Speaking of feet, do you remember an old notary of one of our Wall Street banks, who used to walk about in his antique dress and 'white choker?' And do you remember his feet? They were as marked, I venture to say, as Grant Thorburn's or Reeside's. They must have been covered and heaped up with corns and *Bunyans*, which prevented the old pilgrim's progress, save at a slow pace. His shoes, tied with leather strings, looked like a couple of leather bags of uncracked shag-bark walnuts. Take them for all in all, I never saw the like before—nor since."

I guess I *do* remember the old gentleman; and while he was living remarked his extraordinary "pedal maize" many and many a time. He was as polite as a "gentleman of the old school;" and once, so I heard, in presenting a notice of protest, said, blandly,

"I've brought you a notice of protest for your note of ten thousand dollars, due to-day at our bank. I suppose it is a mistake."

"Oh no," said the delinquent (for the failing merchant's previous agony was now over), "no mistake: a regular bu'st—a regular bu'st!"

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THE LATE CAPTAIN FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

HERE is another unpublished poem of Fitz-James O'Brien, which is placed in type, as before, from his own manuscript. It is very characteristic of the lamented author; and is nearly as lively and felicitous as C. F. Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright," on the same theme. Perhaps some of the numerous friends of the poet in the Seventh Regiment may have heard the writer execute it, for he "sang a good stave." It celebrates a wine which, moderately imbibed, "cheers, but not inebriates," as did Longfellow's beautiful lines to Longworth's Sparkling Catawba.

AN ODE

TO THE DIVINEST OF LIQUORS.

Come, anchorites, listen; reform your drinking,
And keep your pure water to sprinkle your flowers;
I'll teach you a lesson to keep hearts from sinking,
And make ye forget e'en the flight of the hours.
This precept so golden faint hearts will embolden,
And let it upon your dry lips always reign:
Whene'er you can find it (if not, never mind it),
Oh! never quaff any but foaming Champagne!

Though Martial may prate of Falernian mellow,
All nursed in the breath of the fragrant south wind,†
I think in these days we may find out its fellow—
A juice far more glowing, more bright and refined.
Not dark Maronean, sprung from the Ægean,‡
Which blind, toping Homer exalts in his strain;
Nor Saprian welling, of violets smelling,§
Could match for one moment our creaming Champagne.

How brightly it sparkles, with amber light splendid,
And bubbles like diamonds careering along!
And oh! when the first framing bottle is ended,
How smoothly love's accents roll off from the tongue!
Our eyes light are shedding; we seem on air treading;
The vapors of study fly out of the brain;
And eloquence glowing keeps from our lips flowing,
Evoked by the magic of glorious Champagne!

Darius the Persian—so chronicles fable—
Ambitioned no epitaph better than this:
"Here lies great Darius, who always was able
To drink his nine bottles and not feel amiss."
But if for one hour his soul had the power
To visit this earth upon Marne's fair plain,
I think he would feel a deal more than Arbela
The thought that he died without tasting Champagne!

Oh, magical liquor! the alchemist teachers
Must surely have had thy bright juice in their mind
When Celsus and other such mystical preachers
Discoursed of their "elixir vitæ" refined!
E'en the gods and the goddesses, in tunics and bodices,
That in attics celestial hold fabulous reign—
If they got one draught of it, I'd swear by the Prophet
They'd cut their weak nectar and take to Champagne!

Then here's to the flask so enticing and slender!
And here's to the bright wine that sparkles within!
The ancient "amphoræ" never shone with such splendor
As a row of these long-necks with helmets of tin.
If I had Lucullus, and warbling Catullus,
With him who first thought of iced wine, in my train,‖
And old Columella,¶ that jolly good fellow,
Oh! I'd pledge them forever in floods of Champagne!

* "By slow degrees—not yet:" a foregone conclusion only, however.—L. G. C.

† The Falernian wines were considered by the ancients to acquire an additional delicacy and richness of flavor when the wind blew from the south during the vintage.

‡ Maronean—a rich, luscious wine, made in the islands of the Ægean Sea.

§ Saprian—another wine of the Ægean, which, when the flask was opened, filled the chamber with an odor of violets.

‖ Nero claims this honor; and if there was no other palliation to offer for his enormous crimes, this happy invention, of such inestimable benefit to mankind, ought to plead for him with every lover of the bottle.

¶ Lucius Junius Columella, a Gaditanian, celebrated for his elegant treatise on gardening and the culture of the vine.

THE PRIVATE BURYING-PLACE.

THE chestnut opens out its fans;
The beech unfolds its pleached leaves;
The goldfinch in the hawthorn bush
Its nest with soft moss weaves;
Hard by, the brook (where cresses throng)
Runs, babbling merrily, along.

This is the spot I've singled out
For my long and tranquil sleep.
I'll lie with folded hands in trance,
Through which low tones will creep,
Dim memories of yesterday,
And voices sweet, but far away.

The wind is surging in the firs
(Those red-barked giants of the wood);
The rooks are wheeling round the elms,
That now the blossoms hood;
No other sound, but where the brook
Gurgles around some stony nook.

Here, when my long day's work is done,
I shall lie underneath the grass,
And still, like one in a half-trance,
Shall yet distinguish men that pass;
For sorrows, even such as mine,
Death brings a certain anodyne.

The little airy globes of down
Shall poise above me; and the bees
Drag at the purple clover flowers;
And all day long, high in the trees,
The blackbird, with his golden pipe,
Shall sing of summer ere 'tis ripe.

After a toilsome sordid life,
What majesty there is in Death!
What riches that no king can touch!
What mystery in the ceasing breath!
Sorrows that time hath brought to me
Share not my immortality.

The trefoil shall grow thick and soft,
And daisies star my emerald pall;
And soft shall fall the summer dew,
And soft the summer showers shall fall;
The sunbeams shall point to my grave,
And the plumed grasses o'er me wave.

When I lie deep down in the hold
Of this great planet-ship of ours,
And it shall roll and circle on,
Through its predestined days and hours,
Come storm or tempest, I shall rest
Warm in my little sheltered nest.

Sprinkle upon me drifting rain,
Or swaths of cold effacing snow,
Or let the sunshine burn and parch,
I shall be still and calm below;
I shall fear neither rain nor sun,
When I and Mother-earth are one.

The generations pass away
Like the winged thistle-seed, why then
Fear Death more than the clover does?
We can not change the doom of men.
Then welcome Death, these woes of mine,
They need thy certain anodyne.

"WORTH A LEG."

OUT OF THE DIARY OF A HOSPITAL.

As I stood meditating a quick step came up along the ward—the surgeon who operated some days since on a man's leg, coming to see his case. A keen though kindly face he has, a clear and rapid mode of speech, a quick but never hurried manner, a certain promptness, decision, and self-possession even in his trivial actions.

His patient on this occasion was a square-built, good-looking young fellow of some six or seven and twenty years of age. A thoroughly sound and healthy subject for a capital operation; and he had seemed at first to bear it as well as possible. I am speaking of constitutional bearing: as for courage, doubtless he had plenty of it; but with chloroform at the time, and morphia afterward, it had not been severely tested. But now some days had passed and he was by no means improving to the degree that the state of the limb would lead one to expect. He was depressed yet restless, feverish, gloomy, and irritable. Much of this might be accounted for by the fact of a young man, in the prime of his days, finding himself suddenly made a helpless cripple. But several little incidents led me to guess at some deeper cause of trouble, although I had not yet been able to penetrate his gloomy reserve. I noticed that at night when he grew confused and wandering, as operation cases often do even when progressing favorably, he was forever muttering and rambling on about "Jessie," and also about a certain "Dick Hall, whom he mentioned in connection with language more remarkable for vigor than for propriety or politeness.

Moreover, I remarked that every evening when I read that beautiful and heart-softening confession—with which I always commenced our short evening prayer in each ward—the confession in which we are taught to say to our "merciful Father" that "we have erred and strayed from his ways like lost sheep," and "followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts," George Dilworth drew the blue-checked coverlet of his bed closely over his face; and more than once (my little bookstand and kneeling-stool happening to be placed near to his bed) I heard a stifled sob come from him. Still I failed to win his confidence. However touched he might be during evening prayer, by the time it was concluded and I came round with the sleeping-draughts he was hard, gloomy, abrupt and barely civil—poor fellow!—as before.

But where I failed Mr. P—— found the way to succeed. How I know not. For, having finished his surgical work with the leg, and scrawled a number of formidable-looking hieroglyphics on the patient's board for the guidance of the dispenser, he sat down on the bedside and began to chat to

* Captain George H. Derby, of the United States army, who graduated from West Point in the class with General McClellan.

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Dilworth; whereupon I, feeling that the young man was more likely to be open with one than with two, made a pretense of having something to do at a little distance while they conversed. Presently the surgeon recalled me. "Dilworth has a long story to tell you, if you'll be good enough to listen to it," he said to me; then turning to the patient he added, "You make a friend of this lady, Dilworth. She'll manage 'Jessie' better than either you or I, I'll be bound. Good-by."

And so George Dilworth told me his story. Not all at once—for he got excited over it, and had to be stopped, and bid to rest and keep quiet at times—but bit by bit. I tell it partly in my own words, since it dropped from the sick man in such piecemeal fashion as his weakness and my opportunities allowed.

He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—a relationship about which there always dwells a certain simple pathos. And she was in many respects, as I afterward found on closer acquaintance, a grand and pathetic old woman. But withal she had been somewhat mismatched in the relationships of her life. She had been too strong and stern for her weak, ne'er-do-weel husband; she had been too strict and exacting for her light-hearted and frolicsome boy. Her loves were intense and genuine, but they were ponderous, and crushed where they should have sustained—her own heart the while getting sterner and sadder from the want of sympathy and the absence of demonstrative affection, which was in the first instance caused by that very sternness. She was living in what logicians sometimes call a "vicious circle." Doubtless there was some failure on her part in the fundamental virtues of humanity and charity, yet she was in the main a good and noble woman. With her dwelt Jessie Freeman, a young orphan cousin some six or seven degrees removed; indeed the cousinship was so very obscure through its great remoteness that I twice essayed to unravel it without success. Being pretty, young—about four years younger than George—and continually thrown into his society, of course they fell in love. It was necessarily a long courtship, since they performed the above little feat at the respective ages of fifteen and nineteen. But at length, after years of true-hearted waiting, the wedding-day was fixed—and the very day which had been chosen was that on which Dilworth had had his leg shattered.

"So then," said I, "the accident stopped the wedding? Well, that was enough to make you down-hearted."

"Oh no, m'm. 'Twasn't the accident stopped it. That 'ud be little enough to bear. It were stopped long afore that, and all along of my own fault. We'd chosen that day months and months ago, because you see as how it was mother's birthday. 'We'll be married come mother's next birthday,' we'd been sayin' all the year; for Jessie she calls her 'mother' as I do. And she'd need, for she's been a good mother to her—ay, and to me too. I sees that clear enough now that I shall never see her again. But as for Jessie and me, we'd had no thought o' marriage atween us for this last three months." He paused gloomily.

"What! did Jessie break it off after all those years?"

"No, 'twern't Jessie," he burst forth. "*She* wern't never such a —— fool."

"Gently, Dilworth, please. Those strong words don't do any good."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the poor fellow, subdued and quiet again in a moment. "I knows it's wrong—specially before a lady. But I'm that mad with myself I don't know what I say."

"I know you are. Never mind. Go on, and tell me how it all fell out wrongly about this business of yours that looked so smooth."

"Well, m'm, I wouldn't like to seem to complain of my mother, for she's been a good mother to me, as I was sayin' just now, and to Jessie too. And she's fended for us bravely many a year, when my father weren't doin' nothin' except making poor mother's heart ache and wasting the farm and the little bit o' money we had. But still she was desperate over-particler, and she set her face that harshly agen Dick Hall that I took fire at it."

"Dick Hall was a particular friend of yours?"

"Yes, m'm, he was my mate at work, and a good-hearted chap too. But he was a bad friend after all to me, and I don't say but what mother wasn't in the right of it about him if she'd not ha' been so sharp on it. And Dick he made the worst of it—I do think as how he offended her o' purpose sometimes. And he worked round me to make me think mother harder than I should ha' thought her if he'd not jawed so about it. But Dick was one of those fellows that have nothin' in 'em but larking."

"Not a good style of man, Dilworth," said I. "A little larking is all very good and natural in young people of either sex. But when either man or girl has got 'nothing in them but larking,' they are not good for much. Such a man will generally have very little feeling, and not much principle. Even your mother's great strictness and gravity is better, though I quite grant that it may be overdone on that side too."

"I see that, m'm, now the mischief's done," said Dilworth. "Hall got me into trouble before I'd done with him. He got me into a precious bad lot. We got gambling, and drinking, and doing things not fit for your ears, m'm. And they heard of it at last at home. And then mother scolded in her awful gloomy way. And I thought Jessie did not stick up for me as she ought to ha' done. And Hall kept talking at me all the while—'how could I put up with being ruled by two women at my time o' life?'" He paused, and then finished up hurriedly, in a tone which was sullen with shame and sadness. "So I went off and took up with another girl out o' spite—a flaunting thing that I didn't care for a bit. And so I've lost Jessie forever and a day, and I shall never see her nor my mother more—the two best women God Almighty ever made!—And I haven't even got the other girl, for she's off with me, now my leg's gone. 'She'd not come and see a one-legged cripple!' she sent me word."

"Was that she who came to see you the first visiting day you were here?" I asked, remembering to have seen a decidedly "flaunting" young woman on that occasion standing by Dilworth's bed.

"No, m'm, not she. She'd not come anigh the place. 'Twas her sister come with her message that I told you of."

There was a little pause in our talk. Then I asked him whether, as it was just a foolish bit of misled pride and temper that had made him fly off from Jessie, he would not be glad if by-gones could be by-gones, and would not be thankful to make her a steady good husband, supposing she would forgive him.

"I'd give any thing, m'm, to have it all undone. I seem to have been a-dreaming all the while that Hall was with me all day long. But that's just where it is. Mother nor yet Jessie—nobody can't forgive me. No, she'll not have me now."

"Oh, you've asked her?"

"No!" emphatically said. "I'm not the brazen fellow to do that after all that's come and gone. But I *know* she'd not have me. No girl could forgive what I've done. Mr. P——, he's a real, kind, clever gentleman, he is—he thinks as how you can manage it with her, m'm. But, no offense to you, m'm, 'tain't in any body's power to get a girl to forgive things like that."

"I agree with you, Dilworth. It isn't in any body's power. But sometimes it is in the power of a good girl's own true, kind heart, when she sees that there is real sorrow for what has been amiss. Will you give me permission to tell her you're here, and to put things before her in my own way, and to ask her to come and see me?"

"Oh yes, you can tell her, m'm," said Dilworth, not over-gratefully because not over-hopefully. But I could see now more clearly, what I had guessed all along, that there was true sterling worth in the young man, and that his faults and their consequences, which had made him at first so impenetrable and surly, had produced that effect simply because remorseful shame was so working in his mind that he could never forget the bitter lesson as long as he lived.

That evening I wrote a long letter to Jessie Freeman, inclosing a slip of paper which would enable her to pass into the hospital at any hour of any day. And the next morning but one brought a visitor for Dilworth. I happened to be busy poultice-making when she came in, and stooping over the table, spatula in hand, and half hidden by two huge jars of linseed meal and charcoal, I gained a good view of the new-comer's face, while myself unnoticed. "A good woman," that was the mental summary I made after running over the various points of face and figure. Beautiful too, but the beauty was outshone by the goodness, as moonlight is merged in sunlight, and no longer perceived though still there. So Jessie Freeman, though very pretty and, as I afterward found, clever, was emphatically and above all, that rare and lovely thing—a good woman. Truth in the clear, soft brown eyes; modesty in the quiet, graceful bearing of the girlish figure and small head; firmness and fortitude in the curved and dimpled chin; sweet temper and sense in the broad, low forehead and sensitive mouth. That the rich masses of smoothly braided hair were of glossy texture and sunny brown hue, that the slightly embrowned skin glowed with the soft flush and clearness of youth and health, that the light foot and ankle were small and neatly turned, were items of very minor importance after those first cardinal points had been made out.

I was glad that, under the pretext of shielding Dilworth from an imaginary draught, I had caused a light screen to be placed on the off-side of his bed, so as to give him the option, by drawing his curtain up to the said screen, of making for himself and his visitor quite a private little nook unscanned by any curious eyes from other beds; for I could see that Jessie was trembling with excitement, flushed with joy, almost tearful with sadness, and ready, on the slightest extra provocation, to lose the self-control which was already trembling in the balance under the pressure of highly-wrought and conflicting emotions. From this face of hers it was plain that the interview would end all rightly for Dilworth, so, with a few quiet words of welcome, I led her at once behind the screen and there left her.

It was about two hours before I interrupted them. Then I found her sitting close to George's bedside, her hand firmly clasped in his, and both of them looking radiantly happy, though I could see that poor little Jessie had been crying abundantly, as we foolish women do, alike when we are extremely happy or extremely sad. "And so you see, ma'am," said Dilworth, with a happy flush on his face, that was no longer sullen but frank and open, "she's taken me again, and it's all right."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Jessie, with a pretty little air between frankness and archness; "and I don't know as I could have brought my pride to it if it had not been for his leg. One couldn't say 'no' to a poor, sick, maimed lad, as he is now."

"So, Jessie," observed I, "the lost leg brought him back to you—and the lost leg brought you back to him. Why, Dilworth you'll hardly think it a calamity after this."

"I was just thinking of that, m'm, before you spoke," replied he, gravely; "and as I lay here with my dear lass's hand in mine once more, forgiven by her, and—as one may say—in my right mind again, I was trying in a way to thank God for that very thing. Though a lost leg does seem a strange mercy to be giving thanks for. But I shouldn't have had my lass here back again—no, mayhap never—nor been fit to come nigh her neither, if I'd ha' gone on as I was agoing without any thing to pull me up. And my Jessie, m'm, she's worth a leg any day. And," he added, flushing up slightly from that reserve which most men feel in saying any thing about their personal feelings, especially their religious feelings, "if you'd please, ma'am, to put the extra bit in the thanksgiving for me this evening when you read prayers, I'd be glad. You can say my name out full, if you please, ma'am, for I didn't ought to be ashamed to own it, when the Almighty's been so good to me."

"I will take care and remember, Dilworth," promised I.

"And oh! ma'am," began Jessie, "however can I thank you—can we thank you enough for nursing of him as you've done, sittin' up o' nights, and"—how many more of my shining virtues were going to be recited I do not know. I believe the grateful girl in her great gladness clothed all of us Hospital workers with attributes little short of angelic. But I interrupted her, for I was anxious to close the interview, which was getting too much for the invalid, and I thought they had both had quite enough of excited, emotional feeling. "Nonsense," was my unfeeling reply; "I have only done my duty by him—and he was a good case. And now, Miss Jessie, you'll just be good enough to pack up your traps and take yourself off without any more last words. My patient is getting as feverish and excited as can be, and I shall have him awake all night tossing about till he makes his leg bad. You may come in to-morrow morning, and bring a clean apron and a knife and fork with you. And I'll show you how to do some little nursing jobs which you may find useful when you're married. I shall have George moved into the little inner ward, and you may stop and have a bit of dinner with him if you like. But be off now. I'm the most savage and ill-tempered of head-nurses if any body dares to disobey me."

Jessie and Dilworth both laughed, but she made haste nevertheless to put on her shawl and bonnet, and bade him a brief good-by.

The next morning saw Jessie early at the hospital, and with her George's mother. A kind of awed grief and stern joy struggled for the mastery on the old woman's face—a face so like Dilworth's that I should have known her any where for his mother, and only wanting the son's light-hearted mobility and brightness of feature, which, now that he had regained Jessie, shone out again as conspicuous characteristics. A square, firm-set face was the mother's, which would have been hard and gloomy but for the lustrous, passionate, dark eyes that shone forth from under her thick gray eyebrows. The face of a woman stern by nature, made sterner by her long, lonely battle with poverty and grief, and only redeemed from absolute hardness by the reality and intensity of her affections, religious and human.

"I have sinned," she repeated several times, as she sat during that long, warm summer afternoon by her son's bedside.

"Dear mother! What do you mean?" said George, soothingly. He was evidently much attached to his mother, although manifesting a certain reserve toward her.

"I provoked you to wrath, George," answered the old woman, severely; but the severity was for herself now, not for him. "I made you go wrong. I, that was bound to train you up in the way you should go."

"You trained me up just a thought too tight, dear mother," observed George, with a quaintness that made Jessie and myself smile. But the mother's gravity was unmoved. She was bent on a full and thorough self-condemnation.

"I've lived sixty-two years in the world," she said, "and I've fended for my lad through a sight o' trouble—"

"Ay, that you have, mother," interposed George, with grateful emphasis.

"And at the end of it all I've been his ruin. Near ruined his soul, and sore hurt his body. It's just been through my pride and harshness that all this has come about."

"No, no, mother. You sha'n't say that," again interrupted the son, eagerly. "'Twere my fault a deal more than yours. You've been a good mother to me."

"No, lad," resumed the mother, inexorably, "I was the oldest, and the one who was 'sponsible for yer. If you'd had a mother after the make o' Jessie here, you'd not ha' gone wrong.—Don't interrupt me, Jessie. It's right I should say it. The Bible says, 'Honor to whom honor is due.' George and I, we've both been wrong.—I most. George he was willful, and, poor boy! he's broke his leg and had to lose it. And I've been proud and hard, and so God has just taken my pride and broken it too, like George's leg. He's made me see that this slip of a girl here, whom I nursed before ever she could lisp a word, is a better woman than I, and will be a safer stay and support for my own boy than ever his hard old mother was. And so, Jessie, girl, you take him with his mother's blessing, and I'll stand by while you learn me to be humble and meek. And now, children, we'll talk o' somethin' else," she concluded, with a certain imperative and not ungraceful dignity which effectually enforced the brief command, and precluded all reply. It was very certain that the humility was deep and true, though it was at present somewhat bitter. And I think we all regarded the old woman after that hard-wrung confession with a tenderness and a reverence which nothing else would have won from us with such deep and lasting sincerity.

About six months from that day they were married, and not long after I paid them a visit in their new home. Jessie was doing famously with her dress-making. The mother lived, now with them, but very close at hand: as devoted to her son as ever, and much softened by recent events. George was bidding fair to become a successful shoemaker, and was steady, blithe, and contented. A shade of solicitude mingled with his affectionate attentions to his wife, as if he had it ever on his mind to try and make up to her for his former conduct, and to induce her to forget the past. As for Jessie, her sweet, forgiving temper seemed to find no difficulty at all in doing this. They were all united and happy; Jessie not the least happy of the group, and she said so openly in her frank, glad way.

"Indeed and we *are* happy," responded Dilworth, earnestly; "and it's all along o' Jessie, ma'am," he added, with a grateful nod toward his wife.

"I think you're right, Dilworth," said I; "I remember your telling me in the hospital that she would be worth a leg to you."

"Ay, indeed, and I weren't a bit mistaken," he replied with energy; "and if I had to choose between losing the other one too or losing Jess, I'd off with the leg to-morrow. She's worth the pair of 'em, she is, and no mistake."

"Her price is far above rubies." It was after all the same idea, expressed in the homely phrase of a working man, which the inspired King Lemuel had long ago recorded in poetic, Eastern diction, worthy of that grand old book in whose histories good women play no inconsiderable part.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY."—There is something ominous in the custom described in the following extract:

"The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is by placing an empty flower-pot on the portico roof, which is as much as to say, 'A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted.'"

That, says a morose bachelor of our acquaintance, is as much as to say that when a man marries he goes to pot.

CHECK-MATE.—John and Julia's chess problem, by Amator. John to move and mate in two moves:

John moves his arm round Julia's neck;
She moves one square, and whispers—check;
He nothing daunted moves right straight
His lips to hers and calls out—"mate!"

The Marquis of Waterford was in the habit of riding in the second-class carriages of the railroad in his vicinity. Such a course very highly disgusted the proprietors, and they resolved to cure the marquis, as they said, of his eccentricity. Accordingly, on one occasion, as he was sitting in a second-class carriage, a sweep, who had previously been in a third-class compartment, was invited out, and placed by the marquis's side. His lordship immediately got out, and purchased a first-class ticket, on delivering which to him the clerk laughed, as if the company had gained a victory. But Lord Waterford quietly returned to the train, gave the first-class ticket to the sweep, gravely escorted him to his place of honor, and then resumed his own place in the second-class, from which the proprietors never again sought to remove him.

Why is little Prince Victor Albert like two of the delights of outdoor life in fine weather?—Because he's the sun and air of England.

SCIENTIFIC.—The reason why a rainbow is never seen in a clear sky, is that it is *bent on a cloud*.

EPITAPH ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Collisions four
Or five she bore;
The signals were in vain;
Grown old and rusted,
Her boiler busted,
And smashed the excursion train.

Wherein do France and Ireland most resemble each other?—In *Absint-h*ism.

De Quincy somewhere tells an anecdote of a man who, on being threatened with assault by eighteen tailors, cried out, "Come on, both of you."

For the reflection of those who sneer at "the people"—It's the *foot* that supports the *head*.

A "racing fixture"—a horse that won't start.

The sieve through which the man "strained every nerve" is for sale at first cost.

The lap of luxury—a cat enjoying her milk.

A gentleman, who recently traveled over a Western railroad, declared his opinion that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the train to drive off the cows and sheep!

"I say, boy, where does that right-hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic. "I doan't know, Sir," replied the boy; "'taint been nowhere else since we lived here."

Never set yourself up for a musician just because you have got a drum in your ear, nor believe you are cut out for a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

JOY GO WITH HIM.—The man who beats the drum for the "March of Time" has gone to play on the "Horn of Plenty."

"Wherever I go," said a Yankee gentleman, remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible men from my own State." "No wonder," said the gentleman he was addressing; "for any man of that State who has any sense leaves it as fast as he can."

What are the most unsocial things in the world?—Milestones; you never see two of them together.

"Well, wife, I don't see for my part how they send letters on them ere wires without tearing 'em all to bits." "Laws me, they don't send the paper, they just send the writin'."

A lazy boy spells Andrew Jackson thus: &ru Jaxn.

It is stated to be a rule of war in the far Western Territories that "a town is a place where whisky is sold." By means of this rule the courts distinguish real towns from those which exist only on paper plans of land speculators.

A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property; and, calling the next day for an answer, inquired of the gentleman if he had entertained his proposition. "No," replied the other, "your proposition entertained me."

A phrenologist remarking that some persons had the organ of murder and benevolence strongly and equally developed, his friend replied, "that doubtless those were the persons *who would kill one with kindness*."

A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on "the single state:" "Yes, madam," rejoined an obstinate old bachelor, "as on all other luxuries."

A chemist asserted that all bitter things were hot. "No," said a gentleman present, "there is a bitter cold day."

While an ignorant lecturer was describing the nature of gas a blue-stocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her what was the difference between oxygin and hydrogin? "Very little, madam," said he: "by oxygin we mean pure gin; and by hydrogin, gin and water."

A merchant being asked to define the meaning of experimental and natural philosophy said he considered the first to be asking a man to discount a bill at a long date, and the second his refusing to do it.

A person meeting with an acquaintance after a long absence, told him that he was surprised to see him, for he had heard that he was dead. "But," says the other, "you find the report false?" "It is hard to determine," he replies, "for the man that told me was one whose word I would sooner take than yours."

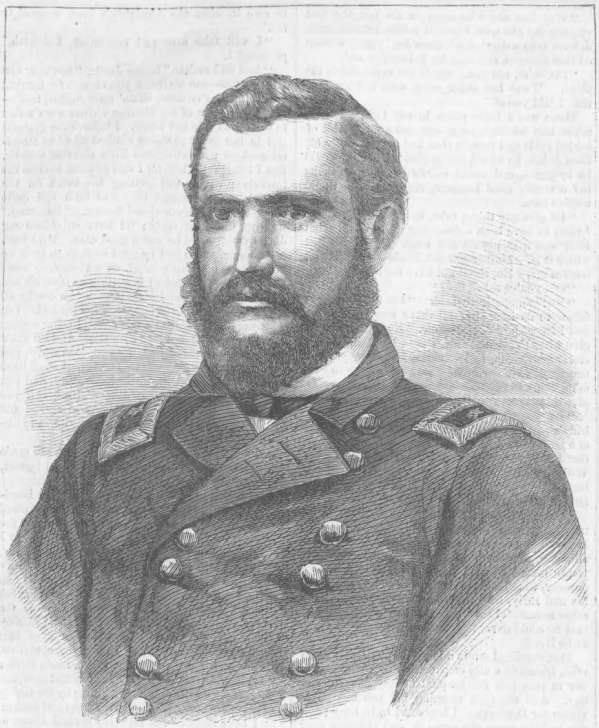
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GRANT'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

WE give this week a number of sketches illustrating General GRANT's recent movements against the rebel capital. These movements are but a repetition on a more extended scale of the strategy hitherto employed by the Lieutenant-General. General GRANT is confident of final success. Yet he appears never to expect success as the certain consequence of any individual movement. When he pushed out both of his flanks a few weeks ago he intended either to get an important position on the north bank of the James, or to obtain possession of the Weldon Road. He succeeded then in the latter of these two objects, while he failed in the former. When SHERIDAN had beaten EARLY in the Valley, and it became certain that LEE would strengthen the latter, then it was GRANT's opportunity to advance again. As before, he sent one portion of his army to attack the rebel left, and at the same time pushed out westwardly against the rebel right.

General BUTLER's army was dispatched to the north side of the James. The position first attacked by this army was the rebel line of works at Chapin's Farm, forming the outermost or third line of the defenses of Richmond. The first work of any considerable importance encountered on this line was Fort Harrison. On page 676 we illustrate the capture of this fort by the Eighteenth Corps. General ORD, crossing at Aiken's Landing, advanced through a wooded country on the Varina Road, and having driven in the rebel pickets from their outposts attacked the fort. The position attacked was one of considerable strength, and mounted with heavy artillery. It was situated just below Fort Darling and was built on elevated ground, but was not very strongly supported. During the attack reinforcements were arriving from Richmond, but they came too late to be of any assistance at this point, though they aided in resisting ORD's further advance, thus preventing the capture of Fort Gilmer. Two or three hundred prisoners and sixteen guns were taken at Fort Harrison. General ORD was slightly wounded in the attack, and General BURNHAM was killed.

The sketch on page 677 illustrates the battle of the 30th, in which General LEE attempted the recapture of Fort Harrison. Both the Eighteenth and Tenth Corps were engaged. The rebels attempted to break through between the two corps, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Two assaults were made: the first was made awkwardly; the second without promptness; and both were disastrous to the assailants.

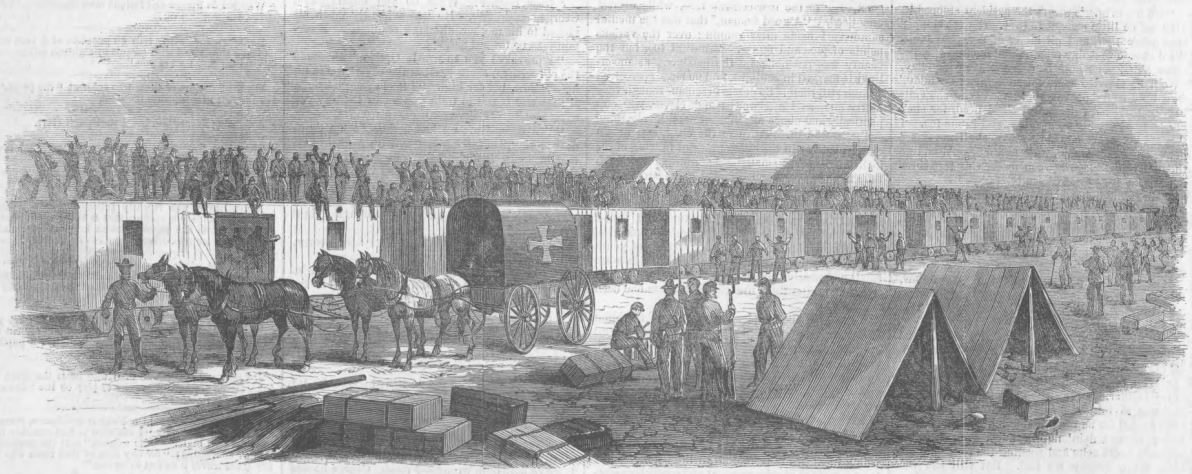


MAJOR-GENERAL GODFREY WEITZEL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

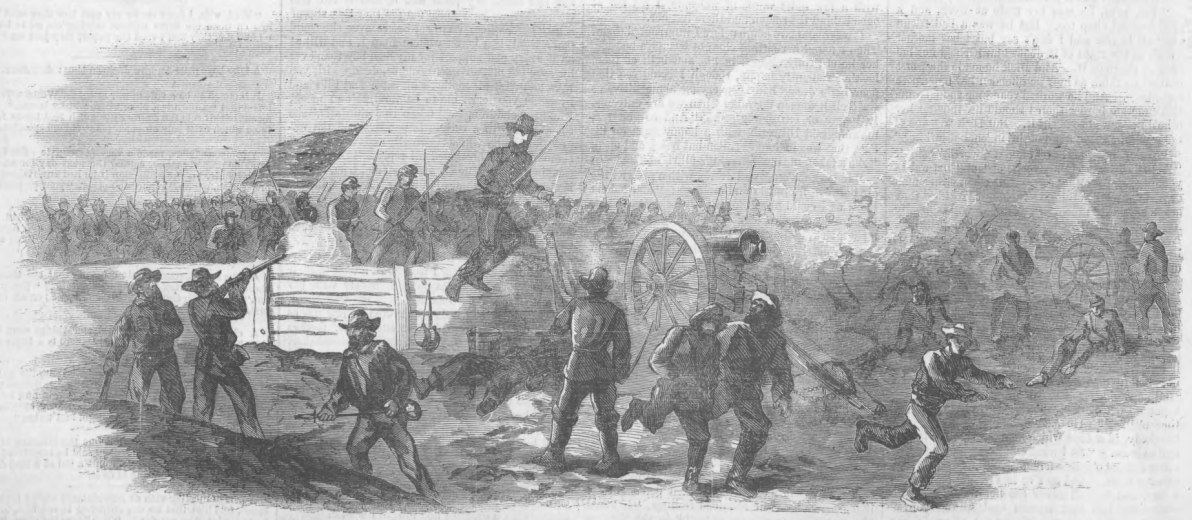
The illustration on our first page represents General BUTLER bivouacking at the junction of the Varina and New Market Road, after the important victory of the 29th. As a suggestion of his triumph, his tent is decorated with battle-flags captured from the enemy in battle.

On this page we give a portrait of General GODFREY WEITZEL, who succeeded General ORD in the command of the Eighteenth Corps. This officer distinguished himself above all others in the campaign on the Lower Mississippi under Generals BUTLER and BANKS. He received a military education at West Point, where he graduated in 1855 with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Engineers. He is a native of Ohio. He was Chief Engineer in the Department of the Gulf in 1862. After the battle at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in August of that year, he was appointed Brigadier-General. General WEITZEL is distinguished for the same kind of talent which characterized M'PHERSON.

The illustrations given below and on page 680 relate to the operations of General WARREN's Corps against the rebel right. This movement was one day later than that north of the James. LEE had ordered a good portion of his army to the left, to retake the positions occupied by General BUTLER. Thus his right was weakened; and taking advantage of this, portions of the Fifth and Ninth Corps were advanced toward the Poplar Grove. Poplar Grove is on the South Side Railroad, fifteen miles from the Weldon Road. The first attack, which is the one illustrated on page 680, was made about noon, on a rebel redoubt three miles from the Weldon Road, at Peebles's Farm. This work was carried, and four guns captured. The rebels were driven back to their inner lines. We illustrate below two incidents which occurred in connection with the battle on the 30th. While it was being fought a large number of new recruits arrived on the field from the North. This, as our artist remarks, gave great encouragement to the soldiers, assuring them that they were not left alone to fight their country's battles. The other incident to which we allude is one which excites much admiration and comment in the army. When the First Division of the Fifth Corps charged the rebel battery, Colonel WELCH, commanding the Sixteenth Michigan Volunteers, led his men up to the work, leaped into the fort, sword in hand, and charged the rebels at their guns. He was killed shortly afterward, but his men will never forget that leap.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS DURING THE FIGHT AT PEEBLES'S FARM, SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. CHAPIN.]



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—COLONEL WELCH LEAPING INTO THE REBEL WORKS, SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. CHAPIN.]

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UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "LACKAWANNA" RAMMING THE "TENNESSEE" IN MOBILE BAY.—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL GRANGER'S ARMY IN THE REAR OF FORT MORGAN.—SKETCHED BY JOHN W. MILLER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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FORT MORGAN.

WE give on page 685 two illustrations relating to the late operations against Mobile. One of these represents General GRANGER'S army in the rear of Fort Morgan. We have already, in a previous number, illustrated the attack on Fort Morgan from the fleet. The attack from the land side was not less important in the reduction of that work. Besides cutting off the garrison from retreat, the investment by land had this advantage, *viz.*, that a bombardment from stationary batteries is always more successful than one from ships. This was proved in the bombardment of Fort Macon, North Carolina, in 1862. There, indeed, the fleet was compelled to retire, leaving the battle to those attacking from the shore batteries. Fort Morgan is on the extremity of Mobile Point, and was the strongest of the defensive works in the bay.

The other cut represents the attack on the ram *Tennessee* made by the *Lackawanna*. The *Monongahela* had already butted the ram for the second time when the *Lackawanna*, the pride of the fleet, came up. She struck the *Tennessee* a fair blow amidships, causing her to careen over so that the rebels feared she would take in water through her ports. "At this moment," says our correspondent, "a lee gun was fired from the ram (whether by accident or otherwise I do not know), and the steam rushed in volumes from her smoke-stack. The cry went up that the traitors were sinking and had surrendered, but the words had hardly been spoken when her guns belched forth their fierce broadside, raking the *Lackawanna* most unmercifully, causing all who saw it to wince. In a few seconds the noble vessel swings broadside to broadside with the traitors. Captain MARCHAND, full of hope, delivers every gun into his antagonist; their effect is scarcely perceptible against the iron sides. BUCHANAN can not reply gun for gun. The *Lackawanna's* men are too eager in this hoped-for moment, and load and fire with superhuman energy. A minute more, and they are separated, the *Lackawanna* as buoyant and determined as before, though dead and dying lay upon her decks. The rebel still comes boldly on her way, making direct for the Admiral or one of the larger ships. The Admiral, as we all know, meets him only too gladly. Where was CRAVEN then? Could he have had the *Tecumseh* alongside this craft she would have hauled down her colors in less than ten minutes. By this time young Captain PERKINS has worked his way close to the ram, steering by his propellers alone, as his steering gear had become disabled in the beginning of the fight. He fought his vessel nobly; but the *Tennessee's* heavy plating made strong resistance against his 11-inch shot. He disabled the rebel's steering apparatus, and by continuous pounding made the splinters fly among the rebels to their confusion. One of his shots, striking the after-port, killed one man, utterly demolishing him, and wounded BUCHANAN. Within a square of 10 feet he planted a dozen solid shot. The *Manhattan* fired six shots at the ram, one of which seems to have struck. The *Lackawanna* delivered the fairest ramming blow at the *Tennessee*. The affair was like a tournament, the fleet being spectators. The *Monongahela* rushed upon the *Tennessee* twice; after her came the *Lackawanna*, *Hartford*, and *Ossipee;* and no doubt every vessel in the fleet would have punched her had not the noble PERKINS made them cry enough."

SHERIDAN IN PURSUIT OF EARLY.

ON page 684 we give an illustration of General SHERIDAN leading his gallant army in pursuit of an already routed and dispirited enemy. The General as he rides along the line is greeted with hearty cheers. General SHERIDAN'S present head-quarters is at Harrisonburg, from which he has been sending cavalry expeditions in every direction. It was one of these expeditions which captured Staunton.

QUITE ALONE.

THE continuation of this Story is postponed until next week.

GROWING OLD.

THEY sit together at the door,
Through which, long years ago,
They passed, a newly-wedded pair,
In youth's first rosy glow.
Then her round cheek was red and warm,
Her hair was rippling gold;
His form was stately as the oak—
But now they both are old.

The blooming cheek is wrinkled now,
The sweet blue eyes are dim;
But, full of love and holy trust,
They ever turn to him,
With the calm faith and hope she felt
Upon her bridal day,
When the long future, flower-clad,
Stretched out before her lay.

Now, in the eventide of life,
They watch the purple haze
Grow on the hills, and hang above
The land-locked chain of bays;
They see the sun sink slowly down
To gladden other lands;
They feel night coming, and they sit
Serene, with close-clasped hands.

They know that though the dusk is here
There is a place of light,
Invaded not by gloom or shade,
Or the drear, weeping night.
They wait with patience for the call,
To tread the darksome vale,
Unto the heights, before whose glow
The morning sun would pale.

BROTHER PAUL.

How well I remember the morning my brother Paul left Grassville for his lot of land in "the Heavy Timbers." Every body would call our home Grassville, though we struggled long and hard for Graceville. However, when the nickname got into the Gazetteer, we gave it up. Paul was a fine, strong fellow, five feet eight inches high, with a ruddy complexion, and life in his eyes. His brown hair curled, his lips were loving like a girl's, and he was what is called "a mother's boy." There is no better recommendation for a young man. His dress was striped home-made cloth, indigo blue and white, made in the form of a blouse, with wide pantaloons, over which were drawn long leather boots. The blouse had a square collar, which was turned back, and revealed a fine, white, and very neatly-made shirt. I made it, though "I say it who should not say it." The blouse was confined at the waist by a black leather belt. A very full knapsack, with a blanket strapped outside, a very bright rifle and axe, completed the accoutrement of the traveler. He walked as if his nerves were perfectly tempered steel springs, and as though all means of locomotion were contemptible save those included in himself. He was going to his farm in the woods, or rather to his "lot of land," which was to become a farm when it was cleared and brought under cultivation. When he had walked twenty miles he came to Woodville. His place lay beyond, in the nameless region known as "the Heavy Timbers." The hard wood and heavy growth frightened many, but tempted my "live brother," as we used to call him. As he passed on his way, he came to a house in the outskirts of a hamlet, consisting of a saw and grist mill, a clothing mill, and five or six dwellings. Paul was hungry—he was a genuine hero, but heroes get hungry like ordinary mortals. At the edge of a slope, a little before he came to the house, was a spring, and "a dear pretty girl" was filling a bright tin pail with the crystal water. Whether the sight of the young lady intensified Paul's hunger I can not say, but he resolved to get his dinner at the next house, for hotels were unknown then in this region. He had bread and cheese in his pack, still he had a fancy to rest and dine. He knocked at the door of the wayside dwelling, a cheerful voice said "Come in," and he entered a neat, large, square room. Two girls—*almost* as pretty as the one he had seen at the spring—were spinning; one was spinning woolen rolls, the other cotton roping. In each case the material was reduced by machinery to a roll about as thick as the little finger of the spinner. The wheels occupied one side of the room, on another a man was making shoes, and at a front window a worn, faded, but lady-like woman with failing sight was mending boys' clothes. It was a sad fact that the boys of this family were something of the nature of a nuisance. The neighbors said the father did not like to give them his own trade, for he felt above it himself. Certain it is, they were not trained to useful work, but were sometimes made to do "chores." They were imprisoned in school in winter, and they "raised Cain" the year round. They tore their pantaloons bird-nesting, they made "elbow room" by holes in the sleeves of their jackets, they went swimming in dark deep pools in Black River, and they were any thing but "a real blessing to mothers."

In the country where openings alternate with forests, and a village has six dwellings, a traveler is a sort of irregular newspaper. Every body is glad to see some body, when some body seldom comes along. There is life in the grasshopper's hard in the monotony of forest life. Paul was made to feel at home at once. The family of Mr. Joseph Jones soon learned that he was from Grassville, that he was the son of his father, who was a man of mark among the settlers, and that he was going to "the Heavy Timbers" to take up and clear a hundred-acre lot. The girls were not frightened that he was going alone. They even promised to come and see him in sugar time, as they were only seven miles from his opening that was to be, and there were blazed trees to mark the way, so one of the boys could pilot them.

"But I will come for you," Paul said, gallantly. Mrs. Jones looked a little more worn and weary as the young people talked it over, and said what "good fun it would be." Poor lady! she had made just such a beginning with her husband twenty years since. She had helped him clear a good many acres, but he was not persevering. They had sold out years ago, and he had "taken up" several kinds of business. For the last years he had worked at shoemaking. This he had also "taken up," which means, that he had never learned the trade. He was clever, this Joseph Jones; but there was sorrow in that home, and he caused it. The gentler neighbors said, "What a pity such a clever man should be unsteady!" The bolder and less kind said, "What a shame that such a man should drink!" He was not a habitual, daily drunkard, but at all raisings, log-rollings, at Christmas, and in all times of illness and trouble, Mr. Jones was sure to be "in liquor," so as to be useless. This terrible unreliability had broken his wife's spirit, and almost broken her heart and at forty she was wrinkled, gray, and prematurely old. Some thought books and a superior education had spoiled Mr. Jones; others said more books, a Lyceum, an agricultural association, and competing for prizes, would have saved Joseph Jones. But he was not saved, and his family were not blessed in him as they should have been in a man of his education and ability.

An hour's talk, a nice dinner, and the smiles of these pretty girls, set Paul vigorously on his way. Did he steal any thing in that home? He took something away with him which he never returned, and which he hid as carefully as if it were a theft. Why is it that the first consciousness of affection leads us to conceal? There is one name that we never can utter freely and cheerfully, though the sound of it thrills the heart with delight, even though it be Smith, Brown, or Jones. Paul took away a great deal from that wayside house, with its large square working-room, and its various workers. Carefully as he concealed what he took, I have an inventory of all. First, a pair of bright blue eyes; next, a great lot of golden curls; then red cheeks, rosy lips, and a form full of springing grace. Emily had a wreath of trailing arbutus in her hair, though it was June, and the blossom is always called the May flower. In this northern region this most beautiful and fragrant bloom is seldom seen till June. Paul carried away the wreath with the sunny curls, and to this day he has a special tenderness for trailing arbutus. Cheerily and lightly he went his way with his hidden treasures to his lot in the heart of "the Heavy Timbers," and he did not sleep that night till he had explored a good deal. Laying his pack down on a good dry camping-knoll, he took his rifle and threw it up in the air, and caught it as it came down, many times in merry play that night, because his heart was full of companionship. He found a hill-side aginast which to build his camp, and the early morning shone on him with axe and shovel, hard at work clearing a space for his shanty. His shovel had a sheet-iron blade, and he had carried it in his pack with some screws, which helped him to fit a wooden handle—holes having been drilled for the screws. Before noon the hill was partially dug away, and posts set with crotched tops to hold poles, on which a thatched roof of birch-bark and hemlock-boughs was to be laid. When this was done, Paul shot a partridge. When it was dressed he broiled it. Perhaps he smoked it a little, but, with bread and salt from the pack, it made an excellent dinner. He then peeled birch and gathered hemlock-boughs, and before he slept he had a comfortable camp. He was much happier alone, with the angel in his heart, the owner of the sunny curls, than he could have been in a log-house at the next opening. He had sundry adventures in his forest solitude. He cleared his land, leaving a knoll for his house, and he left some grand old forest trees in the places where he would have set them had not nature forestalled his labor of love. Trees to most of the settlers were only enemies, to be got rid of. They spared none but the maples, for sugar. Paul left groves of young trees, though it cost him much care in burning. Others turned the growth of ages, and which none can recall to shade the naked land, into ashes, and then into salts, and then into money. Paul had his time of making salts, a time of tiresome and profitable interest, but his beautiful home at this day is embellished with a glory of trees.

One Sunday morning Paul was getting ready to go to church at Woodville—notwithstanding the common property in the curls and other treasures, he felt more as if he had them when he saw them in church—this morning he made a kettle of maize meal mush for his breakfast, and set it out of doors to cool, while he shaved; for no one was his rule in those days who was within hailing distance of civilization. Presently he heard a series of horrid grunts, and looking out he saw a bear who had put his head into the kettle of mush without leave, and who was caught by the bail falling over the back of his ears, the bail having been accidentally left upright. As Bruin was trapped Paul split his head with his axe, and had enough to do that day to dress the carcass. No doubt Emily was disappointed in not seeing him at church, and Paul was disappointed in having plenty of bear's grease, a barrel of salted meat for winter, and a grand bear-skin for his bed.

Day after day our hero went on felling trees, burning them to ashes, and then, with a leach tub made of a hollow log, he leached his ashes, and he boiled away the ley in a huge cast-iron caldron kettle, and made salts. Salts are always silver to the settler. The logs and trees when this money is earned, and gold comes of the rich cleared lands.

He built a house of hewn logs, and the neighbors helped him to roll it up when the time came, and then he put a neat paling around a goodly space for a garden, with the house in the centre. His fence, the first of the kind in that region, was made by driving sharpened poles into the ground. Next spring he planted scarlet runners, and his fence became highly ornamental when it was festooned all over with vines in bloom.

He planted currant-bushes and strawberries, plum-trees, and even rose-bushes, among the great black stumps. He went on for a year improving his farm, and dreaming of an Emily for his Eve, all that time, without saying a word to the young lady. He had seen her at church, and he had called at her home, but he had never found opportunity to speak of his love or his hope. At last, with his cage built, he determined to try to catch his bird. One bright morning he found himself in Woodville, and not alone, for the people were all smartly dressed, and out in the street. Paul asked a lad where the people were going, and he said, "To the wedding, be sure."

"Where?"

"At Mr. Joe Jones's."

Paul gasped out, "Which of the girls is going to be married?"

"Why, the prettiest one, be sure." The boy starting to run lest he should miss the show.

Paul sank down on a rock by the way-side. What cared he now for his pretty hewn log-house, with real glass windows, twelve seven-by-nine panes in each? What cared he for pole paling, scarlet runners, rose-bushes, and fruit, and great trees, and groves of trees, and sugar orchard? His Eve was lost to him. The bears might eat him instead of the hasty pudding, if it pleased their appetite to do so.

He sat still in his misery, till the thought struck him that he ought to go on and wish the happy couple joy. Like a good, generous youth he rose, and with a sad heart and faltering steps he entered the house of feasting. The clergyman had just married the couple, and was making a long prayer for their happiness, when Paul found himself at the door of "the best room" in Mr. Jones's square house, which no one ever dreamed of calling a cottage. The happy couple were standing together looking what is called *cheap*. Their awkward and sheepish appearance made the joyful revelation to Paul that the bride was Miss. Seraphina Elvira, and not Miss Emily Letitia Jones. How Paul wooed his Emily or how happily she was won, I can hardly tell. Years have gone by since that happy wedding. Sons and daughters have grown in my brother's home. That faded mother has lived many years with Emily, a setting sunbeam upon her children and her grand-children. Though she is sixty years old, she is fairer and fresher than she was twenty years ago. It is sad to think that the kindest thing Joseph Jones ever did for his wife and children was to die. The bird-nesting, out-at-elbow boys took warning by their father, and all came to good. There are no *heavy timbers* now, but one of the finest farming counties occupies their site.

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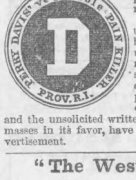
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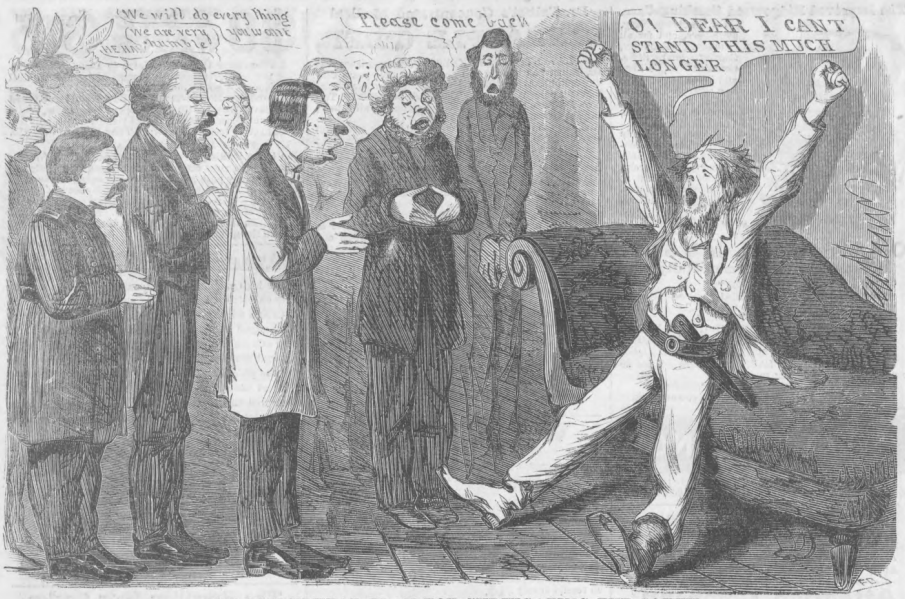
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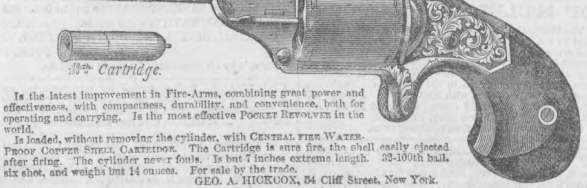
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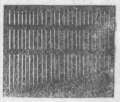
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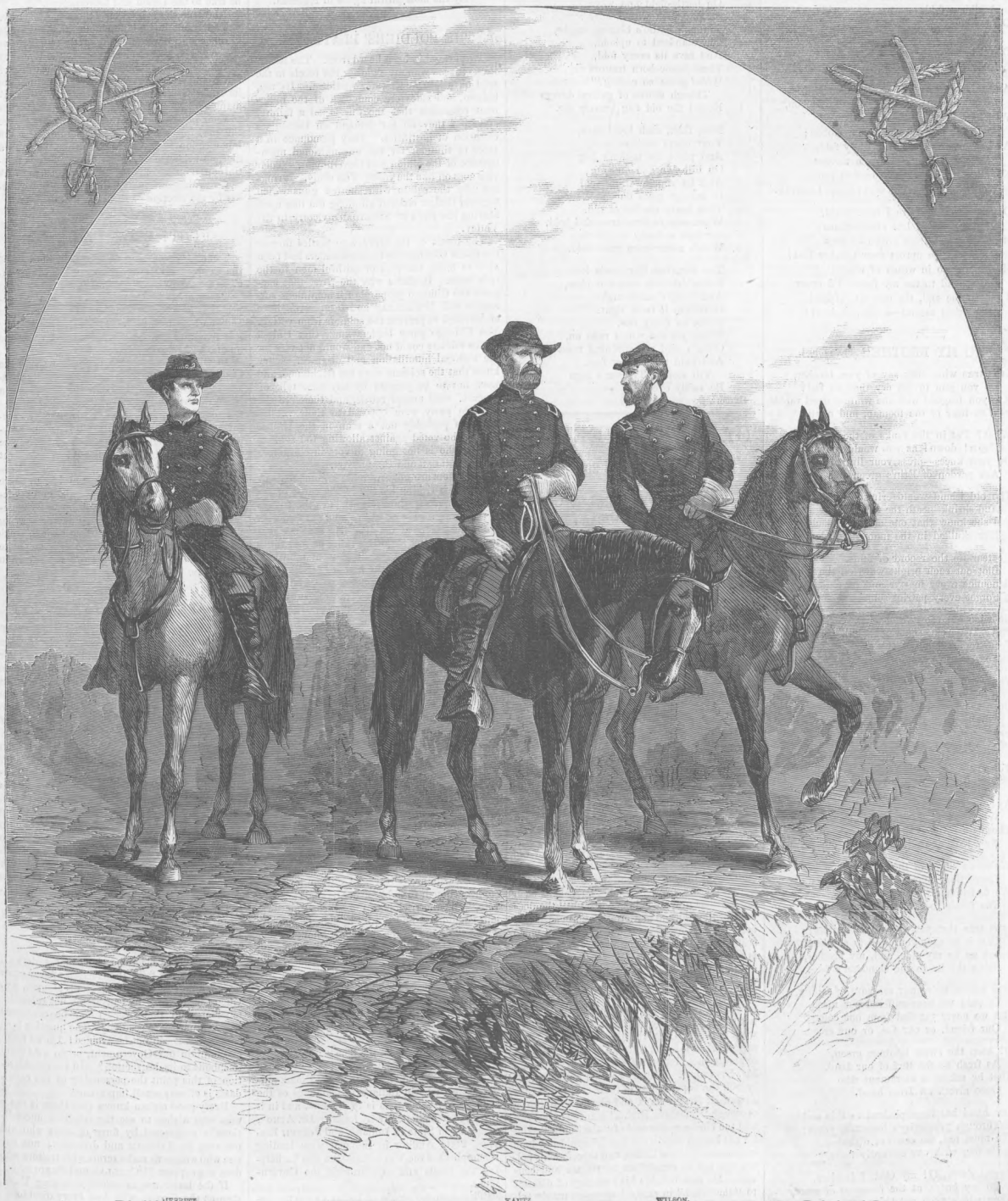
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 409.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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HERBERT. KAUTZ. WILSON.

A GROUP OF CAVALRY OFFICERS.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

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THE QUAKER COQUETTE.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

DEAR, coy coquette! but once we met,
But once, and yet—'twas once too often!
Plunged unawares in silvery snares
All vain my prayers her heart to soften:
Yet seemed so true her eyes of blue,
Veined lids and longest lashes under,
Good angels dwelt therein, I felt,
And could have knelt in reverent wonder.

Poor heart, alas! what eye could pass
The auburn mass of curls caressing?
Her pure, white brow—made regal now
By this simplicity of dressing!
Lips dewy, red, as Cupid's bed
Of rose-leaves spread on Mount Hymettus;
With balm imbued, they might be wooed,
But ah, coy prude! she will not let us!

No jewels deck her radiant neck—
What pearl would reck its hue to rival?
A pin of gold—the fashion old—
A ribbon fold, or some such trifle.
O past belief! the lily's leaf
In dark relief sets off the whiteness
Of all the breast not veiled and prest
Beneath her collar's Quaker tightness!

And milk-white robes o'er snowier globes,
As Roman maids are drawn by Gibbon,
With classic taste are gently braced
Around her waist beneath a ribbon;
And thence unrolled in billowy fold,
Profuse and bold—a silken torrent
Not hide but dim each rounded limb,
Well turned and trim and plump, I warrant!

O Quaker maid, were I more staid,
Or you a shade less archly pious;
If soberest suit from crown to boot
Could chance uproot your Quaker bias!
How gladly so in weeds of woe,
From head to toe my frame I'd cover,
That, in the end, the convert "friend"
Might thus ascend—a convert lover!

TO MY BROTHER EXILES.

Is it true what they say of you, brother,
Do you join in the cry that we fail?
Are you leagued with the white-livered rabble
Who hear of the foeman, and quail?

What? Pat in the ranks of the craven!
Down! down! as you would to your God;
On your knees—press your lips to the clover,
Ask pardon of Erin's green sod.

The old island would crimson for shame,
And shrink 'neath the tread of the stranger,
Did she know that one child she had nursed
E'er skulked in the moment of danger.

Go tear up the record of fame,
Blot out each bright word on the scroll,
Renounce every martyr and hero,
Forget every patriot soul.

Go wipe out the glorious list,
Ay Waterloo, Inkermann, all,
From remotest antiquity's mist
To Atlanta's thrice glorious fall.

Yes, Agincourt, Cressy, Poitiers,
And Fontenoy even erase;
Once they echoed to Irish cheers,
Now the record in silence efface.

Let Sheridan, Grattan, and Burke
Be named by such cravens no more;
You cry for a cowardly peace,
Their souls were for honor and war.

Ay! forget all the masters of song
Who have sung of our smiles and our tears;
Those we claimed for our brothers so long
Now look down in disdain at our fears.

We've no share in their memory now;
Leave their names to the ivy and moss
We forfeit our right to the crown,
Too feeble to carry the cross.

Is it true that you truckle to traitors?
Can it be that your soul is so base?
Stand up by my side, and, my brother,
Fling the lie in the slanderer's face.

God knows we've our measure of failing,
Of pain we have suffered our meed,
But we never yet fled from our colors,
Our friend, or our foe, or our creed.

O! keep the sweet heritage green,
As fresh as the turf of our land,
That he taketh a sacrament who
Once giveth an Irish hand.

Our hand has been pledged to this soil
Through prosperity's bountiful years;
We must not, we can not dishonor
Its flag with our cowardly fears.

Bowed down, O! my God, I implore,
On my knees, at the footstool of grace,
Thou wilt stretch out thine arm, and avert
This sin from the soul of my race.

OUR FLAG IN '64.

FLING, fling our banner out,
With loyal song and shout,
O'er every home and hill,
By each deep valley's mill;
And let its heaven-lit beam
Round every hearth-stone gleam,
And fill the passing hour—
This pregnant, fateful hour—
With all its stirring voices
And the thunder of its power.

The foe is striking hard;
But in the castle-yard
Uprise fresh traitor bands
To snatch from out our hands,
From fortress and from sea,
This banner of the free,
To give it coward flight,
That Anarchy's dark night,
With all its muttering thunders,
May swallow up its light.

Ay! when our soldiers brave,
On battle-field and wave,
Sprang forth with deadly stroke
Through battle's blazing smoke,
Our standard to uphold,
And save its every fold,
These home-born traitors cry,
"*God grant no victory!*"
Though scores of gallant heroes
Round the old flag bravely die.

Rise, then, each loyal man,
Your home horizon scan,
And plant the nation's flag
On hill-side and on crag;
And let your swelling soul
In earnest tones outroll
That brave resolve of old,
When our fathers, true and bold,
Swore a fealty to the flag
Which never once grew cold.

The flag, the flag bends low,
For whirlwinds round it blow,
And wild, chaotic night
Is veiling it from sight.
So let us every one,
While yet the winds rage on,
Cling round the straining mast
And hold the banner fast,
Till stormy Treason's rage
Be safely overpast.

DETROIT, *October*, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

BROWN, STEPHENS, & CO.

A BRANCH OF THE CHICAGO HOUSE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the rebellion has been driven into one-fourth of the space it covered at the beginning—that its money has ceased to have any gold value—that its "cradles and graves" have been robbed for recruits—that its hope of foreign aid has expired—and that its chief can not restrain a sullen cry of anguish and despair—yet Governor BROWN of Georgia, and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS of the same State, the rebel Vice-President, write long letters to say that if we will just give up the struggle and let them have what they are fighting for, we may have peace. Here are two men, for instance, battling for a prize. One has the other fast, and is rapidly worsting him, and the gentleman with his head in chancery has just breath and strength enough left to gasp: "There! if you'll give me the prize, I'll let you off."

The folly of such performances as Governor BROWN's and Mr. STEPHENS's it is not worth while to discuss. They both take the same ground. They both declare, with DAVIS, that the only possible terms of peace which they will accept are disunion and the destruction of the Government. They will have the supreme sovereignty of the separate States, or they will fight until they are overpowered. To debate such propositions gravely is impossible until the doctrine of the Chicago platform is approved. For both these gentlemen stand upon that noble scaffolding. Both of them declare that the war is and must be a failure; that there ought to be an immediate cessation of hostilities, and an ultimate Convention with all the resources of statesmanship.

That rebels stand by the Chicago platform is not strange, for they helped build it. It is the work of rebels, Copperheads, and English emissaries. And it is the Chicago Convention which explains these letters of Governor BROWN and Mr. STEPHENS. Those two men know perfectly well the hopelessness of their cause. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is, and always has been, a thorough "Southern Rights" man. He has valued the Union as the tool of "the South." But he has known that "the South" could not long stand outside of the Union, and therefore his policy was not to secede but to remain and control. He now beholds his prophecy of disaster to "the South" in case of secession amply fulfilled. He naturally wishes to make the best terms he can, and they are—first, separation upon the ground of State sovereignty, which is a confession by the Union that it is overthrown; and, second, reconstruction upon such terms as "the South" may choose to offer to a conquered group of States.

That is what BROWN, STEPHENS, and the other rebel leaders mean by negotiation and convention. That is what the Chicago platform means by armistice. That is what General M'CLELLAN means by the resources of statesmanship. And STEPHENS and BROWN would never have dreamed of uttering such absurd pretensions except for the encouragement given to the rebellion by the Chicago party and platform and candidates. General M'CLELLAN may be the most faithful of citizens, but the folly, the cowardice, the disgrace, the rebel complicity of the position into which he has suffered himself to be adjusted by VALLANDIGHAM, SEYMOUR, and WOOD upon the Chicago platform, by the side of GEORGE H. PENDLETON, applauded by every rebel against his Government and by every foreign enemy of his country, make him, if he be an utterly loyal citizen, certainly the most pitiful figure in America.

THE SOLDIERS' PLATFORM.

THE army has been heard from. The American citizens who are fighting the rebels in the field have laid down their platform. Its top, bottom, and sides are composed of the indignant resolution that the war is *not* a failure, and that they do *not* demand an immediate cessation of hostilities. They pronounce in a voice of thunder for the unconditional maintenance of the Union and Government. Their vote goes off like the volley of an army. It rings out like the salute with shotted guns which General GRANT ordered all along the line upon hearing the news of SHERIDAN's victory in the Valley.

The result of the army vote settles forever the doubt whether the Chicago leaders had been able to blind the eyes of faithful men to the true issue. It shows why the party that supports the Chicago proposal of ignominious surrender and M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON have endeavored to prevent the soldiers from voting. The Chicago party leaders knew that United States soldiers could not and would not vote for the national humiliation and disgrace. They knew that the soldiers were not frightened, and were not to be juggled by any false talk of "peace" with armed rebels, and therefore the Chicago party were opposed to their voting. There is probably not a man in the United States who voted against allowing the soldiers to vote who is not going to vote in November for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

Such facts are unanswerable arguments. A man who is risking his life in the cause of his country knows instinctively who are the friends of that cause. He may have faults to find with the management of details. He may see that it would be better to do this thing or that thing in a different way. But he looks at the whole ground. He watches the action of parties and the general conduct of public men, and he is not likely to suppose that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is truer to the cause than ANDREW JOHNSON, who has bravely battled with the rebels from the very beginning, nor Mr. VALLANDIGHAM's candidate more faithful to the Union, the country, and the rights of American citizens than ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The soldiers have spoken, and they will speak again. They vote for the same cause for which they fight, and therefore they do not vote for Chicago, M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, and surrender—but for Baltimore, LINCOLN and JOHNSON, and victory. That is the Soldiers' platform, and it is the platform of the country.

THE MORAL OF THE INDIANA ELECTION.

ALL have done well, but Indiana has done nobly, and what is the moral of her majority? Her soldiers were disfranchised by the Copperhead Legislature. "If any citizen loves his country enough to fight for her he shall have no vote," said the friends of the Chicago platform and candidates, and the brave men of Indiana who have gone to the field now know exactly who are *their* friends. But the voters who staid at home resolved that those at the front should not be betrayed; and in the State which was generally accorded to the Chicago party the valiant voters cast twenty thousand majority. It would be fifty thousand if the citizens in the field could vote.

The moral of this majority is plain. Indiana has been the hot-bed of the bloody and treasonable conspiracies of the friends of the Chicago platform and candidates. "Grand Commander" DODD lives in Indiana. The office of the Hon. D. W. VOORHEES is in Indiana, and in it the treasonable letters were found. Dr. ATHON, Secretary of State in Indiana, and JOSEPH RISTINE, State Auditor in Indiana, were leading accomplices of the VALLANDIGHAM plot for helping the rebels and overthrowing the Government.

Therefore the people of Indiana were not deceived. Any fine phrases that may have slipped into the resolutions at Chicago they perfectly understood. They doubtless did not question the patriotism of many who intend to support the Chicago nominations; but they said, "We know exactly what it all means, because we have the proof of it here in our own State. It does not mean Union and national honor, and peace with liberty and security for all rights and for all men. The Chicago programme, which our worthy State Secretary and State Auditor support, means an ignoble surrender to the rebellion, and separation, or reconstruction upon such terms as slavery may dictate. You in the Eastern and Middle States may not understand it yet; but we have had an inside view of the office and papers of the Honorable D. W. VOORHEES. The plot has been exposed to our eyes and minds, and we have no excuse for misunderstanding. Chicago means submission and disunion. We mean Union and national life and liberty. Chicago would disfranchise the soldiers if it could, as our Legislature, a supporter of Chicago, has done. Be it so. We will protect ourselves and our friends in the army; and even in their absence Indiana shall be true to the Union and Government."

And true she is by twenty thousand majority.

The result in Indiana shows that the people of this country are not conquered; and it shows that when they once clearly detect the tendency or the deliberate intention to betray the cause of the country, they will rally overwhelmingly to its support. There has been no more encouraging sign of the fidelity of American citizens to their principles and their Government since the uprising after the fall of Sumter than the late election in Indiana. It is another and a glorious evidence of the stability and the essential conservatism of popular institutions, to which the crowning testimony will be given in November by the election of LINCOLN and JOHNSON.

"OUT! BRIEF CANDLE!"

THERE is something delightful in the idea of the Copperhead illumination upon "the auspicious result" in the Keystone State.

Three great States vote. In Ohio the Copperheads lose twelve members of Congress. In Indiana they lose four. In Pennsylvania they lose five, and perhaps six. Hurrah! shout the jubilant gentlemen.

In Ohio the aggregate majority against the Copperheads will be from seventy to eighty thousand. In Indiana, without the soldiers—a State that we had supposed they would carry—the majority against them will be twenty thousand or more. In Pennsylvania it will be probably fifteen or eighteen thousand. "Heaven be praised!" cry the Copperheads; "let's light up!"

And why not? It is the last and best chance they will ever have for illumination and rejoicing. Besides, they might have lost every member of Congress in each State, instead of saving twelve out of thirty-three. They wish to make hay while the sun shines; and they are quite right, for it is coming on to rain dreadfully in November.

ALL HAIL, MARYLAND!

THE Maryland soldiers have achieved one of the grandest victories of the war. They have lifted "the despot's heel" from the shore of their Maryland. Their vote has redeemed their State from the curse of Slavery, and anchored it fast and forever to the Union, whose cause, as the old Continental Congress declared, "is the cause of human nature." Their victory shows that they, too, understand the meaning of this war. They perceive that it is the armed insurrection of the privileged few against the laboring many. They know that the great slaveholder is the direct rival of the free laborer who lives by his daily wages. They know that while the system lasts permanent peace is impossible, and having learned in the battle-field and the Southern prison that the tender mercies of slavery are cruel, they have, with one master blow, demolished the root of the war in the soil of Maryland. It is indeed "a glorious victory." God bless the Maryland citizens at the front and the Maryland citizens at home!

THE PLAIN CASE.

THE October elections show that, unless all human foresight fails, the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON is assured, provided the work of the canvass be not relaxed a moment, and that every thing be accounted doubtful until it is secured. The question is so simple that it can not be avoided: Do we mean to maintain our Government, or do we intend to submit to its destruction? In the consideration of this point the personality of the candidates is of very small importance.

Every good citizen knows that there is not a man who wishes to see the rebellion unconditionally suppressed by force of arms who will not vote for LINCOLN and JOHNSON; nor any one who wishes to make terms with traitors who does not support M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

If the latter are as uncompromising Union men as the former, why does every disunionist and rebel sympathizer support them?

If they are so devoted to law and good gov-

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ernment, why does every threat of resistance to the result of the election proceed from their supporters?

If they are so zealous for order and free speech, why are all the disturbers of Union meetings for political discussion their vehement partisans?

The reply is very simple. They are *not* uncompromising Union men. Mr. PENDLETON is of the political school of JEFFERSON DAVIS by his own confession, and General M'CLELLAN accepts, without a word of rebuke, the nomination of men who call for an immediate armistice.

In a word, Mr. PENDLETON is an advocate of supreme State sovereignty, and consequently believes in a "Confederacy" and not in a Union; while General M'CLELLAN shirks the question, and tells Mr. VALLANDIGHAM that they probably mean the same thing.

The October elections show that the great body of the people fully understand what patriotism requires of them, and that is to vote for candidates who are openly, by their words, by their acts, and by the characters and acts of their supporters, unconditional Union men.

THE COPPERHEAD CONSPIRACY.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL HOLT has given the country an astounding illustration of the methods of Copperhead "Conservatism" to secure "peace" by armed insurrection at the North in aid of the rebels, and to maintain the national honor by forcibly overthrowing the Government constitutionally elected. The publication of this report is a great and timely service; for it is prepared with the utmost care, from a vast mass of testimony collected during many months and all over the country.

The main points in this extraordinary and startling revelation are, that there was established a large secret association, bound by oaths, armed, extending throughout the West and into the rebel section, with careful forms and principles, for the purpose of promoting desertions from the Union armies; discouraging enlistments and resisting the draft; circulating treasonable documents; giving intelligence to the enemy; recruiting for the rebels; furnishing the rebels with arms, ammunition, etc.; cooperating in rebel raids and invasions; destroying private property; assassinating Union men; and establishing a Northwestern Confederacy.

The head of this conspiracy is CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, one of the authors of the Chicago platform, and the seconder of General M'CLELLAN for the Presidency. Every leading member of it is a supporter of the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON ticket. Every member of it hates ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON as the rebels hate them. That every member understands the whole scope of its intention is, of course, impossible. That every member would deliberately resist the result of a constitutional election we do not believe. But it is managed and officered by men who would, and who hope to persuade and bully others to follow them.

Thanks to the steady fidelity of our civil and military officers in every degree, this atrocious secret has been revealed, and the vast and wicked conspiracy exposed. American citizens will not fail to remark that the chief conspirator is the chief apostle of "Peace;" which means simply bloody civil war in the Free States. They will reflect that it was conceived by men who have constantly denounced and maligned the Administration, and have always extenuated the rebels and the rebellion. They will remember that these men went to Chicago and sat in convention with the chief conspirator; that together they set forth their principles and nominated their candidates; and that at this moment they are straining every nerve to secure the election of those candidates, M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

These conspirators are the men who talk loudest of "Conservatism" and "Peace." The people will teach them in November that "Conservatism" is the unconditional maintenance of the Government, and "Peace" is the armed overthrow of rebellion and the unqualified assent of rebels to the Constitution and the laws.

REBEL TREATMENT OF UNION PRISONERS.

ON the 14th of June, 1864, the rebel Congress issued a manifesto concluding as follows: "We commit our cause to the enlightened judgment of the world, to the sober reflections of our adversaries themselves, and to the solemn and righteous arbitrament of Heaven." The people, in whose name this was said, profess to be peculiarly "chivalric" and "high-toned." Their leader, who said that he would rather associate with hyenas than Yankees, was declared by Mr. GLADSTONE to have "created a nation." He and his confederates claim to be especially generous, gentlemanly, and humane. Yet in all the annals of war, conduct so base, cruel, and loathsome as theirs is without parallel. The more the secret rebel history of this struggle is exposed the more inhuman and barbarous it appears; and if any justification were yet wanting of the truth of all that has ever been said of the imbruting influence of slavery upon the master class, it is found in the story of their treatment of their prisoners of war.

The Sanitary Commission of the United States appointed in May, 1864, a sub-commission of inquiry, consisting of Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Chairman, Doctors EDWARD DELAFIELD and ELLERSLIE WALLACE, Hon. J. I. CLARK HARE, Gouverneur MORRIS WILKINS, Esquire, and Rev. TREADWELL WALDEN, the four last of Philadelphia, to ascertain the real condition of the Union prisoners while in rebel hands. The commission has just made a copious, scientific, and descriptive Report, which is certainly one of the most astounding chapters of modern history.

It exposes the treatment of all Union prisoners from the moment of their capture to their exchange, especially in the Libey prison and on Belle Isle at Richmond. The narrative is derived from the testimony of the prisoners themselves, substantiated by the medical investigations of scientific experts; and such a hideous and revolting tale was never told. Its value is completed by an equally careful report of the condition and treatment of rebel prisoners in Union hands at Fort Delaware, Point Lookout, and elsewhere. The verbal testimony of the Union sufferers is appended to the Report.

The harrowing and sickening details we can not reproduce. They are sad beyond belief, and they are incontestably established. Nor ought any man who would truly understand the scope of this war, and the spirit from which it springs and in which it is conducted upon the rebel side, fail to ponder this terrible revelation. The narrative of the Report, simply and cogently prepared by the Rev. Mr WALDEN, presents the case, of which the Appendix furnishes the testimony; and the whole is neatly printed and issued by the Sanitary Commission.

We are glad to know that a large number of copies have been sent to England. They will furnish some authentic refutation of the foul slanders upon the Union cause and conduct which are statedly prepared for the London *Times* by CHARLES MACKAY, and devoured with delight by the British party which exults over the Chicago nominations. They will reveal to our friends in England the spirit of the social system against whose armed assault upon the Government the American people are contending. Our friends abroad will wince and shudder as they read. Yet the painful revelation will but nerve them to a more persistent support of our cause, if possible, than ever, while they will agree with the Commission that, "until an excuse or an explanation comes, the Government by which such things are authorized, and the people by whose public sentiment such things are encouraged, will stand arraigned for immeasurable inhumanity and criminality before the civilized world."

THE WRECK OF SECESSION.

UPON page 697 of this paper is a vivid picture of the wreck of the great pirate ship *Secession*. She is dashed upon the rocks, and is rapidly going to pieces in the terrible storm of Patriotism which beats upon her. Smitten by the fatal thunder-bolts of LINCOLN, GRANT, SHERMAN, FARRAGUT, and SHERIDAN, she lies a helpless hulk amidst the waves. One ray of hope—STEPHENS'S "Hail, holy light!"—shines to cheer her from the Chicago Light-house, on whose summit blows the national flag, union down. But the foundation of the Light-house itself is fast crumbling away, dashed to pieces by the irresistible waves of popular indignation.

Meanwhile the copper-bound boat, *Peace-at-any-Price*, is launched by the famous Chicago wreckers, SEYMOUR, BELMONT, VALLANDIGHAM, WOOD, COX, and VOORHEES, while PENDLETON strains at the stern to shove her off, and a gentleman in a Major-General's uniform, upon a prancing war-horse—that seems to recoil in disgust—cheers them and waves them on. Among the crowd the most conspicuous wrecker carries under his arm a huge plank—Immediate Cessation of Hostilities—over which they hope the pirate crew may safely escape, to ship for another voyage. But the storm is overwhelming. Escape is impossible; and the ship *Secession*, "built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark," is going down forever.

LOYAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

WE have too long omitted to speak of the valuable series of pamphlets, large and small, issued by the Loyal Publication Society of this city at 382 Broadway. They are generally brief and trenchant treatises upon every point of the great question, prepared by the most accomplished hands, furnished at the most reasonable rates, and they form an invaluable collection of authentic references and impregnable arguments. Whoever wishes to aid the noble enterprise may be very sure that it is under the best management, a fact which the issues prove, and may confidently send his contributions to MORRIS KETCHUM, Treasurer, 40 Exchange Place.

LITERARY.

"THE Peninsular Campaign and its Antecedents, as developed by the Report of General M'CLELLAN and other published Documents," by J. G. BARNARD, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers and Major-General of Volunteers. (D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.) General BARNARD was Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac from its organization under M'CLELLAN to the end of the disastrous Peninsular campaign. He knew every plan; he saw every detail; and his review of the incompetency of the commanding General is crushing. General BARNARD's contemptuous impatience of a policy which almost ruined one of the noblest armies in the world is not concealed; and in this small volume, originally prepared as an article for a review, the reasons of that impatience are plainly stated. The great victory seems to have been almost wantonly thrown away, and the timid sluggishness of the Commanding General, however pure his intentions may have been, did the work of treason. He was eternally preparing to make the final preparations to prepare for a forward movement; and in the midst of the preliminaries for his preparations LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON stormed in upon him and drove him away. GRANT's terrible grip upon LEE, which nothing can shake off, and M'CLELLAN's fears and doubts, and "mud," and "roads," and "immense forces of the enemy," and "at least die with my men," and foolish "push them to the wall" show the difference between the operations of a soldier whose whole heart and soul are vowed to victory and a General who has no conception of the earnestness and vitality of the struggle, and thinks first of his own reputation. It is the difference between SHERMAN and DON CARLOS BUELL, between PATTERSON and HANCOCK. It is not necessary to suppose the hero of the Chickahominy a traitor to understand why he is a favorite with the rebels. Any reader who will carefully consider this little volume of General BARNARD's will see why the advantage won by KEYES, SUMNER, and HEINTZELMAN at Fairoaks was not followed up, and why LEE was allowed a day to retire unmolested from Antietam. It is not M'CLELLAN's fault that he is not a great General; but it will certainly be the fault of the American people if they ever make him Commander-in-Chief.

"Down in Tennessee," by EDMUND KIRK (G. W. CARLETON, New York), is a work which is full of the most timely and melancholy revelations of the war upon the border. The sufferings of Union men at the South and along the line, of which Parson BROWNLOW has told us some harrowing passages, are here related with a graphic detail and dramatic power which burn them into the memory. Mr. GILMORE's experience of life and character in the Southern States gives a peculiar value to his observations, and his shrewd and humorous eye permits nothing characteristic to escape him. The book has the full flavor of the Southwest, and its portraits of famous Union soldiers are full of interest. Mr. GILMORE argues strongly that the hope of the future Union lies in the middle class of the slave States, who are very ignorant, but are sprung of what he thinks the best stock, the Scotch-Irish, that of JACKSON and CALHOUN. The great slave-holding class, which has rebelled for its own advantage, must, in Mr. GILMORE's opinion, be entirely overcome. The work ends with the story of his visit to Richmond with Colonel JAQUESS, and the expression of his conviction that the people of the rebel States are weary of the war, but that the leaders, who have staked every thing upon the rebellion, know that nothing remains for them but to push on to the inevitable end.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

SINCE our record of last week closed there have been no military movements of consequence. Hood, at last advices, appears to be retreating toward the southwest, without having accomplished his object. On the 12th two divisions of the Tenth Army Corps and a portion of Kautz's cavalry made a reconnoissance on the Darbytown Road. There was some skirmishing; our loss was 350. It was found that the enemy had improved his opportunities for fortification. In the Shenandoah Valley the rebels recently made their appearance in the vicinity of Strasburg, where they were attacked on the 15th by Sheridan and put to rout.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S REPORT.

We are able this week to give a *resumé* of General Sherman's report of his Georgia campaign.

On the 14th of March, 1864, Sherman was notified of General Grant's commission as Lieutenant-General, and of his own succession to the command of the Division of the Mississippi. Having consulted with Grant and given instructions to his subordinates, General Logan at Huntsville, Thomas at Chattanooga, and Schofield at Knoxville, it was determined that the active campaign should begin on the 1st of May. In the mean time, according to his custom, Sherman gave his personal attention to the question of supplies. At Nashville he found the dépôts well filled, and well-ordered preparations for the future. At Knoxville, however, there was this difficulty, namely, that the impoverished loyalists of East Tennessee were too great a drain upon his supplies. He wisely determined to make these people support themselves, which they did without great difficulty.

The campaigns in Virginia and Georgia commenced simultaneously, viz., on the 5th of May. At that time General Sherman had an army of 100,000 men, of which 6000 were cavalry, the horses for which were yet collecting. More than one-half of this force belonged to the Army of the Cumberland, under General Thomas, which numbered 60,773 men. The Army of the Tennessee, under M'Pherson, numbered nearly 25,000; and the Army of the Ohio, under Schofield, nearly 14,000. This force was kept at about the same strength during the entire campaign. It was concentrated in the vicinity of Chattanooga at the close of April.

General Johnston's army lay at Dalton, 26 miles southeast of Chattanooga, and in numbers was not much more than half as strong as the Federal army; although superior in cavalry. The three corps of his army were commanded by Hardee, Hood, and Polk. The cavalry, under Wheeler's command, numbered about 10,000.

On the morning of May 6 Sherman's army had approached Dalton. The centre, under Thomas, was at Ringgold, on the railroad from Chattanooga, and about 12 miles from Dalton. M'Pherson's army lay on the right, west of Dalton, at Gordon's Mill, and that of the Ohio on the left, and some distance northeast of Ringgold. Between Sherman's and Johnston's lines stretched the Chattanooga or Rocky Face ridge, running almost directly north and south, and covering all the approaches to Dalton. The railroad passed through the ridge at Tunnel Hill; but the pass, known as Buzzard's Roost, was too strongly defended to admit of assault. Skirting the railroad on the left this ridge runs six or eight miles south of Dalton, where it abruptly abuts on the valley of the Oostenaula River, which runs southwestwardly to Rome.

On the 7th Thomas moved close up to Buzzard's Roost, while M'Pherson completely turned the ridge and moved on Resaca, a dozen miles south of Dalton. M'Pherson, finding Resaca strongly defended, was reinforced by Schofield's army and the greater portion of Thomas's. Thus the whole army, excepting Howard's Corps, was on the 11th moving against the enemy's rear. The movement was much impeded by the impracticable nature of the country, and Johnston was enabled to reach Resaca, so that on the 14th Sherman was confronted by the whole rebel army. Cavalry detachments were sent southward across the river to destroy the road in the enemy's rear, but the main body of the army attacked Resaca, bringing on a battle, May 15th, the result of which was the evacuation of Resaca by Johnston that night. Sherman's army pursued by every available route. Rome was occupied in the mean while by Jeff C. Davis's division. Johnston made a feeble stand at Adairsville, fifteen miles south of Resaca; but he crossed the Etowah without giving battle. This river runs westwardly to Rome, where it joins the Oostenaula, forming the Coosa.

It was now evident that Johnston would next dispute Sherman at Allatoona Pass, just south of the Etowah. Sherman determined to turn this position, and on the 23d moved on Dallas, fifteen miles west of Marietta and off the railroad. Johnston was aware of Sherman's design, and took measures to dispute the approach to Marietta, by interposing his army between that place and Dallas. The country was favorable for defense. Sherman was just about to change his tactics and approach the railroad on the left, when Johnston made a severe attack on his right at Dallas, which was held by M'Pherson. The rebels were repulsed. The movement toward the left was carried out June 1, and all the roads by which Johnston could return to Allatoona were held. This movement secured Sherman against a counter attack on his rear, as it planted him safely on the railroad at Ackworth, which was occupied June 6. Big Shanty Station, still further south, was occupied June 9, and Sherman then confronted the Twin Mountain, Kenesaw. On the right was Pine, and more to the westward Lost Mountain. The rebel army occupied this line of mountain defenses.

The approach to Marietta by way of Dallas had failed, but must now be accomplished by a new flank movement. The rebel line, however, was of considerable length, and it was determined, before making another movement, if possible, to break this line. From the 11th of June to the 15th there was sharp skirmishing and a heavy cannonade. On the 14th General Polk was killed; and the next day Pine Mountain was given up. On the 17th Lost Mountain was abandoned, and the enemy's line contracted, but covering the approach to Marietta and to the railroad in his rear.

The roads now began to be what Sherman calls "villainously bad," and this caused some delay. On the 22d Hood's Corps attacked Hooker's at Kulp House, and were repulsed. Then General Sherman determined to make an assault on Kenesaw on the enemy's left, which was made June 27th. It resulted unsuccessfully. Generals Harker and McCook were killed. The Federal loss was 3000.

Four days afterward, July 1, orders were given for an advance to Nickajack Creek and Turner's Ferry, several miles south of Marietta. M'Pherson commenced this movement July 2, and Kenesaw was immediately abandoned by the enemy. General Sherman occupied Marietta July 3, and M'Pherson and Schofield were instructed to cross the Nickajack and attack Johnston while crossing the Chattahoochee. But the latter had prudently guarded the crossing by a *tête du pont*. On the 5th the Federal army moved to the Chattahoochee River.

Before the enemy had time to make extensive preparations to oppose his advance, Sherman threw Schofield's Corps across the river at the mouth of Soap's Creek on the 7th. Garrard at the same time destroyed the factories at Roswell, and held the ford at that point. Here M'Pherson was to cross. Another crossing was established at Powers's Ferry. Atlanta lay only eight miles distant, but a short rest was afforded the troops. On the 10th Rousseau's cavalry expedition, consisting of 2000 men, broke up the West Point Road, rendering it useless to the enemy.

Until the 16th stores were being collected at Allatoona and Marietta. On the 17th the army advanced. Schofield was already across the river. Now the rest of the army followed, the Army of the Tennessee moving around to Decatur on the Augusta railroad east of Atlanta. Thomas at the same time crossed Peach-Tree Creek north of the city. Schofield held the centre; but with a gap between him and Thomas near the Buckhead Road.

On the 20th the enemy came out in the afternoon and attacked Sherman's right centre at its weakest point. He was repulsed; and Sherman estimates his loss to have been 5000, while his own was only 1500, most of which was in Hooker's Corps. General Johnston had been relieved of command and superseded by Hood. The enemy then withdrew to his inner intrenchments. About noon on the 22d the rebel General attacked again, this time on the left, where M'Pherson had obtained a commanding position. Early in the fight M'Pherson was killed, and Logan took command during the battle. The attack was made by Hardee's Corps in flank and Stewart's in front. The enemy gained considerable success in the early part of the engagement, capturing several guns, but was afterward defeated and driven from the field, having lost, Sherman thinks, 8000 men, while our loss was 3722.

Then followed the unsuccessful raids of Stoneman and M'Cook. On the 26th Sherman began to move his army from the east to the west side of Atlanta. It was while this movement was being executed that the battle of the 28th occurred, in which, as in the previous assaults, the enemy was repulsed and severely punished. In this battle our loss was less than 600, while that of the enemy was 5000. Sherman then extended his lines so that they reached from the Chattanooga Road, just north of Atlanta, nearly to East Point, the junction of the West Point and Macon railroads. But it was impossible in this way to break the enemy's communications. Therefore Sherman, August 16, issued his orders for the entire army to cut loose from the Chattanooga Road and to raise the siege of Atlanta, the Twentieth Corps alone being left to guard the forts of the Chattahoochee. Wheeler's cavalry being north very much facilitated this movement. The entire army was by the 30th on the Macon Road, between Jonesborough, where Lee and Hardee were, and the rest of the rebel army at Atlanta.

On the 31st the rebels came out from Jonesborough and made an attack, which resulted in their defeat. The next day, September 1, Jonesborough was attacked and taken by General Davis. That same night Hood evacuated Atlanta, which General Sherman immediately occupied, making it a grand military post.

MARYLAND.

Maryland has adopted the new Constitution, abolishing slavery in the State, by a majority of about 1500.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THERE has been in London great alarm in prospect of a serious money panic. The *Spectator* says: "The country, despite its prosperity, has been doing a great deal of unsound business, a great deal of paper discounted represents nothing at all but speculators' hopes, the reserve in the Bank seems likely to diminish rapidly, the Continent is unwilling to send over money in the face of a crisis, and should the new banks begin to go we may look out for a crash. Failures are becoming frequent, and the explosion of the Banking Company of Leeds, which will involve an ultimate loss of nearly a million to its shareholders, has not tended to improve matters."

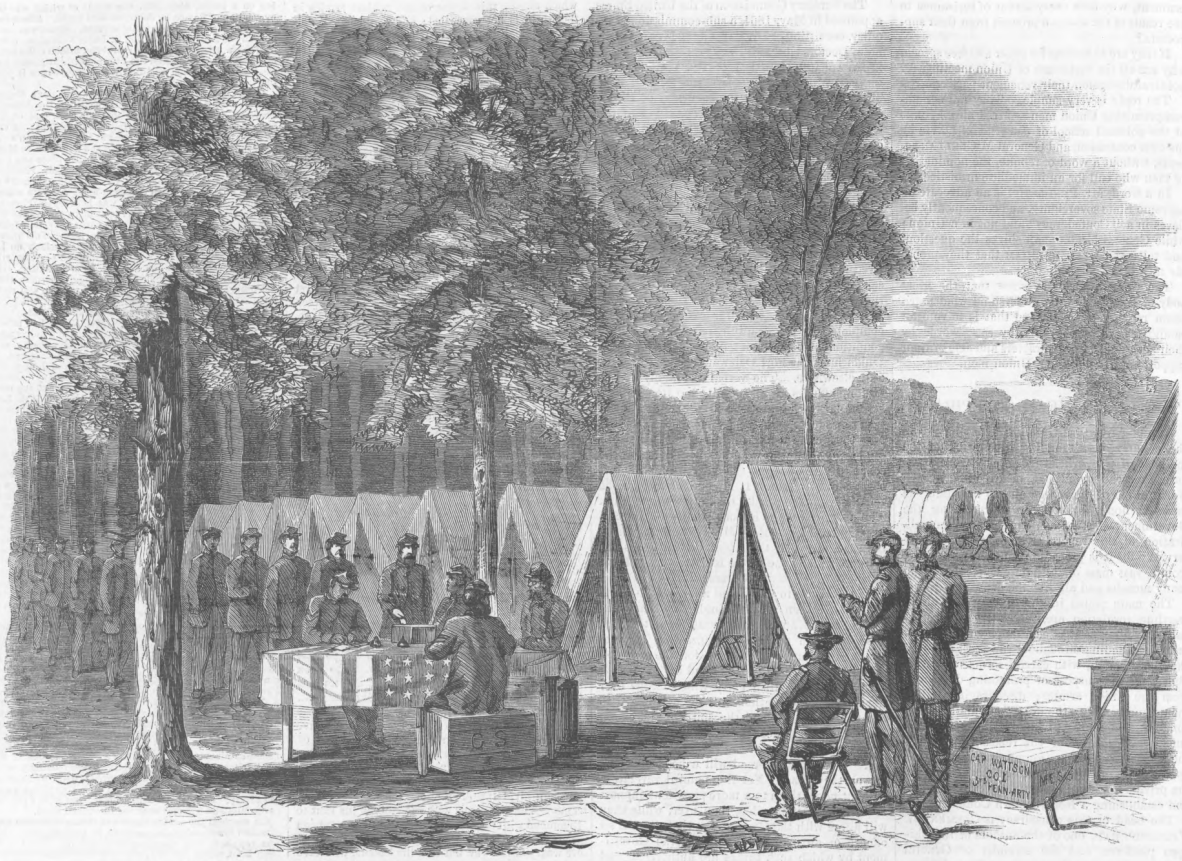
The London *Times* regards the victories of Sheridan as certain to insure Lincoln's re-election.

The French-Italian Convention has decided that the capital of Italy shall be transferred from Turin to Florence. This takes away half the income of every citizen of Turin, and on the 22d of September the dissatisfaction caused by the measure broke out in open violence. The troops in San Carlo Square were attacked by the mob and fired upon. Without orders they returned the fire. Several persons were killed.

In regard to the Danish Question the *Spectator* says: All communication between Jutland and Copenhagen has been forbidden, exports have been prohibited, and fifty thousand men quartered upon the wretched peninsula for the winter. In fact the country is to be gutted in order that the sufferers may by their cries create consternation at Copenhagen. The robber orders his victim's wife to be whipped in order that he may pay up quickly. Nothing so atrocious has been done in Europe since 1815, and the example will exaggerate the obstinacy of every future defense. Had Jutland one range of mountains the Prussians would even now have to face a peasant war.

The Greek Government has decided to abolish its Upper Chamber, which corresponds to our Senate. The Upper House, however, in Greece has not the same necessity or use as in this country; and it has an injurious influence on the Lower Chamber, depriving that body of a great amount of conservative ability.

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HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE JAMES—PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS VOTING.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE JAMES—REBEL PRISONERS AND DESERTERS AT THE GUARD-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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ROGER B. TANEY,
LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE, U. S.

ROGER BROOK TANEY, the late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was born in Calvert County, Maryland, March 17, 1777. His ancestors immigrated into that State two centuries ago. They were English, but of the Roman Catholic faith.

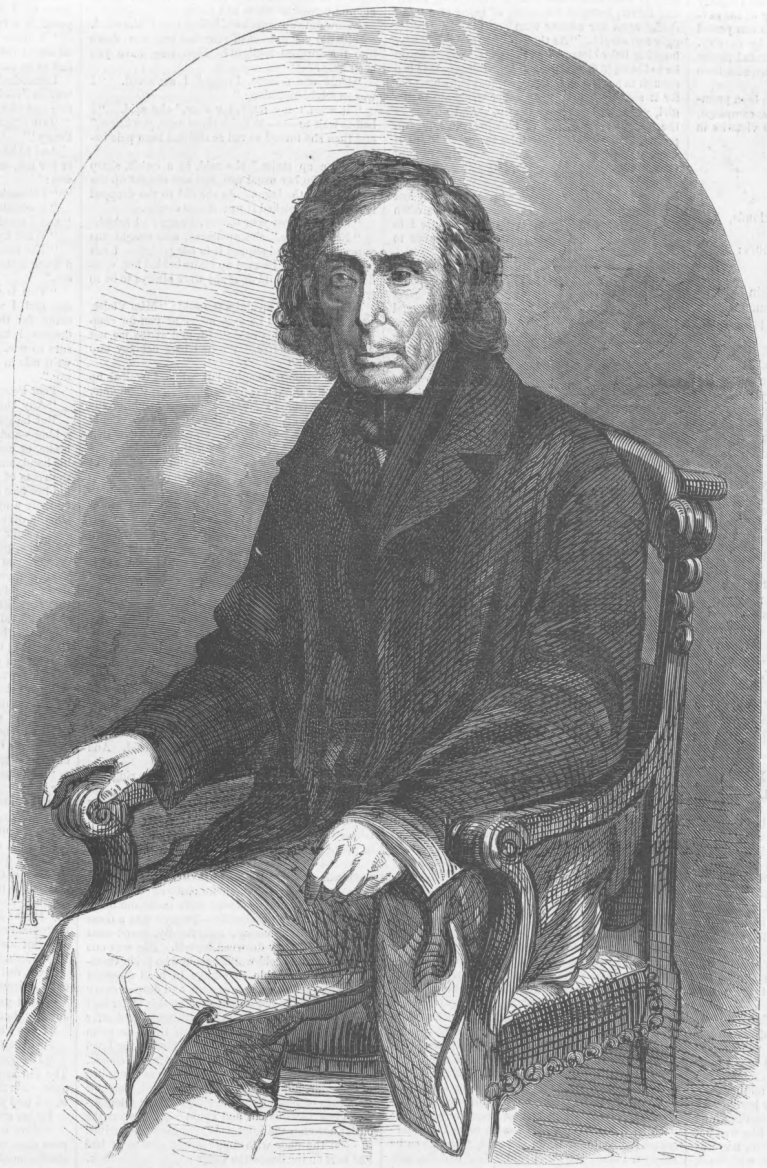
Educated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, he was admitted in 1799 to the bar. He practiced law for a short time in his native county, from which, in 1800, he was elected a delegate to the General Assembly. He took up his residence at Frederick in 1801, and was elected State Senator in 1816. At the age of forty-five Mr TANEY removed to Baltimore, where he resided during the remainder of his life. He was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland, holding that office for four years, at the expiration of which term he was appointed by President JACKSON Attorney-General of the United States.

This, it will be remembered, was the period when there was great political strife on the subject of a United States Bank. Two years after his appointment, in 1833, JACKSON had determined upon a singular measure to carry out his policy. Mr. DUANE was then Secretary of the Treasury, and, thoroughly in favor of the Bank, was therefore opposed to the policy of the President. Without the knowledge of his Cabinet, JACKSON instructed DUANE to remove the public deposits from the United States Bank. The Secretary declined to follow this instruction, and was, in accordance with JACKSON'S usual manner, summarily deposed. TANEY was then appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and immediately had the deposits removed. TANEY had been appointed by the President, but as the appointment was certain to be rejected by the Senate, it was not submitted to that body until the latest moment.

Mr. TANEY at this crisis resigned, but within a year was appointed by the President Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in place of DUVALL, resigned. This appointment also was rejected by the Senate, much to JACKSON'S chagrin. But it was not long before Chief-Justice MARSHALL was so good as to die, and leave vacant a still higher office in the President's gift. The Senate had been somewhat remodeled in the interval, and when the appointment of TANEY to fill the office vacated was submitted to that body it was duly confirmed. Chief-Justice TANEY took his seat on the Supreme Bench in 1837, at the age of sixty.

Judge TANEY has held this high and honorable position for twenty-seven years. During this time he has administered the official oath at the inauguration of seven Presidents.—His decisions have been always respected, and, with the exception of the famous Dred Scott decision, have been subject to no animadversion.

Chief-Justice TANEY died at Washington October 12, 1864, at the age of eighty-seven. He is buried at Frederick, his former residence.



THE LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE ROGER B. TANEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE ARMY OF THE JAMES.

WE give on this page, and on pages 692 and 696, sketches relating to the Army of the James. THE BATTLE OF DARBYTOWN, illustrated on this page, occurred on Friday, October 7. BUTLER'S extreme right was held by KAUTZ'S cavalry alone, though not far in the advance of TERRY'S division. In the opening between the woods on the right and those on the left is disclosed the Darbytown Road, on which KAUTZ'S cavalry was driven in. Through the woods on the right the rebels, led by HOKE, GARY, and FIELD, advanced to flank TERRY'S division. From the woods on the left their artillery maintained a heavy cannonade. In the fore-ground appears a section of the Federal intrenchment seized from the rebels in previous engagements. The enemy made two attacks, in both of which he was repulsed with great loss, and on retiring to the Darbytown Road he was attacked in flank, but succeeded, under cover of his guns, in drawing off his men.

An illustration on page 692 represents the PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS VOTING at the Head-quarters of the Army of the James. Our soldiers do not by fighting our battles cease to be citizens, but are even more interested than others in the maintenance of the civil institutions for which they are ready to give up their lives. There can be no doubt as to the loyalty and sincerity of these men.

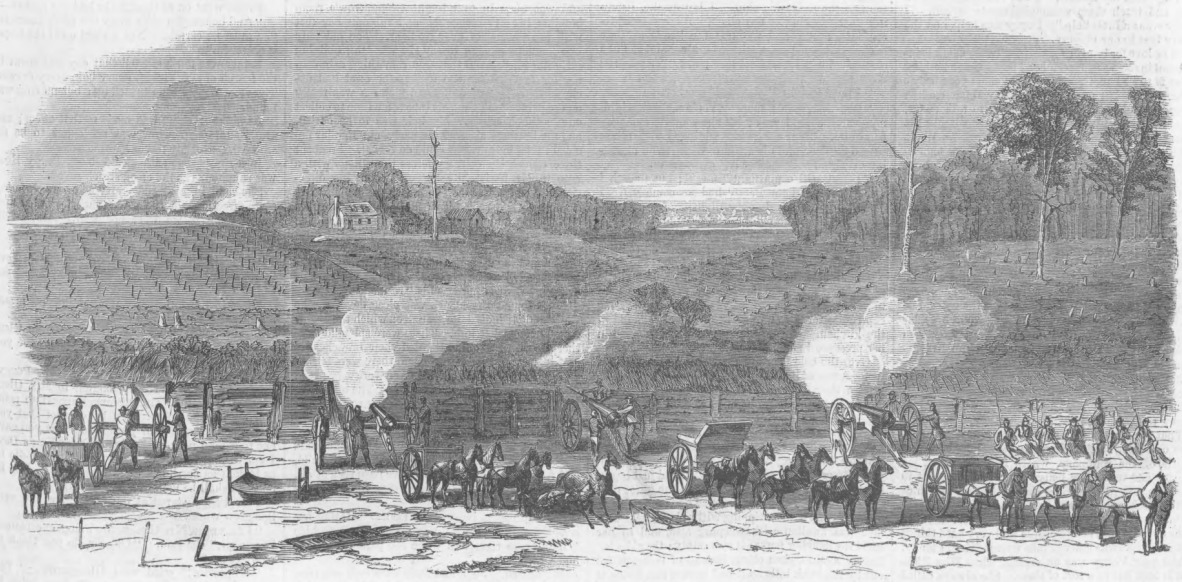
On the same page we have another scene at Head-quarters—viz., at the Guard-House, where deserters and rebel prisoners are gathered together, in various attitudes and costumes, about their wood fire. The two elderly men—one with the silk hat, and the other at his side—are the two clerks in the Treasury Department at Richmond who were out on picket duty, and walked accidentally into our lines. They will be among the prisoners that General BUTLER proposes to place in Dutch Gap, in retaliation for the ill-treatment of our colored soldiers who have been placed in labor at Fort Gilmer.

The sketch on page 696 represents the scenes attending a NIGHT AFTER A BATTLE. The night is usually spent in bringing in the dead and wounded. Sometimes this is not possible, and the sufferings of the wounded are in such cases pitiable, ending not unfrequently in death.

A GROUP OF CAVALRY OFFICERS.

ON our first page we give a sketch in which are grouped together three of our most distinguished cavalry officers, namely, KAUTZ, MERRITT, and WILSON.

AUGUST V. KAUTZ was born in Germany. He was appointed to the Military Academy from Ohio in 1848, and four years afterward graduated with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry. He has performed distinguished services in many a raid during this war. Ill-luck has sometimes attended him—as in the



THE BATTLE OF DARBYTOWN ROAD, OCTOBER 7, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

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assault on Petersburg, in which he was not properly supported; and also in the late repulse of his cavalry on the Darbytown Road, where he was posted in a situation which is never tenable by cavalry. His daring reconnoissances have penetrated nearer to Richmond than our troops have otherwise been able to reach.

Generals MERRITT and WILSON have been prominently engaged in SHERIDAN'S recent campaign, and have contributed materially to his victories in the Shenandoah Valley.

ALBERT DURER.

TRUE artists live within the clouds,
And shadow forth a purer
And fairer life than that of ours:
So lived old Albert Durer.

But lest old Albert should begin
To think him more than human,
God gave him, to subdue his pride,
A very angry woman.

And when he fashion'd angels' heads,
And painted eye and lip, he
Was cured of his too heavenly dreams
By this morose Xantippe.

Within a little room up stairs
Worked Albert late and early;
Beneath he heard her supple tongue,
That ceased its rattle rarely.

For, like a kite, he sought the sky,
And soar'd on wing elastic,
Until she pull'd the string, and brought
Him down to cares domestic.

And still within his placid face
You see the sad expression:
Poor Albert's story teaches us
A somewhat useful lesson!

For when I envy him his fame—
The critics' fume and furor,
I look at Letty, and am glad
That I'm not Albert Durer!

PEGGY HOOD.

A GIRL'S STORY.

PEGGY HOOD was our nursery maid. We were very small, and, I have no doubt, very troublesome children when she came among us; but she was never out of temper, or seemingly weary of doing what we wanted done, whether our wishes turned toward a story, a new doll's dress, or a romp in the garden. "An admirable manager of children," my mother said, and I remember wondering what she meant; for Peggy's art consisted, I think, in never letting us see that she had any idea that we were managed. She taught us our letters and the Church Catechism, also some hymns. Sometimes she read to us, and seemed almost as much interested in the stories as we were ourselves. And she had the sort of pretty, round, kind face that children always like.

From the first my mother took a fancy to her, and engaged her despite the warning of almost every lady of the village. The Hoods were a bad set, they said, and they wondered that Miss Payne could think of putting such a person in so responsible a situation. For all answer my mother said, "I like the girl's face, and mean to try her." And so Peggy came into our nursery one morning, and staid there apparently well content. She was not of the class servants usually come from, nor was she a lady. An honest, womanly girl, with frank manners, a pretty face, and a decent, common education—that was all. And that was enough. "For," said my mother, "I can bring my children up and teach them accomplishments myself. I only want a little help." Peggy *was* help, and the very best in our nursery.

The love for hunting something to the death is inherent in some natures—most, I fear. When nothing else is to be had, they get hold of some poor body's character. No one could say any thing against Peggy; but her father was a man to talk about, and the poor girl was never mentioned without the remark that she "came of a bad stock." When she was a little child he had been a young man in the employ of a merchant of the place, who, taking a liking to him on account of his handsome face (Peggy looked like him, every one was glad to say), had trusted him—though at first his position was almost a menial one—until he was deeper in his confidence than the oldest clerk of the establishment. Some said through habits of dissipation, others through gambling, young Hood was tempted to betray his trust at last; and he absconded with an immense sum of money one fine morning, conducting matters in such a silly way that the police had nothing to do but to walk quietly up to him, collar him, and take the proofs of the transaction from his pocket. The fiend who tempted him had deserted him in his time of need, and it seemed as though he courted detection. So they said who told me the story. He was punished, but, through the intercession of his employer, who had liked him very much, not as severely as might have been. What became of him, and whether he lived or died, no one knew. But there was a story among the girls of the seminary, where Peggy had earned board and tuition by house-work, that he came to see the poor girl now and then slyly, and that once Miss Richards, the assistant, caught her talking to him from the window. As for the poor mother, she died, but not before people said very hard things of her. She was starved into wrong-doing, I fancy. And poor Peggy was an orphan when Miss Richards took her as a sort of slave. She always called it "an act of charity." Mother said it was one of economy. There Peggy learned to scrub and to read, to wash dishes and to cipher, and, being pretty and clever, brought the taunt of being of a "bad stock" upon her oftener than she would by being ugly and stupid. "As though," mother would say, hugging baby closer—"as though this child would be to blame if *I* were to steal something. It is bad enough to have such a father without punishing her for it also." And so my mother was good to the girl, who loved her very dearly. And no one in the house ever thought of blaming the kind impulse which made mother take Peggy Hood, as it were, under her protection, except our great-aunt Glengarrow, and as she found fault with every thing no one wondered.

It was annoying, however, when the old lady lost her handkerchief or her gold glasses, as she often did, for she was forgetful, to have her bustle into the room with the most ominous countenance to whisper:

"Ellen, you'll have to have Peggy Hood's trunk searched this time. I always said no good could come of that family."

The lost articles always turned up, however, and Peggy never heard of the suspicion, poor child! One thing in Peggy's conduct was odd, and one thing only. She was a sort of miser. Her wages were paid regularly, and were good, but she seldom spent a cent; but darned, and patched, and made over old dresses which were given to her without buying a new one. So much so that my mother often said:

"I've a mind to spend Peggy's wages for her, and lay in a stock of comfortable clothes for the silly girl. Economy can be carried too far."

As for aunt Glengarrow, she always said "acquisitiveness was the ruin of Jack Hood, as it will be of his daughter. I must watch my diamonds." For the pride of grand-aunt Glengarrow's heart was a set of costly diamonds—ring, brooch, and earrings, which had been left her by her grandmother. Mother thought Peggy was putting by her wages in a bank for a rainy day. *I* believed that she was "saving up" for some very fine clothes, as I had often saved my pocket-money to purchase a doll or toy, carriage and horses. It was father's custom when he paid the servants to give me Peggy's in an envelope to take to her. So I always particularly noticed the day, and always expected to see poor Peggy very fine suddenly some bright Sunday. But month after month passed, and still Peggy Hood went to church in mother's old brown merino, with the tear across the breadths nicely darned—a dress that had been tucked into the rag-bag long before.

One winter's evening—a rainy one, with a damp warm air instead of the bracing cold which we expect at that season—I had been put to bed early, before my father came home to tea, it having been discovered that I had taken cold and was feverish. I had had a foot-bath and some homeopathic pills, and was tucked in in one of dear old grandma's blankets; but I was not properly thankful, I fear; for I wanted to be out in the hall, playing with my brothers, who were spinning a humming-top there.

Mother came in after tea and kissed and petted me, and, with a laugh, tossed me the envelope. "Give Peggy her money," she said; "and, Peggy, I'd advise you to get a new cloak—a good warm one; your shawl is not thick enough for this weather."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Peggy, turning scarlet as she put the envelope in her purse just as it was. But she made no answer about the cloak. I said to myself, "She doesn't mean to buy one," and I think mother thought so too, for she looked a little provoked, and in a few moments kissed me and went down stairs. After she had gone poor Peggy covered her face with both hands and cried very softly, fancying, I think, that I did not notice her. Then she busied herself putting away all untidy things in the room, folding my clothes, and shutting medicine bottles into the chest upon the table, but with such a poor, sad face that I have never forgotten it. After a while she said, "Shall you be lonely if I leave you?" I said "No;" and she took up her work and went out, but I was so weak and nervous that I began in a few moments to see something white or uncannily black in every corner as soon as the door was shut. I lay awake, listening to the ticking of the clock, until it formed itself into words, and watched the hands as they passed slowly around until eight, nine, and ten had struck. Then I heard mother and father pass the door.

"I must look at Violet," said mother.

"Nonsense," said father. "You'd wake the child, my dear. Sleep is just what she wants;" and they passed on. Then old cook, waddling and panting, passed the door, and I heard aunt Glengarrow marching overhead between her bed and bureau.

"Peggy will come next," I said; but though I waited another hour Peggy had not come yet. I began to be wretched. My night-lamp was burning dim. Some horrid thing with wings was buzzing in the room. I was afraid to look into the corners at all. And in desperation I resolved to arise and look for Peggy.

I put on stockings and a shawl and took the little night-lamp and stole down stairs. I knew where to go, for Peggy's work was the crimping of some cap ruffles for my aunt, and this she always did in the kitchen. Once there by the bright fire and in her presence I should be safe.

Over the cold floor and down stairs I went on tiptoe. A ray of light fell through the keyhole of the kitchen door. I opened it and peeped in. On the table a light was burning, and there lay a white paper box heaped with the neatly crimped caps, but Peggy was not there. Where could she have gone? I went close to the fire for protection as well as warmth, and being ill and feverish and very young began to cry. My whimpering wail had just begun to sound through the kitchen when the outer door opened and Peggy came in. She had a shawl over her head, and it was dripping with rain drops. Her face was swollen with weeping also, and in her hand she held her purse; it was empty; the sides lay loosely against each other, instead of being puffed out by the bank bills as it had been when I saw it last. She did not see me crouching by the fire until the door was bolted; then, when she did catch sight of me, she fell into a chair and began to tremble and turned as white as a sheet.

"How did you come here, Miss Violet?" she cried. "Why did you get out of your bed and come down into the kitchen to-night? How long have you been here?"

"Only one minute, Peggy," I answered. "I was so frightened alone."

"It wasn't my fault, my dear," she said. "I had to wait to—to—to finish those caps, you know," and then she turned as red as she had been pale before.

"Come up stairs," she said, in a quick, sharp voice, unlike her usual one, and she caught up the cap box and the lamp. As she did so she dropped her purse. I picked it up; it *was* empty.

"Have you lost your money, Peggy?" I asked.

"No, it's safe," she answered, and caught the purse from me and slipped it in her pocket. I felt afraid of her, and hurried up stairs behind her, wondering what I should do if she were always to be so cross.

When we were up stairs she said: "Miss Violet, your mother would be very angry at you for coming down stairs this cold night, and at me for not watching you better. We had best not say any thing about it."

I was willing enough; but when I waked up again in the night I heard Peggy, lying beside me, praying to God to "forgive her for teaching the child deception," and sobbing very bitterly. Could she mean me? I wondered. Of course I know that she did now, but I was very small indeed then. I never told my mother—at least I did not tell her at that time—and I kept Peggy's secret in keeping my own; for she *had* a secret, I knew, or she never would have been out in all the rain that winter night. What it was I could not guess.

Time seems long to a child. Peggy was her own pleasant self afterward, and during the month I forgot all about that rainy night, or only thought of it as any one might of something that had happened fifty years before. Only one thing happened which seemed strange. Once, while Peggy was playing with us at keeping house in the cupboard, with sliced apple for dinner on our china play tea-things, a ribbon which she wore about her neck caught in my curls, and I saw something gleaming at the end of it.

"Oh! what is that?" I exclaimed.

She put it back with a sudden start.

"It's only a ring," she said.

"Why don't you wear it on your finger?" I asked.

"It's too large; I should lose it," she said. And then she burst into tears.

"What a child I am!" she said. "The ring was given to me by some one who is dead."

Her father, I thought, but I said nothing; for I had heard the story of the poor man's crime, and felt as though he were too wicked to be mentioned in polite society.

On the first of January three important events occurred. Firstly, we were invited to a party—a very grand sort of an affair for children; secondly, my father paid every servant early in the morning, and gave them a gift besides—Peggy's was a dress pattern, and not money; and, thirdly, grand-aunt Glengarrow nearly drowned herself. She was one of those terrible cold-water people who pride themselves on being able to plunge in head foremost when the thermometer is at zero, and despise every one else who can not do so. And on this bitter first of January she went into the bath-room, and after starting the water could not stop it. The room was built in a very peculiar fashion below the level of the house, and steps went down into it. Of course, in a little place like that the town was not supplied with water, but this had been contrived somehow by means of pipes from the river. Aunt Glengarrow grew bewildered, and could neither open the outlet nor stop the inlet. When mother contrived to open the door with another key—for aunt had lost hers on the floor—the water was up to her neck. She was not much the worse for the fright, however, and a little port-wine set her all right. Peggy showed herself very anxious to do all she could, and was busy in grand-aunt Glengarrow's room handing her dry garments, and rubbing her feet with hot towels for over an hour. The old lady was gracious enough to say she was "an obliging girl after all." And that was something astonishing for her. After the fright—for aunt had declared that she would die, and mamma was really on the point of fainting—it took some time to collect our scattered senses. My hair was to be curled, and my brothers also, for the party, and mother decided that a hair-dresser could do it best. So about three o'clock she sent us across the village with a note to Mr. Twist, the barber, giving her directions. To get to Mr. Twist's we were obliged to cross the bridge which divided Mapletown into two parts, upper and lower. Upper Mapletown was on the north of the river, and was considered most genteel. In Lower Mapletown the store and the tavern and the barber's shop stood, with the plainer houses occupied by the poorer people. On our side every man's dwelling was his "residence."

Mr. Proudfit's residence was close down by the water's edge; indeed the ground on which the bridge rested belonged to him. There were splendid trees there; two great elms tangled their branches together, making an arch-way, and there were bushes and flowering plants hard by. We were very proud of our romantic bridge on our side. The other was bald and bare, with only hard gray road to rest upon. This winter day, of course, the trees were bare, but the trunks were very large, and the wood of the bushes strong and plentiful. Any one could have hidden behind those elms, especially a child, and from the bridge could not have been seen at all.

Just as we reached the spot, John, who had very sharp eyes, looked back.

"There comes Peggy," he said. "Mother has sent her after us. I tell you what, Vi!—let's hide behind these trees, and when she passes jump out and scare her."

We agreed. John and little Fred took one tree, and I another, and we waited. I could see the road best; the boys had a better view of the bridge.

Peggy came on in a great hurry. When she was close by I said, "Now, boys!" But John whispered, in a frightened voice,

"Violette! I say, Violette! don't stir. There's an awful old kidnapper on the bridge, coming as fast as he can!"

I stretched my neck, and there, sure enough, he was—a dreadful man, all rags, and with a bloated face and bloodshot eyes.

"Oh!" gasped John, "he's going to speak to Peggy!"

And so he did. But not to ask her for her money or her life, or any thing of that sort. What he said was:

"I thought you'd never come."

"I couldn't help being late," she answered; "and I must make haste back again."

"What have you got for me?" said the man.

"The usual sum," said Peggy. "They gave me a dress instead of money, like the rest, for a present."

"This is not enough," muttered the man. "I say, girl, I must have the ring. I can get something for that. Confound it, if you knew the dreams I had last night you'd not refuse. I'm sure to win. Luck's been against me so far; but we'll ride in our carriage yet. Give me the ring, I say."

Poor Peggy began to cry.

"Any thing else, any thing else," she sobbed.

But he gave her a rough sort of push—nearly a blow—and caught at the ribbon at her neck. It broke, or came untied, and he had the trinket in his hand, and was off with it. Peggy sat down on the roots of the tree, with a miserable moan, and hid her face on her knee. She had only been seated there a minute when the man came back. He stooped over her, and lifted up her face.

"It's for your own good," he said. "There, don't cry, girl. If I win, as I'm sure to, with such dreams, you shall have it back. I don't rob you to pamper myself. Why, look at my rags? and I live on a crust and a bone. No matter; we'll be rich together yet."

He kissed her on her forehead, and she sobbed, "Oh, God help and save you!" and they parted—he crossing the bridge, she going back home.

We went on to Mr. Twist's, and went home after our hair was done, and had not much chance to talk over the matter that night. But at breakfast-time next morning, John, directly after a description of the supper at the party the night before, burst out suddenly,

"Didn't our Peggy meet a horrid old kidnapper on the bridge, Vi?"

"A kidnapper," asked mother, with a laugh in her eyes.

"Yes, ma," said John; "and she gave him a diamond ring, and he kissed her."

Grand-aunt Glengarrow uttered a little shriek, and started up from the table.

"She's got it at last," she cried. "I knew no good could come from those Hoods!"

I felt a presentiment, and rushed up stairs. I began to laugh.

"It was Peggy's own ring," I said. "She wore it around her neck by a ribbon."

"But kiss a man on the bridge," said mother. "Was he a lover?"

"Oh no!" I answered. "He didn't look like one; at least not like the one I saw in the play."

"I bet you he was; 'cause he kissed her," said John; "but wasn't he funny?"

"I don't half like this," muttered mother.

Just then back came aunt Glengarrow.

"It's gone," she screamed; "the ring is gone. The pin and ear-rings are there; but the ring is gone—worth four hundred dollars—fine stones in it. I told you Feggy Hood came of a bad stock."

Father arose, and put his hand on his aunt's arm.

"Now, auntie," he said, "be quiet; you'll find your ring, as you have your fan and your handkerchief a hundred times."

"I sha'n't," said the old lady. "Do you suppose I leave diamonds of that value lying about loose?"

Father went on as though she had not spoken—

"And before you take away the girl's character you must be certain. Not a word until the house is searched."

Father was master. All that day was spent in the search of every room, every box, every drawer. The very carpets were turned up; but no ring was found.

At night a report was made to that effect; and grand-aunt Glengarrow was no longer to be restrained. Still my father had his way.

Into the parlor, with closed doors, Peggy Hood was summoned as the clock struck seven.

She came in, neat and pretty as ever, expecting some directions for the night, such as were sometimes given if we were not well. Her "well, ma'am" sounded pleasant and unsuspicious.

Mother burst into tears.

"Peggy," she said, "remember I don't believe it. You may be a poor silly girl; but you are not bad, I know."

"Bad!" cried Peggy. "What do you mean, ma'am?"

"We mean you are a thief!" cried aunt Glengarrow. "Like father like child. What have you done with my diamond ring?"

"Hush, auntie," said father. "Now, Peggy, listen. A valuable ring belonging to Mrs. Glengarrow is missing; circumstances appear to point you out as the culprit; we have proof that you have had a ring in your possession; that you gave one to a man near the bridge on New-Year's Day. I am willing to believe you sorely tempted—to be as lenient as possible. Tell us where the ring is, and you shall be mercifully dealt with."

Poor Peggy stared at my father, and her very lips grew white.

"I never saw Mrs. Glengarrow's ring, except upon her finger," she said. "Oh, Sir, do you think so badly of me?"

"Hypocrite!" cried aunt Glengarrow. "You wicked woman. I suppose you'll deny being at the bridge at all."

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"She won't do *that*, for I saw her," said John.

"No, master John," said Peggy, "I was there."

"And you met a man and kissed him and gave him something."

"God help us both! Yes."

Poor Peggy clasped her hands as she said this. And my father asked, sternly, "What did you give him?"

"Money," answered Peggy—"money and a ring. It was my own; I have had it three years. You've seen the ribbon round my neck, ma'am."

"A ribbon is not a ring," said aunt Glengarrow.

"Can you prove this?" asked my father.

"Miss Violette saw the ring."

"I did," I said.

"After she'd stolen it," said aunt Glengarrow.

"It was on Wednesday," cried Peggy, eagerly.

"I'm sure I don't know *when* you took the ring," said aunt Glengarrow.

"Peggy," said my father, "if you speak the truth send for this man and let him show the ring you gave him."

"I can not," said Peggy.

"Tell us where he is."

"Never!" answered Peggy Hood; and the tone was so solemn that it sounded like an oath.

"Then you have only your own word for evidence?"

"That is all, Sir. Oh, can't you believe me?"

"I could, Peggy," said father; "but appearances are much against you, and I am not the party most interested here. I'm sorry for you; but unless you tell me that man's name, and where to find him—"

"I can't do that, Sir," said Peggy, with a sob.

"And to screen some disreputable lover you'll lose character and friends," sobbed my mother.

Peggy answered not one word.

To cut a long matter short, aunt Glengarrow used her power, and in a few hours Peggy Hood was arrested on a charge of larceny. Mother and father testified to her good character and behavior. But what John had to tell, child as he was, seemed proof sufficient, and there was that feeling against her, the old story of her father's crime, and the belief that she came of a bad stock and could not do well. Poor Peggy Hood was found guilty.

When I found that all I had to tell about the ring I had seen, which I thought would save her, only went to prove that she had aunt Glengarrow's diamonds in her possession, I was so horrified that it made me quite ill. I fainted, I think, and they took me home, and I was feverish and delirious for a good many days. When I was better, and first able to go down stairs in my little pink dressing-gown, ruffled all around by Peggy's own hands, I found the house in some commotion. The waste-pipe in the bath-room was stopped up, and there had been quite a flood on the lower floor. It had been bailed out, however, and a man was there examining the pipes.

He was a red-faced man—redder than usual I thought from stooping—and very fond of talking. Mother, aunt Glengarrow, and the cook were inspecting his operations with the skirts of their dresses held gingerly up from the damp floor.

"You say this here hasn't been long out o' order," he said. "A gradual accumulation of filth might be the cause—"

"A gradual accumulation of filth in my house, indeed!" said mother.

"Or servants might have thrown in bones or potato peelings."

"*Me* throw tater skins in the bath-room!" gasped cook.

"Or some lady might hev lost off a stocking."

"What does the man think of me?" said Aunt Glengarrow. "The thing is out of order. The day I was drowned I said so."

"Drowned, mum?" cried the man amazed.

"Nearly, I mean," said aunt. "Well, what now?"

"I've discovered suthin," said the man, poking the pipe with vigor. "It *is* a stocking! There now!" and out came with a tug a dingy wad of stuff which might have once been gray, or blue, or even white.

"So it is," said mother.

"No it isn't," said aunt. "It's paper."

The man had come forward with his prize, holding it between a thumb and finger. In the hall without stood a table and he laid it there, the rest gathering around. Twisted by the pipe it was hard to tell what the bit of muslin had been, but the big fingers unwound the ball, and before us lay a handkerchief embroidered and marked G. G.

"It's one of yours, aunt," said mother.

Aunt Glengarrow turned pale.

"And there's something tied up in the corner," said the man. "A bit of money likely, if I can but get it out; that has helped to wedge it. Ah, there it is!" and with a final tug the knot was undone and out upon the table rolled my grand-aunt Glengarrow's diamond ring.

"Great Heavens!" cried my aunt. "I remember now distinctly tying up the ring in my handkerchief and putting it about my neck to keep it safe. I've perjured myself!" And for the first time in her life aunt Glengarrow fainted in good earnest, while mother went off into hysterics.

We are not heathen at Mapletown. So I need not tell you that Peggy was set free at once, and that father brought her home to our house again. But of course you don't know, unless I tell you, that when mother said, "Peggy, if you want me to think right well of you, you must tell me the truth about that man on the bridge on New-Year's Day." The poor girl said, "I couldn't tell you then; it might have harmed him, and could have done me no good. It was my poor father, ma'am, who has found the world against him for so many years, and who gambles away all he can earn, and all that I can give him. God help him! And the ring—no diamond, only a common stone of some kind though the gold was good—was a present from Will Brace, who would have married me if he had not gone down at sea with the rest of the crew of the *Star Queen* three years ago. And Peggy burst into tears, and mother kissed her and we were so glad to have her back again. I like a story that ends well; and this time the truth is very pleasant. Only think of father's hunting up that poor wretched gambler, Jack Hood, and taking him into his own office and saving him after all; and of one day a great ocean steamer bringing back a crew of shipwrecked men taken from a desert island, and of one of those sailors being Will Brace, our Peggy's betrothed lover. It sounds too good to be true, but it is. And Peggy was married last Thursday in the church, looking lovely in her pure white dress. And that father of hers was there to give her away, quite a nice looking elderly man in black, not the least like the wretched creature who shivered on the bridge on New-Year's Day five years before. And, strangest of all, though just as true as the rest, aunt Glengarrow was there, in the best of humors, to give that dear old Peggy Hood the identical diamond ring as a wedding present. And it was altogether like a play, with every thing turning out right in the last act.

MY BOY BEN.

"CINDY!"

The girl leaned from the window of the room she was dusting. Fair and blue-eyed, somewhat pretty, there was yet a lurking something in her face that told you she belonged to the subject race.

"Yes, Ben," looking up and down the fragrant garden paths for the owner of the voice, and finally right down beneath the window, where he stood with a pruning-knife in his hand and some clippings from the tall flowering shrub he had been trimming. Nothing in *his* face to tell what blood darkened in his veins, unless it might be the spark that smouldered, as it were, in his full dark eye. He was tall and lithely made, his features aristocratic enough in mould for the most exacting taste, and he carried himself like a prince in disguise.

"It's true, Cindy, what I told you. Master Perry is only home on furlough. He's taken a commission in the Richmond army. I saw his uniform hid away in the oak wardrobe, not half an hour ago. And the family are going back with him when he goes. So it's good-by to our chance if we don't take it pretty soon."

"What shall we do, Ben?" Cindy said, clasping her hands.

Ben reached up and pulled her ear down to a level with his lips.

"Take our chance to-night, if we care enough for it," he whispered; "the Union lines are only six miles off."

"But master will go after us," she answered, in the same breathless voice.

"I know; and they'd give us up to him, because he pretends to be Union. And I can't prove that he ain't. But, my girl, we won't go as *Cindy and Ben*. You'll put on a suit of Master Walt's, and I shall wear Master Perry's uniform!"

Cindy drew back from Ben's triumphant look, fairly aghast with the daringness of the proposition.

"Don't you be scared, Cindy, it ain't half so bad as to stay. And remember what that would be. How did your old mother die? and where's Jube? and what was Lizzy whipped for? Will you go?"

Cindy was crying bitterly. "Yes, oh yes!"

"Get away as early as you can then, to-night, and wear a suit of Master Walt's. Look as much like him as you can; I'll be waiting at the bottom of the garden."

It was near midnight when the two met again at the foot of the garden; Cindy looking as much like the spruce young student, Master Walt, as his clothes could make her, but shaking with fear till her teeth chattered.

Ben she at first took for Master Perry himself, and was for running back to the house when he stopped her. Ben's eyes flashed like the buttons on his master's uniform.

"Do I look enough like him to pass for him, Cindy?" he asked, drawing himself up.

"You look like his very self, Ben."

"Then I am him, Captain Perry Littlejohn, of the Confederate service—remember, Cindy—and you're my boy Jube, and I'm going to desert to the old flag I never wanted to fight against. That's about what I heard a deserter tell 'em when I went to the Union camp with a load of sweet-potatoes the other day. Wonder if those Yankee soldiers will see any resemblance between Captain Littlejohn and his boy Ben?"

Cindy watched her lover, speechless with admiration; too much bewildered, indeed, to detect the fine sarcasm that underlay his light speech.

"The devil! ha, ha! ho, ho! What the mischief does this mean, Ben, you rascal?"

It was Captain Perry himself, who had been listening some time among the branches of the tree under which they stood, waiting for the night to get a little darker. He swung himself down now, and laid his hand lightly on Ben's shoulder, almost convulsed with laughter at the idea of *his* servant in *his* uniform, and pretending to pass for *himself*!

"It means that I'm going to try freedom, Master Perry," said Ben, quietly. "Come, Cindy."

He sprang from under Littlejohn's hand, and darted down the avenue.

Poor Cindy was too frightened to move, and let Master Perry take her back to the house without the faintest show of resistance.

Master Perry was very angry by this time; but he did not offer to pursue the fugitive.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered. "I'll go over to the Union camp after him to-morrow; and I don't think he'll ever try it again after I've given him a certain practical illustration of the consequences of such impertinence. Won't the Yankees stare, though—curse them—when they find that, instead of Captain Littlejohn, deserter, they've only got my slave-boy, Ben? They're just soft enough to swallow that imposition."

Cindy listened to him, shuddering. She had often heard Ben say he would never live to be whipped; and some instinct of this in the family had hitherto spared him such ignominy. Now, however, it seemed that nothing could save him.

True to his word, Master Perry went over to the Union camp in the morning to claim his slave. He had rested very contentedly overnight in the belief that he would experience no difficulty in obtaining possession of him, and his meditations were chiefly of the punishment necessary to prevent such impertinence in future. Ben was very spirited; he knew that well enough; but all the more reason why his spirit should be broken.

"A fellow representing himself as Captain Littlejohn, deserter from the Confederate service?" repeated the officer to whom Littlejohn presented himself. "Why, yes, I believe we have got such a man here. He's under guard, though, till the matter can be investigated. Do you know any thing about him?"

Littlejohn laughed.

"I ought to, seeing I'm Cap—ahem—Littlejohn myself, and the fellow you have got is only my boy Ben, done up in my—ahem—in a uniform the fellow got hold of somewhere."

"What?"

Littlejohn repeated his story somewhat more coherently. There were some quicksands in the vicinity of that uniform, but he floundered through them; and Colonel Manning, amused and perplexed both, sent a file of men after the mysterious Captain.

Ben came into the presence, looking like a Major-General at the very least. The uniform became him wonderfully, and having already snuffed a few hours of free air he carried himself several inches taller than usual, and looked so handsome and dignified withal that it was much easier believing Littlejohn "my boy Ben" than Ben himself.

"You certainly do resemble each other," said Colonel Manning to the slave claimant, "and really, Sir, where master and slave so strangely resemble each other, really—"

He hesitated, still between amusement and real perplexity, while Littlejohn colored, angrily.

"Do you mean to insult me, Sir?" feeling for his sword; but Ben had it.

"By no means, Captain."

Ben, at too great a distance to hear the conversation, was regarding his quondam master with an indescribably ferocious air, copied from the most approved specimens of Southern chivalry he had ever seen.

"Captain, this gentleman lays a very singular claim to—"

The bogus Captain interrupted the hesitating sentence with a ferocious scowl, and then laughing lightly, said,

"You are facetious, Colonel, ha! ha! to call my boy Ben this gentleman."

Here was a situation! Which was "My boy Ben," or was either? The Colonel began to look cloudy, vaguely suspecting that he was being made the victim of some family hoax.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I see no other way but to place you both under arrest till this matter can be properly investigated."

"Come to inform against me as a rebel, eh?" asked Ben, slave wit getting ahead of the gentleman's only instinct on the other side.

"You rascal—" began Littlejohn; but Colonel Manning informed him that personal invective could not be indulged there, the *Captain* showed himself quite the most a gentleman of the two.

"Captain? *he's* no Captain: this is an outrage, Colonel Manning—a deliberate outrage!"

"Why, Ben, what game are you up to now? The cleverest joker you ever saw, Colonel," the real Ben said, with an air that staggered Littlejohn himself.

Colonel Manning tried to smile, but it was hard work, the whole affair was so bewildering. And he had grown more and more suspicious that he was being hoaxed somehow. His sentiments concerning the contrabands were peculiar, somebody might have hit upon this plan to test them.

He accordingly, as the simplest way out of the dilemma, ordered the mysterious pair both under arrest for the present.

Southern temper was scarcely able to contain itself then, and sputtered and fumed vehemently, but in vain. Ben marched away with his chuckling guard like a conquering hero.

A messenger was dispatched to the Littlejohn family mansion when Master Perry got cool enough to suggest such a proceeding. But the messenger must have lost his way, though it was plain enough, for nothing more was heard of him till the following day toward noon.

Meanwhile, next morning, a little before light, a blue-eyed, fair-faced young woman calling herself Cindy, came struggling into the Union camp, and fell fainting with terror at the feet of the compassionate picket who hailed her. A slight examination showed that it was probably not altogether terror made the girl faint. Her shoulders were bruised and lacerated: she had been whipped for trying to run away. That was evident enough.

We all know what Yankee soldiers are in such a case. One of those who stood there and heard poor Cindy's story had dabbled in law before he became a soldier, and was consequently dubbed "the lawyer" by his comrades. He managed somehow to get speech with Captain Littlejohn *alias* Ben; and the consequence was, that when Colonel Manning, having pondered the matter, had that curious case of "My boy Ben" up again in the morning, Ben, looking as much like a Major-General as ever, told the Colonel with dignified courtesy that if he would permit him (Ben) to say a few words and ask a few questions, he would prove entirely to his satisfaction which of the two was really Captain Littlejohn.

Colonel Manning assented, and Ben proceeded:

"If even I were the slave of this man calling himself Perry Littlejohn, has not the United States Congress passed a law confiscating the slaves of all rebels?"

"Congress has passed such a law."

"Then, Sir, this matter is easy of settlement. For the easier arrangement of it I am willing to acknowledge that I *was* the property of Perry Littlejohn; but having in my possession proof that he is a rebel. I am now confiscated to the United States. This uniform, you will find, if you wish to test the matter, fits that gentleman better even than myself. I took it from his wardrobe the night I came here. In this pocket of it you will find his commission, under rebel signature, as an officer in the rebel army. By sending to his father's house and examining his father's private papers you will find ample proof that he is also a rebel. Till you have ascertained these circumstances to be as I represent them, Colonel, I shall await with hope that judgment which makes me either a free man or *his slave*."

Perry Littlejohn, Esq., had very little to say—or rather he had much, but it was of little avail.

His father, coming to claim Cindy, was detained till a sort of investigating committee could be sent to his house.

The result proved that Ben had told the truth, and Colonel Manning being very exact in such matters, the Littlejohn slaves fulfilled the letter of the law, and became confiscated.

They had a wedding in camp the next day. Ben and Cindy were married.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ONE of our city confectioners advertises broken hearts for thirteen cents per pound!

EAU WHERE, AND EAU WHERE!—"There has been a frightful fire," we have just read, "at Vichy." Well, then, we should like to know what the Vichy waters we hear about are worth?

THE COWARD'S "ARMS."—His *legs*.

Man is born of woman; and he may often die of her.

Why is a washer-woman like Saturday?—Because she brings in the clothes (close) of the week.

NOTICE.—The gentleman who, the other day, ran away from home without stopping to take his breath is requested to fetch it as quickly as possible.

Soft words butter no parsnips, but a new bonnet presented to a wife will cover a multitude of her husband's sins.

PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A "LATE" PHYSICIAN.—"The fellow got well before I came."

Those who "*sow* wild oats generally reap a crop of *tears*."

MULTUM IN PARVO.—The soul in the body.

A THIRD-BOTTLE CONUNDRUM.—When are the Funds unsteady?—When money is "tight."

An alderman was heard the other day getting off the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic: "All human things are holow; I'm a human thing, therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow, therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I'm able."

QUIET AMUSEMENT.

CURIOUS INQUIRER. "Gardener, why do you water the sidewalk so much?"

GARDENER.—"Sure, master has nothing to amuse him, and so he makes me keep the sidewalk wet, while he looks out o' the windy at the ladies' ankles."

The surgeon of an English ship of war used to prescribe salt-water for his patients in all disorders. Having failed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened by some mischance to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars next day if he had heard any thing of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack: "he was drowned last night in his own medicine chest."

"I'm very much surprised," quoth Harry,
"That Jane a gambler should marry."
"I'm not at all," her sister says,
"You know he has such winning ways!"

One of the curiosities some time since shown at a public exhibition professed to be a skull of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman present observed that it could not be Cromwell's, as he had a very large head, and this was a small skull. "Oh, I know all that," said the exhibitor, undisturbed; "but, you see, this was his skull when he was a boy."

It is too true that there are many patriots, who, while they bleat about the "*cause* of liberty," act in so interested a manner that they are evidently looking more after the *effects*.

An Englishman paying an Irish shoe-black with rudeness, the "dirty urchin" said, "My honey, all the *polish* you have is upon your boots, and I gave you that."

They can not be complete in aught
Who are not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

Hook one day walking in the Strand with a friend had his attention directed to a very pompous gentleman, who strutted along as if the street were his own. Instantly leaving his companion, Hook went up to the stranger and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but pray may I ask—*are you any body in particular?*" Before the astonished magnifico could collect himself so as to reply practically or otherwise to the query, Hook had passed on.

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," he said, "not so;
But man and wife a*re one, you know;
And when *alone* I am weary!"

A Yorkshire clergyman, preaching for the Blind Asylum, began by gravely remarking: "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy *sight* it would be!"

A man with one eye laid a wager with another man, that he (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," says the first; "I can see the *two* eyes in your face, and you can see only *one* in mine."

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a bombshell?—One is heir to the throne, the other is thrown to the air. [The Prince himself, on hearing this, declared it to be simply a-bomb-inable.]

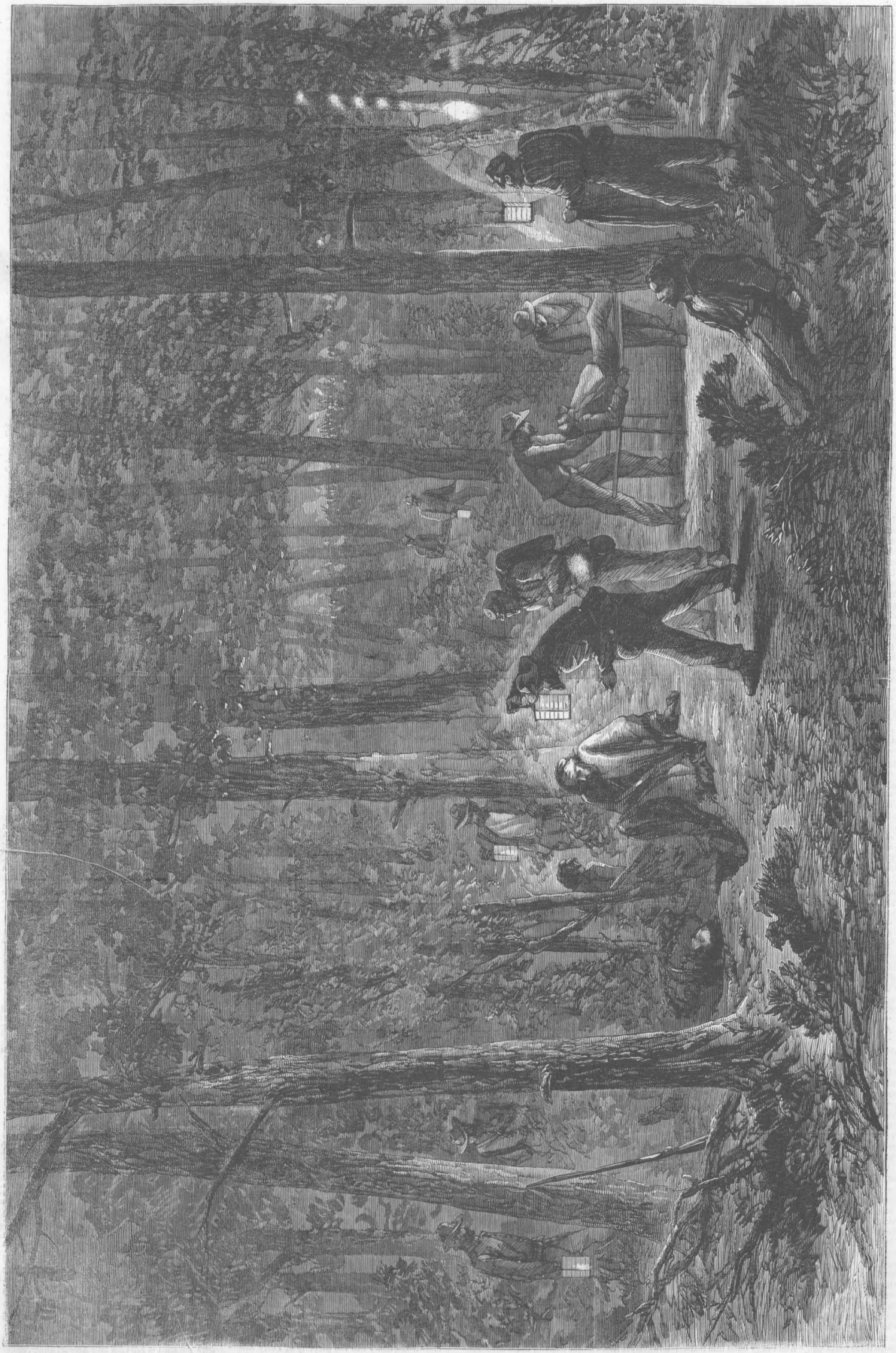
"When I first married my wife," said a fond husband, "I loved her so much that I could have eaten her; and now," he added, with a sigh, "I wish to Heaven I had."

NEVER DESPAIR.

The *very obstacles* to fame
Are *stepping-stones* unto the same.

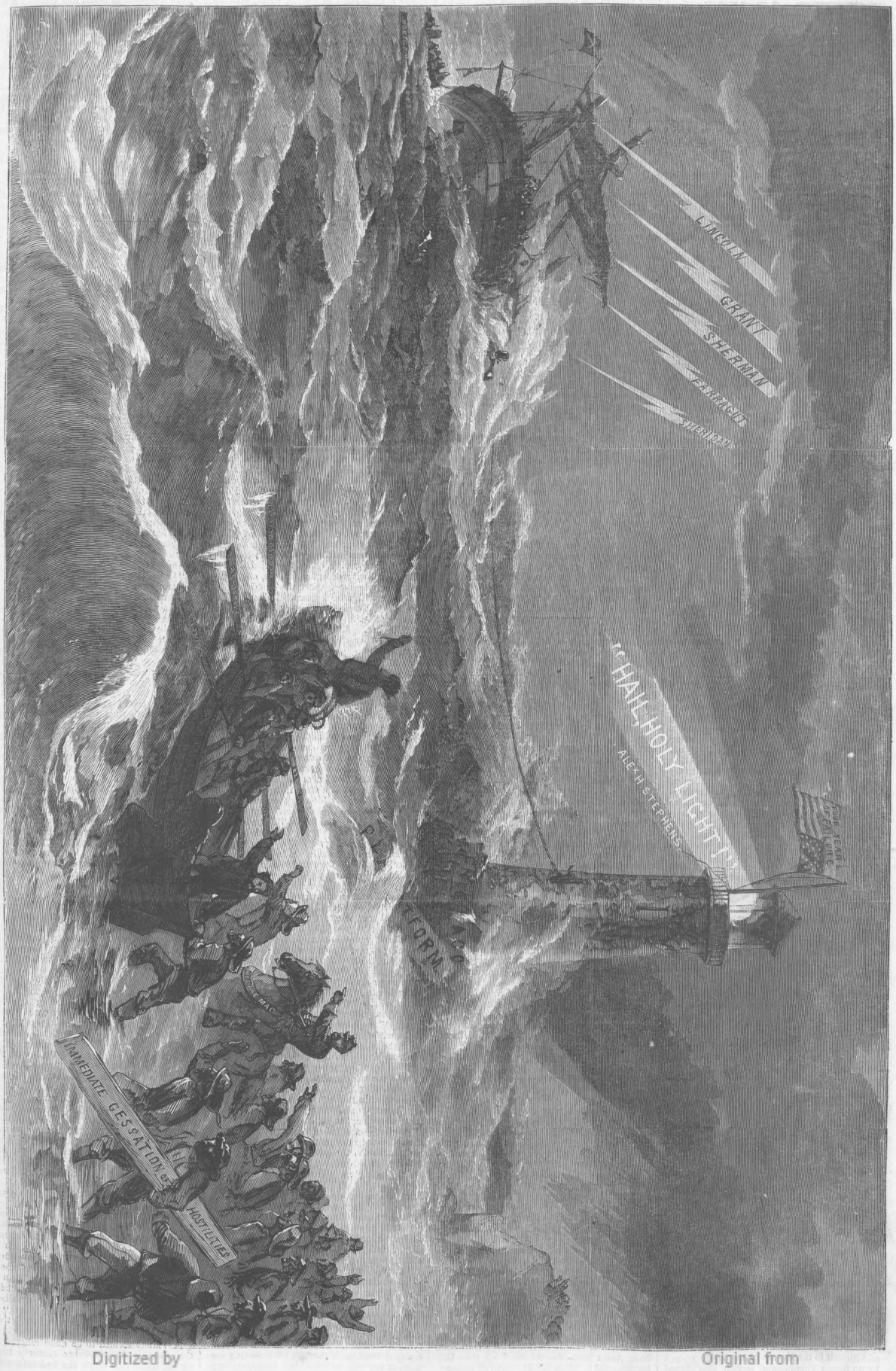
Miss Annie Mossity and Mrs. Ann Tippathy are earnestly requested to call upon Miss Amy A. Billity, and remove the bad impression they left behind them on Tuesday.

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NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 693.]

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THE FORLORN HOPE—THE SHIP "SECESSION" IN THE BREAKERS, THE CHICAGO WRECKERS RUSHING TO THE RESCUE.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE JONES.—[SEE PAGE 691.]

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LI.

PRESENTIMENT.

THE countess and Lily were speedily installed in the Cottage.

The dwelling placed at the countess's disposal by Mr. M'Variety might, with almost equal propriety, have been dubbed the Barn, or the Mansion House, or the Log Cabin; for it partook, in pretty well-balanced degrees, of each and every one of the characteristics of the edifices just mentioned. Perhaps, when Ranelagh was the country-house of some great seventeenth-century nobleman, it had been a Mansion—indeed, it yet boasted a fine old carved porch, and some latticed windows with deep embrasures of stone, which had a Mansion House look; but it had been half burned down, and patched up again with bricks and boards in a most heterogeneous fashion. What kind of roof it had originally possessed was uncertain. The existing one was certainly of thatch. Its career had been an eminently varied one; and successive lessees of Ranelagh had put it to all kinds of uses. Mrs. Snuffburn, the housekeeper, who had lived through many managements, and whose memory was prodigious, was ready to take her affidavit that she had known the Cottage when it was converted into a cow-house. Manager Wobbels, who rented the gardens in '36, the Great Balloon year, was of an agricultural turn of mind, and kept pigs in the garden attached to the Cottage. His famous trotting pony, Hydrocephalous, was put out to grass in the adjoining paddock, and in the great hall he kept the Indian corn which he had grown after an approved recipe of the late Mr. Cobbett. The corn came up beautifully; only the rats devoured the greater portion of the crop when it was garnered in, and the residue turned bad, so as to excite, the rather, ridicule than competition when exhibited on a stall in Mark Lane as the Royal Ranelagh Corn.

Monsieur Folliculaire, from Paris, who took the Gardens in the Coronation year (you remember: Folliculaire of Tivoli and the Montagnes Russes, who used to give promenade concerts long before Jullien was heard of), "remounted," to use his own expression, and redecorated the Cottage in the Louis Quinze style, covering the ceilings with flying personages out of Lemprière's Dictionary, and very scantily attired, and the walls with mirrors, gaseliers, and festooned draperies of pink and white glazed calico. Folliculaire was an imaginative man, mad as a March hare. His endeavors, nevertheless, were commendable. At the clapping of hands tables laden with the choicest viands and the rarest wines were to rise through trap-doors; you had only to lift a corner of the table-cloth to find the keys of a harpsichord; and the ice-creams were always sent up in shapes representing the Vénus de Médicis or the Belle Chocolatière. But the machinery of the supper-tables wouldn't work, and the choice viands and rare wines were apt either to stick, in medio, between supper-room and cellar, after the manner of Mohammed's coffin, or else to shoot up suddenly, with alarming crash of crockery-ware, scattering dismay and gravy among the assembled guests. Compelled to have recourse to manual aid in lieu of mechanical appliances, Folliculaire engaged waitresses who wore high powdered toupees, hoops, short skirts, and high-heeled shoes, according to the pattern of the shepherdesses of Watteau and Lancret. These young ladies, however, complained that the high-heeled shoes, in addition to being painful to walk upon, conduced to corns, and that the powder spoiled their hair. Folliculaire suggested wigs; but the perrukes were continually tumbling into plates of lobster salad, and, besides, made the young ladies' hands ache. In despair, he replaced the shepherdesses by a corps of graceful nymphs attired as vivandières of the French army; and for a while the blue tunics, white aprons, and scarlet pantaloons proved very attractive; but, as a rule, the British aristocracy were languid in availing themselves of the delights of the Trianon Pompadour; and the sudden bankruptcy and flight of Folliculaire (he now keeps a coffee-house at Malta) nipped in the bud his ingenious project for converting the Trianon into an Oriental Kiosque, with divans for smokers, and a bevy of houris, dressed like Gulbeyaz in Don Juan, to hand chibouques, narghilés, and coffee to the visitors, and execute Bayadère dances in the centre of the saloon.

By turns property-room, scene-shed, fire-work repository, and general repository for odds and ends, the Cottage had fallen into a curious state of dilapidation. The night-watchman lived there at one period. Sundry cocks and hens found out that the deserted rooms were good places to roost in, but they were at length driven out by the rats. At last a legend, which had long lain dormant, was revived, and the Cottage was declared to be haunted. The watchman, who averred that he had seen sights "enuff to make a man's marrer turn to hice," but was otherwise (as is ordinarily the case with ghost-seers) unable to particularize that which he had seen, removed to other quarters; while people, who hadn't seen any thing, were, as usual, quite ready to invest the supernatural visitants of the Cottage with a definite form, only they were not unanimous. There was a party for a lady in a white night-gown much bedabbled with blood; there was another (headed by the cook) who placed implicit faith in the nocturnal appearance of a figure with horns and hoofs, who vomited sulphurous flames, and was supposed to be the spectre of a deceased fire-work man, who had sold himself to the Enemy of Mankind; while a by no means uninfluential section, who pinned their faith to the assertions of the chief lamplighter, entertained no doubt whatever as to the periodical issue from the Cottage of two skeleton forms, mounted, one on the shoulders of the other, on a black horse, with eyes of fire. These were at once set down as the phantoms of the dauntless but unfortunate Babylonian Brothers, both of whom contrived to break their necks in a dare-devil ring performance in the reign of Manager Wobbel.

His subordinates thought Mr. M'Variety a very bold man, when, on assuming the lesseeship of Ranelagh, he announced his intention of living in the haunted Cottage. People tried to dissuade him from the idea, but he laughed them to scorn. "Just the very thing I've been trying for all my life," he remarked, in answer to their expostulations. "Only show me a downright bona fide ghost," he said, "and if it's a he, or if it's a she, I'll sign a three years' engagement with that ghost at ten, fifteen, and twenty pounds a week. What stunning double crown posters we would have out about it to be sure! Eh, Billy Van Post? 'The Ghost at Ranelagh: no augmentation of prices.' It would be tremendous." Mr. M'Variety, it will be remembered, lived slightly in advance of the period when every manager throughout the empire could have his ghost by application to Professor Pepper.

Mr. M'Variety, however, did not find it possible to add a "downright bona fide ghost" to the attractions of Ranelagh. His only nocturnal visitors were rats, and they, yielding to a judicious course of arsenical treatment, speedily left the Cottage in the prosaic phase of being rather an old-fashioned place, slightly rickety, and not very weather-tight. The manager, who had an eccentric fancy for occupying at least half a score of residences at the same time—his enemies ascribed to him as a motive for thus multiplying his domicile a desire to "dodge" the sheriffs of different counties who might possibly have judgments against him—took a fancy into his head that the Cottage would be a snug little retreat when he was detained late in town, and a pleasant change for him when he was tired of his villa at Isleworth, his family residence in Brompton, his big house near Dorset Square, his chambers in Lyons Inn, and a queer little place, half office, half dwelling-house, he occupied in a triangular yard, beginning with a soap-boiler's and ending with a livery-stable, but dignified with the name of a square, and called after some saint, which he occupied in the wilds of Finsbury, somewhere between London-wall and Bishopsgate.

He soon grew tired of the Cottage, however, and said that it gave him the blues. He christened it the "Dismal Swamp." He was, perhaps, disappointed at finding no ghosts about the premises. After a few weeks he ceased to reside there, and abandoned it to the occupation of the celebrated Albino Family from the Valley of Dappes. The Albino Patriarch, his wife, and four children, all with fuzzy heads of hair, like spun glass; all with pink eyes, violet gums, teeth of a pale mauve, and ass's milk complexions, lived here for a while. They were very quarrelsome, and from black eyes and contused noses distributed among them by the Patriarch (who drank), were frequently rendered unfit for exhibition. After this they returned to the Valley of Dappes, where the youngest Albino girl, being alone on the top of a high mountain tending goats, was fortunate enough, in an ecstatic vision, to have an interview with Saint Teresa of Lima, who informed her that the Valley of Dappes was going to the devil through the deplorable addictedness of the population to drinking hard cider and reading the *Siècle* newspaper on the Sabbath-day. She forthwith became a miracle; the clergy took her up; Monseigneur the Bishop absolutely condescended to issue a mandement about her, gently hinting that people who didn't believe in miracles in general, and St. Teresa of Lima in particular, were babes of perdition, and candidates for perpetual brimstone; and the whole family did much better than when they were at Ranelagh, the pink-eyed Patriarch drinking more freely than ever.

After their departure, and a brief interregnum, during which nobody to speak of save a mouldy man in a snuff-colored coat, a Scotch cap, and a red worsted comforter, the fringes of which he used as a pocket-handkerchief, who had his dinner (generally consisting of tripe, liver, or some other visceral matter) sent him daily in a basin, drank cold coffee out of a black bottle labeled "rue gin," read with great persistency a pamphlet containing a report of the murder of Lord William Russell by Benjamin Courvoisier, and was stated to be in the employ of the Sheriff of Surrey—after the transitory occupation of the Cottage by this personage, another family was billeted there by the hospitable Mr. M'Variety. These were the Ouli Zoug Zoug Arabs from Mecca. There was a grandfather, who was a sheik, and wore a green turban, but was one night recognized by a stray tourist as having been head shampooer at a bath in Cairo. The same tourist declared that the sheik's eldest son had frequently attended on him in the capacity of a donkey-boy at Alexandria; that the sheik himself, in the intervals of shampooing, was in the habit of relating improper stories, receiving payment in copper for the same; that the mother and her two daughters had belonged to the honorable fraternity of Almé; and that one particular houri, with the biggest black eyes ever seen out of a sloe-bush, whose vocation it was to sit cross-legged in very baggy trowsers, on a divan, and smoke a hubble-bubble, was an Algerian Jewess, who had formerly kept a little shop for the sale of sham sequins, and attar of roses even more spurious, in Marseilles. Be it as it may, the Ouli Zoug Zoug Arabs from Mecca were for a time very instrumental in filling Mr. M'Variety's treasury. It was a great sight to see the sheik, with his very big green turban, and his very long white beard, strumming on a species of banjo—the Arab mandolin, I presume—while the Jewess smoked her narghilé, and the daughters danced the shawl dance, kicking off their yellow slippers, and letting down their back hair in the most exciting passages, while the old woman, who had a pair of mustaches which would have done honor to a grenadier of the Old Guard, handed coffee round to the visitors at a shilling a cup; and the son, who had been a donkey-boy, executed complicated sarabands and back somersaults, uttering, meanwhile, the cries of his native country. The family were strict Mohammedans, and when they ate butchers' meat, which was seldom, a sheep was purchased for them, which they killed on the premises. You paid six-pence extra to see the sheik groveling on his prayer carpet; and the ladies never appeared in the promenade in the Gardens after the performance without being strictly veiled. It was, however, unfortunately discovered that even the tourist was wrong in his shampooing theory, and that the sheik was an Irishman, who had been discharged, not honorably, from the service of the Honorable East India Company. A newspaper exposure put an end to the performances of the Ouli Zoug Zoug Arabs. They essayed to work the provinces, first as Dancing Dervishes, and next as Maronite Christians fleeing from the cruel persecutions of the Turkish Government; but were at last obliged to retire to Mecca, or Ireland, or obscurity.

And now the Cottage was occupied by Madame Ernestine, as the direct heir and next of kin, in a professional line, of the Ouli Zoug Zoug Arabs, stars of the East whose light had waned and flickered and gone out, like many other lights of the other days of Ranelagh. But Madame Ernestine's star, at this moment, seemed to be in the ascendant, and Mr. M'Variety had paid full homage to her importance by furnishing the Cottage with many elegant articles which he had not vouchsafed to former occupants. He had fitted up the largest apartment as a drawing-room, and flattered himself that he had done the thing in first-rate style. It is true that the carpet did not cover the whole of the room; but it was a bright red one, of a large pattern, with a fringe all round, and was thus a little suggestive of Indian splendor. The curtains of the windows were somewhat dingy and faded; but being lined with new pink calico, and tied up with yellow cord, with depending tassels, of the patterns which we see in portraits of military heroes, taken with a back-ground of pillar and curtained sky, were indicative, particularly from the outside, of dainty elegance combined with magnificence. Mr. M'Variety had aimed at splendor rather than comfort, and, with this view, had introduced a great deal of lacquered brass and gilding into the apartment. There were heavy gilt cornices over the windows; an ormolu clock, with an obstinate partiality for half past four, on the mantle-shelf; two or three rickety inlaid tables, with brass rosettes on their hips, and brass claws at the extremities of their legs; a tremendous ormolu chandelier, designed on a scale adapted to halls of dazzling light, and consequently altogether out of proportion to its present sphere, and a dozen or so of white and gold chairs, which had evidently, at one time or other, formed a portion of the costly furniture in the grand salon of a stage marquis. All this would doubtless have been very magnificent had not the effect been slightly marred by traces of the Albino Family and the Ouli Zoug Zougs on the walls and ceiling. Those traces consisted of stains and splashes upon the dingy paper, as if the Patriarch had been in the habit of throwing his heel-taps in the faces of the members of his amiable family, and missing his mark; and of dark smudges upon the ceiling, dimly suggesting that the Zoug Zougs had used the apartment as a dormitory, and been accustomed to go upon nocturnal hunting expeditions with a tallow-candle. It was suggested by a certain person that, in order to have all things in keeping, it would be well to treat the walls to a new paper, and the ceiling to a pail of whitewash, but Mr. M'Variety would not hear of such a thing. "Never mind paper and whitewash," he said; "with all this gold about, and that magnificent chandelier which cost a hundred pounds when new if it cost a penny, the room will look first-rate at night. When Madame sits in one of those gilded chairs with her feet upon the back of that gilt stool, she'll think she is a countess in downright earnest."

Two of the smaller apartments had been fitted up as bedrooms, one for Madame Ernestine and the other for Lily. The appointments of these rooms were in much better taste than those of the drawing-room. Lily's little dormitory was exceedingly neat and dainty. It was furnished all in white—a white carpet with a small blue forget-me-not running through it, white dimity curtains to the little bed, and a white muslin covering on the toilet-table, on which stood an oval looking-glass in a white enameled frame, wreathed about with lace. Madame's room was furnished with equal comfort and elegance, but more gaudily, and not in white.

Mr. M'Variety flattered himself that the countess would be charmed with her new abode, particularly after her residence in the humble salons of Mr. Kafooze. When he heard that she was coming over to take possession he stationed himself in the carved porch to bid her welcome, and perhaps also to give himself the gratification of witnessing her delight and surprise. The countess did not make her appearance at the exact moment she was expected—she never did—but she came at length, wrapped in an elegant sealskin cloak, poor Lily following at her heels, carrying a bandbox. The countess was magnificently dressed, and, through the softening medium of her veil, looked almost beautiful. She was in a passion, as usual, and came up muttering something about cette vieille ganache de Kafooze.

"What's the matter now?" said Mr. M'Variety; "had any words with old Foozlum?"

"Old Foozlum, as you call him," said the countess, "is an owl, a toad, a bat, un oiseau de mauvais augure. Because I forgot the little riding-whip that Milord Carlton presented to me, and went back for it, he muttered something about his accursed stars, and said I should have no luck."

"But *you* don't believe in such nonsense?" said Mr. M'Variety, laughing.

"Believe! Bah! I believe in nothing," said the countess. "But it vexes me. Why should I have no luck? Dites-moi."

"Old Foozlum is wrong for once, countess," said Mr. M'Variety, "for luck's in your way. What do you think of this for a residence? Will it suit, eh?"

The countess surveyed the Cottage for a moment with a look of supreme contempt. "So," she said, "this is my castle! Un beau château, vraiment! A palace fit for a queen! Fit for a cow, fit for a pig, ... for any animal that Monsieur M'Variety may have reasons for accommodating with a residence in the Gardens of Ranelagh."

"Now don't say any thing disparaging of the Cottage until you've seen the inside of it," said Mr. M'Variety. "Come up stairs and I'll show you the drawing-room. But stay, one moment. Look at the porch first—a real bit of antiquity, and no mistake." And Mr. M'Variety proceeded to point out the carvings, and expatiate upon their merits as relics of antiquity and works of art.

The countess stamped her foot impatiently. "Allons, monsieur, entrons!" she said, "I don't like the porch. I don't admire it at all; it is cold and damp, like a dungeon. Ma parole d'honneur, it gives me the horrors!"

"Oh, very well. Come in and see the drawing-room; you'll like that better." And the manager led the way.

The countess, jerking an impatient gesture to Lily, immediately followed him; but she had no sooner crossed the threshold than she paused, and violently grasped M'Variety's arm.

"What's the matter?" said the manager.

"Something, I know not what," said the countess; "a sudden chill;" and she shuddered and turned pale as she spoke.

"Come to the fire and warm yourself," said the manager; "it is a bitter cold day."

The countess did not reply immediately. She stood as if transfixed by some sudden thought. At length she said:

"I do not like this place. I shall not be happy here; it chills the marrow in my bones. What did the old fool say? That I should have no luck."

"Who," said Mr. M'Variety—"who'd have thought of you being superstitious!"

"I am not superstitious," she replied; "I am cold. Give me some cognac."

"Ah, that's what you want," said the manager. "Sit down a minute by the fire in Mrs. Snuffburn's room, and I'll bring over a bottle."

Mrs. Snuffburn, a thin, gaunt, ghostly woman, very deaf, with red eyes and a shrill voice, was at the door of her apartment—which was the kitchen—awaiting the arrival of her new mistress. She stood in the doorway, stiff and solemn, like a beckoning spectre. The countess, though faint and ill, could not help commenting in her usual flattering manner upon the housekeeper's appearance. "Ah, quelle horrible vieille!" she exclaimed. "C'est une sorcière!"

Mrs. Snuffburn, being innocent of the slightest acquaintance with foreign tongues, probably took this as a compliment, for she immediately handed the countess a chair, and said, in as kindly a voice as she could command:

"Sit 'e down, ma'am, do, and warm yourself, for you look mortal cold, to be sure."

The countess sat down before the fire, put her foot upon the fender, and rested her head upon her hand. Lily had never seen her so dejected, so softened. She put down the bandbox and quietly approached her chair.

In a timid, faltering voice Lily said, "Can I do any thing for you, ma—madame?"

The countess, without moving or turning round, took the girl by the hand and drew her toward her. Poor Lily was startled and half alarmed, for the woman grasped her hand fiercely, though with something of tenderness. But the next instant, when Mr. M'Variety came bustling in with the cognac, she flung the little hand from her and pushed Lily away. "Quick," she said, holding out her hand for the glass, "or I shall do something that will make me ashamed of myself."

What was there that she, Valérie à la Beuglese, the stable-girl of Marouille—she, the wife of Griffin Blunt, the roué, the sharper, and the debauchee—she, the sham countess and heartless adventuress, the wild woman of Ventimillioni's show, Madame Ernestine, the brandy-drinking exponent of the haute-école in the circus at Ranelagh—what was it that she would be ashamed of?

Was it the weakness of allowing one spark of human womanly feeling to glow for one moment at her heart of ice; the crime of permitting that heart to melt to the extent of a single tear? It may have been. She drank off three glasses of brandy one after the other, as they were handed to her by her obsequious manager. Then rose, stood erect, and with a wave of her hand cast her thoughts and her feelings away from her, as one would cast a pebble into the sea. "C'est fini," she said; "I am better now. Let us go and view the château."

M'Variety seemed to be quite relieved when the countess recovered her ordinary humor; for the mood into which she had been sinking

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perplexed and troubled him. He was troubled as he would have been if a performing horse of his, noted for kicking and throwing his rider, had suddenly shown a disposition to be docile and steady.

The manager led the way to the drawing-room, and the countess followed briskly, singing a snatch of a gay reckless French song.

"What do you say, countess, is this your style?" he said, as he threw open the door of the gilded apartment. The proprietor of ten thousand extra lamps had not miscalculated the effect of the gilding and the brass cornices and the ormolu chandelier. The countess was delighted.

"C'est magnifique, c'est charmant!" she said. "Monsieur M'Variety, you are the prince of managers, and be assured that the disinterestedness of your regard for me has my highest consideration. You are a pattern to your profession, mon bon enfant, and I hope, when you die, you will be stuffed and put into a museum as an encouragement to managers. Ah! I see your honest face mantle with gratification at the doing of a good deed; but, ma foi, I have known managers who, if they had caught themselves performing a virtuous action, would have said their prayers for once in their lives and asked to be forgiven. But you—vous êtes la perle des entrepreneurs."

"Thank you, countess. I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. M'Variety, with a knowing look; "I'm glad you appreciate what I have done for you; for you see I've got the Cottage up regardless of expense. Come and see the bedrooms. This one's for you; a snug crib, ain't it? light, comfortable, and airy, with elegance into the bargain."

"Charmante! charmante!" The countess was pleased, or feigned to be pleased, with every thing.

"And this little one," said Mr. M'Variety, leading the way into the dainty white chamber, "is for missy."

"For missy!" said the countess. "Pourquoi? Because it is all in white? Why not for me? White is the emblem of purity, is it not? Why not for me then, monsieur? Ha!" And she grinned that horrible grin of hers.

"Oh, well," said the manager, "if you like this one best you can have it. Please yourself, countess, but I thought you would prefer the large one."

"Monsieur Mac," said the countess, tapping the manager on the arm with her riding-whip, "you did not think any thing of the kind. I am not a fool, Monsieur Mac; but no matter, the imp shall have this dainty room; the little devil shall be rolled in snow. She shall be my guardian angel." And she leered at the manager knowingly as she spoke.

Mr. M'Variety had seen a good many theatrical mothers and guardians in his time; he knew how heartless, how ruthless, how rapacious they were; but he had never known one to equal this terrible Frenchwoman. He was very glad to escape from her to the bustle of his managerial duties, in which he was accustomed to forget many things in connection with his profession which it was not pleasant to dwell upon and think about.

When he had gone the countess called for Lily. The girl entered the room timidly and doubtfully.

"Come forward, child," said the countess; "nearer, close to me. There. Listen. I am your mother. Do you hear that?"

Lily answered with a faint "Yes."

"Your father," continued the countess, "was a scoundrel, a cheat, a beggar. He deceived me, beat me like a dog, degraded me, and at last left me to the mercy of the world. He died as he had lived—a beggar—and yet he left me a legacy. Do you know what that legacy was?"

The countess repeated the question fiercely, and Lily answered, falteringly, "No."

"Then I will tell you," said the countess. "*You* were that legacy. Do you understand? No? Then you shall. I am your mother, you are my daughter. It is the duty of a daughter to obey her mother in all things. You shall obey me in all things. Do you hear?"

Lily stood before her mother, trembling and with downcast eyes, and answered, "I hear."

"MASSA CHARLES" AND THE SILVER DOLLAR.

ONE pleasant day in spring, not many years ago, a lady was sitting on the piazza of a house which belonged to a plantation on the beautiful Ashley River. A good-looking negro man, holding a pair of chickens, was walking up the noble avenue of oaks, and soon he stopped before the lady, making her a low bow.

"Missis," he said, "dese yer chicken an't gwine for stay young no longer. I want for know ef Missis lemme go for sell 'em in de city?"

"I'll buy them, Jupiter," said the lady.

But that would not do. Jupiter wanted to get a present with the money for his sweet-heart, who had hinted to him that a head-handkerchief, or turban, of all the colors of the rainbow, would suit her exactly; and he looked disappointed that his kind mistress said: "Well, Jupiter you may go, only be sure to come back by sunset."

With a joyful "Thank you, Missis," he rushed down to the boat-house, and soon had a light and pretty skiff out in the stream. As he was rowing he saw a gentleman beckoning him from the next plantation; and nearing the shore he said, politely,

"Want me, Massa?"

"Yes; take me down to the city and I'll give you a quarter."

"Sartain, Massa, wid pledjure," said Jupiter.

The gentleman got in, and began right away to talk; and Jupiter made himself very entertaining. Presently he said:

"Massa, don't you want for buy dem chicken? dey fuss-rate."

"Well now, Jupiter," said "Massa Charles" (for it was he), "my wife says I must never do the marketing. If you told me a leg of mutton was a turnip I should believe you; but I will send you to Major Black, a friend of mine, who'll buy them if they are really good."

"Tank you, Massa," said Jupiter, and he rowed away like a good fellow.

"Sing us a song, Jupiter," said Massa Charles. "Come, I like to hear them. Mind, you must make it up yourself."

"Oh, Massa! how you ben ax me to sing?" he answered, pretending to be very bashful, and at the same time clearing his throat; then in a fine, clear voice he broke out in a longshore melody, keeping perfect time with the stroke of his oars:

"Ole Maum Dinah, she hab 'leben chillen,
Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
One he was a stevedore, an' toder he was a barber,
Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
Wid a stomach like a tin pan, a head like a crow-bar,
Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
He row dis boat so oad, boys, he couldn't make it go far,
Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
And it's hurrah! massa stevedore! when done you get to Charleston,
Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
And he row to de landin' we'd tank you berry much, Sar,
Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!"

The last two lines were sung as the boat touched the dock; Jupiter bowing and grinning from ear to ear as Massa Charles put the promised quarter of a dollar in his hand and walked away, first telling him where Major Black lived.

Then this good man, about whom I could tell you a thousand stories, each one a thousand times better than the other, showing his kindness of heart, and how every body loved him—this good man strolled along King Street, with his hands in his pockets, humming to himself all he could recollect of "Ole Maum Dinah," while Jupiter hastened to sell his chickens. He got a silver dollar for them, and, nearly wild with delight, set about buying the gorgeous cotton handkerchief which was to make Venus, his sweet-heart, more beautiful in his eyes than her classical heathen namesake.

He walked along, looking into all the windows, and presently came to a little haberdasher's shop in King Street, kept by two cross old women. They lived with their brother, who was so much disliked that he rejoiced in the nickname of "Turkey-buzzard Skinflint." If you want to show extreme disgust for any one in Charleston you have only to call him "a turkey-buzzard."

Jupiter entered the store, and pulling at his woolly forelock, pointed to a gorgeous handkerchief hanging over a string, and respectfully asked,

"How much you ax for dem, Missis?"

"It's a dollar," said the oldest Miss Skinflint, charging about a third more than its value.

"I ben take it, ef you please, Missis," said Jupiter.

"I don't believe you've got a dollar," said the cross old thing; "let's see *that* first."

"Why, Missis, what for you talk *so?* I got him dollar here." And he took the silver dollar out of his pocket and held it lightly up between his finger and thumb.

The other sister had come out from behind the counter while he was speaking, and at the moment he held up the money she knocked his elbow. It *might* have been accident; but any how the dollar flew out of Jupiter's hand and rolled under the counter in an instant.

"Oh, Missis," cried poor Jupiter, with a face of great distress, "lemme get 'hind de counter an' fine my dollar!"

"*Your* dollar!" said the wicked woman. "Be off with you! You never had a cent."

"Oh, Missis, *please*, do don't talk *so!* I los' 'em true for true. I got him for some chicken; and you know he ben under de counter."

"Get out of the store this minute," cried both women, in a fury, just as Turkey-buzzard Skinflint sauntered in.

"What are you about, you rascal?" he said, facing round on the poor fellow.

"Oh, Massa, I 'clare it's my dollar! I los' 'em in de store."

But the wicked women declared he was a thief, come there to steal, and told Turkey-buzzard Skinflint to go at once and get Limpy Jonas, the lame constable, to take him to the guard-house.

At this very moment Massa Charles was walking that way, and seeing a crowd collected he pushed through to find out what it was all about.

To his great surprise the very first person he saw was his friend Jupiter, with the big tears rolling down his cheeks and his limbs trembling; and he heard the cross old women telling every body that the nigger had entered the store with a cock-and-bull story about selling some chickens for a dollar, when he didn't have fourpence, and only came there to steal.

Massa Charles felt his anger rising. He would have given five dollars to have shaken the wicked woman's snapping false teeth out of her mouth and thrown her wig over the house; but controlling himself, he beckoned to Jupiter and said, in a whisper, "See here; take this dollar and run for your life." He held out a silver dollar as he spoke. And with a look of deep gratitude the poor fellow put the money in his pocket, darted away at the top of his speed, and was round the corner just as old Turkey-buzzard Skinflint and Limpy Jonas, the constable, came in sight.

Whew! how mad they all were! They abused Massa Charles as much as they dared; but that was not much, for he quietly said, "If you don't take care I'll have *you* up for robbery, for I'm pretty sure the negro told the exact truth;" and then he walked away with his hands in his pockets.

The next week Massa Charles was sitting at home with his little daughter Fanny on one knee and his little daughter Laura on the other, telling them for about the hundred and fiftieth time the wonderful story of "Jack and the Dragon." He had told just before the story of the "Old Porker who had seven little Pigs," because that had always to come first, if he expected any peace of mind. In the second story he had just got to the place where Jack was killing the dragon, who had ninety-nine heads, all of which must be cut off before he would consent to die, when Prince John, the waiter, came in and said,

"Massa, dere's a man at de door; he say he name Jupiter; want for see you jes one leetle minute."

"Jupiter?" repeated Massa Charles, thinking.

"Yes, massa. Ebery body want for any ting, come for plague *you*. I 'clare you oughtn't to 'courage dese yer fellows; dey too imperent!"

"I want to go too," said Laura.

"Me too," said Fanny.

So Massa Charles went out laughing, with a little monkey skipping on either side; and there at the door was the very black man whom he had saved out of the clutches of Turkey-buzzard Skinflint, his wicked sisters, and Limpy Jones the constable.

"'Scuse me, massa," said Jupiter, his black eyes shining with eager gratitude. "I don't mean no disrespec'. You berry kind to me; I tank you much, dear massa. I can't do noting 'cept gib you dis chicken. He berry nice one. Please take him, massa."

His voice broke and trembled. He held out a beautiful white pullet as he spoke, and his intelligent face beamed with humble affection and respect.

"Why, Jupiter," said Massa Charles, "I only did for you what was just and right. It would have been wicked in me not to have defended you."

"God bless you, massa! When I tole some 'quaintances 'bout what you been do for me dey say, 'I bet dat ar Massa Charles—he so berry, *berry* kind to niggers.' And so him *was* you, massa."

"*I* want little white chicken," said Laura.

"I too," said Fanny.

So Massa Charles, who had great delicacy of feeling as well as goodness of heart, thanked Jupiter and took the present he had brought. Bless your little hearts! it would have mortified and grieved the black man terribly if it had been refused, or Massa Charles had offered to *pay* for it. No, he knew better than that, and thanked Jupiter just the same as if he had been a friend on equal terms; and the black man went home perfectly happy.

One or two good people *did* live in Charleston in those days. Ah me!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THERE is a romantic story told of Forrabury church, the parish in which Boscastle and its harbor lie. There were no bells to the church; and as the inhabitants heard the sound of the musical peal at Tindagel when the winds wafted it across the sea, they became anxious to have some of their own. Their wishes were warmly seconded by Lord Bottreaux, who lived at the castle; and in due time the bells were cast and ready to be brought home. The vessel which was to bring the long-wished-for freight appeared in sight, and the inhabitants came out upon the rocks to watch its entrance into the harbor. The pilot, who had charge of the ship, hearing the distant sound of his own native bells at Tindagel, gave thanks to God that he should be on shore that night. "Thank the good ship; thank God ashore," said the captain. "Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God every where." "Thou art a fool. Thank thyself, with a fair wind and steady helm." So they talked, the captain venting his rage in oaths and curses, the pilot firm in his dependence upon God. As the vessel neared Willapack Point and the dismal cliffs of the Black Point, clouds began to rise; and while the many eager faces were watching, one of those frightful storms came on, in which the vessel became unmanageable, struck upon the rocks, and freight, men, captain, all were lost, except the pilot, who was washed ashore upon a plank. In the pauses of the storm, which was long and violent, the clang of the bells was distinctly heard; and still, they say, the buried bells give their mournful chime in the frequent storms which desolate the coast.

A CURIOUS discovery has been made regarding the influence of iron on vegetables. On the chalky shores of France and England, where there is an absence of iron, vegetation has a sere and blanched appearance. This is entirely removed, it appears, by the application of a solution of the sulphate of iron. Haricot beans watered with this substance acquired an additional weight of sixty per cent. Mulberries, peaches, pears, vines, and wheat derive advantages from the same treatment.

AN amusing episode occurred a few days ago at the dinner the Duke of Nassau is in the habit of giving after the Baden races to the foreign sportsmen who have attended them. The dinner takes place in the *salon* of the Russian Club. This year among the *invités* were the Duke of Mecklenburg, the Comte of Oldenburg-Saxe, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, some of the Jockey Club, and the Comte Westphalen, the winner of the annual steeple-chase at Iffezheim. As the Duke of Nassau and his friends were sitting down to dinner, one of the party remarked that there were thirteen. This fatal number struck terror in the hearts of most of the noble guests, who, however willing to risk their necks hunting or at a steeple-chase, proved utter cowards in presence of this mystic number. The question was put to the vote, and an overpowering majority compelled the Duke of Nassau to send for the officer on guard to avert the fearful danger to which he had so inadvertently exposed his friends.

THE inhabitants of Chalons-sur-Saone, in France, were much astonished recently to see the sun, which was shining brightly, suddenly obscured by a cloud of insects which fluttered in the air and intercepted its rays. The inhabitants began to shower water over them, and the ground and the towers of the cathedral were quickly covered. They proved to be winged ants, very rare in France, but frequently seen in hot countries. A change of weather was predicted by some old people, and the prediction was quickly accomplished, for heavy rain fell shortly afterward.

AT the angle of the Rues des Marmousets and des Deux-Ermites, which are both continued to disappear, may be seen in the wall a sculptured stone, partially obliterated by time, but which still bears some traces of the former design, namely, a dog represented in bas-relief, in the place of a porcelain dog fixed there during the reign of Henry II., to commemorate an act of instinct accomplished by one of those faithful animals. At No. 2 in that street lived, in adjoining shops, a barber and a pastry-cook. A stranger having one day entered the shop of the former to get shaved, was never seen to leave it. His family, being uneasy at his disappearance, had him sought for, and a friend, accompanied by the dog of the missing man and a sergeant of the watch, searched all over Paris. As the seekers were at length passing before this house in the Rue des Deux-Ermites the dog began to scent about him with an uneasy air. It next rushed into the barber's shop, and commenced scratching on the floor with such persistence that it led to the discovery of a trap-door over a cellar, which still exists, and where the body of the man was found cut into pieces. The barber, says the story, had made a bargain with his neighbor, whose pies, made of human flesh, had acquired a great celebrity, so that when a stranger came to get shaved he was placed on the trap, and, a spring being touched, he fell into the cellar below, where he was dispatched by the pastry-cook if not killed by the fall. The two murderers were broken on the wheel, and their houses razed to the ground. Is there any truth in this story? What is certain is, that until the commencement of the sixteenth century there might have been seen an open space at a spot formerly occupied by the houses, the cellars of which could still be seen. Francis I. it was who permitted the present habitation to be built.

THE late Dean Buckland is said to have been so intimately acquainted with the properties of all the geological formations of England that, being one night belated, and not knowing where he was, he alighted from his horse, took up a clod of earth and tasted it. He immediately exclaimed, "Uxbridge!" and proceeded on his journey.

THE death-watch (*Anobium striatum*) is a very common inmate of our houses. Among those who are unacquainted with the habits of insects there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often heard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. This noise, however, is caused by a small beetle, which, during its boring operation, rubs the neck and thorax (chest) together, by which means this, to some persons, terrible omen, is produced—a fact which, if more generally known, would save a world of causeless anxiety and uneasiness. In the larva state these insects do great injury to our furniture and the woodwork of old houses, which they gnaw continually. When captured this little beetle feigns death with the strangest pertinacity, preferring, it is said, to suffer death under a slow fire rather than to betray the least sign of vitality. The death-watch, on account of its retired habits, minute size, and dark color, is very seldom seen; and, as there are often several individuals working at the same time in their boring operations, the sound seems to proceed simultaneously from opposite directions, thus adding to the superstitious terror wherewith by some persons it is regarded. The greatest evil, however, to be dreaded from it is the injury it does through its excavations in the woodwork of our houses. It is not larger than a good-sized flea.

A GOOD story is reported from Vienna. A lady of property and thirty years fell in love with a young lawyer, a Dr. Kant, and invited him to her house. He came, and she imagining he was shy in popping the question, herself opened up the matter, and he replied: "I have already thought of marrying, and made my choice, but—" "But?" the lady hastily interposed. "But," he continued, "the lady is rich, very rich, and I am poor. I am afraid I can hardly aspire to her hand; and, rather than allow myself to be taxed with sordid designs, I will burn my passion in my breast, and leave it unavowed forever." The next day she executed a deed making over the sum of $75,000 to Dr. Kant, and sent him the deed with a note to the following effect: "Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in inclosing a paper which I hope will remove the obstacle in the way of your marriage. Believe me, etc., ALICE MARTINI." Thereupon he proposed for the hand of the Fraulein Fischel, the real lady of his love, and was accepted. Miss Martini forthwith sued the happy bridegroom for restitution; but as no promise of marriage had been made, the case was, by two successive courts, decided against her.

THE subjoined story is creditable to the Scottish maternal instinct; Galt has no richer illustration:

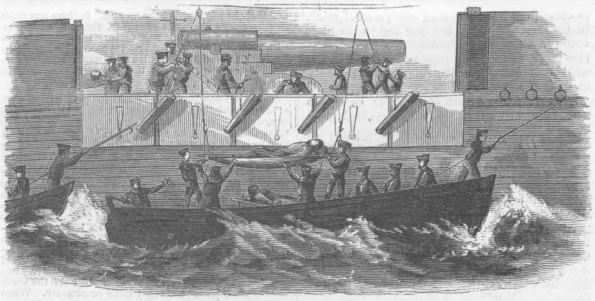
"One day—so goes this popular tradition—as Sir Alexander Murray was strolling down the avenue, he saw the Laird of Haystoun, mounted on his white pony, approaching, as if with the intention of visiting Darn Hall. After the usual greetings Murray asked Haystoun if that was his intention. 'Deed, it's just that,' quoth Haystoun, 'and I'll tell you my errand. I am gaun to court your daughter Jean.' The Laird of Blackbarony (who, for a reason that will afterward appear, was not willing that his neighbor should pay his visit at that particular time) gave the thing the go-by by saying that his daughter was ower young for the laird. 'E'en's you like,' quoth Haystoun, who was somewhat dorty, and who thereupon took an unceremonious leave of Blackbarony, hinting that his visit would perhaps be more acceptable somewhere else. Blackbarony went home and immediately told his wife what had passed. Her ladyship on a moment's reflection, seeing the advantage that was likely to be lost in the establishment of her daughter, and to whom the disparity of years was no objection, immediately exclaimed: 'Are you daft, laird? Gang awa' immediately and call Haystoun back again.' On this the laird observed—(and this turned out the cogent reason for his having declined Haystoun's visit)—'Ye ken, my dear, Jean's shoon's at the mending.' (For the misses of those days had but one pair, and these good substantial ones, which would make a strange figure in a drawing-room of the present day.) 'Ye ken Jean's shoon's at the mending.' 'Hoot awa, sic nonsense,' says her ladyship; 'I'll gie her mine.' 'And what will ye do yourself?' 'Do?' says the lady: 'I'll put on your boots; I've lang petticoats, and they will never be noticed. Rin and cry back the laird.' Blackbarony was at once convinced by the reasoning and ingenuity of his wife; and as Haystoun's pony was none of the fleetest, Blackbarony had little difficulty in overtaking him and persuading him to return again. The laird having really conceived an affection for his neighbor's daughter the visit was paid. Jean was introduced in her mother's shoes; the boots were never noticed; and the wedding took place in due time, and was celebrated with all the mirth and jollity usually displayed on such occasions. The union turned out happily, and from it, as has been said, sprung the present family of Haystoun."

THE following incident shows to what straits poor people in England are sometimes reduced: Mr. H. Jeffreys, lately a paper-manufacturer of Maidstone, came to London, having apparently failed in business. He and a son sold medical bottles, and the son obtained a place at a woolstapler's, and two daughters made flannel shirts at 2s. 6d. the dozen. The father's trade fell off, the son was struck down by a bale of wool, the daughters became dispirited, and at last for eight weeks they were compelled to live by pawning every article they possessed. When they were reduced to a bare bed the elder daughter died of fatigue and overwork, and the jury, as they passed to view the body, found the other daughter dying of exhaustion and want of food. The jury found a verdict of death accelerated by overwork and fatigue; and we trust the man who gave 2s. a dozen for making flannel shirts will remember the report while he lives.

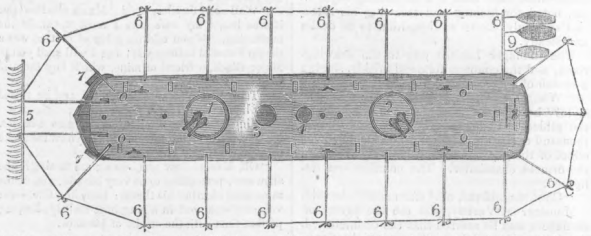
FRENCH BALLET-DANCERS.—M. About thus discourses on the ordinary life of a ballet-girl, without ranking her in the list of angels or of fiends: "It is not uninteresting to consider for a moment the condition of these young girls, almost all belonging to the lower classes, and some of whom are raised so high by beauty and talent—girls chiefly from fourteen to sixteen years of age, living on dry crusts and green apples in the garret of a needle-woman or the lodge of a portress. They steal up to their dressing-room. Fifteen minutes after they descend to the green-room, radiant, glittering, covered with silks, gauze, and flowers, at the expense of the state, and more brilliant than the fairies and the houris of our dreams. Ministers and princes kiss their hands, and whiten their black coats with the chalk of their arms. They whisper in their ears old or new madrigals, which they sometimes understand. Some of them are gifted with talent; the words have to be wrested from others with pincers. A touch of the bell summons the fairies to the stage; the crowd of patrons follow them to the wing—virtuous patrons who brave the possible fall of scenes, the trickling of oil from lamps, and the varieties of foul air proper to the place, for the pleasure of hearing a young voice, slightly hoarse, murmur these charming words—'Ah, '*ere nom!* I have pains in my feet!' The curtain rises, and the twenty-four queens of an hour display their agility before the eyes of an admiring public. . . . . They have little to fear from hisses or criticism. Midnight comes: all changes as in fairy tales. Cinderella, with her mother or eldest sister, climbs the economic heights of Batignolles or Montmartre. Poor thing! she limps a little, and her gray stockings are splashed. The wise and good mother reads her a lecture of worldly wisdom as they set along."

THE most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine and the materials for honey so plentiful that they quitted their grave, mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, and passed their days by flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the negroes.

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RECEIVING THE WOUNDED ON BOARD THE "METACOMET," AUGUST 5, 1864.



1. Forward Turret.—2. After Turret.—3. Pilot-house.—4. Smoke-stack.—5. Torpedo Rake.—6, 6, 6, 6. Torpedo Guards, with barrels for floating.—7, 7. Forward Closets.—8. After Closet.—9. Opening for Boats.—10, 10, 10.—Hatchways.

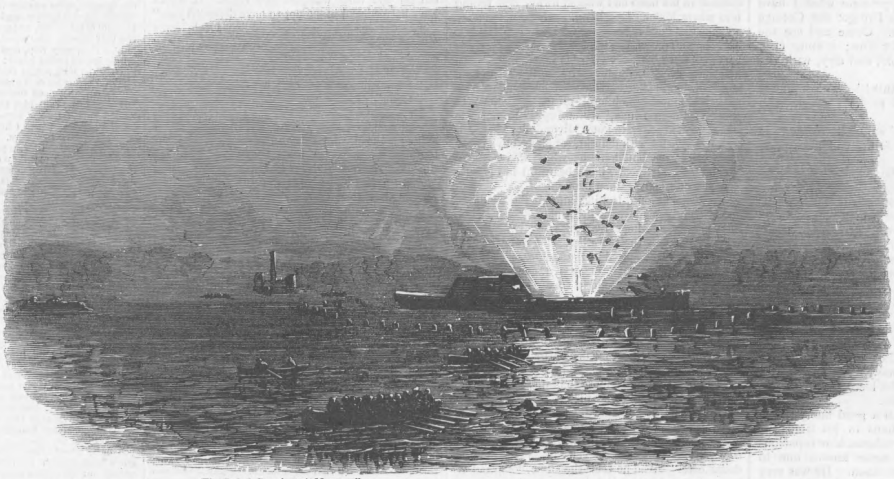
PLAN OF THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD, THE "CHICKASAW."

OFF MOBILE.

WE give on this page several sketches relating to our naval fleet in Mobile harbor. One of these cuts represents the reception of the wounded on board the *Metacomet*, after passing the forts, August 5. The wounded were then transferred to the Pensacola Hospital. The adjoining illustration is a plan of the *Chickasaw*—a plan which is exactly repeated in the *Winnebago*. The *Chickasaw* is an iron-clad, mounting four guns. Its tonnage is 974 tons. It was built at Boston by AQUILA ADAMS in 1863. The *Winnebago* was built at St. Louis in the same year. The torpedo guards represented in the sketch are young trees cut down and stripped, with one end of each lashed aboard, and the other ends connected together by transverse pieces.

Another sketch represents the *Metacomet's* boats blowing up the rebel ram *Nashville*. This cut also gives a view of a portion of the obstructions in the harbor.

The lower cut is a view of Mobile city, with the rebel batteries guarding the approaches, and our fleet in the foreground.



The Rebel Gun-boat "Morgan."

THE "METACOMET'S" BOATS BLOWING UP THE REBEL RAM "NASHVILLE," AUGUST 16, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY GEO. WATTERS.]

REFUGEES AT CITY POINT.

As our military lines draw closer each day around the doomed cities of Richmond and Petersburg, the effect is seen not only in the number of deserters from the rebel army, but in the quantity of refugees that come into our lines, glad of any opportunity of escape from the horrible scenes of desolation hitherto surrounding them.

We give on page 701 a representation of the interior of the United States Sanitary Commission Boat at City Point, Virginia, at a time when a number of these refugees from Richmond are availing themselves of its hospitable shelter. In speaking of them our artist says: "The people here represented appear to belong to two distinct classes. One family seemed to be of what is known as the 'poor whites' in the South; the other family, if not exactly belonging to the 'Chivalry,' were evidently of a different and higher class. While they were staying on board, previous to their departure North, and during which time they received every attention and kindly consideration not only from the officials of the United States Sanitary Commission, but from all who came in contact with them, many opportunities were afforded for eliciting their opinions respecting the state of things between North and South.

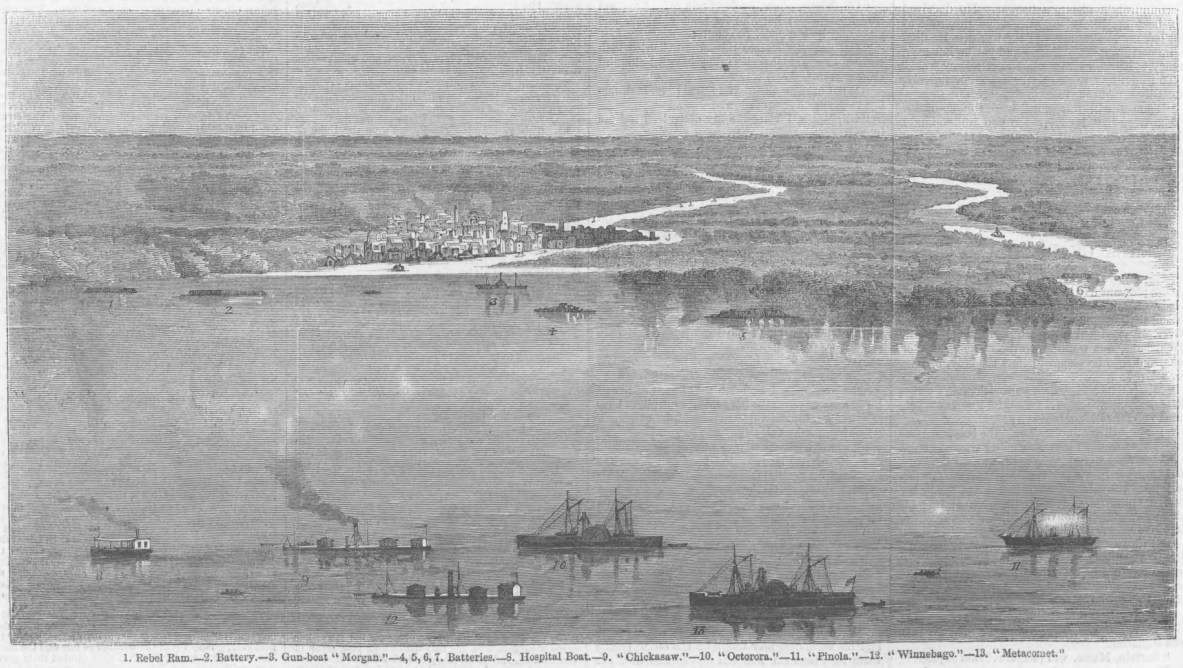
"The only man among them—the head of the family, represented in the extreme back-ground—was apparently a simple-hearted, ignorant fellow, who was inclined to be very communicative, and who seemed never to have entertained any ill feeling toward our section — content if people would only allow him to cultivate his little patch of ground in peace and safety. The women throughout, however, and even the little children—doubtless well taught hitherto to look upon the Yankees as a set of bugaboos—were surrounded, seemingly at any rate, by an air of restraint and haughty dependence, as if they were as much hurt as pleased by the kindnesses showered upon them. When the man was asked by a by-stander what object he had in coming North, and if he would not have preferred staying South, one of the young women replied for him, in a rather pert manner: 'The only thing *I* came away for was them nasty guns you kept firing!' When asked again what notion they had of the Yankees before they saw them, the same young woman replied: 'We thought you was coming to kill us all and use us bad.' Some one said: 'How could you imagine such a thing?' to which she replied: 'How could we know any better? *every body said so!*'

"Not one in this family, confessedly, could read or write, except the man, who said he could read 'print' a little. The women and children had all very nice and regular features, and your artist must not think that the pipes I have put in the mouths of some of the former is a matter of fancy. All the women smoked, and common clay pipes were to be seen sticking out of lips far too pretty for such occupation.

"Whatever these people may have originally thought of the North and its inhabitants, it is evident that they are now becoming but too glad to exchange for a hideous life in the South the chance of pursuing their future career among us as independent free men and women, even though the insensate prejudices of a life may still cling to them a little longer. Certainly such treatment as these outcasts received from the United States Sanitary Commission at City Point, and as they will doubtless receive every where else—could it only be known among their deluded people—would be enough to open the eyes of the most ignorant, and to touch the hearts of the most vindictive among them."

As an episode to the picture there is introduced in the fore-ground the figure of a wounded man, attended by Doctors M'DONALD and SWALM, of the United States Sanitary Commission—an extraneous and voluntary work which these gentlemen are not unfrequently called on to perform, in addition to their other multifarious and charitable duties.

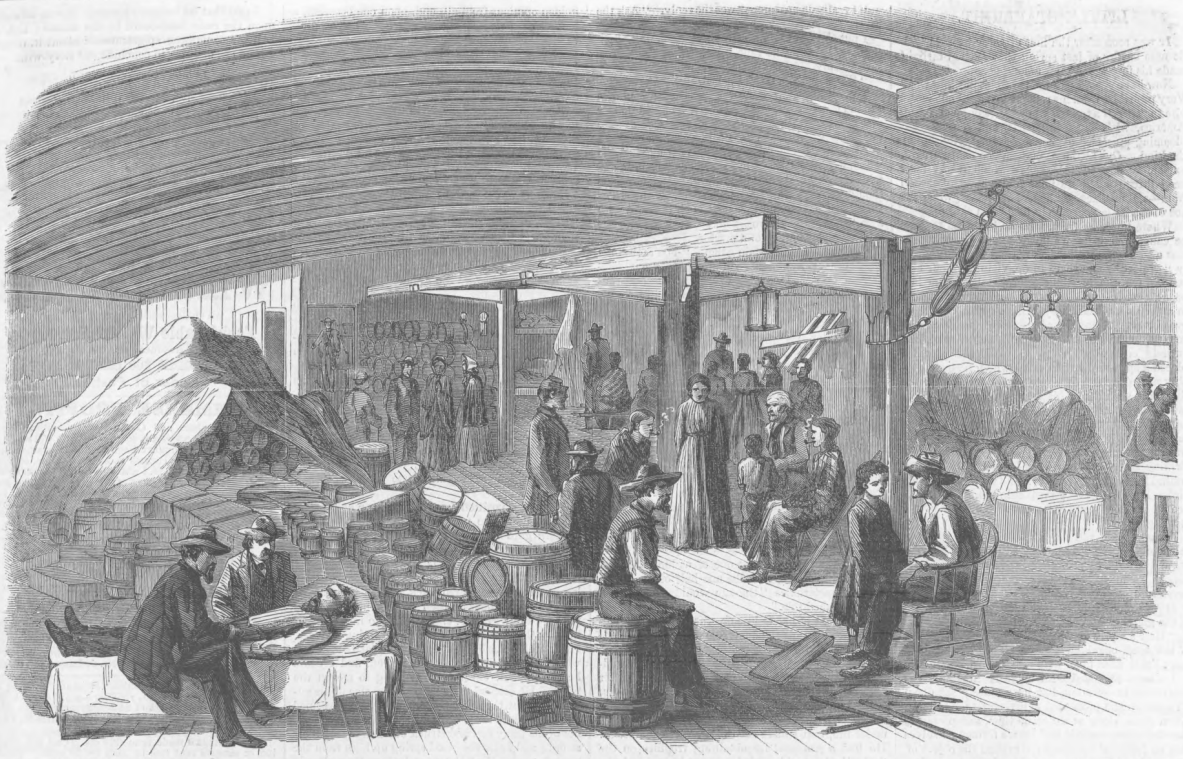
Since GRANT'S last movement the number of desertions from the rebel army has greatly increased.



1. Rebel Ram.—2. Battery.—3. Gun-boat "Morgan."—4, 5, 6, 7. Batteries.—8. Hospital Boat.—9. "Chickasaw."—10. "Octorora."—11. "Pinola."—12. "Winnebago."—13. "Metacomet."

VIEW OF MOBILE AND THE FEDERAL FLEET IN THE BAY.—[SKETCHED BY GEO. WATTERS.]

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RICHMOND REFUGEES ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION BOAT, AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 700.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

IN regard to the Paris Fashions for October we have just to observe that, for finishing up the fine season out of town, the dress bonnet is not at all *de monde*, especially if the lady be young. The new casquette (shown in our last month's engraving of the fashions) and the Windsor hat with feathers are the two varieties of fancy chapeaux most in vogue. For *toilette de ville*, however, the ordinary bonnet is necessary, and should be of the shape indicated in our fourth illustration. It may be of any color, but is usually of white muslin, ornamented with black beads or velvets, and rests closely to the head. In all probability, however, this shape, as well as the material, will undergo considerable modifications at the approach of the winter season.

The predominant color for dresses still continues to be white, or the lighter tints of the colors for which the summer of 1864 has been remarkable. For colored silks of darker hues, and especially for foulard dresses, straw ornaments have been applied with advantage; and these have the double merit of originality and cheapness, two qualities somewhat rare in this age of imitative ostentation, for the gratification of which the most extravagant sacrifices are so frequently made.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of white alpaca, ornamented with black lace insertion, surrounded by bouclettes of black velvet; the vest is similarly ornamented. Muslin chemisette, with collar and cuffs of embroidered muslin. The head-dress is composed of a wide entredeux, trimmed with narrow guipure over rose-colored silk, terminated by a rose-colored silk bow and ends.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Little Boy.*—Low-necked nankeen blouse, trimmed with black worsted braid; the rounded teeth on the edge of the shirt are bordered with black binding. Wide sleeves, with a band descending from the shoulder scarfwise, and attached at the waist.

Fig. 3. *Dress for a Young Lady.*—Checkered gray foulard robe, trimmed round the edge of the skirt with vandyke blue ribbon, surmounted by three narrow bands of blue silk. Muslin canezou, pointed in front, plaited throughout the corsage, and ornamented with narrow strips of blue velvet. The bonnet, of the latest shape, is in tulle bouillonné, the curtain being replaced by a garland of blue flowers hanging over a narrow white lace that partly covers the catogan.

Fig. 4. *Walking Dress.*—Lilac foulard robe, trimmed, as shown in the illustration, with mauve-colored silk edged with black silk guipure. Small upright collar, fastened by a rose-colored cravat. Chapeau Windsor, ornamented with white feather in front, and another large feather falling over the hinder portion of the Tuscan hat.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1864.

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LITTLE STARLIGHT.

It was soon after the first of those terrible Wilderness battles of last spring that Little Starlight made his first appearance among us.

Now have you any idea who Little Starlight was? Very probably, from his romantic name, you picture him to yourself as a pretty boy—a beau-ideal Young America, with clustering curls, and the relevant blooming precocity of face and form. Nothing of the kind. *Our* Little Starlight was a negro urchin, extremely small for his age—which might have been fifteen could we have had a date to reckon from—and as black as the ace of spades, when the ace of spades is excessively black and shiny.

Where he came from, who he belonged to, how he came among us, we never exactly knew. He was a sort of masculine Topsy, and probably merely "growed" somewhere in the vicinity of our bivouac. On the morning after the battle he had been found in our lines, strutting about the camp in a very nonchalant way, with a quick, observing eye for every thing he saw. His appearance was comical in the extreme. Upon his ebon head, and entirely concealing his crisp wool, was jauntily placed a span-new artillery cap, which he had probably picked up from the field. He had fastened to the right shoulder of his ragged coat—a swallow-tailed blue of unknown antiquity—an immense epaulet, probably plundered from the baggage of some rebel officer; while a silken sash of flaring crimson was twined round his waist in a manner at once striking and barbaric, with a long end that trailed behind like the gaudy tail of some variegated tropic bird. His trowsers—we will skip them; let it suffice to say that they were unmentionables to the last degree.

No one could tell how the little fellow got into the camp, and he wouldn't tell himself. The pickets and sentries swore prodigiously that he had not passed them. So we were compelled to let the mystery of his appearance remain unsolved.

It was shortly after sunrise when the corporal of the guard brought him before me, with

"Here's a prisoner, or contraband, or something of the kind, chaplain. I just picked him up, and don't know what to do with him."

I almost exploded with laughter at seeing the individual in question, but immediately sat down on a stump and proceeded to investigate. Captain Allen came along at the same time, and presently the Major also dropped in. So we formed ourselves into an informal court-martial around the object of our attention, with the view of having some amusement for the hungry half hour that would elapse before breakfast. The "brass" of the lad was surprising; for he never changed countenance during the whole of this ceremony, which we made as imposing as we could by word and look. All eyes were turned on me expectantly, so I opened the proceedings.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Dun'no, mass'r. 'Spect I isn't got none," was the reply, accompanied by a sparkling grin of extraordinary breadth, as though his anonymous condition was a matter of much self-satisfaction.

"Oh, you must have some name." I said. "What did they call you at home?"

"I allers came wi'out callin'. But wen I shinned along kinder slow, sometime dey'd sing out, 'Nig!' sometime 'Little Nig!' an' den agin, 'Hyar, you d—d Nig!' I'll bet dey did, mass'r! Yah! yah! I'se a awful cuss, I is!" he continued, swinging his arms gleefully about and shuffling his bare feet, as if contemplating a breakdown.

"Silence!" roared the Major, who acted as presiding officer, at the same time knitting his brows furiously to conceal the laughter which almost choked him. "Silence, or I'll commit you for contempt!"

Somewhat startled by the vehemence of this injunction the little fellow remained silent, and, taking off his cap, commenced stroking his mat of a head in a serious manner, which was more comical than his mirth.

"Well, my friend," I resumed, "where do you come from?"

"No whar ob late, mass'r. I'se been sleepin' out recen'ly. Yer see I'se a awful cuss, I is. Yah! yah! I'se—"

"Silence!" exclaimed the judge.

"Sartin, sartin, mass'r! Yah! yah!"

"Who do you belong to?" I resumed.

"Yah! yah! I ain't got none. Yer see he's gwine away, he is."

"But what was your master's name?"

"Cunnel Billy."

"Billy what?"

"Dun'no. Yer see dis chicken were left behin' wid ole missus an' de gals, wile Mass'r Billy gwine to de war way up to Richmon'. An' yer see, de ole missus she dun gib dis nig a lickin', so I jis slips out in de night time, climbs inter de barn, steals all de pigeons, an' clars de track for Ole Virginny. Yah! yah! I'se a awful cuss, I is!"

"Pigeons! What did you do with the pigeons?" I asked, my curiosity carrying me away from the subject in hand.

"Libs on 'em to be shore, mass'r! Dey'se bully fodder, nicer dan de hard tack. Yah! yah! I'se got jis one lef'."

And sure enough, as he spoke, he drew from one of the capacious pockets of his tattered coat a sorry looking pigeon, still alive, which, before we could guess his intention, he proceeded to put to death in a very summary manner. Nipping the head of the bird between his finger and thumb, he twirled the body around in the air till it fell to the ground, completely twisted from the head, which remained in his hand.

"What are you doing that for?" I exclaimed, somewhat horrified at what I saw, as were the rest of the "Court."

The little fellow threw away the pigeon's head without answering, picked up the body, and laid it at my feet with a "Yah! yah!" from which I judged that it was meant as a present for my breakfast.

"Well, what is the decision of the Court?" said I laughing, and turning to the Major.

"I really do not know," was the reply. "Ask the monkey if he will fight, and which side he favors."

I put the question.

"De Union all de time, *shore!*" was the enthusiastic reply.

"What can you do?" I asked.

The little fellow cast a comprehensive glance around him in every direction, as if he could do any and every thing under the sun, and was merely puzzled upon which to try his hand for an outset.

At length his eye caught sight of a kettle-drum which was taking an airing a short distance off, and with a guffaw of delight he ran toward it. Quick as thought the strap was over his shoulder, the sticks were in his hand, and throwing back his head with a gesture of pride, he rolled off the reveille with the flourish and accuracy of a master.

"Bravo!" cried Captain Allen. "You're the man we want. Why not have him drum for our company?" he added, turning to me. "Johnny went into the hospital day before yesterday, and we have had but little music since."

"An excellent idea!" said I.

The Major also agreed; and Starlight, to his infinite satisfaction, was forthwith installed as second drummer-boy, Company C, —th New York Infantry.

His name—by which he was altogether known among us—originated, at the suggestion of one of the officers, in the wonderfully starry aspect of the heavens on the night preceding the early morning of his "capture."

He was a favorite in the company, and a standing joke with the regiment, in a single day. No one could surpass him on the drum, and he never complained of too much work. We made him wash himself thoroughly in the river, and then presented him with a genuine uniform, of which he appeared as proud as a young peacock of her sprouting tail.

Little Starlight was not one of us long, but if I should undertake to describe one-half of his whimsical characteristics "the sun would go down on the unfinished tale."

He never got out of humor, was never excessively hungry, and his slender frame was of iron mould. He endured, without a murmur or any marks of fatigue, marches which tried to the utmost the stalwart frames of hardened veterans, and would, after the march, execute with gusto a dozen breakdowns, Jim Crows, and Bob Ridleys for the diversion of the weary regiment. I never saw him flinch when under fire, and I have seen him under the hottest. He had a *penchant* for obtaining trophies on the field of battle; and carried so many knives and pistols upon his person that he was quite a walking arsenal. More than once he was seen to use his fire-arms, and if at long range, it was, nevertheless, with the best of intentions.

It is true he had his foibles, and grave ones. He was a natural-born thief, and my most impressive sermonizing totally failed to convince him of the gravity of his fault. He seemed to consider himself naturally depraved, and was therefore philosophically complacent with his sin, meeting my admonitions with his usual "I'se a awful cuss, mass'r, I is." In my heart, search as I would, I could find less of blame than pity for him when I thought of the criminal neglect which must have attended his bringing up, with that of the rest of his wronged and unfortunate race. Besides, the material effects of his thieving were not considerable. There was not much to steal in the first place; and when any one did miss any thing worth retaining, a tight clutch upon Starlight's windpipe and a few preposterous threats would generally cause him to "shell out" the missing article, if it was really in his possession. And it seemed generally conceded that his virtues more than counterbalanced his foibles. For his hand was as ready to support a wounded man to an ambulance as it was at rifling the pockets of a fallen foe.

There was one thing alone which almost redeemed him in my eyes; and that was his passionate desire for freedom—his enthusiastic devotion to the cause under whose banner he served.

My duties as chaplain were in sad demand in those bloody battle-days, when ministrations to the dying and prayers for the dead were so frequently required; but I found some time, nevertheless, to devote to Starlight. The little heathen always listened with the profoundest gravity to every thing I said, but with a perceptible stolidity which often discouraged me, except when I spoke of the future of his race, of their prospects for freedom and improvement. His eyes would light up at this, his expressive features would fairly glow with enthusiasm.

"Yes, mass'r," he one day exclaimed, "I feels it in my bones. It'll come roun' one day or 'nother. I knows I'll be free!"

"You are so already," said I. "The President's Proclamation has made you so. You have nothing to fear."

"Jis' so, mass'r," he replied. "De Presiden' he am a nice man, *he* am. But I doesn't feel it in de *bones* yit; I nebber will till I git on to *him*, yer know. Jis' lemme git on to *him*—only once!"

"On to whom?" I asked.

"On to de Ole Man—Cunnel Billy. Jis' lemme git on to him, *den* I'll be free!"

"You surely would not kill your old master?"

"Wouldn't I? Yah! yah!" And thereat Starlight began to fumble among the various knives and pistols which adorned his person in a manner that was any thing but conciliatory. "Trus' dis chicken," he continued. "I keeps on de look-out in ebery fight. I seed him lick my ole mudder till de blood flew. Jis' lemme on to him, mass'r, and you'll see de blood fly yourse'f. Yah! yah! I'se a awful cuss, I is."

Upon a briefer acquaintance with Starlight I should have smiled at the serio-comic manner in which these sentiments were enunciated; but, as it was, I shuddered at the intensity of passion which lurked in his tones.

And through all those terrible battles, and rapid marches and counter-marches, with which General Grant terrified and confused the rebel foe, from the Rapidan to the walls of Richmond, Little Starlight conducted himself with sterling credit, winning golden opinions from all, and, upon one occasion, a hearty hand-shake from the General of our division.

It was, however, at the severe skirmish on our left, immediately following our general repulse from the rebel works, and shortly before the transfer of our army to the south bank of the James, that the part which Starlight played in the great drama was to assume a truly tragic phase.

The enemy's skirmishers and ours were hotly engaged, and the fight bade fair to be bloody, if brief. I was immediately in the rear of a portion of our regiment, which was in reserve, busy with the wounded; and Starlight was hopping about me, doing what he could to assist, but now and then looking up, and throwing curious glances toward the fight, which was not distant.

Suddenly an exclamation from him caused me to turn, when I saw him gazing intently, with his hand pointing toward the ground where the skirmish was progressing.

"Hooray! hooray! Dere he is! dere he is!" he shouted.

He succeeded in directing my attention to a fine-looking rebel officer, who was cheering on his men in a charge they were making upon our position.

"Dat's him! dat's him!" cried Starlight, at the same time freeing himself from his drum and casting it on one side, while his voice was wild and strange with a fierce joy.

And before I could arrest him, or exactly understand his intention, he snatched a musket and bayonet from the ground, and ran like a deer after our column, which was advancing to repel the threatened assault.

From my position I could see the whole affair. The smoke of the musketry fire was thick, but a western gale was blowing, and the opposing columns were pretty plainly discernible. Then the firing ceased, and I saw them meet in the shock of steel to steel. The ranks of the rebels were broken, and they scattered back toward their abatis and the thick woods on their right; but the officers retained their ground, endeavoring to inspirit their men by their own examples, and fighting bravely. I saw Little Starlight rush headlong at the man to whom he had directed my attention, and I could hear his shrill cheer come floating to me on the wind. He seemed to be but half the size of his antagonist, yet they met with a shock which seemed equal on both sides. The officer evaded the bayonet of his puny foe, and struck out sharply with his sword; and I saw the blood spring up high from the negro's neck. But the next instant they closed; the rushing bayonet gored the breast of the officer, and he rolled to the plain. Twice—thrice I saw the flashing bayonet leap into the air, and flash down again upon the prostrate man; and then, with a louder whoop than before, Starlight sprang on further into the fight; and the whole scene was shut from my view by the gathering smoke, for the breeze had died away.

The fight was soon over. The rebels were driven far back into the woods, their abatis captured and held, and we in possession of the field. My interest in what I had witnessed was so intense that I immediately hastened to the ground.

Our loss had been inconsiderable, but that of the enemy was large. Their dead and wounded lay in all directions. I found the officer with whom I had seen Starlight engaged. He wore the insignia of a rebel captain, and was stone-dead, with his breast pierced many times by bayonet thrusts. As I was standing beside the body, Sergeant K—— of Company C came up to me with a troubled look.

"Little Starlight is dying, Sir," was his greeting, "and he wishes to see you very much."

"Starlight dying! Impossible!" I ejaculated, at the same time hurrying to the point indicated.

It was but too true.

Little Starlight lay at the edge of the enemy's works, with a frightful gun-shot wound in the back part of his head, and as many as twenty brave fellows were clustering around him with sympathizing looks and tearful eyes. You may not believe me, but nevertheless I speak the truth when I say that the brave boy grinned joyously when he saw me.

"Yah! yah! Mass'r Chaplain," he cried, as I knelt by his side and took his hand; "dis nig's done for, he is. But did yer see me in de fight, mass'r? Did yer see me tackle dat ole coon, Cunnel Billy? Yah! yah! I'se got it at last, mass'r! I'se a awful cuss; but I'se got it at last!"

"Got what, my poor boy?" I whispered, with a trembling voice.

"FREEDOM!" cried Starlight, springing to his feet.

I saw that wild, strange gleam of passion leap into his rude features, and then he fell back into my arms.

"It am a lubly day, mass'r," he continued, speaking with great difficulty. "It am ebening now, an' de sun am setting, mass'r. But I hears de big drum ob de sky rollin' de rebellie ob de Lord. De day am breakin' for dis chile, mass'r; for *I'se got it at last!*"

His voice failed him here. He moved his lips; but in a moment they were stilled forever. He was dead.

I laid him down gently on the grass.

The Major had also been standing by.

"Come," said he, taking me by the arm—"come, let us go."

And as we went away I saw his mustache tremble perceptibly.

There were three regular members of Company C who died the death in that skirmish, but I think not one of them was mourned with a deeper, sincerer sorrow than was Little Starlight. One of the sergeants, who was a rude rhymster in his way, composed a brief epitaph for him. Others of the company performed what little offices they could; and the Colonel inquired particularly into the circumstances of his death. The Union slain were buried separately—they were so few. Starlight also had a little grave of his own. He was free at last, and he thus came into the ownership of about five feet of that earth which had not been a very affectionate mother to him.

I said that he had an epitaph. It was scrawled upon the rude head-board by the author; and, as there is something epigrammatic about it, it may not be out of place to conclude our story with.

HERE LIETH LITTLE STARLIGHT,
WHOSE ILL-STARRED SPIRIT WON
ITS RIGHT TO BLESSED FREEDOM THROUGH
THE FOEMAN'S DEADLY GUN.

BUT HE WILL, DOUBTLESS, SOMEWHERE
SHINE BRIGHTLY AFTER ALL,
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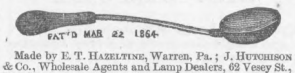
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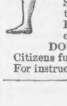
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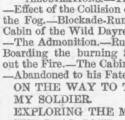
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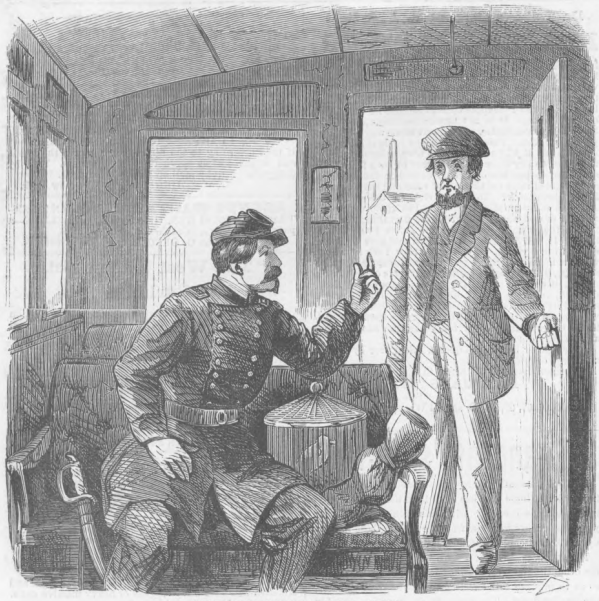
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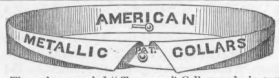
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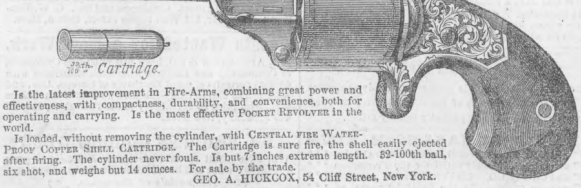
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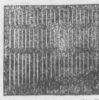
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 410.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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PHIL. SHERIDAN'S RIDE TO THE FRONT, OCTOBER 19, 1864.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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OH, WANTON WIND!

BY MILES O'REILLY.

Oh, wanton wind! warm, kissing, kind,
Thy zephyrs turned my Laura's tresses;
Bathed lip and hand with fragrance bland,
And even fanned those deep recesses
Where love is seen, warm-couched, serene,
Asleep between two summer billows;
Oh, heedless wind! to beauty blind,
Where couldst thou find more tempting pillows?

The lily bell, whose anthers tell
The time so well, by you set ringing;
The rival rose, wherein repose
Queen Mab, and those unto her clinging;
The violet sweet, the daisy neat—
Should I repeat each fragrant blossom—
Oh, careless wind! could all combined
So please thy mind as Laura's bosom?

Insensate still! hence, hence and fill
The idle sail of yon bright vessel!
And yet—ah, stay! ere hence you stray
Leave me, I pray, your right to nestle;
Give me to seek her damask cheek,
And whispering speak what thou ne'er dreamest;
For me to lie one moment nigh
Her heart and die, were bliss supremest!

PHIL SHERIDAN RIDING TO THE FRONT.

WE give on our first page a sketch of General SHERIDAN'S arrival on the field October 19. The victory gained at Cedar Creek that day surpassed in interest the victory gained precisely one month earlier at Winchester. It was a victory following upon the heels of apparent reverse, and therefore reflecting peculiar credit on the brave commander to whose timely arrival upon the field the final success of the day must be attributed.

The General was at Winchester in the early morning when the enemy attacked—fifteen miles distant from the field of operations. General WRIGHT was in command. The enemy had approached under cover of a heavy fog, and flanking the extreme right of the Federal line, held by CROOK'S Corps, and attacking in the centre, had thrown the entire line into confusion, and driven it several miles. The stragglers to the rear were fearfully numerous, and the enemy was pushing on, turning against the Federals a score of guns already captured from them.

This was the situation a little before noon when SHERIDAN came on the field, riding, says one of his staff, so that the devil himself could not have kept up. A staff-officer meeting him pronounced the situation of the army to be "awful."

"Pshaw," said SHERIDAN, "it's nothing of the sort. It's all right, or we'll fix it right!"

SHERIDAN hastened to his cavalry on the extreme left. "Galloping past the batteries," says the *World* correspondent, "to the extreme left of the line held by the cavalry, he rode to the front, took off his hat and waved it, while a cheer went up from the ranks not less hearty and enthusiastic than that which greeted him after the battle of Winchester. Generals rode out to meet him, officers waved their swords, men threw up their hats in an extremity of glee. General CUSTER, discovering SHERIDAN at the moment he arrived, rode up to him, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. Waiting for no other parley than simply to exchange greeting, and to say, 'This retreat must be stopped!' Sheridan broke loose and began galloping down the lines, along the whole front of the army. Every where the enthusiasm caused by his appearance was the same."

The line was speedily re-formed; provost-marshals brought in stragglers by the scores; the retreating army turned its face to the foe. An attack just about to be made was repulsed, and the tide of battle turned. Then SHERIDAN'S time was come. A cavalry charge was ordered against right and left flank of the enemy, and then a grand advance of the three infantry corps from left to right on the enemy's centre. "On through Middletown," says the correspondent above quoted, "and beyond, the enemy hurried, and the Army of the Shenandoah pursued. The roar of musketry now had a gleeful, dancing sound. The guns fired shotted salutes of victory. CUSTER and MERRITT, charging in on right and left, doubled up the flanks of the foe, taking prisoners, slashing, killing, driving as they went. The march of the infantry was more majestic and more terrible. The lines of the foe swayed and broke before it every where. Beyond Middletown, on the battle-field fought over in the morning, their columns were completely overthrown and disorganized. They fled along the pike and over the fields like sheep."

Thus on through Strasburg with two brigades of cavalry at their heels. Two thousand prisoners were gathered together, though there was not a sufficient guard to send them all to the rear. The guns lost in the morning were recaptured, and as many more taken, making fifty in all, and, according to SHERIDAN'S report, the enemy reached Mount Jackson without an organized regiment.

The scene at SHERIDAN'S head-quarters at night after the battle was wildly exciting. "General CUSTER arrived about 9 o'clock. The first thing he did was to hug General SHERIDAN with all his might, lifting him in the air, whirling him around and around, with the shout: 'By ——, we've cleaned them out and got the guns!' Catching sight of General TORBERT, CUSTER went through the same proceeding with him, until TORBERT was forced to cry out: 'There, there, old fellow; don't capture me!'"

SHERIDAN'S ride to the front, October 19, 1864, will go down in history as one of the most important and exciting events which have ever given interest to a battle-scene; and to this event will be attributed the victory of the day. Says General GRANT, "Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory stamps SHERIDAN what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of Generals."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

THE JACKSONIAN DEMOCRACY.

THE call for a meeting of old Democrats who believe that we should first exhaust the rebel armies before we attempt "to exhaust all the resources of statesmanship," is one of the most remarkable signs of the times. It proceeds from old-fashioned Jacksonian Democrats, who have known no other party name or association; who voted against Mr. LINCOLN in 1860, but who see that they must vote for him in 1864, or connive at national dishonor. It comes from men who can not recognize the Chicago platform as worthy of American patriotism, nor the candidates who stand upon it as representatives of the American Union. A Major-General who accepts, without a word of dissent, the nomination of a Convention whose whole movement proceeds upon the plain declaration that the war is a failure, becomes—as one of his chief supporters calls him—the "creature" of that movement, and such a Major-General can by no possibility be the candidate of men whose chief delight is to remember "the days of JACKSON," and to call themselves by his name.

The call is signed by some of the most eminent and influential Democrats in the City and State of New York and in all the loyal States. They feel that the men who are now controlling the party do not represent its true instincts, and that the policy to which these men have given the name Democratic is so cowardly and dishonorable that, in scornfully rejecting it, there is great danger that the people will always associate it with the party name it bears. This call substantially asks what future there can be for a party which is led by VALLANDIGHAM, the SEYMOURS, LONG, PENDLETON, the WOODS, and HARRIS. It further asks what sort of Jacksonian Democracy is that of which REVERDY JOHNSON, ROBERT C. WINTHROP, WASHINGTON HUNT, and HIRAM KETCHUM are doctors and expounders. It further asks what kind of a Democratic party it is which excludes JOHN A. DIX, F. B. CUTTING, MOSES TAYLOR, ALEX. T. STEWART, GUSTAVUS A. CONOVER, HENRY NICHOLL, WILLIAM H. WEBB, PETER COOPER, A. VANDERPOEL, M. ALSHOEFFER, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, EDWARDS PIERREPONT, HENRY G. STEBBINS, JAMES R. WHITING, GEORGE B. BUTLER, D. S. CODDINGTON, R. B. ROOSEVELT, JAMES WADSWORTH, A. A. VALENTINE, HENRY T. INGALLS, and J. A. STEWART If these men are not Democrats, who are?

But higher than any partisan consideration is the patriotism of this call. These are men who have always served their country as Democrats. They love their party name. But they love their country more. And, therefore, they oppose a policy which is, although falsely, called by the party name. It is another illustration of the truth that the Chicago infamy is fully understood by the people; and that no letters, however painfully labored to obscure the position of the candidates, can possibly conceal it. M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON are the candidates of compromise with rebellion, of submission, and surrender. When was that a Democratic policy? When was cowardice an American policy? If ANDREW JACKSON had said to the South Carolina nullifiers as GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN says to the rebels now: "Let us go into an ultimate convention," or had tweedy sighed with GEORGE H. PENDLETON, "Let them depart in peace," no body of stanch and unconditional American patriots would ever have called themselves the Jacksonian Democracy.

If DOUGLAS had lived, instead of whining, "It's a very expensive war, and we're dreadfully whipped, and Slavery is so very divine: let's ask them for peace," he would have cried with the Union men of to-day—"Let's have emancipation and more uncompromising war," and he, like LINCOLN, would have carried the country.

SHERIDAN.

GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN differs from the Chicago Convention That patriotic body, led by HORATIO SEYMOUR, pronounced the war a failure. "Do you think so?" cries SHERIDAN, as he and his brave men turn the tide of battle and win another glorious victory It is a victory won over the army of EARLY reinforced from Richmond. It is a victory under which LEE must wince and reel, for if he can not hold the Valley he can not hold Richmond. It is a victory which infinitely increases the spirit of SHERIDAN'S army and disheartens the enemy, for it was wrung from apparent defeat. It is a victory which illustrates his military genius, for few generals have ever done what SHERIDAN did. It was not only a battle turned, but a defeat retrieved. The exulting enemy was routed, and lost his trains and guns. Such victories are won only by a general who entirely trusts his army; and by an army which knows and loves its general, and would gladly follow him wherever he led.

Thus the national campaign of 1864 draws to a close more magnificently than any previous one, while the whole military movement of the rebellion shows the spasmodic fury of desperation. HOOD'S march to SHERMAN'S rear, PRICE'S marauding invasion of Missouri, the raid upon St. Albans in Vermont, the guerrilla gusts that dash into our lines and are gone, the serious debate in the rebel papers upon the arming of slaves, and the loss and rout with which every rebel plunge is baffled—all these things betray the fierce and fruitless energy of despair.

And this sudden activity along the rebel lines is in concert with the Chicago movement. It is meant to vex and harass the public mind with doubts and fears, to appall the timid, and weaken the feeble. If the rebels can gain an advantage, however slight, at any point, they know, and the whole world knows, that they increase the chances of the election of PENDLETON and M'CLELLAN That alone shows that the Chicago candidates represent the policy of submission and surrender. Let the people of the United States elect General M'CLELLAN for their President and they declare that the war is a failure, and that the country has no hope but in the best terms the rebels may choose to allow. They own that they are conquered, and they deliberately decide to supplant GRANT by FITZ-JOHN PORTER, who, from the days of West Point, has held a singular ascendency over General M'CLELLAN; to substitute DON CARLOS BUELL for SHERMAN; and some General PATTERSON for PHILIP SHERIDAN.

With Generals of the BUELL school in the field, with politicians like HORATIO SEYMOUR, WICKLIFFE, COX, LONG, and Company, in the Cabinet, the overthrow of the essential principle of the American Government is assured. For the policy they support is compromise with rebellion, and that is the confession that the authority of the Government can not be maintained. But while GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, and FARRAGUT are clearly seen by the American people, those people can not mistake the issue, and will not vote for their own disgrace.

AGREEABLE TO REBELS.

A GREAT deal of Copperhead appeal is to this point—that Mr. LINCOLN is a very distasteful man to the rebels, and they will never submit so long as he is President; but General M'CLELLAN is more agreeable to them, and they will be much more disposed to succumb to him.

There are two things to be considered in this astute argument. The first is, that if citizens refusing to yield to the result of a Constitutional election because of their personal dislike of the candidate elected, are to be bribed into quiet by having that man set aside, they accomplish their rebellion and overthrow the Government. And they overthrow it upon a pretense so utterly puerile as to be absurd. In the present case the objection of the rebels to Mr. LINCOLN is that he is identified with the supremacy of the Government, which is the very reason why we ought not to displace him before the insurgents submit. They should be made to yield to the authority of the Government in the person of the man under whose administration they defied it, for then there will be no confusion in their minds. In the rebel view Mr. LINCOLN is identical with the Government, and yielding while he is its representative they will understand that they are subdued. If they dictate a choice of persons, and we comply, they will feel, as they ought, that it is not they, but the people, who have yielded. To urge the defeat of Mr. LINCOLN upon such a ground as this is to show at once that your sympathy is with the rebels.

The second point is, that if General M'CLELLAN is more agreeable to the rebels than Mr. LINCOLN, it is not an honorable fact for the General. For they can prefer him only because they believe him to be less inflexibly devoted to the Union and Government; or because they believe that they can coerce him to their will; or because they are grateful for his unwillingness to hurt them. These are reasons for the rebels to pray for his success: but they are not reasons for loyal citizens to vote for him.

MR. PENDLETON'S "OLD FAITH"

MR. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the Chicago candidate for Vice-President, has written a letter, in which he says that "there is no one who cherishes a greater regard for the Union, who has a higher sense of its inestimable benefits, who would more earnestly labor for its restoration *by all means which will effect that end*, than myself." He says also that he makes no profession of a new faith; that he only repeats that of an old one.

This letter, like General M'CLELLAN'S, is intended to confuse the public mind. Nobody ever charged that Mr. PENDLETON was opposed to the Union. But he himself frankly tells us that if any State chooses to secede, the United States Government has no right and no power to prevent it. This is his "old faith," which this letter assures us that he has not changed.

Mr. PENDLETON'S speeches and votes in Congress since the rebellion began, from his elaborate effort in the session of 1860-'61, in which he declares for the extremest CALHOUN doctrine of State sovereignty, and insists that the National Government has no authority to enforce its laws or maintain its existence—from the time when he said of the States, "If your differences are so great that you can not or will not reconcile them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace," down to the moment when "he thanked God that he had not voted a man or a dollar for this abolition war," have been frank and consistent, and this letter shows it.

The New York *Daily News*, the leading peace organ in this country, says, with perfect truth:

"Mr. PENDLETON'S letter can take its place upon his record in perfect accord with his antecedents *as a consistent and earnest leader of the Peace Democracy*..... Mr. PENDLETON has never been evasive or equivocal in his expressions of opinion. His political past has been of too sincere and emphatic a nature to permit of misconstruction. Therefore when he reaffirms his regard for the Union of our fathers, when he expresses his belief that 'the Union is the guarantee of peace, the power, the prosperity of the people,' we appreciate that he is but uttering the sentiments of peace men generally; for we know well enough that he alludes to no constrained Union, no political companionship enforced at the bayonet's point, no system of government upheld by armies and navies, but a Union *based upon the acknowledgement of the sovereignty of the States*, and dependent on the consent of the people."

Mr. PENDLETON does not praise the Union half as warmly as JEFFERSON DAVIS used to; and, like JEFFERSON DAVIS, he is very careful to avoid saying that he thinks it can be restored by force of arms. "*By all means which will effect that end*," says Mr. PENDLETON; but as he thanks God that he has never favored the war, it is clear that war is not one of the means. But "an immediate cessation of hostilities" is a means; compromise is a means; negotiation is a means. And if all such means fail, then—"let the seceding States depart in peace." This is Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON'S "old faith;" and when it is the new faith of the American people he and General M'CLELLAN will be President and Vice-President—but not before.

THE TENNESSEE TEST OATH.

IN his Augusta speech JEFFERSON DAVIS says: "We must beat SHERMAN, we must march into Tennessee—there we will draw from twenty thousand to thirty thousand to our standard."

It is to prevent these very persons from voting that the "Tennessee test oath" is proposed. The loyal citizens of that State intend that the rebels shall not regain at the polls what they lose in the field, and shall not obtain possession of the State either by arts or arms. Does any truly faithful citizen of this country object to any stringency of oath which secures that result, and defeats DAVIS'S purpose?

COLONEL LOWELL.

AMONG the killed at the late great battle and victory in the Shenandoah Valley was Colonel CHARLES R. LOWELL, Jun., of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, commanding one of MERRITT'S brigades. Entering the service at the beginning of the war, he was commissioned Lieutenant in the Sixth regular cavalry, and soon rose to be Captain. During the Peninsula Campaign he served upon the staff of General M'CLELLAN, and his great military skill and commanding character led Governor ANDREW to appoint him Colonel of Volunteers. When his regiment was ready for the field Colonel LOWELL was intrusted with the cavalry in the District of Columbia to watch MOSBY in front of Washington. From this duty he welcomed the summons to the Valley at the opening of SHERIDAN'S campaign, during which, in his daring and victorious assaults, for which his name was mentioned with constant honor, no less than twelve horses were shot under him.

At the battle of Cedar Creek, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, Colonel LOWELL was struck by a spent ball in the breast. Removed from the saddle, but refusing the urgent request of Generals TORBERT and MERRITT that he would allow himself to be carried to the rear, he remained lying upon the field awaiting the order to charge. At three o'clock in the afternoon the order came. He caused himself to be lifted into the saddle, and although his voice was gone, so that he could whisper merely, he placed himself at the head of the column to which every whisper of their beloved leader was an inspiration. In the assault into the little town Colonel LOWELL was shot in the back, probably from an ambush, and his frame was instantly paralyzed. But his mind was perfectly clear, and he at once prepared to die. Nothing was forgotten in those last hours by the tenderest husband, the most faithful son, the truest friend. Every final disposition was calmly made, and he asked to be buried upon the field where he had fallen—a request which was overruled, and he yielded. Without pain, gradually sinking, he lingered through the night and died the next morning, as only good men and heroes die. He was in his thirtieth year.

Gentle, brave, and generous; of a rarely blended manliness and tenderness; carefully educated at Harvard College, and thoroughly trained to practical affairs by wide travel and much experience of men; of a singular purity and nobility of nature, and entirely devoted to the cause for which he fought, he falls like his only brother, Lieutenant JAMES LOWELL, killed upon the Peninsula, and his brother-in-law, Colonel ROBERT G. SHAW, killed at Fort Wag-

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ner, in the flower of his youth and domestic happiness, another of the costly sacrifices that this nation offers for its salvation.

And so long as the grass grows green upon the graves of these dear and heroic youths, the hearts that loved and honored them are pledged more surely than ever to the overthrow of the system which instigated this rebellion to destroy the country, and murders our friends and brothers who die to save it. They die, these brave and noble boys, but they live. They live in our purer purpose, in our firmer resolution, in the surer justice of the nation. Against compromise, against concession, against surrender, this precious blood cries from the ground. God be thanked! no nation *could* be saved to which it cried in vain.

CHEERFUL FOR THE "ULTIMATE CONVENTION."

"My first effort was for peace," said JEFFERSON DAVIS at Augusta, "and I sent commissioners to endeavor to arrange an amicable dissolution. From time to time I have repeated efforts to that end, *but never, never have I sought it on any other basis than independence.*"

"It is asserted," says the Montreal correspondence of the *London Times*....."that the Hon. C. C. CLAY and the Hon. JACOB THOMPSON, the Confederate Commissioners in Canada, have received instructions from Richmond to propose peace.....on the basis of a restoration of the Union. I am able to state on the highest authority that Messrs. CLAY and THOMPSON have no such mission.....*Their platform is Southern Independence, and that alone.*"

Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS says the same in his letter.

Governor BROWN repeats the same statement.

HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON must have independence at least.

"If you can not or will not reconcile your differences," says Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, "then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace."

"Mr. PENDLETON'S actions and records are the same as the records and position of GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN," says Mr. SANDFORD E. CHURCH.

MR. PENDLETON AND THE REBELLION.

A FEW evenings ago Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN introduced to a serenading multitude in front of the New York hotel, the favorite resort of secessionists in the city, his "erring sister" Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON. Mr. PENDLETON said that he was born in Ohio, and knew the sentiment of her people. But we all know what that is. Ohio told us on the 11th of October. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is also from Ohio—and he knows her sentiments. He learned them last year.

Mr. PENDLETON also alluded to a campaign document representing him as giving a vote in Congress on the 7th of July, 1864, when Congress adjourned on the 4th of July; and from this "fraud and forgery," he says, you may judge of the credibility of the whole fabrication.

But the student of Mr. PENDLETON'S record will find that, on the 7th *of January*, 1864, for which evidently July is a misprint, Mr. JOHN D. BALDWIN offered a resolution with a preamble utterly denouncing the rebellion as "organized treason," etc. All who voted voted *aye*. Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON *dodged*.

On the 18th of January, 1864, Mr. Smith of Kentucky submitted the following preamble and resolution:

"*Whereas*, A most desperate, wicked, and bloody rebellion exists within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the safety and security of personal and national liberty depend upon its absolute and utter extinction; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That it is the political, civil, moral, and sacred duty of the people to meet it, fight it, crush it, and forever destroy it."

Mr. JAMES C. ALLEN moved to lay the preamble and resolution on the table. This failed, but Mr. PENDLETON voted for it—yeas 26, nays 102.

The resolution was then adopted—yeas 112, nays 16—*Mr. Pendleton voting against it*, with WOOD, VOORHEES, JAMES C. ALLEN, LONG, HARRIS of Maryland, ANCONA, and others.

On the 18th of January, 1861, at the beginning of the rebellion, Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON asserted the right and power of the President to recognize secession in these words

"What may be the constitutional power of this Government to recognize the secession of a State I decline to discuss at present. But this I say, it we should become engaged in a war with a foreign enemy, and a portion of our territory should be captured and reduced to possession by the enemy, and we should be obliged to make a treaty of peace on the basis of retaining what each party had acquired—*uti possidetis—acknowledging the sovereignty of that territory to have passed away from us, certainly the Federal Government would have the power to conform to our restricted limits, and to confine its jurisdiction to our admitted boundaries.* If war be dismemberment, as my colleague declares, has not the Federal Government as much power to treat that question now as at the end of a war? Will a conflict of arms confer constitutional power upon the Federal Government? If these Southern States can not be conciliated, and if, you, gentlemen, can not find it in your hearts to grant their demands—if they must leave the family mansion, I would signalize their departure by tokens of love."

On the 16th of September, 1864, Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON was in Dayton on a visit to his friend Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and he made a little speech, in which he speaks of the Democratic party—meaning the Chicago Convention—"whose beneficent principles recently solemnly announced in National Convention will bring us peace." Those beneficent principles are, that the war has failed; that we must ask for an immediate cessation of hostilities; and go into "an ultimate Convention."

This will perhaps serve to show the "fraud and forgery" of the assertion that Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON is of the ultra Southern States-rights school, as it certainly reveals the exact quality of his "devotion to the Union and the Constitution."

DAVIS AT AUGUSTA.

UPON his return from Macon JEFFERSON DAVIS made a speech at Augusta. It has the same wild tone of despair as that at Macon. "Words," he says, "will not now avail..... You must consult your heart: perform more than the law can exact; yield as much as freemen can give, and all will be well." In his foolish fury JEFFERSON DAVIS calls his loyal fellow-citizens of the United States "deniers of the rights of men," while he and the world know that the only reason for the war which he wages upon the Government of his country was that it was secured in the future to Liberty and equal rights. He and his associates rebelled to save slavery. They now declare it was for independence, and because of incompatibility. But the independence they seek is for the purpose of perpetuating slavery, and the incompatibility they plead is because of the existence of slavery. "We were a free and independent people, in States that had a right to make a better Government when they saw fit," says DAVIS; and his Lieutenant, STEPHENS, declares that they designed that better Government to rest upon the "corner-stone of slavery."

THE SAME RECORD.

IN a late speech for the Chicago candidates in the city of New York Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH said that "he could not see why any one should object to GEORGE H. PENDLETON: his actions and his records were the same as the records and position of GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN."

If this be true, General M'CLELLAN is of the political school of JOHN C. CALHOUN and JEFFERSON DAVIS, as Mr. PENDLETON is.

He then supports the extreme doctrine of State sovereignty, as Mr. PENDLETON does.

He thinks that the States have the right to secede at pleasure, as Mr. PENDLETON does.

He believes that the Government has no right to defend itself from the attacks of rebels, as Mr. PENDLETON does.

He believes the war to be atrocious and wicked, as Mr. PENDLETON does.

He is in favor of saying to the rebels, "Depart in peace," as Mr. PENDLETON is.

If Mr. CHURCH tells the truth of his candidate, General M'CLELLAN agrees entirely with the rebels; for if Mr. PENDLETON'S theory of our Government be correct, secession is strictly Constitutional. What a pleasing President of the United States such a theorist would make!

It is wise to insist that the Chicago candidates hold the same views, for they will be obliged to follow the same policy if elected. Whoever votes for the one necessarily votes for the other, and they stand side by side upon the Chicago platform.

GENERALS AT PLAY.

WHILE SHERIDAN'S name is upon all lips and in all hearts the following passage from EDMUND KIRKE'S "Down in Tennessee" is interesting:

"At SHERIDAN'S I saw ROSECRANS unbent. The bow which is always strung loses its power; so workers, such as he, wear out by constant working. The hour of relaxation is the time to learn any man, and I tried to study him. SHERIDAN had invented a game he called 'Dutch Ten-Pins.' On the lawn in front of his quarters, between two immense elms, he had suspended a long rope, and to the end of it attached a small cannon-ball. On the ground, midway between these trees, was a square board which held the ten-pins. The game lay in throwing the ball so that it would miss the pins in going out and strike them in coming back. To do this, a peculiar twist had to be given to the rope by bending the wrist, and it seemed almost impossible to avoid hitting the pins on the direct throw. Three 'throws' were a 'game,' and thirty 'strokes' could be made. SHERIDAN, by such practice, had become expert at the play, and could make pretty regularly twenty 'strokes,' but a novice did well if he made ten. He soon challenged ROSECRANS, and the dozen officers with him, to the lists. SHERIDAN opened the play, cleared the board twice, and missed it altogether the third throw. 'Twenty,' cried the 'scorer,' and another player took his place. He did indifferently well. Others followed with more or less success, though none came up to SHERIDAN'S 'score.'

"'Now for the General,' shouted 'the Major,' laughing as ROSECRANS took his place. 'He'll score thirty, sure.'

"'Don't laugh till you win, my boy,' answered the General, with his peculiar smile.

"Calculating deliberately the motion of the ball, he let it go. Every pin fell, on the direct throw, and a general laugh followed. Not at all disconcerted, he tried again till he had played three or four 'games' with scarcely better success. Amidst the mock congratulation of the whole assemblage he at last sat down, and GARFIELD entered the lists. 'It's nothing but mathematics,' said GARFIELD; 'you only need an eye and a hand,' and carelessly throwing the ball, he cleared the board and scored twenty-three.

"'You can't do that again.'

"'I'll try,' answered the modest Brigadier, and he did do it, several times in succession.

"'I can do better than that,' said ROSECRANS, again taking the ball. A shout of derision followed the boast, but he quietly set himself to work, and, half a dozen times in succession, made from twenty-five to thirty 'strokes.'"

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

THE speech of the President in response to the serenade from the loyal Marylanders in Washington is so manly and noble, so simple and characteristic, that we print it entire, and commend it to the thoughtful perusal of every faithful citizen, soldier, or sailor in the country, and ask him if this is a dangerous man to trust with the administration of the Government:

"I am notified that this is a compliment paid me by the loyal Marylanders resident in this District. I infer that the adoption of the new Constitution for the State furnishes the occasion, and that in your view the extirpation of slavery constitutes the chief merit of the new Constitution. Most heartily do I congratulate you and Maryland, and the nation, and the world, upon the event. I regret that it did not occur two years sooner, which, I am sure, would have saved to the nation more money than would have met all the private loss incident to the measure; but it has come at last, and I sincerely hope its friends may fully realize all their anticipations of good from it, and that its opponents may, by its effects, be agreeably and profitably disappointed. A word upon another subject: Something said by the Secretary of State, in his recent speech at Auburn, has been construed by some into a threat that, if I shall be beaten at the election, I will between then and the end of my Constitutional term do what I may be able to ruin the Government. Others regard the fact that the Chicago Convention adjourned not *sine die* but to meet again if called to do so by a particular individual as the ultimatum of a purpose that if the nominee shall be elected he will at once seize control of the Government. I hope the good people will permit themselves to suffer no uneasiness on either point. I am struggling to maintain the Government, not to overthrow it. I therefore say that if I shall live I shall remain President until the 4th of next March. And whoever shall be constitutionally elected, therefore, in November shall be duly installed as President on the 4th of March, and that in the interval I shall do my utmost that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance to save the ship. This is due to the people, both on principle and under the Constitution. Their will, constitutionally expressed, is the ultimate law for all. If they should deliberately resolve to have immediate peace, even at the loss of their country and their liberties, I know not the power or the right to resist them. It is their own business, and they must do as they please with their own. I believe, however, they are all resolved to preserve their country and their liberty; and in this, in office or out of it, I am resolved to stand by them. I may add, that in this purpose—to save the country and its liberties—no class of people seem so nearly unanimous as the soldiers in the field and the seamen afloat. Do they not have the hardest of it? Who should quail when they do not? God bless the soldiers and seamen, and all their brave commanders!"

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE ARMY VOTE.

REBELS shrink from SHERMAN'S sword and Copperheads from his pen. A foolish story has been circulated that he had said ninety-nine out of every hundred soldiers in his army would vote for M'CLELLAN. General SHERMAN flanks and routs the falsehood in the following letter:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD, KINGSTON, GA., *Oct.* 11, 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR.—There is not one word of truth in the paragraph you sent me cut from the *New York Herald* of September 20. I never thought, said, or wrote that M'CLELLAN would get 'ninety-nine out of every hundred' votes in the army. I am as ignorant of the political bias of the men of this army as you are at a distance of a thousand miles, and I would as soon think of tampering with a soldier's religion as with his preference for men. I have not and shall not attempt to influence a vote in the coming struggle. I believe Mr. LINCOLN has done the best he could. With respect, etc. W. T. SHERMAN.

"JOHN C. HAMILTON, Esq."

JUDGE VANDERPOEL UPON THE CRISIS.

HON. AARON VANDERPOEL says, in a late letter to a Union meeting in Ulster County:

"I voted against Mr. LINCOLN in 1860, and for HORATIO SEYMOUR in 1862, but now feel called upon, by every obligation of duty and patriotism, to cast my vote for ABRAHAM LINCOLN and Mr. FENTON.

* * * * * * *

"My doctrine is that, as the rebels began the war without cause, they must end it by laying down their arms and submitting to that Government against which they have so wantonly rebelled. I can see in the election of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON nothing but the breaking up of the Union. I agree with FERNANDO WOOD, a prominent supporter of M'CLELLAN, that as the Chicago nominee he is bound to carry out the principles of the Chicago platform, which has not a word of fault to find with the rebels, and goes for peace at all events, and at any price.

"I, too, am for peace: but I am for a peace which is honorable—not for one which brings disgrace and humiliation to the North. As the game now stands I am against making M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON my peace-makers. My peace-makers are GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, and FARRAGUT, and the hosts of loyal and gallant spirits under them; the sons of Freemen, who have so triumphantly pushed their ruthless foe to the last ditch."

FOR BOSTON.

THE hour of the departure of the steamers upon the Stonington, or Groton, line has been changed to 4 o'clock P.M. daily.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

THE prominent topic of the week is General Sheridan's victory in the Shenandoah Valley.

On Saturday, October 15, General Sheridan went to Washington, leaving General Wright in command of the army, which was situated on the turnpike from Strasburg to Winchester, north of Cedar Creek, the Eighth Corps on the left, the Nineteenth in the centre, and the Sixth on the right. Still further to the right was Custer's cavalry division. The enemy, under command of General Early, was intrenched at Fisher's Hill, a few miles southwest of Strasburg. The Federal army also intrenched itself, occupying a line running nearly north and south, and situated on a commanding elevation. Monday morning, the 17th, the rebels made an attack on our right, which answered the purpose both of a reconnoissance and a feint, as it was intended finally to attack on the left. Tuesday passed without an engagement, and a Federal reconnoissance made that day appeared to settle the fact of Early's continued presence in force at Fisher's Hill. The rebel army consisted of five infantry divisions, under Gordon, Ramseur, Pegram, Wharton, and Kershaw. With this force, amounting to nearly 20,000 men, Early attacked on Wednesday morning before light.

A dense fog favored his designs. Three divisions—Pegram's, Ramseur's, and Gordon's—were advanced against our left, while Wharton and Kershaw moved against our centre along the Winchester pike. The attack on the left was a perfect surprise, and, to enhance the effect, it was made without the usual preliminary of a skirmish. Almost at the first onset the works were taken and a large number of guns; the advantage thus gained was pursued; the encampments were overrun, and a large number of prisoners taken. In Crook's rear was a provisional division commanded by Colonel Kitchin, which was also routed.

The other two divisions at the same time advanced and attacked the Nineteenth Corps, which was exposed on its left flank by Crook's retreat. Here also breast-works and guns were taken. The rebel artillery meanwhile, posted in commanding situations on the opposite side of Cedar Creek, continued to pour in upon our disorganized troops. The whole left was soon retreating on the Winchester pike toward Middletown.

North of this road was posted the Sixth Corps and the cavalry, which had as yet taken no part in the battle. The cavalry, moving in rear, soon appeared on the left, where it checked the enemy's advance. The Sixth Corps followed in the same direction, coming up on the left of the Nineteenth Corps. Here the enemy began to be held at bay, and the entire Federal line was withdrawn a short distance to a more defensible position. The enemy followed close, and more guns were taken, on account of the difficulty in getting them off in time. At this point the artillery divisions suffered great loss in horses and men. After the line was formed there was yet enough of an organization to repel two vigorous charges of the rebels. To maintain a perfect connection with the cavalry on the left it was necessary to withdraw the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps still farther to a position just north of Middletown. Up to this time twenty-four guns had been taken from us, and a great number of killed and wounded marked the line of retreat, among whom were several able officers. Colonel Thoburn, commanding First Division, Eighth Corps, had been killed; also General Bidwell, commanding Third Brigade of Second Division, Sixth Corps. General Ricketts, commanding the Sixth Corps, had been badly wounded, and General Wright himself was wounded in the chin.

Sheridan had slept at Winchester the previous night, but hearing the cannonade in the morning he took his horse and pushed on toward Strasburg at full gallop, arriving on the field at ten o'clock A.M., just as the army had taken up its position north of Middletown. On his way he had met the throng of wounded and stragglers. The latter were forthwith gathered in by provost marshals.

The new line of battle ran as follows: The Nineteenth Corps on the right, the Sixth in the centre, and the recovered Eighth Corps on the left. Custer's cavalry was on the extreme right, and Merritt's on the left. The enemy attacked at one P.M., and was repulsed. At three o'clock Sheridan assumed the offensive and attacked. The cavalry made a furious charge on either wing, which was followed by an impetuous advance on the centre. The rebel line was completely broken, and the cavalry followed up the retreat, reaping the fruits of a decisive victory; all the guns lost were recaptured, and fully as many more in addition taken from the enemy: and 3000 prisoners were captured, including 200 officers. The cavalry continued the pursuit to Mount Jackson. The entire rebel loss is estimated at about 10,000. Nearly 12,000 stands of arms have been taken.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT TO GENERAL SHERIDAN.

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to General Sheridan by the President:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *Oct.* 22, 1864.

"MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN.—With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation and my own personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19. Your obedient servant, ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

Hood is no doubt retreating southward, with Sherman closely pursuing. No new developments have been made in regard to the designs of the rebel cavalry under Forrest.

October 19 an engagement occurred between Price and General Blunt at Lexington, Missouri, the result of which was a Federal victory. General Price is retreating southward.

THE ST. ALBANS RAID.

In the afternoon of October 19 considerable disturbance was occasioned in St. Albans, Vermont, by the appearance in that town of several marauders from the Canada side, who, under pretense of being Confederates, murdered a number of the citizens and stole a considerable sum of money from the banks. After accomplishing their object they returned into Canada. Captain Conger, with a detachment of men, immediately started in pursuit. They succeeded in capturing the greater part of the marauders and in recovering $150,000 of the stolen money. The Governor-General of Canada telegraphed, offering to respond to a requisition from the United States Government for the surrender of the robbers, as many of them as could be found. The raid was followed by considerable excitement, and in a few hours the whole frontier was under arms.

NEWS ITEMS.

The steamer *Roanoke* was captured by pirates October 7, while on her way from Havana to New York. It was taken by the same plan as the *Chesapeake*, and Braine, the leader of the piratical gang, was also the leader in the case of the *Chesapeake*. Braine has been arrested, together with his associates, and imprisoned at Bermuda. But the British authorities, as usual, have released them.

Henry C. Niles, a clerk employed in the city delivery department of the New York Post-office, was arrested a few days ago by Mr. J. Gayler, the Special Agent of the Post-office Department, on a charge of embezzling and rifling mail-letters. It was the duty of the accused to prepare the letters to be taken out by the down-town carriers, and it is charged that he availed himself of the opportunity to commit extensive depredations, especially upon the correspondence of persons doing business in portions of Nassau, Ann, Fulton, Beekman, and William streets. Suspicion at first naturally attached itself to the carriers for those districts; but the detection of Niles has of course exonerated them. The prisoner admitted his guilt to Mr. Gayler, and the clearest evidence of it was also found upon his person. He was taken before United States Commissioner Stilwell, and held to bail in $5000.

Brigadier-General Paine, commanding the District of Illinois, has been temporarily relieved at his own request. Brigadier-General John Cook, of Springfield, will succeed him in command of the District.

The County Volunteer Committee are now recruiting with considerable success. The bounties now offered by the county are $300 for three years, $200 for two years, and $100 for one year men, and the Government bounty is the same, which makes just double that sum paid to each volunteer. The Government is paying no hand-money, but the county is paying for a three years' recruit $50, for a two years' recruit $30, and for a one year recruit $20.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

IT is reported that Captain Semmes has departed from Liverpool with 108 men for Madeira, where he will man the steamer *Ranger*, and proceed upon another cruise.

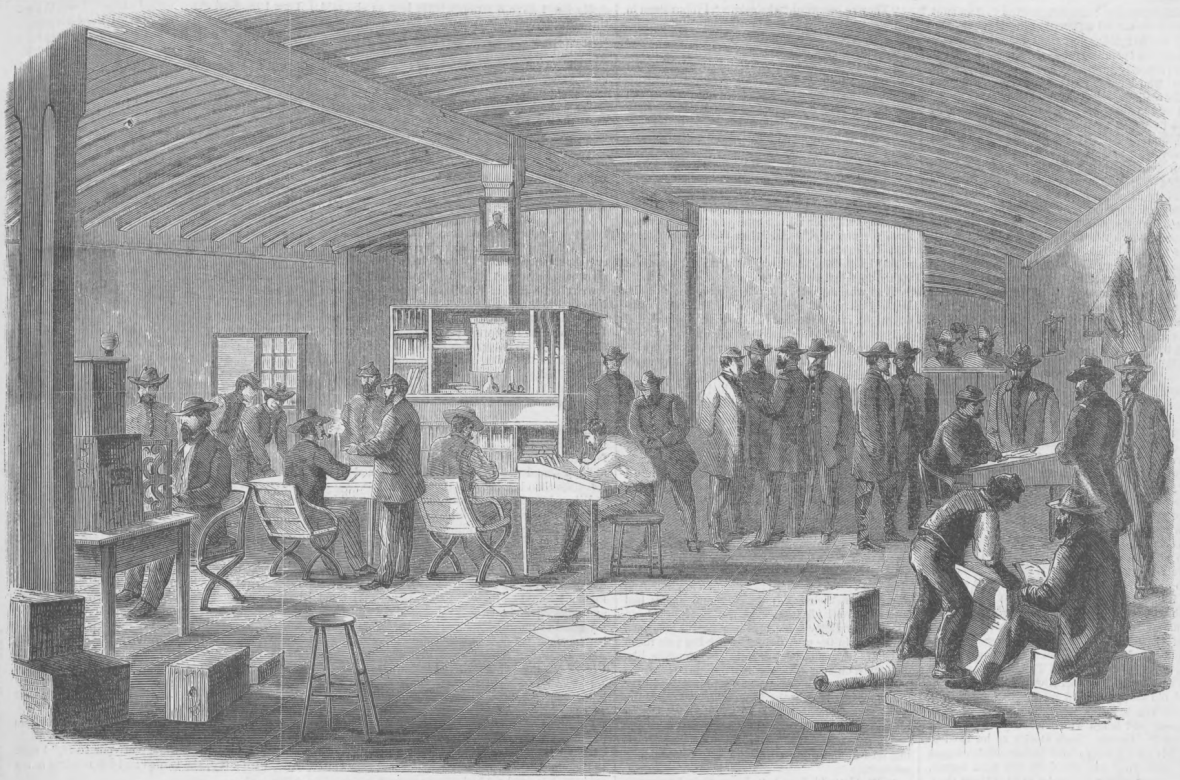
The commercial depression still continues in England. The Confederate loan was quoted at 55.

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UNION REFUGEES COMING INTO THE FEDERAL LINES.—[SEE PAGE 717.]

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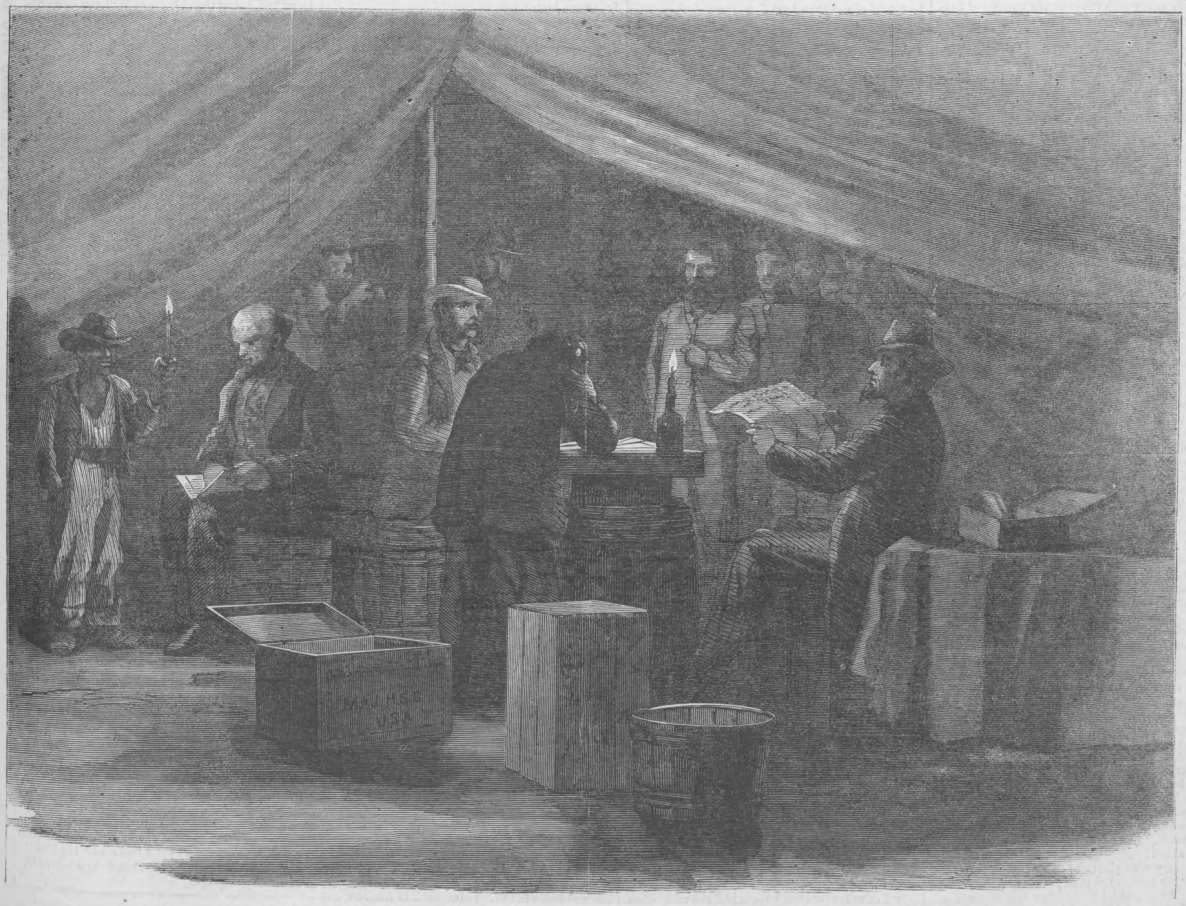


ADAMS EXPRESS OFFICE AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, ON PAY-DAY.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

WE give on this page a sketch representing the appearance of ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY'S OFFICE, AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, during the time that the ever-welcome Paymaster is on a visit among the troops. This time is selected because it is then that the officers and men of the army—the transmission of whose money forms the principal business of the branch of the Company located there—come in upon the office in overwhelming crowds.

"Few people," says our artist, "in looking at that rough, common-looking barge, moored along the wharf at City Point—and which many hardly recognize as the office of Adams Express Company, in spite of the large flag at the stern announcing the



VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH—PAYING SHERIDAN'S TROOPS AT NIGHT IN SUTLER'S TENT.—[SKETCHED BY MR. WAUD.]

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fact plainly enough—could imagine the vast amount of business transacted on board of it. Having to do not only the freighting, but what literally amounts to the banking business of the thousands comprising an army, one may suppose is no ordinary labor; but very few who have not witnessed the *modus operandi* can realize how immensely that labor is increased by the necessary lack of all those technical facilities by which banking establishments are carried on, and which it is impossible to find at the temporary base of an army constantly in motion. It is an average thing, irrespective of the large amount of freight constantly going to and from the office at City Point, for from 50,000 to 75,000 dollars in money to be daily transmitted, in individual packages, from the soldiers to their friends at home; and there are days when the aggregate can not fall short of 150,000 dollars.

"These packages, after having their contents duly counted and receipted, have to be sealed up with five large impressions of sealing-wax, stamped by the Company's seal, and then read over and tallied—a tedious mechanical labor often reaching far into the night. The whole of the work in this important branch of the Company devolves upon one responsible agent and seven assistants."

THE PRICE OF A KISS.

WHEN I was a boy—a tall, strapping young fellow of seventeen or eighteen—father was a farmer, and owned that piece of ground yonder. It was a fine farm then, though they've cut a railway through it now, and spoiled it with their improvements. In those days we were content to travel by the stage or on horseback; and I must confess I don't think we've gained much by the change except explosions, though you mayn't agree with me there—youngsters never do. Just here stood old Wilber Trabb's tavern—the Jolly Farmer. Tavern was no disgrace then, though you'd insult a hotel to call it one now. They hadn't much steady company there; but folk stopped on the way up by the stage, and drovers and farmers on the way to market took their meals there. Of winter evenings the Squire, and the Doctor, and even the Parson, used to come over to taste old Trabb's ale and have a chat with him. He was a well-educated, light-hearted old man, who had fought when young in the Revolutionary war; and though past seventy could drink and laugh with fellows young enough to be his grandsons. Such stories as he used to tell of his own bravery and hair-breadth escapes would make your hair stand on end with horror. We youngsters never doubted a word of them then, whatever we may do now at times. With his large bulky figure, and red face, and loud voice, he was the strangest contrast to his daughter Mehetabel—Hetty every one called her. She was like some slender white lily in those days, and her voice no louder than some silver bell, and just as musical—a shy little soul just come home from school, and ready to cry with fright at the thought of having to take her place as mistress; for you see her mother had been dead years and years. The tombstone in the church-yard was just as old as Hetty, and she was the only woman about the house.

In a little while she grew used to it, and less timid; and then from looking at her at a distance I came to speaking to her. The first time was at the great gate that opened upon the road from the back of the house. It was heavy and hard to open, and seeing her little hands busy with it I went across and set it back for her; and she said, "Thank you—you're very kind to take so much trouble."

"No trouble at all, Miss Hetty," I said; "it's a pleasure." And then she blushed, and I felt the blood rush into my face, though I don't suppose she noticed it; for what with work in the open air, and the sun, and sheepishness, I was about as red as I well could be all the time in those days.

After that we bowed, and smiled, and spoke when we met; and at last one Sunday evening I mustered up resolution, and dressed myself in my best, and put a rose in my button-hole, and took a bouquet for her, and went across the fields to Wilber Trabb's. Two or three times I felt like turning back, or running off somewhere; but I screwed my courage to the sticking point and got to the door. I'm not sure, though, that I'd have made up my mind to go in if she hadn't been sitting there on the porch reading her prayer-book. She put it in her pocket, and looked up and smiled.

"How do you do, Mr. Maffit?" she said. "I'm glad to see you. Walk in." And she took me into the little parlor and handed me a chair.

I can remember that room just as if it was yesterday. There was a home-made carpet, red and yellow stripes, on the floor; and a mahogany tea-table you could see your face in between the windows; and all about the room was wainscoted and painted blue about as high as your waist. Above that was whitewashed. The mantle-piece was higher than your head, and had plated candlesticks and a tea-caddy on it; and on the wall were two paper profiles: one of old Wilber, and the other of his wife, cut at a fair when they were sweet-hearts. The chairs had rush bottoms and were painted black, and there were green window-papers tied up with tassels at the windows. Hetty wore a white dress and a check apron, and had a string of coral beads about her little throat. I remember it all like a picture—most of all her pretty eyes, looking down at the stripes in the carpet.

"It's a nice evening, Miss Hetty," I said, to say something, as I ought.

"Very," she answered. "I'm always glad of a bright Sunday. Rain keeps the people from church, and makes it dull besides."

"I saw you in church this morning," I said.

"I saw you too," replied Hetty, and then there was silence. She plaited her apron strings, and I stared at her.

"I see you've plenty of flowers, Miss Hetty," I said; "but mother has such good luck with her carnations, I thought I'd bring you a few, if you'd accept them;" and I handed her my posegay. She smiled and took them.

"They're beautiful," she said. "I'll put them in water;" and she went out and brought in a clean, polished beer-glass half full of water and set them in it; and having something to do with her hands and eyes grew less bashful. And we talked about flowers and seeds and gardening for a good while.

When the moon was up we went out on the porch and sat there. And she told me about her city school, and a teacher who was very kind to her, and of her joy that she could be so useful to her father, and that he was so fond of her.

"For you see," she said, "I'd been away so long I knew nothing about home, and not much even about pa."

"I'm sure," said I, "the loss was his, and if you were my daughter I'd not send you to school away from me one day." And then I was so conscious that I'd made a silly speech that I said "good-night" in quite a short way, and wished the earth would open and swallow me.

That was my first visit to Hetty, but not the last. Pretty soon I went up to see her every Sunday night, and waited on her to singing-school, and had got so that I could talk in my natural voice—the first night it was only a queer husky growl—and could express my own ideas, such as they were, in something like comprehensible language.

Hetty had read more than I had ever heard of. She was well educated for a girl in those days, and she made me wonder at her smartness when she was not afraid of talking. She wrote a pretty hand, too, and could sing the sweetest ballad. My only fear was that I was too homely, and rough, and countrified to suit her. Father knew where I went Sunday nights, and laughed about my going sparking; but mother was anxious. She thought that Hetty was not just the girl for a farmer's wife, I fancy, and she had made up her mind that I should marry my far-away cousin, Ann Dolting. But I took my own way, and grew fonder of dear little Hetty every day. I hoped, too, that she liked me better. At last there had been an apple-paring at neighbor Welcome's; dancing and games had kept us up all night, so that it was almost dawn when I saw Hetty home. How peaceful the green fields were in the gray twilight, with the pale moon and stars just fading out of sight, and the dew, like diamonds, on every spear of the long grass! I had offered Hetty my arm, and the dear little hand lay like a snow-flake on the black cloth. Something—not myself, I'm sure, for I'd not have dared to—made me suddenly stoop my head and kiss the pretty fingers, and the next minute we were standing face to face quite still, with both her hands in mine.

"Oh, Hetty!" I said, "please don't be angry; but I love you so—you are so very dear to me. Ever since that first evening I've felt that if you should say I might not have that little hand to keep I should want to die. I don't know what there is in me to like; but, Hetty, for Heaven's sake try to like me enough to be my wife. The best and handsomest fellow in the world couldn't be fonder of you than I am."

She wouldn't look up. She wouldn't speak. I tried to see her face, and it was all wet with tears. But when I put my arm about her she did not seem angry, and I drew her to my heart and held her there long enough to kiss her twenty times; and then we walked on over the fields, and I thanked God for giving me so great a treasure. Old Wilber Trabb was not opposed to the match; but when I talked to him about it as Hetty bade me, he said,

"If the girl has set her heart on it she may marry you, but I can't spare her yet, and you are both young enough to wait a couple of years; so it was settled that we should be married two years from that time on my Hetty's nineteenth birthday. "All the better," said the old folks, and Hetty was content; but I felt anxious to have her all my own. She was so lovely that I fancied every man in the world must envy me.

As for my doing as I did I'd have staked my soul, and that's a pretty heavy stake, that I never could have done it. I was bewitched, I think, or Satan took possession of me. But this is how it happened. We had been engaged a year—Hetty and I—I think, when a pretty Southern girl came to Butler to live. Butler was the next village. She had an opportunity of making a show, for her father owned plenty of darkeys, and gave her all the money she wanted. She dressed elegantly, and gave herself airs, and wondered how any woman could do housework. A great black woman with slipshod shoes came with her to wait on her, and she never poured out the water to wash her own hands. She put silly notions into many a girl's head, but Hetty only laughed at her. Why I never knew, but she took a notion to me—she glanced and smiled—she wasn't troubled by bashfulness; and after a while I found myself talking to her a great deal, and thinking very often how pretty she was. Once or twice Hetty was silent and a little pale after the parties and husking-frolics where we met Miss Princely; but I never thought of her being jealous, for I loved her better than any living thing, and it seemed to me she must know it.

One day, or evening rather, I had been dancing with this Southern girl, and was about to leave her when she gave a little laugh and said,

"I thought you had staid quite as long as you dared."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh we all know whose apron-string *you* are tied to!" she replied. "I only wonder you dare leave her side at all."

"I dare do any thing I choose," said I.

"No," she laughed, "you daren't dance the next three dances with me."

"But I will," said I; and I sat down beside her. I saw her eyes glitter, and I did not dare to look toward Hetty. Soon the music struck up, and we danced together. Hetty had another partner. I envied him her little white hand, but I could not bring myself to be laughed at, and I danced not only three but four times with Miss Princely.

"You're braver than I thought," she said, when we were through. "Now run away and be forgiven."

My heart gave a strange little leap as she said those words, but I answered by a laugh and kept close to her all supper-time. People were talking about it, I knew, for all were well aware that Hetty and I were engaged to each other; but that girl's sneer seemed to have made a fool of me, and I determined to show her that I was my own master.

When I left her at last, she said: "I am going away the day after to-morrow for good. If you dare come over and see me to-morrow evening—"

"I'll be there," I said, and then I went in search of Hetty. She was not there. Dr. Bray and his wife had gone home early, and she had gone with them in their gig.

I did not stay long after that.

The best part of that night I passed walking up and down before her window. There was a light within, and every now and then a little shadow crossed the curtain. If I could have seen her then all would have been right, but it was too late, and I went home just in time to change my dress and be called to breakfast.

The day was a long one. It was a busy time, and I couldn't leave my work; but I thought of Hetty all the while. What apology could I make? I could only tell her the truth, and how meanly that sounded. "Tied to her apron-string," and she the gentlest thing that ever lived, who never strove to rule me. I almost hated Miss Princely for that speech now.

But Hetty was so good and sweet-tempered she must forgive me. It was the first time I had offended, and I made short work of the mush and milk at supper, and was up stairs and dressed and off in less time than it takes to tell of it.

When I reached the house, old Trabb was taking supper by himself. "Looking for Hetty?" he asked. "She's off spending the afternoon somewhere; took her knitting work and said she'd be out late. Sit by and take a bite."

But I was too restless, and hurt besides. It was one of my regular evenings, and Hetty must have known I would be there. I thought her very cruel and unkind; and then in a spirit of pique I made up my mind to go to Butler and see Miss Princely at her cousin's.

It was a three-miles' walk, and was quite dark when I got there. They lived in the only street of Butler, a row of white houses, with their gardens joining, just separated by pretty little hedges. Miss Princely was alone. "So glad to see you," she said. "I staid home on purpose;" and she smiled, and dimpled, and looked prettier than ever. Then she played to me, for they had a piano, and afterward the colored woman brought in coffee and cakes and cold chicken, and we had a little supper.

I didn't forget Hetty, but I made up my mind to enjoy that evening, and the supper over we walked up and down in the garden. Next door, with the hedge between us, some girls were chatting, but their laughs and voices were the only sounds that disturbed the silence.

"I'm going away to-morrow," said Miss Princely, after a little while.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said I.

"I don't believe you," she said, pouting.

"Why not?"

"You'd not care if all the world were going," she said. "If you were to hear I were dead to-morrow you'd never grieve."

"Indeed I should."

"Oh, you men!" she said, coquettishly. "But do you know my poor little bones quite long for home again? It is growing chilly here as autumn advances. My hands are quite chapped, and my lips, just look at them." She pursed them up in a very tempting way and I bent forward.

"I can't see," I said. "It's too dark, I must tell by the sense of touch."

It's strange how such a bashful fellow as I had been could have grown so saucy on a sudden; but I told you before I was bewitched. I had kissed her as I spoke, and she gave me a little soft slap, and said, "Oh, how dare you?" in any thing but an angry voice.

"They're very soft yet for chapped lips," I said; and just then turning, I saw in the moonlight a pale, frightened face looking over the hedge which divided the two gardens. There for a moment stood Hetty looking at us both. The next I saw it sink, and heard some one cry, "Why, what is the matter with Hetty? I think she has fainted."

How much she heard I never knew, but I know she saw me kiss that girl.

The next day a farm-hand brought me a little parcel and a note from Hetty:

"I send back your presents," she wrote. "I wish you could return all the love I have given you. It is over now, but I am ashamed of ever having cared for one so treacherous and fickle."

Those cold words only. Five hours afterward I had left home and was far away, with only a few dollars in my pocket and a bundle of clothes on a stick over my shoulders.

A vessel was about to sail for England when I reached New York, and I shipped before the mast.

I went half around the world, and went to many a land. I never forgot Hetty, and I knew I never could be happy again; but I was most like myself in a storm, or when there was any danger that excited me. One thing they thought odd in me—I never cared to look at or speak to a woman when we went ashore; pretty or ugly, young or old, it was all the same. At last I wrote to mother, but not often, and I never asked a question about Hetty. I didn't care to hear what I supposed I should, that she had married some one else.

When my mother died father was not fond of writing, and I sent him presents instead of letters, and had no chance of hearing.

I'll not make my long story longer by telling of my adventures at sea, or how we came, after I was first mate, to fall in with a pirate on the high seas. We beat him; but I was wounded, and they took me up for dead. I lived, however; and though I had lost a leg, and had a great scar across my cheek, seemed likely to live. I came back to America, and my heart being softened by a long illness, I longed to see home and my good old father; so from New York I traveled to my native place. I was thirty-six years old on the day when I limped through Butler, where the stage stopped, and saw the garden in which I had given Miss Princely that kiss which had cost me so much. My heart was so full that I could have wept. Butler and our place had grown such near neighbors that they were almost one. Only two or three green fields lay between them. A new street had been built, and the tavern now stood on that. It was altered, and had wings and another story, but there was a sign—The Town Hotel, W. Trabb. A boy was lounging at the door.

"Is old Mr. Trabb living yet?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir," said the boy; "and he's right smart, though they say he's over ninety."

"He'll not remember me," I thought. "I'll go in and see him."

I knew the way to the parlor, and I went toward it. The hall was oil-clothed and painted, and when I looked into the room I hardly knew it. Its walls were papered, and it was furnished as modern parlors were. But I did know the form that stood there—the slight, fair woman, with her bands of golden hair—Hetty—older, but not altered—the sweet girl changed to a lovely woman. She bent over the chair in which her old father sat, and, standing there, I heard him speak, his tones thinner than of yore and with a quaver in them.

"My dear, I wish you'd think twice of this. I'm sure John Westbrook would make you a good husband. I'd like to see you married before I die."

"Papa," she answered, "I'm too old to marry. I'm thirty-five."

"A mere child yet," said the old man. "And you might have been married twenty times. I don't want to lose you; but John would take the business, and we'd live together. Make up your mind to marry him."

"I can't, papa; indeed I can't marry John Westbrook. I must live and die an old maid."

"I can't see why you should throw your life away," said the old man.

"Dear papa," she said, "it is not wasting my life to spend it with you. I have never loved any one but poor Arthur Maffit, and it would be very wrong to marry without loving. He has all I ever had to give."

"The sea can not give up its dead," said the old man.

"Amen!" she said, and bent her head upon his shoulder and wept aloud.

Then I crossed the threshold and stood before them.

"Hetty, I am not worthy of your tears," I said. And, with a cry, she turned and fell fainting in my arms.

An hour after we sat alone together, and I said to her:

"Hetty, I have no right, altered as I am after so many years, to come between you and a better man. But I am very selfish. Can you forget the bitterly-repented folly of an hour enough to forgive and bless a man who loves you, and has always loved you, better than his life? Will you be a crippled sailor's wife, Hetty, or must I take my lonely way again, and bear my punishment until I die?"

I waited for my answer, not daring to look at her until she put her little milk-white woman's hand in my brown, rough palms, and left it there.

RETALIATION.

IN 1845 I was attached as surgeon-major to the military hospital of Constantine. This hospital rises in the interior of the Kasbah, over a precipice of from three to four hundred feet in height. It commands at once the city, the governor's palace, and the vast plain beyond, as far as the eye can reach. It is at once a comprehensive and a savage scene; from my window, left open to inspire the fresh breezes of the evening, I could see the vultures and ravens soaring around the inaccessible cliffs, before withdrawing for the night into their fissures and crevices. I could easily throw my cigar into the Rummel, which flows along the foot of the giant wall. Not a sound, not a murmur came to trouble the calm of my studies, till the evening bugle and drums, repeated by the echoes of the fortress, called the men to their quarters.

Garrison life had never any charms for me; I never could accustom myself to absinthe and rum, or to the petit verre de cognac. At the time I am now speaking about that was called wanting in esprit de corps, but my gastric faculties did not permit my having that kind of "esprit." I occupied myself there with visiting my patients, prescribing and dressing, and then I retired to my room to make notes of the cases, to read a book, or sit at the window contemplating the wild, gloomy, savage scene before me.

Every one got accustomed to, and put up with, my retiring habits, save a certain lieutenant of voltigeurs, Castagnac by name, whom I must introduce to you *in propriâ personâ*.

On my first arrival at Constantine, getting down from the carriage, a voice shouted out behind me:

"Tiens! I'll lay a bet that is our surgeon-major."

I turned round and found myself in the presence of an infantry officer, tall, thin, bony, with a red nose and gray mustache, his kepi over his ear, its peak stabbing the sky, his sword between his legs: it was Lieutenant Castagnac, and who has not seen the same military type?

While I was familiarizing my eyes with this strange physiognomy, the Lieutenant had seized my hand:

"Welcome, Doctor! Delighted to make your acquaintance. You are tired, I am sure. Come in, I will introduce you to the 'Cercle.'"

The "Cercle" at Constantine was the restaurant and bar of the officers united. We went in. How was it possible to resist the sympathetic enthusiasm of such a man? And yet I had read "Gil Blas!"

"Garçon, two glasses. What do you take, Doctor—cognac or rum?"

"Neither. Curaçoa, if you please."

"Curaçoa! Why not say 'parfait amour' at once? Ah, ah, ah! you have a strange taste.

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Garçon, a glass of absinthe for me, full to the brim; be attentive. Your health, Doctor!"

"Yours, Lieutenant!"

And so I was forthwith in the good graces of this strange man. But it is needless to tell you that the intimacy did not last long. Castagnac had habits that were especially antagonistic to my own. But I made the acquaintance of other officers, who joined me in laughing at the originality of his character. Among them was a young man of merit, Raymond Dutertre, who said that he had likewise been obliged to drop his acquaintance, but that Castagnac having taken it up as a personal affront, they had gone outside the walls, and he, Dutertre, had administered to him a severe chastisement, which chagrined him all the more, as he had previously bullied with impunity, on the faith of one or two successful duels.

Things were in this condition, when about the middle of June a malignant fever broke out in Constantine, and among the hospital patients were both Castagnac and Dutertre; but Castagnac was not there for fever, he was invalided by that strange nervous affection called delirium tremens (and in our bashful army, D.T.), and which is especially common among those who in Algeria are given to the frequent imbibition of absinthe. Poor Castagnac used to get out of his bed during the attacks, and run along the floor on all fours, as if he was catching rats. He also mewed like a cat, but the only words that he uttered were, "Fatima! oh, Fatima!" A circumstance that induced me to suppose that the poor fellow had experienced some disappointment in love, for which he had sought consolation in the abuse of spirituous liquors.

When he recovered from his fits he would invariably ask the same question:

"What did I say, Doctor? Did I say any thing?"

I naturally replied that he had said nothing of importance, and bade him quiet himself. But he was not satisfied, and after trying to search my inner thoughts with his fierce eyes he would give up the attempt and resign himself to his couch, with the equally invariable observation:

"A glass of absinthe would do me a great deal of good."

One morning, as I was entering into Castagnac's room, I saw Dutertre, who was nearly convalescent, hastening after me along the passage.

"Doctor," he said, taking me by the hand, "I have come to ask you a favor. Will you give me permission to go out for a day?"

"Any thing, my dear friend, but that. The fever is still raging in the town, and I can not expose you to a relapse.

"Well, give me then two hours—the time to go and come back."

"It is impossible, my good friend. In another week, if you go on well, we will see what can be done."

He withdrew, evidently deeply chagrined. I was sorry, but could not help it, but on turning round was surprised at seeing Castagnac following the retiring suitor with a strange look.

"What was Raymond asking for?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing! he wanted to go out, but I could not sanction it."

"You refused him permission, then?" persevered the sick man.

"It was my duty to do so."

Castagnac said no more, but resumed his recumbent position, with a grim smile, I was almost about to say a diabolical expression of countenance, which I could not account for, but which filled me with strange apprehensions.

That same evening my duties called me to the amphitheatre, where an autopsy claimed my attention. The so-called amphitheatre was in reality a vaulted dungeon fifteen feet long by twenty wide, with two windows opening upon the precipice and looking in the direction of the high road to Philippeville. The body lay upon a table slightly inclined, my lamp was placed upon a stone that advanced out of the wall, and I remained engaged in my examination till near eleven o'clock. On leaving off at length, I was horrified at seeing the window blocked up by innumerable owls, small and gray-colored, with their feathers all erect, their green eyes sparkling through the semi-obscurity. They were waiting till I had done.

I rushed horrified to the window and drove the rapacious birds away, like so many great dead leaves carried off by the night wind. But, at the very moment, I heard a noise—a strange sound, almost imperceptible in the depth of the abyss. I stopped, and putting my head out of the window, held my breath so as to catch the sounds more distinctly. Castagnac's room was immediately over the amphitheatre; and below, between the precipice and the wall of the hospital, was a space, not above a foot in width, covered with broken pottery and bottles, the refuse of the infirmary. In the stillness that reigned around I could distinctly hear a man groping his way along this dangerous shelf.

"Heaven grant!" I said to myself, "that the sentinel does not see him. A single false step, and he is a lost man!"

I had barely had time to make this reflection to myself, when I heard the hoarse voice of Castagnac calling out from above:

"Raymond, where are you going?"

It was a condemnation to death. At the very instant I heard some of the broken pottery slipping down the incline, followed by the fall of a heavy body. I heard the sighs of a man struggling as if to hold for his life—a groan that went to the very marrow of my bones, and bedewed my forehead with a cold, clammy perspiration, and then all was over! Not exactly all, for I heard a diabolical burst of laughter above, and then a window closed with such impetuosity that it was followed by the sound of broken glass. And then the deep silence of night spread its shroud over this frightful drama.

After I had somewhat recovered from the state of inexpressible horror in which I had been thrown, I mechanically took the light, and, wending my way to my own room, I went to bed. To sleep, however, was out of the question; all night long I was haunted by those lamentable sights and by that demoniac laugh. The next morning a feeling of horror came over me, which prevented me verifying my impressions till I had visited all my patients. It was not till that was accomplished that I directed my steps to Dutertre's room. I knocked; there was no answer. I entered; there was no one there. I inquired of the hospital attendants; no one had seen him go out. Summoning all my courage, I went next to Castagnac's room. A glance at the window satisfied me that two panes were broken.

"It blew hard, Lieutenant, last night," I remarked.

Castagnac lifted up his head, till then buried in his bony hands, as if in the act of reading. "Parbleu!" he said; "two windows broken, only that!"

"Your room, Lieutenant, appears to be more exposed than others, or, perchance, you left your window open?"

An almost imperceptible muscular contraction furrowed the cheeks of the old miscreant, and he at the same time fixed so inquiring a look at me that I felt glad of a pretense to withdraw. Just as I was going out I turned back suddenly, as if I had forgotten to ask a question:

"By-the-by, Lieutenant, has Dutertre been to see you?"

A shudder passed through his gray hairs.

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, he is gone out, and no one knows where. I thought, perhaps—"

"No one has been to see me," he interrupted, abruptly; "no one whatsoever."

I went out convinced of his guilt, but I had no proofs. I determined to wait and watch, and in the mean time contented myself with reporting the disappearance of Lieutenant Raymond Dutertre to the commandant de place.

Next day some Arabs, coming with vegetables to the market of Constantine, made known that they had seen from the road to Philippeville a uniform dangling in the air on the face of the rocks of the Kasbah, and that birds of prey were flying around it in hundreds. These were the remains of Raymond, and it was with the greatest possible trouble that they were recovered by letting down men by means of ropes.

The catastrophe furnished subject of conversation to the officers of the garrison for two or three days, and was then forgotten. Men exposed to perish every day do not dwell upon unpleasant topics. Jacques dies, Pierre takes his place. The regiment alone is immortal.

My position with regard to Castagnac grew, in the mean time, more painful every day. My actions were constrained in his presence—the very sight of him was repulsive. He soon detected it, and suspicion was awakened on his side.

"He doubts that I suspect him," I said to myself; "if he was sure of it I should be a lost man—that villain stops at nothing!"

Providence came to my aid. One afternoon I was leaving the Kasbah for a stroll in the town, when one of the hospital assistants brought me a paper, which, he said, had been found in Raymond's tunic.

"It is the letter," he said, "of a 'particulière,' Fatima by name. I thought, Sir, it might interest you."

The perusal of this letter filled me with surprise. It was brief, merely making an appointment, but what revelations in the name!

"What, then, those exclamations of Castagnac's in his fits," I said to myself, "had reference to a woman, and Dutertre had also relations with her. It was to keep this appointment that he had asked my leave to go out! Yes, the note is dated the 3d of July. The very day. Poor fellow, not being able to get out in the day, he ventured forth by night by that frightful road, and Castagnac was awaiting him!"

As I was thus reflecting I had arrived in front of a vaulted building or archway open as usual to the wind, and where an old patient of mine, Sidi Humayun by name, distributed coffee to a few scanty customers. I determined at once to consult this kawaji, so I took my place on the matting by the side of half a dozen natives in their red fezzes with blue silk tassels, and their long chibuks in their lips. The kawaji, without pretending to know me, brought me my pipe and cup of coffee in silence. Presently the muezzin was heard calling to prayers; the faithful rose up, stroked their beards, and departed slowly for the mosque. I was alone.

Sidi Humayun, looking around him to see that we were really so, then approached me, and, kissing my hand, "Lord Taleb," he said, "what brings you to my humble abode? What can I do in your service?"

"I want you to tell me who Fatima is."

"Lord Taleb, in the name of your mother, do not see that woman."

"Why so?"

"She is perdition to the faithful and to the infidel. She possesses a charm that kills. Do not see her!"

"Sidi Humayun, my resolve is made. She possesses a charm: well! I possess a greater. Hers entails death; mine gives life, grace, and beauty! Tell her that, Sidi; tell her that the wrinkles of age disappear before my charm. I must see her."

"Well, then, since such is your will, Lord Taleb, come back to-morrow at the same hour. But remember what I said to you: Fatima makes an evil use of her beauty."

You may imagine if I awaited the appointed time with impatience. I thought the muezzin would never summon the faithful to prayer again. At last his low, plaintive, monotonous voice made itself heard from the top of the minaret, and was taken up from one to another, till it seemed as if soaring over the indolent city. I slowly paced my way to the coffee-house, so as to give time to the guests to retire. Sidi was already shutting up his shop.

"Well!" I said to him, breathless with anxiety.

"Fatima awaits you, Taleb."

He affixed the bar, and, without further explanation, led the way. Leaving the main street, he entered the Suma, a passage so narrow that two could not walk abreast—a mere cloaca, yet crowded with industrious persons of many nations—Moors, Berbers, Jews, Copts, and Arabs. Suddenly Sidi Humayun stopped at a low doorway, and knocked.

"Follow me," I said; "you will act as interpreter."

"Fatima can speak French," he replied, without turning his head.

The door was opened by a Nubian slave, who, letting me in, as quickly shut it against the kawaji. She then lead the way to an interior court paved with mosaic work, and upon which several doors opened. The slave pointed to one, by which I entered a room with open windows shaded by silken curtains with Moorish designs. An amber-colored mat covered the floor, while cushions of violet-colored Persian shawls lined the divan, at the extremity of which sat Fatima herself, her eyes veiled by long dark lashes, straight and small nose, pouting lips, and beautiful little feet.

"Come in, Lord Taleb," she said; "Sidi Humayun has told me of your visit. You are good enough to interest yourself in the fate of poor Fatima, who is getting aged—yes, she will soon be seventeen—seventeen! the age of regrets and wrinkles. Ah! Lord Taleb, sit down, you are welcome!"

I scarcely knew how to reply, but, recovering myself, I said:

"You scoff with infinite grace, Fatima. I have heard your wit spoken of no less than your beauty, and I see that I have heard the truth."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "By whom then?"

"By Dutertre."

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, Raymond Dutertre, the young officer who fell over the precipice of the Kasbah. He whom you loved, Fatima."

She opened her great eyes in surprise.

"Who told you that I loved him?" she inquired, looking at me with a strange expression. "It is false! Did he tell you so?"

"No. But I know it. This letter proves it to me—this letter, which you wrote, and which was the cause of his death, for it was to get to you that he risked himself at night upon the rocks of the Kasbah."

Scarcely had I uttered the words than the young Oriental rose up abruptly, her eyes lit up with a gloomy passion.

"I was sure of it!" she exclaimed. "Yes, when my Nubian brought me word of the accident, I said to her, 'Aïssa. It is he who has done it. The wretch!'"

"Whom do you mean, Fatima?" I said, astonished at her anger. "I do not understand you."

"Of whom? Of Castagnac! You are the Taleb at the hospital. Well, give him poison. He is a wretch. He made me write to the officer to tell him to come here. I refused to do it. Yet this young man had sought for my acquaintance for a long time, but I knew that Castagnac owed him a grudge. When I refused he declared he would come out of the hospital to beat me if I did not, so I wrote. Here is his letter."

I went forth from Fatima's with a heavy heart; but my resolution was soon made. Without losing a minute I ascended to the Kasbah, entered the hospital, and knocked at Castagnac's door.

"Come in. What! is it you?" he said, forcing a smile. "I did not expect you."

For all answer I showed him the letter that he had written to Fatima. He turned pale, and, having looked at it for a second, made a movement as if to throw himself upon me.

"If you make a step toward me," I said, placing my hand upon the hilt of my sword, "I will kill you like a dog! You are a wretch. You have assassinated Dutertre. I was at the amphitheatre: heard all. Do not deny it! Your conduct toward that woman is infamous: a French officer to lower himself to such a degree of infamy! Listen! I ought to deliver you over to justice, but your dishonor would defile us all. If an atom of heart remains within you kill yourself! I grant you till to-morrow. To-morrow by seven, if I find you still living, I will myself take you before the commandant de place."

Having said this, I withdrew without waiting for his reply, and went at once to give the strictest orders that Lieutenant Castagnac should not be permitted to leave the hospital under any pretext whatsoever. Since Castagnac's guilt had been rendered evident to me I had become pitiless. I felt that I must avenge Raymond. Having procured a torch, such as our spahis use in their night carousals, I shut myself up in the amphitheatre, closing its strong doors with double bars. I took up my position at the window, inhaling the fresh breeze of the evening, and thinking over the horrible drama in which I was called to play so prominent a part, till night came on. Some hours had passed thus, and all was buried in the deepest silence, when I heard stealthy steps descending the staircase. They were followed by a knock at the door. No answer. A febrile hand then sought for the keyhole.

"It is Castagnac," I said to myself.

"Open!" exclaimed a voice from without. I was not deceived—it was him. A stout shoulder made an effort to shake the door from its hinges. I moved not, scarcely breathed. Another and a more vigorous effort was then made, but with the same want of success. Something then fell on the ground, and the footsteps receded. I had escaped assassination.

But what would become of him? Once more, as if by instinct, I took up my position at the window. I had not waited long before I saw the shadow of Castagnac advancing along the foot of the wall. The hardened criminal stopped some time to look up at my window, and seeing nothing, moved on slowly with his back to the rampart. He had got over half the distance when I cast the shout of death at him:

"Raymond, where are you going?"

But whether he was prepared for whatever happened, or that he had more hardihood than his victim, he did not move, but answered me with ironic laughter:

"Ah, ah! you are there, Doctor; I thought so. Stop a moment, I will come back; we have a little matter to arrange together."

Then lighting my torch, and raising it over the precipice:

"It is too late," I said; "look, wretch, there is your grave!"

And the vast steps of the abyss, with their black shining rocks, were illuminated down to the depths of the valley. It was so terrible a vision that I involuntarily drew back myself with horror at the scene. What must it have been to him who was only separated from it by the width of a brick? His knees began to tremble, his hands sought to cling to something on the face of the wall.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the assassin, in a hoarse voice, "have mercy on me!"

I had no heart to prolong his punishment. I cast the torch forth into space. It went down slowly, balancing its flame to and fro in the darkness, lighting up rock and shrub on its way, and casting sparks on the void around. It had already become but as a luminous point in the abyss, when a shadow passed by it with the rapidity of lightning.

I then knew that justice had been done.

As I reascended to my own room my foot struck against something. I picked it up; it was my sword: Castagnac, with characteristic perfidy, had resolved to kill me with my own sword, so as to leave an opening for belief in suicide. I found, as I had anticipated, my room in utter disorder; the door had been broken open, my books and papers ransacked, he had left nothing untouched. Such an act completely dissipated whatever involuntary pity I might have felt for the fate of such a wretch.

ABOUT "LITTLE THINGS."

OH, it really is such a trifle it can not possibly make any difference! A little thing like that can do no harm. Any day soon will be time enough to put that to rights. It is so small that really it is of no consequence. These are some of the excuses for not attending to little things.

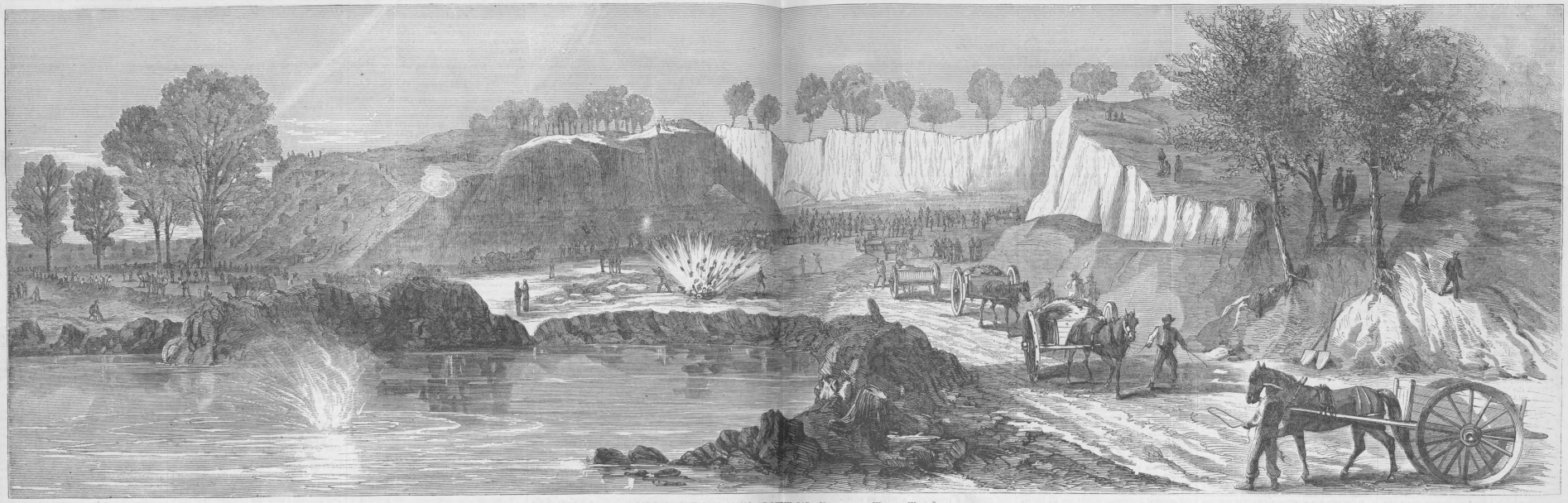
Nearly all great things spring from little ones. That is, as I used to learn at school, an axiom, something self-evident. A big man is a very small boy at first, and so a pig, fat at Christmas, weighing twenty score, at first is a very little squeaker. I was at a dinner party once when a gentleman quietly asked, if I should ever have supposed his wife, whom I had taken in to dinner, to have been, when he married her, a small person. "My dear Sir," I answered, "small beginnings often have large ends." "So they have, Sir," he said; "she was eight stone, now she is nearer eighteen."

The other day a poor woman was mending a stocking; she was one of that class who do mend stockings. I stood watching her—it is interesting to watch persons doing things you never did, and never could learn to do yourself. There was but a very small hole, and, forgetting my usual caution in such matters, I asked why she mended so small a hole; why she did not leave it till the hole was got much larger, and then have a good mend all at once. She looked at me just as if she thought I was a simpleton. And so I was. "Don't ey knoaw, as if the small hole be minded, the big un 'ont come." I stood reproved. I have since learned that if one stitch in a stocking goes it can be at once put right and will last a long time; but that if it be neglected, the one stitch gone will soon become a large hole, and baffle all the mending power of the household.

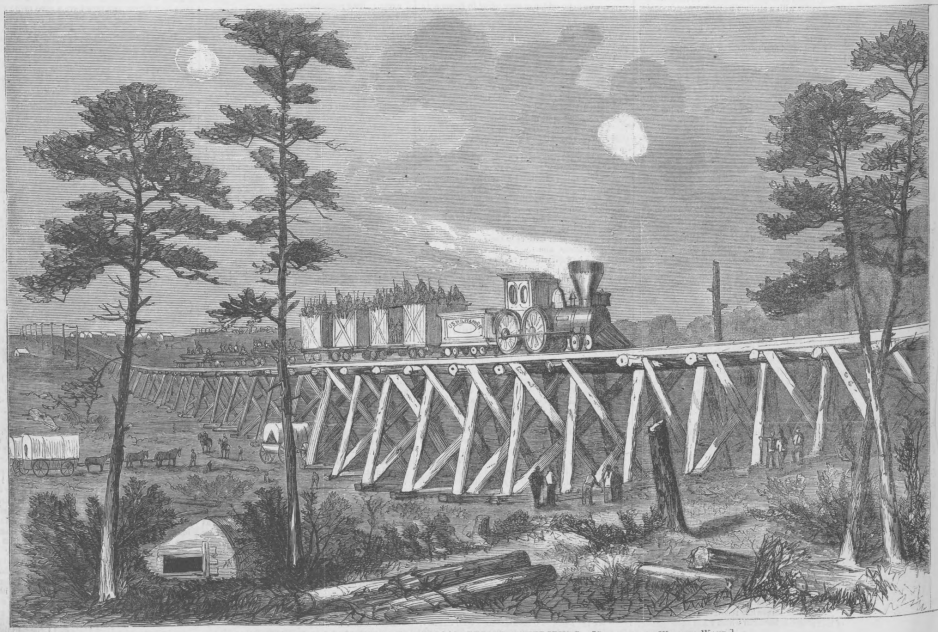
It was not long ago that a large tract of reclaimed land was shining in all the richness and beauty which good farming and rich crops can give. A large sluice-gate kept out and regulated the once triumphant waters. In one day, almost in one short hour, this beautiful extent of land was covered with the once more triumphant waters, acres upon acres inundated, the crops destroyed, and many a hard-working agriculturist brought to the verge of ruin. The embankment had given way, the sluice-gate washed from its bearings, and the water again, with a mighty roar, as if exulting over man's carelessness, rushed over its old possessions. It couldn't be helped. It was no one's fault. Who would have thought it? Such, probably, were the excuses made after the mischief was done. It is true some one, perhaps several persons, had seen a few days before that there was a little stream of water spirting through the embankment or by the side of the sluice. But what of that? That was only a trifle, quite a little thing; no one would think any thing of that; and yet what are the consequences? Those who saw what eventually led, what if they had thought about it they would have known would be sure to lead to such a dire catastrophe, what was really but the beginning of the end, never said a word about it; and, if they had, those to whom they told their tale would but have echoed back the stereotyped observation, "Little things like that are of no importance," or words to that effect, and would have given no more thought to the subject till the final blow came.

A thorn run just under the nail is not much, but it will lead to the loss of a finger. A bit of skin scratched off the lip has more than once led to a lingering and fearful death. How many a bad leg arises from a little wound that was not attended to at first, and annoys the patient for all his life! A sand crack in a horse's hoof will often in a few days ruin the most valuable animal, and a nail driven awkwardly in the shoe lame him for life. A screw loose has upset an entire train; and many a valuable life has been lost by only such a little thing as leaving a gate open. One coral worker first laid the foundation of these vast Pacific works. If, thousands and thousands of years ago, we had seen the industrious little builder at work, should we have imagined, should we have believed that so little a thing could have reared so great a heap? The vast banyan grove is sprung from one small plant. But a few years ago it was not enough to ward off the sun from one man, and now it affords shelter to thousands of birds and beasts, hiding in its branches the gentle dove or the poisonous serpent. Truly great things have little beginnings, and small words oftentimes lead to great actions.

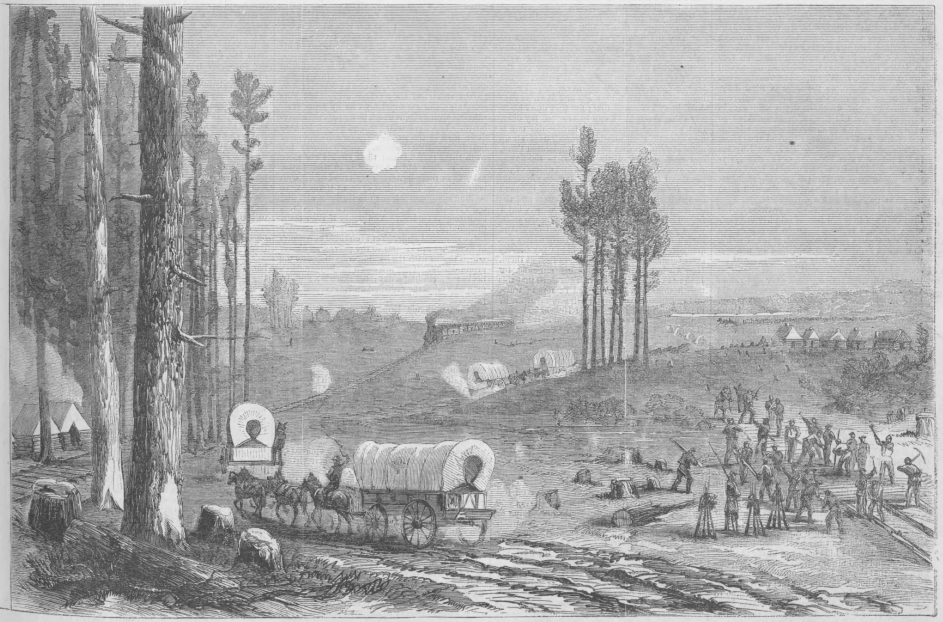
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GENERAL BUTLER'S CANAL AT DUTCH GAP.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



VIEW OF UNITED STATES MILITARY RAILROAD BEFORE PETERSBURG.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



SOLDIERS BUILDING ROADS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

YANKEE IMPROVEMENTS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—[See Page 717.]

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THE DOVE IN HER NEST.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

"NAY, your wine will make me heady,
We have ta'en enough already;
Let us go while we are steady:
Do not stir, I know my way."
So I lit my chamber candle,
Sought my room and turned the handle—
Lady togs, from ruff to sandal,
Loose across the lounger lay!

"Heavens!" I cried, alarmed and shaken,
"Surely I have been mistaken!
If the sleeping beauty waken,
What excuse for me remains?"
Fear the dangerous joy enhances,
Love with eager step advances—
Oh, the languors and the trances!
Oh, the pleasures and the pains!

Blissful watch above her keeping,
Angels guard their sister sleeping—
Would they wake her should, a-peeping,
Bearded mortal ope the door?
Stealthily a pace advancing,
Round the rose-silk draperies glancing—
Oh, the sight divine, entrancing,
Haunts my dreams for evermore!

Flushed as May's young wealth of roses,
Laura on the couch reposes,
And the drifted snow discloses
Outlines wavy and remote;
Tresses loose—a golden wonder!
Crimson lips that smile asunder,
And one small hand creeping under
The crisp lace which fringed her throat.

Now a kiss were easy stealing,
But I dared not trust the feeling,
For my very soul seemed reeling
In the fullness of her view;
So I bowed my head and blessed her,
Prayed the angel hosts to rest her,
Softly said, "Sweet dreams, fair sister!"
And from that small heaven withdrew.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LII.

STILL IN LUCK'S WAY.

LILY scarcely knew what to make of the new humor of her tyrant. The woman's avowal that she was her mother, and her claim upon her for a daughter's obedience, came upon the poor girl so suddenly and unexpectedly, that she was quite dazed and stupefied by the vague conflicting thoughts which chased each other through her brain, leaving no fixed or definite impression behind. Why had she so long forbidden Lily to regard her as her mother—dared her to call her by that name? Why did she make the avowal now, and claim, on the score of filial duty, that obedience which she had hitherto enforced by the terror of dreadful words and savage threats? What did she mean by speaking so savagely, and with so much significant emphasis, of Lily as her "legacy?" And then those terrible words about her father! As Lily sat in her mother's dressing-room at the circus, trying to beguile the time with some purposeless piece of embroidery, these distracting thoughts crowded upon her palpitating brain, and filled her trembling soul with a nameless terror.

She had had an impulse once or twice during the afternoon to throw herself into her mother's arms, and ask to be allowed to love her; but each time when she was on the point of doing so she was repelled by a cold look or a harsh word. Poor Lily's lonely heart so yearned for something to love, so longed for some one to return the affection which welled over and ran to waste in her own desolate breast, that she could have loved even this cold, remorseless woman. Many and many a time when she was Quite Alone, in her little bed at the Pension Marcassin, she had tried to realize to herself what it was to have a papa and a mamma. The other girls talked about their papas and mammas, and bragged about them: how rich their papas were, how beautiful their mammas were, what treats their papas and mammas gave them when they went home for the holidays.

But Lily had no papa; none, at least, whom she knew; no mamma, except the harsh, cruel woman who had brought her there, and left her among strangers, without a kiss or a kind word. And she was at times even doubtful about this woman, who showed none of a mother's feelings, nothing of a mother's love. Marygold had told her the story of the babes in the wood, and of the cruel uncle who deserted them and left them to die in the pathless forest. Perhaps this woman, who chid her, and railed at her, and dragged her along so furiously, was a cruel aunt, who sought to lose her, and leave her to die in that strange city. And at such times, with such sad thoughts throbbing in her bewildered brain, the lonely child would hide her head under the bedclothes, and shed bitter tears. She had been often told that she was bad and obstinate and wicked. And though she did not feel herself a bad wicked girl, and tried to be good, she came to believe that what the woman and Madame Marcassin said of her must be true, and that it was because she was a bad wicked girl that she had no papa and mamma like the other girls. Many a night, long after her companions had gone to sleep, she lay awake, repeating her prayers over and over again, asking God to make her good and give her a kind papa and mamma; and, wearied out at last, she would fall into a pleasant slumber, and dream of the few kind faces that she had seen and known, and hear again the few voices that had spoken to her gently and kindly.

But now she had awakened from all her dreams and all her hopes. Her father, she had just been told, was a cheat, a scoundrel, and a beggar; and her mother was the unloving, coldhearted fury, who was at that moment performing for the amusement of a gaping crowd in the circus at Ranelagh. Poor Lily had but one refuge from the dark despair of the situation in which she found herself, and that was in thoughts of Edgar. They had met once again. He had seen her, and in that one moment, before she fainted, Lily saw that he recognized her. She fondly fancied that the sudden flush that came over his face betokened pleasure, and her yearning heart beat with a trembling joy at the thought. But sadness fell upon her again when she reflected that she was the daughter of a circus-rider, and he a rich, high-born gentleman. Oh, if she were only a fine lady, and his equal!

Lily was startled from these distracting reflections by a gentle knock at the dressing-room door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

The door was opened gently, and a voice in the passage said, timidly, "It's only I, my dear."

It was the voice of the stars.

"Come in, Mr. Kafooze," said Lily; "there is no one here but I. I am quite alone."

"Yes, my dear," said the astrologer, "I knew that you were by yourself. I wouldn't have ventured if your ma—if Madame Ernestine—had been here. I don't think she likes me, my dear. I—I said something to her to-day, you know, when she came back for the whip. It's very unlucky to go back for things that way, my dear, and I couldn't help saying it. She's a very extraordinary woman, your ma. I—I really thought she would have horsewhipped me."

"Won't you come in, Mr. Kafooze, and sit down a little?" said Lily, for the astrologer was still lingering in the passage.

"No, my dear, thank you," said Mr. Kafooze; "Madame will be off in a few minutes, and I shouldn't like to fall in her way. I am afraid, my dear, she hasn't a very good temper. Some people can't help it; it's all owing to their stars, and folks can't help their stars, you know."

"Did you want to say any thing particular to me, Mr. Kafooze?" Lily asked.

"Yes, my dear, just one word. You said you didn't know what star your mother was born under?"

"No, I don't know at all, Mr. Kafooze, or I should be very happy to tell you."

"I'm sure you would, my dear, I'm sure you would," said Mr. Kafooze. "It's a pity you don't know, though, for I might be able to tell you something about the future."

"Can you read the future, and tell what's going to happen, then?" Lily asked.

"Yes, my dear; I've been very correct on many occasions, I assure you. I make all the calculations for a prophetic almanac that sells by hundreds of thousands; but I never get the credit of it, nor the profit of it either. Poor broken-down folks like me never do. People laugh and say the things are put down at random, just what comes first; but they don't know any thing about it. I can assure you, my dear, that when the almanac's in hand—and one is no sooner off than another comes on—I sit up night after night with the stars, and watch them, and read them until they go out in the dawn. And you should see the quires and quires of paper that I cover with figures. It costs me something for paper, I can tell you, and if it wasn't for the backs of Mr. M'Variety's letters and the old copy-books, I'm sure I don't know what I should do. Ah, it's hard work reading the stars, when you read them in earnest as I do. And there's no doing any thing with them unless you study them well. I've got a list of my predictions fulfilled, if you would like to look at them. Here's what I predicted in my almanac for 1845: 'February, Mars is in Taurus, so that this month there will be wars and rumors of wars, and rebellions;' which you will see, my dear, by the *Morning Advertiser* of the 16th of February of the following year, was borne out to the letter. Here's the paragraph. It says: 'Yesterday the usually quiet little town of Croydon was the scene of great disturbance, owing to a quarrel among the navvies engaged on the railway. The navvies fought for some time with stones and sticks, and several of them were severely wounded. The tumult, however, was speedily put down by the police.' And here's another very remarkable one. For the 16th of March I said: 'The opposition of Saturn to Mars denotes the death of a great warrior.' And, sure enough, on the 16th of April of the following year, the *Times* announced the death of Lieutenant-Colone. Bolderby, of the Somersetshire militia. One of my predictions was fulfilled to the very day. The aspect of Neptune, my dear, enabled me to predict that there would be disaster at sea on the 13th of September, and on that very day, at one o'clock, a boy was drowned while out bathing at Southend. Ah, the stars never deceive you when you study them well. Do you know what star you were born under, my dear?"

"No, Mr. Kafooze," Lily said; "I have not the least idea."

"I should like to know very much," said Mr. Kafooze; "and also your ma's. I think your ma's star must have been Saturn. I don't say it with any disrespect to your ma, my dear, but Saturn is a bad star to be born under. The ancients said that he ate his children."

It flitted across Lily's mind that her ma's star was most probably Saturn.

"You can't tell me the date of your birth, can you?" Mr. Kafooze asked.

"I don't think I can, exactly, Mr. Kafooze," Lily answered. "I used to have a birthday, but it was long ago at school. I think it was in November—the last day of November."

"And how old are you now, my dear?"

"It may seem a strange thing to say, Mr. Kafooze," Lily answered, "but I don't exactly know. I—I think I am nineteen."

"Nineteen!" said Mr. Kafooze, "and the last day of November. Let me see, that will take us back to the year— But, bless me, there's your ma just come off, and I wouldn't have her catch me here for the world. Good-by, my dear, for the present. You'll see me again soon, when I may have something to tell you about the future."

And Mr. Kafooze closed the door, and shuffled away in the dark to get out of the countess's way. Poor soul! he was thoroughly in earnest about his stars, and really worked hard at that almanac which brought its proprietor and publisher many hundreds a year, but yielded old Kafooze only a few miserable pounds. Yet if it had yielded him nothing, he would have taken the same pains, for he loved his work, and believed in it. And this was how the poor old man never could earn more than his two pounds ten a week: he trusted in man, and believed in the stars.

Madame Ernestine came off from her exposition of the high school of horsemanship in great good humor. She was quite radiant with satisfaction. M'Variety had brought to her more good news.

"I am going to give you a benefit, countess, on the last night of the season."

The countess was not overjoyed at first, for she had had some experience of benefits. There were benefits and no benefits. M'Variety interpreted her dubious look at once, and hastened to assure her.

"Oh, don't be afraid; it's not that sort; the real thing, bona fide, fair share of the receipts, and no expenses. Come to my room after your performance and I'll tell you all about it."

It was very necessary for Mr. M'Variety to inform the countess that it was not "that sort." "That sort" was a benefit which M'Variety compelled all his people to take. It was written down in the bond: so much a week and a benefit. But why should compulsion ever be necessary in such a case? Who ever heard of a person refusing to take money when it is honestly offered to him, and he has nothing to do but hold out his hand for it? Well, the fact is, the benefits which M'Variety so liberally insisted upon all his people taking, were not benefits for them, but for himself. It was an understood thing that each member of the staff should allow his name to be advertised for a benefit, and that the nominal beneficiare should use all his influence to secure a good attendance.

Beyond that he had no interest in it. The manager took the money. The outside public would probably regard a transaction of this kind as mean and shabby; but the idea of its being any thing but a matter of course never entered Mr. M'Variety's head, or even the heads of his company. It was a usage of the profession, sanctified by time and custom. It is wonderful how such usages permeate the so-called profession to its topmost branches and its deepest roots. In the theatrical body politic every body gets something out of somebody else by some quiet sub rosa arrangement which never appears aboveboard. You have seen poor, wretched, broken-down men in the streets carrying advertisement boards, sandwich fashion. Sharp misery has worn them to the bone; their clothes are mere shreds of dirty rags; hunger is in their looks, palsy is in their limbs. They crawl along with bent bodies and downcast eyes, as if they were seeking some spot whereon to lie down and die, some out-of-the-way dust-heap on which to shoot their mortal rubbish. You doubt if such poor, dilapidated, degraded tenements can possibly lodge immortal souls. Yet even these burlesques of humanity are victims to the pervading usage, which begins with the leading tragedian and the prima donna. They are down in the manager's books for a shilling a day; but there is a middleman who takes the contract, and gives them ninepence.

When Madame Ernestine dismounted from her trained steed Constant she hastened to the manager's room.

"Now, Monsieur M'Variety, about this benefit; dites-moi, I am dying to know."

"Well, countess, I mean to do the thing that's handsome."

"Half the receipts of the circus, eh?"

"Would you call that handsome?" Mr. M'Variety asked; "the circus will hold fifty pounds; the half of that is twenty-five."

"It is nothing, a bagatelle; but it is much for you—for a manager to give without being asked."

Madame Ernestine had not a high opinion of managers; she believed that even their virtues leaned to vice's side.

"What would you think, then," said M'Variety, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "if I were to give you the whole receipts of the circus?"

"What should I think? I should think, Monsieur Mac, that you were un bon enfant, the prince of managers, one who is all heart—un ange—and something besides."

She paused, and added the last words slowly and significantly.

"And what besides?" the manager asked.

"Why, Monsieur Mac, I should think besides all this that you had your reasons. Ha!"

"Well, well," said Mr. M'Variety, waving off his little attempt to assume the character of a generous benefactor, "that's nothing to you, you know. You shall have the benefit, and, if you make good use of your swell friends, I don't see why you shouldn't net a hundred pounds by it."

"A hundred pounds! Ah! that is something!" cried the countess; and her eyes glistened, as if she had seen the money lying before her in bright golden sovereigns.

"And mind," said M'Variety, "I sha'n't charge you a farthing for expenses."

The manager made a merit of this, and the countess was good enough to recognize it.

"Believe me, Monsieur Mac," she said, "I appreciate your generosity; you will, on this occasion, kindly refrain from helping yourself to a share of that which does not belong to you. That is a merit in a directeur, and I give you credit for it. I could embrace you."

M'Variety was grateful for this reciprocation of good feeling, but he was a little alarmed at the hint of an embrace. He would as soon have been embraced by a boa constrictor or a Bengal tiger.

"Well, then," he said, "consider every thing arranged."

"Fort bien," said the countess; "and the day?"

"This day week," said the manager; "the last night of the season—Friday."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

No woman, however amiable her disposition, or however loving her nature, could have entertained a sentiment of affection for Mr. Francis Blunt, once she came to know him and fathom the depths of his base and worthless character. Francis Blunt married Mademoiselle Valérie, a gay, heartless, unscrupulous, pleasure-loving actress of the Paris theatres. Estrangement and separation were inevitable. Blunt, like many other vain fools, had an ambition to marry an actress, and he married one. Mademoiselle Valérie had an ambition to marry a rich English milord who could keep her in luxury and splendor, and she married the man who seemed to fulfill her desires. But both were deceived. Sitting in his box and gazing at her in her paint and smiles on the stage, Blunt thought Valérie an angel. Sitting by his own fireside, linked to her by the bonds of holy matrimony—save the mark!—and gazing at her without her paint and her smiles, he found her a devil. Meeting Blunt behind the scenes and at gay supper parties, where he spent his money like water, and was lionized and addressed as milord, Valérie regarded the Englishman as a person of boundless wealth. Living with him in the same house, knowing all his concerns, encountering his duns, and witnessing all the mean shifts to which he was occasionally driven, she speedily learned the bitter, and, to her, maddening truth, that she had married a spendthrift, a roué, an adventurer, a beggar.

To Blunt, the discovery that his wife was a selfish, cold-hearted, unbearable woman, was a surprise and a disappointment; but nothing more. He was not squeamish; moral scruples never troubled him; he was perfectly indifferent to the opinion of the world. He could separate from her, give her a maintenance—or promise her one—and return to his old, gay, reckless life.

But Valérie's position was different. Had she been the best woman that ever breathed she could not have smothered her contempt for the heartless coxcomb who had so bitterly deceived her, and afterward so cruelly used her. But Valérie was not a good woman; she was a female harpy, whose whole aim and ambition was to be richly dressed, to have plenty of money, and to live in a constant round of pleasures. Such being her character, she did not merely despise Blunt, she hated him with all the fierceness and malignity of a fiend. And her loathing hatred of him culminated and came to its darkest and worst just at the time when a true woman's nature becomes most softened, most tender, most capable of trust and love and forgiveness.

The time of her fiercest and most implacable hatred of her husband was when she first heard the cry of her new-born babe. It should have been a new bond of union. It was the cause of irremediable and implacable hate. This sham milord—this copper-gilt calf before whose lacquered magnificence she had fallen down—fallen down, not to be lifted up to the coveted pinnacle of splendor and gayety and pleasure, but to be ruthlessly trodden over, debased, degraded, spurned with the foot of contempt—this man, her husband, had robbed her of the sunshine of her youth, cheated her of her golden opportunity, darkened the high noon of her days, and at length cast her from him, leaving her with the consciousness—to her a hateful one—of being a mother, the mother, too, of *his* child.

This terrible Frenchwoman was impenetrable; her heart—if she had a heart—was a fortress of implacability. She was so cold, so indurated in her hate, so fierce in her purpose of revenge, that one might have suspected her of being literally possessed by a devil. She hated Lily, the infant, because she was the child of the man who had deceived her, ill-used her, and disappointed her of her selfish expectations; she hated Lily, the girl, because, while she promised to be an instrument of vengeance in her hands, she was yet a burden and a trouble to her. If she relented a little toward her now, it was not because of the awakening of any latent spark of maternal feeling in her breast of steel, but because she was making some profit out of the girl, and saw a prospect of making still more. She relented toward her as a brute of a coster-monger will relent toward the ass that bears his burden, and earns for him his meat and his drink and his pleasures.

After her interview with Mr. M'Variety the countess was quite pleasant to the girl, after a

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ashion. Lily had never known her speak so kindly before. Poor Lily! She was thankful for very small mercies in the way of kindness. She was grateful for the veriest crumbs. The countess returned to her dressing-room with a look of triumph in her face, singing a snatch of one of her favorite French songs.

"You perceive, mademoiselle, that I am gay this evening," she said, addressing Lily.

"Yes, ma—" Lily paused at the word, and the countess took her up short, slapping her riding-habit with her whip.

"'Yes, madam,' you were about to say. I did not tell you that you were to call me mother; but that you were to regard me as such, and obey me as such. I hate the word. You rejoice that I am gay—n'est-ce pas?"

"Yes, I am glad that you are gay," Lily replied.

"Bien," said the countess, "that is dutiful; and you shall be rewarded; you shall sit up with me to supper in my new chateau. Quick! Assist me to undress."

This was the kindness for which Lily was so grateful.

The countess submitted herself to the hands of her fille-de-chambre without indulging in the usual ebullitions of têmper, and when she was dressed, insisted upon Lily walking by her side, and talking to her on her way through the gardens to the Cottage.

"We shall live here," she said, "until the commencement of the summer season, as Monsieur le Directeur calls it; and in the mean time I shall teach you to ride. You know nothing, you are ignorant, useless. I work for my living; why should not you for yours? I work for you now. By-and-by, when I am old and can no longer give an exposition of the haute-école, you will show your gratitude for all I have done for you by working for me. Will you not? Répondez-moi donc!"

"I will do any thing you ask me," Lily replied. But she shuddered at the idea of becoming a horse-rider.

"Très bien!" said the countess, "you are still dutiful, so you shall sup with me. Allons! Entrons!"

There was more good news for the countess; another pleasant surprise.

A servant had called with a large hamper containing an elegant supper and several bottles of wine. Mrs. Snuffburn was at the foot of the stairs in a high state of excitement with the intelligence.

"Who was the person who brought this—what you call it—hampaire?" the countess asked.

"It was brought by a livery-servant, mum," said the housekeeper; "but he didn't leave no message, except that it was for Madame Ernestine."

"Did he not say who sent it?"

"No, mum. I asked him if there was compliments with it, and the young man, which he had top-boots on, mum, and a cockade in his 'at, said as there wasn't no compliments with it, but there was half a dozen bottles of sparkling, which was better, he thought."

The countess opened the hamper, and her eyes gleamed with pleasure, not so much at the dainties which it contained, as at the thought of her rising fortunes, and the influence which she was once more exercising upon the gay votaries of pleasure.

"No matter," she said; "it is an elegant petit souper, come whence it may, and I am hungry. Let it be laid à l'instant. And that corbeau, that ogre, that ganache, said I should have no luck! Why, it rains luck—rains chateaux, benefits, pheasants, Champagne. Ha! what have we here? Cognac. One bottle in the corner! A good thought; vous êtes un bon enfant, monsieur—you understand me—qui que vous soyez."

The supper was laid in the gilded apartment, and the countess and Lily sat down together. The countess ate and drank of every thing, condescending even to patronize the Champagne, but poor Lily could scarcely taste a thing. The countess's declaration of her intention to make her a horse-rider had completely taken away her appetite, and made her feel sick and faint.

"Eat, child, mais mange donc?" the countess said to her, almost fiercely, as she herself gnawed wolfishly at the leg of a pheasant.

"I have no appetite," Lily said, languidly. "I—I do not feel very well."

"No appetite!" cried the countess. "I understand; no appetite—ha! ha! You will recover from that malady. Ma foi! when you come to be my age you will have an appetite."

And she went on eating with her fingers, and gnawing the bones, and almost snarling over them.

"If you can not eat, perhaps you can drink. There, take some Champagne. I will not grudge it you. It cost me nothing."

She poured—or flung rather—the bright bubbling wine into a tumbler and pushed it toward the girl. Lily put the glass to her lips timidly, and sipped at its sparkling contents.

"Drink it up—videz le verre," cried the countess, angrily. "I have no patience with such mincing pretenses. Drink, I say!"

Lily, clutching the glass desperately, drank its contents to the last drop in sheer despair, as she would have drunk poison.

"Now, you may go; va-t'en—there is your room. It was intended for me; but I have given it up to you. You see how I love you—what a good mother I am." And she grinned horribly.

Lily was only too glad to obey. She was always thankful when bedtime came, that she might seek refuge from her sorrows in the forgetfulness of a sound sleep, or in the unrealities of a pleasant dream. She took the little candle that had been placed on the side-table for her, and retired to the dainty white chamber; but she was too weary, too eager to shut her eyes and bury her head, to do more than bestow a languid glance upon its tasteful furniture and neat appointments. She had eaten scarcely any thing, and the Champagne which her mother had forced her to drink made her heavy and drowsy. She put out her light, and undressed and crept to bed in the dark. She began to say her prayers—she never omitted them, though she might have begun to think that there was no ear in heaven for her, so often had she repeated them and yet no deliverance—she began her prayers, but, as had often happened before, when she was worn out with her dragging-chain of misery, she lost herself among the words, and fell asleep murmuring them.

How long she had been asleep she knew not, but she was suddenly aroused by a great gleam of light streaming through the crevices of her door. She thought for a moment that the Cottage was on fire, and was about to scream and give the alarm, when she heard her mother's voice. She was singing

Gai, gai, gai,
Vive la gaudriole.

Lily listened, and heard her mother mixing up the names of Milord Carlton, and Sir William Long, and the Marquis Greyfaunt—le Marquis Greyfond, as she called him—in a succession of nonsense verses, with the same gay, reckless chorus. Anon, she broke into another strain—French dithyrambics which need not be repeated. They were about love, and bagatelle, and cognac.

The light seemed to be growing stronger and more intense, as if the room beyond were burning fast. Lily rose from her bed and crept to the door, which she had neglected to close. It stood slightly ajar. She knelt down and looked through the opening.

The countess, her mother, was sitting in the gilded arm-chair, her feet resting upon the gilt eagle which formed a foot-stool, holding a glass in her hand, and singing. She had lighted every burner in the great chandelier designed for hails of dazzling light, and, in the midst of the gilding and brass and lacquer and the blaze of gas, trolled forth her reckless French songs. Lily was relieved to find that the house was not on fire, as she at first feared; but she was inexpressibly shocked to see her mother in that dreadful state. Her first impulse was to retire, and once more hide herself under the bed-clothes; but she felt herself rooted to the spot as if by a fascination. She remained gazing at the extraordinary scene until the woman rose, and with an unsteady step approached the door of her chamber. Lily retreated immediately, crept into bed, and feigned to be asleep.

The next instant the countess entered and approached the bed. She paused for a moment and looked down upon the face of the girl, seemingly wrapped in sleep. Lily felt the light from the chandelier in the other room streaming full and strong upon her closed eyes, and through her eyelashes she could see her mother looking down upon her with a strange wild expression that terrified her—terrified her only for a moment. When the thought suddenly flashed through her brain that the Wild Woman had come to murder her, she resigned herself, and closed her eyes firmly, in anticipation of the stroke that would rid her at once of life and of misery. She was sensible of something approaching close to her, and muttered a prayer. She felt a glow of heat upon her cold brow, and held her breath for the stroke to fall. It fell. It was a fierce, feverish, savage kiss imprinted upon her cheek by her mother—for the first time in the girl's memory.

The countess seemed to repent of what she had done. The moment she had kissed her daughter she drew herself up to her full height, her face reddened, her eyes flashed fire, and she smote herself upon the mouth savagely, as if to castigate her lips for the weakness of which they had been guilty.

The countess retired immediately. Lily watched her with bated breath, and listened. She saw the lights go out in the gilded chamber; she heard her mother stamping and raging in the bedchamber adjoining. The chairs, or the chest of drawers, or the towel-horse, or something had offended her. Then all was still. Lily tried to compose herself to sleep; but sleep would not come, she was too much agitated. She thought, as she always did when harassed and perplexed, of Edgar. He was her star in the dark; the pole to which her heart turned like the trembling needle in the compass of the cast-away mariner. The thought passed through her mind once again that if she were only Edgar's equal in position, her misery would cease, and all would be well. Still she could not sleep. She rose, lighted her candle, and tried to read. She could not read. Her attention wandered to any thing except the page upon which her eyes were bent—wandered at the end of all to the image of the handsome Edgar Greyfaunt.

Suddenly her glance fell upon the white cover of the toilet-table. Woven into its texture, there was the figure of a bird holding a leaf in its mouth. Looking about, Lily discovered behind the looking-glass a hair-brush, the back and handle of which were ornamented with mother-of-pearl. That also bore the figure of the little bird holding the leaf. She had seen that device before, and remembered it well, yet could not tell where she had seen it, or when. Why did she puzzle her throbbing brain about so trivial a matter? She could not say why, and yet she did trouble her brain about it. She went back over her whole life in pursuit of that little bird—back to Signor Ventimillioni's show, to Madame de Kergolay's, to the Pension Marcassin, to the Bunnycastles, to the shop of Cutwig & Co.; and she found it not. Now and again she thought she had caught it; but the little bird fluttered away and escaped from her hands. But at last she hunted it into a corner. The little bird had led her to the hotel at Greenwich, where she sat upon Sir William Long's knee and played with his seals, and with the great signet-ring on his finger. It was upon that signet-ring, and upon a certain seal, that she had first seen the image of this little bird with the leaf in its mouth. It was a crest. How did this crest come here?

Lily asked herself the question, and a thought rushed into her brain, bringing back some words long since spoken, some feelings long since faded, like early leaves, and filling her breast with a storm of conflicting thoughts. She looked at the crest again. There was a motto embroidered underneath. It was "Spes et fortuna." Fortuna? That must mean fortune; but what was "Spes"

Lily fell to sleep at last, with the word upon her lips, wondering.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

LUTHER used to say that he was once whipped fourteen times in one forenoon. The old German schools were frightful dens of barbarism. An obituary in one of their school journals, as late as 1782, contains the following singular statement of educational exertions: "Hauberie, assistant teacher in a village in Suabia. During the 51 years 7 months of his official life, he had, by a moderate computation, inflicted 911,527 blows with a cane, 124,010 blows with a rod, 20,989 blows and raps with a ruler, 136,715 blows with the hand, 10,535 blows over the mouth, 7905 boxes on the ear, 1,115,800 raps on the head, and 22,763 *notabenes* (*i. e.*, knocks) with the Bible, catechism, singing-book, and grammar. He had 777 times made boys kneel on peas, and 613 times on a three-cornered piece of wood; had made 5001 'wear the jackass,' and 1707 hold the rod up; not to enumerate various more unusual punishments which he contrived on the spur of the moment. He had about three hundred expressions to scold with, of which he had found two-thirds ready made in his native language, and the rest he had invented."

WITH the title of *L'Echo Nuptial*, a matrimonial paper is soon to be established in Paris. The exclusive object of the journal is to promote the connubial habits of its subscribers; and every day several columns of "Proposals" and "Wants" will be published, with the love correspondence of those who desire to carry on their courtship through the columns of a public print. We suppose, instead of financial and commercial articles, they will present a daily review of the "Wife and Husband Market," announcing the various shades of complexion in favor at that time, and what color of hair and eyes is preferable; also, whether short, stumpy females are likely to range "higher on 'Change," and if the supply of gentlemen of high stature is fully up to the demand," or if the market is overstocked with them, making the prospect better for those who sell "short." Of course those in the market awaiting customers will be classified by the editor under the terms of "tall," "short," "middling," "light," "dark," "stumpy," and "square-shouldered."

THE usual mode of expressing grief for departed relatives and friends among the ancients was by rending the clothes, by laying aside the externals of rank and honor, by going unshaved, and by neglecting certain of the ordinary duties of life. As mankind became more practical, it was considered that the purposes of mourning might be sufficiently carried out by the adoption of some particular color of dress. These colors vary considerably, according to local influence or national sentiment. In Europe the general color for mourning is black; for that color, being the privation of light, is supposed to represent the privation of life. In China it is white, that color representing purity. In Turkey it is purple or violet, colors which are supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope. In Egypt it is yellow, that being the color of vegetation when it fades and decays. In Ethiopia it is brown, that being the color of the earth, to which the dead return.

A CHAPLAIN of the Christian Commission, while moving through a long line of sufferers, administering the consolation of the Gospel, approached the bedside of a gallant fellow who was severely wounded. His earthly march was nearly ended; but when the chaplain asked him if he was prepared to die, motioned for pencil and paper, and with a tremulous hand wrote: "I am prepared to go to heaven; my trust in Jesus Christ is perfect:" and immediately under these words of assured victory over the grave, "Commit rally round the flag, boys." The chaplain took the paper, and standing up read it with a loud voice. Just as he concluded, a soldier, who had recently lost a hand, sprang from his bed, and waving the mutilated stump in the air, burst forth with the glorious song his dying comrade had suggested. The effect was electric. A thousand voices took up the chorus, and the place of suffering was made to fairly rock with thunders of melody. As that vast solar choir ceased singing the chaplain asked him if he was the dying brave. He was just in time to catch the last faint smile that flickered across the sun-burnt face, as the soul was wafted on the strains of that Union music to the throne of Liberty.

THE following in relation to the various brands of tea will be interesting to housekeepers: "Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term of which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser description, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe," or "Poko," means "white hair," the down of tender leaves. "Powchong," "folded plant." "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo," from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

AN innovation, slight in itself, but which in a few years may revolutionize the outward appearance of current literature, has very recently been made in the binding of new books. Three hundred years ago, books were issued from the press in pig-skin and calf; a century later, sheep-skin was employed; and toward the close of the last century, Dutch paper-boards protected books as they issued from the press. During the past thirty years cloth has been the favorite material; but this has so increased in price, owing to the war, that an enterprising firm has conceived the idea of forming a paper substance having all the strength and flexibility of cloth, to take its place on the outside of books. Some specimens of this prepared paper are now before us. This substance appears to receive gilt impressions with the distinctness of morocco, and, as it can be washed with soap and water when dirty, it may be surmised that hereafter the phrase "dusty literature" will fall into disuse. It is said that its cost will be something like one half of the present price of embossed cloth.

ACCORDING to an English traveler there are agencies working gradually but substantially to undermine the constitution of Florida, the rich southernmost peninsula of the Confederacy, more effectually than "secession." Alarmists might even hold that, if the civil war should last many years longer, the ultimate fate of the devoted State will cease to be a mere political question. The most dangerous enemies of the soil of Florida are what its inhabitants call "sinks." Those absorptions of the earth, though on a small scale, are in fact so numerous, that one may almost ask, Is Florida slipping between the fingers of both Federals and Confederates? and will she ultimately—like those high mountains of the Andes during the earthquake of Chili in 1646—vanish entirely from the surface of the earth?

All over the country there are sinks of all sizes, forms, and ages. Some are slight saucer-like depressions; others, still deeper, like basins, of from twenty to eighty yards across; or only uneven slopes and hollows, which would pass unnoticed were one not informed that the land just there had been "sinking" since such a time; or that an old inhabitant remembered a dead level where now there are various dells crowded with vegetation. It is thought that there is a subterranean connection between all these "sinks."

"A ROUGH stone-wall," says Hugh M'Millan, "in any situation is an object of interest to a thoughtful mind. The different shapes of the stones, their varied mineral character, the diversity of tints, flexures, and lines which occur in them, are all suggestive of inquiry and reflection. Sermons may thus be found in stones more profitable, perhaps, than many printed or spoken ones, which he who runs may read. The smallest appearances link themselves with the grandest phenomena; a minute speck supplies a text around which may cluster many a striking thought; and by means of a hint derived from a mere line or line in a little stone—almost inappreciable to the general eye—may be reconstructed seas and continents that passed away thousands of ages ago—visions of landscape scenery to which the present aspect of the globe presents no parallel. This flexure of the stone tells me of violent volcanic eruptions, by which the soft, newly-deposited stratum—the muddy precipitate of ocean waters—heaved and undulated like corn in the breeze; that lamination, of which the dark lines regularly alternate with the gray, speaks eloquently of gentle waves rippling musically over sandy shores; and the irregular protuberances which I see here and there over the stone, are the casts of hollows or cracks produced in ancient tide-beaches by shrinkage—similar appearances being often seen under our feet, as we walk over the pavement of almost any of our towns. Yonder smooth and striated surface of granite is the Runic writing of the northern Frost-king, transporting me back in fancy to that wonderful age of ice when glaciers slid over mountain-rocks, and flowed through lowland valleys, where corn now grows, and the snow seldom falls. And if there be a block of sandstone, it may chance to exhibit not only ripple-marks of ancient seas, but also footprints of unknown birds and strange tortoises that sought their food along the water's edge; and sometimes memorials of former things more accidental and shadowy than even these—such as fossil rain-drops, little circular and oval hollows, with their casts—supposed to be impressions produced by rain and hail, and indicating by their varying appearances the character of the shower, and the direction of the wind that prevailed when it was falling. Every one has heard of the crazy Greek who went about exhibiting a brick as a specimen of the building which he wished to sell; but in the structure of each geological system every stone is significant of the whole. Each fragment, however minute, is a record of the terrestrial changes that occurred when it was formed; ingrained in every hue and line is the story of the physical conditions under which it was produced. The ten commandments were not more clearly engraved on the two tables of stone than the laws of nature that operated in its formation are impressed upon the smallest pebble by the wayside. Its materials furnish an unmistakable clew to its origin, and its shape unfolds its subsequent history. God has impressed the marks of the revolutions of the earth not merely upon large tracts of country and enormous strata of rock and mountain range—difficult of access and inconvenient for study—but even upon the smallest stone, so that the annals of creation are multiplied by myriads of copies, and can never be lost."

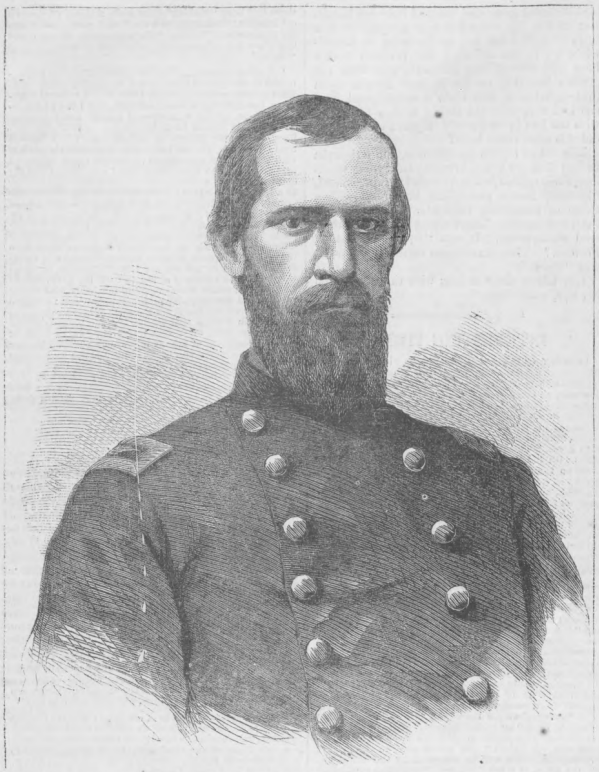
OYSTER BEDS.—The banks of the Solent between Calshot Castle and Cowes are famous as natural oyster-breeding-grounds, and sometimes nearly one hundred small vessels are seen there at one time dredging for young oysters to be laid down in various rivers, to grow, breed, and fatten. No matter how small the oysters are, even if no bigger than a six-pence, they are valuable for the various rearing-grounds. Some rivers seem better adapted than others for the growth of these oysters, by causing a difference in the flavor of the latter; and a large number of oysters sold in the London market as natives, or other choice varieties, are taken from grounds which have been stocked from the Solent. Nature provides for the distribution of oysters in a very curious manner. Oyster-spawn is at first light, and is easily carried from the parent oysters by the tide. Gradually the spawn rises to the surface, and the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere its specific gravity is apparently increased, for it suddenly sinks, and whatever solid substance it first touches in its descent to the bottom it makes its home, whence it derives its first nourishment, and commences growing to maturity.

A JEALOUS man, who was on a visit to London, was induced to call on a clairvoyant to ascertain what his wife was doing at her residence, some ninety miles away. "She is sitting in her parlor," said the lady, "and she looks out of the window as if in expectation." "Strange," said the gentleman; "who can she expect?" "Some one enters the door! She seizes him and caresses him fondly." "Horrible!" interrupted the gentleman, thinking of the Divorce Court. "Now he lays his head in her lap, and looks tenderly into her eye." "Dreadful! She shall suffer for this." "Now he wags his tail!" and as this explained the story old Jealousy departed, and resolved not to be inquisitive again in regard to his wife.

M. JULES JANIN tells a good story of a general of the Capuchins who happened to enter Paris, on a mission from the Pope, on the same day that the King of France was expected in his capital, and nietook the ovation to the monarch for one to himself. The streets were thronged, banners waved, bells rang, all was joy and festivity. "Ah!" murmured the good father at each step of his progress, "it is too great an honor for a poor soul like me!" As he advanced the decorations grew more and more gorgeous—choice tapestry draped the houses, and a fountain of Burgundy played in the street, from which a Naiad filled him a foaming goblet. "Ah!" murmured the good father still, "what honor they pay me; what happiness!" At last he reached the Hôtel de Ville, where the Court was stationed resplendent with diamonds and lace, and where the Archbishop of Paris was decked in full dress, surrounded by his clergy. Cries of "There he is! there he is!" burst from the assembled multitudes; the cannon roared, fire-works blazed, and, to crown all, an angel with flaming wings descended from a cloud, torch in hand, and lighted a fragrant bonfire of cedar and incense. "Ah!" cried the general of the Capuchins, "it is too much!" In an instant all became quiet; the pageant had vanished. The King had re-entered his palace at Versailles, the angel retired into his cloud, and the general of Capuchins entered the great Capuchin monastery, where he was secretly rather surprised to find that not a single Capuchin expected him. The pendant to this anecdote of priestly vanity is even better. Piron, the poet and wit, tired one day with a country ramble, sat down to rest on a bank of turf. Just as he was congratulating himself on his temporary escape from the fatigues of notoriety, and dilating rapturously on the simple delights of the country, a farmer passed, and made him a profound bow. He had not sat long before a handsome peasant girl approached, and laid a bouquet of fresh hawthorn on the bank where he sat. Next, two well-known Parisian ladies passed, and, rising erect in their carriage, turned toward Piron, making the sign of the cross. Finally, a brilliant young colonel of the Royal Guard passed at the head of his troop, and, as they went by, the whole squadron presented arms. Overwhelmed by this last proof of the seeming-ly unusual homage to his genius, Piron rapturously declared that, after what had happened to him that day, nothing could hereafter astonish him. He was not, therefore, at all astonished to see a Knight of St. Louis, with white hair and naked head, and a brow seamed with scars, kneeling at his feet. But he rose abashed, and, with a bow, went his way. All these things had Piron seen with his own eyes. Only he had not seen, above the old beech-tree, in a natural niche which the rain and time had hollowed, an image of our Lady of Auteuil, a holy image brought from Rome as a present to his sister the Canoness by the Cardinal De Teucin, an image which worked miracles. Seated at the foot of this image, he had taken to himself all these acts of devotion.

THE *Nazione* of Florence says: "In the villages of Antignano, Arenella, and Due Porte, which stand on the same hill in the province of Naples, reside about thirty men and women who, from a singular religious fanaticism, have made a vow never to speak. For some years past they have maintained silence. A tradesman (a grocer) is mentioned, who carries on his business without uttering a word. Should a customer enter his shop to purchase any thing, he weighs and sells. If the buyer has any observations to make, he listens and does as he is requested. Besides, his wife speaks for him, and most unpruggingly.

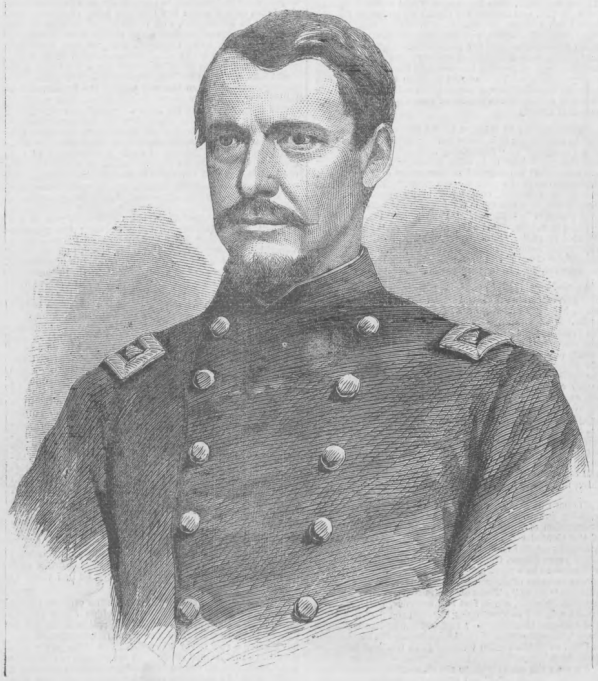
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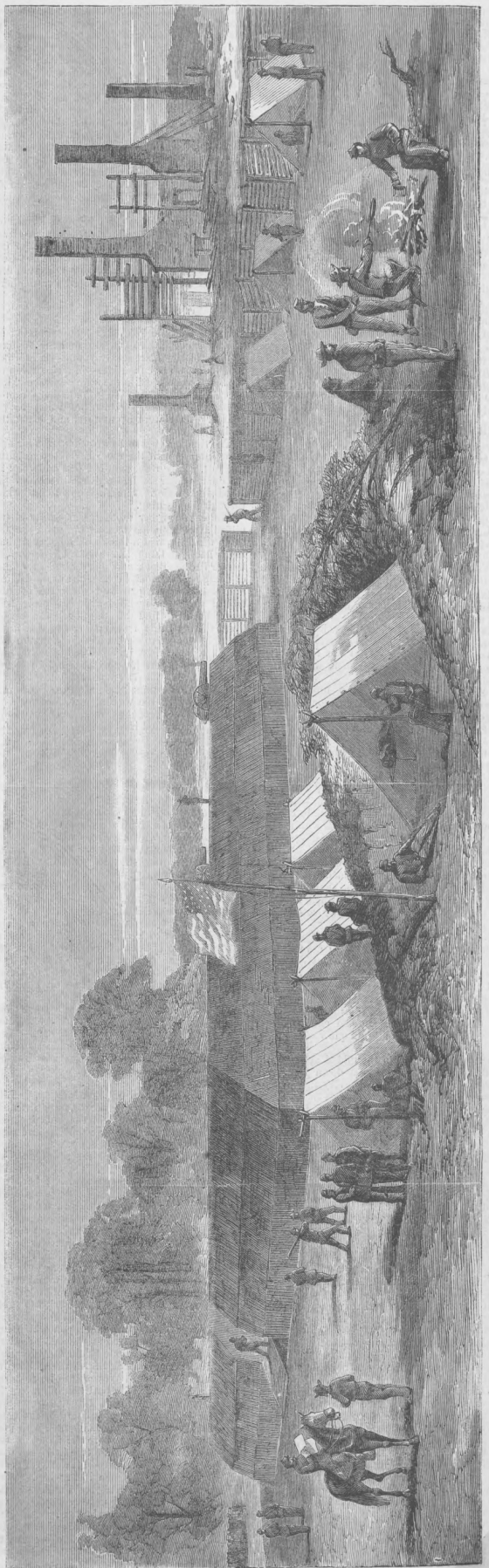
THE LATE COLONEL ALEXANDER GARDINER.

THE LATE COLONEL GARDINER.

COLONEL ALEXANDER GARDINER, of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, whose portrait is engraved on this page, was a native of New York City. Shortly after being admitted to the bar he removed to Kansas, then in her darkest hours of trouble, taking with him a printing-press and materials for the establishment of a Free-State paper. But Lawrence was sacked and his press utterly destroyed before the issue of the first number of the paper. Colonel GARDINER did not practice law in Kansas, as he refused to take oath under the pro-slavery Constitution. Having seen Kansas substantially through her troubles, Colonel GARDINER removed to New Hampshire, and soon took a commanding position in his profession. He volunteered in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was appointed Adjutant. After seeing service in Virginia the regiment went to New Orleans, when it was attached to the Nineteenth Corps, with which it returned to take part in the final struggle in Virginia. Adjutant GARDINER had been promoted to the command of the regiment, and was killed at its head while leading his men to the charge at the victorious battle of Winchester. The army may have lost more prominent officers, but none braver, nobler, truer.



THE LATE MAJOR JAMES P. JONES.—[SEE PAGE 717.]



THE LATE RESIDENCE OF THE REBEL COLONEL PEGRAM, WITH FEDERAL FORT ADJACENT, ON GENERAL MEADE'S LEFT.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES H. CRAPTS.—[SEE PAGE 717.]

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BEFORE PETERSBURG.

On this page, and on pages 712, 713, and 716, we give illustrations of General GRANT's Campaign. The adjoining cut represents a SIGNAL-STATION near General MEADE's head-quarters in front of Petersburg, and overlooking the roads to the rebel lines on our left and to the lead mines.

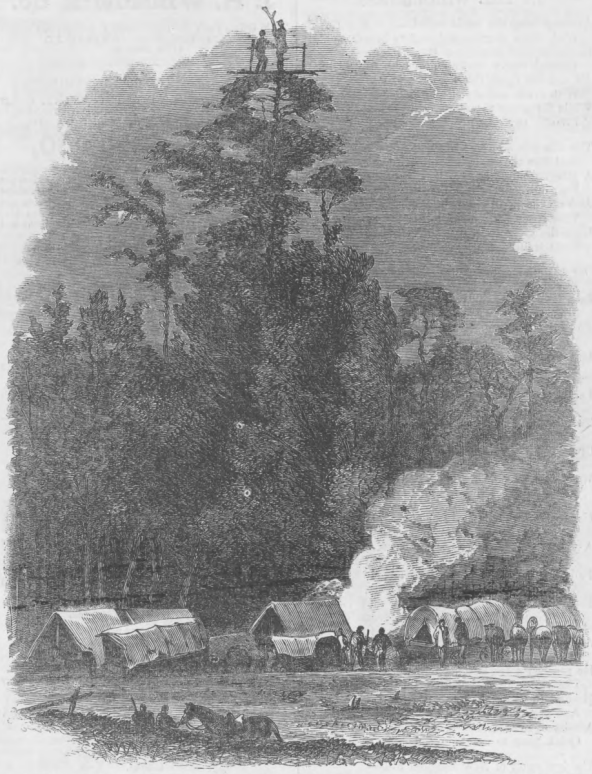
Below is a representation of a BOMB-PROOF RIFLE-PIT in front of the Second Corps. In the absence of active military operations the soldiers elaborately intrench themselves in works like the one here represented.

On page 716 is an illustration of a Federal Fort on General MEADE's extreme left, and built in the vicinity of the ruins of the rebel Colonel PEGRAM's late residence.

The illustrations given on pages 712 and 713 relate to the work going on at the Dutch Gap Canal, east of Petersburg, and to the military roads constructed by General GRANT for the use of his army.

The Canal at Dutch Gap is within General BUTLER's lines. Its object is to cut off a long bend which the James River makes around Farrar's Island, and enable our fleet to take part in the operations against Richmond. It is hoped that the canal may be more efficient than that by which it was intended to make Vicksburg an inland city, giving the Mississippi a new course. The surrender of Island No. 10, in 1862, was undoubtedly hastened by the canal which General HALLECK built, and by which he effected a passage to the enemy's rear. This canal at Dutch Gap was begun in August, and is now nearly completed. Its completion the rebels expect to be followed by a formidable advance on Richmond.

Another sketch gives a view of the United States Military Railroad in front of Petersburg. This railroad connects with GRANT's extreme left. A third sketch represents our soldiers building roads; and gives also a view of the Railroad from the Army to City Point. The railroad is built on the surface of the ground, and without grading. The sketch is characteristic of the country between the army and City Point.



SIGNAL STATION NEAR GENERAL MEADE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

THE LATE MAJOR JONES.

MAJOR JAMES P. JONES, the fighting Quaker, Seventh Regiment Maine Volunteers, whose portrait we give on page 716, was born at China, Maine, in May, 1835, and was killed at the battle of Crystal Springs, before the defenses of Washington, July 13, 1864. His father and mother, ELI and SYBIL JONES, are distinguished Quaker ministers, having as missionaries visited most of the United States and British Provinces, England, Ireland, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Liberia in Africa. Taught in childhood the peace theories of BARCLAY and PENN, he passed the limits of his father's library, with an active and naturally martial mind, which found in ancient and modern battles for free dom and human rights more genial subjects for study. Desirous, but unable, to go to the Military Academy, with wonderful persistency he fitted himself for College, committing most of the Latin and Greek Grammars while walking the distance of two miles, between his father's house and the school. He entered the Friends College at Haverford, Pennsylvania, in 1851, and left in two years because of pecuniary embarrassments. In one year from this time we find him a Junior in Michigan University; and in 1856 he was graduated the first classical scholar in his class, and immediately elected Tutor of Ancient Languages both in his *alma mater* and at Haverford College. These positions he declined, and opened a family school, in which he continued until his duty to his country called him forth.

In August, 1861, he went into the service as Captain. This step was opposed by his family and friends, without in the least shaking his purpose to go. He was in nearly every battle of his glorious regiment, and, a comrade tells us, was always in front when duty called. He particularly distinguished himself at Antietam in a charge made by his regiment, again in the second battle of Fredericksburg, and lastly in the battle of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania; in the former of which engagements his regiment, with him at the head, was the first that stopped the panic in the Sixth Corps; in the latter he received a ball through his right arm. He came home, but in a few days returned to the front, having still no use of his arm, although his furlough continued three or four weeks longer.

Only a few days passed after his return before the sad tidings came that he was dead, accompanied by these few words to his friends: "I die for my country, and am willing to die. All is well with me. Tell my boy never to disgrace the name of his father." Thus fell, facing the foe in front of the Capital, with an imperishable record, a brilliant scholar, a brave soldier, and an unfaltering patriot.

UNION REFUGEES.

WE give on page 708 a sketch representing Union refugees coming into the Federal lines. Although General SHERMAN would not permit the residents of Atlanta to remain there, yet neither he nor any other of our generals has refused to receive into his lines those flying from the hard despotism and misery which have blighted the Southern Confederacy. These refugees, whether they come from Richmond or from the Southwest, are invariably provided for in every possible way, and are not in any case compelled to enter our armies. The number of these helpless ones must continually increase as the pressure of our conquering armies bears more and more heavily on the rebel strong-holds. The rebel conscription grows daily harder and more merciless in its provisions, and there are thousands of women and children who must inevitably be left without husband or brother or father to feed or defend them, and their only hope will be in escaping to the North.

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions with our armies in the field devote no small measure of their attention to these refugees, who have large claims on their charity and kindness. In many cases they have borne obloquy on account of their devotion to the old flag; and we should receive them as heroes who have served our glorious cause. There are in the South many such, of whom we must remember that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."



BOMB-PROOF RIFLE-PIT IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE learned Professor Porson had a great horror of the east wind; and Tom Sheridan is said to have once kept him a prisoner in the house for a fortnight by fixing the weather-cock in that direction.

Slow newspapers are sometimes printed upon fast presses.

Policemen, although their general health is good, are much troubled with *felons on their hands*.

Which is the most powerful, the earth or the sea?—The sea, of course, it has such heaps of *muscles*.

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously picking the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that undressing," replied the crazy fellow. The cook looked reflective.

THE WINE DUTY.—Help yourself and pass the bottle

If you want to be lionized go into the wilds of Africa.

The following verse commemorates the not uncommon misfortune of a hungry urchin:

"There was a small boy of Pawtucket,
He bought him an orange to suck it;
He had a long nose,
And as you may suppose,
Into the orange he stuck it."

A sexton was lately asked how trade was with him. He replied that it was "Verra bad—nowt doing hardly." "Why, how's that?" asked the other. "Well, thee see," answered the sexton, "poverty seldom dies. There's far more kilt wi' over-hettin' an' o'er-drinkin' nor there is wi' bein' pinched."

An inveterate old bachelor says ships are called "she" because they always keep a man on the look-out.

A sick dog isn't generally strengthened by a course of bark.

Time is money; of course it is, or how could you "spend an evening?"

Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation?—Because you 3:at *kill* and then *cure* him

"Pilly, my boy, can't you eat a little more?" "Well, perhaps I could if I stood up, mother."

According to the articles of war it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

Why is the letter s likely to prove dangerous in argument.—Because it turns *words* into *swords!*

LAST Sunday little Ike, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put in the contribution box, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.

The man who makes a business of raising work for market may be said to live by his *pen*.

If you want to kindle the *flame* of love in a lady's breast you must *spark* her till she is eager for a *match*.

Why should a man with a repugnant wife be accounted a smart fellow?—Because he's a *shrewd* individual.

A "FEMALE DETECTIVE".—A Prism.

An Irish painter decorates first, among other portraits, he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

Respect every body's feelings. If you wish to have your laundress's address, avoid asking her where she "hangs out."

The telegrams that come via Philadelphia to New York are generally *reviled* on.

It is stated that at a Newark debating society a wheelwright was by far the best spoke-man.

A burned child hates the fire, but a man who has been singed by Cupid's torch always has a sneaking kindness for the *old flame*.

The girls are *uniformly* attracted by dashing military men.

Why is a hive like a spectator at a show?—Because it is a bee-holder (*beholder*).

A MAN OF STRAW.—Will-o'-the-wisp.

The minister who divides his sermon into seven heads finds it difficult to get *attentive ears* for all of them.

WELL MATCHED.—An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate: one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

Why is Lair like a negro's mouth?—Because it abounds in *gum* and *ivory*.

What letter in the alphabet compels a man to laugh?—The letter S—it makes people snigger.

Why isn't a Joint Stock Company like a watch?—Because it does not go on after it's wound up.

It took six days continuous labor to make the world, but to make it over again would only be a *recreation*.

A PERSON OF "TAKING MANNERS".—A Chief.

He must be a strong general who can storm and carry a fortress.

What was Hamlet so courageous in addressing his father's ghost?—Because he was not particular to a shade.

"People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," said Mrs. Partington, "and how they can fat up on it; for my part, I think it is owing to the victles. Air may do for camomiles and other reptiles that live on it. But I know that men must have something more substantialer."

A country gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep in an arbor. "What!" says the master, "asleep, you idle dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you." "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the *shade*."

A young Hibernian friend of ours, who is desperately in love, says that he has been electrified with a gal-vanic battery.

A despairing man tears his hair. An enraged woman is wiser—she tears her husband's.

We once heard a woman of the world say, "The state of widowhood is inconvenient; for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl without being able to feign her ignorance."

When may a cheese be said to resemble majesty?—When it is *high* and *mighty*.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

ALL day long the battle raged,
With clang of guns and bugle's breath,
In the tangled swamps of the Wilderness,
Through dusky thickets dim with death.
All day the fierce tide surged and swung,
With crash and shriek and cannon's tone,
While far along the glimmering lines
Proudly our golden eagles shone.

The rifle-pits swarmed black with men,
And like the sheeted August rain,
A stinging storm of iron hail
Beat on our steadfast line in vain.
And up the mid-May's blinding blue,
That spans life's infinite, poor desire
With the great calm of God, the shells
Made trailing, long-drawn arcs of fire.

Our batteries crowned the slanting ridge—
Too dense the woods for gunner's aim—
Save here and there a random shot,
From brazen lips no answer came.
And grim with smoke and powder-stain
The strong-limbed, dusty cannoniers
Leaned, eager, on their idle guns,
And heard their distant comrades' cheers.

Far to the rear the sandy road
Ran northward to the distant town;
No battle-clamor stirred the air,
And the land wore its spring-time crown
Of beauty, song, and blossom's flush.
While young leaves made a tender gloom
Where robins sang and roadside banks
Were whitened with the clover's bloom.

Under a brown-stemmed chestnut-tree,
That made a green tent overhead,
A young boy, on the cool, soft grass,
Stretched shattered limbs that ached and bled;
Full young to wear a soldier's blue,
And share a patriot's toils and fears,
Yet strong in that large growth of soul
That comes not with the added years.

And as he lay in helpless pain,
His marching days forever done,
He reached a feeble hand and plucked
The violets dreaming in the sun,
Meekly, in blue-eyed families,
And at their fragrance in his heart
A mist of memories rose, that made
Quick tears to manly eyelids start.

The low swell of New England hills—
The old home-farm—the orchard, fair
With wreaths of tinted apple-blooms,
And just beyond, the meadow where
He found the first spring violets
In happy, boyish days long-gone,
But unforgot, ere through the land
War's fiery trumpet had been blown.

His gray-haired mother, on her knees
Praying the dear God night and day
For him, her bright-eyed, latest born—
God bless and keep him safe alway!
A thought of home and mother-love,
And through the mid-May's shining calm
A great peace folded softly down,
Like the low music of a psalm.

On his tired heart in infinite rest;
And centred in the calm divine
Of happy Nature's sweet, blind trust,
He saw Faith's golden promise shine.
That He who made those simple flowers
To blossom in the Wilderness
Would look upon His helpless child
With eyes of pitying tenderness.

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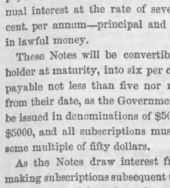
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 411.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

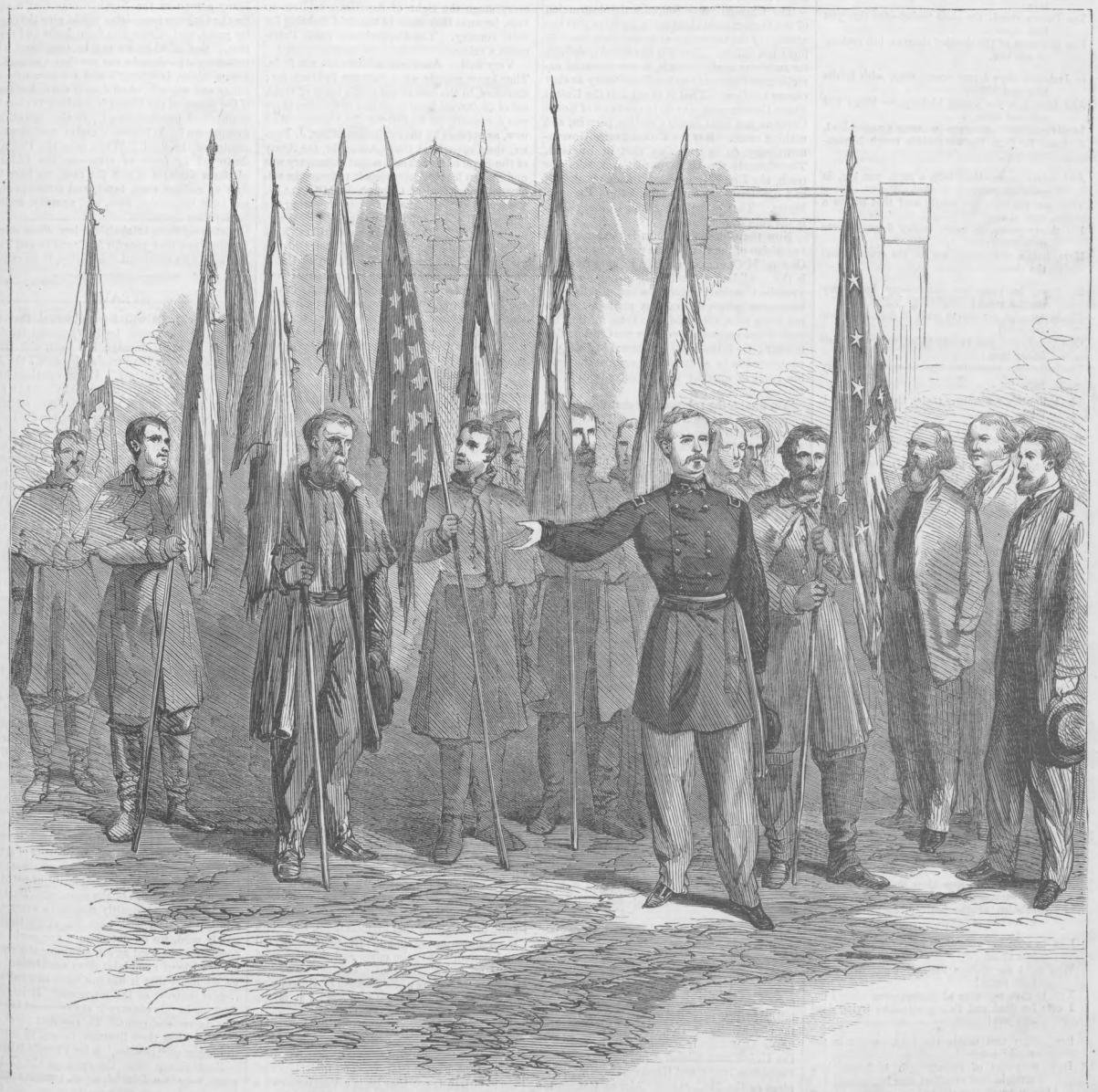
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SHERIDAN'S VICTORY.

WE give in the subjoined illustration a representation of the highly interesting ceremony in which General CUSTER officiated, on Sunday, October 23—namely, that of presenting to the Secretary of War the Battle-Flags captured from the Rebels in the Battle of Cedar Creek. General CUSTER arrived in Washington on the Saturday before the ceremony took place; and ten of the captured flags were displayed from the railroad engine as the train came in. During the presentation it was announced that General CUSTER had been appointed Major-General, and this fact occasioned great enthusiasm among the large crowd assembled to witness the ceremony. One of the colors captured was the head-quarters flag of the late rebel General RAMSEUR, bearing the inscription, "On to Victory! Presented by Mr. W. T. Sutherlin." A large number of the colors were taken by CUSTER'S Division. General RAMSEUR was a class-mate of General CUSTER'S at West Point, and as the former was dying the two reviewed together the reminiscences of their cadet life.

FORGING SOLDIERS' VOTES.

WE give on page 725 a sketch showing the manner in which the Copperheads obtain their votes. The facts of the case, at its present development, are as follows: The first suspicion that something wrong was going on in regard to the soldiers' vote in this State occurred to Mr. ORVILLE K. WOOD, who was in the army procuring votes in behalf of the Union Committee of Clinton County. Proceeding thereupon to the agency of the State of New York at Baltimore, and gaining the confidence of a certain Mr. FERRY, the agent appointed by Governor SEYMOUR two years ago to look after sick and wounded soldiers in and around Baltimore, he found his suspicions more than confirmed. Mr. FERRY remarked to Mr. WOOD that when Union votes came to that office "they went out all right." In Mr. WOOD'S presence this Mr. FERRY and his fellow-agents, DONAHUE, NEWCOMB, and others, signed soldiers' names to votes, filling out the blanks with other names in regular order, all forged; altered Union votes, so that soldiers giving their suffrages to Mr. LINCOLN were made to vote for General M'CLELLAN, and affixed to Democratic ballots the names of sick and wounded, and even of dead soldiers. The conspirators admitted that a number of agents were employed in a similar manner, and that soldiers' votes were in this way manufactured by the dry-goods' box full. These statements are sworn to in court by two of those engaged in the fraud, and the exhibition of the documents, consisting of a number of the forged votes, and a large amount of correspondence, leaves no room for doubt as to the nature and



GENERAL CUSTER PRESENTING CAPTURED BATTLE-FLAGS AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 23, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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extent of the crime which has been committed against our citizens at home, and against our brave soldiers in the field. There is nothing whatever to contradict or to soften this damning evidence of guilt. And it would appear from the testimony that even an officer in the army, a Commissary-General, had lent his aid and sanction to the crime. A list of the soldiers from Columbia County was sent to DONAHUE to help on the shameful forgery. The following letter, which was intercepted, shows to what use the list was put:

NEW YORK STATE AGENCY, BALTIMORE,
No. 85 W. FAYETTE STREET, *October* 29, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send with this note a number of ballots for your county. *I have made out a number from the list you sent me.*

I also send a package put up by Mr. FERRY, State Agent, and you will find a note from him explaining things. I guess you have enough. Fearing that you might not I inclose envelopes and powers of attorney sworn to; you can fill them up for Columbia or any other county.

You can fill them up as well in your county as we can here. If you want names of enlisted persons, ascertain them from the Supervisors' list of any county.

In haste, your friend, E. D., JUN.

You can procure large envelopes for attorneys' names at Albany. Put in some good names for attorneys.

Thousands of soldiers' votes have been forged, and many of them have been sent home. Every vote thus fraudulently given has deprived some soldier of his franchise, the most invaluable of his rights as an American citizen. Nor has this injury been confined to the living. The Copperheads have dared not simply to forge the votes of living soldiers, but even to desecrate our honored dead.

RIDING TO VOTE.

YONDER the bleak old Tavern stands—the faded sign before,
That years ago a setting sun and banded harvest bore:
The Tavern stands the same to-day—the sign you look upon
Has glintings of the dazzled sheaves, but nothing of the sun.

In Jackson's days a gay young man, with spirits hale and blithe,
And form like the young hickory, so tough and tall and lithe,
I first remember coming up—we came a wagon-load,
A dozen for OLD HICKORY—this rough November road.

Ah! thirty years—they help a man, you see, in growing gray,
They can not take the manly soul that makes a man alway!
It's thirty years, or near: to-day I go to vote once more;
Here, half a mile away, we see the crowd about the door.

My boys, in EIGHTEEN SIXTY—my boys? my men, I mean!
(No better men nor braver souls in flesh-and-blood are seen)
One twenty-six, one twenty-three, rode with their father then:
The ballot-box remembers theirs—*my* vote I'll try again!

The ballot-box remembers theirs, the country well might know—
Though in a million only two for little seem to go;
But, somehow, when my ticket slipped I dream'd of Jackson's day.
The land, I thought, has need of One whose will will find a way!

"*He* did not waver when the need had call'd for steadfast thought—
The word he spoke made plain the deed that lay behind it wrought;"
And while I mused the Present fell, and, breathing back the Past,
Again it seem'd the hale young man his vote for Jackson cast!

Thank God it was not lost!—my vote I did not cast in vain!
I go alone to drop my vote—the glorious vote again;
Alone—where three together fell but one to-day shall fall;
But though I go alone to-day, one voice shall speak for all!

For when our men, awaking quick, from hearth and threshold came,
Mine did not say, "Another day!" but started like a flame;
I'll vote for them as well as me; they died as soldiers can,
But in my vote their voices each shall claim the right of man.

The elder left his wife and child—my vote for these shall tell;
The younger's sweet-heart has a claim—I'll vote for her as well!
Yes! for the myriad speechless tongues, the myriad squandered lives,
The desolation at the heart of orphans and of wives!

I go to give my vote alone—I curse your shameless sham
Who fight for traitors here at home in Peace's holy name!
I go to give my vote alone, but even while I do,
I vote for dead and living, all—the living dead and you!

See yonder tree beside the field, caught in the windy sough,
How conscious of its strength it leans, how straight and steadfast now!
As Lincoln bends (for all, in him, my vote I mean to cast)—
What winds have blown! what storms he's known!—the Hickory's straight at last!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

THE EIGHTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE political campaign which ends in the election of the 8th of November decides the most important question in history. It has always been the fate of republics hitherto to be destroyed by faction. Party-spirit has overpowered patriotism. It has been, therefore, feared by many of the best and wisest men that we should encounter the same peril and succumb to the same fate.

That fear is now about to be confirmed or dissipated forever. The American people are about to say that their national Government, like all other Governments, has the right to defend its existence by force against foreign enemies and domestic rebels; or it is about to declare that JOHN C. CALHOUN and JEFFERSON DAVIS and GEORGE H. PENDLETON are right, and GEORGE WASHINGTON, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, HENRY CLAY, ANDREW JACKSON, DANIEL WEBSTER, and STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS were wrong in their theory of our Government. It is about to declare that the Union of the United States is the merest partnership at will of sovereign powers, in which the prosperity of the whole is at the mercy of the whim or the anger of the smallest part—or it is to proclaim, unmistakably, that the United States are a nation, with national attributes, with a national history, with a national authority, with a national honor, and a national flag.

The Chicago party concedes the destruction of the Government, because it declares that the attempt of the Government to maintain itself by force is a failure. But if it has failed to enforce its authority against rebels, it can hereafter exercise over them only so much authority as they choose to allow. That is to say that the United States Government may do in the State of South Carolina just what South Carolina permits, and nothing more. But the United States Government may do as much as that in England. Therefore, if the Chicago platform tells the truth, the United States Government is already and hopelessly overthrown in each of the rebel States. That is the end of the Union. That is the ruin of the country.

Now the Chicago platform is the authorized exposition of the views of the party that supports General M'CLELLAN; and Mr. PENDLETON, who is the candidate of the Chicago party for Vice-President, entirely approves what he calls "the beneficent principles" of that platform. Does not every man, therefore, who votes for the Chicago ticket necessarily vote for the Chicago doctrines? Or is the letter of General M'CLELLAN considered to be a breakwater against the terrible swell of anarchy which proceeds from the Chicago doctrine?

Yet what is the substance of that doctrine but compromise, and what does General M'CLELLAN suggest as the means of restoring the Union but compromise? If rebels refuse to compromise they are to be delivered over to "ulterior consequences"—which means, doubtless, a more abject compromise. But the significant point both in the Chicago platform and the M'CLELLAN letter is, that armed rebels against the Government are not to be put down by force, but are to be coaxed or bought off. That is equally the overthrow of the Government, for it is a premium upon rebellion.

Between the unconditional and the conditional maintenance of the Government the people are now to choose. If they shall decide for the latter, universal disintegration of the Union and endless wars between little neighboring States inevitably ensue. If they elect the former the power and the importance which belong to a great nation will secure them permanent peace, prosperity, and liberty. General M'CLELLAN and GEORGE H. PENDLETON represent the conditional, ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON the unconditional maintenance of the Government. May God guide our choice!

THE ARMY VOTE FRAUD.

THE Union citizens of this country have always insisted that the soldiers should vote. They have always held that no American citizen should lose his rights under the Government merely because he loved that Government enough to go into the field and fight for it. The Copperheads have always insisted that he should.

In Maine the soldiers' voting law was passed, and the only majorities against it were in Copperhead towns. In New Hampshire the law was passed by the Legislature by a vote of about 175 Union men to 105 Copperheads. In Vermont the Union Legislature promptly passed the bill. In Rhode Island it was opposed only by the Copperheads. In Connecticut the Copperheads unanimously opposed it. In New York the Union men passed a bill by 65 yeas to 59 Copperhead nays, and HORATIO SEYMOUR, President of the M'CLELLAN Chicago Convention, vetoed the bill; but the Union men finally succeeded by appealing to the people of the State, and procuring an amendment to the Constitution which the Copperheads desperately voted against. In New Jersey 37,000 Union citizens asked the passage by the Legislature of a voting law for the soldiers. The Legislature refused by 31 Copperhead nays to 19 Union yeas. In Pennsylvania Judge WOODWARD, the Copperhead candidate for Governor, in favor of whose election General M'CLELLAN wrote a letter, opposed the law. The Unionists then carried an amendment to the Constitution. The greatest majorities for it were in the Union counties; the only majorities against it were in Copperhead counties. In Delaware, where the Copperheads control the Legislature, the soldiers have been denied the right of voting. In Ohio the Copperheads steadily and in every way opposed the law. But it was passed by Union votes and sustained by the Supreme Court of the State. In Michigan 19 Union Senators to 10 Copperhead, and 53 Union to 23 Copperhead representatives, passed the law. In Illinois the Copperheads controlling the Legislature, defeated the law; and General JOHN A. LOGAN, the bosom friend of DOUGLAS, is disfranchised because he believes as DOUGLAS said upon his death-bed: "A man can not be a true Democrat unless he is a loyal patriot," and because he is nobly fighting for his country. In Wisconsin the bill passed by 19 Unionists to 7 Copperheads in the Senate, and 52 Unionists to 40 Copperheads in the Assembly. In California, Iowa, Minnesota, and Missouri the Union men against the steady Copperhead opposition have secured the soldiers' right to vote. In Indiana the Copperhead Legislature refused it.

Such is the prodigious record. In every State the Copperhead supporters of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON have opposed in every way and at every stage the right of American soldiers to vote, because they were in the field fighting for their country. The Copperheads made Patriotism a crime.

Very well. American soldiers are not fools. They know exactly what they are fighting for; therefore, in the case of the single State of Ohio, out of 55,000 soldiers' votes cast in October there was a majority of 48,000 for the Union. And now, as appears by the confession of Mr. J. FERRY, the Copperhead State Agent for the Army of the State of New York, a vast conspiracy was undertaken by the Copperheads to forge the soldiers' vote, and elect GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, the friend of VALLANDIGHAM, by defeating the honest will of the soldiers in the field.

Does any loyal American citizen still ask himself whether the Copperheads and their Chicago platform and candidates are faithful to the Union and the Government? Was this universal Copperhead opposition to the soldiers' voting law in the Legislatures, and this vast effort at a fraudulent defeat of the fair consequences of the passage of the law, in the interest of the United States Government, or of JEFFERSON DAVIS and the rebellion?

THE LESSON OF THE RAIDS.

THE sudden and startling raid from Canada across the frontier of Vermont is a striking illustration of the practical consequences of State sovereignty and disunion. The rebels assert that they are only maintaining State sovereignty. But in a system like that they propose every State would be a little separate foreign power to every other, and each would be always exposed to such armed surprises, robberies, and murders as those of the recent raid into Vermont. The absolute and hopeless anarchy resulting from the triumph of the rebels' doctrine of State sovereignty can not be conceived. We may judge of its inevitable tendency by remembering that when, in the winter of 1860–61, some of the Southern States declared their secession from the Union and the resumption of their sovereignty, FERNANDO WOOD, then Mayor, suggested that the city of New York might find it wise to secede from the State. And then the First Ward might have found it wise to secede from the Second; and so the entire fabric of social order have fallen into common ruin.

The doctrine of supreme State sovereignty is the doctrine of humiliation and disgrace. The famous history of this country is that of united Colonies and States. Before they were united there was no history. The history of England and France is the story of weakness, shame, and anarchy, until the various parts were welded into a great national whole. It is not an Englishman's boast that he is a Kentish man or a Yorkshireman, but an Englishman. It is not a Frenchman's pride that he is a Gascon or a Burgundian, but a Frenchman. It is not Yorkshire or Burgundy that protects them, that gives them importance, that makes them respected and feared. It is the name and the nation of England and France that does this. The flag of their country is not a Kentish or Gascon flag—it is the British and the French; it is the cross of St. George and the tri-color.

It is precisely so with us. The power of this nation in the world is not the power of Maine, or Delaware, or Missouri, or California; it is that of the United States. The importance of every citizen is not that he is a Vermonter or a Georgian, but an American of the United States. The flag that defends him every where in the world is not the Pelican of Louisiana, or the Palmetto of South Carolina, or the Anchor of Rhode Island; it is the glorious Stars and Stripes. The doctrine of supreme State sovereignty plucks all power and significance from that flag. It makes it represent not the overwhelming force of a nation—not the terrible energy of a trained and resistless army and navy, but the ridiculous impotence of a guerrilla band. The doctrine of supreme State sovereignty is national suicide.

Yet that is the doctrine of the rebellion and of the Chicago tender to the rebellion. The Chicago platform confesses the victory of this doctrine over the national power of the Union. General M'CLELLAN, in his letter approving compromise with the rebel chiefs, stands straight upon the Chicago platform, for he proposes to treat with those who, by force of arms, assert State sovereignty against the national supremacy. Should such a policy be adopted by the people of this country in his elevation to the Presidency, every State would be a separate power exposed to the incursions of neighboring enemies. Every State must maintain an army to defend its frontier against St. Alban raids. If the States made a compact not to harm each other, it would be as fruitless as Mr. PENDLETON now declares the Union to be. "If the States refuse to observe the compact," he says, "you have no right to force them to observe it."

If, then, armies must be maintained to defend sovereign State lines, does any man think he would escape the permanent draft which would be necessary to fill those armies? Would he avoid the taxes necessary to support those armies? When Pennsylvania and Ohio chose to threaten Delaware, what hope or refuge would Delaware have? Chicago and Richmond aim at separation as a means of peace. Many a man in the North thinks that a vote for the Chicago candidates would give the country peace, and release him from drafts and taxation. But if what we say be true—and who will deny it?—does he not see that Union, and Union alone, is strength and consequently security and peace? And does it not follow that, if the power of the Union is assailed, it must be maintained unconditionally, or else be entirely overthrown? Whoever dictates conditions is master of the field. When once the Union is destroyed by force of arms—as the Chicago platform declares is now the case, we have before us endless wars, taxes, and conscriptions; we have impotence, ruin, and anarchy, ending in hopeless despotism.

Let every thoughtful citizen bear these things in mind, and then vote for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, who represent this policy, if he can.

STRAWS.

GOOD citizens will have observed that the party which has most loudly clamored for free speech in this campaign has been the party whose adherents have made almost all the disturbance in the canvass. Union meetings have been constantly interrupted by M'CLELLAN partisans. Have Union men any where attempted to break up M'CLELLAN meetings? Union flags have been cut down by the friends of the Chicago platform and M'CLELLAN. Have Union men cut down and torn M'CLELLAN banners? Processions have been attacked, speakers have been insulted, every kind of interference and annoyance has been practiced. Have these things been the work of loyal Union citizens or of M'CLELLAN partisans? Are the men who have declared that, in certain events, they will not submit to the result of the election, friends of Mr. LINCOLN or of General M'CLELLAN?

We do not assert that Union men may not sometimes have been guilty of interruptions of the meetings of the Chicago party; but we challenge contradiction in saying that the disturbing element at the vast mass of meetings where there has been any disturbance was composed of M'CLELLAN partisans. These are the men who bawl for free speech. They call the President of the United States—as we know in a certain instance—"the obscene ape of Illinois," and the next moment shout that the liberty of speech is annihilated. They print articles to favor the insurrection against the Government of the United States, appealing to every base passion of ignorant men, or meanly sophisticating in smooth phrases to excite hostility to the authorities, and then cry aloud that the freedom of the press is in danger.

These things they do with absolute impunity, and shriek incessantly that the liberties of American citizens are imperiled, because now and then a man has been summarily arrested for helping the enemies of the country. That this power, which necessarily resides in every Government at war, has been in every instance wisely used, we do not claim; nor could such power ever be used at all, whatever the emergency, without complaint from somebody. But we do insist that it has not been so used as to inspire distrust of the intention. It has been used, as in this country it always must be, subject to impeachment. To say that loyal citizens have lost their liberties, or are, in general, in danger of "bastiles," is ludicrously false.

Such things show the spirit of the Chicago party. Is it a faithful, loyal, patriotic spirit? Does it raise such cries really to save the Government, or to get it into their hands? Are the men who break up Union meetings truly in favor

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of free speech? Are the papers that speak of Mr. LINCOLN as the *Aurora* used to speak of General WASHINGTON really deprived of their "liberty?" Yet all these men and these papers labor for the election of General M'CLELLAN. Is that the company a good Union-loving citizen wishes to keep? Is that the candidate the true friends of free speech wish to vote for?

Straws show how the tide is running.

PODSNAPPERY.

IF any nation is anxious to see the overthrow of the American Government it is the English. The British aristocracy has said and done all it could to aid the rebellion; and its organs cheer lustily for General M'CLELLAN and Mr. PENDLETON. Some weeks ago the London *Post*, the organ of Lord PALMERSTON, the British Prime Minister, under the heading, "American Union passing away," said:

"The institutions of the American Republic were, in the fullest signification of the term, liberal, and in no country in the world has more keen regret been felt than in free England that those institutions should be, to all appearances, on the point of extinction."

The spirit which thus complacently chuckles over what it calls the prospect of our national ruin, instinctively works and prays for the defeat of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON, whose careers from the poverty in which they were born to the distinction they have reached are noble illustrations of the operation of American institutions.

COLONEL LOWELL.

THE late Colonel LOWELL, whose portrait is upon page 733, and of whom we spoke last week, was buried on Friday, October 28, at Mount Auburn, in Cambridge, near Boston. His commission as a Brigadier-General had been signed, and was on the way to him when he fell.

A letter from one competent to speak says: "I do not think there was any officer in all the army so much beloved as LOWELL."

"We all shed tears," said CUSTER, "when we knew that we had lost him. It is the greatest loss the cavalry corps has suffered."

"I do not think there was a quality," said SHERIDAN, "which I would have added to LOWELL."

"ELECTION DAY."

MR. NAST and Mr. BELLEW have done admirable pictorial service in this paper for the Union cause. The grave and poetic designs of Mr. NAST, and the clear, comic pungency of Mr. BELLEW'S caricatures, have brought home the issues of this canvass to many a mind more forcibly than any argument or speech.

This week Mr. NAST shows us the significance of the scene at the ballot-box. Surrounded by illustrations of the various persons and classes who decide at the polls the fate of the country and of free popular institutions, the figure of Peace, with drooping head and clipped wings, as if prostituted to a hateful purpose, with her hands manacled behind her, stands before the sacred urn, while the twin Satans of secession and sympathy with it push their ballots into her hand. But opposite to her—calm, erect, and majestic, the consciousness of victory in her heart and its fire beaming in her eye—the ripe and noble figure of the Country, American Union and Liberty, drops her ballot into the box. You can read upon it the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whom the heart of that Country desires to see the next President of the United States.

AN UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT in the interior of New York asks:

"Can you explain the present anomalous position of the so-called Democratic party? If a large portion of the Democratic presses and orators are, as they claim, truly loyal, why do they so persistently oppose every attempt of the constituted authorities to suppress the rebellion? They cry out and call aloud for fair play, and yet constantly pervert and misconstrue willfully every act of the Government. They have long prayers for our 'bleeding country,' and yet offer nothing but hyssop and vinegar to soothe it in its hour of agony. What judgment will be meted out by coming generations to these would-be creed makers?

"'As they sow so shall they reap.'"

A SOLDIER'S VOTE.

A SOLDIER forwards us the Union National and State ticket, and writes: "I go this whole thing without any repugnance of conscience. Woe unto traitors! We will whip them."

A MILITARY BLISTER FOR COPPERHEADS.

IN the United States Military Hospital at Jeffersonville, Indiana, a thorough canvass of the inmates in September showed the following result:

Lincoln and Johnson	50
M'Clellan and Pendleton	2
Doubtful	2

The veterans add that the Copperhead vote is given in aid of "the despicable aristocracy" which is trying to overthrow the Government, and they say of the party which can not heartily cheer for the victories of SHERIDAN, SHERMAN, GRANT, and FARRAGUT: "They should be remembered as long as they live for their treachery, and be forever denied by their outraged countrymen the privilege of holding any office of honor, profit, or trust; and so far as our knowledge of them and our votes and influence will effect it, they shall be."

OUR "PATTERNS."

THE following letter comes from two gentlemen who, beyond any doubt whatever, intend to vote for General M'CLELLAN and Mr. PENDLETON; who confide reverently in Mr. VALLANDIGHAM; who denounce the "Abolition war," and "ABE LINCOLN'S despotism;" who wish well to the rebellion, and desire, as faithful supporters of the Chicago platform and candidates, to confess that the American people are conquered, and to implore the gracious pardon of JEFFERSON DAVIS. For all these reasons the two gentlemen do not like this paper. We should be heartily ashamed of ourselves if they did:

"PLAINFIELD, O., *Oct.* 21, '64.

"*Ed. of Harper's Weekly:*

"DEAR SIR,—You will much oblige your Patterns at this office if you will pleas keep your dam Blagard Sheet at home, or Send it to them that can Stumic it. We can not gow it any longer."

SPEKE.

DIED THURSDAY, 16TH SEPTEMBER, 1864.

SOUTHWARD to unearth a secret
Kept six thousand years;
Onward, onward, one of England's
Boldest pioneers.

One with high determination
Held in perfect drill;
Working out a fixèd purpose
Grappled by the will.

Up the highway of a river,
Coming silently,
With a broad, mysterious volume
To the Syrian Sea.

Girt with courage of the Saxon—
Strideth on a man,
Breaking down great walls of hindrance,
As a Briton can.

Type of an immortal precept
That hath ever stood
As a beacon to the nations—
English hardihood.

Tracking down the Ethiop stream line,
Resolute to win
Access to the hidden chamber
Of its origin.

Throwing back great waves of peril
Rising in the way;
Out upon the sea of venture
Valiantly he lay.

Captured by the fierce SOMALI,
Wounded, scorched, and bound,
By a lance his very muscles
Nailèd to the ground.

Still the storied, bull-dog valor
Of the island race
Taught him how to dash his fetters
In his captor's face.

Up he springs to tear the cordage
From his swollen hands;
Girds him for escape—his bold blood
Dripping on the sands.

Manly, sun-burnt features settled
To an infant calm—
Lo! he sleeps beneath the heavy
Shadow of the palm.

Head upon his arm—the north land
Visited in dream;
While the shafts of tropic fire
Tremble on the stream.

Home! from many a close-locked wrestle
Where grim death did press
Hard upon him as he journeyed
Through the wilderness.

Home! to meet the grip of welcome
From an English hand;
Home! to find his deeds of daring
Famous in the land.

Home! his triumph by a people
Countersigned and sealed;
Home! to find the spoiler waiting
On an English field.

From the gable of a farm-house
Curl the wreaths of smoke;
Through a copse the sunlight quivers
On the browning oak.

Past the underwood and flowers
Murmureth the burn;
Past a shattered body lying
On the tangled fern.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following is related as "the President's last story:" In dismissing a party of hungry place-seekers who had often wearied him, and finally exhausted his patience, Mr. Lincoln said they reminded him of the story of the schoolmaster who told one of his pupils to read the third chapter of Daniel. The boy began, but when he came to the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, he stumbled. The master required him to proceed. He tried again and failed. Pedagogue then tried a flogging, but still no go. Relenting, the master told the boy he might read the preceding chapter, and let the present one go. The boy brightened up and took hold with a will. He got on famously until he reached the last verse, when, pausing, a look of consternation overcame his countenance and he dropped the book, exclaiming in a doleful voice, "*Why here are them three rascally fellows again!*" The trio sloped, and some of their friends say it was a fair hit.

"This is the last rose of summer!" exclaimed a wag, as he rose from his bed on the 31st of August.

Let a man do his best, and the world may do its worst.

JACKSON BOOTS AND SEYMOUR SLIPPERS.

ONE of our patriotic clergy of this city lately said that he had looked with great hope to the Chicago Convention, thinking that they might start a patriotic movement that would unite the heart of the nation and break down the old party walls. But he was bitterly disappointed. All that was necessary was to build a hickory platform, raise the old flag over it, and hang a pair of Andrew Jackson's old boots on the flag-staff. Instead of hickory, we had at Chicago only saw-dust; instead of the old flag, there was a banner that was so dim and uncertain as to puzzle the looker-on to tell whether it was the Stars and Stripes or the Stars and Bars; instead of Andrew Jackson's old boots, there were Horatio Seymour's bran-new slippers—slippery enough they were too.

THE ONION AND THE UNION.

Dr. Osgood gave the Agricultural Address before the Fairfield County farmers at Norwalk, Connecticut, September 30, and spoke of the duty that the great farming interest owed to the country, and the immense power of patriotic farmers in the old Revolutionary times and in the whole of our national history. He said he had heard of a few mean Connecticut farmers who disowned the flag when the present rebellion broke out, because the price of onions fell in the first war-panic. The true farmer, he said, is above such baseness, and cares not only for his crops, but for his country. He likes to sell his onions, but he will not sell the Union. He may think that *great is the Onion*, but he is quite sure that *greater is the Union*.

Lord Brougham told the following anecdote at the late meeting of the Social Science Congress: Horne Tooke was sitting in a room by himself one day when in rushed a lunatic, flourishing a large-bladed knife in his hand. The lunatic said, "You are Mr. Horne Tooke, are you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the lunatic, "I will soon put an end to you." Horne Tooke answered, "If you do you will suffer for it." "Oh," said the madman, "I came out of Dr. Shipton's asylum t'other day, and they can't punish me." Horne Tooke rejoined, with great tact, "Then I suppose you don't know that a law was passed only t'other day saying that all lunatics should be hanged?" "No, I didn't know that," replied the madman, instantly throwing down the knife in a tremor and slinking out of the room.

A bull is good eating in any land. Here is a fine one produced by the *Indépendance* in a burst of fine writing: "A hundred thousand hearts were beating as they witnessed the ascent of Nadar; a hundred thousand eyes were watching the movements of the balloon"—thus showing that each possessor of a heart was either shutting one eye or had but one eye—a singular Belgian race.

Lord Norbury was celebrated equally for his wit and his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commissioner appointed to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in course of a sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship, significantly, "seven knots an hour."

THE TOBER'S AUTUMN SOLILOQUY.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason, too, 's the same,
Both comes of getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt you and me,
I fall more harder and more frequently.

Why is a lucky billiard-player like an anchor?—Because he holds his ground entirely by flukes.

"Sambo, am you posted in natural sciences?" "Oh course I is; startling?" "Then you can tell me the cause of the great blight in potatoes for the last ten years?" "Oh! dat's easy enough. It's all owing to de rot-tater-y motion of the earth."

A Parisian advertises photographs giving to the physiognomy the effects of the full moon shining on the face. He says the softness that the moon produces is remarkable. There is no doubt of it.

A poor Frenchman being aroused from sleep by his wife, with the cry, "Get up, Baptiste, there's a robber in the house," calmly answered, "Don't let us molest him. Let him ransack the house, and if he should find any thing of value we'll take it away from him."

A company of French players were giving one of Racine's plays, in which it became necessary to have a number of German Soldiers on the stage to represent the Greek army. Not one of these men understood the French language, with the exception of a non-commissioned officer, who knew it a little, and was therefore appointed to interpret the prompter's orders. At the most solemn part of the tragedy the prompter gave the order to go off. "Sortez," said he, but the German sergeant, knowing nothing of the play, mistook the word for "*Sautez*," whereupon all the soldiers began dancing forthwith, to the astonishment as well as mirth of the audience, and, it is to be presumed, to the disgust of the actors, who saw their efforts to move their auditors to tears rendered abortive by the blunder.

When is a candle likely to be angry?—When it's put out, to be sure.

An old Irishman who had witnessed the effect of whisky for many years past, said a barrel labeled whisky contained a thousand songs and fifty fights.

"George, do you know that Mr. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his door-step, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, papa; he will be Mr. Jones's *step-son*, won't he?"

A young lady has discovered the reason why married men, from the age of thirty years and upward, are more or less bald; they scratch the hair off in dismay at their wives long milliners' bills!

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that, when statesmen get into place, they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

Tom Hood says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat or a new pair of boots. To have time set easy, your garments must set the example.

Henry Erskine happening to be retained for a client of the name of Tickle, began his speech in opening the case, thus: "Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord"—and upon proceeding so far was interrupted by laughter in court, which was increased when the Judge (Lord Kaimes) exclaimed: "Tickle him yourself, Harry; you are as able to do so as I am."

A gentleman afflicted with rheumatism consulted a physician, who immediately wrote him a prescription. As the patient was going away the doctor called him back. "By-the-way, Sir, should my prescription happen to afford you any relief, please to let me know, as I am myself suffering from a similar affection, and have tried in vain to cure it."

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain
Is always right," cries sprightly Jane;
"Ah, would to Heaven!" cries graver Sue,
"What's right were fashionable too."

A traveler coming up to an inn door, said: "Pray, friend, are you the master of this house?"—"Yes, Sir," answered Boniface, "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

During the riots of 1780 most persons in London, in order to save their houses from being burned or pulled down, wrote on their doors, "No Popery!" Old Grimaldi, the father of the celebrated "Joey," to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his, "No Religion!"

REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free-and-easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without any invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose the other had asked him, and so it turned out.

When ladies wore their dresses very low and very short, a wit observed that "they began too late and ended too soon."

A gentleman gave a friend some first-rate wine, which he tasted and drank, making no remark upon it. The owner, disgusted at his guest's want of appreciation, next offered some strong but inferior wine, which the guest had no sooner tasted than he exclaimed that it was excellent wine. "But you said nothing of the first," remarked his host. "Oh!" replied the other, "the first required nothing being said of it. It spoke for itself. I thought the second wanted a trumpeter."

Mrs. Smith, hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she snored in her sleep. "I don't know, marm," replied Becky, quite innocently; "I never lay awake long enough to diskiver."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

ON Thursday, October 28, General Grant moved his entire army for the purpose of finding on either flank some vulnerable point in the enemy's lines. The movement in neither direction had a fortunate issue.

On the left the Second, Fifth, and Ninth corps advanced in three separate columns. The Second Corps by a circuitous march moved along the Vaughan Road, and thence northwestwardly to Hatcher's Run, three miles beyond our extreme left. Here they met the enemy, driving in his pickets, forty of whom, including a major, were captured. From this point the corps moved westwardly, and struck the Boydton road, along which the enemy has been transporting supplies since the seizure of the Weldon Railroad. The Fifth Corps advanced by a more direct route, also striking the Boydton road on the right of the Second. The third column consisted of the Ninth Corps, which moved up to the right of the Fifth. The position taken was one which, if held, would prove of great advantage to us, as it secured possession of a road of considerable importance to the enemy, and seriously threatened the Southside Railroad. The rebels watching their opportunity, and discovering a gap in the Federal line between the Second and Fifth corps, attacked with great vigor at this point. This attack was made at 4 o'clock P.M. by Mahone's Division of Hill's Corps. Forming under cover of the woods, this division advanced and at first gained an advantage, and inflicting on the Second Corps a considerable loss. But the attack was finally repulsed, though Grant was compelled to withdraw. As the rebels were driven back nearly a whole brigade of them was captured by the Second Corps. The rebel cavalry followed the Federals as they withdrew, but inflicted no injury. Our loss was about 1500. We took 828 prisoners and four battle-flags.

The same day Butler's army north of the James cooperated with the advance on the left by a movement on the extreme right. In the morning the Eighteenth Corps, with Kautz's division of cavalry, pushed across from the Darbytown to the Charles City Road, having orders to avoid an engagement, but to ascertain the exact situation of the enemy's left flank, and to turn it if possible.

The Tenth Corps, in the mean time, took a position on the Darbytown Road, facing toward Richmond, Foster's division in the centre, and Ames's on the right. The rebels were a little distance in front, under cover of the woods. Skirmishing was kept up nearly all day.

By 4 P.M. Weitzel, with the Eighteenth Corps, had advanced beyond the Charles City Road, and reached the Williamsburg Road, not far from the "Seven Pines" battle-field. The enemy's line at this point appeared to be weakly defended, and two brigades were ordered to attempt it by assault. As they moved up to the breastworks they became exposed to a terrible cross-fire. Some of the column made good their retreat, but the greater part of the two brigades were captured. Four miles farther to the right Holman's colored division captured, at the same time, a redoubt mounting two guns. Orders were then given for the entire command to return to their intrenchments.

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

October 17 General Beauregard assumed command of the military division of the West. In an address issued on that occasion he says:

"The army of Sherman still defiantly holds Atlanta. He can and must be driven from it. It is only for the good people of Georgia and the surrounding States to speak the word, and the work is done. We have abundant provisions. There are men enough in the country liable to and able for the service to accomplish this result.

"To all such I earnestly appeal to report promptly to their respective commands, and let those who can not go see to it that none remain who are able to strike a blow in this critical and decisive hour. To those soldiers, if any, who are absent from their commands without leave, I appeal in the name of their brave comrades, with whom they have in the past so often shared the privations of the camp and the dangers of the battle-field, to return at once to their duty.

"To all such as shall report to their respective commands in response to this appeal within the next thirty days an amnesty is hereby granted. My appeal is to every one, of all classes and conditions, to come forward freely, cheerfully, and with good heart to the work that lies before us."

General Hood, after an unsuccessful attack on Decatur, Alabama, is reported to be crossing the Tennessee.

General Meridith, commanding at Paducah, has received intelligence from General Sherman that Forrest was meditating an attack on that place. Paducah is being put in a thorough state of defense.

General Gillem a few days since gained a victory over a portion of Breckinridge's forces in East Tennessee. He captured M'Clung's battery and 500 prisoners.

General Price still continues his retreat southward. Pleasanton, who has been engaged in pursuit, was injured a few days since by a fall from his horse.

THE REBELS ARMING THEIR SLAVES.

The editor of the Southern *Confederacy*, a Georgian paper, in writing home to his paper, from Richmond, says: "The pressure brought upon the authorities here, favoring the arming of the blacks, has been too strong to resist. Hence it is with gratitude that I am able to state officially that arrangements are now being made to arm, for the spring campaign, three hundred thousand slaves, whose masters are to be compensated by the Confederate Government. The slaves thus armed are to have their freedom and fifty acres of land each, which insures them permanent homes in the South."

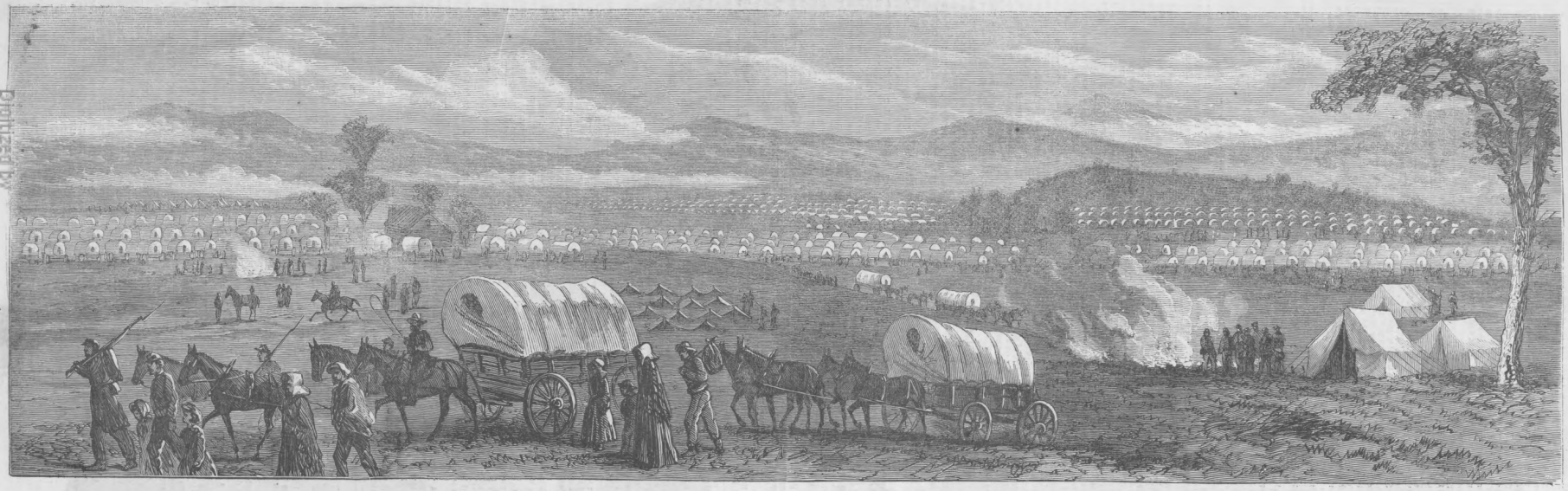
THE NEW STATE OF NEVADA.

The Territory of Nevada, which has just been admitted to the Union as a State, by proclamation of President Lincoln, was organized in March, 1861. For this purpose about ten thousand square miles were appropriated from the northern extremity of California, and about seventy thousand from Western Utah.

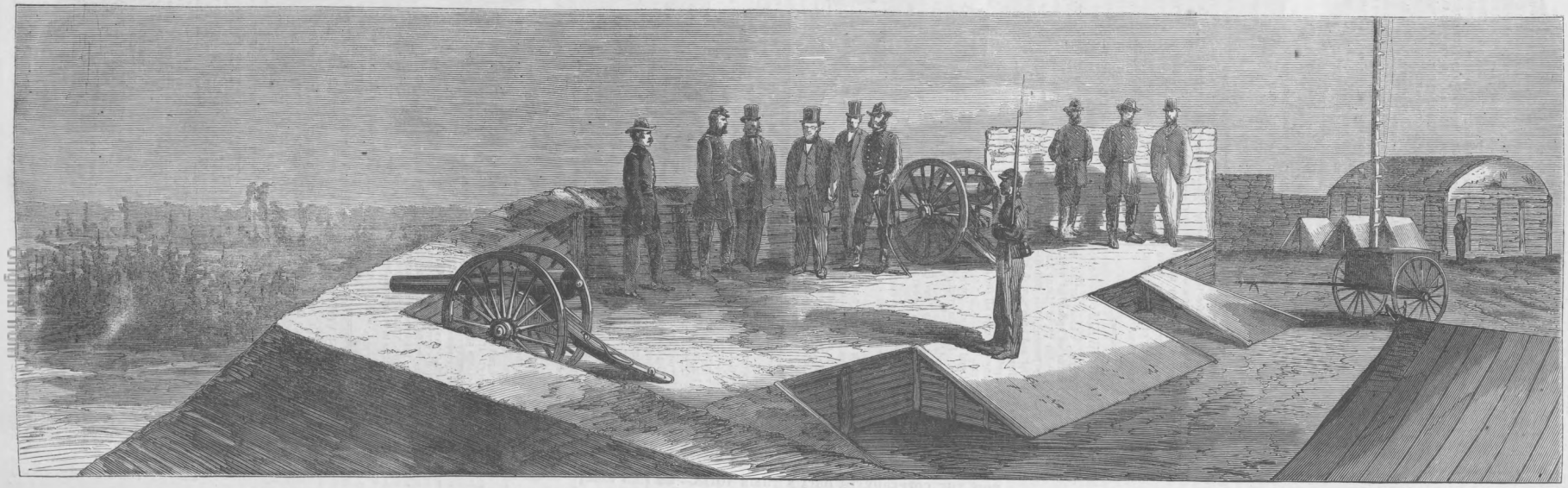
At the time of its organization the Territory possessed a population of very nearly 7000 white settlers. The development of her mineral resources was rapid and almost without parallel, and attracted a constant stream of immigration to the Territory. As the population has not been subject to the fluctuations from which other Territories have suffered, the growth of Nevada has been rapid and steady. At the general convention election of 1863 nearly 11,000 votes were cast; during the present year great accessions to the population have been made.

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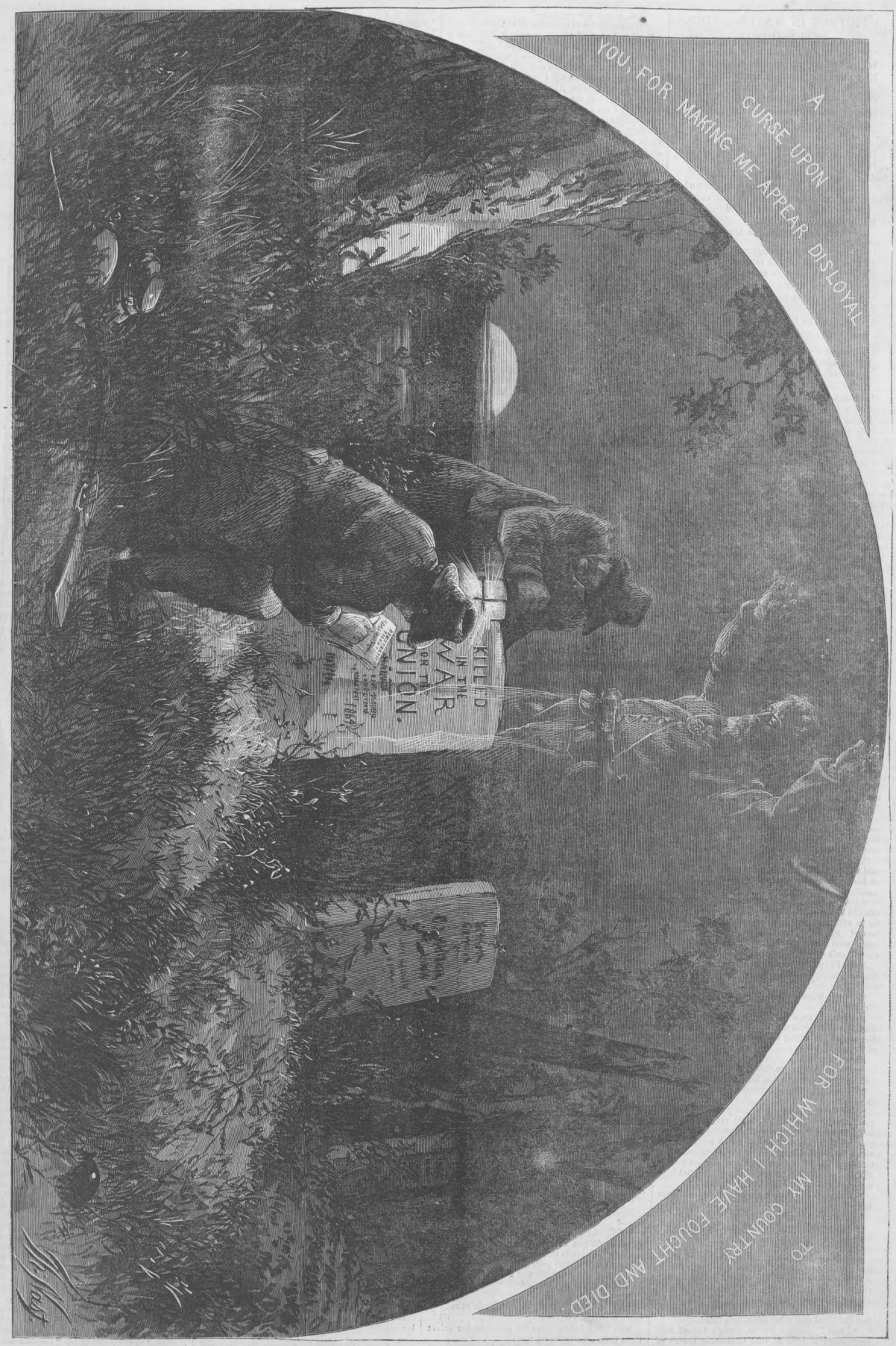


VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH—GENERAL SHERIDAN'S WAGON TRAINS AT EARLY MORNING.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



SECRETARIES STANTON AND FESSENDEN VISITING GENERAL MEADE'S WORKS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, OCTOBER 17, 1864.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES H. CHAPIN.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

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HOW THE COPPERHEADS OBTAIN THEIR VOTES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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A PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

'Twas a bright expanse of water
Where the Quaker's gentle daughter
Every summer morning sought her
Bath of beauty, light, and grace;
Quite a fleet of drifted lilies
Danced above the mimic billows,
And a screen of drooping willows
Curtained close the bathing-place.

In my skiff at random floating,
Rod and line but little noting—
Ah! what subtle charm had boating
Since the bathing-place was known!
I across the lake was drifted,
While with life my fancy gifted
Every lily-shoulder lifted
White and dimpled as her own!

"Ah, how clear!" I muttered, eying
Many a colored pebble lying
Far below, and vainly trying
On some book to fix my thought;
"Now some good breeze hither winging,
Set yon silver curtain swinging—
Coolness to the bather bringing!"
But the good breeze answered not.

Homeward o'er the meadows tripping,
All the lovelier for her dipping,
Soon I saw the maiden skipping,
Who said gravely, when we met:
"Friend, thou'rt strangely fond of boating;"
And my weak heart quailed on noting
The malicious laughter floating
In the eyes of my coquette.

BUYING A RECRUIT.

THE slanting afternoon sunshine drew lines of moving gold across the velvet grass at Central Park—the air, just touched with a keen soupçon of coming frosts, was full of October sweetness; and the full tide of metropolitan fashion was rolling down the drive, while Jervis Bayne leaned against a rustic iron chair at the junction of two broad roads, and surveyed the "turn-outs" with a critical eye.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Mr. Payne, drearily, "it's rather tiresome work standing here, and not seeing a soul one knows. It's a dreadful bore not having any thing to do with one's self! I wish I was a rope-dancer—or a policeman—or one of those chaps in blue overalls, pegging away at the stone-wall on Fifth Avenue. I wish— Why, hallo, Maurice Almy, this is never you!"

For a stylish little carriage with one gentleman driving in front, and a solemn servant with folded arms occupying the back seat, conjointly with a velvet-topped crutch, had dashed close up to him with a sudden check.

"Whom else should it be?" demanded a clear, merry voice. "Jump up quick; these horses aren't feathers to hold in; and I feel quite conscious that two months in bed don't make a fellow any stronger than he was before! Are you all right? Then here goes!"

"But, Almy," stammered the astounded Jervis, "I thought you were laid up for all winter."

"Not I; it takes more than a chance bullet-hole to use me up."

"But your foot—"

"Oh, it's healing up all right. A little painful yet; and I rather imagine it will take more than two months of practice to convince myself that a crutch is better than a foot. However—"

"I suppose I must call you Major Almy now," said Payne, lightly touching the glittering insignia on his companion's broad shoulder. Almy's brow contracted.

"*Major* Almy, off duty for the rest of his life! Oh, if I were but the lowest private in my regiment, to be able to strike another blow for the cause I honor! See here, Jervis Payne! what are *you* doing at such a time as this? Why don't you enlist! Come! go in my vacant place!"

Jervis Payne shook his head with a calmness that was exquisitely irritating to the enthusiastic young officer.

"We don't look at the thing in the same light, Maurice."

"Jervis Payne, don't give me reason to suspect that you have joined the crew of Copperheads! Remember I'm strong enough yet to pitch you out of the carriage!"

Payne smiled.

"Gently, Almy; we shall both have our necks broken if you drive in that hap-hazard style!"

"Then I am to suppose you don't care a stiver for the country?"

"Oh yes; I love my country well enough," yawned Payne. "Don't I pay my income-tax, and give a quarter to every old impostor that comes along with an army-blue suit and a mile-long lie about the hospital he has just been discharged from? Of course I'm patriotic enough, and all that sort of thing; but that's no reason I should go and butt my head up against Jeff Davis's cannon!"

"And you call yourself a citizen of the American Republic?"

"I take that liberty."

"And avail yourself unblushingly of the privileges of a Government which you are unwilling to uphold?"

"Hold on there!—there are two sides to that argument, if you please. How very pretty Miss Aubrey looks to-night, and what a gracious smile she gave you! They say she's uncommonly sweet on you, Maurice—eh?"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Major Almy, vexed to feel the blood mounting to his pale cheek.

"There!" pursued Payne, "she's turned half way round to look at that interesting crutch of yours. It's a great thing to be a wounded soldier, with plenty of money. But, as I was saying—"

"Yes, as you were saying—"

"What's the use of tramping off to the wars myself, when I've paid money enough to hire half a dozen Irishmen to stand up and be shot at."

"But we don't want money—we want men."

"Meaning that you want me. No, I thank you!"

"Jervis, I never thought you were a coward."

"Now, look here, Almy!" exclaimed Payne, roused at last into the semblance of energy, "that's not fair. I am not a red-hot fanatic on the subject of war, neither do I pretend to be. *You* are one of the fiery, dashing fellows that fairly enjoy marching up to a line of fixed bayonets. Fighting is your element—you like the fun!"

"The *fun*," repeated Almy, in a low, grave voice, glancing down at the bandaged stump that lay on a cushion close to the dash-board.

"Well, I mean, of course, the excitement of the thing. It is no sacrifice for *you* to turn soldier, and draw your pay in glory, trumpet blasts from all the papers, a major's shoulder-straps, and a bouquet for your sick room every day, with Miss Aubrey's card stuck into it. It's not so disagreeable to fight for one's country on such terms as those! But I mean to say that, when it came to any act of real, disagreeable self-denial, you wouldn't be any readier than I am. As I said before, it is a matter of personal taste. Let the country call upon Major Maurice Almy to saw wood or cut out army coats at a dollar a day for its benefit, and matters would wear altogether a different aspect!"

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"I should just like a fair trial—that's all!"

"Should you? Well, then, listen to me," said Payne, with the sneering smile that Almy particularly disliked: "You are an ingrain aristocrat, Maurice Almy, with fastidious tastes that a thousand years of soldier-life would only tend to deepen. Don't shake your head—I know you better than you know yourself. Now, I'm willing to make a bargain with you."

"State your terms."

"Do you know old Raeburn, the shoemaker?"

"Do I know him? No, I believe I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance; but I know whom you mean—an old Jew of a fellow, whom the ladies rather like to patronize, in —— Street!"

"Old Raeburn is very much in want of a clerk in his store, to sell shoe-strings, count the cash, and keep his accounts, besides doing any other dirty work that comes uppermost."

"Is he? What the mischief is that to me?"

"Just this. If you will take the position and fulfill its duties, just for one day—"

"Me! In Isaac Raeburn's store!"

"—I will enlist the next day," pursued Payne, with a smile that betokened how little probability he saw his proposal being for an instant entertained.

"Now we shall see whether Major Maurice Almy really loves his country any better than I do!"

"You're in earnest?" asked Almy, turning round so as to look full into his companion's sarcastic eye.

"Of course I am."

"Well, then, agreed! When do my duties commence?"

"Not just yet, of course—your foot—"

"Oh, hang my foot! Say next week?"

"Yes; but mind you, this is a secret between us. You go in as Raeburn's *bona fide* clerk, not as a knight of romance, fulfilling some rash vow."

"All right; I'll be silent as the grave."

"You'll never screw up courage to face your fashionable acquaintance behind old Raeburn's counter. It's a capital joke now, but it will lose its point when the time comes. I am quite safe."

Almy laughed and touched up his horses as they dashed into Bloomingdale Road.

"Mind," ejaculated Payne, as he dismounted from the carriage, "it is to be a whole day."

"Two, if you like."

"No, one will be sufficient; I merely wish to test the point." And he walked away, mentally chuckling to think how neatly he had cornered the haughty young officer, whose mustache and horses were the best "gotten up" in Central Park.

"Maurice, what on earth have you been doing to yourself? Where's your uniform? Why do you wear that absurd old gray suit?"

Mary Almy held up both hands in dismay. Maurice himself was scarcely less disconcerted; he had not reckoned on this rencounter.

"My dear Polly, I thought you were safely packed off for three weeks in Albany!"

"But I had to come back for my reticule. There's no hurry; I shan't miss the train. Seriously, Maurice, what is the meaning of this masquerade?"

"Only one of my idiosyncrasies, as Carrie Dewey used to say. Poor little Carrie! I wonder what has ever become of her! I think she was the prettiest little creature I ever saw."

Mary Almy's face grew grave; she had hoped her brother had forgotten the boy-and-girl-attachment of four ago, broken abruptly off by the worldly-wise guardians, who thought that Carrie Dewey's blue eyes were scarcely an equivalent for the wealth of the Almys.

"Nonsense, Maurice! Why, Parker will be ashamed to drive you out!"

"I should be sorry to hurt Parker's delicate feelings; but fortunately I am not going to order the carriage; I shall take an omnibus."

"With your foot!"

Maurice put his hand caressingly on his sister's arm—

"Polly, how many of the wounded men in our regiment do you suppose keep a carriage? And yet they contrive to exist very comfortably."

Mary made a little grimace; but she remembered the railroad time-table, and hurried down stairs, greatly to her brother's relief.

"Major Almy a clerk in Raeburn's store! I don't believe a word of it!"

Miss Edith Aubrey gave the plume on her velvet hat a little contemptuous toss.

"But I tell you, my dear, I saw him there," said Mrs. Melville, delighted at having come into possession of such an invaluable morsel of gossip, "selling a box of corn-plaster to old Dr. Jeffreys. You may depend on it their fine fortune has all blown up—how true it is that riches have wings! After all Mary Almy's airs and graces, to think of her brother in a shoe-store!"

"But isn't he entitled to some sort of pension?"

"My dear, the Almys are just the kind of people to refuse any such trifling help from Government, and rely entirely on their own exertions. As proud as Lucifer, you know. Ah! me—the changes in this world! Wouldn't you like to go round there, Edith? I left my glove on purpose."

Maurice Almy was secretly consulting his watch, and marveling at the slow motion of its hour-hand, when Mr. Raeburn's shrill, cracked voice summoned him with a comical air of authority.

"Young man, young man, I say! you'll never learn the shoe-trade correct if you stand dawdlin' there. Just look on the shelf under the counter, and give me a pair of them No. 8 calf-skins!"

Maurice stooped with some difficulty, laughing mentally at his own vexation as he did so. The next moment he started nervously as Miss Aubrey's low voice, on the other side of the counter, reached his ear.

"Of course there never was any thing more than a flirtation between us. Fancy *me* being tied for life to a poor soldier with only one foot!"

"Well," responded Mrs. Melville, "you know people *will* talk, and—" She stopped abruptly, and touched her companion's elbow. "There he is!—do you suppose he heard us, Edith?"

Miss Aubrey's cheeks were like scarlet as she acknowledged Almy's bow with the least possible nod.

"I left a glove here, I believe," began Mrs. Melville. "Oh, thank you; that's all!"

And the two ladies beat rather an ignominious retreat, while Maurice looked after them with a curious smile.

"Please, Sir, mammy wants a pair o' leather shoe-strings. How much be they?" asked a ragged elf whose eyes were just on a level with the counter.

Maurice turned the box of leather strings dubiously this way and that.

"Five cents; I believe they are marked."

"Oh dear!" lamented the little one, "and I ain't got but four!"

"Never mind—it's all right," returned the clerk, absently, tossing the little paper parcel across the counter.

"All right! It's all wrong, *I* say!" croaked Raeburn, turning livid with wrath, as he scrambled out of his high desk, just in time to see the ragged calico skirts disappearing down the street. "Why didn't you send her home for t'other penny? What d'ye mean by sellin' our first-class articles under price?"

"Really, Sir," said Almy, coloring, "I didn't suppose it was of so much importance."

"Dear me, dear me!" groaned the old man; "you'll never answer my purpose in the world. I took you in just to oblige Mr. Payne, and out o' charity—'tisn't every man who would employ a clerk who has to go on a crutch—and this is the way you scatter my money. Now, I jest give you fair warnin'; you've got to toe the mark a little straighter if—"

He broke off, and shuffled smilingly down the store to attend a customer, while Maurice Almy checked a strong impulse to resign his post by a still stronger recollection of the recruit he was purchasing.

"Not twelve o'clock yet! Will the day *never* come to an end?" he pondered, slowly obeying the imperious gesture of his employer, and advancing to meet a pale-looking girl in a shabby black dress, who crept meekly up to the counter.

"Are my shoes mended yet?" she asked, without looking up. "The name was Dewey."

"Carrie!"

She started, with a wild, frightened glance.

"Mr. Almy!"

The ubiquitous Raeburn pushed forward a pair of worn little gaiters, embellished with a black leather patch on the side.

"Fifteen cents," was his brief commentary.

Maurice took up the quarter which Carrie laid down, and his cheek flushed as he laid it in the money drawer, and returned a dingy ten-cent stamp.

"Don't go yet, Carrie," he pleaded, inwardly execrating the fate that kept him a prisoner in the dark little store. "Tell me where you are, and what you are doing."

"I live in W—— Street," said Carrie, venturing to lift her blue eyes to Maurice's face, "and I am coloring photographs. And you?"

"As you see," he returned, "I am a clerk in a shoe store."

She paused and hesitated a moment; then spoke in a hurried, embarrassed tone as her eye rested on his worn coat and pallid features.

"Oh, Maurice!" she said; "you don't like to tell me all, but I see it nevertheless. You are lame, and look sick, and I am afraid you are in want. We read in the papers about how you were wounded, but I never thought you could be poor. We are very poor too, but I have a little money laid up. Oh, Maurice! if you would only take it for the sake of old times. Indeed, indeed I don't want it."

Maurice felt a choking sensation in his throat as he looked into the shy, lovely face, flushed with its pitying earnestness of appeal.

"No, you dear little Fairy Bountiful," he said, trying to speak lightly, "I don't want your hard-earned money; but I may want something else one of these days."

"What, Maurice?"

"Can't you guess?"

She turned away with a fresh glow on her cheek, and tripped out of the store, holding the worn little gaiters tightly under her shawl, while Maurice found it harder than ever to sell shoe-strings, rubber sandals, and cork-soles to his master's satisfaction.

At length the "long, long, weary day" darkened into night, and Mr. Raeburn, whose monthly gas-bills were sharper to his soul than a serpent's tooth, prepared to close his establishment.

Maurice Almy was counting up the day's receipts, with his employer's sharp face close to his shoulder, when Jervis Payne came in.

"Well, old fellow!" was his greeting.

"Well, Payne. Thirty-seven dollars seven and sixpence, Sir."

"Yes, all right, young man. You'll be here early in the morning?"

"He won't return, Mr. Raeburn," said Payne. "I'm much obliged to you for giving him the day's trial, but I hardly think you'll suit each other."

Mr. Raeburn stared as the two young men left the store. It was a problem beyond his powers of solution.

"Almy," ejaculated Payne, as they passed into the cheerful glare of Broadway, "you've got more back-bone than I had any idea of."

"Thank you," returned Almy, dryly.

"I give up. I confess myself fairly defeated. I'll enlist to-morrow morning. Tell me, though, wasn't it a hard day's work?"

"Rather; but I have done harder."

"You have gained your recruit, old fellow," said Payne, with rather a dolorous accent.

"I have gained something else too."

"What, pray?"

"Never mind just now. Perhaps I'll tell you one of these days. Jervis Payne," he added, with singular emphasis, "you have done me the greatest favor I ever received in my life through this odd freak of yours."

"Well, it *was* an odd idea," owned Payne, frankly. "I never supposed you'd have the nerve and resolution to carry it through. How you have set the women's tongues wagging, to be sure! Edith Aubrey is going round from place to place telling people that there never was any engagement between you."

"She is quite right; and she might add that there never will be!" said Almy, compressing his lips, while in his eyes there sparkled a depth of quiet scorn that Payne had never before seen.

"Won't she start, though, to-morrow, when she sees you driving in Central Park, with old Parker sitting up behind stiffer than a ramrod!" exclaimed Payne, bursting into a laugh. "I'd give a nice little sum to see her face."

People had not got through marveling at the unaccountable enlistment of Jervis Payne when the sudden marriage of Major Almy supplied them with fresh material for wonder. And when Private Payne, just come in from picket duty among the piny solitudes of a lonely mountain camp, received a long letter containing the wedding-cards of Maurice Almy and Carrie Dewey, he guessed shrewdly at the "something else" which Maurice had gained on the eventful day when he bought his recruit.

FALSE HOPE.

God save me from mine enemy,
I pray we ne'er may meet again.
She has been worse than foe to me:
And yet, if we should meet again
I should believe her to my bane.

She has been worse than foe to me,
With promised love and present pain,
Till love seem'd only injury,
And troth was known to be in vain:
I did believe her, to my bane.

Her clear eyes look'd so lovingly,
She clung with such a hearty strain,
Her lips—so sweet, so sweet to me—
Left upon mine a poison blain:
I did believe her, to my bane.

She has been worse than foe to me:
Yet I should love her o'er again
If we should meet—dear Injury!
Men call her Hope—but she is Pain.
Pray God we may not meet again!

A ROMANCE OF LIMA.

MANY years ago a young Englishman, a medical student named Astley, went to Lima. The love of adventure was strong upon him, and all he met with in his own country was too tame to satisfy it. Proud of the profession for which he was studying, and trusting to it for subsistence, strong and healthy in body and in mind, he left England with a bold heart, and this was the life he led, and what came of it.

At a time when the difficulty of procuring subjects for anatomical study was very great, and when to procure them honestly was impossible, as the prejudice against dissection was so strong that no one was willing to submit the body of any one connected with him to examination, it is well known that there were men who made it their business to obtain, at no small risk, bodies, generally those of the newly-buried, which they sold to surgeons, medical students, or indeed to any one who stood in need of the ghastly commodity.

This class, known as "body snatchers" and "resurrection men," has died out, since there is happily now little prejudice against what has been triumphantly proved to be a necessary branch of scientific study; but at the time of our story their hideous work was a thriving and profitable one.

Richard Astley, in common with the rest of the profession, availed himself of their services, and many times in the black night his door was opened to those who did not knock, but who were expected and waited for, and who, entering silently, stealthily deposited a dread burden upon the table prepared for its reception. Old and young, men, women, and children, all in turn lay upon that grim table, and Astley's skillful instruments cut their way to secrets that were destined to benefit the living.

Though he was not hard-hearted, it was not unnatural that in time he should grow so much accustomed to the sight of his "subjects" as to feel nothing but a momentary pity as he put aside the

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clustering curls of infancy, or uncovered the face of a man struck down in the glory of his years.

One night, as many nights before, the stealthy visit was paid, and Astley took his lamp to examine the new subject. Neither strong man nor tender child this time, but a young and beautiful woman. The dead face was so lovely that it did not seem possible that light in the closed eyes, and color in the pale lips and cheeks, could make it lovelier. The fair hair had fallen back, and gave no shade to the white brow, and the long fair lashes lay in a thick fringe upon the violet-tinted underlids.

She was very tall and slender, and her hands—one of which hung down as she lay upon the table—were long and perfectly shaped. As Astley lifted the hand to lay it on her breast, he thought how beautiful it must once have been, since now, when there was not the faintest rose-tint to relieve the deathly pallor of it, it was so exquisite. She wore one garment, a long flannel shroud, very straitly made, through which scanty drapery the outline of her slender limbs was distinctly visible, and below which her delicate feet were seen, bare to the ankle.

Astley was troubled as he had never been before. The idea of treating this beautiful corpse as he had done all others brought to him in like manner was repulsive to him, and he recoiled from it as from the thought of sacrilege. But how could he rid himself of the lovely incubus? It was possible that the men who had brought it might be bribed to take it back again, and if they should refuse—but he was incapable of distinct thought upon the subject, and could only determine that in any case the beautiful *thing* before him should be treated with reverence and respect. He gently covered it from head to foot with a long white cloth, and locking the door of communication between his bedroom and the room in which it lay, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, for the night was nearly gone.

But his sleep was broken, and his dreams were feverish, and in some way all connected with what lay in the next room. Now it seemed to him that *it* glided in through the locked door, with hands folded on its breast, and eyes still fast closed, and stood by his bedside; and now the dream was that he had opened a vein in one of the delicate arms, and that warm, living blood poured fast from it; and finally he woke with a cry of horror from a ghastly dream that he had entered the room, and found that some unknown hand had anticipated him in the work of dissection.

The horror was upon him after he woke to know it was a dream, and opening the door he looked in upon the table. No change there of any kind. The long sheeted figure lay in the half light of dawn as he had seen it in the lamplight, very straight and still.

It was not until nearly noon that Astley raised the covering to look once again upon the beautiful dead face, and when he did so he saw with wonder, not unmixed with terror, that a change had come upon it. He could not tell what it might be; the deathly pallor was there still, but in some way the face was not the same. He looked into it long and curiously. Surely a change had passed over the eyes, for though they were still fast shut, they looked now as though closed in sleep rather than in death. He lifted an eyelid tenderly with his finger; there was not death in the eye; unconsciousness, trance, there might be, but not death.

He was certain now that she was not dead, though he could find no life in her pulses. For hours he strove to call back the spirit, until at length color returned, and warmth, and life, and she lay before him sleeping tranquilly like a child. He had placed her on his bed, and now sat by her side with a throbbing heart to await her awakening.

She slept so long, and in the waning light looked so pale that he feared she was again about to fall into the strange deathly trance from which he had with so much difficulty recovered her. In his terror of that he cried out for her to awake, and the sound of his cry awoke her with a start.

He had prepared a speech that was to calm and reassure her when she woke bewildered to find herself so strangely clothed and lodged; but she no more needed calming and reassuring than an infant too young to know its mother from any other woman. She looked round with a wondering gaze that was almost infantine, and her eye resting upon Astley she sat up in the bed and asked him in his own language for food. It was evident that she had no recollection of illness, and neither anxiety nor curiosity as to her present position.

She ate the food which was brought to her with appetite, and would have risen from the bed, apparently unconscious that she wore no garment but a shroud, had not Astley persuaded her to lie down and sleep again.

He left her sleeping, and went to another room profoundly puzzled. Here was this beautiful woman, ignorant, and almost helpless as a child, thrown upon him for protection, as it was clear that she did not remember any thing which would lead to the discovery of her friends. It was possible that her senses had left her altogether, never to return: the lovely creature might be a harmless idiot all the rest of her days. Her speaking English was another puzzle. She might be an Englishwoman—her beauty was certainly of the Saxon type—or she might only have learned the English language; but if so, how came that knowledge to have been retained when all else seemed gone?

His perplexity was interrupted by the entrance of the cause of it. She stood at the door wrapped round in one of the bed coverings, looking at him with a sweet, childish, vacant expression that was touching in its helplessness. "I must call her something," he thought, as she stood apparently waiting for him to speak; "her name shall be Mary."

"Are you better, Mary, and will you sit in this chair?"

She paid no attention to the inquiry, but took the offered seat, and began silently rocking herself to and fro. It had such a ghostly effect to see her there by the lamplight, robed in the long white drapery, with her beautiful face still pale, though no longer deathly, rocking herself in silence, that Astley felt a sensation very like fear thrill through him. He must do something, for he could not bear this. He took up a book, the first that came to hand—it was an English one—and offered it to her, asking if she would like to read.

She took it with a childlike smile, and laying it open upon her knees began to flutter the leaves backward and forward, playing idly with them.

"Good Heavens!" said Astley to himself, "she is mad, imbecile at any rate; I must do something with her."

But it was impossible to think with her before him, and, taking her by the hand, he said:

"Now, Mary, you must go back to bed, and to-morrow—"

She did not wait for the end of the sentence, but rose at once to do as she was bidden, threw down the book, and letting fall the coverlet that had enveloped her, walked quietly back to the inner room.

Astley fastened the door, and felt as if he were going mad from sheer bewilderment. She must have clothes the very first thing, and how were they to be procured without taking some one into his confidence? Even if he knew where to go for them, he knew nothing of what a woman's clothes should be. It was evident then that some one must be told of the extraordinary adventure, and it was equally evident that it must be a woman in whom he confided, as he required practical help of a kind no man could give him.

The morning dawned before he could arrange any settled plan, and finally he decided that he could not if he would rid himself of the charge of her, therefore she should remain in his house, and he would tell all to the woman who acted as his housekeeper, who chanced to be absent at the time, but whose return he was expecting that very day. He would bind her to secrecy by the most solemn oath he could devise, and if she failed to keep it, why—at any rate he was in a terrible scrape, and this seemed the best thing to be done. The woman returned early in the day, and Astley at once told all, and implored her assistance. To his great relief she agreed at once to do all that lay in her power for the unhappy girl, and a few arrangements made, Astley left the house for the day, determined to shake off the unpleasant impression which the whole thing had made upon him.

Returning at night he found Mary comfortably clothed, and looking less pale and ill. His housekeeper told him that she had been dressed like a child, having apparently no idea of assisting herself at all.

It would be impossible to describe minutely how intelligence dawned and grew swiftly in the poor girl's mind. It was not a gradual growth from infancy, but came in fitful snatches. The greatest change came first, when her face brightened from its sweet, blank vacancy of expression at Astley's approach, and then she began to wait upon him like a loving child. He devoted himself to her very tenderly, almost as a mother devotes herself to her child, and with infinite patience taught her to read and to write. She learned also to sew, and was not unskillful in such woman's craft; but what he taught her was learned quickest, best.

Two years passed, and Mary had developed so rapidly that she was much like other women in knowledge and acquirements, but she had no memory of any thing before her trance. Astley told her the whole story, and urged her to try to recall something of the time before; but it was in vain, her memory was clean gone. And the present time was so happy that they cared little for the past. She was something belonging so entirely to him, even her life she owed to his care, and loved him so intensely, there being no one in the world whom she knew or loved beside, that he could not fail to be very happy; and the mystery of the bond between them enhanced its charm.

They were married, and still she lived in the same privacy as before; her husband and his love sufficed for every thing, and she shrank from entering a world of which she knew nothing. Astley's acquaintance had long ago decided that if he was not mad, he was at least eccentric enough to make his society undesirable, and had fallen off one by one, leaving him none but a professional circle. He had the reputation of being skillful, and his practice was a large one; his spare hours were devoted to his home, which was his heaven.

Two more years passed, years of the most perfect happiness. Mary differed now in nothing from other women, save for that blank existence of more than twenty years. Her memory of that time never returned. She lived entirely within doors; Astley had one evening taken her for a walk, and the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the streets had terrified her so much that he never repeated the experiment.

At times a longing to introduce his beautiful wife to his old friends and relatives in England was very strong, but the difficulties of explanation, or of deceit, which it would involve, combined with her extreme aversion to the project, always prevailed, and the idea was dismissed as the thing was impossible.

Six years had passed since the eventful night when Mary had been brought as dead to Astley's door, when walking one day in the streets of the city, he met an old friend whom he had not seen since his departure from England. The recognition was mutual, and Astley insisted upon his friend's returning with him to dinner. The invitation was cordially given and willingly accepted, and thinking to surprise Mr. Holt by the sudden sight of his wife's loveliness, he said nothing of his being married, picturing to himself what his astonishment would be when he saw her.

Though he had anticipated some evidence of surprise, he was quite unprepared for the excess of emotion displayed by Mr. Holt upon his introduction to Mrs. Astley. The color left his face for a moment, and then returning violently dyed it crimson, and the words of acknowledgment were stammered out almost unintelligibly. Recovering his composure by a strong effort he offered his arm to lead Mrs. Astley to dinner, but she quietly declined it, laying her hand upon her husband's. During the whole time of dinner Mr. Holt scarcely moved his eyes from Mary's face, who did not seem at all disturbed by his intense gaze, and took no notice of her guest beyond what hospitality demanded.

Astley's suspicions were excited long before the meal was ended, and his heart took a jealous leap as he thought it possible that his friend was falling in love with his beautiful wife. He cursed the impulse that had induced him to bring Holt home with him, and busily invented excuses for ridding himself of his guest as soon as was possible.

Holt's agitation increased to positive illness before long, and rising, he asked Astley to accompany him to another room. He was scarcely able to walk, and Astley took him by the arm and asked if he were ill.

"Ill!" he groaned. "I wish I were dead."

He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"You'll think me a fool, Astley, but the likeness of your wife to mine has overcome me."

"Are you married, then?" said Astley. "I did not know."

"I was married eight years ago. I married an English girl with your wife's hair and eyes; her height, too, and with her sweet voice. I brought her over here directly after our marriage, and we lived the happiest life in the world for two years—and then she died."

Astley was silent. He could think of no words of consolation that would not be a mockery to a man who had lost such a wife as Mary.

"Died," Holt continued, after a pause "while I was away from her. I had gone a three days' journey, leaving her in perfect health, and I returned to find that she had died suddenly immediately after my departure, and was already buried."

"How long ago?" asked Astley, hoarsely. A horrible light was breaking in upon him.

"Six years. I left Lima the following day. I never even visited her grave, but returned to England at once; and now, after these years, I find your wife so like her in every feature that my old wound is torn open afresh, and the intolerable anguish has made me cry out in this way."

Astley started up and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder with a grasp like a vice. His voice was harsh and dry, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring.

"Holt, for God's sake let us do nothing rashly! Come with me to your wife's grave, and let us be very sure."

Holt looked up and saw all in Astley's face.

"Speak," he shouted; "she *is* my wife! Tell me how you met her; speak quickly while I can hear you, for there is the sound of a cataract in my ears that deafens me!"

And he fell in a swoon at Astley's feet.

He might have died in it for all Astley could do to revive him. He stood blindly staring at the pale face, but was incapable of so much as holding out a hand to him.

Holt came to himself before long, and rising up haggard and wild, repeated his demand that Astley should tell him where he had met his wife.

And he did tell him, sparing nothing; saying plainly out that she had been brought to him by the body snatchers as a subject; that she had lain as dead upon his table for a night, sheeted and shrouded like a corpse.

"And you dared—" burst in Holt, who was almost beside himself.

"I saved her life," said Astley, gently; he had softened as he thought of that restoration. "Will you come with me to the grave that we may be very sure?"

"No, no, no," Holt moaned; the fury was passing away, and giving place to a dull sorrow. "I can bear no more. It is as certain, more certain than death, that your wife is mine. God help us!"

Which of the men was the most to be pitied?

There were some moments of horrible silence, in which each heard the beating of his heart like a heavy drum. Holt spoke again.

"Ask Edith to come here. Surely she can not have forgotten me."

"Mary—I call her Mary. It will only distress her. I give you my word of honor she has no memory of any thing before the trance."

But when he saw the passion in Holt's face he judged it best for his sake that she should come. Since he chose to hear from her own mouth what he had refused to believe from his friend's, he should do so.

She came quickly at the sound of the loved voice and glided into the room, looking like an angel of peace between two evil spirits. She stopped short as she caught sight of Astley's face all drawn and set with the effort to suppress his emotion, and then threw her arms round his neck with a cry of love and terror.

But he unwound her arms, and for the first time drew back from her embrace.

"Mary, my love"—Holt's eyes flashed fire at the tender words and tones—"tell me, tell Mr. Holt, if you remember any thing in your life before you awoke from your trance in this house?"

"I do not," she said; "I remember nothing. I have said so many times."

"Swear it," cried Holt.

"I swear it," she said, "by my husband, Richard Astley."

Poor Holt! He threw himself at her feet, clasping her knees, and crying passionately:

"Oh, Edith! have you forgotten me, your husband, David Holt? Oh, my darling, you must remember me, and how happy we were for that short two years!"

But she broke from his grasp, and threw herself into Astley's arms, crying out:

"Send him away! What does he mean? Send him away!" She was pale and trembling with terror.

"Let her go!" shouted Holt, or by—"

The oath was interrupted by Astley.

"Holt, God knows I will try to do what is right, and for her sake I ask you to be calm." He placed her in a chair, where she sat weeping for very fright, and went on.

"You shall say all you can to bring the past to her memory, and if she can remember you in the faintest degree I will give up my claim to yours. But if she does not—oh, Holt, I saved her life!" The struggle was an awful one, and shook him as the wind shakes a reed.

"You tell her," said Holt, bitterly; "perhaps she will believe what you say. At any rate, she will listen to it."

It was hard to begin the cruel task; yet for her sake he undertook it, his voice trembling, though he tried with all his will to steady it.

"Mary, love, listen. You know that you must have lived more than twenty years before you were brought here that night."

"I do not know," she said; "I can not remember."

"But it must have been so, for you were a woman then."

"I can not understand," she repeated. "I have no recollection of any thing before."

Astley turned to Holt with a look of agony. "You see how it is; let us end this torture."

"Give me my wife!" said Holt, fiercely.

"You will not take her," Astley cried, as the thought of his doing so against her will struck him for the first time.

"She is mine," said Holt. "Go on; tell her the whole story. If she does not understand it, she will believe it when you tell it to her." The sneer with which the words were spoken was a cruel one, but misery had made him cruel, and he scarcely knew what he said or did.

And Astley told her all in a few words. She looked bewildered.

"It must be true if you say so, but I can not recollect; and oh, Astley, I love only you."

"She must come with me," shouted Holt, savagely. The demon had got the better of him, and the poor wretch, mad with jealous pain, spoke bitter and unjust words, that made the terrified woman cling more closely to Astley for protection.

The scene must be ended for her sake, and Astley besought Holt to leave them till the next day, when, if they could but decide upon what was right it should be done. For her sake, too, he condescended to plead with the frantic man; and seeing that Mary had fainted in his arms, he laid her down, and led Holt from the room, that the sight of her might no longer madden him. His rage died out from simple exhaustion, and throwing himself into a chair he wept like a child.

Astley roused him. "Holt, be a man. This is an awful tragedy: I wish to Heaven I had died rather than played my part in it. There are not upon the earth two men so broken-hearted as you and I. Let us accept what is inevitable, but let us spare what anguish we can to that unhappy woman. Leave me now, and to-morrow I will see you again."

Holt rose passively. "You are nobler than I," he said, as he turned to go.

It seemed to Astley that his grief was but beginning when he tried to explain the whole thing clearly to Mary. The torture of putting it into words was so intense that all before was nothing compared with it. And when at length she comprehended, and asked him if he wished her to leave him, even that agony seemed slight contrasted with what he endured in telling her that he believed she ought to do so.

Loving as she was, she could not comprehend the sacrifice to duty which Astley was striving to make, and her thorough ignorance of the world rendered it impossible to make her understand what her position would be if she remained where she was. And yet this was a case—so Astley tried to persuade himself—so extraordinary, so different from any thing that had ever been in the world before, that no law, human or divine, could apply to it. But above all the thought rose dominant, that by whatever mystery of unconsciousness deprived of memory, she was still Holt's wife and not his, and with this thought piercing him like a sharp sword, he said that he believed she ought to leave him.

She rose up, cold and proud in a moment, and would have left him then, but at the threshold her spirit failed, and she turned again to throw herself at his feet, with tears and sobs.

Night has veiled many sights of woe, the clouds of night have many times been pierced by cries of anguish, bitter cries for faith and patience, going up above the stars right to the feet of God, but night never shrouded deeper woe than this, bitterer cries never pierced the shuddering darkness.

When morning dawned they were both very calm and still. Their tears were shed, and their eyes were dry. He had decided for the right, though his heart was broken in the conflict; and she, woman like, had accepted the right, not because it was so, but because he said it was so.

"I shall die," she said, in a voice from which all passion had departed. "I can bear no more and live, but I can bear even this and die."

Who can describe that parting? When the sun set, it was upon Astley broken-hearted and alone. Holt had taken away his wife.

Seven days passed, and Astley never left his desolate home. He made no distinction of day or night, but lay down to sleep—if the stupor which from time to time rendered him unconscious could be so called—at any hour that sleep came to him.

At the close of the seventh day he tried for the first time to look his fate boldly in the face. "I am not dead," he said, "therefore it is clear that this grief will not kill me." That night he undressed and went to bed.

The night six years ago, when the sheeted figure lay upon the table, and he dreamed fantastic dreams of terror connected with it, came to mind more distinctly than it had ever done before. His sleep was broken and feverish, and haunted by wild dreams. Twice he awoke feeling certain that he had heard a knocking at the door, and twice he slept again when he found that all was silent. But he awoke a third time in the gray dawn and heard the sound again, a feeble knocking at the outer door, which ceased suddenly. He rose, determined to ascertain the cause; he unbarred and opened the door, and there fell forward across the threshold the dead body of Mary.

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ELECTION-DAY,

8TH NOVEMBER.

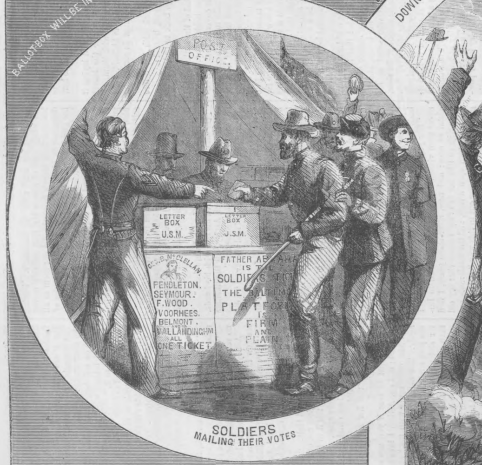
1864.

NO COMPROMISE.

DOWN WITH SLAVERY. DOWN WITH THE REBELS.

THE VICTORY AT THE BALLOT BOX WILL BE IN VINDICATION OF THIS UNION AND OF OUR AUTHORITY.

THE ELECTION OF THE UNION CANDIDATES WILL BRING PEACE.



SOLDIERS MAILING THEIR VOTES



THE VETERAN'S VOTE.



CITIZENS VOTING.

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LIV.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

THE secret which the little bird whispered to Lily perplexed and agitated her very much.

She had noticed the rise in her mother's fortunes, but ascribed it to the popularity of her performances in the circus and the liberality of Mr. M'Variety, the manager. The little bird told her quite another story. It told her that the dainty white bedroom had been furnished for her by Sir William Long. It was easy to infer from this that the Cottage, the renewed engagement, the increase of her mother's salary, the benefit, and the elegant supper, all came from the same quarter.

For whose sake had the baronet spent so much money, and taken so much trouble? For her mother's? Lily would fain have let her heart answer this question in the affirmative, but try as she would she could not impose that conviction upon herself. Something—some still small voice of the past—told her that it was not for her mother's sake that the baronet had done all these things, but for her own.

Lily strove to think that it was done in pity for her hard life and forlorn condition; that it was simply the act of a generous and sympathizing nature. But while she struggled to interpret his motives in this wise, her heart was agitated by a suspicion that filled her with a vague feeling of dread.

Could it be possible that Sir William Long loved her?

That was the question which strove to shape itself in her mind. But Lily repressed it, and kept it down, dreading to have to answer it. And this she did to guard the image which sat enthroned in her breast—the image of Edgar Greyfaunt. But the question arose again and again, and shaped itself definitely, and demanded to be answered; and Lily, still hesitating, went back over her weary life to the Greenwich dinner. She had so few remembrances of pleasant days, that she was not likely to forget that day. It arose in her memory sharp and clear—a bright green island in the midst of a great waste of waters. She remembered sitting on Sir William Long's knee; she recalled the kind things he said to her, and how happy she felt at being near him. If she had never thought of him from that time until this moment, she might have forgotten how he looked, where they sat, what kind things he said to her, and many other little particulars of the occasion. But she had thought of him often, and carried him forward on every new page of the ledger of her life up to the day when she wrote the name of Edgar Greyfaunt upon it. She thought of the tall, kind gentleman less frequently after that; but she had thought of him so often before that his image was indelibly impressed upon her memory. She remembered every thing; how he had laughed and chatted with her, and asked her her name, and inquired how old she was. She remembered his peeling the apple and throwing the peel over his shoulder, and saying that it would form the initial of her sweet-heart's name; how the peel lay on the carpet in the shape of a W, and how she clapped her hands and said she should like to be his little wife, and make him a pair of nice red muffatees for the winter. And she remembered his stooping down and kissing her on the forehead, and saying, "I heartily wish you were my little sister, or my little daughter." Last of all, she remembered that she was eight years of age then, and he twenty-eight.

So far as Lily knew, she was now in her twentieth year. And Sir William? Sir William was forty!

When Lily had worked out this little sum, and saw the figures staring her in the face, she closed her eyes against them, as if by so doing she could shut out the reflections to which they gave rise.

She went back over her recollections of the Greenwich dinner again, and always when she came to those parting words her heart was relieved: "I heartily wish you were my little sister, or my daughter."

When Madame Ernestine was at the circus rehearsing a new act of the haute-école for her benefit, Lily wandered from room to room, thinking, thinking, thinking. Every object upon which her eyes rested was as dreary, and miserable, and forlorn as her own heart. Looking from the windows of the Cottage through the pelting rain, she saw the leafless trees nodding at her like grim spectres; the weeping ash-trees, bare and gaunt, overhanging the seats and tables, appeared to her like huge skeleton hands waiting to crush the votaries of pleasure in their grip. Through the mist and drizzle of the winter's day the black flower-beds loomed upon her sight like graves, of which the dripping, dirt-begrimed statues were the head-stones, sacred to the memory of departed flowers, which seemed to have died without issue. The Muscovite illusion had in part been rudely dispelled by the winter's wind. A portion of the cupolas of the Kremlin had been blown down, and the gap revealed some stacks of South Lambeth chimneys, smoking dismally, and dropping tears of soot upon the dingy gables.

One day, when Lily was looking out upon this dreary scene, wondering if those trees would ever again be covered with leaves; if those scrubs and stumps in the beds would ever again rise from their sepulchres crowned with the glory of flowers, wondering if her own heart would ever throb to an emotion of joy, she saw the figure of a man looming through the mist, and approaching the Cottage. As the figure came nearer, Lily recognized Mr. Kafooze.

Taking him in his most favorable aspect, Mr. Kafooze was not a cheerful person to look upon. In a pretty picture the most indulgent critic would have regarded him as a blemish. Under the present circumstances an ordinary observer would have viewed him in the light of an additional horror—a bat that had flitted across the sky, or an owl that had suddenly perched upon a bare and gnarled branch to complete the dismal picture. But to poor Lily the lean wizened figure of the astrologer was a thing of beauty; his coming was an angel's visit; for she knew that he had a feeling heart, and he was one of the very few persons who had ever spoken kindly to her.

The conduct of Mr. Kafooze was mysterious. He approached the Cottage, and disappeared from Lily's sight, leading her to suppose that he was in the porch knocking for admission; but presently he loomed in sight again, and walked about in front of the Cottage, looking up, and shading his eyes with his hand. Any one but Lily would have characterized Mr. Kafooze's conduct as "prowling;" but Lily soon perceived that he was trying to attract some person's attention. And who could that person be but herself?

She tapped at the window, and beckoned to him to come in; and, assured by this, Mr. Kafooze went round and entered the porch. Lily ran down stairs immediately and opened the door. Mr. Kafooze dry was not precisely an embodiment of happiness; but Mr. Kafooze wet was a monument of misery which left no further depth to be reached. It would have been hard to give an adequate idea of the wretchedness of his appearance, without calling in the illustrative services of the "drownded rat."

"Oh, do come in, Mr. Kafooze, out of the rain," Lily said.

"No, thank you, my dear," said the astrologer. "I—I won't come in; your ma will be finished presently, and I shouldn't like her to see me here."

"But you will get wet through, Mr. Kafooze," pleaded Lily.

"Oh, never mind, my dear; the wet doesn't hurt me. I'm used to it," said the astrologer. "I've been used to it all my life. If there's a shower of rain any where, I'm sure to be out in it without an umbrella. It's my star, my dear. I was born under a bad aspect of Aquarius, with Scorpio in opposition. Under such circumstances you're sure to forget your umbrella, even if it wasn't full of holes and three ribs broken. No, never mind, my dear, I only wanted to say a word. I've been looking back, my dear, among my books, with the data you gave me, and I have found your star."

It's very good of you to take so much trouble," said Lily.

"Oh, not at all, my dear; I like it. I'm never so happy as when I am studying the stars. Well, my dear, if your data be correct, you were born under a very peculiar conjunction. Mars was in Leo, you see, which is bad. I assure you I was very anxious about it at first, until I went a little further, and found that though in Leo at that time, he was passing out of that sign and entering Libra, which is good; if it were not that Uranus was in Cancer. However, my dear, as Jupiter passed the place of the sun a few days afterward, I think the aspect is a favorable one, signifying that you will get over the evil influence of Mars in Leo. That is all, my dear; and I thought I would just come round and tell you while your ma is at rehearsal."

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure, Mr. Kafooze," Lily said; "but do come in and dry yourself by the fire."

"No, my dear, no; madame will be here directly, and I must clear out of her way. Good-by! Good-by!"

"Stay. One moment, Mr. Kafooze," said Lily, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Yes, my dear."

"You know several languages, don't you, Mr. Kafooze?"

"Well," he said, "I—I have a smattering of two or three."

"Perhaps, then," faltered Lily, "you can tell me the meaning of—of 'spes.'"

"Yes, my dear," said the schoolmaster; "it's a Latin word, and it means Hope."

"Hope!" said Lily. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Kafooze, thank you. Good-by! Good-by!"

It was perhaps lucky for Mr. Kafooze that he did not remain longer talking about his stars; for he had scarcely passed out of the gate before Madame Ernestine emerged from the circus, and came across the gardens accompanied by a posse of male friends. These friends were Lord Carlton, Sir William Long, the Marquis Greyfaunt, Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell, and Mr. M'Variety, the manager. The countess ushered her friends into her new abode with much ironical courtesy—mingling her mock civilities with maledictions upon the English weather, and upon every thing else English, except the Ship at Greenwich, and the Star and Garter at Richmond.

"We must have a dinner at one or other of those places after the benefit," said Lord Carlton.

"A dinner at Greenwich!" the countess exclaimed, with sparkling eyes. "Ah, that is what I love. There is nothing in England worth living for but a dinner at Greenwich, with those little fishes."

"But the little fishes are not in season yet," said Lord Carlton.

"Pourquoi pas?" said the countess; "why are not those little fishes always in season?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said his lordship.

"N'importe," said the countess, "we shall have a dinner at Greenwich after the benefit, shall we not?"

"Certainly," said Lord Carlton.

The countess rushed up stairs before her visitors to prepare Lily. She hurried her out of the front room, where she was sitting rapt in thought, into the bedroom.

"Now, attend to me," she said; "I will have no faints, no shrieks; you are not a child. I have visitors; Milord Carlton, and Sir William Long, and Monsieur Greyfond. Arrange your hair, and come into the apartment à l'instant."

Lily was quite scared by the sudden pounce which her mother had made upon her, and her agitation was now further increased by the mention of Edgar's name. He was in the next room, and Sir William Long was there also! If she had had time to reflect she would probably have given way to her emotions, as she had done before; but in sheer desperation she nerved herself to the ordeal, and followed her mother into the reception-room.

Mr. M'Variety was the first to address her.

"Ah, missy, how do you do? Looking pale, eh? I expected to see you quite rosy, living in the gardens here, among the trees and the fresh air."

And the manager shook hands with her. Then the rest in succession, ending with the sultan, who grasped her hand warmly, and was quite gracious. Lily was ready to faint, but she sustained herself, and sat down on an ottoman by the window, the sultan taking a chair near her, with his face toward her.

While the countess was rallying her visitors and inviting them to partake of some wine, which she assured them, in a significant manner, was not of the vintage of South Lambeth, the Sultan Greyfaunt condescended to open a conversation with the "little party." He spoke slightly in an under tone.

"I hope I may look upon you as an old friend, mademoiselle," he said, with a smile.

Poor Lily's heart was in her mouth. She knew not what to reply.. It was not so much Edgar's words that agitated her (for they were cold and formal enough) as his look and his smile. In Paris his behavior to her had always been haughty and cold. Now he was gracious, and something more. Lily would have found it difficult to define that something more which his manner implied; but she *felt* it, and the color mantled to her pale cheeks.

"We were friends in Paris," Edgar pursued, "and I hope we shall be better friends in London."

Lily's heart was beating fast, and her face was becoming crimson. She muttered something in reply, she knew not what, and then her glance fell upon Sir William Long. He was sitting among the countess's visitors, not joining in their conversation, nor listening to them, nor taking any heed of them, but gazing pensively and thoughtfully, with a touch of dejection in his face, at her—at her and Edgar seated together in the window.

Suddenly the countess turned round and saw them.

"Ah, Monsieur Greyfond!" she exclaimed, "what are you saying to mamselle there in the corner? Vous êtes un mauvais sujet." And she shook her finger at him with a ghastly assumption of reproof. "Come," she said, "sit by me. I wish to talk to you concerning my benefit."

Edgar moved away from Lily, and sat down beside the countess.

"Will you not take a box for my benefit?" she said. "All my friends here have taken boxes."

"Yes, and paid for them," said Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell, "like gentlemen." Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell lost no opportunity of talking at his serene highness. He was continually shooting random arrows, in the hope that a stray one might hit the mark and rankle somewhere.

"Oh yes, certainly," said his highness. "And the price? how much?"

"How much!" exclaimed the countess, in an injured tone. "You ask a lady on the occasion of her benefit how much?"

Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell chuckled with much inward satisfaction.

"Oh, well, the fact is," said Greyfaunt, "I have very little loose cash about me; but—but I will give you a check upon my bankers." And he wrote a check for twenty pounds, and handed it to the countess with the air of a millionnaire.

"Vingt livres!" exclaimed the countess. "Monsieur Greyfond, vous êtes un prince. Give me your hand."

Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell's satisfaction subsided a little. Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt had paid more for his box than any of the others!

"And now, my lord and messieurs," said the countess, "as you have invited me to dine with you at Greenwich, I beg you will honor me with your presence at a petit souper in my château here after the performance on Friday. Say, will you do me the honor?"

"Oh, certainly," the visitors said in a breath, as they rose to take their departure; "we shall be most happy."

"Bon," said the countess, "we shall have a snug little party. We shall be gay."

On taking leave Edgar shook hands with Lily with the same warmth as before; and he looked at her with the same smile and expression which had made her heart throb and her cheeks flush when he first addressed her.

Sir William Long was the last to go up and bid her good-by.

"Have you quite forgotten your old Greenwich acquaintance?" he said.

"Forgotten you!" said Lily, taking his hand. "I shall ever remember you, ever think of you—with gratitude."

Sir William drove home that afternoon with the cold word sticking in his throat, like something he could not swallow.

"For me gratitude," he muttered to himself, "and for that brainless, heartless puppy, love! Oh, Lily, Lily!"

CHAPTER LV.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

"RANELAGH! Last night of the winter season! Benefit of Madame Ernestine, the world-renowned exponent of the High School of Horsemanship, who will appear on her trained steed Constant, and perform an entirely new act, descriptive of a Buffalo Hunt on the Prairies of the Far West! Ten thousand extra lamps! Additional and special attractions for this occasion only! N.B. Prices as usual."

Thus the advertising columns of the newspapers; thus the boardings and the dead walls; thus the perambulating sandwiches, with so very little human ham in the middle; thus countless little hand-bills that were jerked at the passers-by, glanced at, and thrown to the winter's wind to be driven against pillars and posts, to be caught in railings and gratings, and eventually to be chased into calm corners, there to lie and give rise in too hopeful breasts to the delirious suspicion of five-pound notes.

The day arrived, and it was fine. The air was clear and crisp, and for the first time for some weeks the sun came out for a little while, pale and sickly, like an invalid taking his first airing after a long illness. Mr. M'Variety assured the countess that she might rely upon a bumper.

"You see, countess, in the winter there's nothing like a fine bright day to give the public an appetite for a play or an entertainment. It acts upon them like a bottle of Champagne, or a 'picker-up' after a heavy bout the night before. But it's just the contrary in the summer, if the entertainment be an indoor one. Then there's nothing like a shower of rain about five o'clock in the afternoon. A good smart shower or a gloomy drizzle will drive them in in flocks, like chickens to roost. Only give me the key of the weather," said the manager, "and I'll make Ranelagh pay in the winter and Drury Lane in the summer."

The countess was busy with her preparations for the little supper which she was to give to "her friends" after the performance, and did not take much heed of the managerial philosophy. Indeed, she was not much interested; for her friends and her friends' friends had already taken a large number of tickets at fancy prices, and thus her own share was secured.

But M'Variety had a little matter of business in view, and continued to lead up to it with some general observations on managerial policy. He came at length to the point.

"What about those tickets, countess?"

The countess paused in her occupation, and looked up at her manager sharply.

"What about those tickets? What tickets?" she asked.

"The tickets you have sold to your swell friends," said the manager.

"Well, Sir, what about them? I do not understand you."

"Our arrangement," said the manager, "was half the receipts of the circus. It was a very liberal one, I think, on my part."

"On *your* part!" The countess threw back his words with a sneer.

"Come, come, countess, be reasonable. Admit that I have done my best for you, at any rate. And a bargain's a bargain, you know." Mr. M'Variety was beginning to plead with her. The countess perceived this, and took advantage of it.

"I understand you," she said; "you expect me to give you half of the sums which I have received from my friends; half of the twenty pounds, for example, which Monsieur Greyfond presented to me."

"Exactly," said the manager; "that's only fair."

"Then," said the countess, sternly, "I shall do no such thing! What is the price of Monsieur Greyfond's box? Tell me that!"

"Two guineas," said the manager.

"Très bien," said the countess, "you shall have the half; you shall have one guinea."

"Oh come, countess, that won't do at all," the manager protested.

"Stay," said the countess; "tell me this. Monsieur Greyfond gave twenty pounds for a box which he might have had for two guineas. Was it for your sake that he lavished his money thus?"

M'Variety was getting nettled.

"Well, if it comes to that, countess," he said, "was it for yours?"

The countess had been biting her lip and restraining herself hitherto, but she burst out now.

"Insolent!" she exclaimed; "how dare you come here, into my own house, into my own apartment, to take from me the presents of my friends, to rob me, to insult me with your vulgar words! But I tell you I will not submit to your extortion. I will die first."

She flounced about the room with glaring eyes and clenched hands as she said this; and at length put a climax to her rage by seizing one of the china ornaments on the mantle-shelf and dashing it to atoms against the grate.

M'Variety was sorry he had spoken.

"Look you," continued the countess; "rather than you shall have any share in my presents, I will take the notes and the checks and put them into the fire."

The countess had the best of the position in every way. She had the money in her pocket, and, for the rest, she was utterly indifferent to consequences. The manager was fully aware of this, and refrained from pursuing the subject further.

"I'll bid you good-afternoon, countess," he said, "and talk to you another time, when you are in a better temper."

"A better temper!" she shouted after him as he descended the stairs; "you would vex the temper of an angel." And she slammed the door upon him savagely.

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"If ever the devil had a daughter," said the manager, as he crossed the garden, "you's she, for a certainty."

Madame Ernestine's temper did not obey the law of ordinary violent disorders. It was at all times sharp, but never short. When she had run up the crescendo scale to the highest note in the gamut of fury she went back and repeated the same exercise again and again, with an increase rather than a diminution of brilliant execution. She fumed and stormed all the afternoon, and when she walked across to the circus to begin her performance the thunder was still rumbling.

As she was entering the circus she met Lord Carlton. She recovered herself immediately, and saluted his lordship gayly.

"Ah, milord, how do you do? You have come to honor me with your presence, I perceive. It is very gracious of you."

"Oh, not at all," his lordship replied, "beauty and talent always command my homage. It would have been impossible for me to stay away on such an occasion."

"Your lordship is most flattering," said the countess, with a grin. "By-the-way," she added, "your lordship honored me with a charming present, this riding-whip."

"A bagatelle," said his lordship.

"Oh, not at all," said the countess. "I value it very much. I have not used it hitherto; but I shall use it for the first time to-night, on the occasion of my benefit."

"You do me honor," said his lordship.

"You are very kind to say so, milord—but excusez-moi, it is time that I go and dress. Shall I have the honor of your lordship's company to supper in my humble chateau?"

"Certainly," said his lordship; "it will give me great pleasure."

"Then adieu pour le moment," said the countess; "we shall meet at supper."

She encountered old Kafooze in the passage leading to her dressing-room. She was not so gracious to *him*.

"Ah! ganache, ogre, corbeau, oiseau de mauvais augure! what did you say? that I should have no luck?" And she struck at the old man with her whip. Old Kafooze sprang aside with wonderful agility, but did not avoid the blow. The whip caught him a sharp cut across the shoulders, and made him writhe; but he said never a word, and slunk away as fast as he could, putting it all down to Scorpio in that bad conjunction with Aquarius.

Mr. M'Variety proved a true prophet. The fine bright weather brought the people out, and the gardens were well filled, considering that it was the winter season. The visitors, however, were soon tired of promenading among the ten thousand extra lamps, whose brilliancy only tended to make the wretchedness of the gardens more visible, and crushed into the circus in a body the moment the doors were opened. The circle and amphitheatre were speedily filled, and by-and-by Madame Ernestine's aristocratic friends began to drop into the boxes. Sir William Long was there in a box by himself, looking solemn and thoughtful. Greyfaunt was in the box adjoining, yawning, and looking inexpressibly bored by the performance of the Swiss Shepherdess. Lord Carlton had settled himself to sleep at once. Faineant was there also, and Mr. Thomas Tibbs, and many more, who came, not for the sake of patronizing Madame Ernestine, but to be in the same train with Milord Carlton and Sir William Long.

The blank, listless countenances of these superior persons, satiated with a constant round of pleasure, presented a remarkable contrast to the bright happy expectant faces that glistened under the lamps in the amphitheatre. In the eyes of those humble folks, who had worked hard for the shillings they had paid at the doors, every thing was delightful, beautiful, charming. The Shepherdess in her flowered muslin skirt, with her crook, dancing and skipping upon the padded saddle, hailed by Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt as a "scraggy fright," was to them an aerial creature belonging to another sphere; the Three Graces were real divinities in petticoats, exciting the admiration of the male sex by the exquisite shape of their legs, and the pinkiness of their complexions; and of the female sex—especially those of a domestic turn, who did their washing at home—by the perfection exhibited in the clear starching of their petticoats; Young Strangler hitching at mysterious strings, and skining himself like a Protean onion, was a prodigy of daring and genius; the clowns with their old old jokes and stale antics; the master of the ring with his curly hair, his black mustache, and his hussar's jacket; the Frenchified looking grooms in the long coats, who pulled aside the curtain to admit the horses—all these persons were objects of the most boundless admiration, not unmixed with awe. Thunders of applause at the daring of Young Strangler, alternated with roars of boisterous laughter at the witticisms of the clown. These simple-minded shilling people, thoroughly bent upon enjoyment, were pleased even to recognize the scent of the stable, as it was wafted into the circus by the motion of the curtains, that scent which caused Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt to ejaculate many expressions of disgust, and to fan himself with his perfumed handkerchief.

Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt, voting all this intolerably slow and stupid, had strolled into Sir William Long's box. He was not a welcome visitor. Sir William scarcely took the trouble to return his greeting.

"What a horid bore this is!" yawned the dandy; "and then to have to sit out that dreadful old harridan, Madame Ernestine! Really, it's more than one can endure. By the way, Long," he continued, "have you noticed that remarkable fellow sitting opposite? Look at him; he's the best part of the show, I think."

Sir William looked across in the direction indicated, and saw seated in one of the lower boxes a man of foreign appearance with grizzled hair, cropped very short, and eyebrows and mustache almost jet black. The dark mustache and eyebrows in contrast with his pale face and gray hair, gave the man a very singular appearance, and Sir William looked at him long and curiously.

"Quite a lusus naturæ," said the dandy; "I'll go and ask M'Variety if he knows who he is."

Young Strangler had concluded his Protean performance, and retired amidst a tempest of applause; some French acrobats—"the additional attraction"—whom Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell had picked up at the Cirque Impérial in Paris, had illustrated the saying of Voltaire by showing the close resemblance between a Frenchman and a monkey, leaving the tiger part of the likeness to be exhibited in the Leicester Square café, to which they retired to wrangle over their dominoes and absinthe after the performance; the English clown had made some comments in disparagement of foreigners; and then, after a short pause, the orchestra struck up the familiar music, giving warning of the approach of Madame Ernestine, the world-renowned exponent of the haute-école. The velvet curtains were drawn aside, and Madame Ernestine, erect and stately, slowly entered the arena on her chestnut steed. Sir William Long at the moment was looking across at the foreigner with the gray head and the black mustache. He saw the man start and turn deadly pale, nay, ashy white, for he had been pale before; he saw him spring to his feet and clutch the front of the box, and then immediately sink into his seat again and withdraw from view. *Who* was this man, and what could have so strangely agitated him?

While Sir William was pondering upon this incident, the exposition of the haute-école began. It was the old affair: a long time before it came to any thing, then the mare, tossing her neck and pawing with her right fore-foot; then, backing to the edges of the ring, whisking her tail and causing a half-tittering, half-screaming commotion among the people in the front seats; then rearing on her haunches, curvetting and plunging, then cantering gently, and at last—as illustrating a buffalo-hunt in the prairies of the Far West—breaking into a gallop. The applause was gradually warming up; and Madame was warming up with it. The more the people applauded, the more she endeavored to urge the mare forward, now with fierce impatient words, now with her heel dug against her side, now with the whip laid smartly across her haunches. Faster and more furious! Faster still, in a mad career, kicking up the tan and saw-dust and flinging it in showers over the audience, plunging deep into the soft bed of the arena, thudding with her hind hoofs against the hollow boards of the ring, snorting, panting, and reeking with a lather of sweat: round and round she went at a terrible pace, the countess keeping her seat bravely, and still stimulating the mare to further exertion with tongue, and whip, and heel. Now the scarves are thrown across, and the mare takes them at a bound, first one and then the other, plunging and rearing at every leap. The applause is deafening. The people, carried away by the impetuous career of the horse and its rider, have started to their feet. They are clapping their hands, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting "Bravo! bravo! bravo!"

The mare suddenly refuses a leap, makes a sudden stop, and rears back upon the ring. The countess wheels her about, and once more puts her to it, with a wrench of the bridle and a savage cut of the whip across her ears. Over she goes with a mad plunge, throwing her hind hoofs high in the air. She is unable to recover herself at the next scarf, and stops a second time. Again the countess wheels her round and urges her to the leap, while the walls of the wooden building are trembling to the rolling thunder of applause.

At that moment the man with the gray hair and the pale face and the strange black eyebrows and mustache appears in the front of his box.

In the midst of the tempest of applause a scream was heard, and then a heavy thud, and through a shower of saw-dust and a steam of sweat the horror-stricken audience saw the form of Madame Ernestine hanging head downward from the horse, and the next instant lying on the ground in a contorted heap trampled under its hoofs!

The people in the front seats immediately jumped into the arena to render assistance. Foremost among them was the foreign-looking man, with the grizzled hair and the dark eyebrows and mustache. He was the first to reach the prostrate form of the countess. He knelt down, lifted her into his arms and looked in her face. Her eyes were closed, her lips livid, and her temples were covered with blood.

The man who held her grasped her hand passionately, "Valérie," he cried, in tones of deepest anguish, "speak to me, one word—one word!"

MARIE'S CURSE.

In the market-place at Heilbronn stands an ancient inn called The Rose. At one time it enjoyed a great run of prosperity, and this prosperity was owing to the marvelous beauty of its Kellnerin, an orphan girl who had been brought up and adopted by the landlord and his wife. All the gay cavaliers of the neighborhood resorted there, and loved to have their wine poured out by the fair Marie, to whose beauty, however, was added a discretion that kept her adorers at a respectful distance. It happened, however, unfortunately for Marie's peace of mind, that Hugo, son of the Count Helfenstein of Weinsberg, who had been absent for some years at the court of Ansbach, came home, and having occasion to go with his father on a visit to the Teutonic Knights, who had a house at Heilbronn, put up at The Rose. Young Hugo came, and saw, and conquered. An elopement and a marriage, secret, of course, under the circumstances, was the consequence. Hugo conducted his beautiful bride to Löwenstein, a lonely hunting-castle in the woods, which his father never visited, and for some time was all to her which she could wish a lover and husband to be. After a time, however, he was obliged to absent himself on business with his father and to pay a visit to the Margrave of Ansbach, where he had served as page. Marie, however, was in a measure consoled, as letters and messages for a time were frequent; but when weeks grew into months, and letters dwindled to notes, and became at the same time fewer, colder, and farther between, and at last ceased altogether, and that just at the time when she became a mother, the poor girl could bear the suspense no longer, and as soon as she was able she left the castle secretly with her infant son, her anxiety having been increased nearly to madness by a conversation which she had overheard under the wall of the castle, in which occurred vague expressions relative to a great marriage festivity pending at Weinsberg. When, after a toilsome journey on foot through the woods, she approached the demesne of Weinsberg, a rough forester accosted her and asked her her business. She was rescued from his rudeness by some lads from a friendly mill, but when he was going away with a broken head he called after her contemptuously, "Take my blessing with you, noble countess: I gave it you once before, when I personated the chaplain of Löwenstein, who married you to Count Hugo." She would hardly yet believe her ears, but hastened on her way to see her Hugo face to face, and hear the truth, however bitter, from his own lips. So she came at last to the steep winding track which led to the castle of Weibertreu, and as she was stopping to take breath a hundred paces from the gate it opened, and she heard the noise of an approaching cavalcade. First, however, came a servant with a halbert, who ordered her to get out of the way if she did not wish to be trampled by the horses, as the Herrschaft were coming. But she was rooted to the spot, for there rode her Hugo, who, without looking her way, was pointing out to a gay young lady the landscape under the glories of the setting sun, and comparing it in glowing words with his love, which should last till death. "Hugo, Hugo!" exclaimed poor Marie; "husband, father of my child!" and threw herself in his path.

At these words Count Hugo started and turned pale, as well he might, and the Lady Bertha gazed with astonishment at the female apparition that barred her way. Hugo, however, soon recovered himself, or seemed to do so, and said, blandly, "Do not be afraid; it is only a crazy girl who goes about here, and fancies every young knight is her husband;" and turning to his attendants, he asked them why she had not been put in the madhouse out of harm's way. This heartless conduct roused Marie from the stupor of her anguish, and she uttered a bitter curse on Hugo, praying that his castle might be destroyed till not one stone remained on another, and his first-born son by the proud Bertha might be killed like a dog by the lowest of that rabble whom his race so much despised. Having uttered this curse, she went away with the intention of drowning herself and child in the Neckar, but sank and died at the foot of a willow-tree on the way. A shepherd from the neighborhood was attracted by the wailing of the child, took it home to his wife, and adopted it, and had a stone cross put up at the foot of the willow to commemorate the death of the mother. Whether this story be true or not in all its circumstances, the substance of the curse came to pass. The castle is certainly now a mere heap of stones, and the heir of Helfenstein met his death in the famous War of the Peasants by the hands of the lowest of the people, among whom the story, to make the vengeance perfect, places the son of the despised Marie, who was unknown to his half-brother the count. These events are supposed to have occurred some twenty-five years before 1525, the date of the outbreak of the serfs against their feudal masters. Count Hugo of Helfenstein had broken his neck by a fall from the very horse at whose feet the injured Marie had lain prostrate, and was succeeded by his son by the Countess Bertha, who surpassed his father in pride and luxury, as he was well enabled to do by a marriage with a natural daughter of the Emperor Maximilian.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

M. Babinet, of the French Institute, has discovered the means of cooking without fire. He has just laid before the Academy the result of his experiments. His recipe is: Place your food in a black pot, covered with sundry panes of glass, and stand it in the sun. The water soon boils, and the food is said to be of better flavor than if cooked in the ordinary way.

M. Jourdan, a well-known contributor to the *Siècle*, wrote two leading articles, which appeared in August, 1863, in that journal, touching the neglect of primary instruction prevalent throughout France. According to this gentleman the educational advance accomplished by M. Guizot has been lamentably contravened since 1851, when the Legislative Assembly allowed education to fall into the hands of the clerical party, and the entire scheme of M. Guizot to be overturned. A republic was on the wane: an empire was dawning. To support that empire the influence of Rome would be needed. The Roman Catholic clergy at once saw and seized the opportunity circumstances had presented to them. "The watchword," says M. Jourdan, "went forth from Rome, and innumerable corporations, both of men and women, rose up; among them the Christian Brothers, commonly called 'Les Frères Ignorantins,' and got possession of the primary instruction. Meanwhile, the Jesuits, by founding institutions which have now taken deep root in the soil of France, disputed with the University the secondary education in the middle or *bourgeois* class, while associations of women seized upon young girls of the inferior class. This army, supported by funds from some hidden source, has now moved on for thirteen years, under the protection of academical councils and the law Beugnot, toward the conquest of the rising generation. The number of religious women now devoted to teaching throughout France is forty thousand. Such is the system now opposed by the anti-clerical party. The poor schoolmasters," M. Jourdan goes on to say, "who are miserably paid, and crushed beneath the power and dignity of the bishops, are made to perform the meanest services at the dictation of the priests. They wait in the sacristy; they toll the bells; they trim the lamps. Being only laymen, they are as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Church. On the other hand, the religious bodies, their eyes fixed on Rome, are allowed to dip into the public treasury and take out as much as they can get with both hands. They have houses, public buildings, fine institutions, at their disposal, giving very little instruction in return. It is true you will find little boys and girls in very devout attitudes—their arms crossed, their eyes down—repeating, parrot-like, long prayers, the purport unintelligible. They may be seen adoring medals, images, scapularies; their minds brimful of superstition, their bodies subject to the rod of coarse country girls, whom a certificate of obedience has created governesses, or even of men, the so-called Christian Brothers, or 'Frères Ignorantins.' Such is the truth of our situation," adds M. Jourdan: "we maintain the danger of its continuance, and we affirm that modern France can not leave her children in hands like these."

Alfieri, often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind, either in the act of hearing music or a few hours after," a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had music played in a room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspiration; and music was ever necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the grand visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher of Massillon, was once found playing on the violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the court. Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening all its faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.

The Atlantic cable, which is to be laid next summer between England and America, was recently tested to try its strength and ductility. A given length was taken, suspended, and gradually weighted till it broke, the elongations succeeding each additional weighting being duly registered. The cable selected bore the weight of six three-fifth tons. The case, the spiral wires involving it, the insulating body, the jute yarn, and each separate strand of the cable were similarly tested. It was found from those experiments that the more the fibres of wire were brought into a state of tension, the greater became its strength, and that as an insulator gutta percha, although not so perfect as India rubber, is far more durable, and that the cable as now manufactured will be able to bear a strain four times its own weight when laid at the bottom of the Atlantic.

William the Fourth and Bessy Usher.—At the first drawing-room held by Queen Adelaide and William the Fourth after their coronation, Miss E. Usher was presented, as a matter of course, though already well known to the King while he was Duke of Clarence, owing to his friendship of many years' standing with her father. At the moment of presentation, however, some hesitation occurred, owing to a slight informality as Lord James O'Brien was handing her forward. At this the King, in his hearty, stentorian voice, called out, "Is that Bessy Usher? God bless her! let her come! Why, I've known her ever since she was a baby!" And a hearty and resounding kiss, planted on either cheek of the blushing girl, gave ample testimony to the sincerity of his declaration and the vigor of his regard. The confusion of the beautiful "Bessy" may be imagined. Every eye in that courtly circle was instantly turned full upon her; and great was the admiration and astonishment of the high dignitaries collected around the throne on this grand and stately occasion.

The Romance of an Early Engagement.—The following romantic story is told of Lord March (grandson of Charles II.), who afterward became the second Duke of Richmond, and who, while yet quite young, was engaged, without being consulted as to the choice, to a lady still younger. The bride was Lady Sarah, the daughter of the Earl of Cadogan, Marlborough's favorite general. Their union (according to Napier's account) was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between the parents, and the young Lord March was brought from college, the lady from the nursery, for the ceremony. The bride was amazed and silent, but the bridegroom exclaimed, "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Married he was, however, and his tutor instantly carried him off [illegible]ment. Three years after this event Lord March returned [illegible] from his travels a most accomplished gentleman; but having such a very disagreeable recollection of his wife he avoided home, and repaired, on the first night of his arrival, to the theatre. There he saw a lady of so fine an appearance that he asked who she was, and on being answered that she was "the reigning toast, the beautiful Lady March," he hastened to claim her, and they lived together so affectionately that one year only after his decease, in 1750, she died of grief. One of the numerous children of this loving pair, Lady Sarah, grew up an extraordinary beauty, attracted the attention of George III., who had then ascended the throne, at the age of twenty-two, and her charms made such a deep impression on the heart of the young King that he, no doubt, would have married her had not influence been exerted to prevent it; and he was compelled by State policy to marry the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who bore him fifteen children (of whom the Duchess of Gloucester was the last surviving, and who died in 1857). The subsequent marriage of Lady Sarah Lennox, in 1764, to Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., who was the son of a clergyman, proved that with her ambition was not a ruling passion. But her married life was an unhappy one, and the marriage was dissolved by an Act of Parliament in 1766. She was afterward married to the Hon. Major-General George Napier, and became the mother of a set of the most remarkable men, among whom were the late Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War. Her ladyship died in 1826, at the advanced age of eighty-two, and was believed to be the last surviving great grand-daughter of Charles II.

A very curious case occurred recently concerning the mysterious murder in Brooklyn. A young woman called upon the Coroner and readily identified the features as those of her husband, identified the clothing, even to rents which she said she had mended. She said the man was a soldier; had recently married her; the next day got his new civil dress and disappeared. She was so much excited as to faint away. On coming to her senses the Coroner asked her for the marriage certificate. She produced a paper showing that she was married on the 7th of October. The first part of the body was found on the 3d, four days before. There can be no good reason for an attempt at deception, and we must set the case down as one of the results of nervousness and a morbid interest in things horrible.

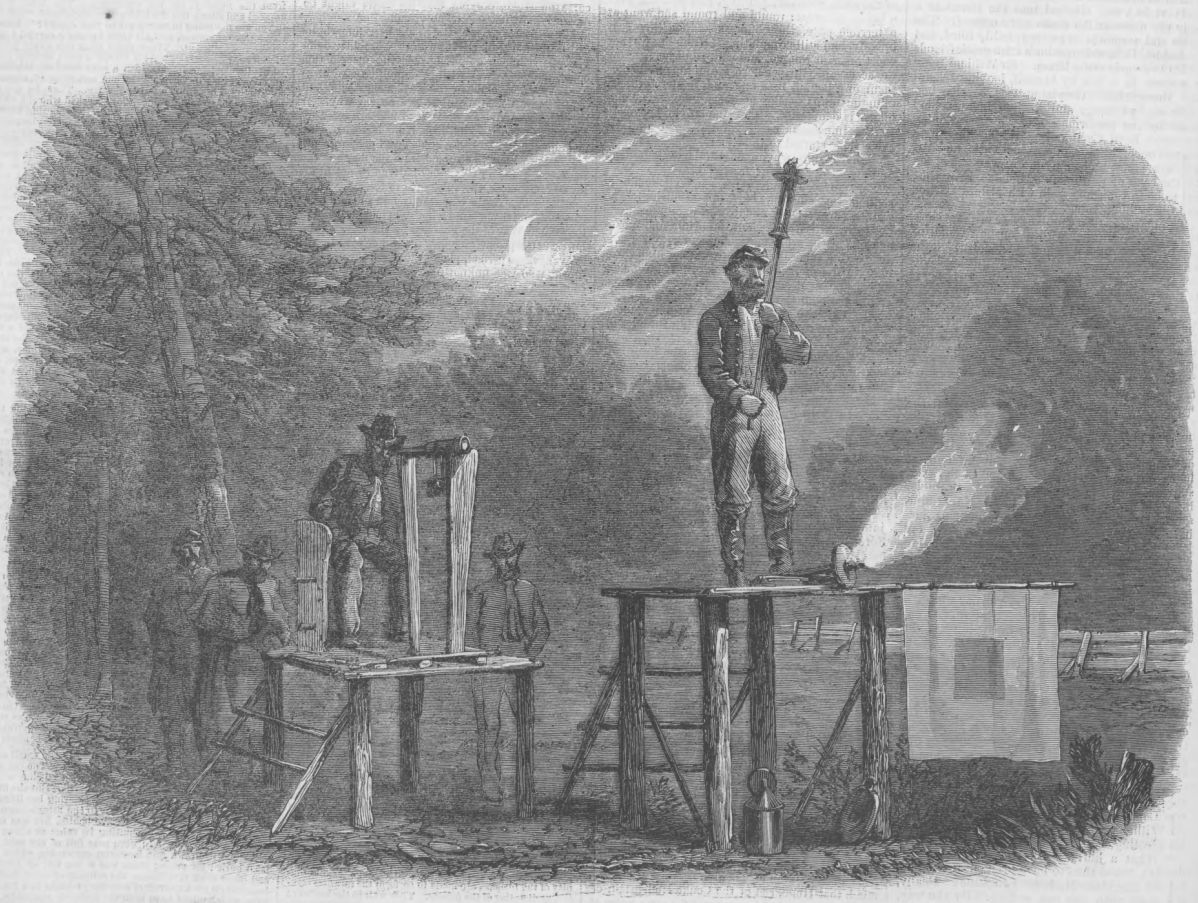
The *Indépendance Belge* mentions a curious blunder on the part of an individual, who called at the General Post-Office at Brussels and stated that he had some days before inclosed upward of 10,000 francs in bank-notes in a letter addressed to MM. Balisaux, Lebeau, & Co., bankers at Charleroy, which he had himself sealed and put into the letter-box in the Marché-aux-Grains, but which had never reached its destination. The post-office authorities promised to make inquiry. In answer to a letter sent to Charleroy on the subject the director of the post-office stated that no letter addressed to the firm in question had been received, but that one had come directed to the individual himself on whose behalf the inquiries were made. On the letter being opened it was found to contain the sum mentioned, the gentleman having in a moment of forgetfulness directed the letter to himself instead of to the bankers!

A few weeks ago an old woman died in the small town of Lievikzee, on the banks of the Scheldt. The old lady was regarded by her simple neighbors as being within only a few removes from positive poverty. But she died; and as she had always had her will during her lifetime, she left no will behind her; but, to the astonishment of her neighbors, what she did leave behind her was cash, bank-notes, and stock amounting in value to about two million guilders. There were pots full of the gold and silver of withdrawn and forgotten currencies, which had been buried for years; there was a box full of Austrian and other stock certificates, the coupons of which had not been cut off for a quarter of a century; while in a tin canister, which might have been the domestic tea-caddy, was a quarter of a million's worth of bank-notes, musty with the accumulated damp of years.

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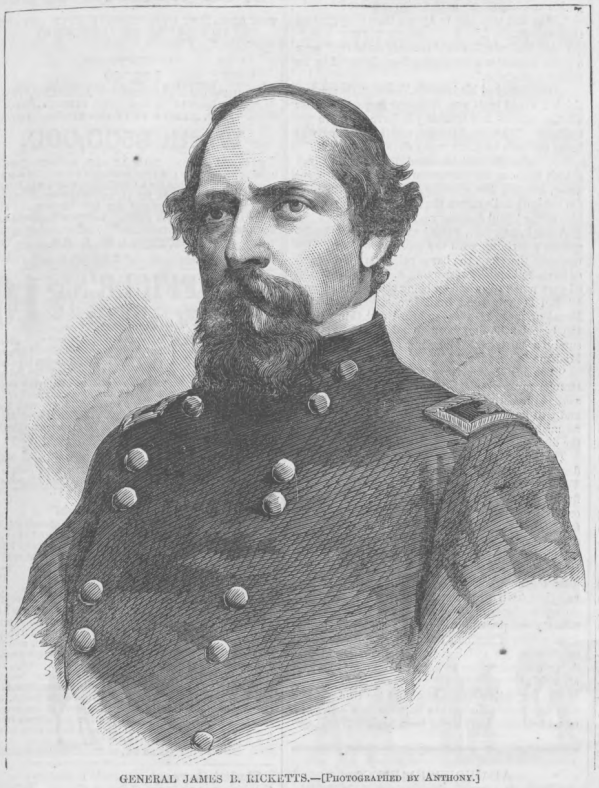
ARMY OF THE JAMES—GENERAL BUTLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 734.]



ARMY OF THE JAMES—SIGNALING BY TORCHES ACROSS JAMES RIVER FROM GENERAL BUTLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

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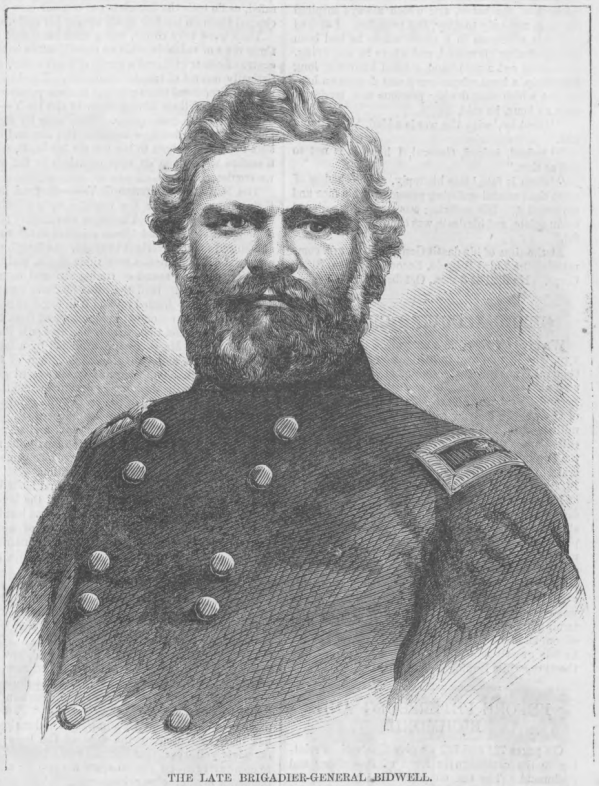


GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.

GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS, wounded in the battle of Cedar Creek, is a native of New York, from which State he was appointed a cadet to West Point in 1835. He graduated in 1839, with the grade of Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In 1846 he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and in August, 1852, was appointed Captain, having since 1849 occupied the position of Regimental Quartermaster.

General RICKETTS was wounded in the first battle of Bull Run and taken prisoner. For distinguished service in that battle he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. In nearly all of the Virginia campaigns he has commanded a division. His division of the Sixth Corps was, in July, detached from the Army of the Potomac and sent to Harper's Ferry, taking part in the battle of Monocacy and in all the subsequent operations in the Shenandoah Valley. In General SHERIDAN'S absence, WRIGHT assuming command of the Army of the Valley, his place at the head of the Corps was occupied by General RICKETTS, who was wounded in the early portion of the battle on the 19th, and was for some days supposed to be in a dying condition. If his wound should indeed prove a mortal one the country will have lost a very able officer.



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL BIDWELL.

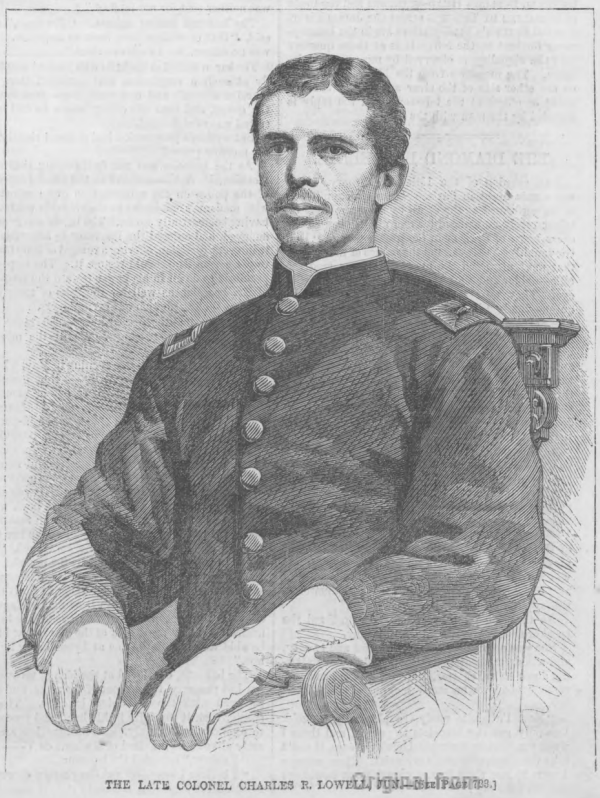
GENERAL BIDWELL.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BIDWELL, who was killed in the recent battle of Cedar Creek, was born at Black Rock, near Buffalo, in 1818 or 1819. He prepared at an early age for the legal profession, which he afterward abandoned for mercantile pursuits. He had considerable taste for military life, and was Captain of a uniform company in Buffalo. He entered the service September 21, 1861, as Colonel of the Forty-ninth New York Volunteers, known as the Buffalo Regiment, and participated in nearly all of the Virginia campaigns. The correspondent of the *World*, alluding to his death, says:

"Than this noble General no officer was more beloved or more respected in the whole army. His was the form that, on that portentous evening in the Wilderness when the right of the Sixth Corps, being the right of the army, was surprised and broken, sat among the bullets upon his horse, in the language of General SEDGWICK, 'like a man of iron,' coolly directing the movements which repulsed the enemy, gave us back the field, and saved the whole Army of the Potomac from disaster. His was the brigade which, if I remember aright, silenced the first battery of the rebels at Winchester. His was the brigade which took the first five pieces of cannon at Fisher's Hill. His was the presence,



GENERAL CUVIER GROVER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]



THE LATE COLONEL CHARLES R. LOWELL, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 738.]

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his the heroic bearing, that never flinched in the thickest of the battle, and which always inspired his men, not only to duty, but to ardor. I visited him this afternoon in a house where he had been conveyed after his wound, and where he was dying. Stretching out a pale hand, a hand known of long friendship, a hand whose grasp was always an honor, but which was doubly precious and tender at such an hour, he said,

"'Good-by,' with the words added, 'I am going fast.'

"'Indeed, indeed, General, I hope it is not so bad as that."

"'Such is fate,' was his reply, as the shadow of more than mortal suffering passed over his face and darkened it. His suffering was soon after relieved by an opiate, and his death was comparatively peaceful."

At the time of his death General BIDWELL commanded the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps. He died at 3 P.M., October 19, 1864.

GENERAL CUVIER GROVER.

WE give on page 733 a portrait of General GROVER, who lost an arm in the battle of Cedar Creek. General GROVER is a native of Maine, and graduated at West Point in 1850, with the rank of Brevet Second-Lieutenant of Artillery. At the beginning of the war he had for some time been performing military duty in Utah, but immediately he was recalled and assigned to a command in the Army of the Potomac. He commanded a brigade under General HOOKER in the Peninsular Campaign. April 14, 1862, he was appointed Brigadier-General. After M'CLELLAN'S Peninsular Campaign, in which he distinguished himself, had terminated, he was assigned to the command of a division. In the latter part of the year he was transferred to the Department of the Gulf, where he commanded a division of the Nineteenth Corps. With this command, in the following summer, he participated in the siege of Port Hudson. In July the Nineteenth Corps was recalled to Virginia, and General GROVER, retaining his old command, entered upon a new field of conflict in the Valley—a field to the glory of which he has greatly contributed. He was wounded on the 19th, while leading a charge.

BEFORE PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND.

ON pages 724 and 732 we give illustrations relating to the campaign in front of Petersburg and Richmond. The cut on page 724 illustrates the visit made to the front, October 17, by Secretaries STANTON and FESSENDEN, accompanied by Ex-Collector BARNEY with his successor SIMEON DRAPER. These distinguished visitors, attended by Generals GRANT, MEADE, and HANCOCK, Chief Engineer General BARNARD, and others, proceeded to the scene of the late advance made by the Army of the Potomac to the left of the Weldon Railroad. On their way they visited the excellent fort on that road named after the late lamented WADSWORTH. They seemed highly delighted with what they saw, and examined the fort at great length. The sketch was taken by our artist while the group of officers were standing on the bastions looking toward General WARREN'S head-quarters at the "Blick House."

Two illustrations given on page 732 represent GENERAL BUTLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS and the mode of SIGNALING BY TORCHES across the James River. General BUTLER'S head-quarters are in the encampment furthest to the left. It is at these quarters that the signaling is observed by means of a telescope. The messages from the high signal-tower on the other side of the river are read by the sergeant or officer at the telescope, and the reply is signaled by the man with the torch.

THE DIAMOND BRACELETS.

THE evening of the 15th of February, 183— was a gala night in Paris. "Don Giovanni" was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera-house of Paris or in the great opera of "Don Giovanni." Yet it was not the names of the artistes that most attracted the attention as one read the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie. The *affiches* announced that they would honor the opera with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason as many Orleanists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th February to hear "Don Giovanni" and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock carriages were to be seen conveying their gayly-dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs Elysées, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and house belonged to the Baron de V——, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal; "don't be in such a hurry!"

As the last piece of advice was proffered the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one and twenty, and was dressed purely in white. She came fluttering down stairs, chattering meanwhile to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now I'm quite ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's the case, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

A smile was the only answer the baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable table diamonds, while in the centre of either glittered a spray of heart's-ease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the De V—— family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baronne, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who therefore wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V—— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it still wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar, subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all eyes were turned toward it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery and the entire house, as Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared. The king and queen bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them, and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baronne de V——. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen turned away he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense!" cried the bride; "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew back the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, said, "Pardon, madame, but her majesty's admiration and curiosity has been so roused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection." The pretty baronne blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Its owners thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adèle," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others, who has been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor fetched."

The baronne looked aghast. "François," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an *affreux* thief."

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe and had really been sent for by the queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the morrow proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V—— spoke to the Chief Inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with madame's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artfully stolen. The baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 3000 francs to the person who should restore it. The inspector promised to do all in his power toward the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of his employers.

But three months passed away—350 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V—— that monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V—— went down stairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him. "I believe I have some good news for madame this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing. Madame de V—— had often remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. "The detectives," he continued, "engaged in the business have met with a bracelet in a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons so exactly the same as madame's, that it only remains for it to be identified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other, that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons being its fellow."

The baronne, overjoyed at the idea of recovering her lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The inspector took it carefully in his hand and proceeded to examine it minutely. "The bracelets are exactly alike?" he inquired of Madame de V——.

"Exactly," repeated the baronne.

"I believe I have learned the pattern thoroughly," said the inspector, musingly; "yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together to compare them one with another."

"Why not take this to Lyons, then?" suggested the baronne.

"Ah, Madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector after having been deceived by an officer in disguise."

"Oh!" laughed Madame de V——; "do you not think I would trust you, Monsieur Inspecteur, after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed."

The Inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the baronne wished him, and went away, bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return the baronne, of course, told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however, passed away without the Inspector's arriving with the stolen property. One morning, therefore, the baron called on the Inspector to make inquiries respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons. "What does Monsieur mean? I never heard any thing about the bracelet having been found at Lyons; it is surely a mistake. Monsieur has misunderstood Madame la Baronne."

"You had better come yourself and have this strange mystery cleared up, M. Inspecteur," answered the baron, sternly. "Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake—that you called and informed her of the diamonds having been traced to Lyons."

The Baron and the Inspector repaired to the Rue des Champs Elysées, where they found Madame de V—— at home, as her husband had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the Inspector having called one night at dusk, and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons.

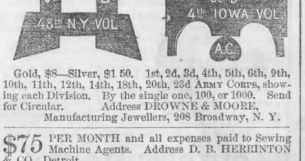
The inspector smiled incredulously as he said, "Does Madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out, or enjoying itself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villain! Mais—I am afraid Madame will never see either of her bracelets again after this."

The inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this Madame la Baronne de V——'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

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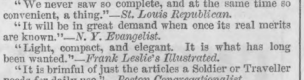


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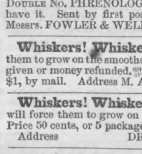
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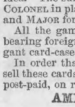
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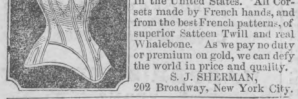
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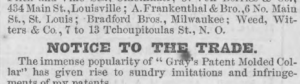
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See Advertisement and Testimonials, Page 734.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 412.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

WE illustrate on this page one of the most exciting incidents of naval warfare, and give a portrait of the chief actor concerned, Lieutenant WILLIAM B. CUSHING.

The rebel ram *Albemarle* was one of the most formidable vessels which the Confederate navy ever floated. It played a conspicuous part in the capture of Plymouth last spring, and on that occasion sank the *Southfield*. She attacked the *Miami* also; and a shot from the latter, striking the iron walls of the ram, rebounded and killed Captain FLUSSER of the *Miami*, who was an intimate friend of CUSHING. It is said that for this reason Lieutenant CUSHING vowed vengeance against the *Albemarle*. This ram was the same which was engaged in the memorable conflict with the *Sassacus*, and two other heavily-armed double-enders on the 5th of May last—an event which was illustrated in the *Weekly* for June 4. The utmost, however, which these three vessels by their combined efforts were able to accomplish amounted to but a slight injury to the rebel iron-clad, though sufficient to compel its retirement. It has ever since been a source of considerable apprehension, and has made it necessary for Admiral LEE to greatly increase his naval force in the Sound. As early as last June Lieutenant CUSHING, then commanding the *Monticello*, submitted to the Admiral a plan for the destruction of the *Albemarle*. The plan was approved, and the Lieutenant withdrawn from the *Monticello* to perform this special service. Since that date Admiral LEE has been succeeded by Admiral PORTER, who has signalized his assumption of command by the destruction of the *Albemarle*.

After the conception of his plan Lieutenant CUSHING came to New York, and, in conjunction with Admiral GREGORY, Captain BOGGS, and Chief Engineer W. W. WOOD, applied to one of the new steam-pickets a torpedo arrangement and returned to the Sound. The torpedo arrangement was invented by Mr. WOOD, and was illustrated in the *Weekly* of October 1. The *Albemarle* had been lying at Plymouth for some weeks previous to its destruction. A mile below the town on the wreck of the *Southfield* a rebel picket was stationed. On the night of October 27 CUSHING, with a company of thirteen men, proceeded up the Roanoke River toward Plymouth. The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram was eight miles. The picket above-mentioned was passed without alarm, and the *Albemarle* was discovered lying fast to the wharf "with logs around her about thirty feet from her side." As the party approached the rebels opened fire from the shore, which was returned by the steam-launch. The approach was made in the form of a circle and with bows on, and when the logs were struck they were driven in some feet, the bows of the launch resting on them. "The torpedo-boom was then lowered," says Lieutenant CUSHING, "and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in



LIEUTENANT WILLIAM B. CUSHING.

diving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploding it at the same time that the *Albemarle's* gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her. The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet range and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves and removing my over-coat and shoes. Springing into the river I swam, with others, into the middle of the stream, the rebels failing to hit us."

CUSHING'S escape was so precipitate that he was not able to report the destruction of the ram from his own observation, but formed his judgment from a conversation which he heard while concealed in the marshes close to the enemy's fort, and from the report of a negro whom he sent into the town for information. He had become exhausted in swimming, and had taken shelter in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. He was picked up by the *Valley City* on the night of the 30th, having made his way to that vessel in a skiff captured from an enemy's picket.

Lieutenant CUSHING is a citizen of New York.

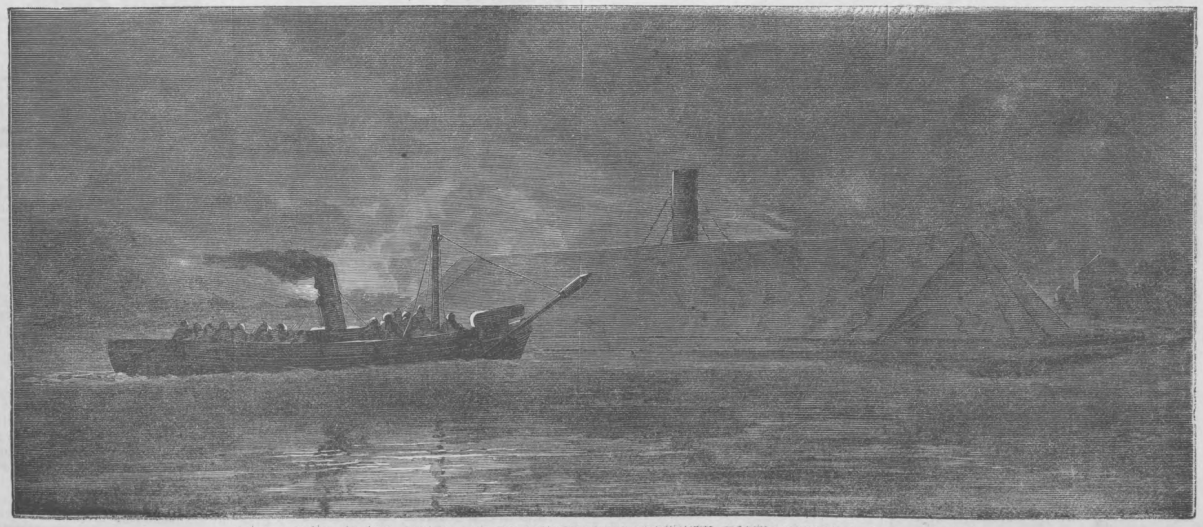
From the Richmond papers we learn that the *Albemarle* was destroyed, and that none of CUSHING'S party were killed, only one of them, indeed, having been wounded. No lives were lost on board the *Albemarle*. The destruction of this vessel has given us possession of Plymouth.

GUNS CAPTURED BY SHERIDAN.

WE engraved last week an illustration representing the arrival at the War Department of the battle-flags captured from the rebels by General SHERIDAN. A few days after this event, on October 29, General TORBERT arrived in Washington with the pieces of artillery, nearly thirty in number, which were taken from the rebels in the battle of Cedar Creek. We give on page 744 an illustration of the reception of these guns at the War Department. These did not, of course, include those of our guns which had been captured by the enemy and were afterward retaken. The capture of guns from the rebel army of Virginia can only be accomplished after a severe struggle. The rebels hold on to their guns till the last, and only yield them because they must. This fact, taken in consideration with the large number of guns which SHERIDAN has captured in his recent campaign, indicates the severity of the fighting which has been done this fall in the Shenandoah Valley. Our superiority in cavalry has doubtless diminished the difficulty which has always attended the capture of artillery on our part.

BATTERY GOING INTO POSITION.

WE engrave on page 745 an illustration which one of our artists in the West sends us, representing in a spirited manner the appearance of a battery of flying artillery going into position. The artillery of an army is one of its most powerful auxiliaries. It multiplies many times the effect of a single musket, and is equal to the addition to an army of several thousand men. As the cavalry represents the velocity and dash of onset, so the artillery represents the weight and volume of attack. It is of especial value in checking an advance of the enemy either in front or on the flank; and it is for this reason that an assailing column aims first at the adversary's guns, because these having been captured the lines of infantry are easily broken up and routed.



DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM "ALBEMARLE" AT PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 27, 1864.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

THE ELECTION.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND ANDREW JOHNSON have been elected, by enormous and universal majorities in almost all the States, President and Vice-President of the United States for the next four years. This result is the proclamation of the American people that they are not conquered; that the rebellion is not successful; and that, deeply as they deplore war and its inevitable suffering and loss, yet they have no choice between war and national ruin, and must therefore fight on. In an unfortunate moment for himself General M'CLELLAN permitted his name to be used as the symbol of the cowardice and subjugation of his fellow-citizens, and from that moment his defeat was a foregone conclusion.

The moral effect of the election both at home and abroad will be of the most impressive character. It shows our foreign enemies that they have nothing to hope from the divisions of this country, while the rebels will see in it the withering and invincible purpose of their loyal fellow-citizens, who ask of them nothing but obedience to the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and acts made in pursuance of it. Whenever they shall choose to overthrow the military despotism that holds them fast—whenever they shall see that no great section of this country can, under equal and respected laws, have any permanent and profound interest different from all the rest—then they will find that the loyal men of the country are longing to throw down their arms and cement a Union that shall be eternal.

But the lesson of the election is, that every constitutional act and law must be absolutely respected. There must be no threats, no revolts, and no hope of extorting terms by arms. The Constitution is the sole condition of the Government; and if citizens differ as to what is constitutional, that difference must be peacefully and constitutionally settled. This is what the people have declared by four years of war, and this is what they confirm by the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN. In himself, notwithstanding his unwearied patience, perfect fidelity, and remarkable sagacity, he is unimportant; but as the representative of the feeling and purpose of the American people he is the most important fact in the world.

One other of the most significant lessons of the election is, that the people are conscious of the power and force of their own Government. They expect the utmost vigor in the prosecution of the war by every legitimate method, and they naturally require that the authority of the Government, which is to be established by the continuance of the war, shall not be endangered by its end. When the authority of any Government is openly and forcibly defied it must be maintained unconditionally by arms. When that authority is established and unquestioned, every wise Government will be friendly, patient, conciliatory, but firm and just.

Yet the grandest lesson of the result is its vindication of the American system of free popular government. No system in history was ever exposed to such a strain directly along the fibre as that which ours has endured in the war and the political campaign, and no other could possibly have endured it successfully. The result is due to the general intelligence of the people, and to the security of perfectly free discussion. Let that be maintained and jealously defended by all parties in the land, at every country cross-road, and in every city and State, and the Union and the Government are forever secure. They have been maintained by the authority of the Government itself, and we see the result. Thank God and the people, we are a nation which comprehends its priceless importance to human progress and civilization, and which recognizes that law is the indispensable condition of Liberty.

BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Century Club in New York grew out of the Sketch Club some twenty years ago. The Sketch Club was a private social assembly of men interested in literature and art which pleasantly combined sandwiches with æsthetics, and oysters with criticism. Composed of men of every pursuit, it was a cultivated, genial, sympathetic society, of which we speak in the past tense, yet which we believe still survives. But it had a name only, and no local habitation. It was a shifting feast from house to house of the members. The "Century" was founded as a proper club. It was the natural fruit of the winged seed of the Sketch Club; it struck root and flourishes perennial.

The Saturday evenings at the Century are memorable to many whose feet seldom cross its threshold now. They ring still in the past with wit and song and laughter. The authors and artists of New York and men of cultivated and generous sympathies have been always counted among its members, and the wandering authors and artists of other countries have been gladly hailed as its guests. Among its founders was WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, and upon the recent return of his birthday, when he completed his seventieth year, his fellow-members of the Century made a festival to express their respect for the man and their honor for the poet.

The Century was already famous for its festivals. For many years it had annually celebrated Twelfth Night, and there have been many a beautiful and happy holiday there of which no public mention was made. The artists who are members always secure a picturesque grace and point in the decorations; and the noble drawing-room of the Club-house is a fit scene for the sparkling and illustrious company which the feasts assemble. Here, on the evening of the 5th of November, the members of the Century and an illustrious company of invited guests assembled. The great room was decorated with flowers, wreaths, the national colors, pictures and statues. Upon a slightly-raised platform stood Mr. BRYANT and Mr. BANCROFT, the historian, President of the Club, surrounded by groups of friends, among whom were EMERSON, WILLIS, HOLMES, STREET, TUCKERMAN, TAYLOR, BOKER, STODDARD, READ, and others. The President made a speech of congratulation and hope, to which Mr. BRYANT fitly and modestly responded. A chant for the poet's birthday by BAYARD TAYLOR, the music by the artist LOUIS LANG, was then sung by the choir boys of Trinity Church. Letters were read from the absent poets LONGFELLOW, HALLECK, WHITTIER, and LOWELL, followed by a short speech from EMERSON, and the recitation of poems by Messrs. HOWE, BOKER, and HOLMES. More letters were read; more poems from STODDARD and STREET; more speeches; and an album of original sketches by the most eminent American artists was presented to Mr. BRYANT with a proper stand from various members of the Club. Mr. HUNTINGTON, President of the National Academy, spoke for the artists, and the guest of the evening replied. Then there was supper, and at midnight the feast ended amidst the most friendly hilarity.

There is something very impressive in this purely literary festival upon the eve of the most important election that has occurred in the country. But it is impossible not to remember that the poet BRYANT is no dreamer. Like JOHN MILTON'S, his is no fugitive virtue cloistered and unbreathed, and his name will shine in our history like that of MILTON in the English, with the twin lustre of patriotism and poetry. STODDARD'S lines are as true as melodious when he says, speaking of the country which BRYANT has loved so well, and has so faithfully served:

"And now, even in her rarest need,
Pale, bleeding, faint in every limb,
She still remembers what he is,
And comes to honor him.

"For hers, not ours, the songs we bring,
The flowers, the music, and the light;
And 'tis her hand that lays the wreath
On his gray head to-night."

THE WARNING OF HISTORY.

UNDER the title "State Rights, a photograph from Ancient Greece" (Munson, Albany), Professor TAYLER LEWIS, one of the most distinguished Grecians in the country, has rendered that country a signal service. The intention of his pamphlet is to show, from the history of Greece, the inevitable ruin that results from the system which we call State sovereignty. The execution of the work is masterly. The style is sinewy, sparkling, and trenchant, and the comprehensive argument, copious in scholarly illustration and impregnable in reasoning, has an impassioned glow and tension which recall the nobler works of the nation from whose history the argument is drawn. There is no work upon this momentous topic in all our political literature which is more complete or more richly rewards thoughtful study than this little treatise of Professor LEWIS.

It was issued before the election, but its importance is not limited by any such event. For it discusses the fundamental principle of the rebellion, the principle which must be thoroughly exposed and rejected before there can be national peace. The war is the conflict between National and State sovereignty. The rebellion was only possible upon that ground. Foreseeing that the development of our civilization would sooner or later show the exact relation between injustice and individual interest, and that Slavery would be revealed as the fierce rival of free labor, the Southern leaders prepared for the crisis, not by instigating a rebellion in the name of Slavery, but by deluding the popular mind with the chimera of State sovereignty. They knew that they could stimulate their followers by that appeal when every thing else was impracticable. The argument was that the Constitution was a treaty, a compact between sovereign powers, and that each power was the sole judge when the terms of the compact had been infringed, and also of the remedy. From this theory sprang the assertion that sovereign States could not lawfully be coerced, and the demand of JEFFERSON DAVIS to be "let alone."

This is the future question of the country. If secession be a reserved Constitutional right, as the rebels claim, the right may be exercised at the will of a State for any purpose satisfactory to itself. In the present instance the plea is the protection of "rights," meaning Slavery. In another it will be "rights," meaning a tariff; or some form of taxation, or whatever the leaders may choose. But whatever the pretext the principle appealed to is the principle of national disintegration and ruin. With pathetic power Professor LEWIS summons wrecked and wretched Greece from her tomb of a thousand years to show to the new world the wounds by which she fell, and to plead as only woeful experience can, against the deep damnation of the taking off of this nation.

THE GOVERNMENT.

EVERY man in the country should resist the effort which is often made to represent "the Government" as an independent and dangerous power. "The Government" does this, "the Government" does that, we are told by fiery orators, as if the Government were an oppressive and despotic tyrant.

That is a kind of talk which is intelligible elsewhere, but which has no significance here. Our Government is not something above and beyond the people; it is simply the constitutional expression of the popular will. Consequently, to resist the Government is to resist the people; for the same instrument which establishes the constitutional form of the Government also provides for correcting its errors and withstanding any conceivable invasion of popular liberty. If, for instance, a man is of opinion that any officer of the Government is exceeding his authority, he may complain, and the law gives him the remedy. But to suppose that all the officers of the Government, including, of course, the House of Representatives, are in conspiracy against popular rights is ridiculous, because the people themselves elect the Representatives every two years.

In any system, indeed, where questions are decided by ballot there may be such fraud or force that the result will not justly indicate the real wish of the people. But while such disturbing elements are found at particular points, they can not exist universally without betraying a condition of affairs which proves the popular system to be impracticable. Nobody supposes, probably, that all the votes polled at a general election in the city of New York are fair and lawful votes. The result in that city can not be held to indicate, according to the actual proportion, the ayes and noes upon any question or candidate. When, therefore, there were the same suspicion, the same uncertainty overhanging every poll in the country, there would be a distressing doubt as to the real popular will, unless the figures were palpably beyond the suspicion of fraud. But that very state of things would reveal such an indifference, timidity, or acquiescence in fraud as virtually to make the vote express the force, if not the actual numbers, of public opinion.

Votes are valuable when there are men behind them, as EMERSON says of words. The question of this rebellion is simply whether there are men behind the votes. If there are, then the Government of the United States is merely the American people willing, speaking, and acting. If there are not, then the Government is a mask, which the most daring hand will snatch and wear.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

WHEN the letters between the President and General GRANT upon the opening of the summer campaign were published, we did not especially allude to them. But we now reprint them that every man in the land may understand what cordial sympathy there is between the two men. It is not easy to parallel, it is impossible to surpass, in history the simple manliness of this correspondence. Two honest, faithful, sagacious men, who have one cause only at heart, that of the country—who are each peculiarly representative of a certain indomitable patience and tenacity which is characteristically American, are providentially in this emergency at the head of our civil and military administration. If the Government had always been in such hands we should have had no war to deplore. Let every citizen at home and soldier and sailor in the service carefully read and ponder these letters:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON *April* 30, 1864.

"*Lieutenant-General Grant*:

"Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know, nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there be any thing wanting, which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

"And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you. Yours, very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

GRANT'S REPLY.

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
CULPEPPER COURT-HOUSE, *May* 1, 1864.

"THE PRESIDENT,—Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future and satisfaction for the past in my military administration is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day I have never had cause of complaint, have never expressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty.

"Indeed since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness which every thing asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.

"Very truly, your obedient servant,
"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

THE WAY OF ACCIDENTS.

As the winter approaches, and a winter which the weather-wise assure us is to be peculiarly severe, it is alarming to remark how frequent are railway accidents. The disaster upon the New Haven Road, followed immediately by that upon the New London, and again upon the Hudson, and by several Western accidents, with that of a week since upon the Erie, aroused the public mind for a moment; but the interest of the election overpowered all other public care. Now that it is past, we hope that the dangers of the railways may be remembered to some good result.

There is no doubt that many of our railroads are allowed to fall into a perilous state before proper measures are taken to avoid fatal consequences. The sleepers and the rails are often notoriously worn out before they are replaced; and passengers are daily whirled along tracks which they pass with fear and trembling. The New Haven railroad, or the Harlem track, is for several miles the only direct land avenue out of New York into New England. The travel is immense. The passage of trains is incessant. The security of the road should, therefore, be almost perfect. Yet it was matter of common conversation during the summer that the road was in bad order, and nobody who traveled much upon it was surprised when the late accident occurred.

We do not say that the particular accident was avoidable. Some defect in the iron, which it was not possible to know until it was exposed to precisely the conditions which made disaster inevitable, may explain this accident, as similar reasons will explain others. But that very fact should impress upon the managers of railroads the necessity of the most careful scientific observation. What is the effect upon iron of the movement of heavy trains? In what way may the natural consequences of possible but unperceived defects be best obviated? All such questions should be constantly entertained and answered by study and experiment.

It is true that, in view of the constant and enormous railroad travel in this country, great disasters are comparatively infrequent. At every hour of the day and night there are thousands of human beings thundering along upon the rails, yet, upon the whole, how few are hurt! It is computed that the Illinois Central Railroad has transported thirty millions of people, the entire population of the United States, and without the loss of a single life, except through the acknowledged fault of the sufferer. Such a record is as honorable as it is remarkable. Yet with proper care it might be the rule of every road. It is one of the immutable laws that, as the sailor expressed it, God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do right. Nor can there be any question that the safer a railroad is, the more profitable it is.

We warn the managers that peculiar care is necessary, now that the frosts are coming; and that the public will not accept any easy apology for an appalling tragedy.

PARTIES.

BECAUSE Patriotism requires in times of public peril the earnest support of certain candidates, it does not therefore become Party-spirit. Patriotism is not neutrality between policies proposed; on the contrary, it is the faithful support of that policy which promises greater security to the Government. Parties are inevitable and desirable in every constitutional system. But when we speak of such parties we mean, of course, men and policies which aim always at the better preservation of the nation. There is such a thing as faction as well as party. There is such a thing as a traitor as well as a political opponent. Thus BENEDICT ARNOLD was not a true American whose political views differed from those of WASHINGTON; he was a traitor. Thus also JEFFERSON DAVIS is not an honest political opponent; he is a rebel.

Hostility to causeless and bloody rebellion is a patriotic duty, which, we trust, we shall never forget. Whatever favors rebellion or excuses rebels will always be resisted by truly patriotic citizens. Rebellion can not, in any legitimate sense, be a party policy. It has not been so in this country, although the rebels hoped it might be made so. The true men of all the old parties stood together for the Government, and they stand there now. And, at such a time as this, the only legitimate party division is a rivalry of Patriotism. Which shall most swiftly and surely and unconditionally vindicate the national honor, maintain the national authority, and de-

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fend the national domain? These are the only questions that ought now to be entertained by the American people.

And upon these questions there can not properly be any mere party division. The election of November 8 has destroyed all existing parties. Mr. LINCOLN is not elected because he was a Republican, nor General M'CLELLAN defeated because he was a Democrat. The election is the expression of the overpowering determination of the people that there shall be no parties during a war for the life of the nation. We have but one duty before us, and that is to defend the nation against foreign and domestic foes. A vigorous and unyielding war is now heartily accepted by the people as the only way to peace.

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.

THIS Society, now in its fifth year, is designed for the relief of suffering artists. It is in fact a Mutual Insurance Company, the source of its receipts being an annual sale of pictures contributed by the members. Among the piles of political and purely commercial pamphlets it is a pleasure to come upon the simple, modest statement of the operations of this Society for its fourth year. It has a fund of thirteen thousand dollars in the treasury, yielding an income of about one thousand dollars. The required value of contributions is fifty dollars each. They are collected in a gallery, and after proper exhibition are sold. The results of the last sale showed an average of seventy-six dollars for each contributor, against seventy-three in the previous year. Mr. CASILEAR was the retiring President—we intend no pun, although the pun would be equally true—and the management is entirely in the hands of the artists. Friendly, genial brotherhood! the heart is drawn to their peaceful labors all the more warmly in the stormy times upon which we are cast. And, like their brethren the authors, never do they appear in a lovelier light than that of charity to each other—and to their critics.

A NEW VOLUME OF "HARPER."

WITH the December Number of *Harper's Magazine* begins the Thirtieth Volume, and it begins with unabated energy and interest. The hold which this monthly has upon the popular heart is unrelaxing, as it ought to be; for there is no magazine published which is more skillfully adapted to the popular sympathy and taste. The facilities of the Publishers enable them to secure the earliest publication of the best stories of the best English authors, as well as the contributions of the most attractive American writers. DICKENS'S tale, "Our Mutual Friend"—one of his most characteristic works—was begun in June, and is regularly continued every month. ROSS BROWNE'S "Tour through Arizona," illustrated by his own drawings, give the freshest and most amusing passages of American travel and adventure; while the popular historian of NAPOLEON, JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, begins, in the December Number, "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," being the most interesting and brilliant passages in the history of the war for the Union.

In this Number also begins the new novel of WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc. It is called "Armadale," and it opens with commanding interest and a maturer power. The first number thoroughly arouses the reader's interest and expectation, and is superior in its characteristic way to any opening chapters of his previous works. These, with the usual miscellany, compose a monthly feast which we heartily commend to all our readers. WILKIE COLLINS has fairly won his laurels. He is now showing that he can justly wear them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two fast young men, just returning home after a night's carousal, saw the sun rising. One of them insisted it was the sun, the other that it was the moon. They agreed to leave it to the first man they met. He also had been out on a lark. "Excuse me, Sir, but my friend and I have made a little bet whether that's the sun or the moon that's now rising, and we've agreed to have you decide the matter." "Fact is, gentlemen, I should be very happy; but you see I'm a stranger in the city, and been out all night!"

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."—The old times were not good times, at least for servants. Here is a deed which, nowadays, would be deemed most brutal and unmanly, recorded in *Pepys' Diary* as rather commendable than otherwise: "December 2, 1660. This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried exceedingly."

A DISCOVERY.—How many feet has a horse?—Six; *fore*-feet in front and two behind.

"Paddy," said a wag, "your ears are too long." "Divil a bit uv thrubble does that give me; but yours are too short altogither for the braying baste that yees be."

THE HIGHEST KIND OF ARCHITECTURE—Building castles in the air.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS—Oil lamps.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?—Because neither of them are satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

This is worth noting: wit's controll'd by dullness;
The deepest thought can scarce be said in fullness;
Elixir to the blood of two or three,
Poison to lives of common men 'twould be.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual that had fallen into a gutter. "Can't say, Sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give any account of himself." "Of course not," replied the other; "how are you to expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

"A word in your *privat-eer*," as Captain Winslow said to Semmes when he fired his broadside into the *Alabama*.

NO DORG TO LOVE.

No dorg to love, none to kares,
How can I ever mi sadness ekspress?
Chunck is defunct, dead as a nale;
Hiushed is his barkin, and still is his tale.
O such a tale, white on the end,
Opht did he chase it with wiggle and bend;
Chase it with nose twisting around,
Till overcum he reposed on the ground.
Now he's ekstinct, dead as a nale,
Where is the bark and the wag of his tale?

In dreams alone, poor Chunck I see,
Swigging his milk, or else skratching a flea;
'Tis but a dream, waking I weep,
For under 2 feet of ground does he sleep.
O blissful pup, onst full of pin,
Hav'nt I fed you day after day?
Given you milk, given you bread,
Given you mani a pat on the head?
Now you're ekstinct, dead as a nale,
Where is the bark and the wag of your tale?

What is the difference between a cat and a document?—One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses.

The first time Jerrold saw a celebrated song-writer, the latter said to him: "Youngest, can you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh yes," said Jerrold, "I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

Vegetable life is more vigorous than animal life. A tree can stand a great deal more hacking than a man.

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me a monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one!"

WANTED—By an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

To hear a declaration of love a young lady will give her ears.

If all swallows had wings and bills, what a fluttering and twittering there would be in some stomachs.

The following is ingenious as a specimen of two meanings in the same words, after the manner of the old revolutionary quibble in which King George was at once denounced and applauded. The one sense is found in reading the two columns, the other in reading across as if there was but one:

I always did intend	To take to me a wife
Single my life to spend,	Would, grieve my very life.
It much delighteth me	To think upon a bride,
To live from women free,	I can't be satisfied.
It's sure a happy life	'Tis woman is the thing
To live without a wife,	Such troubles on us bring
A female to my mind	The joy I can't express
I ne'er expect to find	So great in singleness.
A bachelor to live	I never could agree
My mind I freely give	A married man to be.

"Grammar class, stand up and recite. Tom, parse girls."

PUPIL. "Girls is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to general rule."

CONSOLATION STAKES.—Those you get at a city tavern the day after you have tried to eat the article at home.

CAUTION.—The other day a lady, while stooping over her sewing-machine, suddenly got a most painful stitch in her side.

Matches, like every thing else, have "gone up." Young ladies and parsons greatly fear that the upward tendency will be detrimental to "*match-making*."

The son who recently had a fifty-acre lot left him by his father is said to be "contented with his lot."

"FAST" AND "SLOW" WRITERS.—Swift and Crabbe.

A celebrated divine in the west of Scotland, while one day taking his usual walk, happened to come on a little boy busily engaged in forming a miniature building of clay. Always fond of conversation with children, he at once began his interrogatories as follows: "Well, my little man, what's this you're doing?" "Making a hoose, Sir." "What kind o' a hoose?" "A kirk, Sir." "Where's the door?" "There it's," replied the boy, pointing with his finger. "Where's the pulpit?" "There," said the boy. The doctor, now thinking he would fix the sharp-eyed boy again asked, "Ay, ma wheer's the minister?" The youngster, with a knowing look to his querist, and with a scratch of his head, replied, "Oh, I hav'na enough o' dirt to make him."

Dr. Tomkins showed one of his friends a surgical instrument ornamented with a handle carved in bone. "By-the-by," said he, "do you know what that handle is made of?" "Of ivory?" "No, you are wrong there," said the doctor, with tears in his eyes; "that handle is the thigh-bone of my poor aunt."

A person lately inquired how often fresh meat could be supplied to a family residing for the summer season in a village not many miles from Brechin. The "Weel, weel, Sir," replied a woman apparently well acquainted with the capabilities of the district, "ye maun gie yer orders aforehand, as our butcher only kills half a beast at a time."

At the Winchester sessions four men were indicted for stealing beans. A gentleman present asked another, "What have they been doing?" "Bean stealing," was the reply.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied—"He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail."

A FORENSIC SWORDSMAN.—Mr. Sergeant Parry is retained on behalf of Müller. Certainly Parry is a promising name for a defense.

A traveler who was detained an hour by some mischance, shortened his stay by "making a 'minute' of it." There's philosophy for you.

One of the *Pill-grim* Fathers—Brandreth.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

ON Tuesday, the 8th of November, the people of the twenty-five loyal States voted for the President and Vice-President of the United States. On the same day in seven of these States, namely, New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Nevada, there were also held elections of State officers. The election was proceeded with quietly, without even the ordinary commotion. Every possible and expedient measure was adopted to secure this end both by the General and State Governments. There had been rumors of a meditated invasion of States on the Northern border, and of violent schemes involving the release of rebel prisoners and the destruction of the principal Northern cities. The indications that such violence was contemplated were considered sufficient to justify the Government in sending troops North in such numbers, and so disposed, as to render these attempts, if made, utterly useless. Every precaution, however, was taken that these armed men should not even appear, unless absolutely necessary. Major-General Butler was sent to New York City to take command of the troops which were arriving here to meet the existing emergencies.

As we go to press the returns of the election are incomplete; but it is certain that ABRAHAM LINCOLN has been re-elected President and ANDREW JOHNSON elected Vice-President of the United States by overwhelming majorities.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

Since the movement of October 27 nothing important has occurred in the armies of the James and of the Potomac. On the night of the 30th (Sunday) the rebels effected an entrance into the picket line at the point of connection of the Second and Fifth Corps, and passing from one post to another took all the pickets prisoners. The number captured was nearly 400. It was intended to follow up this adroitly-executed scheme by an assault at the same point, but this was frustrated by the escape of one of the pickets, who gave prompt information of the enemy's movement. Some time previous to this event the same trick had been as successfully played upon the enemy. The point where the Second and Fifth Corps connect appears to be an inviting goal, at which all rebel assaults on the Army of the Potomac are specially directed.

Nothing more than the usual guerrilla warfare affords a topic of news in the Valley since the battle of Cedar Creek. On the 26th General Duffie was captured by guerrillas between Martinsburg and Winchester. On the 22d General Early issued an address to his army. He said that he had hoped to congratulate them on a splendid victory won by them at Belle Grove, on Cedar Creek, where they had surprised and routed two corps of Sheridan's army, capturing 18 pieces of artillery and 1500 prisoners; but that he had the mortification of announcing to them that by their subsequent misconduct they lost all the benefits of their victory, and incurred a serious disaster. He attributed the defeat of October 19 wholly to the disorderly conduct of his men. He said that if any considerable number of them had made a stand, even at the last, the disaster would have been averted, "but panic-struck at the insane dread of being flanked, and a panic-stricken terror of the enemy's cavalry," they would listen to no appeal, and had allowed a small body of cavalry to take their trains and artillery.

On the 19th and 20th of October an important correspondence occurred between Lieutenant-General Grant and General Lee in regard to the treatment of prisoners. General Lee opened the correspondence. He stated that all negroes taken by the Confederates were treated by them as prisoners of war unless they were identified as property of citizens or residents of the Confederate States. From these no labor was exacted. Those who were identified as slaves occupied a different position. He referred to the policy of the American States in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812, and said that they had returned to their owners all slaves captured in war who had been abducted from those owners by the British armies. He said that the negroes who had been employed on the rebel lines of fortification were slaves, but they had been thus employed through an error of his engineer officer, and were meant to be sent into the interior. General Grant replied that all Federal soldiers when captured by the Confederates must be treated as prisoners of war; if they were treated otherwise he must resort to the policy of retaliation.

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

A dispatch from General Blunt, dated Neosho, Missouri, October 30, says that on the 28th he came up with Price at Newtown, and after a severe fight of three or four hours, drove the enemy from the field in confusion, with the loss of over 200, including two Colonels. Our total loss was about 120. The Federal troops consisted of Ford's and Jennison's brigades of Blunt's Division. The enemy was fully 10,000 strong. Price is retreating toward Cassville, and will be vigorously pursued. Price has been utterly defeated in his Missouri campaign, mainly by the co-operation of Kansas troops and by Pleasanton's prompt movements. The rebel General was exactly repeating his original campaign in the State in 1861. He was then outgeneraled by Halleck, and after his forces were driven from the State was hard pushed, and at Pea Ridge suffered a terrible defeat. Will Rosecrans give us a second Pea Ridge?

General Sherman, two days after the battle of Allatoona, issued the following congratulatory order:

"IN THE FIELD, KENESAW MOUNTAIN, *Oct 7, 1864.*

"SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS No. 87.—The General Commanding avails himself of the opportunity in the handsome defense made of 'Allatoona,' to illustrate the most important principle in war, that fortified posts should be defended to the last, regardless of the relative numbers of the party attacking and attacked.

"Allatoona was garrisoned by three regiments, commanded by Colonel Tourtelotte, and reinforced by a detachment from a division at Rome, under command of Brigadier-General J. M. Corse, on the morning of the 5th, and a few hours after was attacked by French's Division of Stewart's corps, two other divisions being near at hand, and in support. Gen. French demanded a surrender, in a letter, to 'avoid a useless effusion of blood,' and gave but five minutes for answer. Gen. Corse's answer was emphatic and strong, that he and his command were ready for the 'useless effusion of blood' as soon as it was agreeable to General French.

"This was followed by an attack which was prolonged for five hours, resulting in the complete repulse of the enemy, who left his dead on the ground, amounting to more than two hundred, and four hundred prisoners, well and wounded. The 'effusion of blood' was not 'useless,' as the position at Allatoona was and is very important to our present and future operations.

"The thanks of this army are due, and are hereby accorded, to General Corse, Colonel Tourtelotte, officers and men, for their determined and gallant defense of Allatoona, and it is made an example to illustrate the importance of preparing in time, and meeting the danger, when present, boldly, manfully, and well.

"This army, though unseen to the garrison, was co-operating by moving toward the road by which the enemy could alone escape, but unfortunately were delayed by the rain and mud; but this fact hastened the retreat of the enemy.

"Commanders and garrisons of the posts along our railroads are hereby instructed that they must hold their posts till the last minute, sure that the time gained is valuable and necessary to their comrades at the front.

"By order of Major-General SHERMAN."

CAPTURE OF THE "FLORIDA."

We are able this week to record another naval triumph which blots from the sea the most powerful privateer of the Confederacy. On the 7th of October the pirate steamer *Florida* was captured by the United States steamer *Wachusett* in the Bay of Salvador, Brazil. Fifty-eight of the crew and twelve officers of the pirate were taken without the loss of a man. Eight of the crew and the surgeon arrived on the *Kearsarge* at Boston November 7. The details of the capture are as follows:

The *Florida* arrived at Bahia, Bay of San Salvador, on the night of October 7. The *Wachusett* was in the same port, and Captain Collins, commanding the vessel, after consultation with his officers, determined to attack the *Florida*. The privateer was attacked at three o'clock in the morning, and completely surprised. The *Florida* was compelled to surrender. Captain Morris, commanding the privateer, and a portion of his crew, were on shore at the time, and were not captured. The capture of this vessel in a measure compensates us for the report that the *Tallahassee* is again at work, and that two new privateers are afloat, namely, the *Chickamauga* and the *Olustee*.

The *Chickamauga* is commanded by Lieutenant John Wilkinson, an old officer of the United States Navy, who resigned at the beginning of the war. The vessel is a screw steamer, and carries an armament of three guns—one 32-pounder and two 24s. She is manned by 150 men, and ran out of Wilmington on the night of October 27.

The *Olustee* is an iron screw steamer, 1100 tons burden, 220 feet long, and very fast. She ran out of Wilmington on the night of the 30th, and is commanded by Lieutenant William H. Ward, of Virginia, who was also an old officer of the United States Navy.

A REBEL PLOT.

The rebels have been scheming to liberate the prisoners confined at Camp Douglas, Chicago, on the day of election. The plot, however, was discovered in time to prevent its execution, and the conspirators were arrested. In nearly every case arms and ammunition were found in the possession of the suspected persons. One of those arrested is Colonel Marmaduke, brother of the rebel General.

SOUTHERN CONSCRIPTION OF SLAVES.

The Richmond *Examiner* says that the extension of the Conscript law to slaves is daily growing in favor, and will be adopted by the next Confederate Congress. The Montgomery *Appeal* regards the proposition as unwise if not dangerous, and objects to it as a fatal blow to the institution of slavery, and as an indication that all other resources have been exhausted. The Mobile *Tribune* says that every thing must be sacrificed to the independence of the Confederacy. As to the effects of the proposition on subsistence the Richmond *Examiner* says: "The *production* of supplies is not our present difficulty, but their transportation and distribution. Negroes now do not aid in the transportation of supplies, but when in the army they may be used to further that great military end as well as to fight."

All, however, do not agree with the *Examiner*; at least one of its correspondents, who signs himself A. B., does not. This correspondent says that the negro, if conscripted, would, he believes, desert to the Yankees; and calls attention to the fact that the negroes in the Federal army never desert to the rebels. The *Examiner* answers that the negro fears to desert to the Confederates, but would not have this apprehension if he should see negroes in their army, and understand that these negroes were rewarded with freedom and a home in the South. "But," says A. B., "the negroes won't fight." The *Examiner* replies: "We confess that at one time we entertained the same opinion. A distinguished general officer, writing to us privately upon this subject (we wish we could give the public the weight and influence of his name), answers this objection. He says: 'Fort Gilmer, the other day, showed they would fight. They raised each other over the parapet, to be shot as they appeared above.' But fighting is not the only duty demanded of soldiers. In the Crimean war 'over one hundred thousand men' were employed outside of the army. The 'Work Party corps' of the British army, employed on roads, was over ten thousand. The negroes are wanted, not only as soldiers, but as laborers and working men, to relieve the soldiers."

In conclusion, the *Examiner* says: "We are not prepared to say that this measure is demanded by our present exhaustion. We do not believe it is. But the future must be provided for; and it must be apparent to every sensible man that the drain upon the population of the Confederate States which this war has made must eventually exhaust those States, unless something is done to supply this drain from other sources than the white population. The Conscription law can not be extended to any greater age, and its execution, however much improved, can not find the men to supply the losses as fast as the campaigns create them. Shall we permit the enemy to use the negroes against us, or shall we make use of them for our defense?"

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

IT appears now to be a settled policy of the English Government to allow its colonial dependencies the privilege of a separate government whenever they may choose, or feel prepared to release themselves from their former obligations. For this reason the project of a Canadian Confederation is now being considered. In case of war between England and the United States the latter would strike the former through an attack on Canada, which would compel England to transport a large military and naval force across the Atlantic. It would be impossible in this situation for England to escape utter defeat. The inhabitants of Australia are now at issue with the Mother Country. There is much angry dissatisfaction among them on account of the transportation of convicts to the western part of Australia. This had become a just cause of alarm and a reasonable occasion for a protest. The protest having been disregarded, the Australians have quite sanely hinted that the Crown may choose between an accession to their demands or their independence. It is probable that the matter will be compromised.

Lord Stanley has been making a speech in England which has excited great attention. The only complaint made against it is that it has too much coolness and common sense in its composition. He first expressed his opinion in regard to the American war. He, like General Sherman, thinks that the war is only just begun. He believes that the Federals will finally succeed for all the purposes of conquest, but that then will come the greater difficulty, namely, the maintenance of this conquest. He does not believe that we shall be exhausted by the drain on our resources in men or money, and he hints that among our resources may be that of repudiation. Passing from the American to the Italian question, Stanley thinks that the solution of the latter will be promoted by the arrangement made by France. In regard to Germany, Lord Stanley expects that the petty sovereignties will soon disappear, the Confederation having broken down. He says that the breaking up of the Turkish Empire is only a question of time. He disapproves of forcing convicts upon Australia. In regard to the franchise he says: "It is not now the upper, it is the middle class—the owners of the greater part of the property of the country, and by far the most powerful class in it—that exercises political supremacy at the present day. They are not likely to part with it—that is, of their own free will (at least, if they do, it will be a fact new in the history of this country); and I see no such movement on the part of the working-classes which would be likely to overbear the resistance which might be expected."

The United States steamer *Sacramento* was lately refused a supply of coals at the British ports, because that three months had not elapsed since the last supply. This is all very well if the neutrality laws are as rigidly applied to rebel pirates.

Mr. Benjamin, the rebel Secretary of Treasury, has been issuing a manifesto to the foreign agents of the Confederacy for the purpose of discouraging Europeans from any investment in United States bonds. The alacrity with which the Germans lately seized these bonds irritated the too excitable Secretary, and he forthwith sat down to prove that the United States debt is half as large as that of England, while the annual interest is in both cases nearly equal.

Lord Palmerston was aged eighty years on the 20th of October. Already Englishmen begin to talk of his successor.

A grand bazar was established October 13 at St. George's Hall in Liverpool for the purpose of affording pecuniary aid to Confederate prisoners of war. It was inaugurated under the most aristocratic auspices. Among the visitors we notice the name of Henry de Houghton, who lately exerted himself so strenuously for the benefit of the Peace party at the North. During the first day £3170 was realized from the sales, and nearly as much on the second. Madame Erlanger, formerly Miss Slidell, has announced her intention of getting up a similar bazar in Paris.

The commercial failures in England continue to excite apprehension.

MEXICO.

There is no longer any formidable armed opposition to the imperial government in Mexico. The war continues, but it is now reduced to a series of guerrilla operations. Ortiga has fled, and nearly all of his late forces have either been captured or have joined the imperialists. Juarez has also disappeared. Cortinas, on the 26th of October, surrendered Matamoras to General Mejia in the following terms:

"MOST EXCELLENT SIR,—I and the Mexican troops which, until to-day, I have had the honor to command, *submit ourselves loyally to the imperial government*, conformably to the tenor of your Excellency's esteemed communication, which I have just received.

"We rely on the personal and official protection of your Excellency; in the magnanimity of the new government, which from this day forth we recognize, and in the conscientiousness of our good faith, to receive a treatment worthy of the good name of the country to which we belong. And your Excellency, as our new chief, will be pleased to command us as you see fit, in the understanding that the town and all it contains are completely at your disposal.

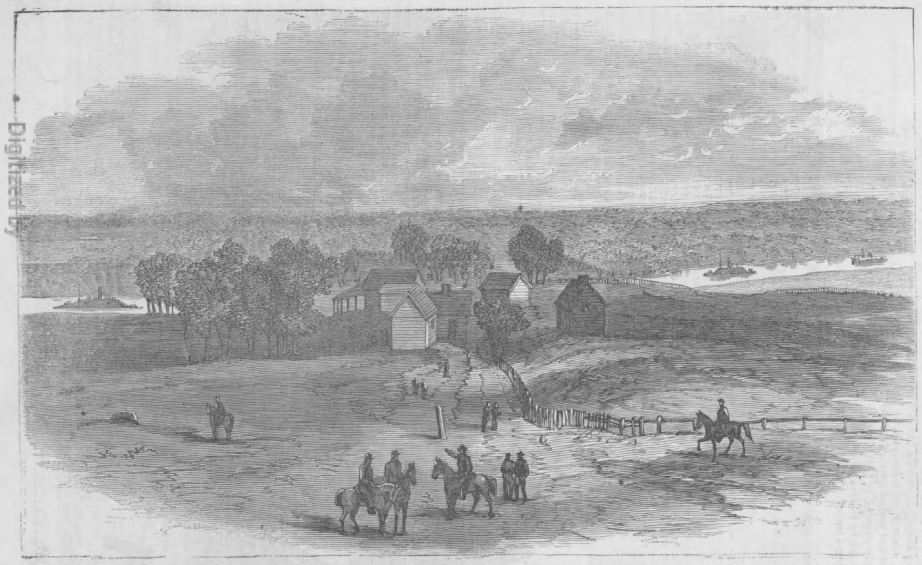
"Independence and liberty.

"JUAN N. CORTINA.

"HEROIC MATAMORAS, *Sept. 28, 1864.*"

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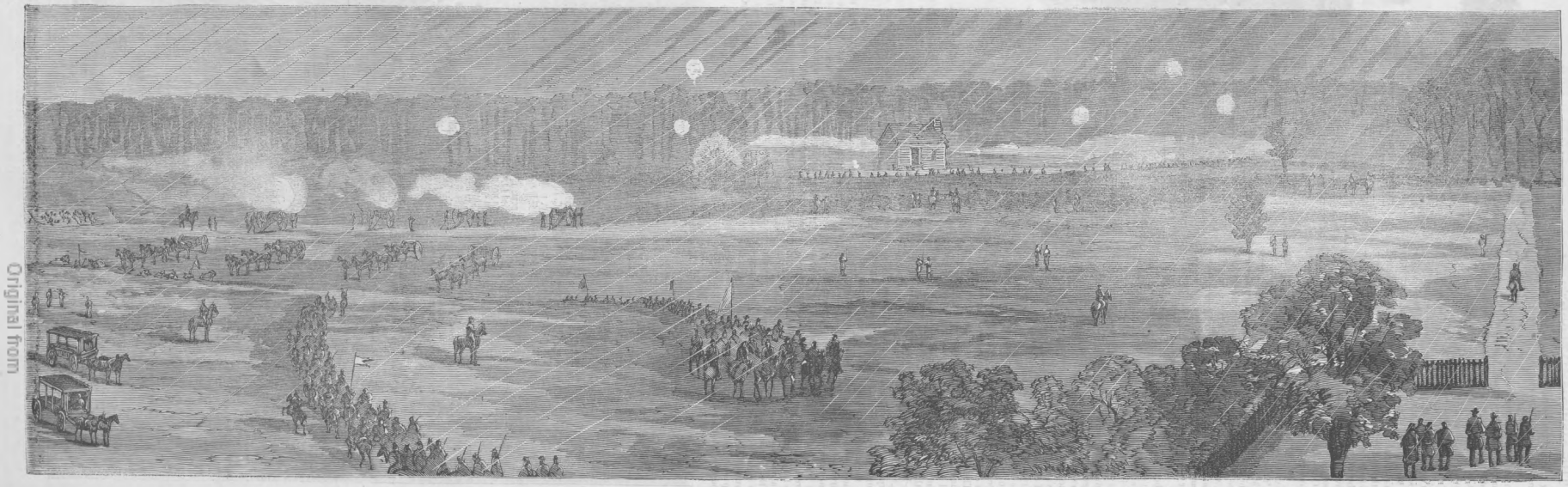
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CONFEDERATE IRON-CLADS ON THE JAMES, BELOW CHAFFIN'S BLUFF.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]



GEN. BUTLER AND STAFF WATCHING THE BATTLE FROM JOHNSON HOUSE, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]



GENERAL TERRY'S CORPS ENGAGING THE REBEL WORKS ON THE DARBYTOWN ROAD, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

On this and the preceding page, and on page 748, we engrave illustrations of recent events in the Virginia Campaign.

An incident of unusual interest, though not important in its military bearings, was the capture of one of the rebel forts in front of Petersburg on the night of October 27, of which we give an illustration on this page, together with a portrait of Captain J. Z. BROWN, who took a prominent part in the assault. The Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps, under EGAN and MOTT, were engaged in the movement against the Southside Railroad, and only MILES's Division was left to guard the intrenchments of the Second Corps. In the course of the day the enemy in front had also been greatly weakened to resist our columns moving on his right flank. In the evening MILES ordered a reconnoissance to discover the force in his immediate front. For this purpose one hundred volunteers were solicited from the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Besides Captain BROWN, four officers also volunteered: Lieutenants P. D. SPANGLE, ALEXANDER GIBB, J. F. BENNER, and Captain H. D. PRICE. Forming in a trench leading from our picket line to the rebel fort in front, and armed with Spencer's seven shooters, they advanced over a space of two hundred and fifty yards against the fort, which was garrisoned by the Forty-sixth Virginia. The garrison was surprised, and our men advancing in front and on both flanks entered, and after a sharp skirmish took possession, capturing four commissioned officers, among whom was a nephew of Governor HENRY A. WISE. Captain PRICE was the first to enter the fort and was immediately afterward shot. We regret very much that it is impossible for us to give a portrait of Captain PRICE, a gallant officer, who entered the service originally as a private, and rose step by step from a Sergeant to First Lieutenant, and finally to a Captain's rank. He was a son of the Reverend Mr. PRICE, an Episcopal clergyman of Pottstown, Pennsylvania. The fort captured was in our possession half an hour when it was abandoned, on the arrival of fresh troops from other portions of the rebel line. It is impossible to say what advantages might have been gained by our troops if there had been a strong force on the ground ready to support and follow up this daring and successful assault.

The illustrations on page 748 relate to the operations of the Second and Fifth Corps, October 27. It will be remembered that in the advance against the enemy's right the Ninth Corps served as a pivot, the Fifth and Second taking more circuitous routes to the left. The Second Corps starting at half past 3 A.M., from a point in the vicinity of the Fifth Corps on the Weldon Road, advanced along the Vaughan Road, and crossing Hatcher's Run, struck for the Boydton plank road, up which they advanced with the intention of turning the enemy's extreme right. The sketch which we engrave of Armstrong's Mills shows the rebel works taken by the Second Corps in the morning. These works were on Hatcher's Run. It was at this point that the Fifth Corps came up, when the Second advanced, as already stated, toward the Boydton Road. The Fifth were to advance up the Run and connect with the right of the Second, but failing to do so on account of an imperfect knowledge of the country, a gap was left between the two columns, which, although it led to no serious reverse, yet gave the enemy so decided an advantage as to frustrate the main design of the movement. General CRAWFORD, although he failed to connect with the Second Corps, succeeded in capturing two or three hundred prisoners, including four officers, who were during the night conducted to the rear. This was difficult to accomplish, as the night was very dark, and the way led through dense woods and undergrowth, and the enemy, moreover, was in close proximity. Not a prisoner escaped, orders having been given to shoot the first man who stepped out of rank. The escape of a single man to the enemy would have resulted in their becoming acquainted with our movements. General CRAWFORD headed the column in person, picking his way along the bewildering roads by means of a compass.



CAPTAIN JERRY Z. BROWN.

We can not dismiss the operations on the left without alluding to the brilliant conduct of General EGAN's division of the Second Corps. To understand the operations of this corps we must remember that it left the Vaughan Road before crossing Hatcher's Run, passing over to the Duncur Road, further west. Crossing on this road southward, it then advanced westward, and striking the Boydton Road again turned north up that road toward the Run. EGAN, who was in the advance, was about to cross, having already captured a line of works on the south bank, when MOTT's Division, at his right, was attacked and pushed back. This left EGAN's Division entirely exposed in that direction. His left was protected by GREGG's cavalry. He altered his line, forming a square, and thus protecting flank and rear stood the brunt of three successive charges. These assaults were not only repulsed with severe loss to the enemy, but each repulse was followed by a counter-charge. EGAN succeeded in capturing nearly a thousand prisoners. MOTT's Division was re-formed, and also captured several hundred prisoners.

Turning now to page 740, we have there three illustrations which relate to operations north of the James. One of these is a view of the Confederate iron-clads on the James River below Chaffin's Bluff, on the left of BUTLER's army. Two miles below the Bluff, at the Boulare House and at Signal Hill, two Federal batteries have lately been posted. On the 22d of October a sharp artillery duel took place between these and the rebel gun-boats, the latter consisting of the *Virginia*, *Richmond*, *Fredericksburg*, *Hampton*, and *Drewry*. The *Drewry* was struck by a shell, which blew up a gun-carriage and wounded five men. The *Fredericksburg* had her smoke-stack destroyed and six men wounded. The gun-boats finally retired out of range.

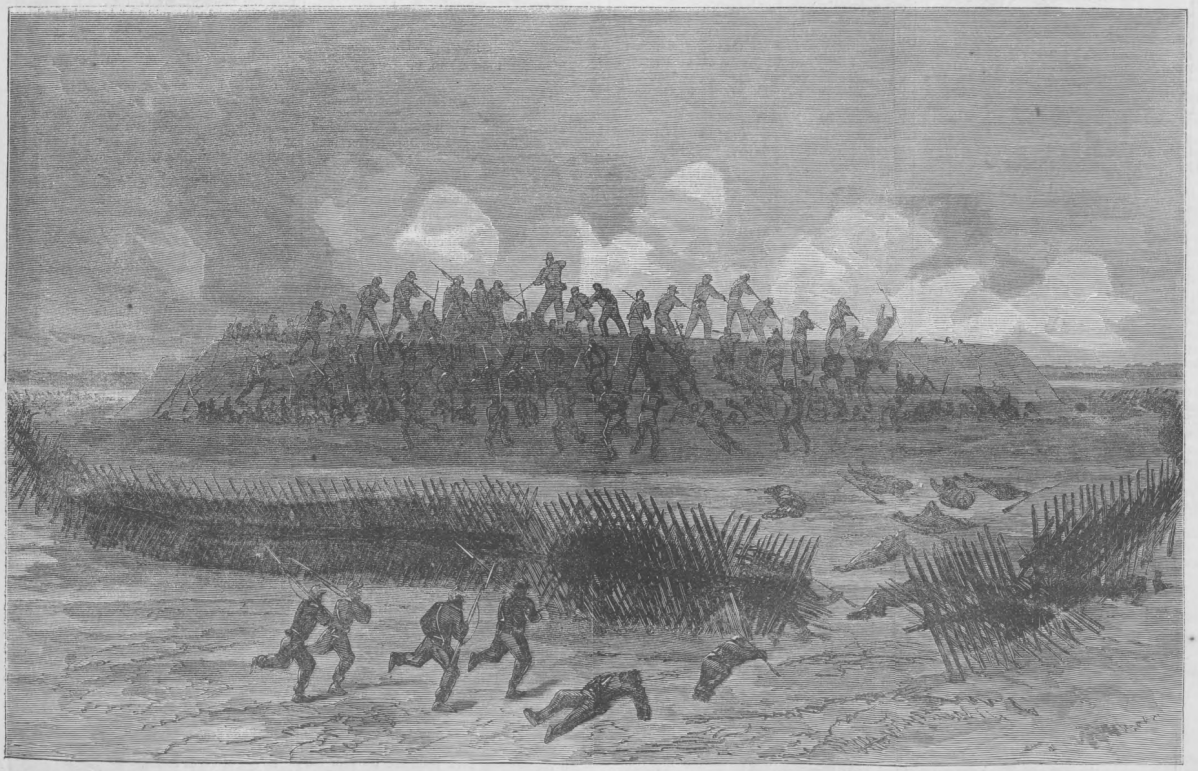
The remaining sketches on the page relate to the movement of BUTLER's army on the 27th, and especially to the operations of the Tenth Corps on and beyond the Darbytown Road. The forenoon was occupied in skirmishing. At noon the advance was ordered, and the enemy was driven inside of his intrenchments, from which he kept up a severe fire all along the line. Our men lay up close to the enemy's works and returned his fire, but without much effect, while suffering many casualties themselves. The First Connecticut Battery, Captain CLINTON, replied to a battery of the enemy's by shelling the woods and the rebel works in front. The action is represented in the sketch as it appeared from the Johnson House, from the windows of which General BUTLER and his staff witnessed the battle. This group of officers is given in another sketch on the same page.

AN APPEAL.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To linger in the shade,
While our gay companions wander
Up and down the woodland glade:
Let the red fern droop around us,
And the dead leaves flutter down,
Our hearts are fresh and green, dear,
Though the forest's scorch'd and brown.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To let me see your hand
Ungloved—though well I know it
For the fairest in the land:
And those dainty little fingers
For an instant might I hold;
It would not cost you much, dear;
To me, 'twere gain untold!

It would not cost you much, dear,
To hear me whisper low
A secret I discovered
Not quite a week ago.
Would you promise, having told you,
That I *never* need repent?
Ah! you guess it! No reply?
But your silence gives consent!



CAPTURE OF REBEL FORT IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG BY THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LVI.

AT REST.

SEEING that the countess was seriously injured, Mr. M'Variety elevated himself upon the edge of the ring, and inquired if there were a doctor present. There were several doctors present, all eager and anxious to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the public. There never is any lack of practitioners when accidents occur at places of public entertainment. M.D.'s in the stalls, M.B.'s in the boxes, M.R.C.S.'s in the pit; dentists in the slips, and herbalists in the gallery. It is like asking a question of a clever class at a normal school; a score of arms go up at once. Get off your horse in a London thoroughfare, when you don't happen to be attended by a groom, and bridle-holders innumerable start up out of the earth. Medical advice was showered thickly upon Mr. M'Variety; pouring over from the boxes, the circle, and the amphitheatre into the arena like a cataract of healing waters. Mr. M'Variety would have been puzzled how to act had he not recognized among the volunteers a personal friend of his own. This gentleman being singled out to attend the case, the others retired in high dudgeon, feeling themselves greatly aggrieved that they had not been allowed to deny themselves a night's rest, and be the instruments of alleviating suffering at the sacrifice of their comfort and of the ordinary reward, which none of them looked for, or would have accepted, if it had been offered to them.

Some horse-cloths were spread upon one of the spring-boards used by the Bounding Brothers of Babylon, and the countess being laid upon this was carried out of the ring into the property-room behind the curtain. Sir William Long had gone to the countess's dressing-room to break the news to Lily, and to offer her what assistance and comfort he could under her new trial. He found her in great agitation, for she had heard the commotion in the circus, and divined that something had happened to her mother. When Sir William told her that the countess had fallen from the horse and was seriously hurt, the girl sank into a chair, and wept and sobbed bitterly. She had little cause to weep for such a mother; but in that one moment of her misfortune she forgot and forgave all, and thought of the harsh cruel woman only with love and tenderness and pity.

"I trust, Lily," said Sir William, "I trust you will permit me to be your friend under this trial. I ask for nothing but to be allowed to serve you."

"Oh, Sir William, you are very kind, very good," the weeping girl said, rising, and clasping his hands with both hers. "I shall ever, ever be grateful to you."

Again that cold word! Sir William sighed, and looked at her sadly, taking her little hands between his own, and patting them tenderly.

"Where is my mother?" Lily asked. "I must go to her."

"Stay," said Sir William. "I think you had better not go to her now. It would be too painful; she is under the care of a doctor, and to-morrow she may be better. Wait a little."

"No, no," said Lily; "let me go to her at once; it is my duty. She—she is my mother!"

"Let me accompany you, then," said the baronet; "perhaps I can be of some service."

Lily accepted the offer with gratitude; and, taking her hand, Sir William led her, as he would have led a child, out of the dressing-room and along the dark passage into the shed, to which the insensible form of her mother had been removed.

It had been determined to take the injured woman to the Cottage at once, and four men were carrying her from the circus into the gardens. She was lying in a shapeless heap on the spring-board, covered with horse-cloths. Sir William and Lily, hand in hand, followed the melancholy procession across the stone-paved yard, among litter and property chariots, and horses showing their hind quarters through the open doors of the stables; out through the narrow stage entrance of the circus, where the spring-board had scarcely room to turn; out into the gardens and down the broad walk among the colored lights, blinking wearily and unsteadily in their cups; under the gaunt and leafless trees, nodding their bare branches like the stalks of funeral plumes that had been stripped of their feathers; past the spectral ash-trees suspending their skeleton hands over the seats of pleasure; moving slowly among the whitewashed statues bathed from head to foot in greenish tears, wrung from the anguish of blighted leaves and the moisture of winter mosses desperately clinging to their verdure — the men passed along with their moaning burden to the Cottage.

Among those who walked by the side of the litter, and close to the figure that lay upon it, the baronet observed the strange-looking man he had noticed in the circus. He called Lily's attention to him, and asked if she knew who he was.

Lily started. She had seen that face before; she remembered it well; yet she could not tell when or where.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen him before—in Paris—no, not in Paris, before that, somewhere, somewhere."

While the girl was wondering, the men paused in the porch with their burden, until the door was opened by Mrs. Snuffburn. Mr. M'Variety took this opportunity to arrest the further progress of the crowd of idlers who had followed the litter through the gardens. When the countess had been carried in, he remained in the porch to prevent the mob from entering the house. The man with the grey hair and the dark eyebrows and mustache presented himself, and desired to be admitted.

"I can not allow you to pass," said the manager.

"I am a friend of the lady," said the stranger; "an old friend."

"Oh, no doubt," said the manager; "and I dare say the mob at your heels are all old friends of the lady, too."

"I assure you, Sir, I am speaking the truth," said the stranger, earnestly; "let me pass, I beseech you."

Sir William Long and Lily came up at this moment. The stranger no sooner saw Lily than he started, and, uttering an exclamation of surprise, held out his hands to her.

"Lily Floris! Lily Floris!" he exclaimed; "do you, can you remember me?"

Lily shrank from the man in alarm.

"Do you really know this young lady?" asked the baronet.

"Yes, Sir," the stranger replied; "and her mother also. I am her oldest friend, one that might have been her dearest friend, and have saved her from this." He whispered a word in Sir William's ear.

"You may let this person pass, Mr. M'Variety," said Sir William; "it is no idle curiosity that brings him here."

No, indeed, it was no idle curiosity that prompted Jean Baptiste Constant to follow the bruised and bleeding form of the woman he had once so deeply, madly loved; to seek to stand beside her, perhaps in her last moments, and tell her that though she had rejected his love and requited his kindness with ingratitude and scorn, he was yet willing to forgive her all. They carried the countess up into the gilded apartment. It was blazing with light, and the table was laid for supper—that supper to which she had invited her aristocratic friends, promising to make a night of it and be gay.

The men, as they bore her into the room, stumbled among wine-baskets and dishes of fruit that had been set upon the floor ready for the feast. They carried her at once into her own room, and were about to lift her upon the bed, when the surgeon, drawing aside the curtains, discovered that it had been made the temporary receptacle for Champagne bottles. These hastily removed, the injured woman was laid upon the bed; and she lay there for some minutes apparently lifeless, with the full blaze of the lights from the great chandelier falling upon her livid face.

The doctor, finding only a slight scalp wound over her temple, was inclined to think that her injuries were not serious; and this opinion seemed to be confirmed when she opened her eyes and looked about her calmly. But presently, when she drew a full breath, she put her hand to her side and uttered a cry of pain. This told the doctor that there were other injuries, and that the case might be more serious than he had first imagined. He begged Mr. M'Variety to send for another surgeon at once. This was done, and in the mean time the surgeon in attendance endeavored, with the assistance of Lily and Mrs. Snuffburn, to undress the patient. This, however, she resisted, waving them off with her hand, and groaning piteously every time she drew her breath.

When the other surgeon arrived a second attempt was made to undress her, but she screamed so dreadfully that the doctors were fain to desist. She lay with her eyes wide open, fixed and staring blankly; her breath was coming in short, quick gasps, and at every gasp she uttered a moan. The doctors felt her pulse, and looked at each other anxiously.

Sir William Long and Constant, interpreting their looks, stepped forward to ask their opinion of the case.

"I am afraid she is sinking," said the surgeon of whom he made the inquiry; "she has received some internal injury, and refuses to be moved."

Presently the countess turned her eyes full upon Lily, who was sitting weeping and trembling by her bedside, and said, in French,

"Is he here?"

Lily looked at her through her tears inquiringly.

"Constant, Constant," her mother gasped out; "Jean Baptiste Constant!"

Constant, who was standing at the door with Sir William Long, heard her mention his name, and entered the chamber.

The eyes of the woman were waiting for him, and when he came upon her view she held out her hand to him.

Constant sprang to the bedside, and, falling upon his knee, took up the hand from the counterpane, upon which it had fallen, and kissed it.

He had kissed that hand once before, when it was rudely drawn from him with a bitter word and a mocking taunt. It was not drawn away from him now.

"Jean Baptiste Constant," she said, feebly, "I am dying; that beast has trodden the life out of me. Tell these people to retire, all but you and—and my child."

The doctors and Mrs. Snuffburn retired, and Constant and Lily were left alone by the bedside of the dying woman. They knelt down together beside her, and waited for her to speak. It was some time before she moved or uttered a word. At length she raised her arm feebly, took Lily's hand, and placed it in that of Constant.

"Protect her," she said; "I leave her to your care."

"I accept the trust," Constant replied, solemnly.

After a pause the countess turned her eyes toward Lily and said, "Withdraw for a little and leave us—alone."

Lily rose from her knees, blinded with tears, leaving the room, dazed, stupefied, filled with a strange wonder.

When the door was closed the countess roused herself a little, and grasped Constant's hand almost fiercely.

"Can you forgive me?" she said, despairingly. "Can you—can you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes," he said; "I can—I do!"

"All?" she asked, eagerly.

"All; every thing, every thing. Oh, Valérie, Valérie!"

"I have been very wicked, Jean Baptiste, very ungrateful, very cruel, very heartless; but—but it was not my fault. It was born in me, whipped into me, beaten into me with kicks and blows. The devil has been in me from my birth, and held possession of me from first to last. Had he left me for one moment I might have requited your kindness and been your wife, and we might have been happy now in France. But the devil which possessed me made me proud, ambitious, ungrateful, and wicked, and he has hurried me on to this dreadful end among strangers in a foreign land. Had I been born with a good spirit in me, Jean Baptiste, I should have been good and virtuous, I should have been grateful, I should have returned your love and care, and we might have been happy now in France."

She paused frequently while she murmured these words, laying her hand upon her side, and moaning with a wail of anguish.

"I know," she continued, "I have been very, very wicked; but could I help it, Jean Baptiste? Can wheat grow where only tares have been sown; can flowers spring up from a soil rank with the roots of weeds? You sent me to school to be taught, to learn to be good; but it was too late, the evil spirit came with my first breath. I have been possessed, Jean Baptiste, possessed by the devil all my life; and now, O Heaven! what shall I do, what shall I do?"

A sudden paroxysm seized her, and she clutched fiercely at the bed-clothes as if she were struggling with death. When she grew calmer Constant took her hand gently, and said:

"Pray, Valérie; pray to Heaven to forgive you."

"I can not pray," she said. "It is so long since I have prayed. I have forgotten how to pray. Oh, mercy, mercy!" She gasped for breath, and again clutched at the bed-clothes fiercely.

Constant rose and went to the door and beckoned to Lily. She entered the room, with a scared look upon her face, timidly. Constant took her by the hand and led her to the bedside. Her mother turned and saw her, and grasped at her hand as if for rescue.

"My child," she said, "you are good, you are innocent, you have learned to pray; pray for me, pray for me!" She drew Lily's little hand toward her and implored her with kisses.

And Lily knelt down by the bedside, clasped her hands, and prayed for her mother, looking upward through her tears, and beseeching God to pardon her all her sins for the Saviour's sake. The worn, crushed, sin-burdened woman caught at the last blessed words of the prayer and repeated them again and again, eagerly clinging to them with her failing breath and faltering tongue, until she floated away from earth upon the raft of promise which her child had launched into the sea of her despair.

CHAPTER LVII.

DUST TO DUST.

LILY was once more Quite Alone—alone with her dead mother in the Cottage in the Gardens of Ranelagh.

The mystery of her mother's dying words had been explained to her by Jean Baptiste Constant. He repeated to her, with many merciful reservations, the Idyll of Marouille-le-Gency, which the reader knows. Lily was rather afraid of the strange-looking man at first; but when she knew all, and heard from his trembling lips the story of his early love for her mother, of his devotion to her father, and of his care for herself in the days of her childhood, she gave him her complete confidence, and accepted his guardianship gladly. For she knew now that he had been a father to her—the only father she had ever had. Constant was anxious—eagerly anxious—that she should at once leave the Cottage and take up her abode at Pomeroy's Hotel in Great Grand Street, of which he was the proprietor. Sir William Long also urged her to leave the Cottage and go to Pomeroy's. But she declined for the present; and begged to be allowed to remain to perform the last offices to her mother.

Seeing that she was resolved upon this, they refrained from pressing her further.

"Perhaps it will be better," Sir William whispered to Constant, "to withhold the disclosure until after the funeral. Does *he* know?"

"Not yet," Constant replied.

"In that case," said the baronet, "it will be well to say nothing to *him* either. Both must be prepared for it."

"I thought of leaving it to a chance meeting," Constant replied. "He is a singular man."

"And might prefer to be guided by his own impulses."

"Yes," said Constant, "that is my impression."

"You know him best," returned the baronet; "do as you think fit."

Lily observed this whispered conversation, and connecting it with the proposition which had been made to her, wondered why both Sir William and Constant were so anxious for her to go to Pomeroy's.

An inquest was held upon the body of the countess, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death. The moment the inquest was over Mr. M'Variety, the manager, waited upon Lily with the kind intention of taking the responsibility of the funeral off her hands. In his kindest intentions Mr. M'Variety always had an eye to business.

"I've been thinking, missy," he said, "that your poor mamma ought to have a grand funeral. She was a celebrated public character, you know, and is entitled to it; besides, my dear, she has done so well for me this season that I should like to show my respect for her."

Lily timidly ventured to think that, under the painful circumstances, it would be better if the funeral were conducted quietly.

Mr. M'Variety, however, did not see it in that light.

"Now, I think you're wrong there, my dear," he said. "When a celebrated person like your ma dies—and we must all die, my dear, some time or other"—Mr. M'Variety had it on the tip of his tongue to add "worse luck," but suddenly discovering that he was moralizing prettily, checked himself, and glided over into another sentiment. "And the least we can do, when eminent personages depart," he continued, "is to pay respect to their ashes. I don't know what you think, my dear, but when any friend of mine departs this life, I always feel that I can't grieve half enough for him—not so much as I ought, you know. It's such a busy world, my dear, and one's got so much to attend to, one hasn't time for it. What I say, then, is if you haven't tears for a departed friend, give him feathers; give him six black horses; give him mutes; and if you haven't time to weep yourself, let crape weep for you. In this busy world, my dear, you're obliged to do a good deal of this sort of thing by deputy. You've been in France most of your life, and don't know; but in this country the swells, when they can't attend a funeral themselves, send their empty carriages, and the horses and the coachmen do the mourning for them."

Poor Lily! *She* had never been able to shift her burden of sorrow to other shoulders, but had borne her own grief, wearily, for many a day, through a vale of bitter tears. She was weeping now.

"Now don't you cry, missy, or bother yourself about it at all," said the manager. "I'll attend to every thing. I have a friend at Chelsea Hospital, and I dare say through him I shall be able to borrow the car that was used at the funeral of Lord Nelson. If it's out of order, Billy Van Post will soon touch it up a bit; or if they won't lend it, Billy can knock up something of the same sort; and we'll have the circus horses out, and I'm sure all my people will attend as a mark of respect to a member of their profession."

Mr. M'Variety was thinking of an advertisement for the Gardens. He was not a bad fellow at heart; but he would have exhibited the mummy of his grandmother to promote business.

Luckily for Lily, whose feeble protests were completely overborne by the manager's voluble persistency in settling all the arrangements according to his own fancy, Sir William Long called at the Cottage, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell.

Sir William, of course, would not hear of Mr. M'Variety's proposal, and, with Lily's consent, took the management of the funeral into his own hands. In the midst of her grief and sore trouble Lily found many kind and attentive friends. Constant and Sir William Long visited her daily; Lord Carlton had called twice; old Kafooze came to the door with tears in his eyes to say that he was sorry, very sorry for having made that unlucky remark about the whip. "If I had thought, my dear, what was going to happen," he whimpered, "I wouldn't have said it for the world. But it was to be, it was to be; our destiny is with the stars, and we can not alter it."

Poor old tender-hearted Kafooze! He was afraid that Lily might hate him for having prophesied evil; and he came to ask her pardon and plead with her for forgiveness.

Every one whom she had known at the Gardens called at the Cottage to press her hand and console her with a kind word—every one but Edgar Greyfaunt.

Where was Edgar?

This was the first thought that arose in her breast when she recovered from the shock of her mother's death. She knew that he was in the circus at the time of the accident, for she had gone into the passage behind the boxes, and in peeping through the chink of a box-door she had seen him talking to Sir William Long. When the countess was carried out, Sir William Long, Lord Carlton, Mr. Tuttleshell, every one of her friends and patrons had followed to the Cottage—every one except Edgar.

Whither had he gone? Why had he gone? Why had he not called to see her, to speak a word to her, to make an inquiry concerning her mother? Lily's vacant heart was filled with these distracting questions, racking her with doubts and fears which she could not bear to think of. They struggled again and again to rise to her tongue; but again and again she repressed them and kept them down, dreading to reveal to others even a suspicion of the vague fear which agitated her. Every footstep on the gravel-walk outside, every knock at the Cottage door, aroused hopes of Edgar's coming. Her tongue was silent, but her restless eye betrayed the troubled thoughts which possessed her breast.

A few minutes after the arrival of Sir William Long, accompanied by Mr. Tuttleshell, Mrs. Snuffburn came in to say that there was a person below wanting to see *some one*.

"Who is the person?" the manager asked.

"I don't know, Sir," said the housekeeper; "he is a stranger to me."

"What does he want?" said the manager. "Go and ask his business."

Mrs. Snuffburn was saved the trouble. The

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stranger had ascended the stairs and entered the room before Mr. M'Variety had finished speaking.

"Mr. M'Variety," he said, "we received this check the other day from Madame Ernestine, in payment of a wine bill; we gave her a receipt and the change out of it, and to-day the check has been returned from the bank marked 'no effects.' In fact, Sir, it has been dishonored."

"What is the amount, and whose check is it?" the manager asked.

"It is a check for twenty pounds," said the man, "and it is signed 'Edgar Greyfaunt.'"

Lily blushed crimson.

"There must be some mistake," said the manager. "Mr. Greyfaunt is a man of fortune; you'd better make inquiries again."

"It would save us much trouble, Sir," said the man, "if you would pay the money."

"Oh, I can't do that," said the manager; "it's no affair of mine, you know, and—"

"Stay," said Sir William Long; "let us have no more words about the matter." And he took out his pocket-book and handed the man notes for the amount of the check.

"Now, Sir, you may go."

The man put the dishonored check on the table, took up the notes, and left the room.

Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt had paid more for his box than any of the others, but his check was worth exactly the value of the paper upon which it was written.

Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell triumphed in his secret soul.

"The insolent Brummagem puppy!" he muttered between his teeth.

Mr. Tuttleshell's only regret was, that the solemnity of the occasion forbade him to give audible expression to his satisfaction. But though he restrained himself for the moment, he could not leave without easing his soul by a commentary on Greyfaunt's shabby conduct. It was to Lily that he made the remark.

"I always thought that fellow, Greyfaunt, was an impostor," he said, "and now I am sure of it. Wasn't it good of Sir William to pay the money and save the fellow's credit in the way he did? And without a word, too! Ah, Sir William is a real gentleman, my dear, with a big heart."

Honest Thomas! he knew not the conflict of painful emotions which these words aroused in Lily's throbbing breast.

Under the direction of Sir William Long the funeral was conducted as plainly and privately as possible. In humble and unpretending fashion —much to Mr. M'Variety's regret, for he now felt that he was losing a magnificent advertisement for the opening of the summer season—the beautiful Vaudrien Valérie, once the bright particular star of the Paris theatres, the reigning queen among the beauties of her day, the dazzling enslaver of hearts, and the wife of Francis Blunt, Esquire, an English gentleman of high lineage and ancient descent, was carried to her last home, followed by an irregular train of horse-riders, and acrobats, and circus clowns.

Her grave had been dug at Kensal Green by order of Mr. M'Variety, who, contemplating an open car and a display of circus horses, was desirous that the route might be as long as possible: on the principle of the longer the route the better the advertisement.

Sir William Long did not join the procession at the gardens, but drove down by himself, early, and waited among the tombstones for its arrival. It was a fine, clear, frosty day, and the sun shone out cheerfully. Sir William wandered about among the monuments, thoughtful and moody. It was almost a new scene to him, for he had rarely stood among graves and felt the chastening influence which the contemplation of death exercises upon thoughtful minds. He was surprised to find himself musing pleasantly, looking death in the face in his own dominion, calmly and without fear; nay, almost envying those who slept so peacefully under mound and stone. What was it that had so subdued the heart of this man of fashion, this pleasure-loving bachelor, with all the gay delights of the world at his command, with ample wealth, with health and strength, and many days yet before him? What was it? What could it be but love, the true love of the heart, which is akin to all that is pure and holy, that love which is almost a redemption in itself, which sanctifies all things, and is a witness to the divine likeness in which man was made. It was the image of Lily's sweet face that hovered about him, brightening the scene and robbing the graves of their terror. How he loved her! oh, so tenderly, so purely, with all his heart and with all his soul! He had led a gay, reckless life, and though in the pursuit of his pleasures he had never been heartless, or cruel, or mean, he knew and felt that he had much to answer for. But that account seemed to be redeemed by the purifying influence of the love which now filled his breast. He felt that he was a better man for it.

Sir William was startled from his reflections by a noise of wheels on the gravel-path behind him. It was the hearse containing the body of the countess, followed by the two mourning-coaches. He helped Lily from her coach, and stood beside her at the mouth of the grave. Constant stood on the other side of her, and took her hand, and as dust was cast upon dust, and ashes were scattered upon ashes, Jean Baptiste Constant looked down into the grave of hopes long since blighted, long since dead, hopes that had been born and nursed in the quiet village of Marouille-le-Gency, far away in France, but which now lay here in a foreign land, buried forever. Was it in mercy to his blank and desolate heart that the sun burst from a passing cloud and fell upon the coffin, lighting up the name upon the plate as with a halo of glory—a promise of hope hereafter?

Sir William walked by Lily's side to the coach and helped her in. He held out his hand to her, and she took it and pressed it warmly.

"You are going now," he said, "to a new life. May I still be your friend?"

A new life! What did he mean by those words? Lily knew not as yet; but to his last entreaty she replied, with deep emotion,

"I shall ever think of you, ever love you, ever be grateful to you."

And, seated in the mourning coach beside Jean Baptiste Constant, she was carried away to her new home.

NO GHOST.

I DON'T know how people feel who have seen a ghost; perhaps it would be a relief to them to find that the white garment shrouded a broomstick; but for myself, I once saw a figure in a sheet which it would be an infinite relief to me to believe a ghost. I saw this figure, man or woman I know not, five years ago, when I was lodging in the second-floor of a house in Bloom Street. There were at that time unfurnished rooms to be let on the second floor of the opposite house. The blinds were not drawn down, so that, before the windows were too dirty, I could see into two of these empty rooms. That opposite my own was an inner room, lighted by two windows, and entered only from the adjoining small ante-chamber, and this, which also looked into the street, had one window. The great bill,

TO LET, UNFURNISHED,

was there for so many months that it grew yellow with age and gray with dirt, and it was hanging in a hopeless and impotent manner by a single wafer when the rooms were taken: at least I concluded that they were taken, for the bill disappeared altogether, and was not replaced. In the course of a few days the windows were cleaned, and a bed and two chairs were placed in the inner room. There were no curtains and no carpets, nor, so far as I could see, any other furniture in these two rooms. But there was some one in the bed, very ill I imagined, for although I saw the figure move from side to side, I never saw it sitting up, or saw the bed empty, or saw the face so as to recognize if it was that of man or woman.

In any case I should not have been able to see much of these opposite neighbors, for I was only at home in the morning and evening, and they had other rooms besides the two I have mentioned.

About a fortnight after the lodgers came, I was sitting near my window in the early morning when my attention was attracted by a figure at the window of the ante-room opposite, wrapped, as it seemed, in a white sheet. A corner of the sheet was drawn up round the head and hung over the face like a cowl, so that, although the person was looking out of window, no trace of form or feature could be seen; and the arms, which were crossed, were also tightly covered by the sheet. For a few seconds it paused at the window, and I, sitting partly behind my window curtain, could see without being seen. Then it entered the inner room, into which I could see very distinctly, as the windows were open.

And here it seems necessary to state that the effect produced upon me at the time by this person in a sheet has been intensified, and has received an added horror from circumstances which occurred later. It is difficult to describe that which follows without allowing this horror to creep in, and yet, so far as I can remember, I was not sensible of it at the time, and felt only a strange attraction and interest; and a half surprise that any one should dress up and play the fool at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The figure, as I have said, entered the inner room, and stood for some time quite motionless by the bedside. Then slowly the arms were stretched out, pointing at something or some one in the bed; the head, still covered by the sheet, was bent downward; the whole attitude was that of one speaking with an earnest and eager intensity. But soon there was the strangest change: the figure started, gave a wild bound, and commenced leaping and dancing round the bed, standing with outstretched arms for a moment at the foot of it, and then springing first to one side and then to the other with such wonderful rapidity that it was impossible to follow every movement. At length there was a pause; again the hands and arms were stretched out, again they pointed, and, as it seems to me now, in bitter mockery, to the bed; and then the body swayed and bent backward, and the head was thrown up in one long burst of uproarious laughter. It seemed to me that I could *hear* the mocking sounds even above all the noises in the street. I do not know if I turned away for a moment, or if the figure crouched down, but I remember my surprise at finding that it had left the bedroom, and was again standing at the window of the ante-room. From thence it passed out into the passage, and I saw no more of it.

The bed was, as usual, occupied, but I do not remember noticing any movement on the part of the occupier.

Early in the summer evening I returned from my daily work and sat at the window to watch the sun as, like a solitary eye of fire glowing through mist and smoke with a dim angry light, it sank down into the heart of the great city. The blinds of the rooms opposite were drawn down, and the windows were closed, and they remained so on the following morning. But in the evening, as I watched from my window in the dusk, I saw two men coming down the street, bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They stopped at the house opposite, and carried the coffin in and up the stairs, and through the ante-room, and into that room with the bed, which was opposite to mine. I saw the shadow of it cast upon the white window blinds; for some one went first, carrying a candle.

And then I knew that there was death in the room, and that the antic which had mocked and made sport on the previous day had mocked at the dying or the dead.

The following day was Sunday, and I was again at my window when the plain deal coffin was carried down stairs and put into a shabby hearse. This was followed by a street cab, and one small person sprang quickly into it, closely muffled in a large black cloak. I could not tell whether this person was young or old, and could only guess whether it was man or woman; but something in the rapid resolute movements at once recalled the sheeted figure which had startled me three days before. I could not watch the house again, it was too terrible; and on the following day when I returned home I saw that the bed had been removed, the windows were wide open, and there were new bills, announcing that the rooms were "To Let, Unfurnished."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

COLONEL CAMPBELL, in his *Indian Journal*, tells a story of an old woman named Kate Carmichael, who made her living by distilling "the water of life," and looked upon George III., who then ruled the land, much in the same light as a modern Pole looks upon the Emperor of Russia —as a ruthless tyrant, who would not allow honest people to manufacture their own grain after their own fashion—and devoutly prayed for his death accordingly.

At last the news of the old King's demise reached the Highlands, and Kate, rejoicing in the death of the tyrant, immediately set her still to work, in her own house, and in broad daylight. The natural consequence was an early visit from the exciseman, who claimed the still as a lawful prize.

Kate did not see this; so, seizing a pitchfork which lay ready to her hand, she drove him into a corner, and kept him at bay, while she shouted to her neighbors for assistance, exclaiming — "Kill his brains; stick the rascal. There's nae law noo; the King's dead!"

Her idea was that, the moment the King died, all law, as far as Highlanders were concerned, ceased; and her neighbors being pretty much of the same mind, the excisemun was thrashed within an inch of his life, and the still rescued.

A WRITER in the *Spectator* pronounces the following eulogium on bees: "The bees are an organized polity, a civilized community, differing from us no doubt *more* than Turks or Chinamen from Christians, but bound together by ties of language, experience, affection, common aims; in a word, all, perhaps even more than all, the ties wherewith we are bound together. Pray if the bees were our size and we theirs, what would they think of us? Our language they would describe as a hum; our finest flights of eloquence as a rather louder hum than usual; our music as comical chirpings; our books as curious scraps of industry, to serve, as far as they could see, curiously base uses; our houses as showing a very incomplete sense of symmetry; our relations to one another as being almost incomprehensible; and excepting in the one cardinal fact that, with the exception of one or two varieties of the insect man, one male went with one female, all other relations as below the pains of a bee of the world to understand. Perhaps some poor eccentric bee might waste her precious life and die in a garret in the attempt to fathom the useless mystery of that pretty and curious little two-legged and two-handed insect man; but the vocation of the public-minded bee would bid her attend to very much higher matters."

MARRYING AGES.—The recorded statistics for three years of the ages at which people marry in England and Wales present some interesting and curious subjects for remark. The registers from which the following statistics and observations are drawn are those for 1859, 1860, and 1861. Marriages are recorded from 15 to 80 years of age. Up to the age of 20 a much greater proportion of women are married than men; but after that age more men are married, and a much greater proportion of old men between 50 and 80 than of old women. During the three years in question there were 78 girls married at 15 years of age, but no males; and while 11 youths of 16 years wedded, there were 637 girls of the same age who took the step. The greatest number of both sexes marry at 20 years, but more of the ladies. At 25 and 30 the proportion is greater of the men; but after 30 the number falls to half, and 11 to 50 men seem to get regularly less and less inclined to matrimony, but they continue to marry up to 80 years. The greatest number of women marry at 20 years; at 25 there are fewer by more than half; and five years more reduces the proportion considerably more than half again; but at 35, 40, and 45, the numbers fall off more regularly. For example, in 1861 there were married at the age of 20, 48,495 men and 50,646 women; at 25, 26,473 men and 20,673 women; at 30, 10,621 men and 7340 women; at 35, 5464 men and 4252 women; at 40, 3649 men and 2875 women. There were 119 men married at 70 years of age, but only 21 women; 30 men at 75 and 3 women; 8 men of 80 years old, but 2 women; while in the previous year, 1860, there were 10 octogenarian gentlemen wedded, and only 1 lady of an equal age. The total numbers married of each sex in these years were: 1859, 102,549; 1860, 106,385; and 1861, 103,634.

A RUNNING ARCHBISHOP.—Soon after Whately first arrived at his country house of Still-Organ the hay was ripe, and a number of men were called in to mow and make it. They were resting for a moment to refresh themselves on the food which the Archbishop supplied when Whately found them. "Are you good runners?" he said. "Yes, your Honor," replied several; "we ran agin' the east wind yesterday, and bate it." "Well, now, I'll throw a half-crown to the man that first touches that tree." The tree grew at the other end of the field, and the field was a wide one. Up sprang all the mowers, and the Archbishop standing behind, gave the word, "Once, twice, three, and away!" Away they went, and the foremost were nearing the tree, when rapid steps were heard behind them, and a pair of long legs swept by them all. It was the Archbishop himself, who, touching the tree, turned round and laughed immoderately—an exercise in which a moment given to blank astonishment, the whole field joined; and he put the half-crown back into his own pocket.

CALIFORNIA ANTS.—That enemy of the hoarded sweets of the California housekeeper, the ant, is beyond counting in his annoyances this year. In the warmer districts of the State nothing eatable can be stored without attracting myriads of them, and the destruction they cause is not by an important item. They have never within memory of the oldest settlers been so numerous in the lower levels of the Sacramento and San Joaquin as in 1864, and in the mines residents inform us they invade in armies every pantry, kitchen, and closet. If a piece of meat, cheese, sugar, bread, or what not is laid down, in half an hour it will be completely covered over with these devouring little wretches, and burrowed, tunneled, and perforated with marvelous expedition. The miners say they are laying up an early stock of comestibles to pass a long and heavy winter! In the vineyards and gardens, as the fruit ripens, the ants spoil what the rascally birds and squirrels leave, and figs and soft fruits are their special delight. The ripening grapes around Los Angeles are a great attraction to them, and the vineyard men are in distraction over their raids, and it is likely they will spoil the making of much good wine and brandy, as each of these wee mites of little bodies contains a concentrated quantity of a peculiar acid, sour as vinegar. Here indeed is a new and strange plague, and there is not only the common little go-to-the-ant-thou-sluggard species of California, but several others, some with wings and some without. One of these, twice as big as a flea, bites like a fish-hook; while another of his fellows, of blood-color, stings as he bites, rousing up the babies and kittens to a terrible concert of squalls and tears in the quiet hours of the night.

IN the Life of Dr. Raffles, just published, the following story is told, in connection with a preaching journey in 1814: On our way from Wem to Hawkestone we passed a house, of which Mr. Lee told me the following occurrence: "A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying, 'Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection: I hope you will make me a good husband.' He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not.' She made him no reply, but after a silence of some few minutes she suddenly exclaimed, 'Oh, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room.' 'Then,' said he, 'we must go back and fetch it.' They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, and the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, 'Are you coming?' when she looked out of the window, and said, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;' then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone."

THE Toronto *Christian Guardian* says that an association has been formed in Montreal to obtain justice for the Protestants of Lower Canada by certain changes in the School laws. A Committee had been appointed to examine the facts and report to a public meeting. This Committee stated that the law in many cases gives the taxes on Protestant property, and all taxes on public property, to the Roman Catholic schools; that Protestant non-residents are obliged to pay their taxes to Roman Catholic schools; that Protestants residing in adjoining parishes are not allowed to unite to support a school, and sometimes parishes have been divided, and thus Protestant schools broken up; that Protestant schools are inspected by French Roman Catholics who do not understand English; and that in the common schools teachers and pupils are compelled to conform to the rites of Romanism, and Protestant children sometimes compelled to learn the Romish Catechism.

FLOWER FARMING.—Take a pair of compasses and strike an arc on the map of the French shores of the Mediterranean; making the Fort at Antibes the centre, open the compasses to Nice, and strike round—the highest point will be Grasse; then descending again to the shore in an opposite direction, the compass leg will mark the fringe of the Estrelle hills, and the well-known town of Cannes, with Lord Brougham's villa. From Nice to Cannes it is twenty miles, and from Grasse to the shore ten miles. The three towns form a geographical triangle, having the tideless blue sea for its base. Within this triangle is the valley of the Flower Farms. There are flower farms in England also, but they are insignificant in comparison with those of France. Elsewhere flowers are ornaments—charming accidents. Here they are staple. They grow like grass and corn, like potatoes and mangel-wurzel. Here bloom the jasmine, the orange, the violet, the tube-rose, the jonquil, the rose, the cassia, not as in our beds, not as in horticultural gardens, not as gardens, but as fields. Broad acres of color flash under the hot sun. The atmosphere is heavy with perfumes when the snows are melting on the mountains, and the gurgling Var is rapidly growing into a roaring torrent. Here we enter homesteads not of golden grain, but of lavender thickets; not of cheese, but of olive-oil; not of beer and elder wine, but of orange-flower and rose-water in vats; not of clotted cream, but of jasmine and violet butter. It is like a country of the "Arabian Nights." You expect the dark-eyed peasants to answer you in lyrics, and the very dogs to bark in tropes. You are oppressed with the prodigality of splendor. The soil is so fertile that, to borrow Douglas Jerrold's witty conceit, if you tickle it with a hoe, it smiles with a flower; or, as the natives say, if you plant a walking-stick the ferrule will blossom.

ALL ABOUT DIMPLES.—Dimples are the perpetual smiles of Nature—the very cunningest device and lurking-place of Love. When earth is dimpled by dells and valleys it always seems to laugh; when the ocean is dimpled by the breeze, it sparkles with joy beneath the sunshine of heaven. We can not look for frowns on a dimpled face; frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how roguish, how beautiful are the dimples in the elbows and shoulders, the pretty hands and feet of the rosy babe! Mothers dote upon those darling dimples, and delight to kiss them. But perfectly enchanting dimples, at least to the eyes of an enthusiastic young man, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks around the mouth of "sweet seventeen," when sweet seventeen essays some arch provoking sally, peeping out, and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the most bewitching coquetry.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.—A letter from St. Petersburg mentions a most extraordinary affair which lately occurred in the town of Orel. A great local land-owner had a large sum (45,000 silver rubles) to receive through the police-office of that town. On applying for the amount he was told that the money could not be handed over to him unless he presented the office with 5000 silver rubles. He refused, and immediately reported the case to St. Petersburg, and the money was paid over to him. But on the same day, as he was quietly smoking in his study, a loud ring was heard at the bell. The servant, on opening the door, was instantly pinioned, and four men, their faces covered with black crape, rushed into the room. The land-owner asked them what they wanted; they plainly told him he must hand over his 43,000 rubles. With the greatest coolness he went over to his strong-box, opened it, seized a revolver, which was laid on the top shelf, and shot two of the robbers dead, the other two immediately taking to their heels. He then sent for assistance, the police, etc., and on the crape being removed from the face of the dead men they were recognized as the head of the police and his secretary.

IT is said that Alexandre Dumas' autographs sold at immense prices at a Pitsburg fancy fair, as much as 60,000 francs having been realized for one hundred of them. We have heard of Alexandre getting extravagant prices for his MS. at so much per line, and even per letter, but this pay exceeds all that he has as yet received. About forty-four francs each letter of his name is a price that any man may sign at all day long.

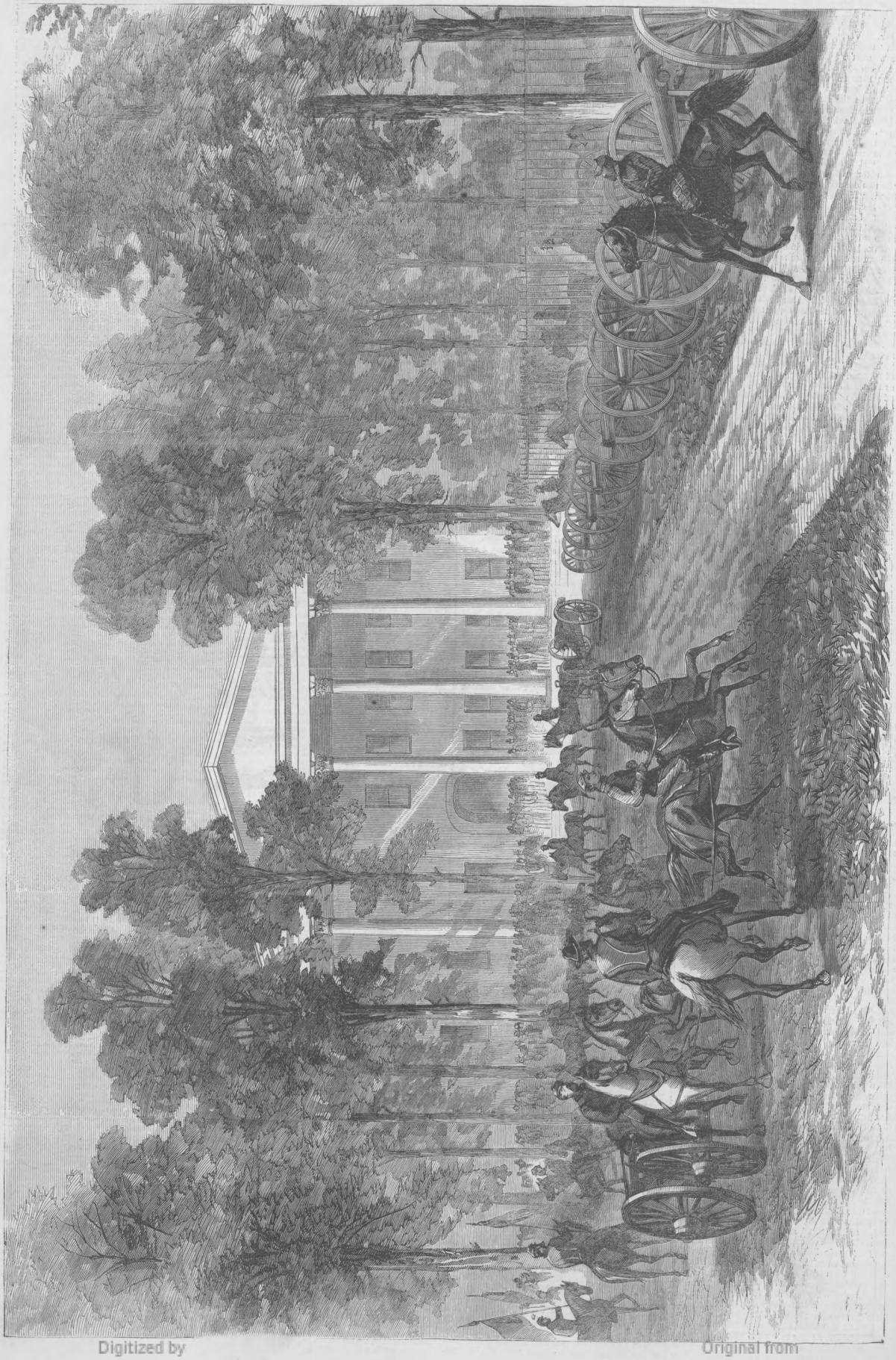
A VERY pretty supply of crocodiles has arrived in Havre —not less than twelve, all alive, and of various lengths. The chief of the party is not less than nine feet long, and has strong tendencies to equality and the rights of crocodile, being impartial whether its food is fashionable or plebeian man, making attacks on all indiscriminately who approach his presence.

"AXE-GRINDING" is a term borrowed from one of the most charming stories told by Benjamin Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone. "Now, my pretty little fellow," says he with the axe, "only turn that handle and you'll see something very pretty." The boy turns and turns, and the man holds the axe to the stone and pours water over it until the axe is ground. Straightway he turns with strident voice and fierce gesture on the boy: "You abandoned little miscreant," he cries, "what do you mean by playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing. Get you gone, Sirrah, this instant!" "And after this," adds Franklin, "when any body flattered me I always thought he had an axe to grind."

"CHRISTIAN IX., of Denmark, has a winning smile, a fair and benevolent countenance, not by any means deficient in shrewdness and intelligence. He is not much above the middle size; his figure is rather slender, and very elegant; his bearing is that of a private gentleman; at least I could not detect much of the grandeur and stateliness that the vulgar are apt to associate with the outward look of royalty. He wore the uniform of a general officer of the highest rank—a long over-coat with shoulder-straps, and a foraging cap, the common garb of most officers in campaign, simple, but scrupulously clean and tidy, distinguished by the most accurate cut and exquisite fit. The King's features are good, fine, and regular; the face rather sharp and lean, the complexion fair and clear; the eyes, so far as I could see at a little distance (which was a great one for a near-sighted person like me), light blue; the hair seemed chestnut, the mustaches and whiskers, which are rather bushy, of a dark brown."

IF King Christian of Denmark has been somewhat unfortunate as a monarch, he has great reason to congratulate himself upon his success as a father. One of his daughters will, in all human probability, be Queen of England, and two more of those Danish roses is betrothed to the Crown Prince of Russia.

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RECEPTION AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT. OCTOBER 20, 1864, OF GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY BY GENERAL SHERIDAN.—SKETCHED BY P. F. WHARTON.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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BATTERY GOING INTO POSITION.—SKETCHED BY D. R. BROWN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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A YEAR'S COURTSHIP.

I saw her, Harry, first, in March—
You know the street that leadeth down
By the old bridge's crumbling arch?—
Just where it leaves the dusty town

A lonely house stands grim and dark—
You've seen it? Then I need not say
How quaint the place is. Did you mark
An ivied window? Well! one day,

I, chasing some forgotten dream,
And in a poet's idlest mood,
Caught, as I passed, a white hand's gleam—
A shutter opened—there she stood

Training the ivy to its prop.
Two dark eyes and a brow of snow
Flashed down upon me—did I stop?—
She says I did—I do not know.

But all that day did something glow
Just where the heart beats; frail and slight,
A germ had slipped its shell, and now
Was pushing softly for the light.

And April saw me at her feet,
Dear month of sunshine and of rain!
My very fears were sometimes sweet,
And hope was often touched with pain.

For she was frank, and she was coy—
A willful April in her ways;
And in a dream of doubtful joy
I passed some truly April days.

May came, and on that arch, sweet mouth,
The smile was graver in its play,
And, softening with the softening south,
My April melted into May.

She loved me, yet my heart would doubt,
And ere I spoke the month was June—
One warm still night we wandered out
To watch a slowly setting moon.

Something which I saw not—my eyes
Were not on heaven—a star perchance,
Or some bright drapery of the skies,
Had caught her earnest, upward glance.

And as she paused—Hal! we have played
Upon the very spot—a fir
Just touched me with its dreamy shade,
But the full moonlight fell on her.

And as she paused—I know not why—
I longed to speak, yet could not speak;
The bashful are the boldest—I—
I stooped and gently kissed her cheek.

A murmur (else some fragrant air
Stirred softly) and the faintest start—
O Hal! we were the happiest pair!
O Hal! I clasped her heart to heart!

And kissed away some tears that gushed;
But how she trembled, timid dove!
When my soul broke its silence, flushed
With a whole burning June of love.

Since then a happy year hath sped
Through months that seemed all June and May,
And soon a March sun, overhead,
Will usher in the crowning day.

Twelve blessed moons that seemed to glow
All summer, Hal!—my peerless Kate!
She is the dearest—"Angel?"—no!
Thank God!—but you shall see her—wait.

So, all is told! I count on thee
To see the priest, Hal! Pass the wine!
Here's to my darling wife to be!
And here's to—when thou find'st her—thine!

STAINLESS HILDEGARDE.

THIS wild and mournful story opens cheerily enough, the sky seems cloudless but for the single speck, not bigger than one's hand, which is to grow into the blighting thunder-cloud. Charlemagne is now dwelling in his royal palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, blessed in the love of his beautiful wife Hildegarde, yet it is not long since he has figured in a dark story.

His wise mother, Bertha, had chosen him a bride, Ermengarde, daughter of the Lombard king. He had married her in spite of the Pope's prohibition, and set her aside after one year of childless wedlock. The ill-fated lady died soon after, some said of a broken heart. All the details of their story, their short union, and its cruel ending, are shrouded in gloom. In the year 771 he married Hildegarde, of good old Swabian stock; and holy and beautiful as noble, why such a one as she married a man who had just set aside another wife is equally a mystery.

For a few years all went well with Hildegarde and Charlemagne, they dwelt in peace and love together, and she bore him three sons, Karl, Pepin, and Louis, and as many daughters, Rolruda, Bertha, and Gisela. The great Emperor was prone to anger, if roused to jealousy, but in the main he was nobly unsuspecting, trustful, and loving toward Hildegarde; her great influence was not founded on mere beauty, though she was fair and stately, with that lofty and calm loveliness which lies deeper than rounded limbs, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks. A tender, loving, God-fearing woman, she insensibly led her husband toward mercy and goodness, thus winning the love and reverence of all, from the highest to the meanest in the land. There was but one other influence to be compared to hers, the subtle, hidden sway of Taland, a half-brother of Charlemagne's. The Emperor loved him, and never saw the black soul that lay hidden under a fair exterior. In fifty ways Hildegarde's large pleading for justice and mercy thwarted the crafty Taland's selfish plans. His greed of power prompted him often to plot the downfall of this guileless, unsuspecting woman—ay, and compass it too—that he might better rule her husband's mind. But every time he gazed on her regal beauty and listened to her pleasant speech his heart would fail him, gradually his resolves grew weaker, till, bit by bit, they yielded to an accursed love.

He loved her blindly, desperately, and the devil of ambition whispered in his ear that Hildegarde, ruined and degraded, would for her own sake beware how she crossed his plans. With this foul treason in his heart he was outwardly the loving kinsman of the royal pair, and their most faithful vassal.

The three actors in my story were thus circumstanced toward each other when Charlemagne was called away to the Saxon wars: his last act was to appoint his half-brother to the government of Aix-la-Chapelle. As he tore himself from Hildegarde's embrace, half the bitterness of parting was lost in the thought of what a safe protector he had found her. Little he knew, as he galloped away with his champions, that he had intrusted his fold to the ravenous wolf.

Darker and darker grows the plot of the story. At first the stainless lady, so unsuspecting in her purity, treated Taland almost as a brother, and he dreaded to break the charm of their frank intercourse. Still, somehow a vague distrust would come over her, to be quelled the next moment as a base insult to her husband's dear friend and kinsman. At last, however, she could not help noting something strange in the demeanor of this man, who hung on her accents, gazed into her face, and haunted her like her shadow. She chafed inwardly at this close watching, and daily yearned more and more for her husband's coming. One day she had dismissed her maidens, and was sitting all alone in the upper chamber of one of the castle towers. Her eyes wandered vaguely over the new city and the green fields below, her hands lay idle on her lap, and a wistful, tender look softened every line of her beautiful face, for her thoughts were far away with him whom she so dearly loved. Taland stole in unnoticed and leaned over her. His dark shadow fell across her, and she started from her day-dream. Their eyes met; his gloated on her with a greedy stare. She would have risen to go, but he grasped her hands and fell on his knees before her, and then and there, in the broad light of day, poured out his tale of passion. Dumb with horror and surprise, she sat like a graven image till he paused from sheer lack of breath. That pause undid the spell. She broke from him, and turned on the false knave with righteous wrath. He quailed beneath her withering scorn, and slunk away, muttering curses. He might have left that room her open foe, but for one glance back while his foot was yet on the threshold. Hildegarde faced him, but mute and motionless, with clenched hands and dilated nostrils; her lips still quivering, her blue eyes flashing a fierce uncarthly light, terrible as a young Judith: but more beautiful than ever. One long-lingering look at her fatal beauty, and Taland's fury turned again to thrice-accursed love.

The next day and the next again he dogged her footsteps as of old, as if nothing had happened. Weeks and months rolled on and still no change. The more Hildegarde shrunk from him the more he pursued her; every artifice she used to be rid of his hated presence, every barrier she strove to place between them, gave way before his superior cunning. In her secret heart she loathed him as some noxious crawling thing, but dared not show it, lest men should say, "Why?" And proud, pure Hildegarde would have died before she would put it in their power to say that she had listened to such a love-tale. She would have given worlds to hide her weary head on some kind woman's bosom and sob out her story, but she dared not. She bore in silence her load of insult, anguish, and gnawing fear, and none knew that many a night her pillow was wet with the scalding tears she dared not shed in the open day. Her life was a burden to her; she felt like the bird which sees the writhing snake close by, but can not fly from its fascination. The very sight of the trophied weapons on the wall, the giddy height of the great tower, filled her with horrible temptations. She longed to end her misery and save her honor with one thrust of the glittering steel, one bound from the lofty battlements. But Hildegarde was a Christian woman, and while one other chance was left her she could not shed her own blood.

Goaded to desperation, when every other means had failed her, she met Taland with his own weapons, craft and daring. She no longer shunned him, nor when they met did she repel him with haughty coldness, nay, she even schooled herself to greet him with smiles and honeyed words. This change filled him with tumultuous joy. To crown it, one day she bade him prepare three lonely rooms in a remote and unfrequented wing of the castle, adding to be sure to have the doors well furnished with bolts and bars, and to come to her when all was ready. Taland quitted her in an ecstasy of delight, never heeding that the hand he covered with burning kisses was as cold and rigid as stone, nor how forced were the smiles, how hollow the tones of her gracious farewell.

For three whole days she was rid of Taland: three days she passed in agonies of prayer and moody pacings along the battlements. She ate little, spoke less, and wandered through the palace pale and haggard, as if just risen from a sick bed. The third day Taland came to tell her that her orders had been obeyed, and that all was in readiness. Hildegarde repaid him with courteous thanks, and named an hour on the morrow when he was to wait for her in the innermost chamber. A good hour before the time he was at his post, cursing the sunbeams for crawling so slowly, and thinking the great dial would never throw its noonday shadow across the court-yard of the castle. While Taland was so eagerly watching that dark line a woman in a far-off tower was crouching before a crucifix, clutching it tight as she muttered wild prayers for guidance and grace. She started from her knees, summoned her maidens, and bade them array her right royally. When this was done she dismissed them, and passed out alone. A few moments after Taland heard a light step in the outer chamber, and Hildegarde came toward him, moving with slow and stately grace. He was springing forward, but a gesture of hers stopped him. He stood quite still, gloating over her beauty, deeming the flush on her cheek and the glitter in her eyes sweet signs of love. With the same set smile and unfaltering gaze she crossed the two rooms: she was not ten paces from him; he could restrain himself no more: one bound, he had clasped her to his breast; she flew toward him, she all but touched his outstretched arms, when the great door hurled him back. Hildegarde had flung herself against it and slammed it in his face. He sprang to his feet to burst it open, but she had already turned the ponderous key, and he could hear the harsh grating of the bolts and bars. She ran madly through the other rooms, tarrying but to bolt the doors; she flew through the long passages, gained her chamber unseen, fell on her knees, and gasped out her thanks to the great God, who had given her, weak woman though she was, both craft and strength to baffle this bold bad man.

Her first impulse was to tell her husband all, and let him wreak his vengeance on the vile knave. But when her blood ran calmer, and her thoughts grew clear, she began to doubt, and sat down to ponder on what she had best do. No ring or token could convey her meaning, and make the Emperor hurry to her from the distant wars; where was she to find a messenger so trusty that she might safely let him bear such a tale? And as to its being written, that was out of the question; the scribe who would write and he who would read such a story would be too dangerous to turn away, and doubly dangerous to keep about the royal pair. On one thing alone could she decide: she would tell Charlemagne all on his return, and meanwhile Hildegarde did what many another woman has had to do, she prayed and waited. Taland's disappearance could not long remain a secret, and search would surely be made for him, so Hildegarde sent for the chief men of the town, on whom she palmed off some plausible story of insolence and disrespect, true enough in the main, but very far from enlightening them as to what the insult had been. There was so much love for her and jealousy of Taland she met with no opposition, and for the first time for many a long day the poor lady had peace.

Meanwhile Taland, caught in the snare he had himself prepared, raged and foamed like a caged wild beast. He was so cool a man, his rare transports of fury were fearful in their intensity. At length, exhausted by his impotent struggles, he flung himself on the rich bed and sank into a sort of stupor. He awoke chilled to the bone, and saw by the darkness of the room that he must have slept for hours; it was already night, and the pale new moon rode high in the heavens. Food and drink had been left for him; he drained the wine-cup to the dregs, and began pacing his narrow room, trying to think. The day's events seemed unreal as a dream: he tried the barred door with all his strength before he could quite realize his plight. Wild, impracticable plans flitted through his throbbing brain. Visions of Hildegarde struck down by knife or bowl, dying in torments before his face, excluded all thoughts of how this was to be achieved. But as I have said before, Taland was a cool, firm man, gifted with a wondrous patient tenacity of purpose; and by degrees he wrenched his thoughts from the cheat Hildegarde had put upon him, and even from his sweet plans of vengeance, that he might the better see how they might be carried out. He saw clearly that she must either tell the whole truth to the Emperor, or forge a perfect chain of lies, or suffer himself to escape from her clutches. That she would tell Charlemagne seemed likely enough, but then Taland must be at least accused, and could he thus gain speech of the Emperor he was pretty sure of being able to twist facts to suit himself. That Hildegarde would have the wit and coolness to forge so perfect a chain of lies that he could not expose its falsehood seemed quite unlikely; besides, Taland in his secret heart knew that she was a true and noble woman. Thus weighing all the difficulties of her position, he laid his plans accordingly, and there was some lurking hope in his mind that to free herself from this net of perplexities she might perhaps set him free.

Not that night, nor for many a night and day, could the arch-traitor find a plan to suit him; gradually, however, he hatched a plot of whose success he could hardly doubt. He had found, on mature deliberation, that to deprive Hildegarde of life would be but a paltry vengeance after all. She was holy and brave-hearted enough to face death without flinching; but, next to sin, she dreaded shame. Disgrace would sting her to the quick, and make that proud pure woman's life one endless martyrdom. "I shall yet see her," said Taland to himself, "I shall yet see her quail before the fury of that great hulking fellow she preferred to me. She shall writhe like a trampled worm, her proud head grovelling in the dust. Mayhap she will cling round my knees, and pray me to speak one word to save her, and I shall spurn her as she spurned me; she will be dragged off by brutal soldiery, and hooted by the rabble in the streets. Her sons shall learn to curse her, and her daughters to blush at her name. From town to town my vengeance shall pursue her, she shall find no place to rest her head; shame, want, and woe will drag her to the grave, and when I hear that she lies dying in some wretched hut I will go to her, my eyes shall feast on her death-throes, and my hated face shall come between her and her God. Instead of prayers she will die with curses of me on her lips, and I will laugh to see that beauty, which befooled me, gone from the outcast, who will die gaunt and ghastly, worn to skin and bone." And Master Taland would chuckle to himself over the visions he conjured up.

Before he had been many days in durance, great shouting and cheering in the streets made him rush to the window, cursing the high court-yard walls. Suddenly the great gates of the castle were swung back, and in burst the mob, pressing close round a horseman, whose steed was bloody and flecked with foam. He waved a sealed packet, and shouted, "Glorious news!" A tall lady appeared at a window and beckoned him with her hand. He dug the rowels into his charger's heaving flanks, dashed through the crowd, flung the reins to the nearest man, and bounding past guard and usher, soon knelt at the lady's feet and gave her the precious scroll. Long before a scribe had been fetched to decipher it, Hildegarde learned from the soldier that the Saxons were vanquished, that many thousands had embraced the Christian faith, and better than all, that her husband was unharmed in life or limb, and returning as fast as he could lead his host.

Words can not tell the true wife's joy. She dismissed and rewarded the soldier, and made the learned man read the Emperor's letter again and again, till she knew every loving line; and, child-like in her joy, she pressed it to her lips and breast, kissing mark and seal, and thanking God from the bottom of her heart. She was too thoroughly happy to bear that aught should mar the delight of her meeting with her husband, she felt as though it would be a sin to damp his double bliss of triumph and return with the news of his half-brother's foul treason, and that moment she resolved to free Taland. Too pure herself to know that black ingratitude is own brother to guilt, she never thought that he would turn on her; besides, she deemed that even had he no gratitude, regard for his own head would make him dumb. In an evil hour she gave the traitor his freedom.

Charlemagne returned, and for one short week Hildegarde was entirely happy—too happy, perhaps. Before the end of another week he one day strode into her chamber with clouded brow, and half recoiled as she sprang to his arms, but he checked himself, and caught her face in his two hands, as one would a child's, and looked hard into her eyes. The scowl passed from his face as he gazed into those clear frank eyes, he kissed her passionately, turned on his heel, and left her without a word. That morning Taland had begun his task, but the pure soul beaming out of the true wife's face had banished his hints from the Emperor's mind.

Taland now saw that he must give up his vengeance or play a desperate game, and he grew bolder; yet he was very wary. He said nothing tangible, yet he dropped words that rankled for whole days in his brother's heart. Charlemagne would not stand it any longer, and bluntly bade him speak out.

Taland began with well-feigned reluctance. First came speeches about what was due to his royal brother's honor, and how hard was the duty he, Taland, as his liege man, had to do. With sighs, with almost tears, the false knave cunningly unfolded his tale, half hinting, then affirming, his chain of lies, of Hildegarde and a handsome young lord. He saw his dupe wince, and, thus encouraged, dwelt with fiendish delight on stolen interviews and sweet love passages. He said he had once come on the lovers, who fled at his approach. Next morning he had found himself a close prisoner: did not the whole court know of his captivity? Then the meaning of vague hints and jests he had heard bandied about relating to Taland and a certain tower flashed across Charlemagne, and he believed all. His rage broke forth in frenzied paroxysms, till Taland actually cowered before him. Suddenly the Emperor stopped his frantic mutterings, and buried his head in his hands. Taland could see his huge frame quivering, and the great sinews in his brawny hands stand out like straining cords. The Emperor looked up, and, though the breath came hissing through his set teeth, his face was calm, but that rigid livid calmness was horrible to see.

"Call her!" he said.

Taland started at that awful sound, though it was scarce spoken above a whisper. He bade a guard go fetch the Queen, and came and leaned against the Emperor's chair, though Charlemagne hardly seemed aware of his presence.

Hildegarde was playing with her little children when the messenger came. She went joyfully, and the little toddling things came racing after her, hanging on to her skirts. Laughing, she disengaged herself, and leaving them with the guards in the outer hall, passed in. The smile was still on her lips as she came toward her husband, till the sight of his stony face and Taland leaning over his shoulder struck a chill to her very heart.

Slowly he waved her off. "Hildegarde, minion, quit me forever." The words, the tone, smote her like a hard blow. She staggered forward, he started to his feet and faced her. Their eyes met, his flashing fire, hers wildly beseeching but not quailing. "Speak, woman!" he muttered, hoarsely.

A convulsive shudder ran through her limbs, she gasped for breath, and strove to speak, but no sound passed her white lips. Taland reveled in her agony, and said, persuasively, to Charlemagne: "Why force the dame to criminate herself?"

The taunt from him roused Hildegarde from stupor to almost madness. She grasped her husband's arm, and lifted her right hand to Heaven. "I, Hildegarde," she cried, "do call on God to witness—"

Ere she could say another word he dashed her from him. "Blasphemous traitress, thou deservest death, but still I can not slay thee. This day leave my degraded home forever, and quit my realm. Woe betide thee if thou darest ever again set foot within its bounds."

She glared at him fiercely defiant: that moment she could have killed the man who doubted her: the next she thought on Pilate's judgment-hall, and what her Lord had borne. The fury melted from her heart, and, like her Master, she held her peace and meekly obeyed. Slowly she quitted the hall, Taland noiselessly gliding behind her. She turned round at the door, thus confronting him by chance. She shrank back shuddering, but mastering herself, she laid her hand on his arm, its icy touch thrilled through all his veins: "Taland, God will yet judge between us." She spoke in a low voice, yet her words rang in his ears like a funeral knell. One moment she paused on the threshold for one last lingering look at her husband. He turned away, but still the anguish of that white face, the beseeching, reproaching gaze of those wild eyes, tearless from agony too great for weeping, haunted him for many a day.

She passed into the outer hall, where her children were at play. Wildly she rushed forward to

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strain them to her breast for the last time. Taland stepped between. The little creatures stretched out their little arms, and struggled in his grasp. One shriek broke from Hildegarde, more like the death-groan of some stricken wild thing than the cry of a woman, and she fled from the palace.

The cool air on her bare face recalled her faculties. She marked the wondering stare of the people in the streets, and remembered that she was hurrying on alone and unveiled. A church door stood open, and she entered with no thought but to take refuge from their gaze. She sank on her knees before the altar, and strove to pray, but she could neither think nor pray. Her brain reeled, her eyeballs burned, and no blessed tears came to her aid.

Slowly the truth dawned upon her that she was a wanderer on the face of the earth, ay, and branded with infamy viler, more degraded than the wretchedest outcast in the land. She thought of her husband and of the days of their early love, she thought of the helpless children she had left exposed to Taland's wiles, and she sank down on the altar steps, wringing her hands and moaning piteously. She sat thus for hours, half stupefied, till roused by actual bodily discomfort. She was literally choking with thirst. She tottered feebly from the church into a yard behind, where she saw a clear well. Stooping to drink, she beheld her image in the water, and started at the sight: her costly robes, her jeweled hair, shone in ghastly mockery of a face wan and drawn already, as from whole years of woe. Hours had done the work of years, yet she gazed unmoved on the wreck of her loveliness. What cared she for the glorious bloom of her youth when he who had loved that beauty was lost to her forever?

To slake her burning thirst she had filled her two hands at the well; raising the water to her lips, her eyes fell on two rings, the wedding ring and the ring of betrothal. At such a moment these pledges of a severed bond smote her to the heart. Wildly she strove to drag them off, but her trembling fingers failed her. As they tightened on the golden circlets her thoughts rushed back to her wedding-day, and the vows then spoken, that nothing can cancel but death. "I am his wife, his own true wife, till death do us divide," she murmured. This one ray of comfort came like a blessed sunbeam to the dark night of her anguish, and she wept. When tears had somewhat eased her heart she began to think and act. She pulled off her gems, all but the two rings, wrapped face and figure in her mantle, and thus disguised, ventured into the street. The twilight befriended her, and she gained unnoticed the shelter of a friendly roof, where she found also means of changing some of her gems for money. In the gray of the morning she started on her long wanderings. Fly she must from her husband's realm, and by forced and toilsome journeys she gained her native Swabia, the province she had quitted as mighty and as happy a woman as ever the sun shone on. Her sister, the Countess Adeline, received the poor wanderer with open arms, fully believing in her purity.

Hildegarde might have passed the sad remnant of her days among her own people, but somehow their very pity galled her, and the indignation they expressed against her husband, ill though he had treated her, stung her to the quick. Besides, how could she, with such a blight on her life, dwell in her sister's house, where the sight of her sad face damped all mirth? Her bleeding heart recoiled from all earthly solace, and the passionate love lavished on him who had spurned it turned to her Maker. Deprived of her husband and her little children, the poor lady's pent-up tenderness vented itself on the suffering and the needy. And when she found herself a kill-joy in her sister's lordly home, that same charity prompted her to consecrate herself to a life of self-abnegation and good works. She could not bear to stay in her father-land, so replete with memories. Despite the Countess's entreaties she left her, and again set out on her lonely pilgrimage.

This time Rome, the great home of Christianity, was her goal. She crossed the snow-clad Alps, the burning plains of Italy, and took up her abode in the great city.

She spent her whole time in prayer and fasting and tending the sick. Filth, squalor, disease, had no terrors for her; poor wretches covered with sores and crawling vermin were tended by her royal hands. Anguish, blasphemy, despair, all horrors of body and soul that can throng round a death-bed never daunted her; nay, in softening the pangs of others she learned to bear her own. Diseases seemed to yield to her skill or her prayers, none could tell which. Numbers of sick, particularly those affected in the eyes, were healed by her, and even some blind people regained their sight through her means. Do what she would, these cures could not remain long secret, and as she glided along on her errands of mercy men pointed her out to each other, gazing reverently on the wan beauty of her earnest face, and calling down God's choicest blessings on the banished northern queen. Pilgrims from her own land saw her and heard of her cures, and returning, told the people at home.

For a short time Taland enjoyed the full triumph of his wickedness, but, by some strange visitation, his hitherto keen sight began to fail him, and his life was rendered wretched by a painful and loathsome disorder in the eyes. The royal physicians employed all their herbs and simples to no purpose. The voice of conscience, stifled in happier hours, now upbraided him without ceasing. As, sick and alone, he sat in the gloom of darkened chambers, brooding on that helpless blindness fast growing on him, he used to fancy that Hildegarde's face peered at him from the darkness, not as he had last seen it, touching in its patient anguish, but now mocking and gibing, now glaring at him fiercely triumphant. He could not sleep at night, and fifty times he started from his bed to grope his way to his brother's room, tell all, and be quit of his victim's haunting presence, were the moment of avowal to be his last. But when he came to the point he would chide himself for such giddy fancies, and go on stoutly, bearing his burden of guilt. He kept his own counsel till the last glimmer of sight had left him, and he was stone-blind. Then the pilgrims' tales of Hildegarde's wonderful cures kept constantly recurring to his mind. To be healed by her, even at the cost of having to confess his guilt, became his ruling wish. He was so sick of life, such as his then was, that he cared little about putting it in jeopardy for the chance of seeing once more. It was with feelings of intense relief he heard that business of great import summoned Charlemagne to Rome. Taland so besought him to let him go too, that the Emperor could not bring himself to refuse his entreaties; though, in truth, the great Emperor was sorely puzzled to know how Hildegarde, if guilty, could be such friends with God that He should grant her the gift of healing; and, if innocent, how she could ever be induced to cure Taland, who had hunted her down as the hound hunts the quarry.

No sooner had the Emperor and his train reached Rome than Taland sent to seek after Hildegarde, whose lonely dwelling was easily found. Cunning as he was, he did not know that his footsteps were dogged, and that his too trusting brother had at last begun to suspect him. Taland had himself guided to the dilapidated old mansion where his victim had fixed her abode. His attendants had left him, and he deemed himself alone in the great old hall where the sick used to await her coming. He little knew who had tracked him thither, and stood but a few paces back. They were alone, and it was as much as Charlemagne could do to keep his hands off Taland, and force an avowal from him. However, he contained himself, but his hurried breathing did not escape the blind man's hearing, "Who is there?" said Taland. There was no reply. But thus warned of the need of more caution, Charlemagne stepped warily into the deep shadow of a pillared door. These two men waited minutes, which to them seemed hours, then they heard a light step, and Hildegarde—wan, worn, but beautiful, with the peace of God beaming from her face—stood before them. She did not know Taland, who stood with his back to the light, and face and figure muffled in a cloak.

"Poor man!" said she, in the Frankish tongue, "they tell me thou comest from the father-land; know ye aught of my children?"

"Lady, they are well, for love of them I beseech thee heal me."

"Good God, man! art thou Taland?" cried the lady, springing toward him. She pulled the mantle down, and scanned his face. One searching look, and she was rushing from him; but he clutched her gown, and fell down on his knees.

"Unhand me, Taland!"

Still he held her fast. "Oh, lady, hear me for the Saviour's sake? God has judged between us, and he struck me blind; but if thou ask Him, he will give me sight. Have pity on a helpless man?"

She stood motionless, and he let go her gown, and groveled at her feet.

"Blind—helpless," she murmured; "blind—helpless—for the Saviour's sake." She said his words again, like one speaking in sleep. She seemed striving to recall their import, to realize the change that made her bitterest foe a suppliant at her feet. "Oh, Taland!" she cried aloud, "what did I ever do to thee that thou hast stolen my husband's love and reft me of my little ones?"

The blind man only heard the spoken words. Wildly, despairingly, he called out:

"Woman, hast thou no mercy? Hildegarde, look at me—hast thou no pity left? Look at the wreck I am now, and all thy doing. Why didst thou spurn my love until it grew to very hate, and for revenge I forged the lies that stole thy good name from thee; and then because of this great wrong to thee God smote me in his wrath. Oh, Hildegarde, by that fierce love I bore thee, that love mine own undoing as it too was thine, I conjure thee let me see. Let me but see thy face once more, then tell thy lord my treason. Kill me if thou wilt, but let me see the blessed light of day before I die."

"Taland," replied the lady, and her voice was soft and low, "fear naught from me; I have pardoned thee this many a day. Repent thy sins, then perchance God will heal thee, and I too will pray that He may."

"Hildegarde, Hildegarde, God in heaven bless thee! Ask Him. He loves thee, He can not refuse thy prayer."

Hildegarde sank on her knees beside him, and prayed with her face hid in her hands. So dead was the silence Charlemange could hear the very throbbing of his heart. He saw his wife rise to her feet, and lay one wasted hand on Taland's head. She stood as in a trance, her large eyes raised to Heaven, and Taland, with helpless outstretched arms, cowered before her, quivering in every limb.

"Sweet Saviour," cried the lady, "heal him for thy mercy's sake!"

Straightway the scales dropped from his eyes, and Taland saw.

With a cry of delight he grasped her hands to press them to his lips, but suddenly they turned cold as stone, and her face grew ghastly white. Starting to his feet, he turned round—the Emperor stood behind him. Charlemagne sprang forward, dashed him aside, and clasped the lady to his breast. Taland was stealing off. The stern mandate, "Stir at thy peril!" nailed him to the spot.

Tenderly the Emperor raised his wife's head from his shoulder and wiped away her happy tears. "My sweet wife, tell me all," he whispered; "trust all to my true love."

In broken words the lady told her story. Rage, pity, and wonder filled his soul by turns. He cursed his own blind folly, and again and again besought her pardon for the most grievous wrong that he had done her, his own true wife, the stainless mother of his children, the dearest thing he owned on earth. Loving looks and sweet caresses sealed his ready pardon, and Taland was forgotten for a while. But even bliss could not long blot out the memory of his deed. The Emperor's own remorse made him doubly ready to crush the vile slanderer whose tool he had been. He broke from Hildegarde, and in his fury would have struck Taland dead at her feet, but she threw herself between them. Her clinging arms held him back till her soft words melted his wrath. She so besought him to spare Taland's life he had not the heart to gainsay her, and sentence of death was changed to life-long banishment.

No words can portray the Emperor's glad return to his new city with his own true wife. The people, who had cherished her memory, rent the air with shouts of joy as she came back to them, riding by her husband's side, dazzling with gold and gems, beautiful, smiling, and gracious as an angel.

In thanksgiving for God's great mercies she built the church and convent of Kempfen. *

A saying of hers has outlasted its solid walls: "How wondrous are the hidden ways of the All-seeing. The Lord forgot not his handmaid. He first gave me life and honor, and then, in spite of wicked men, he restored my fair fame and preserved my love. Blessed be his name forever!"

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

IT is a fair tradition, one of old,
That, at the Gate of Heaven called Beautiful,
The souls of those to whom we ministered
On Earth shall greet us as we enter in
With grateful records of those lowly deeds
Of Christian charity wherewith frail man
Proffers his humble loan unto his Lord.

May we not so believe, since He hath said
That, inasmuch as it was done to one
Of those His little ones, 'twas done to Him?

Oh, think, if this be true, how many eyes
Whose weeping thou hast stilled shall glisten there,
How many hearts whose burden thou hast shared,
And heavy feet whose steps were turned by thee
Back to their homes, elastic through the joy
Of new-found hope and sympathy and love,
Shall welcome thee within the Gates of Bliss,
The Golden City of Jerusalem!

MR. AND MRS. POPKINS.

IF ever a man married a wife in a hurry John Popkins did; not even getting his hair cut, and she without a new dress for the occasion. They had many love-passages before the matter came to the notice of Miss Blanchard's aunts. Bitterly opposed were they to the suggested alliance. Their regard for the suitor could readily be perceived by the contemptuous emphasis they placed upon the first syllable of his unaristocratic name.

"Popkins indeed! and red hair, too!" A kind of midsummer madness possessed the girl, from which she would be sure to wake. But the uncles regarded the gawky clerk with disfavor, not from an artistic but from a business point of view. Mollie's persistent fancy might have worn away in contention had not a crisis arrived. John and his brother Sam received a fine offer to go to China, there to grow yellow and rich; an opportunity seized by the latter without demur, and half accepted by John, who confessed his reason for hesitation, and the uselessness of waiting for a wife not to be gained with or without the Blanchard consent.

"Show me the woman worth the sacrifice of your mercantile career," said the elder Popkins, sententiously. "There are plenty of them; and John, when you and I make our fortunes, we shall find as many willing-to-be wives as the vizier sees in the slave market."

Sam did not believe in this unknown love of John. When Mollie knew her lover's probable destiny she vexed and cried herself ill. Then the stout uncles yielded, and wrung submission from the aunts, all resulting in a letter from the chief of the firm to Mr. Popkins, Junior. John was sitting at a high desk in his father's office, his long ungainly limbs doubled up grasshopper-wise, when this proposal of marriage came. The expression of interest just budding on his visage became full-blown surprise as he gathered the meaning of the terse sentences. Mollie! A fortune! A partnership! The young man could hardly restrain a loud huzza; when perceiving Dobbs's twinkling eyes fixed knowingly upon him, and Hobbs regarding him with curiosity, he turned carnation color and replunged into his books, smiling over them in such an inane way that the paternal Popkins raised his spectacles wondering what there could be to smile at in long columns of figures. What indeed! As soon as he was free John rushes home, turns wildly about his chamber, stuffs some shirts and a blacking-brush into a carpet-bag, packs all with his foot, puts his hat on one side, and his head inside the door of his mother's sitting-room. "Going to Philadelphia. Will write." Flies down the steps and through the street, the skirts of his coat blowing out jubilant behind. Sam coming home and pondering on the oracular words of his brother's farewell, suspects much of a man in love. He resolves that John shall not be made a fool of if he can prevent it, and his presence and words are usually potent. So he packs a bag after his brother's manner and leaves town on mischief bent. The first news received from John by the amazed Popkinses was contained in the following telegram:

"Wife and I leave for New York to-day. * Be in Hartford about the 10th. Tell Sam."

But Sam was a hundred miles away and off the scent.

When the Popkins pair reached the great city Mollie was ill with a headache, an affliction which usually unfitted her for the active duties of life for two or three days. Moreover, she had a fever for shopping not to be appeased.

"Now, John," says she, "here I am nice and comfortable at Brother Rodney's. Do you go on to Hartford, break off your China negotiation, prepare your mother to see me, and settle your affairs with your brother; for if he is to leave on the *Anemone* every hour is golden to you. Rodney will put me on the boat Thursday, and I shall find you waiting for me at the dock. Don't hesitate, you foolish fellow; I know how important it is that you should be at home at once; and if you will not go without me, why I shall be compelled to set off to-day with you."

That plan was, of course, not to be thought of, so the obedient bridegroom departs to find on reaching Hartford that Sam was in New York.

Thursday came and the little bride left the city on the *Spread Eagle*, with her great trunks previously marked by the careful John "Mrs. Popkins."

The first hours passed serenely enough. There was a handsome gentleman sitting near her who evidently admired her. Mollie seemed to be reading *Harper*, but was conscious of every stolen look. She dozes a little, stares at the scenery, watches the bottle-green glassy surface of the river cut into smooth furrows by the boat. Then she nibbles at her luncheon and becomes much annoyed by the sun, when the handsome gentleman offers to arrange the awning, and does so in a manner to screen her completely. Mollie rewards him for the courtesy by a bow and bright smile, displaying all her splendid teeth.

"How much he looks like John," thought she, "except in complexion and expression, and then the features are quite unlike, and poor John's hair is red!"

After this acute observation she goes to her stateroom to sleep, and is wakened at last by the stillness around her. Not a sound to be heard but the droning of some insect in the heat. Then a dull groan from the engine. She ties on her hat and hastens on deck. Is informed by the polite stranger that the *Spread Eagle* is stuck fast in the mud, with no prospect of getting off until night.

"But I *must* be in Hartford before night," declares Mollie, as if that determined little sentence would release the boat from durance vile indeed.

"Then you will have to follow the example of the other passengers, land here and take the cars."

"What place is this?" asks Mollie, looking at some unpromising barn-like buildings, savoring neither of pleasure nor business, and a dirty, uneven causeway winding round their bases.

"Middletown. But there is no train before three o'clock, I believe."

"I don't care," cried Mollie, radiant with a new idea: "there is a train down, I suppose; I'll telegraph."

"And wait in Middletown for your friends? A very good notion."

So Mrs. Popkins landed, and was escorted to the hotel by the stranger, who politely offered to send her telegram. But Mollie declines; she is sure she can manage nicely, and indites a message certain to be effectual. "Darling John, *do* come," etc.

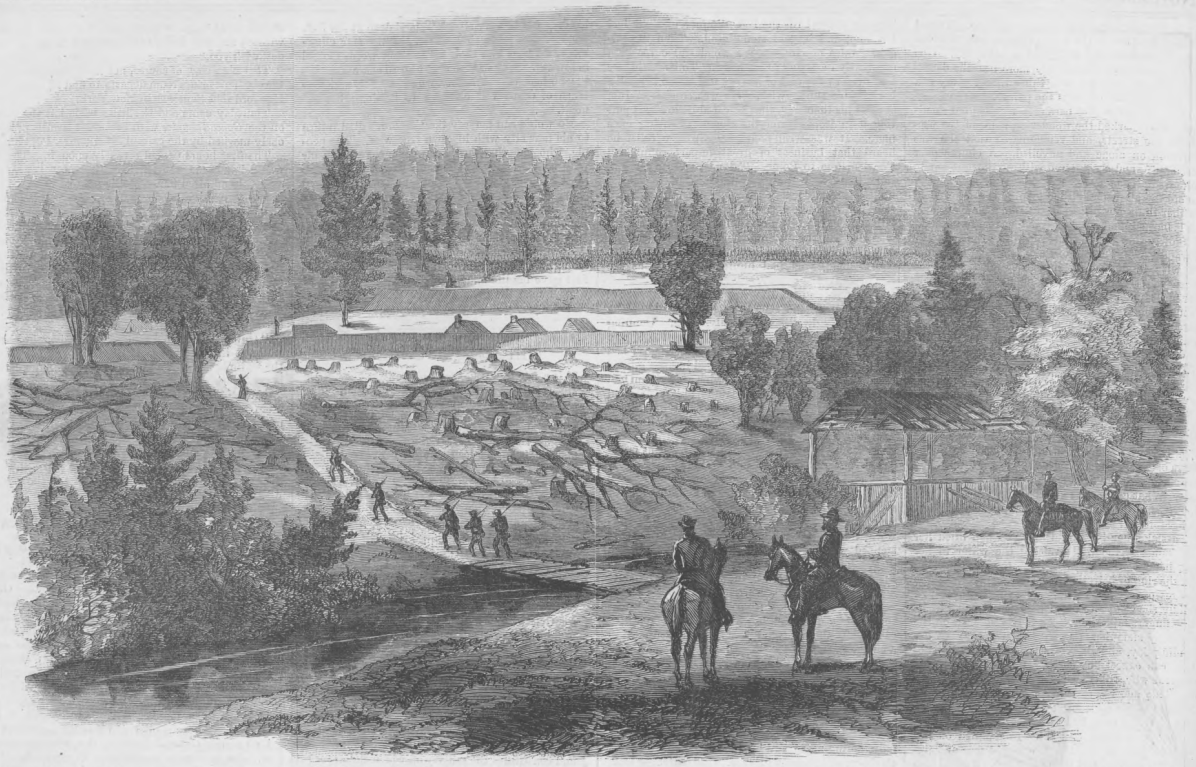
That much-enduring man had been pacing the dock many hours in the broiling sun, his eyes fixed on the distant bend of the river, continually excited and depressed by sloops and other small craft, which came into view every five minutes. Savage was he when the news of the *Spread Eagle* reached him, and strides across the city to take the cars to Berlin in order to meet the Middletown train, which bore the *Spread Eagle*'s passengers as he was informed. By this course, losing the telegram, which pursued him throughout Hartford, much to the disgust of the office-boy who had it to deliver, and who brought it back, late in the afternoon, with the news that Mr. Popkins was not in town! No, he was staring at every woman who set foot on the Berlin platform. In vain. Hears it said that the *Spread Eagle* got off in the course of an hour or so, and is now on her way to Hartford. Fortunately, in John's opinion, the Northern train passes in a few moments; he will yet be in time. So he is—to see his wife's enormous trunks delivered at the door by the Expressman engaged in the morning to seize and bear away all luggage labeled Popkins, and who has triumphantly done the same. Then his mother thrusts the telegram into his hands. His eyes and brain collect its meaning. He perceives that a few moments only are left in which to catch the last train. Jumps into the Expressman's cart and is driven like mad to the station.

Mrs. Popkins having awaited the arrival of the Hartford train and the appearance of her lord, is sure "something dreadful" has happened to him when time goes by and Popkins does not come. There is not even a message for her at the telegraph office, whither she wends a second time. She rashly resolves on proceeding to Hartford, and seeking her own fortune. Is very much surprised at seeing at the railroad dépôt the same mustached unknown. He comes forward to offer his services with the loftiest air of distant respect. The truth was, Mollie had so helpless a way of acting, and possessed such a sweet baby face, that it seemed the duty of some man to take care of her, and this one had not been able to divest himself of the wish to see her safely to the end of her journey. It naturally happened that he helped her out of the cars on reaching Hartford, and procured her a carriage.

"Add to your kindness," begged Mollie, "and direct me to a good hotel, for I am a perfect stranger here."

About the time she was driving through Hartford streets the wretched John was being informed at the hotel in Middletown of the departure of Mrs. Popkins for Hartford. He has passed her on the road! Driven reckless, he turned out the most desperate side of his character. Bought a pint of pea-nuts in a dismal newspaper store, where he also observed a few ancient pies petrifying in the windows, accompanied by large yellow cubes of sponge cake. Stuffing the pea-nuts into his pockets, he walked down the broad Main Street of the city, and there began to eat his purchase, and throw down the husks thereof. It was now dusk. He counted nineteen young women going to some evening meeting. Saw two men shutting up a store. Afterward observed a crowd of seven in front of the Post-office. In these exciting scenes he wears away the time until the hour for leaving approaches. Performs a slow march to the station, where the bustle of departure is represented by a cart and horse backed to the side door of the building, and small ragamuffins putting pins upon the track to be flattened into swords. The silence assails John. A tall, lank man, arrayed in shirt and pantaloons, is unlocking

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ARMSTRONG'S MILLS AND REBEL WORKS ON HATCHER'S RUN, CAPTURED BY THE SECOND CORPS, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY C. H. CHAPIN.—[SEE PAGE 741.]

the door of a small hole. Is breathlessly questioned by the traveler.

"Train leave? Eight minutes," responds shirt-sleeves, pointedly, and buries himself in the hole. And now the ticket-window is thrown up with a loud squeak, a few people appear, an engine leisurely enters the dépôt and attaches itself to a car. Some one gives the wheels a ringing bang, somebody else remarks "all aboard," and the stirring city of Middletown is left behind. All wearied out, John re-enters his home, and perceives Sam sitting at a well-spread table, eating what he calls a heavy tea, and relating his adventures to his admiring family.

'Holloa, John!" cries he, "where to next, my boy?"

"Hasn't Mollie come yet?" gasps his brother.

"Lost your Mollie? Capital joke," says this unfeeling man, taking a great swallow of coffee.

"She is somewhere in Hartford," returns John, grimly. "I'll go to every house in town—"

"Wait a bit. Sit down and eat some supper," returns Sam, composedly. "Then I'll help you. Be calm. We must learn to regard these matters philosophically."

"Philosophically!" began John, angrily, but swallowed the rest of the sentence with a bite of hot buttered muffin. Then he discovered how hungry he was; for since breakfast he had eaten nothing but the pea-nuts.

"I came up in the *Spread Eagle* myself," said Sam, "but didn't see Mrs. Popkins, not expecting the pleasure, you know. Besides, I was occupied with a forlorn little miss going to boarding-school, or something of the sort. By George, what a smile she had! and such a jolly little hand. She was in a terrible state of mind. Expected somebody to meet her who didn't. I made myself as useful as possible, but didn't dare too much. I'll see her again though. But what is the use?" and he ended with a sigh, thinking of China.

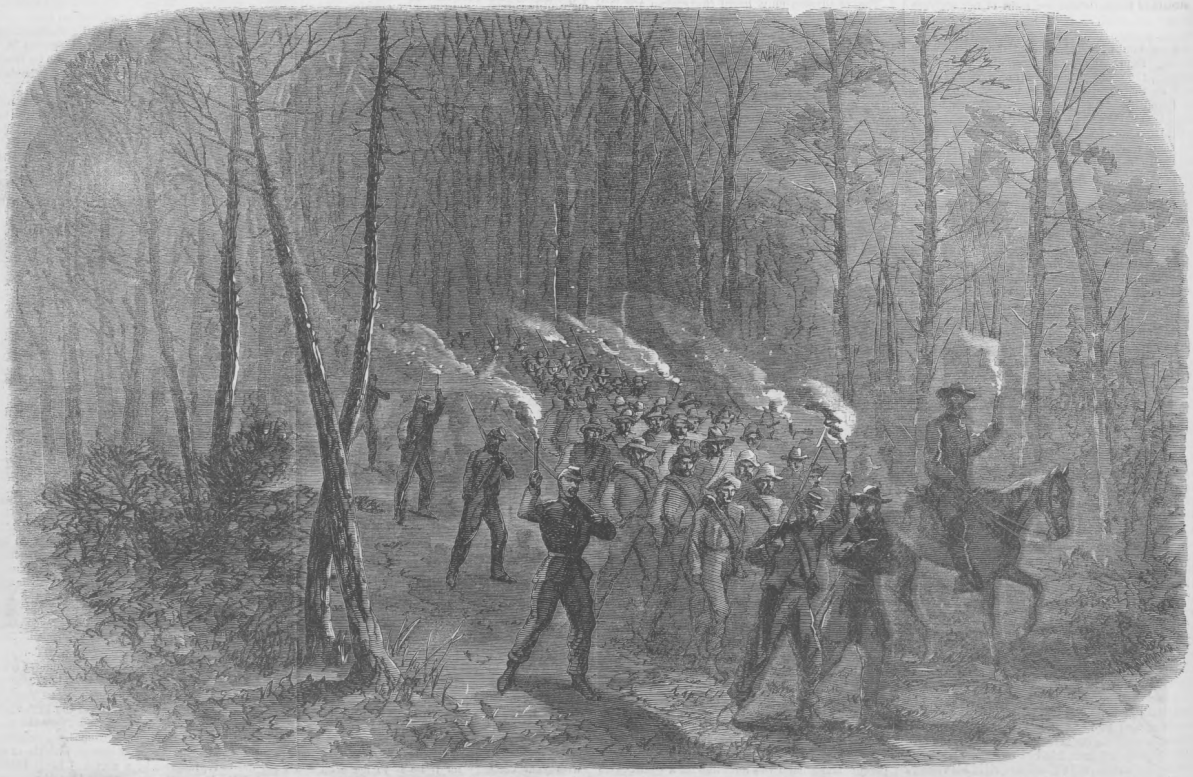
A little after 9 o'clock there came a rap at the door of No. 46 —— House, rousing Mollie from a distressed doze, and after it John Popkins victorious.

"My brother is waiting for us," says John; "he is very impatient to see you (?). Come, Mollie."

Then Sam sees John proudly approaching with a little creature clinging to his arm.

"This is my brother Sam," introducing Mollie's polite acquaintance of the morning. "And this," with ill-concealed satisfaction, "is Mrs. Popkins."

On which the elder brother for the first time in his life lost countenance, blundered in his greeting, but finally recovered himself with a desperate attempt at festive welcome—"Long live Mr. and Mrs. Popkins!"



GENERAL CRAWFORD CONDUCTING REBEL PRISONERS TO HIS REAR, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY C. H. CHAPIN.—[SEE PAGE 741.]

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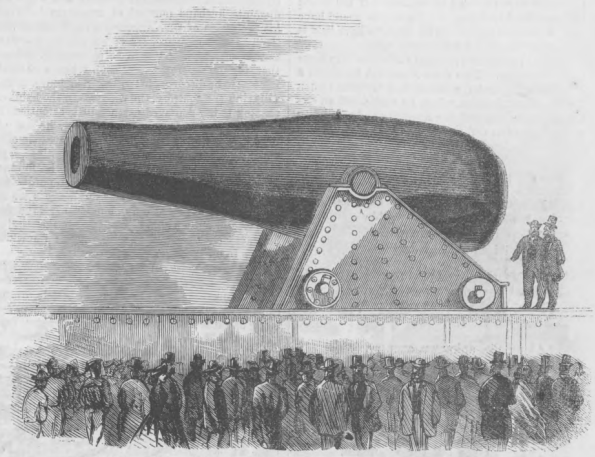
MAJOR THOMAS JEFFERSON RODMAN.

MAJOR RODMAN AND HIS GUN.

WE publish on this page a portrait of Major THOMAS J. RODMAN, together with a view of the celebrated 20-inch Rodman Gun of which he was the inventor.

Major THOMAS JEFFERSON RODMAN was born in Indiana about the year 1818, entered West Point in 1837, graduated in the Ordnance in 1841, and has ever since been one of the most useful and active officers in the corps. He obtained his Captaincy in July, 1855. He is famous for having invented a process of casting guns of enormous size hollow, and cooling them from the inside by passing a stream of water through the bore. They are known by the name of Rodman Guns. Major RODMAN is one of the greatest artillerists in the country, and is doing most excellent service at present.

On the 26th of October a trial was made at Fort Hamilton of the gigantic 20-inch which Major RODMAN has given to the world. This is the largest piece of ordnance in existence, and carries a shot weighing half a ton. The trial was witnessed by a large number of persons, among whom were Major RODMAN himself, the heads of the War and Navy Ordnance Departments, and General W. F. ("BALDY") SMITH. It indicates the size of the gun that it was possible for a man to creep into it to remove some obstructions in the vent that prevented the firing of the cannon by means of a fuse. The body of the man did not fill up the gun, and he easily made his way to the charge-chamber, which was three times his own length from the muzzle. The trial was only made to ascertain whether the cannon would carry a shot proportioned to its calibre; its range will be tested at some future day.



RODMAN 20-INCH GUN, TESTED AT FORT HAMILTON, OCTOBER 26, 1864.

This gun was cast at the Fort Pitt Foundry, Pittsburg, taking 160,000 pounds of metal, and weighing when completed 116,000 pounds. The peculiarity of the gun is in the process by which it is cooled, as above described. The portion of the gun nearer the bore is solidified first, thus giving room for a gradual contraction of the outer portion. The carriage for the gun weighs 36,000 pounds, and was made at the Watertown Arsenal, near Boston, of which Major RODMAN is Superintendent. It has two parts. The lower part is called the *chassis*, and constitutes the railway on which the upper part of the carriage, which is like that of a mortar, slides along when it receives the recoil of the gun. The whole rests upon a granite foundation; and the forward end of the chassis is fastened to an anchor-block or pier, by means of a six-inch bolt, called a pintle. From this point the carriage revolves around a semicircular traverse rail, on wheels. This rail, and also a support for the middle of the carriage, stand on granite. It is thought that the range of this gun will be five or six miles. Even the powder used for it is peculiar, the grains being said to resemble Breckinridge coal of the chestnut size.

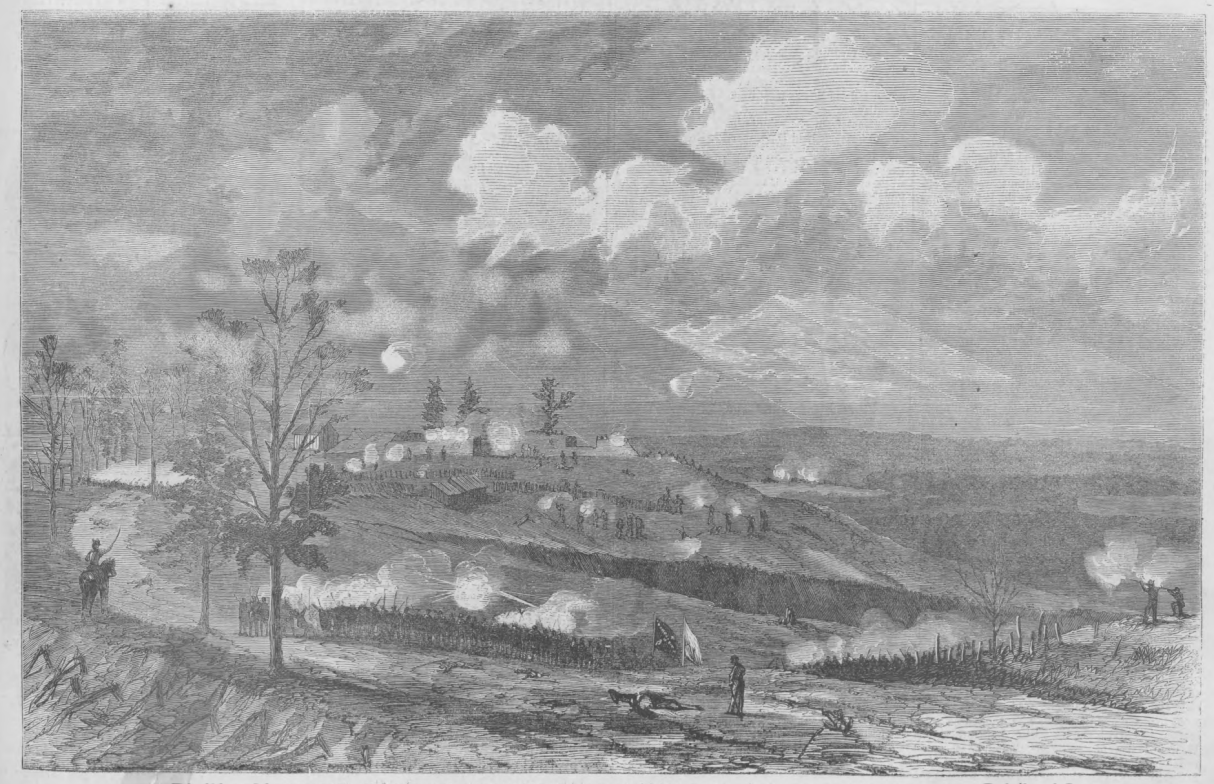
This gun is not mounted in the fort, but in the tier of 15-inch guns which extends along the embankment for a quarter of a mile below the fort, commanding the lower bay, and forming part of the defenses of New York harbor.

THE DEFENSE OF ALLATOONA.

WE illustrate on this page the attack made by General HOOD on Allatoona, October 5, 1864.

After General HOOD crossed the Chattahoochee a force of five brigades and eight guns, under General FRENCH, attacked Big Shanty, on the Chattanooga Railroad, and succeeded in taking the place. They then moved on Ackworth, further north, which occupied them until evening. The next morning, October 5, they drove in the Federal pickets at Allatoona. This post was defended by Brigadier-General JOHN M. CORSE, who had abandoned Rome in order to prevent Allatoona, which was of far greater value, from falling into the hands of the enemy. General CORSE commanded a garrison of 1700 men. General FRENCH, the rebel commander, sent to CORSE a summons to surrender, "to avoid the useless effusion of blood." CORSE replied that he and his command were ready for the "useless effusion" as soon as was agreeable to General FRENCH. Leaving their artillery on the south side to shell the position, the rebels swung their infantry round to the north front, which was more practicable. The attack was violent and determined, and lasted until the middle of the afternoon, when the enemy withdrew, leaving 1300 killed and wounded on the field. Nearly 700 of CORSE'S men were killed or wounded.

The rebels numbered about 7500 in all. They came provided with a wagon train to remove the rations which SHERMAN had accumulated at Allatoona, but they went away with empty wagons. The dead rebels had their haversacks full of uncooked black beans, sugar cane, etc. General CORSE was wounded in the head, but not seriously. Only



GENERAL HOOD'S ATTACK ON ALLATOONA, OCTOBER 5, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY A WAR REPORTER.]

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four guns were mounted in the fort. If the rebels had succeeded in taking the place, they would have been able, with the rations on hand, to have held it for several weeks.

General SHERMAN witnessed the action from Kenesaw Mountain. Two days afterward he issued a congratulatory order, commending General CORSE for his gallant defense, which he considered an example illustrating both the necessity and possibility of defending fortified positions to the last.

OVER THE HILL-SIDE.

FAREWELL! In dimmer distance
I watch your figures glide
Across the sunny moorland
And brown hill-side.

Each momently uprising,
Large, dark, against the sky;
Then, in the vacant moorland,
Alone sit I.

Along the unknown country,
Where your lost footsteps pass,
What beauty decks the heavens
And clothes the grass!

Over the mountain shoulder,
What glories may unfold!
Though I see but the mountain,
Blank, bare, and cold;

And the white road, slow winding
To where, each after each,
You slipped away—ah, whither?
I can not reach.

And if I call, what answers?
Only, 'twixt earth and sky,
Like wail of parting spirit,
The curlew's cry.

* * * * *

Yet sunny is the moorland,
And soft the pleasant air,
And little flowers, like blessings,
Grow every where.

While over all the mountain
Stands, sombre, calm, and still;
Immutable and steadfast
As the One Will;

Which, done on earth, in heaven,
Eternally confessed
By men, and saints, and angels,
Be ever blest!

Under Its infinite shadow,
Safer than light of ours,
I'll sit me down a little
And gather flowers.

Then I will rise and follow,
Without one wish to stay,
The path ye all have taken—
The appointed way.

THE CASE OF MONS. D'EGVILLE.

THIS remarkable case of circumstantial evidence, though generally known to the curious in such matters who have searched into West Indian records, is as yet, we believe, entirely new to the American public. The details, however, might never have been laid before them had not the original papers been recently discovered in the Provost-marshal's office in Barbadoes, and copied and forwarded to the writer. Besides the intrinsic interest attaching to the story itself as a mere anecdote, there is the object of adding another instance to the list of executions carried out upon the evidence of circumstance alone, and of exhibiting some of the strong as well as the weak points which characterize this peculiar form of judgment. Perhaps a close and careful comparison of numerous instances of circumstantial evidence might assist in moulding into something like a system the various and sometimes almost contradictory inferences deduced during trials of this character, and in bringing them under a legal form which might be applied when similar occasions required. At present it is well known that the law of circumstantial evidence is very uncertain, and the story before us is a most conspicuous instance.

In the year 1824, Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, resident in the island of Barbadoes, West Indies, dancing-master, was brought up before the local June Sessions charged with having caused the death of his wife by administering to her poison in the form of arsenic.

The name of D'Egville has been always famous as the title of a family of dancing-masters and mistresses: there were some of the family, I believe, in Cheltenham when I was a boy, and I certainly was instructed in the art by a D'Egville, though whether the name was assumed as a recommendation or not I can not say. The unhappy man of whom I write had, though a Frenchman, migrated to Barbadoes with the view of teaching dancing, and was, it is reported, very successful. After a somewhat long residence in the island, he married a lady whose family name was Llewellyn, though whether maid or widow at the time of her union with D'Egville is not shown. The Frenchman was not a man of good character: he was addicted to debauched society and to drink. In many of his tipsy fits he was wont to strike and ill-use his wife, though he never seemed to cherish the least ill-feeling toward her. He was not therefore malicious, though he was quarrelsome in his cups. Still, his ill-usage of Mrs. D'Egville was so continuous and excessive that the long-suffering wife determined upon a separation. This was effected without any display of violence or recrimination between the parties; and while the dissolute husband pursued at uncertain intervals his profession of dancing-master, the relieved wife lived at some distance, out of his and harm's way, as was supposed. It is to be particularly noticed that, though separated from each other, no ill-feeling was to be discerned between Mr. and Mrs. D'Egville; on the contrary, the wife was in the habit of sending to her depraved partner little attentions in the form of dainties, such as she knew he was attached to, as for instance, fruit, soup, rare fish, etc., etc. D'Egville recognized these attentions, and (occasionally) returned them, though the fluctuation of his gains at times prohibited an equivalent interchange of gifts. Now D'Egville was aware that his wife had not only signified her intention of leaving to him a sum of money at her death, but had actually executed the instrument by which he was to be entitled at her demise to a bequest of £500 old Barbadoes currency, *i. e.*, about £330 sterling.

It was proved that D'Egville had bought arsenic some few days previously at a druggist's shop, and being asked if it was required for rats, said, "Yes: *and I shouldn't care much if they were two-legged ones!*" Observe, that to be in the possession of arsenic was nothing of itself, for there generally was a supply in every house in the island for the extermination of rats and wood-ants; indeed, I can vouch for the fact of my grandfather keeping a very large quantity in the medicine chest for periodical poisonings of wood-ants which infested one of the mills on his estates, so that no stress can be laid on the mere purchase of the arsenic.

Mrs. D'Egville was particularly fond of toasted cheese, and at times of the year cheese was a very scarce article in the island. However, things had been prosperous with the Frenchman of late; for he purchased a piece, had it prepared, and sent it to his wife by the hands of a little mulatto boy, with these instructions: "Tell her to eat it *herself*, and not to give any of it to Miss Llewellyn." This was Mrs. D'Egville's sister, who lived in the same house with her.

Mrs. D'Egville was found dead in her bed next morning; Miss Llewellyn was dead also, and two or three of the negro servants were ill, though they ultimately recovered.

An inquest was immediately held, and Dr. Cutting tested the contents of the stomachs of the deceased, the rejected matter from the negroes who were suffering at the time, and the remainder of the cheese which was left in the dish. In all was arsenic found.

D'Egville was arrested, and brought up at the June Sessions in 1824. It was the interim between the death of the late Attorney-General Beckles and the appointment of his successor, and Mr. Coulthurst (acting attorney-general) prosecuted. Mr. Hinds defended the prisoner, resting his defense on the fact that a link in the chain of evidence was wanting. This meant of course the evidence of the little mulatto boy who had carried the cheese to Mrs. D'Egville, for negro evidence could not be received in court at that time.

The jury, after long consultation, came into court and said that it was impossible that they could ever agree, nine of their number being for an acquittal and three for a verdict of "Guilty;" so they were discharged, and the prisoner remanded to the next sessions. Meantime, Samuel Hinds was appointed Attorney-General. When the sessions arrived (December, 1824), Mr. Hinds declined to prosecute, on the ground of having formerly defended the prisoner, so the prosecution devolved upon Mr. Solicitor-General Griffith. The jury were empanneled, the evidence and all other proceedings carried on from the last sessions were read over to them, and after a short deliberation they brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

Extract from the minute-book of the Court of Grand Sessions held December 17, 1824:

Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville was then brought up and set to the bar to receive judgment; when, upon being asked if he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he delivered in a paper writing, signed by himself and Mr. Moore, as his counsel, protesting, alleging, and pleading that he, the said D'Egville, was put on his trial at a former sessions for the same offense, and, therefore, prayed that judgment might be arrested and stayed against him. Mr. Attorney-General Hinds objected to the same, on the ground that the former trial was not complete, inasmuch as no verdict was rendered, and inasmuch as the prisoner had on the present trial pleaded "not guilty," and put himself upon the country, he was by that plea barred from any other. The opinion of the court being taken, the said paper writing was rejected, but the court declared themselves ready to hear any thing, by way of reasons in arrest, which the prisoner or his counsel might think proper to offer; when Mr. Moore moved that the judgment in the cause of the "King *v.* M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville" be arrested, on the following reasons, namely: because it appears by the proceedings of the last Court of Grand Sessions, holden for the body of this island, in the month of June last, in the Town Hall, in Bridgetown, in the said Island of Barbadoes, that the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville was arraigned on an indictment preferred against him by our Sovereign Lord the King for the murder by poison of his wife Susanna D'Egville, whereto he pleaded "not guilty," and that a jury of twelve men was empaneled, sworn, and charged to try, and he, the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville, was actually put on his trial on the said indictment for the said offense, and whereto he, by his counsel, entered upon, disclosed, and made his defense; and further, because that the said jury, so sworn, empaneled, and charged to try him, the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville, afterward actually retired and went out to the petit jury-room, and remained several hours deliberating on their verdict; and further, because the offense whereof he hath been tried at the present sessions, and the offense for which he was put on trial, as before mentioned, at the Second Court of Grand Sessions, in the month of June last, are one and the same offense, and not divers, which said reasons being taken into the serious consideration of the court, were rejected, and sentence of death was accordingly pronounced.

This extract shows the procedure of the court (which was acting upon the condemnatory evidence alone) to have been crippled by the absence of the one link in the evidence exculpatory, viz.: the testimony of the mulatto boy who had been intrusted with the cheese. The common precaution of inquiry into the conduct and motives of the person through whose hands the poisoned cheese had last passed was thus cast aside, and this being not received, the poor dancing-master returned to prison without a hope.

Here is a copy of his death warrant:

GEORGE THE FOURTH, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, etc.

To our Provost-Marshal of our said Island of Barbadoes, or his lawful deputy, greeting:

WHEREAS Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, late of the parish of St. Michael, in the island aforesaid, yeoman, now detained in your custody in our jail of our said island, was, at a Court of Grand Sessions of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, and General Sessions of the Peace, held for the body of our said island, and begun on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, and so continued and held by special adjournment *de die in diem*, on the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth days of the said month, at the Town Hall, in the parish of St. Michael, in our island aforesaid, indicted and arraigned for the murder of Susanna D'Egville, and thereupon was tried, convicted, and in due form of law attainted, and now stands adjudged unto death, of which judgment execution remains to be done. We therefore command, and by these presents firmly enjoin you, that in and upon Monday the fourteenth day of this instant February, between the hours of nine and twelve in the forenoon of the same day, you carry the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to the place of execution within the jail-yard, in the town of St. Michael, in our island aforesaid, and there cause him the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to be hanged by the neck until he be dead, and that this you fail not to do upon peril thereon to ensue.

Witness.—His Excellency Sir Henry Warde, K.C.B., etc., his Majesty's Captain-General and Governor, Commander-in-Chief, etc., of this island, etc., at Government House, this seventh day of February, in the sixth year of our reign.

(Signed) HENRY WARDE.

This warrant was duly carried into effect.

Some years afterward, when D'Egville's name was forgotten, a negro man who had been a slave in the possession of Mrs. D'Egville, and who was, by her father's will, to receive his manumission, confessed that he had received the cheese from the mulatto boy and had put in the arsenic, as he was aware that his freedom was to follow upon his mistress's death. The link wanting (as the learned counsel observed), namely, what had passed between the time the cheese was put out of D'Egville's hands and its delivery into those of his wife, was now supplied. The negro's name was Christian, and he went, as was usual, by the family name of Llewellyn. All this he confessed upon his deathbed, to the great discomfiture of those who had condemned the wretched dancing-master, and to the shame of the system of refusing any evidence, though from negro lips, in a trial where life and death depended upon evidence alone.

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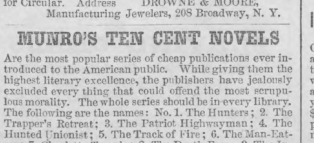
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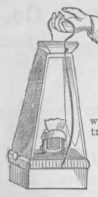
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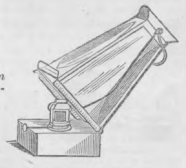
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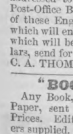
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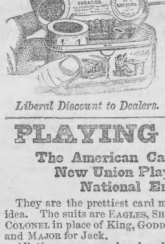
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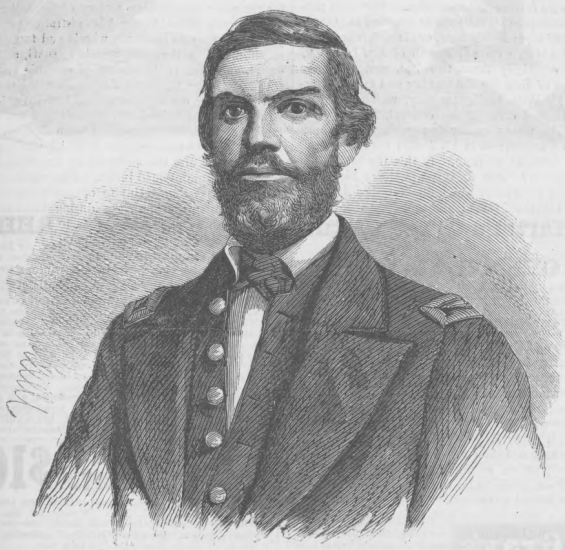
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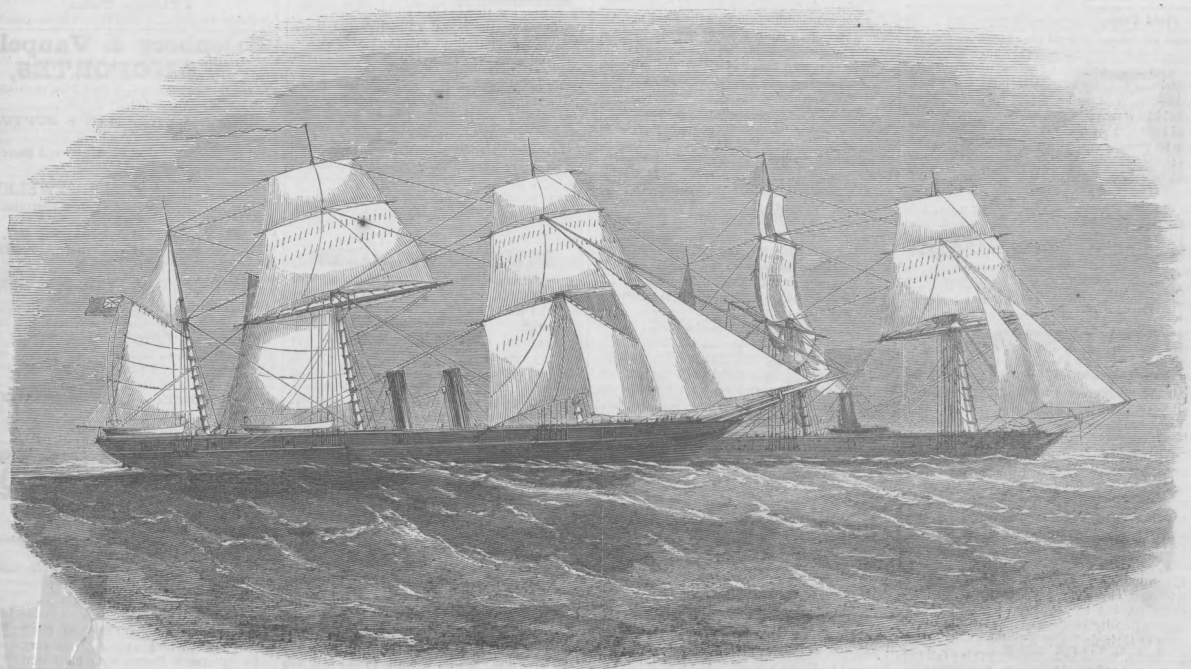
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CAPTAIN NAPOLEON COLLINS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 757.]



CAPTAIN C. M. MORRIS.—[SEE PAGE 757.]



THE CAPTURED REBEL PRIVATEER "FLORIDA" AND THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "WACHUSETT."—[SEE PAGE 757.]

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NOVEMBER 8, 1864.

We breathe more freely now the struggle's done,
Now that the glorious victory is won;
The grandest civil triumph which shall stand
Recorded in the annals of the land.

We trusted in the cause—we knew that Right
Must conquer Wrong, however hard the fight;
That not in vain by patriots had been shed
The precious blood with which our soil is red.

No, not in vain; to-day the pledge we give,
That by that blood the Union yet shall live;
And from the strong lips of the loyal North
In thunder tones the promise now goes forth.

Faith in that promise makes my eyes to see
Peace rising through the smoke of victory;
And as the cloud of battle drifts away
I see the white dawn of a future day.

Above the din of war I seem to hear
From tower and roof the sweet-toned bells of cheer
Ring out the welcome tidings to the skies,
While joyful peans on the air arise.

I see bold Freedom with a giant's stroke
Hurl to the earth the bondman's heavy yoke;
I see her strike from off his horny hands
The galling chains and fetters where he stands.

I see a temple; from its dome on high
A glorious banner greets the broad blue sky;
The starry emblem of a mighty land,
Whose people all are one in heart and hand.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

FOUR years have not exhausted the hands or the hearts of the people. Yet we do not suppose that any expectation of an immediate end of the rebellion had a perceptible influence upon the election. That an end is hoped for and prayed for by all loyal and thoughtful men is unquestionable; but the very duration of the war has taught us the tenacity and the resources of the rebellion.

No man who is fitted by study and observation to pronounce an opinion will imagine that under any circumstances whatever the war could have been a short one. To suppose that a victory at Bull Run would have terminated the rebellion is to betray the most profound ignorance of the real condition of the country at that time. If the North had been unanimous—if it had understood that the rebellion was not a riot but a revolution—if it had had a vast trained army and navy, with their properly-skilled officers—if it had determined once for all, and by common consent, that whatever was necessary to save the Government was constitutional, and that no hint of negotiation with armed rebels should ever be tolerated—and then, having conquered at Bull Run, had pushed forward by land and sea, and occupied and possessed the rebel section, the war might sooner have ended.

But if this had been the situation it would never have begun. It was precisely because the rebel chiefs knew that the North—by which term we mean the loyal citizens—were very far from unanimous—because they knew that there was no army and no navy, and that so many naval and military officers inclined to the rebel side—because they knew that the Constitution would be constantly pleaded for the rebellion—and because they believed, as they had good reason to, that the surprised country could be forced to terms by the timidity of trade, by party-spirit, and by fear of bankruptcy—it was because the rebel chiefs knew that we had not the conditions or the possibility of speedily ending a war that they took up arms.

They have ever since counted upon our fatigue. They have been willing to endure any extremity themselves, in the hope of seeing us exhausted. They knew that we were rich and populous; but they were willing to take brown paper for money, and to send every man into the field, so confident were they that we should presently be tired of the war, and insist upon ending it. The election undeceives them. They know now that we are not willing to admit the separate sovereignty of the States, or to allow that the Government of the United States is overthrown. They understand that the gage is thrown down for war to the end.

That the rebel leaders will be disappointed is beyond question. Governor BROWN, of Georgia, evidently expected a different result. We have constantly misjudged them in many respects, but not less have they misapprehended us. Governor BROWN'S error was in believing that the Chicago leaders represented the real feeling of the people. It is true that they would gladly have peace, but they will more gladly have war than a truce. The rebel leaders will be disappointed, doubtless, but they will not yield. To relax their authority in the least, to seem to waver even in their design of securing absolute independence, would be to see every thing fall from them, and to be suddenly ruined.

They have staked every thing upon the chance. They will still stand sullenly at bay. While they can persuade people to give a bushel of corn for a piece of brown paper two inches square, so long they will have enough to eat. They will sit down behind their earth-works, and the sternest military despotism and the melancholy suicidal pride which supports men in the last extremity, will sustain them yet for many a month, forbidding them to speak, almost to think, against the authorities over them. Their soldiers may not be paid, but they will be fed. The rebellion will resolve itself into an inert mass of resistance which must be crumbled away.

Upon this mass the disintegrating superior force of the loyal country will be thrown, and the issue, although in the nature of things sure, can not be very sudden. There is a great deal of truth in what DAVIS says. In a certain sense no particular spot is essential to the rebellion. Richmond may fall with Atlanta, Charleston and Mobile with New Orleans, and still the fire creep and smoulder on. The resistance will be made where men can be massed in small or large numbers. There will be no end of the war as in a treaty of peace with a foreign foe. It will ravel out. It will be extinguished as a fire is upon the prairie, which is trampled out here and there, and flames up again beyond. But when it is out it is out forever. There are no sparks, no cinders, no points in which the fire hides to leap forth again to-morrow.

This process has begun. The election does not mean that we expect perfect peace next month, but that we intend to continue the smothering. No man can be so blind as not to see the internal condition of the rebellion as revealed in all the late accounts. It does not indicate a "collapse," but it does show consumption. What we have to do is to wait patiently and steadily, putting out all our force all the time. The rebels have no reason for holding out that we have not in a hundred-fold greater degree, and the 8th of November teaches them that we are fully aware of it.

SHERMAN.

FREDERICK THE GREAT'S Silesian campaigns were not more remarkable than General SHERMAN'S. A more skillful and accomplished soldier has not been known in our history; and, compared with him and his operations, how poor sounds the old talk about the "Great Captain" LEE!

SHERMAN forced his way straight through the enemy's territory, over mountains and rivers, baffling all attacks, outwitting all hostile designs, driving the whole mass of the rebel army backward until he planted his flag where he set out to plant it, and sat down in Atlanta. The victory extorted a wail of anguish and rage from the rebel chief, for he felt the mortal wound. In utter desperation he ordered HOOD to throw his army upon SHERMAN'S rear and to threaten Tennessee. SHERMAN turned upon him, drove him from his intended line, detached General THOMAS with his army to hold him in the corner of Alabama or to coax him across the Tennessee; while now, with all his banners flying and bugles blowing, his futile enemy confounded, SHERMAN shakes out his glittering columns and advances to the sea.

There is no considerable force to oppose him. The ample breadth of Georgia lies open to him. The finest and richest tract of the rebel region is his parade-ground, and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS'S own State is about to learn the truth of his prophecy that, if it drew the sword, it would miserably perish by it.

Whether SHERMAN is moving upon Mobile, or Savannah, or Charleston, or whether he is moving at all, is not known. But whatever be his destination, he will reach it and occupy it. There is no force and no generalship in the rebel lines which can compare with his. And the coming of his army, although it necessarily leave a path of desolation, will be the shining of a bright light in the darkness of the South. It will show rebels that the Government of the United States has irresistible power, and that it is useless to contend with the inflexible resolution of the American people that their Government shall be maintained.

The people of the rebel section have seen the progress of our arms in the last three years. They have not forgotten that they were themselves apparently successful until the Government could create and collect its forces and bring them to bear. They have seen the loyal part of the country submitting to taxes, to drafts, and to the necessary conditions of war. They have seen an angry and malignant faction arise and threaten to paralyze and divide the loyal nation. They have seen the slow and painful process by which we have ascertained who are our real military chiefs, and they see them now in command. They have seen the opening of the Mississippi, the occupation of the Southwest, the baffling at every point of their attempted invasions, their constant shrinking before the national hand, as JOHNSON shrank from SHERMAN. They have seen the hope of foreign interference expire, cotton dethroned, and their finances ruined. They have seen the defection of their army, and have heard it confirmed by DAVIS himself. And now at last they have seen the attitude of their loyal fellow-citizens perfectly unchanged, and hear them in the fourth year of the war, by a unanimity which is marvelous, declare that whatever may be the further cost of the struggle it shall go on until the authority of the mildest, fairest, and best government in the world is every where and entirely restored.

The coming of SHERMAN'S army will be the visible proof of all the things they have seen. Desperate they may be, brave and furious, but they are men still, and there is a point at which all men yield. If that point is not nearly reached, very well. We can wait. They know now that SHERMAN is the personification of the loyal country, and that the war will continue until that point is reached.

THE FEELING OF THE NORTH.

THE President's two speeches in acknowledgment of the serenades after the election are the noblest expression of the universal public sentiment. There is no personal or partisan exultation. The issue was too solemn for that. There is the sane sober joy as after a great victory or a narrow escape.

It has been customary for foreigners, and many among ourselves, to speak of Mr. LINCOLN as the rebels speak of him, and to celebrate JEFFERSON DAVIS as a gentleman and a polished intellectual statesman. Will such persons compare DAVIS'S recent speeches at Macon, Columbia, and elsewhere, or his earlier speeches in the war, with any speech of Mr. LINCOLN, and especially these two last, and then say which of them are the manlier and more honorable? With malignant fury, which not even his trained coolness can conceal, DAVIS hisses that he would sooner fraternize with hyenas than Yankees; or in his foolish rage speaks of the "Beast" BUTLER. Is this the style of a statesman? Are these specimens of the intellectual superiority which distinguishes JEFFERSON DAVIS? Or is it the scurrility of a baffled conspirator, and the venomous malice of a disappointed rebel?

Nothing in the history of the war is more striking than the different spirit in which it is waged by the loyal citizens and the rebels. Indeed, the murderous and wicked olive-branch policy, which has so prolonged and embittered the struggle, is due to the want of proper insight and a more wholesome indignation upon the part of loyal citizens. From the beginning it was not only war, but war made upon the Government by men who had been taught to hate "the North" and "Northerners." And while rebels have been starving and slaughtering in every horrible way Union men at the South, and Union soldiers from the North, we have gone on mumbling "conciliation," until we were likely to be overthrown by our obstinate refusal to understand our enemies.

We have learned now what they are. The election plucks off the olive branches and throws them away; and declares that conciliation is a word to be spoken to rebels when they have submitted and not before. Yet there is no personal hate mingled with this resolution. As a class the rebels are regarded by the most strenuous loyal citizens as sophisticated and deluded; as men who must be taught by superior force to regard their obligations as citizens of the United States, but that is all. In no official paper or speech of the Union authorities has there been any expression of malignity toward the insurgents, nor will there be. Engaged in defending their Government, which is the sole security of their peace and prosperity, the people of the United States yield to no unworthy emotion. They are faithfully represented by the man whom they have again made their President. They feel in their successes "no taint of personal triumph;" but they are resolved, as he says, through every fortune, "to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

PARTY AND FACTION.

WHAT is a party, and what is a faction? It is very necessary to understand the difference between them, that every honest party-man may not find himself in the dishonest position of a factionist.

In a word, then, legitimate parties in a free country represent the different policies which different citizens think the Government ought to pursue. A legitimate party presents and defends the measures by which it thinks the Government can best be sustained. If the country is at war, it brings forward its plans for its prosecution, and explains and defends them, having in view the integrity of the nation, the national honor, and the maintenance of the Government. Its attacks, if it be out of power, are directed against the method by which the war is waged, not against the war itself, especially when it is a civil war imperiling the existence of the nation. A legitimate party is of necessity patriotic; for when it ceases to be patriotic it has become faction.

Faction, then, is the spirit which incessantly thwarts and opposes the operations of the Government for the purpose of overthrowing it. It considers the fall of the Government a smaller calamity than its own exclusion from political power. Consequently, when the country is engaged in war, however necessary, honorable, and just, however essential to the very existence of the nation and government, faction denounces the war under the pretense of high humanity and religion, appeals to every base emotion, every mean and unworthy passion, seeking to paralyze the hand and chill the heart of the Government and the people.

Thus, in the last session of Congress, when certain representatives voted steadily against every measure proposed by the Government for prosecuting the war, without offering any substitute, they voted to deliver the country naked into the hands of its enemies. When some of their associates said to them, "Here we are, sworn to maintain the Government, and if our party has any measures to propose for that purpose we are ready to support them," the only answer they received was: "We are going to propose nothing. We are going to let the Administration go to the dogs in its own way." This was the reply of the most malignant faction. It was exactly the spirit of BENEDICT ARNOLD. It was the very reverse of a legitimate party opposition, for it was a blow at the life of the Government, under which alone legitimate parties exist.

At the next session the true Opposition has but one course to pursue, unless it acknowledges a purely factious character. Its only honorable course, as a party, is to propose wiser measures for the surer and speedier victory of the nation over the rebellion than the Administration proposes. Merely to block the wheels and to cast impediments in the path, merely to snarl, and growl, and hiss, is the course of cowards and sneaks. When CHARLES JAMES FOX led the Parliamentary opposition to WILLIAM PITT, it was not when England was struggling with a foreign or domestic enemy, but when FOX and PITT differed as to the means by which war was to be avoided and the authority of the British Government maintained intact. That was a legitimate opposition. But to oppose whatever the Administration proposes during the war, merely because it proposes it, is to make the welfare of the country a football, and to deserve the contempt of all true men.

Let the Opposition learn by last winter's experience, and by the prodigious emphasis of the election, that when the Government itself is directly assailed, the only honorable party question is how most surely to save it.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE breakfast given by members of the Union League Club to Professor GOLDWIN SMITH was a tribute worthy of the city and of the guest. Among the names of our foreign friends, friends who have constantly and with masterly power and eloquence vindicated our cause, none is fairer than that of GOLDWIN SMITH. Professor of History at Oxford, and a close and wise student of the times and the men around him, he comprehends the exact significance of this great war of ours, and speaks to his countrymen with a historical knowledge of the career of England as a belligerent power which is most dangerous to provoke, and overwhelming when it is launched against English inconsistency.

Before he wrote or spoke of our affairs Professor SMITH was known to intelligent observers not only by the lectures from his University chair and his comprehensive, luminous, and noble little work upon Ireland, but from his sagacious practical service as a leader of the liberal thinkers who inspire the liberal party in England. He was before CORDEN in bearding the London *Times*. Early in 1862 he wrote: "The leading journal has indeed waged war against 'thinkers' for a quarter of a century with no questionable success." And with a fine exaltation, which recalls the better days and men of his country, he adds: "I am most willing to be called a 'thinker,' or, if possible, worse names, if I can contribute in the slightest degree toward inducing however small a section of the public to exercise forecast in politics; to study our position in the community of nations, its changes and its necessities; to mark the ways of Providence, and subdue ambition to them; and to lay, by deliberate action on intelligible principles, the solid foundations of happiness and greatness."

The opinion of foreigners upon our affairs is often compared to that of posterity; and certainly the views of a man like GOLDWIN SMITH have the kind of equity that we attribute to those who come after us, and who are removed from the gusts of party opinion in which we live. How fully this is recognized, and how gladly our great debt to him is acknowledged, Professor SMITH'S reception in this country must have proved to him and to his companions in our vindication, CORDEN, BRIGHT, CAIRNES, NEWMAN, and the rest.

It was fortunate that AUGUSTE LANGEL, who, with GASPARIN, LABOULAYE, HENRI MARTIN, and other noble Frenchmen, have not less comprehended these events, was in the city and at the breakfast. M. LANGEL, in response to an honorary sentiment, spoke with a fluency and felicity which would have been charming in an American, but in a Frenchman expressing himself in a foreign tongue was extraordinary. And when Professor BOTTA, with his historic Italian-American name and traditions, spoke in the same English tongue and with the same generous sympathy, it was impossible not to feel that the generous heart of every truly civilized na-

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tion boats harmonious; and that the best men in each aim to make that general justice practicable which can alone secure the peace of the world.

THE BOSTON SAILORS' FAIR.

ON the morning of election-day Captain WINSLOW, of the *Kearsarge*, came ashore at Boston, and going at once to his home in Roxbury, voted for the cause for which he had fought. On the next day the great Fair for the Sailors was opened in Boston by the customary speeches; but with a variety of material and a cordiality of purpose which show true the national heart is to the brave men at sea who defend the national honor and the flag.

It was a happy event for the opening of the Fair that Captain WINSLOW, the hero of what is perhaps the most interesting single naval incident of the war, should be present. Yet the sinking of the *Alabama* was only one incident. The history of the navy in this war is fully worthy its earlier exploits. The fight at Hatteras; the opening of New Orleans; the defeat of the *Merrimac*; the capture of Hilton Head; the occupation of Mobile Bay; the sinking of the *Alabama*; the explosion of the *Albemarle*; the capture of the *Florida*, with the inflexible blockade maintained along the coast of a continent, and the hundred illustrious episodes of individual daring and victory, are all naval triumphs upon which the shades of LAWRENCE and DECATUR, of ESEK HOPKINS and OLIVER PERRY may approvingly smile. When the war began there were some forty ships in the navy, and ISAAC TOUCEY, the Secretary of the Navy, knowing that the Government was to be attacked, had put all but four of them out of its reach. Less than eight thousand men sufficed for the service of these ships. Now the vessels have increased to nearly six hundred, and fifty thousand seamen care for them. Meanwhile FARRAGUT and DU PONT, and WORDEN and PORTER and WINSLOW, have written their names bright and clear in our history.

The object of the Boston Sailors' Fair is to found a home for seamen, such as the United States has not yet provided. For by some remarkable arrangement nineteen or twenty years must elapse before one of the men, for instance, who fought upon the *Kearsarge* can become the permanent inmate of a United States marine hospital. To secure that berth a sailor must have been in the service for twenty years. This is making what the French would call a long antichamber.

The Fair has opened with such spirit that there can be no doubt of realizing a large sum for its generous purpose. Every body will be glad to cheer the honest heart of the sailor-boy, and to assure him, wherever, in strange and remote seas, he fights for the flag, that those whom the flag protects hail his work and honor his bravery.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT is lecturing in Baltimore, where his "Drifting About" has proved very successful.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE interest in the military record of the past week is chiefly prospective, gathering especially about Sherman's projected campaign. In Virginia no important event has occurred, except the withdrawal of Sheridan's army to the vicinity of Winchester. He was followed by the rebel cavalry only, November 11, engaged Merritt and Custer. The latter retired, but did not succeed in drawing the enemy northward. The skirmishing was renewed the next day, Sheridan trying in vain to bring on a general engagement. General Powell advanced with his division, and drove the rebels through and beyond Front Royal, capturing two cannon, 150 prisoners, and several wagons. There is nothing new from the Army of the James, except that the enemy is lining the west bank of the James from the Howlett House, near Dutch Gap, to Drury's Bluff with a chain of formidable batteries. It is evidently the expectation of the rebels that on the completion of the Dutch Gap Canal Richmond will be attempted by a combined assault of our land and naval force. The Richmond *Examiner* (November 9) even supposes that Grant will be reinforced by the best part of Sheridan's army. Early's army is supposed to number from ten to fifteen thousand men. The rebels have on the James River three iron-clad rams, built on the plan of the *Tennessee*, and four wooden gun-boats.

On the night of November 5 about 600 of A. P. Hill's men made another sally to capture the pickets of Mott's Division. A sharp skirmish followed, in which the rebels lost many men.

Commander Macomb's official report of the capture of Plymouth by our naval force gives as the results of the victory the capture of twenty-two cannon, many small arms, large quantities of ammunition, and a few prisoners. The *Albemarle* was found completely submerged. The following vessels took part in the expedition against Plymouth: the *Commodore Hull*, *Shamrock*, *Chicopee*, *Otsego*, *Wyalusing*, *Tuscony*, and *Valley City*.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Hood's movements for some time past have indicated an intention on his part of taking up finally a position on the Mississippi River. On the 23d of October he was at Brookeville, in Northern Alabama. At this point his army separated into three columns, all moving toward the Tennessee River with the design of crossing at three different points—Decatur, Whitesburgh, and Gunter's Landing. From this time his movements are not certainly known to us, but the necessity of supplying himself from the country probably led him to scatter his forces pretty widely along the banks of the Tennessee. Whether he will move northward on Chattanooga or Nashville time will develop. The Charleston *Mercury* of October 31 volunteers the opinion that Hood had better whip Sherman first and make his advance afterward; it does not see how a rebel army, not numerous enough to confront its adversary in the field, can afford to leave him in the rear. It says: "The idea of recruiting our army in Tennessee is good, provided we go there in the right way, inspiring confidence and showing power and skill. But a fugitive campaign of a week or two, ending in retreat or disaster, would do much more harm than good—would chill the lukewarm, and confirm the fort-and-hip-and-thigh."

In the mean time General Sherman, leaving Thomas north of the Tennessee with a force sufficient to confront Hood, has moved with his main army in another direction. October 23 he was at Gaylesville, Alabama, having up to that time kept well in Hood's rear. From that point he moved to Resaca, and had reached Atlanta and joined Slocum's Corps at that place during the first week of November. Here the election took place on the 8th. Wednesday morning the rebels made three attacks on Atlanta, but were repulsed, retreating toward Macon. From this date we have no information, and the most various conjectures are made as to the movement upon which he probably set out on the 10th or 11th. General Gillem had just routed the enemy in East Tennessee, driving him into Virginia, and this has led to the supposition that Sherman's move will be along the line of the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad. All of the Gulf States are open to him, and it is conjectured by many that he is moving southward to the coast, taking Andersonville in his way. This inference is also drawn from a note addressed by him to the Western Sanitary Commission, in which he says, under date of October 25 at Gaylesville: "I thank you for the prompt fulfillment of the request to send certain articles for our prisoners at Andersonville. Things have changed since, and I may go in person to deliver these articles to the prisoners." Others have supposed that he would move on Savannah or Charleston. The rebel papers, it is to be hoped, are as much bewildered about the affair as we are at the North. Atlanta is still held by the Twentieth Corps.

General A. J. Smith's Division from Memphis is at Paducah. Forrest has been operating on the Tennessee River in the western part of the State; but he failed in taking Johnsonville, which was his chief object, the river being always navigable to this point. On the 8th Wheeler and Forrest withdrew from Johnsonville on the approach of a Federal naval and land force to this point.

Several attempts have been made to cross Texas cattle over the Mississippi River for the benefit of Hood's army. It is supposed that a strong force of Texans were ready to co-operate with Hood on the west side of the Mississippi.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

On the 18th of September Admiral Porter presented a sword to Brigadier-General Joseph Bailey, who did him such service in extricating the gun-boats and other vessels of the fleet from their perilous position above the falls at Alexandria during the Red River expedition.

The rebels have three gun-boats on the Red River, the most formidable of which is the *Missouri*, mounting six heavy guns, and thickly armored. These are supposed to be lying at Shreveport. As the Red River is rising these boats are daily expected to descend.

November 6 General Canby was severely wounded by a guerrilla while ascending the White River on the gun-boat *Cricket*. It is thought that his recovery is doubtful.

EXPLOSION OF THE "TULIP."

On the 11th inst. the gun-boat *Tulip*, attached to the Potomac flotilla, left St. Mary's in the afternoon for the Washington Navy-yard. While passing Rugged Point in the early evening her boilers exploded, sending the upper portion of the vessel to atoms, scalding her officers and crew, and sending them about in every direction. She had on board 69 persons, officers and men. Of these only nine are accounted for, and some of these nine were mortally injured.

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

The following order was issued by the President November 14:

1. That the resignation of George B. M'Clellan as Major-General in the United States army, dated November 8, and received by the Adjutant-General on the 10th inst., be accepted as of the 8th of November.

2. That for personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops displayed by Philip H. Sheridan on the 19th of October at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence his routed army was rallied from disastrous disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days, Philip H. Sheridan is appointed Major-General in the United States Army, to rank as such from the 8th dry of November, 1864.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

On the 7th of November the rebel Congress assembled at Richmond. Among those collected together on this occasion we recognize the familiar names of Hunter, Bocock, Johnson, Wigfall, Orr, Foote, and Rives. Of the members of the House, only 62 were present at the opening of the session, nearly half of them represented rotten boroughs. The Richmond hotels embraced the opportunity to advance the price of board to $40 *per diem*.

Davis's Message is of especial interest on account of the important measures upon which it touches. He devotes the first portion of the document to a review of the military campaign since June. He sees no disparaging feature in Sherman's advance into Georgia or in Grant's near approach to Richmond. The loss of all their cities, he claims, would still leave the contest undecided. He does not once allude to the Confederate defeats in the Valley, but points with an indignant gesture to Sheridan's barbarous mode of carrying on war. Mr. Davis then proceeds to a consideration of the financial condition. The total amount of the rebel debt on the 1st of October was $1,147,976,208, of which about half was funded. The increase in debt during the six months from April to October was nearly $100,000,000. In these statements the foreign debt is omitted. This amounts to £2,200,000 in gold, or about $50,000,000 in Confederate currency, and is provided for by about 250,000 bales of cotton owned by the Government. To the foreign debt must also be added the soldiers' dues, not yet paid for fifteen months. The chief difficulty, he says, to be apprehended is from a depreciated currency, which he attributes to two causes—redundancy in amount and want of confidence in ultimate redemption.

Mr. Davis advocates a universal conscription, exempting no class, and he advises that the detailment of editors, teachers, physicians, etc., be left to the discretion of the military authorities. In regard to the employment of slaves in the army he expresses himself with great caution. He thinks it would be wise to increase the number of slaves employed in accordance with the Act of February last, which provided for the impressment of 20,000 slaves. He claims, however, that the slave is not only property but also has a personal relation and obligation to the Government. If the slaves were used as soldiers then they would cease to be private property, and must pass over to the possession of Government. But Mr. Davis is not in favor of conferring freedom on the negro in order to make him a soldier, but only after a period of faithful service.

After the reading of the Message in the House, Mr. Blandford, of Georgia, presented a bill, placing all domiciled white males between 18 and 45 in the army, revoking all exemptions, and authorizing the President to make details when necessary. This was referred to Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Murray, of Tennessee, offered a joint resolution declaring that the Confederate States will give neither sympathy nor aid to the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico.

Then Mr. Swan, of Tennessee, offered a resolution declaring that no exigency exists or is likely to occur requiring the placing of negroes in the army, and he was desirous of prompt and decisive action which should put at once to rest the idea at which his resolution was aimed. The resolution was postponed to Thursday, November 10. A resolution was agreed to instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to introduce a bill for the purchase of clothing for Confederate soldiers in captivity. The House adjourned till the 10th. The Senate adjourned immediately after the reading of the President's Message.

On the 10th the Senate sat in secret session. In the House the subject of arming slaves was the order of the day. Mr. Chambers, of Mississippi, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the valor, constancy, and endurance of our citizen soldiers, assisted by the steady co-operation of all classes of our population not in the field, will continue a sufficient guarantee of the rights of the States and the Independence of the Confederate States.

Mr. Chambers spoke at length in opposition to making soldiers of slaves.

The news of President Lincoln's re-election had been received at Richmond November 11. The rebels accept it as a declaration on the part of the North in favor of four years more of war, but claim that our perseverance will be exhausted before another year shall have closed.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is officially announced that the efficiency of the army in the field requires that the furloughs of all regimental officers and enlisted men fit for duty shall terminate on the 14th instant.

It is reported that General Hancock, in consequence of the condition of his wounds, is to be relieved of the command of the Second Corps, and assigned to the command of the Department of Washington, General Augur succeeding him in the Army of the Potomac.

Mosby, the famous guerrilla chief, a few days ago ordered seven of our men in his hands to be hung in retaliation for seven of his men who had been executed by General Custer. Four of these escaped; the others were hung near Berryville.

Lieutenant Brain, the captor of the United States steamer *Roanoke*, has been released by the Bermuda authorities upon showing his commission from the Confederate Secretary of the Navy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

MR. JOHN LEECH, the celebrated illustrator of the pages of *Punch*, died on the 29th ult., aged 47 years.

The Schleswig-Holstein question has been finally settled by the treaty of peace signed October 30. Denmark cedes Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg to the victors. Lauenburg, in accordance with the vote of her Diet, will probably be annexed to Prussia.

THE EAST.

A terrific cyclone has broken over Calcutta, causing enormous destruction of property. Of two hundred vessels in the Hoogly (a branch of the Ganges), nineteen are reported to be totally lost, and of the remainder, twenty only are reported to be sea-worthy.

The fleet of the English, French, and Dutch has successfully attacked the forts of Prince Negato in the Straits of Shimonoseki. The Japanese have sued for peace and promise to open the Straits.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

INCIDENT OF THE LAST ELECTION.—At the last election a very interesting incident occurred at Sturbridge, Massachusetts. Deacon John Phillips, who is 104 years old, appeared at the town-hall and deposited his ballot for Presidential electors and State officers. He was brought in a carriage, and then conveyed into the hall in a chair, supported by a platoon of our returned soldiers, and received by the citizens of the town rising from their seats, amidst the tears and heart-felt emotions of all present. After resting for a moment, the venerable patriot expressed a desire to shake hands with all the returned soldiers. Some thirteen soldiers then formed in line. When each one was introduced to the patriarch, and took him by the hand, with the announcement of the time each had served in the army. After this, three hearty cheers were given for the returned soldiers, and three rousing cheers by the whole assembly, for the "old soldier of the Revolution."

Colonel Edward Phillips, eldest son of the venerable deacon, now in his eighticth year then made an impromptu speech to the soldiers, in the course of which he said that he was the oldest man in town who was born in town, and yet, said he, my father is here and "still lives." The old deacon was then presented with two sets of ballots, one for Abraham Lincoln and one for George B. M'Clellan, and requested before all present to take his choice, when he reached out his hand, and in an audible and deep-toned bass voice, said, "I shall take the one for Abraham Lincoln."

The town then voted that the chairman of the selectmen present the ballot-box to the old gentleman, who took his ballot with both hands and deposited it in the box, stating that he had voted for Washington for President, and had attended all the Presidential elections since, excepting that four years ago, when he was sick, and did not attend.

A CHAPLAIN in Arkansas says a man buying furs was conversing with a woman at whose house he called, and asked her "if there was any Presbyterians around there?" She hesitated a moment, and said she "guessed her husband hadn't killed any since they'd lived there."

MURDER WILL OUT.—A case is under examination at Albany which illustrates the importance of trifles in the detection of crime. In September a cattle-dealer by the name of Thompson was murdered in West Albany under circumstances which appeared to furnish no clew to the detection of the murderer. A stranger had gone out in the evening with Thompson from his hotel to look at some cattle just arrived from Saratoga, and penned in an obscure portion of the market. The next morning the cattle-dealer was found murdered, and robbed of about $5000. The criminal had escaped. But a drover had seen the two men together on the day of the murder, and remembered the stranger, who had asked him, "Didn't you keep bar somewheres? Haven't I seen you before?"

A month afterward the drover was in the cars on his way to Schenectady, and talking into conversation with a stranger, the latter abruptly asked him, "Didn't you keep bar somewheres? Haven't I seen you before?" Upon this followed the arrest of the murderer, who, but for this casual repetition of a question, might possibly have escaped detection.

This case reminds us of a similar one of recent occurrence in England. This, however, was a case of robbery. A house-breaker having plundered a house of considerable valuable property in the course of his rummaging went into the upper story. No one was at home but the housemaid, and she was at this time preparing to retire for the night. As the robber peeped in he saw her before the mirror with her night-dress and night-cap on, and heard her remark, "How nice I look in my night-cap!" A few days afterward this girl encountered two young men on the street and one of them thoughtlessly said, "How nice I look in your night-cap!" The recognition then became mutual and the robber was arrested.

ARTEMUS WARD writes that he is tired of answering the question as to how many wives Brigham Young has. He says that all he knows about it is that he one day used up the multiplication-table in counting the long stockings on a clothes-line in Brigham's back-yard, and went off feeling dizzy. Even when in Mormon Artemus undertook to give an entertainment, gave a prominent Mormon a family-ticket, and as a consequence he found his evening audience made up entirely of "dead-heads," with a long string of the privileged family trailing some distance outside.

FIVE miles from Waterville is Derrynane, the well-known residence of O'Connell. It lies by a small shore of a little bay, and is sheltered to landward by a grove of trees; it looks like the quiet drowsy residence of an old-fashioned country gentleman, and it is difficult to realize in it the head-quarters of the Emancipation and Anti-Union agitations. His eldest son and successor, the late Mr. Maurice O'Connell, was a celebrated shot, and one of his amusements in driving along the road was to shoot the wretched little dogs which rush out from every cabin to bark at strangers. He was an unfailing shot, and it was a grotesque thing to witness the zeal with which men and women would snatch up the yelping curs and hurry them out of sight the moment his carriage was seen. It was not always, however, that such precautions were availing, for on one occasion he shot a dog in the arms of its owner. Another day, walking in the streets of Tralee with a friend, they espied a luckless tobacconist peacefully smoking his cigar in front of his own shop-door. "You can't knock that fellow's cigar out of his mouth," suggested his friend. "Can't I?" said Maurice; "you shall see." This time, unluckily, his aim was not as true as usual, for he carried away the tip of the tobacconist's nose, and had to pay a fine of £400 for the pleasure of performing the operation.

THE sponge business has become a prominent department of industry in the Bahama Islands. It is almost entirely the growth of the last twenty years, and nets annually about 20,000 dollars. The sponge is fished and raked from the sandy bottom of the ocean at the depth of twenty, forty, or sixty feet. It belongs to a very low order of animal life, organization hardly being detected. When first taken from the water it is black, and becomes exceedingly offensive from decomposition. It is so poisonous in this condition that it almost blisters the flesh it happens to touch. The first process is to bury it in the sand, where it remains for two or three weeks, in which time the gelatinous animal matter is absorbed and destroyed by the insects that swarm in the sand. After being cleansed it is compressed and packed in bales like cotton. The sponge has been applied to a variety of new purposes, and within the past few years has quadrupled in value.

TIGERS AT SINGAPORE.—In Singapore the average mortality caused by tigers has for a long time been calculated at one man a day. The local Government have recently made great efforts to drive away these destructive animals. Convicts have been specially employed to hunt them down, and the reward offered for their destruction has been considerably increased. These measures have to a certain extent proved successful, but that they have not been altogether so is shown by a statement in a late number of the *Straits Times*. In little more than a fortnight in the month of August last five men had been killed by tigers, and these were not merely conjectural cases, but cases in which the evidence of the cause of death was indisputable.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—In the beginning of her married life, to use the poetical yet truthful language of Burke, "she glittered like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy." Radiant with hope, and dreading no danger, for she felt no sin, she may have been, by excess of candor or the too unrestrained flow of animal spirits, occasionally thoughtless or even imprudent. But after winnowing and sifting every act of her life for seventy-two years and more, most impartial men have now come to the conclusion that, in every passage of her history in which unfavorable opinions were formed of her conduct, she has been the victim of calumny and slander. To her mother she was always a respectful and dutiful daughter, as to her husband she was always a dutiful and loving wife. This she showed in her whole conduct, as well as in the letters collected by Count d'Hunolstein and M. Feuillet de Conches, in which appear that careless candor, that perfect *abandon* and *espieglerie* so compatible with, and oftenest joined to, the most perfect purity of mind and morals.

THE rewards of literary success, as indeed of success in any pursuit whatever, are in these days something marvelous. It is said that Mr. Tennyson has already realized £10,000 by the sale of his last volume, and that Mr. Wilkie Collins is to receive £2000 for his new novel in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and still be at liberty to republish it in a complete form after it has appeared in the periodical. And it is not only in England that these large sums are realized by authors. No less than 30,000 copies of an illustrated edition of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" were lately sold in a few days, and 1500 more were ordered. The times are changed indeed since Dr. Johnson was obliged to dance attendance in Lord Chesterfield's ante-room in the vain hope of obtaining a paltry dedication fee.

A YOUNG nobleman of the Papal States, on succeeding to his family title, found that his uncle and predecessor had expended nearly the whole property in assisting the Pope at the time of his flight from Rome. The young man was left all but penniless: he naturally determined to seek Pio IX., expose his condition, and implore from his Holiness either repayment, or some such office as would recompense his loss. It proved, however, no easy matter for him to obtain the desired interview. By some *inconceivable* contingency the Pope was never able to receive him, though he applied through many channels for the favor. Months passed on, and finally two or three years, and the young nobleman was still soliciting the permission to lay his claim before his holy debtor. At last the Pope undertook one of his journeys; the nobleman followed him, found him on one occasion less carefully guarded than usual, forced the *consigne* at his private door, and entering the sacred presence, threw himself at his Holiness's feet, and expounded his case. The Pope listened both patiently and amiably while the youth detailed all that his uncle had given, and how the family estates were mortgaged in consequence, and how since the uncle's death he had been seeking the Pope to obtain favorable consideration of his claims. The Pope, as I have said, listened most graciously, insomuch that the nobleman congratulated himself in the confident hope that his petition would assuredly be granted. "And how long ago is it," said the Pope, "since your excellent uncle died?" "Just four years ago, may it please your Holiness." "Then," returned the Pope, "for four years exactly, *il suo signor zio has received in heaven the reward of his unquenchable devotion to the Holy See.* Benedicite!" This said, and extending his two fingers over the abashed and kneeling suppliant, Pio IX. swept out of the room

A BISHOP IN PURIBUS.—We can not resist the temptation of relating the following anecdote of the Apostolic Bishop of New Zealand, the scene of whose adventure lies here. He had persuaded the Bishop of Newcastle to start with him from Sydney on a missionary cruise in his little yacht to New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, the Loyalty, and other islands in his then extensive diocese. Like ourselves they put in at the Bay of Islands. The Bishop of New Zealand wished to show his brother of Newcastle a little of the country, and for that purpose proposed to take him to a distant station on the other side of this very river. The ground was soft and boggy, as we had found it, and the Bishop of Newcastle had never been accustomed to "rough it" in such a country as this. He could ride his fifty miles a day in his own diocese; but his hardy brother always walked, and besides there were no horses to be had here. Always neat and spruce in his dress, looking "as if he had just come out of a bandbox," and afraid like a cat to wet his feet, he picked his way most carefully and delicately, unlike his brother Bishop, who tramped on "through thick and through thin," till at last they came to the river side. The river was swollen with the heavy rain which had been pouring down in torrents for some days previously, and he of Newcastle looked awfully puzzled, wondering how they were to cross—neither bridge nor ford being visible in any direction. He was still further puzzled when he saw the Bishop of New Zealand, without a word, deliberately taking off shoes, leggings, stockings, and, last of all, his breeches. In reply to his brother Bishop's "whatever next?" he coolly collected his various articles of dress and stepped into the river up to his apron, calling out as he did so, "Now then, Newcastle, off with your breeks, and follow your leader!" There was no help for it, as there was no other means of crossing the river, and the good Bishop invariably refused to be carried across by any of his Maori suite, on the ground that it was not right to treat such noble fellows "like beasts of burden."

A BANQUET of horse-flesh at Lyons, which came off lately, was attended by a considerable number of commercial and manufacturing notabilities, advocates, medical men, and others. The guests expressed great satisfaction at the dishes prepared.

THE daily consumption of oysters in Paris, notwithstanding their high price, ranging from 80 cents to 160 cents per dozen, is between 7000 and 8000 baskets. Each basket contains 150, so that Paris requires daily from 1,050,000 to 1,200,000 of these mollusks—a total of 36,000,000 a month, or 228,000,000 for the eight months containing the letter r, during which oysters are in season.

DEAR WALNUTS.—On Monday, the 26th of September, General Hitchens, Mayor of Tenterden, England, sitting alone at the Town Clerk's office, sentenced a boy of eleven, named William Webb, for a theft of six walnuts from a tree, to six months' imprisonment with hard labor. No previous offense of any sort was alleged against the boy.

A WHEEL-BARROW FULL.—An ancient barrow was opened a few days ago near Whitechurch in Hants. It measured eighty feet in circumference and four feet in height, and was composed of chalk, rubble, and flints. A small crushed urn, four skeletons, three those of adults, and the other of a girl of about twelve years old, and a small sun-baked urn filled with calcined bones and ashes, and nine small rudely-chipped flint arrow-heads were found in the barrow.

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BEFORE PETERSBURG—FORTIFICATIONS ON THE WELDON RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. PATTISON.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

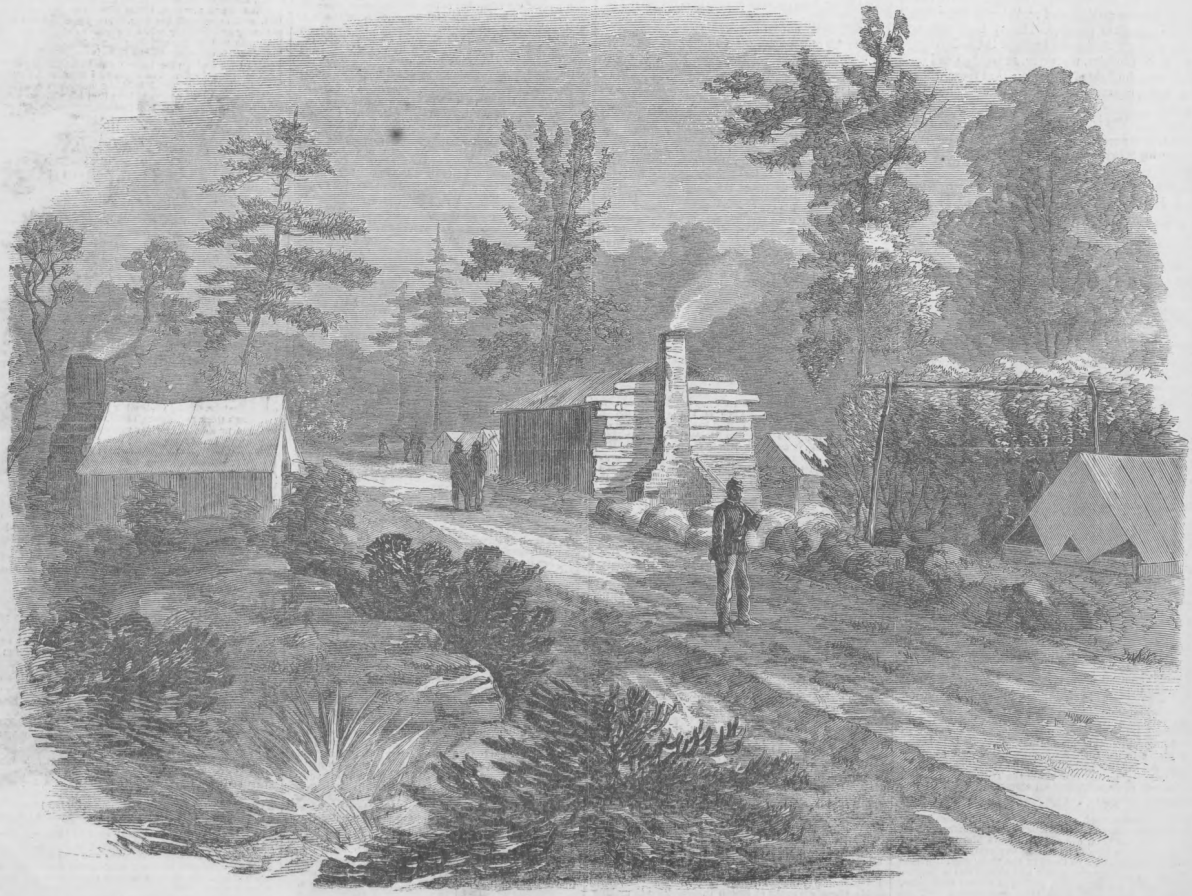
WE print on this and the next page illustrations of General GRANT'S campaign against Richmond. These comprise a view on the Weldon Railroad, showing the present condition of that road, and sketches of fortifications on and to the left of the railroad; of reinforcements on their way to the front, and of a peculiar mode of punishing refractory soldiers who refuse duty because, having enlisted for the cavalry, they have been put in the infantry instead. The officer in command accosts one of these disappointed soldiers thus:

"Then you want to ride a horse, do you?"

"Yes Sir."

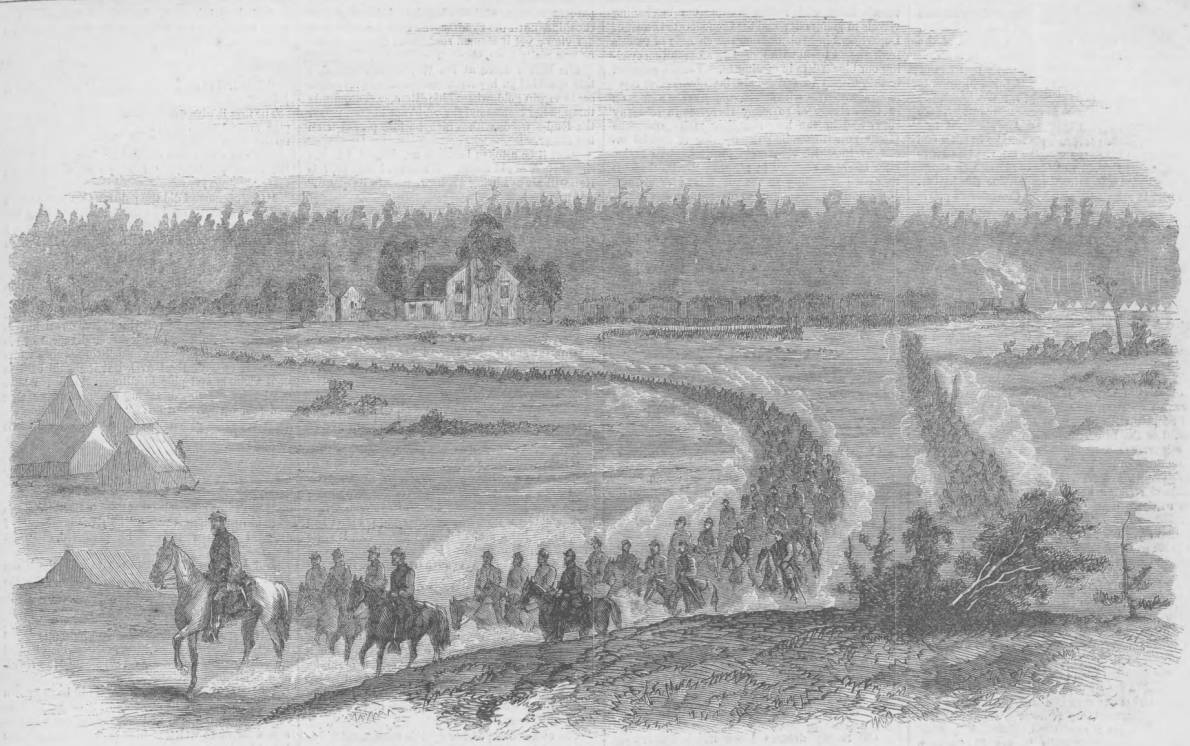
"Corporal, fix him a horse."

The horse is brought, and turns out to be a wooden one with a not very generous allowance of back. Upon this the soldier is mounted, and a wooden sabre is placed in his hand. Punishment for dis-



BEFORE PETERSBURG—A VIEW ON THE WELDON RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. PATTISON.]

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BEFORE PETERSBURG—REINFORCEMENTS GOING TO THE FRONT.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

obedience of orders is always just: still we can only regard it as natural that a soldier enlisting as a cavalryman should object to serving in another capacity. The punishment, however, which lasts three or four hours, is usually effectual, and the "mounted" infantry-man leaves his horse well satisfied with his short service in "the cavalry."

CAPTURE OF THE "FLORIDA."

WE illustrate on our first page the capture by the *Wachusett* of the rebel war-steamer *Florida*, which took place in the Bay of San Salvador October 7, and give the portraits of Captain MORRIS, of the *Florida*, and Captain COLLINS, of the *Wachusett*.

The *Florida*, formerly known as the *Oreto*, was originally built for the Italian Government, as was alleged, was purchased by the rebels and sent to sea in March, 1862, and has enjoyed a longer lease of predatory life than has been allowed to other privateers. This vessel has outrivaled even the *Alabama* in its destructive work. She was, after the destruction of the *Alabama*, the most powerful privateer in the Anglo-Confederate navy. Her burden was 750 tons. She arrived at Bahia, in the Bay of San Salvador, on the 5th of October, having just one week before captured and burned the *Mondamon* off Pernambuco. The United States steamer *Wachusett* was then in port, and at first the *Florida*



BEFORE PETERSBURG—"MOUNTED INFANTRY."—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

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anchored in the offing, but was immediately invited by the Brazilian admiral to come into the harbor, where she lay on the 6th under the guns of the Brazilian forts and the Brazilian fleet. It is stated that during the day efforts were made by some of the citizens of Bahia to induce Captain MORRIS to take the *Florida* outside to fight the *Wachusett*, but that the Captain declined the engagement. There is nothing to indicate that the *Florida* came into port for any other purpose than to take in coals and provisions. On the night of the 6th Captain MORRIS and a good portion of his crew were on shore. The *Wachusett* was lying just outside the harbor. This port is a favorite resort for Confederate privateers, because it has three separate channels of exit. This, of course, was an unfavorable feature in Captain COLLINS'S view of the situation, since the *Florida* might easily escape by one of these channels under cover of the darkness. He called a council of his officers, and in the debate which followed one thing was especially considered, namely, that the *Florida* had repeatedly seized and burned American vessels within three miles of the Brazilian coast. With but one dissenting vote it was determined to seize the *Florida* at her anchorage. The fact that there was a debate, and that the consideration already alluded to was the principal reason in favor of the extraordinary measure determined upon, leaves us no room for supposing that the measure was adopted with either the expressed or implied consent of the Brazilian authorities. At any rate the seizure was determined upon, and at 3 A.M. on the morning of the 7th the cables were slipped, and the *Wachusett* approached the *Florida* with the intention of striking her amidships and send her at once to the bottom. This might have passed for an accidental collision, and thus the international question have been evaded. But the collision did not produce the intended effect. Captain COLLINS thereupon demanded the surrender of the *Florida*. The officer in charge of the latter replied that, under the circumstances, he surrendered, and the captured vessel, her guns having been removed to the *Wachusett*, was tied to that vessel, and was carried out to sea. These are the facts of the capture, and it is uncertain as yet whether the Brazilian Government will make a protest against it. If it does, the question then becomes one subject to litigation, and in case it is proved that the *Florida* has captured any of our vessels within the limits of Brazilian jurisdiction the capture will stand valid as simply a measure of retaliation.

The *Wachusett* was built in the Charlestown Navy-yard, and launched in 1861. Her length is 198 feet, breadth of beam 32, and depth 15. She carries a heavy armament consisting of two 11-inch Dahlgren pivot guns, two 30-pound rifles, and eight broadside guns. Previous to her cruise in search of privateers she was employed as flag-ship on James River.

Captain NAPOLEON COLLINS was born in Pennsylvania, and is about fifty years of age. He was, in 1834, appointed a midshipman in the navy, and made his first cruise on the sloop of war *Natchez* under Commander MERVINE, of the West India Squadron. In 1839 he entered the naval school at Philadelphia. He was afterward attached to the sloop of war *Boston*, and to the frigate *Constellation* as acting master; in 1848, having spent four years at home he was ordered to the sloop of war *Decatur*, on the African coast, having been promoted to a Lieutenancy. In 1851 we find him in service on Lake Erie; six years afterward, under FARRAGUT, he was executive officer of the navy-yard at Mares Island, California, and in 1860, having again served on Lake Erie for a few months, he was ordered to the sloop of war *Vandalia* under the present Admiral S. P. LEE, in the East India Squadron. He was, on the return of the *Vandalia*, made commander of the gun-boat *Unadilla*, which was one of the vessels engaged in Admiral DU PONT'S Port Royal expedition. During the winter of 1861 and 1862 he was very actively engaged with the *Unadilla*, in company with the other gun-boats, in opening the rebel ports and sounds on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, under the command of Admiral DU PONT. On the 16th of July, 1862, he was promoted to his present rank as full commander, standing at present No. 19 on the list. In September, 1862, he was detached from the command of the *Unadilla* and placed in command of the *Octorara*, cruising in the West Indies in search of blockade-runners. Here he was successful in taking some valuable prizes, and maintaining as sharp a blockade as the circumstances and the speed of his vessel would permit.

In August, 1863, he was detached from the *Octorara*, and subsequently ordered to the command of the steam-sloop *Wachusett*, on special service, and sent some months since in search of the privateer *Florida*. In this pursuit he has been engaged for months, and succeeded finally in capturing the privateer in the manner above stated. He has been thirty years in the naval service, of which he has spent over twenty-one at sea.

The *Florida* was originally under the command of Captain MAFFIT; at the time of her capture she was commanded by C. MORINGAULT MORRIS. The portrait which we give of Captain MORRIS is from a photograph taken a few months ago at Brest, France, which port the *Florida* entered September 4, 1863. He has been Captain of this privateer for more than a year. The *Florida*, it will be remembered, was for some months detained at Brest by the French Government.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

ON pages 760 and 761 we illustrate the chase of a blockade-runner by a portion of one of our squadrons. This is an event now of everyday occurrence. In fact, a peculiar sort of commerce has sprung up, the profits of which rest upon the chances of running the American blockade. The chief emporium of this commerce is Wilmington, North Carolina. The foreign loan, which forms the most substantial support of the Confederate financial system, rests entirely upon the chances of Confederate vessels laden with cotton evading our blockading vessels in going out; and the Confederate Ordnance Department has subsisted on the chances of vessels from abroad laden with guns and ammunition evading our blockaders in coming in. Vessels engaged in this transit to and fro are built by special companies, who trust with all the confidence of a BUCKLE in the average of so many successes in so many runs, and in the long-run they make enormous profits notwithstanding the number of special instances in which they come to grief. The insurance of ships engaged in running the blockade is regulated according to the same laws of chance. If Wilmington were in our possession the whole basis of this new and peculiar commerce would undergo a material alteration.

Many of the officers of our blockading fleet have grown rich out of the results of their captures. According to the Prize Law one half of every prize goes to the Government. The other half is divided among the officers and seamen of the capturing fleet according to their monthly pay.

DREAMLAND.

OUT of the sweet old legends
Beckons a fair white hand,
And silvery, bell-like voices
Tell of an unknown land,

Where magic roses blossom
In the evening's golden light,
And the air is laden with fragrance
From the lilies silver-white.

The trees, with their waving branches,
Murmur a fairy song,
And the brooklet merrily dances
As it ripples and gurgles along.

And tender, enchanting love-songs
Float on the balmy breeze,
And the heart's unspeakable longing
By their music is set at ease.

Would that my steps could reach it,
That happy, flowery strand!
For all my earthly afflictions
Would cease in that fairy land.

Oft in my dreams I see it,
In its glamour bright and fair,
But with daylight's earliest glimmer
It vanishes into air.

GOLDEN PIPPINS.

"NOW, Ray seriously, you are not vexed with me? You yourself would have been the first to bid me go."

Far down below the precipitous ledges of the mountain path the valley seemed to swim in mists of gold, while here and there, among the overhanging trees, a deep-dyed sumach tossed its crest of crimson plumes in the spicy air of mid October, and the coral-red berries of the dogwood glowed like burning coals in the tangled wildernesses of the woods. It was a very pretty back-ground for wood nymph, or hamadryad, and Rachel Martin's attitude was unconsciously artistic as she played with the wild blue asters that covered her little basket of hickory nuts, spoils from the great old tree whose giant branches overtopped the whole forest.

She was plump and pretty, with round wondering blue eyes and a mouth like a magnified cranberry, while the roses on her cheek seemed to come and go with every breath she drew, and the faint touches of sunshine on her brow gave additional charm to her fresh, rustic beauty. Mark Douglas leaned over the twisted beech-root that separated them, and tried to take the brown hand in his, but it was drawn away with decided quickness.

"Ray, dearest!"

Ah, he did not see the blood mantling to her cheek under the envious shadow of the atrocious "Shaker-bonnet"—he did not hear the quick, stormy throbbing of the petulant heart. "Dearest," indeed! When Keziah Truman's beau never so much as went to Boston without asking her leave, and Charley Jenkins had distinctly intimated that the whole programme of his future existence was to be indicated solely by Miss Martin's wish. Yes, it was all very well for Captain Mark to stay at home, officiating in the Home Guard department; she liked the uniform, and didn't object to the martial *éclat*. But to go down among the rebels without so much as consulting her inclination, the spoiled beauty thought *that* was altogether a different thing.

"I see you are in no mood to discuss this matter impartially just now, Rachel," Captain Mark said, gravely. "I had thought, I had hoped to find you feeling differently."

"In no mood!" Rachel colored hot scarlet. What right had Mark Douglas to treat her like a naughty child?

"I beg your pardon, Captain Douglas," she said, petulantly; "it isn't at all necessary to discuss a matter so perfectly indifferent to me."

Now Mark Douglas was only a man, with all the infirmities incident to mankind. He bit his lip, and his brow grew dark.

"Rachel, you seem to have forgotten the engagement."

"Engagement!" she repeated, sharply. "I am tired of an engagement that only fetters one party while the other is free as air."

"Tired!" He hesitated a moment, as if vainly striving to command his voice: "Do you wish to be released, Ray?"

She did not answer—perhaps she was not quite prepared for this phase of affairs.

"Tell me—yes or no!" he demanded, sternly.

"Yes," she answered, with pettish abruptness.

"Then good-by, Ray."

Gone? Yes, he was gone. She watched him descending the mountain side with quick, even strides under the scarlet draperies of clinging vines, through patches of deep, still shadow into belts of golden sunshine, until the overhanging rock hid him from her view; yet it seemed so difficult to believe that he was really gone.

She looked down at the tiny engagement-ring that sparkled on her forefinger—a simple turquoise set in virgin gold, whose blue glimmer shone dimly through her tears—and she could not but remember the tender words with which he had placed it on her finger.

"Let it be a token between us, dearest, like the signet rings of old times. Wherever I may be, this ring will always bring heart back to its queen."

And now!

"I ought to have returned it," she pondered, shrinking as if the slender circlet of gold were a ring of fire. "I *will*—some time!"

So Mark Douglas lost his sweet-heart, and marched down to Petersburg a solitary man, marveling, as many a one has done before him, on the inscrutable mysteries of the female heart.

"Dretful keen wind, ain't it?" said the Widow Taylor, untying the strings of her worsted hood; "powerful sharp frost last night! Deacon Pettibone's dahlias is black as soot, and all Miss Morrison's mornin'-glories is blasted. Thankee, Miss Martin, my feet *is* cold; won't you take the rockin'-cheer yourself? Why, Rachel, child, what ails you? all the neighbors are talkin' 'bout how you've changed!"

Rachel colored, and turned away.

"I am well enough."

"I tell ye what, Miss Martin," began Mrs. Taylor, in a mysterious whisper to the elder lady, "you jest take a double handful o' green willer bark, and bile it up well—or snakeroot tea ain't bad—and give her a pint night and mornin'. It's the most strengthening thing! But I've come round to tell you what the Women's Committee have decided on."

"Ah, indeed?" said Mrs. Martin, inquiringly.

"We all feel to be dretful thankful the harvest's been so good, and—and—every thing's fetched up jest about right," intoned the widow; "and so we thought it would be kind o' squarin' up with a marciful Providence to send a box or tew o' things out to them poor soldiers that's a fightin' like all possessed! It's only accordin' to Scripter, you know, and it would be a kind o' nice little Thanksgivin' gift, now wouldn't it?"

The widow drooped her eyelids sanctimoniously, and went on:

"Miss Darby's kindly gin us a bushel o' them sweet-potatoes they raised in the south pasture lot. They're a little damaged, not exactly fit for market, but there's no doubt the soldiers 'll be glad to get 'em; and Miss Deacon Pettibone has promised us a lot o' that there fermented peach sass, and Desire Wallis has made up a sight o' book marks, and Widow Smith has cooked a peck o' dough-nuts, without no sweetnin'. Sugar's so high, and 'tain't likely the soldiers care for sweet stuff. As for me, I reely don't like to tell about *my* mite; but I hunted up a few o' poor dear Deacon Taylor's old trowsers and coats in the garret—a little moth-eaten and rather tender, but I hain't no doubt they'll be welcome. Old Jones has giv' us half a pound o' tea and a pound o' candles, and Mr. Meriam contributes a set o' lawbooks, that they tell me is dretful improvin' readin'. And the Committee calc'lated you and Rachel would help us."

"Of course we will," assented Mrs. Martin, recovering promptly from the momentary bewilderment and amusement caused by the Widow Taylor's valuable list of treasures; "and—"

"Then I may as well be stirrin'," ejaculated the widow, jumping up; "for I've got to see Miss Dr. Davison and Squire Ladd yet to-night. Good-evenin' t' ye—and don't forget the willer-bark tea!"

Mrs. Martin and Rachel both burst out laughing as the door closed.

"Poor Mrs. Taylor!" said Mrs. Martin.

"Mamma, how can she?" demanded Rachel, indignantly. "*Such* a box for the soldiers! Why, it would only be an aggravation!"

"Never mind, Ray, dear," said her mother, soothingly; "I'll make up a lot of *real* dough-nuts, and pack 'em round the biggest pair of turkeys father can find, with a box of little pumpkin pies; and you shall send a barrel of those golden pippins from the old tree beyond the brook—the tree Mark Douglas liked so well. They're in the garret, in that old green chest; and be sure and put in plenty o' good clean straw to prevent their mellerin' against each other."

Rachel obeyed; and Mrs. Martin never had the least idea of the tears she shed, with her trim little figure half into the barrel, as she packed the great fair yellow apples among the yellower straw. If the golden pippins could only have spoken, what a Thanksgiving story they might have told to the Army of the Potomac!

Mr. Martin's broad face beamed with satisfaction as he harnessed up old Dolly to carry the box and barrel to Boston.

"It's jest like you women-folks to keep thinkin' of such things," he declared. "Now it never wouldn't ha' come into *my* great wooden head—and jest to think how much better *our* Thanksgivin' dinner'll taste for rememberin' the poor fellows that's a-fightin' for us! Gee up, Dolly!"

And Mr. Martin winked his misty eyes and cracked his whip simultaneously.

"I—don't—see—where—it—can—be!"

The golden vapors were all faded away from the sweet valley now—the grey November sky stretched its dreary canopy of cloud over the glens and forests, and the yellow leaves were raining sadly down around Ray Martin's feet as she hurriedly traversed the mountain path, pushing aside the red and russet drifts with eager, tremulous fingers, and searching as if for some precious lost talisman.

"Oh, to think that I should have dropped it!" she faltered, half aloud. "While I wore it I could still fancy our parting was but a dream. Oh, where *could* I have lost it!"

And she sat down on the twisted beech-root and cried heartily, while the moaning of the chill wind brought back an echoing cadence to her ears.

"Gone—gone!"

"A barrel of golden pippins! O Mars! isn't it jolly?"

The first lieutenant executed an impromptu hornpipe around the barrel as Captain Douglas prized up the cover with a hammer.

"We're very much obliged to Company A," said the latter, sedately. "I hope you didn't forget that, Jennings?"

"Oh, of course I did the polite. Company A was so obliging as to send us the barrel, and keep the great leviathan of a box for its own delectation. I just wish you could have seen Dodsley's face when he opened it!"

"What do you mean?"

"Such a conglomeration of decaying Carolina potatoes, sour sweetmeats, old rags, and law-books! I didn't stop to investigate very closely, however; it was my interest to roll the barrel down hill as fast as possible, lest Dodsley should repent of his generosity. I confess I was a little nervous while you were opening the barrel, lest it should contain cold victuals and pine kindlings. Hullo! what's this?" he exclaimed, taking a slip of paper that had lain beneath the lid: "'A Thanksgiving remembrance!' Much obliged to you, my unknown friend. I'll keep *my* Thanksgiving now."

Douglas caught the slip from his friend's hand; a deep flush rose into his cheek as he recognized Ray Martin's delicate and rather peculiar handwriting.

"The same old apples that used to lie like spheres of gold in the long grass of the river meadow! I thought I knew them!" he pondered. "Jennings—"

But Jennings had dodged out to promulgate the good tidings among his fellow-officers. At the same instant Mark Douglas's eye caught a foreign glitter among the yellow straw.

The turquoise ring!

His heart gave a sudden leap as he remembered the careless, half-romantic words with which he had placed it on her finger. And then came the revulsion of feeling.

"What a fool I am! as if she could have known the destination of this chance gift!"

Yet above the cold and calculating voice of reason, a far more welcome tone kept repeating to the ear of his heart, with perpetual refrain,

"She has called me back to her, she has called me back!"

The twilight of Thanksgiving Eve was brooding darkly over Mr. Martin's great, old-fashioned kitchen, where the glow of pine logs afforded the only illumination, and a shrill-voiced cricket piped behind the chimney bricks. Ray saw the red gleams flickering on the leafless maples across the road, as she walked slowly down the sloping path, with a gray shawl wrapped round her head, and fresh carnations, born of the sharp, keen wind, on her cheeks.

She started in quick affright as a footstep sounded among the rustling leaves at her side, and a gentle touch fell on her arm.

"Ray!"

And then she knew that the troubled dream was over.

The old clock behind the strings of red pepper had chimed nine before Rachel thought of the question that would have been most natural to ask first.

"But how—why—what made you come back?"

"You summoned me, Ray."

"I? Never, Mark!"

He held up the turquoise ring with an arch look of defiance, and all at once the truth broke upon her.

"Let me put it on your finger once again, Ray, never to be removed except for the wedding-ring of gold!"

She let her head droop an instant upon his shoulder, and then looked up through sparkling tears.

"Oh, Mark, I think this will be the most *real* Thanksgiving of my life!"

AN ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

WE young farmers of the new generation like to wear a smart shiny hat up in London. Our billy-cocks and wide-awakes are good enough for field and market, but up in the big town we've a fancy to be genteel; and you may be sure I wanted to look nice that particular night—the last of the Cattle Show at Islington—when I was going up to Uncle Ilbery's in Dalston, for Cousin Kitty is, without exception, the most satirical young lady in London. How she did laugh at me that day I went with her to the Zoological Gardens, when I'd got a pair of gloves that were a size too small for me, and was all the way between the Angel and the Colosseum trying to force my fingers into them. She declared it was only my awkwardness that hindered their fitting, wouldn't let me stop to buy another pair, and, in short, teased my life out. And she looks so pretty all the time she's laughing at you that you can't be annoyed with her. No wonder, then, I wanted to look smart.

It was a darkish night, with a bit of a breeze blowing, as I picked my way through those quiet streets that lie between the Lower Road Islington and Dalston. I think they call that part De Beauvoir Town. Just as I came to the corner of a street, and was racking my brains for a repartee to Miss Kitty's first bit of satire, a strong puff of wind sprang up, whipped off my smart shiny hat as neat as need be, and dropped it into an area. This was certainly a nuisance, but not a nuisance without remedy. I rang at the area bell once, twice, thrice, and got no answer. I sounded the lion's-head knocker once, twice, thrice, and got no answer. Then I looked up at the windows, and saw, what I had not observed before, that there was a bill in one of them announcing "This House to be Let." It

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was too dark to read the name of the agent, and I was just going to knock next door, and ask them if they knew who kept the key; or, supposing they didn't know who kept the key, if they would oblige me with their Turk's-head broom to fish up my hat with—I was just going to do this, for I couldn't bear the notion of facing Kitty without a hat, let alone the price of it, seventeen and sixpence, when to my astonishment the door, as I happened to lean up against it, moved slightly inward. I suppose it hadn't been hasped at all; at any rate, I gave a gentle push, and walked boldly in. 'This is a lucky piece of carelessness on somebody's part," thought I to myself. "I shall just step down to the kitchen, unfasten the back-door, regain my hat, and slip away without any body being the wiser." I closed the front-door, and groped my way down the kitchen stairs. It was pitch-dark, and I wished I had got some matches; but as I hadn't got any, wishing was no good, and, moreover, I saw a faint light glimmering under the kitchen-door, which showed that there must be a fire in the grate. I tried the kitchen-door; it was locked, and the key was gone! I felt about, and found the back-door leading to the area; it was locked, and the key was gone also! Here was a pretty go, as the Cockneys say. The back-door, as I ascertained by feeling the hinges, opened toward me, so it was of no use meddling with that; but I had a wonderful great mind to kick in the kitchen-door, which was made to open inward. Setting aside, however, the chance of being pulled up for burglary (and what a disgrace that would be to the Papworthys, who have rented the same farm since Charles II.'s time!), what should I do, after getting the door open? Why, I might unfasten the window (I had noticed when outside that it was shuttered up), climb out into the area, and recover my hat. But supposing a policeman should pass just as my body was half-way through—why, to a dead certainty, he would lock me up on suspicion. That would never do. I returned to the back-door, determined to pick the lock. "I dare say that's burglary as much as bursting it open," I said; "still it don't make so much noise. If I can only find an old nail or a bit of wire, I'll try it." So I crept up stairs again, and went into the back-parlor. I groped all round the room, passed my hand along the mantle-piece and the window-frame without finding so much as a pin's head. As I could get no help there, I ventured into the front-parlor. All of a sudden a thought struck me: why shouldn't I unfasten the shutters and drop into the area? That sounds easy enough; but how about getting back again? "It's a deep-sunk area," I said to myself, "and there you'll be caged, my boy, like a bear in his den." All the time I was thinking in this way I was feeling about the room for a house-breaking tool. Presently I stumbled over something; I put down my hand and picked up a shoe. "Putting this and the kitchen-fire together," thinks I, "there must be somebody taking care of the house." The next moment I stumbled again. This time I had run against a wooden stretcher or bedstead. I put out my hand cautiously, and laid it on—somebody's nose! The owner of the nose didn't stir, so I took the liberty of feeling the head, to learn whether I was in company with a lady or a gentleman. It was a man's head of hair, very rough and wiry, and bald on the poll.

"You're in an awkward predicament, Jack Papworthy," I said to myself; "and you'd better get out of it as soon as possible." I sneaked on tip-toe toward the door.

But my tumble against the bedstead had disturbed the sleeper; he began to grunt and turn about uneasily. I was just about to quit the room, and venture bareheaded into the street, when he sat up in bed (so I judged by the sound, for the room was as dark as a cellar), and called out, "Kitty!"

For a moment the name startled me; I forgot that there might possibly be more than one Kitty in that wilderness of a city. I stood by the door, held my breath, and made no answer.

"Kitty, Kitty, I say: you ain't come back without him, are you?" said the man in a beseeching sort of voice.

I stood perfectly still, holding my breath, and considering what I should do. Better slip out of the house, and take the chance of losing my hat, than get locked up on a charge of felony, and be made a laughing-stock before all the Cockneys in their newspapers. Besides, I needn't lose my hat; the first policeman I meet is sure to stop me as a suspicious character for being bareheaded, so I'll tell him my story, and give him half-a-crown to get my hat again. But, on the other hand, it's a ticklish job. This fellow in bed may be a desperate character. To say the least of it, he must be queer, most likely crazy, to sleep in an empty house without a stick of furniture about him. Never mind, I'll chance it; I'll make a move for the street-door.

All this cogitation of mine passed through my head like lightning, though I've taken so long to tell it. I made a half-hearted step toward the door. As soon as ever I did so, the man in bed called out in an excited voice: "That's a man's step! Why, Jack, it's you. Ah! I see how it is; you wanted to surprise me, but you haven't, my dear Jack. I've been awake and asleep, and asleep and awake; and the runaway knocks has been uncommon bad to-night (parents ought to be ashamed of themselves not to send their children to bed sooner, for I know it's boys that does it); but I've been dreaming about you all the time. It *is* you, Jack, ain't it?"

He said these last words in such a beseeching way that I couldn't help answering, though in a disguised voice, "It is."

"Then where's Kitty?"

"I hope to see her presently—as soon as I get my hat," I added, under my breath.

"Gone to the cook-shop to get something nice and hot in honor of you, Jack, eh?" said the man in bed. "I wonder what it 'll be. Maybe an ell-pie with baked taters—ah! or a plate of savory alamode beef—ah! or a nice dish of biled tripe and inions—a-a-h!" As he enumerated each of these dishes the man in bed smacked his lips with extraordinary relish.

To tell the truth, I was getting interested. The women-folk down at the farm always say I'm as curious as one of their own sex, and I wanted to know the meaning of all this. This man evidently mistook me for some friend of his own, of whom he was very fond and very proud.

"You seem to like good eating," I ventured to say.

"Why, Jack, my boy, it's one of the few pleasures I have left. Thank God, my appetite's always good. And when a man's lost the use of his limbs, and can't see out of his eyes, he makes the best he can of his stomach. I'd ask you to light a candle, Jack, but I'm half-ashamed for you to see what a battered hulk I've become. Twelve years ago, when you emigrated—you understand me, Jack" (he said this in a curious sly way)—"I was as handsome and well-growed a man as you'd wish to see, warn't I, Jack?"

"You were."

"And now I'm a useless cripple."

"How did it happen?"

"What! you never got Kitty's letter, directed Post-office, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land? No, I don't suppose you ever did, else you'd have said something about my accident when you wrote to tell us you were coming home. But hasn't Kitty told you coming along in the cab?"

"Not a word."

"Ah, poor soul! she didn't like to grieve you, Jack. Well, this is how it was. I was working at the graining-house at the powder-mills at Hounslow. The mill blew up (they mostly do about once in five year) and blew me along with it—blew me up a good-looking active chap, Jack, and dropped me down a miserable blind cripple." As he said these last words his voice failed him, and he shed tears.

"And how do you manage to live?"

"Well, Jack, the firm behaved very handsomely. They allow me ten shillings a week, and Kitty takes care of empty houses. We contrive to scratch along, Jack. But come, Jack, you've never offered your brother your hand yet. Let me shake your hand, Jack, even if you didn't care to light a candle."

I stepped forward and gave him my hand.

"Lawk, Jack, why, your hand's almost like a gentleman's hand! It ain't so soft as a dress-maker's or a haberdasher's, it's about equal to a master builder's."

"You seem to know all about hands," I observed.

"Ah!" he answered, with a sigh, "that comes of want of eyes. When I had my sight I took no note of such things, but now I've got a delicate touch; and as all sorts of folks, from parsons down to char-women, are kind enough to come and see me, and shake hands with me, why, in course I get a deal of practice. I wish Kitty would come back with that supper (I hope it's tripe); I'm getting that hungry I could eat a shilling's worth."

I began to feel alarmed. "I must try and recover my hat," I thought, "before Kitty comes in, or she will, of course, discover the deception."

"Are you afraid of thieves here?" I asked.

"Why?"

"Because I see you lock up your kitchen and back-door. Can you tell me where the back-door key hangs?"

"It don't hang nowhere," replied the cripple. "It's in my missis's pocket."

"And the kitchen-door key?"

"In her pocket. They're all in her pocket. Bless you, Jack, what with area sneaks and mischievous children the place would be stripped if we warn't to lock every thing up after dark."

Here was another disappointment. If I wanted to get my hat I must wait till Kitty returned and face her boldly. But how shall I account to her for— I was interrupted in my reflections by my companion, who said: "Come, Jack, strike a light, and take a look at your poor brother Bob. You'll find the matches in one of my shoes, and the candlestick is under the stretcher."

I lighted the candle, and saw a man of about forty years of age lying on a small stretcher bedstead in the middle of an empty room. His face had evidently been once comely, though now disfigured by scars. His eyes were closed, so, if there was any thing repulsive about their appearance I didn't see it.

"You are able to wear shoes then, Bob," I said.

"Ay, but you may notice they're made of cloth, and three sizes too big for me. I had a neat foot once, Jack, and I still wear a shoe when I can. I don't lie here like a mummy all day; I sit by the kitchen fire."

"How do you get up and down stairs?"

"Would you believe it, Jack?—she carries me. I dare say you thought her a rough one to look at, but she's just the woman to suit me. She's as strong in the back as a brewer's horse. If I'd had the pick of the county of Middlesex I couldn't have married a kinder-hearted woman. And she married me for love. It was arter the accident—you understand me, Jack. I was brought to the church in a Bath-cheer, Jack, like an Indian nabob; and all the street was at their winders to see me lifted out by the clerk and sexton. Some said she married me for the sake of my pension, but I know better, Jack. It was out of downright pity, and knowing the good-looking chap I once had been.—I wish she'd come in. She must ha' gone a desperate long way arter that tripe. My appetite's getting outrageous. Tell us about Van Diemen's Land, Jack, to pass the time away."

I hesitated, for I know very little more about Van Diemen's Land than I do about the moon.

"Ah! I see how it is, Jack," said the cripple; "you're ashamed, and no wonder. I like you the better for it. But you needn't to mind now. You've served out your seven year, and as I always said, you was young, and led away by Bill Hawkins. And Jack," he added, confidentially, "we've always kept up the notion in the family that it was Poaching. It sounds more respectable than—you know what; and I've maintained it was Poaching so long that I've got to believe it myself."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," I replied, gravely.

"But I say, Jack," pursued the cripple, "transportation can't be as bad as it's represented. It has softened your voice, made you talk better, and given you quite a touch of gentility. You was a roughish young blade when I bade you good-by at Millbank Penitentiary. D'ye recollect how Bill Hawkins jeered because I gave you mother's little clasp-Bible? Yet they've done away with transportation, I'm told. You was in one of the last batches."

Here was a pretty position for a respectable young farmer to occupy, whose family had always kept a good name for fair dealing and honest industry since Charles II.'s time. For the sake of recovering a seventeen-and-sixpenny hat, I was meanly pretending to be somebody else, and that somebody else a returned convict; but I couldn't bear to tell this poor helpless fellow that I had been playing a trick on him. He had set his heart on seeing his prodigal brother, and he would be so grieved if I undeceived him; so, having begun the adventure, I determined to carry it through. The difficulty was how to manage it successfully; in other words, how to get back my hat without an unpleasant squabble. The matter stood thus: Kitty might be expected to return at any moment, accompanied by her real brother-in-law; she would naturally denounce me as an impostor, and instead of recovering my hat, I should probably discover that her arm was as muscularly developed as her back, not to mention the help which the returned transport would be sure to give her. I determined to feel my way by degrees, and as, luckily, my entertainer was a simple-minded, talkative fellow, to learn from him exactly how the land lay.

"What name d'ye suppose I've gone under, Bob, since I've got my freedom?" I said.

"Not Sladden, Jack," answered the cripple, anxiously; "never Sladden, I should hope. Though you're a rich man now, and I'm a poor one, still recollect, Jack, the name of Sladden was an honest name till you went and tarnished it."

"No, Bob, I shouldn't dream of such a thing; I call myself Thompson."

"That's right," returned the cripple. "Your hand, Jack; and a brother I shall always be to you in brotherly feelings, though different in name. And I say, Jack, what did you tell Kitty? Because she don't know that you went out under government; she believes you was a bounty ticket. What did you say to her?"

"Bob, shall I tell you a little secret?"

"What is it?"

"I haven't seen Kitty yet."

"Not seen Kitty yet? Why, you came here with her."

"No, I didn't."

"How did you find your way in, then?"

"The door was ajar."

"I can't credit it. Kitty'd never leave the front door open."

"She did for once, though; I knocked and rang before I found it out."

"Ay, and I thought it was a runaway knock and ring. But where on earth is Kitty? Didn't you see her aboard the vessel?"

"No."

"Jack," he exclaimed, suddenly seizing my hand, "are you sure you are playing no trick on me? Remember, I'm a poor helpless creetur. Where is Kitty?"

"On my honor, I don't know."

"Hush!" he said, putting his hand to his ear—"hush! There's a footstep coming up to the door. It's hers; I know her foot among a hundred; and she's alone."

These last three words made me decide what course to adopt. As a heavy masculine-sounding foot came to the front door I overset the candle-stick as if by accident.

"There," said I, "my awkwardness has left us in the dark."

"So much the better, Jack," replied the cripple. "She's missed you down at the ship; we'll give her an agreeable surprise."

Somebody opened the street-door with a latch-key and advanced into the passage. I confess I felt rather uncomfortable; but I stood still and said nothing. Presently a rather gruff female voice exclaimed: "Bob, Bob, are you asleep?"

"Asleep? Not a bit of it, my dear Kitty," replied the cripple cheerily, "but wide awake, and as hungry as a hunter."

"Strike a light, then—you know where the matches are," said the lady, who appeared to be untying her bonnet-strings. "A pretty dance, Bob," she went on to say, "you've led me for nothing. There was no such name as Sladden aboard the ship."

"He came over under the name of Thompson, Kitty."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've seen him."

"Where?"

"Here," said Mr. Sladden, as he struck a match and relighted the candle. "Brother Jack, at your service. Look at him, Kitty, and tell me what you think of him."

It was a trying moment. Mrs. Sladden was a tall, bony, hard-featured woman of five-and-forty. She took the candle out of her husband's hand and submitted me to a critical examination.

"Well, Kitty, what d'ye think of him?" repeated the cripple with a pleased smile upon his face.

"Why, Bob," answered Mrs. Sladden, "you always told me your brother Jack was such a rough fellow; I think he looks quite the gentleman. Welcome to Old England, Mr. Jack," she said, extending her hand: "ours is but a poor place, but such as it is you're welcome to it."

I felt like a miserable humbug as my supposed sister-in-law put her hard honest hand into mine; but what could I do? I had trodden the downward path of deception; I was bound to follow it to the end. So after the lapse of some minutes, which were spent in general conversation, I said: "Can I speak to you alone for a few moments, Mrs. Sladden?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied the poor unsuspecting woman, treating me with immense respect. "Step down stairs to the kitchen, please; 'tis the only comfortable room in the house. And so my poor husband made shift to get up and let you in, did he?"

"Here I am, at any rate, Mrs. Sladden," said I, with a smile as she unlocked the kitchen-door.

"And what was it you might be wishing to say to me, Mr. Jack?" she asked.

"I just want you to unfasten the back-door leading to the area. The fact is, that my hat blew off as I was coming round the corner of the street, and has fallen down there."

"Oh, is that all, Sir?" said Mrs. Sladden, laughing, as she felt in her pocket for the key.

"What a shame it is of me to deceive such an amiable couple," thought I; "still I must recover my hat."

My reputed sister-in-law was in the act of inserting the key into the key-hole when the sound of wheels was heard outside, followed by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the street-door.

"Bless me, who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Sladden, as she rushed up stairs with the unused key in her hand. I followed her with trembling steps: *I knew whose arrival that knock betokened.* She opened the door to a many-caped cabman, whose vehicle stood at the edge of the pavement.

"That's right," shouted a loud, jovial voice from the cab window. "Give a haristocratic ran-tan, cabby; I'm a gentleman now, every inch of me."

"Name of Sladden?" said the cabman, addressing my late sister-in-law. I waited to hear no more, but, bareheaded as I was, darted down the steps into the street. A nut-brown face, ornamented with a great shaggy yellow beard, was thrust from the cab window, and a jolly voice exclaimed, "Hollo! Brother Bob!"

I made no answer, but ran away as fast as my legs could carry me. When I had placed a good half-mile between myself and Mr. Sladden's abode I fell into a walk, and tied my handkerchief over my head. I luckily escaped the notice of the police; and as soon as I reached a cab-stand got into a two-wheeler and drove to my hotel. I did not venture to visit the Ilberys that night; and as for inquiring after my seventeen-and-sixpenny hat, I didn't go again within a mile of De Beauvoir Town; but for aught I know it may be lying in that area still.

THE SONG OF THE DRUM.

Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me! follow me! every true man!
Hark to the sound of the rolling drum,
Come with me! come with me! come with me, come
Follow me! follow me! follow me, now!
Come from the anvil, come from the plow;
Don't think of the danger which threatens your lives;
Leave home, leave friends, leave your children, your wives
Hark to the sound of the rolling drum,
Come with me! come with me! come with me, come!
Follow me! follow me! every one!
To where the white camps shine in the sun!

Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me! follow me! every true man!
From the crowded streets of the city come,
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
From fields where the blithe birds chirp and sing,
From woods where your sturdy axes ring;
Leave the plow in the furrow to stand,
Grasp the musket firm in your hand,
There's a grander place in the world for you,
And nobler work for your hands to do.

Come with me! come with me! come with me, come!
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
Come with me where the camps shine white,
Hark to my shrill tatoo at night,
To my loud *reveille* when morning breaks,
And the golden eye of the dawn awakes;
Come with me out to the trenches then,
Where are gathered scores of your fellow-men
Beginning to dig with pick and with spade,
This is the way intrenchments are made;
There's a puff of smoke, and now comes a shell,
See yonder, there, where its fragments fell;
Nobody hurt; and above on the hill
Our batteries, until this moment still,
Now blaze away with a deafening noise,
And a shout goes up from our gallant boys;
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
This is the life for every true man.

Come with me now to the picket, come!
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
That's a sharpshooter's rifle we hear,
And that was the bullet which sang so near;
There's another rifle, that shrill, sharp sound,
And yonder's a wounded man on the ground,
With the blood flowing out in a crimson tide
From a gaping hole in his quivering side:
Don't sicken and pale at the sights you see,
For this is where only men should be.

Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me, follow me, every true man!
Come with me over the battle-field, come!
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
Through the smoke and heat and the storm of lead;
Adown this gully piled deep with dead,
And along the edge of this shattered wood
Where the trees are splintered and dashed with blood,
Then on through this trampled field of corn
Where the once broad leaves into shreds are torn,
Into the shadow of this ravine
Where the dead and wounded are every where seen;
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me, follow me, every true man!
Follow me on through the fiery breath
Of the vengeful cannon, scattering death;
On through the battle's smoke and glare,
Follow me, follow me every where!
And hear the cries and the awful groans,
The piercing shrieks and the feeble moans,
And the ringing shout which goes up to the sun
When a work is stormed, and a victory won;
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
This is the death for every true man!

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CHASE OF A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.—[See Page 758.]

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JOE BOYNTON'S COUSIN.

"I've a letter from Aunt Jane's girl, Joseph," Miss Livy Boynton said to her brother as he sat down to the supper-table after a hard day's work mowing.

Miss Livy was tall, spare, black-eyed, and thirty-five at least. Joseph was about six feet two in height—a great, strong, well-made fellow, erect as a young pine, and carrying his head, as I have never seen any class of men but the real Western lords of the soil—up, and a little backward, as though they were searching the distance for still other regions to furrow with their bold plows.

Joseph shot an asking glance at his sister, whose pursed-up lips were indicative of something beyond the letter.

"She's coming to spend the summer with us."

"What?"

"Aunt Jane's girl's coming to spend the summer with us. She'll be here about harvest-time, I reckon—just in time to save me hiring a girl to help me through."

Miss Livy smiled with sarcastic grimness. Joseph looked disturbed.

"I wonder what sends her away out here."

Aunt Jane's girl lived in New York—was a fully-fledged young lady, something of a belle it was presumable, and it did seem a curious freak, to say the least, that she should deliberately quit those civilized haunts for the Illinois wilds. But when Joseph came to read the letter he was touched at an underlying sadness that seemed somehow in it, and one sentence in particular moved him. "You know I've never seen any of mamma's relatives, my dear, dead mamma." The more that it reminded him how close had been the attachment between his parents and Aunt Jane—as close as though there had been a tie of blood between them—and there was not, she having been only a step-sister to his father.

He laid the rose-tinted sheet down gingerly, as though fearful that his great strong fingers would soil it, and glanced with almost ludicrous ruefulness from it to the plain but white-walled room, with its bare but well-scoured boards; and then he walked into the "front room," as Miss Livy called the best room of the farm-house. Joe looked thoughtfully at the square of rag carpet, the six wooden chairs ranged with mathematical precision about, the wooden clock on the mantle-piece, the four colored prints on the four walls, at regular distances from each other, and wondered what the New York belle would say to them all. I'm afraid he ended by heartily wishing she would stay at home.

But she didn't. She came, just as Livy said she would, in the midst of harvesting, and in the very midst of the fret and worry of putting dinner on the table for twenty "hands."

"Do, for mercy's sake, go in and tell her to take off her bonnet and shawl!" snapped Miss Livy, as she brushed by Joseph, groaning under the weight of an immense pudding, from which the raisins were bursting lusciously.

Joseph, who was crowding his six feet two as far as possible into a corner of the little kitchen, turned very red, and would a great deal rather have gone back to the harvest-field without his dinner than to have faced this New York cousin, "and in this rig too," glancing at his coarse boots and his blue cotton blouse, open at the throat for coolness. But it had to be done. So buttoning the collar of his blouse, and giving his curly hair a defiant backward toss, he went in, with his quick, glancing, hazel eyes in a restless glitter of excitement at the momentousness of the occasion.

The front door was open, and in it stood a very little lady in a gray dress and cloak, and with something on her head that looked like a cross between Joe's Sunday stove-pipe and his everyday Panama. It was "mighty pretty though," Joe found time to observe inwardly in spite of his embarrassment; and the softest of gold bright curls floated back and mingled with the flutter of the drooped black plume.

She turned quickly at the sound of Joe's heavy step, and lifting a pair of eager blue eyes and extending two eager little hands, exclaimed, in a voice of mingled laughter, tears, and trembling,

"Is this Cousin Joe?"

Awkwardly enough Joe let both the little hands flutter like snow-birds into his; but he laughed a short, mellow, pleased laugh, saying cordially,

"I reckon this is Cousin Joe!"

Her pretty face drooped an instant with a half sob, and then, laughing—though her lips quivered yet—she said,

"It's too bad to cry when I'm so glad, isn't it?"

Joe tried his best to do the honors in orthodox fashion; but though he was pleased and disappointed by the frank gladness and unconstraint of Estelle (that was her pretty name), he felt, as more polished gentlemen than he have, quite too *conscious* of the presence of this most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and found it very difficult to dispose of his feet and hands satisfactorily.

Estelle, meanwhile, was thinking, "How handsome he is, but how bashful!" But she chatted on, betraying no consciousness when the "men" crowded into the room to the dinner which had been set for them in there, unless to droop her hat a little more over her face. She had so many things to tell—messages from her father, funny little episodes of the journey, etc.

Miss Livy came presently and ordered Joe off to his dinner, with the half-apologetic half-congratulatory aside to Estelle, "We'll have ours when the men are gone!"

Estelle thought it rather queer that no dinner was offered her until the men had gone; and she thought it queerer yet when Eliza, Miss Livy's "hired girl," was summoned in from the kitchen to eat with her and Miss Livy, and formally introduced as Miss Hopkins. She would have liked to have had Joe stay in and entertain her; and when he came from the field at night she fluttered out to meet him, clad in some blue gauzy fabric that floated about her like a cloud, and put [illegible] Joe—whose face was grimed with sweat and dust—quite to the blush. She was quick-witted though, and fluttered smilingly away again till he had undergone some sort of a renovating process, and joined her looking so handsome and full of stalwart grace, in spite of his coarse dress and his bashfulness, that she could not help saying to herself:

"If he were only dressed decently, and I could promenade Broadway with him, wouldn't he create a sensation?"

She and Joe got on amazingly well, though Miss Livy looked rather coldly on. Joe could talk as well as some other gentlemen Estelle knew, perhaps better, and upon topics which made the little belle wonder how Cousin Joe came to know so much. He had got over his bashfulness, and the summer was passing on wings; for busy as the farm kept him, he found a good many spare hours for Estelle. When some gentleman who had known Estelle at home called on her at the farm, and spent an entire evening with her, Joe had made some excuse for absenting himself, but he was lurking in the locust grove all the time, watching Mr. Lesbrook and Estelle as they chatted in the door-way, with something the feeling a sunflower might be supposed to have in watching two magnolia blossoms.

The following evening Joe made some excuse not to come into the house until it was too late to see Estelle. The next night it was the same way, and Sunday too, and so on, till Estelle quite pouted, and wondered what *did* ail Cousin Joe. She had a habit of teasing him about his many Westernisms, and hitherto he had only laughed; but now he winced, almost grew angry, and—dropped them carefully out of his vernacular.

Miss Livy, who had perhaps been secretly jealous of Estelle's and Joe's evident preference of each other's society to hers, became suddenly very fond of her dainty little cousin, and scolded Joe in unmeasured terms for not devoting more of his time to her. She had a lurking suspicion that the wonderful "business" that took Joe away so constantly concerned some of the farmers' daughters about, and it made her very finger-ends tingle to think of "having to come under Joe's wife."

Poor Joe! To him this exquisite little Estelle was such a revelation as he had never dreamed of. Because he felt awkward in the presence of her daintiness he imagined he was so, and he grew more and more chilly and constrained, while angry with himself because he could not be otherwise; and then when he beheld the legitimate reflection of his strange manner in Estelle he was angry a[illegible] her, and, having succeeded in getting upon [illegible]nettle, carried matters with an altogether high hand. That independent Western head of his quite amazed Estelle with the haughtiness of its carriage.

She talked sometimes of going home, but week after week passed and still she staid; not quite so cheerful always, poor child, for she had a trouble of her own that was yet not quite palpable enough to be told to Cousin Livy. Papa wrote so briefly and so seldom, and he did not respond to her talk about coming home, and—of course it was merely accidental—but something must ail papa. If he would only tell her she might come home she would know very soon what it all meant.

In the first weeks after Estelle's coming she and Joe had often ridden out on horseback in the evenings. But this had not been in a long time now, when, by some chance, Joe being unusually genial, she asked him to ride with her. Just as they were starting a neighbor, who had just come from the nearest post-office, brought Estelle a letter, and she stopped to read it by the sunset glow. Something took Joe away meanwhile, and when he returned the letter had disappeared; but Estelle looked pale and preoccupied, and continued so during the ride.

It was late in the fall, the evening a magnificently beautiful one, brightened by a moon and the hazy light of the various fires which at this season kindle one after another on the prairies, and sweep its length with a sharper edge than ever scythe had.

Their destination was a husking party, which Estelle was very curious to attend; but since the receipt of that letter, though sportive as a kitten before, she was quiet and subdued, and rode palely, almost voiceless, beside her cousin. Joe looked like a prince on horseback, and felt more at home there than any where else. Unconsciously he had been anticipating wonderful things this evening, and was all the more unprepared for this strange unsociability on the part of Estelle. The end of it was, that when all his efforts, put forth to such an unusual degree, failed to elicit any but a monosyllabic response from Estelle, he grew moodily silent himself, not to say sulky.

"She's got a letter from that city lover of hers," he muttered, inwardly, "and of course I'm nowhere."

Estelle was too preoccupied, however, to even notice his moodiness, and when they arrived at the husking frolic carried herself still very strangely, standing apart and watching the gay groups with eyes that, to Joe's jaundiced judgment, were only supercilious and scornful. She refused to participate, and, when Joe rather urged her, begged him, almost fretfully, to let her alone. Haughtily enough he obeyed her, joining the laughing huskers and laughing louder than any, but occasionally stealing a look half angry, half inquiring at Estelle, who, standing with her sweet face in shadow, seemed to him just then what he named her in his thought—a cold, proud, heartless girl, who was venting her caprices on him as she would not think of doing upon her city lover. Suddenly she came and begged to speak with him a moment. He nodded carelessly, but continued his chat with the young red-cheeked coquette beside him, while Estelle waited some time, and then with a face whose mute agony almost penetrated his jealous perverseness, she spoke to him again. But in his willfully blind, distorted frame of mind he gave this appeal as little heed as the other. When he looked up again Estelle was nowhere to be seen. Thinking, with a stifled pang of self-reproach, how white her face had looked, he resolved to go to her at once. There was some unavoidable delay—a word from one, a laugh with another—for Joe was a great favorite, and several minutes more were gone before he discovered that Estelle was not to be found.

Remembering suddenly one or two occasions on which she had met such moods of his as this, with a curious promptitude of action he sprung to where he had left the horses. Estelle's was gone!

The mad, rash girl, to attempt to cross alone the trackless prairie that lay between there and home.

Throwing himself into his saddle, Joe rode desperately away in pursuit of her, scouring the prairie in long circuits all the way till he reached his own door, and learned that Estelle had not been there, and then away again on his reeking steed, half mad with perplexity, self-reproach, and foreboding; while Miss Livy, who was no novice in riding, mounted another horse, and followed him with inconceivable celerity.

Estelle, with all her rash daring, was timid, Joe knew. Without doubt she had mistaken the road, and it was not impossible that she might wander all night. What if she got hemmed in among some of those fires that were creeping, creeping like gilded serpents over the plain? The poor child would go wild with terror. What a brute he had been not to answer her when she spoke to him!

Involuntarily he turned his horse's head in the direction of first one blaze and then another, piercing them with his keen, quick eyes, and sickening at the smell of burning that was on the air.

At that time the prairies being so much traveled and so much diminished in extent by the inroads of the immense farms plucked from its luxuriance, and for other reasons, a burning prairie was not the terrible raging destroyer of earlier years, but it was not a pleasant thing to encounter; and though the flames crept lower because of the shortness of the grass, this very grass had a consistency and toughness which gave intensity to the blaze, and made an attempt to cross any extent of it far from safe.

Nothing was more probable than that Estelle, attempting to guide her course by these fires, which she had passed on her way from home, had not made due allowance for the distance they must have traveled since then, and so got herself entangled among their treacherous fastnesses. An easy matter, where the farms notch and indent and struggle over the prairie, dividing it in a very delusive manner.

It was as Joseph Boynton feared. He came in view of Estelle afar off, when the blaze with which she was encompassed on three fiery sides showed her to him at such a distance that it seemed to him he should never, never reach her. She appeared fascinated by terror, riding frantically first in one direction, then in another, never far in any, and finally standing still as though paralyzed.

She was so overcome with fright that she did not see her cousin till he swept beside her, and linking her terrified steed to his, whirled away again.

Glancing at her, he saw that it was with difficulty she kept her place in the saddle. She reeled dizzily, she was almost fainting. He knew that his already jaded horse would not carry two, and her own had been hardly ridden. Seizing her by the arm, he shook her almost roughly to rouse her. She tried to look at him, but the slight form drooped, swayed. He had to support her, and that circle of flame was closing upon them.

It was already too late to escape by the gap at which he had entered—the blaze had leaped it. There was no way now but to choose the most available point, where the belt of fire was narrowest, and dash through. Even that could not be done with any hope of safety unless Estelle could be roused.

Feigning anger, he suddenly shouted in the ear of the fainting girl: "Cruel and heartless Estelle, are you selfish and cowardly also?"

Starting as though he had struck her, looking at him in an appalled kind of way, she caught at the reins with her little hands, straightened herself, and when they made the dash, he still guiding her horse, though there was a momentary recoil, she kept her seat firmly.

It lasted perhaps three minutes, that gallop, the horses taking long, half-maddened leaps over the blazing surface, the smoke and heat stifling horse and rider, but neither stumbled nor faltered, and they stood presently safe in a recently plowed field, safe save some slight scorching of the horses' flanks and fetlocks.

The danger was past, and after a brief rest, in which neither said much, they rode swiftly as their overtasked steeds could toward home.

The heart of each was full. Words came almost to their lips, but neither spoke save in briefest fashion, till they paused at the door of the farm-house. Then, as Joe lifted her from the saddle, Estelle said, with grave, deep earnestness:

"I have a great deal to be grateful to you for, Cousin Joe. I don't think I'm cruel or heartless, but I don't know how to thank you in words for the life you have saved to-night."

"Don't, then," he said, lightly; but his voice shook. "And I don't think you cruel or heartless, Estelle; I only spoke so to you to rouse you and keep you from fainting."

He turned away with the horses, and Estelle went in alone.

Miss Livy had not yet returned, and Estelle drooped to a seat. She felt weak and sick, but she was far enough from fainting now. Mental pain was stinging all her senses to life. With that letter in her trembling hands she moaned softly to herself.

Suddenly her Cousin Joe bent over her chair, his features working.

"In the name of all that is merciful, Estelle, tell me what is the matter."

She looked up, frightened.

"I want a friend so, O Joe; I want somebody to be kind to me, and tell me what I ought to do."

He grew pale.

"I am your friend, dear. God forgive me if I have done any thing to make you think I am not."

She looked at him pitifully, and gave him the letter.

"Must I read it?"

"Yes."

The letter was from her father. The wealthy and prosperous merchant had failed; and this was to tell Estelle that by the time it reached her he should be upon the ocean, seeking other lands. He wrote kindly, but with some bitterness, and concluded by entreating the kindness of Joe and his sister for Estelle till he came back. He was still in the prime of life, and might redeem the past yet. Joe gave her back the letter, and took the two little hands closely in his. He was trembling.

"Estelle," he said, "I've no business to say this now, when you're in so much trouble, but I can't help it somehow. I know I'm a great blundering, awkward fellow; but I love you, and if you'll try to love me you may make me all over again to suit yourself."

Estelle was crying; but she lifted her face, smiling faintly through her tears, and looking at him slyly between the crystal drops.

"I—I don't think you're—you're, I mean, I wouldn't have you any different from what you are, Joe, if I could, and—and—I—I—"

"You don't love me, Estelle?"

"I—I think I *do*, Joe."

QUITE ALONE.

THIS serial story is unavoidably postponed till this day week.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—At a dinner-party in the country the other day a great sensation was caused by a gentleman dividing two ladies.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

FRENCHMAN. "Are dese de vaults of de church?"
WINE PORTER. "Yes, Sir."
FRENCHMAN. "And is der any body in dat cask?"
WINE PORTER. "Yes, Sir; and to make a old joke, a very good body, too."

Frenchman makes a note of the peculiar method of burial in England.

A paragraph in a Scotch paper says that a certain Captain Nicholson, while shooting at Brotherton, had the extraordinary good fortune to kill a snipe flying and a hare running with one shot. Two birds with one stone is a joke to this! Was the hare running in the air or the bird flying on the ground, we should like to know?

TO SPIRITUALISTS.

$100,000 CHALLENGE.—NIGGER SAMBO, the celebrated singer of "*Who's dat a looking at yer, Dinah?*" and connected with the far-famed troupe of Ebony Jingles, hereby challenges Messrs. Home, Forster, or the Brothers Davenport, *to go through the air above on a banjo*, as well as himself.

SPIRITS BELOW PROOF.—Dr. Newman somewhere says that the devil has often been put to ridiculous flight by the sign of the Cross. No doubt he has, as often as he has appeared. It is a remarkable fact that the "sperrits" which actuate Mediums can never stand any conclusive test, and ever also avoid the *experimentum crucis*.

Epitaph on a letter-carrier—*Post obit.*

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.—As a profound secret we beg to mention to our readers that it is stated in a Welsh paper that "the inhabitants of Llanbedrgoch and the contiguous parish of Llanfairmatharfaraeithaf"—but we are sure our readers will repeat it (if they can), so we pause.

The real winner of the Cesarewitch—Princess Dagmar.

The exact worth of Spiritualism—Not a rap.

The Rev. Mr. Barham, author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends," used to tell a story of the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order by a message, politely delivered at a supper-party by a little girl, "If you please, Mr. Jones, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would *begin to be funny*."

Sporting Prophecy—That a dark horse named *Burglar* will, one of these days, win two Derbies.

Can cock-crowing be called (h)en-chanting?

NOT AT HOME.—"Is your father at home?" inquired a man of the little girl who admitted him. "Is your name Bill?" she asked. "Some people call me so," replied he. "Then he is not at home; for I heard him tell John if any bill came to say he was not at home."

Retreat for Decayed Spiritualists—The *Home* for Idiots.

Definition of "Attic Salt"—A Greek Sailor.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET.—Monday Evening.—In the absence of heavy maternal embarrassments there has been a much better feeling in connection with the Marriage Market, bachelors having risen from the extreme point of depression consequent on Inquiries being made as to state of bankers' accounts. Tempted by the partial return of confidence and the low level of flirtations, offers have advanced, and matrimonial speculators have proceeded to close engagements. The flow of talk into the Bank of Tattle proceeds steadily, and is likely to continue for some time. A good business was transacted in Foreign Counts and Native Colonels. Captains are looking up, and Cornets are depressed. Government Clerks surprisingly active, particularly at lunch. Spinsters shy. Widows advancing. Mammas declining. Both Blondes and Brunettes looking up. Piccadilly Weepers in high favor. Good horsewomen mounting; and ladies of literary turn of mind nowhere.

A celebrated Dublin divine was engaged one evening in a disquisition on the difference between Irish and Scotch Celts, and suddenly asked, "What is the difference between an Irishman and a Scotchman on the top of a mountain in frosty weather?"—"One is cowld with the kilt, and the other is kilt with the cowld."

AN UNINTENTIONAL PUN.—Among the lots catalogued at a sale of English books which lately took place in Calcutta, were the following: "Mill on Jurisprudence," "Ditto on the Floss!" The intelligent auctioneer had coupled "Mill on Jurisprudence" with Miss Evans's well-known novel "The Mill on the Floss!"

"Talkin' of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what the mortal Cato, who lib most a thousand years ago, once said—the law is like a groun' glass winder, that gives light enuff to light us poor mortals in de dark passage of life; but it would puzzle de old gentleman himself to see troo it."

People have little gratitude to those who speak the strict truth of them. The bald wife of Seleucus gave six hundred pounds to a poet who extolled the beauty and profusion of her hair.

In a book on Chicago a man named Drum is the banker. His friends call him the "spirit-stirring drum."

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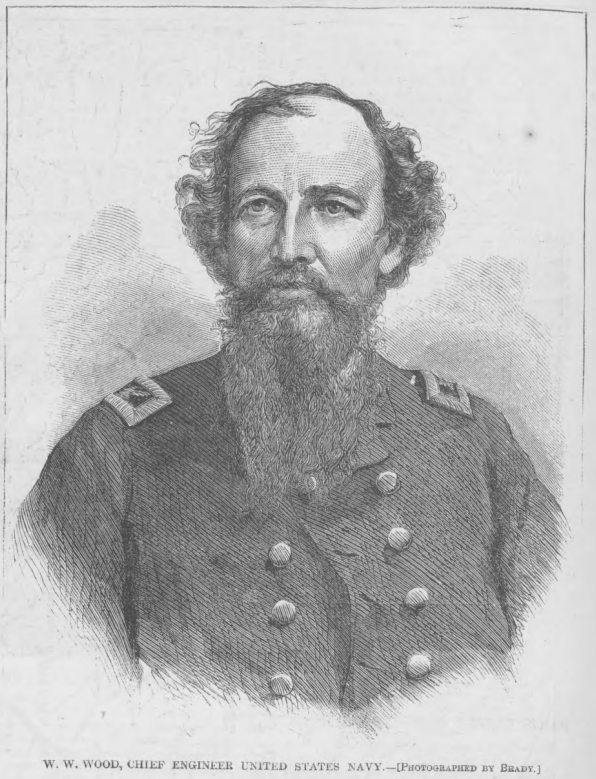


MAP SHOWING THE ENTIRE FIELD OF OPERATIONS UNDER GRANT, SHERMAN, AND FARRAGUT.

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MAJOR-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



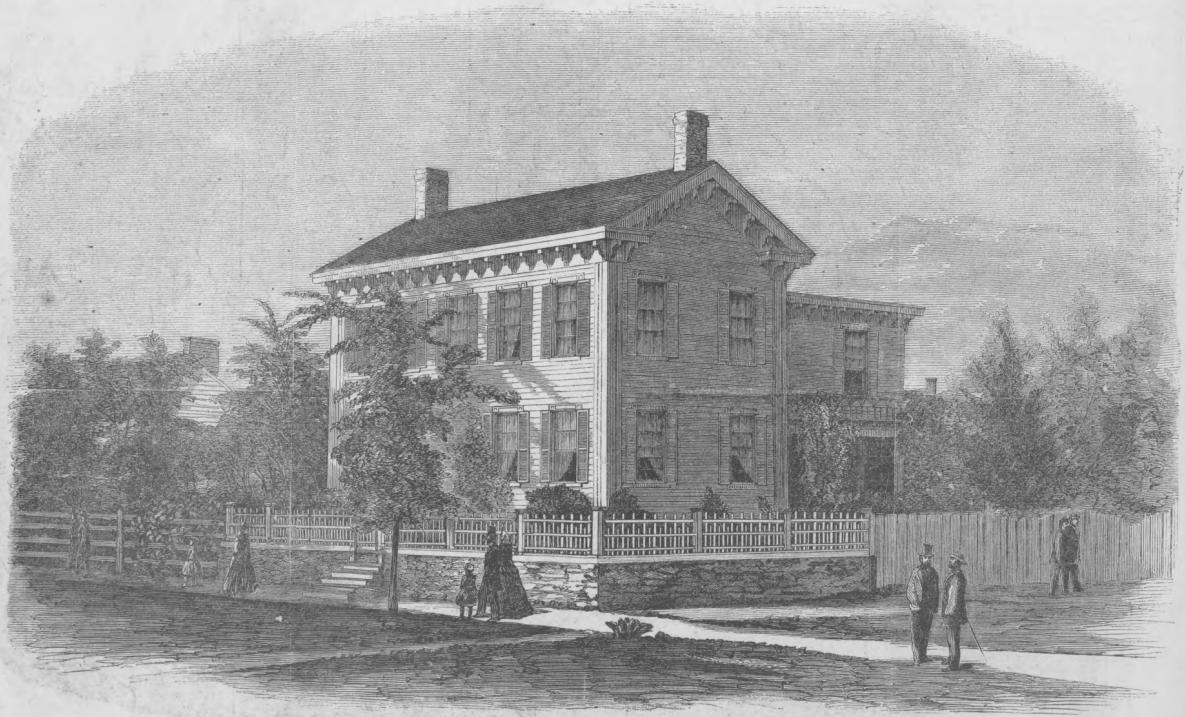
W. W. WOOD, CHIEF ENGINEER UNITED STATES NAVY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

MAJOR-GENERAL MOTT.

MAJOR-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT is a native of New Jersey, from which State he brought a full brigade to the Army of the Potomac. This brigade belonged to the First Division of the old Third Corps. Almost from the first organization of the Army of the Potomac he has been identified with its history. He has participated in all the great battles of Virginia. He was wounded in the second battle of Bull Run, and was afterward promoted from the rank of Senior Colonel commanding the New Jersey Brigade to that of Brigadier-General. At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he took a prominent part in the operations of SICKLES's Division, and at the latter he was wounded for the second time. At Gettysburg he was mentioned, as on former occasions, for his gallant services in that battle. In the late campaign from the Rappahannock to the James he has commanded a division of the Second Corps—the same which was formerly commanded by Generals HOOKER and SICKLES in the Third Corps. This division now includes all that is left of the old Third Corps, HOOKER's "Old Guard." This is a veteran division which has served during the war, being now reduced to a small number. It was this division which was attacked and partially flanked in the late advance to the left.

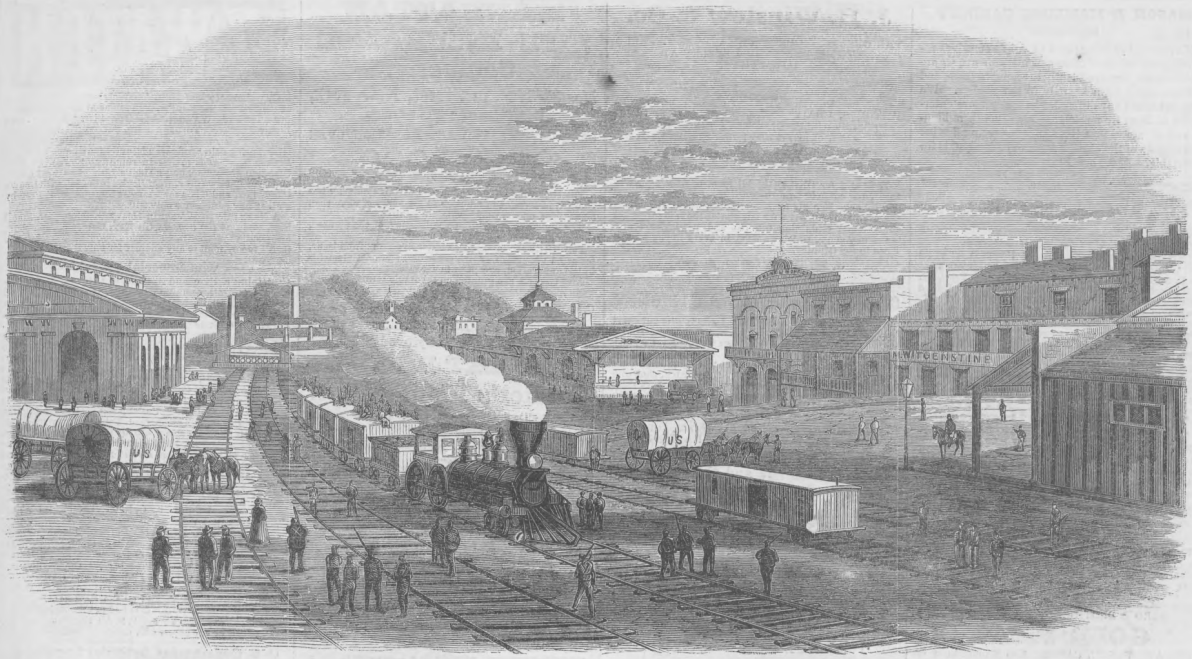
CHIEF-ENGINEER W. W. WOOD.

CHIEF-ENGINEER W. W. WOOD, United States Navy, whose portrait we publish on this page, is at present attached to the staff of Rear-Admiral GREGORY, as general superintendent of iron-clad steamers and other vessels being constructed for the Navy Department. He was born in Wake County, North Carolina, in the year 1818. Upon the death of his parents, which occurred when he was very young, he was sent to the North to be educated. After passing through college his great taste and natural inclination for mechanics and engineering induced him to connect himself with the Messrs. KEMBLE, of the West Point Foundry, in this city, at the time the largest and most eminent works of the kind in the country. At this establishment he remained for several years, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of engineering; and after an extensive experience, on the reorganization of the Naval Engineer Corps, under the administration of the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, in March, 1845, he entered the naval service, in which he has been actively engaged during a period of nearly twenty years. In regard to his past history, the Navy Register for 1864 records him as having been at sea for nearly eight years, and on shore-duty in naval dock-yards and on other special service eight and a half years. He is at present the senior Chief Engineer in the navy, and was selected by Secretary WELLES to fill the responsible position of General Inspector of Steam Machinery, etc.; in which duty is included the construction of our iron-clad fleet, and the machinery for the new class of vessels which are at present being constructed. The new and destructive shell and its arrangement, recently used with such tremendous effect by the gallant Lieutenant CUSHING in the destruction of the rebel ram *Albemarle*, in the Roanoke River, was designed by him, as also the iron-clad torpedo vessel *Stromboli*, nearly completed, a powerful engine of destruction in naval warfare.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HOME, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

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VIEW IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY D. R. BROWN.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

To multiply a lady's requirements appears to be the predominant idea of all the purveyors of fashion in female dress; and, as though one robe were not sufficient, the modistes have now introduced a description of double dress, which makes the wearer appear to indulge in two at a time—thus increasing the outlay, as, of course, the material for both must be good; otherwise they would not be in unison. One of our illustrations depicts this new style, which we leave to the appreciation of our fair readers.

Bonnets, in the proper acceptation of the term, are still getting smaller by degrees and beautifully less, dwindling gradually away till they have almost the appearance of small caps, richly ornamented with lace, flowers, and birds, the owlet often playing a conspicuous part in the composition of the actual Parisian chapeau. It appears, after all, that the small-sized bonnet is definitively adopted for the approaching winter, during which also the short paletot (mostly in light cloth) will be generally worn for ordinary toilet; but, for full dress, the ruched camail, the burnous, and the eternal châle de cachemire. For indoor wear red cloth or cashmere vests are very fashionable, and are very becoming to either dark or fair complexions, an advantage which is peculiar to this color, now more popular than ever.

The spirit of exaggeration which we have so frequently observed is now applied to ear-rings, which have acquired almost dangerous dimensions. The jewelers of the Palais-Royale seem to vie with each other daily in the production of something larger than has hitherto been seen, until the proportions of these aural pendants have become quite monstrous. All forms have been adopted and magnified, so that we have the triangular, the long, the wide, and the round cymbal-shaped ear-rings, of a fearful weight, in gold. In keeping with these, the wide leather belts are fastened by buckles of from four to six inches in length, and made of every possible material. Something more agreeable, and certainly far more graceful, is the black lace waistband, fastened behind with a bow and rather short ends. It is to be hoped that these waistbands will finally triumph over the harness-looking belts, which find favor in the eyes of many of the showy Parisiennes.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Morning Dress.*—This is altogether an "at home" costume, the color of the dress being generally light, over a gay-colored jupe, which is seen through the openings left expressly in the dress, buttoned in front and behind, much in the manner of a robe de chambre. The material of the dress depicted in our engraving is light-brown cashmere, over a blue jupe. The graduating buttons may be either in dull gold or in mother-of-pearl.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—White tarlatan robe, ornamented round the bottom of the skirt with two fluted flounces, surmounted by a straw-colored silk edging. Over the two bottom flounces four others are draped in the style shown in our illustration; and above these two apparent jupes is a third, also in white tarlatan, disposed shawlwise, and in a point behind, while forming a tunic in front. The uppermost jupe is provided with a deep lace trimming, surmounted by a bouillonné, through which a light-blue ribbon is passed. There is a very wide dark-blue silk waistband, fastened by a bow behind. The décolleté corsage is covered with a bertha trimmed with lace and bouillonné. The coiffure is arranged in the latest style, the ornamentation consisting of a white and a blue feather, intertwined, and partly concealing the golden comb.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—The robe and paletot are in stone-colored foulard, trimmed throughout with violet silk ruching. The only ornament on the skirt is a narrow flounce. Small straw bonnet, with a rose between two black velvets, is the tour-de-tête; violet silk bows and ends.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1864.

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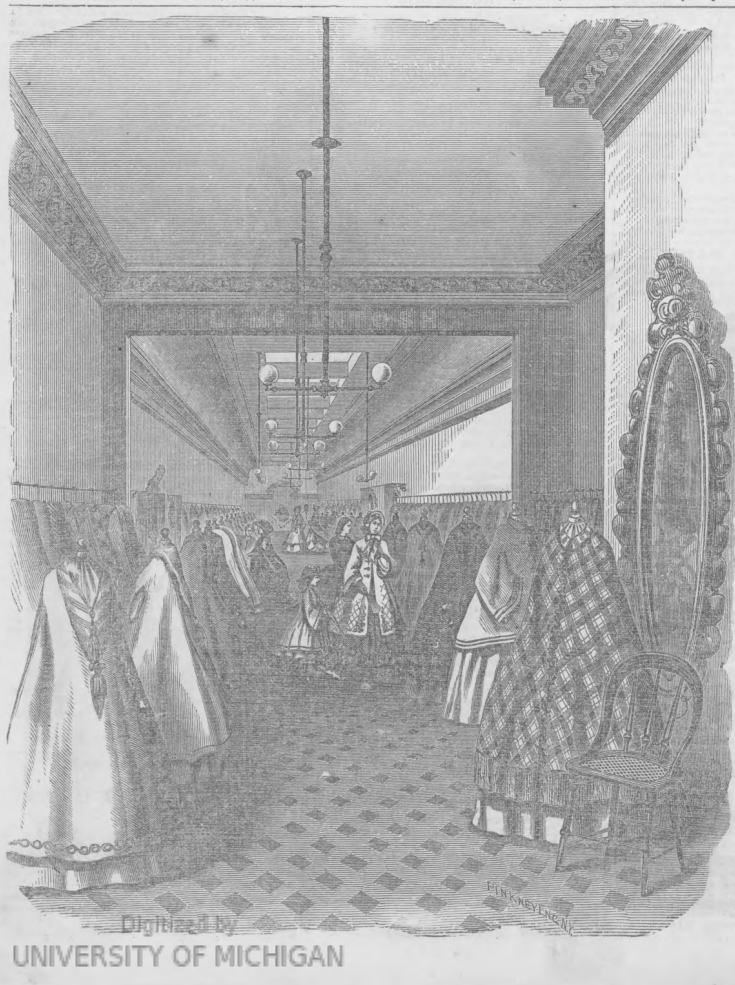
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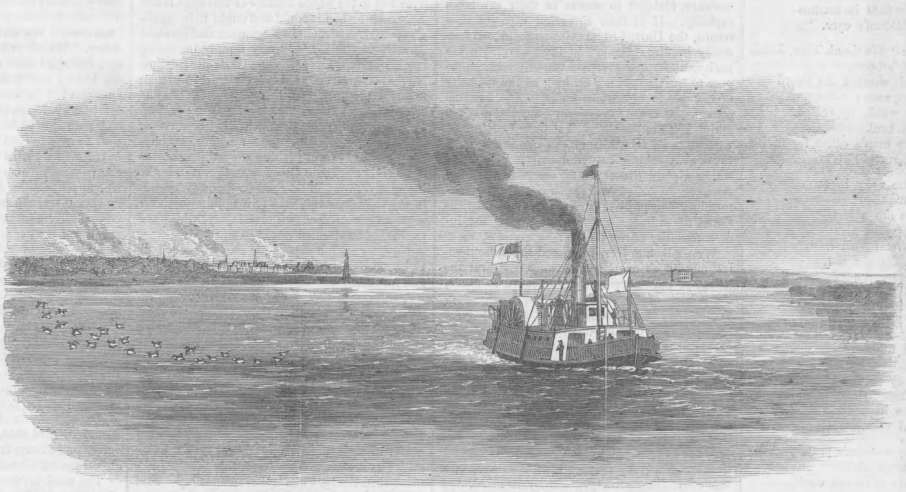
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EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

In accordance with a special arrangement recently brought about for the mutual exchange of all the sick and invalid prisoners on either side, Colonel MULFORD, with fifteen transports laden with rebel prisoners, arrived at Fort Pulaski November 11. The number of rebel prisoners conveyed South in this first installment was 3200.—The transfer of these prisoners took place in the Savannah River, between Savannah and Fort Pulaski. The day after his arrival Capt. HATCH, the Confederate Commissioner, accompanied by the Richmond Ambulance Committee and a number of surgeons, left Savannah in the early morning, taking with him four transports, viz., the *Beauregard*, *General Lee*, *Swan*, and *Ida*.—The convalescents, numbering 2000, were first removed from our transports. Three hundred of the prisoners were very sick, and had suffered greatly on the voyage. Our prisoners subject to exchange under this arrangement were to be delivered on the 15th. The whole number to be exchanged is ten thousand, but there will be considerable delay in effecting the transfer, on account of the deficiency of the rebel means of transportation both by land and water. The rest of the rebel prisoners will be delivered at City Point, on the James River, this measure having been adopted for the comfort of those who are so ill that the voyage by sea might prove fatal.

In regard to the exchange the *Times* correspondent says: "The particularly striking feature of the scene, to my eye, was the grotesque appearance of the rebel steamers, especially the *Swan* and the *General Lee*. Both vessels are great slab-sided, flat-bottomed affairs, like unsightly houses washed from their foundations, having three rudders to guide them, on account of their lightness of draught. A spectator at a distance, without being blessed with a lively imagination, might have supposed these queer specimens of naval architecture to be floating hearses, the illusion being fostered by the funeral-like plumes of Cimmerian smoke which waved from their slender chimneys. But the crowds inside showed uproarious life, instead of death. A merrier set of invalids were never got together than those freed rebels who were crammed on board the steamers, and fringed the low guards of the vessels with dangling legs, almost dipping into the water through the hilarious carelessness of their owners. They went off up the river, yelling their peculiar mule-like cry which passes for a cheer, with their ill-omened flag waving over them, leaving the proud banner of freedom behind, the love of which, for a time, at least, they have madly rejected."

Little more than a week previous to MULFORD'S arrival at Savannah the *Island City* had gone to that point to make the preliminary arrangements, and had delivered nearly 350 boxes for our prisoners, together with clothing and blankets to the value of $26,000. This was in accordance with the arrangements entered into by Generals GRANT and LEE, for the benefit both of Federal and Confederate prisoners.



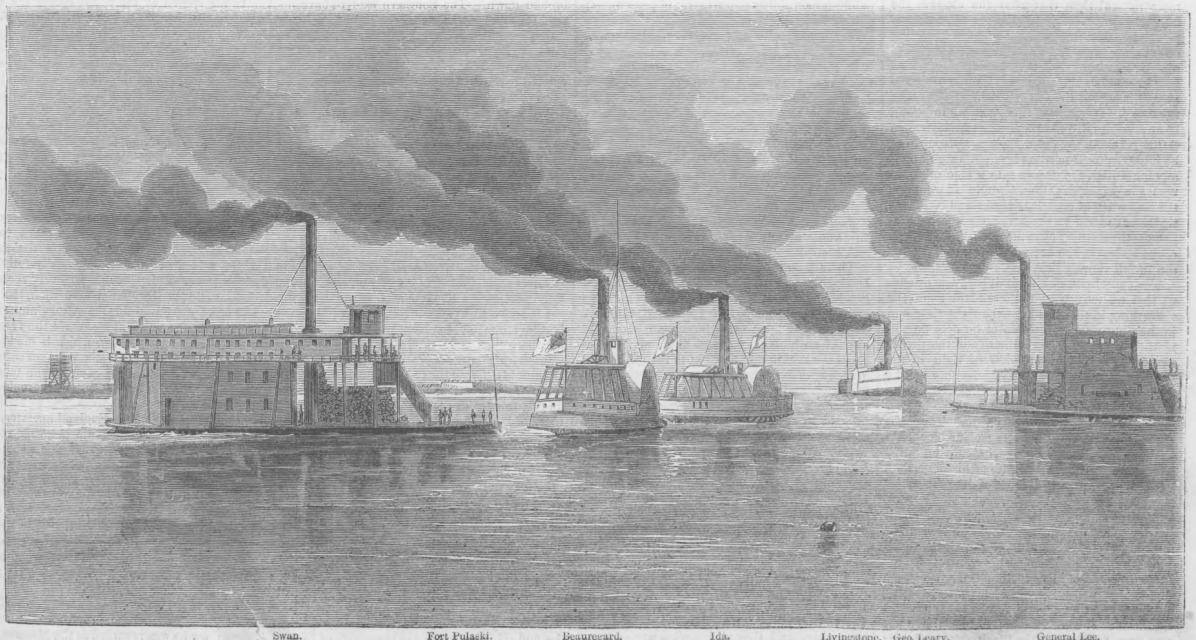
THE REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE BOAT "BEAUREGARD," WITH SAVANNAH IN THE DISTANCE.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

MARTINSBURG.

MARTINSBURG, Virginia, of which town we give sketches on page 781, is the capital of Berkley County, and is situated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. In 1850 this town had a population of over 2000 souls. Its situation has rendered it a peculiarly undesirable place of residence, and especially so during the last few months, when its streets have been trampled now by the rough riders of the Confederate cavalry, and then again by the Federal troops of SHERIDAN'S army. Before EARLY'S advance in the summer Martinsburg was an important military dépôt. It is at present the dépôt of General SHERIDAN'S army, and is under the military governorship of Brigadier-General SEWARD, son of the Secretary of State.

The principal sketch is a view of the square at the junction of King and Queen streets, the building with the tower being the Court-house, now used as the provost marshal's office. Opposite to it is a house belonging to Colonel HOGE, of the rebel army, occupied as head-quarters by General SEWARD. Every street is barricaded, so that the place is quite an incipient fortress, and secure against MOSBY'S and IMBODEN'S attacks. The ruins of the dépôt buildings, and of houses burned in former attacks upon the town, give the usual air of desolation seen in border towns.

Martinsburg is several miles in the rear of General SHERIDAN'S army, and is situated about twenty miles northwest of Harper's Ferry.



THE REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE BOATS COMING DOWN THE SAVANNAH RIVER TO MEET THE FEDERAL TRANSPORTS.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

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THANKSGIVING.

THE feast of plenty comes once more,
The turkey, king of birds,
The beef, that bursts in every pore
With fatness of the herds,
And bulbous roots, white, golden, red,
And quaking jellies clear,
And lidless pies, with dotted eyes,
Crowd and complete the cheer.

The sun has kept its ripening glow,
The earth its yielding will,
The fruits have not forgot to grow,
The yellow grain to fill;
The rain has fallen from the cloud,
The wind come from the east,
The dew has shared, the blight has spared
Its force to crown the feast.

The grandsire takes the fireward seat,
The sire controls the cheer,
The mother rules below where sweet
The little ones are near;
And the tall grandson sits between,
Close to his manhood's prize,
Whose spirit seems to float in dreams
Drawn from the children's eyes.

The white head bends: "We thank Thee, Lord,
For life, and plenty's boon,
For triumph that shall sheathe the sword
In peace and union soon;
Sustain the poor, the weak, oppressed,
The broken-hearted heal,
And through all ways man's cause for praise
To Thee, O Lord, reveal!"

Then passes round the flaky breast,
The wish-bone is a prize,
The drumstick rattles out a jest,
With wings the laughter flies;
The mottled beef has stanchest friends
Whom mustard makes not sad,
The gravies run for very fun
Down white-bibbed bosoms glad.

The juicy plums are slyly sought
To help the failing taste;
With double-kerneled nuts are bought
The gifts of thoughtless haste;
The talk subsides, they pledge the day
In glass of home-brewed cheer,
The feast is done, the happiest one
Of all the thankful year.

O Father! hear the grandsire's prayer,
And shed from heaven above,
Round feasts that have a vacant chair,
The mercy of Thy love;
And if the form that filled it once
Be hid 'neath battle-field,
Throw wide the skies to thankful eyes,
And bid it be revealed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

PEACE.

THE air is full of rumors of peace. It has been so at intervals from the beginning, and will be so to the end of the war. Nothing was more natural than that after the election the blowers of rumors should take out their longest pipes and blow the largest and most glittering of bubbles. Nothing also was truer than General BUTLER'S remark that, having ascertained how unanimous the country is for war if necessary, it is a good time to ascertain whether it be necessary. It is a good time, because there can be no possible misunderstanding. An invitation to the rebels to lay down their arms could not be misinterpreted now, as it might have been at any other period of the war, as a sign of doubt upon the part of the Government. It would be the indication of conscious power and conscious right. It would be the summons to a doomed fortress to surrender after the irresistible strength of the besiegers had been displayed to the garrison in full view.

The experience of his administration teaches us that we may trust the President to do the right thing in this matter at the right time and in the right way. In whatever he does he will neither compromise the authority of the people nor acknowledge any shadow of right in the theory or fact of the rebellion. Neither will he do any thing impatiently or passionately. There is nothing finer in his whole career than his passionless but unswerving patriotism. There has been no self-seeking, and a sagacious independence in all his actions. He has not hesitated to alienate at times all parties of his immediate adherents, whenever his sense of duty demanded it, secure always of the permanent approval of the people. Our history does not furnish his master as a statesman.

It is probable that in his Message there will be a frank expression of his views upon the present aspect of the rebellion, and very possibly a direct appeal to the insurgent section of the country, bidding the rebels to ponder the significance of the election; to look with their own eyes, not through the illusive words of their leaders, at the actual condition and prospect of the rebellion, assuring them that their loyal fellow-citizens have but one wish, and that is to live peaceably with them under a common Government, and but one determination—that they will do so.

The conditions of peace are to-day what they have always been. They are the same for every man and party in every part of the country. They are submission to the laws and acts in pursuance of the Constitution. If any citizen doubts whether the Confiscation act or the Emancipation proclamation are Constitutional, the President has already referred the question to the Supreme Court. As to "terms" in regard to the rebel leaders, the American people will undoubtedly require that, at the least, they shall be forever ineligible as citizens.

Of course the Government of the people must determine when it is satisfied that any State has resumed its proper relations in the Union. It can not be enough that the State says so. It can not be enough that it goes through the forms of an election. The Government will, of necessity, hold every part of the rebel section which it recovers until it is perfectly assured that the national peace would not be endangered by relinquishing it. The insurgent States, for instance, claimed to secede in their sovereign capacity. If in their sovereign capacity they return, the United States Government will naturally inquire whether, in their sovereign capacity, under any pretense whatever, they propose to secede again. So long as the majority of citizens in any State holds to the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty, the peace of the Union is as much threatened by it as Pennsylvania was by LEE'S army. Can the forces of the United States be withdrawn from a State which claims the right of secession at will? And can the existence of such a majority be determined except by a fair vote upon a constitutional amendment, expressly affirming the indestructibility of the Union?

We shall, however, be spared the present solution of such questions, because whatever the action of our Government in regard to peace, the attitude of the rebels will remain unchanged. While they have any effective military force they will hear only of war. When that force is broken, the anarchy into which the rebel section must surely fall will make the presence of the United States arms a necessity until society can be reconstructed. It is useless, says the President, to jump before you reach the stream. Be ready to leap when you are there. Great questions of policy which perplex us in advance are very apt to present themselves finally in a practicable form. All that we need is to keep certain controlling principles clearly in mind, and as fast as possible adapt our policy to them. Conscious of wishing for honorable peace, and taught by our experience and by reason upon what terms peace can be permanent, we may tranquilly await the opportunity which the rebels alone can furnish.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

THE whole system of railroad travel in this country is disgraceful; and we propose, in this and subsequent articles, to show in what ways it might be improved. We do not rely upon any appeal to the managers of the roads. They may be privately very respectable gentlemen, but as a body they certainly feel no adequate public responsibility as conveyers of passengers; and we look therefore to the people themselves in the Legislatures to apply the needful remedies.

It is understood that the Central Railroad Company—the great Company of the State—is coming to Albany during the next session of the Legislature to ask leave to raise the rates of fare. If it comes, it will come, of course, prepared to carry its point by the usual means. But we hope there will be good sense and courage enough among the legislators to make the grant of power conditional upon the reformation of abuses. That was the way the English people two and three hundred years ago used to treat *their* kings, and there is no reason why we should be less strict with ours.

There is one good example to this very point. During the last session, we believe, the Central Road applied for some fresh privilege, which was granted. But some thirsty statesman, who may have suffered upon an express train from the want of an innocent coolness in his mouth, procured the insertion of a clause in the bill that in every car of every train there should be a jar of ice-water, under a penalty of fifty dollars, and that the suit against the Company might be brought in any county of the State. How the royal board of managers must have laughed! For they knew, sagacious souls, that the American citizen would go forever parched and panting, in the hottest dog-days, to and from Albany and Buffalo, and die of thirst rather than enter a complaint.

And here is the difficulty in reforming the abuses of railroad travel, and all other, that the people themselves are so pusillanimous. If an omnibus is intended to carry twelve, and a thirteenth man unfairly and selfishly presents himself at the door, there is seldom one of the twelve who dares insist upon the rights of the passengers, and they all conspire to put a premium upon selfishness by suffering the interloper to crowd in. Now it is very clear that if the passengers do not insist upon the rule the proprietors will not. ROSS BROWNE somewhere says that when he was one of nine guests stowed into one bed together at a Western inn the landlord brought a tenth, and when BROWNE plaintively pleaded that they were tolerably full he was sternly denounced by the host as a haughty and unsocial being. By this time, doubtless, that host is the model president or superintendent of a grand central railroad, offering every inducement for enlightened travelers to prefer it to all other tedious, dangerous, and connection-missing routes.

There surely is nothing surly in insisting upon obvious rights; and it is only fair that the Legislatures should try to help people help themselves in the matter of comfort and safety in travel.

The general railway massacre that is taking place in the country is certainly the business of somebody; and of whom can it be so much the interest as the public themselves? The travel was never so great; the trains never so full; and every body departs upon his journey with a vague fear that it may be his last. It is true, as we said two or three weeks ago, that the proportion of lives lost to the whole number of travelers is not large. But when it could and ought to be smaller, there is no wisdom in suggesting that it might be larger. Indeed it is very rapidly becoming larger; and the loss of life upon our railroads during the last twelvemonth is very much greater than in any recent year. Last week, upon the old line of the Central Railroad, near Auburn, the mail passenger train, thundering around a curve at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, encountered a freight train rushing toward it upon the same track. The collision was frightful. The locomotives were lifted upon end, and every seat in the passenger cars was torn up, and scarcely a passenger escaped without injury, while the engineer and firemen were killed.

Now, for such a deplorable event somebody is to blame. It is said that the guilty person in this instance is the engineer of the freight train, who ran out of time. But if every engineer on the Central Road knew that if he ran out of time, under any excuse whatever, he would inevitably lose his place and be disgraced, whether any disaster followed or not, there would be no running out of time, and the slaughter that we have described would not have occurred. The probability is that the engineer of the freight train has before run out of his time, and has not been rebuked. The penalty of running out of time, if no accident ensues, should be as severe as it can lawfully be made. The punishment of so doing, when loss of life results, should be that of murder.

When the Central Road appears at the bar of the House we hope New York will make a beginning in providing for the safety and comfort of the public. Next week we shall resume the subject with some practical suggestions.

THE END OF REBEL LOGIC.

THE inevitable question of the rebellion at length openly confronts the rebels. What shall be done with the slaves? Shall they be sent into the field to fight for the "Confederacy," or shall they be kept to digging? and if they fight shall they be free?

The whole logic of the Southern system has broken down. The Southern leaders have insisted for many a year that the "peculiar institution" was also divine; and their Northern allies have lustily echoed the great and refreshing truth that, Canaan having been cursed, every colored baby was intended by divine beneficence to be sold like a sucking pig.

We have been listening now for many years to the noble doctrine that the system of slavery in our Southern States was God's appointment for the African race, and for all admixture of the European and American races with the African; that to question its benefit or beauty was to blaspheme God and his laws, and to presume to be wiser than the heavenly intelligence. Nor this alone. Not only was the system divine, but the slaves were happier than any peasantry in the world. They were comfortably cared for in sickness and age. They had no anxieties, no responsibilities. They danced to the banjo under the peaceful palmetto, and, if we only knew it, the name of happiness was Slavery in the Southern States. Travelers from foreign lands went from plantation to plantation and found the life idyllic. Dainty ladies went from New York to pass winters with their planting friends, and returned with the rosiest romances of the felicity of Dinah and Sambo in their cunning little cabins. Every thing was lovely in the world except the dark and dreadful theory of the right of every man to himself and his own labor. Every body who did not own slaves was tolerable if he only wished that he owned some. But whoever denounced Slavery as a wrong to human nature, and an inevitable peril to the country, he was an awful monster in human form, he was the opposite of "a gentleman"—he was an abolitionist.

To defend and perpetuate the divine institution it was made the head of the corner of the new nation of "the South." We were to see beyond all cavil that the only security of Liberty was slavery, the only foundation of Democracy was despotism, the only Right was Wrong. Unhappily, in the process of proving it, it became pretty clear that the proof will fail unless the slaves are summoned to the field. But they must be stimulated to fight, and the inspiration is to be the "boon of freedom." In other words, the structure can not be raised without knocking away the corner-stone! And the whole ghastly lie from which this infamous rebellion springs stands revealed.

The rebels propose to free the slaves if they will fight. But what "boon" can freedom be to Sambo and Dinah, who are so delightfully content in the cunning cabin? The rebellion is to preserve the cabin. Why then hope to stimulate the happy peasants to fight by promising them that the system for whose protection they are to take arms, and which secures their happiness, is to be destroyed as their reward? Logic requires DAVIS and the other slave-drivers to say, "Here, boys! God, you know, made you to be slaves, and we are fighting to keep you so. But the fight is a little hard. We are not altogether successful. So just turn to, take a brisk part in the fight for the perpetuity of slavery; and as you are all so happy and contented, and as it is the intention of Providence that you shall be slaves, we promise you if you will only fight bravely you shall be more slaves than ever. We will not fly in the face of Providence. Where you have had only one child sold you shall have all your children put up on the block; and where you have been paddled and pickled between the shoulders only, you shall be whaled over the whole back. Fall in, boys; and strike home against the enemies who wish to oppose God and set you free."

If Slavery be, as the rebels and their Northern friends have so persistently assured us, the true and Christian disposition of the negro, why do DAVIS and his associates presume to outrage Christianity and thwart the divine purpose by promising the negro his liberty, if he will fight? We generally promise rewards not penalties to those whom we wish to win.

The whole debate, the proposition to give the slave who will fight the "boon of freedom," shows that the rebels know, with all the rest of mankind, that their system is inhuman and infamous. When they wish to make the slave a man they promise him his liberty, because they know that liberty is his birthright, and that they have deprived him of it. Out of their own mouths they are condemned. Their own action is the justification of every American citizen who has contended that, as Slavery was a fatal and increasing wrong, it was the necessary foe of national peace.

The rebel brethren are not harmonious upon the question. Some of the newspapers point out the absurd inconsistency of implying that Slavery can be wrong. But the official language of DAVIS is enough. If they intend to continue the war, they must arm the slaves. They know, as we do, that the slaves perfectly understand the war. They know, as we do, that if they are armed, they will have their liberty. They make, therefore, a grace of necessity; and in the hopeless effort to save a point of shallow pride they renounce the great object of their rebellion, and by their own act give the victory to the nation and civilization.

THE POSITION OF NEW YORK.

IN his speech at the Astor House the other evening the Governor elect, Mr. FENTON, said: "With your counsel and co-operation, and with the counsel and co-operation of the loyal people throughout the State (which I hope embraces the large mass of all the citizens), I intend that New York hereafter shall occupy no hesitating or equivocal position."

To that sentiment every faithful citizen will say, Amen! For the State of New York has too long been a base of disloyal sympathy, and so long as the present Governor was in office the rebel leaders had a right to hope that something might "turn up" to their advantage.

The reason of this confidence upon their part was that Governor SEYMOUR belongs to the state sovereignty school, which is the excuse of the rebellion. Whoever has carefully read and considered his speeches sees very soon that their studied apology for the rebellion, their unconcealed sympathy for the rebels, and steady hostility to the national cause are the result of a fierceness of party-spirit, which is made ludicrous by the attempt to make it appear calm and impartial, and of an adhesion to the fatal absurdity of state sovereignty, which makes the Union impossible.

Descended from New England ancestry, Governor SEYMOUR'S monomania is hatred of New England. Incessantly dubbed statesman by a clique of his party, he has administered the Government of the State of New York for two years in such a way as to excite the hopes of every domestic rebel and foreign enemy of the country; and his defeat, no less than the election of Mr. LINCOLN, will be accepted by Europe as an expression of the fixed resolution of the American people to make no terms with rebellion. Two years ago, upon his accession to office, his first message was looked for in Europe with scarcely less interest than that of the President; for he was regarded as the Magnus Apollo of the peace party which was to humble the United States to submission to separation or to rebel terms of Union. It was a disappointment

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to his friends and to our enemies that he did not recall the New York troops from the army; and from that moment down to the election the complaint of his friends has been that he had not the courage of his convictions.

Yet it might have satisfied them that he has incessantly thwarted the National Government whenever and wherever he could. He has complained of the drafts; he has incited riots; he has betrayed ill-feeling upon every occasion, as in his recent Proclamation for Thanksgiving; he has never showed a single spark of sympathy for his country and her trials, but has perpetually bewailed the loss of life and money, as if no cause were sacred enough to be worth a sacrifice. In his Chicago speech he was guilty of the most flagrant misrepresentation of history, and betrayed the most total misconception of the character and purpose of the people, and by the late election he has been doubly rebuked.

Yet it was not enough. He has dissatisfied his "friends" by not trying openly to array the State of New York against the National Government, as he has alienated all faithful citizens by evidently wishing to do it. His own party were indignant with him for what they called juggling himself into the nomination—and he falls, baffled, without a solitary patriotic or generous act to mark his administration, without the sympathy of his friends, and with the hearty contempt of his opponents.

As he disappears from the scene how refreshing to hear from the lips of his successor, the President of the Soldiers' Relief Association, that New York shall hereafter occupy no hesitating or equivocal position. The motto of the Empire State is *Excelsior*—higher! And *excelsior* may she always be in patriotism, intelligence, and humanity.

THANKSGIVING

THE American people have this year such reason as they never had before to give humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God, and Mr NAST has well depicted in the striking picture we publish to-day the various aspects of the festival.

First of all by a singular unanimity the people have resolved that the authority of their Government and the order of civil society shall be maintained, and have expressed their will by the re-election of the President whose name is identified with the defense of the Union and the perpetuity of the American principle.

They have proclaimed their unshaken reliance upon the faithful army and navy of the United States, the practical vindicators of the national honor and authority.

They renew their gratitude for the great and necessary Peace Commissioners who lead the army and the navy, and whose names are no less precious for their lofty patriotism than historical for their consummate ability. GRANT and FARRAGUT, SHERMAN and PORTER, DU PONT and BUTLER, with their illustrious brethren, will be honorably and gratefully remembered so long as we are a nation.

They thank God that the great State of Maryland, torn by civil war, has deliberately renounced the system from which all our woes have sprung, and has led the march of the Slave States in the path of equal liberty and justice, the way of permanent peace.

They thank God for the patriotic devotion of the hearts that the war has broken, and which, in the depths of their sorrow, are still grateful that they were made the parents and wives and sisters and lovers and brothers of heroes, and not of cowards—heroes whose memory shall not die while human hearts beat or the flag of the nation floats.

They thank God that the defeat of rebels and the consternation of foreign foes foretell the triumph from which peace and prosperity shall flow.

Not in foolish pride, not in hot confidence of sudden victory, but in the calm consciousness of a holy and impregnable purpose, the people of the United States, counting the cost, faithful to the dead and to the living, will celebrate their Thanksgiving with sober and religious hearts.

THE BIRD OF AMERICA.

THEORETICALLY it is the eagle; but it is the turkey that enables the eagle to fly. There has been no pleasanter incident than the heartiness with which the suggestion of a Thanksgiving dinner for the army and navy has been received. Every body has contributed: that the soldiers and sailors may have practical proof—if they were not already sure—of the sympathy of their friends at home. The only regret is that Sherman's boys can not share in the feast, but must eat their sweet-potatoes without the turkey and the chicken fixin's.

Our artist, Mr. HOMER, has seized the spirit of the scene as it will be witnessed along the lines. The boys will not stand upon the order of their eating, but will eat at once. And they may be sure that in a thousand homes they will be

"In our flowing cups freshly remembered,"

and cheered with three times three. The universal Thanksgiving turkey shall be seasoned with many a tale of heroism, and the cheerful feeling of the old festival bind us as warmly and closely together as the whole family of the Union will, by the persuasion of the camp and the ship, be one day bound.

PETROLEUM.

OUR readers will find elsewhere an advertisement of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company. DANIEL S. DICKINSON is the President, and he is associated with gentlemen of experience in the business. A careful study of the prospectus will reveal the advantages of the investment. The discovery of petroleum is so recent, and the necessary demand so large and increasing, that this company may be said to proceed upon a permanent basis. Their prospectus speaks frankly and fairly; and the name of Mr. DICKINSON, who has, we believe, for the first time associated his name with the enterprise, should satisfy the inquirer that it is not a mere speculation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE popular interest in General Sherman's new campaign is of the most absorbing kind. An ordinary victory, or even a considerable reverse, is not sufficient to divert the attention even for a moment from the grand topic. Plymouth is recaptured, one of the most formidable of the rebel iron-clads is blown up by a torpedo, and the waters of an entire Sound made in consequence an undisputed Federal possession; another vessel, more to be feared than any other which has threatened our commerce, is taken directly under the guns of a friendly Power; General Gillem gains a victory and suffers a reverse; ten thousand of our suffering soldiers are released from the well-known barbarities of Southern prisons: yet these events form but episodes, or interludes, in the great military drama, which, though only to be developed, maintains, in spite of all these incidents, favorable or unfavorable, its hold on the popular expectation. Even the Armies of the Potomac and the James would be able by nothing short of the capture of Petersburg or Richmond to alienate, even for a single day, that interest which has been fixed upon the Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee.

The Richmond correspondent of the *London Times* a short time since declared that Lee was utterly powerless by assuming the aggressive to turn the tide which was setting in against the Confederacy. He is shut out from the possibility of making even a military experiment: he "can not afford to hazard even twenty lives in a tentative operation." While Grant may rest his army for any number of days fearless of attack, Lee *must* keep his in the trenches along an extended line, forever expecting attack at every point, and, therefore, by this perpetual watch forever kept from relaxation. But Hood, therefore, he said, must be confided the salvation of the Confederacy. He, the master of experiments, must inaugurate an experiment of such vastness and audacity as to unseat Sherman at Atlanta and reverse the line of conquest in the West.

And just this was what the rebels attempted to accomplish. Mr. Davis made a tour through Georgia to awaken that State to a sense of the situation; and as an evidence that he did not lack spirit for this task he ventured at Macon to call the Georgian Governor a "miserable scoundrel" under his very nose; and as proof of his confidence in Confederate resources he cited with becoming commendation the examples of mothers who had devoted their infant sons prospectively to the great struggle. Just upon his heels came Beauregard, whose motto is "Forward," to assume the command of Hood's already advancing army. The Confederate army—cavalry and infantry—pushed northward. One campaign had been ended when Atlanta was taken: now another campaign was begun for the purpose of disturbing Sherman's communications with Atlanta. This new campaign issued unfavorably to the Confederates: Forrest was compelled to recross the Tennessee, and Hood, failing in his attempt on Allatoona, was pushed westward toward the Mississippi; and Sherman's railroad communications, a few slight damages having been repaired, were as intact as they ever had been. These communications were of importance to Sherman, and it was only because they had been threatened that Sherman had marched northward at all. He wanted the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta for a specific object; that object was accomplished so soon as he had had forwarded to Atlanta supplies sufficient for an advance southward which he had planned even before. So long he held his army covering the railroad. In spite of Hood and Beauregard he accomplished his object and got his supplies. Then he no longer cared either for the railroad or for Atlanta; indeed, he proceeded forthwith to destroy the one and burn the other. The campaign which Hood had forced upon him was now at an end, and it had for him ended successfully. Hood's longer stay in the North was now a matter of as little concern to him as was Price's invasion of Missouri, or any other daring project which Beauregard might have undertaken. As a matter of course there must be a force to take care of Beauregard, just as there must have been to take care of Price. This led him to detach the Army of the Ohio from his own. He then began his third campaign. His first had been for Atlanta; his second for supplies; his third was the continuation southward and eastward of the line of conquest which he had extended so far in the months of May, June, and July. He had hardly begun that the only army which could possibly contest his advance would be so punctiliously considerate in his behalf as to assume and remain in a position hundreds of miles in his rear. But so it happened. And thus we have now two separate campaigns going on in the West and South—one contested between Thomas and Beauregard, the other that of General Sherman against the railroads, arsenals, and strong-holds of those Southern States which have hitherto enjoyed a privileged immunity from the horrors of war.

By Hood's mistake in sending Wheeler north Sherman was helped into Atlanta; when Hood's entire army marched into Northern Alabama he made a similar mistake on a much grander scale. Already do the Richmond journals begin to complain that Wheeler was not kept close enough on Sherman's line.

The facts of Sherman's march, so far as known, are these:

On the 9th of November Slocum's Corps, with a division of Kilpatrick's cavalry, started from Atlanta, it is supposed toward Macon, to be followed by Jefferson C. Davis with the Fourteenth Corps. On the same day the Army of the Tennessee—the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth corps—under General Howard, left Kingston, destroying the railroad on its way. On the 11th the bridge over the Etowah was destroyed. On the arrival of this column at Atlanta all the property that could be of use to the enemy in that city was burned, and the Army of the Tennessee, on the 12th, abandoned Atlanta, following the Army of the Cumberland. Before Slocum had entirely evacuated the city on the 9th he was attacked by rebel cavalry under Iverson, who was severely punished. Rome was burned on the 10th by General Corse, commanding the Fourth Division of the Fifteenth Corps. Nearly a million of dollars' worth of property was destroyed by Corse on account of the lack of transportation. This included nine rebel guns, 1000 bales of cotton, two flour and two rolling mills, an extensive foundry, and the railroad depôts and store-houses.

Sherman's entire force is probably not less than 50,000, of which 9000 are picked cavalry under Kilpatrick. According to one report Sherman has provision for 20, according to another for 60, days. His army was paid before starting, and each soldier, it is reported, was supplied with two pairs of shoes. The rebels appear to think that Mobile is his destination. Sherman takes his Signal Corps with him. He has remarked that the service done by this corps at the battle of Allatoona more than paid its expense for the year.

Beauregard at last advices still remained in the vicinity of Corinth, holding the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* says that in one week's time Thomas will have an army 55,000 strong. In that case we shall also have a spirited Western campaign. In a dispatch from Tuscumbia, November 8, Beauregard states that Forrest, at Johnsonville on the 5th, had destroyed four gun-boats—five guns each—fourteen steamers, and twenty barges, besides a large quantity of quarter-master and commissary stores on the landing.

General Gillem suffered a considerable reverse, November 14, as he was falling back from Bull's Gap, which Breckinridge had turned with a force of 10,000 men. He lost four hundred in killed, wounded, and missing, and, according to General Lee's official dispatch, six pieces of artillery.

From General Grant's army there is nothing important. The Lieutenant-General was in this city on the 19th, 20th, and 21st. The rebels recently tried to force back Egan's line, on the right of the Second Corps, by damming a stream in his front. General Egan, in superintending some works to prevent the operation of this scheme, was wounded in the ankle.

About 8 P.M., November 17, a desperate attack was made on Butler's picket-line, between the James and Appomattox Rivers, by two rebel brigades, who succeeded in capturing 60 pickets. General Butler had arrived at the front.

General Sheridan, November 9, broke camp at Cedar Creek. His advanced pickets, November 12, were near Newtown. On that day Early, his main body being north of Cedar Creek, made a reconnoissance with Lomax's brigade of cavalry; he was repulsed, and General Powell pursued him through and beyond Front Royal, capturing two guns and 150 men.

NEWS ITEMS.

Lieutenant Nell Denison, of the Second Regular Artillery, has been made Brevet Brigadier-General for gallant conduct and bravery in action. He is a son of Postmaster-General Denison.

Colonel Gamble, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, has been appointed Brigadier-General, and is to be assigned to the command of a brigade at Falls Church.

During the present campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, the First Cavalry Division, commanded by General Merritt, has captured 14 battle flags, 29 pieces of artillery, 18 caissons, 100 wagons and ambulances, and 2000 prisoners of war, including 122 commissioned officers. Since the 1st of May this command has captured 9000 prisoners of war.

The Richmond *Whig* says that Sheridan destroyed property in Rockingham County to the amount of $25,000,000.

December 1 the blockade of the ports of Norfolk, Fernandina, and Pensacola will be raised.

Admiral Porter has issued an order congratulating Lieutenant Cushing on the destruction of the *Albemarle*. A letter of congratulation has also been addressed to the Lieutenant by Secretary Welles.

A gang of guerrillas under Dick Berryman have recently been plundering and killing Unionists in Madison and Wayne Counties, Missouri. November 8, General Curtis, from Camp Arkansas, wrote the following dispatch:

"We have just concluded the pursuit of Price, whose rear-guard crossed the Arkansas River under fire of our guns. He left another of his guns and his own carriage, which, with other guns and equipments, have fallen into our hands. We are now rid of 20,000 or 30,000 half-starved bushwhackers and half-starved vagabonds, who, I hope, may never return to disturb the peaceful inhabitants north of the Arkansas River. He is also beyond our posts of Fayetteville, Fort Smith, and Fort Gibson, which are now safe."

On the night of November 14 fifty rebel prisoners escaped from Camp Morton, Indiana.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MULLER was sentenced, October 29, to be hung November 14. Lord Wodehouse has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Great dissatisfaction is expressed by the popular journals of the Provinces at the haste with which Parliament is pushing forward the Confederation project without any appeal to the people.

The debt of the Confederation, if formed, will be over $100,000,000, including the cost of the projected intercolonial Railroad. $62,500,000 will be apportioned to Canada.

The case of the St. Albans raiders has been postponed, to allow the prisoners an opportunity to obtain from Richmond additional evidence in regard to their *status* as prisoners of war. In the mean time it is said to be probable that, on the assembling of Parliament in January, a measure will be adopted to prevent the repetition of the St. Albans raid.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A LUXURIOUS FOX.—About a month ago a sly fox entered the dwelling-house of Mr. Arnold, Catas Farm, near Heather. He made his entrance through the parlor-window, and went, very orderly, up stairs to bed. While having a sweet repose the housekeeper opened the room door, and, to her surprise, observed Reynard—who she thought was a dog—in bed. She informed the master of the fact: but he not taking much notice of it, she told the plowman, who went to see if the intruder had made his exit; but he had not. The plowman then procured the wagoner, who immediately went, with club in hand to defend himself. Reynard was still asleep, and the wagoner dealt him a heavy blow on the head and killed him, while in his cosy position.

CHICAGO has probably had a more rapid growth up to her present size than any other city now in existence. In 1830 there was as much city—only a military post, consisting of a small wooden fort, with two or three houses in sight. It began to be a village, if we mistake not, in 1832. Its population has since been fifteen times ascertained, with the following results:

Mayors.	Years.	Population.	
W. B. Ogden	July . . . 1837	City census . .	4,170
Alexander Lloyd	1840	U. S. census . .	4,479
Augustus Garrett	1843	City census . .	16,859
Augustus Garrett	June . 1845	State census . .	12,088
J. P. Chapin	Sept. . 1846	City census . .	14,169
J. Curtiss	Oct. . . 1847	City census . .	16,859
J. H. Woodworth	Sept . . 1848	City census . .	20,023
J. H. Woodworth	Aug. . . 1849	City census . .	23,047
J. Curtiss	1850	U. S. census . .	30,963
C. M Gray	Dec . . 1853	City census . .	60,652
L. D Boone	June . 1855	State census . .	80,000
Thomas Dyer	Aug. . 1858	City census . .	84,113
John Wentworth	1860	U. S. census . .	109,260
F. C Sherman	Oct. . . 1861	City census . .	138,186
F. C. Sherman	Oct. . . 1864	City census . .	169,355

AN UNCONSCIOUS HONEY-MOON.—At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences a paper was received from Dr. Blanchet on three curious cases of constitutional lethargic slumber. One of them was that of a lady twenty-four years of age, who, having slept for forty days at the age of eighteen, and fifty days at the age of twenty (during her honey-moon), at length had a fit of sleep which lasted nearly a whole year, from Easter Sunday, 1862, to March, 1863. During this long period a false front tooth had to be taken out in order to introduce milk and food into her mouth. This was her only food. She remained motionless, insensible, and all her muscles were in a state of contraction. Her pulse was low, her breathing scarcely perceptible: there were no evacuations, no leanness; her complexion was florid and healthy.

AN IDOLATROUS CITY IN FRANCE.—In June, a monster procession, headed by fifty cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, placed a silver statue of the Virgin Mary, carried on men's shoulders, and surrounded by a hundred *angels*, scattering flowers and waving incense upon a hill adjoining Marseilles. "Triumph, Queen of Heaven!" was sung among booming cannon, rolling drums, and pealing bells, and Cardinal Matthieu declared in enthusiastic style that Marseilles with Mary was the gloriously spoken of city of God!

MONASTIC LIFE IN ITALY.—The Augustinian nuns of Loretto, near Ancona, have brought down upon themselves the interference of the secular power by a shocking act of falsehood and torture. A daughter of an Italian Liberal had been confided to the care of the twelve French and four Italian nuns who constitute the nunnery aforesaid. This girl left the convent in April of the present year. A rumor was then circulated that a girl three years older had been bewitched by her. The accused with two of her relatives went to the convent on the afternoon of the 14th in answer to a summons. She was taken alone into the parlor, the door closed, and she was confronted with the chaplain, physician, and lady superior, who declared that a girl in the convent was in danger of losing her life in consequence of this young lady's spells, and thereupon they all set upon her to make her render up her contract with the demon. The priest sprinkled her with holy water, twisted his stole round her neck, exorcised her, made signs of the cross on her mouth and forehead; the physician and chaplain stripped her to her shift, and felt under her armpits for the contract with the devil, till at last the girl fainted. When she recovered they renewed the attack, threatening her even with death, and the lady superior exhibited a box full of pins and needles which had issued, she said, from the body of the enchanted girl, and showed an indecent note found upon the same girl with the words, "Death to the Pope!" At last the mother found her way to the persecuted child, and got her away from the convent. It appears that the whole affair was a plot, not a superstition. The girl said to be "charmed" was in excellent health—and the nunnery has for a time been very properly closed by order of the Government, and the chaplain and physician arrested.

THE *Journal de Roubaix* relates a singular instance of somnambulism in that town. A young woman belonging to a family of the working class has during the last week risen in her sleep every night at the same hour, lit a fire, prepared coffee, set out the table as if for a meal, not forgetting either spoons, knives, or forks, and then has gone to bed again. An hour later she rises again, clears the table, puts the things in their places, cleans the lower rooms of the house, and then once more returns to bed. A remarkable fact is that as the young woman works in a factory she does not usually prepare the repasts of the family or do any of the housework, and also that she lays out the table for three persons only, although she lives with her father, mother, three sisters, and two brothers.

GERMANY can keep afoot a million of soldiers; France, 600,000; Italy, 300,000; Russia, 800,000; even Spain, 350,000; while England knows not where to turn for recruits and sailors. Says an English journal: "It is a fact that our ships in commission can not put to sea for want of hands. Our Prime Minister has openly proclaimed that we can not cope with other nations, or dictate a policy in Europe, because we have not soldiers wherewith to carry on war. Denmark, Lord Palmerston used no concealment in admitting, could rely on no other than our moral influence, because we could not pretend to send into the field an army fit to compare muster-rolls with Austria and Prussia. We could not keep up a contingent of 50,000 men in the Crimea without ransacking Europe and America for mercenaries. India drains us of 10,000 recruits a year; and the commander-in-chief recently issued detailed instructions to our recruiting staff to put forth all the allurements of the crimp, and all the devices of the kidnapper, in order to hocus heroes into our regiments of the line, on the ground of the extreme difficulty experienced in maintaining the effective strength of an army of only 140,000 rank and file."

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—In a parish church in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, not a day's journey from Balmoral Castle (says the Aberdeen *Free Press*), we were seated in our ordinary pew, listening to the song of praise ascending from the choir and congregation, when our notice was attracted to the sleepers; and sacrilegious as the idea might be, we could not help counting both the congregation as a whole and the per-centage of sleepers, when—we blush to say it—out of a total of 101, no less than twenty-seven were sound asleep!

ARTIFICIAL TAILS.—A mole-killer of Monthey, in the Valais, in Switzerland, was recently brought before the Correctional Tribunal of that place on a charge of swindling the authorities, which he effected in an ingenious manner. The destroyers of those animals receive a certain sum for each, but they are not bound to present the bodies in order to obtain the reward, but only the tails. The man in question delivered not less than 2000, and received a sum of 300 francs. Surprise was felt at the number, and on close examination a great many were found to be artificial—manufactured by gumming a strip of the animal's skin on a bit of wire covered with paper. The tail-maker was condemned to three months' imprisonment.

STARVATION IN ENGLAND.—Another case of starvation is reported from Bethnal Green, England. A woman named Jameson worked as a shoebinder, but could not earn money enough to find her in sufficient food. Bit by bit she parted with her clothes, and at last lay down and died. She had been urged to go into the work-house, but refused. The Coroner's jury, before whom these facts were stated, brought in a verdict that "Death was accelerated by the want of the common necessaries of life." Reports of this nature are found in every issue of English journals. Comment is unnecessary.

GENERAL BERNEY died in the delirium of fever. His last words have a political value that should make them a Union war-cry throughout the Loyal States. Rising suddenly in his bed, his eyes blazing with the fire that consumed him, he cried with a trumpet voice, "Boys, keep your eyes on that flag!" and fell back dead.

THE Ettrick Shepherd tells how his dog Hector, while quite young, was found to have remained for the whole of a bitter and wet winter's night, lying at the fold door, and keeping his eyes fixed on the lambs which he had previously spent many hours with his master in bringing home. He was not experienced enough to know that the lambs were then safe, but his fidelity taught him to remain, wet and supperless, until his guard was relieved next morning by his master's presence. Being dark, his master had not missed the dog when he quitted the lambs, and when Hector's supper remained unclaimed, he was sought and called in vain. He had never moved from the spot where he lay at the entrance to the fold; for dripping wet as he was, the only dry spot was that beneath his body; nor did he take his watchful eyes from what he thought to be his charge till relieved by his master. The lambs had been very wild and troublesome on the journey, and the dog had had much fatigue and trouble in driving them, and they were very unruly when folded, and the hungry, tired dog preferred the delage of rain which fell that night to the deserting of his post, though he must have heard himself repeatedly called. Mr. Morris, from one of whose valuable little books I take this story, tells of another and sadder instance of unselfish devotion. A shepherd had to divide his flock while traveling; he went forward to the next town with a part, leaving the remainder of his flock in the charge of his colley, intending to return some ten hours later to fetch them. But the shepherd forgot all about his sheep and his dog; the inn fire probably was hot and the toddy strong, and the shepherd reached his home alone. It was not till the third day that the dog was recalled to his memory, and learning that no one had seen him, he hastened to the place where sheep and dog had been left, knowing then what a cruel master he had been. So it was, he found the sheep safe, for they had had food for grazing; the faithful dog dragged himself to his master's feet, licked his hand, and died.

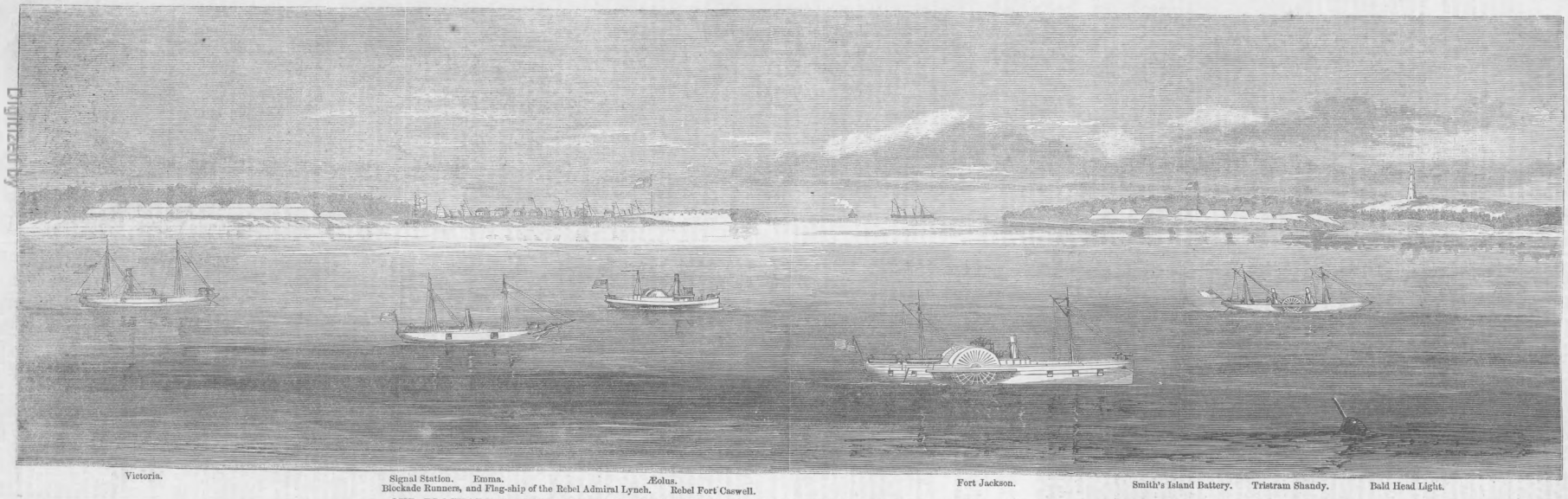
WHAT IS IN THE BEDROOM?—The importance of ventilating bedrooms is a fact which every body is vitally interested in, and which few properly appreciate. If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then upon it in the morning, and they will find that their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations.

NOVELISTS are sometimes sorely put to their wit's end for Christian and surnames which shall in a measure be representative of their characters. A French writer, who had once given pain to a worthy tradesman, coined two outrageous names for certain individuals described in his work, trusting that this time no living being would find himself or herself aggrieved by what he had done. But he was disappointed. A week after his work appeared letters reached him begging that the names might be altered, for they happened to be borne by people who described themselves as among the most exemplary and sensitive of his readers. In despair the author is said to have thrown into his hat the letters of the alphabet, taking the first eight as the name of his new hero, and the next seven which came to hand as that of his heroine.

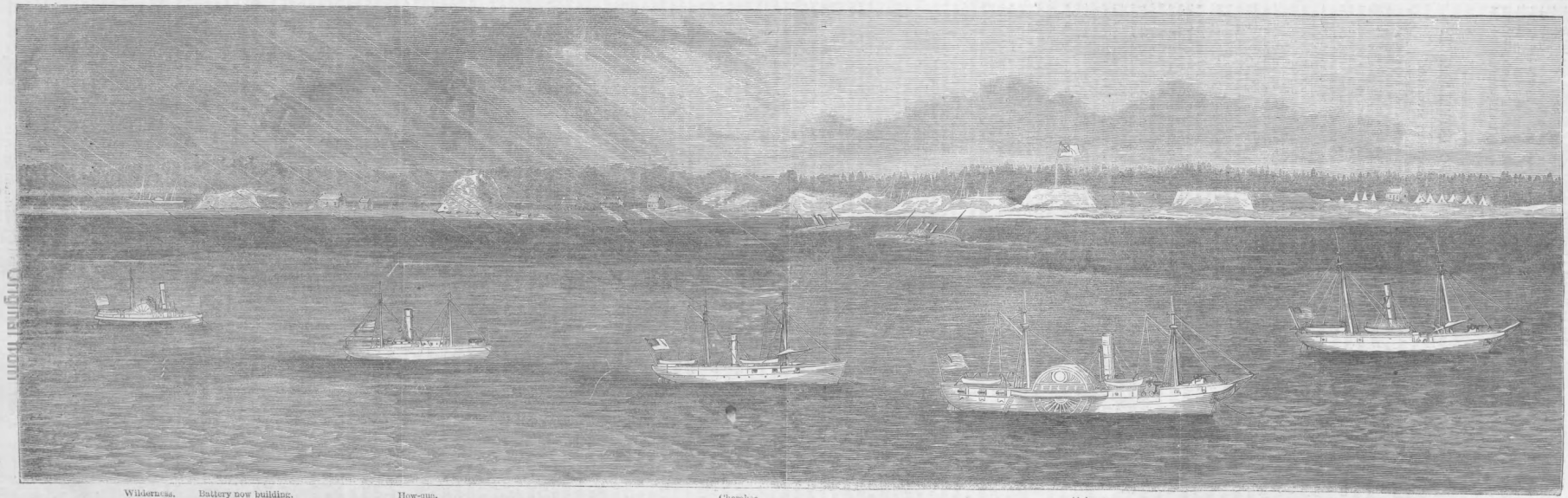
THE barefooted Carmelites have opened an establishment in Paris. It is customary for the young swells of the Jockey Club in Paris to invite them in to take a snack.

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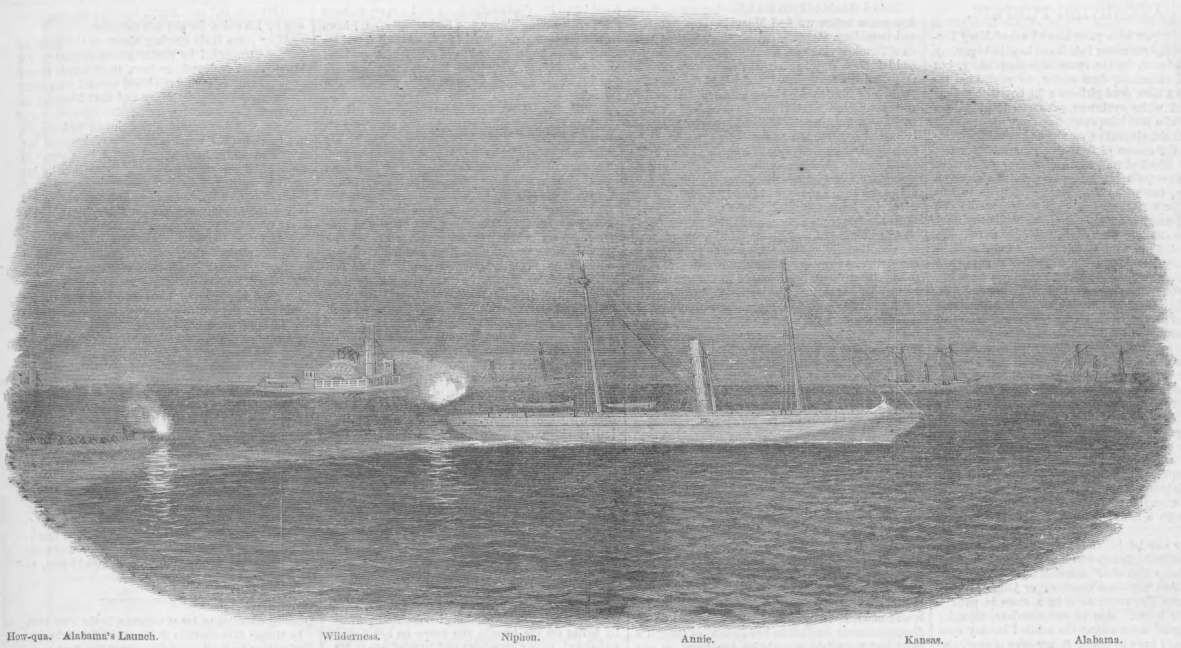


OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—OLD INLET.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ELLMORE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—NEW INLET.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ELLMORE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKADE RUNNER "ANNIE," OCTOBER 31, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ELLMORE.]

THE LATE MR. JOHN LEECH.

JOHN LEECH, celebrated as the best humorous draughtsman of *Punch*, died on the 29th of October, at the age of forty-seven. The record of his life is short and simple. He was born in London in 1817, and was educated at the Charter-house. His first efforts as an artist appeared in *Bell's Life in London*, with which he was connected for two years. Among these early works the best was a series of sketches of the droller aspects of Parisian life. His first sketch in *Punch*, entitled "Foreign Affairs," appeared in 1841, and from that date to his death he has contributed almost every week to its pages. These weekly sketches, with etchings in *Bentley's Miscellany*, a few illustrations of works of fiction, and a yearly installment of Christmas Sketches, have reflected to the world the graceful thought and humor of this wonderful artist for more than twenty years. His sketches of English social life—his pictures of balls, dinner-parties, mess-rooms, bachelors' chambers, Rotten-row, gardens, parks, streets, watering-places, shooting parties, hunting-fields, boating, fishing, and we know not what else, make up such a history of his time as to the future historian will be invaluable.

Mr. LEECH was a careful, patient workman; and there is no doubt that his incessant brain-work exhausted too far his nervous organization, which was as delicate as his fancy was exquisite and refined. Toward the last of his life he suffered greatly from sleeplessness. He was much affected by noise, and was literally driven from his house in Brunswick Square to Kensington by street music. Less than a year ago he stood by the grave of THACKERAY, his school-fellow and friend, overcome with uncontrollable grief. Now he himself has been called, and the news of his departure will quench the Christmas mirth of thousands of loving friends.

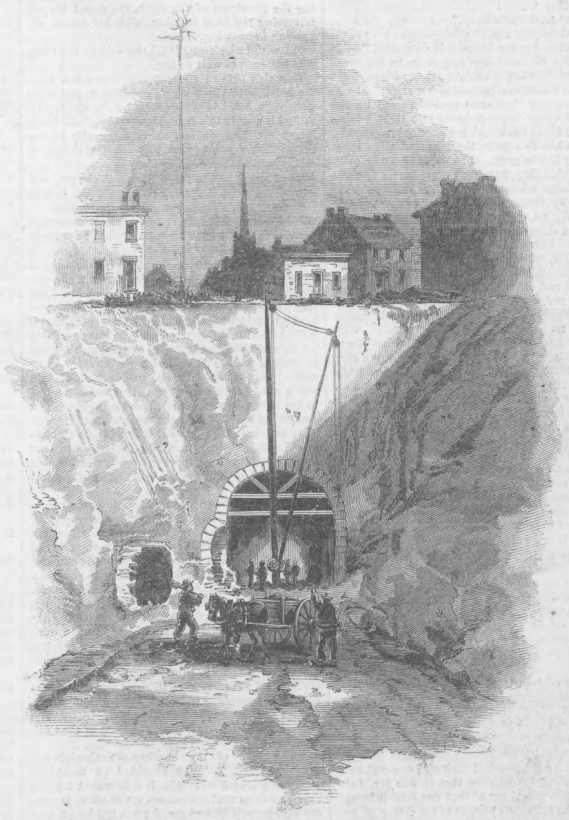
THE BLOCKADE OFF WILMINGTON.

WE illustrate on this page the capture of the blockade-runner *Annie*, October 31, off Wilmington, by the launch of the United States steamer *Alabama*. This launch, mounting a 12-pound rifled howitzer, was doing picket duty off the bar at New Inlet, one of the two entrances to Wilmington. About half past seven, on the night of the 31st, a steamer was seen coming out, and heading directly for the launch. Fire was immediately opened on this vessel, the second shot taking effect in her port-quarter, when the gun-boats *Wilderness* and *Niphon* gave chase, and soon signaled back to the launch that the vessel was captured. The prize proved to be the *Annie*, laden with 550 bales of cotton and 40 tons of tobacco, and having on board a crew of about 60 persons. This is the first vessel ever captured under the guns of Fort Fisher. The launch which effected this capture is the only vessel of the kind in the fleet.

We give also on page 772 two illustrations representing the two inlets to Wilmington harbor, and our blockading fleets at each of these inlets. The rebels have lately been extending their fortifications along the coast, placing a battery at every available point. The Cape Fear River has also been filled with obstructions. The approaches to Fort Fisher, the most formidable of the defensive works, are protected by heavy shore batteries.



THE LATE MR. JOHN LEECH.



THE GREAT TUNNEL UNDER PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—SKETCHED BY DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 773.]

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THANKSGIVING PUMPKIN.

"HAVE you nice pumpkins?" asked Mary Perkins—whose character I shall not be able to portray very distinctly in the space of a short story, but whom I commend, dear reader, to your kind regards as a nice, good girl—of a fat boy with yellow hair and white eyebrows, who stood behind the counter of a provision store.

It was the eleventh time she had asked the question in the course of forty-five minutes by a fast watch. She had traversed almost the entire length of the street, stopping at every provision store on her way, but without finding a pumpkin to suit her. One was too large, another too small; one too ripe, another not ripe enough; while the most were too dear for poor Mary's slender purse. To be candid, I must say that it is my decided opinion that Mary Perkins in the forty-five minutes had turned over and examined more than one pumpkin which would have satisfied the majority of people. I don't like to say it, but I am afraid that Mary was fastidious about Thanksgiving pumpkins. She had been educated in the New England faith, that there could be no Thanksgiving dinner without the best pumpkin pies. She lived with her brother—a type-setter by profession—and kept a small, a very small day-school. Together the brother and sister had determined upon having a Thanksgiving dinner; the brother was to purchase the turkey, while Mary was to provide the pumpkin-pies, made after her mother's own recipe: and this was the reason why she had asked for the eleventh time, "Have you nice pumpkins?"

To this question—the eleventh time propounded—the boy with the yellow hair and white eyebrows replied with a familiar, swaggering tone and manner,

"Only one left! They've gone like hot cakes to-day—Thanksgiving, you know."

"Is that a nice one?" asked Mary.

"Couldn't say—not much uv er judge of punkins, 'cause I've never been in a store in punkin time, you know. Am of water-melons, though; know a good water-melon the minit I lay my eyes on it; don't have to thump it, nor turn it over, nor nothing, except to look at it right sharp. However, I shouldn't say this punkin was any thing uncommon," he continued, lifting the golden ball, and revolving it under her eyes; "not that I know any thing against it, but it's been picked over so often, you know."

Mary "guessed" she would look farther, and stepped into the street. Entering a provision store a few doors below, she again asked, "Have you nice pumpkins?" The person interrogated was a wide-awake, polite little Frenchman. Every story-writer makes his French character reply with a bow and a smile. I should like to give you something original in my Frenchman. I should like, if I could, to represent him as gruff, or as a compressed-lipped hero. But since I prefer truth to originality, I must say that he replied to Mary Perkins's question with a very low bow, and a smile most bland.

"*Oui, Madame*—we have one fresh zupply jus from de country."

"Are they sweet?"

"Jus as sweet as unney."

"Are they tender?"

"Jus as tender as a baby."

"Are they fully ripe?"

"Madame, dey are de finest in de market."

Selecting one, and directing it to be sent to a certain number on a certain street, Mary faced about, and commenced retracing her steps. It was rapidly growing dark, and as she passed up the street the shops began to burst into light. More than once Mary slackened her pace as she passed a show window to admire the beautiful silks there streaming like banners. She paused before a brilliantly-lighted shop, running back to such a distance that the large mirror at the farther end seemed to her scarcely broader than the little cracked glass which hung on the wall in her poor home, before which she dressed her hair in the morning. The clerks were hurrying to and fro with an eager, business-like air, while gay ladies were coming and going. Among the hurrying forms Mary's eyes sought one loved and familiar. I need not say that this form was not a woman's, else why does she stand in the shadow there, with her veil half drawn over her face, trembling and frightened? Why else does her cheek glow with shame? Poor Mary! You feel like a guilty thing in thus seeking a man who has never said he loved you. But let me whisper a word in your ear, if you can spare me your attention for a moment: Any woman is ennobled by true love, however bestowed. Her nature without love is the rose-tree without the rose; it is the dead egg among the cliffs; but quickened by love, it is the eagle soaring to the clouds. Your heart is a greater and grander thing now than ever before. Take the comfort of this thought, and never again blush because you love. Let her blush, or weep rather, whose nature is too hard or too light for loving. Next to loving God, the best thing for a woman is to love a noble man.

If I was sitting, dear reader, looking into your eyes, and telling my story by word of mouth, I can fancy that we might hold something like the following conversation:

"But whom was Mary Perkins—this keeper of a small day-school, and sister of a type-setter—whom was she seeking in that brilliant shop? One of the clerks, on a salary of a few hundred dollars?" you ask.

"No," I reply, with a significant smile.

"The book-keeper?"

"No."

"The head clerk?"

"Guess again."

"The junior partner?"

Then with a can-you-believe-it air I communicate the astounding intelligence that it was Mr. Lehman, the sole proprietor of that fine establishment—one of the merchant princes of the city.

"But what right," you ask, "had Mary Perkins to know and love Mr. Lehman?"

Then I should tell you the following story: Some five years before we find Mary Perkins, blushing and trembling, standing outside this brilliant store on a Thanksgiving eve, a lad, just turned eighteen, had left New York to seek his fortune in California. On board the same vessel, and bound for the same point, was embarked a rising merchant of the city, with the design of establishing a branch of his business in the growing city of San Francisco. Scarcely had the vessel put to sea before the merchant was attacked by a fever, which confined him to his berth during the entire voyage. The lad above-mentioned watched by the sick man like a son, even after they had reached San Francisco.

Having transacted his business the merchant returned to his home after assuring his young friend who had tended him of his undying gratitude, and begging the privilege of making some return. After nearly two years the young man likewise returned to the city without, it is needless to add, the fortune he had gone to seek. The merchant, learning this, sought out his quondam nurse. The young man, prouder than wise, perhaps, refused all aid except the merchant's influence in procuring him a situation as printer in a prominent publishing-house.

The merchant had been in the habit, for more than a year, of calling every Sabbath afternoon to see his young friend; and thus it was that Mary Perkins learned to love the bachelor merchant more than her brother or herself.

Had Mary Perkins known any other man than Mr. Lehman, I doubt whether we should have seen her that evening standing eager but ashamed at his shop-door. Had she been acquainted with Mr. Lehman's smart, handsome clerks, she might have chosen to pass her life with any one of them, on a few hundred dollars a year, rather than with the proprietor in a home of luxury. A woman must love, and if her acquaintance is confined to one man, she will as surely love him as that he is not utterly unworthy.

Then it was for the merchant's short, broad figure that Mary was seeking. But in vain she sought—it was nowhere to be seen. A choking feeling of disappointment swelled in her bosom, as though a hand had been laid roughly on her heart, as she assured herself that he was not in the store. Having satisfied herself of this, an irresistible inclination possessed her to enter the place where he every day walked—a place to which her thoughts would often wander as some stupid, dirty boy stood by her side in the little cheerless school-room spelling out his reading lesson—a place to her invested with romance haunted by his presence. She had never in her life entered the store; indeed, she had always avoided passing it lest she might seem to seek Mr. Lehman. Yet how the poor girl had yearned to know how it looked in his business home, and how he seemed there.

I have said that Mary felt an irresistible inclination to enter the establishment; this being the case, of course she entered. No sooner had she done so than a smart clerk advanced to meet her, inquiring what she wished to look at. Mary remembered that she had but a three-cent piece—this was before all the specie had been driven from the country—and a couple of pennies in her purse; she couldn't buy any thing; she might as well see the best the store afforded; so she answered, "Silks." Following the directions of the clerk, she found herself traversing the long building, with her image advancing to meet her.

"I wish to look at silks," she said to the clerk who hastened to wait on her.

One rich pattern after another was taken from the small, stiff paper which enfolded it, and dexterously gathered into rich folds by the clerk, who shifted it now in this light, then in that, until Mary forgot Mr. Lehman and every thing else in the thought which came to her with stinging sharpness—it is hard to be poor.

Then she asked to see collars and sleeves, and immediately one box after another of the richest laces was opened before her. Mary heard ladies on either side ordering home rich dresses, while others counted out sums for laces which would have made her comfortable for years.

Having seen all she wished, and having worked her mind up to its maximum of discontent, she was hurrying from the store, when she met Mr. Lehman's eye fixed upon her. Mortified at being recognized amidst such splendor in her poor dress, Mary rushed into the street. Night had now fairly set in, and the lamplighter in the distance seemed building a wall of flame along the street. Mary walked away rapidly, for she was excited. There was a mingled feeling of desolation and bitterness in her heart. As she hurried on she was knocked and pushed aside, and almost run over; and it seemed to her that every one felt that he had a right to crowd and jostle such a nobody. It seemed that she was nothing to any one; even her brother, as she thought of him among busy workers, seemed lost to her.

After some moments of rapid walking she reached her home. It looked bleak and comfortless. She entered; it was dark, for her brother had not yet returned; and cold as a vault, for the fire had all died out during her search for the pumpkin. She groped about in the dark, stumbling over chairs and tables, and lighted a miserable tallow-candle. Scarcely had she done this before the door-bell rang, and the pumpkin was borne into the kitchen. Laying aside her bonnet and shawl she went to work to make the pumpkin-pies; but I must say she was not a cheerful worker. As she pared the pumpkin and cut it into little square chips she indulged in repining—I am sorry to expose my heroine's weakness. She repeated to herself most dismal poetry—lines from "The Song of the Shirt," from "The Bridge of Sighs," and from "The Song of the Children."

"The idea of my keeping Thanksgiving!" thought Mary. "Why should I be thankful? Because I love a man who is a thousand leagues removed from me? Because, while there is gayety and luxury around me, I must toil like a very slave for my living? Because every taste of my nature must be ground into the earth that I may get bread?" (Spitefully.) "I will not try to have a Thanksgiving dinner." (Pathetically.) "I have no heart to make pumpkin-pies. I shall spend to-morrow as any other day, and on Monday go back to my drudgery. My life is to pass in a tread-mill, and it avails nothing to step off the wheel for one day."

With this Mary Perkins sat down on a hard kitchen chair, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows, her brows slightly contracted, while in her eyes was a half yearning, half angry expression. She was unconscious of the passage of time, and was aroused from her reverie by the ringing of the door-bell directly above her head. Going to the door, a large bundle was handed to her by a small boy, who instantly ran down the steps and was gone. Very much wondering, Mary opened the bundle. The first thing which met her view was a handsome blue silk, which an hour before she had admired at Mr. Lehman's. On opening the box she found a delicate handkerchief, and the very collar and sleeves which she would have selected from the lot shown her an hour before.

Mary's first emotion was one of almost childish delight and admiration over the exquisite goods. Then she fancied herself arrayed in these new and beautiful garments. It was a fair picture that rose before her as she sat dreamily gazing at the parcel. It was that of a young girl with a face pale and somewhat sad, but fair and delicate, eyes blue as Italian skies, and rich Saxon hair combed away from the thoughtful, womanly brow. There she stood in a closely fitting silk of azure line blue, closed at the white throat, around which ran a small lace collar; the flowing sleeves, slashed to the shoulder, fell back from the arm, revealing full lace sleeves with dainty little cuffs to match the collar.

Mary for some moments was lost in admiration of her metamorphosed self. Even Mr. Lehman, she thought, must yield his admiration could he see her arrayed in those rich and costly fabrics. But would he not despise a beauty which she had accepted at his hands?

Mary was not long in making her decision. Hastily tying up the bundle, she threw on her bonnet and shawl, took a street-car and hurried off to Mr. Lehman's store, forgetful of her pumpkin which she left simmering over the fire.

Mary was very faint and frightened as she stepped from the car which had stopped in front of Mr. Lehman's store. How she dreaded entering that brilliant shop with that bundle! How she shrank from meeting him! She had half a mind to go directly home with the bundle; then she found relief in the thought that she could leave it without seeing Mr. Lehman. But then such a course would seem so ungrateful. No, there was but one thing to be done; see Mr. Lehman, thank him for remembering her, and tell him how impossible it was to accept his present. Hesitating and trembling she entered the store.

"I wish to see Mr. Lehman," she said to the clerk who met her.

"He is very much engaged, and can not be interrupted, ma'am."

"I must see him," said Mary, very earnestly.

"If you will give me your name I will speak to him, though I am afraid it will be useless," said the clerk.

"Mary Perkins," she reluctantly said, and he hurried off. She traced him to Mr. Lehman's desk, and saw the latter start up as he received the clerk's message. Mary leaned heavily against the counter, and her head grew dizzy as she saw the merchant approaching. Her impulse was to run away and leave the bundle. In a moment he stood beside her looking gruff but good-humored.

"Well, Mary, what is it?"

"I have brought them— Oh, Mr. Lehman, I am not ungrateful—you are very kind—they are beautiful—but I have brought them back, Sir. I can't accept any thing from one who is so indifferent—I mean one who is such a stranger—one upon whom I have so little claim, I mean, Sir."

"I'm indifferent to you! I'm a stranger!" said Mr. Lehman, bluntly; "then who, pray, are your intimate acquaintances? Who are your friends? Whom do you see more than once a week? Who loves your brother better than I do? Who has a better right to do you a kindness?"

"Oh, Sir, don't be offended. I know you are my—my best friend. You are almost my only acquaintance. You are very kind—but I can not accept your present. I thank you for remembering me. And now I must go home. Good-by, Sir, I thank you;" and she hurried to the door.

Mr. Lehman followed her; at the door he caught her arm rather rudely, saying, "Wait and take that car."

They stood there in silence while the car came up. Mr. Lehman assisted Mary in, and, much to her surprise, took a seat beside her. Neither spoke during the ride to her home.

"Good-night!" said Mary, as she stood on her door-step.

"Humph! hospitable! Can't you say, Come in?"

"Excuse me, but I did not suppose you would like to. Will you come in?"

"Yes."

Mary would have been much better pleased had his answer been no, but she nevertheless opened the door and invited him to enter. When he had stepped into the hall she was at a great loss as to the disposition she should make of him, for the house was as dark as Erebus.

"If you will come into this room and take a seat I will bring a light," said Mary, awkwardly.

"What room?"

"This one," she answered, pointing to a very small parlor, which was a very silly thing for her to do, for how could she expect Mr. Lehman to perceive the bearing of her finger amidst such profound darkness?

"Here, give me your hand and lead me to a seat before I break my neck in this darkness. Where is your hand?" he asked, extending his arm and feeling around him, as though he would have done in playing at blind-man's buff.

"Here it is," said Mary, timidly, guiding herself by his voice, for she saw nothing.

After some little groping about on the parts of both, accompanied by exclamations, impatient on his side and apologetic on hers, their hands found each other. His fingers closed around hers with an energy which made Mary feel that he must be irritated.

Now, whether or not Mr. Lehman had sought her hand for the express purpose of keeping her near him while he said, "Mary, I love you," or whether he was surprised into a declaration by his strange position, I have never had the means of ascertaining, as Mr. Lehman has always persistently refused to enlighten me on the subject, and I know of no one else who can.

I do know, however—enough to satisfy all reasonable curiosity—that he very abruptly pronounced the words, startling Mary so that she trembled like a captured bird, and that he rather peremptorily demanded if she loved him; and that before she could reply she heard her brother as he inserted his key in the front door; that she ran into the kitchen for a light, and that there, by a faint glimmer given out from the dying fire, she discovered a column of smoke ascending from her kettle of pumpkin, while the room was filled with the odor of the burning article.

It would be a very nice termination to my story could I say that Mary Perkins was married the next morning, and that she took her Thanksgiving dinner with her husband, in her new home. It was not Mr. Lehman's fault that my story can not have so pleasant and appropriate a termination. For reasons of which I am ignorant—I guess they had some connection with her wardrobe—Mary persistently refused to be married within five weeks.

Her Thanksgiving dinner she ate with her brother as previously arranged. The turkey was done to a tempting brown, and the pumpkin-pies, to poor Mary at least, were faultless.

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LVIII.

A DISCOVERY.

POMEROY'S in Great Grand Street was a hotel much patronized by persons from the Eastern Indies—officers home on sick leave, dark-skinned princes, who wore ear-rings and jeweled caps, and who, standing at the windows in a blaze of diamonds and brocade, seemed to be perpetually waiting for cabs to take them to a masquerade; by maharajahs, begums, governors-general, judges of the supreme courts, and millionaire merchants returned to their native land, with the fond design of enjoying the fruits of their long labors without livers to help the process of digestion.

Pomeroy's "laid itself out" for this particular class of patronage. Its apartments were furnished with great magnificence, displaying much gilding, embroidery, and yellow silk; it had suits of private rooms adapted for every variety of social habit, and for the practice of every form of Eastern religious observance; it provided separate rooms for various castes, nicely discriminating as to the requirements for different manners of eating, smoking, praying, and taking the bath; it had kitchens for all sorts of cookery, Christian and Mohammedan, Brahmin and Hindoo; clean and unclean.

Pomeroy's was a very expensive establishment to stop at; and this was one of its chief recommendations to the Indian magnificos who patronized it. By taking up their residence at Pomeroy's they proclaimed to all their friends and to the public at large, through the medium of the *Morning Post*, that they were very rich, and consequently very important, personages. The frequenters of Pomeroy's would not have been content to accept the same accommodation elsewhere for less money. What they chiefly took a pride in was the fact that they paid an exorbitant price for every thing they had. If any visitor after a week's residence at Pomeroy's had received a bill for such a modest sum as ten or a dozen pounds he would have resented it as an insult to his dignity. He would have suspected at once that he had been badly served; that they had given him inferior curry to eat, inferior wine to drink, inferior chairs to sit upon, and an inferior bed to sleep in. What was the object in going to Pomeroy's? Was it not to be able to eat five-pound notes and drink sovereigns!

Such was Pomeroy's Hotel, of which Jean Baptiste Constant was the manager and nominal proprietor.

Constant, sitting in the mourning-coach with Lily, on the way to Great Grand Street, opened a conversation with the view of preparing her for her new life and her new prospects. He began with some hesitation, for he had to tell her first of all about her father. Lily had remained, up to that moment, ignorant even of her father's name. She had continued to call herself, and to be called, Lily Floris. She was to know now that her name was Blunt.

"And my father?" she said, inquiringly; "all that I have heard of him is, that he ill-treated my mother, that he was a bad man, and very poor—a beggar. Was he a beggar?"

"Your father, Lily," said Constant, evading a direct reply to the question in this form, "was a gentleman."

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Francis Blunt was all that the countess called him—a cheat, a scoundrel, and a beggar; but from the valet's point of view he was still a gentleman.

"More than that," Constant continued, "your father was a member of a noble family of high descent and great wealth; and you, as his child, Lily Blunt, are a lady."

Lily felt a strange fluttering at her heart. It was not pride; it was scarcely joy. She was thinking of Edgar. Did *he* know that she was the daughter of an English gentleman?

"It is possible," said Constant, "that you may shortly meet some of your English relatives, and be elevated to the position to which your birth entitles you. I have been searching for you for a long time, with the view of making you acquainted with your position, and, if possible, rescuing you from the misery which you have so long endured; but until chance took me to the circus at Ranelagh I failed in every endeavor to discover you."

Lily thanked him from the bottom of her heart. In the midst of her misery and desolation she had never dreamed that any one in the wide world was thinking of her. If she could only have known it her heart would not have been so dead to all hope.

Constant continued:

"It is my inclination, no less than my sacred duty, Lily, for I love you as if you were my own child—it is my dearest wish and desire to see you restored to your family; and I will do every thing it is possible to do, with that object; but if I should fail—if the hope which I entertain should be disappointed—will you let me be your guardian, your protector, your father?"

He implored her eagerly, as if he were afraid of being met by the proud and scornful spirit of her mother.

Lily, whose heart was overflowing with gratitude, put all his doubts to flight at once. She seized his hands and kissed them fervently.

"Heaven bless you!" she said. "I desire nothing better than to be your daughter, to tell you all that lies at my heart, and to ask for your advice and guidance."

In all his lifetime Jean Baptiste Constant had not experienced so pure a joy as at that moment. He felt a tremor of delight run through his whole frame. His heart, long since frozen up, melted before the sunshine of the girl's trusting, loving face, looking into his and calling up a bright vision of the past—his eyes filled with tears, and the strong, hardened man wept.

"God bless you!" he said; "those words have given me the first thrill of real pleasure I have ever felt since your mother was a girl, such as you are now, in the little village of Marouille, in France, where I first saw her."

Constant stopped the ccach at the corner of Great Grand Street, got out with Lily, and walked the rest of the way to the hotel. He paused as they were about to enter the house, and said:

"You will not forget that your name is Lily Blunt."

As Constant passed through the hall with Lily to his own private apartments, the situation and its attendant circumstance carried him back to his old life at the Lilies of France to that time when Valérie was budding into beauty, and stirring in his heart the flame of love long since quenched. A sigh escaped him as he thought of those days of hope, but the remembrance read him a lesson.

After Lily had partaken of some refreshment and rested for a little in the handsome sitting-room behind the bar, Constant, who had been attending to the affairs of the hotel, returned to the room, and, with considerable hesitation and mystery of manner, requested her to perform a service.

Lily jumped up eagerly, and expressed her willingness to make herself useful to her guardian in any way.

"I long," she said, "to be employed, to have something to do, and if you will only let me be your servant—"

Constant stopped her.

"You forget, Lily, that you are a lady," he said. "I have no idea of making you a servant; but on this one occasion will you oblige me by—"

Lily interrupted him with an eager offer to perform any service he might require.

"Well, listen," he said; "you shall be a chambermaid for once, and take up this glass of elder-flower water to the gentleman in the blue room. Come, I will show you the way."

Lily took the silver salver from his hands and followed him to the foot of the grand staircase.

"It is the second room on the first landing," he said. "Knock at the door before you enter."

Lily ascended the softly-carpeted stair and proceeded as directed to the second door in the corridor. She knocked gently and timidly. There was no answer. She looked round and saw Constant standing at the foot of the stairs watching her. She knocked again, and this time a feeble voice called, "Come in."

Lily opened the door and entered the room. It was a magnificent apartment furnished in blue and gold, with many ottomans and couches, covered with skins and richly-embroidered cloths, and, for the moment, Lily was so dazzled by the splendor of the fittings, and her vision so lost in the vastness of the room, that she failed to discover the occupant who bade her enter. At last her eye was attracted by a movement on one of the couches, and on advancing further into the room, she discerned the figure of a man reclining upon a heap of pillows. He was an old man with gray hair and a very sallow complexion.

Lily went up to the couch with the salver in her hand and offered him the goblet of water. The old man turned to take it, and, as he did so, looked up in Lily's face. His outstretched hand suddenly fell by his side, and he uttered a cry of surprise.

"Again that face!" he exclaimed; "again that bright vision that I have seen so often; in life twice, in my dreams many times."

He passed his hand across his eyes, as if he were doubting his senses, and imagined that he was dreaming then. At length Lily spoke.

"I have been desired to bring you this, Sir," she said, stooping toward him with the goblet.

"Then it's not a dream this time," he said. "Who are you? Come nearer; let me touch you."

It was now Lily's turn to be startled. She hesitated and retired a step, timidly.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "I'm only a poor, weak old man; old before my time, my dear. Come close to me and let me touch your hand."

He spoke kindly and tenderly; and Lily, dismissing her foolish fears—for he was, as he said, only a poor, weak old man—advanced to the couch and held out her hand.

The old man took it and held it between his own cold palms, and peered into the girl's face curiously.

"The same blue eyes," he muttered, "the same soft brown hair, just as I can remember them—just as they are in the picture. Ah, you are a bonny, bonny lass, just like her, just like her. Thank you; it's very kind of you to come up; come again, my dear, come again. Stop, you may as well tell me your name."

"My name is Lily, Sir."

"Lily, Lily," he repeated. "Ah, that is a pretty name; and what else?"

"Blunt, Sir," Lily replied.

The invalid, who had been reclining so languidly upon the couch, apparently without the strength to turn himself, started at the word and sprang to his feet.

"Blunt," he exclaimed, "Blunt! Am I dreaming, or—or are you playing a trick upon me?"

Lily scarcely knew what to reply to these inquiries. Who was this old man, and why had the mention of her name so strangely excited him?

The invalid sank back upon the couch again, and sat gazing at Lily with a child-like wonder.

"Tell me," he said, "who are you? Who was your father? Was he Frank Blunt? Eh? eh?"

"I believe so, Sir," Lily answered.

"You believe so," he repeated; "you believe so. Don't you *know* who your father was?"

"I have been told that my father's name was Francis Blunt."

"You have been told so, and don't know of your own knowledge. That's odd—very odd. And how did you come here, my dear? How did a Blunt come to be a servant in a hotel?"

"I am not exactly a servant, Sir," Lily replied.

"Not exactly a servant!" he said. "Then what are you? I don't understand it; it's all a mystery, a puzzle. Here, Franz, Franz, Franz Stimm, you rascal, come here."

It was clear that Franz Stimm was a party to Constant's plot, for he entered the room immediately his name was called.

"Come here, Sir," said the invalid; "do you know this young lady, or any thing about her?"

"Yah, mein signor, of course I knows dat young leddi; she is the liddle cal, ver mooch grown big, vat we see in de steamboat. Ah," the courier continued, addressing Lily, "you forget me; but I not forget your preddy face."

"I have not forgotten you," said Lily; "you were very kind to me."

"Vat," cried Franz, "you remember de joggolate, eh?"

"What do you know about the young lady, Stimm?" the invalid asked.

"Mein generale," said the courier, "I know dat she is ver preddy cal; but Monsieur Constant knows all about her fadder and her modder, de andsome dame you know, dat loog like de diger in de steamboat."

"Then let Monsieur Constant attend me," said the invalid.

Monsieur Constant was not far off, and Stimm returned with him instantly. Monsieur Constant explained all to the invalid in a few words. Lily was the daughter of Francis Blunt.

"And I," said the invalid, raising himself and holding out his hands to Lily, "I am George Blunt, your father's brother, and your uncle. Let me be your uncle and your father both, for poor Frank's sake, and for our mother's sake; you are the very image of her."

And so Lily was adopted by the rich old nabob of Cutchapore, a widower without chick or child of his own to leave his millions to.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE BROKEN IDOL.

LILY was now no longer Quite Alone. Her uncle idolized her, and was never tired of smoothing her beautiful brown hair and gazing with childish rapture at her lovely blue eyes.

George Blunt had not brought much liver home with him from India, but he had managed to preserve his heart. The former organ he had exercised overmuch, the latter not at all. In the pursuit of money-getting he had put his heart aside altogether, preserved it, as it were, in spirits of wine in a sealed bottle. And now, when he had done with rupee grubbing, he opened the bottle and found his heart in a fine state of preservation.

He was quite foolish in his demonstrations of affection toward his pretty niece. He could not bear her to be out of his sight for a moment. He fondled and patted her as a child plays with a doll; he said inconceivably silly things to her in praise of her good looks, such childish nonsensical things that Lily quite blushed for him. If she had been a doll he would certainly never have rested until he had taken out and examined those lovely blue eyes which he was always looking at with so much wonder and delight.

Constant was jealous of the old man. So was Franz Stimm. Constant almost repented of having brought Lily and her uncle together. The good-hearted courier went about regretting that the "preddy liddle cal" had outgrown her taste for joggolate. He took courage one day and respectfully suggested joggolate. Lily took some which the courier offered her, and thanked him with many smiles, putting the sweetmeat in her pocket. Franz was quite hurt because she did not eat it there and then.

"Ah," he muttered to himself, "she is too big leddi now for joggolate; she is afraid of her stomjacks; but the liddle cal is nevare afraid of her stomjacks; oh no!"

George Blunt had heard the history of his brother Frank's career from Constant, and reproached himself bitterly for not having been at hand to help him in his distress and misery. He now heard from Lily the history of her sad life, and the pitiful story moved him to tears. She told him all, not even omitting the cause of her flight from Madame de Kergolay's—her passion for Edgar Greyfaunt.

"He is not worthy of you, my dear, can't be worthy of you," he said, "to treat you as he has done. But you shall be as good as he, or any of them; the blood of the Blunts runs in your veins; and the money of George Blunt shall chink in your pocket, and I'll warrant you'll have a score of fellows at your feet in no time."

The Indian nabob, vain of his ancient lineage, and no less proud of his wealth, was deeply hurt at the idea of his brother's child being slighted and looked down upon; and he resolved that Lily should not only vindicate her position, but also glorify the family name. He had nothing to show in his own person (for he was a mere bag of bones) for the immense riches which he had acquired in India. His poor mummy of a body, wrapped in the richest robes, and decked with the finest gems, was but an object of pity.

Lily rose upon the old man's vision like a star in the dark. He found a beautiful idol upon which to hang his gold and his pearls—one who would wear them worthily, and command homage to his wealth. He loaded her with presents, dressed her in the richest robes, decked her with the rarest gems, engaged for her the handsomest suit of apartments in the hotel, bought her a brougham and a saddle-horse, and appointed a maid and a groom specially to attend upon her. The poor, friendless, lonely girl, so recently discharging the humble duties of a horse-rider's dresser in the gardens of Ranelagh, was now a princess.

But the jewels and the fine dresses did not make Lily happy. In the midst of the splendor in which she lived she was thinking with an aching heart of Edgar. His sudden disappearance on the night of her mother's death, and the return of his check, filled her with a vague fear that something had happened to him. She shrank from making inquiries about him, partly from a feeling of modesty, partly because she was unwilling that any one should think she doubted him. She resolved to say nothing on the subject, for a time at least, hoping that he would soon call to see her, or that she might meet him in the Park during her rides and drives. She went into the Park daily, either in her brougham or on horseback. She had taken lessons at a riding-school, and became in a very short space of time an accomplished horsewoman. She had learned fast; for love was her teacher. She had learned to ride, that she might dispense with the attendance of a coachman and footman, and go out in the Park on horseback "Quite Alone." Her uncle humored her in every thing. If she had desired to ride in the Park on an elephant he would have sent emissaries into Africa to procure her the finest specimen that could be found.

Weeks passed away, and Edgar had not called at the hotel, nor had Lily succeeded in meeting him in the Park. Her uncle and Constant both observed that, spite of her daily exercise in the fresh air, she was becoming pale, and thin, and care-worn. Constant was aware of Lily's passion for Edgar, and feeling assured that her malady was love-sickness he begged to be admitted to her confidence. After some hesitation she told him the state of the case frankly. She had been looking for Edgar day after day, and week after week, but in vain. She was afraid that he was ill, or that some misfortune had befallen him. Constant undertook to make inquiries. He did so, and found that the magnificent Mr. Greyfaunt had been arrested for debt, and was locked up in a sponging-house in Cursitor Street.

The young scape-grace had set up for a man of fashion upon the little fortune left him by his grand-aunt, Madame de Kergolay. It amounted to five thousand pounds, neither more nor less, and Edgar had spent the principal instead of the interest, living for the time at the rate of three thousand a year.

Constant did not at once inform Lily of the discovery he had made. He was anxious to find out what sort of person Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt was. He had no particular doubts about him before; but now, when he heard of him as the inhabitant of a sponging-house, he began at once to suspect that Edgar was a very bad young fellow. As a prosperous inn-keeper, Monsieur Constant regarded impecuniosity in a gentleman of Mr. Greyfaunt's position as the worst of crimes.

Constant employed Franz Stimm as his emissary and agent. Stimm visited the sponging-house, and saw Edgar, saying that he came from an unknown friend who was anxious to serve him. A few weeks behind prison bars had worked a great change upon the dandy—the usual change. The loss of liberty had degraded him, as it degrades nearly all men, however proud their spirit, however high their moral tone. In a few weeks the elegant exquisite had been transformed into a shabby, slouching jail-bird. He had taken to slippers and wide-awake hats, to spirits-and-water and clay pipes. He shuffled about in a paved yard behind the bars, and associated without scruple with all comers. Debt is a great leveler—as great a leveler almost as death. In a sponging-house or a prison it brings all ranks together, and links them in the bond of a common brotherhood. The most noble person in a debtors' prison is he who owes most money. But the pettiest shop-keeper is on a footing with a lord in one respect—he is a debtor. The influence of debt and durance manifests itself in both alike—it conduces to down-at-heel shoes, carelessness as to clean linen, the growth of the beard, the smoking of common kinds of tobacco, and the consumption of vulgar drinks. Even if the lord have money, he finds, after a short residence in a debtors' prison, that he is acquiring a taste for the grosser kinds of luxuries. He begins to prefer shag tobacco to cigars, and to have an inordinate craving for beer.

Edgar very soon succumbed to the genius of that dingy house in Cursitor Street. Franz Stimm wondered what the preddy leddle leddi could see in such a shabby-looking fellow. Franz was armed with very careful instructions. He informed Greyfaunt of Lily's accession to fortune. She had found her uncle, a rich Indian nabob (he did not mention his name), who had adopted her, and designed to leave her the whole of his vast wealth.

Edgar caught at the news eagerly, and his eyes sparkled with expectancy. "What a fool—what an ass I have been!" he muttered to himself. He questioned Stimm as to the motives of the unknown friend who had sent him the news. Stimm explained that the unknown friend, who was aware of the position in which Mr. Greyfaunt stood toward Miss Lily, had an eye to business.

"Ah, I perceive," said Edgar; "he is a money-lender, and you are his agent."

Franz admitted that that might be the case.

"Well, look here," said Edgar; "if you will lend me the money, and get me out of this cursed place you shall have a hundred per cent. for your master, and fifty per cent. for yourself. It is only a miserable sum of two hundred pounds."

"But de security?" said Stimm.

"I have no security to offer you but my own note of hand," said Greyfaunt, "and you know what my expectations are. The girl is madly in love with me, and I have only to make her an offer to secure the prize. She will throw herself into my arms, fortune and all."

"Vil you gif me a letter to dat effeck dat I show mein master?" said Stimm.

"Certainly," said Greyfaunt. "Who is your master? Let me know the name of my disinterested friend?"

"His name is Constant," said the courier.

"What! Constant, who keeps Pomeroy's Hotel?"

"De same," said Franz.

"Ah," said Greyfaunt, gayly, "they are sharp fellows, those hotel-keepers. Constant has, no doubt, got wind of the girl's attachment to me, and wants to do a stroke of business over the affair. Very good, Monsieur Constant, I am obliged to you."

And the heartless puppy, who would not have hesitated to buy Lily first and sell her afterward, sat down and wrote a letter to the hotel-keeper. It ran thus:

"SIR,—If you are willing to lend me two hundred pounds, I will give you my note of hand for five hundred, or a larger sum if you require it. I understand that you are fully aware of the freak of fortune which has transformed the daughter of a circus-woman into a sort of Indian princess. I believe, too, you are not ignorant of the fact that she is devoted to me, and that I have only to hold up my finger to make her mine. Nothing stands between me and the golden prize but the bolts and bars of this infernal cage. You may ascertain this for yourself, only use discretion. If you serve me in this, you shall have no reason to complain of your share of the plunder.

"Yours, etc.,

"EDGAR GREYFAUNT.

"TO J. B. CONSTANT, Esquire."

"There," said Greyfaunt, "take your master that, and let me have an answer at once. Delays are dangerous in these cases."

Stimm took the letter to his master, and Jean Baptiste Constant opened and read it. He had already been warned with respect to Greyfaunt's character, but he was not prepared for such heartlessness, such sordid baseness as this letter disclosed.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered through his teeth. "It is lucky for him I did not go, Stimm. I should have murdered him. And it is for such a wretch as this that poor Lily is sighing her life away! She can not know how base he is, but she shall know; she shall not remain ignorant of his character for another hour."

Constant's first impulse was to show Lily the letter at once; but on reflection he decided to proceed more cautiously, and to break the news by degrees. He told her, first, that he had succeeded in discovering Greyfaunt.

Lily's eager look of pleasure pained him, and filled his breast with anger. He could scarcely restrain himself. To the torrent of anxious inquiries which she poured upon him he replied coldly, without any further attempt to soften the information which he had to convey.

"Edgar Greyfaunt," he said, "is a heartless adventurer. Read that letter."

Lily read the letter, read it again and again without lifting her eyes, and at length her head sank upon her bosom, and the letter fell from her hands upon the floor. The idol her yearning heart had set up for itself in the days of her solitude lay crushed and broken at her feet.

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TUNNEL UNDER PITTSBURG.

THE great TUNNEL which has been excavated under the city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, which we illustrate on page 773, will, in connection with bridges over the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, shorten the distance to Steubenville thirty miles. This will render the Steubenville and Pittsburg Railroad the nearest and most available route from New York to Cincinnati. The tunnel runs beneath some of the largest edifices of Pittsburg, and but for its very substantial structure would certainly endanger some of the habitations of that smoky town.

A LAMENT.

PURER the new-born snow-drops of the spring,
Fairer the blue-bells of the waning year,
Richer and dearer every mystic thing
That heavenly thoughts to earthly hearts doth bring—
The stars that beckon and the winds that sing,
If thou wert here.

And lovelier far the mountain and the lake,
More gay the summer, grander autumn sere,
And birds would blither pipe from bower and brake,
And kindlier music would the wild sea make,
And less wild whispers through the poplars shake,
If thou wert here.

Fields would gleam greener in the morning fine,
Shadows fall softer in the even clear,
And setting suns and moony nights benign
On these desiring eyes enchanted shine,
And music hide a meaning more divine,
If thou wert here.

Swift-stealing weeks would not seem weary-slow,
Nor th long hours of lonesome dusk so drear,
Nor eyes look wistful in the firelight glow,
Nor musing alway drift to sadness so,
Nor dream-joys sicken to a waking woe,
If thou wert here.

And paths were pleasant which I shuddering shun,
And one blank birthday were a day of cheer,
And love's light duties wondrous worth had won,
And irksome labors with delight were done,
And all were brighter underneath the sun,
If thou wert here.

UNCLE GODFREY.

I.—TODMORTEN RECTORY.

IT was the day before Christmas-day, and the Rev. Mr. Latimer was busy finishing his Christmas sermon, or rather, if we must confess it, "heel-tapping" an old one.

The reverend gentleman had just settled the Coal-club accounts, and that excellent work of charity had warmed his heart, and made him at peace with all the world. The frost was feathering the window-panes; in the ruts of the Todmorten lanes the ice lay like fragments of shivered plate-glass; the twigs of the laurel-bushes at the rectory window were furred with crystals; and the robin, puffing out his little crimson breast till it looked like an alderman's waistcoat, sat on the standard rose-tree at the study window, watching, with interest, Mr. Latimer as he put the new piece into the old garment.

The sermon completed, Mr. Latimer went headforemost into the Blanket-club accounts, and soon discovered the pleasing fact that there was an overplus of seven pound ten. All this conduced to make the worthy young rector extremely cheerful, and in a proper Christmas frame of mind. He hummed a carol to himself, and prepared to go out to superintend the clerk, who was busy decorating the church with holly.

But young rectors with large families, if they have their pleasures, have also their alloys. The monthly wash had just begun, and a large screen of steaming sheets is by no means a conductor of heat, especially when placed between yourself and the fire; nor does the necessity of turning these square acres of linen at fitting intervals conduce to the concentration of mind that accounts require.

A cook must have unceasing pleasure in the savory chemistry of his profession; but to watch a large sauce-pan, and stir its contents every quarter of an hour, under pain of your wife's indignation, is not consistent with any steady mental labor. Yet all these small annoyances the Rev. Frederick Latimer bore like a Christian and a lamb, for he was a good, kind-hearted, domestic man, who respected the saving of the family wash, and knew that the kitchen-fire was fully occupied, and that what he did was no work of supererogation.

That slapping and shaking noise in the kitchen was, he knew, Mrs. Latimer folding, and that sound portended a busy day, and in that busy day he was willing to make himself useful.

The children were out sliding—getting fiery red by tumbling on the back of their heads, and performing the "cobbler's knock" on the village-pond. They had been busy cutting holly-boughs for the church that morning, and the sliding was their reward.

"Jane, my dear," cried the Rev. Mr. Latimer to his wife, as he put on his great-coat and hat, and seized his black-thorn stick, "I'm just going to see old Martha Hacker; and then I shall step up to the church and see how Payne gets on with the decorations. I shall be back to lunch at one.—Those sheets in my study are quite dry, and the sauce-pan has been on the boil ten minutes."

"Stop a moment, Fred," cried Mrs. Latimer; "I want to speak to you before you go out."

Mr. Latimer was ruffled. "Well, now, what is it, my dear? I can not stop now; I must be off."

Mrs. Latimer appeared, and remonstrated. "Why, Fred, how impatient you are! All I want to ask is, if you wrote your usual invitation to Uncle Godfrey for Christmas. Of course he won't come, but still we oughtn't to forget him."

"Yes, I wrote on Monday. Did I ever forget to write to him—the old selfish hunks! Good-by, darling. Send down for the children if they are not in in half an hour; it is now just eleven."

II.—THE ELEVEN-FORTY TRAIN.

TODMORTEN was a pretty village in Dorsetshire. It lay in a little valley, surrounded by wooded hills and sloping fields, and was intersected by a railway.

The eleven-forty train slided out of the distance and stopped, with bragging puffs of smoke, at the Todmorten Station. It took up its load and slid off again, with jets of white vapor, and disappeared in the direction of Poole. The station grew again lonely; and the only sounds, the rattling of the tight cords of the signal-post, and the murmur of the wind against the telegraph-wires.

Ten minutes after the solitary arrival an old-fashioned man with a wooden leg stumped slowly up Todmorten Hill. The butcher saw him, the grocer saw him, the blacksmith saw him, the guests at the bar-parlor of the Peal of Bells saw him, and discussed him. One and all pronounced him to be "a regular old guy," evidently come by the train, and bound to the neighboring village.

The children from the rectory window saw him—for the rectory was on a hill, and commanded the village—and marveled at his wooden leg.

The eldest girl, Dora, her golden fleece of back hair tossing in the air, ran to describe him to Mrs. Latimer. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "there is such a funny man coming up the hill—he's got a wooden leg! George says he moves it as if it was a compass and he was drawing a circle. Oh, it's such fun! Do come and see!"

Mrs. Latimer allowed herself to be dragged into the parlor by Dora, George, and Willy, and looked through the window. The wooden-legged man was only thirty yards off. She had no sooner seen him than she gave a hysterical scream, and exclaimed, "Uncle Godfrey! Run, Dora, and tell cook to go and take the sheets and the sauce-pan out of the study; and, George, go and tell Susan to put on a clean apron, and go to the front-door. Dear me, how unfortunate papa not being in!"

The next moment there was a strange sound on the rectory gravel-walk, and a sharp, curt knock at the door. Susan was a long time answering the door; when she did so she received a rebuke that she did not soon forget.

"Young woman," said the old gentleman, furiously, "is this the way you are taught to attend to your master's visitors? Nice weather to be kept in the cold. Ugh! it bites one's nose off. Lucky you're not in my service, or out you'd go this day-month. Is Mr. Latimer in?"

"Nasty, cross old thing!" thought Susan, as she replied: "No, Sir; Mr. Latimer is out in the parish."

"Who cares where he is? If he's not in, where's your missus?"

"Up stairs."

"Very well, then, tell her to come down stairs."

"What name, if you please?"

"Godfrey Dodson."

Susan swept out of the room. She never saw such a cross, unmannerly old "thing" in the whole course of her life; and so she told Ellen the cook.

Uncle Godfrey was a short, irascible little man, who wore a brown spencer, a low-crowned hat of the old hour-glass shape, popular some twenty years ago, and long drab gaiters. He was an old-bachelor recluse, who lived in the Adelphi, in rooms which he never allowed any body to enter, and which were stuffed full of pictures, etchings, buhl cabinets, snuff-boxes, and old china. Early in life he had been a dry-salter in Liverpool, and since then had devoted himself laboriously to doing nothing, and exciting the expectations of his poorer relations. Mrs. Latimer had only seen her uncle once since she was married.

Godfrey Dodson was one of those old connoisseurs who are to be seen any morning in the show-rooms of Messrs. Christie & Manson, examining etchings suspiciously through huge glasses, opening and shutting with half delight, half distrust, remarkable agate snuff-boxes, walking backward from spurious Raphaels, opening and shutting the drawers of inlaid cabinets, and looking for the maker's name and date of lustrous majolica plates. They know the very year every picture was painted, and where the original of it is, and what it fetched. They know every alteration that Hogarth made in his engravings, and fall into raptures over what other people would think a defect. They eye the auctioneer with a magpie look of expectancy and cunning, and the dealers with glances of hostility and distrust. They hoard and accumulate with the craft of ravens and the industry of ants, and enjoy the pleasant reflection that when they die the sale of their effects will be held in the same room as that in which they have spent so much of their time, and will give extreme delight to a great many collectors, their old rivals during life; for the finest collection is, after all, like a heap of leaves scattered in a field, that must sooner or later be blown apart and scattered to the four winds. Still, no doubt, in spite of this unpleasant reflection, there is great pleasure in amassing, and there will be collectors like Uncle Godfrey as long as the world goes on spinning.

Uncle Godfrey had a lean, wizen face; cold, keen, suspicious eyes; short, stubbly, white hair; overhanging eyebrows, and a projecting lower lip that expressed a sour contempt for all he heard and saw. He wore the frilled shirt-front of a past age, and the little scarlet under-waistcoat, with just the edge showing, such as was the fashion forty years ago. Altogether, one's impression of him was, that he was a shrewd, cynical old hunks; eccentric, dogmatic, rich, and arbitrary.

When Mrs. Latimer, not waiting to change her dress, but just adjusting her cap, and making herself neat, glided into the room, half pleased, half frightened, Uncle Godfrey was standing with his back to the door examining a print of "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time" with a malicious contempt.

He turned round as his niece entered, and without greeting her, and just as if he had been an inmate of the house for twenty years, said with a sort of grunt, "This is the sort of rubbish people in the country hang on their walls, instead of having one or two good pictures. Ugh! It is only fit for a poulterer's parlor."

"But dear uncle, Frederick and I can not afford pictures. But how are you? How long it is since we have seen you! Why don't you come oftener? What a happy Christmas we shall spend!" And all the time she kept saying to herself, "Only to think of his coming!"

Uncle Godfrey watched her from under his terrier eyebrows for a moment or two in suspicious silence; then he took her hand, and looking her searchingly in the face, he said: "Jane, you are a sensible girl; you didn't keep me waiting while you put on a lot of finery. Don't thank me for coming down to see you, for I only did it because I thought you didn't mean it, and I thought it would teach you a lesson; and as to pictures, I suppose you can't afford them. I know I can't. I sell mine as fast as I buy them—ugh! and at a good profit too. Where are the children? Plenty of them, I suppose; the poorer a man is the more children Providence always sends him. Ugh! Where's Latimer?"

"Gone out, dear uncle, to see the poor, and how to distribute the Christmas charities; and I ought to be out with him; but, you see, we poor people have to wash at home, and do many things."

"There; no ostentation of poverty and economy. Stuff about Christmas! Why give away more than usual at Christmas? Is a man more hungry at Christmas, or colder, or poorer? Aren't there other times to give? Bah! I hate Christmas—all one's bills come in then."

"Oh, there's Frederick coming—I'm so glad!" said Mrs. Latimer, looking out of the window. "Oh, how glad he will be to see you, uncle!"

"Not so sure of that, though I am rich. Now, mind, I'll have no fuss made about me—no extras. As for wine, I've brought down some of my own. Don't like port that's half catchup, and the other half logwood. No, don't go; I'll open the door."

Away stumped the strange being to open the door. Mr. Latimer stared, horror-struck, at the wooden-legged apparition.

"I thought it would knock you down," said Uncle Godfrey. "Never ask a man again you don't want to see."

"But I'm delighted. My dear Sir—"

"There; no flummery. Here I am, and you must make the best of me for a week. You're quite right to ask me. The Fitzsimmonses asked me too, and I generally go there. Confound Christmas! I wish it was abolished. Festivity, indeed! Why, I'd rather be eating my chop alone at the Rainbow or the Cock in Fleet Street, than share the best Christmas dinner in England."

Mr. Latimer did not know whether to be offended or not, but, as he had expectations from Uncle Godfrey, he thought, on the whole, he had better bear it, so he smiled, and took him by the hand.

In rushed the children, but when they saw the stranger they drew back. Dora seated herself in shy state on a distant sofa; George came coaxingly up to his father, and took his hand; while Willy, the "tot," nestled up to his mother, and half hid himself in her gown.

"George used to be your favorite, uncle," said Mrs. Latimer.

Uncle Godfrey looked at him, and growled: "Time he went to sea. Ugh! Do you send that girl to school? Why don't you cut her hair shorter? She'll be bald at thirty."

Mrs. Latimer was indignant; but nothing made any impression on the rich uncle, who, turning his back on her, proceeded to question her husband.

"Well, Latimer," said he, "still grubbing on as a curate, I suppose. Nice profession; its prizes so easy to get, and so evenly distributed. Bishops so humble and active—no pride. Ugh! Sixty years' work for a curate, and a hundred a year the end of it. Every one on you for alms, and obliged to give more than the squires with ten thousand a year. Better be a laborer. Ugh! Any head-clerk in a merchant's office could buy up three curates. Ugh!"

Mr. Latimer deprecated Uncle Godfrey's severity. "Our life," he said, "is humble, but it is happy, and free from temptations. There is time for study, and quiet for domestic happiness. Grand people are too busy for domestic happiness; houses always too full to enjoy the society of their wives and children. Your clerk might buy me up, but he could not buy my happiness."

"Good—something in that. But suppose you live above your income, and debts press. Responsibilities of the rich without their means; too proud to put your children into trade. Strange pride. Ugh! I thought Christianity taught humility. You clergy preach it enough, but where's the practicing?"

"My dear Sir, you do me wrong. I would willingly get George into a banker's office when he is old enough, but even city situations are hard to get."

"Take you at your word. I'll get the boy into a house in Mincing Lane. Aim low—that's the way to get on; better than your beggarly profession, and bring up your family paupers."

Mr. Latimer overflowed with thanks.

"There; no trying to please the rich old uncle, just because he is rich. And so you have been arranging the Christmas charities. Ugh! all folly; makes the poor people mendicants. Who'll work when he can get more begging? Got a night-school in your parish?"

"We have—a flourishing one."

"There again—puffing up the poor. Teaching servants to read one's letters, and forge and swindle. Stuff! When do you dine? I'm hungry. Shouldn't object to a glass of wine—my own, though. The porter's brought it up from the station by this to me. Where's my bedroom? I like a fire at night. I'll just go and wash my hands, and take my spencer off, while you get me a crust and a glass of my own port-wine. Ugh! how cold this place is. Get out of the way, children!"

"What a horrid old creature!" thought Dora. George was secretly examining his wooden leg, and wondering whether it moved by clock-work.

Uncle Godfrey was not softened even by dinner.

"Jane," said he, "never have soup till you have a cook that understands it. This is paste, not soup. You girl, keep the door shut—the draught comes to my back; and keep the fire up; it is all in one corner. I don't like stale bread. Haven't you got some new, and no crust? Can't you see I've got false teeth?"

"Jane," said he, a little later, "the mutton hasn't hung long enough. I suppose you play on the piano, and let the cook do as she likes. Take my advice—discharge that woman; the potatoes are as hard as bullets."

Over his wine Mr. Latimer—his wife being gone with the children—ventured to lament the ascetic loneliness of Uncle Godfrey's life, and to wish he lived nearer to them.

"I like it," said the amiable anchorite of the Adelphi. "Every one to his taste. Some people like fidgety children, that break and spoil every thing, and some don't. Ugh! Latimer, when I was young I had a disappointment that in one day turned my heart into a jar of vinegar; my blood since that is cold and sour. I have my own fancies, and I follow them. I'd rather die in a ditch than surrounded by legacy-hunters—counting the sand in my hour-glass as it ran out, pampering me, encouraging my follies, agreeing with me, and all the time longing to see the hearse come and fetch me to the nettly damp corner of some respectable cemetery. Ugh! I know them, I know them; but they shall wait a bit—they shall wait a bit. Pass the bottle. Why doesn't that slut bring the coffee?"

That night Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, when their pleasant guest had gone to bed, and all the house was quiet, discussed Uncle Godfrey.

Mr. Latimer, with all his amiability, was much irritated at the brutality and rudeness of the rich, suspicious old hoarder.

"But, my dear Fred," said Mrs. Latimer, "remember the children, and bear with uncle. Remember we have expectations; and do think of those dreadful bills, and how little we have to meet them."

"My dear Jane," said her husband, "I could do any thing for your sake and for the children's; but I really can not bear this man's insolence. Every kind word he attributes to our hopes of his money—bother his money!"

"Fred!"

"I tell you, Jane, I can not and will not bear this mean suspicion. My ideal may be somewhat blunted by poverty, but still I am not all earth yet, and bear it I will not. If I am civil to him, remember, Jane, it is because he is your relation."

The next day was Christmas-day, and Uncle Godfrey was led to church triumphantly by Mrs. Latimer and the children, and ensconced in a bower of holly, and under an emblazoned mural monument to the memory of General Rumgates, a hero of the old American war.

At dinner that day Uncle Godfrey was severe on country churches.

"Too much coughing," he said. "Ugh! Why do you allow that chorus of coughing old women in the aisle? They are all deaf; they only come to advertise themselves, as wanting new shoes and fresh cloaks. Ugh! I know them. How the ducks quacked when you were reading, and how that donkey brayed when you read those bans, as if rejoicing at another fool's marriage. Latimer, you shoot over the people's heads. What on earth do your chawbacons care about the Antinomian sect and the errors of the Welsh Pelagius. Bah! Follow them into their daily life; they don't know how to live on earth yet; make them fit for that before you go further.—You, girl, don't grin there, but give me some beer.—Jane, do you teach Dora to eat with her knife, and George to throw breadcrumbs at Willy? Thank Heaven, I'm a bachelor!"

At whist, his favorite game, Uncle Godfrey was still more terrible. He always refused to take dummy. He stumped with his wooden leg if his partner forgot the thirteenth card, or lost a trick by any momentary absence of mind. If the game went well, and there was any long sequence of success, he grew malicious, and openly hinted that his opponent was losing on purpose to please him—an insult to his play; and Mr. Latimer resented the accusation.

"They always do it at the Fitzsimmonses," replied Uncle Godfrey. "I never lose there. They let me win shillings in hope some day they'll turn to guineas; but I'll outlive them yet. That Fitzsimmons is weak in his chest.—By-the-by, how's your chest, Latimer? I thought your voice weaker than it used to be.—George, don't make that noise with the humming-top.—Jane, do you ever flog that boy?"

"Uncle," said Mrs. Latimer at breakfast on the seventh day of the visit, "I have arranged with Mrs. Benson to go to-morrow to see Melcombe—it is one of our show-places—you must not return without seeing that."

"Hate show-places; cold, damp rooms; fussy, pompous housekeepers; too proud to tell you any thing; willing enough to take large fees; hurried, and see nothing. No, I go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Latimer in a breath, for they had grown accustomed to the old bachelor's *brusquerie*, and began to be amused with his shrewd honesty and caustic frankness.

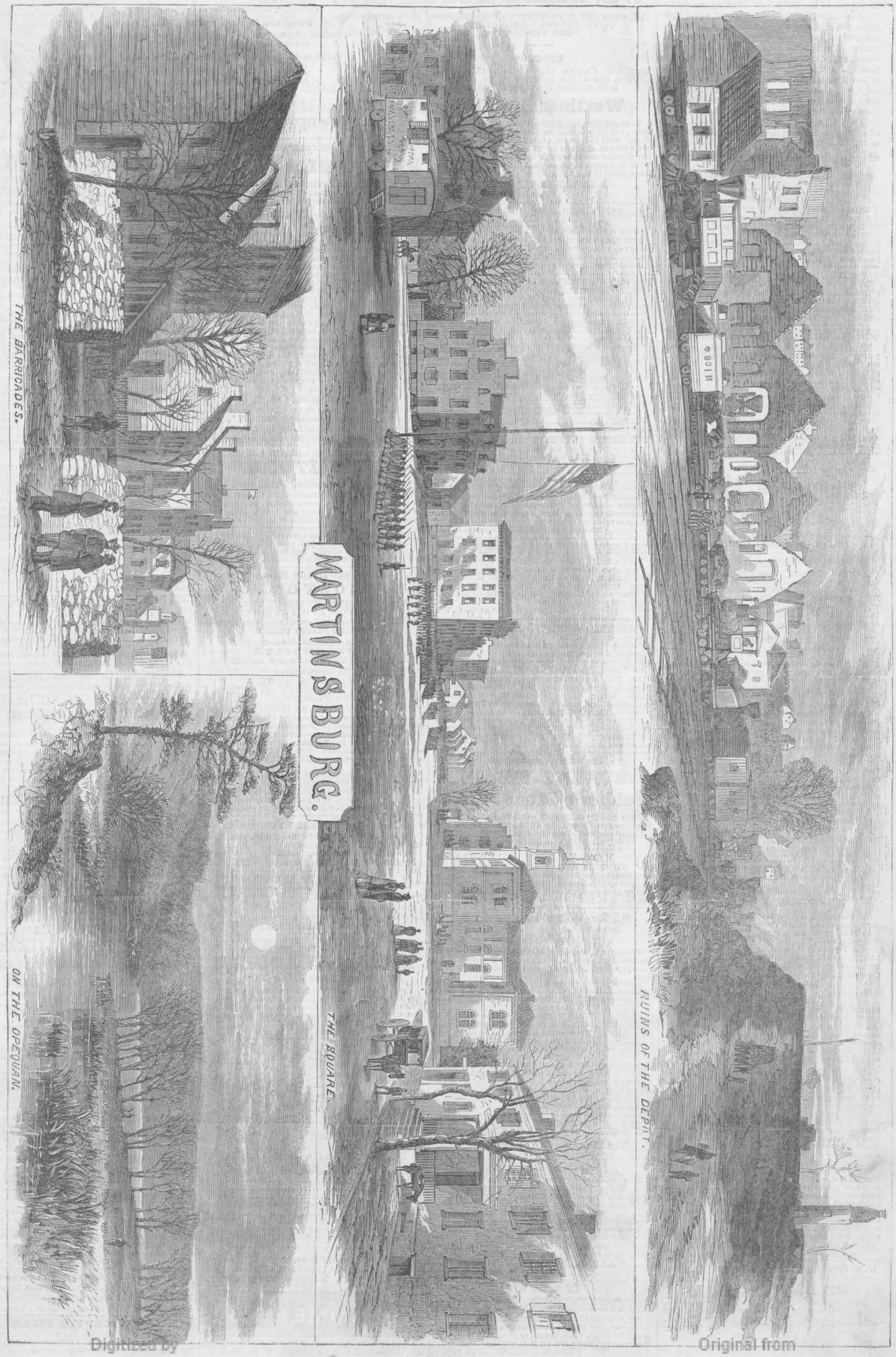
"To-morrow—said to-morrow when I came—and meant what I said. Sponge on you no longer; poor people. Besides, all my port's gone—can't drink catchup and logwood. I and my wooden leg go to-morrow.—Glad of it, ain't you, Dora?—George, come here and polish my wooden leg.—Willy, give uncle a kiss, and go to bed; it is getting late.—You'll be a happy family to-morrow, old Uncle Godfrey back in his den."

The morrow came, somehow or other. The Latimers were sorry to part with the old Tartar. The children liked his odd stories, and the tricks he showed them with cards; his ventriloquisms, and the droll drawings he did for them.

The train came sliding in, curving like a great jointed black serpent. Uncle Godfrey mounted into a second-class carriage, and shook all the Latimers by the hand.

"You won't see me again," he said; "I sha'n't

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VIEWS IN AND AROUND MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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WE have been at some pains to ascertain what instrument of the many now soliciting the public favor combines the greatest amount of real excellence. We have prosecuted this inquiry entirely independently of aid or direction from interested parties. The opinions of some of the best musical critics, composers, and performers have been obtained; reports of experiments made in the ordinary use of various instruments in churches, schools, and families have been compared, all of which, with singular unanimity, concur in assigning the first place to the Cabinet Organ of Mason & Hamlin—a decision that corresponds with our previously formed convictions received from personal observations. —*New York Christian Advocate.*

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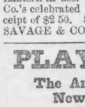
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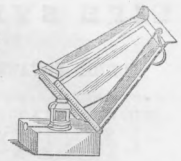
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FIRST.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McElhenny Farm, containing ten acres There are three wells on this lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day each, the third about ten barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three good engines, tankage for over eleven hundred barrels, tubing, tools, office, &c.

There is room on this lease for several more wells; and all wells put down on or near this territory have been productive. The character of the McElhenny Farm is too well known to need further comment.

SECOND.—One-fourth of the working interest in Lot No. 6, on the lower McElhenny Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the lease next below and adjoining the well-known Empire Well, which is now producing one hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well flowing twenty barrels a day, and another well which has been flowing eighty barrels a day, and which is expected to yield again, as soon as a "Blower," or air-pump, can be put in, which is now nearly prepared. A third well is down and just ready to be tested. A fourth is down about four hundred feet, and is confidently expected to be a good well. There are three good engines, tankage, tubing, and an office on this lease.

THIRD.—One-fourth of the working interest of two lots adjoining, on the late Widow McClintock's Farm, containing half an acre each. On this property there is one well, known to us as the Freeman Well, now pumping twenty barrels a day; and another down two hundred feet, which is expected to yield a good supply of oil, being within a few feet of a well on the adjoining property which is producing one hundred and fifty barrels, and but a short distance from the celebrated "Hammond Well," yielding three hundred barrels a day. A third well will be sunk immediately on this lease. Two good engines and all the necessary appurtenances are on this property.

FOURTH.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, on the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, being the south half of that part of Lot No. 103, on the east side of the Caldwell Creek, about five miles above Titusville. The Briggs Oil Company own the land on the opposite side of the creek, on which a well is now about to be put down. The surface show of oil on all this land indicates a very rich territory for boring purposes. The above named property of this Company will be immediately put under development.

FIFTH.—A lot of oil land in fee simple, containing seventy acres, situated on French Creek, about four miles from the Alleghany River. All the land in this vicinity is good, and excellent lubricating oil is produced from wells in the neighborhood.

SIXTH.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres, situated about three miles above Plumer, and only two miles from the celebrated "Noble Well." All the lands on Cherry Run has been purchased, and all the wells put down have been productive. One well is down five hundred feet, with a good show of oil on the adjoining lot.

SEVENTH.—Two-thirds of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre, more or less. One well is now producing about seventy barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more derricks on the lot. There is an engine and all the necessary apparatus on the property, which is directly opposite the celebrated Hammond Well, now producing three hundred barrels a day.

EIGHTH.—One-thirty-second of the interest in a lease of three acres on the Foster Farm, near the Porter, Crocker, Sherman, and Noble and Delameter wells.

NINTH.—One-twelfth of the interest in one acre of the G. W. McClintock Farm, adjoining the Mowbray Well; with a good engine, one thousand feet of tubing, &c., &c. On this land are two wells, both of which have flowed, and will again produce oil if worked.

TENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great excitement in the oil market, large streams of oil having been struck there within a month.

ELEVENTH.—Fifty acres of land on Oil Creek, five miles above Titusville, having a frontage on the creek of one hundred rods.

TWELFTH.—The Ridgway Farm, so called, comprising eighty-five acres of land near Titusville, having a front on Oil Creek of one hundred and fifteen rods, and having already upon it one well, which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek.

THIRTEENTH.—Two hundred acres of land, three miles above Titusville, with a front of three hundred rods on Oil Creek, known as the Newton Farm. This land is undeveloped, and is by experts considered good property.

[N.B.—The three tracts last mentioned are not only valuable as oil land, but also for their lumber, being heavily timbered, and containing water-power and mills now established, which at their utmost capacity are unable to satisfy the demand for their sawed lumber at $25 per thousand feet at the mill.]

FOURTEENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres on the John McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This tract fronts for thirty rods on Oil Creek, and contains two wells. Of these No. 1 is now producing ten barrels a day, and No. 2 will produce twenty-five or thirty barrels a day as soon as the proper machinery can be set up.

FIFTEENTH.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres on the McElhenny or Funk Farm, near the Empire, Olmstead, and Dinsmore Wells. On this land one well is already down, and producing six barrels of oil per day.

SIXTEENTH.—One hundred and sixty-eight acres of land in fee, on Bull Creek, in the oil region of West Virginia.

SEVENTEENTH.—One hundred and eighty-five acres on Cow Creek, West Virginia.

[N.B.—The two last-named parcels of land border the two creeks mentioned, and are immediately adjoining oil territory of the best character, and which is now producing as much as any on Oil Creek.]

EIGHTEENTH.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango County, Pa., with a front of eighty rods on the river. This tract is now yielding twenty-five barrels a day, having upon it three wells already producing, and four ready for tubing, with the necessary engines and fixtures.

NINETEENTH.—The Fulmer Farm, so called, being one hundred and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending for a hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek, and being good oil land for its whole extent.

TWENTIETH.—Seventy-one acres in fee, on Little Oil Creek and Thompson Creek, four miles from Titusville.

TWENTY-FIRST.—One-sixth of the working interest, being one-twelfth of all the oil produced, on a lease situated on the west side of Oil Creek on the Lower McElhenny Farm, and known as Lot No. 3. One well is already down on this land, the tubing and sucker-rods on the ground and paid for, and a good eight-horse-power engine ordered.

With this extensive estate already secured to the Company, and with its advantages of membership and management, the prospects it holds out are inferior to none now offered in the market. Indeed, notwithstanding the large number of Oil Companies now organized, the Petroleum business is, in fact, just at its beginning, as a brief statement will show.

"Seneca Oil," as it is sometimes called even now in drug shops, used to be collected by the Seneca and other Indians from the surface of Oil Creek and springs in that region. The first organized effort to obtain oil in the field of the present Petroleum business was not until 1854. The first well was bored at Titusville in 1857, and in August, 1858, at 71 feet, the drill fell into a cavity, and the well began to yield 1000 gallons a day. The business instantly received a monstrous impulse, and the supply of oil being quickly recognized as practically permanent, an enormous capital and a still greater speculative interest were at once attracted.

The Oil lands are found in Western Pennsylvania, Northeastern and Southeastern Ohio, Northeastern Kentucky, and Western Virginia, not to mention other new fields from time to time found. Throughout these regions for the last six years lands have constantly been taken up, wells dug, companies formed, and immense fortunes made. The commercial uses of Petroleum have increased quite as rapidly as the supply, and the market absorbs at once all that is furnished. The speed with which investments are being pushed into the business may be imagined from the facts that, in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg alone, two hundred and fifty Petroleum Companies are in operation, and quoted in market reports, and that the Petroleum raised during the past year in Western Pennsylvania alone has been sold crude at the wells for *Twenty-five Million Dollars.*

In such enterprises to be early in the field is indispensable. Large as the number of companies may seem, it is not so striking as the vast extent of the part already proved of these unknown subterranean treasures of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands substantially as one of the early enterprises, and offers inducements only exceeded by those very few companies whose stock is practically out of market and inaccessible. With a view to provide for the future advantage of early subscribers, from this reasonable start in business, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

As one evidence of the opinions of experts about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Mowbray, an operative chemist of reputation, established at Titusville, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

"TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, *October* 10, 1864.

"W. T. PHIPPS, Esq., Vice-President, &c.:

"DEAR SIR,—

* * * * "I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake Well, the Sherman Well, the Noble Well, and the Story Farm Wells are instances of this. Your lands here are mainly the Old Creek bottom. It (the Creek) is now diverted south of them, and in the summer the evolution of gas has been so offensive to the grass mowers that they have left them during mid-day for another part of the field. The Union Company's Well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a first-rate show of oil.

"If these are not the indications of oil territory, then only until after a series of wells has been actually sunk on the land can any opinion be formed. What the value of the land will then be you can judge; but the price will be beyond any present purchaser's means, I am satisfied. I can only add that I have no the interest of one cent in these lands, but say what I really think for your guidance. * * * * * * * * * * *

"Yours very respectfully, GEO. M. MOWBRAY."

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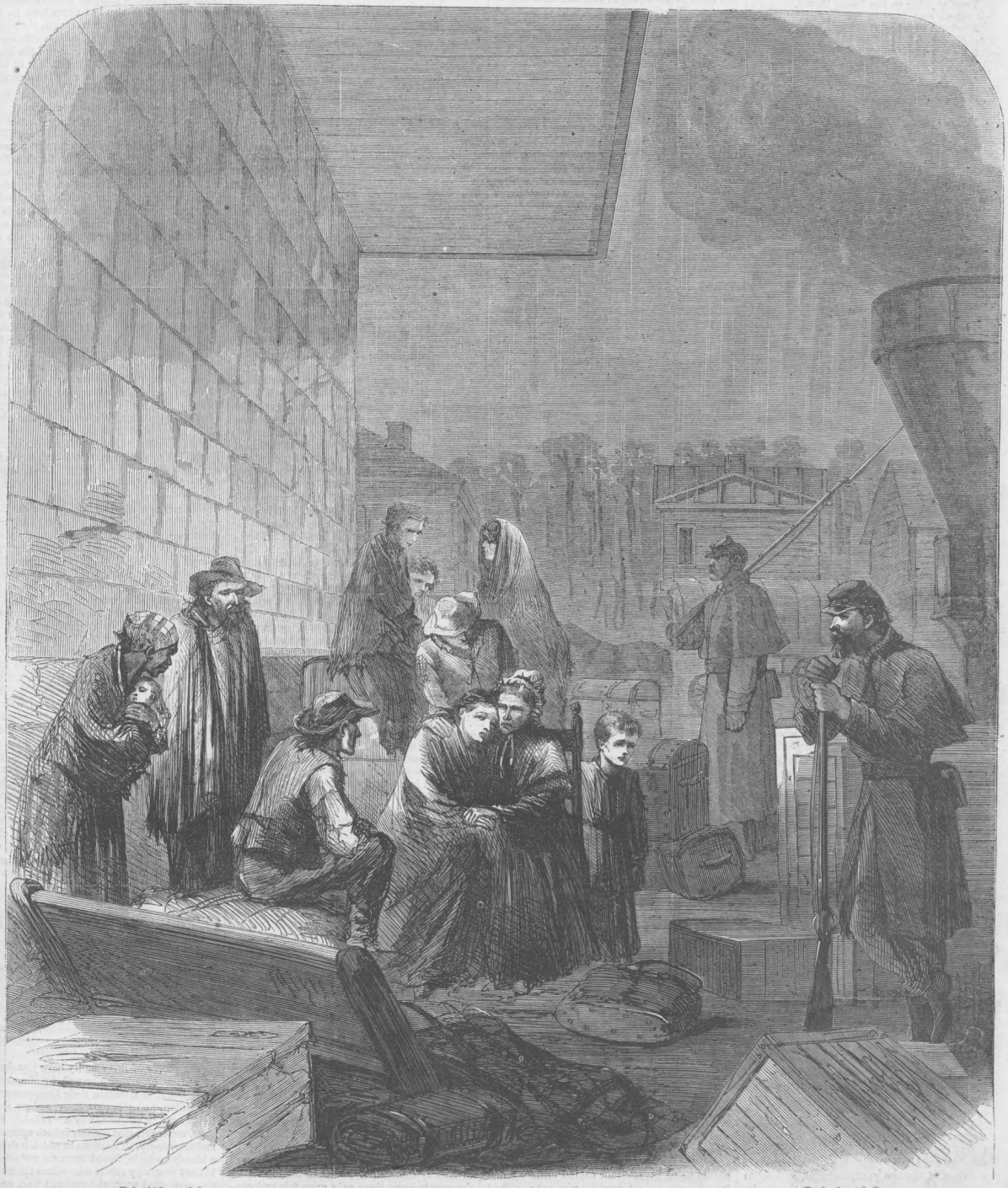
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ARRIVAL OF UNION REFUGEES AT KINGSTON, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 760.]

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WELCOMING BACK THE FLAG.

I PASSED two years—long, weary years—
Amid the traitor band
That trampled on our glorious Flag
Down in the Southern land.
I heard the shouts, as State by State
So madly fell away—
Fell, as the stars from heaven shall fall
When comes the Judgment-Day—
Fell, as the rebel angels fell
Who lost their thrones of light,
And now the sentence dread await
To everlasting night.

I saw the traitors' banner rise,
Our own flag in the dust;
And whispered to my beating heart,
"Be patient, God is just!"
I saw the scornful rebel host
March by in all their pride;
And when I heard their boasts my heart
Almost within me died.
I saw that host come back again,
An army now no more,
But flying, scattered as the chaff
Of autumn's thrashing-floor.

Then, pressing on the fleeing throng,
There soon burst on my view
A column strong of riders bold,
All clad in loyal blue.
Each foot the stirrup firmly pressed,
Each flashing blade was out,
I heard them shout: "Hurrah! hurrah!"
As victors only shout.
But nobler sight than flashing steel,
Than steeds or stalwart men,
I saw—and oh! I wept for joy—
My Country's Flag again.

Near Bunker Hill I first drew breath;
Then how could I forget
The lessons learned so near the spot
With Warren's blood once wet?
A woman—yet I waved my hand,
And "Welcome! welcome!" cried,
And felt, if need were, for that Flag
I freely could have died.
My dark-eyed boys were by me, and
Through all life's weary track
They never will forget the day
We saw the Flag come back.

Oh! there are many in that land
Where float the rebel "Bars"
Who mourn the sad eclipse, yet know
That heaven still holds the Stars.
Between them and those shining worlds
The war-cloud rises black;
But peace will soon the cloud disperse,
And all the Stars come back.
God speed the day! for when it comes
The tears will fall like rain,
And thousands in the South will hail
The Old Flag back again.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

THE campaign of General SHERMAN is striking and daring, but not more so than his advance from Chattanooga, of which it is a continuation. At Atlanta, with a slender line of railroad nearly two hundred miles long, exposed to the forays of the rebel cavalry, his position was uncertain. The advantages were not balanced by the risks. He has therefore made it useless for either party, and destroying as he goes, he carries a line of fire straight across the surface of the rebel section, cutting a terrible swath to the sea.

General SHERMAN does not play at war. "War is cruelty," he says, "and you can not refine it," and he believes that they who have brought war upon the country will justly feel its sharpest edge. Yet he only is wise who sees in SHERMAN'S flashing sword the true olive branch. When the deluded Southern people feel that the Government is strong enough to pierce their section where it will; that the national armies can march and countermarch at their pleasure; that the shrewdest plans of their own Generals are outwitted and baffled; and those Generals perceive that they have lost their supreme military advantage of interior lines, a moral victory is won.

It may be true, as the rebels say, that the march of SHERMAN'S army is merely like the flight of an arrow which can not wound the air through which it passes. The rebel army may close in behind him. The territory he crosses may still own the rebel sway; and he may hold only the ground upon which he actually stands. But the first victory of such a campaign is not visible. Not a rebel soldier may fall before him, but the hearts of a host faint within them. Not a field may be permanently held by him, but the rebel owner knows that the tenure of his own possession is loosened. The arrow may not wound the air, but when you have learned that the air which you deemed impervious has been pierced by an arrow, you will hear a hurtling all the time.

SHERMAN'S campaign is one of great difficulties and dangers. The conviction of the rebels that, if they could embarrass or defeat him, their prestige would be regained, and their terrible disasters of the last year condoned, will incite them to the utmost effort of desperation to destroy him. It is the duty of all sensible Union men not to exult, not to be transported with excessive expectation, but to watch and hope and pray. All the circumstances—the absence of HOOD'S army, the blithe courage of SHERMAN'S men, his own indomitable energy and great genius—favor our noble General. We may justly believe that he will keep his Christmas by the sea. But we ought to guard against the possible consequence of undue elation. If, forgetting the chances of war, we insist that there is nothing but absolute success to be expected at every step of SHERMAN'S movement, we may find ourselves paying the penalty of our own folly in a depressing and overpowering reaction of feeling.

THE LATE PLOT.

THE plot to burn the hotels and create universal confusion utterly and even ludicrously failed. It might have been a destruction of life and property as terrible as it was wanton. It was quite sufficient, however, to show the spirit of the whole rebellion. The "chivalry" which starves Union prisoners to death, and suffers them to fall a prey to filth and vermin, consistently attempts to burn innocent women and children.

The enterprise is another illustration of the delights of State sovereignty which the rebellion professedly seeks to assert. We have, in the attempt of Friday night last, a fair intimation of what we are to expect when New Jersey and Vermont and Pennsylvania are independent powers between which and the independent empire of New York a quarrel chances to arise. And yet not quite so in the cases we suppose. If either of those States were a nation at war with another, war would not be conducted exactly in this "chivalric" method. It requires the imbruting of the spirit of a whole community by the custom of holding men and women as slaves before such fiendish malignity is developed.

But we can see in this plot the agreeable consequences of a possible war with "the Southern Confederacy," if that name should ever become a thing. The peace apostles, who incite massacre and sigh over war, will perhaps inform us how much blood and sorrow would be saved by patching up a truce with men capable of these things, instead of showing them that neither by such crimes, nor by the great wanton war which they have forced upon the country, can they succeed. The inevitable consequence of the plot will be a firmer purpose and a more unhesitating hand in striking at the heart of rebellion.

"SERFS."

THE Richmond *Examiner*, speaking of the significance of our late election, says: "It is at last plain that we must defend ourselves with all our force, or else sink into serfs; and we must stand together, or else sink together without a hope of redemption."

This is an illustration of the method by which the Southern mind is fired, to use YANCEY'S phrase. The "South" is vaguely called by the rebel leaders "our country," and submission to the equal laws of the United States is sinking into serfdom. Are all those who politically differ from the Administration—in other words, are the constitutional minority in this country serfs? If they are so now, they were so always; and down to 1860 the rebel chiefs controlled this Government. Is it then so very unfair that, having by their own interpretation so long held the rest of their fellow-citizens as serfs, they should now take their turn?

But nothing is more amusingly false than such an assertion. It is merely a fierce appeal to prejudice and passion. In the year 1745 there was the last STUART rebellion against the British Government. It was suppressed by arms, and the authority of the Government was restored. Were the Scots who took part in that movement or are their descendants serfs? The Whisky insurrection was put down by WASHINGTON. Are the Western Pennsylvanians serfs? SHAY'S rebellion was overpowered and tranquillity restored. Are the people of central Massachusetts serfs? The attempt at forcible nullification in South Carolina was repressed. Have the South Carolinians been serfs ever since? If so, why have they regularly taken part in every election until they, with their friends, were defeated? Are we to understand that PRESTON BROOKS was a serf raising his hand against his master? Have the men who lead the rebellion been until the year 1861 what Gurth was in "Ivanhoe," born thralls of Cedric the Saxon?

The folly of such talk is transparent. If they were not serfs in the year 1859, when they acknowledged the government of the common country, how will they become such when they again acknowledge it? If a man resists the law, and the law is too strong for him, and he yields, when the penalty of the law is satisfied, and he returns to his equal allegiance with all other citizens, he is no more a serf than they. If JEFFERSON DAVIS was not a serf when he was Secretary of War under this Government, he can not be a serf when he is a simple citizen under it; no, and he does not become a serf should he be executed for capital crime against it. Are the "Confederates" who are punished for offenses against "the Confederacy" serfs? If they are not, neither are the "Confederates" who yield to the authority of the United States Government.

But they say it is not the Government of their choice. That may be, but that is not a valid plea for resistance. The recently-elected President was not the preference of the city of New York. Is the city therefore a congregation of mere serfs because it peacefully accepts the result of an election in which it took part? There are whole sections of Georgia and North Carolina of which Mr. DAVIS is not the choice for a leader. Does the *Examiner* consider them serfs because they do not secede and declare that their "country" will have nothing to do with the DAVIS-tyranny at Richmond?

It is by this kind of frenzied and futile talk that the minds of the Southern people are excited. They are beyond reason now. Nothing remains but to destroy their military force, and to hold them as a child struggling with rage is held, until he falls exhausted, and his mind, gradually surmounting blind fury, begins to see the truth.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

THE first point is safety. The road itself built in the best way, of the best materials, should be carefully and constantly watched, to ascertain when renewals of rails, sleepers, and beds are necessary, and to guard against accidents of running. There is but one way in which this care can be secured, and that is by the exaction of the sternest penalties for every accident.

A railroad is a pecuniary enterprise, and if imperfect construction and careless superintendence entail heavy loss there will be adequate completeness and care. If, for instance, the Legislature of New York were now in session, and should enact a law that for every future railroad accident within the State the Company should be liable not only to the payment of damages in separate individual suits of the passengers, but should also pay a round sum into the State Treasury, so large that two or three penalties of the kind during the year would consume the profits of the road, there would be such a scrutiny of roads, such an organization of carefulness along the lines, as has never been known in the country, and railroad stock would ascend to a delightful value as a permanent investment.

When the rigors of the law are so sure that the mere sight of a doubtful-looking rail or an ancient sleeper appalls the switchman and the laborer with the fear that if it splits or breaks or rots their individual pockets will suffer, and when the jerking, jumping plunge of the train along the rickety track brings the heart of the director and stockholder into his mouth, not with the fear of losing his life, but his dividend, we may be very sure that whatever human skill and foresight can do to avoid accidents will be done.

No Company, of course, should be held responsible for what it clearly could not help. For instance, we would not have it liable for the death of a passenger in the cars from apoplexy. That might be construed as a super-refinement of justice. But a permanent Railway Commission there should be, which should strictly investigate all the circumstances of every disaster, large or small That Commission should bring a suit against the offending road in the name of the State, and the extreme penalty should be exacted.

It is only in some such way that the public safety upon railroads can be secured and public confidence restored. The universal conviction now is that the roads are becoming daily more dangerous, and that the Life Insurance Companies will soon excuse themselves from railroad risks. A stoppage upon the road, or an unusual movement in the cars, excites the most unpleasant emotions. Certain roads are viewed with peculiar apprehension, and men breathe more freely when they are safely at the end of them. The curious old speculations are revived that, according to the statistics of railway travel, every man who has traveled a certain number of miles is liable to have his arm broken; a few more and his leg is in danger; and after a certain number of miles traveled his neck may be broken at any moment to keep the inexorable statistics straight.

Thus we repeat the legend of the Minotaur, and thus, in the neatest and most becoming traveling dress, we expose Andromeda to the monster. It is only the form of the horror that changes. Where is the essential difference between the annual sacrifice of seven fair youths and seven lovely maids of Athens to the insatiable brute of Crete, and the annual sacrifice of seven youths and maids of Baltimore, let us say, or New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis, to the insatiable Greed of Gain? We plume ourselves at our peril upon our superior civilization. The test of civilization is respect for human life and liberty.

Railroads are for the convenience of the people, and the people are fools if they do not take care, by law, that they shall not be the victims of the railroads. When the Central Road comes to Albany this winter and asks for favors, let the people grant them only upon fair and unavoidable conditions.

THE POLICE.

A NOBLER, braver, or more skillful body of men than the police of New York does not exist. This great restless city lies safe in their protecting care. Firm, courteous, prompt, irresistible, they are a model band of citizens and officers. Their services in the draft riots of 1863 are already historical. Their efficiency in the late incendiary plot is not less memorable.

No men in the country fill more arduous and responsible positions than President ACTON of the Board of Police Commissioners and Superintendent KENNEDY, and no men fill them more ably. Indeed the public knowledge of their singular sagacity and ability, with those of their associates, inspires a consciousness of security like the presence of an army.

No legislative act was ever more entirely vindicated by the result than the appointment of the Metropolitan Police. It should have been enough to satisfy every honest man that it was both just and desirable, that it was bitterly opposed by the then Mayor of the city. Not one of the ill consequences predicted has ensued. It has never been a partisan body or worked to party ends. The city has never been so safe, the rights of every citizen so secure, the method of police business so exact, comprehensive, and efficient as since the appointment of the Metropolitan Police. Their daily service is an incalculable benefit. There is no more honorable uniform than that they wear.

TRUTH-TELLING.

IT is amusing to see how a man in a passion lets the truth escape him. The London *Times*, which has constantly striven to represent the rebellion as the noble effort of an oppressed people to recover and defend their liberties, and has with perfect success falsified every fact in the history of the war, unguardedly tells the naked truth in a late article written under the consciousness of the extremity of the rebel cause.

It is speaking of the project of arming the slaves at the South, and the *Times* innocently remarks: "The South has no reason to doubt that the negro will fight just as bravely in support of the cause of slavery, *which is the cause of his master*, as he will in the cause of liberty." And it adds of its particular friends the rebels: "The man who would submit without a murmur to the impressment of his horses or his crops, may very likely shrink back with a species of superstitious horror from the attempt of his own Government [at Richmond] *to deprive him of those very slaves for whom he has already fought a long and desperate war.*"

This is as it should be. The *Times* confesses that this insurrection is an effort to save slavery; and the paper whose asserted pride it is to defend "fair play"—the representative of the aristocratic governing class of England—deliberately supports as a manly assertion of an undoubted right the armed effort of a body of men to overthrow a Government, which they do not pretend has ever wronged them, merely for the sake of preserving slavery. Does any really intelligent and thoughtful Englishman wonder that his country is detested by all other nations when he sees that its leading journal, holding a position which no other paper holds in any other country, is guilty of such a crime against human nature and civil society?

We do not for a moment forget the sympathy and generous service of our friends in England who, understanding this war, truly appreciate and despise the course of the *Times* and its adherents. But the fact of which we speak will help explain to them the indignation which they hear so often breathed against England. They may be very sure that if the mine owners any where in England should revolt against the British Government for the sole purpose of more surely imbruting the unhappy miners, no American statesman in office would applaud their insurrection as the founding of a nation, as Mr. GLADSTONE said of this rebellion; and if any leading newspaper here, clearly recognizing the object of the insurrection, vehemently supported it, it would be overwhelmed with the derision and wrath of the great body of the people.

BENEDICT ARNOLD REDIVIVUS.

THE following extract, from a late number of a violently partisan journal, is in the style and spirit of BENEDICT ARNOLD'S sneers and the old Tory flings in the Revolution:

"Does any one suppose that a war which, with every fluctuation, brings money to the cabal that conducts it, whose very disasters are turned to profit, and the bloodshed of defeat 'coined into drachmas' by it, will be given up? No; it will be clung to just so long as it can be worked with profit by its speculating managers."

The people of this country have just decided, by an immense majority and in almost every loyal State, to maintain their Government and the Union, and this extract represents the war to that end as conducted by a "cabal." It implies, moreover, that the war is both unnecessary and mercenary. The terms in which it describes a bloody struggle, forced upon the people of the United States by rebels who seized the national property, fired upon the national flag, and defied the national authority, reveal a total want

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of sympathy with the national cause, and the sour and malignant spite of a defeated partisan.

Yet the papers and orators, who speak of this most unavoidable and truly sacred war as wicked and fratricidal, were the loudest supporters of the Mexican war and of the Seminole war, and have always carried a chip upon their shoulders begging Great Britain to knock it off. Thus they are not opposed to war in itself. They do not object to bloodshed. They do not grieve over disaster as such. Not at all. When *they* can conduct it, as they did the wars of which we speak—when *they* can coin the blood into drachmas, where *they* can find profit in disaster, then, indeed, "war exists by the act of Mexico," then our honor imperatively requires that blood must be shed—the blood of savages whom we have stung into rage, the blood of a weak and wasted people whom we can bully.

But when our own fellow-citizens, fairly and constitutionally defeated in an election, fly to arms and overwhelm the country with all the untold horrors of sudden and ferocious war, then to resist them, to try to save by the sword to which they appeal the Government, and civil order itself—to see the heroic darlings of every home following their high hearts and consciences to the field—to endure the strain of taxation—to face all the chances, present and remote, of so tremendous a civil convulsion—this is a struggle in which the whooping abettors of filibustering and Mexican and Seminole wars can see nothing but fratricidal fighting, and a war worked with profit by speculating managers.

The policy which this kind of carping represents brought this war upon the country, and every day shows that the people at last fully understand, and therefore utterly despise, BENEDICT ARNOLD in whatever form he reappears.

THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY NUISANCE.

"BETWEEN the great cities of the Union, New York and Philadelphia," says a correspondent, "a single Company monopolizes the right of way across the State of New Jersey, and while refusing the privilege to every other Company, furnishes upon a single track road accommodations which the people of any respectable village in the West would spurn with contempt."

In case of foreign war, as he truly remarks, the transmission of large bodies of troops and munitions between New York and Philadelphia would be practically stopped. There was, indeed, a time during the present rebellion when Washington was threatened. The Camden and Amboy Road was found to be utterly inadequate to the transport of the troops across New Jersey. One of the new roads carried some thirty thousand soldiers, running trains by day and night; and the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company has brought a writ to compel the Raritan and Delaware Bay Company to pay over into the Camden and Amboy treasury the receipts for this service to the imperiled Government!

To the State of New Jersey, notoriously controlled by this giant monopoly, no sane man looks for redress. But a bill has passed the United States House of Representatives authorizing the use of other roads in New Jersey for travel between other States, and it only awaits the action of the Senate to make it a law. It ought to be entitled "a Bill for the relief of the Nation," and should be passed by acclamation at the earliest day. The Camden and Amboy monopoly has become a national nuisance.

CAMPS OF PRISONERS.

THERE is no doubt that there was a formidable plot at Chicago for the release of the rebel prisoners, and turning them loose upon the city, abandoning it to the ravage of an immense armed and organized mob under the leadership of Marmaduke, a brother of the rebel General. The horror of such an event it is not easy to imagine, and we can well believe that the inhabitants of the city are still restless with the consciousness of the peril they have escaped. It will always remain as a proof of the odiousness of party-spirit that the prompt action of the Government to prevent the insurrection and to save innocent men, women, and children, our neighbors and friends, from murder, wrong, and pillage at the hands of a drunken and brutal rabble, was denounced by party newspapers as a reign of terror. Such a course was simply an appeal to the same passions to which Chicago was exposed, and from which it was happily saved.

But the circumstances should be very gravely considered, and ought to change the policy of the Government in regard to the disposition of prisoners. To establish an immense camp of prisoners in the immediate neighborhood of a great city, and close to all the dangerous elements in the population of every city, is to invite danger. Such a camp threatens the city. A sudden descent upon it by a few hundred determined ruffians, or the opening of the gates by stealth and treason, and the arming and release of the desperate horde to rage and ravage at their will, is not only easy but probable, and the revelations at Chicago are the proof of it. If prisoners are to be massed, it should be in some fort or upon a carefully guarded island, and not near a large town.

But whether the Government changes its policy in this respect or not, we hope that the spectacle of party malignity, which the Chicago plot produced, will be freshly remembered for the benefit of the country. To stigmatize the summary exposure and prevention of a massacre, with consequences that can not be conceived, as a reign of terror inaugurated by the Government, compels the inquiry what those papers would have said of the plot itself if it had not been discovered. Would they have called it "a rising of the people," or "a great popular reaction," or "the people moving?"

The demagogues who take the name of the people in vain, who denounce "the Government" as if it were a tyrant above them instead of being the people themselves constitutionally expressing and executing their will, are enemies of the country and of human nature quite as dangerous as armed rebels, and a thousandfold meaner.

RICHARD HILDRETH.

WE observe with the greatest regret a statement that RICHARD HILDRETH, the historian, who was appointed in 1861 Consul to Trieste, is hopelessly ill with a softening of the brain.

Mr. HILDRETH is one of the quiet, patient, persistent, and efficient workmen, who do less for their own fame than that of others. He belongs to that great body of unrecognized students and authors who supply the hard-earned material upon which others build, like the coral insects, who invisibly construct the reefs upon which islands rise, in whose foliage the most brilliant birds soar and sing.

His history of the United States, from the settlement of the country down to 1821, fills six volumes, and is a monument of faithful labor and extensive research. It traces with clearness the steadily-progressive development of the great controversy which has now ended in civil war, and is a body of political information quite unsurpassed. It is none the less valuable that Mr. HILDRETH is a Federalist of the Hamiltonian school, for recent events show beyond question that HAMILTON was not altogether wrong in his estimate of the tendency of our system. The work has few graces of style; but it is clear and concise and honest, and is indispensable to the student of American history.

Other works of Mr. HILDRETH reveal the same qualities of accuracy and thoroughness; and his long fidelity to the principles which brought the Administration into power four years ago was properly recognized by his consular appointment. We had hoped that his labors might be suspended and his health established in the soft Adriatic air. But if the news be true, Mr. HILDRETH is another of the learned and exhausted scholars by whose melancholy fate all hard workers with the brain should be warned.

CHARLES WESLEY'S POETRY.

ONE of the most striking features of the literary history of the last ten or fifteen years is the revival of hymn literature. The initial impulse seems to have been given by KEBLE'S "Christian Year." Almost every branch of the Church has shared in the movement, both in England and America. New collections of hymns, ancient and modern, have appeared with almost every year since 1850. Almost every school of Christian thought and feeling has given birth to a *Lyra*, the favorite title for such collections. The Lyra Germanica was followed by the Lyra Anglicana; and the Lyra Domestica appears to have closed that series. The less pretentious collections, under simpler titles, are too numerous to mention here. Many of them are ephemeral; but two or three are good enough to be cherished in the Church as permanent possessions.

It is a little strange that the best of these collections should be the work, not of any school or sect, nor of any ecclesiastical person, but of an English lawyer. The *Book of Praise*, by Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, her Majesty's Solicitor-General, far excels all other recent gatherings of hymns in catholicity of spirit and in literary taste. It selects the best of old hymns and new, without reference to sect or party in the Church. The names of WATTS and WESLEY appear more frequently in its pages than any others—proof at once of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER'S critical skill and of his freedom from sectarian prejudice.

It now appears that one of our New York merchants has devoted his leisure for years, like the British Solicitor-General, to studies in sacred song. The elegant fruit of these *horæ subsecivæ* is before us in a volume entitled "*Sacred Poetry, selected from the Works of the Rev.* CHARLES WESLEY, edited by a Lay Member of the Protestant Episcopal Church (New York: Kelley & Brother, 1864)." Such a collection has long been needed. The most appreciative critics have agreed, we think, in placing CHARLES WESLEY at the head of the Christian lyrists. It is recorded to the credit of WATTS, his great rival, that he said he would give all he had written for the honor of being the author of WESLEY'S magnificent hymn, entitled "Wrestling Jacob." The London *Quarterly* calls WESLEY "the most gifted minstrel of the modern Church." JAMES MONTGOMERY, at once poet and critic, declares that he "has celebrated the everlasting themes of Christian experience with an affluence of diction and a splendor of coloring rarely surpassed." Sir ROUNDELL PALMER gives as the requisites of a good hymn, "simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling; a consistent elevation of tone; and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial." No writer has met these requirements more fully than WESLEY. A mere setting forth of Christian doctrine in verse does not constitute a hymn; the thought must be fitted to the needs of song; the hymn must be really lyrical, or it will not endure. Such hymns can not be made to order; they are the spontaneous product of Christian thought and feeling, working by and through the imagination. And in point of spontaneousness, poetic feeling, and harmony of numbers, CHARLES WESLEY is, of all hymn writers, *facile princeps*. Snatches of his verse haunt the memory of thousands who never heard his name. The highest test of poetry, according to COLERIDGE, is that "we return to it;" and the hymns of WESLEY stand this test to perfection.

The literary and Christian public will thank the editor of the beautiful volume before us for his labor of love. It contains the cream of CHARLES WESLEY'S poetry; not merely the hymns given in the ordinary books, but many others that have never before appeared. The form of the work, as to typography and binding, is equal to its matter. No more beautiful gift-book for the holidays has appeared: and in this way it will, we trust, reach hundreds of families. And all who examine the book, and can appreciate it, will rejoice that Mr. THOMAS M'MULLEN'S hours of leisure have been so gracefully and profitably employed.

TO THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

THE following letter suggests that the Commission shall extend their business. But we are very sure that our correspondent will see that he suggests nothing less than that the Sanitary Commission shall become the great army sutler, and that it has no authority to do so. We wish most sincerely that Private —— and all other victims could be relieved of the extortioners, but he must try again to devise a satisfactory method:

"CAMP OF DISMOUNTED MEN, NEAR CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.

"DEAR SIR,—None can so truly appreciate the labors of the Sanitary Commission as do we who are their beneficiaries in the camp and field. Their labors are gigantic, and at first sight it would appear unjust to seek to tax them with an additional burden; but when I ask only a kindness to be compensated, I hope the proposition made will be considered.

"Sutlers, as they now exist among us, are a sort of 'necessary evil.' They charge us exorbitant prices for every little luxury the soldier craves, and one of their prices-current would rival any yet given from rebeldom. Take a few items: Canned fruits, $1 to $1 25; sweet potatoes, 15 cents per pound; cheese, 60 cents; onions, 15 cents; 1 ounce sweet-oil, 15 cents; butter, 85 cents—and every thing in proportion. Now what we want is that the Sanitary Commission extend their field of labor so far as to furnish the few articles we want at compensating prices. Or if the Christian Commission were to do this, they would find the *Gospel of low prices* an excellent adjunct to the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. This would require but an outlay of constantly-returning capital, and the employment of a small army of clerks. These clerks should be discharged or pensioned soldiers, when qualified ones can be had.

"Please make this suggestion, and oblige many victims.

"Yours, PRIVATE ——."

FOR THE SOLDIER'S CHILD.

THE New York State Volunteer Institute was established about eighteen months since at Suspension Bridge, Niagara County, New York, to furnish a home for and to educate the sons of dead or disabled officers and soldiers, and if funds enough can be raised it will be made a National instead of a State institution. It is a military school, but it proposes to fit the cadets for any honorable pursuit.

The appeals to public charity for projects connected with the war have been so many, and the applications for the advantages of the Institute have so largely increased, that the proprietors now propose to relieve those who wish to aid the institution by changing a donation into a purchase. That they may furnish shelter, food, clothing, and a liberal education to the children under their charge they ask fifty thousand subscriptions at two dollars each, for which every subscriber will receive a fine large steel-plate portrait of the President, General GRANT, or any corps commander, and also a certificate representing a share in the distribution of real estate in and near the city of New York to be made on WASHINGTON'S birthday, February 22, 1865, the profits to be devoted to the benefit of the Volunteer Institute.

We are informed that the institution has the approval of General HOOKER, Governor SEYMOUR, the late General WADSWORTH, and Mr. RICE, Superintendent of Public Instruction. The President is Colonel W. H. YOUNG, and the Treasurer Captain H. R. RANDALL, P. O. box 4262, New York city.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN

UNTIL Sherman has reached the sea we may expect no definite information concerning his progress. The rebel journals will not afford "aid and comfort to the enemy" by heralding his successes, but so long as they keep silence we may be assured that he has met with no reverse. The march appears to be certain: that he started on November 14 in two columns on the line of the two principal railroads that run eastward across the State from Atlanta, and that his advanced cavalry has taken Milledgeville, which lies between the two railroads above mentioned.

These two railroads are the Georgia Railroad, which runs almost directly east from Atlanta to Augusta, on the Savannah River, and the Macon and Western Railroad, which at starting runs nearly south from Atlanta to Barnesville, and then takes an eastward course through Macon to Savannah. From Atlanta to Macon is 104 miles; from Macon to Savannah 180 miles. Sherman's orders for the march were issued November 9. The right wing, consisting of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, was to be commanded by General Howard, and the left, consisting of the Fourteenth and Twentieth, by General Slocum. Each regiment to have one wagon and one ambulance, and each brigade a due proportion of ammunition and provision wagons and ambulances. The army to forage liberally off the country during the march, each brigade having its foraging company and arranging for at least ten days' provision ahead and three days' forage. No destruction of property to be permitted when the army is unmolested, but in districts which offer resistance a devastation to be made more or less relentless, according to the measure of hostility. Able-bodied negroes may be taken, unless there should be a scarcity of supplies. It is probable that to General Sherman's cavalry will be committed the necessary destruction of property, while the infantry will move steadily onward to the new base of operations.

On the 18th General Beauregard issued a manifesto to the citizens of Georgia, calling upon them to rally around Governor Brown, to obstruct the roads in Sherman's front, flank, and rear, and promising to be with them soon. The latter promise he appears, from the late Macon papers, to have redeemed, leaving Hood to fight Thomas in Central Tennessee.

THE SHENANDOAH.

A cavalry reconnoissance was undertaken November 21 by Custer's and Powell's cavalry divisions under General Torbert. The enemy was found some distance beyond Mount Jackson, at Rood's Hill, on the North Fork of the Shenandoah. Here an engagement took place, to which our cavalry, being outnumbered, was repulsed; but it was ascertained that Kershaw's Division had left the Valley for Richmond. On the same day Devin's Division made a reconnoissance toward Front Royal.

EAST TENNESSEE.

General Breckinridge, after his fight with Burbridge on the banks of the Holston in West Virginia, proceeded with his army into East Tennessee, where about the middle of November he effected a junction with Vaughan. He then marched against General Gillem, who had, after his victory over Vaughan and a pursuit of the latter to Bristol, fallen back on Bull's Gap, where he waited in vain for reinforcements. On the 13th, having turned Gillem's position, Breckinridge, with Vaughan and Duke, made an attack a little after midnight, and succeeded in completely routing the Federal force. Our loss was about 400. Gillem then fell back to Strawberry Plains, where, at the bridge over the Holston, the enemy's advance was checked. Burbridge has been sent to Cumberland Gap to prevent that post from falling into the enemy's hands.

GENERAL THOMAS'S CAMPAIGN.

General Thomas evacuated Pulaski November 23; and that place, together with Huntsville and Decatur, are in the enemy's possession. Our forces fell back first to Columbia, where an attack made by Hood was repulsed, and then to Franklin, which is only twenty miles south of Nashville. It is conjectured that he fell back to receive reinforcements.

A reconnoissance lately made by our gun-boats up the Tennessee developed the fact that the river was lined with rebel pickets from Johnsonville to Pine Bluff; this district was under the command of the rebel General Lyon. Hood's army was reported by deserters and scouts to be 35,000 strong, with 37 guns.

THE PLOT TO BURN NEW YORK.

On the night of November 25 a band of conspirators, under rebel auspices, attempted to execute their long-cherished plot to lay New York City in ashes. It was the intention of the conspirators to set fire to all the principal hotels, and to kindle a long line of fires that should insure the utter destruction of Broadway, while at the same time portions of the city remote from each other should each become a centre of distracting alarms. If the plot had succeeded nothing could have saved the city from utter destruction. The fires were kindled by leaving quantities of phosphorus where it would become exposed to the air in the rooms of the hotels, and the furniture of the rooms was so arranged as to help on the incipient conflagration. More than a dozen hotels were fired in this manner, and an attempt was also made to ignite Barnum's Museum. Among the hotels were the Astor, St. Nicholas, Fifth Avenue, Lafarge, St. James, Metropolitan, Howard, United States, Lovejoy's, Tammany, Belmont, Hanford, and others. Only a temporary and trifling injury was accomplished, owing to the well-ordered action of the police. General Dix, on the 26th, issued orders to the effect that the culprits, upon their conviction, should be executed without a day's delay, and that all persons from insurgent States not registering their names at the Provost Marshal's office should be regarded and treated as spies.

NEWS ITEMS.

The *Greyhound*, General Butler's dispatch steamer, caught fire in the James River, November 27, and was burned to the water's edge. Generals Butler and Schenck and Admiral Porter were on board at the time, but escaped without injury. Ten horses belonging to General Butler and staff were consumed in the flames.

The pirate steamer *Florida*, while lying at anchor in Hampton Roads, was run into by an army steamer, on the 27th inst., and sunk in nine fathoms of water. The officers of the *Florida* have been confined in Fort Warren.

Brigadier-General Morgan L. Smith has taken command of Vicksburg, in place of Major-General Dana.

Attorney-General Bates has tendered his resignation to President Lincoln, to take effect December 1, and it has been accepted.

Roger A. Pryor, now a private soldier in the Confederate army, but formerly a rebel General, was captured, November 25, by the Fifth Corps pickets of the Army of the Potomac, while attempting to exchange papers with our pickets, and has been brought to Washington and committed to the Old Capitol Prison. Pryor was taken in retaliation for the recent capture of Captain Burbridge by the rebel pickets, under similar circumstances, and claims that General Lee ordered the release of Burbridge on Saturday. But the latter has, since the capture of Pryor, been dismissed the army, for disobeying the order forbidding the exchange of papers with the enemy, and Pryor will possibly not regain his freedom on this plea.

General Hancock has orders to organize in the District of Columbia a new corps, which is to consist of 20,000 men who have been in the service for at least two years. The corps is to be raised by January 1, 1865.

Advices from Halifax of November 19 state that the new rebel privateer *Chickamauga* had sailed for another cruise. In her previous cruise she destroyed American commerce to the value of half a million dollars.

FOREIGN NEWS.

JAPAN.

It is well known that, although Japan has been forced to make treaties with the great Powers of Christendom, she has never been able to make the subordinate princes sufficiently tractable to insure their execution. The entrance to the Inland Sea, which separates the two smaller islands on the south from the main island of Japan, is by three straits. Of these the most convenient for commercial purposes is that known as the Straits of Simonoseki, on the west. The entrance has been strongly guarded by the Prince of Nagato, whose province commands it on the north. Of late the Prince has greatly strengthened the fortifications, with a view to the exclusion of foreign vessels. About a year ago French, English, and American vessels were fired upon. Lately the English vessel *Cormorant* had a gun fired across her bows. It was then determined by all the foreign ministers at Yokohama that the forts must be reduced. Sixteen vessels of war were engaged in the expedition. The American Minister not having a man-of-war at his command sent a sailing vessel to represent the American flag. Half of the vessels were English, three were French, and five Dutch. After three days' fighting the straits were opened. The Allies lost forty-six men, and the Japanese from two to three hundred. The forts are to be dismantled.

MEXICO.

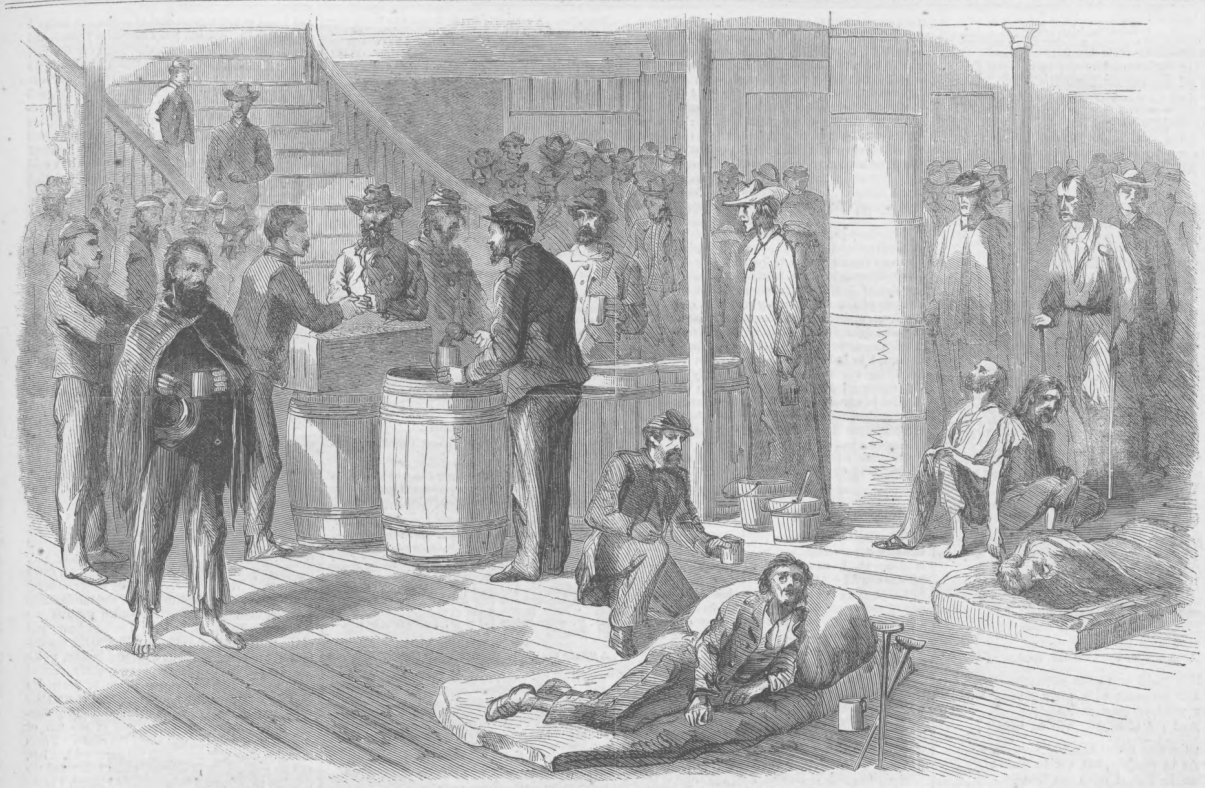
Advices from Mexico say that the military force of Juarez at Oajaca, where he himself was at the date of latest accounts, consists of about seven thousand men, but that more than half of them are new recruits, unfit for immediate service. These advices, which come through imperial channels, detail extensive spoliations of Church and private property by Juarez's officers. Oajaca was surrounded by earth-work fortifications.

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"THANK GOD!"—RECEPTION OF OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS ON BOARD THE "ELIZA HANCOX," NOVEMBER 18, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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SERVING OUT RATIONS TO OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS ON BOARD THE "NEW YORK."—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS

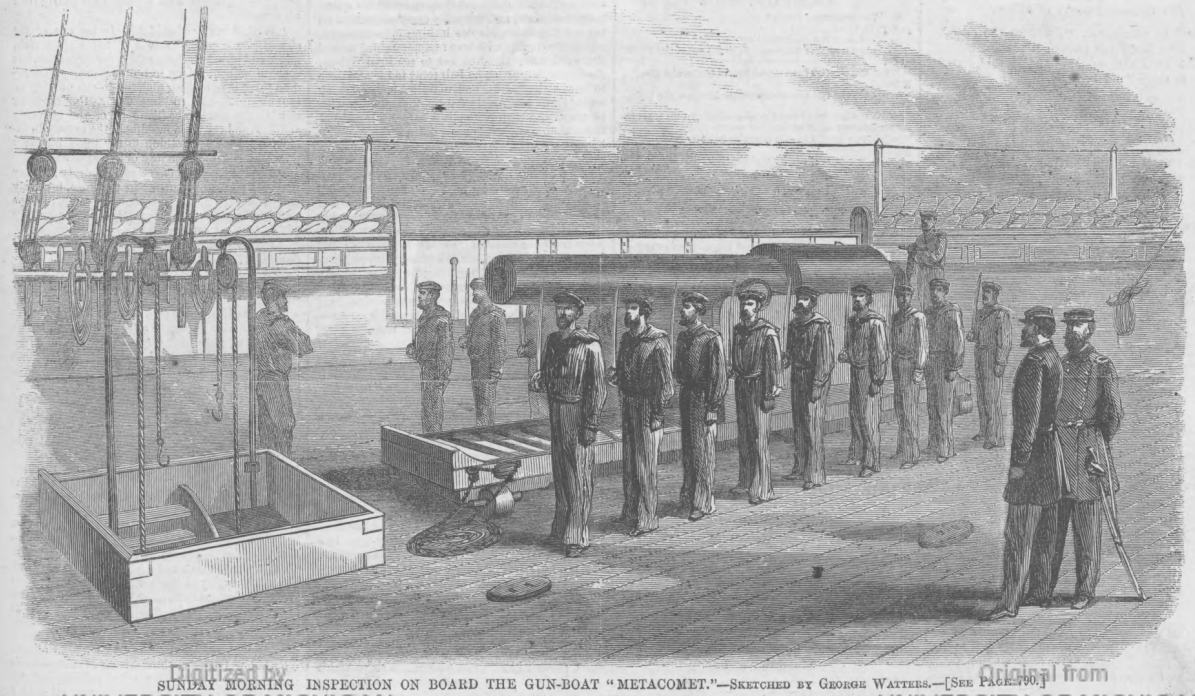
No more touching scene has occurred during the war than that which glorified the deck of the *Eliza Hancox*, Colonel MULFORD's dispatch boat, on Friday, November 18, and which we illustrate on page 788. On that day we began to receive from the rebel authorities those of our exchanged prisoners who were in the best condition for removal. Shouting and cheering, they step on deck under the protection of the old flag. To these few the prison-pens of Andersonville have become only a remembrance, except in so far as the terrible record of the life there lived is written in their gaunt faces, scurvied limbs, and exhausted strength. The link which has bound them to the horrors of the past is broken, though it has left its scars and lacerations on their limbs. No words can describe the exultation of these long-sufferers at their release. Scrofulous cripples throw away their crutches and walk erect with the inspiration of simple joy; men who by want and home-sickness have been brought to the verge of idiocy, or been smitten for months with almost hopeless melancholy, shout for the old flag and for Colonel MULFORD, and, regardless of the presence of their rebel companions, sing,

"Rally round the flag, boys,
From near and from far,
Down with the traitor,
And up with the star!"

Nor is it easy to describe the good cheer inherent in plenty of hot coffee and boiled hams for men who for months have been literally starving in a country abounding with provisions. We have on this page illustrated the scene on board the *New York* as the rations of ham and coffee were served out to the prisoners. To the luxury of palatable food is added that of the bath and of clean, new clothes.

The number of prisoners already exchanged is twelve hundred and forty-six. According to late advices the exchange was interrupted on account of the damaged railway communications on the line of SHERMAN's march. We hope that SHERMAN will compensate for this by redeeming all our prisoners at Millen. The prison-camp at Andersonville was almost entirely vacated early in November; east of Milledgeville a few miles is "Camp Lawton," which it is not improbable that our cavalry has reached. The stockade at Millen contains several thousand of our prisoners; and there are a large number in the hospitals at Savannah. The largest prison-camp in the rebel States is at Florence, about one hundred miles from Charleston, in the northeastern part of South Carolina; here, within the space of thirty-two acres, sixteen thousand prisoners are confined.

At Andersonville there were, a few weeks ago, from twenty-five to thirty thousand prisoners. So dreadful was the pestilence engendered from the close contact of the men, from filth, and from starvation, that eleven thousand of these were thrown uncoffined into the trenches around the stockade. Then, when inhumanity itself shuddered at its own extravagant malice—when even the rebel surgeons protested and uttered complaints which more than bear out the statements which we have received from returned prisoners—then the prison was broken up and the prisoners dispersed. The regulations and treatment of the prisoners at Florence are similar to what they were at Andersonville, and the mortality nearly as great. It must be remembered that every feature of this barbarous and inhuman treatment was unnecessary. Our prisoners could have easily been supplied with food, for the Southern people are not suffering for the want of subsistence; the only difficulty has been that of transportation, and this had no application to the region in which our prisoners have been confined. Nor was there need of suffering from nakedness or insufficient warmth; the former we ourselves would have promptly relieved if the opportunity had been given, and the latter could easily have been relieved by the plentiful supply of pine wood in forests immediately surrounding the prison-camps.



SUNDAY MORNING INSPECTION ON BOARD THE GUN-BOAT "METACOMET."—SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

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ALLATOONA.

DISMOUNTED from his horse,
On the summit of the hill,
Stood our gallant General CORSE,
And he stood erect and still.

He could see them far below,
From the summit where he stood,
He could see them come and go,
All the rebels under HOOD.

Under all the far-off trees
He could see them form their lines,
They were gathering like bees
Beneath the oaks and pines.

And the hero watched them now
As a man may look on death,
With a clouding of the brow
And a quickening of the breath.

For the traitors were a host
That hourly swelled and grew,
And around him at his post
The loyal men were few.

Then heavenward looked he,
And a prayer was in his eyes,
But the banner of the free
Waved between him and the skies.

And the blue of heaven was blent
With the stars, as if, just then,
'Twas an answer God had sent
To the leader and his men.

Up the hill the flag of truce
With its folds of dingy white,
Came as if it could seduce
Our General from the fight.

And the message that it brought
From the rebel in the wood
Was as if a coward wrought
As a scribe for General HOOD.

"Now yield ye to our strength,
Ere we come with might and main,
For yield ye must at length,
And the bloodshed will be vain."

On the flag gazed General CORSE,
As in thought, but not in doubt;
Then he leaned upon his horse,
And he wrote this answer out:

"Ye may come where'er ye will,
Ye may come with might and main,
I will answer for it still
That the bloodshed is not vain."

Back, underneath the trees,
Went the flag of truce, and then,
Like clouds of climbing bees,
All the valley swarmed with men.

No pen can paint the strife,
Nor the long and desperate fight
When we gave life after life
For our flag and for the right.

We saw the false ranks reel,
And all the bloody morn
They sank beneath our steel
Like newly ripened corn.

Bleeding and faint our chief,
But watching still, he stood,
With a smile of grim relief,
The retreating ranks of HOOD.

And he murmured, "I mourn the dead,
And blood has poured like rain,
But 'twas true as truth that I said,
It should not be shed in vain.

UNION REFUGEES.

WE give on our first page an illustration representing UNION REFUGEES AT KINGSTON, GEORGIA, on their way North. The number of these arrivals is daily increasing. Since SHERMAN with the main body of his army advanced southward, abandoning Northern Georgia, this region has become one not very safe and pleasant to those who have by the presence of our army been emboldened to declare their preference for the old Union. The Richmond journals dwell upon the departure of these loyalists with peculiar satisfaction, on the ground that it diminishes that opposition in Georgia which has always been an element of danger to the Confederacy.

INSPECTION ON BOARD THE "METACOMET."

WE have frequently given illustrations of the inspection of our land-forces. We give our readers this week on page 789 a representation of the crew and guns of the gun-boat *Metacomet* at their Sunday morning inspection. The *Metacomet* belongs to Admiral FARRAGUT'S Gulf Squadron, and mounts ten guns, some of which appear in the sketch. This is one of our lately-built gun-boats, having been in commission during the past year only. She took a prominent part in the capture of the forts and in the fight with the *Tennessee* in Mobile Bay last August.

FRONT AND REAR.

THE interesting sketch which we give our readers this week on page 796 represents a curious but saddening feature of the battle-field. Look at the picture of the battle at the front, where our poor soldiers, battling for the country—theirs and ours—are risking precious lives, are suffering from severe, if not mortal, wounds, and their blood stains the contested field. Turn then from this picture and look to what is going on in the rear. Here, under shelter of heavy wagons, are teamsters and sutlers, and other non-combatants, playing cards, or engaged in other amusements, as regardless of what is going on a few rods distant at the front—what games contested or what problems solved—as if they were congregated together at a fair. Between the mimic strife in the rear and the exciting game at the front how short a space, but a contrast of what opposites!

THE STONE RIVER MONUMENT.

THE Stone River battle-ground is in the vicinity of Murfreesborough, Tennessee. Indeed the battle there fought is frequently called the battle of Murfreesborough. The battle was fought on the last day of 1862 and the second day of 1863, and was one of the most severely contested on record. Our force, under General ROSECRANS, numbered little more than 40,000, while General BRAGG commanded an army of over 60,000. Our loss in killed amounted to 1500, in wounded to 7245; the total loss being twenty per cent. of the army engaged. The fighting really lasted during seven days, and resulted in our occupation of Murfreesborough. No more gallant fighting was ever done than by our army at Stone River, and it is fitting that over the resting-place of so many brave heroes should be erected this memorial of soldierly fellowship and of popular gratitude.

CAPTURE OF THE "HOPE."

WE illustrate on page 797 the capture of the blockade-runner *Hope* by the United States steamer *Æolus* on the morning of October 22. The vessel was chased out from the bar of Cape Fear River and captured after a run of five hours. She was one of the finest of the fleet of blockade-runners; she was built in Liverpool in 1864 at a cost of £60,000. Her crew numbered sixty-eight men. She was built of steel, and her engines are from the Victoria Iron Works. She is 400 feet long, 40 feet beam, and is 1200 tons English measurement. Every thing about the ship at the time of its capture was in an excellent condition. Her cargo also was valuable. The *Æolus* is a small boat not intended for a sea-going vessel, presenting a great contrast to her prize, which is a powerful ocean steamer. She has since captured the *Lady Stirling*, bound from Wilmington to Nassau, with 900 bales of cotton.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE END OF TABLE-TURNING.—An inmate of a lunatic asylum, driven mad by Spiritualism, wishes to try to turn the multiplication-table.

A CANINE EPITAPH.

To kindred earth all dogs must pass—
This one's short life is over;
As people say, he's "gone to grass,"
Let's hope, poor dog, it's *clover*.

The son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His father replied, "I should be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come safe."

Why is October the right month for a pugilistic encounter?—Because it's the season for a brew, Sir.

"MOTTO FOR CROQUET.—"She Stoops to Conquer."

An Irishman was challenged at the polls in Windsor, Vermont, and his naturalization papers demanded. After much hesitation he handed over a paper that proved to be a bill against himself for two barrels of whisky.

A FISHY CONUNDRUM.

Q. Who swallowed Jonah?
A. The whale.
Q. Then why is a milkman like a whale?
A. Because he gets his prophet (profit) out of the water.

What are the two most sinful letters in the alphabet?—N V.
What are the two most intemperate letters of the alphabet?—X S.
What two letters of the alphabet shall become a necessary adjective?—S N shall.
What two letters of the alphabet are an ornithological adjective?—B K.
What two letters of the alphabet are most like a peacock?—P N.
What two letters of the alphabet have least in them?—M T.
What two letters of the alphabet are best to drink?—B R or A L.
What two letters of the alphabet are most like the cranium of a drone?—B Z.
What two letters of the alphabet resemble an affectionate remembrance?—A I.
What two letters of the alphabet are not cheap?—D R.
What two letters of the alphabet don't you want your tooth to be like?—A K.

"I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" said one friend, quizzing another. "Conservative; my father was Conservative," he replied. "And what is your religion?" continued the other. "Protestant; and my father was Protestant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other. "Because my father was a—oh, confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions."

CAUTION TO IMPOLITE BACHELORS.

A lady of our acquaintance, whose temper is not generally considered to be of the best, was insulted by a young gentleman. The incautious young man failed to admire a new bonnet she had on. Mark the retribution. She laid herself out for his capture, successfully—we regret to say—and now the poor wretch is not only bound to admire her bonnets, but, worse than all, to pay for them!

TOO LITERAL.

CUSTOMER (*who has been long waiting*). "I say, waiter, how long will my chop be?"
WAITER. "About four inches and a 'arf, Sir!"

A QUESTION FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM.—Why is a lady preserving fruit like one of the West Indian Islands?—Because she becomes a Jam-maker.

A chiropodist in Paris commences his puff with these words: "All the world has corns; the fairest, boldest, best; Romeo doubtless had corns; Juliet had, probably, and you, ladies and gentlemen, need not blush to expose your feet to the operator."

Why is Shylock a most difficult character to perform?—Because it is almost an impossibility to do a Jew.

BEEF TEA.—A venerable Scotch divine, who in his day and generation was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighboring parish. On her proposing to make some beef tea, he inquired what it was, and being informed he promised to drink it at his usual dinner-hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterward, when the lady was surprised to see the beef tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. "Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!"

A BROTH OF A CONUNDRUM.—From what city of Europe would you be most likely to get a basin of soup?—Turin (Tureen).

A BRAVE MAN.—One who isn't afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—A modern physiologist notes the extraordinary fact that, at the dinner-table, every time a man crooks his elbow his mouth opens.

A gentleman being prevailed upon to taste a lady's home-made wine, was asked for an opinion of what he had tasted. "I always give a candid one," said her guest, "where eating and drinking are concerned. It is admirable stuff to catch flies."

ADVICE TO RAILROAD AGENTS.—Have no ideas beyond your *station*.

Desertions from the battle-field may appropriately be called the *bolts* of war.

HOW TO TAKE HIM.—"You don't know how to take me," said a vulgar fellow, to a gentleman he had insulted. "Yes I do," replied he, taking him by the nose.

THE PRICE OF A COAT.—A rich manufacturer at Sedan, somewhat remarkable for stinginess, went to a celebrated tailor at Paris to order a coat. He asked the price. "A hundred and fifty francs." He thought this rather dear. "I shall furnish my own cloth," he said. "Just as you like, Sir," replied the tailor. The coat having been sent, the manufacturer asked what he had to pay for the making. "A hundred and fifty francs," was again the answer. "But I furnished the cloth." "Sir," said the tailor, "I never reckon the cloth; I always give it into the bargain."

A "FIRE ESCAPE."—When it breaks out.

Why is gas like poetry?—Because it is always found in metre.

Upon a traveler telling General Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bugs were so large and powerful that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the General wittily replied, "My good Sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called *humbugs*."

"Children," said a considerate matron to her assembled progeny, "you may have every thing you want, but you mustn't want any thing you can't have."

"So you are going to teach school?" said a lady to her maiden-aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would prefer that myself," was the quiet reply; "but where is the widower?"

The anger which flushes the face is not so deadly as that which makes it pale. The red heat is less intense than the white.

CONSOLATION TO CRIPPLES.—Why is a man with a cork leg never likely to be forgotten by his friends?—Because he is re-membered.

WANTED.—The receipt which is given when a gentleman "pays his respects."

A country clergyman was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at a funeral "breakfast," and was gravely told in explanation, "Bless you, Sir, they're only dissembling their grief."

THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.

"AH! it's a nice thing to be the belle of the village; to walk down the little street with a quiet, independent air, and feignedly unconscious that all the marriageable girls are looking out with envy, and all the youths with love; tripping along toward the sea-shore, pretending not to see Fred Wilson, the young farmer, as he half reins in his stout cob to bow as he passes, and to walk by the retiring waves for an hour on the hard, firm sand, with a little coquettish soup-plate straw-hat upon the top of those wanton tresses, floating down and half-covering a charming little figure, every golden hair being a very chain dragging some poor heart at its end."

Not a bad soliloquy that for an old bachelor of five-and-forty, down by the sea-side for the benefit of his health and to get his broken wind mended. I had just turned out of my lodgings, and was following in the wake of the fair craft, Amy Ellis—when at Rome we must do as the Romans do; and being in a fishing village full of amphibious farmers, I of course felt it incumbent upon me to talk sea-slang, which of course I did very badly and out of place. I was soon down upon the sands among shingle, dog-fish, and skate eggs, star-fish, and jelly-fish, and the stranded shells of many a shipwrecked cockle.

I was not surprised upon reaching the shore to find that Fred Wilson had made a circuit, and crossing the sand-bank, had reached the spot where Amy was walking, and was now by her side, leading his horse by the rein. The sight put me in mind of a score of years before, of moonlight walks, of evening rambles, and wild-flower gathering, and I felt rather lonely as I thought of years slipped by, never to return, buried hopes and fears; and looking far out to sea at the pallid rising moon, I had gone into a deep fit of musing, living the past over again, and wondering as to the future, when my chain of thought was broken by the heavy thud, thud of Fred Wilson's horse as he cantered up to me. In a minute he pulled up at my side, and I was about to ask after Amy when I saw the last flutter of her ribbons, and the last wave of her hair as she stepped lightly through the gap in the sand-bank. Something was evidently wrong, for Fred was looking most fearfully blue. He was a favorite of mine, for I used to set him down as the *beau-idéal* of a bluff young Saxon farmer, and by way of cheering him up, I pressed him to sup with me, perhaps rather selfishly, for it would help to cheer me up, too.

I could see plainly enough what was the matter, and I had to use a great deal of persuasion before I could gain his consent; but I carried my point, and an hour afterward we were chatting over the fire, smoking some capital Havanas which I had brought down with me, and drinking some brandy-and-water, the essence of which had never paid duty, and under whose influence Fred had become communicative. He was in love, and Amy was a jilt—a flirt: he was half mad, he said, and nothing would give him any satisfaction but breaking the heads of Harry Henderson and a few others. But he would not do that; he would leave the place for good, that he would.

And so days and weeks rolled by, and my stay had almost reached its fullest limits.

I had only another day to spend at Delsthorpe, and felt rather reluctant to part from the quiet village and the hospitable friends I had met with. I felt, too, that I should regret much the salt sea-breeze which had given me back my health—richest pearl that the sea can produce. My last day was a *fête* day—"Delsthorpe Dancing," a day annually looked forward to as the reunion of friends and relations. The parties in some of the farm-houses mustered rather strongly, and it fell to my lot to be under the same roof as Amy Ellis and Fred Wilson. Cross purposes were rife; flirting was in the ascendant, and a dark cloud hovered over Fred's brow, growing blacker as the evening wore on.

At last, tired of the heated room, I made my escape to enjoy an evening walk upon the sands, and had hardly reached the intervening bank when I started as a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, the thick sand having muffled the footsteps of my follower. I found on turning that it was my young friend Wilson, and I could just see by the dusky twilight that he wore any thing but a pleasant aspect. I knew his complaint so well that I would not revert to it, but pulled out my cigar-case, and, lighting up, we climbed the sea-bank and sat down in silence. It was a warm, close, heavy autumn night, thick clouds hung overhead, and the darkness was fast closing round. The sullen wash of the water upon the piles, and the constant heavy roll of the waves upon the shingle added to the gloominess of the evening, while a sighing breeze, which kept coming in puffs and dying away again, seemed to my shore-going weather-wisdom to portend a storm. As the waves broke upon the shore their crests seemed, as it were, on fire, and the phosphorescent light wore the appearance of the tail of some huge rocket rushing along the sands. Fred's thoughts were evidently with the party we had left, and he smoked on in silence, while I watched the peculiar phenomenon before me. At length I broke the silence and said, "Is not this very much like a storm coming on, Fred?" But before he could reply a rough voice at my elbow exclaimed, "Storm it is, as sure as guns is guns; glass has been going down ever since one o'clock, and what with this heavy tide and the blow that's coming on, I reckon we shall have the bank pretty well shaved before morning."

Our informant was one of the revenue men, who, with his glass under his arm, had come up unobserved and given us the unasked benefit of his opinion on the weather. He touched his hat and walked on, and we could just see that he was busying himself with striking the top spar of the signal-mast, which stood on the highest part of the sand-bank.

"Tell you what," said Fred, "there's a rum one coming on, or else old Snodger would never be letting down the flag-staff, for he doesn't do that for a capful of wind. It's odd, too, you were saying you would like to see one of our storms, and here it is coming the very night before you leave; for come it will, that's certain. If old Snodger says a storm's brewing, you may depend upon seeing the yeast come flying over the sine-hills. By Jove! what a puff!" he continued, as a sudden gust nearly took his cap off.

"Well, I really should like to see one of the storms you describe," said I; "not a shipwreck, mind, and bodies washing ashore for days after, but a storm without injury to life or property; for indeed there is something majestic in the warring of the elements—the rushing winds, the scudding clouds, the metal-tube-like roar of the heavenly artillery, and the vivid flashing of the arrowy lightning. There is something to my mind intensely poetical in the majestic fury of a tempest."

"Yes, very," said my companion, dryly; "very poetical, no doubt; but, as in this case, intensely damp; and if you'll take my advice, you will come with me from among these pattering drops, and try to find a little more poetry indoors."

"Bravo, Fred!" I exclaimed; "that's the most sensible speech I've heard you make lately. I believe you are turning into the right road again, and are going to give a manly tone to the bent of your feelings."

"Ah, well," said the poor fellow, sighing, "it was about time; for I've made a fool of myself, or been made one of, quite long enough."

It was no time for further conversation without doors, for the rain was beginning to stream down, and the wind howling in fitful gusts over the "wat'ry waste." I hurried home, and after my customary chocolate and cigar, retired to my bedroom. Upon opening the casement, I could tell that the storm had much increased; but the darkness and rain proved themselves insuperable obstacles to my leaving the house to go storm-gazing; besides which the wind was not sufficiently high to create the "mountains high" waves that would satisfy the desire I felt to see a storm on the sea-coast.

Sleep fell softly on my eyelids—one of the great blessings of the sea air that may be commended to the sleepless. The wind rushing by the house lulled me to my rest, and I was soon in the land of dreams, or rather in that deep, sound repose whose waking banishes the sleeping workings of the brain. I must have slept for some time when a sudden noise, that seemed to my waking senses like thunder, roused me with a start, and I listened anxiously for a repetition of the sound. I looked toward my window, but every thing seemed of pitchy blackness, and for a time the startled pulsation of my heart, with its heavy throb, throb, was all that I

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could hear, beyond the furious wind which was now raging fearfully, making the house rock to its very foundations. Ever and anon there would be a lull, as when I first awoke, and then again the casement would rattle and the blast shriek by. Suddenly a flash illumined my room for an instant, there was a pause of a second or two, and then the loud boom, as of a gun, reverberated round the house. At first I took it for thunder, but my collecting thoughts told me it was a distress signal. I turned out of bed and hastily dressed, and on going to the window I could see that there was a fire on the shore. Directly after a vivid blue light shone out seaward, and by its glare I could discern some thick black mass in the distance. It was now plain enough to me that a vessel was on the sands, for they bore but an ill repute, and I had heard more than one tale of their fatality.

On descending the stairs I found my landlady up, and comforting herself with a cup of coffee, and from her I learned that the whole village was on the shore, for a large vessel had come on the sands. Resisting the old lady's persuasions to have a cup with her, I ran down to the beach, and on passing the opening in the bank was for a time dazzled by a large fire upon the sands, which was blazing up and roaring beneath the violence of the wind, and lighting up the assembled crowd. Where the vessel lay all was intensely black, for the light did not pierce so far; but the foaming waves, as they rolled over and tumbled with fearful violence upon the beach, seemed to reflect the fiery beams in vivid flashes.

People were running to and fro, excitedly giving orders which no one executed; the mortar had been tried again and again, but the men could not get any communication with their rope to the vessel, and if they could have done so, the advantage would have been very doubtful, as the sea had risen to a fearful height. Another flash, and a report from the vessel sent a thrill through the breasts of those who burned to render aid, but were helpless; and a chill struck to my heart as I thought of the dire straits of my fellow-creatures. An excited crowd on my left then took my attention, and I reached the spot to find that the life-boat had been brought down in its truck, but could not be manned. Most men shrank from encountering such a sea, and those who would have dared it were dragged back by wives or mothers, half frantic with fear. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene; the roar of the cruel waves was deafening; here and there they threw up cask, spar, or plank, only, as it were, to pounce upon it and drag it back within their angry clutches as they came racing in, chasing one another till they arched over and broke in cataracts upon the sands, drenching us with the spray. The wind came tearing by with redoubled fury, and as straw, fagots, and drift-wood were piled upon the fire, the sparks and flames rushed in a stream landward, and blazed up afresh upon the wild scene. On nearing the boat I saw Fred earnestly talking to the men, and in reply to my inquiring look an old man shouted in my ear that half the crew were not fit to go from "the drink," and they wanted volunteers.

All at once a light form with streaming hair rushed up to Wilson and clung wildly to his arm, and, as I stood by his side, Amy Ellis exclaimed, "But you will not go, Fred? Oh, tell me you will not be so mad! Oh, stop him!" she appealed to those standing by, "do not let him go!" Then turning again to Fred, she continued, almost shrieking, for the wind swept away her words, "Oh, Fred, stay, stay; for my sake, stay!"

But bitterness was in the heart of Fred Wilson, and with a cold gesture he loosened her hands from his arm, and turning to me, made a sign that I should remove her. I half led, half carried her away, and turning my head, saw Fred Wilson climb into the boat, shouting, "Now, my lads, who dares?"

Amy was sobbing and wringing her hands, and begged pathetically that I would go back and stop him, struggling to free herself from me.

Two or three of the neighbors relieved me of my half-fainting burden, and I turned back toward the life-boat.

To be awakened at any time from a sound sleep to some scene of excitement always produces an indescribable feeling of there being a want of reality in what passes, but never did I feel this more strongly than on that fearful night. The deafening roar of the waves and the howling of the mighty wind had a bewildering effect with which it was hard to combat, and I felt as if in some wild fevered dream, from which I was anxious to awake and be freed. The boat was only three parts manned, for the men, brave though they were, dared not face the night. Old weather-beaten fishermen shook their heads at it and shouted to one another that "she must bide, for they'll never launch her," and I, knowing the peril of those on board, gnawed my lips at my own impotence and want of energy.

All this had occurred in a very few minutes, and even in that short space the gale seemed to have increased in fury. At times it was almost impossible to stand against it, and with clothes drenched with spray, it seemed to numb and paralyze mind as well as body. Another blue light from the vessel showed where she lay, and we heard, or fancied we heard, the shouts of those on board, for they were only five or six hundred yards distant. Every one present was in a state of the greatest excitement, and though fresh arrivals were constantly appearing, all shrank from a combat with the fearful sea now running.

I appealed to a stout fellow by me and pointed to the boat, but he shook his head as a knot collected round, and he but acted as the mouth-piece of the group as he said, "It's no use, maister. It 'ud be on'y gettin' shut of one's life. She must go to pieces directly; an' as to Maister Fred there, he couldn't find a gainer way to the church-yard than tryin' to launch that boat."

I found I had only to look at a man after this for him to turn away, and, sick at heart, I felt that the venture must be desperate when these men, born and life-spent upon this spot, dared not make the attempt.

On looking round I found old Wilson by my side, a fine old gray-haired farmer, with a coil of rope on his shoulder. On seeing me he spoke, and I could see the old man was all of a tremble as in a broken voice he said, "There's my boy trying to get out the boat, and I can't go and stop him. I can't stand here and know some of God's creatures are being choked with the sea-water and howd my lad back from going; but Lord knows, Sir, I shall be ready to down on my knees if they can't launch her."

If I were asked, and gave a frank reply, I should say that I was decidedly and constitutionally a coward. As a boy at school I dreaded fighting, and it was only after repeated blows and ill-usage of various kinds that the pugilistic spirit was roused within my breast which proved a terror to my enemies, and drove away Jack Brown, our bully who would fight, crying, with the bridge of his nose seriously damaged. And on this memorable night, surrounded by the excited crowd, and with Fred Wilson appealing for volunteers, I felt my heart flutter within my breast, and a nervous trembling about my knees, all the symptoms of cowardice. Love of self, thoughts of home and friends whom I might see no more, the danger of the enterprise, the boiling surf, and the mighty billows chasing each other madly shoreward, all tended to increase the feeling; and then came a reaction; another gun made the blood tingle through my veins, and by the flash of another rocket I fancied I could see forms clinging to the rigging of the dark, indistinct mass out on the sands.

I looked at Fred as he stood at the boat's head, with the blazing fire lighting up his noble countenance, as he frowned on the shrinking crowd before him, and then, with a muttered "God help me!" I was at his side, followed by a volley of cheers. The cheers broke forth again, for my example was followed, and two stout young fellows climbed in after me. There was a squeeze of the hand from Fred, and then in a whirl of excitement I was in my place, with a strong ash blade in my hand, ready with my companions in the boat to battle with the cruel sea.

Rushing waters—choking spray—blinding surf—and the noise as of a thousand cataracts in one's ears, and we were launched amidst the boiling caldron of mad billows. A sharp, short struggle, and we were beaten back and the boat almost stove in by being dashed upon the beach. It was quickly upon the truck, and a hundred yards off, under the semi-shelter of a row of piles, we were again launched, and this time with better success, backing water to the direction of our cockswain, and rising and falling like a cork upon the mighty waves which seemed almost to curl over into the boat. As we receded from the shore my cowardly feelings fled, and I felt in a perfect frenzy, straining at my oar with nerves in a state of tension for the battle with the waters.

At last, after a tremendous struggle with winds and waves, we were under the lee of the stranded vessel, and then it was some time before we could communicate with her by a rope. Go close up we dared not; for the waves made a clean sweep over her decks, and the passengers and crew, about thirty in number, had now taken to the rigging, which sloped over toward us as the vessel lay upon her beam-ends. At length we got ten in our boat—one poor fellow, numbed with the cold, missing his hold of the rope, and with pale, agonized face disappearing in the hissing waters. Another struggle with the breakers, and our freight was landed. Brandy was hurriedly partaken of, and soon we were again under the vessel's lee, returning this time with eleven fainting creatures, who slid down the rope of communication. We landed them, and then, half exhausted, we returned for the remainder of the crew, who were clinging fast to the mainmast.

The moon was just sullenly breaking, and arms were frantically waving as we neared the vessel, which lifted with each wave, and then came down with a fearful crash. It was evident she must soon go to pieces, and we strained every nerve to new exertion in order to finish our task.

As we reached them the mast went by the board, and the drowning wretches were plunged into the boiling surf. We were backing water toward the vessel, and consequently were going stern foremost, and in obedience to our cockswain's warning cry we pulled forward to avoid the tangled mass of rigging close by us. Two men were clinging to a spar, and we reached them and took them off, one of them holding with a deadly grip a submerged body, which we took in as well. The others had disappeared, and we were about rowing shoreward when a hand rose from the waters and clutched my oar. Its owner was dragged in, and then, with failing strength and flagging energies, blinded and almost fainting, we again tried to battle with the surf.

I remember little more, except seeing, after a quarter of an hour's hard rowing, the heads of the piles appear for a moment from amidst the seething waves, and then there was a crash and a heavy shock; the boat was capsized, and we were all struggling in the water. Thought seemed crushed within me; I knew it was a struggle for life or death, and I essayed to swim; but I don't recollect feeling any particular dread or fear. How long my struggle lasted I can not tell, but it was ended by my being dashed by the waves upon a pile; and I recollected no more until I found myself lying on the sand, surrounded by a throng of anxious faces, while by my side, pale and still, his face gashed across, lay Fred Wilson, our gallant cockswain.

Sobbing, weeping, and ringing both her hands, holding his head in her lap, knelt little Amy, and even in the half-confused state in which I felt I could not help something like a grim smile coming across my face at the sight before me, so perfect an exemplification was it of a woman's nature. Rough but willing hands were pressing "sups" of brandy upon me, the effect of which was to make me try to rise, but only to sink back helpless; for I found I had a dislocated knee, and in company with the seemingly lifeless body of poor Fred, I was placed in a donkey-cart and taken to the Wilsons'.

The rest of our party, as I afterward learned, were safe, but any thing but sound; for bruised—in one instance maimed—and half drowned, they had been dragged ashore by those awaiting their return.

I staid at Wilson's house waiting for convalescence, and sharing with Fred in the ministrations of little Amy. Poor Fred was nearly at death's door on one occasion, for the shock of his blow, the excitement, and the terrible cut he received, left him with a wild fever, from which he recovered but slowly. But Amy—quiet, subdued, little tearful-eyed Amy—came every day, and Fred seemed in no hurry to get well. I hobbled about with a crutch and a stick, and one afternoon, when just waking from my after-dinner doze, I heard subdued voices in the adjoining apartment. In my half-waking state I can not be sure of their import, but they sounded like, "Never tease again, darling?"

"Never, dear Fred, oh, never!"

And then followed something like a sob or a sigh, and a sound that put me in mind of lying when a child in a little white covered cot, with a fair, sweet face bending over me, and a pair of soft lips parting from mine to whisper, "God bless you!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A WRITER for one of the rebel journals gives the following bit of gossip in regard to the handwriting of Generals Lee and Grant:

"The correspondence between General Lee and General Grant is now before me, and I have been much struck by the handwriting of these two ablest Generals the war has brought forward on either side. General Lee's handwriting is bold and rather stiff, his letters being large, round, and very distinct. He bears heavily upon the pen—probably a goose quill—and abbreviates many of his words, as if writing were a labor to him. The following is an exact transcript of the first sentence in his letter to General Grant:

"'GEN'L,—I have rec'd your letter of the 18th inst. accomp'g copies of letters from Judge Ould Comm'r of Ex-change of Pris'rs on the part of the Confate States, & the Hon'ble E. M. Stanton Sec'y of War and Lt. Col. Mulford Asst. Comm'r of Exc. of the U. States.'

"General Grant's handwriting, on the contrary, though not so bold and distinct, nor the letters so large and round and erect, is nevertheless very legible and very striking. It is full of energy and action, and his letters all incline to the right, and follow one after another with a little space between them, as if they represented an equal number of his brigades on a rapid march around Lee's right. Among chirographers his hand would be called a running hand. The words occupy much space from left to right, and still they are very clear and legible. He pays more attention to punctuation, abbreviates less, and is equally careful of his i's and t's. It may be the work of imagination, yet in reading his letter I can not but picture the writer as a restless, nervous, energetic man, full of fire and action, always in motion, and always in a hurry.

"The handwriting of both of these great men is what would be denominated as experienced and characteristic. Neither of them writes well, and neither of them would be selected to take charge of a country school, if their selection depended upon their chirography. Thus we have two more witnesses, in two men who occupy more of this world's attention at this time than any other two living, that 'great men write poor hands.'"

FRENCH journals relate the following instance of fortitude on the part of a little boy only eight years old, the son of a laborer named Vanhaut, living at Farciennes (Belgium). One evening, a few weeks since, he was sent by his mother to fetch a loaf from a baker's on the opposite side of the railway. On his return, when passing a level crossing about 150 paces from the Farciennes station, he saw a train approaching, and in his alarm he tumbled and fell. He nevertheless had the presence of mind to roll into the space between the rails and lie still. Unhappily, the clearing-iron caught his blouse and dragged him along till the train stopped at the station, but the wheels had, meanwhile, passed over one of his arms and cut it nearly off. When liberated he exclaimed, looking at his mangled limb, "Pray, do not tell mother!" and asked the bystanders to fetch his loaf. It was found necessary to amputate the arm, and chloroform having been applied without inducing insensibility, he bore the operation with the utmost courage, and only asked once or twice if the surgeons would soon have done. His arm soon healed, and the little fellow returned to school as gay and cheerful as his companions.

A LETTER from Mexico in the *Siècle* mentions a singular kind of lottery which is annually drawn in that capital, and gives a copy of the printed notice which has been posted up on the subject: "In the convent of San Lorenzo, in this capital, there is drawn every year, on the eve of the Octave of the Ascension, a lottery of masses, which are said on the following day for the souls of those who have gained prizes. The number of them is in proportion to the sum received, and a certain part of the masses are also supplied to the souls of those who, having taken part in the lottery, have not gained prizes. Notice of the whole is afterward given to the public; that is to say, the list of the persons who have gained, and the number of masses applied to each of them. Those who wish to put any soul in the lottery may apply at the said convent. The entrance is half a real for each soul. The money is received by the porter."

WACHUSETT.—Our glorious hills have furnished names for many of the new vessels added to the United States Navy. One of these boats, the *Kearsarge*, has already gained world-wide fame by her victory over the *Alabama*. The *Wachusett* has now attained a similar prominence by taking the pirate *Florida*. Wachusett mountain is in Princeton, Worcester County, Massachusetts. Its height is about 2000 feet, and, as it is unobstructed by neighboring elevations, is frequently seen from vessels in Massachusetts Bay. Wachusett is also visible from most of the hills in the vicinity of Boston.

GENERAL GARIBALDI, who is in the way of doing all sorts of eccentric things, has refused to accept the yacht bought and fitted up for him at Liverpool. It is full of all sorts of presents—two hundred smoking caps, two hundred pairs of embroidered slippers, innumerable pipes and pin-cushions, canned meats, and fruits for several years' provisions.

HEATHEN GODS AND THEIR "SERVICES."—The Pekin *Gazette* publishes a report from the Chinese Government on the extinction of the rebellion, which ends with the following words: "It is therefore most needful that thanks be offered to the gods for their assistance. Wherefore the Board of Rites is directed to examine into the services rendered by the different gods, and to report to us."

A NOVELTY IN CHAPEL BUILDING.—A Scotch paper records the opening of a new Baptist chapel, every stone of which has been quarried by the hands of the minister. It is on the island of Lismore, standing almost in the middle of Loch Lhinne, and the minister is Alexander Livingston, one of the agents of the Baptist Missionary Society for Scotland. He has not only given the site, but, to lessen the expense, has with his own hands quarried every stone, besides assisting as a laborer to the workmen. It is 30 feet long and 20 feet wide, and comfortably seated for 150 persons.

EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITION IN FRANCE.—The following extraordinary affair has caused great excitement in the town and neighborhood of Havre: As a sportsman named Lemonnier was out shooting in a small wood not far from the cemetery of St. Addresse, he found the dead body of an old woman wrapped up in a shroud. He immediately informed the authorities, and the body was recognized as that of a Madame Allain, aged eighty-two, buried at St. Addresse on the 24th ult. It was at first supposed that the corpse had been disinterred for the purpose of stealing any jewelry that might have been buried with it, but a closer examination having shown that the corpse had in part been deprived of the skin, and that the chest and abdomen had been cut open, it was concluded that some believer in witchcraft had taken the skin and fat to use as charms in his incantations. It appears that a belief in the magical virtues of human remains is prevalent in that neighborhood, for only a few months since a young mason dug up a body in the same cemetery, cut off one hand and burned it to ashes, which he mixed with gunpowder, in the belief that he should then be able to shoot game without his gun making any report to attract the notice of the garde champetre.

THE BRIDEMAID ENGAGED.—She is sparing of her smiles, is the bridemaid engaged! Her manner is distant to a painful degree. She exercises none of her charms upon you; she wishes you to understand that she is another's; she is so confoundedly anxious to give you no encouragement that at times she is simply rude. The greater her beauty, the more utterly extinguishing is this behavior. Your efforts to get up a pleasant and easy conversation become more and more feeble; and at last you sink back in your chair, silent, crushed, hopeless; feeling as if you were sitting on the shady side of an iceberg; or as if, like the wedding-cake, you had been lately frosted—but not with sugar. Her reasons for this conduct are sound enough. She is engaged to another, and she wishes to save you the disappointment which you will assuredly suffer in case you fall in love with her—a misfortune she too hastily considers certain, unless she puts some restraint upon her fascinations. Accordingly, she restrains them so carefully that her smiles, like dogs in the dog-days, are all muzzled, or led by a string; and her glances are so staid, and her answers so curt, that, far from falling in love with her yourself, you are lost in astonishment that another should have had the audacity to do so. There is but one way to thaw the coldness of the bridemaid engaged—lead her to suppose that you are yourself engaged, or, still better, married, and she will be a different girl in a moment.

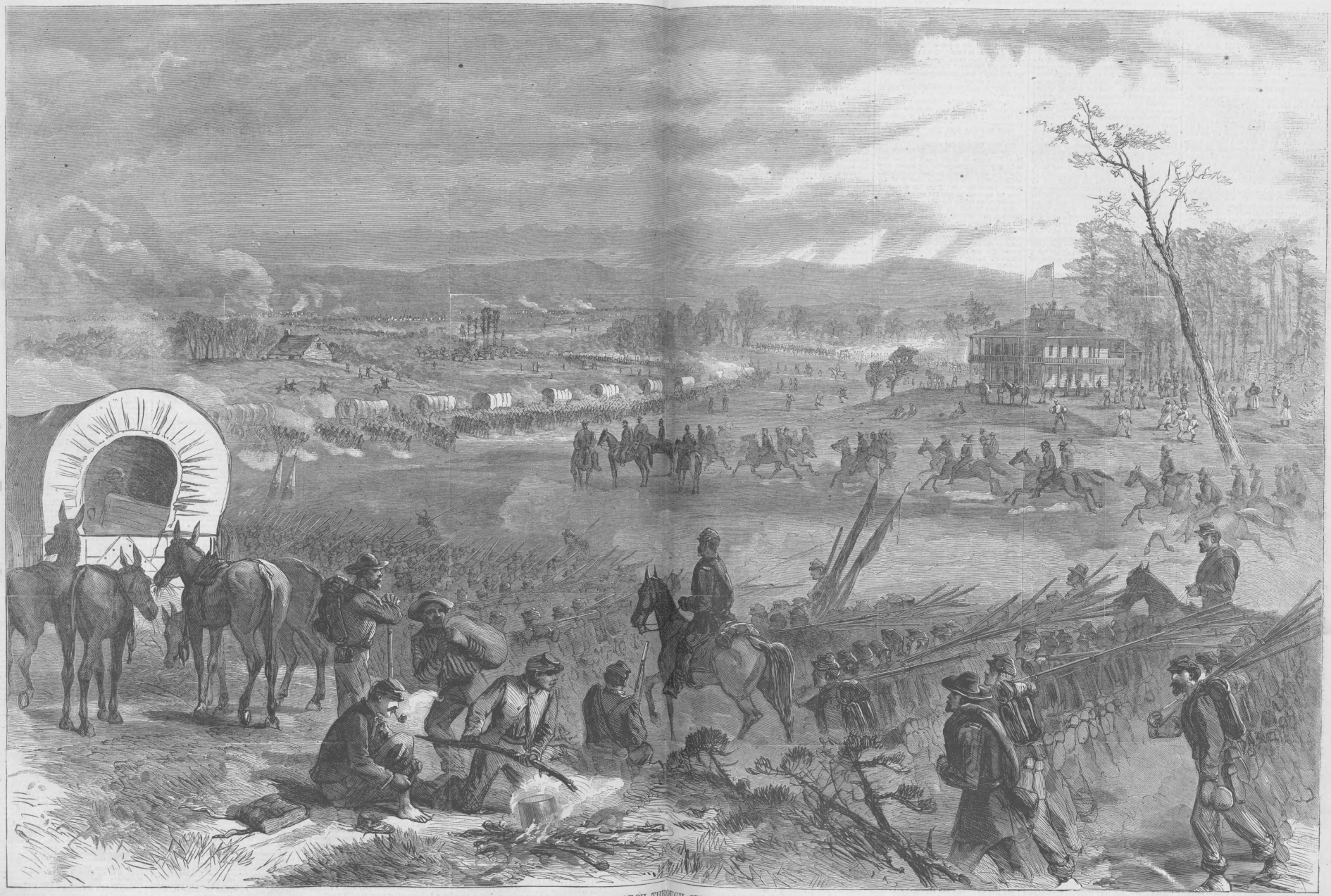
A HINDOO SORCERESS.—A correspondent of the Bombay *Gazette*, in the Central Provinces, relates an incident as having occurred at Raepore, which he had obtained from a highly intelligent native gentleman of his acquaintance. He (the intelligent native) was with a great concourse of people at a fair held near the town of Raepore, and, while sauntering with many other strangers in the fair, one of them began bargaining with two women of middle age for some very fine sugar-canes. The man got angry and took up one of them, when the woman seized the other end, and a struggle ensued. The purchaser offered a fair price; the seller demanded double. The crowd looked on, and a good deal of abuse of the female relations on both sides took place. At last a policeman came up, and called out to the man to let go his hold of the sugar-cane. He refused, saying, that "when people came to the fair to sell they should be made to sell at reasonable prices or be turned out." "I," said the informant, "thought the man right, and told the policeman so, and that if he took the part of the woman we would take the man's part, and see fair play. Without further ceremony the Peeler with a knife cut the cane in two in the middle, and pointing to both pieces, 'There,' said he, 'you see the cause of my interference.' We looked down and actually saw blood running from both pieces, and forming a little pool on the ground. The fact was the woman was a sorceress of the very worst kind, and was drawing the blood from the man through the cane to feed the abominable devil from whom she derived her detestable powers; but for the timely interference of the policeman he would have been dead in another minute; but he no sooner saw the blood than he fainted. He had hardly any blood left in him, and could not walk for ten days."

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL OF PARIS.—As we entered it there was the subdued babble of children of various ages, down to the little thing that could just totter alone. The invalids, who were ordered not to rise, were lying on iron beds placed in rows against the walls, with tickets over the head of each bed describing the case or treatment of the sufferer. In the centre of the room were groups of little children, all dressed in blue, interspersed with sisters and nurses, who were chatting to them, or patting their cheeks, or attending to their wants. One sister was laughingly teaching a little girl, apparently about two years old, to pronounce two or three difficult words. The child bungled, and the sister tried again; and then the two laughed together. These were the convalescents, and were about to be sent to their proper sections in the new buildings. Opposite this sick ward was the surgical ward. It was arranged like that which I have just described, but it was a most distressing place to be in. Nearly every child in it appeared to be suffering acute pain, and the crying was one incessant chorus that smote to the heart. It was pitched in every key. There was the sharp, short cry of intense pain, and the moaning sob of the dull even ache. I noticed only one child that seemed to be at peace. She was a little girl with a bright and happy face, a little wearied by sickness, with her toys lying idle upon the bed under her thin white hands. From this surgical ward my attendant conducted me down the corridor to the weaning department. It was a room much smaller than those I had hitherto entered, and was inhabited by a set of babies who appeared to object most decidedly to the process they were undergoing. A sister, with a baby in her arms, advanced to meet us. It was curious to remark how tender she was with the sick child she held in her arms, and yet how business-like and hard in her manner when she spoke of its death as certain. She lifted its hand and showed it to me and the attendant, and then went rapidly through the fatal symptoms of her charge. I could see that this sister was a most kindly and gentle creature, and that what appeared hardness was only long custom. Death, to her, was an everyday visitor, whose presence was not more startling than the rising sun.

LEPROSY IN INDIA.—The disease generally manifests itself at from twenty to thirty years of age, and proves fatal in from twelve to thirty. It is, however, very seldom in itself attended by such results; but it commonly induces a predisposition to other diseases, such as dysentery, low fever, etc., from which the patient generally dies. It is allowed that it more commonly attacks the male sex; but as females can and do conceal the disease, and are themselves prevented from appearing in public when belonging to any but the poorer classes, this assertion must be accepted with an allowance. Opinions appear to be divided as to whether it attacks Europeans in this country or not. It affects Hindoos and Mohammedans almost equally, and occurs both among high-caste men, who eat only vegetable, and low-caste men, who eat every thing. The disorder is by some attributed to the miserable way in which natives live, in foul, unventilated houses, alongside of miasmatic marshes and heaps of all kinds of filth, wearing clothes which they never put off except for a few minutes when they dip them in some pond, and their generally unclean habits. But in this some of the writers can not agree. The disease is considered hereditary. Dr. Paske, of Saharunpore, states that the belief in the hereditary transmission of this disease was so deeply grounded in the minds of the Rajabeer generally that they were in the habit of burying alive not only the leper himself, but all his relatives and friends, lest in multiplying their kind the disease should be communicated to distant generations. Of course the practice has been checked by Government. In Shreenugger, Gurhwal, a similar custom prevailed. Every person affected with leprosy was buried alive, a father burying his son, and a son his father. Here also Government interposed. Although the natives believe that leprosy is contagious, the authors of the reports on this subject are decidedly of a different opinion. Lepers retain their wives, who are never affected; hospital servants who wash the ulcers of these unhappy sufferers remain free; wealthy lepers entertain men for the same purpose, who wash and dress their sores once or twice a day, and are in constant attendance on them, and are yet untouched by the disorder. Dr. Corbin, of Bareilly, mentions an instance of a woman who is a leper being employed as a cook in a public serai, and she assured him that no objection had ever been made by travelers to food prepared by her.

WHAT A SWEET IDEA!—The latest fashionable freak noticeable on the drivers of Bois de Boulogne, probably suggested by the prevalent mania for ringlets colored red, is the rather novel phenomenon of ladies' lap-dogs similarly metamorphosed in a variety of fictitious tints. Green dogs, yellow dogs, and pugs sky-blue, are at present much in vogue, and *Le Sport* devotes an article to this daring innovation.

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S GRAND MARCH THROUGH CENTRAL GEORGIA.—[See Page 786.]

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QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER LX.

SIR WILLIAM LONG had called many times upon Lily in her new home, hovering about her with a throbbing heart, and a declaration of love faltering upon his tongue. That pure and tender love had rolled back twenty years of his life. He had feasted his full upon all the vain pleasures of the world, and had become weary of them; but now, with the image of Lily's sweet innocent face ever before him, his zest for life was renewed: he felt that there was yet something better worth living for than all the empty pleasures in which he had wasted his youth.

The old Indian had received him kindly, and shown him much favor. He was flattered by the baronet's attentions, and liked his company. From that quarter he had every encouragement. Lily, too, was always glad to see him, and often expressed her gratitude for all his kindness. But it was only gratitude. Sir William saw that she was still thinking of Edgar, although the idol had revealed its worthless clay, and the scales had fallen from her too trusting eyes.

Constant, who was aware of Sir William's passion, and favored it, wrote to the baronet and informed him of the discovery of Edgar. Sir William immediately called at the hotel and learned all particulars. The letter did not surprise him, but he was infinitely relieved to find that Lily's eyes were at last opened, and that she had escaped the danger which he so much dreaded. So pure and disinterested was his love for the girl, that for the moment he had no thought of himself. And so scrupulous was his sense of honor that he drew a check for two hundred pounds, and insisted upon Constant sending it to the scape-grace in fulfillment of the promise that had been implied, if not actually made, by the overtures of Franz Stimm.

"The scamp does not deserve it," said Constant.

"Perhaps not," said the baronet; "but that is no reason that we should be less than gentlemen. Get the check cashed at the bank, and give him the money in your own name."

The money was duly conveyed to Edgar, and the first thing he did on getting out of the sponging-house was to array himself in a dandified suit of clothes and call at Pomeroy's Hotel. Constant met him in the hall. The sultan was as high and mighty, as haughty and insolent as ever. He leaped from his cab and swaggered into the hotel with the confident air of an invading Cæsar. His manner said as plainly as any words, "I have come, and when I have seen I shall conquer."

"You may depend upon me, my good fellow," he said to Constant, with a patronizing air. "Your trouble shall be well rewarded; but between you and me and the post," he added, tapping Constant on the shoulder with his cane, "I begin to suspect that the little party sent you, eh?"

Constant could scarcely keep his temper.

"You had better see the lady yourself," he said. "I will send up your card. No doubt Miss Blunt will be glad to see you."

Greyfaunt started at the name.

"Blunt!" he said; "is that her name?"

"I should have thought," said Constant, "you would be acquainted with the name of a lady who is so devoted to you."

"Well," said Greyfaunt, "her mother called herself Madame Ernestine; but then these circus women take all sorts of absurd names. I only knew the girl as Lily. Surely her father was not that dirty, drunken Griffin Blunt, who put an end to his miserable existence in the Seine?"

"Miss Blunt's father was a gentleman, Sir," said Constant, glaring at him angrily. "But here is Miss Blunt's answer."

The servant who had taken up Greyfaunt's card here returned and presented him with a letter.

"I am instructed," he said, "to return this to you, and to say that Miss Blunt has read it."

Greyfaunt was completely taken aback. He saw at a glance that it was his own letter, the letter he had addressed to Constant. He opened it hurriedly to make sure, and his eye fell upon his own words, "If you serve me in this you shall have no reason to complain of your share of the plunder."

"Why, what does this mean?" Edgar stammered out.

"It means, Sir," said Constant, "that the lady is now aware of your true character, and has nothing more to say to you."

"And *you* did this?" said Greyfaunt, with an assumed air of indignation.

"Yes, *I* did it," Constant replied, deliberately, "and from the bottom of my soul I rejoice to think that I have saved this innocent young lady from the toils of a worthless wretch."

"Insolent scoundrel!" he cried, "how dare you insult a gentleman?" And in the heat and passion of the moment he struck at Constant with his cane.

The hotel-keeper avoided the blow, and with great coolness walked up to the dandy, wrenched his cane from him, and broke it across his knee. "Turn that man out of the hotel!" Constant said, in a tone of command to his servants.

Two stalwart fellows in livery immediately stepped forward, and, seizing Greyfaunt by the collar, hurried him down the steps, and thrust him into the street, Constant throwing his broken cane after him.

It is possible that the crest-fallen sultan, as he slunk out of Great Grand Street that day, recalled a similar scene in Paris in which he had some share. Poor Griffin Blunt was avenged.

Lily's first feeling, when she perused the damnatory letter addressed to Constant, was one of bitter grief. But when she began to reflect, and to examine her heart, the feeling became one of shame. She had deceived herself; and in her blind selfishness had been ungrateful to one who loved her tenderly and truly. When she went back to the retrospect of that Greenwich dinner, and remembered how she carried away with her the image of the tall, handsome gentleman who was so good and kind, who took her on his knee and petted her fondly, who kissed her so tenderly and gently at parting—when she remembered that it was this image which she carried away with her to Paris, that it was this image that she clung to and loved, and that Edgar was merely a new presence of outward beauty which she had indued with all the generous qualities of the tall, handsome form that was fading from her memory—she hid her face in her hands and sobbed for very shame. The god of her idolatry was Sir William Long; and all this time she had worshiped a mere joss, which her fancy had invested with his attributes.

Sir William sought no interview with Lily until after the first shock of her disenchantment had passed away. He called every day, however, to make kind inquiries, and always left a card, which Constant never failed to send up to Lily's room.

At first Lily was relieved to find that he did not ask to see her. She was afraid that he would despise her. She at least felt that she was not worthy of any other regard. She reproached herself bitterly, and often sat for hours in her own room rocking herself to and fro, beating her throbbing brow with her little hands and crying pitifully.

"How can I ever look in that good, generous face again? What will he think of me?"

But as days passed on, and Sir William still continued to call and leave a card without asking to see her, Lily began to feel uneasy. Did he despise her? and were these merely calls of formal courtesy? Her heart took alarm, and she found herself anxiously asking why he did not come. Every afternoon, about the time he was accustomed to call and leave his card, she found herself standing behind the curtains of her uncle's grand sitting-room, peeping out into the street to watch for his brougham. Many broughams and carriages drove up to the door of Pomeroy's in the course of an afternoon, and Lily had no means of recognizing Sir William's carriage unless she saw Sir William himself. One day a brougham stopped, and Constant approached the door, and stood talking for a few minutes with its unseen occupant. At the close of the colloquy Lily observed a card given out to the hotel-keeper by a long, thin, white hand. It was his hand! Could she ever forget it! The hand which had fondled and patted her at Greenwich—the hand upon which she had noticed the great signet ring engraved with the little bird, whose motto was "Hope and Fortune."

Fortune had come, and she valued it not a straw. The grandeur by which she was surrounded chilled and terrified her; the jewels which her uncle had given her were weary chains binding her to a blank and soulless life. The hope at her breast, the hope of love and peace, had yet to be fulfilled.

"Oh, why does he not come? why does he not come?"

The very next day the brougham drove up to the door, and from her love's watch-tower behind the silken curtain Lily saw Sir William get out and enter the hotel. Almost the next instant the servant announced him.

Lily's heart was fluttering in her breast like a scared bird in a cage. The room swam before her eyes, and she was about to fall, when her hands were gently seized and tenderly imprisoned between two others. She heard her name mentioned, and lifting up her eyes from the ground she saw, looking down upon her, the calm, earnest, loving face which had first won her child's heart, the bright vision of which had so long sustained and cheered her in the time of her misery and solitude.

"Tell me, Lily," said Sir William, almost doubtfully, "am I welcome? Are you glad to see me?"

Lily could not reply. Her eyes fell, her head dropped upon her bosom, and she sank upon a couch.

Sir William sat down beside her and begged for an answer.

"Lily, Lily," he said, "I have loved you with the same love ever since you were a little child at Greenwich. Have you forgotten it?"

Poor Lily! It only pained her the more that he should think she had forgotten that bright day. She felt in her conscience that she had given him reason to think so.

"Forgotten it!" she said. "Oh no, no, no!"

"Do you remember it well?" said the baronet.

"As if it were yesterday," Lily replied.

"Do you remember," he continued, "do you remember asking me if I were good? I was not good then, but I became a better man from that day. You asked me if I ever went to church? I confessed to you that I never went to church. But I went to church on the following Sunday, and on many Sundays after that. Do you remember the apple, and throwing the peel over my left shoulder, when it fell upon the carpet in the shape of the letter W? You clapped your hands and said, 'How nice!' and asked me to be your sweet-heart. But you were a child then. You don't remember it as I do."

Quite unconsciously Sir William was cutting poor Lily to the very quick. She remembered all these things, and had thought of them often and often, clinging to them with a longing, loving heart, until the day that Edgar appeared. Then she began to forget. But he had cherished all these things to this day.

"Oh, Sir William," she cried, "you make me feel that I have been very ungrateful, very foolish, very wicked!"

"Lily!" he exclaimed; "what have I said to pain you?"

"Nothing," she said. "It is not you who have given me pain; I have made the scourge for myself. I know the deep debt of gratitude I owe you—"

"Still that cold word, Lily," he said, pitifully.

She hung her head and sobbed.

"Sir William," she continued through her tears, "I ought to throw myself at your feet and beg your forgiveness on my knees; you, who have been so good, so kind, so trusting; while I—but I can not speak what is at my heart. Leave me now; I am not worthy of you; let me write to you and explain all, and then if you can forgive me—"

Her tears choked her utterance. She rose suddenly, gave him her hand, and rushed from the room, sobbing bitterly.

Sir William left the hotel with a sad heart, sorely troubled and perplexed. He could only guess at the cause of Lily's distress. He discerned that she reproached herself for something—for having loved the worthless Edgar, perhaps. Or possibly she might have discovered that he, Sir William, was her mother's unknown benefactor at Ranelagh, and was pained that she could not requite that kindness with love. And then he thought of his age. He was forty. He had spent the best of his days. And Lily? Lily was just budding into womanhood. As yet, before her the world lay all fresh and new, with joys and pleasures yet to be tasted. Why should he seek to link her young life with his? And yet the disparity was not so great after all. Marriages between forty and twenty were common enough, and, when made for love, there was no reason why they should not be as happy as any other—nay, happier; for the love of a man of forty is no fickle fancy, no boy's caprice. As for Sir William, he knew that he could love Lily with an abounding affection, that he could cherish her and dote upon her to the last; ay, that he could worship her as a holy being, and bow to her as to a guardian angel.

He waited anxiously for the letter. It came the next day, and it ran thus:

"MY DEAR, GOOD, KIND FRIEND,—I scarcely know what to say to you now that I have sat down to write the letter which I promised. I feel, keenly and deeply, how unworthy I am, how ungrateful I must have appeared to you; but I fear I shall not have words to tell you what my heart reveals to me, now that I have awakened from that delusive dream.

"What I wish to say is, that I have never ceased to love you from that day at Greenwich, which I so well remember. Yes, it was *you* I loved. I know it now; but how—how can I tell you? I carried your image away with me to the school in Paris to which I was taken by my mother. I carried away with me not only a vision of your face, but the sound of your kind voice, the pressure of your gentle hand upon my hair, the soft touch of your lips upon my brow. I was a solitary girl at school. I had no friends or relations who came to see me. I never went home for holidays like the other girls. Often for days and nights together I was Quite Alone—alone with your face, with your smile, with your touch, with your kiss. When I wished to bring your image before me, I closed my eyes and saw you, like a light in the dark. You were the embodiment to me of all that was handsome, and beautiful, and good.

"I hung my arms about the neck of the vision which I conjured up. I was a child, a lonely child, without father or mother, or any one to love. In you I loved father, mother, sister, brother, and every thing that is good and lovable. I prayed that I might see you again; but weary months and weary years passed, and hope was becoming dead within me. I had seen nothing but misery, misery, misery; and it seemed as if I were doomed to be miserable to the end. My spirit sank. I began to forget myself—to forget *you*. I did not forget your goodness, for that was always about me, like an essence, filling my heart with boundless love. But the outward sign was fading. When I closed my eyes now the vision seemed faint and undefined. It was so long, long ago! I was forgetting your form and features. And yet my heart was clinging to its first love—to *you*. But I was a heathen, and sought some visible sign in which to embody the attributes of my deity. Edgar Greyfaunt appeared, and he became my idol—the graven image which represented all I loved and adored. Out of the forlorn state of my vacant heart I conceived this illusion, and set up in that yearning empty place the vague thing I loved. I know now that it was not Edgar.

"But I blush to think how long I remained blind—how long I continued to give you pain, when you were so good, so noble, so patient. I feel to want to go down on my knees to you, to ask you to forget my folly, and to treat me as a poor, weak, silly child. Come what will, I will ever bless you, and think of you with love and gratitude.

"Yours ever, LILY."

Sir William read this letter with a choking sensation, and the tears standing in his eyes.

"Dear Lily!" he exclaimed; "she is reproaching herself for being little less than an angel. I will fly to her at once; but stay," he added, checking himself, "what have I done that I should be blessed with such love as hers?" He paused for a moment in thought, then looked up reverently and exclaimed, "Heaven is merciful to me indeed!".

Sir William hastened to the hotel, and, without waiting to be announced, strode up the stairs and entered the old Indian's reception-room. Lily was there alone. Before she could rise to receive him, the baronet ran to her, and seated himself on the couch beside her.

"Lily, dearest Lily," he said, "do you, will you love me? Will you take me by the hand, and give me a chance of heaven? Will you be my little wife; my good angel?"

Thinking of her, perhaps, as the child whom he had nursed and petted at Greenwich, he drew her toward him as he said this. Lily yielded to his embrace, dropped her head upon his shoulder, and whispered assurance of undying love.

THE END.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THEY had been playing at cross purposes all the time ever since, standing upon the piazza at Thorneycroft, they had been introduced to each other. She, Laura Mayne, had just come from a walk that evening, bearing trophies. A long branch of trailing creeper was in her hand, and had twisted back over her shoulder, with its green leaves and flame-colored blossoms. She had fastened a bunch of scarlet flowers in her black hair, and the straw-hat she swung by its ribbons was full of fragrant bloom. She looked like a Flora, if Flora was ever a tall, slight girl, with springy step, and dark, haughty face. At any rate she was a beauty after the Colonel's own heart. His sister, Mrs. Meredith, introduced them gayly:

"Miss Mayne, my brother, Colonel Giles Eustace, on furlough. Make me your debtor by being so agreeable that he can't get away from Thorneycroft for the next six weeks."

Miss Mayne had obeyed literally. She was a girl of splendid possibilities, but actually, so far, only a leader of fashion, a stylish, elegant girl, certainly, with powers of sarcasm which made her feared where she chose, and a gracious charm when she wanted to please which was irresistible. She had been "out" for three seasons. She had had proposals enough the first year to make all the girls in her set envious—the next year not so many—and the last winter none. Not that her beauty was on the wane—it had not yet reached its zenith—but she had grown above the standard of most whom she met. They tired her, and she took no pains to hide her weariness. She went in society as a Mohammedan goes to mosque, without any thought of escaping, as part of the day's work. She sang enough not to be disobliging; danced a good deal, for there was a *verve* and spring in her organization which made her fond of it; but nothing moved her from the proud equipoise of her mental repose. She had an honest passion for nature. She loved birds, and flowers, and solitary places. This was why she came to Thorneycroft instead of going to Newport.

Thorneycroft was a quiet old place—a great, rambling house, with an old garden full of old-fashioned flowers. There were great woods near by, and, not too far away, the sea. The boarders were a quiet set, mostly ladies like Mrs. Meredith, who preferred good air, and good diet for their children, and time to get rested after a winter of society, to the attractions of any watering-place whatever. The gentlemen came out once or twice a week. The rest of the time they could abandon themselves to morning-dresses, and *laissez-faire*. Mrs. Mayne had come there willingly enough with her daughter, thanking Providence that Laura had not fixed upon any place more fashionable and expensive. For her husband was dead, and she had left to her only this same imperious Laura, whose wishes she never thought of crossing.

Colonel Eustace's coming made quite a diversion at Thorneycroft. All the girls—there were only four or five—donned their prettiest toilets, and fluttered round him. He was so handsome, so interesting, with his bronzed, haughty, impassive face, his martial air, and his right arm in a sling. He was courteous to them all, but they made no impression. They might as well wear wrappers and go their own way. He saw only Laura Mayne. Laura could not complain, as she had done of others, that he tired her. She found in him a man in earnest—a man for whom the great questions of the day had a vital power and significance—who had made up his mind, and then was ready to face dauntlessly the consequences of his convictions.

Still, as I said, they had been playing at cross purposes. She thought he was trying to make her love him, and show her love—to be quite sure of her before asking. She thought it was pride, and made up her mind to conquer it. He, on the other hand, had not one particle of the feeling which she attributed to him. It was his faith in woman as woman, his profound belief in her, individually, that lay at the bottom of his mistake. He did not want to tell her his love without being tolerably certain that she could return it, because he thought it would be painful to her to refuse him, and he was generous enough to seek to spare her all pain. So they walked together through the woods and along the sea-shore; gathered flowers, read books, sang songs, talked politics, literature, religion—every thing but love.

Until a day came in September when, his arm being well, and his furlough nearly over, Colonel Eustace was going back to his post. The mist was soft on the far hills—a few leaves had already turned crimson on the trees—the crickets sang in the dry grass, and the birds stopped on the boughs where their summer nests had hung to pipe melancholy songs of farewell before following the summer southward. They had been walking all the afternoon, Colonel Eustace and Laura, through the old places. With an unconscious, lingering sentimentality they had retraced every path they had trod together in the past six weeks. Here, she remembered, they had sang. There she had read to him. They sat on that knoll, under the oak, the day he made the wreath of white and crimson for her hair. She could have cried at every step out of the sorrowful, foreboding ache at her heart. But she made no sign. Her dark eyes had never been brighter. Her very smiles were brilliant and yet cold, like the sparkle of a diamond. There was no encouragement in her manner, so carefully had she schooled herself. If Colonel Eustace waited for some sign of emotion, some expression of regret at their near parting, he waited in vain.

At last, growing desperate, he told her his love. He could not leave her, he thought, without knowing his fate; so he asked her to be his wife. What

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was it in his manner that did not please her? She did not think him humble enough. The subtle demon of pride, that sat ever like a familiar spirit at her elbow, whispered her that he took too much for granted. So she refused him; when all the while he was to her the crown and glory of manhood—when she was hungry for his love, and would rather have had the right to weep over his grave than to share with any other man a kingdom.

He took her refusal quietly enough. It was not like him to make ado. They were silent a little while after that, and then she said—

"So you go away to-morrow?"

"Yes," he answered, somewhat sadly—"my furlough is over, and some other things are over for me too. I should hardly care to stay longer, Miss Mayne, even if I could."

She longed passionately just then to tell him that he was yielding his hopes too soon. If he had been less ready to raise the siege on the first note of defiance the fortress might yet have surrendered. But she kept her secret obstinately. Colonel Eustace was above any petty resentment—above even the bitterness of wounded pride. He was not less kind than usual, if a little sadder, as they walked lingeringly home through the woods. He gathered a few fire-tinted leaves as they went along, and gave them to her—his last offering.

She wore them that night. She made a garland of them for her dark hair, and fastened a bunch of them on her breast. She had seldom looked so beautiful. An unspoken longing flushed her cheeks to flame. Her eyes were brilliant with feverish brightness, her lips scarlet. She wore a thin, gossamer-like black dress, shot with golden stars. Hoops of barbaric gold were in her ears and on her slender wrists. On brow and bosom burned the vivid autumn leaves. Colonel Eustace would not soon forget the radiant vision. He danced with her that night. It was the first time. When he first came his wounded arm had prevented; and later they had so much to talk about that they had let the music sound, and the "dancers dance in tune," unheeded. But to-night there was something in the wild waltz music that seemed akin to both their moods. They whirled around in swift circles, her eyes looking up into his, her breath coming and going against his cheek. She wished the music would never stop. She felt a heart-sick longing to have that hour eternal. If she could dance on forever, supported by his arm, with his eyes meeting and answering her own, she would have been content, she thought, with such an immortality. But pitilessly soon the waltz was over. They began to form sets for something else; but she and her partner left the dancers with one accord. After that one bewildering waltz any thing else would be tame.

They passed on into another room, and he asked her to sing. She went to the piano willingly enough. Indeed I think she would have refused him nothing this last night. She ran her fingers over the keys, and they broke at her touch into a passion of woe. There was in the music the longing cry of a soul. It swelled out on the salt sea-wind which came in at the windows—a plaint of loss, of sorrow, of despair. Then she sang:

"Oh let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet!
Then let come what come may;
What matter if I go mad?
I shall have had my day.

"Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me,
Before I am quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may,
To a life that has been so sad:
I shall have had my day."

When she rose her eyes met his. I wonder he had not read the prayer that was in them. They told as plainly as eyes could the story of her repentance—her longing for the pearl of great price she had that day suffered to drop out of her listless hand. If he had reverenced her less he would have understood her better. He fancied her so far above all trifling, or vanity, or fickleness, that he supposed her yea must be yea, and her nay, nay; and so made no attempt to change it. In the rash, appealing eyes, in the pathetic plaint of the rich voice, he read, indeed, the longing for love: but he thought it was for another love, not his; and so he bade her good-night, and good-by, without saying any thing of his disappointment, or giving her any opportunity to take back her refusal. She stood a moment, trying to conquer her pride. She longed to whisper,

"Forgive me; I said what I did not mean:" but unasked she could not. If he had spoken only one word—but how could she speak first? So she shut the gate of her Paradise with her own hand.

"Good-by," he said; "I shall be off before you are up to-morrow: so I must thank you to-night for some happy hours."

"Good-by, Colonel Eustace:" pride made her voice steady. "I shall think of you, and summer, and Thorneycroft—three pleasant memories. *Bon voyage!*"

Her words were light enough; but she turned away suddenly to hide some traitor tears—looking back, though, to smile and wave her hand as she went up the stairs.

In her own room she looked at her life just as it was, putting aside all disguises, and leaving for pride itself no vantage ground. The facts were simple. She loved Giles Eustace with all her heart. She had never loved before; and she knew it was not in her ever to love again. So the blow she dealt him had been the death-blow of her own happiness. She tried to look on into the weary, coming years—years lighted by no such dreams as most girls cherish of some fairy prince yet to come, some story yet to be told which shall set life to music. Her prince had come, and been sent away unacknowledged. What fabric was left of which to make her dreams? She had been happy enough without love until this summer; why should not the coming years be like the past, and yet more abundantly? Why did the old routine look so inexpressibly dull and wearisome? She sat the long night through, pitying herself for her loss.

In the early morning she heard below a bustle of preparation. She knew Colonel Eustace was about to leave. A wild impulse seized her to go down, even then, and tell him all. She rose and looked at herself in the toilet-glass. By the sickly rays of the lamp, which had burned all night, her face shone wan and ghastly. What if she should not be able to see him alone? Could she go down in her evening dress, with those pallid cheeks and lustreless eyes which told the story of her vigil, and meet half a dozen other pairs of eyes? But perhaps there would be time even yet for a fresh toilet. Dressed suitably for morning she could go down and mingle with the rest. If she found an opportunity to see him alone she could use it. She took off her dress and brushed her hair out hurriedly; stopping, though, to lay carefully aside every one of the vivid-tinted leaves she had worn the night before—his last gift. Just as she was fastening her dress, with hasty, trembling fingers, she heard him say good-by, and looking out she saw him ride away. The last opportunity was gone. She said to herself that fate was against her; but it is my private opinion that if she had finished dressing in time she would not have gone down—her enemy was pride, not fate.

A little later they went back to New York, she and her mother, and the old round began again. Never had Miss Laura been so enchanting. You are surprised? You thought, perhaps, that she would shut herself up at home, sick of fashion and frivolity—or, perhaps, you pictured her as a nurse in a soldier's hospital—a lay sister, going about to do good. Then you reckoned without due knowledge of human nature, or forgot to take into account the force of habit. It is not often in a century that trouble matures a woman into a saint. You shall not find in every girl to whom fate has refused her heart's desire a Florence Nightingale. The majority resort for distraction in their troubles to precisely the same things they have been doing before. Laura Mayne's dissatisfaction with herself only made her more dangerous. She had no lack now of suitors. She had come down from the height of her indifference, and ceased to think it too much trouble to please. She was afraid, perhaps, that the world would guess her secret; and the ceaseless pressure of her pain goaded her to a kind of reckless, desperate gayety that was profoundly fascinating to unfledged gallants.

At last one of her admirers seemed to distance the rest. She was more attentive to Frank Lorilard's nothings, more tolerant of his flatteries, than she had ever been known to be before. He was a self-satisfied youth, who gave you the impression of knowing well the code of society, and walking by it without turning to left or right. You never detected him in an awkwardness, or a dilemma. There was something in his cool self-possession that had almost the effect of greatness. But he was not great or brilliant. His blonde mustache and carefully-cultivated whisker were unexceptionable. So were his coat and his waistcoat. So was his necktie. So was his manner. So was his conversation. He talked platitudes with an air of sense and originality which imposed upon shallow minds. Trust me, it did not impose upon Laura Mayne. Yet she deliberately made up her mind to marry him and the half million of property which he represented.

Of course she must marry some time—it was expected of her. It made little difference to her whom. When the sun has set neither rush-light nor candle can make it noonday. So she smiled benignantly on his small talk, wore his flowers, and sang for him, or danced with him, whenever he asked her. Only there were some songs she never sang, and there was one waltz to which not even Mr. Lorilard could persuade her to dance. It was keen torture when she heard it. It carried her back to Thorneycroft. She felt the salt sea-wind coming and going—she heard a voice that only her ears could hear—she looked into eyes full of fateful power, and thrilled in every nerve to the spell.

But when Mr. Lorilard proposed she accepted him. It was not until spring; for he was too circumspect in all things to speak hastily. She had read that day the order that the Army of the Potomac should advance. She knew that Colonel Eustace must go with them, to danger, and likely enough to death. She should never see him more, she thought. "Oh! if she had but told him that she loved him! If he had but once kissed her, but once held her close to that true heart of his! But now it was all over. What avails it to shriek out wild prayers for pardon when death has sealed the ears that should have listened? Will any tears falling upon dead eyes unseal their vision? or any kisses dropped upon dead lips thrill them to one throb of the old joy? Will any longings call back the blessedness of one vanished day—the grace of one lost opportunity? The past was dead for her. She knew, none better, how vain were her regrets—how idle the passion of her woe.

When Mr. Lorilard called she made a ravishing toilet, and went down stairs. You would not have guessed that trouble and she had ever been neighbors. He offered her his hand in elegant phraseology. She accepted it with courtly grace. There was not much fire or fervor in his nature. All that there was Laura Mayne had aroused. He really loved her as well as he could love any thing in the universe, except himself. He gloried in her beauty, her grace, her calm, regnant pride. Never, he thought, had any Lorilard carried home a more fitting bride.

Her calmness did not last after he went away. She hated herself for the bargain she had made. She struck the hand he had kissed with a frantic passion of scorn. She walked to and fro in her room with eager, hurrying steps, like one seeking escape and finding none. Then she said to herself, with a bitter sneer,

"Take it easy, Mrs. Lorilard that is to be. You have not sold yourself for nothing. Do not spoil the beauty your lord so prizes by any unseemly frenzies."

If Colonel Eustace had wanted any revenge he must have been satisfied had he seen her that night. With the dawn of the next day her composure came back to her. She knew what she had done, and she meant to look the consequences in the face. She thought the future life could not be much worse than her life the past winter had been. The very intensity of her first emotions had produced by the law of reaction a passive, torpid, quiescent state, which she mistook for resignation. Mr. Lorilard was charmed with her sweetness, and urged an early marriage. She was ready enough to comply. Once done, she thought, she should be able to set her heel on the serpent that stung her so ceaselessly now. She should be done with longings and regrets after her marriage vows had put an interdict upon the past—written its epitaph.

In the very midst of her preparations came the fighting in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. With a horrible, torturing fear at her heart she searched the list of the wounded, and found his name—Wounded dangerously, Colonel Giles Eustace. Until she read that sentence she had not quite known how dear he was—how her life was bound up with his. She was powerless, then, to lay the ghosts which haunted her. Her own soul spoke to her with a cry which would not be silenced. Dead or alive, she knew she belonged to that man. What did her betrothal vows mean? What had she been going to do? With a calmness that surprised herself she went down stairs and found her mother. She laid the newspaper in her hand, and pointed mutely to that paragraph.

"Our friend of last summer?" Mrs. Mayne asked.

"Mother," she said, not heeding the question, "I loved that man as my own soul. I should be sinning against God and myself to marry any one else—sinning against him also, for he loved me. Mother, you must tell Mr. Lorilard that I can not marry him."

There were few things that Mrs. Mayne would not have done for her daughter without remonstrance. She had no intention of refusing to do this one even, only the prospect horrified her. There was a pitiful helplessness in her voice as she gasped,

"What shall I say? Laura, how can I?"

Laura looked at her a moment as she sat there, white of lip and trembling of limb; and in the midst of her woe a ghastly smile crossed her face at the dismay pictured so strongly on her mother's.

"You need not do it," she said, soothingly; "you shall not. It was selfish of me to ask you. I can do it myself much better than you. Be tranquil."

Just then the bell rang. They both knew what visitor it was—the only one who came so early. Mrs. Mayne made her escape hurriedly, and Laura summoned her forces for the battle. It was not easy to interrupt Mr. Lorilard's tender speeches. He was quite too self-confident to observe that they were malapropos. Laura sat silent, trying to think what to say, until he mentioned their wedding-day. Then her words came, passionately, eagerly, in spite of herself, harsher and more direct than she had meant they should be.

"I can never marry you—never. I love another man with all my heart and soul. I should be sinning alike against you and Heaven to become your wife."

Here was a case in which Mr. Lorilard's code of rules failed him. He had never contemplated such an exigency, and had to find his way out of it as best he could, without help from precedent or conventionalities. He answered with an emphasis which attempted sarcasm, but stopped short at anger:

"It seems to me, Miss Mayne, you have taken a singular time to make this discovery."

"I knew it from the first," she cried, "only I thought I could conquer it. But I can not, I can not. Forgive me. I never meant to wrong you. I thought I could love you as well as you expected of me. I did not realize how impossible a task I was attempting."

He took refuge in sulkiness.

"I am obliged for your efforts in my behalf," he said, sullenly; "but I could wish you had understood yourself better. As it is, you have made us both ridiculous. Of course, after your very emphatic expression of your sentiments, I can have no wish, and shall make no attempt, to change your decision."

He rose to go. She sprang forward and clasped her hands on his arm.

"But you will forgive me?" she cried. "You will not go until you have said that?"

I know not how he could have resisted the pleading eyes, the earnest, lovely face. But he turned away, still sullenly.

"I, at least, am no hypocrite," he said. "My feelings toward you must matter little; you have not shown yourself regardful of them."

With those words he coldly withdrew his arm from her clasp and went away. Pity him a little. If his love had not been so deep or so intense as some men's, he had given her the best he had to give, and she had wounded him in the tenderest point.

To her the shock, when she read that newspaper paragraph, had been like the finding of her soul to Undine. All her possibilities became actual from that time. Pride, selfishness, indolence retreated like baffled foes, routed and discomfited. From that moment she was her best self. She would have gone to Colonel Eustace, but she felt that she had no right. She dared not write to him lest he should be too ill to read her words. So she contented herself by trying to *be* what he had fancied her. She did not give up all hope of seeing him again, even in this world. Hope was a component part of her splendid, resilient temperament. If she had seen him lying dead before her she would have hoped still; only she would have lifted her waiting eyes to the world of spirits, and her faith would have been strong enough to anchor itself there. While he yet lived she believed that they must some time meet; and she tried to grow worthier of him. She was not sad. Her mother, knowing her secret, wondered constantly at her cheerfulness.

One day, in June, his sister, Mrs. Meredith, came to see her. They had been somewhat intimate at Thorneycroft, but had not met often during the winter. Mrs. Meredith had been ignorant of her brother's proposal and its rejection, and had believed him and Laura Mayne the best of friends merely. She had heard of Laura's engagement to Frank Lorilard; but that, she thought, need make no difference about her errand.

"My brother will be home to-night," she said, as soon as she was seated.

The drawing-room was fashionably dark, so she could not see the swift flush that stained her listener's cheek.

"Colonel Eustace?" Laura asked, with instant regaining of her self-command. "I thought he was seriously wounded."

"Yes, he was wounded, but not so severely as was at first reported. He is almost well again already. He will be here to-night, and next week he will go with us for a few days to Thorneycroft, and then back to the seat of war. I wanted to have a few of his old friends there to welcome him to-night. I don't think he will be too tired to enjoy it, for he will only travel from Philadelphia to-day. Will you come? You may bring Mr. Lorilard with you if you like."

"Mr. Lorilard is no longer at my service," Laura said, with a smile.

Mrs. Meredith was too well-bred to ask questions.

"Come alone, then," she said, graciously; "but don't fail to come. Giles knew you so well last summer I am sure he will be glad to see you."

When her visitor was gone Laura Mayne went to her room, and took down from a peg in her wardrobe the dress she had worn that last night at Thorneycroft. She had never put it on since. She would wear it to-night. She took out of a casket the fire-tinted autumn leaves. They were bright as ever.

When she stood that evening in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room she looked just as she had done that other night. It wanted only the salt, suggestive sea-wind blowing through long, low windows, the square, old-fashioned room, to make complete the resurrection. Colonel Eustace thought so as he looked at her, and felt a chord in his heart that he had long believed silenced begin anew to vibrate. Her eyes and lips were bright with a feverish expectation between hope and fear—she was radiant as his memories of her.

Nor was he changed, as she had dreaded. He was a little lame, but there was no trace of the peril through which he had passed on the bronzed, handsome face.

Later in the evening, when he had been as polite to every one as was needful, he stole a little time for pleasure. He asked Laura to sing. She sat down again, and sang the old song with its old, passionate prayer for love. Again, as she rose, her eloquent eyes met his, and this time a ray of enlightenment shot from them into his mind. He walked with her into a corner where they were quite alone, and touched, as he stood beside her, the vivid autumn leaves.

"Leaves do not turn in June," he said—"these must be last year's trophies?"

"No, relics."

The low voice quivered with emotion. The dark eyes sparkled beneath his gaze. He bent nearer to her, and whispered,

"Did you love me, Laura, after all?"

Then came her confession—a confession which, in its noble humility, would have redeemed graver faults than hers. She told him not only the foolish pride which had made her refuse him at first, because she thought he was not humble enough; she told him just what her life since had been. She omitted no detail of her engagement with Frank Lorilard. She did not spare herself a single pang of humiliation. When she had told all, she said, simply, as a child:

"I am afraid you will lose your faith in me when you see I am so much worse than you thought me."

No matter for his answer. Lovers' raptures sound so much better at first hand—they lose all that makes them eloquent when they lose the indorsement of look, and tone, and gesture.

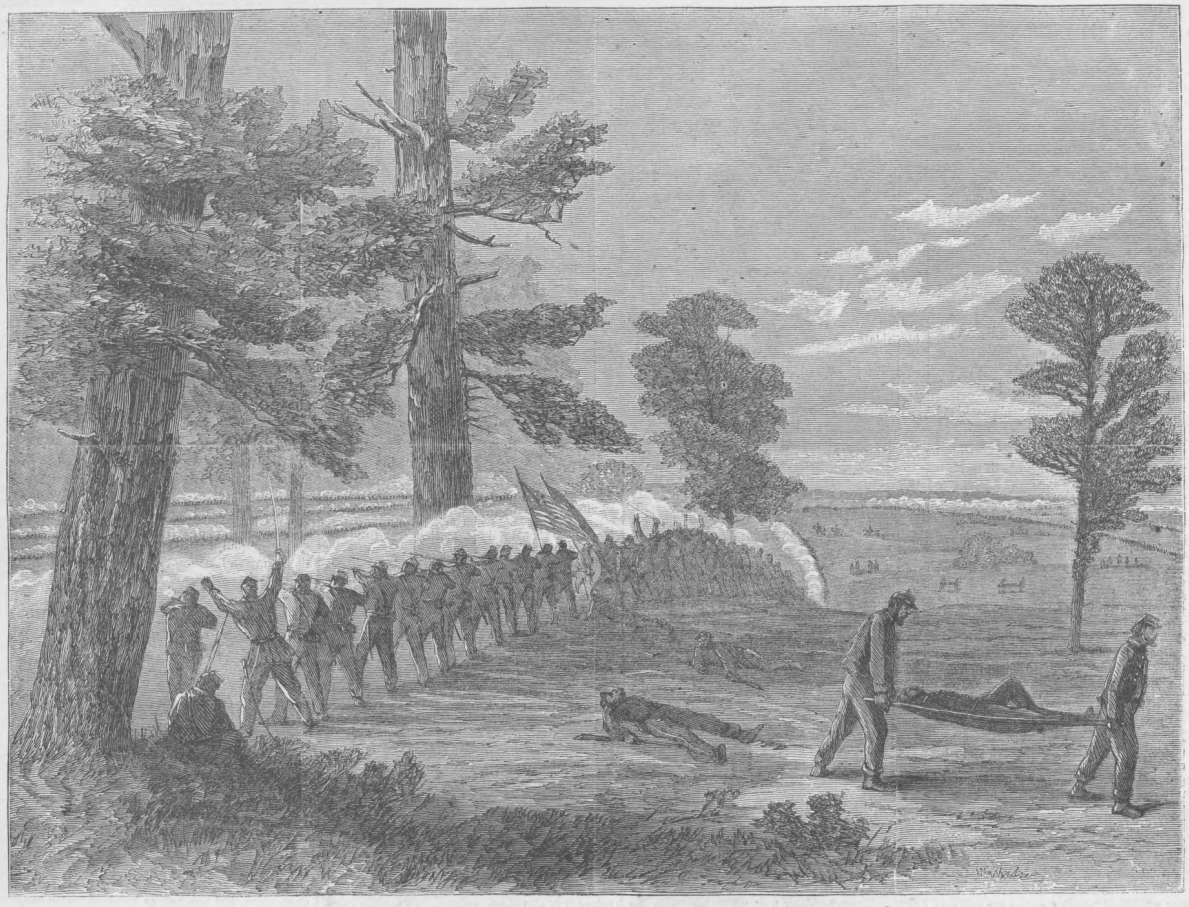
The next morning he made his appearance early at Mrs. Mayne's. After a little talk with Laura, they summoned her mother to their counsels. Colonel Eustace begged hard to be married at once. Next time he went away, he said, he wanted to leave Laura his wife. He wanted to be sure that she would write to him constantly, and come to him if he needed her. Mrs. Mayne was of too kindly and compliant a nature to refuse. She only raised a little dilemma—what about the wedding-dresses?

This Laura settled. She would not buy new dresses, she said, if she had ever so much time for preparation. It was not a time, when sons and brothers and husbands were dying on battle-fields, for American women to buy silks and laces, and flutter in gorgeous plumage. She would wear a white muslin, and be married without bridemaids, or a reception—a resolution which some girls would have considered as courageous as leading a forlorn hope. But for her it involved little sacrifice. The years of her vanity were past. She had taken hold of the true meanings of life.

The next day they were married, and then they went with the Mereditbs to Thorneycroft for one happy week. They roamed again through all the old paths, and remembered the old days tenderly in these new days so much dearer and sweeter.

At length he went away—that was the last of June—and since then Laura has known the anxieties, the watching and waiting, of a soldier's wife. So far her husband is safe; but if he falls she will scarcely grudge, to the cause for which he fights, the costly sacrifice. It will be only to wait a little longer—to look forward to a heavenly home, and a heavenly meeting, instead of an earthly one. She thinks, as she walks alone through the old paths, and gathers the fire-tinted leaves of this year's autumn, that come what will of future sorrow she dare not murmur, for she has tasted the full sweetness of love and of life—she has had her day.

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THE BATTLE-FIELD—AT THE FRONT.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 790.]



THE BATTLE-FIELD—AT THE REAR.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

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DEACON JOHN PHILLIPS.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN G. RAWLINGS, GENERAL GRANT'S CHIEF OF STAFF.

DEACON JOHN PHILLIPS.

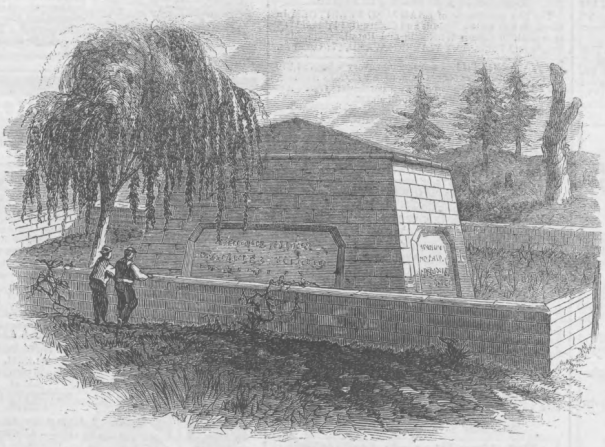
DEACON JOHN PHILLIPS, whose portrait we give above, is a resident of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, where he voted at the last Presidential election, having reached the age of 104 years. He has voted for General WASHINGTON and at every subsequent Presidential election, except that of 1860, when he was prevented by illness. At the recent election he was escorted to the Town Hall in a carriage, over which floated the American flag. At the announcement of the arrival of the venerable patriot at the door of the Hall, the citizens of the town, in token of reverence and respect, arose and stood with uncovered heads, while a detail of soldiers bore the "Old Gentleman" to the desk in front. He expressed the satisfaction he felt at seeing so many of the soldiers who had periled their lives in defense of the country, and desired to take each one by the hand. A line was formed of all the returned soldiers present, and each one was introduced to the venerable patriarch, with a statement of the length of time each had served in the army. The Deacon had a son present, who was seventy-nine years old, and who addressed the citizens.

Two sets of ballots were presented to the venerable voter in full view of all present—one being a ballot for ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the other for GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN—and the old gentleman was asked to take his choice. He reached out his hand and said, "I will vote for ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

The following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted by the town:

"*Whereas*, our very venerable and highly respected fellow-citizen, Deacon JOHN PHILLIPS, who is this day one hundred and four years four months and nine days old, and who still retains his mental and physical faculties in a high degree; and, whereas, he has traveled some two miles to attend this town meeting, and has deposited his ballot for presidential electors and State officers, therefore,

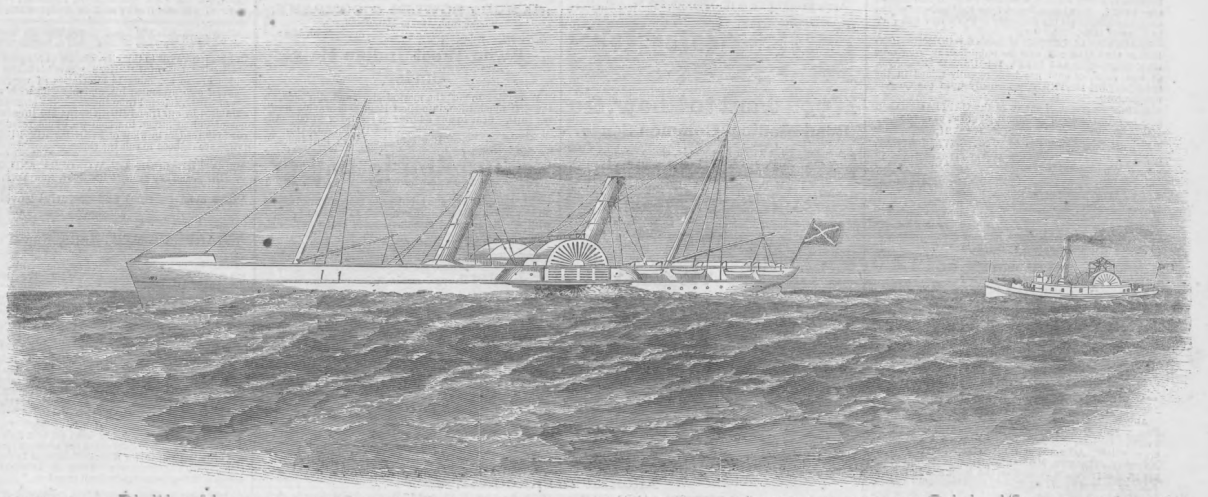
"*Resolved*, That this be entered upon the records of the town, as a lasting memorial of his undying patriotism and devotion to country, and as an incident perhaps unparalleled in the annals of our Government."



MONUMENT ERECTED BY CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS ON THE STONE RIVER BATTLE-GROUND.
SKETCHED BY D. M. F.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

GENERAL JOHN G. RAWLINGS.

GENERAL RAWLINGS, Chief of Staff to Lieutenant-General GRANT, and whose portrait we give on this page, was at the breaking out of the war engaged in the profession of law at Galena, Illinois. He was a townsman of General GRANT, and upon the appointment of the latter as field-officer, RAWLINGS, then a young man, was selected by him as a member of his staff. Since then, except at brief intervals of illness, he has retained this official connection with General GRANT. Upon one occasion he was wounded in the performance of his military duties. One feature is characteristic of him, and that is his modesty. One of the first hotels in this city was not long since honored with his presence for several days, but the proprietor did not until the last moment discover that he had been entertaining the chief of General GRANT'S staff. This is a peculiar feature distinguishing the Lieutenant-General himself from other men, and those whom he gathers about him have very much the same character. General RAWLINGS in a peculiar manner enjoys the confidence of General GRANT.



CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKADE RUNNER "HOPE" BY THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "ÆOLUS" OFF WILMINGTON, OCT. 22, 1864.—SKETCHED BY S. M. LANE.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

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The New York *Tribune*, in speaking of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, says: "These instruments have been blown by the wind of genuine success from Boston to San Francisco. That Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have succeeded in making a superior small instrument, from little bandbox-like things to those which, though portable, and not larger than a piano, can make themselves felt in a church, is the universal opinion of the musical profession. They agree that no such mechanical works of the kind can be found in equal perfection in Europe. The tone is pure and full, and with an immense body for so small a provocative mechanical force. They stand rough traveling, bad usage, and will live in climates which will kill American missionaries."

In our advertisement last week of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company there was an error in some of the copies. All communications should be addressed to the Company, New York City Post-Office, Box 5368, instead of Box 368, as printed.

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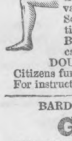
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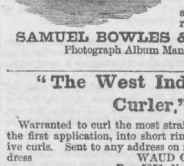
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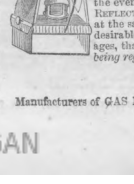


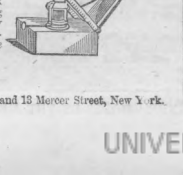
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The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of mining for petroleum, and other minerals, and dealing in the same. It has located its principal business office in New York City, the largest transit and shipping market for petroleum in the world, and has taken measures to establish a connection with Liverpool, the most extensive receiving market for that oil outside of this country. The managers and stockholders of the Company include among their number gentlemen largely interested in the petroleum business, and who have gained both wealth and experience in it: facts which justify the confident expectation of careful, intelligent, and profitable management. It is believed that by a judicious investment of the funds of the Company dividends of from two to five per cent. a month on the capital stock can be made.

The property to be conveyed to the Company consists of the lands and property enumerated in the following list. Their extent can be greatly enlarged if desirable, and their present development completed, as funds shall come in from subscriptions.

List of Lands and Property.

FIRST.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McElhenny Farm, containing ten acres There are three wells on this lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day each, the third about ten barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three good engines, tankage for over eleven hundred barrels, tubing, tools, office, &c.

There is room on this lease for several more wells; and all wells put down on or near this territory have been productive. The character of the McElhenny Farm is too well known to need further comment.

SECOND.—One-fourth of the working interest in Lot No. 6, on the lower McElhenny Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the lease next below and adjoining the well-known Empire Well, which is now producing one hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well flowing twenty barrels a day, and another well which has been flowing eighty barrels a day, and which is expected to yield again, as soon as a "Blower," or air-pump, can be put in, which is now nearly prepared. A third well is down and just ready to be tested. A fourth is down about four hundred feet, and is confidently expected to be a good well. There are three good engines, tankage, tubing, and an office on this lease.

THIRD.—One-fourth of the working interest of two lots adjoining, on the late Widow McClintock's Farm, containing half an acre each. On this property there is one well, known to us as the Freeman Well, now pumping twenty barrels a day; and another down two hundred feet, which is expected to yield a good supply of oil, being within a few feet of a well on the adjoining property which is producing one hundred and fifty barrels, and but a short distance from the celebrated "Hammond Well," yielding three hundred barrels a day. A third well will be sunk immediately on this lease. Two good engines and all the necessary appurtenances are on this property.

FOURTH.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, on the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, being the south half of that part of Lot No. 103, on the east side of the Caldwell Creek, about five miles above Titusville. The Briggs Oil Company own the land on the opposite side of the creek, on which a well is now about to be put down. The surface show of oil on all this land indicates a very rich territory for boring purposes. The above named property of this Company will be immediately put under development.

FIFTH.—A lot of oil land in fee simple, cotaining seventy acres, situated on French Creek, about four miles from the Alleghany River. All the land in this vicinity is good, and excellent lubricating oil is produced from wells in the neighborhood.

SIXTH.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres, situated about three miles above Plumer, and only two miles from the celebrated "Noble Well." All the land on Cherry Run has been purchased, and all the wells put down have been productive. One well is down five hundred feet, with a good show of oil on the adjoining lot.

SEVENTH.—Two-thirds of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre, more or less. One well is now producing about seventy barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more wells on the lot. There is an engine and all the necessary apparatus on the property, which is directly opposite the celebrated Hammond Well, now producing three hundred barrels a day.

EIGHTH.—One-thirty-second of the interest in a lease of three acres on the Foster Farm, near the Porter, Crocker, Sherman, and Noble and Delameter wells.

NINTH.—One-twelfth of the interest in one acre of the G. W. McClintock Farm, adjoining the Mowbray Well; with a good engine, one thousand feet of tubing, &c., &c. On this land are two wells, both of which have flowed, and will again produce oil if worked.

TENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great excitement in the oil market, large streams of oil having been struck there within a month.

ELEVENTH.—Fifty acres of land on Oil Creek, five miles above Titusville, having a frontage on the creek of one hundred rods.

TWELFTH.—The Ridgway Farm, so called, comprising eighty-five acres of land near Titusville, having a front on Oil Creek of one hundred and fifteen rods, and having already upon it one well, which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek.

THIRTEENTH.—Two hundred acres of land, three miles above Titusville, with a front of three hundred rods on Oil Creek, known as the Newton Farm. This land is undeveloped, and is by experts considered good property.

[N.B.—The three tracts last mentioned are not only valuable as oil land, but also for their lumber, being heavily timbered, and containing water-power and mills now established, which at their utmost capacity are unable to satisfy the demand for their sawed lumber at $25 per thousand feet at the mill.]

FOURTEENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres on the John McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This tract fronts for thirty rods on Oil Creek, and contains two wells. Of these No. 1 is now producing ten barrels a day, and No. 2 will produce twenty-five or thirty barrels a day as soon as the proper machinery can be set up.

FIFTEENTH.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres on the McElhenny or Funk Farm, near the Empire, Olmstead, and Dinsmore Wells. On this land one well is already down, and producing six barrels of oil per day.

SIXTEENTH.—One hundred and sixty-eight acres of land in fee, on Bull Creek, in the oil region of West Virginia.

SEVENTEENTH.—One hundred and eighty-five acres on Cow Creek, West Virginia.

[N.B.—The two last-named parcels of land border the two creeks mentioned, and are immediately adjoining oil territory of the best character, and which is now producing as much as any on Oil Creek.]

EIGHTEENTH.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango County, Pa., with a front of eighty rods on the river. This tract is now yielding twenty-five barrels a day, having upon it three wells already producing, and four ready for tubing, with the necessary engines and fixtures.

NINETEENTH.—The Fulmer Farm, so called, being one hundred and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending for a hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek, and being good oil land for its whole extent.

TWENTIETH.—Seventy-one acres in fee, on Little Oil Creek and Thompson Creek, four miles from Titusville.

TWENTY-FIRST.—One-sixth of the working interest, being one-twelfth of all the oil produced, on a lease situated on the west side of Oil Creek on the Lower McElhenny Farm, and known as Lot No. 3. One well is already down on this land, the tubing and sucker-rods on the ground and paid for, and a good eight-horse-power engine ordered.

With this extensive estate already secured to the Company, and with its advantages of membership and management, the prospects it holds out are inferior to none now offered in the market. Indeed, notwithstanding the large number of Oil Companies now organized, the Petroleum business is, in fact, just at its beginning, as a brief statement will show.

"Seneca Oil," as it is sometimes called even now in drug shops, used to be collected by the Senecas and other Indians from the surface of Oil Creek and springs in that region. The first organized effort to obtain oil in the field of the present Petroleum business was not until 1854. The first well was bored at Titusville in 1857, and in August, 1858, at 71 feet, the drill fell into a cavity, and the well began to yield 1000 gallons a day. The business instantly received a monstrous impulse, and the supply of oil being quickly recognized as practically permanent, an enormous capital and a still greater speculative interest were at once attracted.

The Oil lands are found in Western Pennsylvania, Northeastern and Southeastern Ohio, Northeastern Kentucky, and Western Virginia, not to mention other new fields from time to time found. Throughout these regions for the last six years lands have constantly been taken up, wells dug, companies formed, and immense fortunes made. The commercial uses of Petroleum have increased quite as rapidly as the supply, and the market absorbs at once all that is furnished. The speed with which investments are being pushed into the business may be imagined from the facts that, in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg alone, two hundred and fifty Petroleum Companies are in operation, and quoted in market reports, and that the Petroleum raised during the past year in Western Pennsylvania alone has been sold crude at the wells for *Twenty-five Million Dollars.*

In such enterprises to be early in the field is indispensable. Large as the number of companies may seem, it is not so striking as the vast extent of the yet already proved of these unknown subterranean treasures of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands substantially as one of the early enterprises, and offers inducements only exceeded by those very few companies whose stock is practically out of market and inaccessible. With a view to provide for the future advantage of early subscribers, from this reasonable start in business, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

As one evidence of the opinions of experts about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Mowbray, an operative chemist of reputation, established at Titusville, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

"TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, *October* 10, 1864.

"W. T. PHIPPS, Esq., Vice-President, &c.:

"DEAR SIR,—

* * * * * "I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake Well, the Sherman Well, the Noble Well, and the Story Farm Wells are instances of this. Your lands here are mainly the Oil Creek bottom. If (the Creek) is now diverted south of them, and in the summer the evolution of gas has been so offensive to the grass mowers that they have left them during mid-day for another part of the field. The Union Company's Well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a first-rate show of oil.

"If these are not the indications of oil territory, then only until after a series of wells has been actually sunk on the land can any opinion be formed. What the value of the land will then be you can judge; but the price will be beyond any present purchaser's means, I am satisfied. I can only add that I have not the interest of one cent in these lands, but say what I really think for your guidance.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Yours very respectfully,

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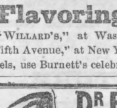
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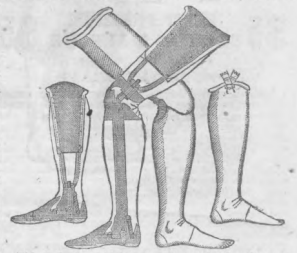
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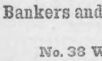
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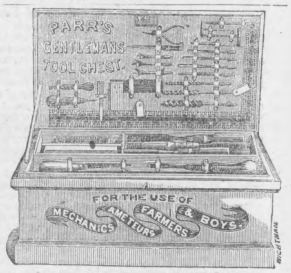
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

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TWO PICTURES FROM THE WAR.

ALL through the wearying summer day,
The blaze of heat, the dusty road,
Our toiling columns stretch away,
Sore burdened with the knapsack's load—
And winding o'er the rugged hills
Bright waves of steel roll billowing on,
Till War's stern, solemn splendor fills
Dark valleys from the world withdrawn.

Day wanes apace: the failing feet
Have respite from the toilsome track,
Uncounted eyes in slumber sweet
Close round the welcome bivouac.
The picket skirts the distant wood,
And from the far-off summits glow
Dim warnings in the solitude,
The watch-fires of a crafty foe.

To-morrow's dawn may bring the strife,
The shock of battle; yet the sleep
That chains this throbbing tide of life
Is like a spell, so wild and deep.
Dreams soothe each stormy, turbulent breast,
The happy Past returns again,
Joy sits within the heart, a guest
To banish thence corroding pain.

God guard and keep them! O'er the hills,
Far reaching to their Northern homes,
My yearning aspiration thrills,
And on the haunted night-wind comes
The whisper of a porch rose-twined,
A graveled walk, an open door,
A lattice sweetly jessamined—
A shadow falling on the floor!

Sad woman's eyes; and bearded lips
Beside the bivouac murmur low,
As if the dream had found eclipse
In sympathy's deep overflow.
The drowsy clock ticks by the wall
To count the listless hours away—
While rings afar the thrilling call
Of bugles sounding for the fray.

Sweet childish faces gather round,
Sweet infant voices fill the room,
As ever greets her ear the sound
Of childish plaint—"When will he come?"
And she, with marble lip and cheek,
Turns shuddering from the shadowed floor
To stifle words she may not speak—
"Perhaps he comes to us no more!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

IT is December, but active war is still going on. The operations in Tennessee, SHERMAN'S march across Georgia, and the terrible tenacity of GRANT before Richmond, do not look much like winter-quarters. It is useless to speculate, and the Associated Press dispatches prophesy more than enough. That the rebels fight as fiercely as ever their repeated charges against the storm of death at Franklin shows. That the Union soldiers have the sturdiness that secures ultimate victory and the readiness that baffles the most frenzied impetuosity was proved by the same battle. General THOMAS, who saved the day at Chickamauga when even ROSECRANS gave up all for lost, is a man upon whose quality we may all confidently count. If HOOD fails in Tennessee, it will be an irreparable moral disaster to the rebellion.

Of SHERMAN there will probably be authentic news before these lines are read. We have not disguised the dangers and difficulties of his march, while we have felt very sure that nobody could measure them more accurately than the General himself. We have endeavored to be prepared for delays, and to face the chance of serious opposition to his progress, in view of the vital importance of such opposition to the rebels. But if eluding all snares and surmounting every impediment he emerges safely and timely upon the coast, SHERMAN, too, will have won a moral victory which will shake the enemy's heart. And it is by moral victories that the advantages of military successes are secured.

At each of the three chief points of interest the prospects of the national cause are clearly encouraging to the most impartial survey, while the record of the year can not furnish the least hope or comfort to the rebellion. It is still in arms, indeed; it still contests. That is all that can be said for it. On the other hand, the nation has steadily advanced in the suppression of the insurrection, and has declared that it does not mean to hesitate or delay, or spare any cost of money, time, or precious life, to maintain its existence. It is not yet finally successful. It has not finished its work. But it is steadily doing it; and Rome was not a failure because it was not built in a day.

We shall be very glad if we can contribute in any degree to promote a healthful condition of the public mind; guarding it equally against mad ecstasies and foolish depressions. The cause is not gained or lost by a battle nor by a campaign. The noblest cause defended by arms, and committed to the chances of war, can not have a campaign of unvarying success; and a nation which can not endure occasional defeat can not achieve permanent victory. We were children when the war began; we ought to be men now. There is every reason to anticipate that this year will end in glory for the country. Let us be calm, and patient, and grateful; neither intoxicated with the success we look for, nor in despair with the reverse that is always possible.

CONGRESS.

CONGRESS assembles under pleasant auspices. It is not in the dark. It can have no doubt. It has heard from the people. It knows what the country wishes and expects. It has had the plainest declaration that the Government is to be maintained by force of arms, and that there is to be no parley with rebels, except to receive their submission to the Constitution and the laws.

We do not anticipate any remarkable change in the conduct of those in the Opposition who, during the last session, had no other policy than impeding the Administration and paralyzing the efforts of the country to save itself. Gentlemen whose votes cheer the rebel Congress will still claim that they maintain a "legitimate opposition" *à la* CHARLES JAMES FOX. "Democrats" who profess the profoundest respect for the popular will, will vote as if the election had gone exactly the other way. Representatives who are "as much opposed to Slavery as any body" will vote against allowing a constitutional chance of settling the question.

Fortunately these gentlemen are few. The responsible majority of the present Congress, and a still larger one of the next, come fresh from the people, freshly inspired by the high and noble national impulse which has recorded itself in the late election. The very universality of the patriotic feeling will, we believe, chasten and modify crudeness of legislation, because it is an assurance of ripeness and sagacity in the popular mind which does not require to be excited and spurred by Congressional action.

We have a right to expect great calmness, decision, and precision in the legislation of this winter.

THE "FLORIDA."

WE have forborne any remarks upon the seizure of the *Florida*, because the facts have been very inadequately stated, and because we were very sure that the same skill which so wisely adjusted the *Trent* case would be fully competent to deal with this. Indeed there has been no event during the war which more clearly proved the ability of the Secretary of State and the good sense of the country than the issue of the *Trent* difficulty. It would be hard to find in any history so ready a national acquiescence in a conclusion so adverse to the inflamed national passion and expectation as that case furnished. The general doubt upon all points of international law, or, more correctly speaking, agreement, was increased in the case of the *Trent* by the excited condition of the public mind, still freshly chafing with indignation at the British prompt concession of belligerent rights to the rebels. But the moment the fine American tradition was cited and explained by Senator SUMNER and Secretary SEWARD, every man saw that the national honor demanded the surrender of the two rebel emissaries, and they were promptly surrendered without a murmur, and with the intelligent consent of the country.

The conduct of Lord PALMERSTON, the representative of the hostile British aristocracy, and the tone of the English hostile press, will not be forgotten; while the manly stand of JOHN BRIGHT and the English press friendly to our cause will be always gratefully remembered. For a fortnight Lord PALMERSTON carried in his pocket an explanation of the readiness of the United States Government to do whatever honor and precedent required, and for a fortnight he and his friends did what they could to secure success to the rebellion by plunging the United States and Great Britain into war. Lord PALMERSTON, his press, and his party were signally foiled by the fidelity of the United States to their own principles, even when that fidelity required a severe sacrifice of feeling.

In the present case, the seizure of the *Florida* in a neutral port is one of those acts of which British naval history is full. The English hostile press breaks out into a cry of shame and rage and revenge upon the report of an incident which has a myriad British precedents. A most competent and intelligent authority furnishes to the Boston *Daily Advertiser* an elaborate and careful paper recounting the various seizures of ships made at various times in the neutral ports of various nations by Britannia, ruler of the waves. The paper is worthy of enduring form and preservation, as a commentary upon that swaggering, blatant, bullying tone of the English press, and too often of British statesmen, which has earned for Great Britain the same kind of hearty hate which was felt for the United States while our Government was administered in the blustering and domineering spirit of Slavery. Upon one occasion Lord CHATHAM instructed the British Minister to apologize to the Portuguese Government for a gross offense of the kind we are considering, but especially charged him that under no circumstances should he consent to restitution of the prize.

The obstreperous scolding of English hostile journals we have happily learned to despise; and certainly in the present instance no intelligent American can hear it without a smile of amused contempt. Unfortunately the sinking of the *Florida* has prevented the possibility of her restitution to Brazil, should that course have appeared to be required by our own precedent and by international understanding. It is greatly to be deplored that, since she was not destroyed in the act of seizure, she had not remained afloat until the question could be decided. If it shall now appear that the rights of a neutral had been violated by the *Florida* herself, the case, like that of the *General Armstrong*, will be one for friendly reference. If it shall be proved that her seizure was a plain violation of a neutral port, we have no doubt that every faithful American citizen expects that the most ample and honorable apology will be made. One newspaper indeed thinks that such a course would be a sore blow to the national honor! But that is not surprising in a paper which thinks that the duty of a citizen to his country and Government ends with an election.

What all honest men desire is that justice shall be done to the friendly State of Brazil, and honest men do not feel their honor wounded by frankly apologizing when they see that they are in the wrong.

A LETTER OF GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE paper upon precedents of British offenses against neutrals, of which we have spoken in what we say of the *Florida*, is attributed, probably justly, to Senator SUMNER. It has elicited a letter from Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, which was published in the Philadelphia *North American*. The reply is admirable for its temper, and for its assertion of a higher international morality than usually appears in such discussions.

Grant, says Professor SMITH, that what you say is true. Yet the offenses were mostly committed when you were parts of the British empire, and when her glory and shame were yours. And grant again that England has done such things: are they not still unworthy—and do you plead the shortcomings of England sixty, a hundred, or three hundred years ago as precedents or extenuations of your own unworthy acts to-day? But her later assertions and conduct show that England has changed her feeling, and that such acts would not now be justified. And even if that were not so, is it a lofty course, in the present circumstances, to inflame ill-feeling between two countries because the violent in one loudly censure what the calmest and wisest in the other do not approve?

These questions come properly and forcibly from an Englishman who is in the fullest sympathy with us, and who feels how necessary to civilization is peace between America and England. Yet he, upon his side, will certainly understand that it is not very agreeable for a nation, struggling as we are, to be savagely attacked because of an unauthorized act of a single officer in a foreign port, before the facts are known, and before the Government or public opinion have had a chance to express themselves; and that it is especially disagreeable, coming from a maritime nation whose history is full of exactly such acts, and which bursts into full cry against us, not because of its regard for neutral rights, but from its great jealousy of our power and prosperity.

The motive of Professor SMITH'S letter, deprecation of fanning the hostile flame between England and the United States, will command the sympathetic approval of every sagacious and patriotic American, and he has earned the right to say what he does, because he has never hesitated to denounce in the boldest and most forcible strain the conduct of his own country in suffering herself to become the base of rebel piracies upon our commerce. His hope is, as the hope of all true men must be, that the better America and the better England will not allow themselves to be dragged into the mire of mere bravado and reciprocal insult.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

IT will be shameful if the public attention now directed to the danger and discomfort of railway travel in this country does not lead to greater safety and convenience. There is at the present moment nothing more uncertain than a railway train. There is nothing regular upon the roads but irregularity. No traveler is now so wild as to expect to make connections. Every traveler is grateful if he arrives two or three hours behind time with a whole skin. Every line is overcrowded with passengers and freight. The trains toil along from point to point, and patience never had so universal an opportunity for doing her perfect work. One hapless gentleman reports that he recently waited two hours at Utica upon the Central Road, reached New York two hours behind time upon the Hudson Road, and Boston four hours late upon the Massachusetts Western Road. He declares that he now makes his arrangements to arrive a day late, and so insures himself against disappointment.

The delays would be more tolerable if comfort could be secured. But money loses its power when you take a train. Money will buy you comfort and seclusion every where else but in the cars. You may dine for fifty cents or five dollars at any restaurant: you may choose your hotel and your rooms in it, and be alone or in the crowd; but in the train you have no choice. Your money is bewitched and paralyzed. You must pay six dollars to go to Boston, or three dollars to Albany or Philadelphia; but you must sit cheek by jowl with drunkards and rowdies, and no amount of money that you would gladly pay can protect you. There are plenty of decent people with whom you would willingly sit, but you can not do it. You must inhale the fumes of whisky, you must hear the ribaldry of profanity and indecency, and thank God that your legs and neck are not broken by the gracious Railroad Company.

A gentleman was lately traveling at night upon the New York Central Road with his wife, who was an invalid. A huge, hulking fellow came in and sat down by the stove and began to smoke a pipe. The smell and smoke were very unpleasant to the lady, and the gentleman, going to the smoker, mildly told him that smoking was not allowed in the car. The reply was a whiff. After a little time the gentleman asked the smoker if he would be kind enough to lay aside his pipe, as it made the lady sick. The reply was a surly grunt of refusal. Thereupon the gentleman knocked the pipe out of the smoker's mouth; and there would have been a serious row except for the timely entry of the conductor and the remonstrance of other passengers. The incident is not the exception, it is almost the rule. When the Central Railroad asks the Legislature this winter for the power to raise the rate of fare, why should not the Legislature require the Company to put upon every train cars of different prices, that those who wish decency in travel, and who do not wish to sit with drunkards and blackguards, can be accommodated? At a hotel, if people prefer the company of the bar-room, they go there and sit; but what would be thought of a hotel which compelled every body to sit in the bar-room?

There are smoking-cars upon all the trains, says some railroad director. Very well, if people choose to smoke in the other cars at night, and to fight if you complain, it may be possible to carry the point after a struggle that the offender shall go into the smoking-car, but why not prevent the chance? A man *may* come into your room at a hotel with his pipe, but the chances are against it. The obvious course is to do what can be easily done to secure comfort. Why not have a drunken car instead of condemning all the passengers to the society of a sot? Another gentleman upon the Erie Railway describes a fellow marching up and down the car, flourishing his whisky-bottle and stumping every body who did not vote for MCCLELLAN to step forth and be chastised. The conductor did not even attempt to remove him.

There is no reason whatever why every railroad company should not be compelled to protect passengers from such discomfort. In England, and upon the continent of Europe, there are three classes of cars, and the traveler is infinitely more comfortable than upon our higgledy-piggledy roads. The truth is, that our whole system of railroad travel, in point of safety and comfort, is entirely behind the age.

"REFORM IT ALTOGETHER."

MANY of the daily papers justly censure the absurd prophecies of the Associated Press that "General —— is fully prepared for any force that may be brought against him," or the special dispatch which asserts that "a gentleman has just arrived who declares that the fate of HOOD'S army is sealed if he follows up General THOMAS," all of which remarks were tolerable enough before the battle of Bull Run, three years ago last July, but have been simply silly ever since.

But while the papers justly censure such folly, why do they print it? If they omitted it they would gain both the space occupied by the silly dispatch and by their own indignant comments upon it, while its publication merely depresses the public mind, which has learned to find in these foolish boasts of the Associated Press dispatches only the most frightened whistling to keep up courage. Henceforth let every respectable newspaper omit them, and we shall all be gainers.

LITERARY.

"THE Journal and Letters of Samuel Curwen," edited by G. A. WARD (LITTLE & BROWN), is a new edition of a work published some years since. Mr. CURWEN was a Colonial Tory who left Salem in Massachusetts, where he was an Admiralty Judge, after the battle of Lexington, and went to Philadelphia; but finding that patriotism was inconveniently hot in that city, after being singed a little, he embarked for England, and remained there until after the close of the war. He was sixty years old when he left his country, and an old man when he returned. His Journal is the best account of the foreign residence of the Tory refugees during the Revolution, and is full of interesting details of the English life and men of that time. Mr. CURWEN

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was evidently a prim, precise Puritan, by no means cast in the heroic mould, but a lover of his native land and a very sagacious observer of events, as his letters, no less than the diary, show. It was no light trial to be torn away from his home, his wife, his position, his fortune, his long habits of methodical comfort, at an age when most men abhor change, and to be thrust out over the ocean, friendless, poor, and in extremely low spirits. His spirits indeed were permanently low; and it is droll to read his dry, cold inventory of the famous places and objects he saw, which he jots down as a man in unhappy circumstances mechanically repeats a prayer, totally unconscious of the words. The book is a curious and valuable sidelight in the history of that time.

To a wide circle it has a peculiar interest also from the name of its editor, GEORGE ATKINSON WARD. Mr. WARD was a descendant of Judge CURWEN, and died very recently, after this handsome volume was in print. He was perhaps to his death the finest living representative of the old Essex County Federalist. His hostility to "TOM JEFFERSON" was as earnest in 1864 as that of the Hartford Convention in 1814; and his familiar knowledge of our political history and men made him a most entertaining and instructive companion. Mr. WARD was one of the most genial and generous of men. He had the simplicity of a child with the courtesy of a gentleman of the old school. Age could not wither the victorious cheerfulness of his nature, nor his faith in noble principles, nor his patriotic fidelity. He encountered and surmounted many misfortunes with unquerulous patience; and toward the end of his life, after more than one warning of a sudden death, which he received undismayed, he returned to his native place, and at once sympathizing in all its interests, a good citizen and a true, brave, tender-hearted man, he was busy to the very last, and upon returning to his home some weeks since from a flower-show, sank quietly asleep, and was seen of men no more.

"The Autobiography of Lieutenant-General Scott" (SHELDONS). This is a work which has been awaited with curious expectation. The author has been a part of our history for half a century. He has been upon familiar terms with many of our most famous men. He has been often behind the scenes, and now as the curtain is about falling upon his own part the veteran actor steps to the front and makes his farewell speech. There is something pathetic in the position which disarms criticism. As the eye falls upon him the spectator remembers the services he has performed, recalls the good intention rather than the inadequate fulfilment, and as the player leaves the stage is disposed to bid him a kindly farewell. Why did he not bow silently and retire? Why should he speak who can not speak wisely? Why publish a book which if not mentioned at all is a mortification, and if mentioned must be described truly? And the simple truth is, that this is one of the most unsatisfactory books ever published. It has none of the especial charm of memoirs, that delightful, genial picture of the private lives of public men and relation of characteristic incident which, if grave history disdains to note, is yet the most delightful episode of history. The book tells in a clumsy way what was already known of its author's services; but as a picture of American life and men during the long life of General SCOTT it is worthless. The preface remarks the want in our literature of proper personal memoirs, and the work then proceeds in two volumes to make that want more obvious and deplorable. The book will not injure the national gratitude to General SCOTT for his faithful and undoubted patriotic service; it will be merely counted among those acts which all his sincere friends will regret and the country hasten to forget.

"From Dan to Beersheba: Travels in the Holy Land," by Rev. J. P. NEWMAN, D D (HARPERS). A simple, earnest, valuable book, describing Jerusalem and the usual tour in the Holy Land, but so careful and exact in its details and descriptions that it is an admirable *vade-mecum* for the traveler and a capital manual of reference for the student. Dr. NEWMAN describes an attack of the Bedouins upon his party, sixteen against four, in which the clerical author and his friends showed themselves to be efficient doctors of the Church Militant. Every Eastern traveler will turn the pages of this modest and well-illustrated volume with peculiar interest.

"Margaret Denzil's History" (HARPERS) is one of those stories which are so good that we all hear of them before we read them. This one has excited so much interest as it appeared serially that, as if some unusual origin must be found for so remarkable a tale, it has been attributed to several noted persons, and, among others, to Queen VICTORIA. But it is very clear that if that good lady had been capable of writing such a book she would not have waited until now to reveal her power. "Margaret Denzil's History" is doubtless a woman's book, and one of those which must be read by every one who would be familiar with the remarkable variety of literary power which, in our day, seeks its expression in the novel.

"Under the Ban" (*Le Maudit*) (HARPERS) is another representative book. It is a highly-wrought, exciting, even exasperating tale, descriptive of the subtle influence and the inexorable method of Jesuitism. For the American reader it has an extraordinary interest, and for every reader a profound warning.

"The Seer; or, Common Places Refreshed," by LEIGH HUNT (ROBERTS BROTHERS). This is a fresh and truly beautiful edition of one of the most delightful series of essays in English literature. They are genial, dainty, delicate little treatises upon familiar topics and daily experiences, graced with all the charms of the poet's fancy, and garnished with the spoils of that elegant culture which was so marked in LEIGH HUNT. The publishers will be cordially thanked for giving so fair a form to so choice a work, and so timely and fit for a gift-book.

"Arizona and Sonora: the Geography, History, and Resources of the Silver Region of North America," by SYLVESTER MOWRY, of Arizona. (HARPERS.) A compact, plain, and detailed account of the mineral resources of the region, given often in the words of the official authorities. It is full of useful and apparently accurate information.

THERE COMES A TIME.

THERE comes a time when we grow old,
And, like a sunset down the sea,
Slopes gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering sad and chillingly;
And locks are gray
At Winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all dreary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leap as leap the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain,
And dawn of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years,
And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent fears;
And then how dark!
But oh! the spark
That kindles youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections lingering say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring
And golden Summer cease to be;
And we put on the Autumn robe
To tread the last declivity.
But now the slope,
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold—
Another dawn with fairer light,
While watchers whisper through the night,
There comes a time when we grow old.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, December 5, the Thirty-eighth Congress assembled at Washington to hold its second and last session. In the Senate 37 members were present. After prayer by the Chaplain, and after the usual notice to the House that the Senate was ready for business, the credentials of Mr. Nathan A. Farwell, appointed to fill Mr. Fessenden's place as Senator from Maine, were presented, and he was duly sworn into office. It was resolved that the Senate should meet at twelve o'clock until otherwise ordered. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, offered a bill authorizing the construction of six revenue cutters for service on the lakes, and appropriating for that purpose one million dollars. Mr. Lane introduced a bill for the relief (by payment from the Treasury) of the Kansas militia, who had been engaged in repelling the recent invasion of Missouri.

In the House, 150 members answered to their names. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Washburne, Pendleton, and Fenton, was appointed to join the committee from the Senate, consisting of Messrs. Foot, Conness, and Hendricks, to wait on the President and inform him that both Houses were ready to receive any communication he might be pleased to make. Mr. Dwight Townsend, elected in place of Mr. Stebbins, of New York, resigned, was sworn in. Mr. Charles D. Poston was qualified as Delegate from Arizona. The credentials of five Louisiana members, purporting to be elected in pursuance of the new constitution of that State, were referred to the Committee on Elections. Mr. Davis, of Maryland, offered a protest from Louisiana against their admission, which was also referred. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, offered a resolution that the President be requested to communicate the report made by Colonel Thomas M. Key of a meeting between himself and General Howell Cobb, June 14, 1862, on the banks of the Chickahominy, on the subject of the exchange of prisoners. Objected to by Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, and lies over. Mr. Cox, of Ohio, offered a resolution that the Committee of Ways and Means, with a view to lessen the cost of the necessaries of life, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reducing the tariff on coffee, sugar, tea, and similar articles. On motion of Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, the resolution was tabled, 63 to 49. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, offered a resolution that the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing a sinking fund at an early day for the gradual extinction of the public debt. Mr. Washburne offered a resolution to instruct the Committee of Ways and Means, if they amended the Revenue bill at all, to lay a tax on all stocks of domestic liquors on hand. Carried, 53 to 51.

The only changes which have taken place since the last session are the following: In the Senate, George R. Riddle takes the place of James Bayard, resigned, for Maryland; from Maine, Farwell takes the place of Secretary Fessenden; and Bowden does not return. Bowden, together with Carlile, represented Virginia in the last session. The two Senators from Louisiana are R. K. Cutler and Charles Smith. In the House, E. C. Ingersoll takes the place of Lovejoy, deceased, for Illinois; Samuel Knox that of Frank Blair, Jun., resigned, for Missouri; Dwight Townsend that of Stebbins, for New York. Governor Fenton holds his seat until the commencement of his gubernatorial term.

The appointment by the President of the Hon. Salmon P. Chase for Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, in place of the late Chief-Justice Taney, deceased, was received by the Senate December 6, and unanimously confirmed.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message was transmitted to Congress December 6. It is a brief but comprehensive document. The President regards the condition of our Foreign affairs as reasonably satisfactory. In this connection he dwells at length on our relations with the South American States. Alluding to the progress of the Republic of Liberia, he solicits authority to furnish the republic with a gun-boat to protect it against the native African races, and to facilitate its operations in arresting the slave-trade. The President briefly alludes to the two projects to connect America with Europe, the one by sea and the other by land, as satisfactorily under way. He refers to the temporary difficulties which, after the decease of Consul-General Thayer, resulted in a suspension of intercourse between Egypt and the United States; to the suppression of the Chinese rebellion, and the opening of the inland sea in Japan. After mentioning that the ports of Norfolk, Fernandina, and Pensacola have been opened to the world, he proceeds to the consideration of the difficulties on the Canadian border. He recommends that notice be given to the British Government that after the expiration of six months the United States must feel at liberty to increase their naval armament upon the Lakes, if they shall find it necessary to do so.

The President also recommends an amendment of the act for the encouragement of emigration which shall prevent the practice of fraud against immigrants on their way hither or on their arrival in port, so as to secure them a free choice of avocations and places of settlement. He reports that the enterprise for connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific States has been entered upon with a vigor which gives promise of success, notwithstanding the embarrassments from the high prices of labor and material. The route of the main line of the road has been definitely located for one hundred miles westward from the central point at Omaha City, Nebraska; and a preliminary location of the Pacific Railroad of California has been made from Sacramento, eastward, to the great bend of Mucker River in Nevada. Numerous discoveries of gold, silver, and cinnabar mines have been added to the many heretofore known; and the country occupied by the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains and the subordinate ranges now teems with enterprising labor, which is richly remunerative.

It is believed that the products of the mines of precious metals in that region have, during the year, reached, if not exceeded, $100,000,000 in value.

The President recommends that further attention be given to the reorganization of the Indian system.

The number of invalid pensioners is 23,479, of which 710 are from the Navy. The number of widows and orphans on the Army Pension Rolls is 25,443, the Navy pensioners numbering 793. During the year ending June 30, 1864, $4,504,616 have been paid to pensioners of all classes.

The President alludes to General Sherman's march through Georgia as an evidence of our great increase of relative strength. He states that 12,000 citizens in each of the States of Arkansas and Louisiana have organized loyal State governments with free constitutions, and that movements in a similar direction should not be overlooked. In Maryland an example is presented of complete success.

The President congratulates the country on the fact that the number of voters at the last election in the loyal portion of the country is greater than the corresponding number in 1860, by 145,000, without including 50,000 soldiers who could not vote and the largely augmented population of the Territories. This fact proves that the resources of the nation in respect of men are not in any measure exhausted by the war.

Negotiations for peace with the insurgent leader the President regards as impossible, as the latter has so distinctly and frequently declared that he would accept of no terms involving a return to the Union. We are left then to the issue of war. When the Southern people are beaten in the field or by their withdrawal from the field secure the defeat of their leaders, then peace will follow upon victory. In regard to this people the President says:

"They can at any moment have peace simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the National authority under the Constitution. After so much the Government could not, if it would, maintain war against them. The loyal people would not sustain or allow it. If questions should remain, we would adjust them by the peaceful means of legislation, conference, courts, and votes."

In taking this position the President declares that he retracts nothing heretofore said by him as to slavery. He repeats his former declaration that he will not attempt, while he remains in his present position, to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation. "Nor," adds he, "shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that Proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress.

"If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an Executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it.

"In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

The President recommends that Congress should take the necessary measures to bring before the State Legislatures the proposition for an amendment to the Constitution to abolish Slavery. He considers the popular vote in the recent election to have indicated a desire on the part of the people that such an amendment should be adopted.

The proposition came up at the last session, and was carried in the Senate by a vote of 38 to 6, but was lost in the House, receiving only 95 votes against 66: a two-thirds vote was requisite. Twenty-two members of the House did not vote at all.

REPORTS OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

The Reports of the separate Departments accompany the President's Message.

The fiscal year closed July 1, 1864. The receipts during the year from all sources, including loans and the balance in the Treasury from the previous year, were $1,394,796,007 62; the disbursements, $1,298,056,101 89, leaving a balance in the Treasury of $96,739,905 73. Deduct from these amounts the amount of the principal of the public debt redeemed, and the amount of issues in substitution therefor, and the actual cash operations of the Treasury were: Receipts, $884,076,646 77; disbursements, $865,234,087 86, which leaves a cash balance in the Treasury of $18,842,558 71. Of the receipts, there were derived from customs $102,316,139 99; from lands, $858,333 29; from direct taxes, $475,648 96; from internal revenue, $109,741,134 10; from miscellaneous sources, $47,511,448 10; and from loans applied to actual expenditures, including former balance, $623,443,929 13. There were disbursed for the civil service, $27,305,569 46; for pensions and Indians, $7,517,930 97; for the War Department, $690,791,842 97; for the Navy Department, $85,733,292 79; for interest of the public debt, $53,685,421 69, making an aggregate of $865,234,087 86, and leaving a balance in the Treasury of $18,842,558 71, as before stated.

The Secretary of the Treasury favors an increase of taxation to meet the expenses of the war. The entire public debt July 1, 1864, was $1,740,690,489 49. The Secretary is also of the opinion that there should be in the country no banks of issue not authorized by Congress.

The Report of the Secretary of War has not been received.

The Secretary of the Navy reports that, including the vessels under construction December 1, 1864, there are belonging to the Navy 671 vessels, carrying 4610 guns, and 510,396 tons, being an actual increase during the year, over and above all losses by shipwreck or in battle, of 88 vessels, 167 guns, and 42,427 tons. The total number of men at this time in the naval service, including officers, is about 51,000. There have been captured by the navy during the year 324 vessels, and the whole number of naval captures since hostilities commenced is 1379, of which 267 are steamers. The gross proceeds arising from the sale of condemned prize property thus far reported amounts to $14,396,259 51. A large amount of such proceeds is still under adjudication, and yet to be reported. The total expenditure of the Navy Department of every description, including the cost of the immense squadrons that have been called into existence from the 4th of March, 1861, to the 1st of November, 1864, are $238,647,262 35.

The Secretary recommends the construction of a new navy-yard and suitable establishment for the construction and repair of iron vessels. He also recommends the creation of the rank of Vice-Admiral in our naval service.

The postal revenues for the year ending July 1, 1864, amounted to $12,468,253 78, and the expenditures to $12,644,786 20, leaving a deficit of $206,602 42.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

The news from Sherman is still indefinite; indeed it is very apparent that the rebel journals are unable to locate his main army with any degree of accuracy. The Mayor of Milledgeville says that the Yankee army has despoiled the citizens of food, and has taken their mules and horses. He also reports the destruction of the railroad bridge and the bridge across the Oconee. The State House and Executive Mansion were uninjured. There is no certain indication that Sherman has moved his main army east of the Oconee, though there are rumors of his having reached Millen. The Richmond *Enquirer* of December 1, on the basis of the report that Sherman had reached Millen, declared its opinion that he would reach the coast in safety. The Richmond *Examiner*, two days afterward, denied the report and predicted Sherman's defeat. It is impossible for us to say whether Sherman's main army is east of the Oconee, or whether the attacks that side of the stream are merely feints made by the cavalry, while the main body is moving between the Oconee and the Ocmulgee toward Brunswick. In the latter case he has a long journey yet before him, and the route is more unfavorable than the one originally selected.

An expedition under General Foster sailed from Fort Royal on the 29th of November up Broad River twenty miles to Boyd's Point, where a force was landed which proceeded five miles interior to Pocotaligo Bridge. This bridge, which was on the line of the Savannah and Charleston Railroad, was captured. A large quantity of cotton was destroyed. General Foster's expedition was meant to co-operate with Sherman. The rebel journals give accounts of an engagement at Grahamsville between Foster and Hardee, which they represent as having been a drawn battle.

GENERAL GREGG'S RAID.

On the 1st of December General Gregg started southward on a cavalry reconnoissance, by a long detour avoiding the rebel right. He captured Stony Creek Station, taking two guns, which he spiked, nearly two hundred prisoners, and destroying large quantities of property, including 3000 sacks of corn.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

Hood's army began to move on the 22d of November. Up to this date Forrest had remained on the Tennessee River, in the neighborhood of Savannah, while the main body of Hood's army was in the vicinity of Florence and Tuscumbia, with its base at Corinth. Forrest's cavalry, amounting to from 12,000 to 15,000, moved westward, Hood at the same time moving northward. Both columns by this advance flanked our positions at Decatur, Huntsville, and Pulaski, which were evacuated on the 23d, Thomas's army falling back on Columbia, 45 miles south of Nashville. On the 24th and 25th skirmishing was kept up between our cavalry and General Forrest, the latter being repulsed with the help of the infantry. In the mean time Hood was moving past our left northward across the Duck River and against Spring Hill, to cut off Schofield, who was at Columbia, from Nashville. He had crossed Duck River by the 28th. As soon as this movement was discovered Schofield continued the retreat from Columbia toward Nashville, his flanks being covered by Wilson's cavalry. So vigorous was Hood's pursuit that Forrest caught up with Wilson at Spring Hill on the 29th. A severe fight followed, in which Wilson, assisted by a portion of the infantry, repulsed Forrest. The enemy tried to bring on a general engagement, but our forces withdrew to Franklin, which is on the south side of Big Harpeth River, and 18 miles south from Nashville. The next day, November 30, Hood pressed so closely that Schofield determined to await attack before crossing the river. Breast-works were hastily thrown up south of the river, the army being drawn up in a semicircular line around Franklin. Schofield's head-quarters were established at the strong fort on the north side of the stream. His army consisted of two corps—the Fourth, under Stanley, and the Twenty-third under Cox; the former held the right, and the latter the left wing. Wagner's Brigade of Cox's Corps and Riley's of Stanley's connected, forming the centre. The rebel army consisted of three corps, under Cheatham, Stewart, and Lee. These corps attacked our lines at half past three P.M. The rebel attack was made chiefly on the centre. Charge after charge was made, ending always in repulse. In one of these Major-General Cleburne was killed; in another fell Brigadier-General Adams; and our artillery and hot musketry fire swept and decimated their rank and file. Still the assaults were repeated until at last the two brigades holding the centre wavered and fell back. As the enemy advanced to pursue his advantage, he was encountered by a new line consisting of Colonel Opdyke's brigade. General Stanley ordered Opdyke to restore the line, and himself led a counter-charge against the enemy, in which he was wounded. But the rebels were driven back, a large number of them having been captured. The battle continued till night, when, under cover of the darkness, Schofield abandoned Franklin: and having been reinforced by A. J. Smith, the army was concentrated just south of Nashville. In the battle of Franklin the rebel loss was between four and five thousand, ours was about twelve hundred. General Wood has taken command of Stanley's corps during the temporary absence of the latter from the field.

The country around Nashville has been strongly fortified. A large amount of property belonging to rebel sympathizers has been destroyed to facilitate the defense of the city.

NEWS ITEMS.

A few weeks since a party of rebels, duly commissioned by S. R. Mallory, Confederate Secretary of War, organized a conspiracy for the destruction of our commerce on the Pacific. The party, led by Thomas Hogg, and consisting of about twenty men, left Havana at the close of September for Panama, with the intention of taking passage on the *Guatemala*, one of the Panama Railroad line of steamers, and sailing October 25. They arrived at Panama too late, but determined to wait the *Salvador*, which would sail November 10. Their purpose was to seize the vessel at sea and then use her as a privateer against vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. In the mean time their conspiracy became known to our officers, and when the party had taken passage on the *Salvador* measures had been completed for their capture. When the vessel was well out to sea it was boarded by 60 men from the United States steamer *Lancaster*, under Commander Davenport, who secured a large number of the conspirators, among them Thomas Hogg. Their papers also were taken.

The resignations of the following named officers have been accepted by the President, to take effect November 20th: Major-General John A. McClernand, Brigadier-General E. A. Payne, and Brigadier-General Neal Dow.

Mr. A. W. Thayer has been appointed Consul of Trieste in the place of Richard Hildreth, the historian, obliged to resign on account of ill health.

On November 26 a torpedo was found in one of the berths of the Sound steamer *City of New London*, supposed to have been placed there by some secessionist, just before the vessel started from New York. The fuse had been lighted, but fortunately became extinguished before ignition of the torpedo was effected.

General Merritt, with a large force of cavalry, is thoroughly clearing out guerrillas from Loudon County, Virginia, destroying every thing that can be of service to men or horses, and effectually breaking up the rebel plans for pillaging in Maryland.

General Banks has returned to New Orleans to resume the command of the Department of the Gulf.

General Humphrey has assumed command of the Second Corps, as successor to General Hancock. Rebel deserters report that General Ewell's Corps has gone southward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

FRANZ MULLER, the murderer, was executed November 14. Up to the last moment he protested his innocence. His ghostly adviser, who was one of his own countrymen, stood by him till the last, and he reports that just before Muller was swung off he confessed the murder in these words: "*Ich habe es gethan*—I have done it."

GREECE.

The new Constitution passed the Assembly November 1. The discussion had been protracted to such a length that his Majesty King George was obliged to step in and inform the wranglers that if they did not complete their work within a month he should reserve to himself liberty of action, throwing the responsibility on the Assembly. He also advocated the creation of a Council of State to take the place of the suppressed Senate. Indeed, his ministers declared that the King would sign the Constitution only on this condition. The royal order had its effect, and the King's proposal was adopted by a vote of 136 to 124.

BRAZIL.

Our Consul-General at Rio Janeiro on the 14th of October addressed a letter to Señor Pedro Dias Vieira, Brazilian Secretary of Foreign Affairs, offering ample reparation for the capture of the *Florida* by Captain Collins.

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MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.

GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.

GENERAL JOHN M'ALLISTER SCHOFIELD, who commanded the Federal troops engaged in the recent battle at Franklin, was born in Chatauqua County, New York, in 1831. He graduated at West Point in 1853, and his present rank in the regular army is Captain of Artillery. He was at an early period of the war connected with the operations in Missouri. He was with General LYON at the battle of Wilson's Creek. Upon the removal of General CURTIS he was placed in command of the Department of Missouri. Early in 1864 he was removed to allay dissatisfaction which had grown up in his department and transferred to East Tennessee. He took a prominent part in General SHERMAN'S summer campaign; and when the latter started upon his grand march through Georgia, he was left with General THOMAS to assist in the campaign against General HOOD. General SCHOFIELD, in his conduct of the retreat of our forces upon Nashville, has given fresh evidence of his distinguished ability as a soldier. The battle at Franklin was forced upon him by the pressure on his rear of a rebel force outnumbering his own command, and little time was afforded him for defensive preparations. But he succeeded in gaining a signal victory, and so severely punishing the enemy that his retreat was continued without molestation. It is impossible to say what the result of a defeat might have been.



GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY.

GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY.

GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY, who so notably distinguished himself in the battle of Franklin, is a native of Ohio. In the year 1861 he fought in Missouri, and in the subsequent year followed the advance of our Western armies, after the capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10, into Mississippi. In the battle of Corinth he led the brilliant charge which crowned the victory of the day. In the battle of Franklin two corps were engaged, the Fourth and the Twenty-third. The latter was commanded by General COX; the former, under General STANLEY, held the right. It was on the right and centre that the heavy shock of the battle fell. The two brigades holding the centre were WAGNER'S of the Fourth and RILEY'S of the Twenty-third Corps. CHEATHAM'S entire corps of the rebel army, supported by LEE'S, fell upon this portion of our line in repeated charges, and at last, after several repulses, broke through. Two of the rebel leaders had already fallen, CLEBURNE and ADAMS. The centre broken, Colonel OPDYKE'S brigade, which lay behind in reserve, confronted the enemy's advance. STANLEY came up at this crisis, and ordered OPDYKE to restore the broken line. The advancing rebels were attacked in flank, and many of them captured. General STANLEY, while leading OPDYKE'S brigade to the charge, was wounded severely but not dangerously.



TORPEDO RAFT IN MOBILE BAY.—SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

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FORT WOOL (RIP RAPS), HAMPTON ROADS.—SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

OUR FLEET IN HAMPTON ROADS.—SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

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MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WE were the last of our family, and Robert was an invalid.

Looking up from the cluster of purple grapes I was embroidering on a pair of slippers for him, one early October day, he said,

"There are *real* grapes down in the meadow, Margy; suppose we take a walk."

"Agreed."

Dropping the worsted work, I was ready in a moment.

We went out through the kitchen entrance, cautioned by Aunt Hannah not to stroll too far. In the orchard lane the apple-trees, bending beneath their burden of red and golden fruit, swept the ground on either side, awaiting the autumnal harvester. They spoke silently of our white-haired father, who, since the last autumn, had been gathered to the heavenly harvest. They were his trees, planted by his own hand. "Who, in the coming years, would eat the fruit of his labor?" I reflected sorrowfully, and attempted to hide a tear by stooping to pick up a winter apple.

"Throw it away, sister; it is too hard."

"It is not the apple which is too hard, Robert," I replied, choking with my ill-timed words.

"Don't, Margy!"

He took the hand which had just dropped the apple and said,

"What a pleasant day it is! How brightly the sun shines down here in the valley! And the hills yonder, who ever saw them robed so royally?"

Royal indeed they looked in their forest garments of crimson, gold, and purple. For the time my thoughts were diverted.

"Fringed gentians!" I exclaimed, as we passed the meadow stile. "Look, Robert! They are my autumn favorites; coming with the frost, as though they would comfort the earth for the loss of her summer flowers. I used to have a fancy that angels sowed the seed of the fringed gentian."

I was an enthusiast amidst the flowers of every season. Often in childhood had I knelt reverently to kiss the first spring liverwort or blue violet; and all my life since I have loved them, in sorrow and in joy; and hope to love them still, and recognize my earthly favorites when I pass the "dark river" to the land of immortals.

Robert smiled, either at the warmth of my words or the simplicity of the fancy. His was a calmer, loftier nature than mine, flowing serenely amidst the droughts and overflows of life, like a rich river fed from unfailing springs.

"I think this a very pretty flower," he said, pulling a spike of the wax-like neottia. I am no botanist, Margy, but why is not this an orchis?"

"Because it is only an orchid," I replied, "and favors an orchis just as you and Cousin Lib Hunt favor one another. She has the broad forehead and Roman nose of the Millers, while her other features are *alii generis*. Look here! That neottia is an orchis just as this splendid cardinal-flower is a campanula. Some botanists call them both *campanulacea*."

We went forward slowly, talking as we went of the natural resemblances and distinctive features of plants, until we came to Spring Brook.

"I used to carry you over," Robert said; "but you are a little too heavy for me now. We must go along to the stepping-stones."

The grape-vine was on a small island formed by a division of the current. Smooth stones had been planted in the stream by my brothers when boys, to facilitate the passage to and from the island. We could go nowhere but some memorial of our lost ones was visible.

The rich odor of the grapes regaled us from afar.

"I know there are a plenty," I said, hastening forward to the natural arbor formed by the alders and overspreading vine. "Oh, Robert! there never were so many before!"

His cheeks were crimson, and his eyes shone with an unwonted lustre as he entered the shady inclosure. I mistook it for pleasant excitement.

"I declare, brother, you are better for the walk already. And do look at these grapes! Won't Aunt Hannah's eyes stare when she comes to see them and count over her jars of prospective jelly and marmalade?"

"They are very fine," was his quiet remark, as he threw himself wearily down on the mossy grass. "Can you get as many as you wish without my assistance?"

"Twice as many as I can carry home."

I had only a small hand-basket. To fill it was the work of a few minutes only. Then I gathered the ripest, fairest clusters I could find for Robert, who I knew would never recline so indolently but for weariness and weakness.

We sat a few minutes eating the grapes and watching the sun as it peered through the vine-leaves and slanted among the alders, which already stretched their shadows across the stream to the green meadow beyond.

"The afternoons are getting shorter and cooler, Margy. Shall we go?"

We arose and walked homeward very slowly.

Aunt Hannah met us at the stile with a

"Dear-a-me, children, 'tis gittin' late, and too cool for Robert, I'm afraid. 'Tis clear as a bell, though; and a grain of white frost wouldn't surprise me none to-morrow morning."

"It might spoil your grapes though, and there's a bushel left on the vine."

I handed her the basket, and she praised them as I expected.

Robert lagged, though assured by Aunt Hannah that tea was all on the table, and such a tea as would rest him if ever so tired. Our housekeeper's "teas" were an institution, and that afternoon she had "laid herself out." Her table was spread with the snowiest damask, and adorned with the silver tea-service and gold-flowered china, seldom used except for guests. Then her cream biscuit, tender tea-cake, and preserved strawberries would never hurt the sickest person, she said. How pleasant it looked, as we entered the room, the setting sun streaming in through a western window and a bright fire blazing on the hearth!

"What an Aunt Hannah!" Robert exclaimed, surveying the cheerful scene, and appropriating the stuffed arm-chair which she had located in his favorite corner.

Those few words from Robert were more to the good woman than whole volumes of praise from another.

"Now, Robert," she said, after bustling around a few minutes, "seeing as you are tired, let me just wheel the arm-chair up to the table for once. Somehow I want you to enjoy the supper to-night extraordinary."

"You want to spoil me 'extraordinary,'" he rejoined, pleasantly, at the same time allowing her to have her own way. It was soon apparent, however, that all her tempting viands could not give him an appetite; and though he praised her toast, and chipped beef, and berries, he scarcely tasted them, and asked to be excused that he might sit by the fire. My own appetite failed the moment he left the table.

As soon as the candles were lighted Aunt Hannah brought the backgammon board and bade us play while she did up the chores. We tried a game, but neither caring to win, we played without interest. Then I opened the piano and tried to sing, but my voice was husky and the instrument out of tune, like every thing else.

Our lodging-rooms were on the second floor, the hall between them. Ever since our father's death we had left the doors open at night, the house seemed so large and desolate. It was a comfort when lying awake long, silent hours, thinking of the empty rooms and the row of new-made graves, to hear the faintest stir of kindred life from another apartment. Often a sigh had reached my ears in the shadowy night time, when the invalid dreamed not I was awake to his grief and care. Often a sob did I suppress, lest its sound should add to his weight of sorrow. But we never spoke to one another of our desolation, or of our fears. Night after night I had lain awake listening to the hacking cough that fell on my ears like another death-knell; sometimes creeping softly into the hall and crouching down beside his door that I might be nearer to him, and yet for the world would not have had him know my anxiety. Aunt Hannah prepared sirups without number, and every night placed them on the stand beside his bed. I had a feeling that any thing I might offer to do would wound them both.

That night Robert retired early. I heard his retreating footsteps, and sat down by the fire again in such agony of spirit as never manifests itself in tender emotion. Well for Aunt Hannah, when she crept softly down from his chamber and took her knitting-work to wind up the day with busy hands, that she did not as usual sigh, "Poor Robert!" I might have flown upon her in my frantic mood, and demanded if she would kill him with her soft words as she had done the others. But the good God did not permit me to outrage the faithful heart which had borne our burdens for years, and I thank Him for it.

She did not appear to observe any change in my manner, but sat with her mind apparently absorbed in thoughts as far removed from her knitting as mine were from heavenly peace and joy. My wayward heart softened with silence, and when the old lady suggested it was growing late, and asked if she should bury the fire, now reduced to a few brands, I only answered, I was not ready, and would see to the fire myself.

How long I sat watching the fading of those brands to embers I can not tell. Not a sound was in the house except the sound of that dry, unyielding cough from the room above, magnified by the solemn quietude of the night, and startling me almost to madness. "Could not I pray for peace of mind?" suggested a compassionate angel. "Could not I pray for Robert?"

Pray? On my bended knees I would have uttered only blasphemies. I would have said, "Unequal are thy dispensations of good and evil, Sovereign of the Universe! Thou knowest we have not wronged Thee, that Thou shouldst thus load us with chastisements, while others are crowned with blessings!"

I assumed no attitude of prayer. The "eye that seeth in secret," and readeth the "thoughts and intents of the heart," marked all the scorn and irreverence of mine. It was the same heart which, when a child, I had carried weak and trembling to the heavenly altar; the very same poor heart which, bruised and broken oft, had never before arrayed itself against Infinite Goodness.

Only gray ashes lay like a mould on the hearth-stone when I arose and stole like a culprit to my chamber, shading the light as I went, lest its rays should shine into my brother's room. I paused a moment—all was silent. I would have gone in and pressed a kiss upon his lips, but feared to disturb him. Not against him, my dear, noble brother, was my heart hardened, but against our Father in heaven!

I lay down, but not to sleep. I heard a choking sound, like a restrained sob; then a smothered cough, which soon burst forth with more violence from the very effort to check it. Rising with nervous energy I ran across the hall, and the next moment, with my arms clasped firmly around him, exclaimed,

"This is too bad! God knows it is wicked and cruel! My poor, darling brother!"

"Margy! oh, Margy! don't say such things," he said, faintly, at the same time laying his head upon my shoulder, as if quite exhausted. "We are weak; but God is strong, and wise, and good!"

Had any one else made the assertion at that moment I would have disputed it, but could not distress him further with my impiety.

"Are you worse, Robert?" I whispered.

With the words my heart melted, and tears gushed forth in torrents. Robert wept too, and folded his arms tenderly around me. It was the first time our hearts had opened to one another in all our grief.

Aunt Hannah's prophecy was correct. There was frost the next morning, feathery and white on the lowlands. I knew it before I arose. My lungs seemed pierced with a hundred minute spears.

The fire burned cheerfully in the breakfast-room, as it burned the evening before. We tried to be cheerful too, and to speak and act as though the past night, with its sore anguish, had been only a dream. Breakfast over, I sat down to put the finishing touch to Robert's slippers, while he read the papers—not aloud, for he was too hoarse to speak much above a whisper.

"Margy, listen to this advertisement," he said, after a period of silence:

"'FOR NEW ORLEANS—TOUCHING AT HAVANA AND KEY WEST—The new steam-ship *Republic*. Commodious state-rooms, and every accommodation for invalids.'

"How would you like a sea-voyage, and a winter at the South?"

"Better than any thing in the world, Robert!" I answered, quickly, for with the thought sprang a new hope for my brother. "Why have we not thought of it before? I am certain it would cure you, my dear brother!"

"I believe it would be of more lasting benefit to you than to me, Margy. We will think about it."

All day the subject was discussed. In the evening we told Aunt Hannah we had decided to sail from New York in five days. After the first surprise she appeared to approve the plan, and entered into our arrangements heartily. She said, "she and the 'hired man' could make every thing snug before winter set in, and get the farming all started in the spring against our return."

Aunt Hannah had managed every thing since our father's death, and was more faithful to our interest than to her own.

We were far from rich, but had bank-stock sufficient for prospective expenses and more; so there would be no mortgage on the farm.

The new idea possessed me entirely, and lifted me quite above grief and despondency. The traveling trunks were brought forward and packed almost as cheerfully as though the winter journey were a pleasure-hunt instead of a pilgrimage for health. Only when Aunt Hannah insisted on a little roll of flannel, or a bundle of old linen which we *might* need, she said, would my heart sink for a moment.

"Just to please her, had we better let it go, Robert?" I asked, aside.

He answered, "Of course."

Careful Aunt Hannah! Often had we to bless her wise foresight when far away.

The last day at home was sad, in spite of our best efforts to the contrary. Neighbors came to offer assistance and kind wishes, and though their words were as encouraging as possible, something in their looks and tones made me almost regret the step we were taking. They had been with us, and wept with us when the great billows of affliction were beating over our young heads. Was it singular we should feel reluctant to exchange such kind friends for strangers, untried, unproven?

Robert felt the parting more deeply than I. I suspected it at the time. For two or three days Aunt Hannah and he took little walks together, which I was not permitted to share. The last evening a particular friend of my father's accompanied them.

Up to the latest moment not a thing was left unsaid or undone by Aunt Hannah. Her last meal was spread for us to look at and remember, for we could not eat. Robert went silently from room to room, pausing before this and that familiar object, then stood with hat in hand waiting for me in the hall. I heard the carriage at the door—heard the driver strapping the trunks behind it, and stood spell-bound in my chamber unable to take the first step. At that moment I would have given all I had in the world to remain. Then the thought of Robert and his certain fate inspired me with fresh courage.

Aunt Hannah was standing at the foot of the stairs holding one of Robert's hands when I joined them. She took one of mine, and clasping them together in her great bony palm said, with a look a saint might wear,

"The God of your father and your mother—the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob be with you, my children, and keep you forever."

No one uttered Amen! But I saw the word tremble on my brother's lips as he put his arms around the good woman's neck for a last kiss. The neighbors were all standing with tearful eyes at the door waiting a parting hand-shake as we entered the carriage.

Two days afterward we were on the *Republic*, sailing southward.

CHAPTER II.

WE made no stay at Havana. After taking a drive around the city Robert said he had decided to go to Key West without change of steamer. If we did not like there, we could go on to New Orleans or return to Cuba. We had learned in New York that an old and valued friend of our father's was stationed at Fort Taylor as post surgeon. We were sure of our father's friend; and the welcome accorded by the kind physician and his family proved we were not mistaken.

Key West is one of the largest of the innumerable little islets that encircle the southern coast of Florida. Its name is said to be a corruption of the Spanish *Cay Huessa* or *Isle of Bones*. The Key is a coral formation, about five miles in length, and a mile or so in width. The waters all around the island are of a beautiful emerald tint, contrasting strongly with the deep blue of the ocean beyond. Fort Taylor, on the southwest point of the Key, is built of brick, with a foundation of solid stone-work. Three sides of this strong fortress, semi-hexagonal in form, are washed by the sea, while the diameter, or the side facing the island, is also separated from the land by a wide ditch, through which the tide flows constantly. The city is nothing more than a country-looking town, half-hidden in groves of cocoa-nut trees. It promised abundant repose of the very kind we needed—repose blended with novelty. We were pleased with the place at first sight, and determined to remain.

That evening found us comfortably established at the principal hotel, seated out upon its wide veranda, and conversing with Doctor M'L—— on the distracted condition of the country and the prospects of a civil war. He was an unswerving Unionist; so was Judge M——, and a few others also, to whom we were subsequently introduced. But it did not take long to discover that on this little island, beneath the flag of Fort Taylor, were men busy in sowing the seeds of political discord and rebellion.

For a time Robert seemed to gain strength, and our daily rides and drives over the island were delightful. The flower-gardens to me were a rich source of pleasure. Such a profusion of roses, cape jasmines, and crape myrtles I was certain was never seen elsewhere. The lowliest cabins were embowered in bloom, and for the first time in my life I had flowers to satiety. I sometimes fancied their ceaseless perfume a disgust to Robert, who once remarked, when we were riding, that "tropical flowers were too sweet; he liked the scent of apple orchards better than orange groves." Another time we sat on the veranda at evening; he complained of the sickening odor of the jasmines, and said the most agreeable of all flowers-cents was that of the garden pink. We had a whole border edged with them at home. I think he was homesick.

As the winter wore on we grew tired of Key West. It seemed too circumscribed and isolated either for healthy development or hearty enjoyment. Its great cocoa-nuts, majestic palms, and hundred-hued flowers ceased to interest when Robert grew no better. Notwithstanding the many eulogiums on the climate the atmosphere was too damp for an invalid, and we began to talk of change. We spoke of Cuba; Robert did not like the idea of Havana. We spoke next of New Orleans; but it was too near spring to render New Orleans a desirable place of residence. Besides, the secession troubles were waxing warmer and warmer every day, and were likely to render the social atmosphere of a large Southern city uncongenial to strangers who sought only for health and peace.

We were debating the subject one morning when Doctor M'L—— came in. "Where shall we go next, Doctor, since we have resolved to leave the Island?" Robert asked.

"I have been thinking about it since you mentioned the subject the other day," he replied, "and have made up my mind what I would do in your place. I would go to Tampa Bay. There is a thriving little settlement there around Fort Brooke, with the best climate in the world for both summer and winter. It is entirely sheltered from east winds, and refreshed by perpetual breezes from the Gulf. Broken down in health, I was ordered there on duty during the Florida war, and after a year's residence came away renovated and strong. Don't think of the North another summer, but go there and stay until you are benefited."

Political troubles were suggested.

"Even if they should become more serious," the Doctor replied, "I don't think they would be likely to affect you there much, as it is a place of no political importance. Communications with the Island here are of weekly occurrence; and I don't apprehend any interruption at present."

We conversed for some time upon the advantages of the place in question—a place of which we had before heard very little, and were pleased with the Doctor's recommendation and suggestions.

A week later the steamer *Magnolia*, which for thirty hours had been coasting northward, turned its prow to the east, and was soon making headway among the keys which stand guard on the outer boundary of Tampa Bay. The dark-blue waters were a shade more lightly tinged as the vessel sped onward, leaving an island here and an islet there robed in perpetual verdure.

Passing the light-house it came to anchor at last, with the low shores of the main land on either side. The main land was before us also, though still too far away to be distinctly visible. We were to await there the little steamer which formed the interchain of communication with the Hillsboro. The passengers all clustered on the upper deck of the *Magnolia* to watch for the craft which had been duly signaled, and whose smoke was floating like gray vapor in the distance.

How every trifling thing becomes of interest to the traveler at sea! Men who in the busy mart would scarcely turn their heads for an armada, only a few hours from terra firma will be seen with anxious eagerness straining their eyes, or directing their glasses, toward any object, however insignificant, which chances to greet their vision. Such real interest did the little boat from Tampa awaken in a hundred minds on the New Orleans packet, and many pleasant conjectures were hazarded in reference to her name. One lady suggested the *Messenger*, another the *Mocking-Bird*, and a third the *Cracker*. A gentleman said it was the *Alligator*, or *Rattlesnake*; and so we had names *ad infinitum*.

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Meanwhile the little steamer, puffing porpoise-like, advanced until we could read, plainly lettered on her sides, *The Scottish Chief*. Three cheers for *The Scottish Chief* were called for, and responded to with a will, and a moment after re-echoing cheers came back from the gallant little boat. A number of gentlemen were standing on the guards when she came along-side; and that was the last observation until the plank was crossed: then Robert and I stood together on the deck of the strange vessel waving adieux to our companions on the receding steamer. We were quite alone, going by ourselves to a land of strangers; but with my brother no spot on earth seemed lonely. Not an island of the sea, however remote or isolated, I would not have neared with joy had it promised health and strength to my life's last idol.

Robert looked pale and weary when the excitement of the change was over, and we were about to go below for seats, when a gentleman approached us with a stool in each hand.

"Allow me to offer you the best the boat affords," he said, with marked ease of manner. "The accommodations here are very poor indeed."

My brother accepted the seat, and thanked the stranger for his courtesy. I preferred standing; and while the gentlemen fell naturally into conversation strayed away a little distance, watching every feature of the beautiful bay and its evergreen shores. After two or three hours' sail, rounding another point, and passing another island, lo! the city, namesake of the bay, lay just before us, with Fort Brooke on the left, bannerless and deserted. Magnificent trees overshadowed the low wooden cottages of the solitary old garrison. Century-old live-oaks—the remains of the primitive forest—draped with the pale, graceful villandsia (or Spanish moss), astonish the stranger with their size and beauty. Giant mulberries, blossoming oranges, and lime-trees waft their fragrance far and near. I turned to mark the effect on my brother, who had risen and stood leaning over the guards.

"Lovely! isn't it, Margy?" he said, in answer to my silent inquiry.

"Charming! I see nothing wanting but our glorious old flag. The citizens of Tampa should keep it waving, for picturesqueness if not for patriotism!"

A frown gathered suddenly on the brow of the stranger, whose features I now scanned for the first time. They were fine enough for sensibility, bold enough for manhood, and handsome enough to captivate any mere lover of beauty. So I said mentally at first glance; and thought, moreover, that the frown increased rather than diminished the effect of the whole.

Robert made no reply to my remark; but the gentleman, addressing his words to him, said: "Florida has given a new banner to the breeze, for weal or for woe!" then touching his hat slightly, went forward and disappeared.

A few minutes later and the little steamer lay at the old Government wharf. The few passengers who had accompanied her merely for pleasure went ashore. There was a motley throng collected around the landing, eager for news, but no sign of a carriage. The Captain said the Florida House, the most eligible stopping-place in town, was not distant; but if disinclined to walk through the heavy sand, he would send one of the boat-hands for a vehicle for us.

We thanked him, and sat down quietly to wait. The Captain soon made his appearance again, and said that Colonel Hamilton, one of the gentlemen who had just left the boat, had sent his carriage and servant to conduct us to the hotel. Who Colonel Hamilton might be we knew not; but when the servant presented himself, and said he came for the sick gentleman and the lady, Robert no longer hesitated. Wading through the snowy sand, the horses soon reached the hotel. The same gentleman who had proffered attentions on the boat stood amidst a group of men on the piazza, and came forward to receive us.

"Only a hotel-keeper on the look-out for customers," was the first suspicion, which his words speedily contradicted.

He greeted my brother with the warmth of a friend, and said, "Our host being absent to-day, and the servants here very slow, I took the liberty to send my own carriage for you, finding it at the door. I hope you are not very much fatigued."

Robert took the hand so cordially extended, and thanked the stranger with an ardor of expression which told how sincerely he appreciated his kindness.

Pleasant apartments were speedily provided for us, notwithstanding the Supreme Court was in session, and judges, lawyers, and clients from various sections of the State thronged the hotel. How it occurred that two of the finest rooms in the house should have been accorded to us did not transpire, although we congratulated ourselves much on the good fortune. I did not care so much for myself; I could have endured any inconvenience with the end in view. But for Robert—bravely as he battled with discouragements, courageously as he confronted disease—my heart overflowed with gratitude for him whenever he could be spared the smallest discomfort. That he would ultimately recover I had fully believed from the moment we left the chilling breezes of the North and set our faces toward the sunny South.

The days passed very pleasantly at Tampa. Nothing could be finer than the atmosphere, which in midwinter seemed a luxury to breathe. The change promised to be no less beneficial than agreeable, and Robert grew more cheerful continually. Our host and hostess did every thing for the pleasure as well as accommodation of their guests. To my brother their attentions were unremitting. Here, as every where else, he became an especial favorite; and rides, drives, sails, and fishing excursions down the bay were constantly proposed for his amusement and benefit. Every morning Colonel Hamilton's light carriage was at the door for a drive into the pine woods which surrounded the town. The Colonel always accompanied him on these excursions, for which reason I never went, though often politely assured that the vacant seat remained a standing invitation. I did not like the man. He was too popular altogether. Furthermore, I was certain he only tolerated me on my brother's account, therefore took every occasion to decline his civilities. I felt sorry at times that Robert should like him so much; but his attentions to him from the first, delicate and discriminating, were exactly of a character to win his regard.

The Colonel was a lawyer from the interior, reputed immensely rich. He was past youth, and a widower. As soon as the Court adjourned he would of course go away. On my own account I would not be sorry, as we were natural antagonists. I would only regret my brother's loss.

Meantime political excitement waxed warmer and stronger. One by one the Cotton States had followed in the South Carolina wake of secession, just as a simple flock will follow the lead of one unruly sheep. Every mail brought news of agitation along the border, and of insane words both on the part of the North and the South. The Star of Peace grew dim and dimmer, while Mars, fiery and red, cast its sickening rays over the whole heavens, from zenith to horizon.

While hope for our beloved country was dying daily in our hearts Robert was growing stronger and better. His cough abated, and his spirits grew buoyant and cheerful. It was evident he had found a climate that suited him at last. Should we risk another change, or the chances of war on the enemy's soil? I was often revolving the question in my own mind before Robert mentioned the subject.

"Margy," he said at length, "the crisis is at hand. Shall we remain and run the risk of the war, or go home?"

"The war a thousand times!" I replied, unhesitatingly, "unjust as it is. No one would injure you, Robert."

"I was not thinking of myself, Margy, but of you, in case any thing should happen to—"

He did not finish the sentence, but turned away with a quivering lip. I knew what was in his mind, and, putting my arms around his neck, said, resolutely,

"Nothing is going to happen to *you*, Robert. The climate is curing you, as I knew it would from the first. Doctor M'L—— wrote you not to return North on any account, and I would endure rebeldom forever rather than risk a hair of your head. We are not obliged to renounce our principles here, or sanction treason by word or deed; and *I* never will. I would die first!"

Our decision was made. My brother's first care was to provide funds which would be available in any contingency, as bills of exchange promised soon to be of no account. His first draft from Key West came soon; another from New York would make us independent if worse come to worse.

Like a thunder-clap broke upon us one sweet April morning tidings of the fall of Sumter, and the outrage to the flag of the Union. Robert turned pale, but not for fear. He had a nature insensible to any other fear than the triumph of wrong. Calmly as though listening to New England church bells did he hear those secession joy-bells ring, and cannon boom, in honor of the most dastardly act which had disgraced the world's history for a century; while I, who as a woman should have remained undisturbed, could have fought the very dogs in the street.

South Carolina had established another precedent in taking Sumter. Thenceforward every thing on the Southern coast bearing the name of fortress, mantled or dismantled, must be possessed in the name of "Sovereign States."

That same morning saw an illegitimate flag waving above Fort Brooke. That afternoon heard the shouts of political harangue at every street corner, and the confusion of rebel rub-a-dub-dub on the old garrison parade-ground. I was forced to close my windows to keep from going frantic.

"Suppose we have a ride in the pine woods, Margy?" Robert said, throwing down the Charleston *Mercury*, in which he had been reading the particulars of the late assault. "I think you find the air almost as suffocating here as Major Anderson and his brave men found it in their beleaguered, burning fort. God bless them!"

"Amen! and curse their assailants!' I was frightened, but the words were fairly spoken and could not be recalled.

"Oh, Margy! that from *you?*" he said, in a tone of real sorrow such as I recollected hearing but once before, on that never-to-be-forgotten night when my heart and lips both uttered blasphemies. "Are we not followers of Him who commanded *love* even to enemies?"

"They are not personal enemies, Robert, or forgiveness might be comparatively easy. They are traitors and assassins, who have stabbed to the heart the mother who bore them. I don't believe it is God's will—"

"Hush! hush! Margy. Don't finish that sentence," he said, in a voice that awed me to silence and reflection. While he ordered the horses I bathed my burning brow, arranged my hair to fit my riding-hat, and felt better before we had snuffed the first breath of the sweet pine land.

We went away alone to the great temple of Nature. How high above human pride swell its *Te Deums!* How tenderly into human hearts, sorrowing or sinning, fall its *miserere!* Temple of benedicities, temple not made with hands, all hail!"

Robert loved the pine woods, and whenever we went out on horseback would forsake the public roads for the wilder by-paths. Sometimes these paths would lead into bay thickets, redolent with bloom. From our saddles we could see golden saracenias, crimson orchises, and trailing passion-flowers, azure as ether. Under the horses' feet were violets of every hue, from deepest purple to snowy white, the St. John of the apostlehood of flowers.

To such a spot, more beautiful than words of mine can picture, we came that afternoon. Robert had been there before, and sought it again on my account.

"You shall help yourself to a bouquet, Margy," he said. "Give me your bridle-rein. This fallen tree will assist you to mount again when you wish. I will not alight."

Such a bouquet as I gathered was enough to turn the brain of a botanist. There were rhodoras of dazzling pink, incarnatas with their long purple nectaries, comelinas, and the delicate bells of the clematis-viarna. To these I added the creamy bay-flowers, while mocking-birds sang, and gay-winged parrakeets screamed for joy.

"I shall have to leave them; I can not carry another one," I said, laughingly, as I returned to my brother. "Have you a string? No? Then I must clasp them with one of my bracelets. See! it holds them fast. Take it a moment, and give me my bridle."

We heard the sound of horse's feet, and turning in the direction indicated saw Colonel Hamilton galloping toward us.

"Wait a moment, Miss Miller," he said, lifting his felt-hat as he approached. "Allow me to assist you."

There was no help for it, as he had alighted and was at my side in an instant.

"Thank you; but you have given yourself unnecessary trouble. I was reared in the country, and Nature always provides in some way for her children, you know."

"I see she has felled a tree for you here; but she will not feel slighted if you permit me the honor." And he bent and offered his palm with dignified condescension.

I touched it with my gaiter-sole as lightly as possible, and sprang into the saddle, vexed at the simple occurrence. He turned away to my brother, remarking,

"I am glad you have introduced your sister to my flower-garden. I wished to do so myself, but she refused to ride with me."

"I am surprised to meet you here to-day," Robert said. "I thought you at the court-house."

"The court made an early adjournment. It was impossible to subside to business after such an ebullition as the news of the morning created. The crowd on every hand are calling for speeches, and nothing else will satisfy them."

"Are the people united in their feelings on this subject?" Robert inquired.

"Not at all. It will take strong minds and stronger wills yet to reduce them to unity, I fear. The Cockade-men, who made so much noise this morning over the Sumter affair, would shout as vigorously for the Union to-morrow, if they had leaders to instigate them. It is the men who walk about quietly whom we want to fill our ranks—men who can be trusted. We shall get them after a while."

Was it my own brother questioning so quietly, and listening undisturbed to replies, cool and candid, it is true, but savoring strongly of the rank upas which for thirty years the South had been fostering? My cheeks tingled; I was in danger of a relapse; when, turning my head suddenly, a sight was revealed which made me faint with terror. Depending from the limb of a tree was a human figure, ghastly and horrible.

My scream or the terrible discovery brought both gentlemen to their feet in an instant. Robert lifted me from the saddle and supported me in his arms, while Colonel Hamilton went to observe more closely. The giddiness or faintness passed away soon, leaving a dull, sickening pain impossible to describe.

"Let us go," I urged. "Oh, Robert, you are ill! How pale you are!"

He made no reply. Hamilton came up at the moment. He observed the change which had fallen on my brother's countenance, and said, quickly,

"This is too much for you, my dear fellow! You should have intrusted the care of your sister to me. You shall do so now."

"I need no further care," I said, starting up suddenly. "I am fully recovered. But, Sir, will you not aid my brother?"

I was much alarmed, and spoke with an earnestness amounting to entreaty.

Robert sat leaning his head upon his hand in an attitude of exhaustion, while the Colonel bent over him, speaking in an undertone, which I could not understand. I saw him take something from my brother's hand and put it in his pocket, and give him his own pocket-handkerchief in return.

"What is it?" I said, with a faint suspicion of the truth. "Oh, my poor brother!"

"I shall be better in a minute, Margy," he said, faintly. "Don't be so much alarmed."

Colonel Hamilton, who was now tenderly supporting Robert, said to me: "I think your brother unable to ride back to the town on horseback. Would you be afraid to go by yourself and order my carriage here immediately? The distance is not great, and you have only to give your horse the rein; he will take you directly to the hotel."

"I think it is unnecessary, Colonel," Robert interposed; "I believe I shall be able to ride soon."

"I can allow you to run no risks. Miss Miller, I would not ask you to leave your brother and perform this service if the spot were not too lonely for you to remain here. One of us must go."

"Let it be me, then," I said, resolutely. "I am ready."

"I rode one of the Major's horses," he continued, "and, fortunately, mine will be fresh. Tell Tom to drive to Spring Branch; he knows the spot. I think your brother will be better soon."

He spoke with a warmth of interest which made me forget for the time how much I disliked him, and I suffered him to aid me into the saddle again.

Swift as the wind flew my good steed, out of the pine woods, through the shrub-oak and palmetto barrens, on to the town. Not a moment was lost, and my arrival at the hotel in such wild haste and alone drew every gentleman on the piazza to his feet in an instant.

"Major Thomson, please order Colonel Hamilton's carriage in a moment. My brother is very ill."

It was all I could say before bursting into tears.

Whatever the political errors of the South, no one shall say she has not hearts generous and tender, easily touched to sympathy with sorrow. A dozen arms were outstretched to assist me from my horse; voices only a minute since stern and bitter in their denunciations of my loved New England were demanding now in softened tones the nature of my brother's attack, whether I had left him alone, and his distance from the city; all of which I answered as soon as I was able to control my emotion.

In anxiety for Robert I forgot to mention the horrid discovery we made in the pine woods, and not until the carriage was at the door, and the kind landlord with two or three other gentlemen were mounting to accompany it, did it occur to me. I then related the circumstance as briefly as possible.

"Judge Moody," said the Major to one of the gentlemen on the piazza, "it seems those cursed Regulators have been at work again. There's another man dangling from a pine-tree. I expect they have been reversing your sentence of yesterday. Now, Tom"—addressing the driver—"away like the wind!"

It was easier said than done, for no carriage was ever able to make above a snail's speed on the roads of Southern Florida. Corduroy bridges are Macadamized in comparison with the jagged, ragged palmetto roots which at every step almost lie buried, like ambushed foes, in the deep sand. Interminable seemed the path of return, lengthened by anxiety and impatience. The gentlemen on horseback left us far behind, and when we reached the spot stood dismounted and waiting.

Robert was standing also, leaning on Colonel Hamilton's arm, very pale still, though a sweet, gentle smile overspread his features.

"I return you your brother, Miss Miller, better, as I promised," the Colonel said while assisting him to the carriage.

"Allow me to thank you for it."

I could not speak to Robert; but folding one arm around him as he took the seat beside me, and clasping both his hands, I felt like one who has recovered a lost treasure.

"Give me the lines, Tom, and you ride Mr. Miller's horse, and lead the Major's. If they need you here wait a while." With these orders Colonel Hamilton took the front seat, and drove very carefully over the rude paths which led to the more open road.

"I regret exceedingly the fright you have had this afternoon, and its cause," he said, turning and addressing us when the way no longer demanded his careful attention. "We have here in Florida a secret organization as singular as it is dangerous. A set of men calling themselves Regulators believe the safety of society reposed in them. Many of these are good men morally and socially, but monomaniacs on this point. Many of them are bad men, who would not scruple to commit any deed which has blackened the earth since the days of Cain. If a person arrested and tried by a legal tribunal is condemned, they often overthrow the sentence by setting him at liberty. If such a one is acquitted, and happen to fall under their ban, they try him in secret conclave by their own laws, and sentence him to banishment or execution, according to their opinion of his deserts. Several legal opinions have been set at naught by them within a few years, like the one in the present instance. Yesterday a man—a stranger in the country—was tried on suspicion of aiding the escape of runaways, and honorably acquitted. To-day he is hanging like a dog. It was whispered this morning that the stranger was missing, and but for the war-news I have no doubt a search would have been instituted; but in a community like this one thing readily gives place to another."

"But why, may I ask, are not the victims of their diabolic acts secreted?"

"It is only a bravado of the collective mass, perfectly safe in uttering, '*Thus decree the Regulators!*' while not an individual of them all would dare assert, '*I did the deed!*'"

We arrived safely at the hotel, and for two or three days Robert remained feeble and languid, then began to mend again. Not until he had quite recovered from its effects, however, were my suspicions of a hemorrhage acknowledged to be true, so studiously did both he and his friend seek to conceal from me the fact.

The spring courts, following one another in close succession, came at length to a final adjournment. They had made the dull little town comparatively lively ever since our arrival. Every day now left vacant seats at table, and it was apparent the few invalids would soon be left alone. Most of those would follow in time, and it was not certain that my brother and I would not be the only summer boarders.

For some time an excursion to one of the orange groves of "Old Tampa," a section of country bordering on the outer bay, had been contemplated by the hotel company and a few of the citizens. It was a place of historic interest, being the first landing-point of De Soto's party; and the remains of his fortifications were said to be distinctly visible after a lapse of nearly three centuries. At the first mention of the excursion Robert and I had expressed a wish to be of the party; on account of his illness it had been postponed.

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MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.—[Photographed by Brady.]

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GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

WE give on our first page this week a portrait of General GEORGE H. THOMAS, who now takes the place of General SHERMAN in the Western campaign. General THOMAS was born in Southampton County, Virginia, in July, 1816. He graduated at West Point in 1840. In the Regular army THOMAS, in 1861, held the position once occupied by General LEE, that of Colonel of the Fifth cavalry; but in 1863 he was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship. After the battle of Mill Spring he commanded a corps in BUELL'S army. He retained command of this corps under ROSECRANS. At the battle of Chicamauga his skill and the courage of his command saved the day. In SHERMAN'S Georgia campaign General THOMAS commanded the army of the Cumberland—the largest of the three grand divisions under SHERMAN. General THOMAS'S career from the victory of Mill Spring down to the present time has been brilliant and successful, and we are sure that his conduct of the campaign against HOOD will confirm SHERMAN'S judgment in leaving to his hands the entire Western campaign.

TORPEDO RAFT OFF MOBILE.

THE sketch on page 804 shows the appearance of one of the torpedo rafts which the rebels have lodged in Mobile Bay to impede the progress of our fleet toward the city. A few vessels of the fleet are visible in the back-ground, while in front the sailors are engaged in the delicate and dangerous operation of removing the torpedoes from the raft. An unusually high sea does not by any means facilitate this process; the sailor straddling the torpedo and plying the wrench is alternately dipped under the mounting wave and then again made visible for a brief interval to his anxious comrades, to whom as to himself a slight slip of the hand or a brush of the wrench against the cap of the torpedo would certainly be the occasion of utter destruction. Each of the torpedoes represented weighed 440 pounds empty.

OUR FLEET IN HAMPTON ROADS.

ON page 805 we give an illustration representing the Federal fleet gathered at Hampton Roads. Fortress Monroe has since the beginning of the war been the grand place of rendezvous for our fleet, and the starting-point of all the principal naval expeditions. Here the Burnside and Port Royal expeditions were assembled before their departure. The fleet now gathered at this point is of especial interest in view of the naval operations which, during the next few months, will play an important part in the war. This fleet comprises a large number of vessels, each of whom has a history of her own. Some of them, like the *Mohican* and *Susquehanna*, were at the capture of Port Royal; the *Wabash* was flag-ship on that occasion. There is the *Powhatan*, so long engaged in the exciting chase after the *Sumter;* the *Malvern*, who caught the *Chesapeake;* the *Colorado*, who destroyed the privateer *Judah;* the *Minnesota*, who helped fight the *Merrimac;* the *New Ironsides*, flag-ship in the grand naval attack on Fort Sumter in April, 1863, and who came near being destroyed by a torpedo a few months afterward; and the old ship *Brooklyn*, who gained for herself such distinction at the capture of New Orleans and in Mobile Bay last August.

We also give on the same page a sketch of Fort Wool, named after the old and able General who so long commanded the post of Fortress Monroe.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

RECKLESS DRIVING.—A cabman has lately driven his own mother *out of her mind.*

ENGLAND'S "MAIN DRAINAGE."—Taxation.

A humorous and beautiful young lady being asked by her mamma where she was going, said she was going to practice archery with an Irish beau and arrah!

PATRON OF THE SCAFFOLD.—There was a laird in the north of Scotland, who died some thirty or forty years ago, who had a great *penchant* for attending executions, and his local standing would appear to have made his presence at such exhibitions a *sine qua non*. On one occasion an unfortunate wretch was about to be "turned off;" the rope was adjusted, and every thing was ready. The hangman, however, stood waiting with apparent anxiety, evidently for an addition to the spectators. Being asked why he did not proceed with the business, he replied, with a look of surprise at his questioner, "The laird is nae come, yet!"

NEW WAY OF LEARNING LANGUAGES.—A well-known optician says that, when at sea, you can, with his glass, at a point most remote from the shore, easily make out the *tongue of any foreign land.*

AN ANXIOUS mother in Scotland, taking leave of her son on his departure for England, gave him this advice: "My dear Sandy, my sin bairn, gang south, and get all the siller ye can from the southerns—tak' every thing ye can. But the English are a brave, boxin' people, an' tak' care o' them. Sandy. Never fight a bald man, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs." "Pooh, nonsense! say right out. Which do you like the best?" "Well," dropping her eyes, "I like U best."

SERENADE FOR DECEMBER.

Your Troubadour's toes are beginning to freeze,
Your Troubadour's nose is beginning to sneeze,
A violent cold does his singing mar,
As he chants to the tune of a light *catarrh.*

AN OLD BACHELOR'S DEFINITION OF LOVE.—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a good deal of lying.

Mr. Lower, in his excellent work on "English Surnames," has a story of a man who fell into a pit somewhere in Wales, and whose cries for assistance were heard by a passing stranger. "Who are you?" inquired the traveler. "Jenken ap Griffith ap Robin ap William ap Rees ap Evan," was the reply. "Why, what a lazy set you must be, to lie rolling in that hole, half a dozen of you! Why, in the name of common sense, don't you help one another out?" was the answer of the disgusted traveler as he rode away.

WHY does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl?—Because she's too young to show much reflection.

OH, HOW ARTFUL!

WIFE. "Whenever I want a nice snug day, all to myself, I tell George my mother is coming, and then I see nothing of him till one in the morning."

There is a story told of an imperial highness waltzing three on the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. The lady, flattered by his attention, frankly expressed her gratification at the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, "your highness must be very fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the unsatisfactory response. "What, then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness's motive for dancing?" "Madam," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "I dance to perspire."

Wanted, for a museum of arms and trophies, Falstaff's ancient Pistol.

It is a part of the Boston creed that one who is born in that city does not need to be born again.

A STERN REALITY.—The Man at the Wheel.

The Rev. J. P. Gardiner, a missionary in Rupert's Land, gives the following word of eighteen syllables as an illustration of the peculiarities of the Indian language: "Keguwecheahpetowkesiunemechesoometinawan" — "I will dine with you."

MOTTO FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—"The Cart before the Horse."

Why is a hair-cutter like a sheep?—Because he is a bah-bah (*barber*).

QUERY FOR PROFESSOR OWEN.—Is Neptune a Kingfisher?

PROOF POSITIVE.—Old John B—— was a hypochondriac, and one of his chimeras was that he was a glass vessel. One day, as he was taking a seat, his wife, who was behind him, suddenly jerked his chair away, and he fell heavily to the floor. "There!" cried she, triumphantly, "that goes to prove what I always said; you are no more made of glass than I am, else you would have been broken into a thousand pieces!"

An Irishman was summoned for refusing to pay a doctor's bill, when he was asked why he refused to pay. "What for should I pay?" said Paddy; "shure he didn't give me any thing but some emitics, and the niver a one could I keep in my stomich at all, at all."

Judge Rooke in going the western circuit had a great stone thrown at his head; but from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he, "had I been an *upright* judge I might have been killed."

"Father," said a little fellow, apparently reflecting intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding-cake when I get married." "Why not, my son?" was the fond father's inquiry. "Because," said the young hopeful, "you didn't send me any of yours."

If a man is given to liquor, let not liquor be given to him.

Dr. Dollchus was a stiff Tory and always drove splendid cattle. One day one of his toughest political opponents, praising his team, asked the doctor not to think the less of his praise of the horses because he might think little of his opinion in regard to politics. "Most certainly not," replied the doctor, "I always thought that you knew much more about horses than about politics."

"Ned, who is the girl I saw you walking with?" "Miss Hogg." "Hogg—Hogg! well, she's to be pitied for having such a name." "So I think," rejoined Ned; "I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she's going to take it."

AN ENGLISH BULL.—At a shop window in the Strand there lately appeared the following notice: "Wanted—two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family."

"Fine day for the race," said a wag to a sporting friend one bright morning lately. "What race?" anxiously inquired the friend. "Why, the human race, to be sure," was the reply.

UNCLE LUTHER.

WE ran away together, Edward and I; and perhaps we were wrong to do it, but we loved each other very, very dearly, and it was not like leaving a dear, good papa and mamma, for I only had an uncle, who had never been very kind to me since he became my guardian. Edward, to be sure, had a father; and, as he said, it seemed very hard that, because his father and my uncle were not friends, we were to be separated forever. My boy—I had a foolish habit of calling him my boy that I am not sure I shall ever be able to rid myself of—my boy had been brought up to expect a large fortune, and taught no profession; while every one said that I should be my uncle's heiress, and it seemed very likely, for there was no one else who had the slightest claim of kindred upon him.

But when Uncle George ordered Edward from the house he told me that if I ever spoke to him again I need never expect a shilling from him; and it seems that Edward's father said much the same thing when my boy confessed his love for me.

"Do we care for money?" he said. "Shall you and I be separated for the love of gold? I have youth and strength, and I can win my own way to fortune with you beside me."

For my part, to be with him was enough, and so I told him.

One bright moonlight night he met me at the garden gate, and in an hour the wedding-ring was on my finger, and I had promised to love, honor, and obey my darling while I lived.

Edward was not quite penniless. He had a few hundreds left him by his mother; and our plan was this: to travel to the Far West, where lands are cheap, and buy a farm there, and begin a wild, happy country life, poor at first, but striving for a competence in old age. It seemed a pleasant plan, and I think it would have been successful. The very day after we were married we started for the West. I remember my darling as he stepped into the cars, so tall and straight and active. I saw girls steal glances at him, and read in the eyes of other men that they knew how strong and beautiful he was; and I was very proud of him sitting beside me, so watchful of my comfort, so fond and proud of me.

The cars whirled on behind the smoking engine. People chatted, and ate lunches, and took naps, and I am sure that there was no thought of fear in the heart of any one there. A hundred times before many of them had been rattled and screamed away across the country, and often over even that very bridge which we approached so rapidly. Had there been such a thing as anxiety in any countenance I might believe in warnings and presentiments, but there was not. Of that I am quite sure, and always shall be.

For my part my mind had wandered to our Western farm to be, and with his arm about my waist, I sat quietly looking at the green fields and the blue water and the purple mountain-tops so far away, when a crash, a rumbling sound, a chorus of wild screams and cries, a horrible fall, and all was darkness and chaos. When I came to myself the blood was streaming from my temples, and I lay in the midst of broken fragments of wood and iron. My first thought was of Edward. Oh, my darling! I looked to the right and to the left. I could distinguish no one—only prostrate and groaning forms, and others wildly searching amidst the rubbish, or bearing those they found to an open spot on the grass beyond. A wild hope seized me. Perhaps he was looking for me, unharmed and well himself.

I called aloud, "Edward, Edward!" and a faint moan answered me. Giddy though I was, I arose and groped about, listening and peering, and soon—oh, great Heavens! I never shall forget that moment—soon, looking down over a barricade of joists and bars, I saw his face at the bottom, beyond my reach. I screamed his name again, and he answered, faintly,

"Thank God, you are safe!"

Then I said, "Are you hurt much, Edward?"

"I think so. My head is not, and I can move my arms, but there is an awful weight upon me. For God's sake, beg them to help me! There is a poor woman here also—dead, I think. I can bear it if you are safe, only tell them to come soon."

Then I think he fainted, and the next thing I knew I had clutched a stout old man by the arm, and was not praying but commanding him to take my husband out of that awful place. He soothed me. They were at work already; but, oh! what a long time it took to clear away the heaped-up mass.

Body after body was spread on the grass before they took him up and carried him on a rude litter to the spot where the surgeons were busy.

He was alive still. I thanked God for that. And I tried to be calm and help them. All the weight of those beams and boards had fallen on his lower limbs, but otherwise he was not greatly injured. They gave me faint hopes at first. After a while they told me that he *might* live, soon that he *would*. And so, at the little wayside tavern, I nursed him back to life, and made up my mind to the worst. So that when the old surgeon—a good, fatherly man—took me into the garden one day, and, bidding me be calm, told me that my boy would never be quite strong again, and that he must be a cripple for life, I could listen with a few tears, and tell him that I only heard what I had guessed before.

But I prayed him to tell Edward, and not to leave that task to me.

Well, we knew our fate, and we met in one long, tearful embrace. And he said, "My dearest, can you love a poor disfigured cripple, who would never have sought to win you had he known he should come to this?"

And I answered, "Oh, Edward, better than I ever did the strong man of whose good looks I used to be so proud!"

And he trusted me, and went to sleep with his poor head upon my arm; and I sat there all night, praying God to comfort him and bless us both.

By-and-by he got about on crutches. It was a glad and a sad day to both of us. And the color returned to his cheek, and the damp hair began to curl dark and crisp again about his head. And at last the old rich tones came into the sweet voice. He was as well as he would ever be. Of course all idea of that wild life on a Western farm was over. And our money was almost gone. Neither of us had any hope of forgiveness, and we knew, young as we were, that we had a hard struggle before us.

Edward could think of but one thing. He had learned book-keeping at school, and he was fond of writing—perhaps by those means he could earn a living. And I, in my own heart, resolved that my needle should not lie idle, though knowing how hard it would seem to my boy that his wife should work for money. I said nothing to him about it. We went back to New York—I was glad enough when the journey was over, for every sound startled me, and poor Edward suffered much pain—and at last engaged two rooms on a third floor, furnished them very plainly, and went to house-keeping. An old acquaintance had recommended Edward to a certain Mr. Baxter, and so we were able to live.

What I could do to make our little place a home I did with all my heart, and I found some fine work and worked at it before Edward came home, hiding it when I heard the first click of his crutches on the stairs. I had his slippers ready and his dressing-gown. And I used to study a little cookery-book I had to contrive cheap luxuries for our table. One of the greatest trials that our poverty brought me was the living up those two long flights of stairs, which he must toil over night and morning.

Sundays we went to church together in the morning, and in the afternoon I read to him or he to me, or we talked quite gayly sometimes, for real love will make people happy in spite of any thing.

One day we read in our newspaper the marriage of Edward's father to a young lady whom he knew well. And after that what little dreams I had of ultimate reconciliation between the two faded from my mind entirely.

It was a month from that time when—'twas on a quiet Sunday eve, and we had been reading "Prue and I," that sweetest book to married lovers in all the language—strange steps came up the stair, and, following them, a rap at the door. I lifted my head from my dear boy's shoulder and went to open it. And there stood without a bent old man in a ragged coat, leaning on his cane and peering at me with his great blue eyes—eyes that were very bright for so feeble an old creature.

"Does Mr. Edward Millbank live here?" he asked.

"Speak loud, for I'm very deaf."

And when I said and nodded "Yes," he came in. He was a very singular old man—so wrapped about the throat in dingy shawls, so bent, and so white haired. My dear boy arose and stood with one hand on my shoulder, looking at him.

"You don't remember me, Edward?" said the old man.

"No," replied my dear, "and yet—"

"What's that he says?" asked the old man. "No? Ah, I didn't expect it. You've forgotten the rides on old Ajax, and the fishing in the little brook, and the young man who carried you on his shoulder so often when you were a baby. You've forgotten your mother's brother Luther."

"Uncle Luther!" cried my dearest boy, and his eyes glistened. He stretched out his hands, and the old man came forward and shook them. Then he said,

"Sit down, nephew, sit down. I heard of that railroad accident, but I didn't know—" There he stopped with a glance at the crutches, and went on in that loud key peculiar to the extremely deaf. "You all thought I was making my fortune abroad, didn't you? Well, I've made it, and spent it, or lost it, or got rid of it somehow, you know. You don't need to be told *that* when you look at this coat. And I came home a week ago, remembering that I had a rich relation—your father, Ned—and went to him to see how he would welcome me. He had a fine young wife like a doll-baby; and for welcome he told me there was a poor-house for vagabonds like me. I asked for my nephew, and was told that he'd been kicked out of doors for marrying to his liking. So I came here—got your direction from your employer—knew you were poor, but didn't know—" Again that glance at the crutches—that pause—and something glittering on his lashes.

Despite his oddity, and his shabby clothes, and deafness, I began to like old Uncle Luther.

"You have altered, Uncle," said my dear boy. "I should not have expected such a change in you."

"Have I any change, did you say?" queried the old man, with his hand at his ear. "Oh dear, no—not a dime! That's partly why I came here. Can you let me creep in here, or haven't you enough for yourselves?"

There seemed very little use in trying to speak to him, but Edward held out his hand and shook that of the old man again.

That seemed to answer. Uncle Luther nodded, took off his dilapidated hat, and drew closer to the little stove. We had our frugal tea together, and at bedtime I contrived a sleeping-place for the old man, and did the best I could to make him welcome. But when his heavy breathing told that he slumbered I crept close to Edward and whispered,

"My dear boy, can you afford this—you, who toil so for so little?"

But he answered: "Olive, my Uncle Luther was my mother's dearest brother; and while I have a home it should shelter him, even if he had not been so kind to me when I remember him a hale and handsome man."

And I kissed him and said no more.

I never knew until afterward how he denied himself every little comfort, and walked home all that weary distance to save a miserable fivepence, my poor, dear boy! I worked harder too, and Uncle Luther sat with me through the long day, seeming to grow deafer every hour. He could not hear a word we said to each other, and was no restraint on our conversation.

Winter was deepening, and with it came new expenses. Another pound of beef or loaf of bread told on our slender purse; and there were lights and coal. Sometimes my dear boy quite broke down, and reproached himself with having brought me to such things, blighting my life, he said—as though having him I had not my greatest treasure. Those long winter evenings put it into my dear boy's head to do some copying for a young lawyer, the son of his employer; and this was the way Warren Baxter first began to come to see us. He was friendly to Edward and quite gallant to me, though I fancied I saw in him a certain scorn of our humble home and its appointments. I never liked him; but I said to myself, "He is Edward's friend, and I am prejudiced and foolish," and tried to banish my aversion.

At last Mr. Baxter began to drop in in the daytime, bringing papers to copy, because he should be engaged in the evening. And I first noticed that he strove to make an impression on me; that his glances were not quite such as I might return; that his compliments went beyond the bounds of fashionable politeness. But what could I do? He was so necessary to Edward that it would be no light matter to offend him.

One day, a short midwinter day, with a leaden sky which threatened rain, and a cold mist in the air, I sat close by the window at work, when Warren Baxter came in. He had a roll of manuscript in his hand, and was more than usually brisk and merry.

He pulled off his handsome fur gloves, warmed his fingers at the fire, and roared to Uncle Luther bending over the stove,

"Cold day, Sir, cold day!"

"Don't hear what you say," said the old man, snappishly. "Deaf as a post in this weather always."

"Very cold," said Mr. Baxter.

"Bad coals! I should think they were indeed," said the old man. "Half cinders, and twenty cents a pail at that."

"You're no interruption to any conversation any how," muttered Warren Baxter, with the most polite smile. Then drawing a chair close to me he began to trifle with my work.

"What beautiful stitching!" he said. "Only such fingers as yours could accomplish it. But you work too hard. I'm afraid you'll spoil your eyes; and that would never do."

"My eyes are strong," I answered, coldly.

"The strong and beautiful are found together sometimes then," said Mr. Baxter.

I made no answer.

"You have the loveliest eyes in the world," said Mr. Baxter. "You must know it if you look in the glass. It seems a pity that— Heigh-ho!"

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I put my sewing by, and went to the other side of the room. He made some remark about a draught from the window and followed me. "You were never meant to sew for a living and wear coarse cotton gowns," he said.

"If I am suited with my dresses no one else need be troubled on that score," said I.

"Ah, but *are* you? You love beautiful things; you have been used to refinement. You like to look well, I am sure."

"I look well to my husband, Sir," I answered; "that suffices me."

"You must look beautiful to any one," said Mr. Baxter; "but this is not the life for you. My dear—"

"Sir!"

"My dear Mrs. Millbank, you can't object to that. A humdrum, hard-working day, few comforts, no luxuries. Evenings passed watching your husband scribble, when you might be the belle of any ball-room."

"I beg you to cease this conversation, Sir," I said; "I am happy in this humble life of mine. It can not affect you."

"It does," he said. "Come, let us be good friends. You are so cold—so chilling. It is all very well to keep this up before strangers, but I know that you can't be happy, with poor food, poor clothes, such lodging as this, and a husband to whom you must be a nurse, while many a handsome young fellow would give his eyes to—"

I started to my feet, and pointed to the door. "Your way lies there, Sir," I said. "Should I repeat this to my husband—"

"He'd knock me down, I presume," said the rascal, with a sneer.

"Now, my dear little woman, no acting is necessary, none whatever. I'm a man of the world; that husband of yours would be none the worse for our being friends."

"Go!" I repeated, "and never enter these doors again."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am. Go!"

"Do you know what harm I can do Edward Millbank if you offend me?" said the young lawyer. He owes his living to me. I can at will increase his salary. A word from me would lose him his present situation. Reflect. Don't anger me. It would be very hard to make me angry with you, yet you might do it and rue it also."

All I could say to him was, "Begone!" and in a little while I was alone, with the door locked between us.

Then I paced the floor, deaf old Uncle Luther looking at me inquisitively. Would the insolent wretch really revenge himself so wickedly? Had I harmed my poor dear? Yet I could do nothing else.

I seldom gave way to tears, but they would come now. I threw myself down on the floor, and, huddled up in the corner like a frightened child, wept bitterly. Soon a hand touched me, and I saw Uncle Luther at my side.

"Don't cry, my child," he said. "The Lord will provide. The darkest hour is just before day. Whatever troubles you, take heart. As you've had pity on me, the Lord will have pity on you."

A few days after this, strange to say, Warren Baxter came to our house again. I had been absent taking home my sewing and doing my humble marketing for the day.

Opening the door quickly I ran against him ready to come out. I could see that he was heartily ashamed of himself, for he looked down and absolutely blushed. He muttered an almost inaudible "Good-day," and something about having left some papers for Edward to copy and went down stairs quickly.

On the table I found a note directed to my husband, and the usual roll of paper. At least he was not so bad as I believed he would be.

Edward came home early and in a happy mood. Poor fellow, he was very light-hearted naturally, and only twenty-four that very day—too young to be quite crushed by all his trials and misfortunes. He laughed and jested, told some old stories of an old lady who visited Warren Baxter daily in hopes of discovering the contents of a will he had made for her brother; praised me as the best cook in the world; and made love to me as though I were not his wife; but that he always did.

After supper, sitting over the fire, he said:

"By-the-way, Baxter lost a magnificent gold watch and chain to-day."

"The old gentleman?" said I.

"No, Warren. The oddest thing. There had been something the matter with it, and he had taken it out and laid it upon my desk, partly to show me its beauty and partly to examine the works. Just then there was a disturbance in the street—a fight between two porters. We went to the window to look out; old Mr. Baxter, the other clerk Williams, Warren, and myself.

"When it was over I went back to my desk, and the watch was not there; but as Warren Baxter had left the room I supposed he had taken it with him and gone to his office, which, you know, is but three doors off.

"Two hours after, however, he came running in in great haste, and came straight to my desk.

"'You took care of my watch, I hope,' he said.

"I told him that I had not seen it, and no one had, it seemed.

"Wilson, the old gentleman, two porters, who had been in the room, and even a small errand-boy, all were questioned. It seems impossible to suspect any one, yet the watch must have been stolen."

"It may have slipped into a drawer, or some box, or pile of papers."

"So I suggested," said Edward; "and we rummaged all the afternoon. Warren could scarcely have been more excited if his dearest friend had been lost or stolen. To me it was an unfathomable mystery."

I could not, do what I would, banish the terror which stole over me when I heard this story. Warren Baxter was a bad man: he hated me now, and my husband—oh, surely, surely, he had no power to harm him!

I prayed softly to myself, with my face hidden on my dear boy's shoulder, as we sat there before the fire.

At nine the church clock, close at hand, had just struck, and our little time-piece, a minute or so slower, echoed the notes with its silvery tongue. Some one knocked loudly at our door, and Edward's "Come in" was answered by the entrance of three persons: old Mr. Baxter, Warren, and a strange man buttoned up in a large over-coat.

My dearest looked surprised as he arose to welcome them, and I could see across the fire a new look come into deaf old Uncle Luther's eyes—a strange, half-smile about the mouth, which for the moment altered him completely.

Old Mr. Baxter began—wiping a tear from his lashes as he spoke, and putting a hand trembling with emotion on my dear boy's arm—

"Mr. Millbank, remember, always remember, that I am no party to this. I came to tell you so—that is all. I can not express my indignation or my shame that a son of mine should so insult one whom I consider a dear friend."

Edward looked from one to the other with a gleaming eye and compressed lips; and Warren advanced, brushing his glossy hat with his light kid glove.

"I know that Millbank will take no offense," he said. "I do this only in a spirit of justice. The porters and Wilson might complain if I did not; and the watch is too valuable to be lost. I—ahem—the fact is, as a matter of form, a mere matter of form, we must search you and your apartments. Merely a form, my dear boy—nobody suspects you; but it's all regular, and you will not object."

My boy's eyes sparkled; his cheek flushed scarlet.

"This is an insult I never expected to bear," he said. "A gentleman is still a gentleman, however poor—you should have remembered that. You should learn it now were I—"

He paused, and his cheek turned pale again. He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"Go on," he said: "if you can insult me so, search this poor home of ours. Olive, love, be calm; it is *he* who should blush, not you and I."

"I believe the dog would send a search-warrant into his own father's house," said old Mr. Baxter. "I will never forgive him—never!"

"Father, you are aware this is a mere form," said young Baxter. "We legal gentlemen are obliged to do such things. Now, officer."

The strange man who had entered with them fastened a shield to the breast of his coat as he spoke.

"Not much to search, I believe," said Warren, with a covert sneer—"only two rooms and a closet, I believe."

"Not far, indeed," said a voice from the fireside, so clear and strong that we could scarcely believe it came from the lips of Uncle Luther. "Officer, I'll tell you where to find the watch and chain."

"Never mind him, officer; he is childish. His drivel means nothing," said Warren; but he turned pale as he spoke. I saw that, and gathered hope from it.

"He is neither quite so childish nor quite so deaf as you imagine," continued the old man. "Officer, the watch and chain are hidden under the upper bed in yonder room."

"In the name of Heaven, what do you mean?" cried Edward. "Do you dare accuse me of—"

"Under the bed in that room," continued Uncle Luther, as though he had not spoken, "where Mr. Warren Baxter placed them to-day with his own hands for safe-keeping."

"Driveling fool!" ejaculated the young lawyer; "do you hope to save exposure by such a subterfuge?"

"Prove that my statement is true!" said Uncle Luther; and the policeman entered our little bed-room, and came back in a moment with Warren Baxter's watch and chain in his hand.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that this should be the end of this affair," began the young lawyer; but Uncle Luther interposed:

"Unluckily for you it is not the end," he said. "You fancied you had a deaf and almost imbecile old man to deal with, and never recognized Luther Standish in his disguise. Villain, do you know me *now*?"

Upon the floor as he spoke fell the wrapping handkerchief, a white wig, and the great tortoise-shell spectacles; and a keen-eyed, gray-haired man stood before us.

Warren Baxter shuddered, and clung to the door-post for support. I think he would have made an effort to escape, but that Uncle Luther set his back against the door.

"Yes, Luther Standish is your accuser," he said. "He has watched you well, he has known what happened here and elsewhere. He has come back to ask an account of an unfaithful steward. I know your base heart to its core. I heard the insults uttered to that sweet lady, that true and loving wife. I saw you steal in on your vile errand, and hide yonder bauble in the couch of innocence polluted by your very touch. You have signed your own death-warrant. Officer, I command you to arrest that man: he has committed forgery." Then Uncle Luther turned to us. "My dear children," he said, "you wonder at all this, but listen to my story. I have lived a lonely life and in far distant lands for many years. Growing rich and yearning for home and kindred I returned at last. I dreaded being welcomed for my gold alone, and thought to test the hearts of those I hoped to meet. I sought my sister, my brother-in-law—both repulsed me. Then I came here. You took me in and comforted me; then I should have told my secret, but I had another motive for disguise: I wanted to watch yonder rascal. He was my man of business, and from certain sources I learned that he had proved unfaithful to his trust, embezzled sundry valuable documents, trusting in my long absence and seeming negligence for escape.

"His last act was to forge my name. I have proofs, villain, proofs you can not combat. And you can no more harm yonder gentleman than you can save your detestable and cowardly self. Edward, my dear fellow, you thought I could not hear you, yet you never spoke one word that was not kind and generous.

"Olive, my dear—nay, never give way now, you who have been so brave through so many trials."

That was the last I heard. Then the room began to swim before me, and I could not see my darling's loving face, and struggling against oblivion for a moment, fainted quite away.

When I came to myself only my dear boy and Uncle Luther were with me in the little room, and I begged them not to tell me any thing about what came after, so that I only know that Warren Baxter was punished, but not how; and my dear boy became Uncle Luther's heir.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A STRANGE STORY.—A truly melodramatic anecdote is in circulation in Paris, which must be accepted without notarial vouching, but still as indorsed by being given to the world by those who are not ordinarily *bravards*. A Russian nobleman, extremely wealthy, and very reserved and melancholy, has appeared of late in the best circles, to which he has had most distinguished introducers. The Russian became remarkable for wearing a ring of colossal proportions, covering nearly the entire finger, and of singular appearance, the centre being composed of a substance resembling jet, which was set in gold. No one ventured to ask the character of the ring or the cause of its being worn, and placing the wearer, a studiously quiet man, in the light of being an eccentric individual. A lady, however, who was piqued to know something about the matter, at last mustered the requisite courage, and said, "Monsieur, every one is very much struck with the singular character of the ring you wear, and I for one should be delighted to know its origin." The Russian made a nervous twitch with his hand, as though he would like to hide it, while he replied, "Madame, the ring is not a jewel, as you suppose, but a tomb." The curious gathered round while he continued: "This jet substance is the body of my wife; she had a horror of a tomb in Russia; she was Italian. I promised her that I would guard her day and night during my life, and she reposed in my word, which had never been broken. I took the body of my wife to Germany, where the most able chemist of the day promised to reduce it, by powerful dissolvents and by great compression, to a size which would enable me to wear it as a *souvenir*. For eight days he labored almost constantly in my presence, and I saw the dear remains gradually dissolve and intensify till the residue was the compact mass which you see in the ring, which is my dear wife, who, as I promised, I will never quit day or night during my life."

FAMILY COURTESIES.—In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household, and nowhere else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own home you would have thought they were almost angels; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the counting-house, or any where else outside of their own house, you would have thought them almost demoniac. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

NATIONAL IDEAS OF PARADISE.—The Laplander believes Paradise to be situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden. The Muscogulgees imagine it among the islands of the vast Pacific. The Mexicans conceived that those who died from wounds, or were drowned, went to a cool and delightful place, there to enjoy all manner of pleasure; those who died in battle or captivity were wafted to the palace of the sun, and led a life of endless delight. After an abode of four more years in this splendid habitation, they animate clouds and birds of beautiful feather and of sweet song; having at the same time liberty to ascend to heaven or descend to earth, to suck sweet flowers, and warble enchanting songs. The Tonquinese imagine the forest and the mountains to be peopled with a peculiar kind of genii, who exercise an influence over the affairs of mankind; and in their ideas relative to a state of future happiness they regard a delightful climate, and atmosphere surcharged with a throne profusely covered with garlands of flowers, as the summit of earthly felicity. Among the Arabs a fine country, with abundance of shade, forms the principal object of their promised bliss. There is a tribe of America who believe that the souls of good men are conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding with guavas and other delicious fruits. The heaven of the Celts was called "Flathinnis," the "island of the good and brave;" their hell, "Ifurin," "the island of cold climate." While the Druids, as we are informed by Ammianus Marcellus, believed that the souls of good men were wafted, in progressive course, from planet to planet, enjoying, at every succe sive change, a more sublime felicity than in the last.

THE following is a carefully prepared estimate of the number of slaves thus far set free by the Administration, or by the events of the war, viz.: In Utah and Nebraska, 44; in Delaware, 502; in the District of Columbia, 3185; in Indian Territory, 7360; in Texas, 30,437; in North Carolina, 55,176; in South Carolina, 67,066; in Arkansas, 74,074; in Kentucky, 75,163; in Maryland, 87,188; in Missouri, 114,965; in Alabama, 145,028; in Georgia, 154,696; in Mississippi, 158,540; in Virginia, 163,629; in Tennessee, 183,912; in Louisiana, 201,150; total liberated, 1,368,600.

THE vintage of Savoy is one of the loveliest sights in all the world. The land holds then its great feast of tabernacles, all festooned with purple wreaths. Every where the men are gathering the sweet grapes and dropping the bunches to the women and children, who catch them in their hands and stow them away in the white wooden pails. At the corner of each field stands the heavy old cart, with its gray oxen patiently chewing the cud, and now and then stamping at the flies that persist in their pretty nets on their foreheads have not sufficed to banish; while some little child of five or six sits by them and plays at keeping the beautiful beasts, or climbs up and helps himself to some of the grapes in the huge tubs on the wagon. And round and beyond us on every side are other fields of corn and vines, and lanes of walnut and acacia; and further yet the grand mountains and the lovely lake—now emerald green, now turquoise blue—gleaming through the trees and the garlands till far away, Mont Cenis with its crown of snow grows rosy in the setting sun.

THE WRONG INSTRUMENT.—A native church had recently been erected, and some friends of the Maori race had subscribed to purchase a harmonium, capable of playing a certain number of sacred airs without the aid of an organist. It was, in fact, constructed on the same principle as the hurdy-gurdies to be seen in the streets of London, and differed only from them in its airs being sacred and not secular. It so happened that the tradesman from whom it was bought had imported at the same time another instrument similar in appearance and construction, intended for the amusement of a Maori chief who had a taste for the popular airs of the day. By some mistake the secular instrument was forwarded instead of the sacred; and nothing was known of this till the opening of the church. A stalwart Maori had been selected to grind the music, and the officiating minister, suspecting nothing, gave out a hymn. When the Maori began to turn the handle the accursed instrument gave no uncertain sound; it struck up that lively popular air, "Pop goes the Weasel." The poor minister was speechless with horror and surprise, but the congregation innocently joined in with the lively notes, and rather admired the new air selected for the solemnity. The minister held up his hand as a signal to stop; but the former mistaking his meaning, only made the handle revolve with greater rapidity; he stamped with rage and impatience, but faster and faster went the instrument, till the congregation were almost breathless in their efforts to keep up with it. At length the minister took a sensible view of the subject; he observed that the congregation suspected nothing, and came to the sound conclusion that there is no scandal where there is no discovery. He submitted to the evil for one day, but had the mistake rectified without delay. It is said that the congregation still regret the absence of the lively instrument which led their devotions at the opening of the church.

SNEEZING.—Almost throughout Africa there is some superstition connected with this convulsion. In Senaar courtiers turn the back and slap the right thigh. Old authors tell us that when the "King of Monomotapa" sneezed it became a national concern. Those nearest the royal person howled a salutation, which was taken up by the ante-chamber; and when the horrid cry had run through the palace it was re-echoed by the whole city. In Europe the superstition is, that St. Gregory instituted a benediction upon the sneezer, because during a certain pestilence the unseemly act was a fatal symptom.

PASSION FOR DISPLAY.—The world is crazy for show. There is not one person in a thousand who dares fall back on nothing but his real simple self for power to get through the world, and to extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much of that living in the eyes of other people. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial arts. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these times. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat you are jostled out of reach; there is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man dares to live considerably within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded, for there is something fresh and rare in such of example.

"TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN."—A lady residing in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, returned some time since from a visit she had made in the department of Finistere, bringing with her a young orphan girl, poor, but very pretty, named Yvonne S——, whom she engaged as her waiting-maid. Last month, a short time after her return to Paris, the lady died. When the body had been prepared for the coffin, and was for a short time left alone, Yvonne was seen to go stealthily into the room, lift up the shroud, and then hastily leave. The first idea was that she had taken a ring which, at the express desire of the deceased, had been left on her finger. On examination, however, the ring was discovered to be untouched, but a paper was seen attached with a pin to the shroud. On inspection it was found to be a letter addressed by the young orphan to her mother, who died two years ago, and was as follows: "My good Mother,—I have to tell you that M. B—— has made me an offer of marriage. As you are no longer here, I beg you to make known to me in a dream, whether I ought to marry him, and to give me your consent. I avail myself, in order to write you, of the opportunity of my mistress, who is going to Heaven." The letter was addressed "To my Mother in Heaven." The person alluded to in the letter is one of the tradesmen of the deceased lady, who, having been struck with the good conduct of the young girl, had made her an offer of marriage.

AN amusing anecdote is related as having occurred just about the time of the flight of King James. Mordaunt was in love—it may, indeed, be doubted that he was ever out of love. Mordaunt was in love with a lady who had a fancy to a beautiful canary belonging to the proprietress of a coffee-house, near Charing Cross, and insisted that her noble lover should, at any price, procure it for her. Lord Mordaunt endeavored to do so, but the landlady refused to part with her pet for any sum of money. The lady insisted. He must bring the bird, or not presume to see her face again. Thus goaded, Mordaunt hit upon a very clever expedient. Searching the depôts of the bird-fanciers, he found a canary closely resembling the saucy songster which had so charmed his lady-love; but it was a hen canary, and could not chirrup a note. Hastening to the coffee-house Lord Mordaunt contrived to get rid of the landlady—a Catholic, and devoted Loyalist—for a few minutes, and adroitly substituted his female for the male canary. After a considerable time he called at the coffee-house and asked the proprietress if she did not regret having refused the handsome offer he had made for her bird. "Oh dear no," said the woman, "he is more precious to me than ever; for do you know that, since our good King was compelled to leave his kingdom, he has not sung a single note!"

A BRIGADIER and soldier of the French gendarmery were recently returning from Castro to Ceprano. On arriving at a certain point they were met by three armed men, two of whom were the celebrated brigand chiefs Guerra and Cedrone. Instead of flying, they advanced confidently, mistaking the French for Pontifical guards. To all questions they replied readily, and gradually were deprived of their arms, when two were arrested and bound, the third getting off. Guerra, it is added, offered 200 scudi to be released, which were refused, and captors and captives continued their march until, arriving near a bridge called Sacratino, they were encountered by the band of Capasso, which had been brought up promptly by the third man, who had fled. To Capasso's order to release the brigands a refusal was given, when a volley of shots laid one of the gens d'armes on the ground, and the other, on flying, was killed by a second volley. Not content with this, the brigands pierced the bodies with their daggers, broke their heads with the but-ends of their muskets, cut off their ears, and mutilated them. Such is the report of one who resides near the spot, and it is far from incredible when we call to mind the well-authenticated brutalities which have been perpetrated during the last four years by the babes of the Church, the defenders of Divine right. The French military authorities were soon on the alert. A strong detachment was sent to the scene of action, and in a few hours twelve prisoners were captured and taken to Rome.

WONDERFUL MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES.—In the year 1573 a blacksmith of London, named Mark Scallot, made for exhibition and trial of skill a lock of iron, steel, and brass, composed of eleven several pieces, and a pipe key, all clean wrought, which weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold of forty-three links, to which was fastened the lock and key. All these being put about the neck of a flea, it drew the same with ease. The chain, lock, and key weighed but one grain and a half. In 1829 a man exhibited in London two fleas, one drawing a kind of car, and the other a lock and chain, with the greatest ease. In Nottingham, also, in the same year, there were two fleas shown which had gold chains placed round their neck; one of them drew a carved cherry-stone, and the other a silver cannon. In 1711 a Mr. Penketham exhibited a wonderful invention called "The Pantheon; or, the Temple of the Gods," the work of several years and great expense. It consisted of five curious pictures, the painting and contrivances of which were equally admirable. The figures, about one hundred in number, moved their heads, legs, arms, and fingers, and set one foot before another like living creatures.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.—In the reign of James I. men and women wore looking-glasses publicly—the men, as brooches or ornaments in their hats, and the women at their girdles, or on their bosoms, or sometimes (like the ladies of our day) in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes. At feasts every guest brought his own knife, and a whet-stone was placed behind the door, upon which he sharpened his knife as he entered. In 1564 a Dutchman, named William Boonen, brought the first coach into England, and it is said the sight of it put both horses and men into amazement. Some said it was a crab-shell, brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil. The business of cap-making was ruined in 1571 by the common wearing of hats, which then came into vogue. Smoothing-irons are of late invention; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture, were used for that purpose. A Mrs. Isabel Denton, of Leeds, is said to have first invented hats and baskets made of straw.

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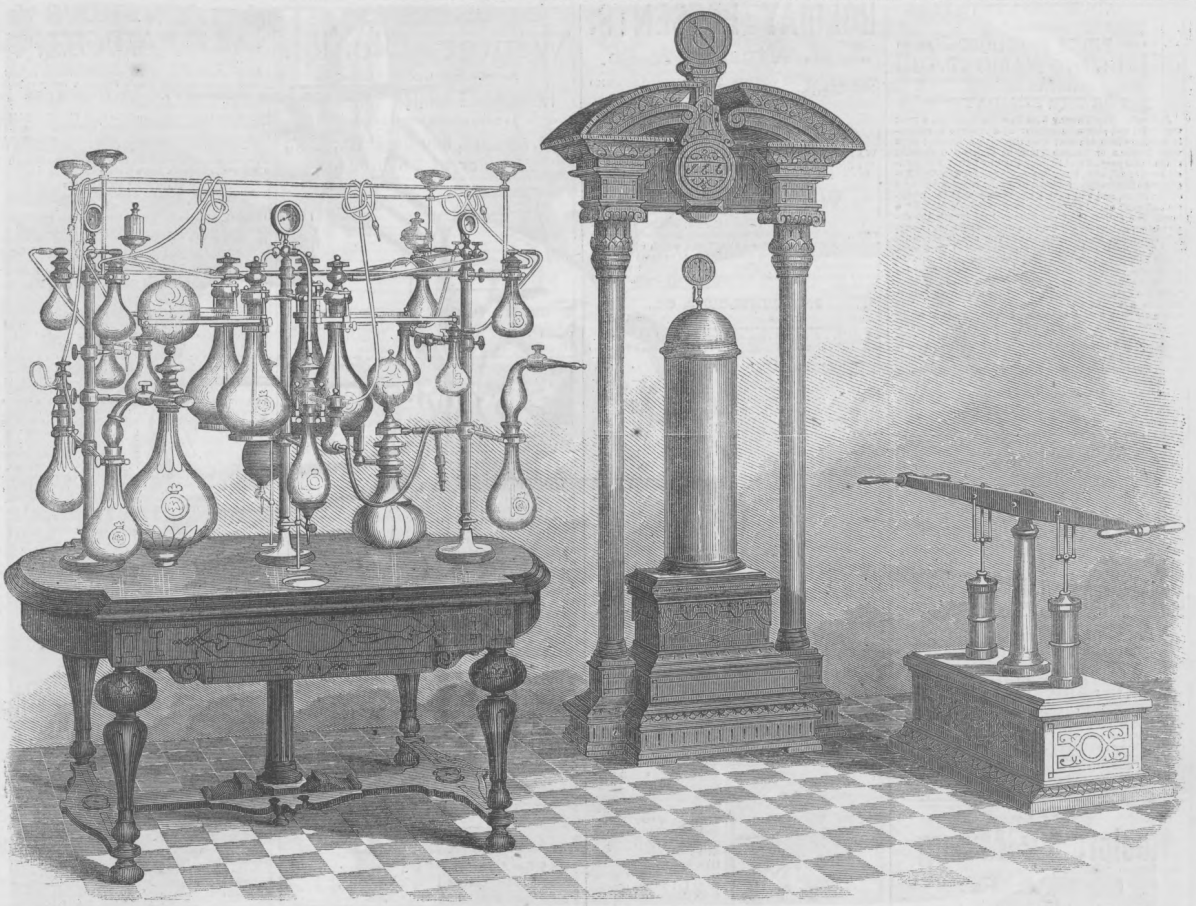
ADJOINING ROOMS IN A HOTEL IN NEW YORK.



SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN (*about to Fire the Hotel*).—"These Yankees will learn what it is to incur the Enmity of a proud and chivalric People."

LITTLE CHILD.—"God bless dear Papa, and bring him safe Home. Forgive our Enemies, and turn their Hearts—"

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[*From the New York Express.*]

DR. VON EISENBERG'S ÆSTHETICO-NEURALGICON.

So numerous are the "Schools" of Medicine, and so bitterly does each of them denounce the theory and practice of all the others, it is no wonder that many persons have come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a Science of Medicine, and that all medical practice is mere guess-work, if not actual humbug. But this hasty conclusion is wholly erroneous. The existence of so many schools and theories shows that many men are busy gathering facts, making investigations, and trying to master their significance. The great error is that each school in theory ignores the truth and science contained in the others, though in fact the practice of all the schools is gradually assimilating. Thus no able Allopathist now administers in any ordinary case the enormous doses which were once the rule; and no able Homeopathist adheres to the infinite dilutions of Hahnemann.

So many able and earnest men are devoting themselves to medical investigation that it would be strange if new discoveries were not made. Among the most brilliant of these—we may indeed say the most brilliant of all—is that of DR. VON EISENBERG in regard to the *Etherealization of Medicines;* we may properly call it the "Spiritualization," since the Latin *Spiritus*, whence comes our word "Spiritual," signifies primarily simply "the air."

This discovery of DR. VON EISENBERG, like most other discoveries, is apparently so simple when once made, that the wonder seems to be that it was not made and practically applied long ago. The greatest single advance made in medical theory since the days of Hippocrates, is that of Hahnemann, that the potency of medicines depends not so much upon the quantity taken into the system as upon their minute subdivision, so that they may be brought into immediate contact with the affected organs. He indeed carried his theory to an absurd extent, diluting and rediluting until there was only a drop of medicine to many hogsheads of water. Hahnemann and his followers, the Homeopathists, knew of no more efficient vehicle of dilution than water. They thus fell just short of that which constitutes the starting-point of the brilliant discovery of VON EISENBERG, to whom it occurred that if the air could be practically applied to this purpose, the most minute subdivision could be attained without the excessive dilutions of the Homeopathists. Medicines could then be *inhaled* or *breathed in*, instead of being merely *swallowed*, and thus a class of organs be directly reached which had heretofore been inaccessible to the direct action of medicines.

Many of the most important and vital organs of the human frame can not be reached by medicines in a solid or even in a liquid form. Thus the *lungs* are shut up in a bony chest to which access can be had only through the wind-pipe, the opening of which is closed by a valve, called the "epiglottis," so sensitive and so delicately constructed that it will not allow the passage, except by main force, of the most minute crumb or the smallest drop of liquid. Every person who has "swallowed the wrong way" the smallest substance, whether of liquid or solid, knows the feeling of strangulation thereby occasioned. A man can not, if he would, voluntarily swallow any liquid or solid into the lungs or the passage leading to them. Herein lies the true reason why Consumption has been so incurable.

The classes of diseases commonly known by the name of Consumption are essentially of two kinds. One consists of the formation of "tubercles," chief seat of which is in the body of the lungs; the other of *inflammation* of the lungs or the passage leading to them. If we could reach these organs directly by medicinal applications, there is no reason why ulcerations or inflammations of the lungs might not be cured as readily as those upon the hand or face. Now pills or draughts, when swallowed, do not go near the lungs; they pass down the "*gullet*" *into the stomach*. To take pills or potions with the hope of directly curing Consumption, is as absurd as to take them to cure a boil on the arm or an inflammation of the eyelid. Indirectly, of course, the proper pills and draughts are of aid in all of these affections, by benefiting the general tone of the system, and thus enabling it the more readily to throw off disease. But directly, we can not too often repeat, they are of no use, for the very sufficient reason that they do not touch the diseased organ. Medicines can only touch the lungs when administered, not in a solid or liquid, but in an aeriform or "spiritualized" form.

These remarks apply equally to diseases of the passages leading from the nostrils to different parts of the head, such as the throat and ear. These diseases, though not so fatal as Consumption, are yet often dangerous, and always annoying. Few persons are unacquainted, more or less, with the annoyances of colds, catarrhs, and influenzas. Taste, smell, hearing, and sight are impaired and not unfrequently destroyed temporarily, and sometimes permanently, by these diseases.

Such is a brief outline of some of the facts which led DR. VON EISENBERG, acting in the spirit of the Baconian philosophy, to the discovery of the theory of the *Ætherealization, or Spiritualization, of Medicines*. The next task to which he set himself was to find some means of making his discovery of practical use, by inventing some mode of administering medicines in an ethereal form. The ordinary modes were clearly unavailing. You can not administer air by a tea-spoon. After the labor of two years, and an outlay of $7000, he succeeded in perfecting the apparatus of which the accompanying illustration gives a view, and which we shall now attempt briefly to describe.

On entering VON EISENBERG'S consulting-room the visitor will observe what appears to be three distinct machines, of elegant form and exquisitely finished workmanship. These are, however, but parts of one apparatus, the connection between them being made beneath the floor. First there is what appears to be the beam of a double engine, elegantly finished in silver, which, by pressure, produces an atmosphere entirely purified of all foreign or deleterious substances. This atmosphere is forced by this instrument into a large cylinder constructed under the floor of the basement, capable of receiving two hundred and fifty pounds of condensed air. From this cylinder the purified atmosphere is made to pass into a second large cylinder or chamber previously impregnated with hot medicated vapors. From this second chamber, by opening a valve, the air, now thoroughly medicated, is permitted to proceed to the operating-room, where it is received into a second piece of mechanism, which presents the appearance of a triumphal arch supported by two hollow silver columns, into which the prepared air passes, into a third chamber of pure silver, built between the columns, and forming the crown of the arch, where it is again mixed with various medicinal preparations.

From this chest the spiritualized medical vapor is passed, when required, through a second invisible channel, to what appears to be the third machine or apparatus—a beautiful and elaborate instrument, consisting of not less than twenty-four magnificent crystal glass vessels, each charged with a different medical preparation. The largest of these vessels is capable of containing two gallons; four, one gallon each; ten receivers, that hold each one pint; eight, one half pint each; and one vessel, holding a pint, arranged with a neck like a douche, and with the single object in view of restoring health to the eye; and another, similarly constructed, the end somewhat similar to the mouth-piece of an ear-trumpet, which is used for the sole purpose of acting energetically upon the auric nerve. Besides these twenty-four vessels, there are four others capable of holding one quart of fluid each, to which are attached very elegant velvet tubes, which are to be used as inhalers, so mechanically arranged that the patient, once he places one of them to his lips, must inhale the medicament of the vessel to which the tube is attached. The peculiarity of these tubes rests in the fact that the sufferer is compelled, however unaccustomed to their use, to breathe in the medicine. He can not refuse to receive into his throat and lungs a portion of the volatilized medicinal matter with which each vessel is charged. These machines have attached to them gauges or indicators, showing how much the patient consumes at each operation, thus graduating the necessary doses it may be considered advisable to throw into the system, or externally on the eye or the ear.

It is, of course, understood that the vessels are charged with different and independent medicines—preparations not only for the eye and ear, but for the head, and nasal organ, the throat, the chest, and the lungs. Each is applied according to the nature of the disease and the progress of the patient toward complete restoration. It should be remembered that the leading object of the entire apparatus is to purify and spiritualize the medicines used, so that they can be profitably, directly, and energetically employed. This fact alone is worthy the consideration of the diseased.

There is yet another instrument connected with the apparatus, to which the Doctor has given the name METRO-PNEUMATICON (from the Greek μέτρον, *metron*, "measure," and πνεῦμα, *pneuma*, "the air"). This instrument, also primarily intended for measuring the air capacity of the lungs, is the invention of DR. VON EISENBERG. By it he is enabled to diagnose or examine the chest or lungs; and by it he arrives at an exact knowledge of the soundness of the respiratory organ.

As to the entire apparatus, we have no hesitation in saying that we regard it as a wonderful invention—one that, were it not so costly, we have little doubt would be adopted by every hospital and medical college in the country. We are satisfied it would well repay, even if he had to journey all the way from Europe, the scientific man to see and examine it. It is a marvel of mechanical complexity, and yet, when its multiform uses are considered, of extreme simplicity and great beauty. That it will in every respect fulfill the expectations of the inventor, we have every reason to believe. It has been constructed with an accurate knowledge of its ultimate uses. One so experienced in the specialties for which it is particularly intended as is the Doctor, and for which he has long felt the necessity in his practice, could make no failure. With it he will be enabled to surmount obstacles that were hitherto deemed all but impossible to control. He can now approach with certainty and diagnose thoroughly every disease that in the course of his extended practice he aims to master. To those, therefore, who are in any way afflicted with loss of sight or hearing, with catarrh, bronchitis, chest or lung diseases, we earnestly suggest a visit to the consulting apartments of DR. VON EISENBERG. There he will be speedily made to know the possibility of a cure in even complicated cases, and thus be encouraged to proceed until he is discharged thoroughly renovated and cured.

It will have been observed that the apparatus above described is intended also to bring the ethereal zed medicines into direct action upon the nerves. The nervous system is the source of many diseases. All physicians admit this, and all profess at least to be able to apply a remedy. The Allopathic, Homeopathic, and Hydropathic, by prescribing opiates, anodynes, etc., may, and do, alleviate the pain arising from impaired or diseased nerves; but this does not restore the nerve, it is only temporary relief—a relief, too, to some one nerve at the expense of the entire system. The Æsthetico-Neuralgicon of DR. VON EISENBERG not merely allays the irritation, but restores the nerve to its normal condition. The Doctor's theory is, that each nerve has a specific office, and has its own peculiar susceptibility. Thus, for example, the nerve of vision is insensible to touch; and, on the other hand, the nerve of touch is insensible to light, and so on through the whole system. The great excellence of this æsthetical instrument is, that it can be applied, not on guess-work principles, which are no principles at all, but that it can be applied with accuracy and certainty to any nerve or nerves that are weakened or impaired—to the different nerves of motion, or sensation, to the eye, the ear, or the touch, as in paralysis.

To this complicated and beautiful apparatus DR. VON EISENBERG has given the name of ÆSTHETICO-NEURALGICON. It is derived from the following Greek words: αἰσθητικός (AISTHETICOS), *esthetic*, or *philosophical;* νεῦρον (NEUROS), a *nerve;* ἄλγος (ALGOS), *pain* or *disease*, with the termination -ικόν (-IKON), equivalent to the English termination -*ic*, meaning *pertaining to*. The meaning of the compound word, when fully expressed, is, "*An apparatus philosophically constructed for treating diseases of the nervous system.*" And this describes exactly the character and object of the apparatus. It is constructed on the strictest principles of the Baconian philosophy, for no guess-work has entered into its conception or execution. The end to be attained was discovered by the most rigid induction of facts; and the means were adapted to the end, by the most careful consideration of every part.

A few words may properly be added respecting DR. VON EISENBERG, the inventor of the valuable apparatus, which can not fail to effect a revolution in some of the most important departments of the science and practice of the healing art. His early professional training was received at the most famous institutions on the continent of Europe. Knowing that the science of Medicine was of too vast extent for any one man to be able to attain high skill, much less to make great advances beyond his predecessors, in every department, he resolved to devote himself to the special investigation and treatment of diseases of the Head, Throat, and Lungs, with especial reference to affections of the Eye and Ear. Deep enthusiasm for his profession, joined to natural talent for investigation, and unwearied industry, soon placed him in the front rank of his profession in Europe, a position which was awarded to him in the United States immediately upon his taking up his residence among us. This eminence will be more than confirmed by his present position.

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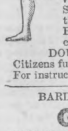
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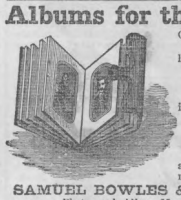
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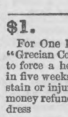
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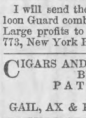
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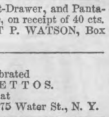
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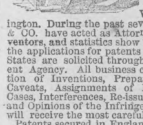
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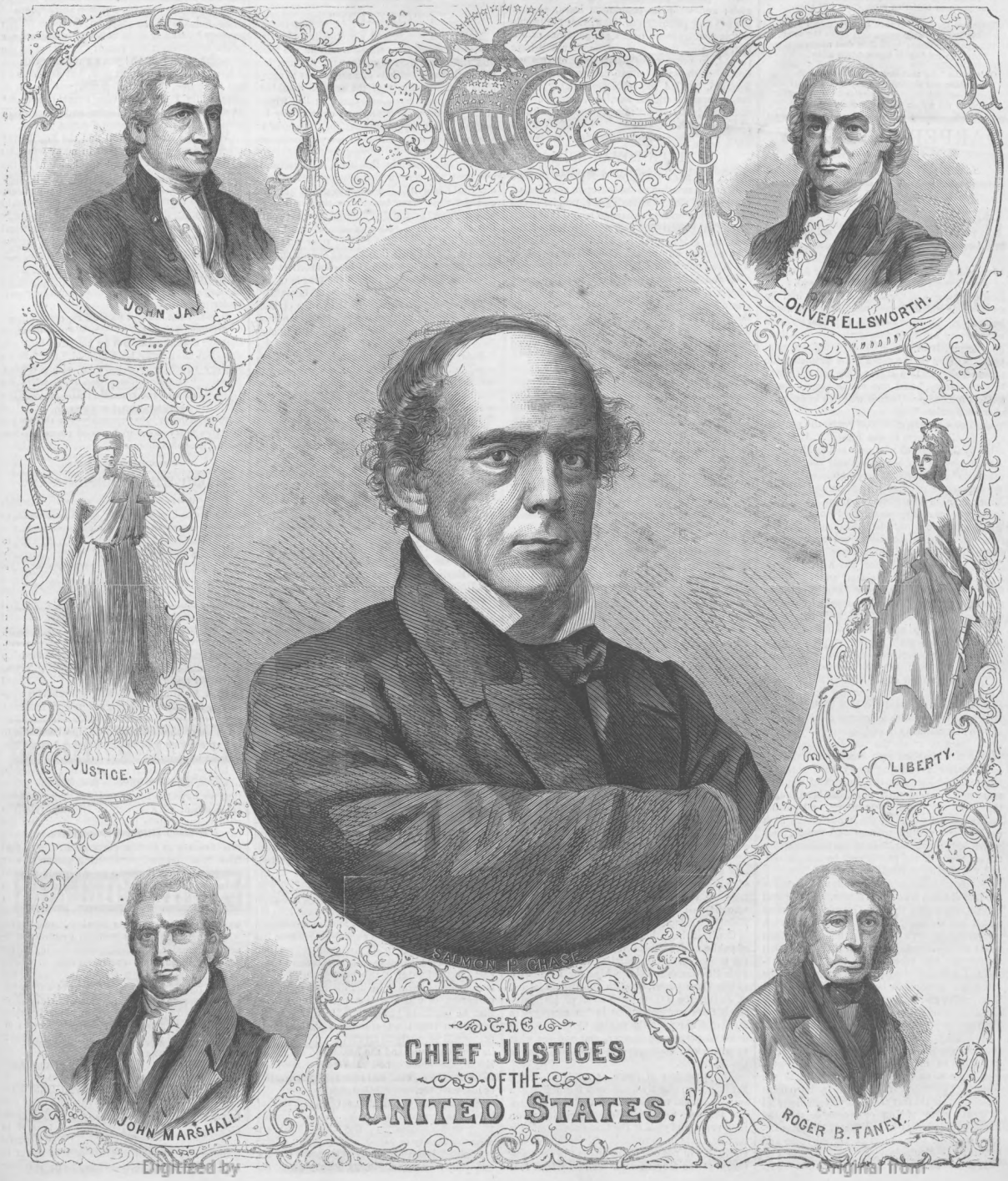
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BARBARISM.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY APPOINTED BY THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION, 1864.

O sickening record! most pathetic page
That fills the blood-stained volume of our years!
E'en Love itself is fired with holy rage
By scenes that bathe a Nation's heart in tears.

Reading, what woeful visions fill my eyes
Of loathsome prisons crammed with starving men,
And baleful swamps, where, 'neath the open skies,
The brave, like beasts, are herded in their pen!

I see their crouching forms, their vacant stare,
The hopeless look of eyes that can not weep,
The wan, pinched faces, that were once so fair,
Of heroes gnawing their foul rags in sleep.

I see their bony fingers spread in vain
For one sweet morsel—spread in vain to take
The dear home letter—or to still retain
The trinkets sacred for love's tender sake.

I hear the keeper's oath—the idiot wail,
Breathing the key-note of a voiceless woe—
The brutal scoffs that broken hearts assail,
The murderous shot that lays the captive low.

There, coiled in ditches through the wintry night,
To shield each other from the cold they strive,
Or pacing fetid chambers pray for light,
Or prone on blistering sands creep just alive.

These are thy fruits, O thou barbaric curse!
This Slavery is the crown that decks thy brow;
This is the *Christian* spirit thou dost nurse—
These the *kind* deeds thy charities allow!

O dark the hour that saw thy shameful birth,
And dark and blighting all thy guilty reign!
Rouse, freemen! smite the monster from the earth,
And on the nation God shall smile again.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

SHERMAN.

HOW often, as the alarm of SHERMAN'S march has rung into some neighborhood in Georgia which had before only heard the war afar off, it must have bitterly recalled to the mind of some thoughtful Georgian the prophecy of ALEXANDER STEPHENS four years ago. He foretold ravage and desolation. He pictured the woes of war which his mad neighbors were about beginning. He tried to show them that war was unnecessary for their own purpose—and that, once begun, it would be hopeless for that purpose. Others in the same State predicted the same result. "It will be a long and cruel war to save slavery," said one of the largest slaveholders in Georgia, "and it will end in universal emancipation."

And now at last, after four years, the prophecy is fulfilled where it was uttered. It is fulfilled by the General who said to the Mayor of Atlanta that "war is cruelty, and you can not refine it;" and therefore they who have brought war upon the country will be cursed forever. Every man in the State who can bear arms has been frantically summoned to the field. The seat of the Government has been hurriedly removed. The prisons have been emptied into the militia. Towns and villages are burned. Fields are wasted. There was a wild cry of universal confusion and alarm, and the whole State yet quivers with the terrible tread of SHERMAN and his men; and as the appalled, thoughtful Georgian listens and sees, it is impossible that he should not ask himself whether it were worth while to begin a war whose pretense was puerile, whose object was revolting, and whose consequences are utterly ruinous.

The Government of the United States, after a pardonable doubt whether any considerable body of citizens actually meant to bring upon the country every dire extremity of civil war—after a natural delay in employing every military resource to crush the rebellion, since that employment implied such bloodshed and desolation—after exhausting every hope that the rebels would listen to the dictates of common sense and a conciliatory policy, has been taught that swift war is the surest mercy, and putting its armies and navies in the hands of the most devoted and skillful soldiers and sailors, now wages destructive war, that by the flaming sword the authority of the people may be maintained, and the ferocity of rebels subdued.

Of that tremendous and inflexible purpose the late election was the evidence, and General SHERMAN'S march through Georgia is the most signal illustration. It has vindicated the truth of General GRANT'S conviction that the rebellion was a shell—strong only upon the edges; that behind the two rebel armies there is no substantial, self-defending population, and that the rebellious section can be victoriously traversed from end to end by a resolute leader and a true and tried army of loyal men. It is in vain that the rebel papers and orators sneer at "merely overrunning" their territory. It is in vain that they declare SHERMAN'S movement is a retreat, and that he might as well have fallen back to Tennessee as have marched forward to the coast. The moral triumph of a movement which reveals the fact that every available rebel is in the army of LEE or HOOD, or that the home population is so indifferent to home defense that the felons must be turned loose and armed, is incalculable.

It is true that while the armies remain the rebellion survives. It is true that if Atlanta and Vicksburg, if Richmond and Wilmington, are occupied by us, and the armies that defend them escape, we must advance to the next point at which they make a stand. You may take Richmond, says DAVIS, as you have taken New Orleans and Memphis, but you have not conquered us. True; but those events mark the rapidity with which we are conquering. Even the war waged by the rebels upon the Government must inevitably acknowledge the laws of war. It may be sternly and bravely fought, the determination may be desperate, the conversion of society into a camp may be complete; but all wars waged with an equally inflexible purpose upon both sides end in one way, and one only, and that is the triumph of the side which is strongest in men and in resources.

It is folly for the rebels to say that they will never be conquered, and will never yield. Their rage does not make them more than men. Sullen hate, indeed, is not easily extinguished any where. We do not expect it to be in the rebel section. The chiefs will always hate the Government, and be always ready to conspire against it. But that is the oldest fact in history. We shall "possess and occupy" the insurgent region; and when its population learn, as they are not now permitted to know, that the people of this country mean nothing ungenerous or unfair, but that they do mean, as they will have proved, to prevent the destruction of this nation, then the same human nature which, being deceived, has led the rebels so steadily and so long to wage a wicked war, will, being enlightened, gradually assent to a righteous and prosperous peace.

ULTIMUS ROMANORUM.

MR. CHARLES O'CONOR is reported to have said, at the meeting of the bar upon occasion of the death of Chief Justice TANEY, that he hoped the historian would not have to record that magistrate as *ultimus Romanorum*—the last of the Romans. It is natural that Mr. O'CONOR should indulge such an apprehension. His speech at the Academy of Music some five or six years ago, and his remarks made, if we remember correctly, at the office of Mr. RICHARD LATHERS upon the very eve of the rebellion, showed that Mr. O'CONOR was of those, to whom also Judge TANEY belonged, who were willing to make any sacrifice whatever to the faction which then menaced the country with war.

As for Judge TANEY, Mr. O'CONOR is aware that, in view of the history of his appointment to his high office, and of the aid which he lent the faction in the South which is now fulfilling its menace, he has been very leniently treated since his death. History will regard his own acts and words rather than the eulogies of any admirer. But if she does record, as Mr. O'CONOR fears and every true-hearted American hopes, that he was the *ultimus* of such *Romanorum*, History will never make a more gratifying record.

ON A LATE MESSAGE.

IF any man would know how the character of this country has been ennobled during the war, let him compare the late Message of President LINCOLN with that of President BUCHANAN in December, 1860. A century of civilization seems to have elapsed between them. In the latter document two astounding doctrines were set forth: one that the Government of the United States had no right to defend itself from destruction; the other, that constitutional resistance to the manifest designs of the Southern leaders was virtually treasonable! The depth of national degradation was touched in the last Message of President BUCHANAN. The height of true national glory is foretold in the present Message of President LINCOLN, because it contemplates a return of the faith of the nation to the principles on which it was founded. Neither Mr. BUCHANAN nor his masters, the rebel chiefs, had the dimmest conception of the character or significance of the American Government. They hated its principles, and they were ready to destroy it the moment they lost control of it. Their conduct has opened the eyes of the people as nothing else could have done. We now perceive the necessity as well as the truth of our fundamental principles; and at the same time the real spirit and intention of the men who directed the Government five years ago are plainly revealed.

Contrast this calm, simple, concise statement of public affairs—this firm, manly expression of the noblest national aspiration for equal justice with BUCHANAN'S feeble whine for submission to the slave power, or with the hysterical cry of JEFFERSON DAVIS at Macon, or his elaborately false representations in his messages in favor of a war upon the mildest Government, in order to perpetuate Slavery, and you see what an American state paper should and what it should not be.

The prospects of peace as set forth by the President are exactly what every faithful citizen supposed them to be. When the men who began this war upon the Government lay down their arms, and yield to the Constitution and the laws and acts in accordance with it, the war will end. It can not end before, except in the overthrow of the Government. Those whom four years have not taught this truth will never learn it. Those who think that the authority of the Government should be maintained by incessantly requesting rebels to mention the conditions upon which they will be pleased to obey the laws belong to the rebels in heart, and have been utterly repudiated by the people. In common with the rebels, they think the Message very "unconciliatory."

But its tranquil tone of faith in the people, and in the cause of the people attacked by slaveholders; its respectful and dignified bearing toward all other powers; its plain and pleasing statement of the steady increase of population and of the unfailing national resources; its heart-felt congratulation upon the release of Maryland from the deadly spell of Slavery; its truthful and encouraging representation of the progress of the war; its direct and conclusive dealing with the proposal of "negotiations," and the lofty confidence in a peace and union immutably founded upon justice which breathes all through it, make the Message, which is now familiar to the country, one of the sincerest, most noble, most honorable, and most truly American papers in our political history.

"CHIVALRY."

BRITISH Toryism and slaveholding chivalry have a profound sympathy not only in the faith that the many were born to serve the few, but in the choice of epithets and arguments to prove their own superiority to the rest of mankind. The Richmond *Examiner*, speaking last winter of the Yankees, cheerfully and chivalrously remarks: "One would suppose that creatures so abounding in the stenches of moral decomposition would never be alluded to in decent society. But somehow the habit of expectorating upon the vermin that swarm the Northern dunghill has gotten the better of gentle natures, and the time drags heavily on the Southerner who refuses to indulge himself some twenty times a day in a volley of direful anathemas against the Yankee.....So the tiger that laps blood and the beetle that gorges excrement are but Yankees of the animal kingdom.....It follows that our feeling toward the people of the North, the scarabæi and vipers of humanity, should be characterized neither by rage or nausea.....The convulsions of passion are out of place when one is merely scalding chinches [bed-bugs]."

Now if this freedom of gentle natures from rage, and this elegance of phrase which, as you see, delicately breathes "chinches" for a more familiar name, do not prove that people who suffer their prisoners to rot and starve are "chivalric;" if they do not show that men who steal the wages of the poor and weak, who whip pregnant women and sell their children, are "gentlemen;" and if they do not establish beyond cavil that such chivalric gentlemen have a perfect right to destroy the Government of their country at their pleasure, we are really afraid that these things are not susceptible of proof.

In the same "chivalric" spirit, evidently characterized as the preceding extract is, "neither by rage or nausea," the sympathetic Tory journal, the London *Herald*, a chief organ of the "English gentleman," calls the President of the United States "a vulgar, brutal boor, wholly ignorant of political science, of military affairs, of every thing else which a statesman should know.....a vacillating, helpless imbecile."

Considering that the American slave-drivers and the British aristocracy claim to be peculiarly and exclusively gentlemen, the word gentleman is in extreme danger of falling into bad odor. Or—is the horrible suspicion perhaps true, that we wretched chinches who "gorge excrement"—that is, who work for our living and do not sell our children—know nothing about it? O fellow-scarabæi and co-vipers! let us restrain our useless rage and nausea, and be scalded in silence by these "gentle natures."

MR. WEBB'S LETTER.

IF we are to apologize to Brazil for the capture of the *Florida*, we ought also to apologize for the apology that has been made by our minister, Mr. WEBB. It is impossible not to feel, upon perusing his portentous dispatch to the Brazilian Foreign Minister, that he hailed with enthusiasm the infrequent opportunity, and gladly launched away upon "sheeny vans" into the deeps of diplomacy. Mr. WEBB is a gentleman of undoubted ability and experience, but he has placed his country in an unhandsome position by what he is pleased to call, at the end of several sheets of paper, "this hasty note!" That is the sole pleasantry in his dispatch; and the paragraph of which it is a part comprises all that he ought to have said. "In the perfect conviction that the Government of the United States will promptly do all that is consistent with its proper dignity and the honor and dignity of Brazil, the undersigned asks your Excellency to excuse," etc., etc., and renews the expression of his, etc., etc.

Such a note would have saved the honor of both countries, and secured Mr. WEBB'S immortality as a diplomatist. But does he think it suits the dignity of his country to say in effect: "England, backed by many of the great powers, and you, a little and insignificant power, declared equal belligerence between us and our rebels. We protest, but we can't help ourselves; and as you, small and wretched as you are, have followed England to do a mean thing, we must apologize to you as we should be obliged to apologize in the same circumstances to England, reserving to ourselves the right of doing something about it when we are able."

We do not quarrel with Mr. WEBB'S statement of the hostile conduct of England and France in the indecent haste to acknowledge the rebels as belligerents. We do not complain that he says the United States do not accede to such an international custom. We only regret that he says these things upon such an occasion and with such evident spite toward England. If general remarks upon the subject must have been made, why not treat Brazil as an independent power, and declare firmly and courteously that the United States protest against Brazil's recognition of the rebels as naval belligerents, omitting the doubling up of the fist and the making wry faces at England? Why lug in England merely to say that if it were not for her and the other powers Brazil would not hear us apologizing? Mr. WEBB speaks of "the great injustice of England, to which Brazil, also, as soon as possible gave her sanction and approval." Does not that sentence turn the edge of the apology? Surely it is not very dignified nor polite to represent this country as saying to the rest of the world, "Ah! you scoundrelly villains, I have my hands full just now, but as soon as I get them free, then, you rascals, you'll catch it. Meanwhile I am your very humble servant." It seems to us that St. John and Machiavelli would equally smile at such a strain.

While our hands *are* full and the hostility of other nations expresses itself in many ways, let us be silent. If we must speak, let us in the fewest, plainest, and calmest words protest. But whatever may be our just indignation, honor and dignity alike require that we should not foam at the mouth, nor shout unseemly epithets or sneers, nor brandish our clenched fists in futile wrath. A nation should not argue when its arguments have no guns behind them. It can argue with enemies and rivals only upon equal terms. If the terms are unequal, then let us have silence and bows, if bows must be made, under protest.

It is not the ability, patriotism, truthfulness, or argumentative skill of Mr. WEBB'S dispatch that are objectionable but its heat and indiscretion. A man may be expected to refuse an apology which is proffered him with a pair of tongs. "His Excellency Señor JOAN PEDRO DIAS VIEIRA of the council of His Majesty the Emperor, Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," may possibly ask the author of "this hasty note" to be good enough to explain his explanation.

LORD WHARNCLIFFE & CO.

LORD WHARNCLIFFE and a party of British rebel sympathizers recently asked permission to send an agent to this country to comfort the rebel prisoners in our hands. Mr. ADAMS, to whom his lordship addressed himself, properly replied that if Lord WHARNCLIFFE and his friends wished to help rebels, the best service they could render would be to minister to their diseased minds, since their bodies were well cared for, and to show them the wickedness and folly of their assault upon their Government, which never harmed or sought to harm them. It was well and worthily said. If his lordship will pardon a Yankee expression—and surely so Christian a soul will be charitable!—we would suggest to him that no English rebel sympathizer, from Lords PALMERSTON and RUSSELL down to Lord WHARNCLIFFE or the Rev. Mr. PARKER of the peace petition, has been able to get up early enough in the morning to find Mr. ADAMS napping.

If Lord WHARNCLIFFE and his English friends, however, are really anxious to succor the suffering, we have the honor to inform him that the Government of a power in friendly relations with Great Britain is defending itself and the cause of equal civil liberty against a ferocious rebellion begun for the purpose of ruining that friendly nation and perpetuating human slavery—objects which it would be an insult to Lord WHARNCLIFFE or any honorable Englishman to suppose that he favors. The rebels have in their power at Andersonville and elsewhere thousands of men, their loyal fellow-citizens, whom they starve and torture in a manner hitherto unprecedented among people calling themselves civilized, and utterly incredible. Lord WHARNCLIFFE and his friends may see in the Report recently sent to England not only a full and harrowing description of the fearful sufferings inflicted upon these brave men for the crime of defending their country, but also copies of the photographs appended, which tell the ghastly tale as no words can tell it.

We shall be very happy to record that Lord WHARNCLIFFE and any considerable body of "the nobility and gentry" of Great Britain are so profoundly touched by this vast and cruel suffering of the faithful citizens of a friendly power, that they have held "Liverpool bazars" to raise money for their relief, and have sought through the resident minister of that power to send it to them. Meanwhile, Lord WHARN-

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CLIFFE & Company will not be surprised that their proposition to feed those who are not hungry, and to help those who are humanely restrained from the effort to destroy this country, is seen to be exactly what it is, an attempt to encourage and perpetuate human slavery—another attempt of the English *Deerhound* to save the sinking British pirate *Alabama*. Why should Lord WHARNCLIFFE take such extraordinary pains to teach Americans a deeper hostility to the British aristocracy?

A RAILROAD "ACCIDENT."

THE *Evening Post* says that a gentleman who arrived safely in this city, a few days ago, from the West, reported "an accident" upon the road over which he had journeyed. "What was the nature of it?" asked a friend. "We got through on time, and without a break-down," was the reply, "and that is the only occurrence on a railroad, in these days, which ought to be called an accident."

Of course as our paper is issued but once a week we can not hope to keep pace with the record of railroad disasters. Among the most recent may be mentioned that upon the New Jersey Central Railroad. Two freight trains ran into each other in a fog. Soon afterward the Western Express came along and smashed into the wreck, destroying the locomotive. "No person was seriously hurt." That is to say, no necks were broken outright, but how many nervous shocks entirely ruining the sufferers will date from that perfectly unnecessary and criminal event nobody can say.

"No person was seriously hurt"—but no thanks to the Company. One of the two freight trains was out of time—or they both were. That was the culpable fault of the engineer. Then no flag of warning was sent out toward the expected express train, or if so, it was disregarded, which was the criminal neglect of the engineer of that train. Such incidents, as the *Post* truly says, are not "accidents." They are no more accidents than the burning of a barn which has been carefully fired. There is simply no excuse whatever for either collision; and a Company which does not make the strictest investigation of the circumstances, and publicly and conspicuously dismiss the offending agents, trifles with the public safety.

LITERARY.

WE find in the Paris letter of Mr. CHILDS's Publishers' Circular, a valuable monthly manual of literature of whose great merits we have already spoken, the following characteristic anecdote of ALEXANDRE DUMAS:

M. ALEX. DUMAS has amused the town this week by a characteristic letter. The town of Cavaillon, in the department of Vaucluse, is famous in France for its musk-melons. All the markets on the Rhone and Saone, and even Paris itself, draw their supply of the best cantelopes from this southern city. The inhabitants of the town have taken measures to establish a public library. They applied to eminent persons to aid them, these with donations in money, those with gifts of their works. They applied, among others, to M. ALEX. DUMAS, who returned this answer: "Sir,—The moment I received your letter I hastened to confer with my publisher, in order that he might send you the two or three hundred volumes of my works which have already appeared, and that he may send you the remainder as they are published. I am too happy to do the great honor you do me. But be kind enough to say to M. TOUVEL, your honorable Mayor, that I give these books on one condition: If the town and authorities of Cavaillon like my books, I like their melons very much, and I offer them, in exchange for my three or four hundred volumes, they grant me, by *municipal ordinance*, a pension for life of *twelve melons annually*, the cost of carriage to be, of course, at my charge. Receive, etc. ALEX. DUMAS." M. NADAR, the well-known aeronaut, tells us this about the following story of the novelist, which will go far to exhibit the causes of his bankruptcy and straitened circumstances. I give the story in M. NADAR'S words: "We were dining at Monte Christo (M. ALEX. DUMAS' residence, near Paris). ALEX. DUMAS—the eternal sponged-upon—had, as he always has, a great many guests. He said to his servant: 'Well, PIERRE, here are a great many Champagne-glasses, but I don't see any wine!' 'Monsieur DUMAS, there is none in the cellar.' 'Then go buy some at the restaurant of the Pavillon d'Henri IV.' The servant whispered in DUMAS' ears. We could catch the words 'No credit—bill—cash in future.' DUMAS exclaimed: 'They are fools at the Pavillon d'Henri IV. Take thirty francs and bring us back three bottles.' A few days afterward the same scene took place. Four bottles were sent for, and forty francs given. Another day two bottles were sent for, and twenty francs given. So it went on day after day until DUMAS received the visit of a 'traveler' for a wine firm; and these visits are never rare. DUMAS replied: 'Very well, I will take twelve baskets.' After the wine was delivered and stored in the cellar, under the superintendence of the dealer, he went up stairs and said: 'Monsieur DUMAS, you might have waited a while before buying any more Champagne. Your stock is still far from being exhausted.' 'What?' 'Why, there are at least some 150 or 200 bottles in the cellar.' 'The rogue! The scoundrel! The knave! 'Twas my own wine he sold me! PIERRE! PIERRE! I you are a rogue! you are a thief! Be off with ye!' PIERRE went off at once, but before he closed the door DUMAS called him back. 'Come here,' said DUMAS, 'I have tricked you out as a thief, but I keep you as a good servant—you know, you rascal! that I can not get along without you. But when you do sell me my own wine, in the name of Heaven, give me credit!'" M. NADAR asserts this anecdote to be literally true.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 6:

THE Senate met at 12, Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire, President *pro tem.* Mr. Foot, from the committee to wait on the President, reported that the Message would be sent at 1 o'clock, and the Senate adjourned till that hour. Upon the reassembling of the Senate the Message was received and read, and the usual number of copies ordered to be printed. Reports from the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy were also received. A resolution (Mr. Sumner, Mass.) was introduced and adopted, that the President furnish the Senate with any information in possession of the State Department concerning any proposition or overture recently made by British subjects in aid of the rebellion. The Senate then went into executive session. The appointment by the President of Hon. Salmon P. Chase for Chief-Justice was confirmed without reference. The nominations of Hon. James Speed for Attorney-General and of Ex-Governor Dennison for Postmaster-General were referred.

In the House, before the reading of the Message, bills (Mr. Stevens, Pa.) were introduced and referred, to prohibit the exportation of gold and silver coin, and to prevent gold and silver coin from being negotiated for more than their current value. A joint resolution (Mr. Stevens) in relation to the tax on gold was also referred. A resolution (Mr. Broomall, Pa.) was adopted, to instruct the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of exempting from tax on inheritance all the estates and interests of widows in the estates of their deceased husbands. A resolution (Mr. Spaulding, O.) was adopted, that the Committee on the Conduct of the War inquire into the causes of the disastrous issue of the Red River campaign under General Banks. Bills were introduced (Mr. Julian, Ind.) prescribing an oath of loyalty to all persons practicing law in the insurgent States, and providing for the forfeiture of the fee of rebel landholders. A resolution (Mr. Boutwell, Mass.) was adopted, that the Committee on Military Affairs consider the expediency of reporting a bill prohibiting the transit of goods, wares, or merchandise to any portion of the territory of the United States in possession of the persons engaged in rebellion and beyond the lines of the United States, and prohibiting the sale of any goods, wares, or merchandise to persons resident upon said territory; and also the expediency of authorizing the purchase of the products of the territory occupied by the rebels in arms, by any persons not connected with the army or navy of the United States, not otherwise in the service or employment of the United States, either upon credit or by payment in money or foreign exchange. The President's Message was then received and read, and, together with the accompanying documents, was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

December 7:

In the Senate, a bill was introduced (Mr. Lane, Ind.) and referred, to authorize a special session of the United States District Court for the Kansas pending committees had not yet been announced, and bills were left to lie on the table, among them one (Mr. Morrill, Me.) to extend the time for the completion of the Metropolitan Railroad of Washington two years. A resolution (Mr. Powell, Ky.) was also ordered to lie on the table, that the Secretary of War communicate a report of the proceedings of the court-martial to investigate the conduct of General E. A. Payne while commanding at Paducah, Kentucky. The case of the two Senators from Louisiana came up. Governor Hahn's communication, accompanied by the proceedings of the General Assembly in the election, were laid on the table by the President *pro tem.*; and Mr. Wade, of Ohio, presented a remonstrance signed by many citizens of Louisiana. Mr. Morgan, of New York, presented the credentials of the two Senators, with the proposition that they be referred to the Judiciary Committee. The documents bearing on the subject were ordered to be printed. The President presented to the Senate copies of the laws of the Territory of Nebraska.

In the House, the vote referring Mr. Stevens's bill to prevent gold and silver coin from being negotiated at more than their current value was reconsidered, and laid on the table by a vote of 73 to 52. A bill was introduced (Mr. Cole, Cal.) to establish an ocean steamship mail between the United States and China. A resolution (Mr. Sloan, Wis.) was adopted and referred to instruct the Committee on Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of so amending Section 2, Article 1, of the Constitution, that Representatives in Congress shall be apportioned among the States according to their respective number of qualified electors. Two resolutions, offered by Mr. English of Connecticut and Mr. Cox of Ohio, calling for communications relating to the exchange of prisoners, and for an explanation of delays relating to this exchange, lie over. A bill was introduced (Mr. Arnold, Ill.) and referred to amend the act for the naturalization of soldiers so as to include sailors. A bill was introduced and referred (Mr. Julian, Ind.) providing for the sale of mineral lands. A resolution (Mr. Holman, Ind.) was adopted to instruct the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire what legislation is necessary to do justice to the soldiers who enlisted for unexpired terms, but have been held for three years. A bill was introduced and referred (Mr. Spaulding, O.) to establish a navy-yard at Cleveland, Ohio. A resolution was offered (Mr. Randall, Pa.) and lies over, providing for a Select Committee to examine into alleged frauds at the Philadelphia Navy-yard. A resolution (Mr. Broomall, Pa.) was adopted instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of dispensing with bounties to soldiers enlisting, and raising their pay in compensation. A resolution (Mr. Odell, N. Y.) was adopted instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of fixing an *ad valorem* tax on all sales of merchandise.

December 8:

In the Senate, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, gave notice that he would on the next day introduce a joint resolution for the restoration of the Union and peace, and for the vindication of the Constitution and the guarantee of the rights of the several States. The Senate proceeded to the election of Standing Committees, with the following result:

Foreign Relations—Mr. Sumner, Chairman; Messrs. Foster, Doolittle, Harris, Davis, Johnson, M'Dougal.

Finance—Mr. Sherman, Chairman; Messrs. Howe, Cowan, Clark, Van Winkle, Conness, and Henderson.

Commerce—Mr. Chandler, Chairman; Morrill, Ten Eyck, Morgan, Sprague, Saulsbury, Lane of Kansas.

Agriculture—Mr. Lane, of Kansas, Chairman; Harlan, Wilson, Powell, and Farwell.

Military Affairs and the Militia—Mr. Wilson, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Howard, Nesmith, Morgan, Sprague, and Brown.

Pensions—Mr. Foster, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Van Winkle, Saulsbury, Buckalew, Foot, and Brown.

Revolutionary Claims—Mr. Wilkinson, Chairman; Messrs. Chandler, Wilson, Nesmith, and Wright.

Claims—Mr. Clark, Chairman; Messrs. Pomeroy, Howe, Anthony, Morrill, Hicks, and Davis.

District of Columbia—Mr. Hale, Chairman; Messrs. Dixon, Morrill, Wade, Walley, Henderson, and Richardson.

Patents and the Patent Office—Mr. Cowan, Chairman, Messrs. Ten Eyck, Lane of Indiana, Ramsey, and Saulsbury.

Public Buildings and Grounds—Mr. Foot, Chairman; Messrs. Trumbull, Grimes, Farwell, and Hendricks.

Territories—Mr. Wade, Chairman; Messrs. Wilkinson, Morgan, Sprague, Hale, Lane of Kansas, Carlile, Davis, and Richardson.

Patents and the Patent Office—Mr. Cowan, Chairman, Messrs. Ten Eyck, Lane of Indiana, Ramsey, and Saulsbury.

Public Buildings and Grounds—Mr. Foot, Chairman; Messrs. Trumbull, Grimes, Farwell, and Hendricks.

Territories—Mr. Wade, Chairman; Messrs. Wilkinson, Morgan, Sprague, Hale, Lane of Kansas, Carlile, Davis, and Richardson.

The Pacific Railroad—Mr. Howard, Chairman; Messrs Collamer, Johnson, Harlan, Trumbull, Sherman, Morgan, Conness, and Brown.

Manufactures—Mr. Sprague, Chairman; Messrs. Morgan, Riddle, Wilkinson, and Hendricks.

Judiciary—Mr. Trumbull, Chairman; Messrs. Foster, Ten Eyck, Harris, Foot, Powell, and Ramsey.

Post-offices and Post-roads—Mr. Collamer, Chairman; Messrs. Dixon, Ramsey, Conness, Buckalew, and Pomeroy.

Public Lands—Mr. Harlan, Chairman; Messrs. Pomeroy, Foot, Harding, Carlile, Hendricks, and Wright.

Private Land Claims—Mr. Harris, Chairman; Messrs. Sumner, Howard, Riddle, and Harding.

Indian Affairs—Mr. Doolittle, Chairman; Messrs. Wilkinson, Lane of Kansas, Harlan, Nesmith, Brown, and Buckalew.

The following are the Joint Standing Committees:

Joint Committee on Printing—Mr. Anthony, Chairman; Messrs. Morgan and Powell.

Joint Committee on Enrolled Bills—Mr. Howe, Chairman; Messrs. Cowan and Hicks.

Joint Committee on Part of the Library—Mr. Collamer, Chairman; Messrs. Johnson and Howard.

Select Committee on Slavery and the Treatment of Freedmen—Mr. Sumner, Chairman; Messrs. Howard, Carlile, Pomeroy, Buckalew, Brown, and Conness.

The credentials of the Louisiana Senators were then referred. A memorial (Mr. Ramsay, Min.) in relation to foreign immigration was referred. A petition (Mr. Morgan, N. Y.) was presented and referred, signed by William C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, John A. Dix, U. S. Grant, Peter Cooper, Henry J. Raymond, Horace Greeley, and many others, asking an appropriation for a fund for the support of a National Home for totally disabled soldiers and seamen of the Army and Navy of the United States. Mr. Sherman's bill for the construction of revenue cutters on the lakes was referred, also all other bills and memorials previously offered. The case of General Payne was being discussed when the Senate went into executive session, the General being accused by Mr. Powell as guilty of heinous barbarities on citizens of Kentucky, and defended by Mr. Trumbull. A large number of nominations were communicated in the executive session. A message from the President was read, recommending a vote of thanks to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Cushing; also a message in answer to Mr. Sumner's resolution relative to aid furnished by British subjects to the rebellion. The substance was that Lord Wharncliffe had informed Mr. Adams that the Liverpool Bazar had produced about £17,000, and asked permission for an accredited agent to visit our military prisons to distribute aid among the rebel prisoners. Mr. Seward's reply, refusing the application, was also communicated. The Senate adjourned till the 12th.

In the House, Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported back the joint resolution explanatory of so much of the Internal Revenue Act as refers to the duty on cigars. It appears that by the false construction of the Revenue Act by the Commissioner the Government only receives $3 where it should receive $8 a thousand. Mr. Brooks, of New York, suggested that the tax on cigars be collected by having affixed to each cigar a one-cent stamp. The President's message recommending a vote of thanks to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Cushing was referred. A bill (Mr. Shenck, O.) was introduced and referred to drop from the Navy Rolls all unemployed officers. A resolution (Mr. Shenck) was adopted to instruct the Committee on Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of denationalizing persons going abroad to escape the draft, and requiring naturalization in order to a restoration to citizenship. The House adjourned till the 12th.

December 12:

In the Senate, William Cornell Jewett's memorial, praying for the favor of Congress to an international tribunal to decide upon the points at issue in the present war, was tabled. The House joint resolution was passed, authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to expend money out of the contingent fund of the Army Department to enlarge the Navy Department building. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, presented the petition of Major-General Weitzel and four hundred and seventy other officers of the Eighteenth Army Corps, praying Congress to increase the pay proper of army officers $20 per month, fix the commutation price of the ration at fifty cents instead of thirty cents, as at present, and allow $16 per month. Mr. Wilson favored the petition on account of the rise of the prices of provisions, and it was referred. He also presented the petition of Colonel Higginson, praying for an amendment to the act of last session, limiting the increase of pay to those colored soldiers who were free on and after April 19, 1861. The petition was referred. A resolution (Mr. Doolittle, Wis.) was referred, that the Committee on Finance be instructed to inquire into the propriety of the immediate passage of an act to increase the revenue: First, by an additional tax of one per cent. upon all sales of real estate and personal property, including also all bargains for the sale of merchandise, produce, gold and silver coin, and stocks of every description; second, by an additional tax of twenty-five per cent. on the gross receipts to be added to the present rates of all railroad fares, including street railroads, steamboats, and ferries, to be collected by the companies or persons running the same, for the use of the Government, and that said committee be further instructed to inquire into the propriety of the passage of a law to prevent the further expansion of the currency by the organization of any new Banking Associations, except where they may take the place of some existing State Banks; and that said committee be further instructed to inquire into the propriety of redeeming all outstanding interest-bearing legal-tender notes by issuing in their stead other notes in denominations not less than fifty dollars, each bearing a uniform interest from the first day of January in each year, 3 65-100 per cent. per annum, with coupons attached, to be paid out and made legal tenders for their face, with interest added. A series of resolutions was introduced (Mr. Davis, Ky.) for the restoration of peace and union. The resolutions propose a Convention of States to whom should be referred several amendments to the Constitution. The first paragraph proposes to form the States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont into one State; the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut into one State; the States of Maryland and Delaware, and the eastern shore of Virginia, into one State. The second provides that the officers, President and Vice-President, be chosen alternately from the free and slave States, but both never at the same time, either from the free or slave States, for the term of four years; and that any person who may have filled the office of President shall be forever ineligible to it. The third provides that all the States, in the month of January next before the expiration of the Presidential term, shall present candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency—one for the States for the one office and slave States for the other, as they may be respectively entitled to the one and the other office, and shall certify severally to the two Houses of Congress, and to the Supreme Court, the names of the persons so chosen, and for which office they have been chosen; and on the first Monday in February following the Supreme Court, in the presence of the two Houses of Congress, shall select from the persons whose names have been certified for the Presidency a President, and then a Vice-President from the names which have been certified for that office. The Justices of the Supreme Court to be ineligible to any other office. Resolutions were introduced (Mr. Farwell, Ill.) and adopted, that the Committee on Finance be instructed to inquire into the propriety of consolidating the three great districts, and for providing that licensed vessels may trade to ports on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, without clearances and entry at the Custom-houses. Also, that the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the propriety of providing by law, that vessels engaged in foreign trade shall employ or take on board American boys, at least one for every five hundred tons measurement. A bill was introduced (Mr. Farwell) and referred, to regulate the admeasurement of the tonnage of ships, and to prescribe the charges to the same. Mr. Powell's resolution calling for the record of the Commission in the case of General Payne was referred. In executive session Speed's appointment for Attorney-General was confirmed.

In the House, Governor Fenton's resignation was handed in, to take effect December 20. The Speaker announced the appointment of Messrs. Pruyn and Littlejohn to fill the vacancies in the Committee of Ways and Means occasioned by the resignations of Messrs. Fenton and Stebbins. The House then considered the bill reported last session from the Committee on Naval Affairs, directing the Secretary of the Navy to appoint a competent engineer to designate and survey the necessary amount of land near New London, Connecticut, for a navy-yard and depôt for the construction, docking, and repair of iron-clad and other naval vessels. There was a discussion as to the propriety of substituting League Island, at Philadelphia, for New London, but was not terminated. The bill perfected during the last session to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy, to take effect June 1, 1865, was passed, 76 to 56.

December 13:

In the Senate, a petition of Messrs. Lake Brothers, bankers of Boston and New York, praying Congress to make good lost certificates of indebtedness to the amount of $10,000, was referred. Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill authorizing the President of the United States to transfer a gun-boat to the republic of Liberia. Mr. Sherman (Ohio), from the Committee on Finance, reported a bill, which was passed, authorizing the construction of six revenue cutters for service on the lakes, and appropriating one million of dollars, or so much as is necessary, for that purpose. A joint resolution (Mr. Wilson, Mass.) was referred, to encourage enlistments in the army by making free the wives and children of colored soldiers now held as slaves in the South. The House bill establishing a uniform system of bankruptcy was referred and ordered to be printed. Mr. Anthony's credentials as Senator from Rhode Island for six years were presented.

In the House, a resolution (Mr. Eliot, Mass.) was referred, declaring that the State of Louisiana may resume its political relations with the Government of the United States. A bill (Mr. Cole, Cal.) was referred, granting lands to certain railroad companies in California. Also a bill (Mr. Cole) was introduced and moved to be referred to a select committee of seven, to establish a mining department, with a commissioner and the necessary clerks and mineralogists for the purpose of collecting and diffusing useful information throughout the United States. It lies over. A resolution (Mr. Chanler, N. Y.) was adopted, instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of reducing the tax on mineral coals. The House resumed consideration of the bill to establish an iron-clad navy-yard at New London. The bill was then laid on the table by a vote of 80 to 63. The House then took up the joint resolution reported during the last session by Mr. Elijah Ward, of New York, from the Committee on Commerce, authorizing notice to be given by the President to terminate the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, and to appoint commissioners to negotiate a new treaty, based on the true principles of reciprocity as affecting the trade between the United States and the British North American provinces. The question pending from last session was on the passage of the resolution. This was now reconsidered. A substitute was offered (Mr. Morrill, Vt.), setting forth that the terms of the treaty are not reciprocal and satisfactory, providing for the adjustment of any matters of difference between the two Governments, and requesting the President to give the Government of Great Britain and Ireland the notice required by the fifth article of the treaty of June 5, 1854, for the termination of the same. This substitute was agreed to, and the original resolution, thus amended, was passed, 85 to 54.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

AT recent advices General Sherman's army had crossed the Ogeechee River, and, passing Millen, had advanced toward Savannah. He had thus far found plenty of provisions for his army, and had advanced with great deliberation. General Foster, Dec. 6, captured the Pocotaligo Bridge, on the railroad from Charleston to Savannah, thus isolating the latter city from the North. This will be an important assistance to Sherman, if the latter intends to attack Savannah. In his march on that city his army would be protected on its left flank by the Savannah, and on its right by the Ogeechee rivers. What force he would have to meet in front is not certain. According to the latest Richmond news Sherman was only five miles from Savannah.

GENERAL HOOD'S CAMPAIGN.

General Hood's army, after the battle of Franklin, pushed northward and partially invested Nashville. General Rousseau still holds Murfreesborough. On the 9th the rebels under General Lyon captured the Government transport *John E. Tutt* at Cumberland City, twenty miles south of Fort Donelson. The boat was used in transporting troops across the river, it is supposed, for the invasion of Kentucky.

General Burbridge and command were at Bean's Station on the 6th. This movement forced Breckinridge to withdraw from Bull's Gap.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

On the 7th a portion of the army of the Potomac under General Warren broke camp, moving southward toward Weldon. The force consisted of all of the divisions of the Fifth Corps, Mott's of the Second, and Gregg's Cavalry. They marched by two roads, parallel with the railroad to Stony Creek Station, where, one week previously, Gregg had been reconnoitring. It was from this point that Lee has been constructing a branch road to connect Weldon with the Southside Railroad. Warren reached Stony Creek on the 8th. After crossing the northern branch of Nottaway River he destroyed the bridge after him. To divert the enemy's attention, on the 8th, a cavalry expedition pushed up close to the enemy's works at Hatcher's Run. General Warren's force moved south as far as Hicksford, and succeeded in destroying twenty miles of the Weldon Road. The casualties were less than 100.

On the 7th General B. C. Ludlow captured the rebel position opposite Dutch Gap. This will secure the workmen on the canal from the rebel fire, which has hitherto been very annoying.

NEWS ITEMS.

The St. Albans raiders have been released by the Canadian authorities.

Young Higginson, of Company K, Nineteenth Illinois Volunteers, who lately came as a commissioner from our prisoners at Camp Sumter, Andersonville, Georgia, has been promoted to the rank of Major by Governor Yates of Illinois. He is a nephew of Colonel T. W. Higginson's, and has some thirteen cousins all fighting under the old flag. The boy is twenty years old, but has served since the war began.

The ordnance stores over the country are located at Washington, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Pensacola, Key West, Port Royal, New Orleans, Mound City, Illinois (for our river navy), and Mare Island, California, for the Pacific squadron. It is urged upon Congress to pass some measures for the encouragement of the manufacture of nitre, in order that we may be independent of foreign nations in this respect. It appears that there is but one laboratory making it for the Government now, while four companies are employed making gunpowder, of which we had manufactured 1,825,000 pounds last year, although there were nearly 3000 tons of powder ordered in 1861.

The Navy Department has advices from Admiral Porter of the capture and arrival at Hampton Roads of the Confederate steamer *Armstrong*, of six hundred and thirty tons measurement, a beautiful vessel, very fast, and new, captured by the *Cuyler* and *Gettysburg* on the 4th of December with a cargo of 450 bales of cotton. The larger part was thrown overboard in the chase.

Brigadier-General Robert B. Potter of this city, commanding the Second Division of the Ninth Army Corps, has been promoted to be Major-General by Brevet, "for distinguished and gallant conduct in the several actions since crossing the Rapidan," to take rank from August 1, 1864.

Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, commanding First Division, Second Corps, has been promoted Brevet Major-General for gallant conduct at Reams's Station. He entered the service as Second Lieutenant of the Twenty-second Massachusetts, and was subsequently Colonel of the Sixty-first New York.

Major-General Granville M. Dodge has succeeded General Rosecrans in the command of the Department of Missouri.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE news of President Lincoln's re-election had reached Europe November 21, and was extensively commented on by English and French journals. No surprise was manifested at the result. The journals favoring secession simply mentioned the fact. The London *Times* regards it as an indication that the American republic is fast drifting toward despotism; but thinks Mr. Lincoln not objectionable to foreign countries.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

The Franco-Italian Convention, by which it was determined that Rome should be evacuated by the French and the Italian capital be transferred from Turin to Florence, met September 15. The *Constitutionelle* shortly afterward published an article from M. P. Limayrac, stating that the measures adopted by that Convention would be executed in good faith. With these measures the extreme revolutionary party was dissatisfied. Garibaldi expressed his opinion in the following manifesto:

"CAPRERA, *October* 10.—That the guilty should desire to find accomplices is quite natural; that they should attempt to plunge me into the corrupt mass of men who have polluted Italy by the Convention of September 15, I did not expect. With Bonaparte the only Convention is this: to purify our country of his presence, not in two years, but in two hours.

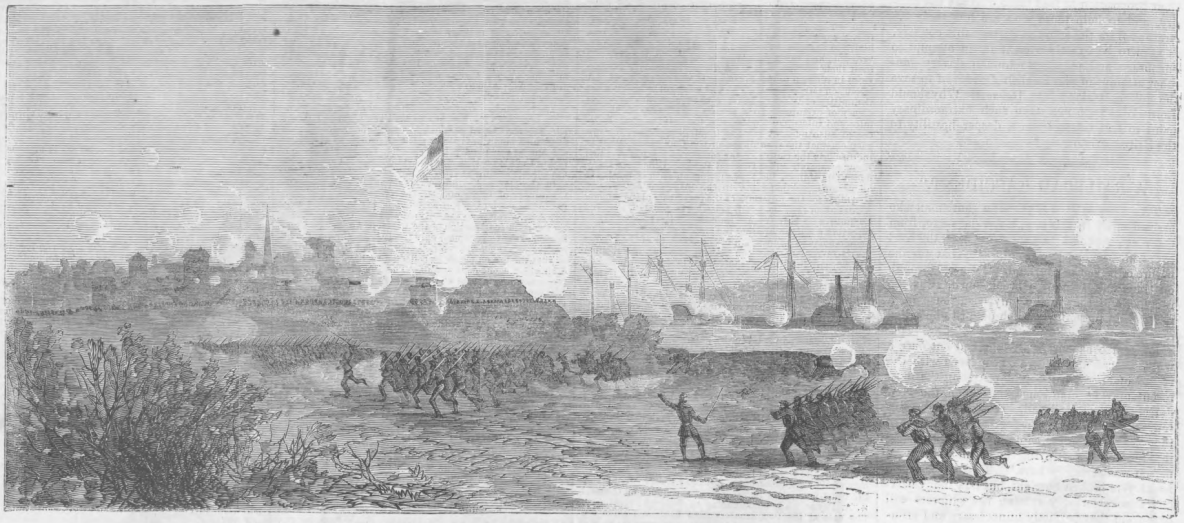
G. GARIBALDI."

The *Diritto* and some other journals publishing this manifesto were seized. Several districts of Lombardy were invaded by armed bands dressed in the Garibaldian costume, and displaying the Italian flag.

The Chamber of Deputies was reopened at Turin October 24, Signor Cassimir President. The proceedings of this body are considered to have been favorable to the Convention.

On November 19 the bill for the transfer of the capital to Florence was passed by a vote of 317 to 70.

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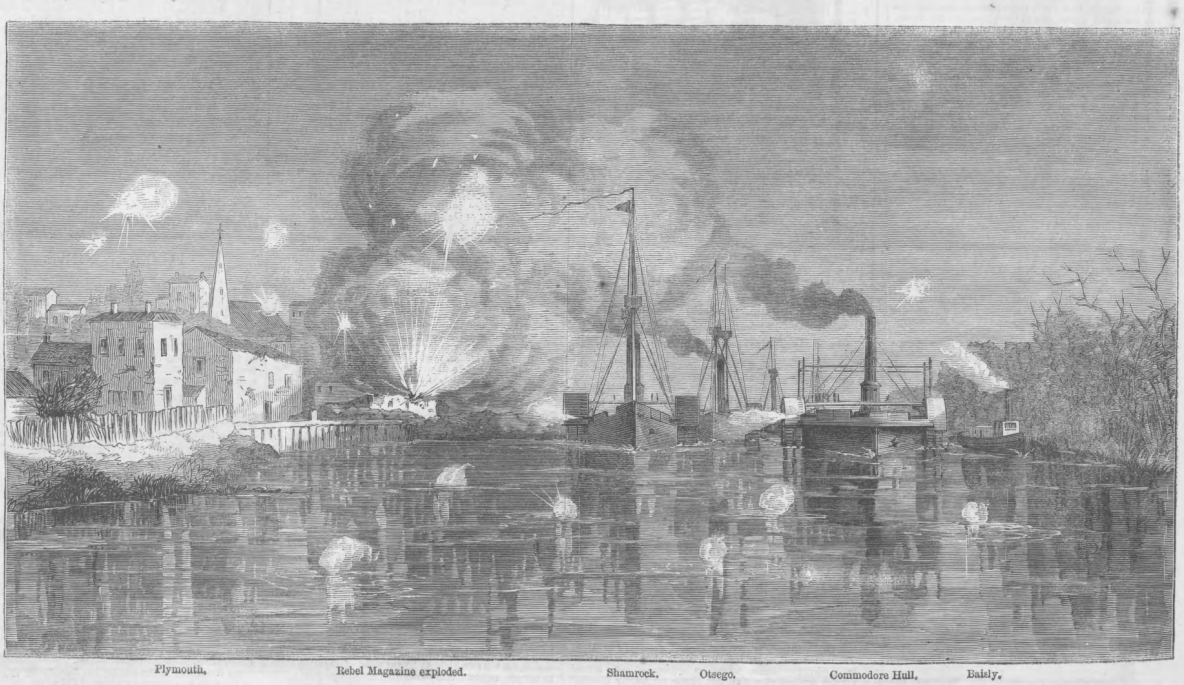
THE ATTACK ON FORT BATEMAN AT THE CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 31, 1864.



VIEW ON THE ROANOKE RIVER, NORTH CAROLINA.



APPEARANCE OF THE REBEL RAM "ALBEMARLE," OCTOBER 31, 1862.



THE CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 31, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 822.]

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VIEW OF THE STATIONS ON GRANT'S MILITARY RAILROAD, FROM CITY POINT TO HIS EXTREME LEFT.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 822.]

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CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN JAY, the first Chief Justice of the United States, was born in New York, December 12, 1745. He graduated at Kings (now Columbia) College, in 1764, and was admitted to the bar four years later. When the Revolutionary troubles came on he took a prominent part in the contest. He was the youngest member of the first Congress, which convened in 1774. We can barely allude to his civil services during the Revolution. In 1777 he prepared the draft of the Constitution of the State of New York, and was appointed the first Chief Justice of the State. In 1779 he was sent on a mission to Spain. That Government demanded as a condition of recognizing the independence of the United States, that the possession of Florida and the exclusive right to navigate the Mississippi should be guaranteed to Spain. JAY refused to consent that the mouth of our great river should be shut up by a foreign power. In conjunction with ADAMS, FRANKLIN, and LAURENS, Mr. JAY negotiated the treaty by which Great Britain recognized the Independence of the United States. In 1784 he returned to his country and was appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs. When the Union took the place of the old Confederation, WASHINGTON requested him to select any office which he might prefer. He chose that of Chief Justice of the United States, to which he was appointed in 1789. In 1794 he was sent to Great Britain as Envoy Extraordinary, to negotiate an important treaty. This treaty, which settled the questions in dispute between the two nations, was violently opposed by the Democratic party, especially at the South. He was absent a year, during which time he was elected Governor of New York. He then resigned the Chief Justiceship, was twice re-elected Governor, and then, in 1801, at the age of fifty-six, resolved to retire from public life. President ADAMS, wishing to retain his services for the public, nominated him for his former place as Chief Justice, then vacant by the resignation of OLIVER ELLSWORTH. JAY declined, on the ground that he had deliberately made up his mind to retire from public life, and duty to his country did not then require him to accept office. He retired to his farm in Bedford, New York, where he died May 17, 1829, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. While the question of the adoption of the Federal Constitution was before the people, HAMILTON, MADISON, and JAY projected the famous series of essays called the *Federalist*. JAY wrote the second, third, fourth, and fifth numbers, furnishing no more until the sixty-fourth number. During the greater part of the interval he was lying between life and death. A party of medical students had violated the grave to acquire subjects for dissection. They were put in prison; but a mob threatened their lives. JAY and others, under the lead of HAMILTON, joined to prevent the outrage; they were set upon by the rioters, and JAY was struck on the temple by a stone, and almost killed. He recovered only in time to write the single additional paper, on a subject which he was especially requested to undertake. To this accident it is owing that the *Federalist*, valuable as it is, was not rendered still more valuable by contributions from one who was recognized as the ablest political writer in the United States. Mr. JAY was one of the noblest and purest characters in our history. Party-spirit ran higher in his day than ever since. The most virulent personal attacks were made by party writers and speakers. WASHINGTON himself did not escape detraction; but no man, except a few violent partisans in South Carolina, however much he might oppose his public policy, dared to asperse the perfect integrity of JOHN JAY.

Upon the resignation of Mr. JAY, JOHN RUTLEDGE was nominated by the President as Chief Justice of the United States. He was born in 1739, in South Carolina, whither his father had emigrated from Ireland four years before. He studied law in the Temple in London, and returned to Charleston in 1761, where he at once gained the highest rank at the bar. He espoused the cause of the colonies at the outset of the troubles with Great Britain. In 1776 he was appointed President and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of South Carolina. It was owing to him that Fort Moultrie was not abandoned to the enemy without a struggle. General LEE, who commanded the Continental troops, pronounced the fort a "slaughter-pen," and wished to evacuate it. RUTLEDGE wrote to MOULTRIE, "General LEE wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not without an order from me. I would sooner cut off my hand than write one." When the Constitution of South Carolina was framed RUTLEDGE refused his assent, on the ground that it was too Democratic. He finally yielded his scruples, and was appointed Governor, with the real power of Dictator. In 1789 he was appointed Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and in 1791 Chief Justice of South Carolina. In 1795 he was nominated by WASHINGTON Chief Justice of the United States. The treaty negotiated by JAY with Great Britain excited a storm of indignation in South Carolina. RUTLEDGE made a violent speech against it at Charleston, just two days before his appointment as Chief Justice reached him, in which he spoke in bitter language of the leaders of the then dominant Federal party, of which he had hitherto been considered a member. In August, 1795, he presided at a session of the Supreme Court, and in November started to hold a circuit in North Carolina, when he was attacked by sickness, and his mind was apparently affected. This, and the remembrance of his recent Charleston speech, induced the Senate to refuse to confirm his nomination—a refusal by no means disagreeable to the President, who was strongly in favor of JAY's treaty. Mortification at this rejection extinguished the last remnant of RUTLEDGE's sanity, and he died in 1800 at the age of sixty-one.

The President then nominated as Chief Justice Judge WILLIAM CUSHING of Massachusetts; the nomination was confirmed; but Mr. CUSHING, after holding the commission a few days, resigned on account of ill-health. As he never acted in that capacity his name does not properly belong to the list of Chief Justices.

OLIVER ELLSWORTH was then nominated and confirmed as Chief Justice. He was born at Windsor, Connecticut, April 29, 1745. His studies commenced at Yale, were completed at Princeton, where he graduated at the age of twenty-three. For a time he was a teacher, then commenced the study of theology, but subsequently decided on the profession of law. He had then married, and his father gave him a farm of wild land and an axe. While slowly working his way at the bar he cleared his wild farm with his own hands. His early career gave no promise of future eminence; but the first upward steps once taken his progress was sure. He was appointed State's Attorney, and yearly elected to the General Assembly. In 1777 he was chosen delegate to Congress, in 1784 Judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut, and in 1789 Senator in Congress. In 1796 he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States. His unquestioned probity and the soundness of his judicial decisions gained him the highest respect. In 1799 he was sent, against his wishes, as minister to France, though still retaining for two years his seat on the bench. His health failing he resigned his office in 1801. He died November 26, 1807, at the age of sixty-two.

JOHN MARSHALL, the most eminent of our Chief Justices, was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, September 24, 1755. His father was a farmer in narrow circumstances, but of decided ability. There were no schools in what was then the frontier region, and the early education of the future Chief Justice was conducted by his father, aided for about a year by the clergyman of the parish, with whom he began to read Horace and Livy. By his own unaided exertions he subsequently became a fair classical scholar, and was intimately acquainted with English literature. He had just begun the study of law when the war of the Revolution broke out. In 1775 he was appointed lieutenant in a company of minute men. He afterward became captain in a Virginia regiment of the Continental army, and was present at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He pursued his legal studies at intervals during the war, and at its close commenced practice. He soon rose to eminence at the bar and in politics. He was one of the small but distinguished body of men through whose influence Virginia was induced to accept the Federal Constitution. In 1794 WASHINGTON offered him the post of Attorney-General, and subsequently the mission to France. Both offers were declined. The French Government having refused to receive Mr. PINCKNEY as minister, Mr. ADAMS, who was then President, appointed Mr. MARSHALL as one of three envoys to that country. Shortly after his return he yielded to the personal solicitations of WASHINGTON, and consented to become a candidate for Congress. President ADAMS at the same time offered him a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, which was declined. He was elected to Congress, after a sharp contest, taking his seat in December, 1799. During the excited session which followed he was one of the ablest supporters of the administration of Mr. ADAMS. In May, 1800, he was nominated and confirmed as Secretary of War; but he declined to accept the appointment. Shortly after he accepted the post of Secretary of State. On the 31st of January, 1801, he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States, a position which he held for thirty-five years, until his death in July, 1835, at the age of eighty years. His unquestioned character, sound judgment, and felicitous diction, added to the long period during which he held his seat, and the magnitude of the questions which came before him for decision, entitle Mr. MARSHALL beyond all question to the first place in the noble list of our Chief Justices. Besides his judicial labors he was the author of a History of the American Colonies, and of a Life of Washington, which we must still regard as the best yet written.

ROGER BROOKE TANEY was born in Calvert County, Maryland, March 17, 1777. In 1831 President JACKSON appointed him Attorney-General of the United States. Two years later Mr. DUANE, then Secretary of the Treasury, refused to remove the Government deposits from the United States Bank; he was removed, and Mr. TANEY was appointed in his place. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination; but in the mean while Mr. TANEY had obeyed the orders of the President and removed the deposits. JACKSON then nominated him as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge DUVAL. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination. Chief Justice MARSHALL died in 1835, and JACKSON at once nominated Mr. TANEY for the place. The Democrats having now a majority in the Senate confirmed the nomination, and Mr. TANEY became Chief Justice—a position which he retained until his death, October 12, 1864, a period of twenty-seven years. Chief Justice TANEY is best known by his famous "decision," or rather "opinion," in the Dred Scott case, in which, going beyond the question before the Court, he endeavored to settle the general question of the *status* of persons of African descent in the United States. Undeserved obloquy has been attached to him on account of a sentence in this opinion which apparently affirmed that blacks had no rights which whites were bound to respect. The context shows that this was the very reverse of the meaning intended to be conveyed by Judge TANEY. He says that it is now difficult to realize the state of opinion on this subject held at the formation of our Government. Blacks were then regarded as beings of an inferior order, "*and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect.*" This outrageous sentiment is mentioned only to be impliedly condemned. The "opinion" of the Chief Justice, harsh enough as he gave it, being to the effect that no person whose ancestors were imported to this country and sold as slaves had any right to sue in a court of the United States, or could become citizens of the United States. It is due to the honor of our highest judicial tribunal to state that the opinion of the Chief Justice did not affirm, but did by plain implication condemn, the doctrine that such persons "had *no* rights which whites were bound to respect." Mr. TANEY's last notable public act was in May, 1861, when the case of John Merryman came before him. This man was arrested near Baltimore, on charge of being an officer in a company raised to aid the rebellion. He was imprisoned by the military authorities in Fort M'Henry. He prayed for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was granted by Judge TANEY. General CADWALADER, the commander, refused to obey, on the ground that the execution of the writ of *habeas corpus* had been suspended by the President in the State of Maryland. The Judge issued an order for the arrest of General CADWALADER. The Marshal was not allowed to serve the writ. Judge TANEY thereupon prepared an opinion, denying the right of the President to suspend the writ, and affirming that it was the duty of all military officers to obey it. He added that if the officer had been brought before him he should have punished him by fine and imprisonment; but as he had no force capable of carrying his order into effect, he should report the whole case to the President, and call upon him to enforce the process of the court. No further action was had on the case. Mr. TANEY died October 12, 1864, at the age of eighty-seven, having filled the chief judicial chair of the nation for twenty-seven years. He owed his appointment to the purely partisan services which he rendered to President JACKSON. As a jurist he can not be ranked with the great men who had occupied his seat before him. His judicial integrity has never been impeached, even in the case of his unfortunate opinion in the Dred Scott case, or the later and equally unfortunate course in the Merryman case, by which he will be chiefly remembered in after years.

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE, now Chief Justice of the United States, was born in Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. His father having died, he was sent at the age of twelve to Ohio, and placed under the care of his uncle, Bishop CHASE. After studying for a year at Cincinnati College, he entered Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, from which he graduated in 1829. He went to Washington, where he opened a school, at the same time studying law under the direction of WILLIAM WIRT. Having been admitted to the bar, he went to Cincinnati, and entered upon the practice of his profession. To this for some years he applied himself exclusively, taking no prominent part in politics, although he belonged to the Democratic party. In 1841 he first took a decided part in politics. He was then a member of the Convention of those opposed to the further extension of slavery, and was the author of the Address unanimously adopted by that body. He took a prominent part in all the subsequent movements having this end in view, and was President of the Free Soil Democratic Convention at Buffalo in 1848. The Democratic party in Ohio had at this time assumed the position of hostility to slavery in the Territories. Mr. CHASE was chosen United States Senator in February, 1849, receiving the votes of all the Democratic members of the Legislature, together with those of others who were in favor of free soil. Though elected as a Democrat, he declared that if the party withdrew from its position in regard to slavery he should withdraw from it. This he did formally in consequence of the action of the Democratic Convention held at Baltimore in 1852. When the Republican party was organized Mr. CHASE took the position of one of its acknowledged leaders. Soon after the close of his Senatorial term in 1855 he was elected Governor of Ohio. He was re-elected, his second term closing in 1860. In the Republican Convention at Chicago in that year he was next after Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD the leading candidate for the Presidency. He had in the mean time been again elected to the Senate of the United States, and had he taken his place would undoubtedly have been the leader in that body. But he resigned his seat in order to accept the position of Secretary of the Treasury—a position for which he was especially pointed out by the success of his financial policy while Governor of Ohio. It is honorable to all the persons that the three leading competitors of Mr. LINCOLN for the Presidential nomination should have received and accepted his nomination as members of his Cabinet. As the Presidential canvass of 1864 approached a strong effort was made to bring forward Mr. CHASE as the Union candidate; but the current of popular feeling was so unmistakably in favor of the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN that Mr. CHASE refused to become a candidate, and gave his cordial support to Mr. LINCOLN. Meanwhile, finding that Congress hesitated to carry out the financial system which he proposed, Mr. CHASE had on the 30th of June, 1864, resigned the post of Secretary of the Treasury. Almost the first important public act of Mr. LINCOLN after his re-election has been to appoint Mr. CHASE to the most important position within the executive nomination. Mr. CHASE enters upon the duties of his high office at the age of fifty-six, with a sound legal reputation, and with a physical vigor which gives reason to hope that he may be able to perform its duties for a period as long as that of his predecessor.

The Supreme Court of the United States consists of a Chief Justice, with a salary of $6500, and nine Associate Justices, with salaries of $6000. It holds one session annually at Washington, commencing on the first Monday of December. For judicial purposes the United States are divided into ten circuits, in each of which a Circuit Court is held twice a year for each State by one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and by the District Judge of the State or District. The following is a list of the Justices of the Court, with the date of their several appointments:

Chief Justice.—SALMON P. CHASE, of Ohio, 1864.

Associate Justices.—JOHN CATRON, Tennessee, 1837. NATHAN CLIFFORD, Maine, 1858. DAVID DAVIS, Illinois, 1863. STEPHEN J. FIELD, California, 1863. ROBERT C. GRIER, Pennsylvania, 1846. SAMUEL F. MILLER, Iowa, 1862. SAMUEL NELSON, New York, 1845. NOAH H. SWAYNE, Ohio, 1862. JAMES M. WAYNE, Georgia, 1835.

CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, N.C.

WE engrave on page 820 four illustrations relating to the recent Capture of Plymouth, North Carolina. One of these gives a view on the Roanoke River, on which Plymouth is situated; the others relate to the battle which resulted in the capture of the city, and the appearance of the rebel ram *Albemarle* after the blowing off of her casemate.

On Monday morning, October 31, the fleet, under Commodore MACOMB, having succeeded in making the passage up Middle River into the Roanoke, two miles above Plymouth, formed in line of battle and steamed down the river at 11 A.M., in the following order: *Hull*, *Shamrock*, *Otsego*, *Wyalusing*, *Tacony*, and tugs *Martin* and *Baisly*. The *Hull* is an old New York ferry-boat, and has been in a great many fights, always doing good service. She was sent ahead, being able to fire two heavy guns directly forward. She signaled that all was right, and the fleet steamed on, the pilot picking his way among the obstructions. As it rounded a bend it encountered a battery of 9-inch guns half a mile distant. As each ship came within range a terrific broadside of grape and canister was delivered within their works, driving all from before it. Three more batteries were then encountered and engaged, while the rifle-pits and store-houses along the water front of the town were filled with sharp-shooters. The *Hull* seemed ready to lift into the air from the explosions around her and beneath her guards. She stopped, and the *Shamrock* dashed past, and as her steering gear was disabled she was severely cut up, and many dead and wounded crowded her deck. Thus the fight went on till the rebel magazine was exploded, scattering timbers in all directions, and setting the town on fire in several places. From this moment the rebel fire slackened, and a party landing from the ships took possession of the forts, raising the Stars and Stripes at 30 minutes past 12. The retreating rebels were pursued by shell from the *Tacony* and *Wyalusing*, producing great slaughter among them: and within an hour none remained except some fifty prisoners. The *Albemarle* was found sunk at the wharf. The captain had endeavored to disable her as much as possible by exploding a torpedo in her casemate the day after she was sunk by Lieutenant CUSHING. She now lies on the bottom, with only the upper part of her casemate out of water, and the top of that blown completely off.

GRANT'S MILITARY RAILROAD.

ON page 821 we engrave a series of sketches, giving a plan of GRANT's Military Railroad from City Point on the James River to Patrick's Station on the left, with views of the several stations. The road follows in general the line of our intrenchments. The line is of such length as to render this rapid means of communication a military necessity. Since General GRANT first took a position in the rear of Richmond his works, both offensive and defensive, have reached a high degree of elaboration. Besides this railroad there is a "gridiron" of corduroy roads running in every direction.

HOMES OF REBEL WOMEN.

THE interesting illustrations of the Homes of Rebel Women, sketched by WILLIAM WAUD and given on pages 824 and 825, may be relied on for their perfect accuracy, being drawn from life. When General BUTLER's Provost-Marshal visited the different houses on or near our picket line to remove families, sending them through the lines at Suffolk, our artist accompanied him. He writes: "I never saw such destitution. The centre picture, the girl and baby in cradle, was one of the first we visited. Her husband and all her male relatives were in the Southern army, and she was alone, with nothing in the shape of food or drink in the hut, sitting sadly, rocking her child beside the cold and empty fire-place.

"In another house we found a woman with a number of little children, stooping over a wretched fire parching corn, the sole thing eatable in the house.

"In another, two girls were rubbing corn on sheets of tin nailed to boards, a rude contrivance for manufacturing meal. In this house we found a man, but he was in bed, helpless with rheumatism. The middle lower sketch is the outside of the last-named hut, and is a fair representation of style of residence inhabited by these unfortunates.

"In another house the women were aged, and nearly as helpless as the children who surrounded them. However, they were spinning and doing some kind of needle-work, which, they said, had formerly supported them. The room shown was their bedchamber, kitchen, sitting-room, all in one.

"The woman taking the oath of allegiance is one living within our lines, and being destitute, draws rations from the Commissary Department. By a late order all persons living within our lines above the age of sixteen, male or female, must take the oath of allegiance to the United States or go through the lines.

"The sketch of shell bursting in a house is an incident that occurred lately. In the house shown in the sketch of the fight near our rifle-pits a lady was badly wounded, and two children slightly, by the bursting of a shell, which also killed her dog; and her boy was wounded by a Minié ball. In all the houses we visited we found no males between fifteen and fifty."

GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS.

THE two illustrations on page 829 refer us to scenes of frequent occurrence along the border line separating the Union and Rebel armies, and in the border States. The northern portion of Missouri is more infested with this scourge than any other section. There the citizens of the same State are arrayed against each other. The most daring guerrilla operations of this war have been performed by MOSBY in the east, and by MORGAN and his fellows in the west.

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CHRISTMAS HYMN.

LONG time ago the dawn of day
Streamed through the low roof thatched and torn,
Where in the straw-clad manger lay
The Christ-child of the Virgin born.

The sun's glance touched the sleeping rills,
And chased away the gloom of night,
It flooded all those fruitful hills,
And smote high Bethlehem's hall with light.

And in the East arose a star,
High over Judah on that morn,
The wise men saw it from afar,
And knew the great Messiah was born.

To-day with reverent hearts we keep
Sacred the memory of His birth
Who summoned from the grave's hushed sleep
Dead Lazarus back again to earth.

Who gave the multitude to eat—
At whose command the tempest ceased—
Whose feet with spikenard, rare and sweet,
Mary anointed at the feast.

Through His atonement draw we nigh;
GREAT GOD OF BATTLES! unto Thee
We lift our feeble voices high,
Grasp Thou the sword of victory.

Let harsh oppression pass away,
And want and sin from off the earth,
And ever sacred be the day
That gave the blessed Saviour birth.

Let black-winged pestilence disappear,
And war with all its horrors cease,
And may we in the tempest hear
The solemn voice of Christ say "Peace!"

SANTA CLAUS'S WISH COUNCIL.

IT was a busy time with the generous old gentleman, for this was the night of his famous Wish Council; and the knotted brows of his Secretary Blazius, and the piles of memoranda by which he was surrounded, testified to the amount of business on hand, while the air was full of the impalpable, but to him plainly visible forms of the Wishes. Some were jolly and rosy in their intangibility, even giving signs of mortal obesity; some sweet and airy, in their impalpable delicacy. Others, hungry, eager, starvingly thrust these rosy vapors, and stretched forth bony fingers beseechingly to the genial Saint, as he stood smiling before his wide-mouthed, glowing fire-place. In the instant that the formless Wish gained form and substance its supplication was carefully recorded by the nearly distracted Secretary, and it faded forever into nothingness. There were visions of fair children, with golden curls and rosy lips, begging, stocking in hand, for candy and toys; of spare and stout gentlemen with spectacles, desirous of rare editions of choice authors; of stylish dames who longed for point, thread, or Honiton, or *moires*, velvet, or glacé; young girls beseeching vapory evening dresses, and all manner of gold and gear; of ragged children longing for a mere glimmer of Christmas joy, for a crumb from a rich man's table; of gaunt men in ragged uniforms begging for letters, for sympathy, for common food and clothing, for deliverance from prison, and vermin, and starvation; of other men not so gaunt and prison-worn, brave, hardy, and enduring, yet turning loyally to the dear fireside for the light and warmth of the Christmas cheer which may not be denied them. And sadder sights than these were shadowy women, with begging rags, starving cheeks, and fingers pricked and bleeding; asking fires, blankets, food for the workers, medicines and care for the sick; thrusting out ill-spelled bills for unpaid work in skeleton hands; and fair, bright girls fading away over desks, over needle-work, and asking not to be forgotten by those who had been their guests in happier days, when their best friend filled a soldier's saddle and not a soldier's grave.

The smile died away from the lips of the Saint, and he walked anxiously up and down the room.

"Something must be done," said he, "different from what has ever been done before. The days when the reindeer and I could manage this thing are over. One of Grant's wagon-trains could not carry the things I am expected to deliver. The days when a tiny stocking full of candy and nuts, a cake and a primer, or a squawking dog and a jumping-jack would satisfy a child, appear to have passed away forever. Here's Fenella M'Flimsey wants a gold tea-set for her doll, and Katarina Von Trondelbedde wants a velvet cloak and royal ermines. Does she indeed! I've a great mind to bring her a switch, as I have done in old times! And forty thousand others as reasonable as they. Fact is, I won't stand it!" and the old fellow grew so warm that he threw off his mink dressing-gown, and kicked his slippers vigorously into one corner. "Blazius! fetch me my buffalo-skin capote, and see that the reindeer are ready in six seconds;" and the old gentleman flew round in a style quite astonishing in one of his age. "I'll see the parents themselves, and try to talk a little common sense into them. But what's this?"

Only three dolls—mother and daughters—four if you count the Topsy, who carried their white opera-cloaks over her arm. Mamma Doll in velvet and point-lace, a diamond pin confining the tiny collar. Daughter Clementine in white satin and bridal veil, and pearls, real pearls, on her waxen neck. Sister Belinde as a bridemaid in silk and blond.

"Your servant, ladies," bowed Santa Claus—and if he could have blushed at his own disarray he would have done so, had not nature anticipated any movement in that direction by tinging both cheeks and nose with the deepest carnation—"and what can I do for you?"

"We have a great favor to ask, Sir," replied Mamma Doll; "we are in grief, too, though that is not what we came to say to you. We were once a very happy family when Miss Katarina dressed us in merino, and Clementine was engaged to the Zouave. But at the height of this gold went up, Kattie's father made a fortune, and the poor Zouave was utterly demolished by the poker accidentally falling upon him as he lay on the rug in front of the fire. And Kattie, instead of asking Aunt Olive to mend up our poor friend, took him up—oh, horrors! she threw him into the blazing grate. Imagine the feelings of a doll of sensibility at this awful moment! And all Kattie would say was,

"'My papa is rich; he'll buy me nozzer one.'

"I knew of poor Clementine's attachment. I longed to fly to her, but you know we can not stir till bedtime of our own will. In the mean time Aunt Olive captured our prostrate forms, carried us off to her room, and arrayed us as you see, announcing that she was going to marry Clementine to Lord Dundreary, whoever he is, and that the wedding was to take place in the new play-house on Christmas-eve. Meanwhile we lie hid in Aunt Olive's bureau drawer."

"Indeed," sobbed out poor Clementine, "I'd far rather marry the broken Zouave than this dreadful Dundreary, who is certain to be horrid, if I do have pearls and satin to wear!"

"Yours is certainly a hard case," replied Santa Claus, who had listened attentively; "but it don't seem to be a case for my interference exactly."

"That is what I am coming to," said Mamma Doll. "Of course you can not restore us the poor Zouave from his ashy grave; but while we were under Aunt Olive's care a poor woman came in (the widow Pettibone, you know her) to bring home some shirts she had been making, and the drawer wasn't quite shut, and we couldn't help hearing what was said. She shivered, and came near the fire, and looked so hungrily at the children who were lunching on buttered rolls and cold chicken that Arthur told Kattie to offer her some; but Kattie said, 'She wanted all there was—there was none too much for her.'

"Then the children ran off to play, and Aunt Olive took us out and began to work on our dresses; and Mrs. Trondelbedde gave Mrs. Pettibone five dollars, and blamed her for soiling them so much while making them. Then Mrs. Pettibone sighed, and looked at our dresses (*we* could not help them, you know), and I heard her mutter,

"'All that money on a lot of trumpery dolls, and my Nellie dying at home without one comfort!'

"Now, when I heard her I was greatly grieved, and wished I could help her; but we're only dolls. Now, Sir, if you *can* help her, please do it, and do it quickly."

Blazius now announced the team, and Santa Claus, blowing his nose fiercely on his red bandana, offered seats to the dolls in his sleigh.

Hastily equipping himself in his furs for his night-ride, while Topsy wrapped her mistresses in their opera cloaks, the old gentleman handed them in politely, though poor Clementine sobbed under her hood all the way home. Tying his team to the lightning-rod, he helped the dolls in through the flue of Aunt Olive's room, and, dropping another story, made his most unexpected appearance before Myndert Von Trondelbedde and his drowsy wife as they dozed before the parlor grate.

"Servant, Sir," was the salutation of the Saint.

Now Myndert was not a stout old Dutchman, as you may suppose, but a descendant of a Dutchman—the man whose hand always weighed a pound and his foot two, when he balanced a big bundle of skins which he was purchasing of some poor wretch of an Indian, and consequently Myndert was rich. Myndert and his wife looked very much astonished, as well they might; but they had been at Mrs. Latetoroost's grand ball the night before, and were too sleepy to do any thing but stare drowsily at the apparition before them, and Myndert stolidly returned the polite bow of the Saint.

Santa Claus brushed off the coal soot from his furs, threw back his capote, and wiped his face as he sat down.

"I am St. Nicholas, at your service; and you are Mr. Myndert Von Trondelbedde, I believe."

Myndert nodded, in great amazement.

"My business is to talk to you concerning Christmas. I have been listening all night to the wishes of every body for the holiday season. Time was when I was equal to the demand; but it would take a stocking big enough for Giant Blunderbore to hold all that the children ask for, or a sugar-maple, if they have a Christmas-tree; and the wishes of the grown folks absolutely have *no* limits. The children want gold and silver tea-sets for their dolls, and velvets and royal ermines for themselves; and the grown-ups want every thing they ever heard of. Now, Sir, it's time to stop this nonsense. Children are just as happy with a rag-doll or a jack-knife and a handful of candy as with all this nonsense. And, if you do it to get talked of, you'd answer your end far better to give the money to the soldiers, or the prisoners, or the Orphan Asylum, or the poor at your very doors. There's the widow Pettibone, in the next street, who makes your shirts—she has a daughter as fair as your Bertha, and far whiter, for she's dying—dying, Sir, of the prick of the needle—dying for the lack of beef and bread—for the want of fire and water, and the very air of heaven, Sir. And the women who are making up your contract of army clothing are white and thin and hungry, and your pay for sewing don't go up as gold does, nor does beef and coal go down as gold goes down, whenever that happens. And besides them, there's a lot of blessed fellows just released from rebel prisons. God bless the boys! They're half starved, half naked; but their hearts are all right, and give 'em a welcome home that the country'll be proud to remember. And Major Summons, who was shot at the head of his column in Sheridan's fight, d'ye know how poor his family are going to be? And d'ye remember Private Rogers, who was your book-keeper, who died of fever; and his mother is old, and lives down Five Hundredth Street, and nearly starves with hunger and cold and sorrow. He was her only son, but she did not hold him back. Now, Sir, you meant to leave these and pass by on the other side, while you was willing enough to help me get the gold tea-set, and the velvets and ermine, and point-lace and diamonds, and flummery generally; and I've got to drive past these windows, and see the pale faces, and hear the cold, ragged, little children praying for Santa Claus to bring them their share of goodies; and I can't do it, Sir—I can't do it, and you and yours are responsible."

And the peppery old fellow actually rose and shook his brown fist in the face of the gentleman with the blond mustache, who began to fidget nervously.

"I don't know that you are worse than the rest, Sir, but you've all much to answer for. What I want done is something effectual. Call a meeting and systematize the matters. Raise sewing wages. No danger of gout from high living if you double them. Give a thousand dollars to the poor. It's only the cost of one ball-dress, and see a little to its distribution personally. Look to it that the poor, whom ye have always with you, have a bit of beef or turkey on my Master's birthday, and I'll take it kindly if you lynch a dozen or two gold brokers besides. It'll help matters in the long-run. Now what will you do, Sir? I can't do a thing without your help. There are as many slippers embroidered each year as would supply New York if every man was a centipede, and hundreds of poor folk going barefooted. Why, Sir, I should think that when the blessed Christmas comes, and the odor of the fir-tree, and pine, and the spruce, and the hemlock goes up like an offering, and the churches stand open, and the *Gloria in excelsis* peals up from the organs you would feel your hearts grow so warm that you'd fairly run over with loving-kindness—I should indeed;" and Santa Claus threw open his fur coat and mopped his forehead.

"I should think you'd remember the blessed Babe of Bethlehem, and how poor and humble both he and his friends were, and remember that the first of all Christmas gifts were for Him; and when you say from your hassocks that you're 'miserable sinners,' try to take a practical view of the subject, and make an effort to do better with the blessed Christ assisting you. Why, Sir, on that day the dens and holes of the city will all be filled, and they'll cry out, 'Merry Christmas!' with their burning throats, and take my Master's name in vain, and I can't help it, Sir. They'd not do so if they'd a decent Christmas at home; but they've only a few cents, and whisky is not so high as beef and turkey, nor does rum cost like coals, and it keeps one warm too, after a fashion. I'm not used to talking so much, but I am roused now and *must* speak. You know that if gold and prices do go up a fixed income is not elastic, nor are wages very much more so; but Wall Street piles up its riches, and luxury and waste riot over the land, and salt won't save the country if this thing goes on. Let the young folks frolic, as I taught them to long ago, and enjoy it, old and young together; but for Christ's sake don't make me drive to your chimneys past so many that know no fire, no dinner, and where there must be empty stockings where there are any at all. Rather than do it, Sir, I'll sell the reindeer to the Hudson Bay Fur Company and turn tin peddler myself."

And the jolly Saint, now thoroughly in earnest, drew his capote over his head, bounded into the ashy grate, rumbled his way up to the top of the chimney, and was seen no more. Nothing remained of the wonderful visitor but two tiny pools of sooty snow-water on the hearth-rug where his boots had rested.

Myndert turned to his wife.

"Lena," said he at length (it was "Laney" years ago, but now things had changed), "there's a good deal of truth in what that queer old fellow said just now."

Lena came to her husband and put her soft milk-white hand on his shoulder. It looked like a white butterfly resting on the crimson dressing-gown.

"I'm afraid it's *all* true, and we forget that we are only God's stewards. I never thought of all this before. I thought that we had so much money, such a great plenty, that it was right to spend a great deal on ourselves and the children. I see now that we should not forget all of those who are not so blessed. It is true about Nellie Pettibone, I did forget about her. I thought it was no concern of mine; but I'll remember her, I won't wait till Christmas even. God forgive me that I forgot so much and so long!"

And poor little Lena's blue eyes filled and ran over, and Myndert had nothing to do but draw her down on the arm of his chair and comfort her. Myndert was not really bad, only thoughtless, like so many.

"I've been an awfully careless fellow, too," said he, "but I shall not take Van Dam's horses now. I'll do better."

And so he did—for on Christmas-day there was both fire and feast in Widow Pettibone's two rooms, and for all the rest of the winter days that came after; and Nellie did not die, and lie cold and pale in the light of Christmas morning, as her mother had feared; and many other poor hungry pantries grew savory with Christmas cheer; and pale faces brightened, and gaunt faces rounded, and Santa Claus grew redder and jollier than ever, that he did not have to pass by those poor little empty stockings toward which his big honest heart so kindly yearned.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A DISCOVERY of some antiquarian and artistic value has just been made at Rome. An old palace, which had long been vacant, was purchased by Signor Righetti, in one of the dirtiest parts of Rome, called the Biscione; it is close to the Piazza Campo del Fiori, and not far from the Farnese Palace. Extensive repairs were indispensable, for the building was in a very rickety state, and on setting people to work to dig for a foundation they came upon a red marble pavement, thirty feet below the present level of this part of Rome; and here, likewise, they found a piece of building, the sides formed of brick and the roof of large blocks of travertine; on several of the blocks are seen, large and well cut, the letters F G S, which, as yet, the archæologists can not explain. Great difficulty was encountered in consequence of the hole continually filling with water, but a steam-engine was procured to work the pumps, which were plied night and day, and the apartment was found to contain a magnificent gilt bronze statue of a youthful Hercules, 14 feet high. Over the gilding, which is very thick and bright, is a rough calcareous incrustation, which must be carefully removed before the beauty of the statue can be thoroughly appreciated. It was found imbedded in marble chips, such as form the sweepings of a sculptor's studio, and also wedged in by masses of architectural fragments. Inside the figure was found a very pretty little female head sculptured in Parian marble. The back hair is gathered up in a net, much in the style as worn by ladies in the present day, and which fashion prevailed from the time of Heliogabalus down to Constantine, as we see by referring to other statues and busts. The period of art to which this little bust belongs is that of Constantine, and therefore inferior. Other relics may yet be found in the statue, which is far from empty. The coins found in and about the statue were those of Domitian, Decius, and Maximinus, commonly styled the Herculean. There were likewise coins of the Lower Empire. As a work of art this statue is far superior to that found in the Forum Boarium, which is also gilt bronze, and is now in the Capitol. It may once have stood in the Temple of Hercules, whence it may have been removed and buried in later times, to prevent its being carried off by the despoilers of Rome. There are, however, some who insist that it is a portrait of Domitian represented as Hercules. It has been raised to within ten feet of the surface, and men are busy exploring, in the hope of finding one of the feet, which is missing. The club has come up in three pieces, and the lion's skin, which has hung over the shoulder (similar to that of the Theban Hercules in the Vatican), and which has evidently been cast separately, is especially interesting, as showing the mode in which the ancients executed their work of casting.

A SINGULAR method of robbing alms-boxes at churches has been instanced in a case at the Marylebone police-court. London, a man named Eugene Albert, a native of Belgium, being the prisoner. It appeared that one evening, while the service was going on in Spanish Place Roman Catholic Chapel, the chinking of money was repeatedly heard in the immediate vicinity of the donation boxes, and upon each occasion the prisoner, who wore a very large Inverness cape, was seen near them. Suspicion was excited, and he was given into custody. On him was found a sticky substance like gum or glue, a piece of leather from the bottom of one of the boxes, and by his side a stout piece of crinoline steel about a foot in length, at the end of which was a quantity of the sticky matter. In his possession was found £1 8s. 10½d. in silver and copper, all of which had the gum or glue upon them. It was shown how the money could be abstracted. The end of the steel to the extent of about an inch being thickly covered with the adhesive substance, this end was put into the aperture through which the money is dropped and tightly forced upon the money. It was then drawn out with a coin attached. The man was remanded, it being suspected that other robberies recently committed at London churches and chapels may be traced to him.

A VENERABLE Quaker lady, who for three years has been traversing our land, visiting hospitals and camps and alleviating the sufferings of our soldiers wherever found, preached to a very large audience in this city one evening, and in the course of her truly eloquent and thrilling remarks stated that while for two hundred years war had been discountenanced by their sect, they believed that if it was ever justifiable it was so in the present struggle.

She related many touching incidents illustrative of the power of the Christian faith in sustaining suffering and dying soldiers. One incident was as follows: While in Nashville, Tennessee, she approached the bedside of a youth, who in his delirium talked of nothing but the battle-field; the attendants told her it would be useless to address him upon the subject of religion, as nothing intelligible could be gathered from his ravings; his knapsack, clothing, and every thing had been lost upon the field, and he could not tell where he was from, his regiment, or even his name, and must die in a very few hours, unknown and perhaps unwept. The lady remembered that there was a name that would sometimes recall the wandering mind and give peace and comfort to the dying, even when a mother's tender voice had failed, and stooping by his side she gently whispered:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lay my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there;"

when the sufferer opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Mother, I knew you would come!" and again closed his eyes. She repeated another stanza of this beautiful hymn, when he looked up in her face and calmly said, "Mother, I am going to Jesus," and sunk back in death. Another case was that of a little drummer-boy, who had recognized no one since his fall, and had given little evidence of consciousness; he was very near his end, and she whispered in his ear,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee"—

when the countenance of the brave youth brightened up, and he followed with the second stanza of this immortal song, saying his mother had taught him that hymn, and he had often sung it in Sunday-school, and after a few minutes' conversation he expressed a hope in the Saviour and fell asleep to wake no more to earthly scenes. Time will never record the many deeds of Christian love which these good people are constantly performing in their quiet, simple way, but eternity will show a record as brilliant as the crown they seek. Opposed to both war and oppression, they see that the latter can only be overthrown by the former; and while unwilling to surrender their peculiar views, are heartily with us in the desire that both rebellion and slavery may be overthrown.

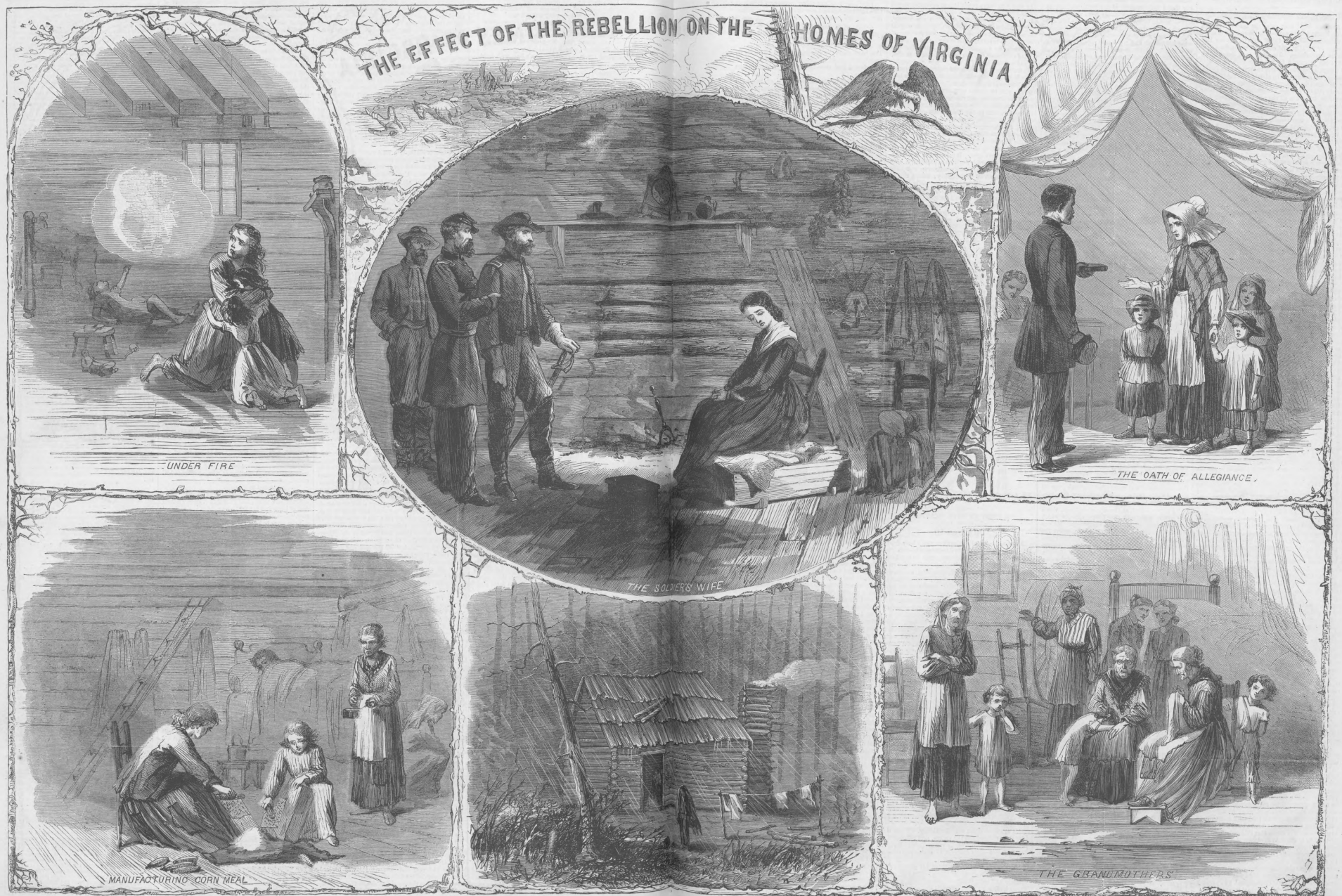
IN a little work entitled "Our Peculiarities," by Viscountess Combermere, there is the following fine tribute to the class of old maids: "These single women, whom it is the cant of society to ridicule, may have often postponed their own settlement in life from the highest motives; filial devotion has, perhaps, engrossed them so entirely in early life that no selfish object diverted them from its holy duties. It was sufficient to satisfy affection and to supersede hope; for the devoted, generous child, from the intensity of her love, has felt that the future must ever be a blank, when the interest that engrosses the present is withdrawn by death; and this dreary prospect adds another motive to her tenderness. Unselfish as woman is under all circumstances, she is here more regardless of herself than in any other position. In married life she yields to her husband, who is her support and companion till death; to her children she looks for care and affection in age, but no consideration of future happiness or present pleasure encourages the patient daughter, as she watches day and night by the invalid mother, or the decrepit father. Here is the purest love, unsullied by one sensual thought as its origin or its object; no instinct prompts it, no animal impulse strengthens it; the holiest feeling that fills the human heart, it yields only in purity to the love of God."

ALEXANDER WEILL, a French writer of considerable erudition, was at one time assisted by Meyerbeer, the celebrated composer, in the preparation of a work. This was a short time before Meyerbeer's death. As a reward for his friendly assistance Weill tried to cheer him with the hope that he would soon be "admitted into the substantial essence that Spinoza calls God."

"Hum! hum!" retorted the master, "I hope that the substantial essence may do without me for a short time!"

THE following curious facts are from a work which has just appeared under the title, "De la Longévité Humaine," by Dr. Guyétant, who has himself reached the patriarchal age of 88. In 1777 average life in France did not exceed 23 years. In 1798 it had risen to 26 years and three months. In 1836 it was 33 years, and at present it has reached the very high figure of 39, an increase of six years within a period of 28 years. This is evidently owing, first, to the great efforts made of late to remove insalubrious nuisances, to provide towns with a proper system of sewerage, to drain marshes, etc., and then to the great progress made in medicine, and the abundance of wholesome food and every necessary comfort now at the command of all but the hopelessly indigent, who are of themselves the object of much greater solicitude than formerly. There exists intimate connection between the longevity of animals and the time of their gestation and subsequent growth. The gestation of the rabbit last 30 days; that of man nine months; that of the elephant two years. The stag attains its full stature in the course of six years, and it lives about 40. In man the bones increase in length until 20, and in thickness until 40. M. Fleurens fixes the natural term of man's life at 100 years. Death in man appears to be neither more nor less than ossification arrived at its extreme limit.

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DINING—CORPULENCY—LEANNESS.

No. I.—ON DINING AND DINERS.

ANIMALS feed; man eats; the man of intellect alone knows *how* to eat. The Creator, in making it obligatory on man to eat to live, invites him thereto by appetite, and rewards him by the pleasure he experiences. Therefore good living is an act of our judgment, by which we give preference to things agreeable to taste to those which do not possess that quality. The pleasures of the table are for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and of great variety; they are the concomitants of all other pleasures, and when all the rest are gone, they console us for our loss. In fact, the discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet. Men who eat hastily, or get drunk, do not know how to eat or drink. It is a common saying, "Tell me what you eat, and how you eat, and I will tell you what you are." The art of dining is quite distinct from the art of giving dinners; yet every one must allow that gastronomy is a science well worthy the study of persons of intellect of both sexes; and it will lead them to the conviction that a little more study in the selection of their dishes, in the management of their kitchen, and due attention to the comfort of their guests will enhance tenfold the pleasures of the table, and make their dinners select. It is said that a dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye; so a man who invites friends to dinner and takes no personal interest in his dinner is not worthy of friendship.

If we are to credit ancient writers, their banquets were great festivals. Fish and game were always to be had, though the demand made prices run high. Reclining on couches covered with purple, every art was brought into requisition to satisfy the senses. The good cheer was heightened by agreeable converse, and dining became a science. After the third course singers were introduced, and conversation relaxed. Learned men devoted their pen to describe these enjoyments. Great writers traveled by land and sea to discover where what was most delicate for the table was produced. When Rome became the centre of the riches of the world, the luxury of the table was carried to a degree almost incredible. From the locust to the ostrich, from the dormouse to the wild boar, every thing was tasted. Fish was an especial object of luxury, and was brought from distant lands in pots of honey. But it was chiefly in the accessories of the repasts that this gigantic luxury was carried to an extreme. All the furniture requisite for the banquet was of costly material or exquisite workmanship. The number of courses was gradually increased till it exceeded twenty; and after each course every thing which had served for the previous course was removed, and fresh supplied. The most delicate perfumes embalmed the banquet-hall. A master of ceremonies announced the merit of the dishes most worthy of special attention — the claims they possessed to this sort of ovation; in fact, nothing was omitted of a nature to sharpen the appetite, keep alive the attention, and prolong enjoyment.

Under Charlemagne dinners assumed a gallant and chivalrous aspect. Fair ladies embellished his court; they awarded prizes to the brave; the pheasant was served up with big golden claws, and the peacock with his magnificent tail was brought in and placed on the table of princes by pages in rich liveries of gold, and by gentle virgins whose innocence heightened their charms. Women even of the highest rank did not think it beneath their dignity to oversee their kitchens, and the duties of hospitality became as sacred as they were in France at the end of the seventeenth century. Under their pretty fingers some of the dishes assumed fantastic appearances. The eel was served up in the form of a serpent, the hare with the ears of a cat.

It was Louis XIV. who had the Épine d'Été—*la bonne poire*, as he called it—brought from the East; and it is to his old age that we are indebted for *liqueurs*. This Prince had occasional fits of weakness, and that difficulty to live which so often manifests itself about sixty. Brandy, mixed with sugar and perfumes, was administered to him in potions he called "Cordial potions." This was the origin of liqueurs. It may be observed that about this same period the culinary art flourished at the Court of England. Queen Anne was fond of good cheer. She did not think it beneath her dignity to converse with her cook; and English cookery-books contain many dishes "after Queen Anne's fashion."

The Duke of Orleans, a *spirituel* prince, worthy of friendship, invited his friends to repasts as delicate as they were well selected. From the most authentic sources we learn that the most delicate *pâtés, matelotes* as tasty as on the river's banks, and turkeys gloriously truffled, were the favorites.

Peculiar qualities have been attributed to truffles. We give an anecdote regarding them by a French writer, which, gentle reader, you had better not read:

"I questioned an old lady friend of mine whether there was any truth in the common opinion that truffles had an influence upon the heart.

"'Sir,' she said, 'in the days when suppers were still the fashion, I was supping one day *en trio* with my husband and one of his friends. Verseuil (that was his name) was a handsome young man, not devoid of wit, and a constant visitor at our house; but he never said any thing to me to make me fancy he wanted to make love; and when he did pay me little attentions they were paid with so much good nature that a woman must have been a fool to have heeded them. It seems that this evening we were destined to be alone, as my husband had an appointment on business. Our supper was light, but we had a superb *volaille truffée*, sent to me as a present by the sub-delegate of Perigueux. At that day it was a rare present. The truffles were delicious, and, as you know, I love them; but I was moderate, and drank only one glass of Champagne: I had that presentiment that something unusual was going to happen which is a peculiar instinct in women. My husband left us very early, leaving me alone with Verseuil. Conversation went on on everyday subjects, but it soon partook of a more familiar turn. Verseuil made himself most agreeable, and, perceiving that I only laughed at his pretty sayings, he became animated. I woke as from a dream. I was obliged to be severe to stop him. He left, and I went to bed, when I fell at once into a deep sleep. When I awoke in the morning I meditated upon what had passed, and reproached myself with want of energy. I ought to have stopped him at once, pulled the bell, and done every thing which I did not do. Well, Sir, I attribute it all to the truffles, and I never ate them afterward without being on my guard.'"

Since Louis XVI.'s time many changes and improvements have been introduced at banquets. Physics and chemistry have been called in to the aid of the alimentary art. The most learned men have not thought it beneath them to devote their attention to our primary wants, and have introduced improvements from the simple stew to the most recherché dishes. New branches of trade have arisen — biscuit-bakers, cooks, and confectioners. The art of preserving food has also become a distinct branch, the object of which is to offer us at any time of the year the various delicacies of every season. Horticuture has made immense progress. Wines are better selected. We begin with Madeira, drink Bordeaux between the courses, and finish with port and sherry. But for the thorough enjoyment of a good dinner it is essential that the sentinel *appetite* should give us proper warning. Appetite announces itself by a feeling of languor in the stomach and a slight sensation of fatigue. At the same time the mind becomes occupied with subjects analogous to its wants; memory recalls things which have pleased the taste; imagination brings them up vividly; it becomes a sort of dream. This state is not devoid of a certain charm, and we have heard adepts exclaim, in the gladness of their hearts, "What a pleasure it is to have a good appetite when one is certain of soon having an excellent dinner!" As illustrations of men of appetite we give the following, deferentially and naturally allowing the Church to lead:

"Some forty years since I paid a flying visit to the Curé of Bregnier, a man of large stature, and noted for his appetite. Though scarcely noon, I found him already at table. The soup and bouilli had been removed, and a gigot of mutton *à la royale*, a fine capon, and large bowl of salad were brought in. He politely offered me a knife and fork, which I declined, and it was well I did so, for he very soon polished off every thing, eating the mutton till nothing was left but the bone, picking the capon till it was a mere skeleton, and emptying the bowl of salad. A huge cheese was then put on the table, in which the worthy curé made an angular breach of ninety-nine degrees. He washed down the whole with a bottle of wine and a decanter of water, after which he reposed. What pleased me was to observe that during this performance, which took about three quarters of an hour, the venerable pastor did not display the slightest hurry. The huge morsels he threw into his capacious mouth did not prevent him from chatting and laughing, and he finished every thing with as much ease as if he had only eaten three larks." In like manner General Bisson, who drank eight bottles of wine every morning at breakfast, did not betray it; his glass was larger than the others', and he emptied it oftener; but all this so quietly, that a stranger would not have supposed he had drunk more than a bottle.

"Prosper Sibuet, at the age of eighteen, was a fine young man, with that happy appetite which promised well for further development. He one afternoon entered the kitchen of Genin, where the 'ancients' of Belley used to meet to discuss chestnuts and a white wine called *vin bourru*. A magnificent turkey had just been taken off the spit, well-shaped, golden, done to a turn, and the odor from which was enough to tempt a saint. The 'ancients,' most of whom had dined, did not pay much attention to the savory bird, but the digestive powers of young Prosper were stirred within him; his mouth watered, and he exclaimed, 'I have only just dined, but I will lay a wager I will eat the whole of that turkey myself.' 'If you will eat it,' responded Bouvier du Bouchet, a stalwart farmer who was present, 'I will pay for it; but if you break down, you will pay for it, and I will eat the rest.' The young athlete set to work at once. He cut off a wing, which he swallowed in two morsels; after which he cleaned his teeth by crunching the neck of the bird, and swallowed a glass of wine as an *entr'acte*. He then attacked a thigh, ate it with the same *sang froid*, and took another glass of wine to prepare the way for the remainder. The second wing soon followed the first, and with increased zest he was about to dispatch the remaining limb, when the unfortunate farmer, with a doleful voice, stopped him, exclaiming, 'Alas! I see it is done; but, M. Sibuet, as I have to pay for it, let me at least eat a little bit myself.'"

The organs of taste and smell are brought into active play by the diner. The sense of taste enables him to select from among the various substances which nature offers those most suitable for him. In this selection taste is powerfully aided by smell; for it may be asserted, as a general maxim, that nutritious substances are not repulsive either to taste or smell. In fact, we are inclined to believe that taste and smell are one and the same sense, the laboratory of which is the mouth, and the nose the chimney. The nose is a sentinel, and is always on the alert to cry, "Who's there?" Take away the sense of smell, and that of taste goes with it. The number of flavors is infinite; for every substance capable of solution has a peculiar flavor of its own. We therefore maintain that there are three distinct orders of taste: viz., direct sensation, complete sensation, and the sensation of judgment. Direct sensation is the first impression from the contact of the food with the organs of the mouth while on the point of the tongue. Complete sensation consists of the first sensation and the impression arising from it when the morsel of food leaves the first position, passes to the back of the mouth, and strikes the whole organ with its taste and perfume. Finally, the sensation of judgment is that of the mind, which reflects upon the impression transmitted by the organ. We give an example: The man who eats a peach is first agreeably struck by its fragrance; he puts a slice in his mouth, and experiences a sensation of freshness and acidity, which induces him to continue; but it is only at the moment he swallows that the real perfume of the peach is revealed: this is the complete sensation caused by a peach. Finally, it is only when he has swallowed the morsel that he can exclaim, "That was delicious!"

In traveling, a knowledge of gastronomy is sometimes of value. The following at least shows how the mutton was nicely "done:" "I was traveling one day with two ladies to Melun. We left rather late in the forenoon, and reached Montgeron with a famous appetite. We put up at a very decent-looking inn, but, to our disappointment, were informed three diligences and two post-chaises had passed, and the travelers had eaten up every thing like locusts from Egypt. We had, however, looked into the kitchen and saw a very nice-looking *gigot* of mutton turning on the spit, toward which the ladies cast hungry eyes. It belonged to three travelers in the coffee-room. With a half-angry, half-supplicating voice, I asked whether we could not have some eggs fried in the gravy; with a cup of coffee it would suffice. 'Oh! certainly.' The cook broke the eggs into the dripping-pan. As soon as he turned his back, I maliciously drew my traveling-knife and made two or three incisions in the roast to allow the juice to flow more freely. I then watched my eggs, and, when they were done, took them to my party. They were found excellent, and we certainly had the best of the mutton."

We will now endeavor to show how to give a dinner. A dinner, no matter how recherché, how sumptuous, will never go off well if the wine is bad, the guests not suited to each other, the faces dull, and the dinner eaten hastily. Let the number of your guests never exceed twelve, so that the conversation may constantly remain general. Let them be so collected that their occupations are different, their tastes similar, and with such points of contact that it is not necessary to go through the odious forms of introduction. Let your dining-room be brilliantly lighted, your cloth perfectly clean, and the temperature of the room from 66° to 68° Fahrenheit. Let the men be clever without presumption, the women amiable without conceit. Let your dishes be limited in number, but each excellent, and your wines first-rate. Let the former vary from the most substantial to the most light; and for the second, from the strongest to the most perfumed. Let every thing be served quietly, without hurry or bustle; dinner being the last business of the day, let your guests look upon themselves as travelers who have arrived at the end of their journey.

The pleasures of the table do not consist in transports of delight or ecstasies; but they gain in duration what they lose in intensity, and have the peculiar privilege of disposing us to all others, or of consoling us for their loss. And, in sooth, after a good dinner soul and body feel happy and comfortable.

Thus much on Dining and Diners. Our next paper will treat on Corpulency and Leanness.

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG the invalid boarders was a lady from Mississippi, with a pretty daughter who was the belle of the house. No one could help liking Kittie Harris, with her witching words and ways, her charming mixture of sense and nonsense, and underneath all, her warm, loving heart, which could never be quite concealed by any amount of mirth or mischief. I was in love with her from the day of our first meeting.

She seldom came to our rooms, unless especially invited for a game of backgammon, or some other game of which she was fond. She taught Robert euchre—the game she affirmed no Englishman could learn because "Jack took the King." Sometimes Colonel Hamilton came with her, and we would have a quartette game. The Colonel was pleased with her, we were certain, and I liked him better for his good taste.

One morning the gentlemen had gone to ride as usual, and Kittie came uninvited to my room to tell me that the Old Tampa excursion was on the carpet again, and to come off before Colonel Hamilton and the other gentlemen left town.

"When may we expect so important an exodus?" I inquired, carelessly.

"As though *you* should ask *me* such a question as that, and as innocently too, as though you were not counting the days and hours! Doesn't every body here know that the Colonel has had no business (except his own pleasure) for a fortnight? You are harmless if you haven't discovered yet that he stays just to nurse your brother."

Miss Kittie's silvery laugh rang through the apartment.

"Don't look so puzzled about it," she continued. "Aren't they out riding now, and every day together, when Mr. Miller is able? The only thing I don't understand is, why you never fill the vacant seat."

"Perhaps I don't care for riding. Then the best time to brighten the rooms, and rub out the servants' finger-marks, is when Robert is out. Don't you find it difficult to make your taste and theirs harmonize?"

"I have been used to them all my life, and there's the difference. If Chris brings in a great red lily and puts it into a vase without a single green leaf, I let it stand until she gets ready to remove it. I should do the same thing if she brought in a palma-Christi stalk. I never think of disputing a darkey's taste. Such a deprivation! tle dish of flowers as this on your table here would make me idle all the day long."

The thought of any thing increasing Miss Kittie's idleness amused me as much as it did herself, and she jumped up singing:

"'Indolent, indolent—yes, I am indolent!
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly,
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in sweetness, peace, and content!'

But here come the gentlemen, and I will *au revoir*."

Before I had time to urge her to remain she was gone.

Kittie Harris was a fine type of Southern maidenhood, frank, spirited, warm-hearted, and moderately intelligent; moderately, from want of application rather than from any intellectual incapacity. Fate had placed her in circumstances unfavorable to the highest mental development. It had heaped wealth upon her; surrounded her with servants whose duty it was to anticipate her wishes as well as her necessities; and without, had made her a native of a climate as enervating as delightful to the senses. Never until the recent illness of her mother had she dreamed of being of the slightest use in the world; and even now reading the latest news, answering an occasional letter, and accompanying her in her infrequent drives, was all which was left by the faithful Chris for her young mistress. But let calamity have come, let fortune have taken wings, let servants have disappeared, and there was that in Kittie Harris which would have roused her to strength of purpose, and made her morally, physically, and intellectually a woman, strong to shield, protect, and comfort. Mysterious are the ways of the All-Wise, who layeth upon one of his children burdens of labor and poverty which rack the brain and strain the very cords of long endurance, and upon another the burden of luxury and ease, heavy enough to dwarf the intellect and fetter the loftiest capabilities!

Robert confirmed what Miss Kittie had just told me about the excursion, and said it would come off the next day if the little steamer could be chartered. I was delighted.

Early next morning the *Scottish Chief* came steaming down the Hillsboro, blowing her whistle and ringing her bell. There was the true holiday sound in both. Forthwith the streets of Tampa were gay with groups hastening to the wharf—picturesque-looking groups they were to the eye of a stranger. Stout negresses in flaming bandanas walked in the wake of each party, poising huge baskets on their heads well stocked with "creature comforts." Little negresses ran before with babies in their arms, or leading tumbling toddlers by the hand. Pretty Minorcan girls, with their Spanish *patois*, and darkest of dark eyes looking roguishly out beneath the brims of jaunty little hats, pressed eagerly toward the landing. Over the river were two or three light yawls pulling lustily for the same point, filled with residents of the west side. It was evident the party was to be general, notwithstanding it had been arranged for the hotel boarders and a few of the citizens.

A cart, weighed down with provisions, started from the Florida House in advance of the two carriages of invalids and their friends. Even Mrs. Harris—Miss Kittie's mother—ventured on the excursion, though seldom venturing as far as from her own chamber to the dining-room. The fever was contagious, and took off every lodger.

The boat was full, and with music and mirth moved gayly down the bay. The call of violin and banjo soon drew merry feet to the upper deck, and the measured tread of the dancers came with a pleasant sound to our ears as we made ourselves comfortable as possible in the little cabin, whose adjustments had been somewhat augmented and improved for the occasion. Mrs. Harris had a fine stuffed settee, and Robert an easy-chair from the hotel, while lesser invalids were accommodated with shawls, blankets, etc.

"Colonel Hamilton and our worthy host stand indicted for petty treason," said Miss Kitty, bowing to the gentlemen who had been exerting themselves for our comforts. "The Confederate Government has ordered a falling back to simple nature. Easy-chairs and settees come with the rest of our sins from the North, and must be done away with. The new preacher said so Sunday; I leave it to Miss Miller if he didn't."

"I was quite unable to comprehend his meaning owing to the barbarity of his language. Very likely it meant that."

"Barbarity! Miss Miller, you don't say barbarity? That was what we call pure refined Cracker, the native dialect of the pine woods. Didn't he say 'the South had been sick on luxury these yer many years, and was getting right smart better?' Didn't he say, too, 'We used to could be up to the North any day in a fair fight, and that a right smart many on us warn't afeared to try again?' If that was not pure Cracker then there is none of it to be found here on the boat to-day."

Miss Kittie glanced mischievously as she spoke to a group of women and children who had just entered the cabin and pre-empted one of the benches. They were not slow in comprehending the personality of the remark, as was evident by the comment of one of the women to another:

"Listen at her, the triflin', sassy heifer. She ain't afeared to talk! I'll wager she could talk afore she could crawl."

The joke was fairly turned upon Miss Kittie, who, while we were all grimacing to keep from laughter outright, was projecting something for our further amusement. We read the mischief in her eyes, and were waiting for it impatiently when a remark from her mother defeated her purpose.

Mrs. Harris had been one of the proudest and most aristocratic of women in health. Weak and enfeebled now in body, her mind sympathized with her diseased frame, as her words gave evi dence

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"Kittie, my child, I am astonished at your remarks as well as at your condescension. Wasn't your grandfather a South Carolinian?"

"One of my grandfathers; so at least I have been very often told. The other was a Massachusetts Yankee. Do you wonder that truth and error struggle within me so mightily?"

Kittie could not help saying such naughty things that bright May morning, so overflowing was her heart with life and joy.

Mrs. Harris did not comprehend all which her daughter's words implied. Not so with the sharp-witted "Cracker" woman.

"That girl is entirely the most ondacious thing ever I did see. She's grown altogether too large to her age."

These observations, though made in an undertone, were distinctly audible to every one in the cabin, as they were intended to be. I thought Colonel Hamilton looked annoyed, and it strengthened the opinion I had before formed of his interest in Miss Kittie. Mrs. Harris was more than annoyed: she was insulted; and her outraged feelings must have expression.

"You are a very impertinent woman! If you can not make use of less offensive language I shall beg you to retire."

"Oh, mamma," interrupted Miss Kittie, who saw at once the absurdity of asserting rank or place on a public boat, "no harm is meant. I began it myself, all in play, and gave occasion for saying even severer things. We'll call it quits, now, and behave ourselves, won't we?" she said, smiling at the rustic group before us.

"If you've had enough so have I," said the spirited woman, in a good-natured way; and swords were sheathed.

Robert, who, as usual, had remained quiet, smiled approvingly, and said to Miss Kittie,

"Suppose we go and make a reconnoissance? Will not Mrs. Harris accompany us to the upper deck?"

Mrs. Harris said she preferred remaining with Chris in the cabin, and reserving what little strength she had for a ramble on shore.

"Colonel Hamilton, who stood deferentially waiting her reply, now offered me his arm for a promenade. I hesitated a moment, then accepted it, and we followed Robert and Kittie.

Beneath the white awning a few couple were moving slowly through a Spanish dance—the favorite dance of the country. Every movement of the Minorcan girls was in harmony with the graceful measure; every expression of their mobile features varied with the varying tones of the music. To watch them was like listening to a charming poem under the blue skies of summer.

"Are you really so fond of dancing, Miss Miller?" Colonel Hamilton inquired, as I stood wholly absorbed in their mazy movements.

"Yes; I love it like any divine concord."

"Will you dance with me?" he inquired a moment after, in a lower tone; "I see they are arranging for another set."

I looked up to see if he were in earnest. Very grave was the expression with which he regarded me; and I felt certain that my eyes, as they fell upon my black dress, and then turned involuntarily toward my brother, filled with tears. I was ashamed of the emotion which prevented me from replying, and turned away to conceal it.

A moment after I felt the bending of his tall figure toward me again, and heard him say, in a tender, troubled tone, almost a whisper,

"Forgive me my unfortunate error, Miss Miller, and believe that I sought to give you pleasure instead of pain."

He went away then, and I saw no more of him until he came to say the plantation-grove was in sight, indicating the direction with his finger. A solitary pine on the summit of a lofty mound was distinctly visible. "Another hour or less," he said, "would bring us to anchor within a hundred yards of the shore. Major Thomson had brought his own boat for the use of our party, so we should not be delayed long after the steamer cast anchor."

Preparations were made to dine before leaving the boat. Tables were spread in both cabins, laden with substantials and delicacies—chickens, wild game, and oysters, interspersed with the inevitable bacon—the *sine quâ non* of a Southern meal. The aroma of coffee was diffused far and wide. I can not say that full justice was done to the tempting viands, for it was early to dine, and, moreover, every one appeared to be thinking more of the orange-grove and the pleasure ahead than of eating. The table-committee proposed that every thing should remain until the exercise on shore had promoted better appetites.

It was a time of general excitement when the steamer cast anchor, and her two small boats were brought along-side. Every one was in haste to debark; few were willing to wait even a second passage to the landing; but those few, amidst the eager, jostling throng, shone brightly conspicuous. Miss Kittie was one of these, and never looked lovelier than when she whispered to Mr. Thomson, whose boat was just along-side,

"There is a dreadfully disappointed party! Let us wait while they are gratified."

"I will do no such thing, Miss Kittie! Who, I beg to know, needs more time to climb the bluff than our own party of invalids? No remonstrance, Miss Kittie! I've seen this scrambling operation before, and came quite independent of it. When my own guests are waited upon my boat and boatmen are at the service of the party, not before."

Two or three women and children, who had rushed forward into the yawl, were politely handed out by the inflexible proprietor. There was some doubt whether our own party could all go together, and Miss Kittie again insisted she would be left if any one. Mr. Thomson tried to speak gruffly and look savagely at her while he helped her to the seat beside her mother.

"Take care of her now, Madam," he said, addressing himself to Mrs. Harris. "A pretty mess she was near getting me into by persisting in gratifying those intrepid women who know no more of politeness than a parcel of tom-noddies. They used to come it over me to my cost; but I am no longer to be victimized."

"I am very glad," said Mrs. Harris, "you have courage to reprove my Kittie. She never could be taught proper distinctions of rank or fortune. Often's the time she's come to me to switch her, to save some dirty little darkey who had got into mischief."

"At my instigation, no doubt, mother. But just look ahead. Don't you see that nice old gentleman waving his hand to us? He must have espied you. But I intend to have him for my gallant to-day. I give you fair warning."

"The old gentleman is Captain Philippe, the owner of the plantation," Colonel Hamilton said; and he arose and waved his hat in token of recognition.

The place, like most on the bay, was guiltless of wharf; but the prow of the little *Sylph* ran boldly into the sand on the beach; we were thus enabled to go ashore dry-shod. The old man welcomed our party with the most cordial kindness, shaking each stranger's hand with the warmth of an old acquaintance, and kissing the ladies with true French gallantry. To Kittie and myself he offered each an arm, saying, gayly, to the Colonel who introduced us,

"Taisez-vous! Je le veux ainsi!"

To which he replied in the same tone,

"J'en suis au désespoir!"

"How nice! Let us all speak French this afternoon," said Miss Kittie! "Monsieur Philippe, est ce là le chemin de l'orangerie? Je suis enchanté!"

The manner was irresistible, and we started for "l'orangerie" without delay. A short walk on the beach, an abrupt turn around a gentle promontory, then a gradual ascent to the region of beauty. Magnificent orange and shaddock trees, propped with the golden fruitage of the last year, and laden with new bloom, were visible here and there as we passed along, and would have drawn us aside but for the determined words of our venerable escort.

"Dat's nottin', demoiselles! Fine in ze orchard! plenty fine! O mon Dieu! dat's nottin'!"

We passed the residence of the old gentleman on our way, half-buried in oleanders and fig-trees. It was a miserable, tumble-down looking concern in itself, built of unhewn logs, standing several feet above the ground upon wooden blocks. Rude steps led up to a front piazza, all overrun with clustering roses and honey-suckles which glorified the place, and made the rude benches beneath them look more inviting than the costly sofas of many a palace-mansion.

"L'asile," he said, observing our eyes turned toward the dwelling. "Rustique, but très comfortable."

The gate of the orangery swung open at the old man's touch, and then what a sight was presented! As far as the eye could extend were ranks of trees in snowy bloom, and bending with fruit larger and finer than were ever seen beyond their native groves. Those of our company who had preceded us in the first boats were scattered beneath the trees, pealing and eating the luscious oranges which lay on every side. Down one arcade, up another, we went until weary, then sat down to finish our repast. Several men were picking fruit for market—"much later than usual," the proprietor said—"because ze South care more for cannon-ball now zan sweet orange."

When rested and satiated with fruit, Colonel Hamilton proposed we should visit the mound and lime-grove which lay beyond the house in an opposite direction. On our way we passed fig-trees laden with fruit; bananas, golden and creamy, waiting to be plucked; guavas with the very odor of the little jelly-boxes we sometimes get at the North, and pomegranate-trees without number. A little patch of something planted like cabbages we found to be pine-apples, the first we had seen in Florida.

In all the South is no lovelier spot than the plantation of the old Frenchman at Tampa Bay. We thought, after the slow and winding ascent which brought us to the summit of the lofty mound reared by De Soto and his unhappy comrades, there could be no lovelier in the world. With the exception of a little opening toward the bay, the sides of the mound are planted all around with limes in the highest state of culture, with an open area on the top surmounted by a single lofty pine—a landmark at sea.

Standing beneath that ancient tree, gazing Gulfward, what a pleasant chat we had about the adventurous Spaniards, their zeal and enthusiasm, their toil, privations, and disappointments! "No wonder," we said, "that in a spot so enchanting the old Castilian should have dreamed of waters of immortality! No wonder, in a clime where winter never frowns rudely on the verdure of summer, where flowers never fade and the air is always soft and balmy, he should have sought for an earthly fountain of youth!"

"And some of us are scarcely less credulous now," Robert said, smiling, I thought, a little sadly, though his eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"All the world is credulous, and superstitious too," quickly responded Miss Kittie, with a look which seemed to say, "We came here for a good time, and don't let a shadow fall upon us to-day." "Isn't so, Miss Margy? Hadn't you rather see the new moon over your right shoulder than your left? I had a hundred times. But don't you wish now we had the old Spanish flag to raise here on De Soto's fortification this afternoon?"

"I do indeed!" I answered. "I would sooner see it float over this whole country again than that detestable rebel rag yonder;" and I pointed to a secession flag waving from a schooner-mast in the bay.

"You speak very warmly, Miss Miller," Colonel Hamilton said, with one of the darkest of his dark frowns. "That rebel rag, as you call it, is destined to command the respect of nations, and to find its way into every port of the civilized world."

"Confusion to traitors!" I exclaimed, meeting his dark glance defiantly. "May they all go down to their graves despised as Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr!"

"All you Northerners want is our darkeys," whined Mrs. Harris.

The old Frenchman was on his feet in a moment.

"You look here!" he said. "See zat leetle pig snuffing at ze sour lime. Not one bit will he taste it. He eats ze sweet orange and grows fat. Ze sweet orange make ze very best pig. What for you will eat sour fruit here to-day, when ze sweet is plenty?"

Captain Philippe's analogy was too original and too just not to produce its desired effect. We laughed, grasped the old man's hand, and promised to eat only *sweet* fruit while we remained with him, at least.

We did not break our promise. Here and there through the fragrant groves we strayed, examining carefully the fortifications, indulging in pleasant speculations relative to the experience of that first adventurous band whose earth-works had thus defied the hand of Time. Something more we longed to know of those brave, romantic men than history or tradition has yet unfolded.

Too soon came the shrill return-call from *The Scottish Chief*. The gentlemen purchased fruit until the Captain of the steamer refused to take it aboard, saying, if they persisted, we should all go down as sure as fate.

The sun was low in the west when the last boat from shore discharged its human freight; then the order was quickly given to weigh anchor and depart.

The second call to dinner was responded to with greater alacrity than the first had been. I was left quite alone on the upper deck, feeling no desire for food. A sunset charm possessed me. Seldom had I seen the tropic green blent with the gold and purple of the evening clouds before, and I watched the changes from glory to glory until my heart was full to bursting. Thoughts of our far-away Northern home came to me then unbidden; tearful memories of another May sunset, on whose wings a serene soul passed from the evening of earth to the blessed morning of heaven. My eyes grew dim to the beauty before me, but they could not be allowed the luxury of an overflow; every drop was sternly remanded to its fountain.

At that moment a soft sound of footsteps startled me; it was a retreating sound, followed soon by a servant with a tray of coffee, which was accepted without remark. Miss Kittie came next to say there would be music in the cabin as soon as the tables were removed, and that the invalids had decided not to return to the upper deck. She was going down to have a dance if she could find a partner.

In a moment she was gone, and other footsteps drew near.

"Allow me to take your cup, Miss Miller."

It was handed mechanically.

"You seem a little sad this evening. I trust no thoughtless word of mine has wounded you."

The kindness of the tone prevented the reply which trembled on my lips, "that his words had no power to wound me." I simply answered that a person might be meditative and not sad.

"True," he replied, "but you are a little sad nevertheless. Let me console you by saying I have never seen your brother as well since his arrival as now. He was just telling me that he feels like a person in returning health."

"God grant it! Without him life were nothing to me. Let us join him if he will not return on deck."

"Will you not allow me a moment's conversation first?"

"Certainly, Sir, if you have any thing to communicate;" and I resumed my seat.

He went away for a moment and returned.

"I will not detain you long," he said, noticing perhaps ill-concealed reluctance on my part to remain. "I have your brother's consent to speak to you, but no encouragement from him whatever that my words would avail me. I can not go away, however, without revealing to you my real feelings. Robert has become like a brother to me; and you, Miss Margy, are dearer than sister to brother."

I was thunder-struck, and stared at him incredulously.

"I have not deceived myself with the belief that I have interested you. Only say that you do not dislike me, as I have sometimes fancied, and that I may cultivate your esteem, and I will rest contented for the present."

"Nothing could have surprised me more than your words, Colonel Hamilton. I will be as frank as yourself. If my esteem is of any value to you, you have won it already by your kindness to my brother. I can never cease to appreciate it. At the same time I will not suffer you to believe me susceptible of any warmer regard."

"Don't speak for the future, Miss Margy. Your decision for the present I must accept."

"I must speak for the future, Sir! I can not forget what barriers are rising higher and higher every day to separate the North from the South."

"What are barriers to love?" he interrupted. "You have heart-lessons to learn yet, dear Miss Miller, if you believe affection will not overleap all boundaries, social or political. Warmly as I love the South, identified as are my interests with her interests forever, my heart at this moment accords to a Northerner such reverence as it has never yielded before."

"You have been married, Colonel Hamilton?"

"Very happily."

"I do not comprehend you. Let us go down."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG lady has been heard to declare that she couldn't go to fight for the country, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die an *old maid*, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as any body could be called upon to make.

BY A LEATHERHEAD.—The saying that "there is nothing like leather" is justified by the fact that it is our *sole* reliance.

"When things get to be worst they generally take a turn for the better." This proverb applies more particularly to a lady's silk dress, when she can not get a new one.

Why are women who eschew matrimony like railroad trains?—Because their failure to connect occasions many disappointments.

NOW WHAT'S YER INTINTIONS.

Ah, sure now, 'tis too bad indade;
What manes all this flounth'ring an' snakin'?
Yer wooin's so silent an' staid,
That, faix, ye won't vinture on spakin'!
There's Larry knows what he's about
Whiniver the subject he mintions,
An' if ye don't mind, he'll spake out
Before ye have towld yer intintions.

Now, Miles, don't run aff wid the thought
Meself's the laste bit in a hurry;
But thruth, it sames coortin's for nought
But to kape me poor heart in a flurry.
Och, sure, if ye'd wish to prevint
Flartations, an' sthrifes, an' dissinsions,
Ye'll take me advice—an' me hint—
An' tell me jist what's yer intintions.

I'd not be so mane as to bring
The big bruich of promise agin ye;
So, darlint, jist buy the gowld ring,
The while there's the love-spark widin ye.
Ye'll mate wid no chance like this same,
Me finger to take the diminsions;
An' sure 'twill be swate as a drame
That way to be towld yer intintions.

The merchant who measures his goods honestly adopts a wise measure.

"You're a man of figures," as the mathematician said to the dancing-master.

A gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, because you went away without paying."

A learned counsel once said to a witness, "Sir, did I understand you to say that you saw the defendant strike the plaintiff?" "I know not what you may have understood," said the witness; "but, if my eyes served me properly, I certainly did witness a manœuvre that would warrant such a description."

The only ever-lasting people on earth are the shoemakers.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument. "Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call the operation. If you are skinning me it goes tolerably easy; but if you are shaving, it goes hard."

A WELSHMAN'S OATH—An affi-David.

A householder, in filling up his schedule at the last census, under the column, "Where born," described one of his children as born "in the parlor," and the other "up stairs."

A paper refused lately to publish eulogies gratis, but added, "We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

In a late number of a New York paper a novel announcement of a lady's death appears, terminating thus: "Friends will kindly accept this announcement of her removal."

How to teach a young dog to swim—Pitch him into a river and he will learn on the *induck-tive* principle.

The only "ism" that there's no humbug in—A truism.

Woman, as we learn from Genesis, is a bone, and that may be the reason why so many dogs are always fighting for her.

Why isn't a joint-stock company like a watch?—Because it does not go on after it's wound up.

Why is a tobacconist a very worthless tradesman?—Because he puffs his own commodities.

It is said that iron natures seldom indulge in weeping; but we have frequently seen guns in "tiers."

"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and end my days there."

Why is a spider a good correspondent?—Because he drops a line by every post.

A rich man made his will, leaving all he had to a company of fellow-citizens to dispose of, but reserving to his right heir "such a portion as pleased them." The heir having sued the company for his share of the property, the judge inquired whether they wished to carry out the will of the testator, and if so, what provision they proposed making for the heir? "He shall have a tenth part," said they, "and we will retain for ourselves the other nine." "Take, then," said the judge, "the tenth part to yourselves, and leave the rest to the heir: for by the will he is to have what part 'pleaseth you.'"

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

If you wanted to buy a fiddle cheap, where would you go?
To a chemist's, and buy some drugs, as they would give you a violin (vial in).

Why is an ironmonger the most likely person to make the alphabet quarrel?
Because he makes A poke R (a poker) and shove L (shovel).

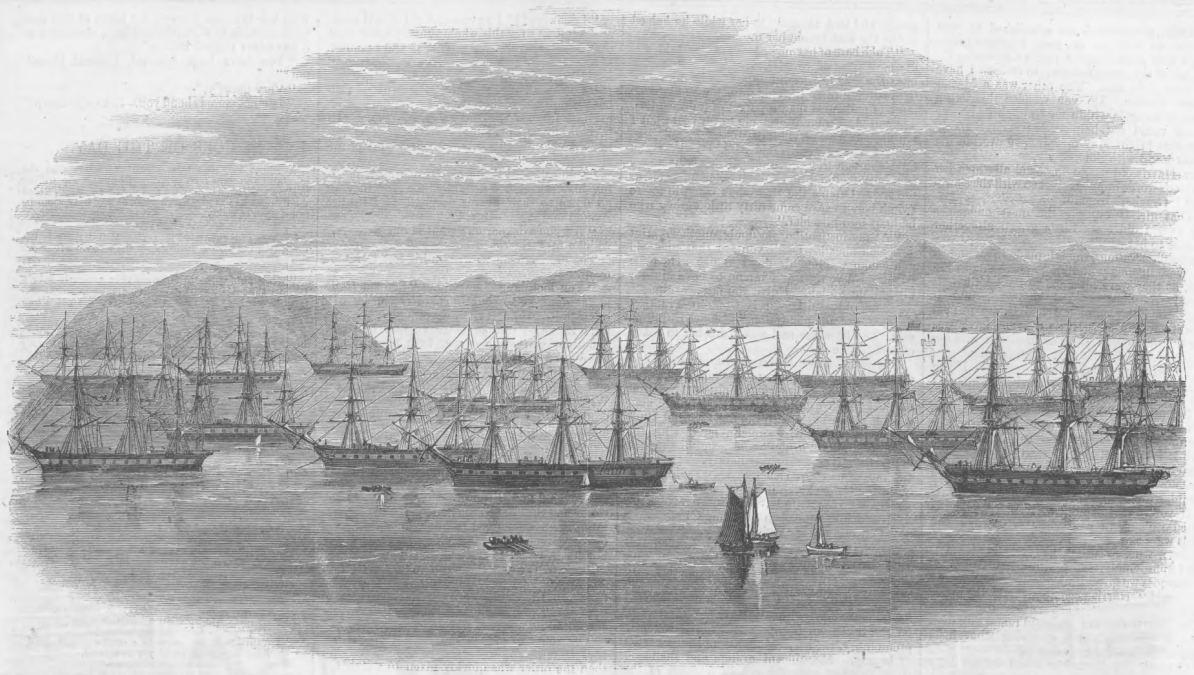
What great astronomer is like Venus's chariot?
Herschel (her shell).

How is it that the Liturgy of the Church of England encourages polygamy?
Because it enjoins you to take four (for) richer, four (for) poorer, four (for) better, four (for) worse.

When would a farmer have the best opportunity of overlooking his pigs?
When he has a sty in his eye.

Why are Englishmen bad naturalists?
Because the Pope sent them a bull, and they thought it a boar (bore).

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FLEET OF WHALERS IN THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO.—[SKETCHED BY M. C. PALMER.]

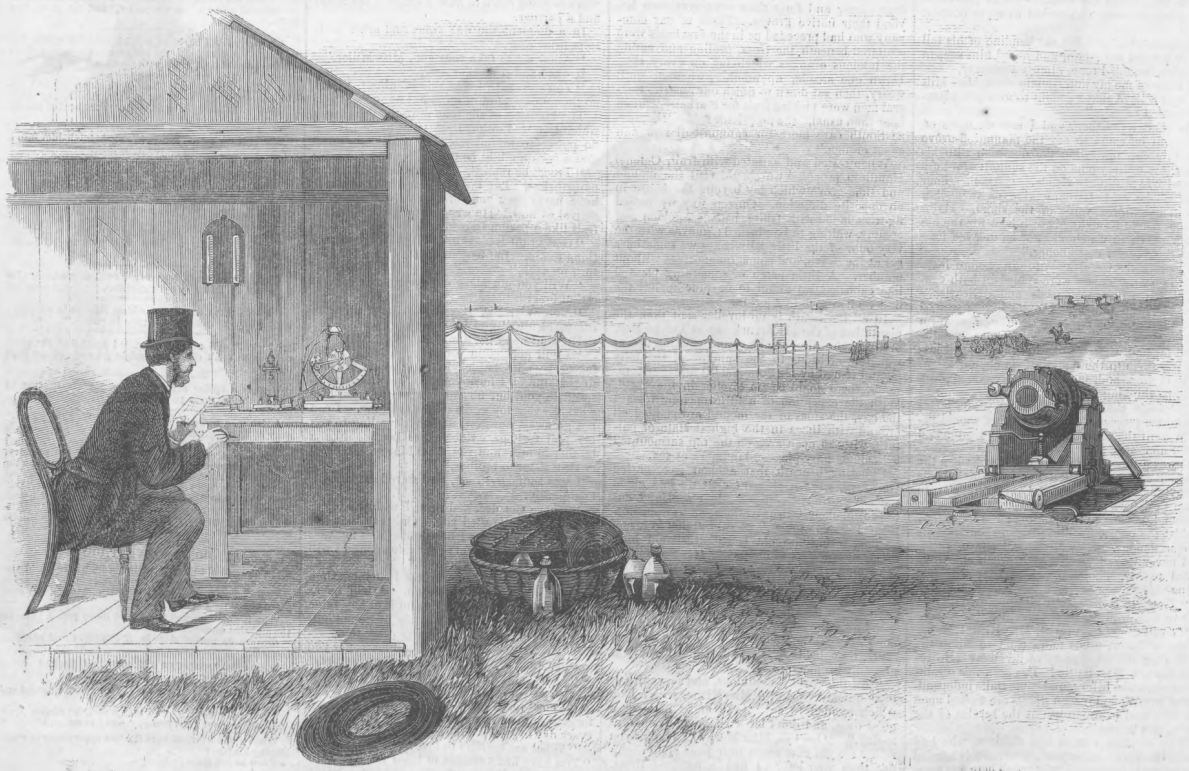
FLEET OF WHALERS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

WE give herewith an illustration representing the Fleet of Whalers in the port of San Francisco. Our correspondent, in a letter dated October 29, says that during a few previous days no less than twenty-four whalers had arrived from the Arctic ocean. The presence of so many whalers in the port at one time had never before been known; perhaps half a dozen on one occasion has been the highest number previously reached. For several years past the whaling fleet has rather avoided San Francisco, and which is chiefly indebted for its recent presence to the facility afforded by this port for instant telegraphic communication with owners at New Bedford, whose wishes as to the disposition of cargoes can thus be immediately ascertained. The number of whales is said to be diminishing yearly, and eminent scientific authorities have advocated a cessation of the fishery for a period of years.

APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE VELOCITY OF PROJECTILES.

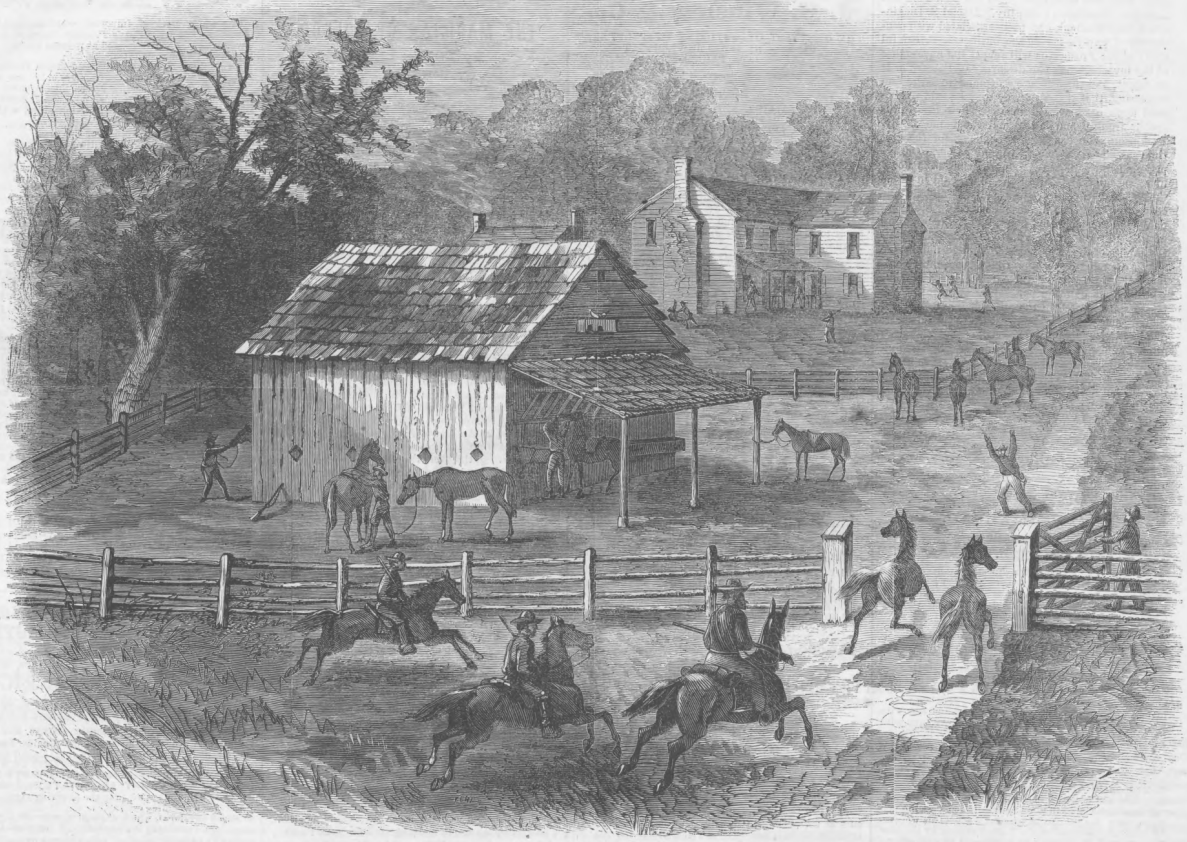
WE give on this page an illustration of the ELECTRO-BALLISTIC APPARATUS, recently invented by Major NAVEZ, of the Belgian Artillery, for measuring the space of time a cannon-ball would take in passing over a few yards. Let two upright screens be placed before the gun, the first distant 30 yards and the second 150 yards. Between the screens is 120 yards: what time is taken by the cannon-ball in passing from the first screen to the second? The same pendulum always performs its vibrations, whatever be the extent of the arc, in the same time. A seconds pendulum will tick seconds, whether the arc passed over be ten or forty degrees. If, then, a pendulum can be set in motion when the cannon-ball penetrates the first screen, and stopped when the second screen is reached, the arc over which it passes during the interval would be an exact measure of the time occupied. As the whole arc, fully completed, is to the partial arc, so is the time of describing the whole arc to the time of describing the partial arc.

The real thing to be accomplished is to start and stop the pendulum at precisely the right moment. This is accomplished by the principle of magnetism. Two pendulums are used, which, by means of a spring, are made to move in exact unison. One of these is called the main pendulum; the other, which is smaller and more delicate, the index pendulum. The main pendulum is connected with the first screen by means of a magnetic line, going and returning, so as to form a current. When the ball strikes the first screen the current between it and the main pendulum is broken; this pendulum, which has previously been held by the magnet, is now, at the breaking of the current, set in motion, the index pendulum keeping exact pace with it. Now the pendulums are in motion; but when the ball strikes the second screen how are they to be stopped? A separate contrivance, called the Conjunctor, is connected with this screen by a magnetic current, which is broken by the passage of the ball. The Conjunctor is so contrived that, at the breaking of this current, a new current is established between a large magnetic battery and the index pendulum; and the moment this is accomplished the latter is stopped, being attracted to the iron arc along which it is moving. The new current was established by the pressure of a steel needle downward into a jar of mercury at the breaking of the current between the Conjunctor and the second screen. The problem is now solved. Suppose that, when the index is stopped, two degrees have been passed over of an arc which, completed, would measure forty degrees; and suppose that our pendulum ticks seconds. Then the time taken by the cannon-ball in passing the 120 yards is one-twentieth of a second, one yard being passed in one-twenty-four-hundredth part of a second. By this contrivance a skillful operator is able to measure pretty accurately to the three-thousandth part of a second.



ELECTRO-BALLISTIC APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE SPEED OF CANNON-BALLS.

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GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS—SEIZING HORSES.—SKETCHED BY W. D. MATTHEWS.—[SEE PAGE 822.]



GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS—"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"—SKETCHED BY W. D. MATTHEWS.—[SEE PAGE 822.]

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PETROLEUM.

Our readers will find in Nos. 414 and 415 of *Harper's Weekly* an advertisement of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company. Daniel S. Dickinson is the President, and he is associated with gentlemen of experience in the business. A careful study of the Prospectus will reveal the advantages of the investment. The discovery of Petroleum is so recent, and the necessary demand so large and increasing, that this Company may be said to proceed upon a permanent basis. Their Prospectus speaks frankly and fairly, and the name of Mr. Dickinson, who has here, we believe, for the first time associated his name with any corporate enterprise, should satisfy the inquirer that it is not a mere speculation. All of the funds paid in forms the working capital of the Company, and no one connected with it is interested in selling the Company land or property at a fictitious value or at any profit. Stockholders are mutually interested in all the profits of the Company. A limited number of shares are offered at a subscription price of five dollars per share, without further tax or assessment, which is but half the par value. Several of the trustees are located in the oil region, and have acquired their wealth and experience in the business, and have a personal supervision over the Company's affairs, and it is expected that large quarterly dividends will be regularly paid from the 1st of January. Subscriptions at the price indicated will only be received during the present month. Office of the Company, 71 Broadway, New York. "Post-office box, 5368."

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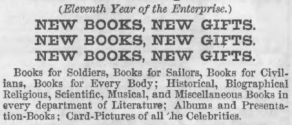
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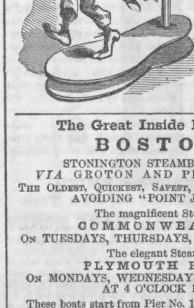
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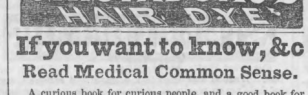
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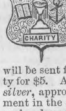
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 418.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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CHRISTMAS MORNING.

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His Experience as a Poor Relation.
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What Lot He Drew at Glumper House.
V. ANOTHER PAST LODGER RELATES
His own Ghost Story.
VI. ANOTHER PAST LODGER RELATES
Certain Passages to Her Husband.
VII. MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES
How Jemmy topped up.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Eighth Volume of Harper's Weekly, ending with this Number, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Dealers a* TITLE-PAGE AND TABLE OF CONTENTS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

CHRISTMAS.

IT is a merry Christmas although the cloud of war yet rests upon the land. It is merry because the great gale of victory parts the cloud, and gives glimpses of the heaven of peace beyond. It is merry because every man feels now that the people are able to subdue the rebellion; and merriest of all because they have just declared that they will do it, and show from the Mississippi to the sea that they are doing it.

Yet now, as from the beginning of the war, the purpose of the country is only peace and good-will to all men. It has learned that a peace which is simply unquestioning submission to the meanest injustice is only more fearful war. Neither baseness nor cowardice are peace, except as death is. War is sorrowful, but there is one thing infinitely more horrible than the worst horrors of war, and that is the feeling that nothing is worth fighting for, and the blindness which can not see that war is often the safest, surest, shortest, and least bloody way of peace.

More truly than ever before the legend of this country is good-will to all men. If it will hold fast to it peace is forever secure. The strongest and most unfailing force in the world is an idea. The most visionary and impracticable of men is he who sneers at ideas. If this famously practical people had hitherto believed in principles it would have had no civil war. If it will only cleave hereafter to the principles it now acknowledges it will never have war again. It is bullies and bad men who are always fighting. It is the just men who are at peace.

To-day, then, under the Christmas evergreen, the country asks only for peace, and breathes only good-will to all men. Despite the sharp war, its bountiful feast is spread. It stands, as Mr. NAST represents in the large picture in to-day's Number, holding the door open to welcome the rebellious children back to the family banquet. It does not forget one of their crimes. It remembers the enormity of their attempt. It will take good care that the root of bitterness is destroyed forever, and that the peace of the household shall be henceforth secure. But it asks what it can command. It invites where it can enforce. It says now, as it has said from the beginning, "Submit to the laws made by all for the common welfare, and there will be no more war."

Nor does that country for a moment forget the sad and solitary hearts and hearths upon which the light of the holy season shines. It is a grief too deep for anger, and it requires that such sorrow as this Christmas sun beholds shall be made impossible hereafter. They rest from their labors, the young and brave who have made this country better worth living in. The hearts that are broken with those completed lives time will soothe, but can never wholly heal. Yet never did seed sown more surely grow and flower and crown the happy harvest-home than those precious lives. In a deeper national faith, in a purer national purpose, in soberer, simpler, nobler individual lives the harvest of that heroism shall be seen.

"Come home—come home, then," says the mother. "While you refuse you shall be scourged with fire. I have no anger. Your crime grew because I suffered it to grow. I have no anger, for in the heart's-blood of my darlings my sin is washed away. I ask for peace, I breathe only good-will. But Peace you have learned that I mean to have!"

GENERAL THOMAS.

THE indomitable soldier who saved the day for us at Chickamauga after the commanding General supposed it to be lost, has won another and decisive victory before Nashville; and the name of THOMAS is henceforth as popularly precious as that of GRANT, of SHERMAN, and of SHERIDAN. His management of the Tennessee campaign has been masterly even to eyes that are not military. SHERMAN confided to him that part of the country. HOOD's victory would have been SHERMAN's humiliation as well as THOMAS's defeat; but SHERMAN knew his man, and THOMAS knew his men, and simultaneously with SHERMAN's arrival upon the coast HOOD is driven back, baffled and routed and disgraced.

Poor General HOOD went upon a fool's errand, and JEFFERSON DAVIS sent him. Nor is it possible that the great disaster which uniformly follows JEFFERSON DAVIS's visits and advice in the Southwest can fail to injure his prestige among faithful rebels. Except for him SHERMAN might now have been at Atlanta and HOOD watching him there. But the wit of charlatans is the opportunity of wise men. DAVIS must needs rush frantically into Georgia; order HOOD to the rear of the Yankees; announce to the Georgians that SHERMAN's retreat was to be more terrible than that of NAPOLEON from Russia; utter at Macon, Augusta, and Columbia a few hysterical sneers and cries, hasten home to Richmond to watch the game—and presto! in two months HOOD is routed, and SHERMAN has victoriously traversed Georgia to the sea.

These are facts which every rebel can plainly mark. They can see how SHERMAN has handled DAVIS, as the elephant disposes of the bull in the Saragossa arena. The bull dashes in; the elephant gazes at him, and as the furious animal plunges toward him, with one blow of the elephant's trunk he is thrown to the ground, and with one pressure of his foot he is trampled to death. DAVIS, with every other rebel, has found his master.

And while the air rings with victory it is impossible not to contrast the present command of our armies with that of previous years. Against the Union armies, with GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, and THOMAS at their heads, what have the rebels to show? After LEE at Richmond, who has proved himself to be a good defensive and a very poor aggressive soldier, there are some partisan chiefs, and then nothing. Neither BRAGG, nor HOOD, nor BEAUREGARD, nor HARDEE, nor EARLY, nor LONGSTREET, nor JOE JOHNSTON have shown great military genius. They were superior to many of our minor Generals, but while we have patiently endured the winnowing of time, and are at length rewarded with truly remarkable soldiers, the rebels had evidently their best at first. And from the moment that the United States began to be relieved of its fancy and political Generals our success has been steadily increasing. The only real disaster to the Union cause during the last year was the disgraceful Red River expedition, and that was not commanded by a soldier. No man could ask for a more able leadership of our armies and navies than that they have.

And let no skeptic say that HOOD's army will only withdraw and must be defeated again; and that therefore no real advantage is gained. For although THOMAS may not destroy it, as the English did the French army after Waterloo, yet HOOD's army deprived of fifty guns, with thousands of its men, and several of its chief officers captured, with the consciousness of total failure in its attempt, and of a tottering cause all around it, may be an army still, but it is not the same army that with foolish pride invested Nashville. It is not an army that can impede or perplex General THOMAS. The year ends in national glory; let it also end in national gratitude.

THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

THE speech made by Professor GOLDWIN SMITH on the evening before his departure for England is described as sad. It is not surprising that it was so when we reflect how determined the rebel intriguers in Canada, the Canadians themselves, and a large party among ourselves, seem to be, to involve England and the United States in war, while Mr. SMITH, with every thoughtful American and Englishman, knows that such an event would be a profound misfortune to civilization itself.

Certainly it should be enough to make the most exasperated enemy of England pause, to reflect that his wrath is used by rebel emissaries as a tool against his own country. The one thing that would set all the bells of Richmond ringing, that would be more than an off-set to SHERMAN's and THOMAS's successes, that would nerve LEE's arm to strike more cheerfully and heavily at GRANT, is a menacing difficulty, and chiefly a war, with England. To that end all the rebel agents in Canada are working; and if this foolish Justice COURSAL could, by his release of the St. Alban raiders, occasion war, a statue of lead would justly be decreed to him by the rebel Congress, as the greatest benefactor of the rebellion.

That the governing class in England are, as a body, opposed to us is true, and the reason of the opposition is obvious. The only excuse for a monarchy is its cheapness. It is a better police or it is nothing. But if it can be shown that a nation can govern itself and suppress a fearful rebellion, and conduct a general and most exciting election in the midst of civil war with perfect tranquillity, then a republican form is demonstrated to be cheaper, easier, and better, and what can a monarchy say for itself? The objection to our system has hitherto been that it was never tried. In June, on a calm sea, your pretty yacht sails smoothly enough, has been the cry, wait until January and a tempest; they are now here, and if out of the tornado the yacht safely emerges, the critics must be dumb. The aristocratic or feudal form has sincerely disbelieved in our popular system. It could not wish it success, for success was its own destruction. Therefore, with few exceptions, the aristocracy of England has been against us, and the commercial class, which hopes one day to be aristocratic, follows in its wake. The aristocrats and the snobs are our enemies. But they are not England.

Not only GOLDWIN SMITH says that "the main body" of the English people are not against us, but Earl RUSSELL at Blairgowrie, more than a year ago, frankly confessed that the British Government would be neutral because the majority of the people sympathized with the Government of the United States. These are witnesses from both sides. GOLDWIN SMITH is one of "the main body" for which he speaks. Lord RUSSELL is one of the hostile governing class, which the opinion of the main body controls.

Now although it is true that the aristocracy directs the acts of the Government, it has regard in that direction to the popular sentiment. It stopped the rams very decidedly, not only because it was told that we should regard their departure as a virtual declaration of war, but because it knew that a war with the United States would not be popular in England. The England of a hundred years ago, which was that of the aristocracy unchecked by the people, would have long since recognized the rebel Confederacy and made war upon us. But as governments come to represent the people, directly or indirectly, they grow wiser. It is the people that pays, the people that fights, the people that suffers, and they will not blindly or foolishly rush to war. In our own case the British aristocracy, the rebels, and the rebel emissaries in Europe and Canada, would gladly embroil the two nations. But what have the American people and the English people to gain by war?

National honor is not vindicated by giving way to passion or prejudice. A hot and furious nation is no more respectable a sight than an angry man. The haughty insolence of manner in a government should no more disturb the national equanimity than the superciliousness of an English Lord should exasperate a cool American gentleman. He is a gentleman who keeps his temper, and whoever keeps his temper best protects his honor and defends his life.

If the sound public sense of England can not restrain its Government from direct or indirect acts of injury and outrage upon this country, war will, of course, follow, sooner or later. But, meanwhile, let us all carefully discriminate our friends from our enemies, nor be swift to suppose that the acts of individuals are necessarily national acts. The meeting in Liverpool to protest against the escape of the *Alabama* was quite as significant as the sailing of the vessel. The timely detention of the rams by Earl RUSSELL was quite as important a fact as the rescue of the pirate Semmes by an English "gentleman;" and the repudiation by the Canadian authorities of the judgment of COURSAL is a much weightier event than that Dogberry's release of the St. Alban robbers.

GENERAL DIX'S ORDER.

IN view of the information in his possession of contemplated raids, and of the formal release of the St. Alban robbers and murderers, General DIX could hardly do less than authorize the pursuit of invaders upon our soil wherever they might flee for refuge. For the solemn judgment of a court must be held to be final until it is reversed, or until it is repudiated by the executive authority of the Governmen , and meanwhile the whole frontier is exposed to invasion and massacre. But when the President learned the prompt disavowal by the Canadian Government of the action of Justice COURSAL, he, in turn, did well to avoid unnecessary complication by revoking the order. For if Canada means to guard her own frontier it is much better that she should do it than we.

Yet General DIX's order was not necessarily, in an offensive sense, hostile. The decision of COURSAL was a simple declaration that the laws of Canada did not defend a neighboring nation from attacks proceeding from Canadian soil. That is to say, the laws of Canada, as expounded by COURSAL, did not maintain her neutrality, and consequently did not protect our rights. In such cases the international custom or law is very clear and unmistakable.

PHILLIMORE, a chief authority upon international law, says: "A rebellion or a civil commotion, it may happen, agitates a nation. While the authorities are engaged in repressing it, bands of rebels pass the frontier to shelter themselves under the protection of the conterminous state, and from thence, with restored strength and fresh appliances, renew their invasion upon the state from which they have escaped. The invaded state remonstrates. The remonstrance, whether from favor to rebels or feebleness of the executive, is unheeded, or, at least, the evil complained of remains unredressed. In this state of things the invaded state is warranted by international law in crossing the frontier and in taking the necessary means for her safety, whether these be the capture or dispersion of the rebels or the destruction of their stronghold, as the exigencies of the case may require."

VATTEL also says: "If his neighbor affords a refuge to his enemies, enabling them to recruit and attack him at leisure, he must either prevent them from so doing, or else they may be sought and fought on his territories."

The release of the St. Alban raiders was, under the circumstances, properly taken as a declaration that the Canadian law can not or will not protect the neighboring nation. For if it were said that the warrant of arrest was not properly signed, the reply was why, in a case so momentous, was it not properly signed? That fact, of itself, indicated that "favor to rebels" which PHILLIMORE cites as justification of pursuit by the aggrieved nation. Or if it were urged that perhaps the next warrant would be properly signed, and perhaps the next Judge would decide differently, the reply was that in the mean while American citizens might be robbed and murdered. Moreover, there was no reason to suppose that the Canadian Government or people would disavow the decision of COURSAL. They have been uniformly and furiously hostile to us. The same robbers might depart in the same night upon another expedition. General DIX knew that such enterprises were making ready. He could not tell how soon the Government would act, if it acted at all, and it was for the immediate state of things that his order was intended.

The unexpected and entire repudiation of COURSAL's decision, which the Canadian Government is understood to have made, properly terminated the necessity for such an order. If Canada says she will protect our rights upon her soil, she is entitled to our patient waiting until the fact is proved either that she can or can not. Nor can the judgment of COURSAL now be held as proof that she can not or will not, since public opinion and the executive authorities refuse to acknowledge it.

ARMING THE SLAVES.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* declares that the only hope of saving the rebel Confederacy lies in destroying its corner-stone. "Let us free and arm the slaves," it says, "to defend a Confederacy whose object is the perpetuity of slavery." And General LEE is reported to cry Amen! It is in vain that JEFFERSON DAVIS and his associates insist that they are fighting for their independence, and care nothing for slavery; because the world knows, and they have themselves announced, that they wished their independence for the purpose of maintaining slavery. They claim that they are essentially a different people; that their social and industrial systems are inharmonious with those of the rest of the country; that, in a word, the North and the South are incompatible. If that were so, it is but another way of saying that they cherish slavery, and the rest of the country does not. They began the rebellion to save slavery, and now they propose to abolish slavery to save the rebellion. The military force and the logic of this infamous conspiracy against civil order and human nature break down together. The pretense of independence is as hollow as the "Confederacy." The whole moral and military rebellion is a shell which is gradually crumbling in the grasp of a people faithful to liberty and law.

The practical question of arming the slaves is interesting. What would be the effect of the movement, even if the mere proposal did not cast an apple of discord into the happy family of "free, sovereign, and independent States of the Southern Confederacy?" Would it prolong the war? Would the slaves fight for the slave-drivers?

It is obvious that the large mass of slaves are so ignorant that they might easily believe their masters when told that the Yankees would sell them to Cuba. But the truth is, as told by slaveholders themselves and confirmed by universal testimony, that the slaves perfectly understand the war. Notwithstanding our doubtful policy at the opening of the struggle; despite the foolish orders of our Generals, and the painful stupidity of the twaddle that "we don't care about niggers," which might well have alienated the sympathy of the slaves—they have been patient, intelligent, and sympathetic; always our best guides, our most faithful friends, and truer to our own cause than we ourselves have been. They have never doubted, according to the most trusty testimony, any more than the laboring classes of Europe, that the cause of the Union and Government was their cause. The fear of being sold to Cuba by the Yankees will not be very terrible to them.

There is another important consideration—whether many of the slaves who are attached to their masters and the plantations on which they live will not fight for them? Undoubtedly in some instances this would be the case. But it is the house servants, not the field hands, who would do it; and while the house servants might be willing to defend their homes when they were drafted into companies and regiments, and marched elsewhere to fight, then for the very reason that they are the most intelligent of slaves, they

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would be the very worst of soldiers in the Southern cause.

The arming of the slaves by the rebels would be the very recklessness of desperation. Under some circumstances it might enable them to hold out a little longer at certain points. But it would give the United States a vast armed militia of resident population in the very district where they will be needed; it would terminate party divisions in the loyal section of the country; and it would settle all cavil about the loyalty of the enormous majority of the people of the revolted section, for when slaves are freed they become, even to the most stupid Northern pander of slavery, "people," if not citizens or men and women.

But such is the present condition of the rebellious section that the urging of the suggestion would probably disintegrate the "nation" which Mr. GLADSTONE thinks that JEFFERSON DAVIS has "created."

EARL RUSSELL'S LETTER.

IN his reply to the manifesto of the rebel Congress sent to him by Messrs. SLIDELL, MASON, and MANN, Earl RUSSELL makes a singular historical misstatement. "Great Britain," he says, "has since 1783 remained, with the exception of a short period, connected by friendly relations with both the Northern and Southern States."

Great Britain, his lordship ought to remember, treated in 1783 with commissioners of the United States—a single power—and since 1789 Great Britain has had treaties and relations also with the United States—a single power. Great Britain has had no relations whatever with "Northern and Southern States," for such States are expressly forbidden by the Constitution from entering into any kind of relations with foreign powers. Great Britain has no more been connected with Northern and Southern States than the Government of the United States has been connected with Kent, Yorkshire, and Wales. Great Britain has no more been connected with Northern and Southern States in America than with the Department de l'Eure, and Algeria, and Martinique, in the French empire. She has relations with the Government of France and with the Government of the United States.

In what manner has Great Britain, as Lord RUSSELL declares, had friendly relations with both the Northern and Southern States? Has she sent embassadors to either? Has she made treaties with either? Has she received ministers from either? If, in case of internal commotion in Great Britain, Mr. SEWARD should calmly declare that the United States had always remained connected by friendly relations with the Highlands of Scotland, the city of Dublin, and the Tower Hamlets, he would merely show an ill-feeling toward the Government of Great Britain and a ludicrous ignorance.

Nor need it be said that our objection to Lord RUSSELL'S letter only shows that neutrals please neither side. If he had said that the British Government still maintained its neutral position toward the Government of the United States, and those citizens who were endeavoring to cast off its authority, he would have stated the exact truth. But when he speaks of the struggle between the Northern and Southern States he implies that the contest is not between a government and insurgents, but between two governments. But if it be between two governments there is no reason why Great Britain, as a neutral power, should not equally recognize both. If France and Spain were at war, Great Britain, as a neutral, could use no other language than she does in regard to our struggle. Of necessity, therefore, she virtually concedes the political existence of the Southern Confederacy, and it is a needless insult to its representatives to designate it as the "so called" Confederacy.

Great Britain, as a government, has laid down the principle that immediately upon the outbreak of a rebellion in a country with which she is at peace she will hasten to invest the rebels with all the belligerent rights she concedes to the government. We will not say that she has abused the extraordinary principle she has asserted. But we do say that, viewing the chances of human affairs, it will not be many years before she will be earnestly praying that other nations may have very short memories or very long forbearance.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 14:

In the Senate, joint resolutions were reported from the Naval Committee and passed, tendering the thanks of Congress to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Cushing. A petition was presented and referred, from several line officers in the army asking for additional compensation. The joint resolution offered and referred on the 13th, declaring free the wives and children of colored soldiers, was reported back with the recommendation that it be passed. A number of private petitions were reported; also a bill (Mr. Trumbull, Ill.), which was passed, authorizing the holding of a special session of the United States District Court in Indiana. Two resolutions (Mr. Chandler, Mich.) were offered. The first resolved that the Committee on Military Affairs be directed to inquire into the expediency of organizing an army corps for the defense of our Canadian border; the second that the Secretary of War make out a list of each ship and cargo destroyed by Anglo-Rebel privateers, with a valuation thereof with interest from the date of capture, and demand payment in full from the British Government. Both resolutions, being objected to by Mr. Johnson of Maryland, lie over. The resolution offered on the 12th by Mr. Doolittle of Wisconsin and tabled, relating to taxation on sales and an extra tax of 25 per cent. on railroad fares, was taken from the table after some debate, and referred. A resolution (Mr. Brown, Mo.) was adopted that the Committee on Military Affairs and the Militia be instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing an act of Congress, of March 21, 1861, entitled an act to remove the United States arsenal from St. Louis and to provide for the sale of the lands on which it is located. The joint resolution from the House, giving notice to Great Britain of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The Senate then went into executive session.

In the House, a bill (Mr. Wilson, Iowa) was reported and passed so amending the act of July 17, 1862, to define the pay and emoluments of officers in the army, as to read that any alien of twenty-one years and upward who shall have enlisted in the volunteer or regular army or navy, and been honorably discharged, may become a citizen without any previous declaration, and shall not be required to prove more than one year's residence. Bills making appropriations for diplomatic and consular expenses were referred. A resolution (Mr. Brooks, N. Y.) was passed, that the Committee on Foreign Affairs inquire into the expediency of providing by treaty or otherwise for the protection of our Canadian and provincial frontier from murder, arson, and burglary on the pretense of rebel invasion. A bill, discussed at the last session, was reported from the Military Committee and passed (95 to 88), providing that all Major-Generals and all Brigadier-Generals in the military service of the United States on the 15th of February, 1865, shall not be in the performance of duty or service corresponding to their respective grades or rank, and who shall not have been engaged in such duty or service for three months continuously prior to that date, shall then be dropped from the rolls of the army, and all the pay and emoluments, or allowances of such general officers so dropped, shall cease from that date, and the vacancies thus occasioned may be filled by new promotions and appointments, as in other cases. But no officer is to be considered as included in the foregoing provision whose absence from duty shall have been occasioned by wounds received, or disease contracted in the line of his duty while in the military service, or by his being a prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy, or under parole, and any Major-General of volunteers, or Brigadier-General of volunteers who may have been appointed from the regular army under the authority given in section four of the act approved July 22, 1861, "to authorize the employment of volunteers to aid in enforcing the laws and protecting public property," and the acts amendatory thereto, who shall be so dropped from the rolls, shall not thereby be discharged from the service of the United States, but shall be remitted to his position and duty as an officer of the regular army. The Senate bill was passed, authorizing the purchase or construction of six steam revenue cutters on the Lakes and appropriating for that purpose one million of dollars. The House then resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Washburne of Illinois in the chair. Mr. Brooks addressed the Committee in favor of toleration to slavery, and an immediate attempt to negotiate with the South.

December 15:

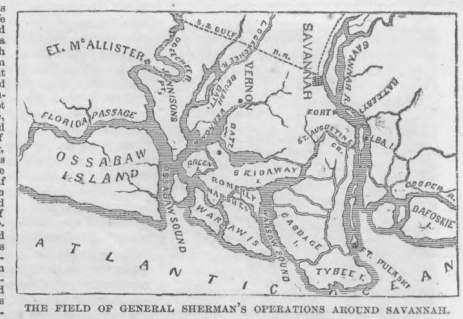
In the Senate, a resolution (Mr. Sumner, Mass.) was adopted that the President furnish to the Senate any information concerning the arrangement between the United States and Great Britain relating to the naval force to be maintained on the Lakes. A petition from officers of the Army of the James asking for an increase of pay was referred. A resolution (Mr. Lane, Kansas) was adopted that the Committee on the Conduct of the War be instructed to inquire as to the truth of the alleged charges that large numbers of disloyal persons are in the employment of the Government in the navy-yards, Quarter-master's, and Ordnance Departments, etc., of the country, to the exclusion of loyal men, with power to send for persons and papers. The resolution offered by Mr. Chanler on the 14th, but then objected to, in reference to the organization of an army corps to defend the Northern frontier, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. A resolution (Mr. Brown, Mo.) was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs and the Militia be instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the Act of Congress of March 3, 1792, entitled "An Act to more effectually provide for the National Defense by establishing a uniform militia throughout the United States, and the several acts amendatory of the same," as shall provide for the enrollment of all male citizens between the ages of 18 and 45, resident in the respective States, without respect to color, and also to submit such other provisions as may tend more efficiently to organize the militia system of the United States, and report by bill or otherwise. A bill was passed transferring a gun-boat to the Government of Liberia. A resolution (Mr. Anthony, R. I.) was adopted instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire into the facts connected with the assault on Petersburg, July 30, 1864. The Senate adjourned till the 19th.

In the House, a resolution (Mr. Holman, Ind.) was referred, directing the Secretary of War to furnish a copy of the order issued Dec. 21, 1863, in regard to troops enlisted on condition that they should be discharged when the regiments were mustered out of service; also the order dated December, 1863, addressed to the Governor of Massachusetts, in regard to troops to fill up old regiments; and also to inform the House whether the principles therein announced have been applied to all soldiers mustered to fill up old regiments. A resolution (Mr. Mallory, Ky.) was offered, requesting the President to communicate all papers bearing on the arrest and imprisonment of Lieutenant-Colonel Jacobs and Colonel Wolford. The resolution, objected to, lies over. The Senate bill was passed, providing for a special term of court for the District of Indiana. A resolution (Mr. Griswold, N. Y.) was adopted directing an investigation of all the facts as to the practical operation of the pension laws, as a system of permanent relief, and to inquire into the actual condition of the present invalids, and what measures should be passed to secure to them employment independent of pensions. A resolution (Mr. Cox, O.) was adopted that the Secretary of State communicate to this House all communications on file in his office, with reference to the difficulties upon the Northern borders, and which have not been referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A resolution (Mr. Littlejohn, N. Y.) was referred, directing an inquiry as to the establishment of a Navy Yard at Oswego, New York. Mr. Schenck reported, from the Committee on Military Affairs, a bill for the better organization of the Subsistence Department. The Senate joint resolution was passed thanking Winslow and Cushing. A bill (Mr. Donnelly, Min.) was referred, requiring all persons applying for the benefit of the pre-emption and homestead laws to make oath that they had not deserted from the army, or resisted the draft, or secreted themselves to avoid being enrolled or drafted, or discouraged enlistments, and providing that whenever such offenses could be proved, the land claimed should revert to the Government. Mr. Davis, of Maryland, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a resolution that Congress has a Constitutional right to an authoritative voice in declaring and prescribing the foreign policy of the United States, as well in the recognition of new Powers as in other matters, and it is the Constitutional duty of the President to respect that policy, not less in diplomatic relations than in the use of the National force when authorized by law, and the propriety of any declaration of foreign policy by Congress is sufficiently proved by the vote which pronounces it, and such proposition, while pending and undetermined, is not a fit topic of diplomatic explanation with any Foreign Power. The resolution was tabled, 69 to 63. Mr. Davis then asked to be relieved from service on the Committee on Foreign Relations. He said that the Secretary of State had, in the face of all Europe, slapped the House of Representatives in the face, in his correspondence with the French Government, and he asked the House whether it would not to-day assert its own dignity. Mr. Cox said if the House should excuse the gentleman from Maryland, he himself would ask to be excused from further service on the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Blaine, of Maine, said a parallel of history was sometimes worth looking at. The foreign correspondence with France had brought this question before the House. Three quarters of a century ago we had a difficulty with this same nation, and this difficulty resulted in giving us a precedent. The very same objections and appeals were made during the Administration of Washington by Genet, and pressed upon Jefferson, then Secretary of State, and he called attention to the facts (reading them from the Life of Jefferson). Genet and Jefferson had discussed a friendly proposition which Genet had brought from his own nation, and said it ought not to be adopted without consulting Congress. Genet having got into a more moderate tone, Jefferson stopped him, and explained the functions of our Government, saying, "that all these questions belonged to the Executive Department; and even if Congress were in session they could not be referred to it." Genet asked "if Congress was not sovereign?" and Jefferson said "No;" and that Congress was sovereign only in making laws, the Executive in executing, and the Judiciary in construing them. Said Genet, "Congress binds us to treaties and their observance." Jefferson said, "No, there are very few cases arising out of treaties of which Congress can take notice." Genet was satisfied. We have the same Constitution which existed at that day. He could not see any thing more mischievous than for Congress to plant itself on this resolution. By it we absolutely deny a concurrent power on the part of the Executive. It overturns the entire history of our Government, and sets out on an entirely new course. He thought the House justified its self-respect by laying the resolution on the table. Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, said he was so obtuse that he had failed to see the least analogy between the cases cited by the gentleman from Maine. Jefferson very properly told Genet that Congress had no right to interfere with treaty stipulations—for treaties, by the Constitution, are the supreme law of the land. This is the whole extent of the precedent. He could not see that it had any bearing on the question before them. The House refused to excuse Mr. Davis from further service on the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A bill (Mr. Ashley, O.) was introduced, and ordered to be printed, to guarantee to certain States, subverted or overthrown by rebellion, a republican form of government. Mr. Ashley gave notice that on the 6th of January next he would call up the pending joint resolution from the Senate, proposing a Constitutional amendment for the abolition of slavery throughout the country, and that he would demand a vote upon the resolution the Monday following. A bill was passed making appropriation for invalid and other pensions, and the bill making appropriations for the diplomatic and consular establishments. Also the joint resolution, giving the true construction and meaning to so much of the Internal Revenue Act as relates to the tax on tobacco and cigars, and in addition to the above, passed a bill providing that, in computing the three years allowed by the twenty-first section of the act entitled: "An act increasing temporarily the duties on imports, and for other purposes," approved July 14, 1862, for the withdrawal of goods from any public store or bonded warehouse for exportation to foreign countries, or transhipment to any part of the Pacific or western coast of the United States, if such exportation or transhipment of any goods shall enter for the whole or for any part of the said term of three years, have been prevented by reason of any order of the President of the United States, the time during which such exportation or transhipment of such goods shall have been so prevented as aforesaid, shall be excluded from the said computation. The House adjourned till the 19th.

December 19:

In the Senate, a bill (Mr. Grimes, Iowa) was referred, to create the rank of Vice-Admiral in the navy. A resolution (Mr. Doolittle, Wis.) was referred, authorizing the President to expend ten million of dollars, or so much thereof as might be necessary to build fortifications and floating batteries for the protection of lakes and frontiers against attacks of piratical and hostile expeditions organized in the British provinces by enemies of the United States. An interesting debate followed the introduction of this resolution. Mr. Sumner took the ground that the St. Alban's raid had for its purpose the embroiling of the United States in a war with England. He thought we ought not to be caught in the trap. We were in war, and though we ought never to cease to claim our just rights, it would be wiser to hold these claims in abeyance until we had subdued the rebellion. A bill (Mr. Lane, Kansas) was referred, enabling the people of Colorado to form a State government. A bill (Mr. Henderson, Mo.) was referred to reimburse to the State of Missouri money expended for military purposes. A joint resolution (Mr. Henderson) was introduced to provide against the periodical invasion of Missouri by the rebels. Mr. Sumner's bill to remove the disqualification for carrying the mails on account of color was passed 21 to 5.

In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the Revenue laws by changing the time for levying the tax on whisky. Mr. Davis, of Maryland, again introduced the resolution laid on the table on the 15th, declaring the right of Congress to shape the foreign policy of the United States. It was passed. Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill to the effect that the act to provide internal revenue for the support of the Government, established June 30, 1864, be amended in the fifty-fifth section by striking out the word "February" wherever it occurs, and inserting in lieu thereof "January." The second section provides that, in addition to the duty now imposed by law, all spirits of domestic production held for sale on the 1st of January, 1865, shall be subject to a duty of fifty cents per gallon. The clause levying an additional tax was struck out. The bill, thus altered, was passed. The House went into Committee of the Whole, when Mr. Spaulding, of Ohio, spoke of the President's Message, indorsing its principles in regard to slavery.



THE FIELD OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S OPERATIONS AROUND SAVANNAH.

SHERMAN'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

That Sherman acted wisely in committing to Thomas the campaign in Tennessee, Hood's recent crushing defeat amply testifies. As to the wisdom of his own separate course in attempting a march across three hundred miles of the enemy's territory—that is demonstrated by the completely successful result. Sherman has reached Savannah, and, by the capture of Fort M'Allister on the 13th, has succeeded in establishing communication between his army and Dahlgren's fleet. In a dispatch, dated on the evening of that day, he declares that his army is in splendid condition and "equal to any thing." He has not lost a wagon on the trip, but he has destroyed over two hundred miles of rails, and consumed stores which were essential to the Confederate armies. He has gathered in a large supply of negroes, mules, horses, etc., and his teams are in better condition than when he set out. He has invested Savannah, which, according to his dispatch, has a garrison of 15,000, and a population of 25,000. The defense of Savannah has been committed to General Hardee.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET.

On the 13th of December a grand naval and military expedition, under the command respectively of Admiral Porter and General Butler, left Hampton Roads for Wilmington. The fleet consists of 65 war vessels, including some of the most formidable ships in the navy. Six of these are iron-clads. Upward of a hundred transports accompany the expedition. There is also good supply of picket-boats provided with torpedo machines. The *Stromboli*, the largest of our torpedo-boats, is included in the list. Altogether the fleet mans 620 guns. General Weitzel accompanies General Butler. The expedition probably reached New Inlet on the 16th. The recent destruction of the Weldon Railroad was intended to prevent General Lee from transporting troops rapidly to the point of attack.

CO-OPERATIVE EXPEDITIONS.

Toward the close of November General Canby sent out expeditions from Vicksburg and Baton Rouge to co-operate with Sherman. The expedition from Vicksburg, consisting of 2000 cavalry under E. D. Ostrand, returned December 4. On the 27th this column, after having moved on Jackson, attacked and destroyed the Big Black bridge on the Mississippi Central Railroad. This movement cut Hood off from large quantities of supplies and stores which had been accumulated at Jackson. Thirty miles of the track were destroyed, including culverts, and 2600 bales of cotton. The column from Baton Rouge, under General Davidson, advanced in the direction of Mobile.

A NEW DRAFT.

A call has been made for three hundred thousand more men, to supply deficiencies occasioned by large credits allowed in the previous draft.

NEWS ITEMS.

Our Minister to France, the Hon. William L. Dayton, died December 1, of apoplexy, while on a visit to the Hôtel du Louvre, in Paris.

Burbridge, accompanied by Stoneman's command, has captured Bristol, in Breckinridge's rear, on the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad. He then advanced up the railroad and took Abingdon. It was expected by the rebels that Saltville would be attacked.

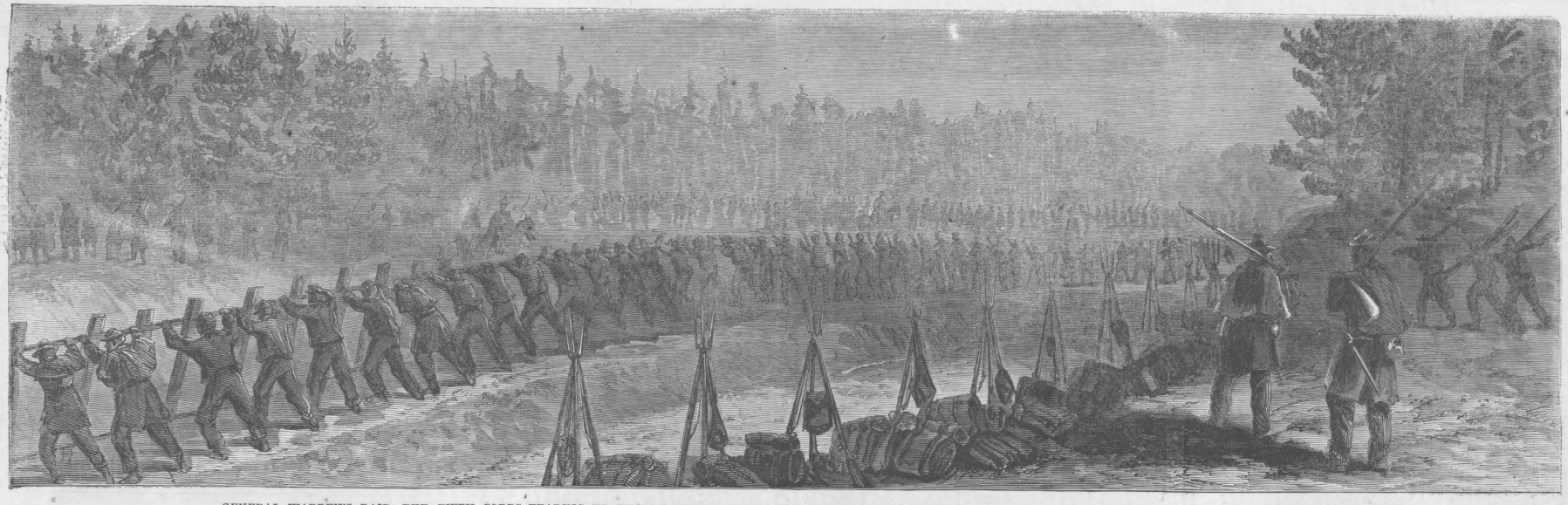
Hood's official report of the battle of Franklin claims a victory, and the capture of 1000 prisoners. He admits the loss of one Major-General and five Brigadier-Generals killed, one Major-General and five Brigadiers wounded, besides Brigadier-General Gordon captured.



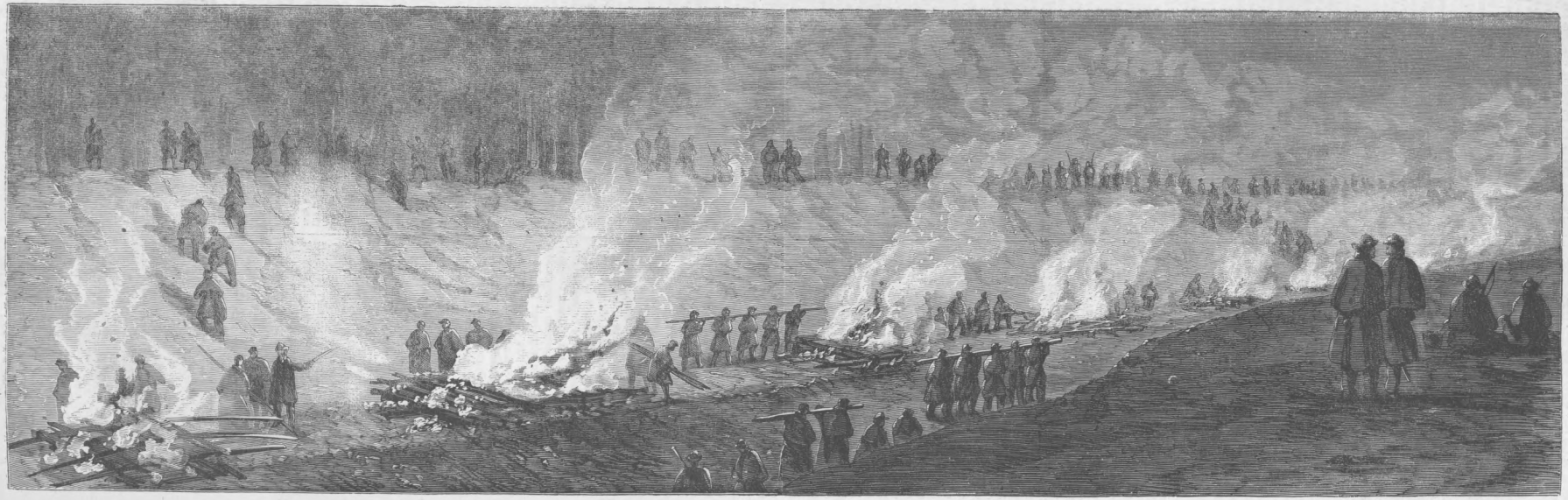
MAP OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF GENERAL THOMAS.

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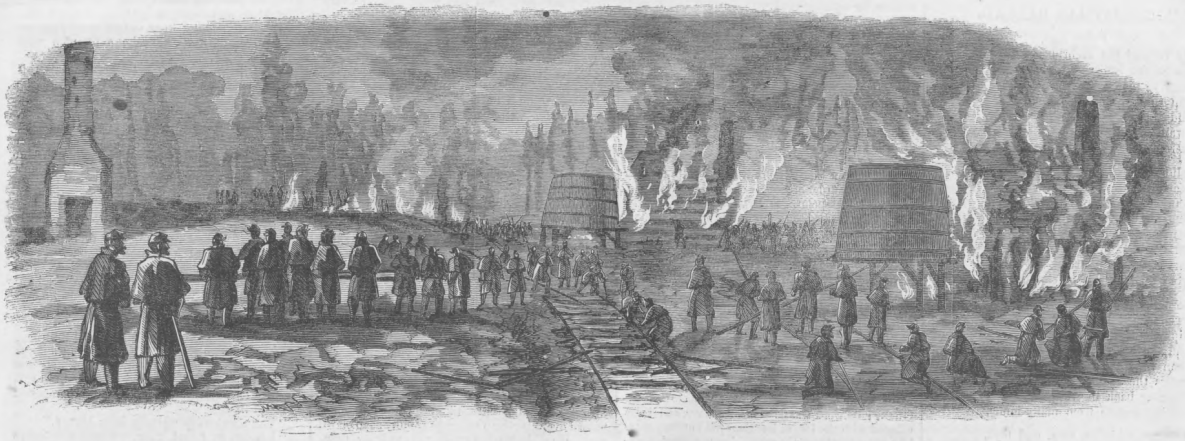


GENERAL WARREN'S RAID—THE FIFTH CORPS TEARING UP THE WELDON RAILROAD NORTH OF JARRET'S STATION, DECEMBER 8, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 838.]

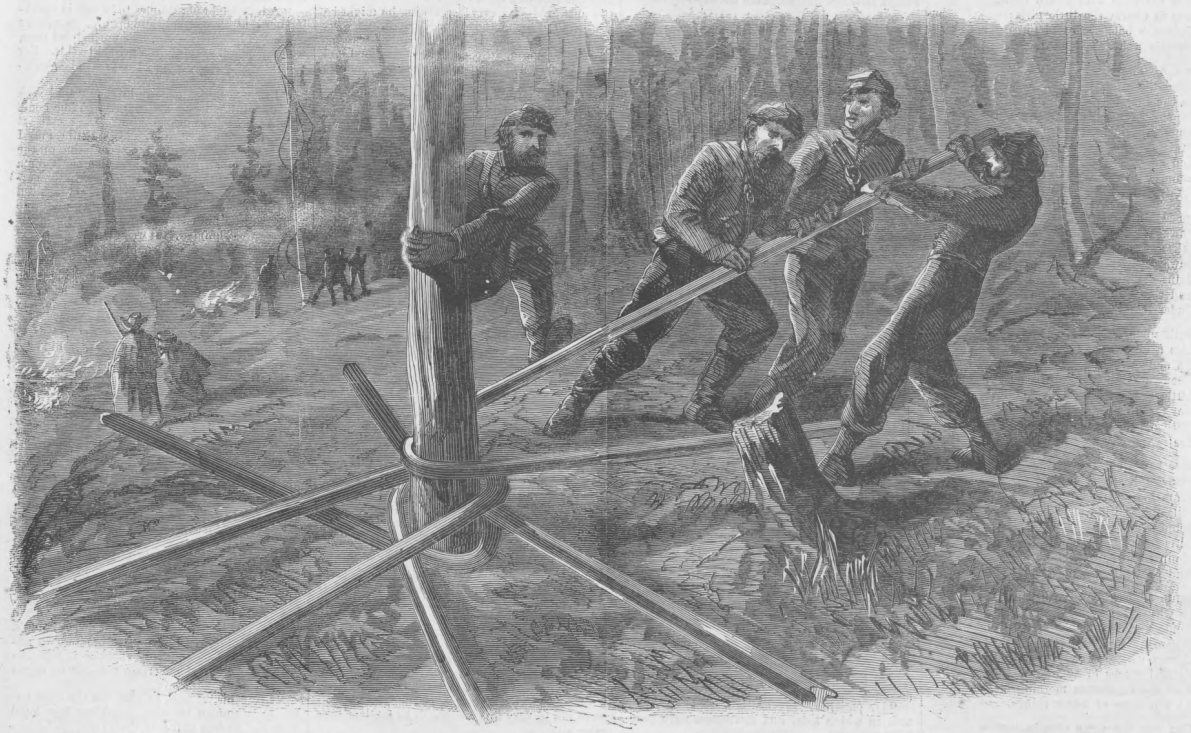


GENERAL WARREN'S RAID—DESTRUCTION OF THE WELDON RAILROAD NORTH OF JARRET'S—BURNING OF TIES AND RAILS.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 838.]

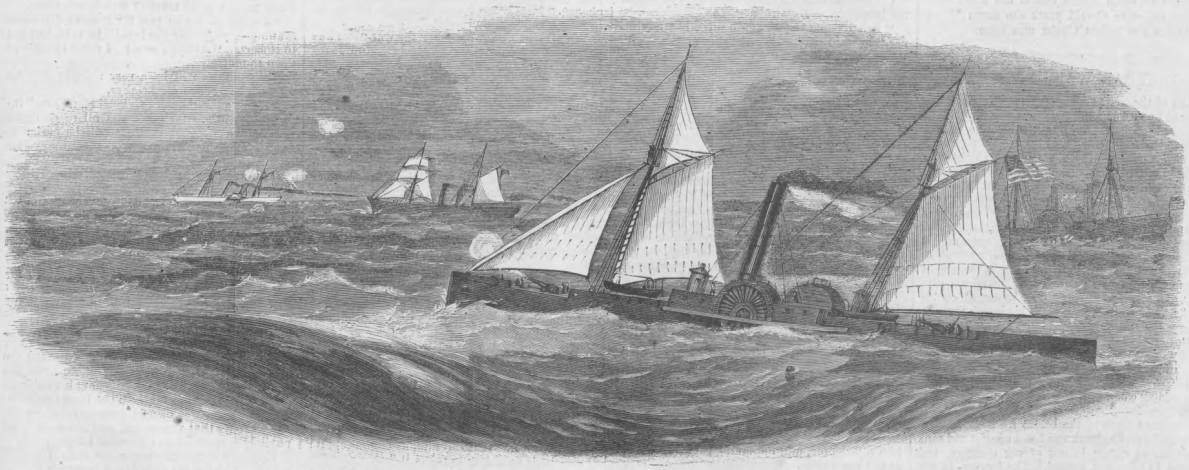
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GENERAL WARREN'S RAID—DESTRUCTION OF WATER-TANKS AT JARRET'S STATION.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 838.]



GENERAL WARREN'S RAID—SOLDIERS MAKING A GREEK CROSS (THE FIFTH CORPS BADGE) OUT OF THE HEATED RAILS OF THE WELDON RAILROAD.
[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—SEE PAGE 838.]



CHASE AND CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER "ARMSTRONG" BY OUR GUN-BOATS, DECEMBER 4, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 838.]

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A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

IN the far-off Polar seas,
Far beyond the Hebrides,
Where the icebergs, towering high,
Seem to pierce the wintry sky,
And the fur-clad Esquimaux
Glide in sledges o'er the snow,
Dwells St. Nick, a merry wight,
Patron saint of Christmas night.

Solid walls of massive ice,
Bearing many a quaint device,
Flanked by graceful turrets twain,
Clear as clearest porcelain,
Rearing at a lofty height
Christ's pure cross in simple white,
Carven with surpassing art
From an iceberg's crystal heart.

Here St. Nick, in royal state,
Dwells until December late
Clips the days at either end,
And the nights each way extend;
Then with his attendant sprites
Scours the earth on wintry nights,
Bringing back in well-filled hands
Children's gifts from many lands.

Here are whistles, tops, and toys,
Meant to gladden little boys;
Skates and sleds that soon will glide
O'er the ice or steep hill-side.
Here are dolls with flaxen curls,
Sure to charm the little girls;
Christmas books, with pictures gay,
For this welcome holiday.

In the court the reindeer wait;
Filled the sledge with costly freight.
As the first faint shadow falls
Promptly from his icy halls
Steps St. Nick, and grasps the rein:
Straight his coursers scour the plain,
And afar, in measured time,
Sounds the sleigh-bells' silver chime.

Like an arrow from the bow
Speed the reindeer o'er the snow.
Onward! Now the loaded sleigh
Skirts the shores of Hudson's Bay.
Onward, till the stunted tree
Gains a loftier majesty,
And the curling smoke-wreaths rise
Under less inclement skies.

Built upon a hill-side steep
Lies a city wrapt in sleep.
Up and down the lonely street
Sleepy watchmen pace their beat.
Little heeds them Santa Claus;
Not for him are human laws.
With a leap he leaves the ground,
Scales the chimney at a bound.

Five small stockings hang below,
Five small stockings in a row.
From his pocket blithe St. Nick
Fills the waiting stockings quick:
Some with sweetmeats, some with toys,
Gifts for girls, and gifts for boys;
Mounts the chimney like a bird,
And the bells are once more heard.

Santa Claus! Good Christmas Saint,
In whose heart no selfish taint
Findeth place, some homes there be
Where no stockings wait for thee—
Homes where sad young faces wear
Painful marks of Want and Care,
And the Christmas morning brings
No fair hope of better things.

Can you not some crumbs bestow
On these children steeped in woe;
Steal a single look of care
Which their sad young faces wear;
From your overflowing store
Give to them whose hearts are sore?
No sad eyes should greet the morn
When the infant Christ was born.

GENERAL WARREN'S RAID.

ONE of the most successful expeditions against General LEE's communications was that undertaken recently by General WARREN in his raid on the Weldon Railroad, which we illustrate on pages 836 and 837. The Fifth Corps, accompanied by MOTT's Division of the Second and GREGG's Cavalry, made up the expeditionary force which set out December 7, having been previously withdrawn from the lines around Petersburg and massed near the Avery House. In the midst of a driving rain, which continued all day and the next night, WARREN moved rapidly down the Jerusalem Road to the Nottaway River, which he crossed by means of a pontoon at Freeman's Bridge. The next day, leaving a cavalry guard at the crossing, and protected on his flanks by cavalry, he continued his march through Sussex Court House, east of the railroad, toward Nottoway Bridge. This point was covered by the enemy's cavalry, which was steadily driven back. The bridge was reached at noon and destroyed. It was 200 feet long, and spanned the Nottoway River. The raiding column was now secure against any attack from Petersburg, and completely annihilated the railroad south of the bridge for a distance of eight miles. The track was lifted up, ties and rails together, as shown in one of our sketches, and heaped in piles and burned. The bonfire, in the darkness of the night, presented a brilliant spectacle. The rain had ceased, and it was now bitter cold, and this fact did not diminish the zest of the soldiers for making bonfires. Jarret's Dépôt was burned early in the morning of the 9th, and the work of destruction continued thence southward. During the day two bridges—each 60 feet long—were burned, and at night WARREN had reached Bellfield Station, near the Meherrin River. Twenty miles of the railroad had been completely destroyed, and no opposition had been encountered. A reconnoissance toward Hicksford on the river having developed the fact that the enemy was strongly posted at that point, with considerable artillery, WARREN turned northward on the 10th. On the return the town of Sussex Court House was burned in retaliation for the murder of several of our soldiers by the enemy at that point. A large number of contrabands accompanied the returning column.

In estimating the value of General WARREN's raid it must be remembered that LEE had previously contrived to convey a large amount of supplies to his army by means of the Boydton plank-road, which connected the Southside Railroad with the point where the Weldon had been interrupted. He had also nearly completed a branch railroad from Stony Creek Station to the Southside Road. The portion of the railroad destroyed by WARREN is south of Stony Creek Station, and until the road is repaired LEE is entirely cut off from eastern North Carolina, and from the portion of Virginia east of the Weldon Road. This raid will be of great service to General GRANT; its work was done in three days, and it was effected with the loss of less than one hundred men. The great success of the expedition was due to General WARREN's skill, and to his personal superintendence at every point. The Fifth Corps covered itself with glory, and especially General CRAWFORD's Division, which had the advance.

CAPTURE OF THE "ARMSTRONG."

WE give on page 837 an illustration of the chase and capture of the blockade-runner *Armstrong* by our gun-boats. She was captured 4th instant, eighty miles off Wilmington, by the steamers *R. R. Cuyler*, *Mackinaw*, and *Gettysburg*, after an exciting chase of eight hours, during which nearly one hundred shot and shell were fired, one of the shells striking her on the starboard quarter, then bursting and setting her on fire. The fire was extinguished before any serious damage was done. The *Armstrong* is very fast, and averages fourteen miles per hour. She is an iron side-wheel steamer of 700 tons burden. She was on her first trip from Wilmington, and was laden with cotton.

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was late that night when the little steamer came to her moorings. Twice she got aground, with the prospect of waiting for the returning tide; but "All hands forward!" and she slid over the shoals in triumph. Vainly we urged Robert to disregard the call, and avoid the misty night-air by remaining in the cabin. He could not be prevailed upon while ladies were assisting to lighten the boat. The consequence was an increased hoarseness next morning, accompanied with great weariness and weakness.

Neither of us went to breakfast; for, with broken rest and solicitude, I was almost as much exhausted as my brother.

Colonel Hamilton came at ten to give Robert another taste of the pine-woods—"Perhaps the last," he said—and was surprised to find him so ill.

"But you'll be all right again in a day or two," he said, encouragingly. "Every convalescent has 'pull-backs,' to teach him prudence perhaps."

"Or patience," my brother responded, in a tone in which grief and gentleness were painfully apparent.

"Some of us have need to be taught that, my dear fellow, but not you. I had never strength to endure suffering, physical or mental, for a moment without murmuring."

Colonel Hamilton's voice was almost as soft as my brother's.

"I shall come to you again directly after dinner," he said, as he turned to leave the room. "Your sister will need a siesta."

"I have been trying to prevail upon her to take either rest or a ride this morning," Robert said.

"My carriage is at the door, and I would gladly accompany her to another of my flower-gardens. Possibly we might discover the bracelet lost on that other very unfortunate excursion," he added, turning to me.

It is true I had lost the bracelet with which I encircled my bouquet; but never having mentioned the circumstance it puzzled me to understand how the Colonel should have learned the fact. There was not a ray of intelligence in the glance which met my look of inquiry, only a quiet waiting for a decision of the question of the ride.

"I am too fatigued to ride this morning, but the siesta is a temptation to which I will yield willingly."

Robert and I dined together in the full enjoyment of dressing-gown and slippers. He was more comfortable than in the morning, and spoke with comparative ease, though the cherry-like glow of his cheeks mocked the fainter bloom of health. While we were lingering over our coffee the Colonel came to fulfill his promise.

"Guiltless of cigar," my brother said, smiling him a welcome, and motioning him to be seated at the same time.

"Guiltless of coffee and bananas also," he returned, nodding significantly at our dessert.

"So much the better. These bananas came by the last boat from Key West, and are very fine."

Jimmy was ordered to bring an extra cup and plate. I played hostess until a second cup of coffee was offered and declined, then retired.

A long, unbroken slumber, a sweet consequent of the last night's nervous wakefulness, ensued. The last thing I heard was the low, indistinct sound of the gentlemen's voices in the adjoining apartment. When I awoke the sun was far down in the west. Listening, I heard no sound from my brother's room, and wondered whether he had not gone below. A few minutes sufficed for my toilet; then raising the latch softly, I entered, and found him sleeping upon the sofa, the Colonel still sitting beside him, and holding his hand as tenderly as a woman.

"I talked your brother to sleep," he said, apologetically.

"He is no worse, I hope?"

"Oh no! only a little fatigued. A day or two of rest will bring him up again, I think."

"I am afraid I slept longer than you stipulated for. I am very much obliged to you for your care of my brother."

"You will accept nothing for yourself then?"

"Nothing."

He was gone, and I sat down in the seat he had just deserted. My brother slept still, though disturbedly. Changes, like crowding thoughts, passed over his countenance so rapidly as to alarm me. He whispered inarticulately at first; then, his features calming down to a smile, he uttered, distinctly, "Whatever happen, you promise then never to lose sight of her:" and held his breath like one listening for a reply.

I answered—"Never!" thinking he might be dreaming of home and Aunt Hannah.

"God bless you, my good friend!" was his earnest response. So earnest it awoke him! His eyes fastened upon me inquiringly, and he said,

"I thought Hamilton was with me, Margy!"

"He has just left you," I replied. "I slept the whole afternoon, and he sat with you until I came."

"He is one of the kindest of men, Margy!"

"Every one appears to think so, Robert."

"And why do you not like him?"

"I accord to him noble qualities, but noble qualities should not blind one to radical defects."

"What are the faults you discover in him?"

"The chief of all—*disloyalty!*"

The next morning we were aroused by the stage-horn blowing vigorously for the Hillsboro ferry-man. It seemed to say—"Hasten up! I bring you news, great news for the glorious cause." Every one in Tampa knew the language of Jerry Dining's horn when it neared the river; and there was a general rush for the ferry.

"What next?" I asked myself, as the shouts of the men and boys penetrated to the heart of the town. "Has Fort Pickens so soon followed Sumter, or another cowardly Twiggs delivered the arsenals and arms of another State into the hands of rebels and traitors?"

Neither; but the blood of Massachusetts men had reddened the streets of Baltimore on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. For this, bonfires were lighted and the crowd huzzaed.

Robert was unable to go down to breakfast, and I went alone. All was excitement and ebullition. Maryland had shown herself worthy of a place in the Southern Constellation. Massachusetts and the scoundrel Butler were on their way South; South Carolina and the heroic Maxey Gregg were on their way North; there was fun ahead; one man to six was all the South wanted!

God of heavens! what an hour, when the sons of patriots strike at their country's flag, and brothers delight in brothers' blood! Only a few looked grave that morning, as though civil war were not so very fine a thing to be jubilant over after all.

Colonel Hamilton was not at table. Mrs. Harris, who seldom left her room in the morning, was all animation, and said she would go home on the next steamer, as no doubt her negroes would hear about the war and run away if they got a chance. Miss Kittie forgot her mirth, and spoke in a tone subdued and quiet.

We all met at dinner, when the war-news was again the exciting theme. Robert and I remained silent until a lady whom I disliked said, maliciously, I fancied: "We are going to have more speeches at the Court-house to-night, Miss Miller, to rouse up the people. Will you go and listen?"

"Thank you, no, Madam! It is not necessary to go abroad to hear treason nowadays."

Every eye at the table was upon me, I felt certain. I looked only at Robert, who sat as undisturbed as though I had simply said "No" to the offer of bread or butter.

"Who are to be the speakers?" Miss Kittie asked, more in the tone of one who would break a disagreeable silence than who cares for information.

"Madam Rumor is not communicative on that point," she replied, gayly. "With strictest inquiry I could only learn that our friend Colonel Hamilton here would improve the occasion, and that the new preacher, whose secession views have already been somewhat elaborated, would not. How do you think the Colonel will construe your remark, Miss Miller?"

I was indignant, but managed to smother both anger and contempt so as to reply haughtily and coolly:

"It is of no consequence to me, Madam, how he construes it. If it suit him, he can accept it; if not, he is at liberty to reject it."

The gentleman of whom we were speaking sat obliquely opposite me. There was neither frown nor scowl on his face, such as I often noticed when he was displeased. On the contrary, I thought he looked amused, and it annoyed me.

Miss Kittie and I went out on the upper piazza after dinner, while the gentlemen were smoking below.

"I don't understand a thing what all this quarrel is about," she said, sadly. "If the South is in the wrong I don't wish to know, for I am a Southerner. But I don't see, any how, why individuals need indulge in personal spite, like that impertinent old thing at table. I can not help liking you just as well as though you had been born in my grandfather Gadsden's State instead of my grandfather Harris's; and I wish you and your brother would go home with us to Mississippi."

"Brave for Miss Kittie Harris!" exclaimed a voice before I had time to reply to her warm-hearted words, and Colonel Hamilton stood near us, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "Those are my sentiments, well expressed. We have too many haters on our side, and I have no reason to doubt the feeling is most heartily reciprocated."

"I will answer for the North, Sir," I returned, warmly. "The North feels no hatred against the South. She loves our common country, and is simply determined to stand by it, and not suffer it to be overthrown, even though compelled to crush its foes."

"You speak very warmly, Miss Margy."

"I speak as I feel, then. When the troops of the United States can, if necessity require, march from Maine to Texas, and from Texas to Maine again peaceably, I shall be able to speak more calmly and coolly."

"A lady ought at all times to be safe in speaking her sentiments freely and openly. But every cause has its fanatics and its unprincipled men, who scruple at nothing in a crisis like this. For your brother's sake, then, I beg you to be guarded, Miss Miller."

"Do not think, Sir, my brother would seek safety by infidelity to his country. If he could be so base I would disown him."

He bowed and retired. Miss Kittie and I were again alone, and fell to speculating on the probabilities of a blockade, and whether Tampa was of sufficient importance to be put in the catalogue of Southern ports. Chris had commenced the packing of their trunks, that they might be ready at a minute's warning when the next steamer was signaled. It was due the next day, and Kittie begged we would accompany them down the Bay.

While we were talking about it, and planning a correspondence, Robert came with a letter for me. There was an unmistakable look of anxiety on his face, though masked with a smile.

"A letter for you from New York, Margy. I was expecting one myself, but it did not come."

"I will read you mine, then, as a sort of compensation," I said, soothingly. "It is from a mutual friend, and gives account of a great demonstration at Union Square."

I began to read, and when I came to where the battle-rent flag of Sumter was taken amidst deafening cheers to the bronze statue and placed in the hand of the "Father of his Country" by the very same man who had nailed it to the mast amidst the storm of rebel shot and shell, my brother's feelings overcame him, and he wept like a child. Kittie's eyes moistened also; but it was not one of my moments of tenderness. Had I been a man I would have made a speech then and there, for I felt strong enough for martyrdom.

Colonel Hamilton's carriage stood at the door. It was not long before we heard his well-known step, firm and equal, though soft as a woman's. He came, looked inquiringly from one to another, as though suddenly checked in what he wished to say, and uncertain whether he might not be an intruder.

"Read this," I said, holding out the open letter by a sudden impulse, "and see how loyal men and women still love their country."

He took it without a word, sat down upon one of the vacant seats, and read it carefully from beginning to end. Once his hand passed over his eyes, as though they were misty; but when he returned the letter without a single remark there was no trace of feeling whatever.

"I came to invite you for a short drive this evening—'positively the last,'" he said, turning to Robert. "Are you able? I think of leaving town to-morrow."

"To-morrow will be a very unlucky day for us then," returned my brother.

"Don't go to-morrow, Colonel Hamilton," interposed Kittie. "I want you all to go down the Bay with us. I think it will be easier to say good-by there than here. Please stay just one more day."

"I would gladly be persuaded, Miss Kittie, but my letters to-day are imperative. I have never before felt reluctance in leaving Tampa."

I brought my brother's palmetto and dust-coat when he decided to ride, then went with Kittie to sit with her mother until tea.

Early that night the citizens began to gather around the Court-house. We heard loud cheering for Beauregard and the Baltimore boys; cheering again for South Carolina and Maxey Gregg; then a vociferous call for Colonel Hamilton.

He was smoking on the lower piazza, but at the call arose and walked leisurely toward the assembled crowd. Not long after we heard his voice in earnest declamation, though unable to distinguish what he said. That it was satisfactory, however, was clearly demonstrated by the noisy shouts that succeeded, and the man stood publicly committed to the cause I hated.

Robert felt the parting more than I anticipated. I had never seen him so overcome since the day we left home. I left him and the Colonel together, and ran away to Kittie's room,

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for their grief was sympathetic. More than half an hour elapsed before the latter came to the door of Mrs. Harris's room to say farewell. He offered me his hand a second time, and said, "Remember me always as your brother's friend and yours, Miss Margy." The touch of his hand for a moment became a pressure, and he was gone.

I did not return to Robert until he sent for me; then the name of his friend was broached by neither of us. We talked of Kittie, however; he regretting that he felt unable to accompany the little party from the hotel to the steamer, and insisting that I should go without him. All day we waited in momentary expectation of the signal which would take away another friend whom we had found in that far Southern land. It was nearly nightfall when it came at last.

The prospect of a moonlight excursion could not induce me to leave Robert, who had been out of spirits all day. In vain Miss Kittie laughed, and tried to say gay things as usual to both of us—descriptive of the times we would have when we came "to make that visit to the old plantation." She broke down in the midst, and burst into a flood of weeping. We put our arms around her, and held her fast until Chris came the second time to take her away.

"I will write to you every mail," she said; "every single mail! Don't forget me."

We stood on the piazza waving the departing carriage until it was out of sight; then hand in hand went back to our own rooms, feeling more than ever that we were alone—"strangers in a strange land."

A letter from Colonel Hamilton came the next week, postmarked Tallahassee. I did not read it, but from its cheering influence on Robert inferred it was the bearer of agreeable tidings. The Colonel's name seldom passed between us. I sometimes wished Robert would speak of him, knowing how much he missed him.

But the first thing that really enlivened us was Miss Kittie's journal, sent back from New Orleans. It was a document calculated to dispel heart-shadows, like its fair originator; and we laughed as heartily over "Kittie's three days' adventure at sea" as we had often done at her wild gayety on land. Chris's sea-sickness, and her mother's anxiety to get home before the darkeys heard the war-news, were worthy of an artist.

Our friends had been gone a month, and we were learning to live without them, riding, when Robert was able, in the morning, lounging on the piazzas and reading the news at evening. Our kind host and hostess were indefatigable in their exertions for our comfort and happiness, no less in their attempts to shield from petty annoyances than in efforts to give positive pleasure. We came to regard the war as a fixed fact, our separation from home complete. Day after day we had heard the silver cords of the dear old Union parting, and thought sorrowfully of the deeds of our fathers; of their toil and sufferings, their hopes and prayers, while laying the foundation of their glorious work.

We thought again of the blessed fruits of that Union; of the peace, prosperity, and happiness which had flowed in like a river, until tyrants grew pale before the majesty of the infant nation, ready to match its strength with giants of the Old World. We thought, too, of the comrades who had stood side by side in the Senate-Chamber and on the battle-field while that nation was walking from glory to glory—parted now, and grown to mortal foes; and more sorrowfully still we thought of brothers of the same parents and hearth-stone who had become more bitter in their enmity than the sons of strangers. Then the mocking shouts, already heard in the distance from loud-mouthed despots, grated in my ears, until I could have fallen on my knees in all humility, and begged our misguided brethren to return to our father's house.

Such thoughts were the result of calm, undisturbed reflection. But let the antagonist have spoken again to assert the principle, or palliate the offense of those same erring men, and gentle thoughts would have taken wing in a moment; we would have reasserted "No truce with traitors; no concession nor compromise; no oil on the bitter waters of strife; justice is inflexible, and demands the uttermost farthing."

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE come now to the saddest leaf of my record. After lingering over trifling incidents to keep the great event as far away as possible, it must be met here again in imagination as it had to be met first in terrible reality. Months and years of heartaching have not deadened the pang. I have learned to think of other loved and lost ones with a sort of pensive pleasure; but Robert's memory is forever watered with tears. Never until death closes the gates of life behind me also shall I cease to lament thee, O my brother!

Brief as the final struggle of his existence will be my record of his closing life. It is too painful to linger over. I thought him better, at least no worse, and so wrote to Kittie on the very morning of his death. Familiarity with his gentle, invalid ways, with his habitual cough, sometimes better, sometimes worse, with his patient weakness and weariness, made me insensible to the ever-present danger. Moreover, from the first I had fully believed the change of climate would effect an ultimate cure. That he knew better, and saw the event not far distant, I know now from the testimony of his own words, the last he penned:

—"The time is at hand when I shall have to claim the fulfillment of your promise. I have not a single doubt of your fidelity to the sacred trust imposed on you—not one. I only fear lest, in these uncertain times, your life may be cut off untimely. I have nothing to repeat, nothing further to add. Do not try to come to me. Death has no terrors, and but one pang. O God, how bitter! Poor Margy! I can not tell her, nor would it avail to lighten the stroke. You can say when it is all over, how much more I have suffered for her than for myself. My dear Colonel, what should I have done without you? I thank Heaven hourly for giving me such a friend. Your two letters are sealed carefully, and marked—*to be returned*. Take my dying love and blessing."

Little did I think when placing the writing materials before him what he was about to write, or that the precious words would ever be returned to me, to be read, wept over, and preserved among my dearest treasures.

We had spoken the day previous of going with the Major to fish for sheep-head in the Hillsboro. He came for us; Robert complained of dullness and indisposition to make the effort. The Major did not urge him, but promised a splendid fry for dinner.

After he was gone Robert lay upon the sofa and slept until noon; awoke with a sense of chilliness, although it was June in a tropical climate. I wrapped him in blankets, and sent for a physician without feeling much alarm. When he came, he was sleeping again very heavily. He examined his pulse, felt of his limbs, and inquired if he had slept as usual the preceding night. I thought so. He ordered warm balm tea to promote perspiration, and said he would call again in the evening. It would be better not to disturb him.

Dinner was sent up. I waited for him, and sat hour after hour thinking how much he would be refreshed by such quiet sleep. Not a shadow flitted over his features; he slept without a murmur, as though mind and body were alike steeped in repose, until almost nightfall, when his eyes unclosed and fastened upon me inquiringly. How bright they looked in their fixed, earnest gaze!

"What a nice long sleep you have had, Robert! Do you feel better for it?"

He would have spoken, but began to cough, and motioned for the bowl, at the same time putting his handkerchief to his lips. He could not conceal it this time. One scream brought half a dozen persons to the door. Robert's hand grasped mine convulsively, his head drooped on my shoulder, while the red tide was pouring fast from the seat of life.

"Don't touch him!" I exclaimed when they would have removed him—"don't touch him, unless you can save him!"

No mortal could do that. Long before the blood ceased to flow his eyes turned heavenward and his breath departed.

What followed I do not know. Who unclasped his hand from mine, took his head from my shoulder, or wiped his red lips, I never knew. Some one did it tenderly, I have no doubt, and removed my own blood-stained dress, and laid me upon the bed where I found myself with returning consciousness.

I had forgotten nothing. The last thread memory dropped was the first one she picked up. I thought I had only fainted for a few minutes.

"Take me to my brother again. I feel better now."

"Are you strong enough?" asked kind Mrs. Thomson. "I am afraid you are not."

I was resolute; and leaning on her arm reached the door of Robert's room. It was dark and silent. She opened the shutters. The bed had been removed, but a low couch stood in its place: upon it lay my brother, dressed neatly in black. I was bewildered.

"Is not this Thursday?" I inquired.

"Saturday," she replied. "You have been ill, Miss Miller."

I was ill again, and would have fainted but for Mrs. Thomson's next words.

"They wished to bury your brother this morning, but neither the Major nor your friend would allow it."

"Bury my brother!" I exclaimed. "Oh, Mrs. Thomson! I am going to take Robert home."

In an agony of grief I threw myself upon the couch, pressed my cheek to his, and said:

"They shall not bury you, Robert, my poor brother! I will never leave you here alone, never! We will go home together to Aunt Hannah."

I heard smothered sobs. Some one raised me gently but firmly from the couch and carried me back to my own room. My eyes were closed; I saw nothing, heard nothing, until Mrs. Thomson came and sat down by me again, took my hand, and said:

"Don't fret any more, dear Miss Margy! They shall not bury him."

With this assurance I must have slept.

The next morning the sun shone brightly into my chamber. If it had been shining for the last three days I had not seen it. I tried to think and weave some plans; but my thoughts would go no further than "Robert is dead!"

Little Jimmy, "Grinning Jimmy," as Miss Kittie used to call him, brought up a bouquet with my breakfast, and waited for me to notice it.

"It is pretty, Jimmy, but I don't care for flowers any more."

"Mars'r Robert liked dem dar sort, Miss. Poor Mars'r Robert!"

Jimmy had been my brother's waiter ever since our arrival, and had learned all his little likes and dislikes, even to his favorite flowers. I looked up, and saw the boy's eyes fixed sorrowfully upon me. His mouth was wide open, and he began to sing, with that plaintive inflection no Saxon tongue has ever caught,

"Dar'll be no more sorrow dar!
Dar'll be no more sorrow dar!
In Heben above, whar all is love,
Dar'll be no more sorrow dar!"

Burning drops were on my cheeks.

"Don't cry, Miss, don't! Mars'r Robert's done gone to dat dar 'appy Land."

"I don't see it, Jimmy! It is out of sight."

"On'y one Jurdin riber to cross, den we find 'em sure, Miss."

The fountain of tears was opened. I took the flowers and went into Robert's room by myself. Some one had opened the shutters, and let in the sweet morning air and sunshine. There he lay, wearing the same smile still, the very semblance of life. Kneeling down beside him, I put the flowers in his hand, kissed his pale forehead and lips, and struggled to be calm. But the barriers were broken; the tide would gush forth.

"Oh, Robert! are you really smiling upon me? Tell me where you are now! Do you know I am all alone in the world since you left me? All gone; father, mother, George, Willie, and little Dobby. I can not live alone! Robert, come back for me!"

The piazza door suddenly unlocked, and some one entered the room. I could not be mistaken in that tall, manly figure.

"Colonel Hamilton!"

He came near, put his hand upon my head, and was silent. I heard him weep.

"Colonel Hamilton, see what death has done!"

"Miss Margy, let me try to comfort you. It breaks my heart to hear you go on so. I promised Robert to be both father and brother to you; and I promise you now, here in his presence, that you shall never want a friend while I live."

I tried to thank him.

"Have you just arrived?"

"I have been here two days. Your brother's letter reached me Wednesday morning. I set out without an hour's delay, and arrived Friday evening—too late."

"Did Robert send for you?"

"No, Miss Margy, but I wished to be with him at the last. Thank God, he needed no one but you!"

He took a letter from his pocket, quietly unfolded it, and read a portion of what I have before quoted:

"Do not try to come to me. Death has no terrors, and but one pang. O God, how bitter! Poor Margy! I can not tell her. When it is over, you can say how much more I suffered for her than for myself."

He read no more, and was returning it to the envelope.

"Would you part with that, Colonel Hamilton? I have no letters of Robert's, except a few written while he was in college. We were almost always together."

"You shall certainly have it if you wish," he replied. "Much as I prize it, your claim is before mine."

"I have no claim, Sir. I am willing to owe it to your generosity."

"Margy, have you eaten any breakfast?"

"I can not eat."

"I will ask Mrs. Thomson to send you a fresh piece of toast, and a cup of coffee. When you have taken it, I wish to speak to you again of your brother."

He led me to the door of my room, and said: "I will come for you in half an hour." Mrs. Thomson came herself with the second tray of food.

"I know just how thin you like your toast, and have browned and buttered it myself. It is nice, honey, and you will eat it when I have taken so much pains."

"I will try."

I ate it all, choking with every mouthful.

"You'll be better now," she said. You've took nothing but drink for three days. Mr. Thomson shall shoot a bird for you to-morrow. I want to comb your hair now, and dress you myself. Your hair is in a dreadful snarl."

I submitted as before.

"Do you care which of these dresses you put on?"

"No."

"The bombazine has crape folds. 'Tis the most suitable; and here's a collar and undersleeves to match. I hear the Colonel in the other room again. You'll soon be ready."

A light rap at the door was answered by Mrs. Thomson.

"Has she eaten?"

"Like a lamb."

"Thank you. Your husband has perfected every other arrangement. I must speak with Miss Miller now."

"Come, Margy," he said, taking my hand and leading me back into my brother's room. "I have to tell you now of some of the things Robert wished. In the first place, to be buried in a metallic coffin, which fortunately has been procured."

"I am not going to have him buried here, Sir. I will take him home!"

"How can you?"

"By way of Key West."

"It may be months, or even years, before we have another steamer. The blockade is effected."

"I will go across the country, then."

"It is utterly impossible. Listen to me, Miss Margy. If you wish to go home, I will procure you a passport and take you to the line myself. When, as soon as the war-clouds break away, if I am still living, I will bring you your brother. I promise you this, on my honor as a man."

"I can not go away and leave him here, Colonel Hamilton."

"I have another proposition to make, one which Robert liked better on account of your health. Simply that you should remain in Florida until the close of the war. He made arrangements which I will communicate to you to-morrow. I must now speak of the burial, which will have to take place to-day. Have you ever visited the cemetery?"

"I can not have him buried here; it will kill me! Oh, if it only would!"

"I rode out this morning early, and selected the spot I liked best. Would you like to go and see it?"

"No, it don't matter."

"True, it doesn't matter much. Who would you like to have read the service?"

"Not that minister who abuses the North so. He should be buried without a prayer sooner."

"Very well! I do not like him either. But there is Dr. Branch, who is a Northerner and a good man too. He has been a preacher. I will send for him to do it. Now, Margy, go and rest. I will come for you again in an hour."

"Colonel Hamilton, do you say Robert is to be buried in an hour, and ask me to go away and rest? Can you be so cruel as not to leave him to me one day longer?"

"I would gladly grant all you ask, but it is impossible."

His decision alarmed me.

"I *must* stay here with him this morning, Colonel Hamilton! Go and leave me alone. You don't know what it is to be so utterly bereft."

"My poor child! I pity you."

"You can not help me. Leave me, and I will try to do what is right. Don't think me ungrateful."

He went away. I heard him pacing up and down the piazza a long time, while I sat trying to reduce my broken thoughts to order. "Is it true," I asked, "I can not take him home?" Reason replied, "It is true. He must be laid here for a time, then his precious dust may be removed to mingle with kindred dust. It is you who should see it done, not a stranger."

I was gazing at Robert all the time. What wonder if my excited imagination for the moment believed it was he who counseled me to rise superior to weakness, or that I should have responded,

"For your sake, Robert, God helping me, I will do it!"

Kneeling down beside him, and clasping both his cold hands in mine, I prayed, as I had never prayed before, that Heaven would hear and help me in my weakness. What bitter, bitter cries burst forth in my anguish! What groans, and sobbings, and tears, until other sobs mingled with mine; other forms were kneeling around me. Then above all arose a clear, calm voice, entreating peace and consolation for the stranger's heart broken in their midst.

When the voice ceased some one led me away. Mrs. Thomson brought bonnet and mantle and tied them on. Her husband came and said he would walk with the bearers, Colonel Hamilton would take us. The citizens, two and two, walked before the coffin, the bearers beside it. A solitary carriage followed, until it came to a clump of cedars, and an open grave in one corner of the rural cemetery. There they left my poor brother.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NEW NIGGER SONG, UNPOPULAR WITH SCHOOL-BOYS.—"The happy land of *Canaan*."

KEEPING SILENCE.—The females of some of the Indian tribes, in order to keep silence, fill their mouths with water. Our women fill theirs with tea, and gossip more than ever.

What an insect is man! Even royalty itself is infinitely small. In fact, to borrow the announcement of Mr. Fechter, "The King's but a fly."

We hear a great deal about young ladies' accomplishments. Bless their little filagree hearts! before they marry they ought to perform quarantine in cotton, and serve seven years to pies and puddings.

What color, Sir, should be a horse
That's yours, and yours alone?
D've give it up? Why, Sir, of course,
That horse must be *your roan*.

TOO HAPPY.—A newly-married man says if he had an inch more of happiness he could not possibly live. His wife is obliged to roll him on the floor and pat him with a shingle every day to keep him from being too happy. "Wait till he has been married a year," comments our Fiend, "and he will probably feel like patting his wife with the shingle, and that not lovingly."

SPORTING FASHION.—*Dangerous Style of Tie for a Fox-hunter.*—A Fall for the Neck.

What is the most sensational Periodical of the day?—The Powder Magazine.

A merchant running out from his counting-house to get his lunch, was impeded in his progress by a poor man with a wheel-barrow. In his excitement, the merchant told the man to go with his wheel-barrow to—no matter where. Pat looked round, and curtly replied, "Maybe, your Honor, we should be more in your Honor's way there than here."

When you see a dwarf, you may take it for granted that his parents never made much of him.

Phrenologists place the bump of invention upon the skull; but a nose three inches long is a great projector.

The oyster is indeed a queer fish. We have long heard of the oyster in love, but it is for the last few weeks and the Berlin papers to teach us that there is such a thing as the oyster on the Spree. But a fact it is that the delicious bivalve is to be found in that Prussian stream!

A FOUL JOKE.—Why is Harry like the place where chickens roost?—Because he's a Hen-nery.

THE NEATEST THING IN CRINOLINES.—A lady's foot.

"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman the other day to a negro waiter at a hotel; "h' *ar* in the world did you get so black?" "Why, look a h' ere, massa, the reason am—de day dis chile was born dere was an eclipse."

"My son," said Spriggles senior to Spriggles junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the hen species, "my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they?" said Spriggles, "I thought eggs came out of chickens." Thus ended the first lesson.

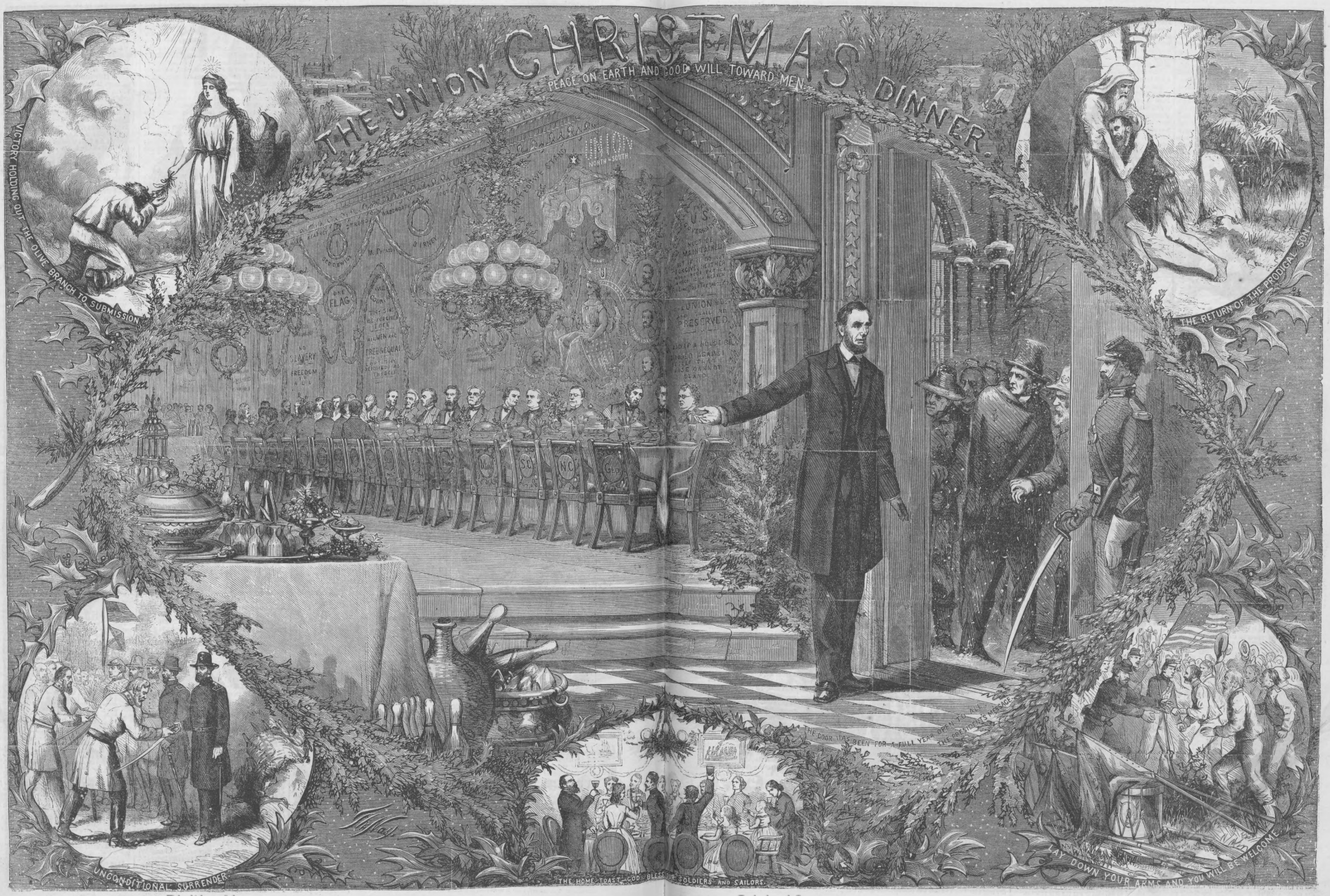
How exhilarating it is to be suddenly lodged in a prison cell for the night, and released the following morning with the comforting reply to your inquiry, "You are the wrong man."

Why is slavery like an over-boiled egg?—Because its *yoke* is hard.

In an action, lately, Mr. James said it was a lamentable thing to see "two tailors in the same suit."

How a couple of infant statues out of a log, if you would have a representation of "the babes in the wood."

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THE CHRISTMAS SOLO.

THE Christmas of 1863 is so fresh in the memory of all who may read this little narrative that some of them will at once recall the incidents which, under the slight veil of a change of names of persons and places, I shall now relate.

In the rural districts of this country, the Christmas holiday is not generally as much observed as in the city; but our little village of Ralford numbered among its inhabitants so many city people that it retained many metropolitan customs, and one of these was the celebration of Christmas with a degree of fervor which could hardly be surpassed even in a Roman Catholic town of Italy.

Our choir, as is the custom in most Episcopal churches in country-places, depended chiefly for its vitality upon the assistance of ladies. A lady—Miss Snow by name—Ella Snow, if I remember aright—played the little organ, and another lady—Matilda Ann Wragg—acted as choir leader and first soprano. This Matilda Ann Wragg was a daughter of Rev. Amos Wragg, who had been rector of the parish ever so long ago. He had been superannuated some fifteen years since, and his only child, Matilda Ann, lived with him in his old house near the church, another parsonage having been built for the new incumbent, Mr. Watkins.

Matilda Ann Wragg had never been married; and as she had long since passed the bloom of youth she was necessarily an old maid. I must say, too, that she was very much like the typical old maids who are caricatured in ill-natured valentines; for she was tall, and gaunt, and skinny, and had fishy-gray eyes and a sharp nose inclining to red. She had, moreover, a very glib tongue, with the use of which she was well acquainted, while I am afraid that she knew perfectly well how to quarrel with any body who came in her way. I well remember once applying to this lady a verse of Scripture, slightly altered to suit the occasion: "Who hath babbling? who hath contention? who hath redness of nose?" To which the reply naturally enough was, "Miss Matilda Ann Wragg."

In the choir Miss Wragg was complete despot. Not even the new minister, a weak, pale little man, fresh from a theological seminary, presumed to question her taste or judgment; and I verily believe he lived in mortal dread lest she should suddenly pounce upon him like a jaguar and marry him against his will. Any way, he was very docile, and always referred all musical matters to the lady in question.

Miss Wragg, I should think, had been in years long gone by a fair singer; but now her voice had assumed a sharp, cutting tone that seemed to harmonize, however unpleasant the combination might have been, with her vinegar-like aspect. She was very fond of high tunes, and was never satisfied unless she had at least two F's and one G above the staff in each Sunday service. She was telling enough on these high notes, but her middle register was so weak as to be almost inaudible. She never missed a Sunday at church, was very exemplary and devout in her deportment, and when she kneeled during prayers spread her skirts so that she took up nearly the whole organ-loft, leaving the other members of the choir pinned up against the margin, with scarcely room enough to breathe or cough; a sneeze would certainly have been out of the question.

Last Christmas our little church of St. Epaphroditus (see Philippians iv. 23) made unusual preparations for the celebration of the Blessed Day. The choir had procured a new anthem from New York—it was that in E flat major, by Popkins, Op. 127½—and a High Church clergyman of Hoboken had sent a *Te Deum*, composed by himself, which contained an elaborate solo for Miss Wragg. Besides all this our little rector, Mr. Watkins, had written a Christmas Carol, which the Sunday-school scholars were to sing in chorus to a tune something between a march and a bacchanalian song, after the fashion so much in vogue nowadays. The words were as follows:

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

On this glorious Christmas morn
Loud we chant a holy lay,
For our Saviour Christ was born
On this happy Christmas-day.
In the manger,
Heavenly stranger,
Thou wast born
This blessèd day.

While the shepherds on the plain
Watched for fear their flocks would stray,
Angels sang the glorious strain,
"Jesus Christ is born to-day."
In the manger,
Heavenly stranger,
Wast thou born
This blessèd day.

Soon the Wise Men from afar
Journeyed on their weary way,
Guided by a radiant star,
To the place where Jesus lay—
To the manger,
Where the stranger,
Where the infant
Jesus lay.

Men and angels thus adore
Him, to whom we sing and pray;
And to Him should we the more
Ceaseless love and homage pay.
To the stranger
In the manger,
Who was born
On Christmas-day.

The choir at rehearsal were very cool to Miss Wragg. There had, indeed, existed for some time, smouldering under the ashes of habitual and conventional respect, a genuine disaffection against her sway; and of late her voice had so palpably deteriorated that this dissatisfaction was but natural. Her solo in the *Te Deum* was painful to listen to. Sharp, shaky, and uncertain, her thin, querulous voice, sadly out of tune, grated upon the ears of the most unmusical; but she was firm in her determination to sing, and directed the rehearsals with more than her usual abrupt acerbity. Perhaps she was dimly aware that she was not listened to with pleasure, and that her powers were failing.

The members of the choir finally decided that she must be got rid of. But who was to bell the cat? Miss Ella Snow, as the organist and as one entitled to have some little authority, was at last persuaded to suggest, in a most humble way:

"Miss Wragg, don't you think it would be better for Miss Johnson or the tenor to take the solo?"

Miss Wragg darted a sudden suspicious glance around the choir, and the guilty singers—for they were all in the conspiracy—shrank up closer to the margin of the organ-loft, as if expecting a biting reply or an abrupt dissent; but they were almost touched to note that the next moment the features of the soprano assumed an expression of real pain as she timidly answered:

"It's written for the soprano, Miss Snow. I think I had better try it."

The basso here blurted out that Miss Wragg ought to let Miss Johnson sing it, for she at least knew how to sing in tune. It was an uncivil remark; but the other members of the choir were emboldened by it, and the tenor himself said, rather more gallantly, it is true, that while Miss Wragg was suffering with her severe cold perhaps it would be better, after all, for Miss Johnson to take the solo—if, indeed, he casually added, it were not better to let the tenor sing it.

Now Miss Wragg had no cold at all. She knew it, and she knew that all the choir knew it too. She said, in a tone decisive, to be sure, yet mild enough for her:

"I think, ladies and gentlemen, that *I* will take the solo this time." And she added, in an absent, melancholy way: "This time at least—this time."

No reply was made, and the rehearsal closed in a moody, sullen manner enough to all concerned. The singers, instead of going home, however, went to the rector's house, and officially informed that perturbed clergyman that if Miss Wragg was to sing in that choir on Christmas-day she must sing alone. Miss Johnson corroborated this view of the case, and even the gentle Ella Snow declared that she would not play the organ any longer for Matilda Ann Wragg, even if she was poor old Parson Wragg's daughter.

Poor Mr. Watkins was frightened nearly out of his wits; but he was spurred on by his choir, by his desire to have good music on Christmas-day, and by a vague sense of relief which even the mere prospect of Miss Wragg's downfall afforded him. Yet, after all, she was a good and useful lady. He knew better than any other that under that sharp acerbity of manner, under that unprepossessing exterior, there lay a moral strength which kept alive some of the most useful charities of his parish. He knew that when an utterly unpleasant, dirty, shabby, poor family were in distress and poverty, Matilda Ann Wragg was the first to visit them; and he could not forget that only the last week, when he opened the door of poor old Dame Watson's little house by the river, he noticed that the room was neatly swept up, a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, a bowl of chicken soup was warming beside it, and a gentle voice was reading these words of David:

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."

"My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.

He had to look at the reader before he would have recognized Matilda Ann Wragg in that voice.

So Mr. Watkins was disposed to deprecate any action on the part of his choir; but then he remembered that one of his old professors from the Theological Seminary—a man, too, of musical taste—was to spend Christmas with him; and what would this Mr. Grundy think of the high G of Miss Wragg? It was too much; and reluctantly he consented to write a note to the lady, courteously but decidedly telling her that the interests of his parish would be subserved by her kind withdrawal for the present from the choir. Of course there were thanks for past services, in which the members of his congregation, he knew, heartily joined, etc., etc.

Poor Miss Wragg! When she had said in the choir that she would like to sing "only this time" there was a meaning in the phrase which none but herself knew, and a further significance which not even she dreamed of. But even this last song was denied her. She had, however, too much personal dignity, as well as too great a respect for the pastoral office, to venture to revisit the choir after the rector's note. For the first time for many evenings there was no light twinkling through the windows of the little front-parlor of old Parson Wragg's house, and the antique, many-legged piano-forte was as silent as the quavering voice of the ex-soprano. But had you looked in the little back-room where Parson Wragg lay bedridden, you might have seen the attenuated form of the disappointed old maid bending against the table with her face buried in her hands.

It was Christmas-eve, and busy youths and maidens were at work trimming the church with greens. The choir was practicing away at a great rate in the organ-loft, the clear soprano of Jane Johnson reaching the high G squarely and tunefully. Yet there was trouble somewhere; for the little band of singers had been so used to the systematic, if despotic, management of Miss Wragg that liberty had degenerated into anarchy, and more than half the rehearsal-time was spent in arguing little points which the ex-soprano would have decided by a word. They also felt a vague distrust of themselves and of their recent actions, as if, after all, they had been rather severe on the fallen potentate whom they did not name at all, but thought of inwardly as "that poor Matilda Ann Wragg."

Suddenly there was a movement of surprise in the body of the church. The young men dropped their festoons of ivy and the girls their wreaths of evergreen; and listening, the choir heard the exclamation, repeated by several voices,

"Drowned!"

"Drowned just below the milldam. They saw the body near the shore, and Roberts, the miller, secured it."

Who was it? whispered the members of the choir to each other in alarm. But as they whispered they each seemed to feel that it was the late soprano.

"She had been to Widow Watson's with a basket of victuals," continued the relator of the news in the body of the church, "and Mr. Walters from Smith's Corners saw it all. He says she was walking slowly along the bank, toward dusk, singing. The wind was blowing toward him, and he could hear the words. He says they were from the *Te Deum:* "When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin."

Each member of the listening choir felt a sudden thrill of pain. These were the words of the soprano solo.

"She walked on," said the man, "to near the highest part of the bank, just above the bridge, when her foot slipped and she fell over the ledge. Walters says she gave a scream and tried to save herself by clinging to the edge as she fell, but there was nothing to grasp hold of, and soon she was out of sight. The current swept her away, and when Walters and Roberts saw her floating down by the mill it was too late."

The appalled group at the church after this intelligence put up the greens quickly, though sadly, and there was no more rehearsing by the choir. An event so unusual was startling enough to the people of a quiet country village.

Christmas of last year came on a Friday, and on the Sunday following the funeral of Miss Wragg took place in the little church. Many came who had never been there before. The High Church minister from Hoboken was there; but besides him there were many poor people from the factory town near Ralford, and they all had a kind regretful word and a parting tear for "the parson's daughter," who, cross as she looked, was always so ready to come to them when they were sick or in misery; and the people of the village, where she had lived so long unappreciated, began to doubt whether they had ever really known the old maid. Had they not entertained an angel unawares?

The members of the choir agreed among themselves to take care of the dead lady's peculiar charge, the old Widow Watson; and Jane Johnson and Ella Snow went to see the poor old creature the very night of the funeral. She was garrulous enough in her sorrow: and, not knowing how the unconscious rebuke entered the souls of her hearers, she told them how Miss Wragg had talked to her about the choir; and how she had said she now knew that her voice was harsh and thin; and how she had meant to give way to younger and better singers, but wanted to sing *so much* on that Christmas-day, for she said it was twenty years that very Christmas since—; and then she burst into tears.

Old Mrs. Watson further said that, after a few moments, Miss Wragg took from her bosom a locket and showed to her a portrait. "I knowed who it was," added the talkative old woman—"it was the young clergyman of Ralford—a helper to Parson Wragg—who was drowned at New York twenty years ago or more. But I never supposed before that he was any thing to Matilda Ann—I *never* would have guessed it for a moment. Well, well, after all, I knowed her better than any of you."

Do we *really* know *any* of those whom we meet day by day? Or are there others near us now, under whose outward mannerisms lie hidden the love, the sorrow, the tragedy, the "beauty of holiness" which made our poor soprano one of those who will be His in the day when He shall make up His jewels?

MRS. BUSWELL'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

THE happy mother of three sons three years ago, All given to their country. For when the boys came in to her, all on fire with the spirit that was breathed in from the very atmosphere of those days, she too was on fire, and would have helped them strap on their knapsacks had she been needed at the work. As it was, she knit their socks and marked their Bibles, and sent them off, stout-hearted, with a dry eye.

The eye was not so dry one summer day not long after, the day of M'Dowell's Bull Run—two of the boys never rose from that battle-field. Still she was a proud mother; she had given her best, her uttermost, all to preserve this cherished name of country. It went far to console her.

And there was Frank left. What a boy he was now, to be sure! How ardent, how heroic, how tender, how compassionate! What an eye he had, clear-gray and black-lashed, looking straight through you! What a brow! Such a noble, broad bend as the brown hair took across it! There was something in just that one lock of bright hair and the innocent, childlike way of its falling that must appeal to every woman's heart; it had long ago to Nelly Sanderson's—that, or something else, or all together. And the good it did you to hear his laugh—his laugh that seemed to carry its racy warmth through your very heart as you listened. A handsome, cheery boy; brave as beautiful, good as brave. Blessed are the pure in heart! And so Mrs. Buswell's thoughts kept running. That Frank would be spared to her seemed to her mind as certain as that Christmas-day would come. Frank was to be with her on Christmas-day—that was all arranged; then he was to tell her about Will and Jack—their last words, their last deeds, their last looks—the two boys whom she had watched from childhood into manhood, and who in these three years had grown back again to be as tender memories as the babies lost long before, when she herself was young.

Then, all told, Nelly Sanderson would come in and sit beside him, and look across to her for admiring sympathy in every thing he said and every thing he did; and perhaps—who knew?—Frank had promise of promotion—before he went back to the cruel war again, he would leave Nelly with her to stay forever her own daughter; for Frank and Nelly had their private understanding, into which, though she knew about it, she had never obtruded herself.

How eagerly Mrs. Buswell set her house in order now that Frank at last was coming! In order it always was; she had to displace every thing that she might put all to rights afresh, and satisfy herself. The britannia shone, the china sparkled, and the linen was like a smooth snow-drift. And such pies as there were in the pantry; puffs and patties, jelly-tarts, each one a picture in crimson and snow; a great brawn; the cold ducks brown from the spit and, down cellar, to-morrow's great turkey fairly asking to be basted! Mrs. Buswell smoothed down her apron in complacency, and betook herself to his bedroom. Every thing there so white and sweet; the bed a refreshment to tired limbs to look at—very like he couldn't sleep in it, he'd gotten himself so accustomed to hardship; the toilet-covers dazzling; the prayer-book open at the Thanksgiving service; and the flowers that Nelly Sanderson had brought in—a cluster of red-hearted roses—all blooming in the white vase, for the room was just warmed from the next one. Mrs. Buswell went and hid her face in the pillow where her boy's head would lie that night. Perhaps she was ashamed that even the empty room and the walls—bare save for the slips of engravings the boy had pinned up there from the weeklies—ashamed that they should see the smile that kept growing broader and broader upon it, till, from sheer happiness, it was nothing but a smothered laugh. Yet, when she raised her head the place was wet, after all, with tears.

It was well for Mrs. Buswell that in that happy moment she touched the fountain of tears; perhaps it saved poor heart and brain much racking. She had need of all her tears when, at some noise in the other room, she went in and found the rector there awaiting her. It gave a single plunge, and then her heart became like a stone in her body at once. She knew what his entrance in that way meant even before he turned his sad, quiet face, accustomed to such errands, upon her. For a moment every thing grew black and swam before her; she staggered to a seat. "Oh, Sir!" she dryly sobbed, with her hands outstretched, "you needn't tell me. I know it now. My boy's with his brothers!"

That was indeed what the rector had come to tell her. Of all his company going gayly into the engagement but ten had come out alive, and he was not among them. And since no words were there which would avail for consolation, the minister of Heaven knelt beside her and offered up his own heart, and tried to lift hers with it in prayer. But Mrs. Buswell's heart was too heavy to be dragged from its depths. Frank was to have been here to-night, sitting where she sat at this moment, and now the place was empty, empty as a grave. Oh, but his grave was full, full and heaped, in that black place his dear white suffering face—the little baby once that had slept on her bosom—and far away from those two other graves—gone, lost! Oh, all her blossoms fallen, and the thorny old stem left! And Mrs. Buswell broke into a storm of sobs and tears, till, in the midst of them all, she remembered Nelly, the orphan Nelly, her dead boy's sweet-heart. "He was all she had," said Mrs. Buswell. "Oh! he was all I had, too!"

So Nelly was sent for, and, all unsuspiciously and happily, full of rosiest expectation and pleasure, came over. Once every moment had brought with it a fear, but now had not Providence itself hushed idle apprehension in sending them Frank's own promise that he would be with them on Christmas-day?

Mrs. Buswell, feeling the work before her, had tried to dry her face and to compose herself for a brief while. She called Nelly in a trembling voice from Frank's room. And without knowing why, Nelly trembled in unison. Then, as gently as speech could do it, the mother essayed to break the matter to her, till, hurriedly, finding it beyond her own strength, she flung her arms about her and begged the girl to comfort her, for she should never see Frank any more. And far from comforting her, as she hung upon her there, under the potency of that terrible word never, the girl seemed slowly growing into a petrifaction herself, and though Mrs. Buswell helped her to the bed, and rubbed her face and her hands with a will, she uttered neither word nor groan, only looked at her with wide-open woeful eyes. And Mrs. Buswell endeavored to repeat to her all that the good rector had said to herself, for though at the moment she had seemed to pay it no heed, it had printed itself deep into her heart as a picture might be stamped upon a plate left in the camera uncovered by its black face-cloth. And when it appeared to be of no use, then Mrs. Buswell gave way to her own grief again, and it seemed to her roused and terrified apprehension that now she would lose Nelly also. "Oh, that was because I was so ungrateful and said I had nothing left!" wept she.

"You need not fret about me, Mrs. Buswell," said Nelly at last, feebly and brokenly. "I shall do better soon. I am content God should have him; he lent him to us a long while. All the bitterness was when he went. I gave him up then. Only it seems—now that it is all confirmed—to take the life out of me, to take my life with it. Besides, you know we thought we were expecting him."

"I *did* expect him!" sobbed Mrs. Buswell. "He was going to tell me all about my Will and Jack. And now I never shall know. And I never shall know about him either, how it was, or when. Oh! with his head in the black earth, the dear curly head that many a night after his father died lay here and nestled in my neck! And there's his stocking, the one that Nelly knit, I hung it up that he might see it and laugh when he first opened the door, with its turnover in it, and its bunch of raisins, and its penknife and all. Oh! how can I ever take it down? Oh! the Christmases we used to have, with the little white night-gowns and the bare feet pattering about the floor at daybreak. Oh, they're all gone!—I thought we'd have them over again in Frank's children. But now—" And lying down beside Nelly, and drawing some clothes up over them, Mrs. Buswell lay sighing and complaining, weeping and praying by turns, till from the exhaustion occasioned by her grief she slept, and Nelly, to whom, in an alarm at the great wide-open eyes, she had first administered an opiate, at last slept too.

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Perhaps there is nothing in the world like that first awakening after any sudden sorrow. One has the whole blow over again, and that at an instant before the faculties are fully equal to the shock. Nelly did not wake. Mrs. Buswell sat up shivering on the outside of the bed, piled some blankets over her yet unconscious companion, slipped off and away to kindle the fire and be where again she might know the wild abandonment to tears and cries without disturbing any soul to be her witness, for with time comes reserve. But by-and-by, when, feeling as if such vehement misery were wrong, she bestirred herself once more about the place, every thing seemed made to stab her. All the gathered goods in her pantry cruelly smote the good housewife's soul; there would be plenty of Christmas-beggars though before noon to divide it with; she could send her turkey, too, to some mother whose son *had* come home, some mother whom Heaven had not stripped of every thing, and her heart grew hard and angry. She took her lonesome cup of tea —for Nelly still slept as she had lain down in her clothes on the outside of the bed—and she made it bitter with her tears. Then with the ineffaceable instinct of her kind, she swept and scoured all bright and clean again, as if it were necessary for her to contrast every outside brilliancy with the darkness of her spirit within. There still hung the stocking from the mantle-shelf, filled, as she had said, with all the reminiscences of his boyhood, filled too with dainty nicknacks of Nelly's needle-work, such things as are never vouchsafed to any one's boyhood; what a happy scene of laughing and caressing she had pictured to herself when he should have taken it down and be emptying its contents on his awkward knees. Now those dead hands would never lighten it; she had not the heart to take it down herself. Walking to and fro, she went to the window, perhaps attracted by the whistle of the express-train rattling over the bridge; all was such clear crystalline weather outside, from such a throne of azure the sun was scattering his golden shafts, such fine and dazzling crust of snow, such white and driven drifts along the fields, all was so pure, so bright, so fresh, and in the midst the glad church bells began to ring out their burden of blessing and rejoicing. Mrs. Buswell turned away and went again into the inner room; and there, as the prayer-book caught her glance, still open as on yesterday, something bent her knee and her spirit, and she kneeled, repeating the words before her till unable to see them for the fast-falling showers of warm tears anew, she found it in her heart at last to thank God with words of her own that he had taken her darlings from the toils and trials of earth to Himself.

And as she still knelt there, her head bowed upon the page, she heard the outer door open and shut with a quick slam. She paid it no attention. Then the handle of the inner door turned, and there came a foot upon the floor. It was some neighbor to see if she wanted a good turn, she said vaguely to herself—but in a moment, as the foot crossed and drew nearer—*that* a neighbor's step? Never! What had happened? Was the earth quaking and shaking and rolling away from under her feet! Had the heavens fallen, and had she caught Frank again, or was it he, the great brown fellow, the stalwart bearded hero of a hundred fights, who had caught her and tossed her in his arms and kissed her face all over from crown to cap-sheaf as if she were the child and not he? And Mrs. Buswell, all herself again, returned the saucy intruder a round box on the ear for the daring deed, and then kissed the place twenty times to pay for it, so soon as it came her turn for kissing; and as suddenly, to make the round of her alternations complete, burst into tears, such different tears from all the rest she had shed, and wiped them away with his neckerchief. Then something told Frank that mother and son were not alone in the room; he looked anxiously, uncertainly about; and, under the blankets piled above her, Nelly stirred, moaning gently in her sleep. In a breath he was beside her. "Softly! softly!" said good Mrs. Buswell, "don't let her be shocked; besides, she had an opiate, and she'll be ill." But in the instant that Frank lingered there above her, his soul in his eyes, the moan ceased, as if his mere presence had charmed it away, the features grew quiet, then changed into calm smiling, and a long sigh of relief parted the lips while the eyelids fluttered and opened and the glance rested on him. Mrs. Buswell shoved him aside, round the corner of the wardrobe.

"Nelly," said she, "we've had a terrible nightmare, you and I. We dreamed Frank was killed, dear—that the minister said so. But, thank God! it was only a dream. Here, child, drink this Seltzer water. There! that's a good girl. Now, do you think you can bear it? Will you be quiet if I tell you something—if I tell you that—"

But Nelly was not listening to a word she said. She was sitting up, supported by one hand, and the dark eyes were peering round the corner of the wardrobe, and in a moment more she had sprung and was in Frank's arms.

I meant to have told you about Mrs. Buswell's Christmas. But somehow it has all turned into what happened the day before Mrs. Buswell's Christmas. As for the Christmas itself, it would have been like all the other Christmases of Christendom, if at every other hearth the grave had given up the dead to make its glory and its grace complete. Nelly and Frank must go to church; there was nothing for it but that. Mrs. Buswell must stay at home to cook such a dinner as never table groaned under in that house before; to get out the great copper and boil the plum-pudding in it—for without you tasted of plum-pudding and mince-pie on Christmas-day, farewell luck for all the year! to baste that turkey as if it had been a thank-offering. And then when Nelly came home she was to wash the celery, and Frank was to help her; and it took them more time to do it than it had taken Mrs. Buswell to dress the whole dinner, and to crack the beautifully-segmented oil-nuts into the bargain. And such baskets as she made ready for Frank and Nelly to take round to all the poor folk of their ken. And then in Mrs. Buswell's busy brain another plan took life and shape. Why, pray, should not all their pleasure be completed at once? Why should not joy come in an avalanche as well as a dribblet? Why should she not make sure of Nelly for her daughter now—orphan Nelly, who had no one but herself to consult in the matter? Why should not Frank know a brief bit of the comfort of married life and a home of his own before he returned to winter-quarters, and hard tack, and hard knocks again? Why would not Christmas-day do for a wedding-day? With all of which catechism, finding no satisfactory replies herself, she breathlessly assailed the two, from a burning face, on their return. And it seemed that the same idea had already been broached, and discussed, and pleaded by Frank; and before dinner was brought on he stepped out to secure the same minister who had given consolation to his mother yesterday to give a little to himself and Nelly this afternoon. A gay dinner the three made, with a wooden chair and a plate in it, brought in for tiny little Schwartz, who had gone through the war with Frank, to fill the fourth side of the table. And Frank took down his new stocking and emptied it on the table after dessert, every thing in it reminding him of some history in the past, and insisting, when all that was done, upon helping his mother and Nelly wash up the dishes, making infinitely more work than he gave assistance, keeping them all hanging, till the water was cold and had to be replenished, over the countless recitals he had to tell of breathless dangers, and of the last escape of all, when, being taken prisoner in the desperate engagement, he had broken jail, and, reporting himself, had come North on his promised furlough. And then, if they were not so gay, never was there a happier group than that which quietly sat about the fire, after the clergyman had come and gone, in the red, early sunset—the blissful mother beaming on her children, yet with a tender thought for all those sorrowful mothers whose dear ones came back no more, the young husband and wife side by side in the growing shadows. And the fire-light danced on the wall, and the stars came out in the clear, keen heavens, and God's blessing seemed to brood wide-winged over the whole earth on that happy Christmas night.

MY CHRISTMAS.

I'm a physician, and my name is Robert Jervis. Most of the fellows at the club call me Dr. Bob—probably because my hair is always short—bobbed off, you know.

I have a wife and four innocent children. Doctors always have children; they are not so much of a luxury to them as to serve other people. I call my children innocents, and so they are, though now and then they *do* play the very deuce with my medicines; but then that shows a commendable spirit of research and inquiry. Mrs. Jervis says it is mischief. When young Bob one day gave the cat a blue-pill, she went so far as to say that it was a piece of downright cruelty; but I assured her that it was only an experiment illustrating his inclination toward his father's profession, and that, for my part, I didn't care if he physicked all the cats in town if thereby he qualified himself for usefulness in the walks of medicine, which his father so adorned! I have noticed since then that we have no cats in our house; either my logic or Bob's experiment was successful.

There are some people in my line who never take time to enjoy a holiday. I'm not one of that sort. I believe Christmas, for instance, was meant for me as much as for other men, and I try always to enjoy it in a rational way. And that brings me to my story.

One year ago I had a memorable Christmas experience.. Rather, I had a memorable Christmas-eve. Sitting in my cozy parlor, with my wife at my elbow, chatting with her of the morrow, there came a sudden ring of the door-bell, sharp, quick, decisive. Who was sick now?

Biddy thrust in her head at the door:

"Mrs. Jones's little boy, Sir, says his sister's very sick, and you're wanted to come right over, Sir."

Who was Mrs. Jones? I had a tolerably large circle of acquaintance. I knew any quantity of Smiths, a host of Browns, but not a single Jones. And what if I did? Was I bound to leave my comfortable nest on Christmas-eve to serve a family I had never heard of—to administer rhubarb and ipecac to some youngster needing, more than any thing else, perhaps, to be let alone? There, right before me, hanging in a row, were four stockings representing four pairs of little feet now snugly ensconced under coverlet and blanket—stockings which wife and I had promised ourselves all sorts of amusement and satisfaction in filling in the name of Santa Claus. Must I abandon that pleasure, and plunge out into the driving snow, maybe on a fool's errand? Couldn't I have *one* night to myself?

"Please, Sir, the lad says his sister's *very* sick, and won't you come right away?"

It was Biddy's voice, and it roused me to the actual "situation." Perhaps my little girls would have a merrier Christmas, I thought to myself, if I answered this call of the little stranger.

I went.

It was a cold, dismal, barren place to which the thinly-clad, shivering boy led me. An old, rambling house, with broken windows, creaking doors, and cold and want every where. Nor was that the worst. In the one main room into which the whole family appeared to be crowded, a drunken, ragged wretch lay in a heavy sleep upon the floor, while over the little bed a pale, wan-faced woman leaned with despair in her eyes, three half-clothed children, with hunger in their faces, clutching her skirts, clamoring for bread. And on the little bed, moaning and gasping, lay a child with a sweet a face as ever angel wore—a child whose little life seemed nearly ended.

It was a pronounced case of scarlet-fever, the scourge of childhood. The disease seemed to have been running its course rapidly; a few hours must decide the fate of the sufferer. I was not slow in meeting the emergency, employing all my skill, feeling the time to be short. Meanwhile the mother cried and prayed by turns, the children crouching around her.

"God be merciful!" she said, again and again; sometimes adding, "Save her, doctor, save her!"

Then, after a while, winning her gradually from herself, she told me her story; how, once a happy household, intemperance in the husband and father had brought them to want and misery; how already one child had gone to Potter's Field because of hunger unsatisfied; how Tom, the oldest boy, was at sea, but was expected home every day.

"He wrote that he'd be here on Christmas, Sir, and that he'd bring his pockets full of presents for the children. They've all been dreaming about it ever since; and Mary—that's the name of the sick one, Sir, and she's his favorite—talks about him in her—"

"Why don't he come?" It was a weak voice that spoke, the sufferer was delirious again. "He promised me a doll, and I'm tired of waiting. *Won't* you tell him to hurry?" Then, a moment after, "Did you hear the angel, mother? It was a bright angel, and sang so very sweetly, 'Come with me, come with me, Mary!' I want to go, mother. But what will Tom say? He'll want to kiss me; and who'll take care of the doll?" For a moment all was still. Then we heard,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

I'm an old doctor, and I'm used to strange scenes, but *that* was too much for me. As for the mother, she fell right down in a paroxysm of grief, and all the shivering little ones cried as if their hearts would break. Only the drunken brute in the corner was unmoved.

"Oh, if Tom was only here," at last the mother moaned, "maybe he could do something for her!"

"Only God can help her now," I answered. What would the fellows at the club have thought if they had heard me say that? I, the hard-shell, impervious Dr. Bob! Presently I added,

"She has suffered for want of nourishment, Mrs. Jones, but that may prove a blessing in the end. It will leave the fever less to prey upon. But she is *very* sick, Mrs. Jones."

Just then a strong step was heard in the passage.

"It's Tom! it's Tom!"

It *was* Tom—a strong, noble, brown-faced boy, still on the sunny side of twenty, with a frank, open look, that won you in a moment.

"Mother!" "Tom!" and they were folded in a close embrace.

Then looking around—resting his glance for a second only on the sleeping sot—he seemed to comprehend at once all the misery of the hour and the place. At the sight of Mary's face, lying on the rumpled pillow, I saw him start, while the shadow of a great fear seemed to settle upon him.

"Have I come home to find death here before me?"

He turned to me imploringly.

"Death is every where," I answered; "but while there is life there is hope."

"And I had my trunk full of gifts for the darling!"

"Has Tom come? Why don't you hurry home, Tom? It is getting dark, and I want to kiss you before I go to sleep!"

Poor Tom! There was no welcome in the voice he longed to hear—no recognition—only weary complaint. Would she indeed go away into the dark, leaving no good-by behind for the brother come home from the seas?

The hours slipped on. Crouching down in a corner the children fell asleep. The mother, worn and exhausted, laid her head on Tom's broad shoulders and wept herself into unconsciousness. So, sitting silently, he and I watched beside the bed. At intervals the sick one murmured his name in her delirium; and I could hear him whispering to himself, "Spare—spare her, Lord!" So the night passed on.

Just as the dawn touched the roofs, standing over the little sufferer, I saw her eyes open with a calm, natural look, and presently heard the word,

"Mother?"

Thank God! She was safe. The crisis had passed. She would live.

"Tom is here," I said, bending my lips close to hers.

Oh the glad look that came into her eyes as, obedient to my call, he bowed his head over her pillow! From the very borders of the River of Death she had come back to greet the dear wanderer, sighing and praying for her return.

At the breakfast-table, on Christmas morning, I told the story of the night to my happy household. I think young Bob was astonished at seeing tears in my eyes; but I couldn't recite my narrative without feeling more tenderly than was my wont. Mrs. Dr. Bob cried like a booby; and, for that matter, so did all the rest. But very soon it was clear sky again in our faces. Then I made a suggestion.

Not long after, that suggestion being concurred in by the family conference, a procession filed out from the kitchen of Dr. Robert Jervis, No. 2019 Grand Street, and marched courageously toward 69 Dark Lane. At the head of said procession marched Dr. Bob himself, bearing a huge basket of provisions; behind him came Mrs. Dr. Bob with another basket, heaped with clean linen and dainties adapted to the palate of an invalid, while still behind marched all the little Jervises, each loaded with a basket, pail, or package, Biddy bringing up the rear with a turkey "browned to a turn." Down Grand Street, up Dark Lane, straight to the door of the Jones's, the procession marched; through the door it pressed unfalteringly, each basket being finally placed on the plain table where Mrs. Jones's weary head was leaning, with Tom's hand smoothing her matted hair. Then, while the junior Jervises marched homeward again, we unpacked our stores, spread a bountiful repast, and summoning all to partake, ourselves "served at table"—the poor mother crying and eating by turns, while Tom saluted each mouthful with a smile and a blessing on the donors.

Then Tom's Christmas presents were distributed —Mrs. Dr. Bob read a psalm from an old Bible which Mrs. Jones produced from her pocket; Tom said a word of prayer; and we went home—home to our happy children, with hearts full of joy and thanksgiving to the Father of us all.

That was my last and my happiest Christmas; and I have not told my story in vain if it has suggested to any that there is nothing which gives so sweet a flavor to our own Christmas cheer as a kind action done for any of God's poor, in the name of Him whose birth was like the rising of a great Hope to a world astray.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

NASHVILLE, the present head-quarters of the Army of the Cumberland, is situated on the south bank of the Cumberland River, which, in this section of its course, runs nearly east and west. The "Rock City," as it is called, had before the war a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand. Its site consists of an entire rock, and at various heights is elevated from 70 to 175 feet above the river. Upon the highest point, Capitol Hill, the State House is built. As soon as the State authorities had carried the State over to secession the Common Council appropriated seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to build a residence for President DAVIS, as an inducement to remove the rebel capital from Richmond to their city. As a consequence of the fall of Fort Donelson Nashville was evacuated by the rebels February 17, 1862. Fort Donelson had been captured on the previous day, which was Sunday. Early that morning Governor HARRIS had received from FLOYD the most flattering news: according to the dispatch GRANT's army had been defeated, and the siege of the fort had been raised. The inhabitants were assembled in the churches, and were giving thanks for a great victory when the whole city was thrown into a tumult by the appearance of the excited Governor galloping through the streets proclaiming that Donelson had fallen, and that GRANT was coming to Nashville. The confusion was indescribable; and in the disorder gangs of plunderers, taking advantage of the panic of the citizens, had every thing their own way. It was not until a week after that BUELL's advance entered the city and took possession. Governor ANDREW JOHNSON soon after arrived and assumed control of the State as military Governor.

In September, 1862, the city was threatened by General BRAGG's advance, but the Army of the Ohio, under General BUELL, having been concentrated there, BRAGG slipped by and moved on Louisville. This necessitated the removal of the Federal army to the latter point, General THOMAS being left behind at Nashville. BRECKINRIDGE and FORREST then attempted the siege of the city, while BRAGG was manœuvring against BUELL. The rebels attacked November 5, but were repulsed.

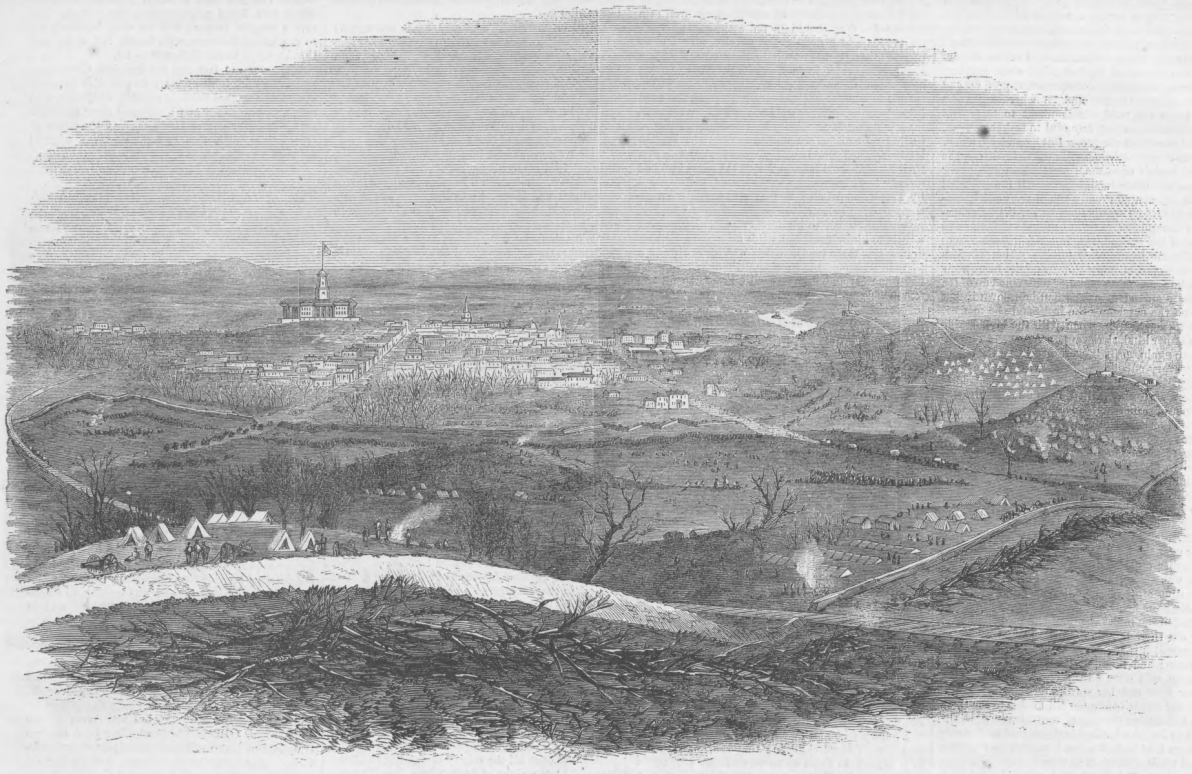
The largest of the defensive works about Nashville is Fort Negley, named after General JAMES S. NEGLEY, who conducted the defense against BRECKINRIDGE. At its right is Fort Morton. Farther south, and connected with the former two, is Fort Confiscation. The Capitol is protected by a strong work, or system of works, called Fort Andrew Johnson. South of the city, and covering the approaches on the Hardin, the Hillsboro, and the Granny White pikes, is Fort Houston. Fort Gillem, on the west, commands the approaches by the river roads. There are strong works also on the north.

After the battle of Franklin, November 30, General THOMAS concentrated his army in the defenses south of Nashville. HOOD followed, and partially invested the city, his flanks resting on the Cumberland River. HOOD chose the most inopportune time for operating against the city. It was the season when the river was full, and our gun-boats could with facility patrol the line of the river.

An attempt was made, however, to blockade the river below Nashville, which was partially successful. Maintaining this blockade they would have been able to cut off THOMAS's supply-boats from the lower fleet. As the supply-boat *Magnet* was down the river on the way to the lower fleet, December 3, she was fired upon by a rebel battery on the south bank, seventeen miles below Nashville. She received two shots through her cabin, one of them killing a female colored servant. Captain FITCH ordered down the gun-boats *Cavondolet* and *Neosho*, with several tin-clads, to dislodge the battery. These boats failed to discover the rebels, and the *Magnet* was towed back with them. On the 6th the *Neosho* was ordered to convey twenty-three transports down the river. The rebels opened fire upon her from the same battery as before. The fire was severe, and splintered up the temporary wooden cabins. An hour and thirty minutes' fighting having failed to dislodge the rebels the boat withdrew up the river to get in better fighting trim, and, returning, fought the batteries till night, and then proceeded back to Nashville.

On the 15th General THOMAS assumed the offensive against HOOD. His line from west to east ran thus: WILSON's cavalry, A. J. SMITH, WOOD, STEEDMAN, SCHOFIELD's corps was in reserve. Early in the morning the artillery opened fiercely from all the forts and batteries. Then STEEDMAN advanced and drove in the enemy's right and attacked heavily. This attack was intended merely as a demonstration, while the heaviest blow was hanging over the rebel left and centre. Toward noon SMITH and WOOD became engaged. HOOD held a strong position on the southern approaches to the city. WOOD attacked the works on the Granny White pike near the rebel centre, and after considerable resistance carried them, and secured the entire line in his front. Our batteries were moved forward and planted on the commanding positions gained, SMITH's corps on WOOD's right in the mean time engaging the rebel left. In the afternoon SCHOFIELD came in on SMITH's right. At the same time the whole line advanced. It was not long before the rebels opposite WOOD, SMITH, and SCHOFIELD began to give way, falling back from hill to hill. This gave us a position between the rebels and the river on their left flank, which was now being rolled up on their centre.

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ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—NASHVILLE AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

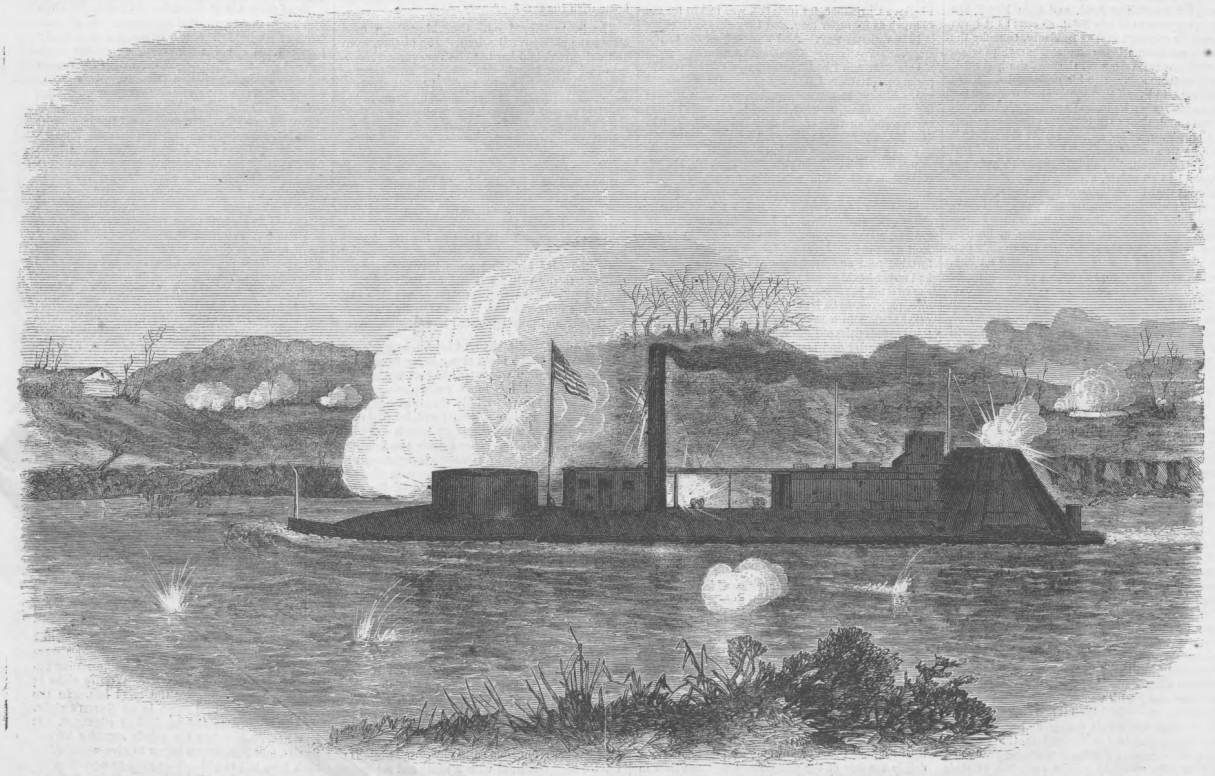
WILSON'S cavalry in the mean while advanced until it rested on the hills six miles from Nashville. A new line was formed, and our forces were ready for the attack on this by 5 P.M. The charge was made in the face of a fire which would have been intolerable if the rebels had not fired too high; but when the works were reached their defenders fled in confusion, leaving their cannon and many prisoners behind them. It was now too late to pursue the advantage. The day's work was over, and THOMAS had to show for it long lines of intrenchments captured from the enemy, sixteen guns, and over a thousand prisoners.

The next day brought still more glorious results. WILSON'S cavalry turned the left of their new line and captured many prisoners. SCHOFIELD carried several hills, capturing six guns and many prisoners. SMITH carried the salient point of the enemy's line, capturing sixteen guns, two Brigadier-Generals, and about two thousand prisoners. This with one of his divisions: the other—GARRARD'S—captured the intrenchments in its front, with all the artillery and troops left in them. WOOD, next, on the left, took up the assault, carrying intrenchments, with eight guns and six hundred prisoners. In the mean time General R. W. JOHNSON, in cooperation with the gun-boats, drove the rebels from their batteries below Nashville, capturing a large number of prisoners. All day HOOD had been falling back, having during the previous night withdrawn his right and taken up a position covering his line of retreat on Franklin.

On the 17th HOOD was pressed beyond Franklin, where he left behind him 1500 wounded. His front and flanks were infested with perpetual attack. While passing through Franklin KNIPE'S cavalry division captured five battle-flags and 250 prisoners. JOHNSON struck his flank beyond Franklin, capturing a large number of prisoners.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

A COMPLETE revolution seems to have taken place in the modes during the past twelvemonth. Such strange and such curious costumes have rarely been seen in so short an interval, during which ladies perfectly *comme il faut* have alternately, not to say sometimes simultaneously, patronized boots, coats, canes, and casquettes, without, after all, sacrificing any of their personal attractions, which, fortunately, they can not abdicate by any fashion-freak. The latest sign of this closing season of artifice is the open announcement, by the principal



THE UNITED STATES MONITOR "NEOSHO" ENGAGING THREE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE CUMBERLAND, BELOW NASHVILLE, DEC. 6, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY ADAM ROHE.]

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PORTER'S FLEET LEAVING FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 835.]

coiffeurs, of ringlets at so much per dozen, for wearing under the bonnet or by the side of a bow!

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Gray poplin robe, trimmed on the body and skirt with black dentated velvet and long chenille fringe, disposed in the manner shown in our Illustration. The corsage is à basques, and open in front as well as behind. The ceinture, placed underneath, is fastened by two buckles, one in front and the other at the back of the waist. Rose-colored velvet bonnet, ornamented with flowers on one side only; the shellpiece depicted in this Figure forms at the same time the crown and the bavolet.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—Robe of white tulle over satin skirt ornamented with a deep ruched flounce. The sortie de bal (to which the name of the Haronda has been given) is an ample cashmere rotonde, embroidered with red cashmere representing branches of coral. The trimming round the edge is composed of black and white velvet balls, from which depends a fringe in white yak. The cordelière is a mixture of gold, red, and white, and is also provided with the worsted chainettes and yak fringe.

Fig. 3. *Carriage Dress.*—Brown velvet robe, buttoning behind throughout. The principal feature of this Figure is the Récamier pardessus, in velvet, ornamented with passementerie trimmings. The simplicity of this small pardessus renders further explanation unnecessary.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1864.

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HAVING carefully examined, ourselves, in all its details, the charming little new TEN Dollar Sewing Machine (the "little PRODIGY") that has appeared at the horizon of the thousand and one discoveries of the day, we have come to the conclusion that it is impossible to find a conception, in the realm of mechanical art, so complete, combining so singular a practical utility with a price so very moderate. Usefulness, prettiness, cheapness, all are there, and in a quasi Liliputian compass; it is the *multum in parvo* of the ancients. At the eve of the holidays it is a good fortune; and exporters have, also, on their side, a favorable opportunity to save in Europe, Havana, and South America, to the purses willing to loosen their strings, at the advent of the new year, the trouble of fixing their choice.—*Courrier des Etats Unis, Dec.* 13, 1864.

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FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

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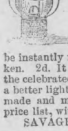
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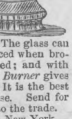
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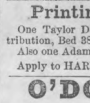
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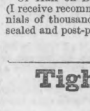
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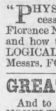
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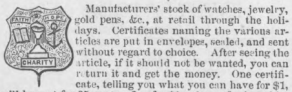
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